



Markis

Big dicked scruffy guy
from the West

4x4 Photography

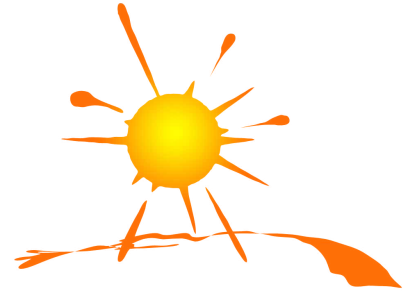
ARJS68

Profiles by Sarge

Mason Dixxon

Edward Murillo Moreno

Five Stories



DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

Editor/Layout

John Kranz
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Publisher

Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages@gmail.com

Submissions

desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Contributors

Drub
(drubskin@drubskin.com)
Elijah James Barrett
(arkhamcraft@yahoo.com)
Profiles by Sarge
(Sarge@profilesbysarge.com)
PA Daddy J
(Scottluca385@gmail.com)
Javier A Lara
(jlhotman@gmail.com)
Dogbone421
(Dogbone421@aol.com)
Tom Riddle
(jdxxcapture@gmail.com)
Emitt More
(emittmore@gmail.com)
Edward Murillo Moreno
(edwardmurillomoreno@gmail.com)
Alex Torres
(psic.alextores@yahoo.com)
balbrash
AssamiBanks

Cover Photo: Chance.
by Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages.com

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For further information please contact:
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

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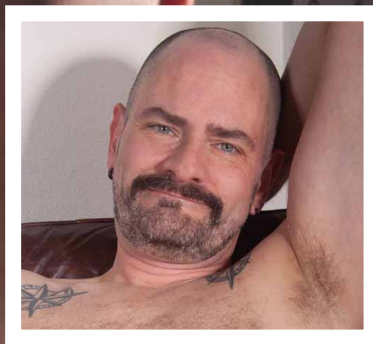
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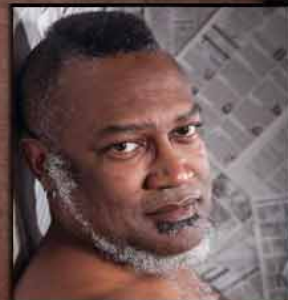
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1977

Ramblings from the Editor

Wow! I had a hell of an eye opener, in a good way, this morning on the phone. You know how your brain creates a voice when you're reading messages or texts you receive from guys you've never talked with? We all do it, whether we are conscious of it or not. Well, this morning I talked with a regular contributor, on the phone, for the first time while finishing this Issue up and his accent took me by surprise. Like I told him, it made him even hotter than I already knew he was! Of course, he hears that alot from men!

But it also goes to the idea that we all come up with preconceived notions, whether it's a voice, an expected reaction to something, or just an overall perception of someone. Life would be so much simpler if we just rolled with it instead of preconceiving things, don't you think?

So, a special thanks needs to go out to Tom "Sarge" Greenlief. In case you don't know, he's the incredible photographer behind Profiles by Sarge. He's a great man with a hell of a talent for catching the best in men. But the thanks are for him orchestrating tickets for me to IML this year. When I started advertising IML, it was because I believe in that event. I think it brings a ton of like-minded men together where they can be themselves, not being judged in the process. In case you haven't figured it out yet, that's a big deal to me. And then, after providing me the tickets, I was having a hard time getting a room in the host hotel and he and the rest of the guys that put on that event helped me secure a room at that hotel! I can't thank him enough for all his

effort in helping me being able to go there. Especially with all the work he is having to do coordinating that event.

With that in mind though, I do have a Premiere Package I want to give away to the first reader who contacts me after reading this. So, if you are inclined to wanting to attend IML this year, hit me up and I'll get you the voucher which you can turn in for a ticket. All I ask is that you use it by attending the event, and maybe hunt me down to say "hi".

Another big shout out I want to give this month is to the men of Big Gay Sex Show: The Daddy Years Podcast, Matt and Weegie. If you have not listened to this podcast, you need to. These men are funny as fuck and full of opinions/information that you need to listen to. Full disclosure here, they are great supporters of the Magazine, but that aside, this is a show you don't want to

miss. Bi-monthly too, so they will keep your ear holes filled up in between other holes getting filled! If you do give them a try, let them know you heard about them from here.

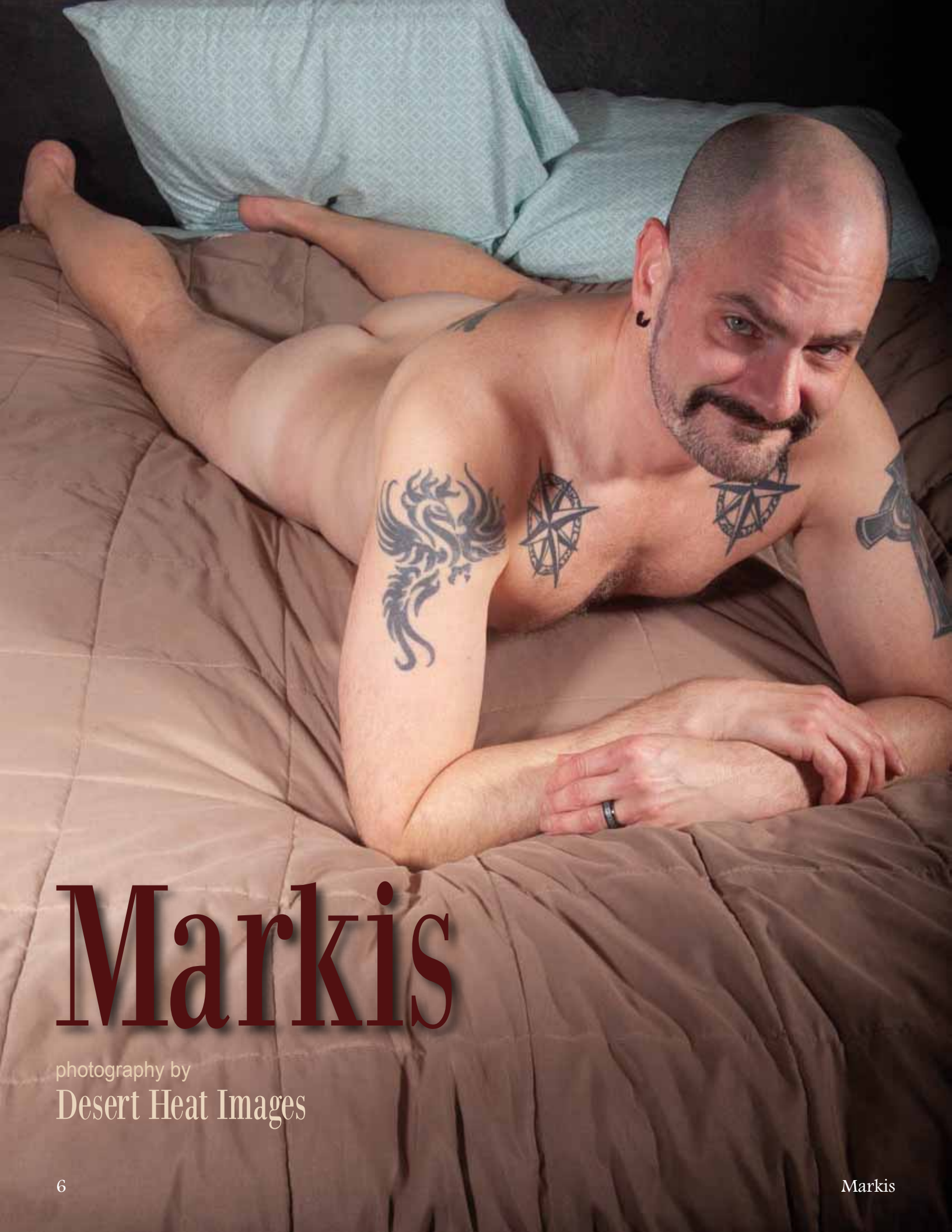
Anyway, time to get this Issue to press. Thanks for reading this!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





Markis

photography by
Desert Heat Images













“22” and Jezebel were linked some how, in some distant memory that was buried deep within. Maybe he could remember or find out what it was if he dug deeper, but it felt like digging himself a grave, or into a grave that was never meant to be disturbed, and Blake could see, or rather sense in his mind, that Jezebel was the silent angel of death who was watching over him as he dug, waiting for him to fall into the fresh grave in the ground if he try to dig any further.

Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 22 - part 1

Blake didn't know where Mick was taking him, or who this mysterious "friend" might be who he was delivering the "rose in the teacup" to at this time of night... that was until they ended up in front of the same Japanese restaurant they had visited several nights ago.

The rain had finally stopped, leaving the whole area misty, with reflective puddles on the ground, the neon jade lettering above the entrance to the Japanese restaurant reflecting in the water below their feet.

"Shall we go in?" asked Mick, smiling over at Blake.

"So, another dinner?" asked Blake. "I'm still stuffed from dessert."

"Ahaha! Good one, buddy!" laughed Mick, slapping Blake on the back.

They went inside.

The inside of the Japanese restaurant was very much the same as Blake remembered it, the same surreal environment, like out of a dream, in fact to Blake it seems less like an actual Japanese restaurant, but more an impression of one that would stick with you in your dreams after dining out at one. It seemed all enhanced, in a strange sensual way, everything turned up to eleven. Maybe Blake was still on a high from the bonding session he'd had over desert with his friends, but

it was so surreal. The screen with the Tiger and Sea Dragon by Yamada Yorikiyo in the corner still seemed to taunt him somehow, and even though it was a beautiful work of art, Blake didn't like looking at it for some reason. He was afraid it might start moving again if he looked at it for too long, and their eyes, especially those of the dragon, unnerved him, as if they were watching him. Also the whole place seems bathed in the water patterns reflecting from the huge aquarium wall tank on the far side of the room, where the same bartender and chef waited, drying glasses and porcelain sake cups. As Mick and Blake descended the stairs he noticed that near the ceiling were statue heads of dragons and tigers, peering down at them, with eyes that seemed to glow. Had they always been there? They reminded Blake eerily of the giant wolf-dragon head waiting behind the stage of the Blue Rose Hotel club room.

Blake and Mick arrived at the bar, where the cute Japanese bar-tender and chef greeted them like old friends.

"Ah, Mick my man," said the bearish man, "And this is Blake, right?" He asked looking at Blake.

"Yeah," said Blake with a smile, taking a seat at a barstool. He realized he never asked the man's name, and was about to ask just that, when

Mick spoke up.

"Hey Kodo, how've ya been?" asked Mick with a friendly pat on the shoulder, an attempted hug over the bar.

"So, Kodo, was it?" Thought Blake. He'd have to remember that.

"I've been well, Mick," said Kodo with a smile, "Just here, with customers, me and these goddamned fish," he added pointed his thumb back at the giant glass fish tank wall behind him. He looked back for a second. "I don't like the way they look at me," he whispered to Mick.

This made Mick laugh that same over-exuberant howl of his. Blake swore he laughed at the oddest things, and loud. But he was still so goddamned cute to him. Blake smiled at Mick, smitten.

"So, Blake," said Kodo, suddenly, making Blake jump from his daydreaming at Mick's cuteness. He turned from Mick to Kodo, who was leering at him, his hands spread across the table, he had big arms, not quite as big as Mick's, but still big. That wasn't the only thing that reminded him of Mick, that grin. Those white teeth, those pronounced canines. Kodo and Mick didn't look too similar, except their builds (Kodo was shorter) but they shared an expression, Blake didn't know how to explain it. A sort of canine grin they gave.... "What can I get-cha?" he asked with a sparkle in his eye.

"Oh, just a plum sake for me," said Blake.

"And Micky, the usual?" asked Kodo, darting his eyes over to Mick.

"You bet," said Mick, with a wink. "And that's not all. I've got somethin' for ya."

Kodo raised an eyebrow. "Oh, this is a family establishment, Mick. We can't be having such behavior on the dining room floor! Even though I'm flattered by your forwardness."

Mick looked confused at Kodo.

"Oh, that," said Mick with a flattered laugh, "Oh, that's not the surprise. Though I wouldn't mind doin' a bit of that with a ya later," Mick added with a wink. "No...what I've brought for you...is this..."

Mick takes a package out of his trench-coat, it's wrapped in a paper lunch back, then a plastic sandwich bag. He unwraps it, revealing the blue-china tea-cup, overturned on a tea-saucer.

Kodo sighs, looking at the plastic bag and the teacup, then at Mick and sassily replies, "Mick

if you don't like the tea here, just tell me, there's no need to bring your own..."

Mick gives Kodo the cup.

Blake was on the edge of his seat.

"I don't get it," said Kodo, "You want my tea but in your own teacup?"

"No," said Mick, wanting Kodo to guess again. He pushed to overturned tea-cup a little closer, like a large cat trying to knock something off a table.

Kodo smirked mirthlessly at Mick.

"Whats the rub, Mick?" asked Kodo, "I don't want your homegrown crap-ass tea."

Then Mick lifts up the cup to reveal the rose.

"Jesus," responded Kodo, almost backing away once he saw the blue rose, "Where the hell did you find that?"

"That's what I came here to ask you," asked Mick. "To find out where we were."

Kodo gave Mick a strange expression, then nodded, as if he understood what Mick was asking. He looked quickly over at Blake, as if he was uncertain about examining it in front of him.

"He's okay," said Mick. "He's got a right to know as well."

"Okay," said Kodo. "And you and Jane took a look at it?"

"Yep," said Mick, "we just needed a second pair of eyes, to make sure. An expert on these things. Someone who..."

"Knows their flowers, I get ya," said Kodo. "But since when? I thought Jane's perception and your past with botany would be enough."

"You're a botanist, Mick?" asked Blake.

"...No..." said Mick, shortly, "But being raised on a farm, I know a bit about these things."

"Also he went to the school of horticulture here in Chicago, back when he briefly was sent to the precinct in his early cop days," said Kodo.

"Really?" asked Blake, completely fascinated with Mick's history.

Kodo poured Mick a cup of his usual, warm "Nishide sake", and slid it over to him as he and Blake talked.

"Yeah..." said Mick, as if this was something he was embarrassed about; he scratched his chin. "I just...really like roses." Blake thought this was the cutest thing. "Also knew someone who also loves them...so I wanted to find out as much as I could about raising them," Mick started to become

lost in thought, as he stared down at the blue rose. "He sure loved roses, that guy. I wanted to take him to Kew Gardens one day, where they bred the original tea-roses, china roses and hybrids. Always wanted to take him there," Mick took a drink from his sake. "I wanted to buy that guy some of them... a dozen of those roses...and then I'd ask him to."

Mick had the face of a man in love, then suddenly had that solemn sulking look, and Blake wanted to ask if it was the same guy, John, that Blake had heard about, but they soon both were distracted by Kodo, who pulled on some latex gloves, and stared examining the rose on the plate. He carefully pulled apart the petals, and crushed one between his fingers. The aroma was powerful and fragrant. Almost too much for Blake to handle. He felt lightheaded.

"Is it real?" asked Mick, the first time Blake heard him sounding anxious.

"Yes, it's real," said Kodo, who's eyes were still transfixed on the blue rose-petal between his fingers, it seemed to almost sparkle, and left a bright blue residue on his gloved fingertips. "And you might not want to lean in too close, Blake," he added as Blake tried to take a closer look, "it's dangerous." He held up a finger, with a small piece of smashed rose petal on it, a small blue blob, "See this?" asked Kodo. "That's all it takes to make a bottle's worth of Buru Bara."

Buru-Bara," said Blake. "That crazy stuff we had the other night, that made me horny...I mean...and see all that weird stuff?"

"Yeah, that's the stuff," said Mick. Blake was expecting Mick to smile this time, he didn't.

"The Blue Rose," said Kodo, "It's poisonous in any larger amount, if either of you ingested a petal, you'd be in big trouble."

"What about smelling it?" asked Blake, curiously, "Or touching?"

"Have you ever seen the movie "Thief of Baghdad", Blake?" asked Mick.

Blake didn't know why this was the time to mention movies.

"Not that I recall," said Blake. "I just know it was in technicolor."

"Yeah, Jane liked it a lot," said Mick, "Jack Cardiff's a great cinematographer, she could go on and on about..." Kodo coughed as Mick was getting off subject. "Anyway, in the movie, when I went to go see it with her, it featured a "blue rose"

Jezebel

from the Arabian Nights, called "the blue rose of forgetfulness." If anyone walked up to it, and inhaled its fragrance, they would forget everything, who they were, what they were doing there, they would only have the vaguest sense of self left over. Easy to manipulate. In this case the Princess, who had been in love with Ahmed before she smelled the rose, was convinced by Jaffar that she was his one true love. And you can imagine where it went from there."

"She believed him and forgot who she had been in love with?" asked Blake.

"Good, you must have seen the film," said Mick, smiling.

"I don't remember," said Blake, "But it was an easy guess."

"Well, anyway the princess is under the spell of the rose, about to marry Jafar until Ahmed appears, and she hears his voice again, simple Hollywood nonsense, but entertaining," said Mick, going on, as if trying to speed through the story, when Kodo raised his eyebrow at him again. "But in real life, it don't quite work like that. It would take much more than his voice to wake her from that. But the stuff about the blue rose...that's real."

Blake nodded, somewhat following.

"So if you touch or smell it, it wipes your memory, makes you forget?" asked Blake.

"Well sort of," said Mick. "Consuming way too much buru-bara can do that, but direct contact is trickier. Remember how I said it brings out your true self. Well, it's like it makes your mind clear and free, and you're purified to the most primal version of yourself, you see things in their "truest form" as well as yourself. Some people used to come to Artie's club just to do that," Mick added, looking back at Kodo. "To truly be themselves, be who they were, let themselves go together. You know how the world is with people with our...ehem...more varied preferences. Into men, women or both, people could go to Artie's club, take Buru-Bara, socialize, and then one on one or in groups...let themselves go."

"Wow, the ultimate social lubricant," said Blake, somewhat sarcastic, and somewhat truthful. He had first hand experience how much a small amount let his "true self", after the fun he had

Continued on page 20

War has broken out and I love men in rubber.

Both are true and together these statements make life sound pointlessly absurd. My heart is heavy for the people of Ukraine. I've been quiet on Twitter about it all as everyone is talking

about the invasion. I wanted to believe that Putin wouldn't dare but the opinions and ideas about the United States have changed. Let's face it, this country isn't living up to its ideals. If the United States wasn't such a joke, maybe this act of aggression wouldn't possibly not have happened. You can disagree with me all you want.

But men in rubber are sexy as fuck.

I also wonder how many American's could actually find Ukraine on a map. I feel we've all been conditioned to be hardened and callous in America. Shell-shocked from non-stop tragedy and terror. Like there is this constant, low hum of dying horribly in America. In its blood. Colonizers preying on indigenous people. Gun violence. Cops. I also wonder how many mini-malls can be built over Native American burial grounds, you know, since white man invaded. Invaded another country. Have you guys ever watched Poltergeist?

Sweaty, stinky men - dripping in skintight rubber.

