

DHM

DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!

June 2021 | Issue 30



Zach Drays

A sexy midwestern ex-military bear!

The Return of
Jezebel

Emitt More brings
Mitch Davis

Kirk Stephens Studio
**A Kink Filled Day
with Zac**

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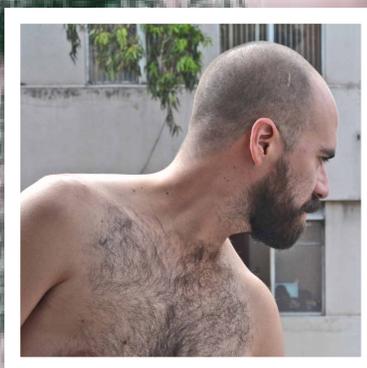
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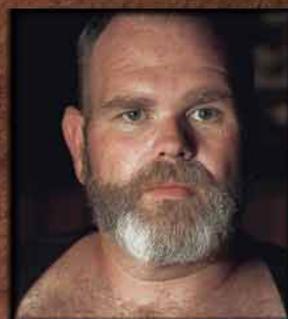
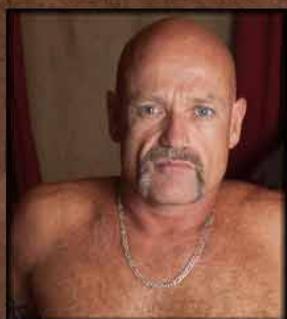


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Ramblings From the Editor

Happy Pride Month, everyone!!

Wow! This has been one crazy year, hasn't it? But we made it to Pride Month, and the celebrations are happening in various places around the globe! Thank goodness!

It's time for all of us to celebrate and enjoy a small form of normalcy.

I wasn't sure if we were going to be able to celebrate Pride this month when I decided to add some images from past prides to this Issue. Thank you to those that contributed their images, I am sure the readers will enjoy seeing past Pride events from around the globe. If nothing else, it shows that we are not different; that we all want and crave to celebrate our diversity together!

The struggle is still real though. There are those in the United States government, as well as other governments around the globe, who are wanting to suppress us. They want to throw us back into the time when people had to stay in a closet for fear of being persecuted.

Yes, we've made strides, but we have many more to make. And one of them is to guarantee equality in this Nation regardless of the bigotry brought on by so called moralists who claim to worship a "loving and caring" god. Yeah, I didn't capitalize it on purpose. They worship a false idol, not a real God.

Regardless, we are stronger together than apart. Don't let them drive us apart with their false narratives and their hate filled speeches. We need to remember that through our differences we become even stronger.

They will never understand this. They will never accept this. But we can.

So next time you think divisive thoughts; the next time you ignore someone causing division within our community; stand up and be heard. Don't allow it to happen.

Yes, there are even those within this community who want to marginalize others. It's tragic, but very true. We need to make sure that this does not go on. It's time to accept each of us for who we are. You don't have to want to be with everyone, but you don't need to use derogatory remarks to get that point across.

Now enough of that rambling. It's a time for celebration. A time for love. Love really will win out if we want it to. Go out and party your asses off like you've never done it before! Embrace those around you.

I challenge each and every one of you to celebrate with someone that you wouldn't normally consider in your "circle". Celebrate and enjoy the company of different people, not the same group you always do. Just celebrate that we made it mostly through this crappy pandemic!!

Just celebrate your Pride!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





ZACH DRAYS

Images by **DESERT HEAT IMAGES**



Zach Drays











Blake looked back at John. There was something uncannily familiar about him. He knew he had never met him before...but there was something, especially around the eyes, the nose and the mouth. Blake couldn't quite put his finger on it...his finger. Blake decided to cover John's eyes in the picture. It was then he realized immediately who this man reminded him of.

Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 18

Blake sits, staring at his black coffee, in deep thought as his mind sank into the dark once again, sounds, or the memory of sound rushing through, of the waves crashing against the dock, where he had last seen Christina or Jezebel. He thought she had died that day, killed herself by jumping into the water during that terrible storm, and he had done nothing but watched in horror, and what he had seen right after she had jumped, when he had peered into the water of the lake, which had seemed more like a vast, deep dark ocean. He thought he would never see her again, let alone thought of the possibility that she was alive. And now, feeling so close to finding her again, he was afraid he would lose her all over again. What did Detective Wolf want to find her for after all? Was it linked to Newman, and his suspicion of him? Blake had a lot of questions he wanted to ask, most of all, who was he to believe and trust in all of this?

Inspector Jones, though shady as hell, had brought up several good points. Even though Blake had thought of Mick as his friend, they really didn't know that much about each other. Well, neither of them seemed willing to share too much, but neither one really pried up until now. Should Blake be so willing to tell Mick everything he knew about Jezebel this afternoon? Well...maybe if Mick was Jezebel

willing to share some about himself as well, maybe if, without bringing up his meeting with Jones, if Mick mentioned him by himself when Blake asked about his past and reasons for working on this case, Blake might feel a little better. He hated feeling distrustful of Mick, but something in all of this just didn't add up. It was too convenient, how they met, that he just so happened to be looking into a case connected to his. This made Blake feel like it might have been part of Mick's plan all along, for Blake to be a piece in Mick's case, rather than helping him. Was he hired by someone who wanted to kill Jezebel? A mafia hit man perhaps? Did Newman want her dead? No...he couldn't draw conclusions like that just yet. It was his paranoia getting the better of him again. Then again...there was Cabell; maybe none of this was true, it was what he wanted him to think. He had the feeling Cabell was trying to sow seeds of discord between them from the get-go, and didn't trust him, so why was he now hanging on to his every-word. Because it somehow made sense? Lying, cunning word-smiths had a talent for making things sound sensible, maybe Cabell was just that good at it. Either way, Blake felt like he could use a friend now, other than just Mick, a warm comforting friend, or a smiling face to confide in.

As if an answer to Blake's thoughts, a pretty,

warm face, fair skinned, with radiant eyes, and smile, with long flowing strawberry hair, opened the front glass door and walked into the diner, bathed in afternoon sunlight. Blake looked up.

It was Jane.

Jane looked exceptionally bright, and lovely today. She wasn't changed into her waitress uniform yet (or it was well hidden under her light brown trench coat) and her hair was flowing on this sunny, yet windy afternoon. As she walked in to the diner, the wind blew and billowed her coat and strawberry hair, wafting her scent towards Blake, he knew her scent because it smelled like strawberries. (Blake usually linked people with a scent in his mind and always knew who was coming to his office by that scent. Mick reminded him of sun and country air, a sort of smell you would get working outside, your skin touched from the sun, and the smell of the trees and woods, brushed over him by the wind, a strange but very pleasant and refreshing smell to encounter in the big city. Jane smelled similar, but like a field of strawberries, perhaps strawberries and cream, maybe peaches. Charlie reminded him of...donuts and, oddly enough, baby powder. Jezebel, the ocean, for some reason, a sea-breeze, and a distinct flowery perfume smell that Blake was never quite able to trace.)

Jane tried to hold her hair from going over her face, and tried to hold her trench coat closed over her pinkish red waitress uniform, as the wind blew into the diner like a miniature tempest. Jane finally pulled the door shut behind her, which seemed to be a struggle against the strong winds, and looked across the diner with a smile, the sunlight coming through the windows, and illuminating her red-blond strawberry hair with a warm aura.

Jane's blue eyes immediately found Blake and she smiled brightly and waved at him with her whole arm waving up in the air. (One might think she looked like a clumsy bird, flapping a wing in the wind, but somehow she made it look graceful.) Jane seemed very happy and pretty today. No not just that... she was with Mick earlier today. No wonder she looked as happy as she did. Blake would be as well. Jane comes over to Blake's table and booth looking absolutely radiant, smiling, glowing, and greets him.

"Hey, Blake, how's it going?" asks Jane.

"Afternoon, Jane," said Blake, nodding his head politely, and starting to smile as well. He felt slightly better seeing and talking to her.

"How's your day?" asked Jane, still smiling, she and Mick must have had a really good time, the smile seemed quite genuine. Jane was much more relaxed and laid back than the previous night. Back to her usual self.

"Things are..." Blake didn't want to give the indication that anything was wrong, "...they're going well. Mick and I had a good breakfast and we talked about a lot of things for a long time..."

"Oh, I bet you boys did," said Jane with a wink.

Blake tried not to blush.

"Um... so how are things?" asked Blake. He didn't want to ask about Mick directly, or why he wasn't here with her yet, he was still nervous, thinking about what that Cabell Jones guy had said.

Jane stood beside his table as she spoke, and didn't sit down, Blake assumed her shift might be starting soon.

"Oh, good. Really good," said Jane, looking happier than ever. Blake knew there was only one thing that could be giving her a smile like that.

"So...where's Mick?" asked, Blake, feeling this was as good a time as any to ask, given he was obviously on her mind at the moment. "I thought he was coming back to drop you off for work."

"Oh, Mick," giggled Jane to herself, "Oh... yeah," she said, finally snapping herself out of her daydream. "Mick stayed behind for a little extra time with baby Cassie but he will be here shortly. He'll be by in about an hour or so. With the case and all he hasn't been able to spend much time with her lately."

"Oh, that's good..." said Blake, happy that Mick was able to spend some time with his kid. "... Wait... but...um...what has he been doing all this time then?"

"Well, he's been doing a lot actually," says Jane with a smile. "First he had to, um... help me out with some things, so Charlie took Cassie to the park while Mick...um helped me out...and naturally I wanted to help him out as well. Then we had to...clean up, and that's when Charlie came back with Cassie, and Mick wanted to help Charlie out with a few things, so I took Cassie to the aquarium

Jezebel

while Mick... you know...helped him out. But the aquarium was closed so we went back to the park...you know, to give Charlie and Mick time to finish..."

"Helping each-other out?" asked Blake, trying to hide a forming smile.

"Yeah," said Jane.

"Sounds like it was a lot of work," said Blake.

"Oh it yeah, it was," said Jane, with a big smile, then she caught herself flushing and tried to brush it off. "I mean Mick did most of the work, but I did some work too, we both...it was a collaborative effort."

"I'm sure it was," said Blake. "And with Charlie too. By the way, how did the work go...?"

"Oh great," said Jane, still lost in her thoughts, with a big smile on her face.

"I meant on the case last night," Blake had to clarify.

"Oh...that, sorry," said Jane, "That went well too...sorry," she sighed. Blake could tell her mind was still on the "work" she had Mick had been up to this afternoon. Blake chuckled to himself.

Jane was glowing, no doubt from the "stress-relief" Mick had given her back a her apartment.

"How did the guestbook investigation go?" asked Blake, he had been anxious to find out what was written in it.

"Guestbook?" asked Jane a little absentmindedly, still glowing from her afternoon "break". "Oh, that..." Jane adjusted herself and now seemed more grounded to earth, "well, that's a whole 'n'other can of fish, kettle of beans or what not...there's some discrepancies for sure. But just wait until I show you what I found on page 26... I guess we'll wait for Mick to get here. Oh it's gonna be one hell of a long afternoon, acting like a waitress with all this on my mind, I tell ya," she looks at her watch. "I've still got a few minutes before my shift starts. What ails ya?"

"Well..." Blake starts, then, "...Wait, how did ya know?" asks Blake curiously.

"Well, ya've got the expression of a sick or sorrowful cat," said Jane. "I'm usually good at reading people's expressions. So what's up?"

"Um...I'm not sure I'm ready to talk about it just yet...I..." Blake reconsiders for a moment, maybe it was a huge mistake to keep all this a Jezebel

secret. Maybe Jane could tell him how to approach this with Mick. This might be a risk considering she was probably in on it too, if there was a conspiracy, but...Blake decides to test the waters with this idea of a conspiracy with Jane. "Sometimes I keep thinking that Mick isn't always telling me the whole story of his involvement with my case about Jezebel." Blake sighs, then takes a breath, stirring his coffee. "I feel like we're becoming friends, and yet, I feel like he doesn't trust me with some things. Like we don't really trust each other, ya know?"

Blake looks at Jane, trying to read her expression. She seems a little taken aback, and also seems to be analyzing Blake.

"That's odd," says Jane, "Mick seems to think the exact opposite from what he's told me. He thinks things are going really well with you guys, and says you two work really well together."

Blake is surprised by this response, maybe this Cabell guy is wrong after all, "Really?" asked Blake, feeling a little better, "I thought, maybe, since he's still keeping a lot from me...that..."

"There's some things he's not ready to talk about, things he doesn't like talking about with anyone," says Jane, reflectively. "It does always feel like he's hiding something because of it, but it doesn't mean he doesn't trust you."

