

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

May 2019 | Issue 06

**Featuring**

**Wesley Watts**

**Turning the  
Lens**

**Jason Thatcher**

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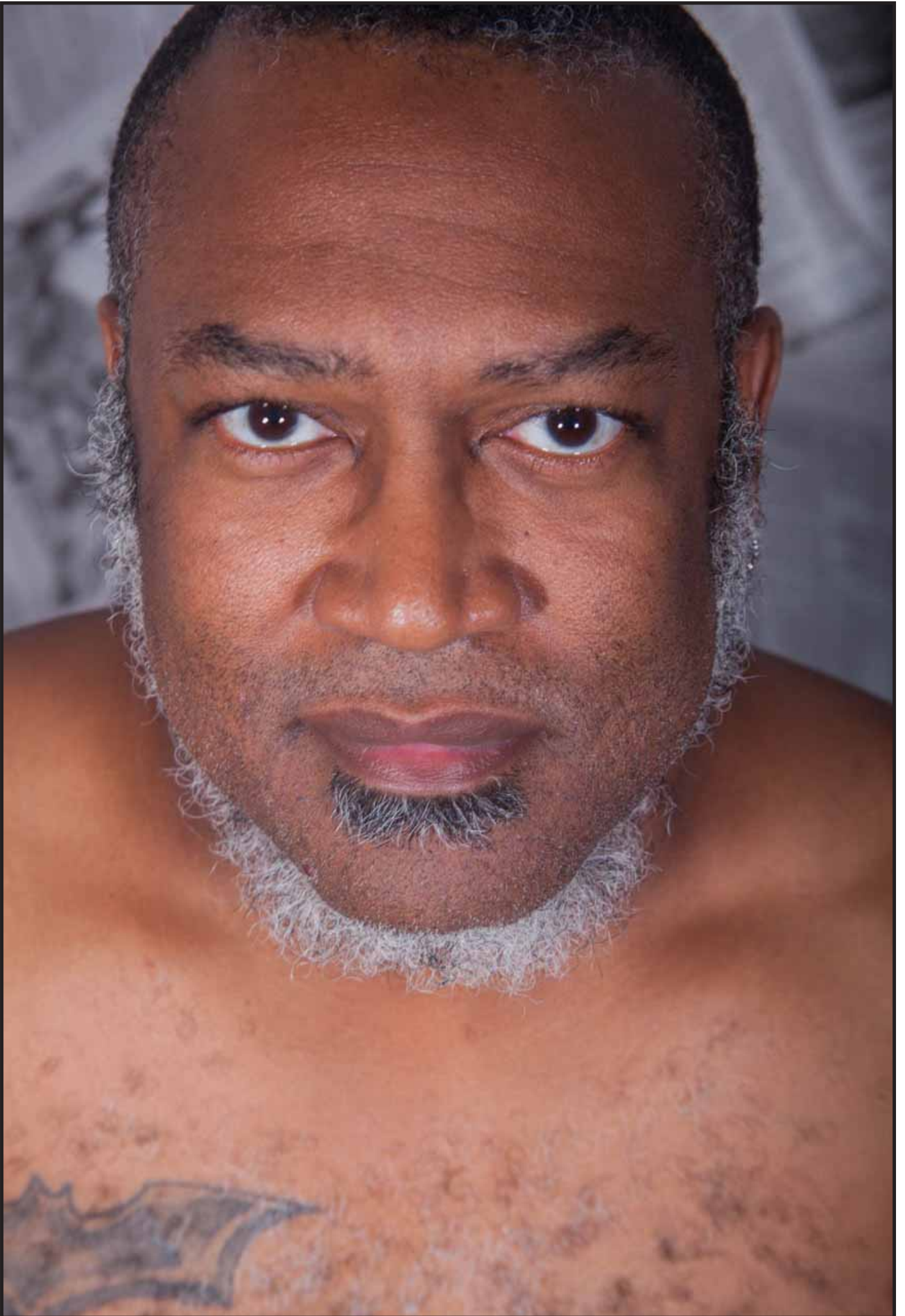
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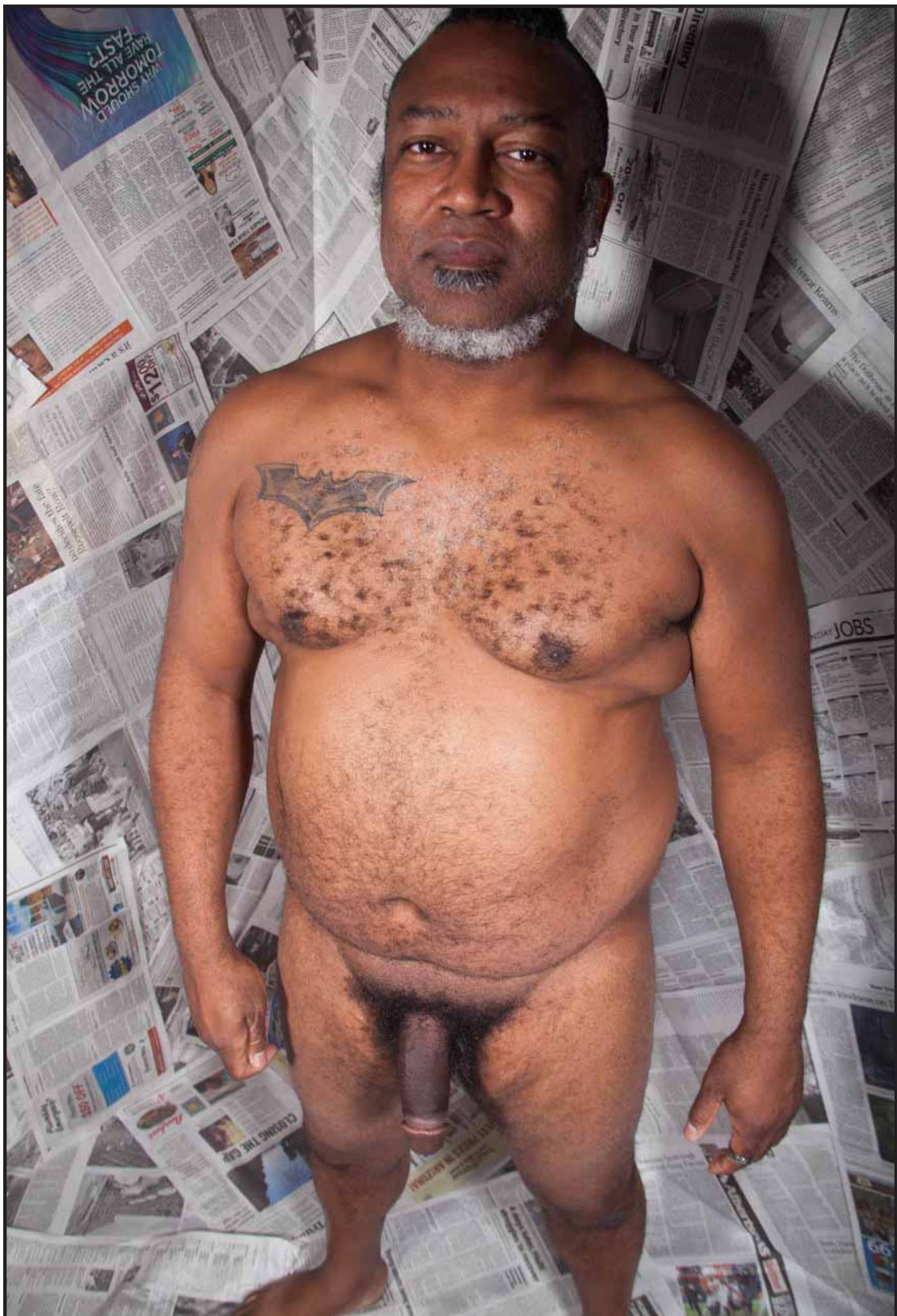
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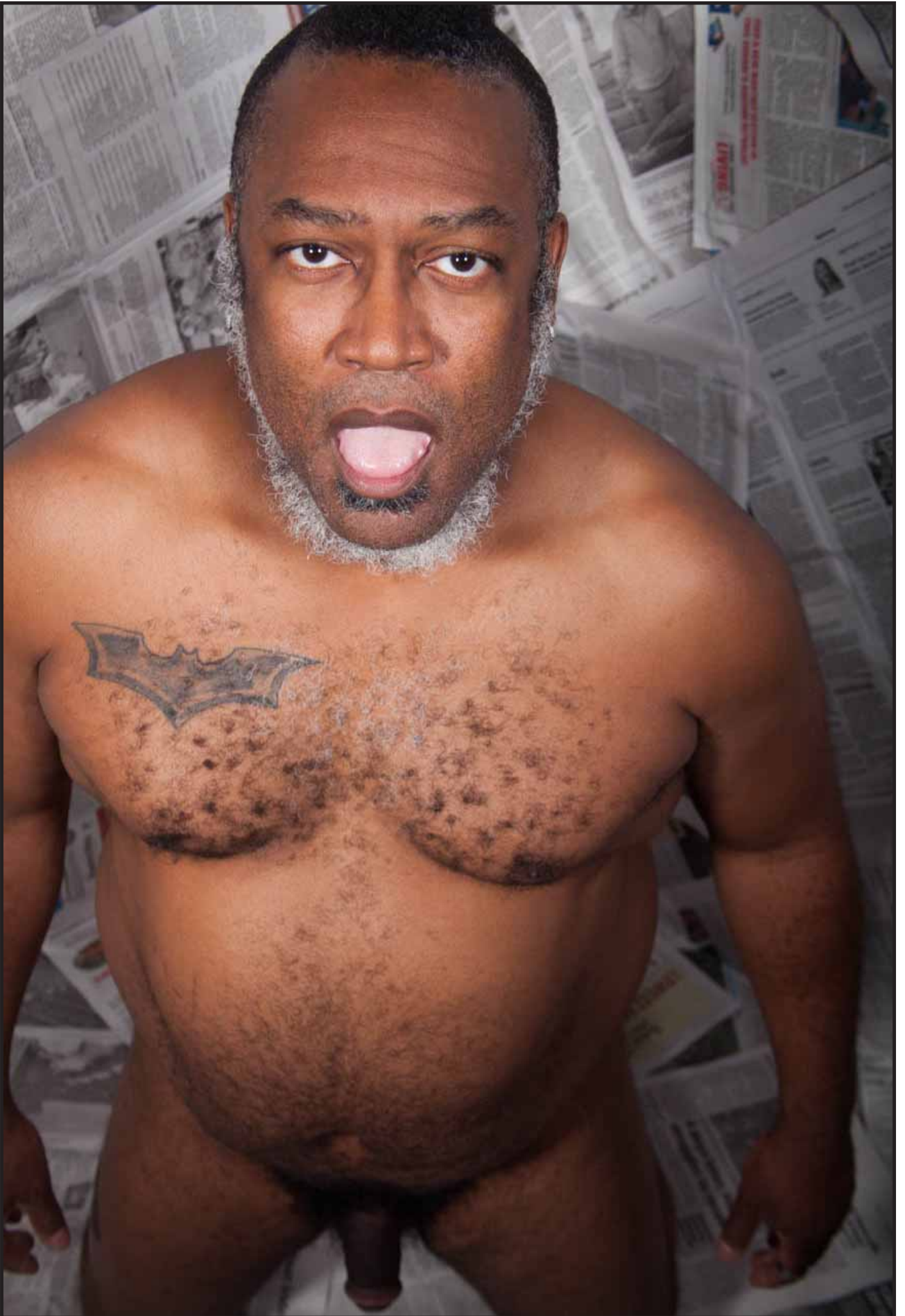
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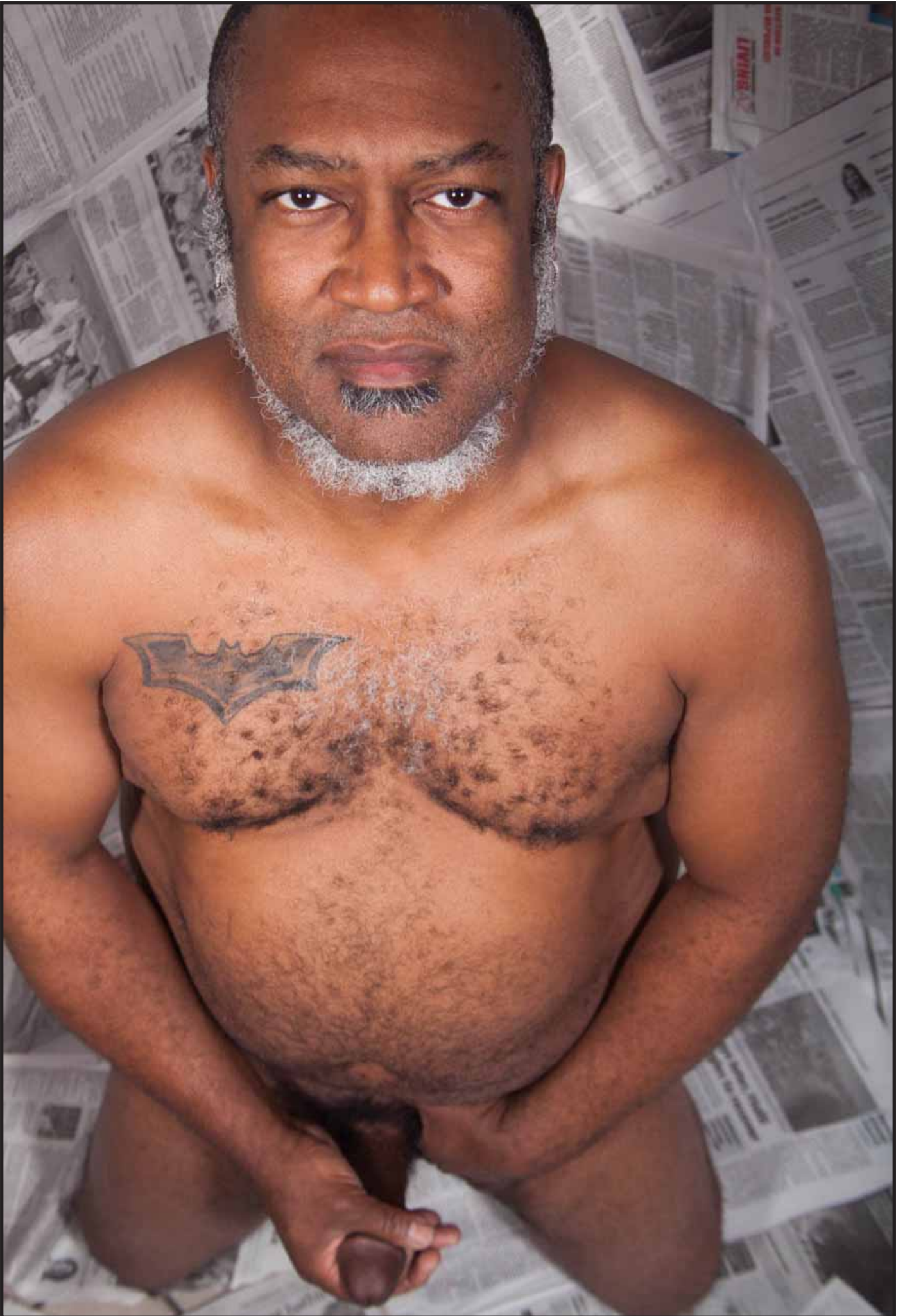
Wesley Watts











Wesley Watts





Wesley Watts





# DE

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*Was he really out jogging naked in the rain at night, in the city? Blake wasn't going to ask any further. But the idea was exciting. Blake realized he was getting hard again with the idea of Mick jogging naked in the rain in the city at night. Mick feels Blake's cock getting harder in his hand and rubs it on to Mick's dick, which has also become fully hard, and still glistening wet.*

# Jezebel

by Elijah James Barrett

## Chapter 6

Blake is waking up lying next to Mick who's snoring loudly in Blake's ear, Blake looks down at Mick's body, and realizes he's completely naked, and laying on top of the covers. Blake wonders if he's cold, but Mick's big body, muscles, extra padding and body hair probably kept him warm. Blake, even though he's wrapped in the covers, is rather cold himself. Blake looks down at himself under the covers and realizes he's hard as a rock; this might be a good idea to rub one out from his morning wood. Blake takes a second look and realizes he's not wearing any clothes either, and his ass is sore. He looks over at Mick's cock and sees it looks pretty wet. He's impressed how big it is, even when it's soft. Did they have late night sex? Blake looks over on the night stand and sees a bottle of "Buru-Bara", and feels between his ass cheeks, he feels a wad of sticky wetness dripping out from his ass, Mick's cum.

"Yep, we did," thinks Blake. "That'd probably explain the dream I had last night, too," he thinks as he looks back at the bottle of "Buru-Bara" on the night stand.

Blake remembers a tiger and a wolf doing amorous activities like, nuzzling, biting and making love, engaged so wild and passionately that it almost seemed like they were engaged in a fight, in a forest of some kind, near a pool of water in a glade. The tiger was large, and strong, and so was the wolf, but the wolf was bigger than the tiger, black fur and the size of a bear with powerful musculature, and glowing, piercing orange eyes. That wasn't the strangest thing about the dream though. The strangest part was that in the dream Blake was the tiger. He dreamed from the large orange tiger's point of view, as he ran through the forests, and jungles, on the hunt, wild, and primal, until he met up with the wolf. They decided to run together, under the moon, and hunt together, until they came to the fresh water pool, where they drank, swam and then mated. This seemed to happen often between these creatures it seems, Blake was in awe of how natural it felt, to mate and share the strength and power with that big male wolf.

Blake, remembering the dream, loved the way he felt as the tiger, strong, independent. It felt natural to him, to be so

wild, and to swim in the water as the tiger. He'd read somewhere that tigers loved water. This wasn't the first time he'd had a dream like this...usually they weren't so pleasant. Usually, in these dreams, he felt hungry, and a part of him was afraid, they he might to damage or harm to someone he cared about. Like the dream that had involved Jezebel... Blake shuddered, not wanting to think about that dream

Mick yawns and grabs Blake as if he's a pillow, Mick nuzzles his scratchy bearded face against Blake, growling pleasantly in his sleep like a big slumbering animal. He smacks his lips like a sleeping dog. Blake starts remembering what they did the previous night, after they'd finished go over their plans, and getting ready for bed. The clothes had come off quickly again, as they had kissed and made love wildly, like tigers (or wolves), until the dawn came. Blake rode Mick like a wild beast several times, surprising himself with his stamina, and bent over on all fours for him, as Mick fucked him, his strong body on top of his, grinding against him, filling him with his... maleness. No wonder Blake had such a dream.

Blake smirks to himself, looking over at his big buddy, sunlight seeps through the blinds and hits Mick's eyes, and he stirs, slowly waking up. Blake suddenly realizes that it's not just Mick's cock that is wet, but also his entire body, and his hair. At first Blake thinks it's sweat, making Mick's body glisten like this, but it smells like rainwater. Mick looks up at Blake with a big smile and scratches his chin, playfully.

"Hehe, you watchin' me while I sleep, buddy?" he asks.

"Oh, hey," says Blake. "I didn't know you were awake already."

"Looks like you're wide awake and raring to go," says Mick, motioning towards, Blake's boner.

Blake looks embarrassed and tries to

cover it up, but Mick grabs it with his wet hands, which were cold,

"Ah! Why are you wet? Did you wet the bed?" asks Blake.

"Huh?" asks Mick, looking dumb, as if he was a dog with a bone who'd been caught.

"The bed is wet," says Blake, "And uh...so are you."

"Oh?" asks Mick, then he examines himself and the bed. "Oh, haha, I can explain that," laughs Mick, nervously.

"Yeah?" asks Blake.

"Yeah, I went out in the middle of the night last night," says Mick, with one of his big arms behind his head. "I like jogging in the rain at night. Been doing it for years."

"Oh, that makes sense I guess..." says Blake, shrugging. He notices Mick's clothes on the chair, they were completely dry. "Did you go out, naked?" he asks.

"Huh?" asks Blake.

"You're clothes are dry," says Blake.

"Oh...well...yeah, I didn't put any clothes on," says Mick.

Blake looks puzzled.

"Uh, huh," says Blake, looking confused. He was usually good at detecting when people were lying to him, but for some strange reason Mick really seemed like he was telling the truth. Was he really out jogging naked in the rain at night, in the city? Blake wasn't going to ask any further. But the idea was exciting. Blake realized he was getting hard again with the idea of Mick jogging naked in the rain in the city at night. Mick feels Blake's cock getting harder in his hand and rubs it on to Mick's dick, which has also become fully hard, and still glistening wet.

Mick grins, "Hehe, looks like we're both hard and ready to play some more," he chuckles.

Blake laughs, scratching his cheek and looking away, awkwardly, "Hehe, I don't know man...I think we'd better get going...I have a lot of stuff to do."



Mick wiggles Blake's hard cock around in his hand, with a mischievous smile, slapping his own hard dick with it. "I don't know buddy, looks like your big guy down here is saying otherwise." "Hehe...well..." says, Blake, trying to pretend he didn't have a raging boner.

Mick gets a smile. "Hey, you've never been sucked off by another man before have ya?" asks Mick, he's eyes getting brighter, and his mischievous grin growing.

Blake blushes as his dick twitches at the thought, Blake looks down at Mick who's looking at him like a big puppy dog wanting a bone, and wiggling his dick in his hand. "Nope, but I've...thought about it before," says Blake.

"Well, then," says Mick with a bigger smile, "I guess I'd better mention that I'm pretty good at it, then. Had lots of practice since I was young. I helped out a lot of my buddies on my high-school and college football teams, ya know," he winks at Blake, slapping his hard dick against his bearded cheek.

Blake could hardly breathe, this teasing was too much, "Oh, fuck, just do it," groans Blake, not able to control himself anymore.

Mick smirks and starts licking Blake's dick, staring at Blake's face. Blake is captivated by those olive-green eyes, which seemed to have a fiery orange glow to them as Mick licks along the length of his shaft and runs his mouth over the thickness of his rod and head (Blake feeling the occasional bristle of his beard against his cock) before he fully swallows Blake's erect rod in one gulp, stuffing his mouth with it, bulging from his cheek.

Blake breathed heavily, he'd never had another man suck his cock before. He feels Mick's warm tongue lick the precum from his head. Blake gasps as Mick starts to suck on Blake's dick full on. The hot, moist mouth Jezebel

of Mick makes Blake go wild and he grabs on to the sheets. Mick starts sucking off Blake's hard penis, Micks mouth around Blake's dick was making Blake want to cum. Blake hadn't felt anything like this. Mick was good at sucking, he knew exactly what to do with his tongue and lips as his wrapped them around his dick, taking it into the back of his throat. Mick sucks on Blake's fat cock, groaning like a wolf feasting on its prey. Blake is looking down at Mick, seeing how much he seemed to be loving sucking on his cock, eyes closed, happy. Seeing a big, strong bearded manly guy like Mick completely loving having a dick in his mouth made Blake have the urge to cum, but the sun, seeping in through the blinds, made Blake turn his head to the left (he wanted to keep watching this hot big bear of a man suck his cock dry).

"Oh, yeah, buddy...fuck!!!!" moaned Blake as Mick sucked his big bone, making him feel he was going to shoot his load.

"Mmmm-hmmm," groaned Mick deeply as he sucked harder and faster on Blake, thoroughly enjoying Blake's dick stuffing his mouth.

"Oh...yeah...yeah, buddy!" growled Blake, loosing himself, how good his big friend was making him feel. Blake opened his eyes, wanting to see Mick sucking him as he was going to cum, but the sun continued to blind his view. Blake turns his head, breathing deeply, feeling like Mick was going milk his big thick rod dry, when all of the sudden, Blake saw the time on the clock, on the nightstand.

"Oh, shit!" says Blake suddenly. He was just about to cum, but lost the urge suddenly, realizing how late in the day it was.