So, no, I don't think Twitter is a great place to virtue signal in 280 characters or less. It certainly isn't the place I want to give extended treatises or brow-beating lectures on why war is abominable and how I've given up on humankind ever reaching the stars. We can't even stop making each other ill from COVID, BETCH. I'm tired. I'm so disappointed in humanity. I wish aliens would take me away. I'd make a great pet.

My big, bulging cock and hungry hole clad in rubber.

I wish I didn't understand things or I was as dumb as some of these faggots online. This whole "himbo" thing is born out of the need to protect ourselves mentally from the horror of being alive in this timeline. I'm convinced of it. Hey, kid! Never meet your heroes. A lot of us can't fly. And I'm pretty sure this whole puppy-play thing is a CIA psy-ops to make gay men docile and obedient. Like Jackson Pollock during the Cold War. Fuck you, if you don't think so.

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Thirteen rubber clad, thigh-high wader wearing men. Pissing and spitting all over me.

I'm a witch. Not on Twitter. In real life. I don't like talking about the workings of my practice because I think that's very private. I also think it makes your magic less effectual if you run your mouth off about it. I think witch wars are immature and dangerous and I'm warded up the ass because some of you are crazy. I've heard about the antics at

PantheaCon. I'm turning my kitchen into a working temple to honor some goddesses, domestic and chthonic. The simple act of refurbishing my kitchen is a powerful act of devotion. Hail, Hecate! Guardian. Guide. Gatekeeper.

Gape-Keeper. Poppers. Greasy forearms up my ass. Black rubber. Fist-fucking my brains out.

Out on Twitter, it isn't real life. People are dying because of a greedy megalomaniac while our world leaders figure out how best to justify their astronomical defense budgets. To justify why we can't have a minimum wage increase or Platinum-plated health care. I'm frightened in real life. War budgets. Big, fat tanks. Full of seamen/ semen. My ass in a sling. I don't want to worry. I don't want to think. Gang-banged and my insides painted white. Purified. Just like my kitchen. I don't know what you want me to do or say. I'm powerless/powerful. I'm a socialist, too. Shh! The gay brown shirts will come for you.

Press your ass in my face. I'm in brown rubber. I'm flagging. Treat me like shit.

All I wanted to say is I'm just one guy trying to stay sane and bring joy. A guy who hates war but loves seeing men in rubber. Both of these things can be true. I can unzip my rubber codpiece and drench you in a ridiculous amount of piss and visit Baba Yaga in a shamanic journey to beg her to trample the Russian army. I can wear rubber that says "TOILET" across the shoulders and still be a prince. All I know is that sunflowers will grow from the pockets of every fallen Russian invader. I know a mistake when I see one.

I can't take anymore horror. Make filthy, filthy love. Not war.

So mote it be.

--
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Back in Black

All Things Drub







with Mick and Jane over dessert.

"Yeah, well, that and good ol' saliva," said Mick with a wink, nudging Blake. Blake chuckled. Kodo nearly laughed as well, then gave Mick a look that told him to get on with it.

"Anyway, you see the amount Kodo showed you, that can make an entire batch, a bottle of it I mean, and it only takes one shot glass for it to take full effect on even a larger person, such I, or yourself Blake, to bring out your true self, and start seeing the world...well...differently."

"What Mick is taking forever to say," added Kodo, "Is that the more you take, of course the greater the effects are. Some people at Artie's old club, would take much more than that. The mind can only handle so much of it's experience under the influence of the "Buru-Bara". Those who had to return to their own daily lives, maybe they had families, things that would be difficult to return to after letting themselves free in "The Harvest Moon", and couldn't convincingly lie about what they had been up to, would take a little more, to wipe their memory, make themselves forget. But for many of them...it would take more and more each time, as their tolerance went up, some could handle it, but others overdosed, and they forgot everything. Sometimes amnesia that would last years...some permanently."

"So...if a single piece of a petal is all it takes to make a bottle..." said Blake, "...and you can overdose from that and forget everything...then touching the flower or smelling it would..."

"Oh, it would cause some damage for sure," said Mick. "But then again, that depends on the individual's experience and resilience to the toxin as well. If they've ever had Buru-Bara before. Different with different people," said Mick, "I'd go as far to say that as long as the residue of the flower remains in contact with your skin, or traces the pollen or fragrance remains in you, it can affect you. Perhaps washing off the residue would bring you back, if it hasn't been on you or in your system too long. But... breathe in too much or consume a petal, or being exposed to a blue rose, without even knowing, for an extended period of time...the damage could be permanent."

"Huh..." said Blake, as Kodo passed him a glass, and poured him some plum sake from

a bottle, not in a porcelain sake cup like Mick's. "So, a fantasy movie... who knows they'd get something like this right."

"That's just the thing, Blake," said Kodo, "You see they don't technically exist, at least not many people know about them. They don't grow on this side of the world."

"So...China...Australia?" asked Blake.

Mick and Kodo looked at each-other.

"No, Blake, he means not on this side...not of this world..."

Blake gave a blank expression still not grasping this concept.

"Wait a minute..." said Blake, looking how dead serious Kodo and Mick looked. "You mean... this literally doesn't come from here...it's from another..." Blake looked from Mick to Kodo who were both nodding.

"Another... place," said Mick, nodding assuringly, "I'm not sure how else to put it. A world that exists almost mirror to our own, one that shouldn't be accessible to us, but is...in certain circumstances. For instance, since Blue Roses grow on that side, it's possible that what we see when drinking "Buru-Bara" is the way things appear on the other side, we're getting a glimpse of that other world...not so much a spirit world..but...a.....a..." Mick seemed at a loss for words.

"A Fantasy world?" asked Blake.

"Yeah, that it!" said Mick with a laugh, patting Blake's back. "You got it!"

"Mick..." sighed Kodo, sounding exasperated, "Calling it a fantasy world doesn't exactly sound like the sanest evaluation of it."

"Well, anyway, its the same basic concept," said Mick, shrugging. "We can call it whatever we want... long as Blake gets it."

But Blake wasn't sure he did. It just mad the whole thing sound crazier. Well, he understood, he just didn't quite accept it. But it would explain so many of the things he'd seen lately... Blake would think on this later... he brought his focus back to the subject at hand.

"So, if blue roses don't grow or exist in this world...What about this one?" asked Blake, indicating the blue rose laying on the plate.

Mick looked at Kodo, and Kodo nodded. Mick took a deep breath, shut his eyes, then looked back at Blake.

"We brought it over with us," said Mick, "That's how they enter this world."

Blake looked flabbergasted, his mind putting things together like he was trying to weave something extremely difficult with a tiny needle and thread in his mind.

"Wait, then...so if that means...then where were we?" asked Blake.

Mick and a Kodo shared another look, as if contemplating whether to tell Blake, then nodded.

"Ikenai no basho," said Kodo.

"What?" asked Blake.

"Ikenai no basho," said Mick, with a nod.

"Freeholdu?" asked Kodo, looking at Mick.

"Mhmm...Freeholdu," Mick confirmed with an affirmative nod.

"I...don't know what that is," said Blake.

"It means...a place you can never go. It's a place that shouldn't technically exist," said Mick, "a pocket of a place, between worlds, on the threshold...of a larger place....Freeholdu...the freehold."

"A freehold?" asked a Blake. "Who's?"

Mick gave a look of both fear and hatred. Kodo shared this look, mostly of fear.

"Grandfather's," said Mick pouring another cup of sake and downing it whole.

Blake felt a chill, a freezing cold in his blood at the mention of that name, a strange sense of *deja-vu*, as if he had heard that name before.

"Grandfather?" asked Blake. "Who's..." But before Blake could ask, he saw an expression on Mick's face, one of both fear and anger, the intensity and fierceness, as he had never seen before.

"We...don't talk about Grandfather, okay?" said Mick, shortly. "Not in a place like this..." he looked over at Blake, as if he could see the concern on Blake's face. Mick spoke as if recalling a terrible memory, some traumatic event, like in a war, or a death, something haunting those usually beautiful and warm olivine eyes. "It doesn't bring good luck to mention him here...not anymore than his name, anyway. There...there are things you still don't understand Blake, that your mind couldn't comprehend. ...I'm sorry, but we'll leave it at that for now..."

"...Okay," said Blake, still concerned, but not prying any further. He trusted Mick so far, but something about that sudden burst of rage that

filled his eyes, almost like fires deep inside, unsettled him. He knew it was bad, that Grandfather was bad news, and whatever had happened involving him (if it was indeed a person) and Mick had been equally, if not more terrible. "I understand, but... I have to know...what is this Freehold?"

Mick looked at his sake cup, then into Blake's eyes, as if contemplating whether to tell him, but couldn't lie to him about this.

"It's a territory... said Mick. "A large portion of that other world, belonging to him. We don't go over there, he doesn't come over here. But sometimes there are trespassers, sometimes he's one of them, sometimes it's someone from this end. But it upsets things on both sides whenever it happens. There are ... pockets of places that exist, on the threshold of that place. Thin areas, like where we entered the fairgrounds though the back of the hotel...that shouldn't exist, but do. Those places are dangerous. They don't always hold or exist for long, and the places that surround them are also unstable. I have a feeling that Newman stumbled upon one of these places on purpose, perhaps for his own selfish reasons, perhaps because of someone else...perhaps for her.... And I think that's why he built the Blue Rose Hotel there. Because it's a thin place. Now why he built it there, and what the Blue Rose Hotel's purpose truly is...is another story. Whether it's for her purpose or his... Either way...it can't stay that way for long. The longer that place remains, the longer it remains open...and the longer things can come in."

"What things?" asked Blake.

"You don't wanna know, buddy," said Mick, taking another drink.

Blake's mind immediately went to the jackal.

"So, what do we do?" asked Blake. "About this, I mean. What does this mean?" Blake pointed at the blue rose.

"We find out why it exists," said Mick, looking at Blake sideways, "And the only place to do that, is the Blue Rose Hotel...we confirmed it that night, with this..." said Mick, looking at the rose. "The Blue Rose Hotel... is a gateway...and I'm sure this all involves your Jezebel some how, Blake." He patted Blake's back, in a way that Blake

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DHM Fan ~ Stu





MAY 26 - 30
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INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER WEEKEND



Mason DiXXXon



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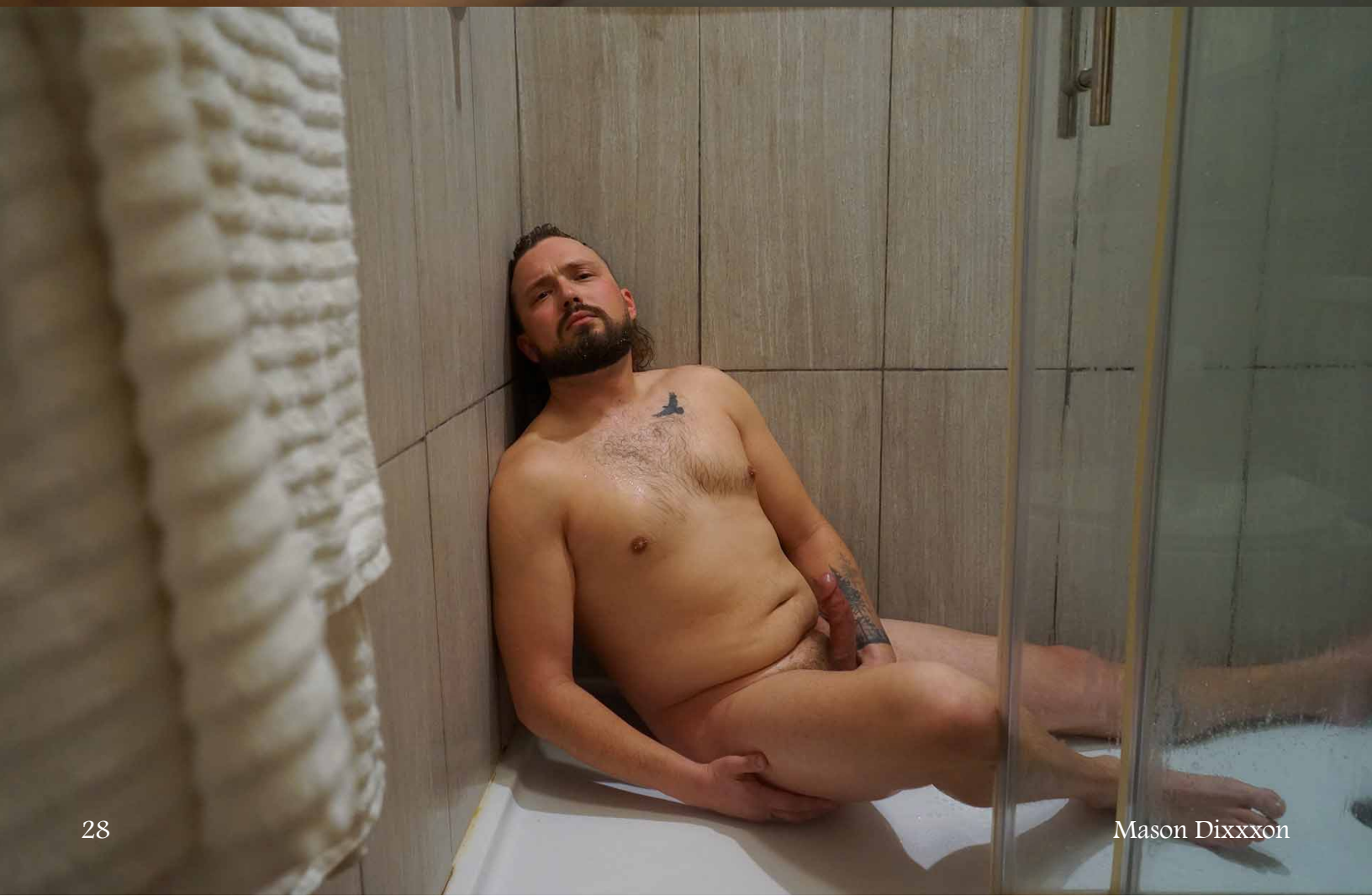


Mason Dixxon













Being Bred For the First Time

Story by **AssamiBanks**

I've always fantasized about being bred by another guy. The desire to have a man dump his load into my hole always turned me on, but I would be too afraid because of HIV. That all changed last September (2020), i was scrolling thru Grindr horny like usual when suddenly a really hot gym rat around my age messaged me. He was 20 and I had just turned 21, we chatted for a bit until he asked for some pics. I sent him ass pics and some others and he did the same. "WOW, this dude is totally hot" I thought and my excitement only grew when he replied "bro, nice ass. You got me hard as a rock in the gym rn". After that we made plans to meet up that night at his place.

Closer to the time we were suppose to meet he mentioned he liked hairy ass, so when I got ready I didn't shave which was honestly nice for once to just have a top that didnt care how it looked down there lol. I douched, showered, threw on my PUMP jock and raced over to his apartment.

When he opened the door he was shirtless and had that post-work out swole and musk, I was instantly aroused. "No hello hug?" He joked. He could tell I was nervous (I previously mentioned to him how this was my first time hooking up since COVID started) and tried to ease me into comfort by making small talk. He showed me a fleshlight he had impulsively bought while getting the lube we were going to use that night. We then transitioned to making out on his bed for a couple minutes before there were clothes being ripped off.

His body was AMAZING I'm very twinkish and skinny myself so the thought of being railed by a muscle jock made me WEAK, I guess I discovered a unknown kink that night lol.

Anyways he moved closer to my pelvics before lifting my legs up and asking if he could eat my ass. I've never had my ass eaten before this hook up (surprisingly) so of course I wanted to try. He ate my ass for a bit and even thanked me for leaving it hairy for him, but I couldn't help it anymore I needed him inside me. I told him I was ready for him to fuck me and he asked if I wanted to use protection. Before we hooked up, I remembered seeing his Grindr bio say he was on PreP... however I wasn't so I was still too nervous to do bareback. He understood and went to grab a condom from his bathroom.

He came back, lubed two of his fingers up and began to finger me while giving me head. Most young tops before weren't as experienced and tended to be more selfish during hookups, but not this guy... he knew exactly what he was doing. He slipped a thumb in, then we tried 3 fingers and once he could fit 3 I told him I was ready for his cock. He slid the condom on and lubed up his dick and my ass. We started in doggy style position as he entered my hole without much resistance my hole was practically hungry for his dick at this point. We fucked in doggy for a while before switching to missionary. I personally love missionary because I love looking at the tops face as he fucks me deep,

but with this guy it was also nice to be able to hold his sculpted biceps while fucking.

Not even 15 minutes in and the condom breaks. He pulls out and let's me know and asks if I just want to jack off each other to finish... that wasn't going to happen. At this point I didn't care about the risks I just wanted to continue being fucked senselessly. I asked him if he was on PreP to verify, he said yes and that he's also good at taking it regularly... so I said fuck it and said I was okay to continue fucking bareback. I lubed up his cock, laid him on his back and began to slowly lower myself onto his dick. with my hands on his pecs, I began to ride his dick taking as much of it in as I could. At this point we were skin to skin and I wanted to enjoy every moment. We transitioned through a couple other positions before landing back on missionary. At this point we were like 45 minutes in and ready to finish, he was covered in sweat as he restlessly pounded my hole. "I'm close, where do u want me to finish?" he asked and I knew exactly where I wanted his seed, deep in my hole where it belongs. I let him know I was okay with him cumming inside me and not more than 15 seconds after saying that he shot his massive hot

load in my twink ass.

He pulled out and I checked to see if I was leaking, I was not. We showered together afterwards and I still couldn't push the load out in there. After showering we went back to his bed and chatted for a while about our personal lives. I mentioned to him how I thought his load was still inside me because I didn't feel anything come out yet (this was my first time I didn't know what to expect honestly 🤪). He replied "haha that's my present to you, a surprise to push out later". We wrapped our chat up and he walked me to the door, "what? no goodbye kiss" he said. I gave him his goodbye kiss and drove home. It was during my ride home I began to feel the snail trail starting. I rushed home and ran to the bathroom to let a huge load out my ass... I did not know a load that large could stay inside for more than 2 hours.

We didn't talk at all after that. He mentioned how he really wasn't looking for any strings attached after his last break up, including FWBs. I wanted to respect his preference so I never messaged him again. I hope he's doing well tho because that's the best dick I've ever gotten honestly.

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Christian et Thierry

*After all this time together
Passed side by side, against winds and tides,
In love and complicity,
It came to us, as an evidence...
That of getting married.*

An evidence...

*We will do it...
On April 23, 2022 in Sète
at 4:30 p.m.
Christian and Thierry*

*After all this time,
Knowing your true love, your friendship,
And also your tolerance,
It came to us, as an evidence...
To let you know.*



ALL MEN ARE BEAUTIFUL **DHM**

DESERT HEAT MAG



didn't care for, he felt like he was being pitied. "But until then," continued Mick, "We have to wait, and try to find what we can, as to why this is happening here, and what Jezebel has to do with this...and you..." said Mick, wrapping his arm around Blake. Blake got a closer look at Mick's expression, and his eyes, and Blake's opinion changed. It wasn't pity, as he had briefly thought it was, it was concern, and perhaps fear, but a different kind, it was as if Mick was afraid something was about to happen, something was creeping in on them that they couldn't defend themselves against, that he was afraid of losing Blake somehow, (perhaps like he'd lost John? Blake thought in the back of his mind). Mick then cracked a warm smile, as if seeing the concern reflected in Blake's eyes. "But until that time buddy," said Mick, he poured three cups of sake, for himself, Blake and Kodo. Mick then lifted his cup and motioned for the others to do the same. "...To the Blue Rose Hotel..." he said.