Blake looks down at his coffee cup, "That makes sense thinking about it in that way."

Jane sees the look on Blake's face and knows what he's thinking. The tone in Blake's voice. It was someone who was falling hard for his friend. Blake knew Jane could see this. Jane was smart. He shouldn't have let his guard down, he now felt exposed, and she knew that Blake was falling for Mick. Jane gives Blake a comforting smile, "I understand how you feel about him Blake," says Jane. She touches Blake's hand. It was warm, and made Blake feel relaxed.

Blake looked up at her, standing above his table. He could tell she knew. It was best to tell her the truth, but not took much of it for now. He still wasn't sure. He looks back down at his coffee.

"I'm...really starting to like him. More than I've liked anyone. It's kind of confusing me. I think I'm..."

Blake stopped talking, he expected Jane to

Continued on pg 26



2019 Pride! BCN

Photography by GianOrso



DHM Fan ~ Matt



Every morning, in warm sheets, soft fleece blankets and my head nestled in comfy but firm pillows, I stir with the most aggressive case of morning wood. I whisper a blessing of thanks to the Horned God for giving me the smart idea in my youth of wanking with my left hand. Last month I broke my right hand and it would be wrong to not be able to enjoy my length as the sun rises with me.

My partner bought a bunch of different cock rings and I've been trying them on and I have settled on this wonderful metal one that has a magnetic catch. With my junk all warm, it's easier to gather myself up into it and swing the little magnetic piece shaped like elbow macaroni into place without snagging my pubes or my sack. I have really full, big, hairy balls for my size — I think. And my problem is they are close to my body. I really envy guys with those stretchy, flubbity, low-hangers.

I always have some lube within reach. Something that stays slick and feels like I'm fucking somebody's silky, sloppy butthole. There is this thick vein bulges out on the side of my cock that I can't get enough of. I'm obsessed. And my shaft gets sensitive, but not overly so. After about three strokes, coating my cock with my eyes closed, I'm projecting myself into my deepest, darkest fantasies in the technicolor dreamscape of my perverted mind.

Sometimes it's similar to or is a shamanic journey where I look for medicine for self-healing and other times it's the most filthiest, raunchiest thing I can conjure up. Sometimes it's all these things. My mind is a vile, verdant, fecund and foul place. I say that with the utmost respect, joy and love for my imagination because it's wonderfully disgusting. Again, a term I lovingly use to refer to myself with pride. Here I rise in my power, live without fear, create scenarios and I'm the dirtiest

ALL THINGS DRUB

fucking stud I know hungry for kink, cock, and a nice puckered hole or three.

I assume everyone has jerk off fantasies where they goon out on their dicks with glee abandon, edging mercilessly or until they cum. I have many. It pays to have an arsenal if you're somebody who makes time to edge your brains out for an explosive finish. I prefer to finish and cum. I love it. I keep a pair of socks or a couple of jocks caked with my jizz next to my bed for repeat cleanups (which I like to wear because I'm a filthy pig). This past





Saturday, I came twice before I even rolled out of bed to make breakfast. I've busted my nut every day this May and I see no end in sight. Those jockstraps are going to be encrusted.

Being "dumb" for awhile and accessing that headspace where you get to be a nasty, drooling, gooning beast where there's "no thinking" is a spectacular place to squeeze out seed. And so is my old kidnap fantasy where I'm used relentlessly by a gang of balaclava wearing hyper masculine fuckers. Or the one where I voraciously suck off dozens of hairy truckers. Or the dirty, stinky, rugby players with huge, stinking socked feet. Or the really fun one where I pilot a spaceship and have rubber drones service me without question like some gender-bent Barbarella. Or the new, exhilarating one where I'm in head-to-toe brown rubber and ordered to do the most foul things under a rim chair... But... equally (at least in my eyes) is setting an intention to do solo sex magic, imagining a sigil up until and while I explode, pumping it out in a puddle, and repeating that sigil in the pool of ejaculate scrawled out across my belly so I can use my energy to make it rain. Don't scoff. I'm not saying I ended the California drought but it curiously coincided with some sex magic I did with the purpose of wetting Southern California. It rained for days, but that's a story for another time.

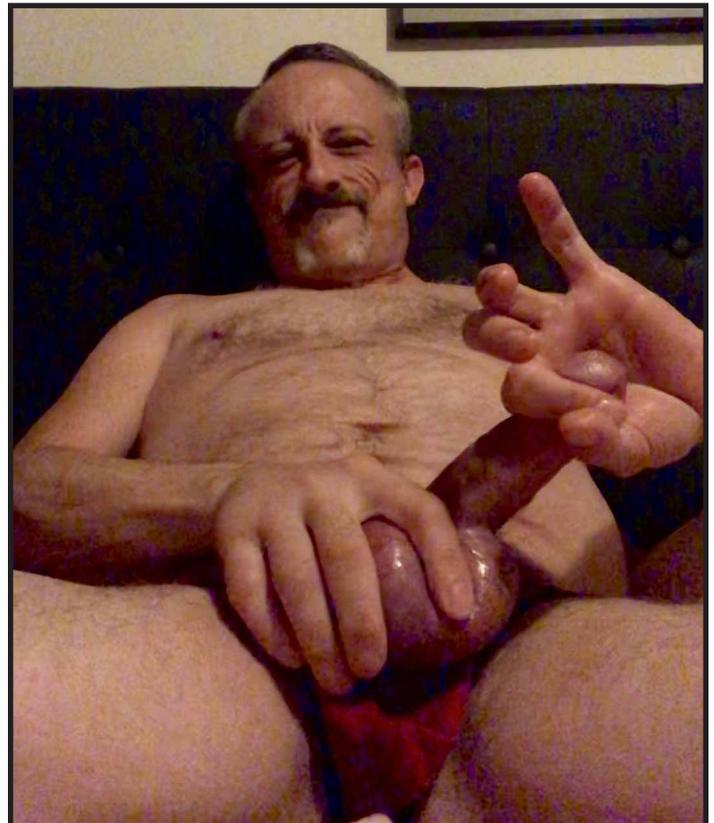
As long as we understand ourselves, our fantasies and desires, and nobody gets hurt, it's all

stimulating and fun. I'm hoping that my libido holds up as well as my pecker well into old age. With an imagination like mine, I'm certain I'm going to need to buy more lube.

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MITCH DAVIS

Featuring
MITCH DAVIS
PUP KILO

Photography by
EMITT MORE













have her same warm, understanding look, but that wasn't what he saw. He saw a grave look of concern spark up in her eyes, and spread across her face. She bit her lower lip slightly, and let out a sigh, then took a breath. She looked down.

"Blake...I..." She didn't seem to know how to address what she was going to say... "I know it might be none of my business, Blake ...But, as Mick's girl...um...close friend... I have to ask you..." Jane sits down across from Blake, to talk, but first notices the strange smell, but shrugs it off. "What do you think is going on between you two?"

"What do you mean?" asked Blake, now feeling less comfortable.

"I mean..." Jane looks down at the table, and then up at Blake again, looking him directly in the eyes. "Mick thinks of you as a good friend but...do you?"

"I... I honestly never felt this way about another man before. I think I... I think I could see him more than a friend...given time," Blake messes with one of the sugar packets in his fingers then tears it opens, and watches the sugar pour into his coffee. "The idea of it excites me more than anything I ever..."

"Listen, Blake," Jane interrupts him. "Mick likes you a lot, but ... how well, do you really know him, Blake?"

There it was. The same words that had come from Cabell. What was Mick keeping secret? Was he dangerous? Why was Jane sharing a similar concern? Whatever relief Blake had felt from Jane's words before, was now dissipating like the sugar in his coffee.

"Only how well he's let me know him so far," said Blake, a hint of spite in his voice now, "Tell me, Jane. As his girlfriend, or friend, I'm still getting used to the open relationship you, Mick and Charlie seem to have...what kind of secrets is he keeping from me? If we're going to continue working on this case together, I would like to know."

Jane sensed the change in Blake's attitude all too well, and knew why he was feeling hurt.

"Blake, listen," said Jane. "There's nothing he would like more than to tell you everything, but there are things he can't safely tell anyone, except me, and a few close friends. You're close, but if he told you everything...I don't think you would like it.

Maybe "like" isn't the word...He has a side to him you haven't seen...nothing bad," she added when she saw a look of concern from Blake, "But, he's not ready to just share it with just anyone..." Jane stopped talking, and looked at Blake, as if wondering whether it was wise to go on, and tell him any more.

"Please, Jane," said Blake, "Tell me, I'm having serious doubts about whether or not I want to continue this with you guys."

"I didn't mean..." Jane takes another breath, "It's nothing because of you. He...he has his own hurt...it goes really deep. I don't even think I can reach that far down into him. He's hanging on to a memory of someone. Someone I..." Jane stops talking, and sighs for a moment, as if she also didn't want to talk about it, "...if you intend to go further with him, Blake...I honestly don't think he's ready to get too close to anyone yet. Not after...him. He's still hurt. From before. It's a long story, but, there's a been a large piece of his life missing from him the past year or so. I don't think he's ready to move on. He has us as his friends, and he does love his friends a lot, and our baby, we have a unique bond...but I think there was only ever one other person who had his heart... and I think he still has it. I don't know if he'll ever love anyone as much as he did him... Mick is loyal... too much sometimes. I just don't want him to get hurt. Please understand that, Blake."

Blake nods, not quite understanding what Jane was talking about, she was being so cryptic, stopping whenever she got too invested in what she was talking about. But he understood enough of it. He wanted, so badly, to know who this person was. Was Mick still a prisoner of the past to them, like Blake was to Jezebel and Christina (one and the same)? Or was it another genuine friendship that grew into something grand, like how Blake felt with Mick, and was somehow lost or destroyed? He wanted to ask if it was perhaps this John he heard about, or even Cabell, but Blake didn't want to think that was the case. He was content with this. He suddenly felt better about their conversation. Blake felt he was being selfish, the way he had responded earlier.

"I understand. But I'm sorry, Jane. I think I might have already gone too far with him..."

Jane gives Blake a strange look, and when he nodded, Jane looked amused. She let out a

giggle.

“Oh, Blake, I don’t mean that. All of Mick’s best friend have done that with him at one time or another. It’s one of the best parts of being his friend, really. Hehe,” Jane let out another giggle, and that same glow from earlier came back to her. “What I mean is, if you try to pursue his heart, further...he has a big heart, he’s a big guy after all, but it’s still healing. He may not look it, but he’s still vulnerable. I don’t think anyone could ever replace who he’s lost, who...we both lost...” the glow seemed to fade for a moment, Jane, herself looked sorrowful, as if this person she referred to was very close to her as well.

Blake now wanted so desperately to asks her what Cabell had told him to ask, but he bit his tongue. He took a deep breath and said

“I understand Jane, and I promise, I won’t hurt Mick. I never want to. He’s been one of the few...really the only friend I can remember. Well, him and you.”

Jane, who looked even more glum than Blake had earlier, perked up again and smiled.

“Why thank you, Blake. We feel the same,” she still looked like she was trying to shake off whatever ghost was still clinging to her. “We need to try to stay cheerful in all of this...and we all need some cheering up sometimes. And...” she suddenly looks like she has an idea,

“...I know what will cheer you up,” said Jane, seeing how glum Blake still looked. “A strawberry sundae.”

Blake tilted his head curiously, an act that seemed to make Jane giggle. Blake was about to ask what was so funny, but he realized that he had seen Mick do that same head tilt several times before.

“I think he’s rubbing off on you,” said Jane with a giggle.

“I could say the same about you,” said Blake with a chuckle.

Jane suddenly flushed in the cheeks, looking embarrassed. She coughed. Blake went red realizing what he might have insinuated.

“Yeah, well ...he does that...” said Jane. “And that’s one way to cheer us all up,” she adds with a wink.

This made both of them laugh.

“Just out of curiosity, why a strawberry sundae?” asked Blake “why do you think that Jezebel

would cheer me up?”

“Because strawberry sundaes are my favorite,” said Jane, matter-of fact.

“Well, why would that cheer me up?” asked Blake, still not getting it.

“Well, since you’re a strawberry person as well, of course it would.”

Blake had no idea what she meant by this, but he would take her word for it.

“Let’s see, now...” Jane checks her watch, “It looks like it’s getting just about that time,” she looks at Blake, “Well, Blake, I guess I should clock in before the other waitresses reports me in again,” Blake nods to Jane as she gets up from the table. As she stands up, she gets a whiff of the perfume again, that Cabell had sprayed, looks at the booth and then shrugs to herself, “Hmmm...there must have been an old lady sitting here, earlier. She turns back to Blake once more “I’ll be back in a moment or two with that strawberry sundae,” said Jane, with a smile, “and...” she looked over the table at Blake’s cold coffee cup from the other waiters, “I’ll also get you a fresh cup of coffee.”