"Hmm?" says Mick, muffled, quizzically, opening his eyes curiously with Blake's juicy cock still in his mouth. He briefly pops Blake's boner out of his mouth, and

*Continued on page 45*



Ryan & Ruben

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Barclay



Joel





Jay

# Adrian & Karl



# Jon



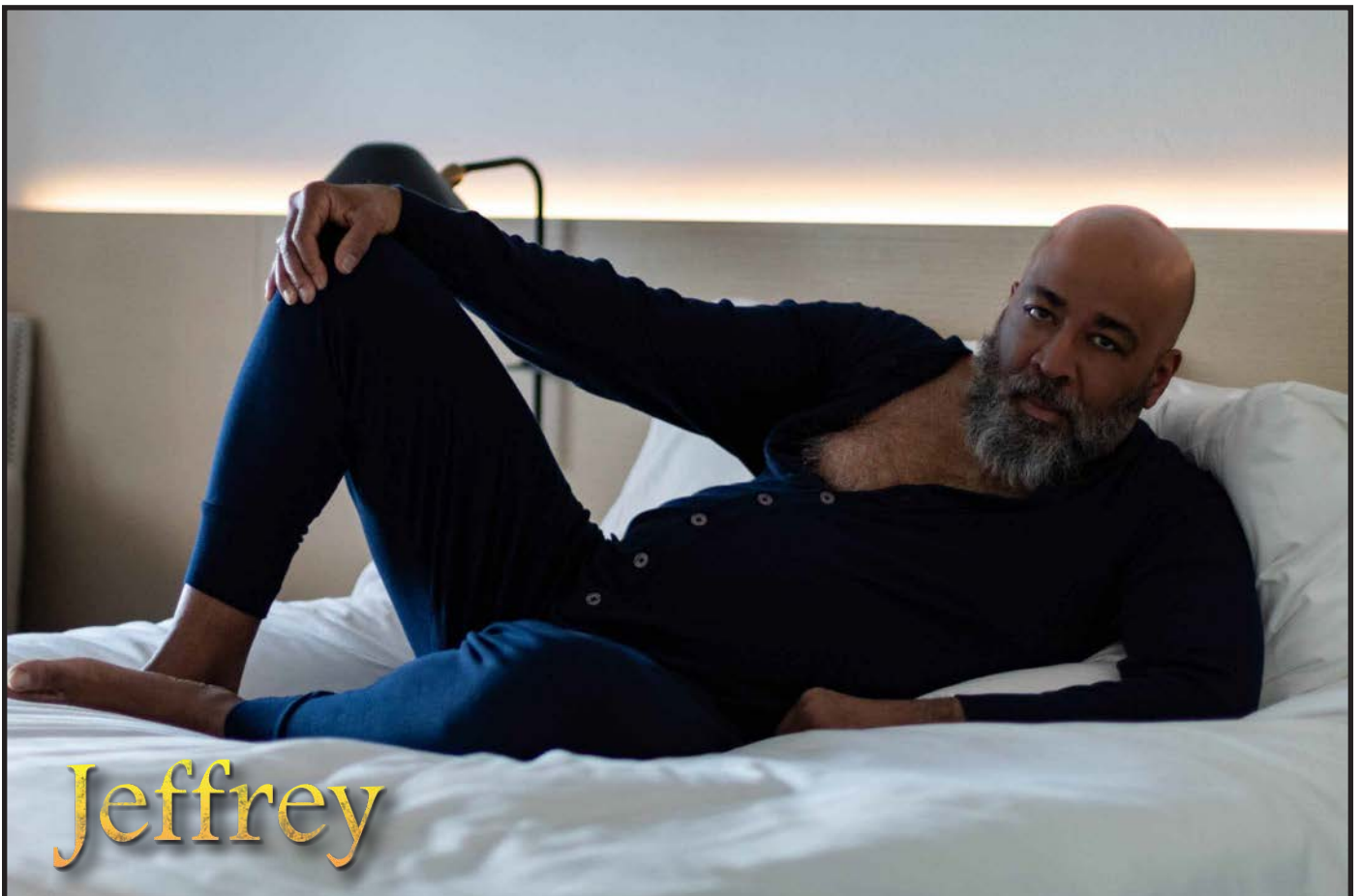


Josh





Barclay



Jeffrey

Brian



Social



Media



# FINDING MAW A MAN

STORY BY

TOMMYHAWK1@AOL.COM



My Sunday clothes felt odd on me as I rode into Carver's Crossing that Tuesday morning in 1842. I felt it was only right that I wear my best, my black jacket, my black jeans, my whitest, newest shirt. Maw had agreed with me, and let me wear Dad's hat, flat-topped and wide-brimmed, to complete the look. It felt odd, wearing Dad's hat but like Maw said, he would've wanted me to have it. He hadn't said nothing about such things while he was a-dying of the fever, but what he had said then hadn't made no sense nohow.

The fever had left more homes than mine without someone. In our case, it had taken my two little sisters and my father. I'd been horribly sick but recovered. Maw didn't catch it at all, for some reason. Maybe cause she'd been laid out with fever the winter before, as she'd said, sometimes something like that would give a person immunity.

But now spring was coming and with it, the need to start things all over again, and that was why I was dressed up in my Sunday best and riding into town. Ben Jackson's house was down at the end of the next lane.

A small house, enough for a man now living all alone and without a farm no more. It had been Widow Cornell's place before the fever...now her

son was renting it out to Ben Jackson. The fever had passed through during the fall and winter, killing half of the county, we all had to make over our lives with what was left. Ben Jackson hadn't. Losing his wife and son to the fever, among the first to do so, he had given up. Sold his farm and was living now on what money that had brought in, and spending most of that on whiskey.

He was Maw and me's greatest hope. If he hadn't sunk too far into the whiskey to care no longer, that is.

His door was ajar, but I knocked anyway. A loud groan greeted me, the sound of a man who had been awakened from an alcoholic dream to a horrible hangover. "Go away!" he groaned out.

"Mr. Jackson?" I said. "Mr. Jackson, sir? Can I speak with you a moment, please, sir?"

"Gaaah! Who are you?"

"John Martin." I said.

"He's dead." Ben Jackson pointed out.

"I know." I said. "I'm his son, John Martin, Jr."

"Johnny? What are you doing here? You getting married?" He'd noticed my clothing.

"No, sir." I allowed. "But maybe you will be."

"Huh?"

"Can I come inside, sir?"

"Yeah, come in." he called. I went inside and

he was crawling off his bed. Neither he nor his bedding had been washed in what looked like weeks. Maybe months. He wore his pants, suspenders and undershirt stained with heavy gray smears under both arms and down the middle of his chest in a wide, curve-sided V shape. The marks of his sweating, once from working on the land, now just his alcoholic heebie-jeebees.

"What's this about me getting married?" Ben Jackson sat up.

"Nothing, maybe." I said. "Maybe Maw could do better'n you. Maybe I should keep looking."

Ben got it, then. "You came to fetch me out to marry your mother?"

"Got to have someone to help me with the farm." I said. "Can't do it alone." We had nearly five hundred acres of cleared land, three hundred of it prime bottom land, one of the biggest farms in the county. The other two hundred let us keep fifty head of cattle. Yes, too much for one man, especially me, barely man-high, the only man on the place.

"And you figure me to be the man to marry your mother?"

"Not so sure no more." I said. "You look like hell, you know. Supposed to bring Maw home a decent man, not a drunkard."

He grinned up at me, and I suddenly realized that Ben Jackson was a pretty good-looking man underneath that beard-stubble, grime and sweat-washed clothing. Sharp cheekbones and graceful, straight nose (courtesy of one-quarter Cherokee Indian blood), broad shoulders, a washboard stomach. One month of dissolute living hadn't fazed it yet.

"Didn't it ever occur to you that a person can be both a decent man and a drunkard?"

"Maybe." I conceded, "But still wouldn't want to bring it home to Maw. She's looking for to marry whoever I bring in, have a baby or two with him if'n the man wants to, and most men would want to."

I didn't care about that, the state law was firm that I, as oldest son, would inherit the farm upon her death, all she had was lifetime tenancy as my father's widow. Not that I would've kicked her off the land if I could've. Others might have, like Widow Cornell's son, a real bastard. His mother was hardly cold in the ground when he put her home up for rent, and him with a sister and her family needing a place to live.

"So what your mother's plan, I go home with you and jump in bed with her and if'n she likes how I do my pushing of her, she'll marry me?"

I shook my head firmly. "No, sir. You'll start off a hired hand and have to do your courting of her as is proper. Just that if'n you take the job, know that if you suit her, you can marry her and have use of the land long as she lives. Even after, if'n I like you enough, too." "Hell of a proposal to make of a man just three months after he lost his wife and children."

"You're not the only one who had to dig graves for family in the middle of the snow this last winter." I said somberly. "Fever got my father and sisters, there's only me and Maw left on that big farm. We need help if we're going to keep it up. If you and Maw don't get along, you can still stay on as a hired hand."

"Well, then." Ben Jackson said as he got to his feet and I realized he was more'n four inches taller than me...and I'm six foot! A big, strong man. "You just go home and tell your Maw I'll come calling with my things tomorrow, and we'll see what happens after that."

"What about your pay?" I said. "Don't you want to discuss it?"

"Can't until I see what kind of woman your mother is. If'n she's ugly, I'll want more to go a-courting of her, even for a little while."

I smiled at that. "She'll do, I think. You'll see. Tomorrow, then."

"I'll be there."

And he was there. Cleaned up, shaven, wearing clean, new clothes and looking nothing at all like the drunken wreck I'd seen the day before. Maw stood and I looked at her, and she was staring at Ben like a woman looks at a man when she's available and interested. That didn't seem right, so soon after Dad's death, but it wasn't like Ben would be holding her hand right away. He was to stay with us, work with us, and make her acquaintance a little at a time. So why did I notice Maw brushing some flour dust off her black dress, to make it more presentable?

T'warnt right, Maw acting like that as she took him into our parlor and sat him down to discuss the terms of his hiring. Nothing was said about him courting her, she hired him on at a fair price. I was there, in the doorway, not part of it but listening to all of it and feeling it was wrong for Maw to be thinking of marrying this man, not right at all.

Closest he came to mentioning his possible marriage to my mother was at the end, when he stood up.

"So where do I sleep?" he asked.

"There's a tack shed off of the barn." Maw said.

"You can clear out a space for yourself there and I'll bring out some bedding for you. You can pack some sod in the chinks to close it off from the wind. And if the tack shed is too cold for you, you can come knocking nights and we'll make a place for you inside the house."

"He can sleep with the horses in the barn itself." I put in. "Horses keep the barn warm as our house come nights."

"We can't be unfriendly." Maw said to me. "Your father always wanted to treat our visitors well, there's no call to be making him sleep next to horses like a traveling peddler-man."

"He's not a visitor, he's our hired hand." I grumped. "Hired hands sleep in the barn!"

"If it gets cold, I'm not going to turn him out." she said, "Now, Junior, you be a credit to your poor, dead father." My father, like she wasn't the one who'd been married to him. She looked back to Ben and smiled. "Now, Mr. Jackson, would you care for some more tea?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Martin." Ben said. "If you don't mind, I'll go put away my tucker and get to work on that barn. With only your boy about, the place could probably use a good mucking out."

"I've kept the barn clean enough." I objected.

"Then I'll have less work to do, won't I?" Ben smiled at me and I smiled back. He was right, the animals needed clean quarters, it was the first job a hired hand should tackle.

Ben's clothes were new, but he didn't hesitate to get them messy. He started by mucking out the barn, and did a good job of it, my own work had been only barely good enough. I hadn't had time to do more than make sure the animals had clean stalls and fresh hay to lie on, but there's more to keeping a barn clean than that. Then he started in on the pig pens, a nasty, smelly job that could near ruin a man's clothes if he let it.

Mother fixed a really nice dinner that night. I watched Ben washing up at the trough near the barn and Maw came over, wiping her hands dry, and said, "Son, you picked a good man to take your father's place."

"I reckon I did." I said. "Only why should he take Dad's place? I'm a man now. I just need some help around the farm is all. And Dad hired people every spring and fall to help with the planting and harvest even with me to help him year-round."

"You'll be the man of the house." Maw assured me. "This place is yours soon as I pass on. Just don't be mad if I want to not spend my last days all alone." "I'm sorry, Maw." I said. "It's all right, Son. Now go fetch Ben and tell him I'm putting supper on the table."

"He's eating with us?" I was surprised. Hired men had a plate of food taken to them, they didn't sit at the table with the family!

"Son, I'm hoping to maybe marry that man." Maw said. "Might as well see what he looks like when he's eating my food at the table."

"All right." I said. "But I sit at the head of the table."

"Always, Son." Maw agreed.

Having Ben at the table added something. Our meals had been quiet, lonely things ever since the fever, but Ben was talking and making plans on how to do the work around the farm for the next few days, he and I talked about what to plant and how much, and we even laughed and joked some. Hadn't done that since Dad had passed away, and my sisters. I had missed that noise something terrible!

My sleep that night was troubled, partly because I was doing without one of my quilts and the weather was still cold enough to make that difference noteworthy. I wasn't shivering, but I could have been warmer and slept better if I had been. You know the state, where you wrap yourself in a ball and only half of you stays warm. But that was only part of it.

The other part was dreams. Dreams of me and Ben, him living in my house. Sharing my life, sharing my rooms...sharing my bed. None of the dreams were overtly sexual, the closest I came was one where I was lying in his arms and he was sleeping like that, and he felt all warm and soft, and I felt safe and loved. and I woke up shivering, sweating despite the cool air.

I got my clothes and spread them over the top cover and crawled into that...that helped keep me warmer. but the dreams kept on coming just the same, only I didn't wake up from them as easy.

*Continued on page 60*



Jake  
& Jay

Images by **YogaBear Studio**





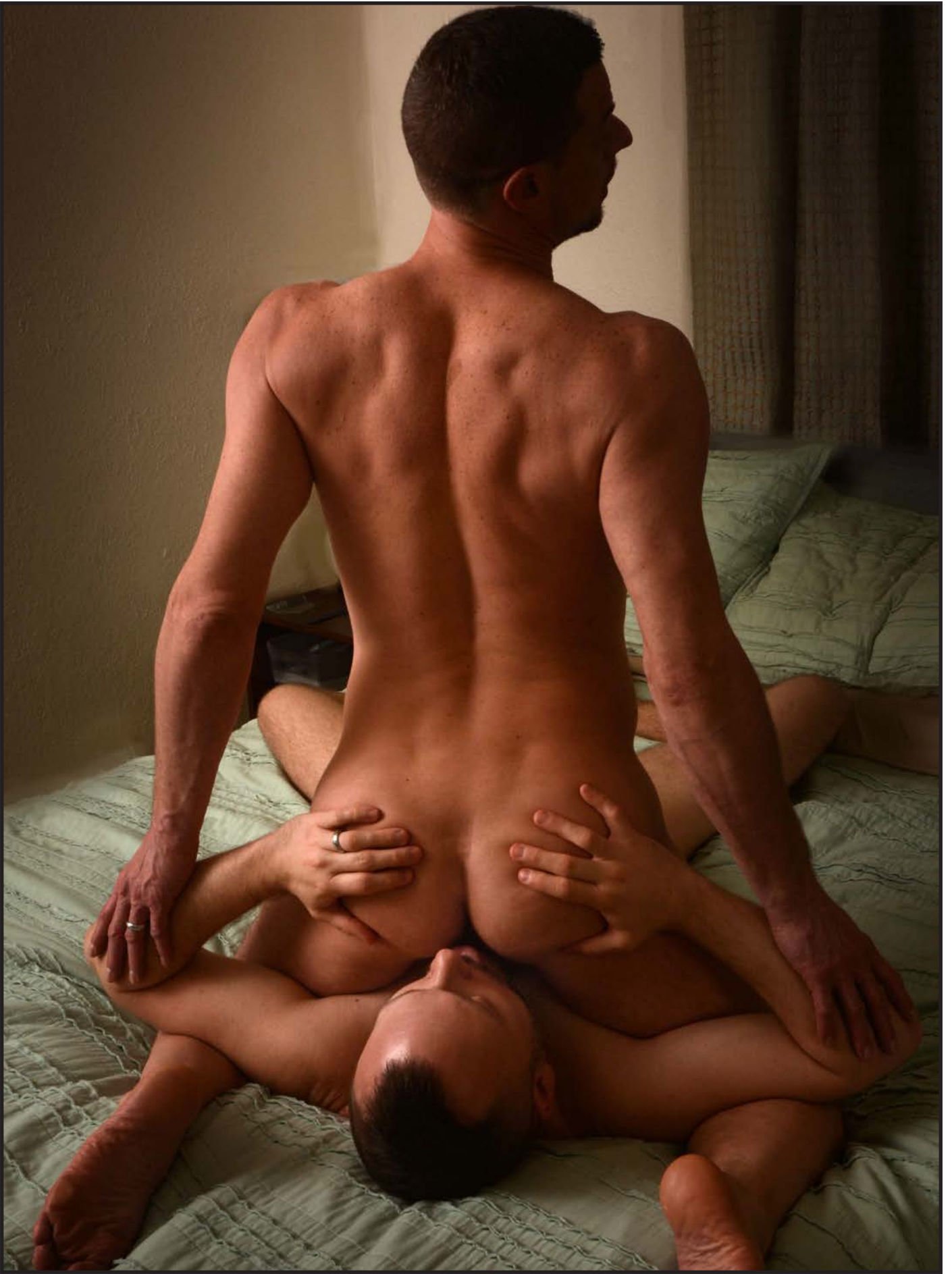




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*Jezebel continued from page 17*

looks over to where he is looking. The clock on the nightstand said 1:14. "Oh shit," says Mick.

Blake double-checks his watch (the only thing that he was wearing other than the necklace Mick gave him), to make sure he was looking at the right time.

"I wanted to get to my office by noon," says Blake. "I haven't even contacted Newman back, since yesterdays morning."

Blake impulsively tries to get up and pokes Mick's eye with his wet, precumming dick. Mick closes his eyes after the initial slap of Blake's dick, "Man you really can take out an eye with that!" says Mick with a chuckle.

"Ah, sorry, man," says Blake, embarrassed, as Mick rubs his eye. "I just need to get going...ah, man, I was so close too," grumbles Blake. He stands up and looks at for his pants.

"Yeah, you sure you wanna just go out there with a raging boner like that?" asks Mick, "Sure you don't wanna just blow first?" Mick gets a sad puppy face.

Blake looks down looking at his dick, "Well," says Blake, "I was feelin' really good there, buddy. But I keep thinking about having to call Charles Newman back, and that's kind of ruining it."

"Ah, understandable," says Mick, "that guy would kill my boner too".

Blake looks, Mick's nice big fat boner didn't seem to go down at all, contrary to what he was saying. He didn't think anything could kill his boner.

"Yeah, well," says Blake, looking for his pants, "How about, once we take care of things, we can help each other out later on today," Blake winks.

Mick smiles, "I'll hold you to that!" says Mick, as finds his clothes too, his boner wagging around in the air. Blake liked watching that.

Blake looks for his clothes, still over near the Jezebel

radiator. As much as he liked wearing Mick's things, he was glad to be putting his own clothes back on. Blake goes to retrieve his underwear first, but finds that his boner still won't come down.

"Looks like your pitching a tent there buddy" says Mick, smirking at him.

"Well, yours isn't going down either," says Blake, seeing Mick's big boner standing up.

"Yeah, but I've got these," says Mick. He pulls on a pair of briefs, lifting up each leg to step into them, pulls the waistband up over his ass and dick, and stands proudly. Mick's boner was still visible, but they briefs held it up to his body nicely (the underside of the shaft and head outlined like a huge banana under the fabric, Mick's big balls bugling underneath). It was a nice bulge, though Blake could see the tip of Mick's head poking up over the waistband in the briefs.

"Yeah, umm...could I borrow some of those?" asks Blake. "Mine wont go down at all."

Mick grins, and chuckles.

"Sure buddy, what are friends for?"

This was a strange statement to Blake. Blake had never thought or considered he'd be sharing underwear with his first real friend.

Mick finds Blake a pair of nice pair of "tighty-whities", and tosses them to Blake.

"Hehe thanks man!" Blake pulls off his boxer and puts on Mick's pair of "tighty whities", trying to situate his boner comfortably as he pulls them up. It's still poking out, but so was Mick's. Blake felt flattered that Mick's boner wouldn't go down either. Blake goes to grab his own pair of pants.

"So, I guess first things first," says Blake, pulling up his pants, trying to get them up over his underwear bulge "I've got to get back over to my side of town and get..."

"Breakfast?" asks Mick, suddenly standing, with his face up to Blake's with an

expression like an excited puppy. He was still only in his underwear, smiling innocently, his boner bulge bumping against Blake's.

Blake was about to say no, but Mick tilts his head slightly, with the grin still on his face, just like a curious puppy. Blake can't help but to say yes to Mick's adorable face, "Well I guess we can get something right after I check out my office."

"Yay!" Mick jumps up and gives him a big hug and heads over to grab his clothes. Blake has a harder time pulling his pants up now that Mick was so close. He finally pulls his pants up, zips and buttons them (still hard, but the briefs and pants kept his boner well hidden), and goes to put on his shirt. Mick pulls on a pair of dark forest green pants, and a light grey dress shirt. "So, what things do you need to do at the office?" asks Mick, buttoning up his shirt over his big chest, leaving a few buttons undone at the top.

"Just need to check my own files, and personal stuff, relating to the Jezebel case," says Blake. "And to see if I got any messages while I was away..and of course report back to Charles Newman. Still don't know what I'm gonna tell him," adds Blake, buttoning his own shirt, "Since I've been mostly looking into his past, instead of looking for his daughter. Ahh... man," says Blake, rubbing his red messy hair, and forehead, "Still awkward talking to the father of the girl I used to...you know..."

Mick raises of his thick dark eyebrows at Blake, as he ties on a maroon red necktie.

"Fuck?" asks Mick.

Blake blushes and nods, "yeah that."

Mick shrugs, "mind if I join ya?"

"Join me with what?" asks Blake, looking strangely at Mick.

"You know..." says Mick, nodding, Blake still is confused, "Going with you to your office, and going out to eat?"

"Oh, haha, I thought you meant you wanted to join me with...never mind. That doesn't make sense," Blake snorts, laughing

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to himself. He had briefly had the mental image of Mick in one of his Jezebel flashbacks. He wondered if Christina, or Jezebel, would have been into that? Having two big men at once? The idea certainly didn't make Blake's boner go down, thinking of himself, Christina, and Mick all having fun together. ... "Yeah, what else could you have been talking about?" Blake laughs it off.

Mick smirks, as if he had a hunch what Blake was thinking about.

"Well, yeah, of course you can!" says Blake.

"Yay!" says Mick in a deep yet almost childishly giddy voice, looking happy; Blake almost laughs at this. Mick throws on his tan-beige trench coat and grabs the thick blue manila folder off his desk, as well as a couple of other files. "In that case, hope ya don't mind us going over a few of these things at your place."

"Sure," says Blake, as he finishes buttoning up his shirt and puts on his coat, he feels his stomach begin to growl, "On second thought, how about we do breakfast first," says Blake, "We can go somewhere on the way."

Mick looks even happier than before.

"How about that diner? The one with the good meat."

"Irene's?" asks Blake.

"Yeah!" says Mick, looking excited and ravenous.

"Oh? You really liked that place, huh?" asks Blake.

"Oh, yeah!" says Mick, "I'd like to see what else they've got on their menu."

He clicks his tongue on the side of his cheek and winks.

Blake chuckles from Mick's response, "sounds good to me," says Blake. Blake makes sure he has everything in his pockets, as does Mick, and leads the way out of Mick's apartment, to go out for breakfast at Irene's.

...On the way out of the apartment building, Blake noticed some strange puddles

Jezebel

on the hallway floor downstairs. It looked like wet footprints, tracked in from the rainstorm, but the footprints didn't look like they came from shoes. Blake thought they looked like an animal's, a predator, kind of like a bear or wolf.

"Take a look. Have you seen these tracks?" asks Blake.

Mick looks down.

"Oh, yeah. That's impressive. Must be a big dog living in the building."

"That must be one hell of a big dog," says Blake.

The footprints were bigger than his feet, or Mick's. Like some giant wild animal. The memory of those dreams he had couldn't help but creep back into his mind at the moment. Blake hurries and follows Mick out the front door, into the daylight.

The streets of Chicago were alive and bustling in the mid-day, now that the sun was back out, and less than half an hour later Mick and Blake found themselves back at Irene's, the same diner from yesterday, sitting at the same booth, when a familiar face and voice greeted them.

"Well, hello there boys," the waitress greeted them. She was the same waitress from the previous day. She was wearing a periwinkle blue uniform today. In the shimmering daylight Blake now noticed her strawberry colored hair, in the sunshine, and her blue eyes, which really complimented her pretty smile. "Back for more second helpings on meat again today?"

"Uh, no, just breakfast," says Blake.

"Oh, you boys are getting a late start today I see, I gotcha," she smiles at them and winks.

Blake blushes and looks away from Mick and the waitress,

"So what's the specials on today's menu?" asks Mick, looking excited for food.

"Well, since you guys want breakfast, we have some great crepes, pancakes, blueberry pancakes and waffles. I personally Jezebel

love the blueberry pancakes here, they're the best blueberry pancakes. I could eat a whole stack of them. I'd recommend having them with sausages."

"That sounds SO, good," says Mick, practically drooling, "And I sure do like sausages, Ahaha!" he laughs pretty loudly, making Blake slightly embarrassed.

"And bacon, I LOVE the bacon here," says the waitress, sounding just as enthusiastic about the food as Mick was, then she seems to realize how she's talking about the food, and composes herself to look more professional. "Oh, excuse me. But yes we do have the best bacon too. And since you guys look like two men who really love their meat, I'd also recommend the lumber jack special, it features buttermilk pancakes with sausage, ham, and bacon, and your choice of eggs."

"Hey, wasn't the last thing you recommended also called the lumberjack special?" asks Blake.

"Well, yeah, there's more than one lumberjack special," says the waitress.

Blake looks at Mick, as if looking for an answer, and Mick shrugs.

"Okay, if you suggest it, I'll have one of those, I guess," says Mick, looking happy.

"Good choice," says the waitress. "A nice big lumberjack special for a nice big lumberjack looking kind of guy," she says, writing it down on her notepad.

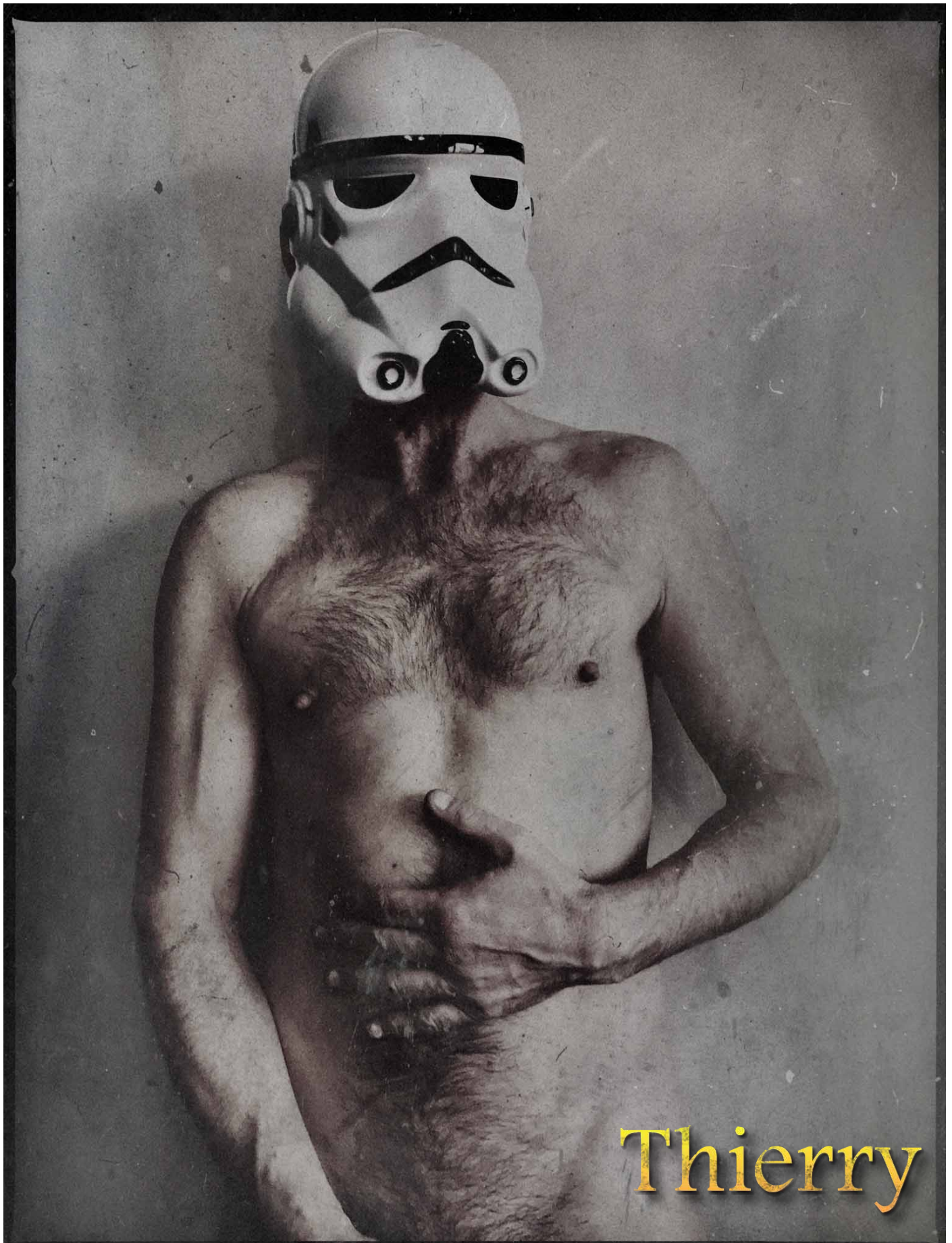
"Uh...yeah..." says Mick, looking like he's going red in the cheeks. "But, blueberry instead of buttermilk," adds Mick.