"To the Blue Rose Hotel," said Blake.

"The Blue Rose Hotel," said Kodo, with some reservation.

They all drank down their sake.

"And may we all stay safe while we're there," said Mick.

They turned over their sake cups on the bar.

...

Later, Mick and Blake had a few more drinks, courtesy of Kodo, while they discussed what their next step would be in the Jezebel investigation, and how to bide their time until infiltrating the Blue Rose Hotel. One thing kept creeping into Blake's mind during their discussions however. What the hell was he going to tell Charles Newman at their meeting tomorrow?

"So, where to start next?" said Mick, sounding a bit tipsy, "I mean, where do we go next?" He asked Blake.

Blake took another drink of plum sake, as if trying to drown his own growing fear that something might go terribly wrong between now and The Blue Rose Hotel, and the solving of the case. He felt there were large pieces...missing pieces...that he needed to find, perhaps of himself, before going forward and confronting Jezebel, if

she really was behind all of this. But every time he tried to find those pieces, it felt as if Jezebel herself was blocking him, stopping him from getting any further.

"I don't know..." said Blake, thoughtfully putting his fist to his mouth, "I don't know... something..." then, as if an answer had jumped out from behind the corner of a dark alley, it happened. He saw it, or rather remembered, looking at the glass aquarium tank in front of him. That great black shape, the shark, the size of the whale, a large swimming shadow, a creature he couldn't identify. He saw it, swimming along the aquarium, there but not there, a burned image in his memory. He watched it, both in awe and horror, as it swam amidst the smaller fish in the aquarium tank, knowing it was impossible to be there, which meant something must have happened in his mind, if he was seeing it here...something had gone terribly wrong. The large creature, shark or whale, continued to swim out of the aquarium glass, and its shadow continued across the walls of the cavernous restaurant room, as the reflections on the walls looked like the waves of the ocean, as they might as well have been sitting deep within the oceans depths, here in this Japanese restaurant. Perhaps the nightmare was the answer. Then it hit him...

"I...think we should visit the aquarium, Mick," said Blake.

"What?" asked Mick, looking down at him.

"The aquarium," said Blake. "I know this came out of nowhere...but I've been seeing things...in my nightmares...sometimes when I'm awake. And it involves something, a shark or some kind, a large black thing...and I can't remember where I've seen it before. But it's been frightening me almost every time I've gone to sleep, and I thought...what if I follow it...instead of following Jezebel. Christina, I mean Jezebel, has always seemed to be my angel in my dreams, comfort, she makes everything else go away. But what if that's a lie. She's always been in my good dreams. What if I follow my nightmares.Maybe if I try to find out what it is that scares me, instead of more about her...I might find some answers..."

Mick now looked like he was the one having difficulty following.

"So..." said Mick, looking down at Blake, putting a big hand on his shoulder. "You want to go

to the aquarium..."

Blake was certain Mick was a little drunk. He had expected something a little more profound from him. Or...perhaps...maybe he was just good at hiding it, when he knew something and was afraid it might scare Blake. Perhaps he already knew...

"Yeah," said Blake, "I can't explain it, but... wait..." Blake felt his pants, and his wallet. He remembered something in it. He had forgotten it until now. How? It was one of the first things he should have brought up when he first talked to Mick about this case. Perhaps that was Jezebel's doing. He knew he couldn't blame everything on her...but maybe... "I have this list," said Blake, quickly taking out his wallet. "Charles Newman gave it to me. A list of places Jezebel frequently visited. Places she liked going, where she was last seen."

Blake hands the list to Mick, who takes it and looks it over immediately. Mick's eyes scan all the names of places on the list, looking amazed.

"Where was this list the last few days we were searching?" asked Mick. "This is really helpful."

"In my wallet," said Blake. Mick looked at him dumbfounded. "I forgot I had it," he explained, not expecting Mick to believe him. "I know it sounds crazy...but...it's as if every time I've tried to look at it again, something's happened, a memory...or an event...almost falling in the lake at night..."

Blake felt like he was going crazy again... so many things didn't match up...then Mick put a big warm comforting hand on his back. He looked down, as Mick stared down at him, with a look of certainty in his warm eyes.

"Don't worry, Blake," said Mick, "I believe ya."

Blake looked deep up into Mick's eyes, then nodded. If Mick believed him, that was all he needed to know to go forward with this.

Mick nodded and smiled back, then looked back at the list.

"What's this?" asks Mick as he looks at the piece of paper that Blake gave him.

Blake wondered what Mick meant by this, since he had just told him what the paper was, but then he noticed Mick was pointing a finger at a number on the corner of the list, circled. It was positioned on the list next to the "Shedd Aquarium", Jezebel

the number "22".

"22," said Mick, "Is that another place...or is that significant to one of the other places?"

"I..." Blake didn't know. He didn't remember that being on this piece of paper at all, what's more, it looked like his handwriting. Had he written it down when he was tired, late at night, one of these past few days...or maybe...he had written it while under the trance, or the dreamlike state he entered whenever recalling a memory with Jezebel... JEZEBEL...something about her and that number, "22", rang a bell...but, as it always did, it felt like she was somehow blocking his memory from finding out what exactly it was. But he was sure of this... "22" and Jezebel were linked some how, in some distant memory that was buried deep within. Maybe he could remember or find out what it was if he dug deeper, but it felt like digging himself a grave, or into a grave that was never meant to be disturbed, and Blake could see, or rather sense in his mind, that Jezebel was the silent angel of death who was watching over him as he dug, waiting for him to fall into the fresh grave in the ground if he try to dig any further. That horrible sense of fear and foreboding that hung over him whenever he tried to remember these forgotten things. It was as if the Jackal was taking her place in his mind, as the silent graveyard angel, looming over him, as he dug, robed in black, ghostly white skin and fur, red eyes and lips dripping blood, sharp white teeth, with hungry, open jaws. "Don't stop now, Blake..." Blake told himself... "Don't be afraid...what was the significance of that number to Jezebel...was it Christina?" He tried to look further into his memory, as if he was looking, staring into the deep dark grave he had just dug for himself, trying to ignore the terrifying monster who was standing over it. He looked into the dark of the grave in his minds eye, his eyes closed...the number "22" and Jezebel swimming in his mind, through the inky depths, like he was swimming in deep water, and a great black creature opened it's blind, seemingly sightless eyes. He remembered where he had seen it before...and what he had heard, where he had heard her mention this number...it was at...

"The aquarium," said Blake, opening his eyes. "I knew I heard her mention that number before, or I had seen it. It was at the aquarium as well."

"Well...what a coincidence for us," said

Mick, grinning at Blake, and folding up the list in his hands.

"Yeah..." said Blake. Or was it a coincidence? Was she leading them there? Was it a trap? Blake didn't trust anything when it came to his memories of her anymore, it was as if she could reach out and touch him (or hurt him) through them. Either way, Blake didn't seem to care now. He was on to something. He could feel it. And he wasn't alone. He felt he could face her if he had to.

Blake couldn't explain it, but somehow he felt more certain about this now, now that he had recently connected with his new friends, in such a physical manner, he felt he could think straight again, for longer periods of time anyway. It didn't always involve her... (it wasn't always about her.) He thought more fondly of his attraction for Mick and Jane (and maybe even Charlie) than about Jezebel now. He had others for support now, not only Jezebel (but he knew Jezebel would hate that, like she was being replaced.)

"That shark I've been seeing has something to do with it too," said Blake, feeling more confident about telling Mick this, not afraid that he would think he was crazy. He had been so afraid to even mention this to Mick before, as if by mentioning it, it would find him...or she was making him afraid to say anything about it. He still felt this way, but in spite of this, continued speaking, "...And it's the last thing I remember in my dreams that involve her... in my memories...is standing at the docks... looking down at where she leaped into the water... and seeing that... thing...the shark, pitch black... like a great shadow under the waves."

Blake looked at Mick, who was looking him in the eyes, listening, attentive, sympathetic even, nodding, but not looking at him as if he was insane. Blake appreciated this and smiled. Blake looked back over his shoulder before he continued speaking, as if still afraid someone might be watching or listening, or he might catch a vision of the great black shark out of the corner of his eye. He turned back to Mick and continued talking to him in a more hushed voice.

"Now the last thing I remember seeing was that shape of the shark in the water, so I figured what better place to find out what kind of shark it was that I saw, and that I've been seeing in my visions, than at the Shedd Aquarium."

"Well...it is the biggest aquarium in the

world," said Mick. "Jane told me that fact many times already...she said Cassie was disappointed that it was closed and she couldn't go there."

"Oh?" asked Blake, surprised "Cassie can talk?"

"No," said Mick, "Jane just uses her imagination to speak for her. She really wanted to go."

Blake laughed at this.

"Yeah, I like Jane's imagination," said Blake.

Mick grins over at Blake and nudges him, "That's not the only thing you like about her," said Mick with his cute wink.

Blake blushes.

"Well she does have all the right... stuff. Besides, you're one to talk Mick!"

Mick suddenly blushed as well.

"Well, I uh...eheh, yeah... she does, ehem," Mick coughed. "I...weren't we talking about the aquarium?" Mick tried changing the subject. Blake suspected he was getting a boner. Mick picked up his cup of sake.

Blake looked at Mick, amused at how adorable he got when talking about those kind of thing sometimes, when it was about the two of them, Mick didn't hold back, but it was cute how he got embarrassed how he talked about Jane, as if because he held her in such high regard, he shouldn't be thinking these naughty things about her. Blake wondered if this John was still around, if Mick would behave the same way when talking about him.

"It's agreed then," said Blake, "We'll go to the aquarium, and see what's there...tomorrow..."

"Tomorrow?" asked Mick, confused, about to bring his sake up to his lips, looking down at Blake.

"Yeah, why?" asked Blake, looking over at Mick at his side.

"Well...why not tonight?" asked Mick.

"Tonight?" asked Blake. "Are you crazy?"

"Only crazy as you are," said Mick with a shrug. Blake frowned at him. "Hey, I'm kidding man," He said, patting Blake on the back, "But not about tonight. I think we should do it tonight." He put his big arms around Blake's shoulders. "As I've said before, you always find the most interesting things at night," said Mick.

"At this late hour?" asked Blake.

"Ah, but Blake," said Mick, tapping his nose,

and winking, "It's only..." he looks at his watch...
"One o' clock, so it's really early."

"Why not wait for tomorrow?" asked Blake.

"Ah, Blake," said Mick, as if pretending to be a philosopher, "Tomorrow is already today."

Blake's mouth dropped open, and his eyebrows furled. "I give up...if I really wanted to sleep..."

"We won't be there for long Blake," said Mick, "It's just around the block. And we're just going there to look."

Blake looked back up at Mick, who seemed so certain.

"Just to look, then," said Blake.

"Just to look," repeated Mick.

"To see if my hunch is right," said Blake, filling in for him.

"That's the spirit," said Mick, pounding Blake on the back with a strong pat. They had some more sake before heading out.

...

At the great Shedd Aquarium, everything was locked up tightly for the night, as it had been before. The doors were barred, in spite of the sign outside reading: "Welcome to Shedd Aquarium, Aquatic Creatures from around the World". It was a humongous marble building, and hanging above the great stone entryway, atop the stone steps, and balcony, flanked with pillars, was the inscription "John G. Shedd Aquarium" (for a moment Blake almost thought it had said "John C.") Over the main doors was plastered another sign, vaguely stating "Closed for Duration." The only possible way inside, Mick indicated, was a skylight up on the vast roof. At first Blake thought Mick was kidding, but he showed Blake around the corner (the bend) to the shade of the aquarium, and to a fire-escape ladder that led up to the roof, several stories up. It was scary how close the aquarium was to the Blue Rose Hotel and Northerly Island. Now that the rain had subsided, Blake could see just how close it was, it's blue outline, towering above, even at it's distance, on Northerly, it's three supporting towers and one main towers, rhombus shaped at the side-view, but triangular on top, the glowing blue outlines making it look like a cluster of giant crystals jetting up out of the earth and toward the heavens.

Blake was distracted by the close view of the Blue Rose Hotel, like a giant blue diamond in the night, before Mick nudged him, motioning for him to follow him up the tall (fire escape) ladder to the aquarium roof.

Blake followed Mick up the incredibly high ladder. Once on the roof, they could see all of Northerly Island, and the Blue Rose Hotel, just across the small bay, the late night/early morning fog rising around it like a ghostly veil, and behind it a blacked out area of forbidden land, invisible under its shadow, the Century of Progress World's fair ruins, while vast, were not nearly as vast as how they looked when Blake and Mick had been on "the other side" before.

"Hey, Blake, we're almost there, come on," said Mick in a whisper, motioning for Blake to follow.

"Almost?..." asked Blake, as he turned, and saw Mick motioning toward another ladder on the side of a central tower, topped with a great octagonal skylight, surrounded by what might have been a battlement of white marble. Blake followed Mick, and they climbed the central tower to the great skylight.

Once they reached the tower, which, looking out from the "battlements" surrounding the skylight, Blake felt he might be looking out from the great wall of China, Mick stated to unexpectedly climb the sloping pinnacles of glass panels on the skylight (it must have been incredibly sturdy glass for Mick not to break through, Blake thought.) At the top of the skylight, where the glass pinnacles intersected, were a four concerned fish statues, with four heads, their tails and fins entwining at the top, their mouths gaping open.

Mick didn't have to climb far, he simply laid down on his belly on the skylight and, unlocked one of the panels that lifted up like a large hatch, and peered inside. He took a flashlight out of his pocket and pointed it down, inside the building. Blake watched from below before Mick eagerly motioned for him to come up.

"Blake, come on, take a look," whispered Mick.

Blake steadily and carefully crawled up the roof skylight, on his belly, to where Mick was.

Continued on pg 50

GETTING RAW

with PA DADDY J



Barebacking. We love it more than anything. Nothing feels better than having that raw skin-to-skin contact. It truly brings the sexual pleasure to new heights. It feels good and satisfying. But let's be honest, it's not something we should be doing with just anyone for obvious reasons. Like with everything else, they are pros and cons to barebacking, and they all must be taken into consideration before engaging in unprotected sexual encounters.

Listen, I am not going to get on a high horse and tell you what you can and cannot do. I ain't your mom. I'm not here to preach to you or change the way you live your life. You do you... whatever that is. However, what I am going to do is give you the necessary information — the ugly, the bad, and finally... the good — for you to practice a more cautious barebacking sex life, so you can reduce your and other people's risks as much as possible. You do with this information as you please.

Out of the bat I will state that I am not a licensed medical professional, nor I am trying to convince you to forgo the safety of condoms. That's not my intention. I just know that the practice has become more prevalent since the advancement of medications that are used to treat some medical issues associated with sexual activities.

The Ugly: The Risks

I'll start by being 100% honest: I always fuck bareback. I haven't used a condom since 2008. I am allergic to latex, so

BAREBACKING: THE UGLY, THE BAD, & THE GOOD

condoms are a "no no" for me. I fuck raw and will always fuck raw. I am not changing that for anything in the world. I love it and I promote a healthy barebacking lifestyle. I have been able to enjoy — for the most part — a good sex life without having to deal with many health issues. There is a reason for it. I have learned how to decrease my risks of exposure while still following my preferred lifestyle: raw all the way.

As pleasurable and fun as it is, barebacking comes with risks. As responsible adults — which hopefully we are — we need to discuss these risks in order to prevent future health issues that will impact your life and/or the lives of those you engage sexually with. Those risks are Sexually Transmitted Diseases and Infections. I know it. You know it. It's reality.

Sexually Transmitted Diseases/Sexually Transmitted Infections

Barebacking always poses a risk of contracting a Sexually Transmitted Disease (STD) and/or a Sexually

Transmitted Infection (STI). Before we continue, we need to clarify what each is. It will help greatly to clear the confusion that arises when either one is mentioned. A Sexually Transmitted Disease (STD) is a disease you get through sexual contact — whether it is vaginal, anal, or oral— or in some cases during mother-to-child interactions such as pregnancy, childbirth, or breastfeeding. A Sexually Transmitted Infection (STI) is just when the STD presents symptoms. That simple. That's the difference between both.

The Bad: “The Big Eight”

According to the World Health Organization (WHO), there are more than 30 types of bacteria, viruses, and parasites that are transmitted through sexual contact. Eight of these are linked to the greatest incidence of STDs. Out of these eight, four are curable with medications (Syphilis, Gonorrhea, Chlamydia, and Trichomoniasis). The other four are incurable but could be “managed” with medical treatment. These four are Hepatitis B, Herpes Simplex Virus or HSV, Human Papillomavirus or HPV, and Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV). I will address them as “The Curable Four” and “The Incurable Four”.

The “Curable” Four

1. Syphilis

A sexually transmitted infection (STI) that can cause serious health problems without treatment. Infection develops in stages (primary, secondary, latent, and tertiary). Each stage can have different signs and symptoms. You can get syphilis by direct contact with a syphilis sore during vaginal, anal, or oral sex.

Stages of Syphilis

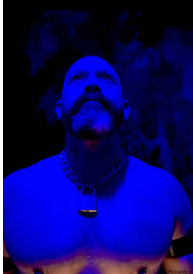
Primary Stage. During the first (primary) stage of syphilis, you may notice a single sore or multiple sores. The sore is the location where syphilis entered your body.

These sores usually occur in, on, or around the penis, vagina, anus, rectum, and lips or in the mouth. Sores are usually (but not always) firm, round, and painless. Because the sore is painless, you may not notice it. The sore usually lasts 3 to 6 weeks and heals regardless of whether you receive treatment. Even after the sore goes away, you must still receive treatment. This will stop your infection from moving to the secondary stage.

Secondary Stage. During the secondary stage, you may have skin rashes and/or sores in your mouth, vagina, or anus. This stage usually starts with a rash on one or more areas of your body. The rash can show up when your primary sore is healing or several weeks after the sore has healed. The rash can be on the palms of your hands and/or the bottoms of your feet and look rough, red, or reddish-brown. The rash usually won't itch, and it is sometimes so faint that you won't notice it. Other symptoms may include fever, swollen lymph glands, sore throat, patchy hair loss, headaches, weight loss, muscle aches, and fatigue (feeling very tired). The symptoms from this stage will go away whether you receive treatment. Without the right treatment, your infection will move to the latent and possibly tertiary stages of syphilis.

Latent Stage. The latent stage of syphilis is a period when there are no visible signs or symptoms. Without treatment, you can continue to have syphilis in your body for years.

Tertiary Stage. Most people with untreated syphilis do not develop tertiary syphilis. However, when it does happen, it can affect many different organ systems. These include the heart and blood vessels, and the brain and nervous system. Tertiary syphilis is very serious and would occur 10–30 years after your infection began. In tertiary syphilis, the disease damages your internal organs and can result in death. A healthcare provider can usually diagnose tertiary syphilis with the help of multiple tests.