“Thanks, Jane,” said Blake, with an appreciative look.

Jane nods and heads to the back of the restaurant, Blake still sitting at his booth.

Blake felt a little better now, but still he has some form of doubt in the situation. He stirs his now cold coffee in thought, slowly, and looks down into the cup. The dark coffee once again reminded him of deep dark water, of the lake, or perhaps an ocean far off, at night, the dark water impenetrable, hiding the danger below. It was then he remembered a stormy night near the docks, and the dark waters of the lake, not from the night Jezebel leapt into them, but the previous night, when he dropped her picture onto those rippling waves, it was like seeing her face, floating in his black coffee, the picture was close enough to reach. He had noticed something in the picture, behind her, that made him feel uneasy, but it had been too dark, he couldn’t see what it was, but it gave him that same terrible forbidding feeling, like an instinct, whenever he sensed something dangerous impending. What was it? What had been in that picture behind her? If only he still had it. But he had dropped it, on the water...and then...

Continued on pg 68



Naturism

Living the Lifestyle with Lars

Naturism, also known as nudism, is a lifestyle which involves nudity without the sexual side to it. It's a world wide practice which involves people from all walks of life.

Many of our readers practice the lifestyle and we thought there would probably be many others that would find it interesting that read the Magazine.

We were lucky enough to sit down with Lars, from Issue 28 (if you haven't checked out his feature in that Issue, you're definitely missing out) to ask a few questions, to bring this interesting lifestyle to light.

Lars, thank you for sitting down with us today and taking some time out of your busy schedule.

Please tell us a bit about yourself.

Allow me to introduce my self. My name is Lazaros (you can all call me Lars), 39 years old gay guy! I was born in Greece by Greek parents but moved to Switzerland quite a few years ago and still live in this amazing country, which I strongly suggest you should all visit at least once during your lives and keep in mind I am here too!

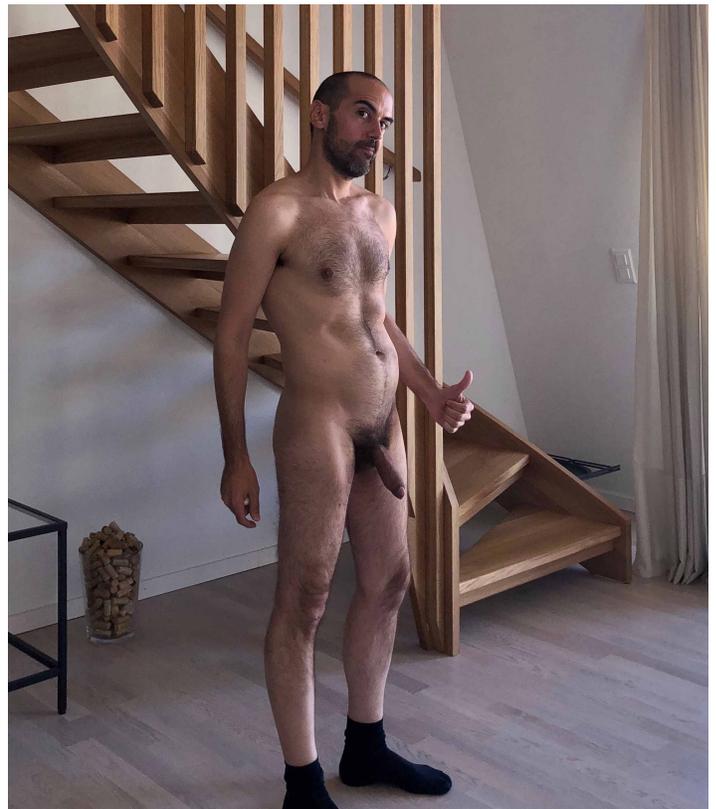
I am very open minded and kind, always interested in meeting virtually or in real life with people from all over the world, long discussions and a good laugh is a part of me you will get to know for sure! Last but not least, I am a nudist / naturist and I will let you know a little bit more about it, if you continue reading.

What is nudism to you?

Since I was young I was fascinated by the easiness some people had in being naked and surrounded by others. Of course, we would all agree that what it is "promoted" is young, fit naked people in general but everything starts from accepting yourself and we should all DO! No matter the looks! We all know that whatever bodies we have is what we have!

"Nudism is more of a philosophy than a "lifestyle". A "lifestyle" like BDSM or whatever doesn't

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Shaun

Photography by Josh Kole

HardcastleMedia.com





Shaun





Shaun





Shaun

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describe nudism. Sure, there are aspects of "lifestyle" but it is underlain by a philosophy of acceptance of one's self and body."

So, you want me to continue... I will! I realized that once you accept yourself, nudity is just natural. For me, nudism is my way of life. I love being naked at my place and whenever I get the opportunity, I am naked outdoors as well. It is the connection between freedom, my body and nature! Simple as that.

How did you become a nudist?

It was just obvious to me that I was born to be naked... ironic, we do get born naked! I am just very comfortable with nudity, being naked in front of others and even being the only person naked does not bother me at all. I feel free! That is why I do declare myself as a naturist/ nudist !

What was your first nudist experience?

I believe you have understood by now that I do live naked. Having said that, I would say my first naturist / nudist experience, was exactly 21 years ago. I was used in being naked at my place and I was open about it with my close friends and guys I met. You do need to get to know a real nudist before taking the big step and go all natural outside the 4 walls of your house. So, that's how it went for me too. I met this guy, Antonis was his name, a few years older than me that he said he was a naturist/ nudist as well. We started hanging out, either at my place or his, naked of course and after a few long discussions I just did it! I participated with him on a naked hike and we finished on a nudist beach! .. well, it is obvious that since that day I never stopped!

So along with living the nudist/naturist lifestyle, you are an exhibitionist also. Can you please



tell us if, and how, you differentiate nudism and exhibitionism? Or are they one and the same?

Let me start by saying that nudism and exhibitionism are two totally different things, as to avoid any misleading interpretation. With nudism, people connect with their bodies and nature and there is nothing erotic into it. A nudist is not an exhibitionist!

On the other hand, an exhibitionist can be a nudist. As it concerns me, yes, I started by showing off, being an exhibitionist (still am), and by being naked on a regular basis, I simply got used to it. I do share nude photos of me on the net, on personal sites or sharing/ submitting to other blogs.

Having said that, my show-off side stops where my nudist side starts. Yes, I love to be naked and I love to show off, 2 different things with different purpose.

What do your family and friends think about your involvement in the nudist lifestyle? If so, what is their reaction when you tell them?

As I previously mentioned, it is complicated in certain countries to accept a specific way of life. Coming from a quite "conservative" family I would say it was not easy for them to accept my naturist side! But after all it is my life and my decision. They do respect my choices even if they do not totally agree with them.

With friends it is different because I choose to whom of my friends I share that part of my life with and the ones I do, they totally accept it. They might not share the same view with me, but it is always a nice discussion I have explaining them the feeling.. and the why and how. Lots of laugh here, me being the only naked person.

Have any of your family or friends ran across your naked images online? If so, how did they react?

Hahaha, that is a funny question. No family member ever came cross any of my naked photos, or at least not that I know of. They do not really "visit" the same sites I do. Maybe I am wrong, no one ever said anything to me. From the other side, I so not share my exhibitionist side with the family.

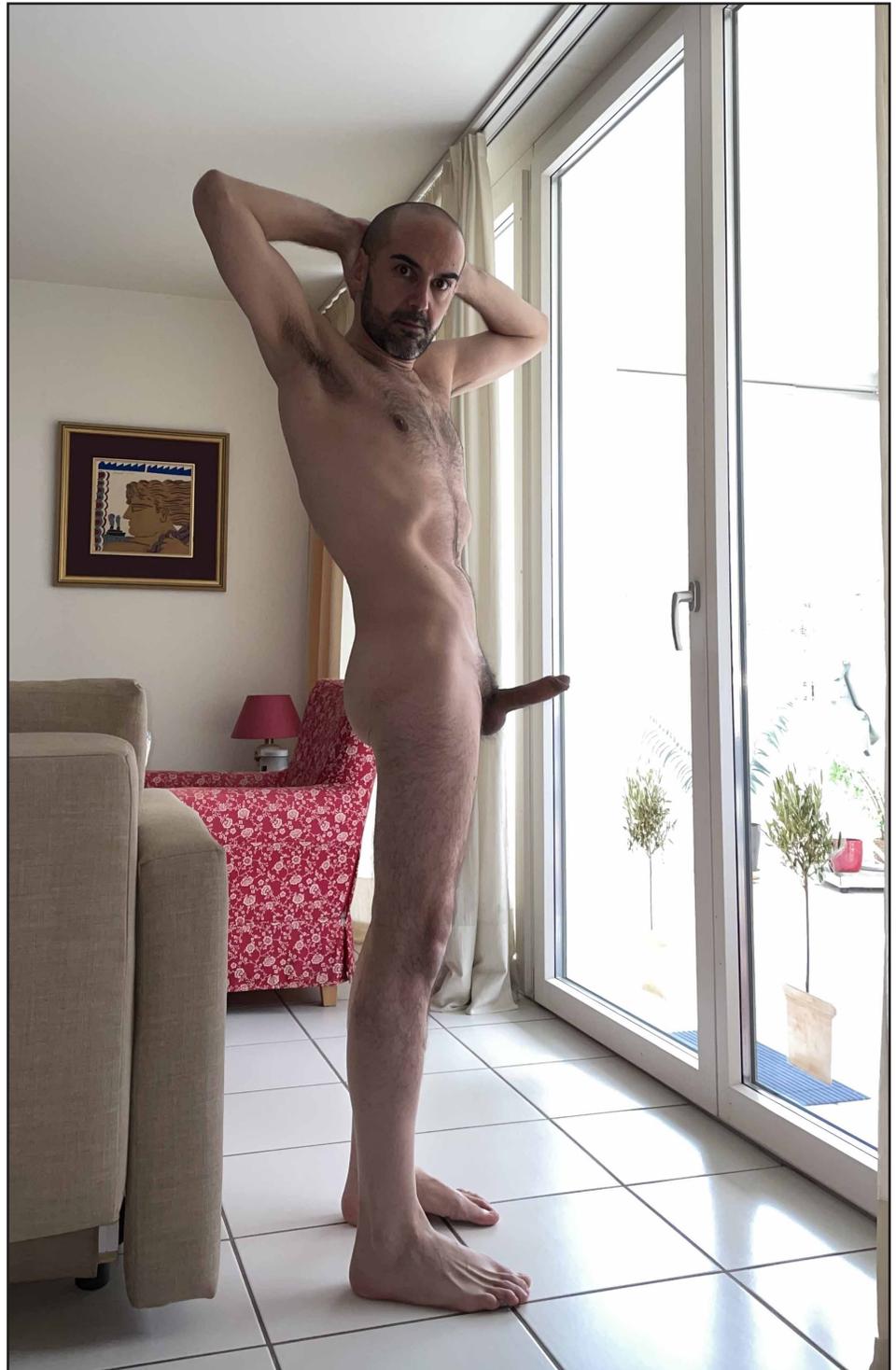
However, the funny part is that a guy I met once, when we started talking and getting into more details he realized that he had already seen me online ... naked! I guess I was lucky he liked what he saw.

Have you had any
Naturism

embarrassing experiences being a nudist? Please share.