"Good choice," says the waitress, who seemed ready to approve of anything Mick said. "And for you sir?" she asks Blake.

"I'll have the same," says Blake. "But just plain buttermilk," he adds.

"Excellent," says the waitress, smiling, "I love seeing two big beefy boys eating nice and hearty. I'll make sure to bring extra bacon and sausage."

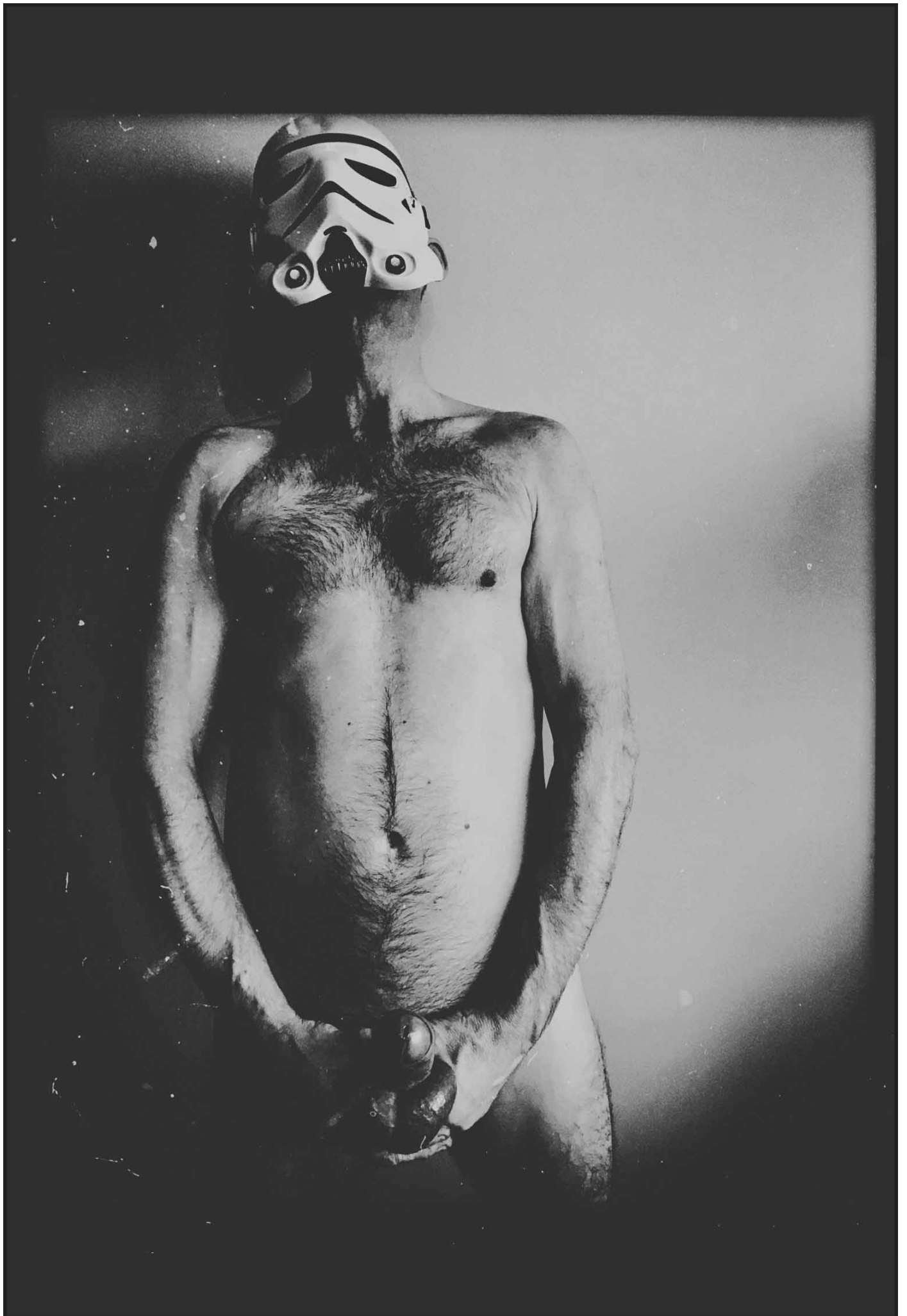
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Thierry

Images by Miguel NOCHAIR Photography  

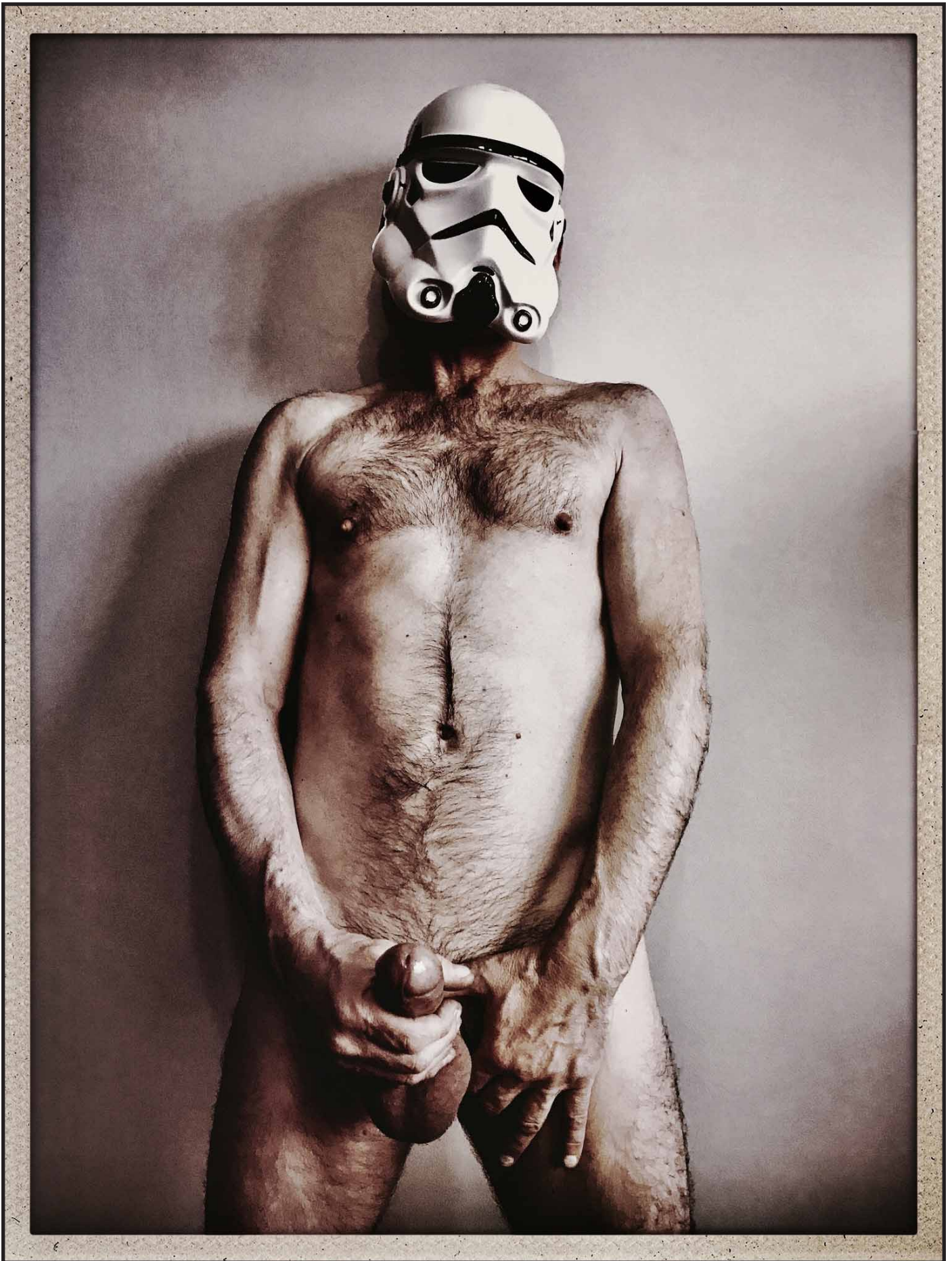




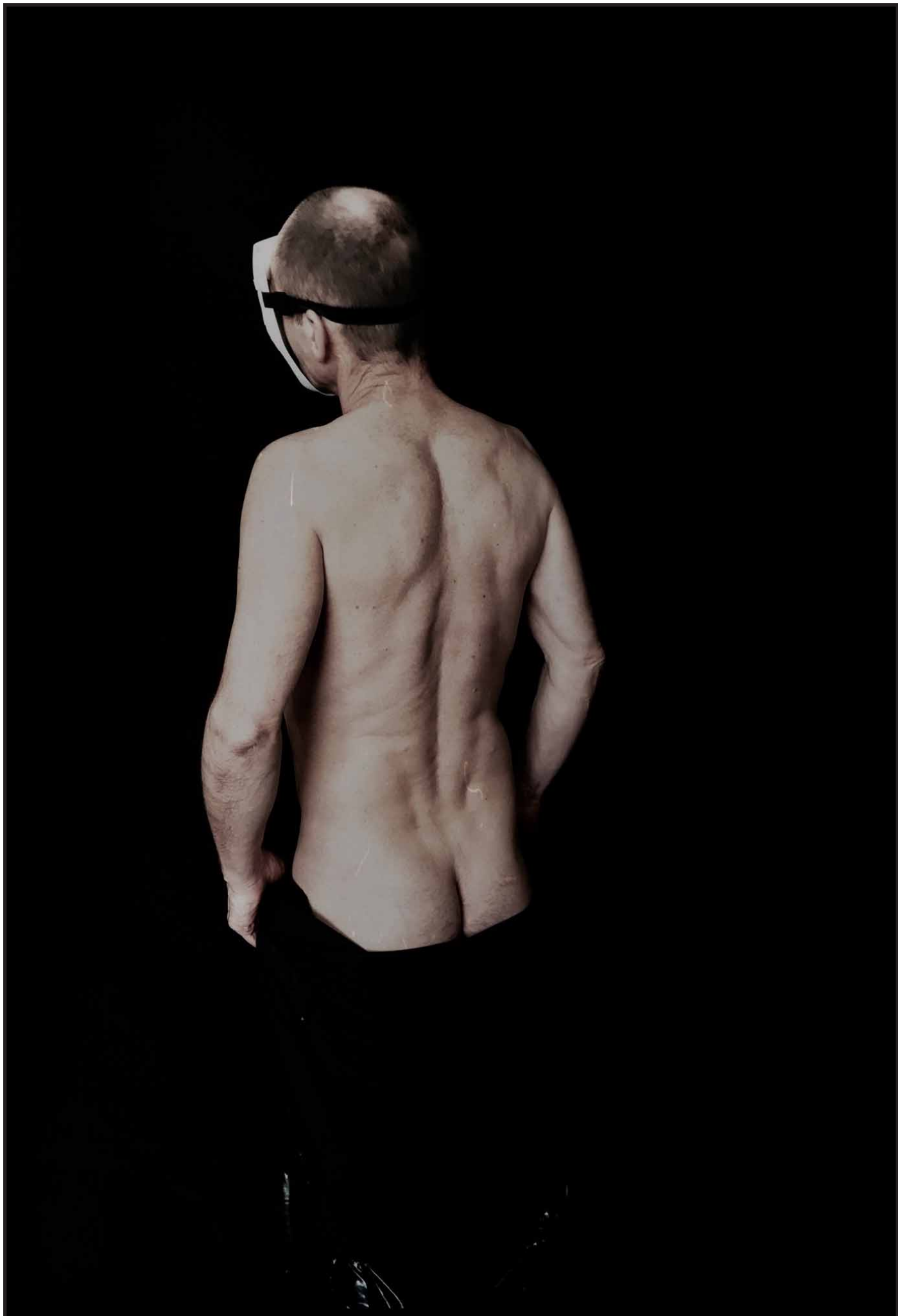












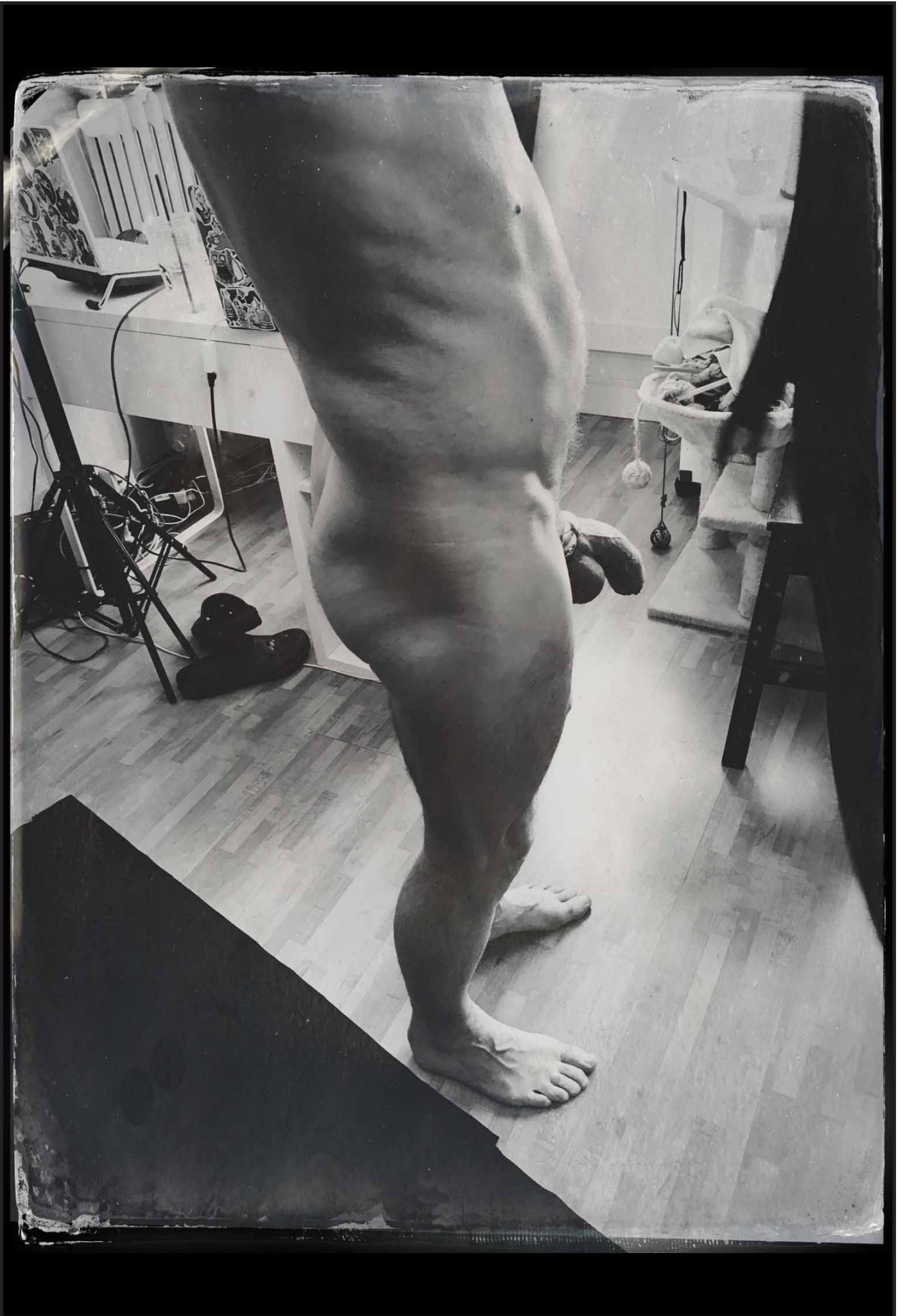






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*Continued from Page 31*

The next day, I pitched in and helped Ben work on the fences. He laughed at one lattice-work of timbers I had put in one place. "Damn, Johnny, you been keeping in the cows more by magic than by fencework."

"I didn't have time to do nothing more." I defended myself.

"That's why you got me for a hired hand." Ben said. "Let's get this done."

And we did. Two men don't fix a fence in half the time, it's more like a quarter the time. One to hold while the other hammers, one to cut while the other steadies, both of you to lay the timber into place, hammering both ends at once fixes the board tight in a couple of blows.

It was a good day's work, and only one thing darkened the day for me. The storm that was blowing up over the mountains, you could see them building up, that steel-gray color so uniform that it seems unreal, something ethereal and other-worldly heading your way. And the way the air cleans itself, something about a storm makes every speck of dust fall out of the air. With that cleansing comes an almost palpable tension, your senses pick up and become extra-alert, the animal in you is seeking information, should I run, should I hide, should I hunt now so I'll be fed and able to wait out the storm or should I wait and hunt after, when the air will be washed so dry that every sparrow's titter and every squirrel's scent tells you exactly where it is?

What it meant to me, of course, was, "Storm's coming up. We'd better get the cows in from the uphill pasture."

Ben went with me, knowing the dangers to cattle in high ground during a storm. You didn't lose many cows to lightning strikes, but it happened.

Ben moved with a practiced ease of years of experience in handling cows, he could chivvy them down the hill better than I could, and these cows were individuals to me with their own quirks and I knew what they'd do to try to do the contrary to what I wanted.

The first drops were falling as we got them into the pasture near the barn, with several sheds they could get under when the rain started. Assuming, being cows, they didn't just stand there in the open and complain about the water hitting them in sheets.

Maw was waiting for us with dry towels and we dried off on the back porch.

"Come on inside, you two." she said as we finished. Her voice was for both of us, but her eyes were only on Ben, the rain had glued his shirt to his body and showed his every line on his arms and his chest. My shirt had done the same...but you can't show off what you don't have!

"I won't have you out in that tack shed tonight, Ben." Maw said firmly. "You can sleep in the house with us tonight."

"I wouldn't want to impose on you." Ben started.

"Nonsense." Maw said. "We have an extra room." The one my sisters had slept in; we had burned their bedding in hopes of killing the fever. It hadn't helped, and it left us with a spare room but no bed for it. Maw seemed to realize that. "Of course, we can't put you in there tonight. You and Junior can go into town tomorrow and pick up a bed for you. I guess the parlor couch will work for you tonight...."

"He can sleep with me." I said quickly.

"Well...well of course he can." Maw said. "That's better than the couch in the parlor, I reckon."

"Bound to be warmer than where I was last night, too." Ben agreed.

"You, too?" I said to him. "We need a couple of extra quilts, all right."

"I'll make some new ones soon as I can." And Maw sobered and I knew why. Our extra quilts...they had gone to make shrouds for Dad and my sisters, something for them to lie upon while waiting for eternity to end.

Ben laughed then, and it wasn't intruding on the sorrowful memory at all, it was covering it up, making the pain go away. "Did you see what your son did on those back fences? He had two boards hiked up agin each other and tied in place with a shoestring!" he hooted.

"No!" Maw said in feigned astonishment.

"It was all I had with me at the time." I said. "I was going to go back and fix it better later, and then I just plain forgot!"

Ben was deliberately diverting us from our pain and, as I said, the pain went away. Dinner that night was like the one before, only even more so, the three of us relaxing and talking about the farm, Ben like he was already married to my mother and planning the spring planting. It felt so very natural for me to visit with him

afterward, all the way up until it came time to go to bed. I retired first, Ben remained up speaking to my Maw. By then, it was only natural that he would, he was part of our family.

I had just gotten undressed and was bathing myself in my room, using a pitcher of water and a sponge and basin to catch the runoff, when Ben entered.

I guess I looked startled. "Need me to come back when you're done?" he asked me, making no effort to leave.

"Uh...no, I guess not." I said.

"Thanks, Johnny." Ben said as he began to take off his shirt.

My eyes locked on him as he undid his shirt. To take the focus off me watching him, more than anything, I said, "Ben, can I ask you a question?"

"What is it, Johnny?"

"Why were you drinking so much when I found you?"

Ben sobered. "When I lost my family, I couldn't bear being on the farm. So I sold it, just took what I could get for it, nearly gave it away. Then I was left with nothing to do. I not only didn't have a family anymore, I didn't have a farm nor a reason to live, either. So I was drinking. Would have kept it up, except you came knocking on my door."

I thought it over, nodded. "So you needed to get back on a farm again." That made sense. But Ben shook his head. "That wasn't it."

"Oh." I said. "Right. My mother, a wife and new family..."

He cut me off again. "Not that either."

I thought it over again and it baffled me. "I don't understand." I said.

"When you drink too much, coming down off from it, it's like all your defenses are shut down. You can see yourself for who you are. Usually, it ain't pretty and you try to forget it, usually with some more drinks. But I hadn't had any yet, and that was where I was when you knocked on my door and I saw something about myself clear as could be."

"So what did you see?" I asked him.

"I saw you." Ben said. Shirtless, he came over next to me sitting on the bed. Putting out his hand, he cupped my chin in one palm and lifted my eyes up. "If I got to marry your mother to stay here with you, that's what I'll do." he said softly. I reached out and took his arm in my own hand, squeezed it gently.

"You don't have to do that." I said. "We can work something out. Maybe hire another man like we done you..."

Lightning flashed again, turning his body from the golden brown it had been in the coal-oil lamplight into brilliant blue-white, turning him from mere mortal man into something otherworldly. He looks like an angel, I thought to myself, built out of light and stars and moonbeams, and nothing but.

Then the light was gone and I was faced with a mortal man again, or rather, this angel made flesh. He was still there, even when the glory of heaven had faded away from him. Still smiling at me, my chin in his hand.

My other hand came up and stroked the side of his body, reassuring myself that he was there, that he was really, truly real. I'd fetched this man for Maw, not for myself. But he was choosing me, me! How can I explain it when feelings you've had your entire life but haven't understood become crystal clear because your prayer has been answered and you never even speaking it? It was like that...my greatest need fulfilled and me not even knowing I'd had it until it stood before me.

Yes, he was real, and I shuddered as my hand reached for the center of his body, felt through his pants at the nexus of his legs, feeling there the center of his life, feeling it swell and hearing the soft moan as he vented the pent-up breath he'd been holding for who-knew-how-long? My own breath had been locked inside my heart for about a decade, I guess, and when it turned loose, it came out the same way, long, low, crooning and deep as the low of a cow needing to be milked, my own need was like that, the release so powerful that it could only moan its way loose.

Our groans were all the convincing either of us needed, you couldn't fake such a sound. Both our hands were fumbling at the buttons on his pants, our fingers collided trying to get it unbuttoned, get it opened, get it out!

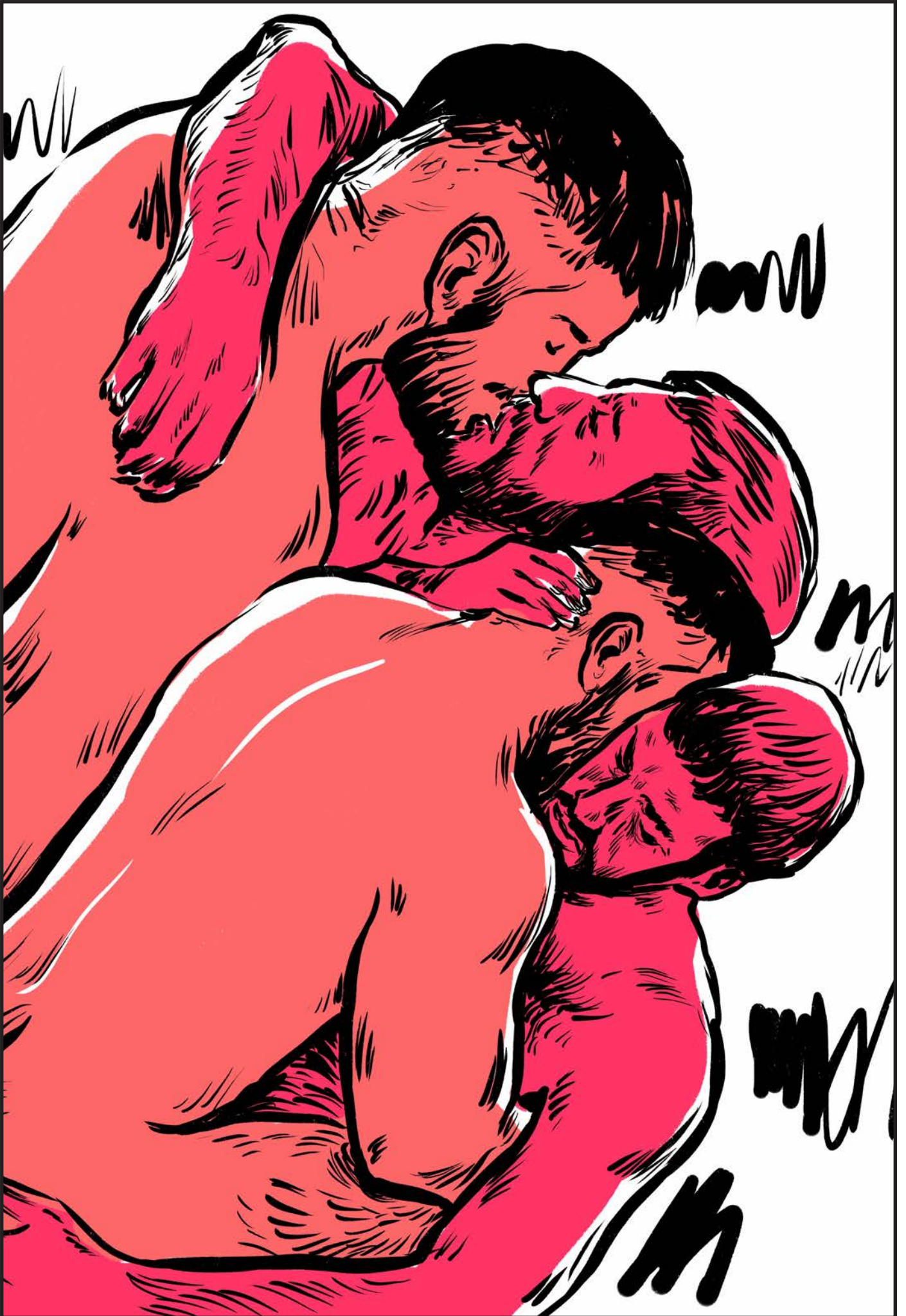
And I had in my hand his dong, held nine fat inches of solid manhood, the head begging me to take it, take it, and I did!