Diagnosis and Treatment

Most of the time, healthcare providers will use a blood test to test for syphilis. Some will diagnose syphilis by testing fluid from a syphilis sore. Treatment is either multiple antibiotic shots or oral antibiotics to be taken for a specified period. Syphilis is curable but damage caused before treatment cannot be reversed. It is recommended that the infected individual (s) avoid sexual activity until cleared by a medical professional.

2. Gonorrhea

Gonorrhea is an STD that can cause infection in the genitals, rectum, and throat. It is very common, especially among young people ages 15-24 years. You can get gonorrhea by having vaginal, anal, or oral sex with someone who has gonorrhea. Men who do have symptoms may have a burning sensation when peeing, a white, yellow, or green discharge from the penis, and painful or swollen testicles (although this is less common). Rectal infections may either cause no symptoms or cause symptoms in that may include discharge, anal itching, soreness, bleeding, and painful bowel movements.

Diagnosis and Treatment

Most of the time, a urine sample can test for gonorrhea. However, if you have had oral and/or anal sex, your healthcare provider may use swabs to collect samples from your throat and/or rectum. In some cases, a healthcare provider may also use a swab to collect a sample from a man's urethra (urine canal). The right treatment can cure gonorrhea. It is important that you take all the medicine your healthcare provider gives you to cure your infection. Do not share medicine for gonorrhea with anyone. Although medicine will stop the infection, it will not undo any permanent damage caused by the disease. It is becoming harder to treat some gonorrhea, as drug-resistant strains of gonorrhea are increasing. Return to a healthcare provider if your symptoms continue for more than a few days after receiving treatment.

Wait seven days after finishing all medicine before having sex. You and your sex partner(s) should avoid having sex until you have each completed treatment and your symptoms are gone. This will help prevent you and your partner(s) from giving or getting gonorrhea again. Those with gonorrhea should be retested about three months after treatment of an initial infection, even if their partners received successful treatment. If you've had gonorrhea and took medicine in the past, you can still get it again.

3. Chlamydia

A common sexually transmitted infection (STI) caused by bacteria. You might not know you have chlamydia because many people don't have signs or symptoms, such as genital pain and discharge from the penis. Chlamydia trachomatis can occur in both men and women and in all age groups. It's not difficult to treat, but if left untreated it can lead to more-serious health problems. Signs and symptoms of Chlamydia trachomatis infection can include painful urination, vaginal discharge in trans men, discharge from the penis in men, painful sexual intercourse in trans men, and testicular pain in men. Chlamydia trachomatis can also infect the rectum, either with no signs or symptoms or with rectal pain, discharge or bleeding. You also can get chlamydial eye infections (conjunctivitis) through contact with infected body fluids.

Diagnosis and Treatment

Laboratory tests can diagnose chlamydia. Your healthcare provider may ask you to provide a urine sample for testing, or they might use (or ask you to use) a cotton swab to get a vaginal sample. The right treatment can cure chlamydia. It is important that you take all the medicine your healthcare provider gives you to cure your infection. As stated with gonorrhea, do not share medicine for chlamydia with anyone. When taken properly it will stop the infection and could decrease your chances of having problems later. Although medicine will stop the infection, it will not undo any permanent



damage caused by the disease. Repeat infection with chlamydia is common. You should receive testing again about three months after your treatment, even if your sex partner(s) receives treatment. Men rarely have health problems from chlamydia. The infection can cause a fever and pain in the tubes attached to the testicles. This can, in rare cases, lead to infertility.

4. Trichomoniasis

Trichomoniasis (or “trich”) is very common and sexually transmitted. It is caused by infection with a protozoan parasite called *Trichomonas vaginalis*. Although symptoms of the disease vary, most people who have the parasite cannot tell they are infected. Trichomoniasis is the most common curable STI. In the United States, CDC estimates that there were more than two million trichomoniasis infections in 2018. However, only about 30% develop any symptoms of trichomoniasis. Infection is more common in women than in men. Men with trichomoniasis may notice itching or irritation inside the penis, burning after urination or ejaculation, discharge from the penis.

Diagnosis and Treatment

It is not possible to diagnose trichomoniasis based on symptoms alone. For both men and women, your health care provider can examine you and get a laboratory test to diagnose trichomoniasis. Trichomoniasis can be treated with medication prescribed by a doctor. These pills are taken by mouth. People who have been treated for trichomoniasis can get it again. To avoid getting reinfected, all sex partners should get treated with antibiotics at the same time. Wait to have sex again until everyone has been treated and any symptoms go away (usually about a week). Get checked at 3 months to make sure you have not been infected again, or sooner if your symptoms come back before then.

The “Incurable” Four

1. Hepatitis B

Hepatitis B is a serious liver infection caused

by the hepatitis B virus (HBV). For some people, hepatitis B infection becomes chronic, meaning it lasts more than six months. Having chronic hepatitis B increases your risk of developing liver failure, liver cancer or cirrhosis — a condition that permanently scars the liver. Most adults with hepatitis B recover fully, even if their signs and symptoms are severe.

A vaccine can prevent hepatitis B, but there's no cure if you have the condition. If you're infected, taking certain precautions can help prevent spreading the virus to others.

Signs and symptoms of hepatitis B range from mild to severe. They usually appear about one to four months after you've been infected, although you could see them as early as two weeks post-infection. Some people, usually young children, may not have any symptoms. Hepatitis B signs and symptoms may include abdominal pain, dark urine, fever, joint pain, loss of appetite, nausea and vomiting, weakness and fatigue, and yellowing of your skin and the whites of your eyes (jaundice).

Diagnosis and Treatment

Your doctor will examine you and look for signs of liver damage, such as yellowing skin or belly pain. Three tests that can help diagnose hepatitis B or its complications: blood tests, liver ultrasounds, and liver biopsies.

If you know you've been exposed to the hepatitis B virus and aren't sure if you've been vaccinated, call your doctor immediately. An injection of immunoglobulin (an antibody) given within 12 hours of exposure to the virus may help protect you from getting sick with hepatitis B. Because this treatment only provides short-term protection, you also should get the hepatitis B vaccine at the same time, if you never received it.

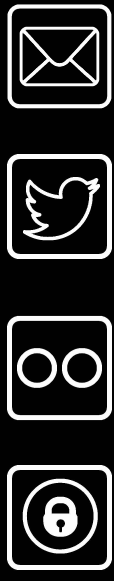
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Tom Riddle

images provided by
Tom Riddle











Mick opened the panel in the skylight a little more, for Blake to look inside with him, it was a big enough space for both of them to squeeze through, one at a time...but...

"Okay," said Mick, looking down as the hanging displays... large heavy suspended planters, and large models of various species of marine life, as if they were swimming through the air, just above the aquarium tanks. "I'll jump down onto the hanging ferns, then swing onto the orca, then the lion fish and penguin, porpoise, dolphin, and finally the great white shark, then land on the Caribbean Reef display tank, then on the floor, we should land safely if we take that path. I'll go first you follow."

Blake looked at Mick in disbelief.

"You serious?" asked Blake, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, why?" asked Mick.

"I couldn't possibly do that," said Blake, "and neither could a big hulking bear of a guy like you."

"You don't know what I can do," Mick winked at him, tapping the side of his nose. "And I'm sure you can do it as well. You've probably got the gracefulness of a cat and you don't know it."

"Yeah, but I don't want to try," said Blake. "And I hate heights."

"Yeah," said Mick, "It is a pretty far drop," as he looked down through the open skylight window, "it would make a pretty bad splatter if you missed."

"Thanks a lot," said Blake, dripping with sarcasm, "That makes me a lot more comfortable Mick."

"Well it's either swing down with me. Or climb back down the ladder and wait out at the back door, both involve heights I'm afraid."

"I'd rather climb back down," said Blake.

Mick looked around the roof.

"Oh, wait, look over there," said Mick, looking at the roof, a level below them, "there's an exit door to the roof. I can go in this way, then go up and let you in the stairwell."

"Oh that's a relief," said Blake, sighing, "I was getting dizzy just looking down at that height," said Blake.

"Well, salutations," Mick saluted Blake with his hand, from the top of his head, grinning big, "And see ya."

"What?" asked Blake. Before her knew it, Mick leaped down into the skylight, and swung from the fixtures, making his way down gracefully. Blake wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it. Mick did it with such grace and ease, as big as he was, only having a little trouble when he landed on his ass on the orca, it looked like he might have hurt his big balls for a moment, but soon swung his way down the rest of the display models, then landed on his feet with a graceful thud, in a squatting position, like a huge cat, his trench coat billowing up. He stood up, brushed himself off, and looked up at Blake through the skyline and gave him a thumbs up, and grinned...

"Meet ya at the stairs, buddy," Mick "whispered" up at him (his voice was still loud as hell).

Blake watched Mick run off toward the stairs. Blake shook his head, after watching Mick's acrobatics. How the hell was Mick so damn agile? He knew he was big buff and strong, but this? That must take a hell of a lot of practice, Blake thought. What exactly did Mick do in his free time?

...

Blake waited at the blue lit up "EXIT" door on the roof for awhile before Mick came up to let him in. When he finally opened the door, he laughed, embarrassed.

"Finally," said Blake. "What took you so long."

"I got a little lost..." said Mick, almost sounding ashamed of himself. "It's big in there."

"Well, it is the largest I indoor aquarium in the world, ya know," said Blake, smartly.

"Oh, really?" asked Mick, "well, no shit. They sure got that right then." Mick laughed heartily again. Blake looked confused, raising an eyebrow. Did Mick not remember he was the one that told him this? "It sure is huge," laughed Mick. "And dark. Ya bring your flashlight?"

Blake checked his coat.

"Ah, shit, I forgot mine at your other place," said Blake.

Mick grinned looking proud of himself.

"That's okay," said Mick, he reached in his trench coat pocket and pulled out a second flashlight, "I brought an extra."

Blake thankfully nodded to Mick and took

the flashlight, then followed him down into the stairwell, shutting the door to the roof behind them.

...

Mick was right, it was indeed both huge and dark in the aquarium. It was like stepping into another world, at the bottom of the ocean, in some places, the glass, with the lack of lighting, almost looked invisible, and when a fish or shark would swim by, Blake thought it looked like it might swim right at them. They wandered through the dark aquarium corridors aimlessly for awhile, pointing their flashlights around, staring in wonder at the marine-life, like they were at the bottom of the sea. There was just enough light at the top of the aquarium tanks that remained on, so that the animals inside looked like great shadows as they swam through the water. It was as eerie as it was beautiful. It was an even eerier place to Blake, because he felt for certain, even in the dark, that he had been here before, and not alone.

Mick stared up as he watched a large sea turtle swim around one of the reptile tanks.

"Oh, man," said Mick with a big grin, "Cassie's gonna love this place. If it ever opens soon that is."

Just then, they heard something at the end of the corridor they were walking through.

"Lights off, Blake," whispered Mick.

Mick and Blake both shut off their flashlights as they heard distant footsteps down the corridor, echoing. Once the lights were off, the blue green color of the aquarium waters seemed to fill the chamber, and the great shadows of the marine creatures seemed larger than life, as they glided through the tanks. The giant fins and tails in the shadows making it look like ancient prehistoric fish and reptiles were moving along the walls. At first it was difficult to pinpoint where the footsteps were coming from, until they gradually became louder, and Blake could tell they were just down the corridor, in the next room. Soon they were coming toward the same area Mick and Blake were at.

"Hide," whispered Mick, almost like a growl. "Hide behind me."

Mick motions Blake to hide behind him and around the corner. Blake gave a look of concern, as if to ask what Mick was going to do if he got caught, but Mick just winked and tapped his nose.

Jezebel

Blake hid around the corner, behind a wall next to a large, dark aquarium tank, and stayed put, peering out to see if anyone was coming. Right at that moment, a flashlight, shined from around the corner, catching Mick, who had no time to hide, and nearly caught Blake in it's view before he darted back behind the wall, keeping his back to it. He had caught a brief glimpse of the large shadowy figure walking into this vast room of the aquarium, he was broad, and looked like he might be the night watchman. But there was something else, something about his walk that Blake had recognized. Had he seen him before? He was broad and tall...what if it was...He listened closely, wondering if he could recognize the voice.

"Don't move," said the growling voice, it was a similar deep growling voice Mick used when he was angry. "I got ya."

That voice. Blake knew that voice, but from where? To Blake's horror, the first thing that came to mind was "The Blue Rose Hotel", near the club, in the back halls and rooms. Did the Blue Rose Club and the aquarium share security guards?

"Don't worry, man," said Mick, sounding chill, trying to downplay the situation. "I aint movin', see?"

There was a pause...Blake was worried something might happen.

"Boy...big one, aintcha?" asked the gruff voice of the security guard. "Strong boy, eh? Man, yer huge."

"Yeah, that's the way my mom an' dad made me," said Mick with a chuckle, "Haven't had any complaints yet."

Blake almost chuckled at Mick's cockiness, but he sure hoped it wouldn't get him in deeper trouble with the night security guard. Overcome with curiosity, Blake wanted to get a peek at the guard behind the wall who was talking to Mick. He sounded so damn familiar. Was he...? Blake felt a cold wave run through his veins, like a drink of ice water taken in too fast. He sure hoped it wasn't him...Blake braced himself as he peeked around the corner, and took a look at the large security guard who was talking to Mick...

...At first Blake was afraid it would be the lion-looking guy, what kind of encounter would that be, after Blake recently having seen his friend, that hyena-man, torn to bits, his heart ripped out and eaten by that Jackal. But thankfully it wasn't. But it

was a face from the same place. It was the bear-looking man, a face Blake also recalled in a distant memory as working as a bouncer at the "Blue Jungle" club, where Christina performed. He seemed even more familiar to him than that even, though Blake couldn't exactly recall why.

When Blake recognized who this was, from the back rooms of the Blue Rose Hotel, he wondered...What was he doing here working as the night security guard? Did he work both places, in shifts perhaps? Was it coincidence? Or did Charles Newman have a hold on this place as well, just like the hotel, and the "Blue Jungle" club? How far did his reach extend?

Blake stared long and hard at the bearish looking guard, trying to remember where else he could have possibly seen him. Suddenly, the bear-man's eyes darted toward where Blake was peering out, and shined his flashlight over at him.

"Who else is with you?" asked the bearish security guard, "Got some secret business going on here, big guy?"

When the light shined on Blake's face, he felt obligated to step out into the light. The security guard stared at him, and, from the sense of déjà-vu Blake experienced when seeing him, Blake expected the guard to not only see him, but maybe even recognize who he was, from either the back of the Blue Rose Hotel, when they were incognito as guards, or back from the "Blue Jungle". Maybe he was someone close to him, from the past, after all. That wasn't what happened though, the guard stared at him, at Blake's eyes, as if he had seen a ghost, not someone he recognized, but someone long dead.

"You...who...?" the bear guard stared at Blake, vacantly, as if he was frozen in space for a moment, before Mick looked back, motioning for him to hide again. Blake stood as stiff and frozen as the guard who was staring at him. The bearish guard then grabbed his head, as if it suddenly hurt terribly. He grunted in pain, enough to worry Blake. Mick stepped in immediately to diffuse the tension.

"What's...what's going on?" grunted the security guard, still grabbing his head. Then he looked back up at Mick, as if he were seeing him here for the first time. "What are you doing here? Who are you?"

What the hell just happened? Blake thought. Why didn't he seem to remember talking

to Mick after looking over at Blake.

Mick spoke up.

"Hey, there," said Mick with a laugh, "Me and my buddy here were just..."

"Yeah yeah, save it," said the bearish night guard, shaking his head, going back to his stern demeanor, "I've heard 'em all. Night fishing, just on a walk, looking for a good place to fornicate. Go on, surprise me with a new one," said the bear-man, with a malicious grin. "I dare ya." He had those big canines as well. Similar to Mick and Kodo's, but different. More like a...

"Well, we were just here..."

"We?" asked the bearish guard, shining his flashlight behind Mick, across the aquarium and over to where Blake was standing. Mick looked concerned again, as did Blake. "Who's we?"

The guard was staring right at Blake, and yet... that didn't seem to matter though, as the bearish looking guard looked at Blake as if he was a stranger, or didn't see him at all.

"My buddy and I," said Mick, grinning at the bear guard, "He's right over there."

The security guard looked at Mick, then shined his light back on Blake, then looked spooked. "Uh-huh..." said the guard, then looked back at Mick with a sarcastic smile. Blake was under the impression that this guard really couldn't see him. "So...you and...this buddy of yours... what are you doin' here? Lookin' for a place to help each-other jack-off?"

"No, not tonight. Tonight, we're actually lookin' for a shark," laughed Mick, "and a lady."

The bear-guard raises his eyebrows.

"A lady?" he asked, looking as if he'd just listened one of the most completely absurd excuses he'd ever heard. He then cracked another smile, this one a bit more amused. "Ha! That's a good one! Lookin' for pussy down here?"

"No thanks, we already had out fill," said Mick, with a wink. "For the night, anyway."

The guard looked taken aback, but laughed again.

"Man, you're too funny," said the bear-guard, "and what's he doing' here with ya? Two big guys, strong enough to break in with your bare hands. You can't just be in a place like this lookin' for a place to fuck."

Blake looked confused again. So he did see Blake. But...why wasn't he questioning him? Did

Mick just sweet talk him enough to make him forget, or not care? What was that look about though?

"Well, you look pretty big and strong yourself, Bear," said Mick, patting the bearish-guard on the shoulder.

The bearish guard looked flattered. What was this? Thought Blake. Did Mick just make friends everywhere he goes?

"Hey, how'd ya know that's my name?" asked the guard, "Bear".

"Lucky guess," shrugged Mick.

The guard looked him up and down.

"And by the looks of ya...I guess you're a "Bear" too?" asked the guard.

"No, a Wolf," said Mick. "That's me, a big ol' Wolf!"

Bear let out a laugh again.

"Okay, okay, stop," said Bear. "What's your real name?"

Mick tilted his head, like a confused dog, "Wolf," said Mick.

Bear laughed again.

"Hah! Well, I like you Wolf," said Bear with a smile. "I'm afraid I'll have to see some identification and take you back to the front office. You ain't supposed to be her ya know. You know the drill."

"I do," said Mick, "and I've drilled a lot myself."

"What do ya...?" Bear seemed confused again. "Stop that, man! Let me see your wallet before you confuse me again." Mick handed Bear his wallet. Bear fumbles through Mick's wallet, and can't seem to find what he's looking for. "Hmm... it's kinda messy in here," said Bear.

"Aha, Yeah, I've got a lot of cards," laughed Mick.

"Well, here, you take your wallet and hand me your identification if you know where it is," said Bear, he was sounding a little more grouchy than before. "I'm really tired. Don't have time for this... middle of the night shit..." Bear started to grumble.

"Alrighty," said Mick, taking his wallet back, and searching through it, he pulls out a card and hands it to Bear, "There ya go, that should be everything ya need ta know about me."

Bear takes the card from Mick, who's smiling like a dog who's done a good thing, and reads the card in his hands.

"Frost Wolf County?" asks Bear. "What the fuck is this shit?"

"Hey, watch your language pal," says Mick, "No need for that. We're at an aquarium, families visit here." Mick seemed genuinely upset about this.