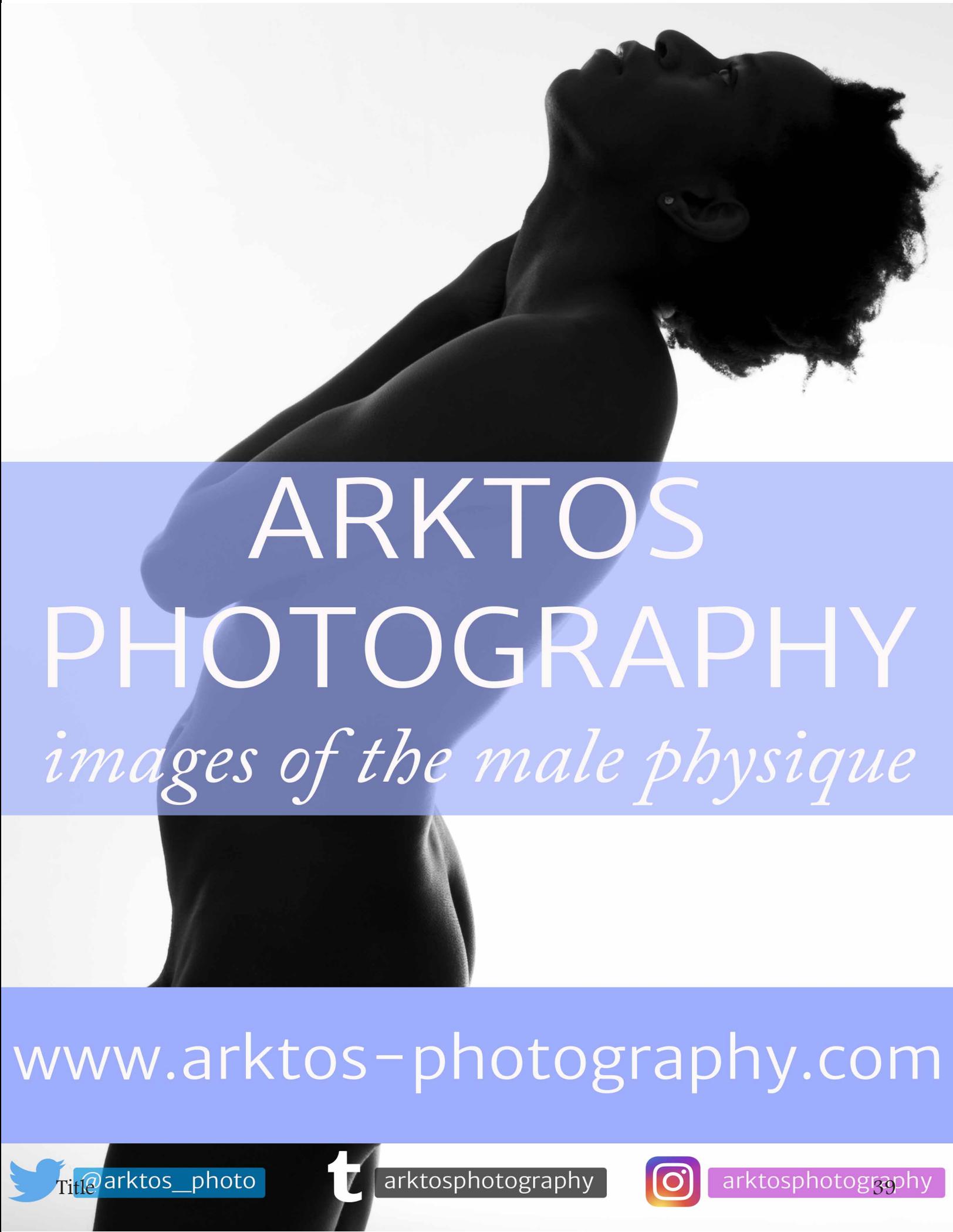
Hehe.. you all know or guess what I will say here. The only "uncomfortable" but not necessarily embarrassing experience a nudist guy can have, is being a bit over excited sometimes. Yes, yes, I am talking about having a hard cock in front of others. I do remember once on a nudist beach, I

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DHM Fan ~ Max



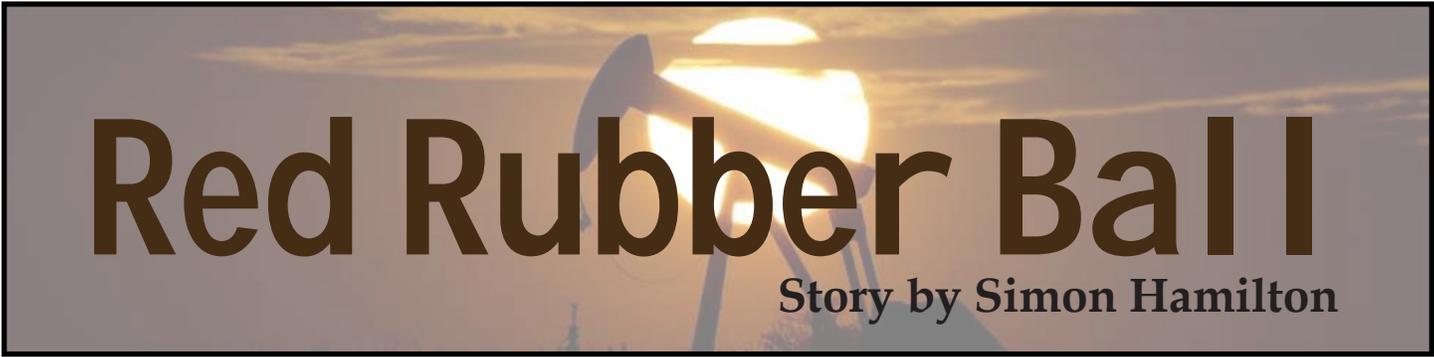
ARKTOS PHOTOGRAPHY

images of the male physique

www.arktos-photography.com







Red Rubber Ball

Story by Simon Hamilton

Grimacing and with a grunt to achieve that final extra effort, I applied my full weight to the last bolt. I felt the subtle tightening, until it could move no more—steel on steel. I released the pressure from the spanner and removed it from the bolt.

"Finished," I thought. "At last." Slowly, I climbed down the three rungs of the ladder onto the deck of the rig. I squatted down to pack the tools away and sighed, tired but reasonable content: a job well done, though it had taken the crew longer than we'd thought. The sun was already low in the sky. I could see members of other teams packing up too, getting ready for home.

I leant on the railings of the rig, relaxing, savouring the view. Being late, the sun was turning red through the dust haze on the horizon. I loosened the T-shirt from my wet back and grabbing it with both hands I pulled it over my head: scrunching it into a ball, I used it to wipe the sweat away from my eyes. Many of the other guys at the site worked shirtless, at least part of the day. I preferred a bit of protection from the sun.

I continued to gaze out at the view—the vast flat Texan plain stretching before me. Although the sun was still visible, a big ball of red, it was sinking quickly into the shimmering haze. I started whistling the song Red rubber ball. "And I guess I'm going to be alright / Yes, the worst is over now / The morning sun is shining like a red rubber ball."

I shrugged ruefully: it surely wasn't the morning sun and I doubted the worst really was over for me. Not yet.

The wind, though warm, made me shiver slightly as it cooled the wetness on the small of my back. I used the T-shirt again to wipe myself there and on my chest. Resolutely, I pulled the dirty T-shirt back on, picked up my bag, and clambered down from the rig. The lights had come on

automatically as I made my way off the site.

I walked slowly to the car. There was no hurry. Most of the other guys had already left, though there were a few still lingering in the car park.

"Hey! Wait up," I heard a voice calling from behind. Being new on the project, and not knowing anyone (my work was specialized, so generally I worked alone), I presumed the voice was calling one of the other guys. I glanced around idly. "Hey," the guy called again, giving a friendly wave.

"You mean me?" The stranger hurried towards me, waving again. Acknowledging the greeting, I slowed my pace. He caught up with me.

"Hi," he said, smiling. The voice was friendly.

"Hi," I replied. Now I recognized him as a member of one of the other teams. During the morning I'd gone back to my car to get a resistor and had seen him leaning against his truck, shirtless, obviously on his break.

He had smiled warmly at me and said, "Howdy." I had smiled back shyly but had hurried on.

"You new here?" he asked.

"Yes. Third day. Standing in for Jason Hamilton."

"Oh right. Saw you working up-top. Earlier. You doing the cabling on the electrical transformer." Holding out his hand, he said, "Name's Brian."

"Simon." I returned the handshake.

We reached the car park. Ours were almost the only vehicles left by then. Dusk had set in, so I couldn't see him clearly now, but I remembered him from the morning—stocky, muscular. Nice face. Friendly.

We chatted, with him initiating most of it. I indicated my car, then opened the boot and tossed

my bag in. "I better get going," I said, making my way to the right-side door, before remembering that was the passenger side. "Bugger! Still not used to driving on the wrong side of the road," I said. "Gets me every time."

"Right side, you mean! In both senses," he laughed. "Where you from?"

"South Africa," I replied, and anticipated the surprised reaction I'd come to expect when I told people that. But instead, he replied,

"Thought so. I recognize the accent."

I moved around to the left side of the car. But he continued to engage in conversation, and we carried on chatting idly, mostly about the project. I was a bit surprised as I'd assumed he would move on to his truck and we'd go our separate ways. But his friendliness was infectious. He said some funny things and I found myself laughing. I enjoyed his Texas drawl: it was still new to me and I hadn't been there long enough for it to become commonplace.

He asked me how I was liking the States, Texas in particular.

"I haven't had time to experience much," I explained. "Too busy working."

"Too much work makes Jack a dull boy," he gave me a sympathetic look and encouraged me to go on. I told him that the little I had seen was great, "Although if truth be told, I am feeling a bit isolated." I noticed him glancing at his watch. "Hey, sorry man," I said, instantly regretting having been so open.. "Guess I was going on a bit too much. I'm sure you need to get going."

"Naw, you're fine. Was just thinking ..." his voice trailed away. "You wanna play some pool? Maybe grab a steak with me?"

"Kinda smelly to be going out," I said with a smile, making an excuse. In fact, I was feeling a bit shy.

"Yeah, know what you mean," He replied. "Need a shower—get rid of this dirt 'n shit." Then he paused for a moment. "Say," he said. "Come back to my place. We can down a few brews, then go grab a bite. You can shower there. I'll lend you some fresh clothes. I'm sure I've got some'll fit you."

I hesitated for a moment, wondering if perhaps I'd made him feel obligated to invite me. And anyway, he would probably need to clear a boys' night out with the missus. How would she feel

about a stranger hijacking her husband for the evening without prior warning?

"Brian, thanks for the offer, but better not. Another time?" I felt bad. He looked genuinely disappointed.

"You're probably needed at home tonight," I said, offering him an excuse.

"Shit no. Wife's taken the kids to visit her folks in Big Spring. Come on, Bud," he urged me. "What else you gonna do tonight—sit alone in that bungalow, watching shit on TV? And jerking off!" he laughed. Then he added, "And it's Friday, so you don't got no work tomorrow."

"Are you sure you want to?" I accepted hesitantly. "I won't be imposing?"

"Naw—course not." He started walking to his truck. "Follow me—only about ten minutes from here."

And with that he jumped in his truck and drove off. I followed behind.

After a short drive he turned his truck into a driveway and motioned for me to pull in alongside. "Come inside," he welcomed me. He walked towards the house, picking up some toys lying in the garden. "Sorry, damn kids leaving their stuff around," he laughed. He was already stripping off his shirt as he opened the front door. A seriously big puppy bounded up to him. "Hello Zak, you big softy," he said, as he picked the dog up and cuddled it affectionately.

Then he headed for the fridge, took out two beers and handed me one. He cracked his open and took a deep swig. "Thirsty work," he said, obviously relishing the beer. "Come chat with me while I shower."

We moved into the bedroom. It had a shower en suite. He pulled off his clothes and tossed them into a laundry basket, motioning for me to sit on the bed. I sat down, somehow apprehensive, and crossed one leg over the other. He continued to strip casually. He loosened his boots, kicking them into the corner. He raised his arm, pretended he was smelling his armpit, and pulled a face.

He laughed. His easy manner made me laugh too; all the while he was chatting, friendly as ever. Stripped naked, he stood before the shower, testing the water, his back towards me.

Of course I'd seen guys naked before. Many times. But watching him now made me feel

strange. I wasn't sure what it was, but there was an uneasy feeling at the back of my mind that I shouldn't be looking at him, naked like this. I sipped at my beer, not in great gulps like Brian had done. He stepped into the shower and pulled the translucent door behind him. He continued to chat, though I couldn't always hear exactly what he was saying, with all the splashing water.

"You done with your beer, Bud?" I did hear him ask. "Grab yourself another one. And one for me too," he added. I hastily finished mine, picked up the two empty cans and fetched another two from the fridge.

As I came back in, Brian stepped out of the shower. He reached for a towel, threw it over his head, and rubbed vigorously. I had a chance to look at his body properly now, though I still did so furtively. His arms were muscular, the triceps flexing as he rubbed the towel back and forth. His chest was well built; obviously he was no stranger to physical labour. I noticed his chest wasn't nearly as hairy mine, but there was a dark line of hair running downwards from his belly button.

I was enthralled, yet felt guilty somehow, though I wasn't exactly sure why.

Brian peeked out from under the towel. "Need an invitation?" he smiled, pointing at the shower, its water still gushing.

"Oh right," I said hastily. I held up his beer and showed him I was putting it down on the side table.