The head was soft as a sponge, warm as a kiss, virile as a prize bull, my lips wrapped around it and it was like a joining of our bodies unlike anything I'd thought possible. How was it

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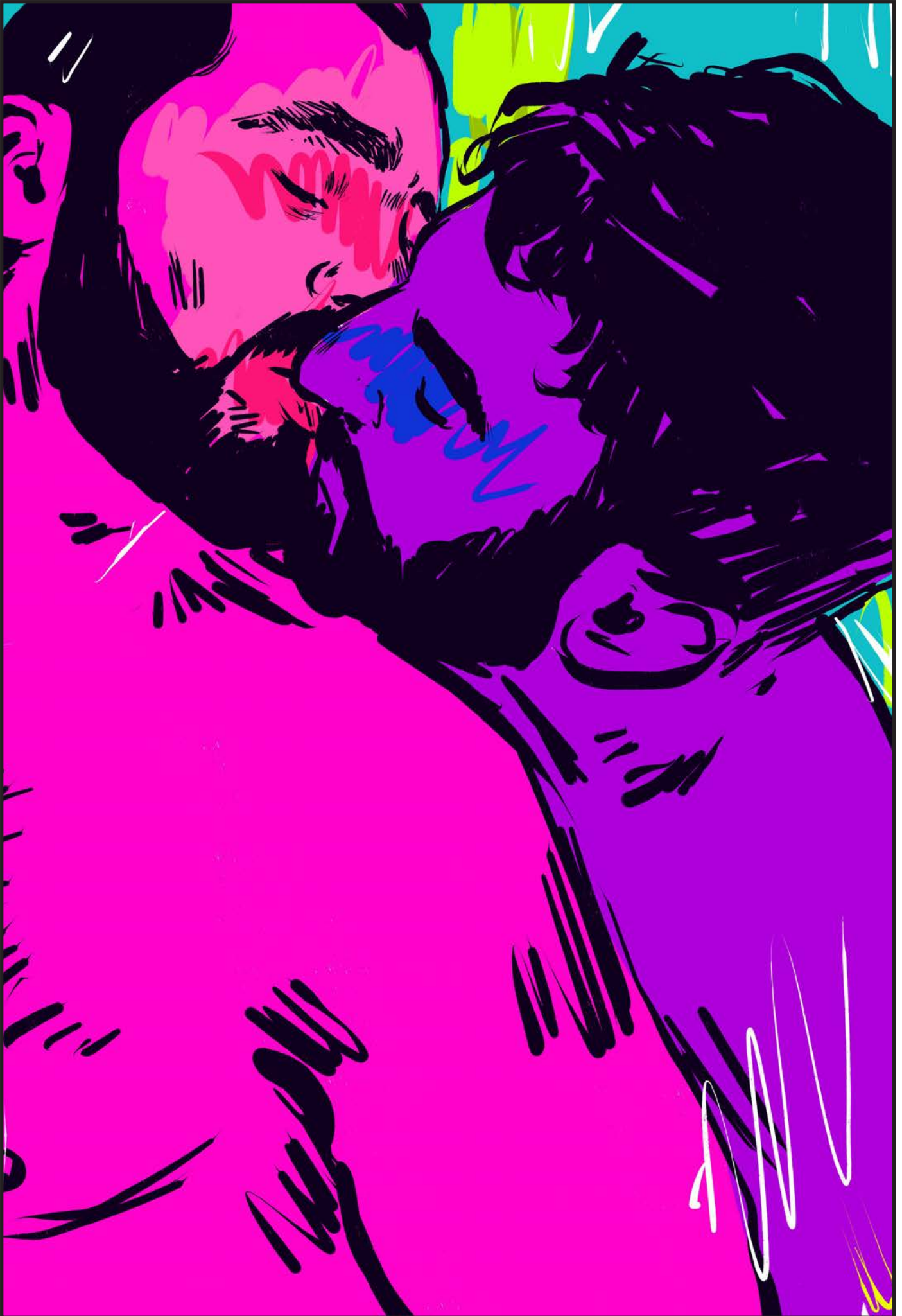
# The Art of Laceoni

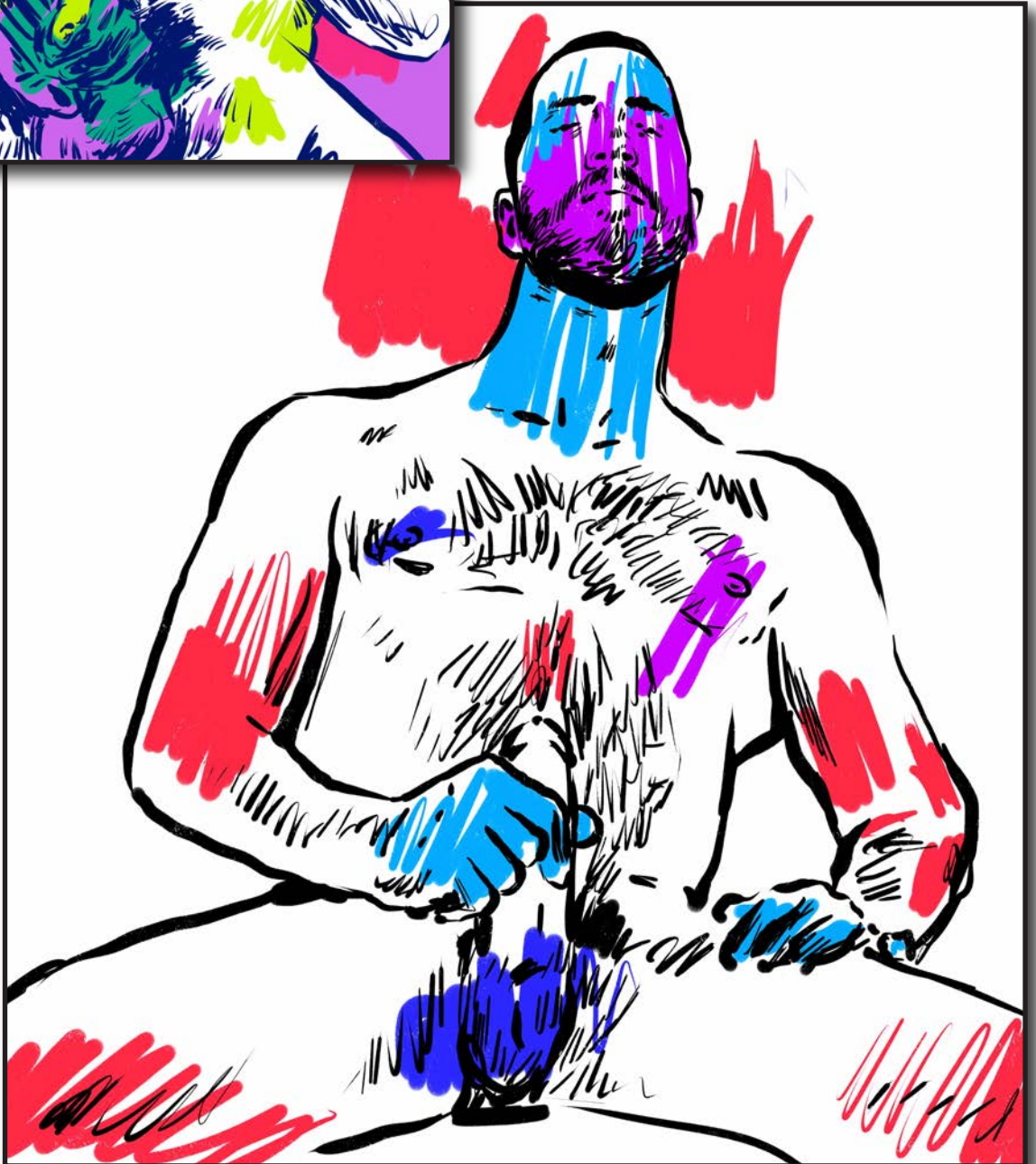
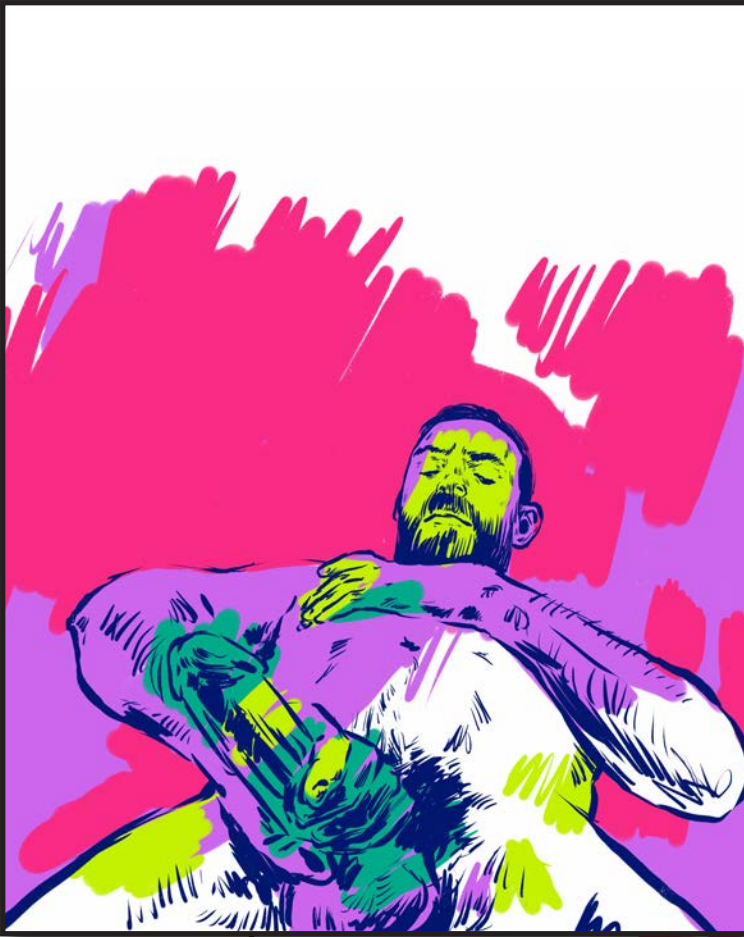


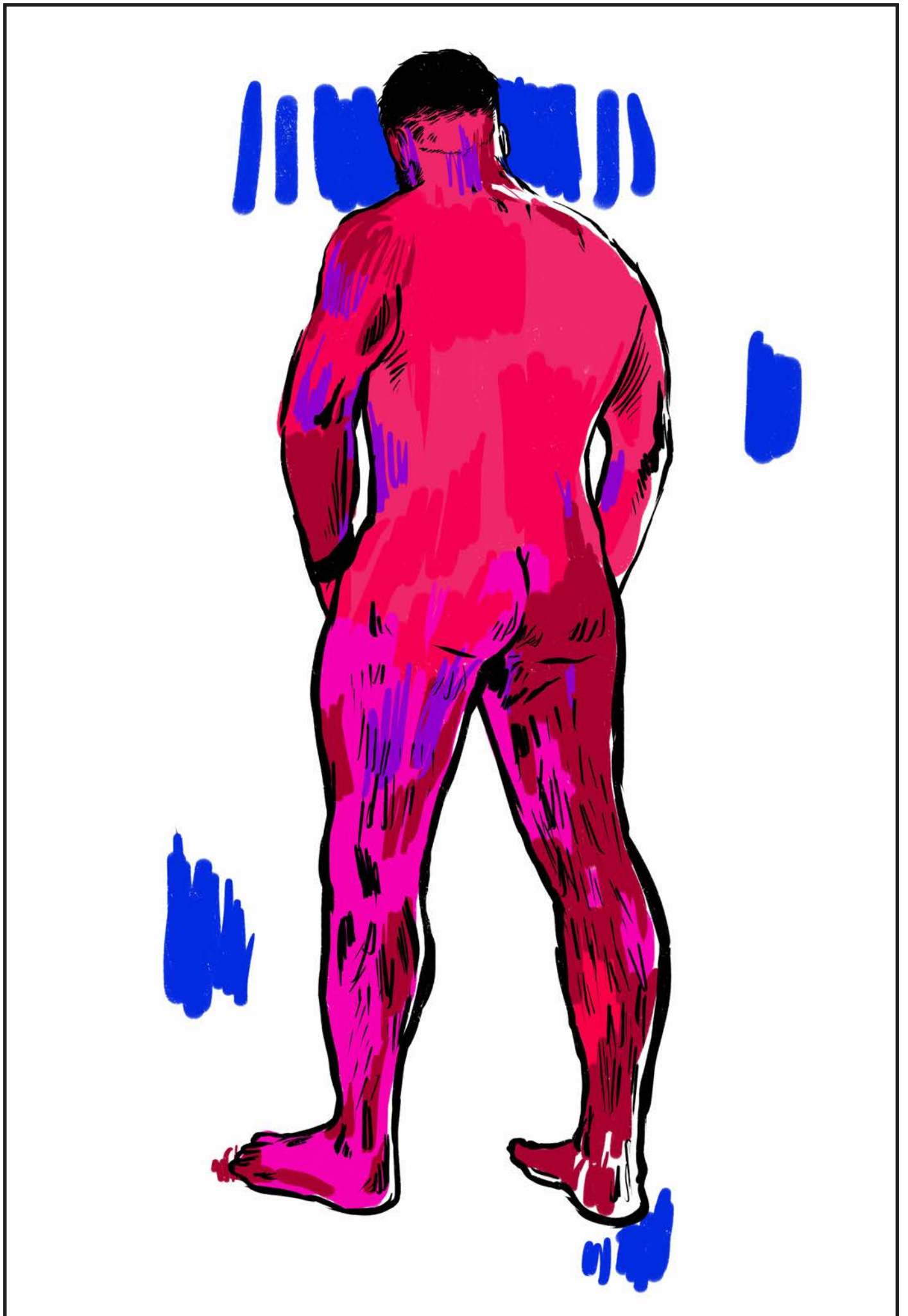










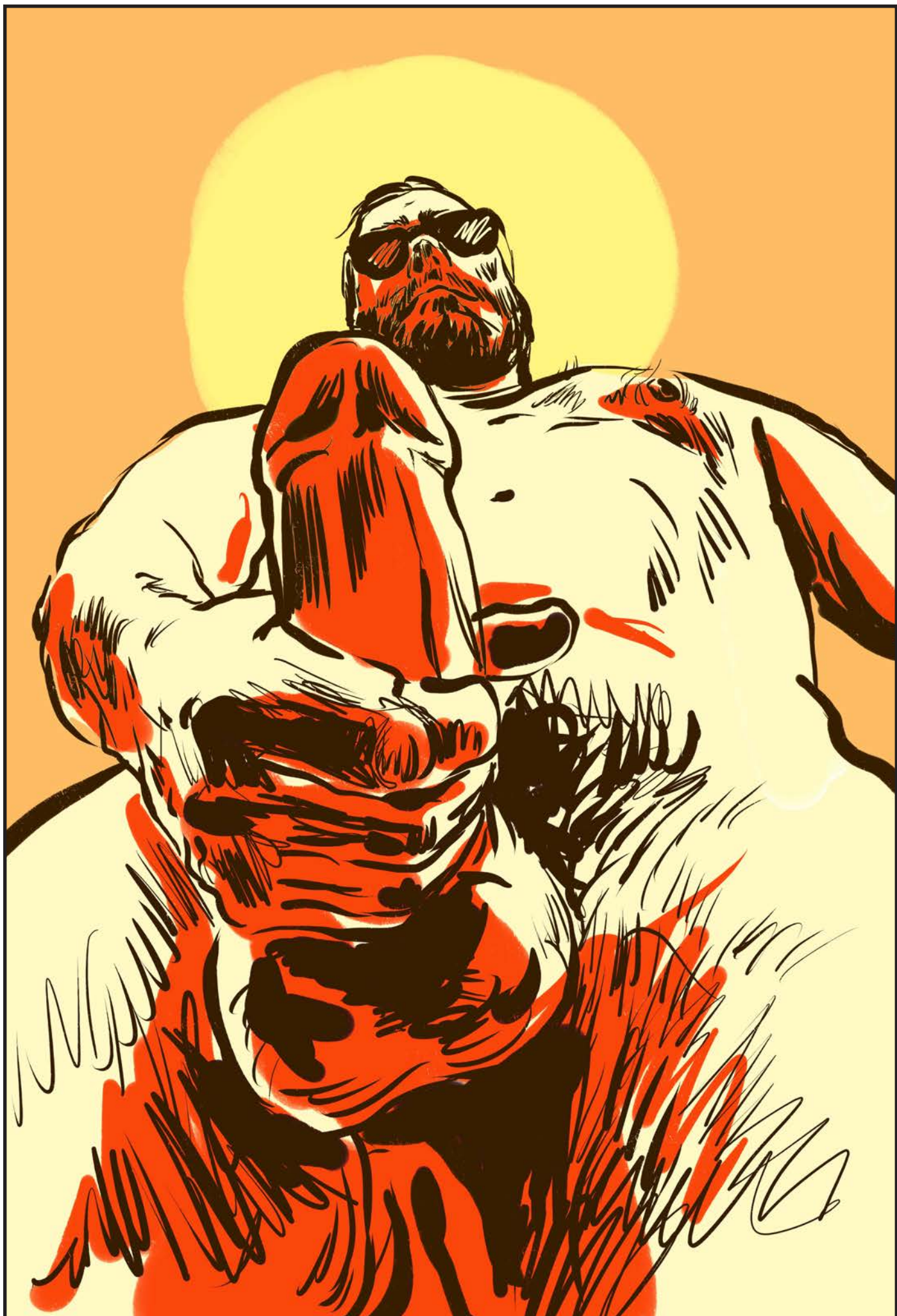




# Laceoni's

Social Media







# Turning the Lens

## Photographer Interview

### Meet Jason Thatcher, Photographer of Duke Edwards Photography

Jason started out in photography on the other side of the lens as a model for a nude charity calendar. He was shy and body conscious at first. During the shoot, thanks to the other models and the photographer, he started to realize that his body was perfect just the way it is and there is someone out there that would be “into” him. His work as a photographer reflects his growth as to what is “beautiful”. He has since become an incredible artist with an incredible eye photographing all shapes and sizes of beautiful men. We hope you learn more about this artist. .



#### **Please, tell us a bit about your personal life**

A little about myself, I'm 38 years old, 5'4", 179 lbs with brown hair and ginger beard. I can say there is enough of me to cuddle and love! I reside in Columbus, Ohio, where I am married to an amazing man who encourages all of the crazy endeavors that I come up with. I am also in a polyamorous household; I not only have my husband but I also have Daddy Buck to encourage me.

In my free time, when I am not making a living building cars, I can usually be found on my Harley Davidson Dyna Switchback, wearing leather, and of course wearing one of the many, many pairs of boots that I own. I also enjoy having cigars, photography, getting involved in the bear and leather communities and boot blacking.

#### **How did you develop an interest in photography?**

I have always been one of those so called selfie takers and always played around with filters and editing my photographs to make them look better. However, it wasn't until I was chosen to be a model for a charity nude calendar that I really developed an interest in photography. I started thinking

of the full picture when I had to send some pictures to the calendar as part of the application process. We took hundreds of pictures before I found the ones I thought were right to send to them. During the Calendar shoot, I started listening to the photographer talking about the specific lighting and the way he needed to shoot each guy to get the best pictures. I am always looking for a challenge and realized at that time I had a real interest in pursuing photography.

**Do you have any formal training?**

I just recently started doing this and have had some great opportunities so far, however I have had no formal training. I am looking into taking classes through a great photography company here in Columbus, Ohio, that offers hundreds of classes on all different types of photography..

**From your point of view, what makes a good picture?**

After working with several clients I feel like the most important thing to consider in shooting is that you understand your concept of what you are looking to shoot and that your model understands it as well. I feel like when you two are on the same page, It is easier for

the model to take direction and feel comfortable enough to give you exactly what you are needing to make the shot!

**What, in your opinion, is most important to consider while shooting images of men?**

The most important thing to consider to me is that there is that the man is relaxed, excited, confident, and willing to put himself out there for the world to see. The model or man that you are shooting needs to trust that you are looking to make their confidence and sexiness stand out in the picture.

**Describe a typical shoot for yourself:**

I like to start out meeting the client ahead of the shoot and get to know him for several reasons. The meeting allows me to get to know more about him, such as what he does in his personal life. I don't like setting a time limit on the shoot. I feel this allows both the model and me to get more relaxed and have fun with the shoot. This makes me more relaxed so that I don't like to have to rush to find that perfect shot. It also gives me additional ideas to possibly use when photographing him. I always have shots in my head that are what I



think may be the best shots of him. I try to catch him being himself, which to me is when I'm gonna get the best picture!

**Have you ever modeled before? If so, what was your biggest take-away from that experience?**

Yes, I have modeled twice in my life, once for a charity calendar and second time in the very first issue of this magazine. A few things come to mind but one of the most amazing things for me to gain from these experiences, is the realization that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I never considered myself an attractive guy, and was never positive about the shape of my body. That changed when I saw pictures of myself from a different person's perspective. Body positivity is something we all need to strive to push in the world, cause we are all perfect in someone's eyes.

**In your free time, what kind of pictures do you like to shoot and which ones do you avoid?**

While I am sure they would be the most challenging and the most fun, I definitely try to avoid taking pictures of CHILDREN! What I most love to take pictures of, is nature. The coolest thing is that it's always changing: what you took a picture of today will look totally different tomorrow.

**Who would you like to work with most?**

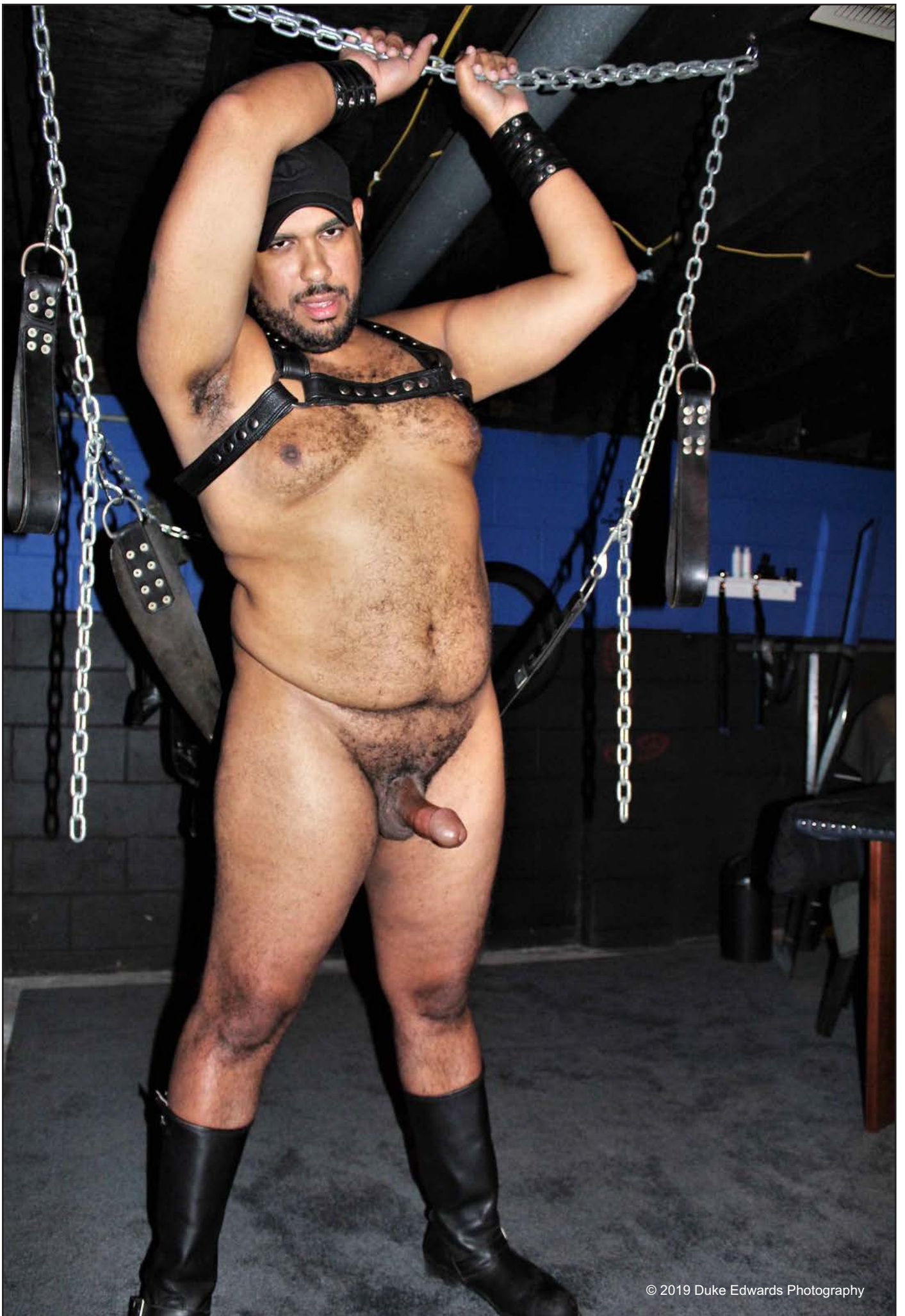
I would say that I would love the chance to work with Matt Muck .