"It's two o'clock in the fucking morning," grumbles the security guard.

"Yeah...well...I am a little bit tired myself," says Mick.

"Cut the shit, what is this?" asks the security guard.

"Business card," said Mick, smiling confidently.

"Yeah..." said Bear, "What for? Some place in Alaska?"

"No, New York," said Mick, "That's where our agency is. P.I. Agency. I'm a Private Detective. Here on a case."

Bear raises an eyebrow.

"Private Dick, eh?" asked Bear. "Now I've heard everything. Is that why you're here lookin' for a lady and a shark?"

"Yep! Sure am!" said Mick, happily, almost like a bark, "Like the good Wolf I am! Wolf! Aha!"

Bear just looked at Mick like he was crazy, but Mick's good nature was infectious and Bear was soon laughing as well.

"Alright, alright, I believe ya, Wolf," laughed Bear, "Man, a private dick too, you sure are one hell of a package, Wolf."

"Hehe, wait till ya unpack, it," says Mick, slyly.

This made Bear laugh again.

"Man, cut it out, Wolf," laughed Bear, "I can't handle ya, not when I'm on the job."

"Nah, Bear, I'm sure you can handle me," said Mick, winking at him again.

"Um...I uh...ehem," Blake could almost see Bear blush in the dark. He was sure Mick was testing the waters with this guy to figure out his tastes. "Anyway, Wolf, this won't quite cut it, I have to see some actual identification. For all I know you could just be a smooth talkin' con-man."

"Why thank ya," said Mick, in a flattered deep voice, as if this were a compliment.

"Uh-huh," said Bear, now looking confused. Blake thought he saw Bear's eyes trail down to

Continued on pg 66

MODELS WANTED

MEN OF ALL SIZES



DHM

IS LOOKING FOR
MEN WHO WANT
TO SHOW OFF!!

**GOT WHAT
IT TAKES?
CLICK THIS IMAGE!**



Your Friendly Local Barber Shop

Story by

balbrash

During my junior year in college, I lived alone in a small city apartment. My entire social life consisted of short, random conversations with students in my classes, or coworkers at my warehouse night job.

I didn't mind. I was lonely, but not that lonely. I wanted a girlfriend. Someone to love. I played video games. I jerked off 2 or 3 times a day. It had been this way for some time. In the past year all my friends had graduated and moved away. My casual approach to my studies had held me back.

I drank and smoked pot. The pornography I sought out became more varied. Almost by accident, at first, I began to focus on cocks as I watched women get fucked. I discovered shemales and dickgirls. Feminine but hard. Written fantasies, especially, pushed the boundaries of what I found myself turned on by. Written porn made it easier to imagine, and I would find myself imagining the girl with a cock in her mouth. In my mouth. But I didn't think of myself as gay at all. I liked girls. Maybe a bit curious, at most.

The best stories would catch me off guard. The guy seduced into dressing like a girl with promises of sex. Then presented as a sorority pledge at a frat party, and resigned to grind and suck cock until the promise of pussy was fulfilled. The boyfriend lured into a potential swap, only to have his girlfriend gangbanged, and he, forced to clean up before taking his turn.

I recognized a slightly submissive, feminine disposition in myself. I still preferred girls, but something about letting someone forceful and confident direct the action appealed to me.

At this point I had only ever had sex twice. Both were prostitutes. I was terrible talking to girls. Making it explicitly about sex made things much easier. The conversation felt free and relaxed. Lonely as I was, I enjoyed the conversation as much as the sex. I would have kept doing that if I could have afforded it.

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If your doctor determines your hepatitis B infection is acute — meaning it is short-lived and will go away on its own — you may not need treatment. Instead, your doctor might recommend rest, proper nutrition and plenty of fluids while your body fights the infection. In severe cases, antiviral drugs or a hospital stay is needed to prevent complications.

Most people diagnosed with chronic hepatitis B infection need treatment for the rest of their lives. Treatment helps reduce the risk of liver disease and prevents you from passing the infection to others. Treatment for chronic hepatitis B may include antiviral medications such as entecavir (Baraclude), tenofovir (Viread), lamivudine (Epivir), adefovir (Hepsera) and telbivudine (Tyzeka); Interferon injections; and in extreme cases: liver transplant.

2. Herpes Simplex Virus (HSV)

Genital herpes is caused by two types of viruses – herpes simplex virus type 1 (HSV-1) and herpes simplex virus type 2 (HSV-2). HSV-1 often causes oral herpes, which can result in cold sores or fever blisters on or around the mouth. However, most people with oral herpes do not have any symptoms. Most people with oral herpes get it during childhood or young adulthood from non-sexual contact with saliva. Genital herpes is common in the United States. In 2018, CDC estimates show there were 572,000 new genital herpes infections in the United States among people aged 14 to 49. You can get genital herpes by having vaginal, anal, or oral sex with someone who has the infection. You can get herpes if you have contact with:

- a herpes sore, saliva from a partner with an oral herpes infection,
- genital fluids from a partner with a genital herpes infection,
- skin in the oral area of a partner with oral herpes,
- or skin in the genital area of a partner with genital herpes.

You also can get genital herpes from a sex partner who does not have a visible sore or is unaware of their infection. It is also possible to get genital herpes if you receive oral sex from a partner with oral herpes.

Most people with genital herpes have no symptoms or have very mild symptoms. Mild symptoms may go unnoticed or be mistaken for other skin conditions like a pimple or ingrown hair. Because of this, most people do not know they have a herpes infection.

Herpes sores usually appear as one or more blisters on or around the genitals, rectum or mouth. This is known as having an “outbreak”. The blisters break and leave painful sores that may take a week or more to heal. Flu-like symptoms (e.g., fever, body aches, or swollen glands) also may occur during the first outbreak.

People who experience an initial outbreak of herpes can have repeated outbreaks, especially if they have HSV-2. However, repeat outbreaks are usually shorter and less severe than the first outbreak. Although genital herpes is a lifelong infection, the number of outbreaks may decrease over time.

Diagnosis and Treatment

Your healthcare provider may diagnose genital herpes by simply looking at any sores that are present. Providers can also take a sample from the sore(s) and test it. If sores are not present, a blood test may be used to look for HSV antibodies.

Have an honest and open talk with your healthcare provider about herpes testing and other STDs. Please note: A herpes blood test can help determine if you have herpes infection. It cannot tell you who gave you the infection or when you got the infection. There is no cure for genital herpes. However, there are medicines that can prevent or shorten outbreaks. A daily anti-herpes medicine can make it less likely to pass the infection on to your sex partner(s).



Left untreated Genital herpes can cause painful genital sores and can be severe in people with suppressed immune systems. If you touch your sores or fluids from the sores, you may transfer herpes to another body part like your eyes. Do not touch the sores or fluids to avoid spreading herpes to another part of your body. If you do touch the sores or fluids, quickly wash your hands thoroughly to help avoid spreading the infection.

3. Human Papillomavirus (HPV)

HPV is the most common STI. There were about 43 million HPV infections in 2018, many among people in their late teens and early 20s. There are many different types of HPV. Some types can cause health problems, including genital warts and cancers. But there are vaccines that can stop these health problems from happening. HPV is a different virus than HIV and HSV (herpes).

You can get HPV by having vaginal, anal, or oral sex with someone who has the virus. It is most commonly spread during vaginal or anal sex. It also spreads through close skin-to-skin touching during sex. A person with HPV can pass the infection to someone even when they have no signs or symptoms. If you are sexually active, you can get HPV, even if you have had sex with only one person. You also can develop symptoms years after having sex with someone who has the infection. This makes it hard to know when you first got it.

In most cases (9 out of 10), HPV goes away on its own within two years without health problems. But when HPV does not go away, it can cause health problems like genital warts and cancer. Genital warts usually appear as a small bump or group of bumps in the genital area. They can be small or large, raised or flat, or shaped like a cauliflower. A healthcare provider can usually diagnose warts by looking at the genital area.

Diagnosis and Treatment

There is no test to find out a person's "HPV status." Also, there is no approved HPV test to find HPV in the mouth or throat. Most people with HPV do not know they have the infection.

Getting Raw

They never develop symptoms or health problems from it. Some people find out they have HPV when they get genital warts. Women may find out they have HPV when they get an abnormal Pap test result (during cervical cancer screening). Others may only find out once they've developed more serious problems from HPV, such as cancers. There is no treatment for the virus itself. However, there are treatments for the health problems that HPV can cause.

4. Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV)

Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) is a virus that attacks the body's immune system. If HIV is not treated, it can lead to AIDS (acquired immunodeficiency syndrome), which is a chronic, potentially life-threatening. By damaging your immune system, HIV interferes with your body's ability to fight infection and disease.

HIV is a sexually transmitted infection (STI). It can also be spread by contact with infected blood or from mother to child during pregnancy, childbirth or breast-feeding. Without medication, it may take years before HIV weakens your immune system to the point that you have AIDS. There's no cure for HIV/AIDS, but medications can dramatically slow the progression of the disease. These drugs have reduced AIDS deaths in many developed nations.

Some people have flu-like symptoms within 2 to 4 weeks after infection (called acute HIV infection). These symptoms may last for a few days or several weeks. Possible symptoms include fever, chills, rash, night sweats, muscle aches, sore throat, fatigue, swollen lymph nodes, and mouth ulcers. But some people may not feel sick during acute HIV infection. These symptoms don't mean you have HIV. Other illnesses can cause these same symptoms.

Continued on pg 94



Killian

Knox,

Rico

Stevens,

Sal

Bruno



Photography by

Emitt More



R
S



K
K



S
B











Killian Knox, Rico Stevens and Sal Bruno





Mick's big package in his pants, then he looked back up at Mick's face, "Ehem, I.D. please."

Mick looked through his wallet again, "Aha, there's the little devil," said Mick, "There ya go, Bear."

"Thanks Wolf," said Bear, who had to seem to remind himself to remain serious, as Mick's friendliness was affecting him. He looked at Mick's driver's license. "So...Well, whaddya know, your name really is Wolf," said Bear. "And it looks like yer from New York. Huh, ya don't seem like a New Yorker. You're way too nice for that."

"Yeah, I'm just a big ol' country boy at heart," said Mick, "I went to New York with my best pal to be a detective. Those were some mean streets for us, I'll tell ya."

"Yeah, I'm sure they were," said Bear. "What brings ya out to Chicago?"

"A case," said Mick.

"What kind of a case?" asked Bear.

"Well, I can't really tell ya that," said Mick, "It's confidential. I can tell ya, though, that it involves a big cat and a really big fish."

Bear looked confused, then let out a laugh, as did Mick. Both sounded like big howling animals.

"Okay, okay...my fault for askin', right?" said Bear, mid-laughter. He looks back at the driver's license, placing the business card behind it, "It says here that you were born March 18th, 1912, and that you're a veteran."

"Yeah I was drafted in the war," says Mick with a slight grin, not really sure how Bear's reaction to Mick being in the war would be. "It was only for few months, tail end of the war...but still..." the look on Mick's face seemed to recall very unpleasant memories, "That was enough for me... Kept me away from my daughter long enough."

"Oh? Yer, a dad too, eh?" asked Bear, looking more intrigued.

"Yup, sure am!" says Mick pulling out more things from his wallet, pictures of Cassie.

"See?" said Mick happily, showing the pictures of his daughter, "Isn't she jus precious?"

"Aww...you sure are a proud dad aren't ya?" Bear's eyes were more on Mick than the pictures.

"Yeah," said Mick, looking at his daughter's picture, proudly.

While Bear is looking at the pictures of Mick's daughter that he's proudly and eagerly showing him, something falls from Bear's hand and swoops down to the floor (gliding down). It was the business card that Mick had just given him.

"Isn't she just beautiful? She takes after her mom and dad I tell ya. She's already so intelligent. See those eyes?"

"Yes, okay that's enough," said Bear, now sounding a little annoyed.

"And she likes stuffed animals a lot," said Mick, continuing as if he hadn't heard Bear, "which reminds me, what kinds have you got at your gift shop here? I can't wait to be it for one back for my Cassie."

"I hardly think that's of any relevance to the situation here," said Bear.

"Hey maybe you could show me the gift shop, here. Show me around the place, things that people wouldn't get to see usually," said Mick.

"Yeah I..." Bear started to say, charmed by Mick's enthusiasm and attitude. "I mean. Wait just a minute, bud, that's against the rules."

"Daww..." said Mick, sounding a little sad, "and I was hoping to bring my daughter back something, from my trip the the aquarium..."

"You broke in," said Bear

"Now let's not spilt hairs, buddy," said Mick, putting his arm around Bear. "I'm sure we can talk this out."

"Oh yeah?" asked Bear, who now sounded a little excited "What kind of talk? ...I mean, no, I can't be palling around with someone who's here illegally."

"Ah, why not?" asked Mick. "No one has ta know. I can do you a favor as well. Help this big dick out, buddy," Mick added with a wink.

"What?" asked Bear. From the tone of his voice, Blake was sure he was blushing. "What are you...? ...Oh, yeah, that's right you're a private detective. That's what ya meant....right?"

"Yeah...yeah okay, that's what I meant," said Mick with a wink. He adjusted the large bulge in his pants.

This made Bear smile and burst out laughing again.

"Oh, man, you are too much," laughed Bear. "Ahaha...but..." Bear tried to be serious again.

"But what?" asked Mick, with an innocent, pouty look, like a dog that wanted to keep on

playing in the park.

Bear tried his best not to smile when looking at Mick's face.

"Well, it's been fun, but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to arrest ya, Wolf," said Bear, "You're breaking in to private property, and prowling around."

"Ah, that's a shame," said Mick. "It's too bad we couldn't come to some other arrangement. Since it's just a big misunderstanding."

"Arrangement? Nah, I'm afraid not. Well, you see, the problem is, Wolfy, that, I'm also not convinced you broke in here by accident."

"Well, allow me to try and convince ya," said Mick, with a wink.

Bear looked taken aback.

"You tryin to bribe me, Wolf?" asked Bear.

"No, man, I just thought you and I could come to some sort of arrangement, so we wouldn't have to get the cops involved," said Mick.

"What kind of arrangement?" asked Bear, looking curious.

"Well, Bear, two big guys like us, I'm sure if we put our heads together we'll think of something," said Mick, putting a big arm around Bear's shoulders, and walking him back to his station. Mick briefly looks back over his shoulder to Blake, winking, telling him he had this one covered. Blake realized this meant he was free to explore and investigate the aquarium on his own... but...without Mick? This didn't make Blake feel so sure about it.

"Heh, alright, I trust ya Wolf," said Bear, "Ya know you're really good with that mouth of yours."

"Heh, that's what everyone tells me," said Mick, nudging Bear. "Just ask my girlfriend...and my other friends for that matter."

Bear laughed again.

"Oh, man. Stop, yer killing me." Bear caught his breath from laughing so much. "Well, I do like ya, Wolfie," said Bear, "But I'm still not convinced it's good enough to stop me from calling the police when we get back to my station, though," said Bear.

"Ah, you don't know just how good I am with my mouth, yet," said Mick.

"Ahaa, Wolfy, you're a hoot," laughed Bear.

Mick goes off with the security guard, after winking over his shoulder at Blake, giving him the clear to search the place. They disappeared down

Jezebel

the corridor and around the corner, Bear seeming to forget all about Blake standing there, alone, in the aquarium.

Blake looked around. Well, it looked like Mick would be keeping Bear busy for awhile, Blake thought. Now what? Where to start looking. Here was the world's largest aquarium at his hands to explore...what could he possibly find that...? Blake thought he saw something on the floor of the corridor. Blake waited for Mick and Bear's footsteps to disappear into the distance then turned on his flashlight. He shined it across to floor to where he had seen it drop. Blake sees a business card, the one that Mick handed the nightwatchman, and that he had dropped. Blake walks over and goes to pick it up. It wasn't the same business card that Mick had given to him before, it was completely different. This one looked more elaborate than Mick's simple P.I. card. It even had some sort of logo on it. Blake bent down to pick up the card, and held it up with his fingers to get a better look at it. It was white with a blue wolf's head on one side and the name "FROST WOLF COUNTY" with one of the names crossed out. The name "COUNTY".

Blake ran his thumb over the name and logo, the letters and logo seemed to pop off the card with the embossed textures over the letters and Blake could feel the indentions of the pen used to cross out the last name on the card. It felt...sad to him, the way the name was crossed out, as Blake recalled the smiling handsome man in the picture he had seen, John, and how happy he and Mick both had looked, with Jane there as well, looking as radiant and happy as her much larger male companions. What had happened between them? Blake stares at the business card for a while, at the name "FROST WOLF COUNTY" and the icy blue Wolf's head logo. Blake was immediately reminded of the words he had shared with Cabell Jones. Things were beginning to match up with what he had said. Blake held on to the card, he had decided to trust Mick, but he wanted to have a conversation with him about this, and what it meant. Just in case.

Blake pockets the business card and heads off to search the aquarium, by himself.

...

(TO BE CONTINUED...in CHAPTER 22, PART TWO...)

4x4 Photography

by PA Daddy J



Coming Soon!

“I loved David’s journey to zero shame about his body, his sexuality and himself.”