Mentally, I took a big breath, and stripped off. I was shocked to see my cock semi-erect. I hadn't realized it was. Hoping that Brian hadn't seen, I stepped quickly into the shower.

The hot water pounding on my neck and shoulders felt good as I scrubbed away the grime from the day. Then, not trusting myself, I slowly turned off the hot water and increased the cold water pressure. I gulped as the cold water splashed over my chest and back. I checked to see that the cold water had had the desired effect—a dick returned to normal size—and got out.

Brian, now fully dressed, handed me a dry towel, and indicated a set of fresh clothes laid out on the bed. He spoke. "Simon, I'm a bit whacked. Been a hard day. Ok if we skip pool, and just head out to grab something to eat?"

"Sounds fair to me. But you sure you still wanna go out though? Not too tired?"

"Have to eat man," he laughed.

"What you want, steak?"

"Is the pope catholic?" Brian laughed. "We need to introduce you to real steak. Not those pussy pieces of horse meat you call 'steak' over there."

I laughed. "We have steak!"

Then he said, "Puts hair on your chest." He laughed again. "Mind you, hasn't done much for me," glancing down at his chest. The shirt, opened at the top, revealed only a light covering of hair. "Don't look like you need no more though," and he reached out and rubbed his hand through the hair on my chest!

I blushed. I looked into his face and our eyes met. His were warm, smiling and friendly. I looked glanced away, confused. I felt my cock hardening again, excited by his physical presence and touch.

Blushing, again hoping Brian wasn't aware of my excitement, I hurriedly finished dressing and we headed for the door. "We going far from here?" I asked. "Maybe we should go in separate cars, then I'll head back to the motel when we're done."

"Naw, fuck that!" Brian said, opening the passenger door of his truck and indicating for me to climb in. "Ride with me". Then he got in his side, reversed the truck into the lane and drove out. He chatted freely, clearly at ease with himself and the situation. I, however, was a mass of conflicting emotions. But over supper I started to relax at last.

Little by little I allowed myself to unwind more fully in the company of this caring, handsome, lovely man. Sometimes we chatted, sometimes we just sat eating or drinking in silence. A comfortable silence. I had the chance to look more carefully at my new friend. I guessed he was early 30s; he wore a goatee, which gave his boyish good looks a deep masculinity. His eyes were friendly, always smiling, even when the rest of his face was at rest.

At the end of the meal he ordered another round of beers. I sipped mine slowly—I was beginning to feel decidedly light-headed. We settled up, and Brian drove us back to his place. "Better come in for some coffee," he said when we arrived. "You think you can drive?" I guess he'd noticed I wasn't that sober.

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Eddy



Images by

Arktos

Photography



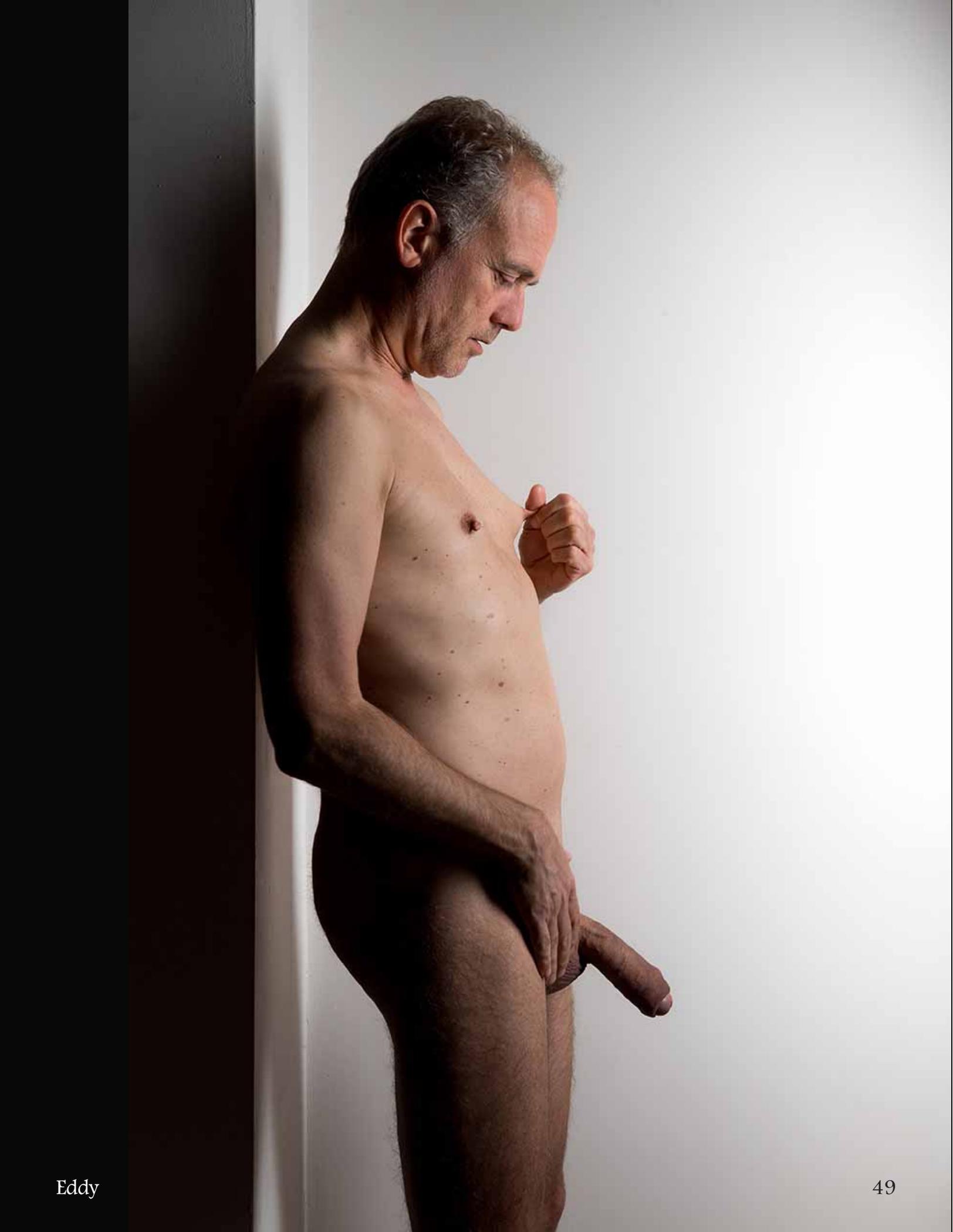


Eddy









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was really excited, do not ask me why, I still cannot explain it, but OK, it is something natural for me. I did not panic, I just decided to go in the cold sea water to calm down. It can happen to all of us and more than once. A friendly advice just take it easy. We all know, naturists or not, that nature works like that.

How about in exploring your exhibitionist side, have you had any embarrassing experiences with that?

No. not at all. There is no embarrassment in showing off. That's the point of it. I am proud of what I have and it is all ME. I do not mind sharing my nudes with others and have fun ... to make a long story short.

You run a bed and breakfast, right? Is it clothing optional? What if someone is not comfortable with being nude there?

Yes, I do. It is not a regular B&B I have to say. It is clothing optional but before accepting someone I make sure to discuss with him/them, answer all possible questions and make sure they do understand that coming at my place, is their choice, so they automatically accept the "challenge" of a naked stay with me. I never oblige anyone to undress if they do not feel comfortable but maybe my proposal of a nude lodging is not what they should be looking for. I do not wish to change my way of living because someone feels uncomfortable with me being naked at my place. My B&B is mainly targeting people with the same habits. It is not about earning money but rather about gaining experiences.

In any case, you can find the links here below. Do feel free to drop a message if interested.

<https://nude-gay-lodging.jimdo.com/worldwide-hosts/lausanne-ch/>

<https://www.gayvoyageur.com/etablissement/chambre-privee-a-lausanne/>



What are some common misconceptions about being a nudist?

The most untrue misconception about nudism is that by being nude it's an open "invitation for S_X". In fact, any place where true nudism is practiced, sexual activity, exhibitionism and voyeurism are out of the question. It is the case for my B&B. Depends who is visiting of course and for what reason.. obviously.

I would think that the same can be said regarding an exhibitionist, right? Have you had people approach you, whether online or in person, thinking that because you like to "show off" you have to be "wanting it" all the time? How do you deal with that if it does happen?

You are right. It can happen also to an exhibitionist. The difference is that sometimes the exhibitionist is looking for the excitement, the comments, and the naughty outcome of his/ her acts. Personally, I am not surprised if and when someone comes to me with that kind of approach. Of course I do not say yes to all, but it can happen with guys we share the same interests.

Are you a solo nudist or part of a "community"? What's it like for you?

I am not a member of the local nudist group; I am more of a solo nudist. I did make friends over the years and I do hang out with them occasionally. It has to be comfortable enough for everybody to be part of a larger group / community and it is not always the case. From my side the "need" to be naked it does not have to be shared necessarily with a specific group. In any case during my naturist holidays every summer, I do get to be a part of a "group", with the people I meet during my stay on the areas I visit. Always fun to meet new people and keep in touch!

Do you belong to any exhibitionist groups? Where could someone find these groups if they were looking for them and have an interest in being part of that lifestyle?

I am not familiar with any specific exhibitionist groups, but certainly can someone share nudes nowadays over a number of sites. Not complicated at all. You start slowly and if people like you, you just go on and on. Personally I am on Twitter, xhamster, newtumblr and other sites too. That's a good start already.

If someone were to want to start the nudist lifestyle, where could the find-minded friends in that community?

There are a few sites on the net that someone can become a member and start discovering nudism. I am a member for many years now to <https://www.truenudists.com/> and I have met and discussed with a lot of people in there. Before that though, someone must accept that nudity is natural.

Ultimately, what is your goal with your exhibitionism? Do you want to perform in adult films? Do you want to be in more Magazines?

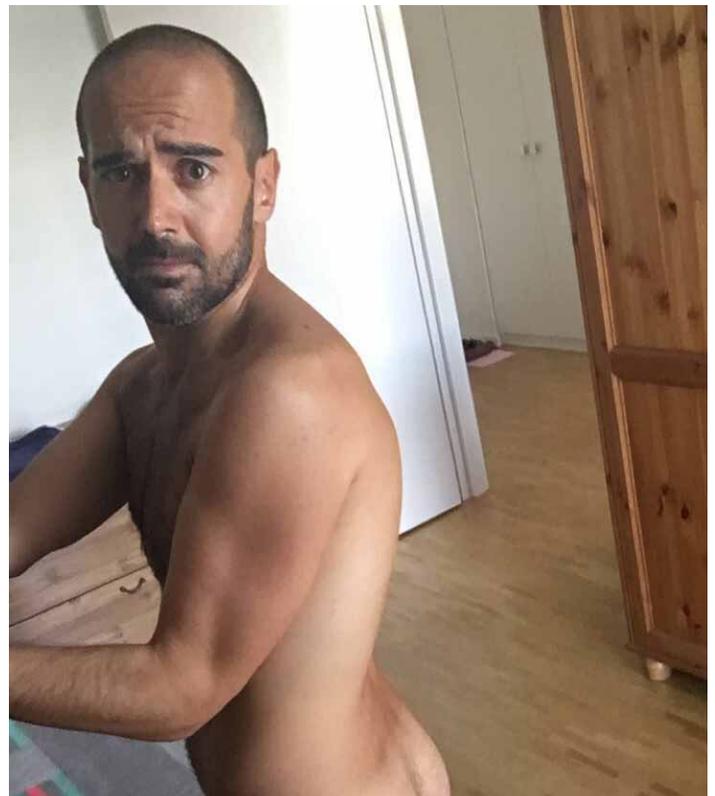
Maybe at some point of my life I thought of performing in adult movies but never actual did. As an amateur though I do make short duration videos with guys that are comfortable with. I guess I just enjoy the attention my nudes get, the comments. I will not deny it, it does excite me, otherwise I wouldn't do it.

If I get proposals to be featured in other magazines, sites, I will certainly consider it, given the content of course and if it pleases me. One thing is for sure, I am happy to be featured on the Desert Heat Magazine and glad to have participated on that interview to let guys know a little bit more of me and get the chance to show off!

Thank you all and feel free to get in touch

Lars xx

Thank you again, Lars, for taking time to answer the questions for our readers. We are sure your insight into the lifestyle will inspire very many people.



MODELS WANTED

MEN OF ALL SIZES



DHM
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MEN WHO WANT
TO SHOW OFF!!