Thank you for taking the time to answer a few questions for our readers. You're an incredible upcoming photographer with a keen eye and a great attitude. We can't wait to see more of your work in the Magazine.



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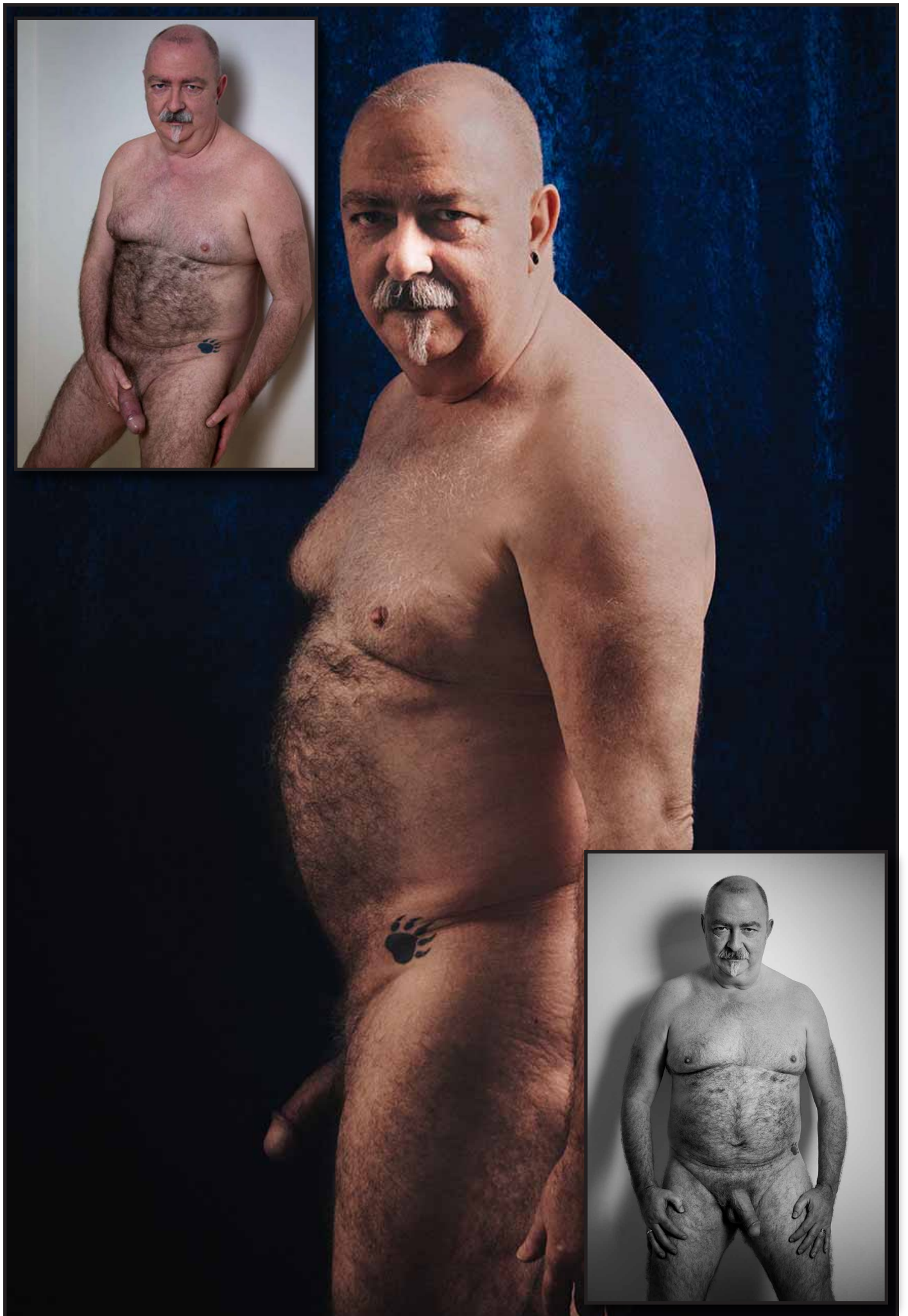
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Wilfred

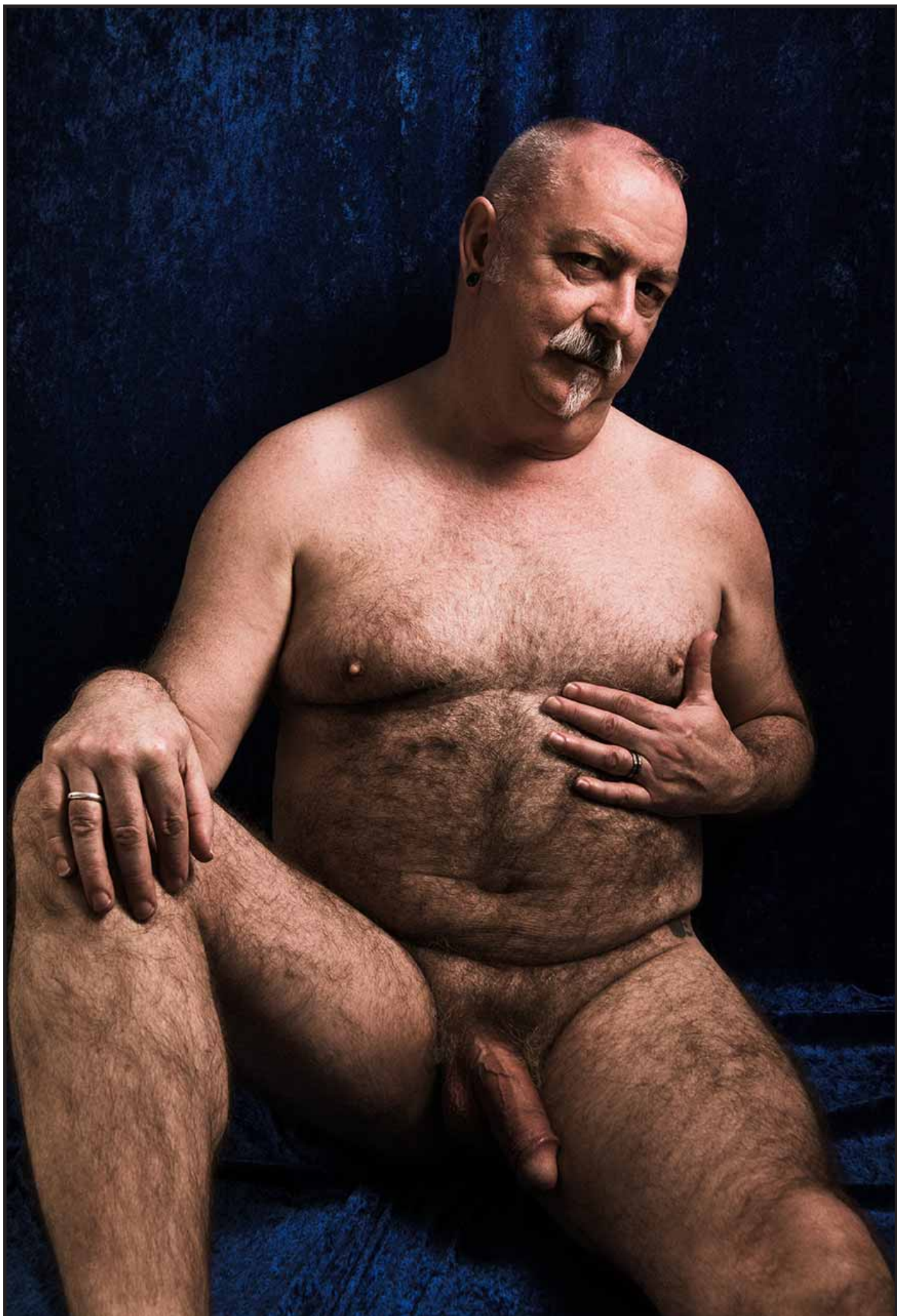


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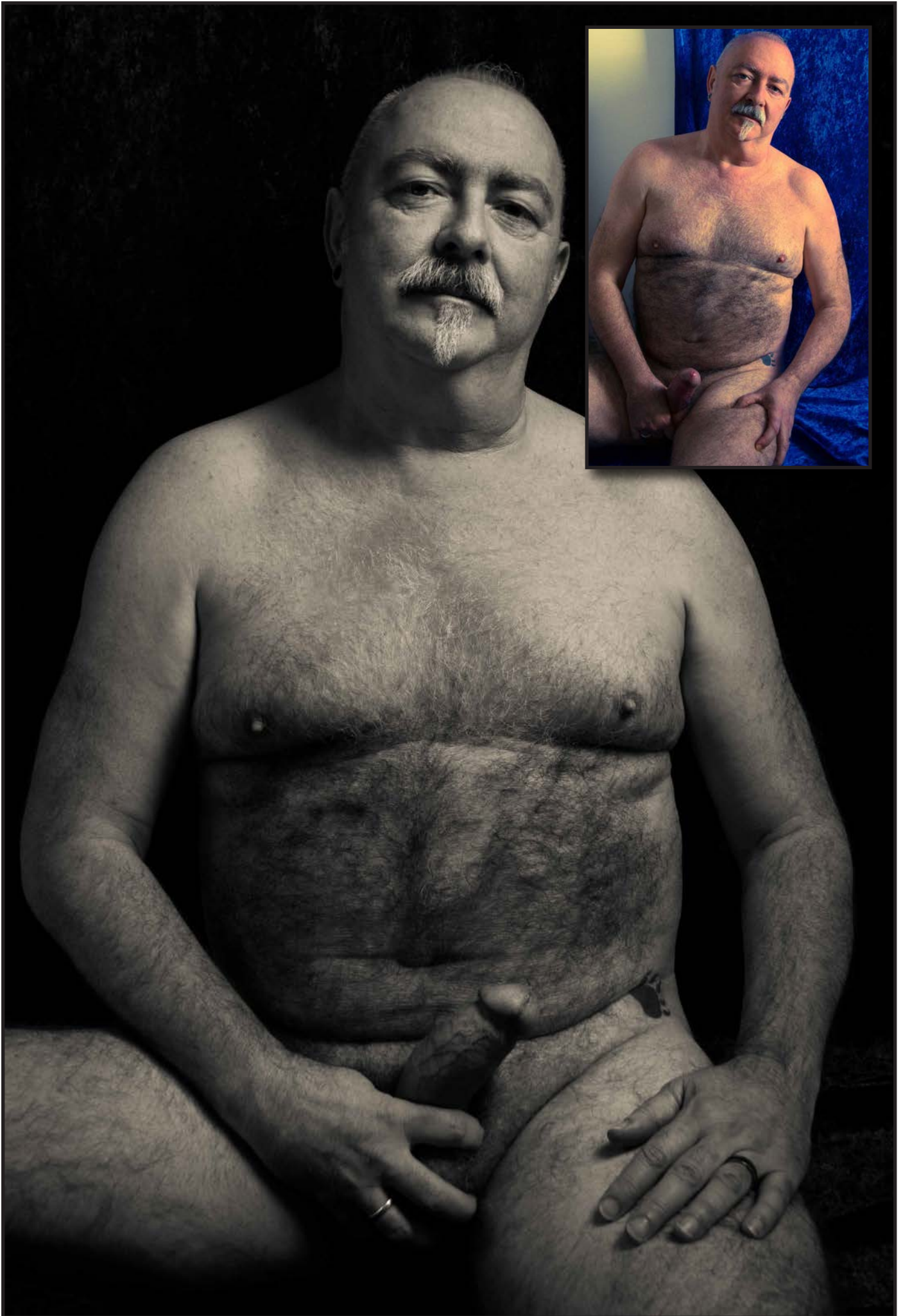


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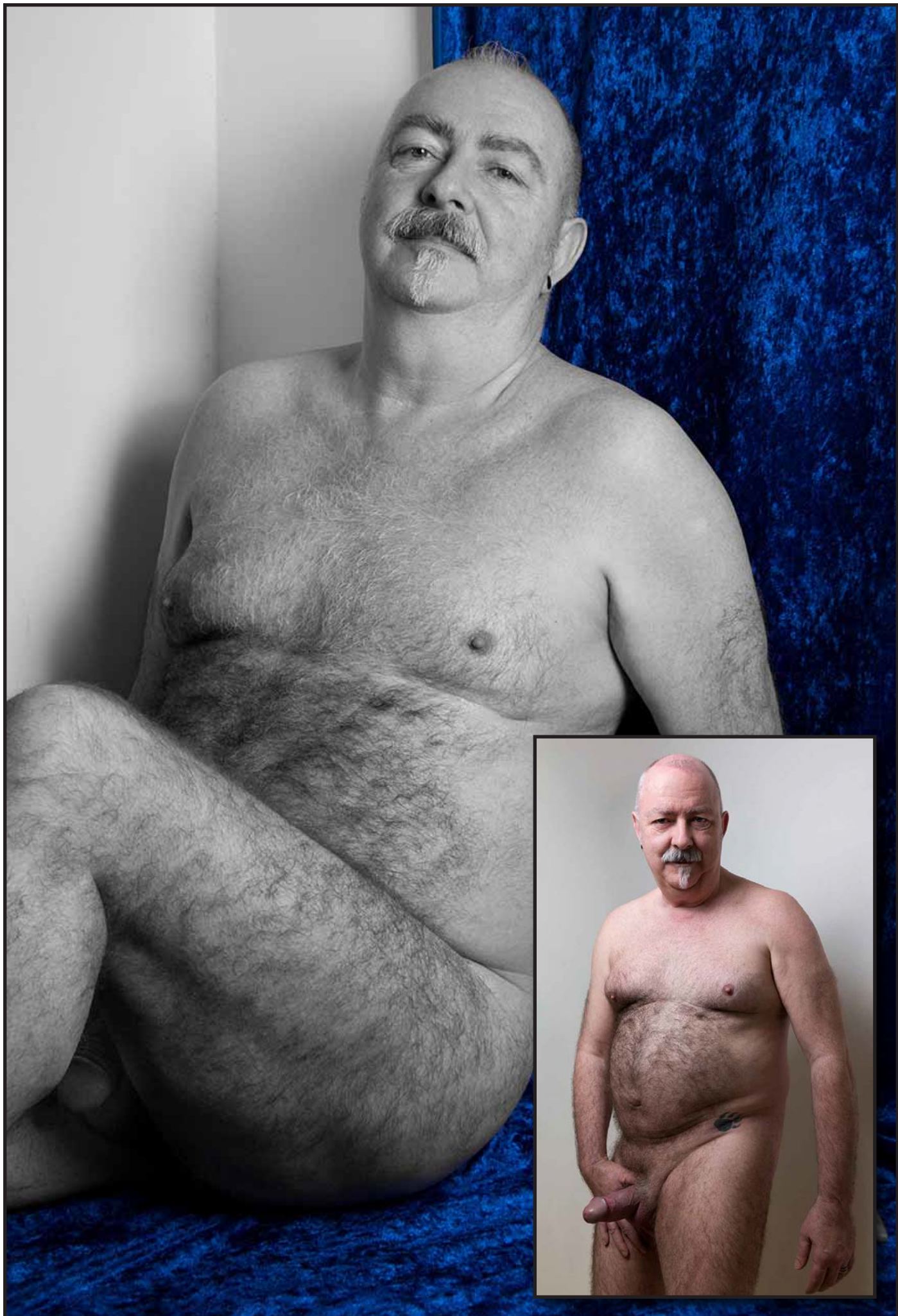


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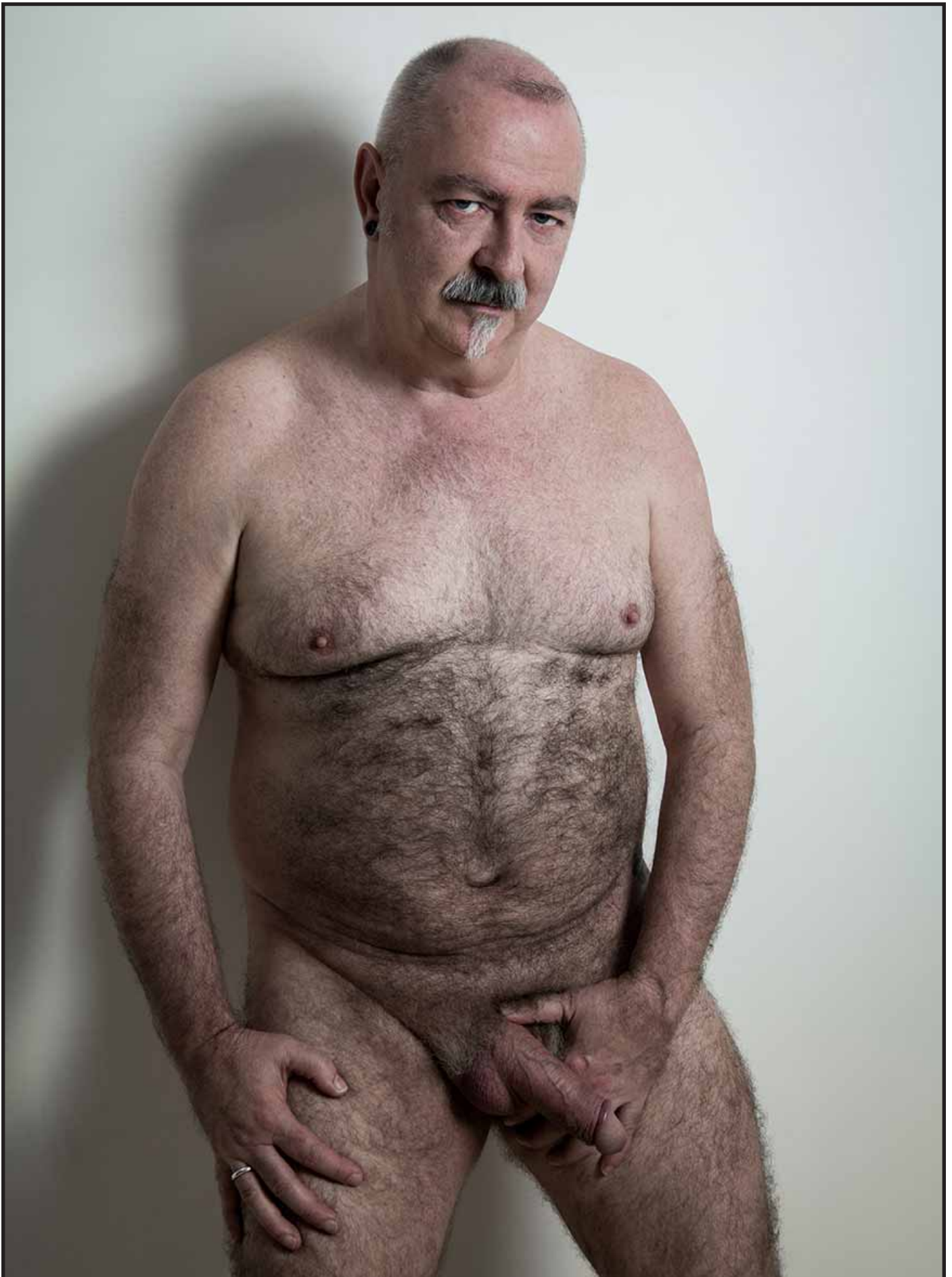




Wilfred







Wilfred



**My  
Jarhead  
Roommate**

**Story  
by  
Champ**

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My life had not been the easiest, but who's is? I'd made my own choices with little to no regret.

So there I was, in the United States Marine Corps, with two more years to go before my discharge. There's a transfer to Japan in my hands. I was really excited to be going there.

But when I first got there I found the accommodations less than desirable. Let's just say, I'd rather have a tent in the woods than sleep in the quarters that I was assigned.

But, thankfully, I knew someone stationed here. I gave my friend Brent a call. We'd known each other through all of the basic schools that we all had to endure after boot camp.

He was pretty much my best friend in Marine Corps. Even though we'd been separated for a few years, we still kept in contact. And I knew he was here at this base.

Brent was quick off the mark to come and pick me up from the hell hole I was placed in and offered me the extra bunk in his very fine three man barracks room.

He was the only one assigned to the room, so it was no problem. God, was I grateful. Brent was a good pal. But he was very seriously engaged to a beautiful young Japanese woman. I liked Brent a lot, but I knew he was straight. Anyway, I finally got settled in and was really enjoying being stationed in Japan. Brent was even able to pull a few strings to get me assigned to his squadron, so that we could work together. What a pal!

Well, the day came when Brent decided that he needed to live with his fiancée, outside of the base. I was happy for him, but more so for myself.

That meant that I could have a room designed for three men, all to myself. I gladly helped him move his personal belongings to his fiancée's place. After all, it was the least I could do. I thought the world of Brent. Still do.

Anyway, I was just settling into my own private room, which is pretty rare by Marine Corps standards. The very next evening, I'd just gotten back from work and there is some guy unpacking his gear and moving himself right in to my fucking room. I was quite pissed at first, but I knew it wasn't his choice or his fault. You

go where you're told in the Marines, unless you have connections.

So, I simply introduced myself to my new roommate. I noticed right away that he was very buff and very handsome. He seemed nice, but very aloof. Not exactly like he didn't like me, more like he could care less. I thought, "Okay, this is cool, maybe this guy won't bug me and we can co-exist in a very neutral way." However, something about this guy was bothering me. He seemed familiar somehow.

Finally I realized where I'd seen him before, I said, "You're from New Point aren't you?", that was my last duty station. He said, "Yea, so what?" I said, "Yes, I knew I'd seen you somewhere before." He couldn't care less. He pretty much ignored my statement. So I spoke up, "I've seen you at Breakers bar in town, haven't I?" He gave a non committal shrug. This guy was going to be tough, but at that point I didn't care. I just said, "Well, I'm from Ohio, how about you?" He actually brightened up then, and said, "I'm from Ohio too." We finally shook hands. His name was Griff, he said that was short for something or other I don't remember. Anyway, we were a little more comfortable with each other after that.

I had quite a little home entertainment system by now, so he was at my mercy. If he was to watch any videos or listen to a good stereo system he must go through me first. I told him to make himself at home. I was more than accommodating, I showed him how to use the remotes for everything. My thought was, "If I have to live with this guy, he might as well be as comfortable as I can make him" that way, I'll be comfortable too.

Anyway, I think I did make a conscious effort to avoid him, you know, to let him get settled in and have a little space for a while. So I went out with my new found work friends, and Brent.

Days went by. I couldn't help but notice that when he got up in the morning, he was completely nude. I'd never had a roommate do that ever. Obviously he slept in the nude. I didn't know.

I used to lay awake in my bunk in the mornings and watch him go into the shower and



come out. His body is something to behold. Beautifully sculpted and I could tell that he spent a lot of time making it that way.

So I come in one night after drinking heavily with some of my friends. He greets me at the door, "Where the hell have you been?" he asked. I was a little trashed, and somewhat confused by his attitude. "I was just out with some friends." I say. He says, "Well, some guys came looking for you earlier, I told them I didn't know where you were!" He seemed overly excited, as if he was worried about me or something. I said, "Yea, I met up with them a while ago."

He looked so fucking handsome at that moment. He seemed so concerned for my health and well being. I was touched. I couldn't take my eyes off him.

Then I realized why I couldn't take my eyes off of him: he was just two inches from my face. He wasn't looking into my eyes though, he was staring down at my chest.

I didn't understand this move or his

motives. Of course at this stage in my life I didn't understand much of anything. I just thought he was too ashamed to look me in the eye. I was backed up against the door so I had to grab his shoulders and move him back, so I could get out of this awkward position. I don't like to be backed into a corner, no one does.

As I touched his body, he slowly looked up into my eyes. He seemed to relax a little. I was confused, I never thought that this hunky man could be so vulnerable.

Could he have missed me? "No!", I thought, "don't flatter yourself", but my hands on his shoulders felt so right.

As I moved him back away from me, his hands slowly found my waist. I thought I was imagining it, because of my buzz. But then he pulled me close to him. I was very erect by now. His jeans hid very little, I could feel that he was hard too.

I said, "What's up man?" He said, "You know!", and I did. I wasn't sure, but I think I did know. This guy was a fantastic specimen of a

human being. Perfect body, perfect face and staring right into my eyes. He was fucking beautiful.

I couldn't ask for more. I wrapped my arms around him kissed him as deeply as I could. He was more than responsive. His mouth was mine. His ass, at last, was mine to grope. I felt this guy up, like no one I'd ever been with before. After all, he was a Marine. And a damn fine one at that.

He pulled me onto his bunk, right on top of him. I pulled off his tee shirt and found his nipples. His chest was slightly hairy, I love that, I licked his nipples until he moaned. We undressed each other in a hurry. This guy had the best body that I'd ever seen. He kissed my neck and my chest. He flipped me over and went to work on my dick. It seemed that he'd had some experience with sort of thing. So I just let him work his magic.

Once Griff wrapped his lips around my cock, I was his. My whole body shook. I can't describe the feeling of having a totally masculine man put his mouth around my dick. I actually trembled. It was so fucking hot.

Griff licked my cock like he'd been doing it for years. I felt the urgent need to reciprocate -- besides, I hadn't had a cock in my mouth since I was 18. I was due. I quickly moved him into a 69 position that would have pleased any of the gods.

I put my mouth on his cock, and it was the sweetest thing that I'd ever tasted. This guy must have honey with his corn flakes, because his dick was very tasty. His precum was very sweet.