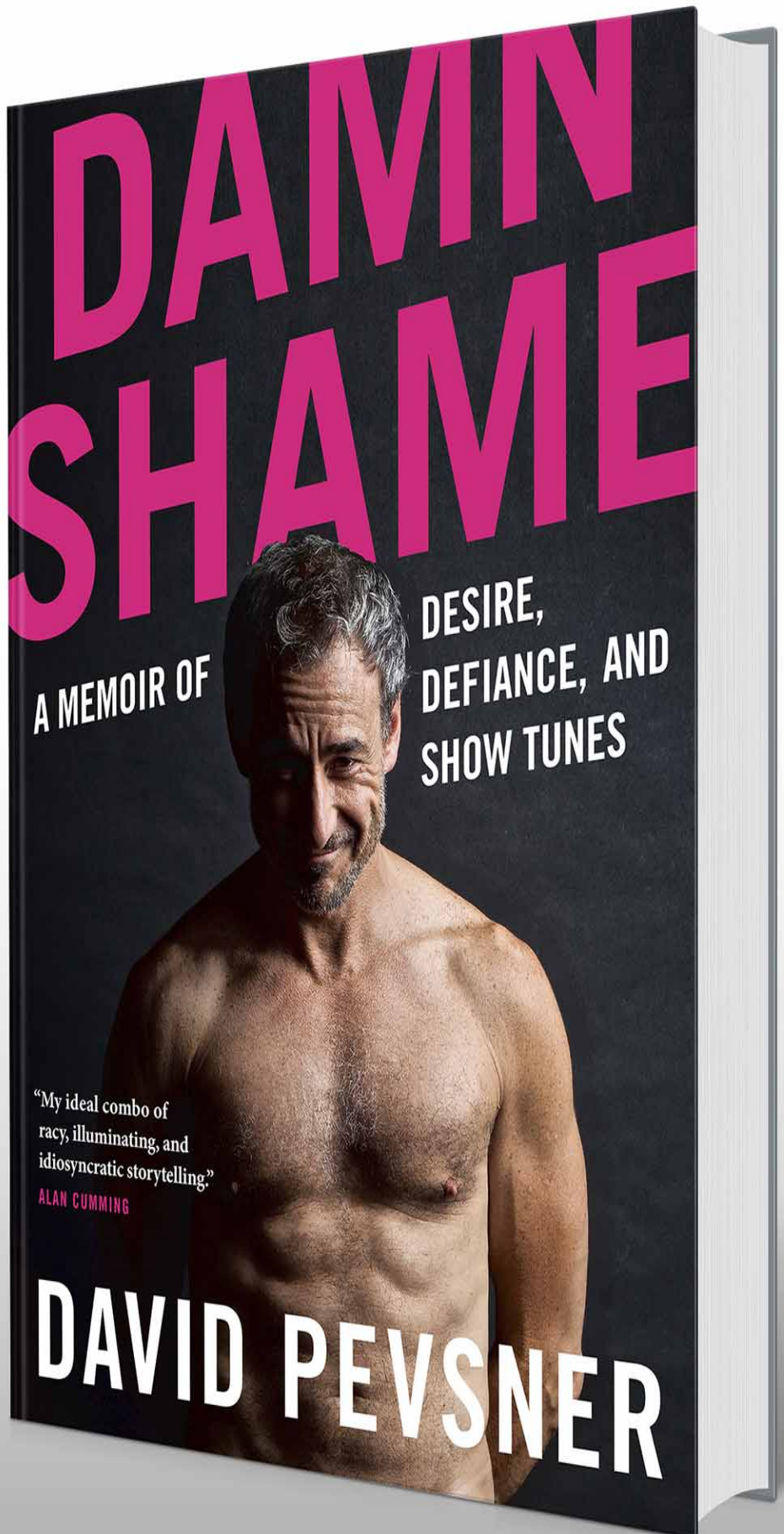
— **Alan Cumming**, actor and author of *Baggage: Tales from a Fully Packed Life*

AUDIO,
PAPERBACK,
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“Who could imagine that a book which deals unapologetically with exhibitionism, LGBT ageism and sex work could be so filled with charm and self-deprecating good humour?” — **Charles Busch**, actor and author of *The Tale of the Allergist’s Wife*



Then there was the day I needed a haircut. I can't remember if I found the place online, or if it was just a place I saw while doing something else. When I walked in it was just one guy, the barber, waiting for customers. He was older than me, in his early forties. Slightly taller than me, dark-haired, fit, solid. Maybe latino, maybe Italian. He had no accent, but got up as I walked in and approached me with a welcoming smile.

He asked what he could do for me. I told him I needed a haircut. His smile widened and he slapped a hand on my shoulder and pulled me over to a chair. I guess I was a little struck. Not in a romantic or sexual way. But I was immediately curious about him. He was being more forward than I was used to guys being, though again, not in an overtly sexual way. Some small part of me began to feel funny.

I was generally shy back then, but as he began to work, strolling confidently around me, I gave in to the impulse to ask if it was true that guys who cut hair tended to be gay. He thought that was funny, but it got us talking back and forth. At some point he asked me if I liked men. I said I don't think so, I've never tried. So, he asked if I'd ever wanted to try.

I was feeling comfortable with him at this point. We had been talking, laughing. It felt good. But, I hesitated. I wasn't gay, I wouldn't do anything with a guy. He saw me hesitate, then I felt his hand on my side, slipping under the barber's gown, sliding over my chest. I didn't stop him. I didn't say anything. He wrapped his other hand around my neck, feeling my cheek, and pulled closer. He brought his face near mine, and finally I reacted, telling him, uh, no. But I didn't push him away, or move his hands. He pulled away on his own and smiled at me, then finished the haircut.

When he finished I tried to pay him. He said he had enjoyed talking to me. Why not bring some beer by his place later instead? We'd just hang out for a bit. I took a second, then thought, fuck it, yeah why not? It had been ages since I had spoken so much to someone.

I was at his apartment later that night. We drank some beer, we laughed. A few drinks in I went for another round, and felt him behind me as

I dug into the fridge. He has his hands on my waist as I stood up. I had almost forgotten that part of it all. But, I found myself leaning back into him, letting him run his hands over my waist and up my chest. I felt myself getting hard as he moved his hand down over my crotch.

He rubbed me a few times, then I turned around. I didn't look at him, but I began to feel his chest. I pulled up his shirt and felt his hard abs and the hair on his chest. I had no patience then. I began to unbuckle his belt. He stopped me only to lead me back to the den. Then I was pulling down his pants, and his boxers. When his cock was free, I grabbed it. It was big, heavy. His balls were swinging heavy beneath it. He wasn't fully hard, certainly not as hard as I was, so I could feel the weight of it. I touched it all over, stroking, cupping his balls. It felt amazing. Soft and hard at the same time.

He reached to take off my pants as well, but I was too impatient. I threw a pillow on the floor, and got down on my knees to get closer. I had never touched someone else's cock before, the excitement was almost too much to contain. I tentatively stuck out my tongue and licked the base. He was encouraging me, yeah that's good. I had my hand around his shaft as I tasted him, running my mouth up and down. I let a ball slip into my mouth and relished it, playing with it using my tongue. Finally, I ran my lips all the way up his length and let the head slide in.

He was hard now. He sat down on the couch and pulled me over to continue. I wrapped my mouth over the head of his cock and felt him lean back moaning, his hand wrapped around the back of my neck. My own member was getting uncomfortable. I unzipped my pants and let it loose, feeling relief and intense pleasure as I began to stroke myself. My other hand was around the base of his cock as I bobbed up and down on it, now soaked in my saliva. I would pause only to suck up and down the shaft, trying to savor it all at once.

I was licking the head with my mouth wide open when he came, spurting cum over my tongue and cheek. He grabbed my head and forced his cock down my throat for the next burst and those that followed. He was thrusting so forcefully, I couldn't avoid swallowing the rest of his cum as it filled my mouth. When he finally pulled out I was

breathless. Cum and saliva were dribbling down my chin onto my shirt. I was still jacking my own cock, and within seconds I came as well, letting loose over his leg and couch.

I sat back on the floor, waves of pleasure still washing through me. I couldn't remember ever having cum so strongly. We were both quiet for a minute or two as our breathing slowed back to normal. When we noticed each other again we each smiled and chuckled, myself a bit shyly. I stood and zipped up my pants. He simply walked half-nude to grab the beers. He told me to relax, nothing had changed, no reason we couldn't keep hanging out. So I sat next to him on the couch and he pulled me in close, with his arm around me.

We went back to our conversation, only this time his cock was right out in front of me, still wet. It wasn't long before I reached over and began to play with it casually as we chatted. When he got hard again, he got up and led me to his bedroom. He pushed me back onto his bed and pulled off my pants and boxers. Then he crawled on top of me and our cocks slid together. He was bigger than me, and cut, while I was not. But, the sight and feeling of our cocks rubbing together had me rock hard in seconds.

I soon came a second time, coating his cock and balls with my semen. Moments later, with my cum as lube, he came over me as well. Now both spent, he rolled me over and wrapped his arms around me as a spoon. I could feel his wet cock on my ass. It was late by then, and without realizing it I was soon asleep, feeling secure and content.

I woke up in the morning light. He was sleeping still, nude, by my side as I reflected on the night before. I looked at his cock lying heavy on his thigh and was soon hard again. I could hardly believe it myself. I didn't understand how this whole situation could be such a turn on for me. But I gave in again, thinking, well I'm here and I've done it. Might as well enjoy it while I can. So took his cock into my mouth again. I sucked and played my tongue over it until he began to stir and harden in my mouth.

When he finally woke and recognized what I was doing he laughed and stopped me. He said that he had to work that day and had to get ready. But he then suggested we jump into the shower. As the warm water began to course over our bodies, he insisted on soaping me up. As he ran

Your Friendly Local Barber Shop

soap all over my body I did the same, though I paid much more attention to his crotch, feeling the weight of his balls in my hands.

I barely noticed when he was rubbing his hands over my ass, and then between my cheeks. I almost stopped him. I didn't think I wanted to go this far. But with my hands squeezing his shaft I felt his finger slip into my butt and it felt too good to stop. He thrust his finger in a few times, each time a little bit deeper, and I was pressed against his chest, trying to make sense of these new sensations.

Then he turned me around, and again I almost stopped him. But then I felt the head of his cock pushed up against my butthole. He pushed gently but firmly. He had apparently found lubricant in his shower because there was little friction. I had my hands against the wall and now was just waiting, almost impatiently for him to go deeper. It was a bit uncomfortable, but it was exhilarating as well. I felt him reach around and begin to stroke me, and that made me push back harder against his cock, now wanting him inside me.

It took a few minutes, but soon he was making slow, steady strokes into me. I felt his cock against my prostrate and it felt so strange and new. I came hard, crying out in pleasure. Shortly after, he stiffened and grunted and I felt his cum splash against my insides. We stayed like that for a bit, panting heavily. Then he pulled back, and I felt his cock slip out of my ass, and cum drip down my legs.

I let him pull me close and pressed against his chest as he cleaned out the cum. Then I made sure his cock was clean as well. He said he hated to leave like this, but was already late. I told him I needed to go as well. He was rushed and ready to leave before me, asking only that I lock up as I leave. Just before leaving he grabbed a paper and pen and wrote down his phone number. Then he kissed me before I realized what he meant to do. He smiled at my shocked expression then was gone.

I don't know if it was the kiss, but I never called. I never saw him again. I came to accept that I enjoyed homosexual experiences, and this wasn't the last. I felt that bisexual was a more accurate label, if I needed one. But I never felt gay, at least not in any romantic sense. Maybe a bit curious, at most.

FILED

ATELIER CAVALIER

celebrates
5 years
of fetish
designs and
hot hunks with
unseen images
of their closest
and most
successful
models.



TOPIES



**Models
(from left to right):**
@elgato.2510
@brandofitnees
@edwardmurillomoreno
@damianxdragon
@alejo.bellamil

Fashion:
@ateliercavalier.co

BRANDO MORQUEZ:

Content creator, fitness
model and entrepreneur.

Model for Atelier Cavalier
since:

2017.

We worked closely together for 2 years and even now that I'm in Europe we keep doing things together, but my favorite story with my brother was how we met back in late 2017 or early 2018. I just arrived from Venezuela and I messaged him about how good his pictures were. He called me and I told him: "your pictures are good, too bad your models are so ugly" and he just laughed. I am very sincere, when something doesn't suit me, I say it and he just replied: "meet me at my house and show me how good you are, and by the way, I am not a photographer, this is ATELIER CAVALIER an underwear brand." We laughed and since then I have had a loyal companion who is always there for me and gave an important twist to my life. **Thank you Edward and happy birthday to your baby ATELIER CAVALIER.**

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FIVE
STORIES



FIVE STORIES



ALEJO
BELLAMIL:
Fitness coach, Adult content
creator and gay influencer.

Model for ATELIER CAVALIER since:
2019.

“The most unforgettable moment with my baby Edward was this photoshoot. We did it in a hotel room after months of delay. When the session finished, he ordered a pizza and the hotel people didn't allow it to have it in the room. So I went to the lobby wearing a gold thong bodysuit and everyone gagged. I received the pizza, tipped the guy and we ate. With Edward, there's always a story. I love him a lot. His efforts to make ATELIER CAVALIER are amazing.
Happy Anniversary baby!”



FIVE STORIES

DAVID "EL GATO"

Content creator, cheerleading coach and go-go boy.

Model for Atelier Cavalier since:
2019.

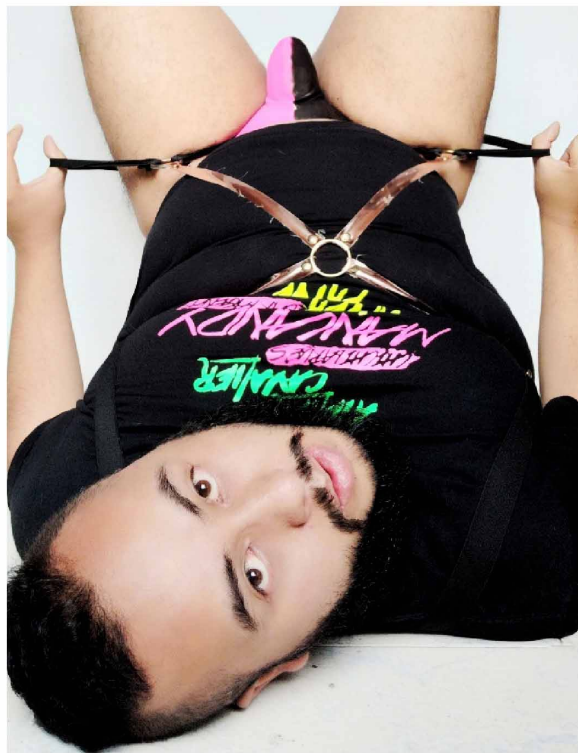
"There are many stories with my man Edward, but one, in particular, that is my mind and my heart was when we had our last photo shoot together in 2021. I had a shitty week: I fought with my husband, one of my dogs was sick, I lost a very important job offer and I was planning to visit a relative in the United States... everything was complex and I was staying in a very dark hotel room. He came with his professional photo equipment, put the set together, and before starting the shoot he started to talk to me, but not like a boss, like a friend: He didn't judge me or supported me completely, he gave me his point of view and I just listened. We laughed and everything lighted up. After the photoshoot, we went to have lunch at a very expensive restaurant and, he stopped at Louis Vuitton where he was treated like a king. I had the most amazing day in weeks thanks to him and now here I am living in the United States with my husband thanks to his honest advice. **Love you man, happy 5 years, I know soon you will be here and we will make hot photos again with your hot ATELIER CAVALIER lingerie.**"





4





EDWARD MURILLO MORENO:

ATELIER CAVALIER owner & plus size model.

Model for Atelier Cavalier since:
2019.

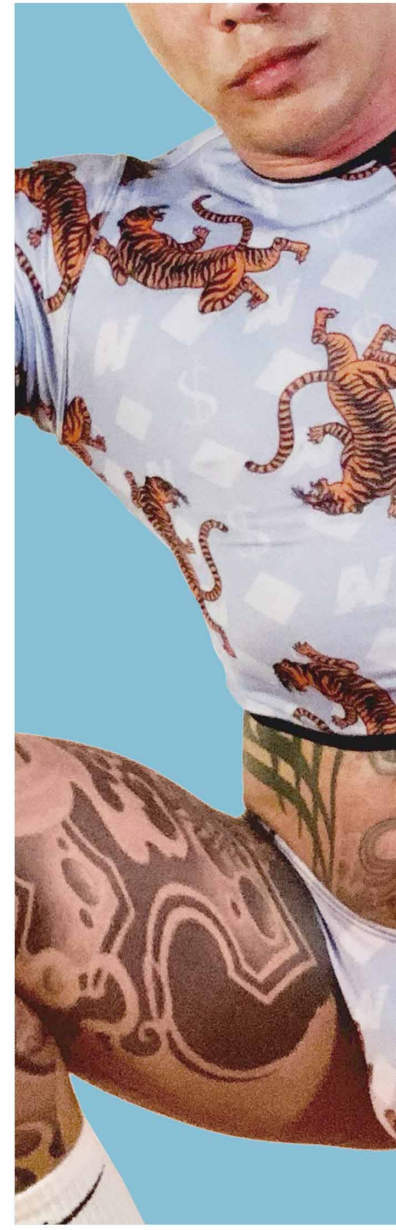
“When I started this brand, I did it because fetish underwear was always for average sizes, and the few brands for big men had limited color options. I wanted a brand where you would be able to find anything you like without the need of belonging to a certain tribe. I try to make fetish easy for everyone and we do it day by day with the help of my team and my models. I try to wear all my designs before putting them online, and at the beginning, I was very shy to pose for social media, but my mom and models gave me the support I needed, and there you have it. **5 years passed fast and I can't wait to be 10, 20, or even my age: 35 and more!**”



FIVE STORIES



FIVE STORIES



DAMIAN THE DRAGON

Adult Content creator,
fashion and art model.

Model for Atelier
Cavalier since:
2021.

The first time I had contact with Edward was to order a few items from his site. He was a cool man and we started to talk more often and now we r friends. I love his designs. They are very sexy, but cool and you can be anything you want and still feel hot. Every time we message, he's always very respectful and funny. A true work partner. **I hope his brand ATELIER CAVALIER keeps growing and serving those naughty looks.**





5

DHM Fan ~ Wade



THE COP & EX CON

Story by **Dogbone421**

Chapter 2

I pulled away from the trailer and watched him walk over to his neighbors in the rear-view mirror. My thoughts instantly went to him spilling his guts to this guy about what we had just done. I knew I couldn't change things at this point and drove on. The truck was hot from the noontime sun and I soon could smell him on myself. I reeked of sex, cigarettes and regret. The drive home was a time for me to go back over all that had just happened. My cock puffed up again as I thought of the fucking I had just received. It swelled quickly to fully hard and begged for attention as I drove. I needed to jack off badly!

When I got to my house the mailman was just pulling up with the mail. I knew I had to speak to him as I always did when I saw him. I got out of the truck and the pain in my bowels signaled it was going to be a long night in a car seat. I walked tender footed like I had just gotten off a horse. The mailman asked if I was ok as I approached? I spun a quick story about how I had hurt my back chasing a suspect. I didn't want to get too close to him fearing as a dude he might smell cum on me. We exchanged words and I then quickly excused myself. Once inside the comfort of my house, I made a bee line for the shower. I had about an hour before I was due on shift and wanted to use it wisely. I turned the water on real hot hoping to wash away the shame I felt.

I looked at myself in the mirror and noticed the beard burn he had left on my neck. It was a large area that was very red looking. Somehow

deep within a sense of satisfaction came over me seeing it. I quickly got into the hot shower and sighed as the hot water poured over my body. I stood under the hot water motionless and let my troubles wash down the drain. I washed my asshole extra well hoping I didn't pick up any diseases in my moment of discretion. My asshole was somewhat sore and easily entered by my soapy fingers. As I relaxed my cock again started to rise as I reran the pounding I'd received. I had enjoyed being taken by him and feeling him squirt his load within me. Without hesitation, my hand moved to my cock and I began to jack myself off. My hand was a blur as I pumped the shit out of my shaft. In record time I shot a load that was so intense, ropes of sperm shot up to my neck!

When I got to work a few of the guys asked if I was ok because I was extra quiet. I told most I wasn't feeling the best tonight. I was happy to get into my patrol car and have time to think thru everything that had happened earlier. It was a busy night on patrol which helped keep my mind occupied. Throughout the night, I realized this could work for me if I just got over my fears and enjoyed myself for once. The dull ache in my asshole slowly left me and I realized I'd survived this and I actually had enjoyed myself. As the night wore on, I kept going over what he said about us developing a regular thing together. It would be convenient for myself and him I rationalized as I drove. Towards the end of my shift I had convinced

myself I should go back for another round!

When I got home from work, I went and took a good dump. I was glad that everything seemed ok "down there". A good fucking always made me sleep good and tonight was no exception. I work up early and I felt horny and amazing! My pecker tented the front of my underwear and begged again to be stroked.