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

Model: JoshP

Alex Bruckner

Images by
Alex Torres



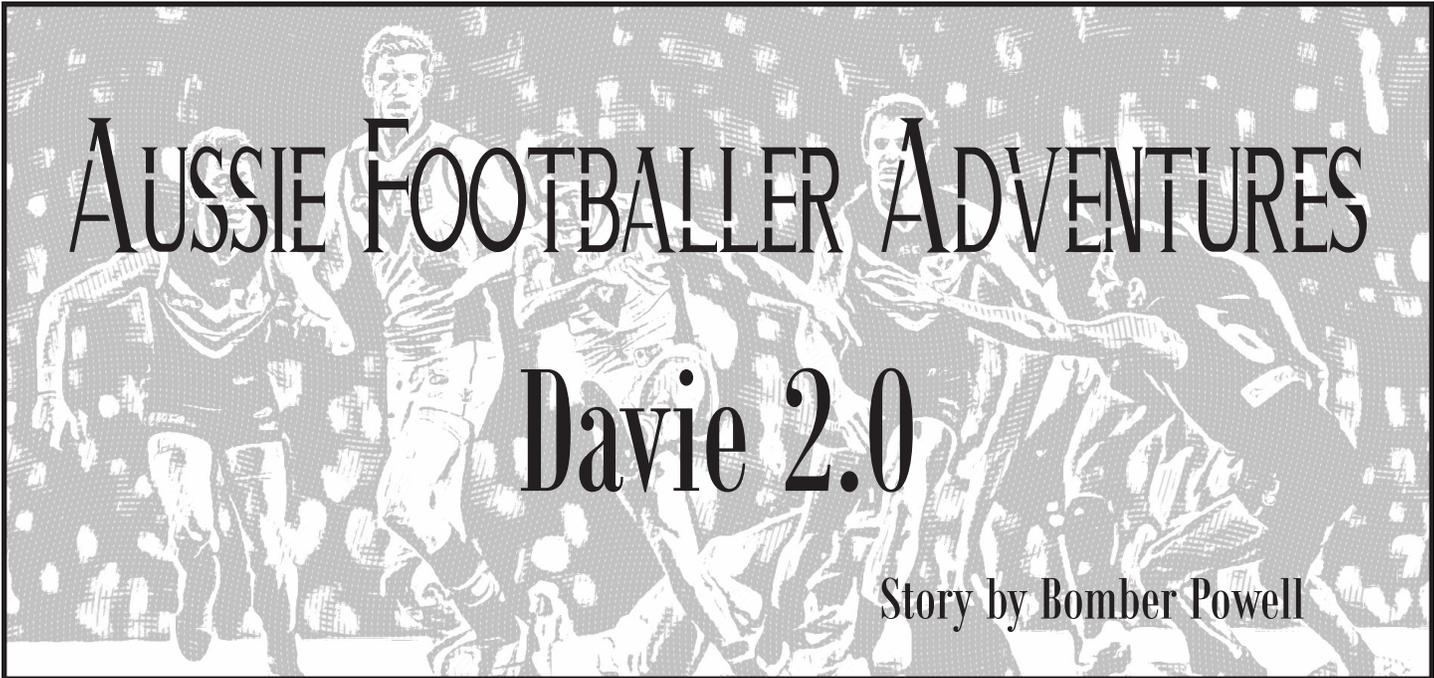












AUSSIE FOOTBALLER ADVENTURES

Davie 2.0

Story by Bomber Powell

I've written before about Davey, and how we shared a flashlight. Just to jog your memory, Davey was married and by this stage had a kid. His Mrs was great, but Davey liked his time out with the boys. He'd given me a call earlier to ask what I was up to and if I wanted to watch the Wallabies game.

"Your Mrs around tonight Bomber?"

"Nah mate. Regular girls night. Last Saturday of every month. You know the drill"

"Sweet. I'll bring some beers over. Wanna get some lollies?"

"Yeah alright. I think my Mrs isn't coming home and is crashing at her friends house. Wanna hang here for the night? Will Lou be okay with that, given you have the kid and all now?"

"She'll be sweet" Davey said. "She will probably appreciate me not trying to get in her pants for a night. Bit of a drought with the kid". I laughed and we agreed on a time for him to come over. Davey arrived at about 6 I think, and we ordered a pizza and had a few beers. He was wearing a tank top and boardies and looked the goods. Like I said before, Davey is a hot fella. About 5'9, 90 kgs, chunky build with a little bit of ink. Dark hair and crystal blue eyes. He'd been working harder in the gym than usual and had muscled up a bit, especially his arse. There was a noticeable bulge in his boardies too that I couldn't take my eye off. We had a bit of boy's small talk about the game and general stuff. Davey said since his kid had arrived him and his Mrs. weren't having much sex and he was asking me where I bought that flashlight.

Davie 2.0

"Mate, that thing felt so good. I'd have to hide it from Lou because she would think it was weird hey. But there isn't even time to wank anymore. It's intense having a kid". Like any new Dad he was adjusting to baby life.

"Davey you can come over and use mine anytime you like" I said with a cheeky grin.

"I was hoping we could tonight" he said grinning back. By this stage we both had noticeable bulges in our shorts.

"Wanna have half a lolly first bomber and make a night of it". He didn't have to ask me twice. We had half each and in about 30 minutes we we're chilled and horned up.

"Flashlight time?" I said to Davey.

"Actually bomber, I was hoping we could try the real thing...."

My flashlight has a nice pucker on it like a butt hole, and I think he liked that. Most guys in the club always have banter about whether they have managed to fuck their chick in the ass, and Davey was no different.

I played dumb.

"What do ya mean mate?"

"Can I fuck you? I kinda heard a couple of things around the club, and after we fooled around last time I kinda thought....that maybe...you'd be up for it"

Lollies always make me horny in a way I want to be fucked, so I was in the right place when he asked me.

"Sure you wanna mate?" I said to Davey.

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Jerking off with someone is one thing, but having them fuck you is another and I was worried it was gonna make things weird.

“I was kinda hoping that we could do this regular like, if you’re keen”.

He didn’t need to say anymore. I grabbed his boardies, ripped the Velcro fly open and hauled out his already hard dick. I gave it a couple of licks and he moaned. He slid down the coach to push his cock closer to my face. I swallowed it down to the tuft of pubes sticking out. Davey bucked up a little bit to meet my cock sucking action. He was loving it. I spat his cock out and grabbed his shorts and pulled them off. He grabbed my tshirt and ripped it off and started sucking my nipple while he tugged at his cock. It was drooling pre-cum. The cunt was so fucking horny and he needed to fuck something bad.

“Back in a sec” I said. I went in the bathroom and gave my ass a quick rinse and come back with some lube. Davey was naked on the couch doing the same thing last time we were naked together. Stroking his taint and balls and had this hungry look in his eyes. I was naked too and I propped myself up on the edge of the couch face down with my ass in the air.

“Want some?” I said to Davey in the horniest voice I could do.

“Fuck yes” Davey hissed.

I lubed my ass up and Davey grabbed the lube and slicked his cock up. I felt his finger go in and it was heaven. Then I felt the knob of his cock pressing against my hungry pucker as his gently pushed in. It popped in and we both let out a bloke moan as we descended into ecstasy. Davey kept pushing forward until I could feel his balls just about touching mine.

“Oh fuck bomber. It’s so fucken tight dude. Don’t move cos I’m really horned up”

Davey stayed deep in my ass for a few seconds while he settled, then he pulled his hips back and started to gently fuck me. We both moaned and the room was filled with the smell of sex and slapping skin. Faster it got as Davey went on the boil.

“Davey, stop for a minute”

He pulled his dick out and I flipped over onto my back and put my legs up. He grabbed his dick and guided it back into me.

“Oh fuck bomber. Fuck this is so good. “ He had lustful eyes and he was completely lost in the moment were.”

“Fuck me good Davey. Give it to me big fella” I grabbed his muscular ass as he pounded and pulled him into me. His 6.5 inch thick uncut cock was rock

hard and sending me into ecstasy. Boy he could fuck. He would fuck me really quick and then push it deep inside and just hold it there for a second. We would both gasp and close our eyes. Then, at one point, he did it again, but this time he leaned down and started kissing me. Deep. Passionate.

My dick was drooling pre cum all over my belly, and then Davey upped the pace and started fucking me in earnest. He was totally boiling over and I knew he was about to cum. His breathing quickened and his back muscles all contracted. He started to fuck me urgently. Deep, long, fast, strokes.

“Can I cum in you bomber?” He quickly gasped as he was pumping away.

“Fuck yes. Put it deep in my man”

With that Davey tensed up, he fucked me fast and it was so hot, and then he pushed his cock deep in me, whimpered, held his breath and started to unload. I could feel his cock spasm inside me his orgasm was so strong. He caught his breath and moaned so loudly.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck....Oh my god” was all he could manage as shot after shot came out of his cock into me. I grabbed my cock and jerked it just a few times and blew all over my stomach. Davey collapsed on top of me and we just lay there for a couple of seconds, both covered in my cum.

“Mate, that was intense” said Davey when he eventually caught his breath. “Mind if I have a quick shower?”

“Nah I’m gonna make you sit there all night covered in spoooge and fuck juice”

I got him a towel and watched that beautiful ass disappear into the shower. I washed of straight after him and we sat around in our jocks and t-shirts. We we’re both literally absolutely fucked.

“So, can we make this a regular thing? Keep it on the downlow” Davey asked.

“Why not. It’s not cheating if it’s with another bloke is it?”

Davey laughed. “I guess not”.

We fucked once more that night and it was as hot as the first time.

We did catch up fairly regularly for our boy’s night. We had this chemistry when we fucked that I’ve never really experienced since. I never told anyone either, not even Azza. It’s been a secret of mine for some time. A hot little secret that still turns me on when I think about it.

Thanks Davey.

A tribute to
**Earring
Magic
Ken**



Images by
**Javier
A Lara**











Amsterdam Pride

Image by
Arktos
Photography

that thing under the water, whatever it was, a great black shape, the size of a whale, or a shark...and the picture was gone, taken under by whatever horror it was in those dark depths....but there was something else, tugging on his mind. Something else had happened at that moment...what was it?

Blake stirs his coffee mindlessly for a moment, then tapped his metal spoon on the rim of his coffee cup, to get the last few drips of coffee off. That's when it hit him. As he tapped his spoon, a flash of a cane coming down on the railing of the docks, near the black lake, at night, during the storm, startled him and came back at once. The shadow of a man, with a cane, had been standing there, he had distracted him just in time before whatever it was beneath the water came up and crashed back into the still waves. The same man who had been following them that day and into the night, only now did Blake realize who it was. Those shades, that long trench-coat, almost a duster, the gloves, the cane, that distinct walk. It was Cabell.

What had he been doing, following them that night? Was it because he had once been on the case with Mick, and was keeping tabs on them, or something more sinister? Blake pondered this for a moment, wondering what the hell was really going on behind the scenes, surrounding this case, or were there multiple cases going on simultaneously, all surrounding Jezebel, Charles Newman, and his mysterious Blue Rose Hotel? Now Cabell was involved, and others, and not only that, there were murders happening across town, and what Blake had seen in the abandoned fairgrounds...that thing...was that what was doing it? Was it possible...that the creature, the "Jackal" was after Jezebel as well? Blake was horrified at that thought, he had seen what it could do. Was it at the heart of this case, or was it Jezebel herself? Did these separate events have anything to do with each other at all? Were they all connected or all just horrible coincidences?

Blake wracked his brain, trying to find a connection, feeling like he was close to finding something that was hiding, just below the surface, when he starts having a flashback of when he saw his reflection in that ruined house, when he was standing over that hyena-man, and he saw his own face, but it wasn't his face...it was a tiger's...and

his hands had been like paws...his dreams... where he was a tiger...he could hear Jezebel's screams ringing in his ears. The shock of this memory broke Blake's concentration. Her voice was all he could hear, screaming...and then...a song...her voice was a song...it was beautiful, and it clouded his mind...no he couldn't forget again... what was it? What was that song? Why did it keep coming back? Why did his mind keep going fuzzy when he heard it, when he heard her voice? It couldn't happen again this time, he had to remember... Think, Blake, he told himself. Remember what it was....He briefly remembered that night, at that unfamiliar club, or a bar, where he had seen Charlie, then there were more screams, terrible ones, of sheer terror...a sharp pain in his head...a blinding white light...and then all went blank, covered up by Jezebel's song again...no...not again...You're so close, Blake... think...remember, dammit. ...

...

Blake's concentration broke again when he saw Jane, coming out from the back of the house, with a pot of coffee, and a new coffee cup. Her coat was off and was now wearing her red waitress uniform, with a white collar, buttons and belt, her long strawberry hair tied up in a ponytail now. She came over to his table and put the coffee cup, down, and started pouring him a fresh cup of coffee.