Then he started to lick my hole. I got very tense at this point. I knew I must make a move. So I flipped him around. I'm no slob, I have a pretty good build myself.

He seemed agreeable to this new position. So I decided to lick his great lips, and he responded by sticking his tongue deep into my mouth. Once his legs were upon my shoulders, I knew that this was exactly where I should be.

The heat from his body was incredible. I was totally consumed. I positioned my dick at the entrance to his hole. He was moving his ass around like he knew what was coming. He had

no idea.

I pushed the head of my cock into him. He just winced a little. Then I shoved a little more in, and his eyes opened really wide, but he knew he couldn't make a noise, because the guys next door might hear and know what was going on. His asshole was very tight and warm around my cock. I loved the feeling of being inside him.

He moaned a little and that got me going. I let him move his legs down around my waist. I pushed my cock as far into him as I could, with his legs wrapped around me. I put my lips to his and he gladly accepted my tongue. I really just wanted to keep him quiet. As I shoved my dick in and out of him, I felt such an immense closeness to him. I wanted to be inside him forever.

All of a sudden I felt his asshole tighten around my dick. He was spasming! I couldn't control myself, I started to cum. I tried to shove my entire body into his asshole. I was on fire and nothing could stop the on-coming maelstrom.

I needed to be inside this man, like nothing that I'd ever needed before. His ass was so hot and it was twitching like nothing I ever felt before. His first shot hit my chest and I knew he was cumming. His asshole squeezed my dick again and again, and I was lost. I came in such torrents that can only be described as a tsunami. Griff was moaning so loud that I had to put my hand over his mouth again.

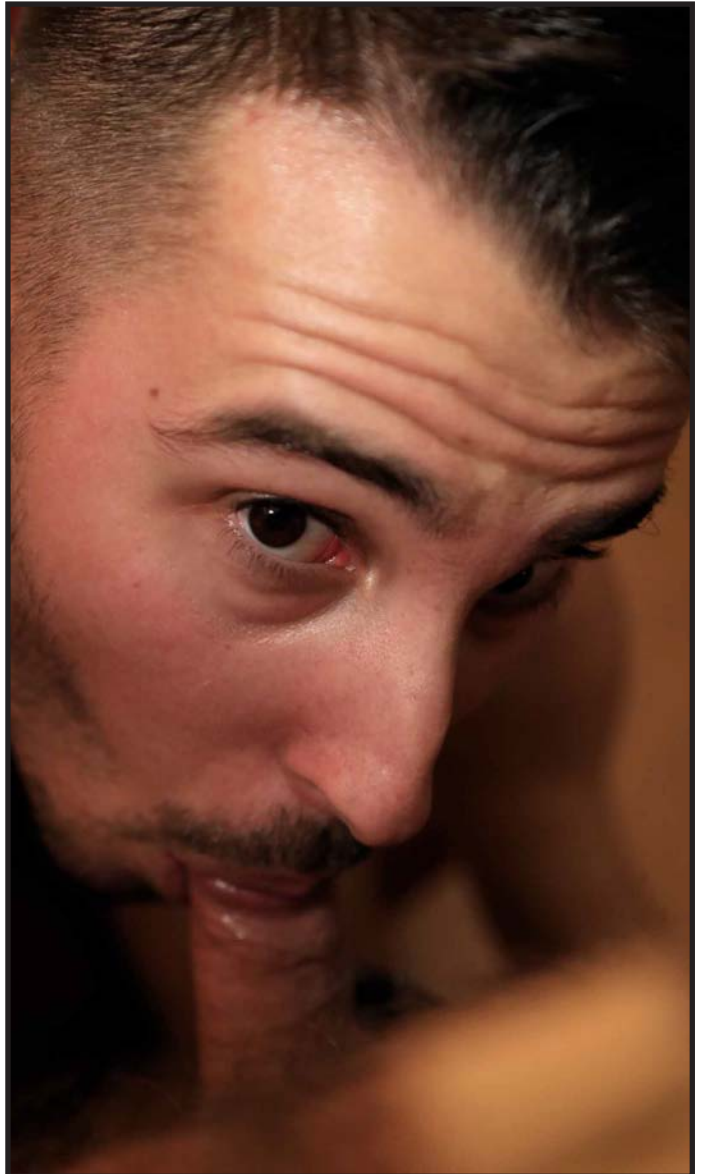
I finally pulled my dick out of him and he just said thanks. I was so happy that I could produce so much pleasure in another guy. None of the women that I ever fucked thanked me.

Griff and I remained friends and fuck buddies until I left.



Elias





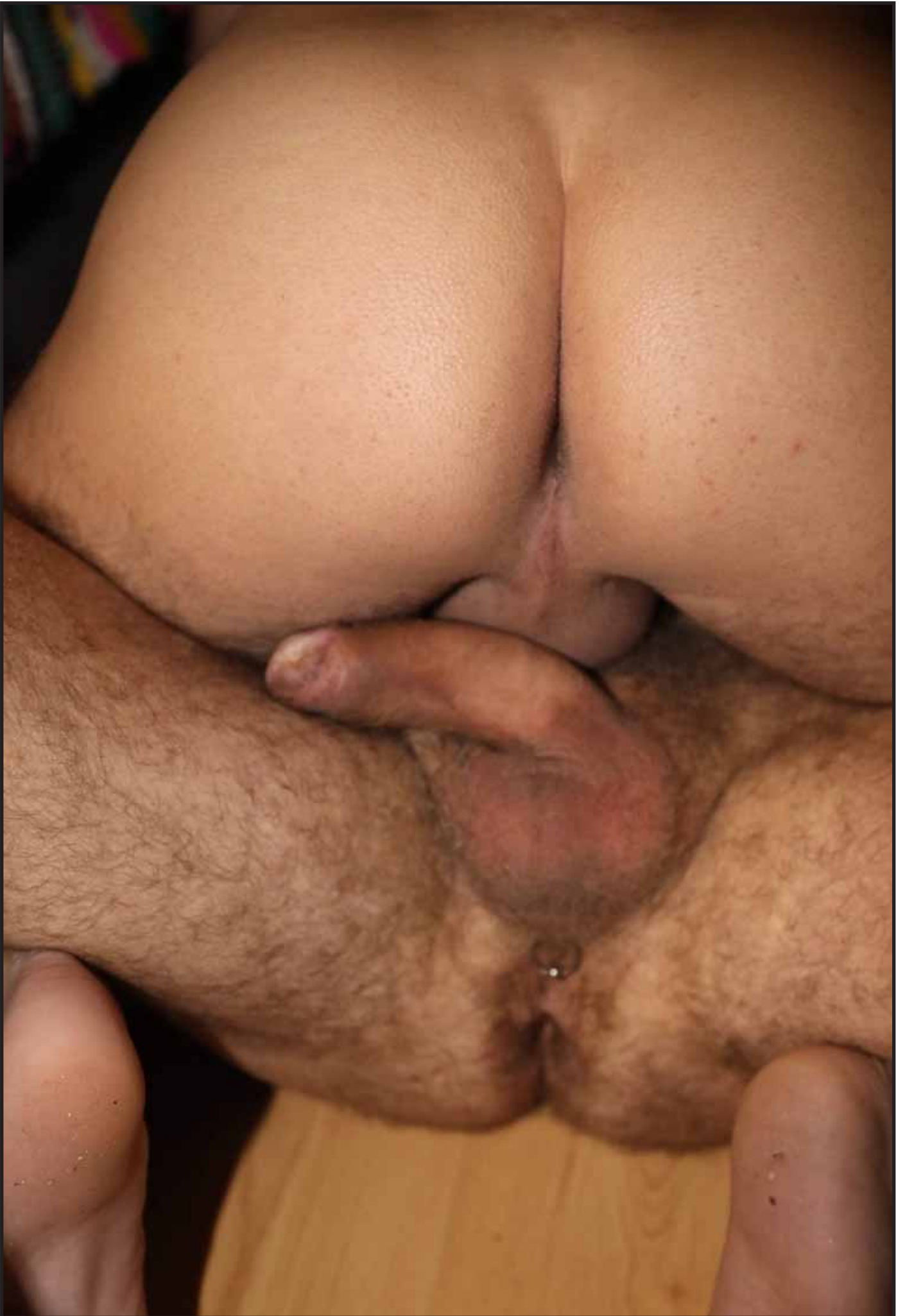














**Social  
Media**



**Elias  
Myrsinias**

Mick smiles and thanks the waitress, she winks and walks back to kitchen to put their orders in. Mick turns to Blake, "So you come here often?"

Blake shrugs, "time to time, if I get up early enough to have some breakfast, otherwise I go straight to the office."

"It must be nice, living near a place like this," says Mick, "I really like their food."

"Yeah it is kind of nice," says Blake, who'd actually never stopped to think appreciate it.

"I bet," says Mick with a chuckle. "Haha, I can't wait to see your office!" he adds.

"Oh, yeah...my office," says Blake, un-enthusiastically. He was a little nervous at the thought of showing Mick his office, not exactly knowing what state it was going to be in when they got there. "Well...I...uh...hope you like..."

"Coffee!" says Mick suddenly, looking up excitedly.

"Coffee?"

Blake didn't get to finish. The waitress returns with two big coffee mugs and a piping hot pot of coffee. She sets the mugs down and is ready to pour the coffee when she stops for a moment.

"And coffee and juice all around?" asks the waitress, with an insisting smile, "I realize I didn't ask you boys what you wanted to drink, but...it comes with it," she adds.

"Yes, please," says Mick, looking so excited about the food, and coffee, that if he had a tail it would be wagging frantically.

Blake nods.

The waitress pours the steaming black coffee into the two white mugs. The logo on the side of the coffee pot reads "C.B." Blake loved the sound of hot coffee pouring into mugs.

Mick takes a sip first, then smiles and nods.

"You boys need any cream?" asks the waitress.

"Yes please," says Blake, usually he drinks his coffee black sometimes with sugar. He didn't remember if Mick takes his coffee with cream or not. "You?" asks Blake, looking at Mick.

"Oh, yeah," says Mick, giving Blake a wink.

Blake nearly blushes. The waitress giggles and goes off to the kitchen, and then gives the men an assortment of cram, all different kinds, half and half, and carafes of milk and heavy cream. "I brought everything we had just in case," says the waitress, smiling.

Blake looks at her, confused, as if she'd lost her mind, or he had made her angry somehow and she was being passively aggressive, but she seemed sincere.

"Uh, thanks, thanks a lot," says Blake, smiling.

The waitress smiles back at him.

"Now, you boys let me know if you need anymore," she says.

Blake laughs nervously.

"I think we've both got plenty of cream," says Blake, then blushes.

"I bet you have," says the waitress, with a wink and a nudge. Blake blushes. Mick chuckles. The waitress heads back to the kitchen as Blake and Mick doctor up their coffees.

Blake looks at each carafe to which one is which, "I didn't know that there were so many options for cream, I hope we didn't upset her."

Mick shakes his head, "Nah man! She seems to be the kind of person to take that extra step for her customers."

"Yeah? Well...it's a good thing we didn't ask for butter," says Blake.

Mick suddenly roars with laughter, making Blake jump a bit as he was pouring cream into his coffee, almost spilling it over himself and the blue manila folder (he got a few drops on it). Blake goes for a napkin to

wipe the folder off. Mick was still laughing, like a dog, howling.

“It wasn’t that funny,” says Blake.

“Ah, man,” says Mick, calming down, “You sure are a character.”

“I am?” asks Blake.

“Yeah, buddy. You just don’t know how funny you are,” says Mick, as he started to fix his own coffee. Blake raises an eyebrow. “You remind me of someone.”

“Who?” asks Blake.

Mick looks like he’s about to answer, but then looks down, and goes to pour sugar in his coffee, followed by a sigh. His whole attitude changed in that moment.

“Hey, you okay?” asks Blake.

Mick stirs his coffee, pouring in some cream.

“Yeah, just...just remembering’...” says Mick, looking down in his coffee, “Just memories.”

“Yeah?” asks Blake, wiping off the last drops of coffee and cream from the manila folder. “Good or bad?” he asks.

Mick looks up at Blake from his cup of coffee, he gives a faint smile. “Both,” he says, and takes a sip.

Blake nods, “Yeah...I understand that, man,” says Blake, with an equally solemn expression.

Then Mick seems to suddenly perk up, reacting to the coffee he’s sipping. He raises his eyebrows and lowers the cup, nodding in approval. “Mmm...” he swallows, “That’s some good coffee.”

“I know, right?” asks Blake. “They have the best coffee here.”

Mick takes another sip of his coffee and sighs in relief, “I wonder what brand of coffee this is?”

Blake sips his coffee as well, he didn’t add any sugar. “Don’t know. You know, all the times I’ve had coffee here, I never asked. Maybe we should ask the waitress when she gets back.”

“Yeah,” says Mick, taking another sip. Jezebel

He sees Blake open the blue manila folder again, going over the designs and plans for the hotel. “So, Blake, since we’re working on this case together...I hate to bring this up during breakfast but...do you mind telling me more about your relationship with Jezebel?”

Blake looks up from the folder, cup of coffee in hand. He wasn’t prepared for that question, even though he should have been. Mick notices the look on Blake’s face.

“It’s no problem if ya don’t buddy. If you’re not ready,” he laughs nervously, “I was just...”

“No, you’re right,” says Blake. He shuts the manila folder. “I’ve been avoiding it,” he closes his eyes and sighs as well. “But, it’s my case...our case... and why we’re working together in the first place, right? So, you have a right to know, if we’re going to move forward with this...” Blake looks at Mick. He could tell Mick knew he was stalling with his words. Of course he had to know more about Jezebel, it was the only way they could work on the case together. “When I knew her, I didn’t know her as Jezebel, I didn’t know that was her name. I knew her as Christina.”

“I take it you didn’t know she was Newman’s daughter?” asks Mick.

“No, not at all. I would have never guessed that...I didn’t even...I don’t know where to begin...there’s so much...and so much I didn’t know...” Blake looks like his mind was unraveling. Mick’s warm hand comes over to place on top of his.

“It’s okay, buddy,” says Mick’s deep warm voice. “Take your time.”

Blake nods and breathes deep.

“Okay,” he says, looking determined, and ready.

“You said, that the last time you saw her, was on the docks,” says Mick.

“Yeah,” says Blake, “She was staring at me, the weather was changing rapidly like a rain storm was coming in and she was saying we couldn’t see each other any more, she

wouldn't say why. I'm not sure if it was me or she was seeing someone else, but the lake waters on docks started to wave as if they were wanting to take her, during all this time she was calm, like she knew this was gonna happen." Blake looks down at his coffee, half full, when the memory came back, in full view, as if he could see it happening again, in his coffee cup. The vision of the docks, the storm, and Jezebel, looking at him, deeply, with those cold cobalt eyes, her blonde hair billowing in the rain and howling wind. He felt that same coldness in his heart and in his stomach. He felt he had known what she was going to do. That it was always going to lead to that moment on the docks. She looked almost ethereal, standing there, her coat blowing behind her like robes, or a cloak, almost beckoning him, giving him a choice to follow her. Blake gulped, and suddenly breathed for air, as if he had to pull himself out of his memory, like he was swimming up from the depths, pulling himself up over the surface of water. He looks up from his black coffee, and at Mick, who looks back at him with concern in his face, not only concern, but as if he wanted to tell him something badly, but could not. That's when Blake's attention, and memory breaks, with the clatter of dishes, he turns to see the waitress struggling with balancing their plates of food, on a tray, one exceptionally large one, with sausages and pancakes, almost fell off the end.

"Well, that was close," says the waitress," balancing the plates, and letting out a nervous laugh. She comes over to the two men, balancing the tray like a seesaw, almost stumbling with it again and manages to walk towards the men's table, the sausages seeming to roll from plate to plate. The waitress places down the tray holding both plates, "Here we go gentle men, one lumberjack special with blueberry pancakes, and another lumberjack special with buttermilk pancakes," She places the plates in front of

the men and grabs her tray. "Is there anything else you boys need?" asks the waitress, sounding willing to help them out with anything they'd like. Blake looks around, there was an enormous amount of food, and there was butter, and syrup (every kind they had it seemed).

"No, thanks, I think we're set," says Blake. "Just one more cup of this incredible coffee," he adds finishing his cup in one gulp.

"Same here, please," says Mick, smiling with his now empty coffee cup.

"I'll be right back then," says the waitress, and goes back to fetch a fresh coffee pot.

Mick eyes the waitress as she grabs the pot of coffee and heads back to the men, Blake notices the way he looks at her, with a certain fondness, Blake wasn't sure whether the look was attraction or "familiarity". Either way, Blake knew that look of Mick's very well. The waitress comes back with the pot of coffee, with a giddy wiggle in her walk (as if excited just to be around them). She pours Mick's cup first.

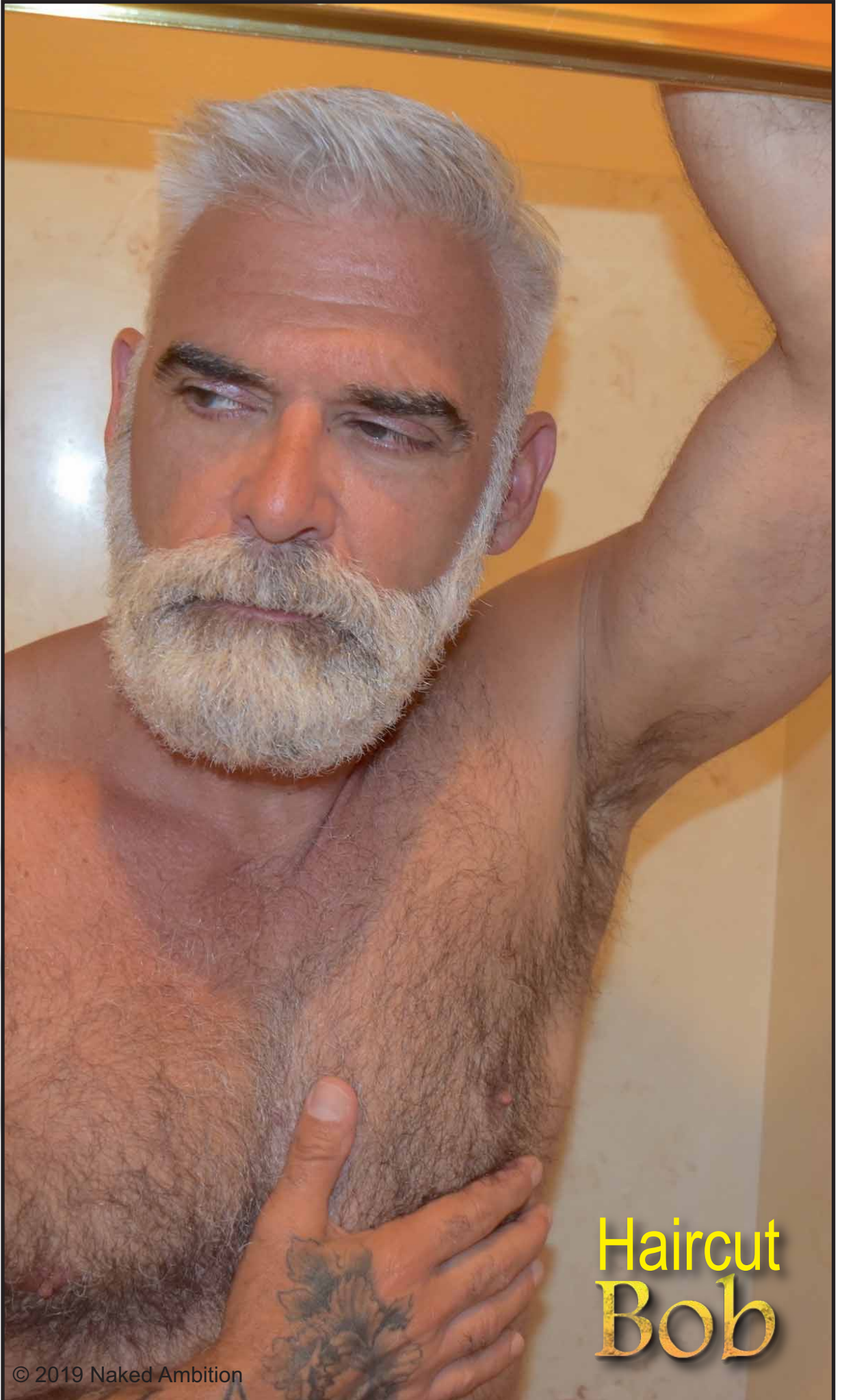
"Thank ya, Miss," says Mick with a wink.

This makes the waitress giggle, looking like she was about to blush, then she turns away, looking happy, only to run head on into another waitress, carrying another tray, causing it to crash to the floor, and coffee to nearly spill all over her, and Blake and Mick's table. A torrent of coffee showers the table, one of the carafes of cream falls over and splatters Blake and Mick. Blake tries to save the blue folder with the blueprints, as cream splashes on both Mick and Blake, getting on their faces, beards, and coats, and pants. Blake tries to keep the folder safe from the overflow of coffee and cream that begins to pour over the table, but as he leaps up, to avoid the spill in his lap, he drops it. The

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Photography by George



Haircut  
Bob

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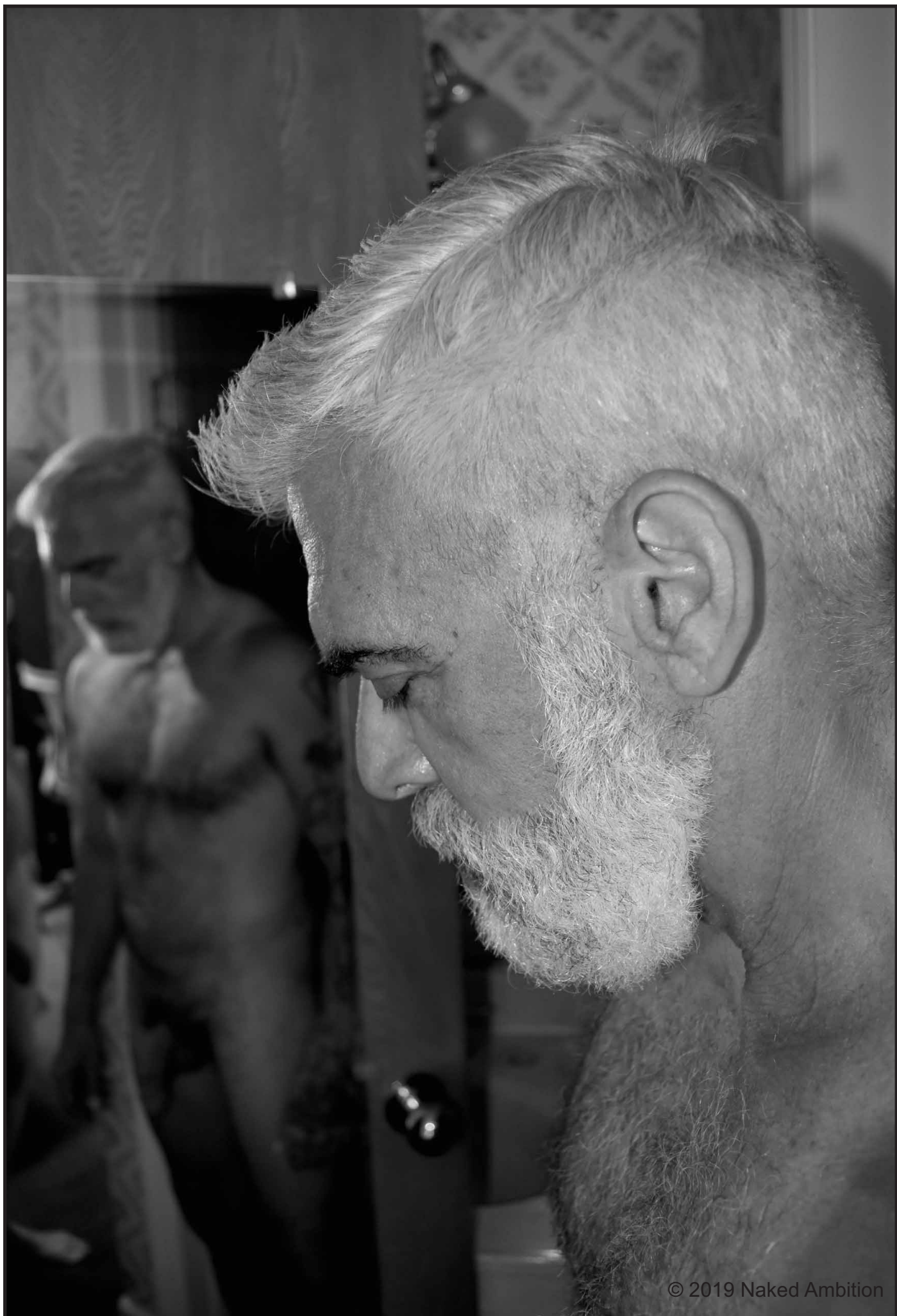
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*Jezebel continued from page 96*

waitress notices the blue folders falling from the table as Blake tries to grab them as the cream carafes break open and spill, and he slips. She leaps down to help him, then looks back at the other waitress who she bumped into, to apologize.

"Oh Jane! Look what you've done!" says the other waitress, who's looking very flustered in the aftermath of all the dishes on the floor.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," says the waitress, Jane, trying to pick up broken dishes, and tries to grab a cloth napkin and wipe off the other waitress. The other waitress backs away.

"Don't... just... clean up the mess... oh, just look what you did to your customers," she says, motioning to Mick and Blake who were covered in cream.

"Oh, that's okay, I don't mind really," says Blake, feeling bad for their waitress, who he now knew was called Jane. "Happens to me all the time. I'm used to getting cream all over me in the morning."

Mick suddenly let's out a hearty laugh, and tries to suppress it with a hand to his face. Jane suddenly looks at Blake like she was about to smile. Blake looks away, blushing, realizing what he just said in public, to a random person too, Blake covers his face from embarrassment.

"That's not what I meant," says Blake.

"That's exactly what I would have meant," says Mick with a wink. Blake blushes.

Jane looks from Mick and Blake to the other waitress and shrugs, "You see. They don't mind".

The other waitress rolls her eyes and heads back to the kitchen.