I sat around in my underwear reading the paper and drinking my coffee. Constantly, Mark was on my mind! My cock had never really fully deflated and now thinking of him again only made it worse. Poking its head out the slit in the front, a clear drop of fluid hung from my piss slit!

"Alright, alright, you win," I spoke to my cock like it was a human!

I went to my uniform pants I wore last night and fished out my wallet. I had his number tucked neatly to one side. Anxiously I dialed the number and waited to hear his voice. Before the first ring I quickly hung up. Again, I got the "quilts," and butterflies formed in my belly. Here I was a grown ass man standing in his kitchen afraid to follow thru on something I wanted!

To rationalize things, I decided I would get some chores and running around done before I made another attempt to call him. I got showered and dressed and did what I had to do. As the day wore on, I had talked myself out of going over there. My cop mind had set itself back in control and I didn't need to be hanging around with low life ex-cons. I chalked this experience up to lust and I wouldn't let it happen again! I went on to work later that afternoon and acted extra macho around my fellow officers. They were glad to see I was feeling better and acting more like my old self. But tonight, this shift on patrol was different. It was quiet as fuck all night long. All I could think about was getting fucked. When I had to take a leak at the local gas station I usually use, I found myself flirting with the attendant. He wasn't my type but I was just that horny. I had already come to the conclusion I'd be calling Mark again by the end of shift!

I was told before I left the department that night that the next couple weeks were going to be heavy overtime for me. A lot of the guys were talking their vacations this month. I was informed I would be working twelve-hour shifts. My hours were going to shift from 4 in the afternoons to a start time of 7 PM starting tomorrow!

So today before shift, I had a few extra hours before I had to report. I slept a little longer to adjust to being up all night. When I did wake up, of course my mind went to cock. With all the extra hours I would be working, my mind was only thinking about getting that dick up my ass again. Mark's to be precise!

So, without hesitation I headed right for the phone and called him. This time I didn't hang up! When he answered, as soon as he knew it was me his voice changed. He became very sexy sounding and was glad I had called. He wanted to know how I was feeling and without any sort of embarrassment asked about my asshole! I told him I was sorry I couldn't make it yesterday and wondered if he was still interested in us maybe hooking up today? He quickly spoke the words,

"Fuck yeah bro! Get that fucking ass of yours over here as soon as you can! My sacks just as heavy as before!"

I told him I needed to shower and shave before I came over. He was cool with that and said he couldn't wait till I got here. Once cleaned up I changed into some sweat pants and a tee shirt and got in my truck for the drive over. My asshole twitched as I thought of what was to come. I slowly pulled into his driveway and parked checking to see if his neighbor was anywhere around. I could see that today his door to his trailer was open. When I stepped on the first step, it creaked loudly and he quickly appeared at the opening.

"Come on in buddy" he said as he opened the door for me. He was dressed in some dirty cotton shorts and naked from the waist up. He patted my back as I walked in.

"Back for some more huh man", he asked?

I kind of laughed nervously as I scanned his place again. He seemed in real good spirits and made me feel less nervous.

"It's Ok man," he said as he rubbed my shoulders. "It's just sex, plain and simple, you like my big cock up your ass! No need to be shy about that officer! Aint no crime wanting to be fucked! Man, you don't know how bad I needed to dump that load I did in you the other day! I felt so fucking good after you left! And my nuts finally lost that dull aching, know what I mean? You enjoy it also?"

I told him that I did and that I have thought of him ever since. As I looked at him, he oozed sex and masculinity to me!

"You just wanta go fuck and avoid all this talking," he then asked?

"I'm fucking horny as hell right now," I confessed to him! "You mind if we just go do it," I asked?

"Hell, no man! I like a bitch who knows what they want! Let's do this copper!"

I then turned and moved past him and started down the familiar hall with him on my heels. "Lead the way fucker," he said behind me!

When I parted the blanket to enter the room, he stopped me and pulled my tee shirt up and off from behind me. He then grabbed me and hugged me really tightly. His big arm wrapped around my upper chest and held me tight. His other went to his mouth as I heard him spit. He then slipped his hand into the back of my sweat pants and went right for my asshole. First one finger went in me as he worked it in and out. I arched my hips some so, he could enter me easier. Soon two fingers were going up to his knuckle in me as I winched. He started kissing and sucking on my neck as he violated my most private spot. He then sucked really hard on my lower neck and I knew what he was up to. When he broke his suction, I knew he had put a hickey on my neck.

"Man, you taste good", was his reply. "Next time no aftershave. Let's get your sweats off bitch and make some love," he said as he removed his fingers! "Everything off this time including your socks!"

As I removed my pants he watched.

"You got a good body on you buddy, you work out," he asked?

I told him we had to stay in better shape on the force these days.

"You could use some tats on that chest like mine," he said next! I told him I liked them on him but wasn't sure if I would look good with one.

"After we get into a groove and do this regular like, I know a tattoo with my name over the top of your ass would look nice," he laughed! "You know, something subtle with the saying, "Mark's property," would be nice!"

He then punched my right shoulder hard enough to make me cringe inside from the pain. Punching the air like a boxer in the ring, he bounced around me showing off. Suddenly stopping, I watched him pull his shorts down and off. His limp peter flopped around looking

The Cop and the Ex Con

impressive even soft. I tried to change the conversation and mood by saying I needed to piss before we started.

"Too much dam coffee this morning," I offered with a smile as I walked from the bedroom.

I was surprised when he followed behind me to the small bathroom. I went in and lifted the seat and began to shoot a strong stream in the bowel. Next thing I knew he was beside me saying "make room runt!"

I watched as he aimed his soft cock towards the hopper also. A large wide stream of piss flowed from him and mixed with mine. A stream so powerful it splashed droplets of piss up and out of the bowel onto my leg and foot. I hadn't pissed alongside another dude in the same bowel since I was a kid doing it with my dad. He brought back memories of me checking out my old mans equipment. I was drug back to reality when he asked,

"You ever fuck women?"

I didn't know if I should answer him with the truth or lie. I decided to go with a "FUCK YEAH!" He smiled and said I had a good pipe on me and it would be a shame to not use it on women.

"But you don't fuck guys do you," he asked next?

When I said I didn't, he looked at me and smiled.

"Cool, just let them fuck you right," he said as he looked at me?

"Only some dudes," I said as I looked back at him!

"Think about that tattoo man," he said as he then shook off the last of his piss. "The more we get to know each other the easier it might be for you to decide. It would mean a lot to me having you inked with my name!"

As I shook off my pecker, I looked at him and nodded. When he turned and walked out, I slowly followed behind.

"God dam does that make my cock rise up," he spoke as he parted the blanket and entered the bedroom again.

"A god dam cop's ass identified as my fuck hole," he bellowed! "We gotta make that happen man," he bragged as he turned my way.

Standing before me he was already almost

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Coffee & Cock



model
Tom

images provided by

Javier A Lara















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Stages of HIV

Stage 1: Acute HIV Infection

- People have a large amount of HIV in their blood. They are very contagious.
- Some people have flu-like symptoms. This is the body's natural response to infection.
- But some people may not feel sick right away or at all.
- If you have flu-like symptoms and think you may have been exposed to HIV, seek medical care and ask for a test to diagnose acute infection.
- Only antigen/antibody tests or nucleic acid tests (NATs) can diagnose acute infection.

Stage 2: Chronic HIV Infection

- This stage is also called asymptomatic HIV infection or clinical latency.
- HIV is still active but reproduces at very low levels.
- People may not have any symptoms or get sick during this phase.
- Without taking HIV medicine, this period may last a decade or longer, but some may progress faster.
- People can transmit HIV in this phase.
- At the end of this phase, the amount of HIV in the blood (called viral load) goes up and the CD4 cell count goes down. The person may have symptoms as the virus levels increase in the body, and the person moves into Stage 3.
- People who take HIV medicine as prescribed may never move into Stage 3.

Stage 3: Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS)

- The most severe phase of HIV infection.
- People with AIDS have such badly damaged immune systems that they get an increasing number of severe illnesses, called opportunistic infections.
- People receive an AIDS diagnosis when their CD4 cell count drops below 200 cells/mm, or if they develop certain

opportunistic infections.

- People with AIDS can have a high viral load and be very infectious.
- Without treatment, people with AIDS typically survive about three years.

Diagnosis and Treatment

HIV is diagnosed by antigen/antibody tests, antibody tests, or nucleic acid tests (NATs). If you've been diagnosed with HIV, it's important to find a specialist trained in diagnosing and treating HIV to help you determine whether you need additional testing, determine which HIV antiretroviral therapy (ART) will be best for you, and monitor your progress and work with you to manage your health.

If you receive a diagnosis of HIV/AIDS, several tests can help your doctor determine the stage of your disease and the best treatment. These tests are the CD4T cell count, the viral load (HIV RNA), and drug resistance test.

Currently, there's no cure for HIV/AIDS. Once you have the infection, your body can't get rid of it. However, there are many medications that can control HIV and prevent complications. These medications are called antiretroviral therapy (ART). Everyone diagnosed with HIV should be started on ART, regardless of their stage of infection or complications. ART is usually a combination of three or more medications from several different drug classes. This approach has the best chance of lowering the amount of HIV in the blood. There are many ART options that combine three HIV medications into one pill, taken once daily. Each class of drugs blocks the virus in different ways.

The Good: Barebacking Lifestyle

Hey...I know I just gave you a lot of scary information, enough to make anyone question ever wanting to try fucking bareback again. I had to. I am not trying to scare you but help you understand what's out there and

how to avoid it as much as possible. In order to help you achieve a good healthy barebacking lifestyle I had to present you with factual information so you can protect yourself and address any health issues you could encounter in your life. If you are actively barebacking, there are things you can do to decrease the changes of exposure to something that will affect you for a short period of time... or change your life forever.

10 Tips to Protect Yourself and Others.

1. Get on Preexposure Prophylaxis (PrEP)

Pre-exposure prophylaxis, or PrEP, is a strategy in which healthy people routinely take one or more antiretroviral drugs to reduce their risk of getting HIV. The only currently licensed PrEP method involves taking a daily dose of two antiretrovirals, tenofovir and emtricitabine, in a single pill marketed as Truvada or Descovy. NIAID supports research to develop longer-acting forms of this HIV prevention strategy.

Free PrEP Program

If you are a sexually active individual, living in the USA, and have tried to get on PrEP but your insurance refused to cover it, there is a free program that is available to you. Visit <https://heymistr.com> to start the process and receive your free PrEP.

2. If Living with HIV, take Medication to achieve Viral Suppression and reach Undetectable Status

According to NIH.gov, antiretroviral therapy keeps HIV from making copies of itself. So, when a person living with HIV begins an antiretroviral treatment regimen, their viral load drops. For almost everyone who starts taking their HIV medication daily as prescribed, viral load will drop to an undetectable level in six months or less. However, continuing to take HIV medications as directed is imperative to stay undetectable. Taking antiretroviral therapy

daily as prescribed to suppress HIV levels leads to an “undetectable” status.

3. If Having Sex with A Person Living with HIV, Make sure that Person is Undetectable

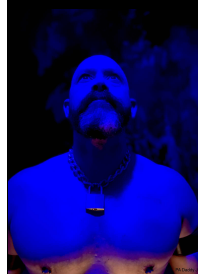
Since the advancement of PrEP, I have enjoyed a lot of sex with countless undetectable men and I have never feared risk of exposure. It has never been an issue for me. Why? Because I take the time to have a direct talk with each individual — HIV positive or not, they are all treated equally — getting to know them better, before engaging in sexual activities. Communication helps to enhance the sexual experience. So, talk. Ask questions. Get to know the other person, not just because of the risk of being exposed to HIV, but also to being exposed to any other sexually transmitted disease. It is just common sense. Then proceed as agreed and have fun!

People living with HIV who take antiretroviral medications daily as prescribed and who achieve and then maintain an undetectable viral load have effectively no risk of sexually transmitting the virus to an HIV-negative partner.

Do not discriminate against people living with HIV. Undetectable means Untransmittable. Don't know what that is all about? Learn more about U=U from our March 2022 Issue.

4. Be Direct with Potential Sex Partners: Ask Questions

Before meeting a person, vet the hell out of them! Don't beat around the bush. Ask questions. I sometimes come across as an asshole — imagine that — because I ask all kind of direct questions about the individual (s) I am pursuing sexual adventures with — including their sex history. Ask as many questions as possible to have a good understanding about their current health status.





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Some of the questions I ask are:

- Are you on PrEP?
- If you live with HIV, are you Undetectable?
- If you are not undetectable yet, where are you in the process of becoming so?
- Do you have any health issues I should be concerned about?
- Have you tested recently? How long ago was that? What were the results?
- How many sexual partners have you had since your last test?
- Have you tested positive for HSV? Are you on medication to prevent exposure to others? If not, why?

Don't get complacent. If that person is not open about his sex encounters, then move on. I take my sweet time getting to know the individual (s) before anything happens —if it happens. There could be months before I get naked with someone I have vetted. The wait is always worth it.

5. Be Responsible: Test Frequently

If you are sexually active and engage in barebacking practices you should (a) test for STDs/STIs every three months, (b) test as soon as you have been informed you have been exposed, or (c) test as soon as you start to present symptoms. Do not wait. Believe or not, I know people that have told me “So and so tested positive for a STD/STI, but even though we fucked last week, I am not showing symptoms. So I am going to wait to see if I do” or “I have some white stuff coming out my dick but it's nothing. I had it in the past and it went away on its own.” Really? Really? That really pisses me off. To me that is a sign of being extremely selfish, irresponsible, and plain stupid.

For testing information, contact your state's health department or the community clinics in your area. If finances prevent you from testing frequently, there are community

clinics that provide free services to those in need, including tests and medications to treat and manage STDs/STIs.

6. Stay Calm and Follow Instructions

If you have tested positive for a STD/STI: stay calm. As alarming and shocking as it is at first, having a STD/STI is not a big deal if addressed right away. It happens when one is sexually active, especially if one has multiple sex partners. It comes with the territory.

Your Primary Care Provider (PCP) will prescribe a treatment plan that you should follow. If you are diagnosed with one of the “Curable Four”, take your medications as instructed and recheck again to confirm you are cleared to have sex again. If you have been diagnosed with one of the “Incurable Four”, make all the adjustments necessary to manage your condition and do not deviate from your treatment plan. Doing this will ensure you live a normal, healthy, and long life.

7. Be Honest

In a perfect world, people would be honest. Honest about their sexual interactions with others. Sadly, this is not a perfect world. However, that doesn't stop you from being honest about your STD/STI status or history. If you have tested positive and need to contact people you have been sexually active with: grow some balls and do it. You were exposed by someone that probably didn't know — or didn't care — he had a STD/STI. Just do your part in helping stop the spread of whatever you have tested positive with.

8. Be More Selective Regarding Sexual Partners

Want to minimize the risk of getting a STD/STI? Be more selective about people you fuck with. Don't just drop your pants at the first sign of interest. Control yourself.

I have a close friend that “couldn’t help himself when he got horny. He had to get off no matter what — or who with. So he started hooking up with strangers. I repeatedly advised him to refrain from doing that or be more selective to no avail. When he was diagnosed with syphilis, he almost had a nervous breakdown. One of the first messages he sent me was “Why didn’t I listen to your advice?”. My answer was swift and simple “well... because you were thinking with your dick and not your head” —which was true.

If you are someone like him, who needs to get off — no matter what or who with — stop and think “why”. What is your motivation? Why can’t you control yourself?

From my experience, people that seem to have an almost “unnatural” sex drive are dealing with some inner demons they are yet to address. There is either some trauma, mental health issue, substance abuse issue, or emotional situation going on that fuels their “insatiable nature”. If you can’t control yourself and decide to fuck with everything that moves without any regards for your safety or the safety of others, you probably have some personal things you need to work on in your life. Stop and think what is fueling your need to fuck. You might discover more about yourself than you thought possible before.

9. Have a Small Group of Fuck Buddies

I have a small group of fuck buddies I hang out with on regular basis. I know them very well and trust them. We have had amazing times together. That is because we are not just fuck buddies but friends. We openly talk about sex and do more than just fuck. We understand that in order to enjoy our bareback sessions we need to be aware of everyone’s status and safety when it comes to STDs/STIs. Sounds complicated? It is actually not. That’s because we have great communication amongst everyone in the group. It has worked well for me and everyone else in the group. If we want to add someone else to the mix, I take the time

to do some vetting before new inductees join.

10. Educate Yourself About STDs/STIs

I left the big one for last. Educating yourself about STDs/STIs can help you take care of yourself as you have fun. Knowing the risks of transmission, recognizing symptoms, understanding care, and talking openly — and directly — about issues like these will make a big difference in your sex life. The more you know the more you can enjoy yourself. The more you know the more you can dispel misinformation and help others along the way. The more you know the more you can truly reduce the risks of getting a STD/STI. It is infallible? No, it is not. But it is a start. Remember to always have your safety and health as your number one priority. The only person that is responsible for you is you and nobody else.

So...Now you Know

There you have it... the ugly, the bad, and the good. You can do as you wish with the information presented. have given you enough information to get your brain juices flowing. Be smart about barebacking.

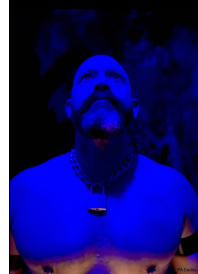
I hope this humble column has helped you in any possible way.

Cheers,

PA Daddy J

Sources:

[mayoclinic.org](https://www.mayoclinic.org)
<https://www.cdc.gov/std/default.htm>
<https://www.who.int>



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fully hard! Walking over to the nightstand he pulled the drawer open and grabbed the lube bottle again. After greasing himself up, he crawled in bed. Reaching out his arm, he motioned me to join him.

"Grab a god dam pillow and stuff it under your lower belly dude! Today its doggy style," he announced in a sexy voice!

I did what he asked and stuffed a pillow under my belly as I crawled into bed on my stomach. The pitching of the bed signaled he was moving atop me as I settled in for this. I could feel his cock as he moved it between my cheeks towards to my asshole. Without any fanfare he pushed against my hole and started his assault.

He started his hip action slowly as we worked together. I grunted low in my throat as he inched deeper and deeper into my body. I kept my ass in the air, as he sucked and licked my neck and ears as he held me tight. I could smell the heavy cigarette smoke on his breath as we both used the same air.

"Fuck dude, that's some good pussy on

you," he whispered in the ear he was nuzzling. "I aint never going to get tired squirting in you man!"

With his one sweaty leg he moved my legs into a wider stance so he could enter me deeper. He moved both his front arms to where they were under my pits and locked behind my neck as he really power fucked me. The heat our bodies were already giving off was oppressive. He rode me for about three minutes thrusting and knocking the headboard against the wall behind us. My asshole was on fire being pulled out and then forced back in by his cock. Quickly tensing, he squeezed me tighter and started to cum in me. He grunted and moaned with pleasure as he slowed his hips and drained his balls fully. The wetness of his cum made my ravaged hole feel much better. He then patted the side of my face as he told me how great it was between us. Once again, he started sucking on the side of my neck. As much as I liked the feel I whispered to please stop!