"Hey, Blake, whatcha' thinkin' about?" asked Jane, as she poured the coffee.

"Wh...what?" asked Blake, feeling like he was in a daze.

"You looked like you were thinking' pretty hard about somethin'," said Jane, as she finished pouring his cup of coffee, "I thought I'd come over and see if it was anything important."

"I...I can't remember," Blake said honestly, "I can't remember what I was thinking about... dammit..." Blake grumbled to himself, he picked up his coffee cup and brought it to his lips, "...Shit," said Blake suddenly, recoiling "It's hot."

"Well, yeah, I just poured it," said Jane.

"Oh...you did?" said Blake, looking surprised. "I...I didn't realize."

"You sure you're doin' okay there, Blake?" asked Jane, looking at him suspiciously.

"Yeah," said Blake, trying to shrug it off, "I think I just need to think for awhile...look over some materials until Mick gets here...I have some questions I'd like to ask him...oh, and thanks for the coffee, Jane," Blake added, politely.

"No, problem Blake, I'll just leave you to it until...Oh, damn," Jane laughed at herself, "Would ya look at that? I forgot your strawberry sundae. I'll be right back with it."

Jane leaves Blake with her pot of coffee to go fetch the sundae behind the counter.

Blake thinks for a moment. Why did this keep happening, why, ever time he started to remember something...no it wasn't just remembering...it was when it didn't have to do with her with Jezebel...then he would forget, or not think clearly. Why was that? Was it his own selective memory? No...no that wasn't it...it was something else.

Jane comes back and brings Blake his strawberry sundae.

"Here ya go, Blake. Geez, that's cold. ..." Jane sets the strawberry sundae, in a cold, frosted glass ice-cream dish, down on the table. It was enormous. "Well, dig in," said Jane, with a smile. "They have the best strawberry sundaes here at Irene's. And I'm not saying that just because I work here," Jane adds with a wink. "Except for Tom's. Tom makes a killer strawberry sundae."

"Who's Tom?" asks Blake, having no idea what Jane was talking about.

"Tom? Oh he's a friend of mine back in Manhattan. He owns his own diner. Cool guy."

"Oh, is he that Tom? Who owns "Tom's Diner"?"

"No, not that one. He owns "Bruno's Diner"," Jane nods assertively. Jane seemed to know what she was taking about, but Blake was completely confused, he decided to leave it and enjoy his sundae. "Oh and if the other waitress asks, the sundae's free, because I accidentally charged you extra," she winks.

"Charged extra for what?" asked Blake, but at that point Jane was already gone.

The strawberry sundae was delicious, as Jane had said, covered in whipped cream, real whipped cream, fresh strawberries, and the strawberry sauce tasted fresh as well, as if someone had mashed up fresh strawberries and sugar into a syrup and poured it all over the vanilla Jezebel

ice cream and whipped topping, and it all came presented in a tall frosty glass dish. Blake was glad Jane had given him a long silver spoon for it, as it took some digging to get his first strawberry, which had sunk beneath the mountain of whipped cream. Blake felt he had another favorite, and didn't know he would have enjoyed a sundae like this since he was a kid. It took his mind off of the impending conversation with Mick, if only for a fleeting moment, and somehow, he felt more confident in what he had to say after it.

Blake decided to take a look at some of the materials concerning the case, while he waited for Mick to arrive, taking another look at the cerulean blue folder marked "Designs by Frost" again, at the blueprints of the Blue Rose Hotel and the designs for the clothes Mick and Blake were to wear, whenever and if ever their plan to properly infiltrate the place ever came to fruition. By this point, Blake had already finished his sundae, and was working on his second cup of black coffee, when he noticed something else in the satchel Mick had given him, wedged in between the stacks of folders and dossiers they had packed, something that was sticking out slightly from between them, as if it was peeking at him this whole time, waiting for him to notice. It was a photograph. Blake could only see the edge of it, sticking out from the files, so he decided to carefully pull it out, and look at it. It was a picture of Mick, Jane, a little girl with shoulder length black hair and an another man with blonde hair and side burns, muscular build, similar to Mick, but slightly smaller and slimmer, not slim, still burly, but not nearly as big and bearish as Mick. Blake examines the picture and its content, it looks rather recent with some writing on the back side. It reads:

"J+M" with a heart around it, and below was a note reading "Always a family." Surrounding the note were signatures. They were: "Jane Frost, Mick Wolf, John County, Cassie Rodgers."

Blake turns the photo back over, and looks at the four of them, especially Mick and the man he could only assume was "John". Their arms were around each others, and they were laughing, half looking at each other. They looked so happy together. Like they had been best friends for years, but there was something more. Was this Mick's ex in the picture? Of course it was, Blake told himself. But why? What had happened? If he still kept his

picture like this... something told Blake it wasn't a break up. Something else had happened.

He noticed the eyes of the girl in the picture, with dark hair, wearing a blue and white striped dress. One eye looked blue-green, a marbling of Mick and Jane's eye colors, while the other was an amber-brown color. She had features that reminded him of both Jane and Mick, but also of John. Was she their daughter? Were John and Mick her dads, and Jane her mother? Jane seemed to be too young to be her mother, though...the girl looked about 8 or 9. And having features of both dads, that was crazy talk, Blake told himself, there was no way she could have genes of two dads. That was impossible. And that name Blake had read...Cassie, she couldn't be Mick and Jane's daughter, from the way they described her, she was only 1 or 2 years old. If that was the case, what happened to this Cassie? Was their baby named after this girl...if so, what happened to her? Blake looked from Cassie, to Jane, who looked breath-taking as always, in a sea-green sun dress, to John and Mick, who were dressed in a red jacket and jeans, and a blue denim shirt and khaki shorts respectively. Blake could feel the connection between them in this picture, as if they had not only been boyfriends, best friends and partners...but husbands. All four of them did indeed look like a family. Seeing how happy they had all looked made him feel sad.

Blake looked back at John. There was something uncannily familiar about him. He knew he had never met him before...but there was something, especially around the eyes, the nose and the mouth. Blake couldn't quite put his finger on it...his finger. Blake decided to cover John's eyes in the picture. It was then he realized immediately who this man reminded him of.

Cabell. John reminded him a lot of Cabell. No, he looked exactly like Cabell. The features, everything else. The only thing that was missing was the scars, the shades and the cane. Were they related? Or perhaps....was this Cabell? Were they the same...?

...Blake looked up quickly.

Jane was coming back. Blake hides the photo quickly in his coat pocket, without thinking. He'd have to try and sneak it back in the satchel later. Jane comes to the table with more coffee.

"Can I top ya off, Blake?" asked Jane.

"Yeah, thanks," said Blake.

She poured him another cup.

"Mick should be here soon," said Jane, looking out the window, as if she was hoping to see him. "If not, he's probably still not wanting to leave his baby girl, yet. He misses being a stay at home dad whenever he's on one of these cases. But, Charlie's a great baby-sitter."

"Will, Charlie and Cassie be stopping by the diner as well?" asked Blake, curiously.

"No, I don't think so," said Jane, "Cassie still gets fussy when she's out in public, and Charlie will be busy at home watching her while we're all out and about. Come to think of it...I wouldn't be surprised if Mick's running late because Charlie took a long time cleaning up from, spending time with Mick...he even had more on him than I did... I mean...um..."

Blake tries not to laugh.

"I know what Mick gets on ya guys," said Blake with a wink. "He makes a lot."

"Um...well, yeah he does, haha," laughed Jane. "He's a big boy." Jane winked.

Blake laughed out loud at this, louder than usual, making several other diner patrons look derisively in their direction. Blake was surprised, only Mick and Jane made him laugh like this. He wasn't usually a very well humored person.

"Yeah, we have a lot of fun," said Jane. "Mick and Charlie as well...Oh, that reminds me, I almost forgot. Charlie wanted me to ask you if you would be okay with stopping by our place for dinner sometime soon. So we could all talk about the case together."

"Sure," said Blake. "Um...how about tonight? I know Mick will be wanting to eat a big dinner before we head out to the..." Blake didn't want to think about those abandoned fair-grounds just yet. "...Before we do our investigating."

"Great, I'll call and tell him right away...I mean, when I go on break, and I have to remember to show you guys that book you found, there's some very interesting things in it," says Jane. "I'll wait to show it to ya until Mick gets here, we didn't really have time to look over it this afternoon, he'd like to see it too."

"I can't wait," says Blake. He was on the edge of his seat about what she had to show him. He had been thinking non-stop about that book since the previous night.

"Well, I'll see ya later," said Jane, "I've got to go see some other guests before the boss gets suspicious. See ya when Mick gets here," she says, and walks away.

Blake watches Jane walk away to another table. He liked her a lot. She was smart, pretty, sassy, and not phony with how she acted. She and Mick were what Blake would call genuine human beings. He was also oddly attracted to Jane in a similar manner with Mick. Maybe Jezebel wasn't the only female he found attractive. Maybe there was more to him than that. He thought.

"Human beings are never that simple," Jezebel has once told him, it had sounded so foreign and distant, as if she was talking about another species other than herself. Why was he comparing everything to something she said? Blake thought. Because that's all he remembered these days, he answered himself in his head. Those were the only memories he clearly remembered, they all had to do with HER. He was almost sick of it, of her memory, and yet...a side of him didn't want to stop thinking about her...maybe he couldn't. Either way, it was nice to have friends like Mick and Jane, and perhaps Charlie as well, once he got to know him.

Blake lifted his fresh, hot cup of coffee up to his mouth, then nearly gagged when he suddenly remembered.

Charlie, he was there in that memory, at that bar, where people were screaming. The memory that kept blanking out. He had first remembered it when he shook Charlie's hand. If he couldn't remember it, perhaps Charlie would. If he approached him right, Charlie seemed quite excitable and easily startled. He would have to think of the right approach to bring up the subject later that night. In the meantime, he had plenty to go over here, in his stack of files next to him, until Mick got here.

Blake checks his watch he hoped Mick would hurry up. He was getting hungry. No wonder. It was almost four o'clock. Blake had been waiting so long he was hungry again. Maybe he might get some lunch while he waited.

...

An hour later, and Mick still hadn't shown up. Blake was getting worried, especially since Jezebel

there was a murderer about, the "Jackal", but those usually happened at night. Still, Blake's imagination kept him stressed, until Mick's imminent arrival.

"I'm sure he'll show up soon," said Jane, still checking her watch, whenever she stopped by Blake's table, as if she too was worried something had happened to him. "He's probably just taking awhile saying goodbye to Cassie, he hates leaving her."

Blake nodded, but still not convinced. He kept looking out the window, as the light in the sky changed to that of late after-noon, the glow tinted with more gold and orange than before, and the sunlight pouring into the diner almost becoming blinding, as the sun descended.

Blake almost considered walking over to the apartment building he had been to the previous night, to go check on Mick, Charlie, and Cassie to see if everything was alright, when Mick came strolling casually up the sidewalk, to the diner. A knot finally let go in Blake's stomach.

Mick finally arrived inside the diner, with a big grin on his face, that only a proud father could have. Blake had a hunch what had taken him so long. He saw that same look after his phone call from the woman he now knew was Jane, and their child, Cassie. He sure missed being around his daughter, and Blake couldn't blame him for that, even if he had taken the whole afternoon and kept Blake waiting here. Something told Blake that there might have been more to the story, however, because even though he looked happy, Mick kept looking back out the window, from the corner of his eyes, as if he was convinced someone was watching him. Blake turned toward where Blake was sitting, and waved his big arm and hand up to him happily, almost like Jane had done earlier. He seemed to look around for Jane first, who wasn't out front at the moment, before walking up toward Blake's table and booth.

"Hey, buddy, sorry I kept ya," said Mick, still grinning.

"No problem," said Blake, "It's not every day you get to spend time with your daughter while on a case."

Mick suddenly beamed at Blake with an appreciative smile, as if it made his day knowing

Continued on pg 88

A Kink Filled Day with Zac

Images by
Kirk
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Kinky
SEX 5[©]



"Sure," I said. "Give me a few minutes and I'll be fine. And coffee sounds good."

It was a warm evening, so we sat outside on the porch while the coffee was brewing inside. The lights were off, so as not to attract insects. Brian went inside again. "Make yourself at home," he shouted from inside. I untucked my shirt and sat on the bench. I leant backwards and closed my eyes.

"Don't fall asleep on me Buddy," Brian said, handing me a mug of coffee. He sat down next to me and kicked off his shoes.

"Thanks." The bench rocked gently as the two of us sat side by side. Brian sat up, and pulled off his shirt, tossing it onto an adjacent chair. He leant back. "Don't you want to, too?"