"Sorry about that," says Jane "let me get you another carafe of cream."

"I think we've had enough cream, thank you. Stop that!" says Blake, when

Jezebel

Mick gives another snort of laughter.

"I'm sure you boys have," says Jane, with a giggle. "Well, anyway, I'd better get you two cleaned up, says Jane. "I can get some towels and hot water for you".

"That's fine, I'm sure we can clean ourselves up in the bathroom," says Mick, winking at Blake again.

"Yeah, and I wouldn't want to get ya in trouble with your coworker anymore," says Blake, feeling bad for Jane.

Jane giggles again. "Oh, she's just probably crabby since it's near the end of her shift. Now let me grab you those towels." Jane, the waitress, walks back to the kitchen.

Blake turns to Mick and smirks. "Poor girl. She's always really nice. She's much prettier than the other waitress too."

Mick chuckles. "So ya think she's pretty eh?" says Mick, teasingly.

"Well, I uh..." Blake looks bashful, "... I have a type I guess... if I were to...uhhh... please don't tell her I said that".

"All-righty, buddy, you can trust me," says Mick. Blake didn't trust that smile this time.

Jane comes back with towels and a bucket of hot water. She hands the towels to them and helps Blake with his first. She helps get the stains of coffee and cream off their clothes and faces. She particularly seemed to like wiping their beards with the hot wet towel. Blake and Mick didn't ask or expect her to do this, but she insisted, and it was nice, just the same. Blake wondered if this was how dogs felt when being groomed. Mick in particular seemed like a big dog when Jane was toweling him off. Blake had the feeling that Jane just wanted to touch their beards. After Jane was finished, Blake and Mick wipe themselves off the rest of the way. Jane takes another towel, and tries to clean up the table.

"Err... let's uhh.... just get you boys moved to another booth," says Jane, realizing

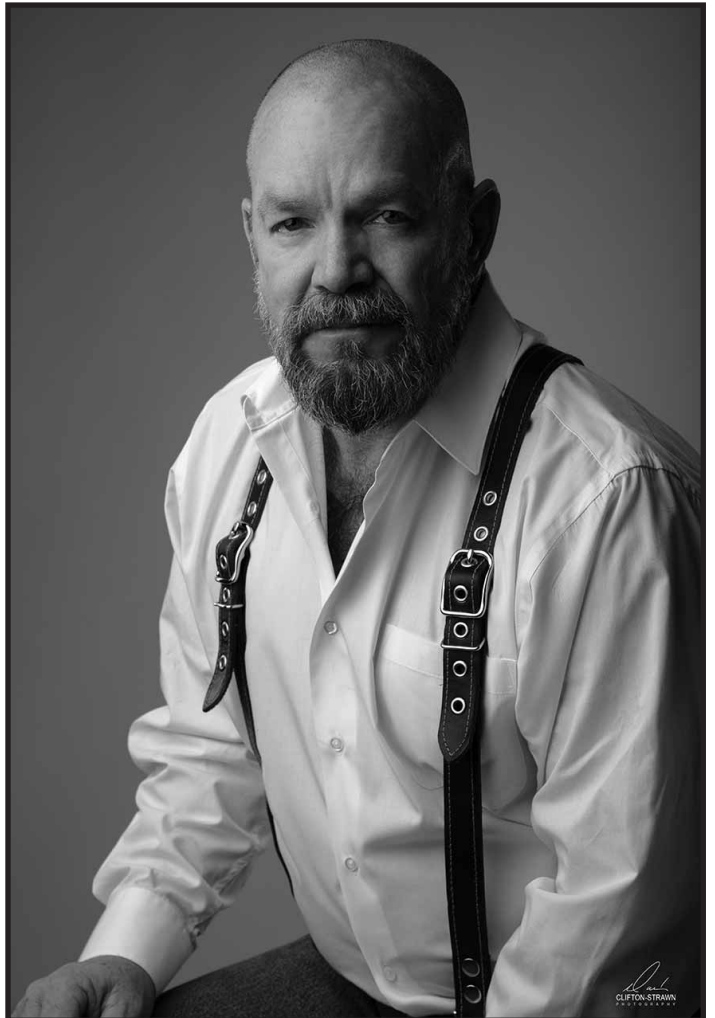
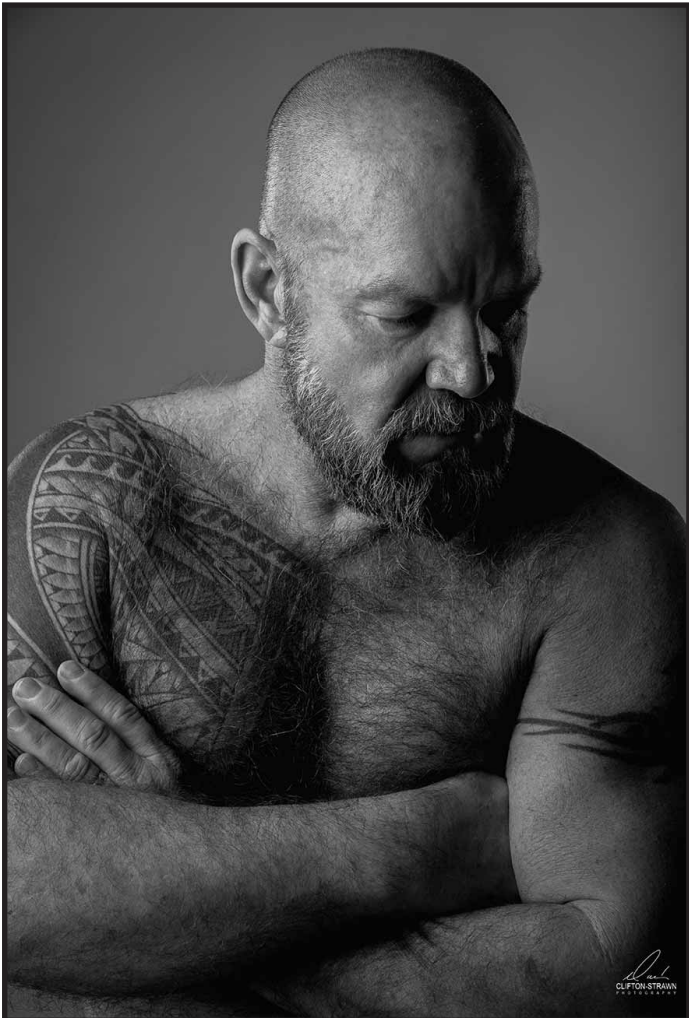
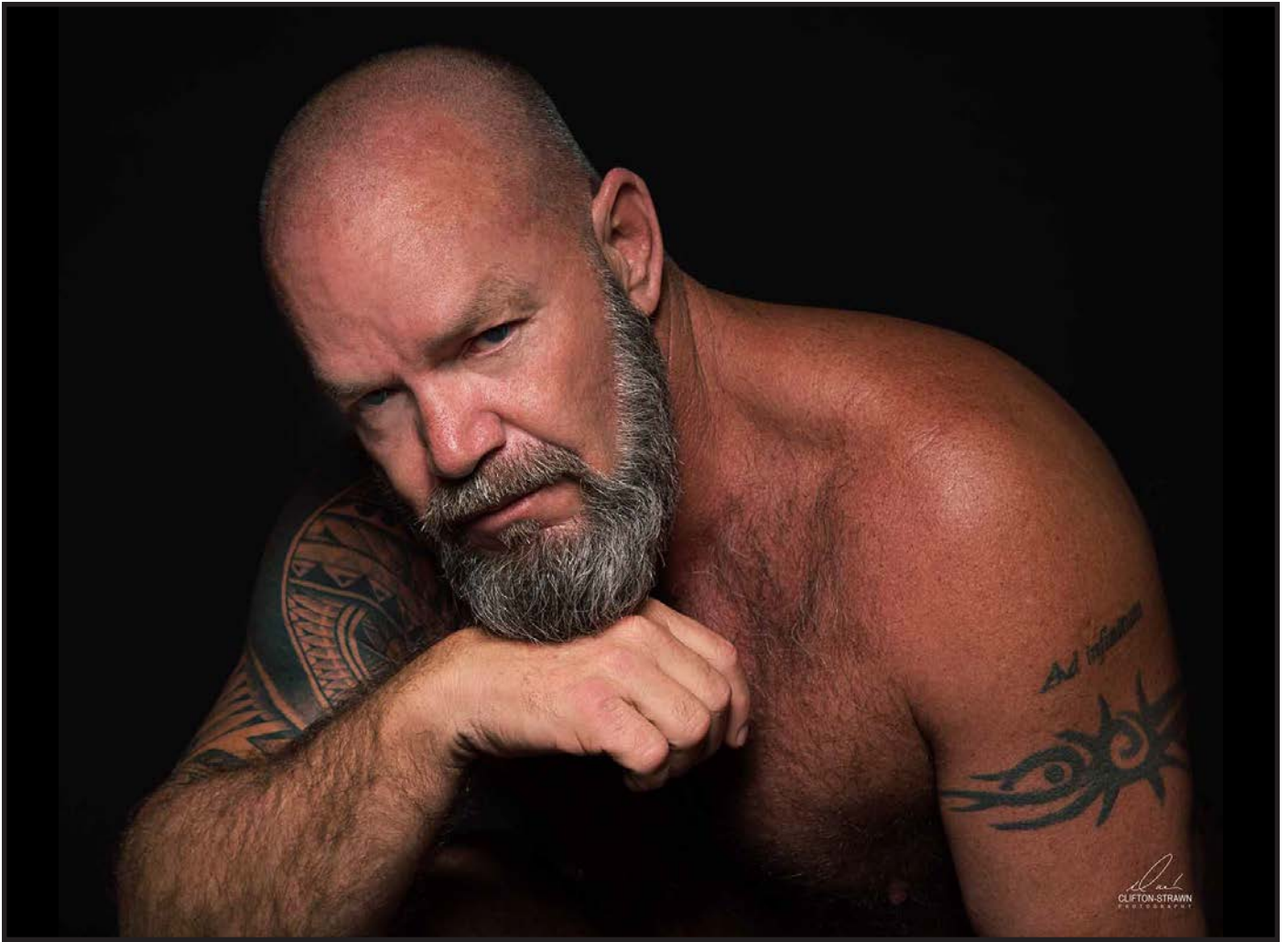
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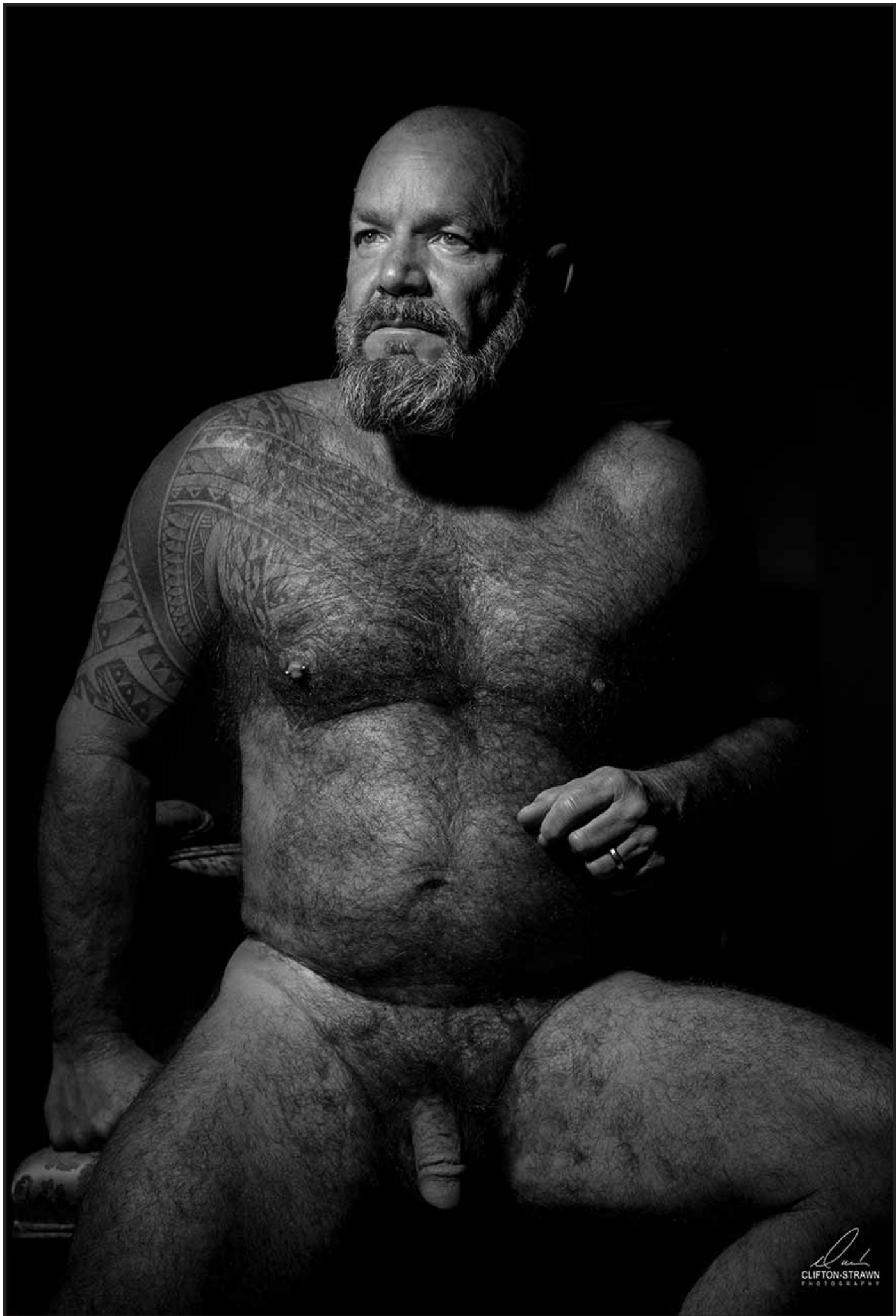
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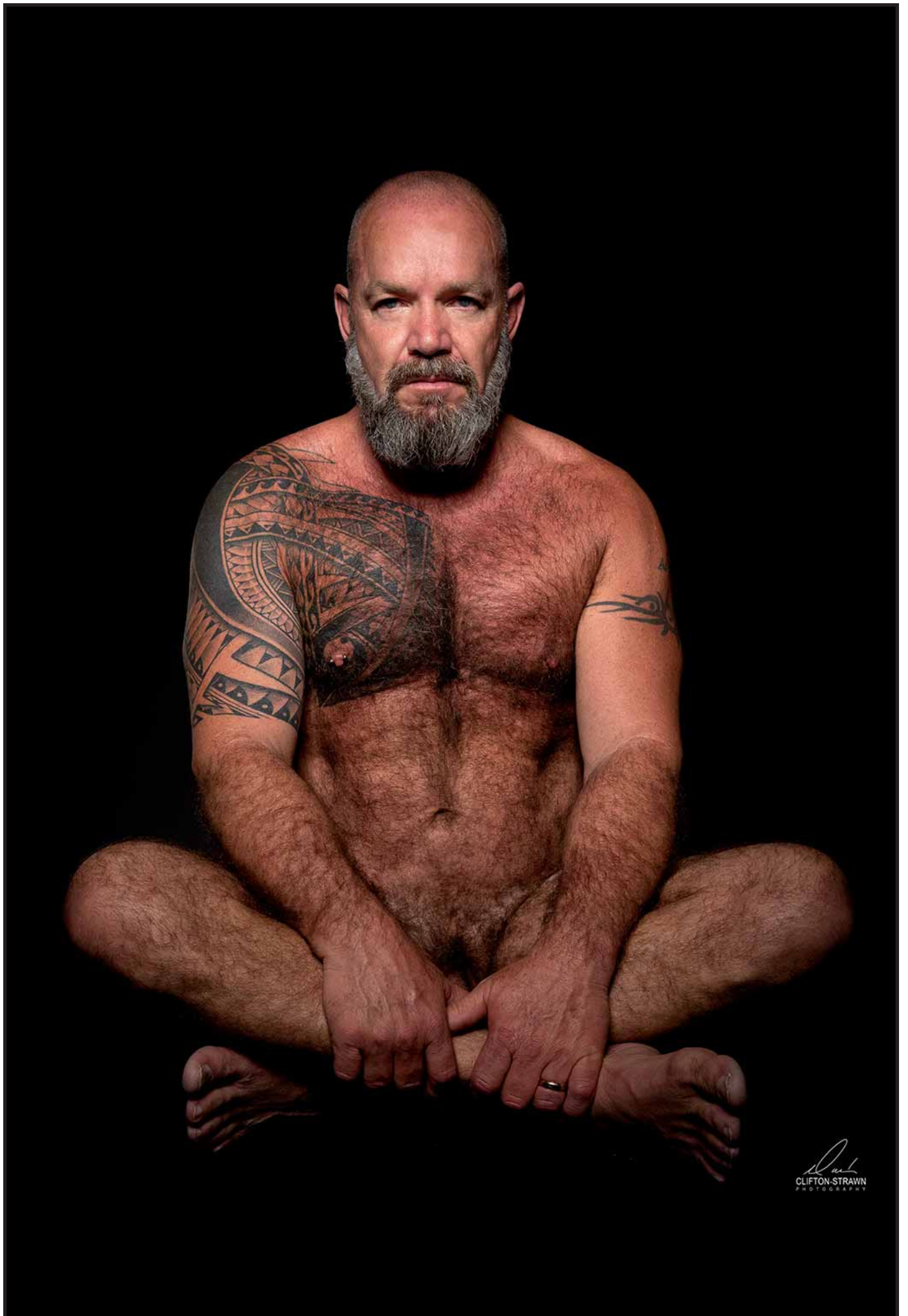
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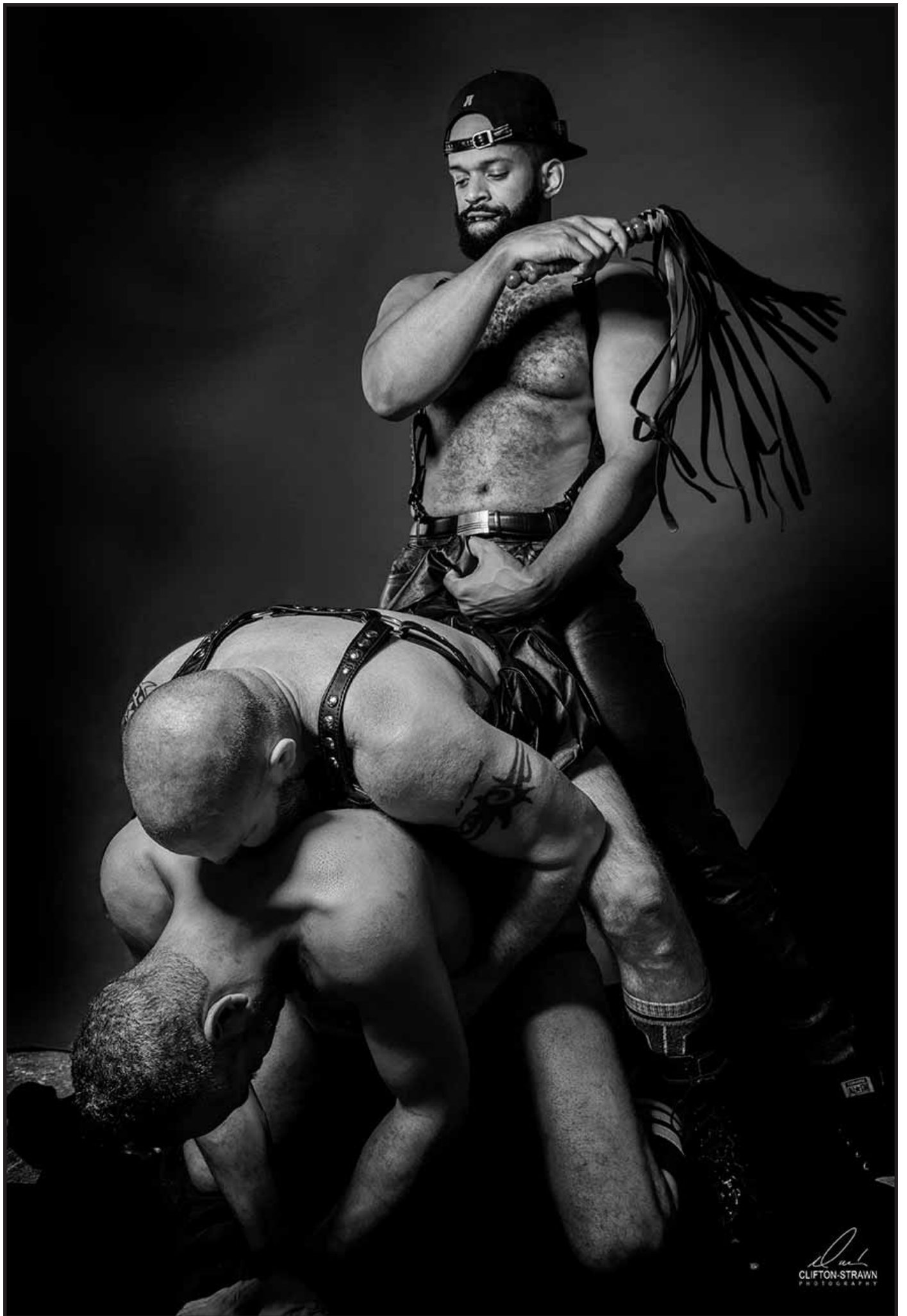
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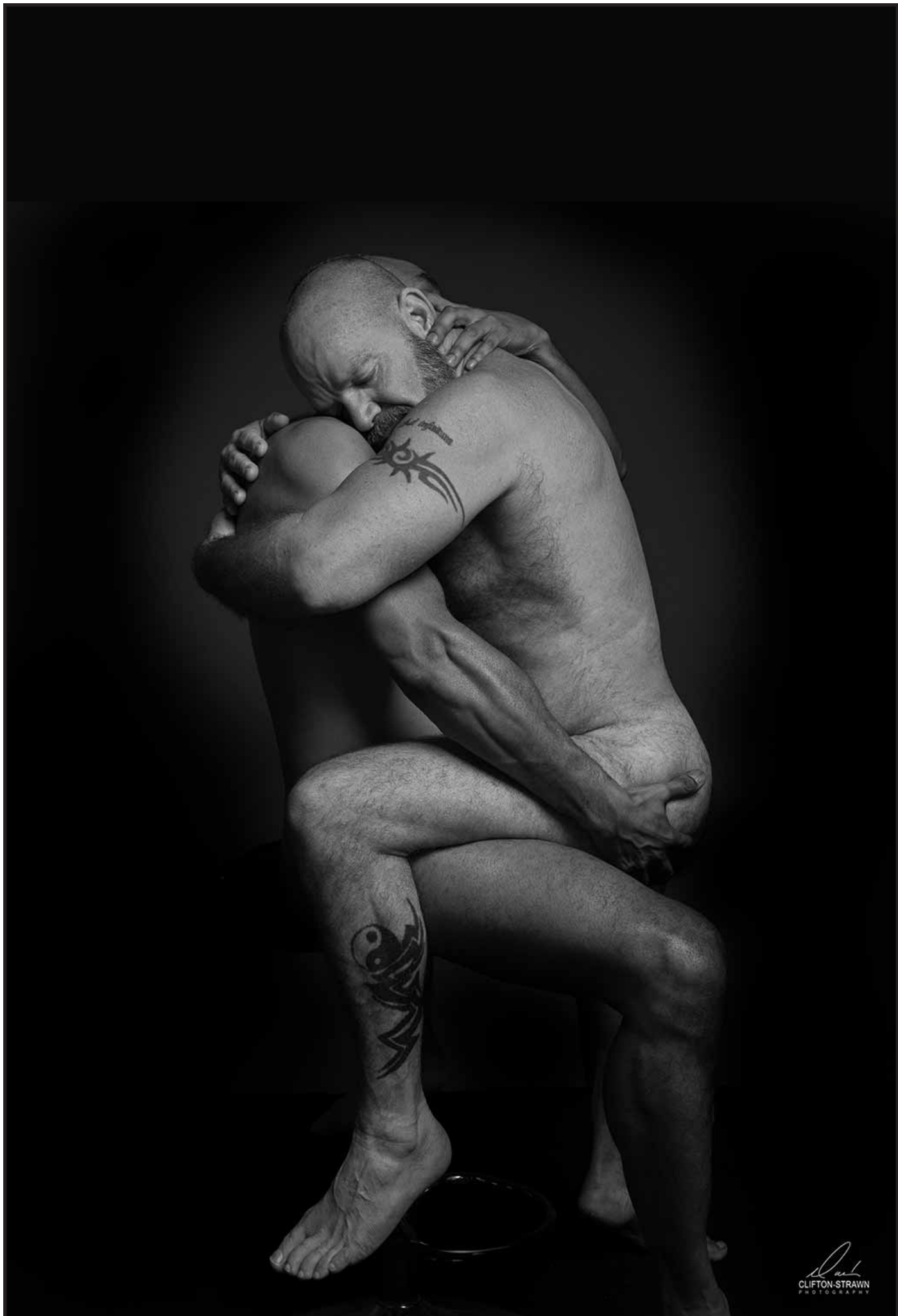
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that a man who I'd not even known save for second and third-hand conversations could be this for me, the part of myself I'd been missing for so long, and never realized?

"Ahhh, yeah, Johnny!" Ben gasped as my lips slid up and down upon his strength and his life. "Ahh, yeahhh!"

I made small grunting sounds without meaning to, the exertion and the trapped air as I moved my mouth back and forth upon his dong drove them out of me, I sounded like some kind of pig, hnk-hnk-hnk-hnk-hnk! I was in a state of sheer bliss, driving this pud in and out of me, and would have continued like this for as long as he would have let me, but then he reached down and his strong arms caught me in the armpits and lifted me up and then I was in his arms and his lips were reaching for mine!

God, the sheer marvel of it, to be held by this strong man, kissing this handsome face, feeling the power of his arms around me, able to crush me if he chose, but choosing instead to hold me with gentleness and passion. My own erection was pressing against his and he reached between us to clutch them together, his hand slid up and down, jerking both of us at once and I had to release his lips, I had to, I had to groan as the pleasure that motion created drove straight through my heart and pinioned it to my brain. My hands fumbled as I tried to touch him everywhere at once, I wanted to somehow bring every part of him under my hands, an impossibility but I need to, I needed to!