"Dude, I can't explain to others how I got marked like that," I pleaded to him!

His reply was "Sure you could bro! Tell them your girlfriend did it!"

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CHAT - DATES - FRIENDS - LOVE - SEX - EVENTS - CONNECTION

The advertisement features a blue background. On the left, two smartphones are shown. The left phone displays a photo of two shirtless men on a wooden pier, with a bear logo and the text 'bearslooking.com' overlaid. The right phone displays a photo of a man in a red fur coat and sunglasses. To the right of the phones is a large QR code with a bear logo in the center. Above the QR code, the text 'SCAN' is written in large white letters, and 'Download. Cum.' is written in smaller white letters below it. At the bottom of the advertisement, the text 'CHAT - DATES - FRIENDS - LOVE - SEX - EVENTS - CONNECTION' is written in a light blue font.

I went on to explain to him that everybody knew I didn't have one. He laughed and said maybe I had better get one now! He sounded pissed behind me and wanted to know if I had a problem with it? Hearing his tone change, I figured I'd better be smart seeing how his cock was up inside me still.

"I don't mind it dude, just suck slower please," I begged!

He finally rolled off my back when his soft cock slipped from me. Stretched out beside me, he reached for a cigarette and lit one up. Hunched over the side of the bed, I admired how wide his upper body was and how beautiful even the crack of his ass that I could see was. He was tanned real dark on his upper body and white as hell below his waist. You could tell he ran around a lot with his shirt off. He was pure all-American white trash kind of guy!

He slowly got up and moved to my side of the bed and looked around. I then saw him reach for my sweat pants. He fished in the one pocket and out came my wallet. Before I could say anything, he had opened it and took out 20 dollars.

"Bro, I need cigarettes," he spoke as he looked at me. "Figure I'm good for at least twenty dollars throwing the dick to you, right?"

He saw the picture I had of my sister in the front. "Hey, who's this bitch," he asked excited?

I told him it was my sister. "Can I fuck her sometime," he asked? She looks hot! Would be great to be fucking you both," he said as he talked with the cigarette hanging out his lips! "Man, I could swell that bitch up good with my kid!"

I explained she lived far away and was married. He then replaced my wallet in my pants and walked from the room. I slowly got up and pulled on my sweat pants. As I pulled them on, I saw a stack of straight porn magazines on the bedside table. It reminded me that I was being fucked by a straight guy who was only using me to get off.

I walked thru the blanket door to the living room as he passed me headed to the bathroom. I heard him dribble some piss out and spit in the john before it flushed. I moseyed into the living room and sat on the couch as I waited for him. He walked back towards me still nude and sat at the other end of the sofa. He put his feet up on the coffee table and turned on the TV. We sat and he

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changed channels looking for something to watch as I tried to relax and feel like I belonged here.

We had sat there about half hour talking and shooting the shit. I told him I was going on long hours and that I wouldn't be around much. He didn't like that idea but I told him it was only temporary. I added I had extra time to spend with him today because I was going in later.

"This shit sucks dude! Just when I think I've found some steady pussy you up and start working overtime!"

It was about then that I heard a very loud motorcycle coming down the roadway. It sounded like the guy was running straight pipes. The sound then stopped in front of Mike's trailer. He revved the bike a few loud times before it was cut off.

"Hey, I think that's Dutch's bike," he up and shouted!

He stood up and said he needed to put some pants on really quick. I watched that beautiful ass walk away as I thought what I should do. Within seconds the biker guy opened the trailer door and walked in. He looked at me and asked who I was? Mark appeared from behind him and said,

"What the fuck you been up to man"?

They both shook hands and smacked each other's backs. Mark spoke again, and said, "This is the guy I was telling you about," as he pointed my way!

I found myself just sitting there looking stupid as Dutch checked out from head to toe. He gave me a half smile as he then looked back at Mark. Slowly walking towards me, he held out his big paw of a hand for a manly shake. I stood up and extended my own and was rewarded with a strong grip.

He looked the typical biker type. Slightly long hair with a thick goatee and unshaven face to match. He was younger looking than Mark, about 25 I would say. He was as solid built as Mark and even though he came across as sleazy, he was attractive. He was wearing a blue jean shirt with the sleeves cut off at the shoulders, real tight grease stained jeans and unlaced construction boots.

"Did I interrupt anything," Dutch asked as he looked at us both? "I was just riding by and decided

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Juan Pablo

images by
Alex Torres















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to stop in. If you two got unfinished business, I'll see myself out."

I looked at the floor as Mark spoke up!

"Ah, it's no problem buddy, we just finished! "Lover boy there is fertile as fuck right about now," he snickered as he turned and slapped Dutch on the back! "He's a dam good fuck, bro!"

I was shocked beyond belief to hear him say that and tried to make eye contact with him! But he then switched the conversation to bikes and Dutch and him moved into the kitchen. There was a bike run they both wanted to attend I overheard as I stood there not knowing what I should do. I then excused myself and walked by them both and headed for the bedroom. I heard Mark tell Dutch, "looks like I got bitch problems!"

Once back in the bedroom, I pulled on my tee shirt and sat down to pull my shoes on. When I had finished Mark walked in the room.

"Why you getting dressed man," he asked as I stood? "I wanted to throw the pipe to you again before you left!"

I was pissed and he knew it. I told him I was not happy that Dutch knew we had just fucked!

"AH FUCK MAN," came from him. "Don't be a shy little cop bitch dude, Dutch is cool! He knows I fuck guys. He knows how prison can change a dude. He also knows I'm no fag and I like chicks also. We have been friends for a long time. We ride together sometimes. Now just relax and settle down dude, he doesn't know you're a cop bud."

Hearing that calmed me some. I was afraid he had been telling everyone I was a law enforcement officer. He then walked over and bear hugged me.

"It's ok man, relax, guys fuck dudes sometimes, and other guys are cool with it! Case in point, Dutch!"

He rubbed my back to calm me more as he held me. "OK," I said in the cliff of his neck as he held me.

Mark then started kissing on my neck again. He was slowly moving me back towards the bed. When I was moved against the bed frame, it forced me to sit.

"Take your clothes off officer, cause we're going to fuck again before you leave," he

whispered!

"Mark, Dutch is right out there in the kitchen, he will hear us," I pleaded!

"Dude if you're going to be working overtime for weeks, I want some more of your tail hole!"

He stepped back from me and said to for me to finish undressing while he goes and talks to Dutch. When he leaves the room, I pull my shirt over my head and wonder if I should really do this? He comes back less than a minute later and everything seems cool. Quickly asking why I haven't totally gotten undressed as he removes his shorts?

I stand and pull my sweat pants off along with my shoes.

"Dutch leaving," I asked?

No sooner then the words were said did I heard the TV sound get loader. It was obvious he hadn't left and I got nervous!

"I told him you and I needed some private time," Mark answered. "He knows what's up. I told him I'd be knocking off another piece of ass from you, he's cool!"

We both crawled in bed together as he indicated he wanted to fuck missionary style this time. There was no need for lube he offered as he got atop me.

"I'm sure your puss is still nice and slick from the load I already dropped," he bragged!

We did cuddle some before he penetrated me this time. He was sweet and reassuring as he kissed and sucked my neck. He bragged what a good lay I was and how lucky he was to have me around.

Once he entered me, we began a steady hump quickly. I'm not sure if he was trying to impress Dutch or just really being aggressive. The squeaky bed rocked and hit the wall tapping out the rhythm of his thrusting. I was moaning low and was really getting into it when he slowed his pace. He then whispered real low in my ear.

"Could you do something really special for me?"

"Sure, anything Mark," I quickly answered as I stared up at him. He slowly kept moving in and out of my hole as he spoke.

"Man, Dutch is really hard up bro. His old lady is pregnant and he can't have sex with her for like two months till she calves. He's my best friend and I told him maybe you could help him out. He'll

fuck dude asshole if he's hard up enough and he likes the way you carry yourself. Says you got a sweet looking ass on you," he snickered and then lightly bit my earlobe!

As he persuaded me to give in, he would hit a certain spot in my ass that made me squirm and cry out low. I knew what he was up to, but didn't want to fuck up a good thing already, so I listened intently.

"I would be really grateful bud if you let him knock off a piece of your ass! It would just be this one time, of course! Because I don't want to share you often," he whispered! "Dutch is my true friend and he's hurting bad. Says his nuts are as blue as mine were a couple days ago before you gave me relief! What you think my friend, you willing to help out a dude in need," he asked?

Before I could answer he started to power stroke me again. He really put himself into it and hit my ass hard with thrusts. Again, he was at the edge of orgasm when he slowed and asked if I made my mind up yet. I was so close to shooting myself, I said, "OK, just this one time!"

He took off riding my ass hard again and within a minute we were both shooting our loads together! I guess it was the idea of another guy fucking me that sent me over the edge. I shot a large load all over his lower belly and up onto his body. He had all his weight on me as we both recovered from the intense sex, we just experience. Then, before I knew it, he was crawling off me.

He grabbed my underwear out of my sweat pants and wiped my load off his hairy belly. I watched as he then parted the blanket to leave. Halfway thru, he stopped and turned my way.

"Maybe you should take a quick dump, you know, clean yourself up some before Dutch comes back," he said! "I want him to enjoy fucking you as much as I do!"

I lay there rethinking of what I had just agreed to. I knew it was too late to renegotiate so I found the courage to follow thru on what I had promised. I got up slowly and hobbled to the bathroom. I stepped out into the hallway nude, glistening with sweat. My limp pecker flopped around as I tried to make it to the bathroom quickly. From the hallway I saw both of them talking and

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they turned in unison as I stepped out. I closed the door for privacy and sat on the dingy somewhat white john. A large stream of cum squirted from me as I took a dump. With my head down, I heard a light tap at the door. Dutch cracked it open and asked if I was still willing to follow through on the offer?

I said I would as soon as I was done here. He stood by the door and a stalking feeling came over me as he waited. Once I had washed my face and cleaned myself up some, I walked out. He stood there smiling at me with his arms folded and then followed behind me into the bedroom. Once inside, he started taking off his shirt as he thanked me for helping him out.

"Dude I really need this! I don't know if Mark told you my situation or not. But its been days since I emptied my nuts!"

He walked over to the bed digging his ass crack thru his jeans before he sat down and started to kick off his boots.

"It will not take me long to get my nut, I can tell you that right now buddy! I'm so fucking horny! I haven't been able to have sex with my girlfriend for weeks. Hopefully Mark told you that already. I aint a fag. I don't get off on a dude's asshole much. Only when I need someone to help me get off, understand? I aint against what you and Mark are doing, just not my thing! Don't know why a guy like you would bed down with an asshole like him anyways!"

He then stood and took off his pants. I thought of running out of the room and jumping in my truck, but changed my mind and decided to go thru with it. Dutch seemed like a good guy and something in me wanted to do this for him. He was almost fully hard as he stood and removed his underwear. Standing there with his pole sticking straight up, he asked, "You ready for this?"

We both crawled in bed together and I assumed the submissive position in the middle. Quickly I heard the sound of him coughing up a large wad of spit that he coated his cock head with. I watched him then jacked himself a few quick pumps.

"Mark says you take a dudes scum. You ok with taking my ball juice," he asked? Before I could answer, he chimed in, "Guess if your taking Marks, you'd take any dudes. Am I right man," he laughed as he moved into position!

His fingers went low and found it my asshole before he guided his cock towards it.

"Damn, he's got you dilated! Is Mark's cock big bro," he asked as I felt his cock head at my entrance?

"I don't have much experience with taking many guys," I confessed as he entered me. After a deep groan escaped my throat, I managed to say, "But he's pretty big I guess!"

He adjusted his mount as I raised my legs as high as I could to open up to him. He slid into me easy and dug up to his balls before we moved any.

"Damn, that feels good," he moaned.

I could feel his hairy crotch hairs against my ass cheeks. He slowly started to hump me as I locked my arms around his back. Then a low whispered came from his mouth.

"God fucking dam! I can't believe I'm finally getting to throw the cock to a real cop!"

He then started to move faster. Dutch was really horny and I could tell he wouldn't last long. His breathing was intense already as the sweat started to run down his forehead. No sooner than he had started did dug deep and moaned.

"Oh, fuck man, oh fuck man," he groaned in my ear!

His load felt massive as his shaft twitched over and over within me. All too soon I felt wetness dribble from my stretched asshole and run down my taint. He raised his head and looked down at me with a huge smile on his face. He then stroked my wet face and told me how bad he needed that again. Still looking at me, he asked in a very low voice.

"Maybe we could hook up some time, just him and I! I aint too wild about going after Mark's done had you. I hate the idea of his cum coating my shaft. But I was horny today so I made an exception. This would be just until my girlfriend has her baby," he added. "My hand aint cutting it bro!"

I told him I understood and defiantly would think about it. He then slowly withdrew his limp cock from me. As he got up to dress, he found a pen on the bedside table. He wrote his number on a corner of the porn magazine and tore it off for me.

"Here man, this is my cell phone number. Call me sometime and let's keep this between us. Mark doesn't need to know. We can hook up at a bathroom or someplace like that. Somewhere I can

just pull your pants down and dump my load up in you works for me, we cool?"

I nodded my approval as he stood by the bed. All the while my eyes were focused on his shinny limp cock before me! Laying down atop his ball sack, I could see a huge white drip of cum hanging from his piss slit. Without thinking, I reached for his cock and pulled on it as he stepped closer to accommodate me. Raising up on my elbow, I moved my head to his crotch and licked his piss slit. I was instantly rewarded with a strong taste of cum as I licked his head clean. He stopped talking and lightly rubbed my shaved head as I cleaned him. When I pulled from him, he smiled down at me.

"Oh yeah, we're going to be good for each other my friend!"

He then stepped from me and pulled on his underwear and pants as I watched. Before he walked out, he turned and asked,

"You really a cop dude?" I answered reluctantly that I was. "Yeah, no shit! Local, County, State," came next from him? "State," I answered back.

He smiled and said, "Wow, no fucking shit! Fuck dude, Thanks again! That's definitely a notch on my bedpost!"

After he left, I got dressed and stepped out of the bedroom. They were both sitting at the table as I walked down the hall. Mark spoke first.

"Dutch thinks you got a hot ass also buddy!"

Mark thanked me in front of Dutch for taking care of him. He then stood and put his arm around my neck and rubbed my chest as he spoke.

"Dutch, I will not see him for about a week because he's got a shit load of overtime to do! I guess he's got enough cum in him between us both to satiety him till then," he laughed!

Dutch smiled at me with a knowing smile and then winked at me. I told them both I had to leave and told Mark I would call him when I had a free day.

As I was ready to walk out, Dutch said he needed to get home himself.

"I need a nap after getting rid of that load," he laughed!

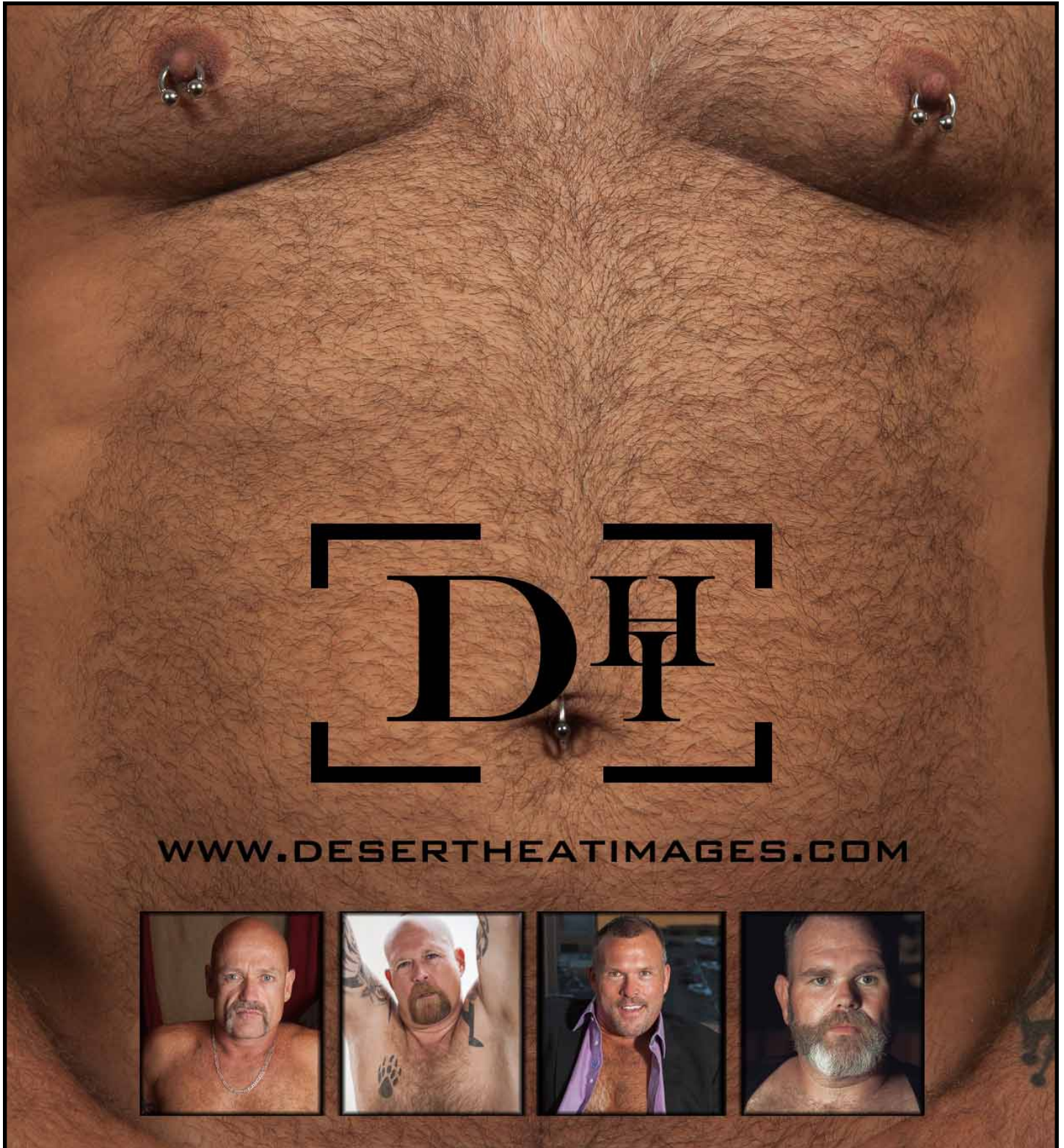
We all chuckled in unison as the moment lightened. He got up then and walked out with me. When I got to my truck Dutch came over and asked me again to call him soon.

"Dude, I really need someone like you for a while! If we could get on some kind of routine you wouldn't need to be coming over here for cock. I got all you need between these two legs of mine," he bragged! "You already know what I'm packing and you know how good my loads can taste!"

I agreed to call him at some point patting my upper pocket where I had stashed his number. He

smiled and shook my hand and walked away. I watched his ass in those tight jeans of his and savored the fact I'd just been bred by him. I watched him then mount his bike and admired the way he looked on it.

Once I got in the truck, I was shocked to see a very large purple spot forming on my neck in the mirror. Mark had indeed marked me good!





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