"On the bed, Johnny, on the bed." Ben gasped to me. I wouldn't have let go only he pushed against me, not cruelly, but making me move, and I hit the bed with the backs of my legs and I fell over onto it. Bounced, scooted into place, looked up at him.

He was removing his pants, his shoes and socks had vanished from his feet earlier in the day, and were now drying in front of the dying fire in the parlor fireplace. Beneath those were a pair of boxer shorts that he skinned out of and was nude and climbing on top of me. The taste of the skin on his shoulder as I kissed it was of sweat and exertion and the way your body can't evaporate the moisture of the day when the rain comes, all of that laid upon my tongue and sank into my senses, the taste of a man that had worked through the day, the flavor of a body that

had built a piece of the future through the movement of those muscles that now moved to touch me in tenderness.

My legs lifted themselves up to wrap around him as in a dream, I couldn't believe that this was happening, that this man was upon me now, that he was going to take me. When his dong pressed against my anus, all I could do was keen in the pleasure of the touch, the joy of the possession, the delight of the penetration! It was not an easy entrance that he had, my body was unbreached and Ben had to be patient and add more sputum to his shaft, to ease the path, but patient as a blacksmith coaxing a length of metal to slid into a pipe so he could meld them together, Ben continued pressing into my body and after a time, he paused, panting.

"Ahh, Johnny, that should do it for now." He said. "I need you so much I'm near to spilling my seed just from the feel of you."

"God, Ben, yes, please, I need it in me, come on, please!" I begged shamelessly.

"Ah, boy, I'll plow your furrow for you, but I want to do it right by you." Ben said. "Let your body get used to my shaft and then I'll begin my pushing of you."

I clawed at his back as he held himself inside me, crooning wordless sounds that begged him to begin it before I burst, but he kept himself still and then I felt a tension in my bowels that eased and Ben smiled, and that smile told me all and his motion that pulled his cock out of me and then pushed it back in was no surprise at all. That didn't make it any less delightful, I was in awe at the way that this small motion drove so much ecstasy through my body, how every nerve in my skin came alive at once. Ben was above me, his large, supple form curving into mine, his muscles moving in harmony as his hips pumped his prick in and out of me, his smile was there, too, gleaming down at me like the moon, only this one was close enough to touch, and it was all mine!

I lost all track of time, lost in myself and in this embrace, I could only let the pleasures wash through me and over me, cooperate as he moved and I moved with him, and when I got atop him and he was lying under me, tired but still game, I rode him with a joy that no mule or horse could ever have brought to me, for this saddlehorn was driven up inside of me and it was the focus of my world, and I wanked myself as I rode him, pumping my prick with a frenzy I

hadn't done since my first days of puberty, my first discovery of my body's ability to such a height of ecstasy.

Ben's throat was giving out guttural grunts of joy, ah-ah-ah-ah, and they heterodyned with my own, oh-oh-oh-oh-oh! and I was riding Ben and his grunts reached a fever pitch, his fingernails dug into my hips and he groaned, "Oh, Johnny, I'm coming, I'm coming!"

"Oh, yes, yes, uh-huh-uh!" I coaxed him. "Shoot it in me, shoot it in me!" His cock was so hot and so hard, I knew he was right, he was going to come!

"Ah-ah, yes, ah, ah, ah!" Ben groaned. "Here it comes, boy, here it comes! Ah-ah-HAH-AH-GUHHH-HUHHHH!"

I crooned as I felt the hot seed splash up into me, and Ben's fingernails dug into my flesh, eight points, four on each leg, points of pain that somehow transformed into climax, and my body flashed into orgasm, I squirted hard and fast and Ben's eyes grew wide and he howled in his last moments of ecstasy as he felt my seed burning onto his flesh.

"Ah, damn, Johnny, ah, yes, damn!" Ben's words weren't a curse, they were more like a prayer, for they echoed from his soul. I could only sag helplessly down onto him, our body's fluids, sweat and sperm, intermixed, mine upon his chest and his ensconced safely within my guts.

"Ah, boy, that was what I've been dreaming of all these years, and never had a word or memory of it when I woke up." Ben sighed.

"Me, too." I groaned. "God, Ben, we got to come up with a way you can stay in my bed, we just got to!"

"I'll only be down the hall." Ben said as he patted my back fondly, protectively. "I can slip out and join you and get back before dawn. I can wake up when I need to at night."

"But I want you here with me." I groaned out, knowing it was impossible, knowing it was not something I could do without revealing everything to Maw, and that was utterly unthinkable. It was one thing to take a man intended for her, Ben had only been with us for two days, it was another to place him in my bed as my lover. We needed discretion, too, for the neighbors. A hired hand could (just barely) be

placed in a spare bedroom, more often he had his own place in the barn like the tack shed. But in the son's bed...no, that wouldn't be tolerated, it would generate gossip that could lead to trouble; a farmer depended upon his neighbors.

So it was in a hopeless way that I slept and awoke the next day, moving through the motions of dressing and going to tend to the chickens and pigs and the mule. I could have sent Ben out to do it, but I looked at him still sleeping, his face soft and beautiful in the morning light, and I walked out to see a marvelous rainbow in the western sky, framed against the clouds that had burst out upon us the evening before.

I went back inside and Maw was fixing breakfast.

"You did the chores?" she asked me. "Why not put Ben to it?"

"He was sleeping." I said. "Besides, I'm used to it."

"I know." she said.

"Guess we should go get him a bed soon as he gets up." I sighed.

"Why don't I get dressed and come with you?" Maw said. "We can get married, him and me, and won't be no need for a bed, will there?"

I felt a stab through my heart at that. Ben might well marry Maw...and he was mine!

"If that's what you think is best." I said and it was ripped right through my heart as I said it.

"I think it's best he be married to me if he's going to stay in the house." Maw said. "That way, won't nobody be surprised he's in here and not out in the barn. And you and him can keep right on sharing that bed of yours easier that way."

"Maw?" I said, looking at her.

"I woke up last night." Maw explained. "So you don't have to explain anything. I knew it anyway, you two looking at each other. I'm a woman, you think I can't read the eyes of a man who's in love?"

"But to marry him."

"Be less scandal that way." Maw said. "People won't notice the two of you getting on that way. And I got another reason to go to town with you today."

"What's that?" I asked.

She smiled at me. "You and Ben together still leaves me alone. We still got to find me a man!"

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# Masked Papis

*Gay gogos in Bogota love to wear #ateliercavalier fetish gear for their private shows.*

Photos by Edward Murillo Moreno

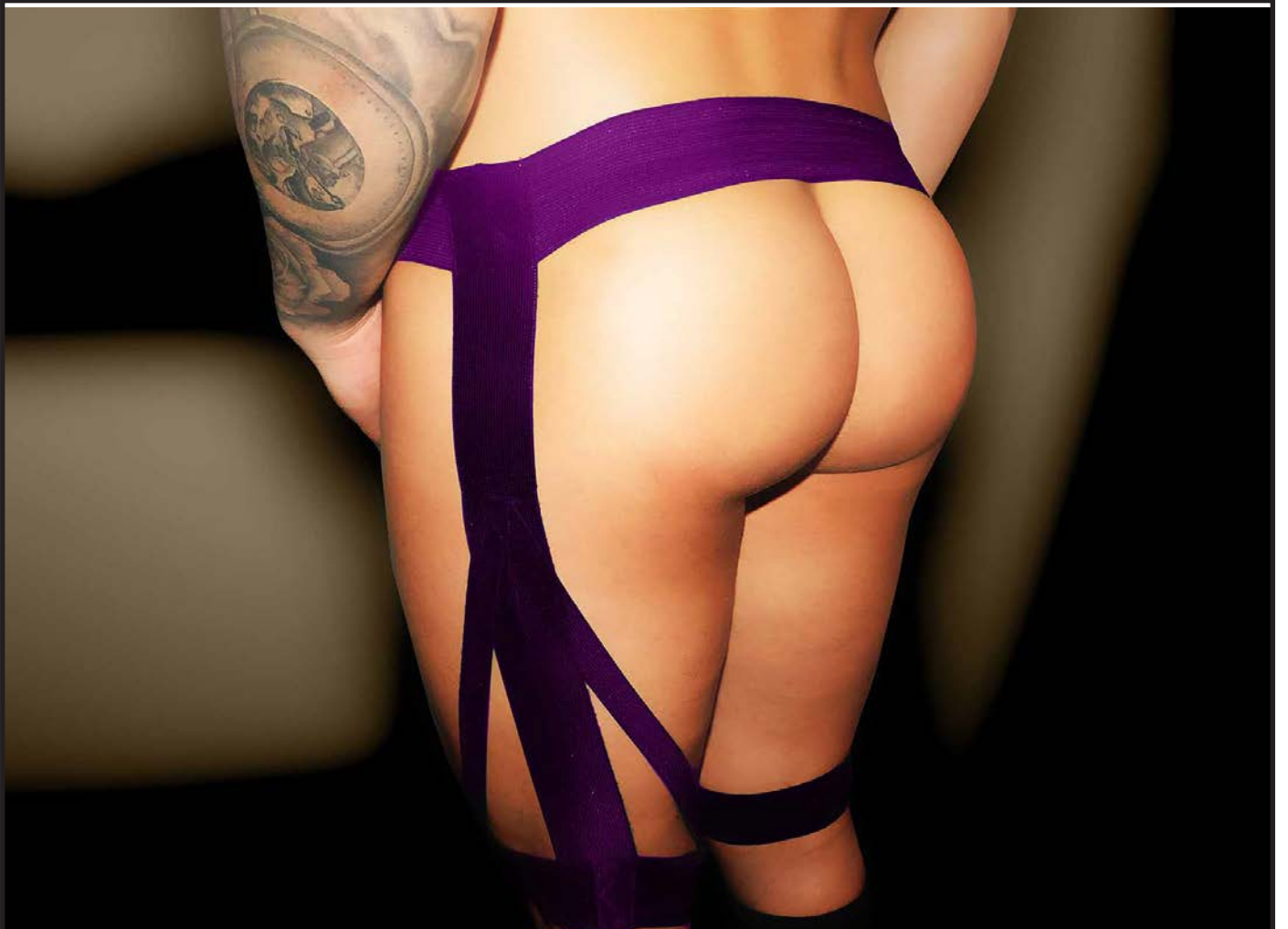


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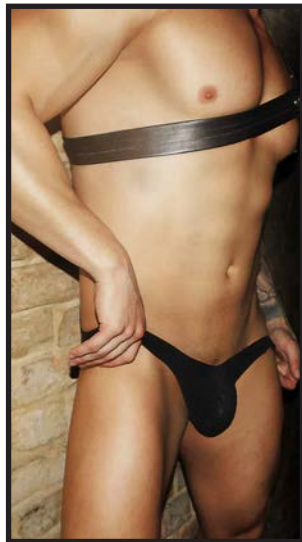
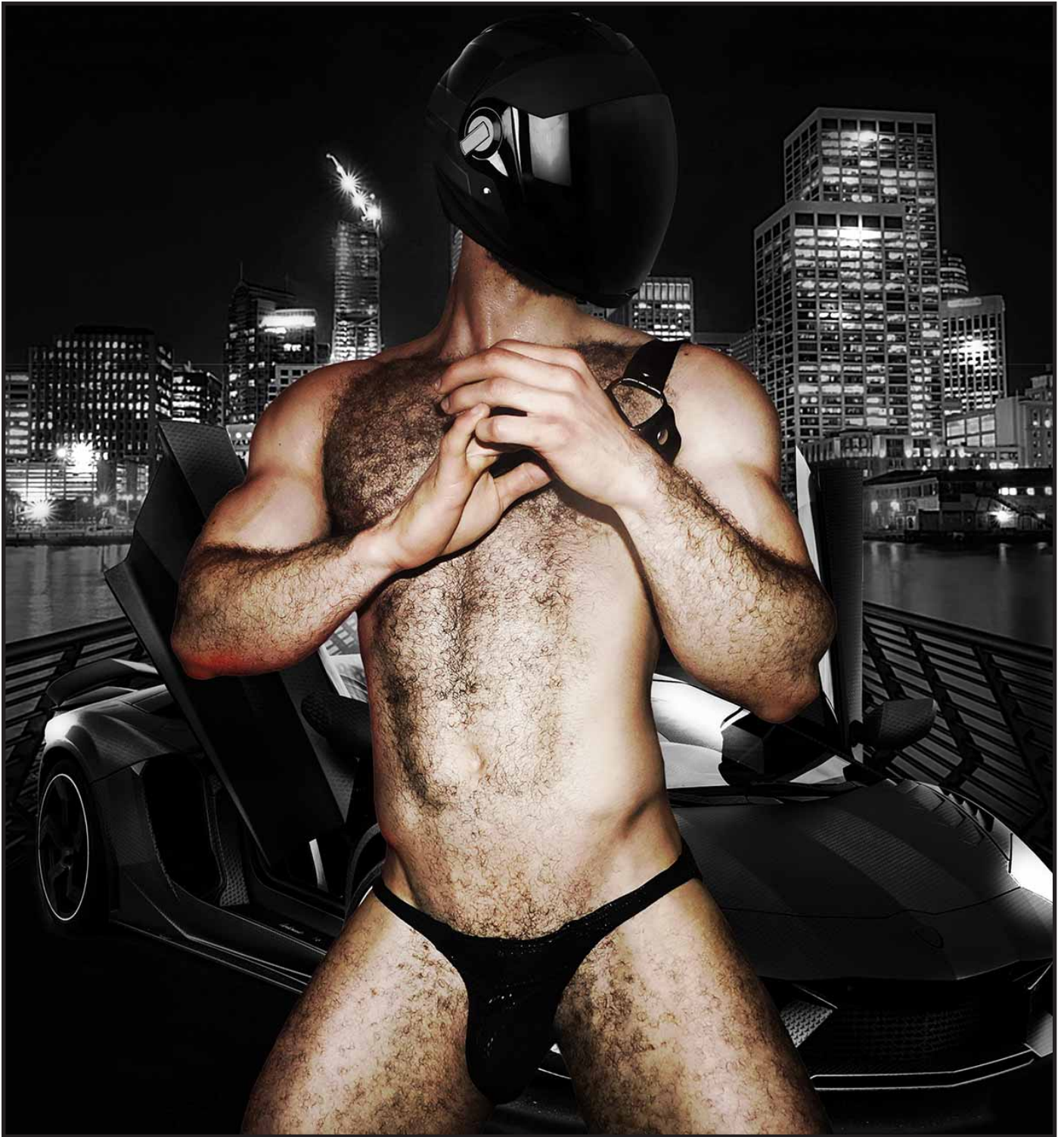








Masked Papis





just how bad the mess was. She leads them to another booth next to the window. They take their seats as Jane brings them fresh cups of coffee. "There. How's that? You boys have everything you need?" she asks. They both nod. "I'll be bringing you some fresh plates as well. Your pancakes... got a little soggy" she laughs nervously.

"Thanks," says Blake appreciatively. "And yeah I think we have... oh no..." Blake looks next to him and searches his coat. The blue folder wasn't there.

"What's wrong, man?" asks Mick, still looking amused.

"It's gone..." says Blake, fearing for the worst, "I dropped the folder you gave me. It's gone".

Mick's amused look disappears, and he looks pale.

"Uhh... what?" asks Mick. He did not look happy.

Blake looks panicked. He knew those blueprints were one of a kind, and he really didn't want to be on Mick's bad side right now. He was a nice guy but he could tell that he'd be like a mad grizzly bear if someone made him angry.

"The blueprints, they must be..." Blake thought of the most probable place they could be...back in the other booth, soaked in a spilled pool of coffee, cream, and breakfast syrup.

"Oh! You must mean these," says Jane, suddenly, pulling out a blue folder from under her arm. Blake hadn't realized she was holding them. "I caught it, right as they were falling. I figured they were important."

Blake exhales, and takes a deep breath, relieved. Mick seems to calm down as well. "Thanks so much," says Blake. "I thought I lost that."

"Luckily I snatched it before that avalanche. Ahaha," she laughs, with a hand behind her head.

"You must have been very quick to catch them," says Blake, impressed.

"Yep, that's me," says Jane. "Quick and sneaky. Ahaha. You know those look pretty valuable, you may want to keep a better eye on them."

Blake takes the folders back, "Yeah these are! Thanks, I would of have been in a world of hurt if I lost this." Jane smiles as Mick smirks.

"I'm sure you would be," says Jane, with a wink as well. Blake looks confused. "I'll go and get those plates ready for ya. Be right back."

As Jane goes to get their orders back in again, Blake stands up. He was still wet from the spill and the wet towels. "While we're waiting, I'm going to go step outside and dry off," says Blake.

"Sounds good man. Oh, while you're out there, could you grab me a mornin' paper?" asks Mick. He reaches in one of his trench coat pockets and flips Blake a quarter.

Blake catches the quarter, backhanded, and looks at it for quick moment, then proceeds to head outside the diner to buy a newspaper. When Blake gets outside the diner, he looks for a newspaper stand, but instead finds a machine.

"Ah, this must be one of those new fancy newspaper vending machines," mutters Blake to himself. He'd heard of them, but had never seen one up close.

He pops the quarter Mick gave him into the machine and the glass door opens. He grabs today's paper and sees the headlines. The headlines were the usual for the Windy City, high crime rates at varying degrees, but there was one headline which caught Blake's attention right away...

### ***"MURDER ON THE DOCKS"***

Blake read quickly through the article and flipped to the related pages. There were other headlines reading "ATTACK ON LAKE



MICHIGAN DOCKS” and “WORKERS TERRORIZED AT LOADING DOCKS OF LOCAL “BLUE ROSE” RESORT”. Blake goes through the pages, reading. All the accounts seemed to describe similar events, almost unbelievable. The details of the attack were grisly, and Blake’s eyes were glued to it as he walked down the sidewalk, back into the diner, to where Mick was sitting. Blake sits back down in the booth, the newspaper still in his hands. He doesn’t talk or take his eyes off the paper.

Mick, who had smiled and reached out his hand to receive the paper when Blake sat down, tilts his head, quizzically, when Blake pays him no attention.

“Hey, what’s in the headlines today?” asks Mick, trying to get a response out of Blake. Blake continues to read the story.

Blake reads the details, and the description of the assailant, who was described by one of the surviving workers as a large, built muscular man, the size of a bear, in a hat and mask, which shrouded his identity. There were no further descriptions, but there were discrepancies. Others had said they were attacked by a large animal. Like a giant...

“So...uh...” Mick starts “Whatcha’ reading about?”

Blake finally looks up from the paper.

“Oh, sorry man. I was glued to this story,” he says. “Looks like there was an attack on a shipment at the loading docks on Northerly Island.”

“Yeah?” asks Mick. “I heard about that.”

Blake looks at Mick. Something about the expression on his face made Blake think he didn’t know the details. He almost looked happy, like he was acting coy. Something was up.

“What does the paper say?” asks Mick, looking intrigued.

“That a creature, some sort of man, or bear, wolf creature came in and attacked Jezebel

some of the dock workers, basically brutally murdering some of them.”

Mick’s look changed, “What?! Really?” Dumbfounded and almost upset, Mick grabs a hold of the paper from Blake and reads the story, his eyes widen. “No way!”

“I know,” says Blake. “It’s hard to believe that could happen so close. And so close to the Blue Rose Hotel, as well...” Blake stopped talking and looked at Mick.

Mick looked horrified, almost frightened. Blake hasn’t seen that expression on Mick’s face before. He continues reading the article in the paper. “This isn’t good. This isn’t good at all,” says Mick.

Something else was up.

“What’s going on, Mick?” asks Blake. He knew Mick had known something about this. He was good at reading people over the years.

Mick looks at Blake, his eyes now lacking that confident glimmer they usually had. This worried Blake immensely.

“This is bad, man. Real bad,” says Mick.

“Mick, buddy, get to the point,” says Blake, now hushing his voice, realizing this might be something others around them should not hear.

“I can’t tell ya everything here. But... I was doing some investigating on the docks on Northerly, near Blue Rose, for the past few nights. Had an inside man workin’ with me. We were looking into their shipments.”

“Shipments, like the one that was attacked?”

“Yeah,” says Mick. “We found somethin’.”

“What?” asks Blake, leaning in closer.

“Buru-bara,” says Mick, whispering, at such a quiet volume he was almost just mouthing the words. “Bottles, crates of them.”

Blake leans in some more, “that alcohol that we had last night for dinner at that Japanese restaurant?”

Mick nods, “yeah that stuff!” Mick continues, “Well it’s hard to get since the person who makes it isn’t around at the moment, so I’m trying to see where they’re getting it from. Not only that, but this attack now makes our investigation look suspicious. I interrogated a few guys who worked at the docks, trying to find out where it’s coming from, and who’s supplying Charles Newman with it... and if they’re the ones who ended up dead...Ah, man...this really isn’t good.”

“So, they might think you had something to do with it?” asks Blake.

Mick looks downtrodden.

“More than that, buddy,” says Mick. “I’m afraid it’s much more than that.”

“What do ya man?” asks Blake.

“Whoever, whatever did this, knows what we’re up to.and that we’re trying to get in to the Blue Rose Hotel. Something’s watching us, and knows what we’re plotting. This is going to be more dangerous than I thought.”

Blake looks silently at Mick. He had known that he and Mick were in dangerous business, that’s not what bothered him. He had been involved in dangerous cases in the past, and had known, deep down, that Jezebel, or rather the “Christina” he knew, had been involved in said “dangerous business”. What disturbed Blake was how Mick had said “whatever did this knew what they were up to”. “Whatever” was behind the murders. How “something” was watching them. It made Blake feel, or rather know, that whatever was behind this may indeed not have been human.

“Maybe we’d better finish talking about this back at my office,” says Blake, slowly nodding, understanding the direness of the situation.

Mick looks up, and nods back.

“I think you’re right, buddy,” says Mick, and for the first time, the word “buddy” coming from Mick did not sound comforting to Blake at all.

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“Right,” says Blake, “Let’s get going.”

Blake and Mick get up from their booth, ready to leave, Blake puts down money for their coffees, Mick insists to pay for it himself, but Blake stops him, since he paid for their dinners the previous night. Mick smiles and nods appreciatively. They turn and head for the door, just as Jane comes out of the kitchen with a fresh pot of coffee and their two plates.

“Where are you boys going?” asks Jane seeming genuinely concerned. “I hope my service wasn’t that bad. I didn’t mean to scare you away.” Jane seemed sad.

Blake realized how this looked.

“Oh, no, not at all,” said Blake, not wanting to hurt the waitresses feelings. “We just have to go. Something came up. Important business. Gotta Rush. Your service was perfectly fine. The food was really good...what I tasted of it. Here,” Blake pulls out a twenty from his wallet. “For your trouble, and give a little extra to the cook, for making our breakfast twice.”

Jane lights up.

“Why thank ya,” says Jane with gratitude and a big smile.

“Hopefully that’s enough for the bill and tip as well,” says Blake.

“Oh, it’s more than enough, honey,” says Jane.

“And here,” says Mick, pulling out another twenty and handing it to her, “From me. Keep most of that for yourself now,” says Mick with a wink.

“Oh, I will,” says Jane, flushing in the cheeks. “All this attention from you boys, I’ll be the envy of the breakfast shift. You boys come back any time.”

“We sure will,” says Mick with a chuckle, flushed in the cheeks as well, then coughs. “I mean, ehem, Yes. We will.”

“Thanks,” says Blake, and both he and Mick head out the door, for his office apartment.

Jane goes to clear off their table, and sees one

Jezebel

of the blueprint pages of the hotel, sitting next to the sugar shaker. Jane sighs and shakes her head.

“Those boys, what am I going to do with them?” She collects the blueprints of the floorplan, it’s of the loading docks and the first basement level. “They don’t realize how much work went in to this...” She’s about to leave with the floorplan when she sees a napkin with some sort of message written on it. It looks like it’s written in pencil. There’s a line of numbers scrawled on it, a code of some kind, and “we need to talk, soon as possible”, written under it. Jane looks curiously at it, then sees a clipping of newspaper that was left behind. She sees the headline, “MURDER ON THE DOCKS” She looks horrified and rushes to the back of the house with the papers.

At the coffee shop across the street, a man gets up from his table, sipping a cup of coffee. He has a cane (a black cane) and is wearing a torn trench coat. He sets his coffee cup down after Blake and Mick leave the “Irene’s” diner. He leaves a tip, then grabs his cane, and walks out the door, walking in their direction.

*Continued in next Issue*



## What happened to the Facebook page?

I have been asked so many times lately “What happened to the Facebook page?” that I decided it was time to put the answer out there; to clear the air about what really happened.

As you all know, Facebook has been going through a hell of year with data breaches, them selling data to third party vendors, to Facebook being caught allowing White Supremists to solicit young people into their hate filled cause. While all of this seems appalling to a regular sensible person, it is not surprising due to the egotistical man who created Facebook. The only thing bigger than his ego is the group of people that are still part of that program.

With all of that being said, I was a sucker wanting to use that platform to get the word out about the Magazine, and it was working. However for me the “final straw” was the censorship of the non-sexual images I was posting to promote the Magazine.

I am not sure if it was an algorithm that Facebook uses or if it was some pissed off queeny man in one of the “Bear” groups I was posting to. It could have also been someone I had previously worked with photographing men for his “charity” calendar which ended up only feeding his bank account, not the charities. Honestly, I am not sure why I was being harassed by Facebook, I just know I was.

The “final straw” was when I posted a fully clothed image of one of the cover models and I was told that it did not meet the community standards. I attempted to have them review it and was told that it was sexual in nature. The crazy part is, the only skin it showed was his head, a bit of chest hair, and his arms. I guess men are not part of Facebook community standards.

In any event, I made the choice that day to pull the plug on Facebook. Yes, I felt a bit of a hit to the downloads, but we have started to increase again even without that platform. And we could not be doing it without all of the great readers we have.

**THANK YOU ALL!!**

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

July 2019 | Issue 7

Coming July 6th

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