I was feeling light-headed from the beer, but I still felt ill at ease. But not wishing to offend, I took my shirt off. Brian leant back on bench, eyes closed, seemingly oblivious to the unsettling effect he was having on me. My heart was racing. I was conscious of longing for something, but wasn't sure what it was, just a deep yearning. Brian chatted, asking some questions, which I attempted to answer in as even a voice as I could manage.

Brian sat up again to sip his coffee. "You have a nice chest," he said. And for the second time that evening he ran his fingers through my chest hair. More affectionately this time though, like an adult would do on the head of a child.

"So do you," I surprised himself by answering. Brian leant back on the bench. I was aware of the physical closeness, and was on edge, but my every nerve seemed alive. I became aware that our legs were lightly resting against each other. I moved away slightly and sat up. I finished his coffee, and said softly, "I think I better head out."

"Why?" he asked. I shook my head without answering

"I think you should stay." Brian said it simply. His eyes were closed and he seemed totally relaxed. Perhaps without realizing it, I came to a decision. I leant back on the bench. I wanted, but I didn't want. Then I surrendered and let events take their course.

Brian got up and fetched two beers. He handed me one and put the other one down

unopened. "I need a slash," he said. With his back to me, he stood on the edge of the porch. I heard a stream of liquid splashing on the ground below. "You need one too?" he asked, turning to me. He had finished pissing, but he continued to stand at the edge of the porch, totally still.

I got up slowly. I stood alongside Brian, also facing the garden. Without looking directly, I was aware Brian's jeans were still unbuttoned, his dick exposed. I loosened his pants and released my dick. I stood for a few seconds, dreading getting the "stage-fright" that so often besets me when I have to piss at a urinal. I tried my usual trick. I closed my eyes and slowly counted to ten, concentrating on nothing. On eight, I felt relief as a stream of piss began to pour out into the flowerbed below.

Finishing, I shook my dick vigorously, trying to get rid of the last drops. Brian continued to stand next to me, still exposed, watching me. "More 'n four shakes and you're jackin' off, boy," he barked, mock serious.

I laughed back, and hurriedly shoved my cock back into his briefs.

"No, don't. Leave it out," Brian said turning to me, though I still managed to tuck it away. But he pulled me towards him in an embrace. I felt his smooth muscular chest pressed tightly against me. I was aware that my dick was uncomfortable, straining for release inside my pants.

Brian let go of the embrace, and with his lips began caressing my neck, moving down to my chest. His tongue circled my left nipple. Wave after wave of ecstasy consumed me, an electric current of desire, want and lust sweeping over me.

I pulled Brian closer to me, and I started lightly licking his neck. Brian continued to nuzzle my nipple, but I began to guzzle and slurp with my tongue. I raised his arm and nestled my nose in the thick hair of his armpit, savouring the musky masculine odour. I moved position, wanting more, more, more. I moved my tongue to his other armpit.

Brian's tongue began to inch downwards from my nipples. Then I sank onto my knees. My mouth sought out his cock, my hands groping for it in the dark.

"Down boy! Easy, easy boy," Brian's voice was playful. My hand had found his dick and was pushing it into my mouth. But Brian pulled away slightly. I looked at him quizzically, wondering if I'd

gone too far. But he pulled me up gently to my feet, then slipped his fingers under my belt, loosening the clasp. He undid the zip, and hooking his fingers around both pants and briefs, pushed them to my knees, burying his face in my crotch. Urgently I struggled to kick off my shoes and I stepped out of my clothes. Naked, I then pulled Brian's jeans to the floor. He lay back on the floor.

Brian pulled our bodies together. Hungrily, he nuzzled again at my nipples while his hands cupped my scrotum. Sensing this was an experience to savour, I battled to hold my frenzied excitement in check. I began to explore Brian's body more slowly.

I nibbled Brian's nipples and used my teeth to pull gently at Brian's nipple ring. Then, slowly, I began working downwards. I loved the smooth firmness of Brian's chest and tummy, as well as his happy trail leading from his navel to the dense bush of dark hair below.

Brian reached over for some cushions to make us comfortable. He manoeuvred them so we were lying on the floor—top-to-toe. We worked down one another's body, circling each other's belly buttons with our wet tongues. Brian's tongue on my skin was cool from the beer. Again I tried to suck his cock, but Brian slowed me down, delaying gratification, increasing the anticipation.

Eventually we could hold off no longer—our tongues reached the head of each other's cock. My cock was dry but Brian moistened it with his tongue. His cock though was wet with pre-cum and I licked it, gingerly at first, then smeared the wetness around the head. I could smell the manly fragrance of the drops from his piss earlier.

I was lying flat on his back with Brian kneeling over me, both of us feasting on each other's genital delights. Generally I followed what Brian was doing to me. My pleasure was indescribable, and I moaned softly. I hoped that in my inexperience I was doing it right for him, so I was both relieved and further excited when he breathed, "Aaaagh, fuck, that is good."

He rolled my balls around in his mouth. Following his lead, I moved position so I could suck on his balls. His hips moved rhythmically up and down. After a while he left off my balls, and began sucking my cock, deeply. I let go of Brian's balls and was about to return to his dick when instead I took the initiative and started licking behind his sac.

Red Rubber Ball

This was unknown unknown territory for me. Ready to stop at the first sign of reluctance, I used my tongue to delve between Brian's thighs.

Brian sighed appreciatively. He was now bending my cock back so he could suck it deeply, fucking it with his mouth. I continued with my tongue behind Brian's balls and on his thighs. I felt my orgasm approaching, so I held off with my mouth for a moment, allowing my ecstasy to subside. Then I resumed the exploration with my tongue. Shocking myself, but with a fascinated compulsion, my tongue came closer to Brian's manhole. I could sense, rather than smell, its masculine muskiness. Circling it, ever inward, at last my tongue reached his cherry. I lapped at it, moistening it. All the while Brian moaned and writhed in pleasure as I explored his buttock with my tongue.

Brian was still mouth-fucking my cock. Sometimes he took it so far into him that I wondered he didn't gag. At other times he circled the head with his lips, or pinched the pisshole open and teased it with his tongue.

Meantime my tongue circled Brian's hole. I pulled his buttocks apart. Then slowly, slowly, my tongue began to enter his shithole. I felt it pucker and tighten as I lapped and probed with my tongue. I sensed his excitement grow to fever-pitch, while his mouth continued working magic on my cock.

Instinctively, I began to finger Brian's hole, still moist and cool from my tongue. I heard him moan as I slid my middle finger deep inside him, probing, feeling. Sliding it in and out, each time a little deep, in and out; exploring; discovering the forbidden inside as his flesh enveloped and tightened on my finger, my own orgasm closer, and closer.

Then abruptly Brian turned over, letting go of my dick from his mouth. Turning around, he faced he faced me and straddled my cock. He leant over, his mouth seeking out mine. Kissing! Intimate of intimates. Man kissing man. Surrendering even to this, I allowed his tongue passage into my mouth. He kissed me passionately, roughly, his tongue demanding entry. I let go, my tongue reciprocating, hungrily probing into Brian's mouth.

My mouth still locked in the exquisiteness brutality of his forcefulness, I felt his hand groping for my cock. He guided it expertly to his asshole,

and leaning on my cock, I slid it inside him like an oiled piston.

"Fuuuck!" we exclaimed together, as his hole swallowed all of my cock. Nothing could have prepared me for the wave of exquisite tension that enveloped me. My mouth sought out Brian's tongue in a frenzy of excitement.

"Brian, I can't hold off any longer," I gasped as my hips pounded my cock in and out of his shithole.

"Yeah man, cum. Cum!" Brian panted. "Cum, shoot inside me. Cum."

I grabbed his hard cock, jerking it wildly, uncontrollably. "Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shiiiiit!" I'm cumming, I whimpered, as I felt spasms of cum shoot into Brian's ass.

Brian was gasping, "Me too. Cum, yeah, cum inside me," as his own dick pumped load after load of jism, covering my chest, neck and mouth. I licked at his cum on his lips, my hips involuntarily continuing to pound into Brian. Brian grabbed my

hand, and controlled the thrashing of my hand into a regular rhythm, milking out the last blob of cum.

"Aaaagh," I sighed as I let my head fell back, my cock still hard inside Brian. He kissed me deeply with his tongue, but gently now, savouring the taste of his own juices. He wiped away the last bit of cum from my face and rubbed it into the mat of hair on my chest.

Slowly I pulled out of Brian. Exhausted, we lay on our backs. My hand sought out Brian's. Side by side, we lay together, content in the silence.

"Still wanna go back to the motel?" he teased me.

"I don't ever want to go anywhere else."

We lay back in silence, our fingers entwined, watching the stars in the black sky above us.

And hours later, still lying together, I saw the dawn lightening the sky, the morning sun rising like a red rubber ball.

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Bart

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Bart



DHM Fan ~ Guy



that Blake understood his position. Mick's reaction made Blake smile as well.

Mick was about to sit down at the table, across from Blake, when he sniffs suddenly.

"Wait... that smell...is that?" Mick starts sniffing around the booth, like a dog, sniffing the table and seat. Mick didn't seem to heat or mind the judgments of the other diner guests. He started sniffing the air around him, wildly, as if he recognized something. Mick looks surprised and worried for a moment before his senses become overwhelmed with the lavender perfume and he sneezes and coughs. He covers his mouth. "Sorry, Blake. Must be my allergies. Woah. Do you mind if we move to another booth? That perfume some old lady sprayed is giving me a headache."

"Sure," said Blake, and grabs the satchel of materials and they move back two or three seats.

Blake and Mick situate themselves for a moment, before Jane appears with new coffee cups and some fresh coffee for both of them.

"Hey, Mickey, long time no see," said Jane, with a sly look at him.

"Hey, Janey," said Mick, "Yeah, I know I took awhile getting here, sorry 'bout that. I also took Cassie by the park, and then the zoo, as well as the aquarium."

"The aquarium?" asked Jane, "I went by there earlier with her, it was closed, I told you that."

"Yeah, well, she wanted to go by there again, and I thought, you never know, it might be open," Mick shrugs.

Jane looked at Mick blankly for a moment, like she was ready to say something, then just shook her head.

"Anyway, I'm glad we got you as our waitress today instead of that other...what's her name?"

"Oh, come on Mick," said Blake, knowing exactly which waitress he was talking about, "what's wrong with her?"

Mick shrugs. "I don't know, she's just...too cheerful," he says.

"Yeah, she's just overflowing with happiness," said Jane, sarcastically.

"Jane, table seven," said the other waitress irately from the other side of the diner, as if she could hear them.

"Well, apparently I'm wanted at table seven," says Jane, forcing a smile, "I'll be back with a warm up for you boys soon." She does a mock curtsy.

"Take your time Jane," says Mick with an amused smile, and he watches Jane walk away across the diner.

Mick turns to face Blake again, smiles, and lifts his cup of coffee to his mouth with an apparent toast motion. Blake does the same.

"So," said Mick after taking a sip of his coffee, "you ready to tell me about you and Jezebel?"

Blake was dreading this, but also expecting it.

"Wow, you sure don't miss a beat," said Blake "Right to it, eh?"

"Well, we've got a lot to do tonight," said Mick shrugging. "Got to start soon."

"Yeah, soon. Two hours ago would have been more like it," says Blake

"Yeah, well," Mick rubs the back of his neck with an awkward laugh, "Sorry about that, I don't really get to see my daughter much lately and I lost track of time. My bad, Blake. Also...I suspect someone might have been following me," Mick adds, looking over his shoulder out of the window. "I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive it was the same guy who was following us around last night."

Blake felt the pit in his stomach return.

"Really? You don't say?" asked Blake, trying to pretend he didn't know what Mick was talking about.

Mick looked at Blake curiously.

"What was that tone of voice about?" asked Mick.

"Oh, nothin'," said Blake, trying to play it off as something else, "It's just, even if you thought someone was following you, I still don't think that has anything to do with how late you are getting here."

"Yeah...you got me," said Mick, scratching his neck, a habit he had when he was nervous. "I should have paid more attention to the time."

"Maybe if you didn't spend so long chatting with Jane and Charlie and helping them relieve stress," said Blake with a sly look.

"Well, I helped them clean up too," said Mick, innocently.

"Maybe they wouldn't have needed so much

cleaning up if you didn't relieve your stress with them," said Blake with a wink.

"Ahaha" Mick chuckled awkwardly, "Yeah...well, my bad again. I can't help it how much I...what I mean is...um....How can I make it up to ya?"

"Well, I'll think about it," said Blake with a wink. "After tonight I might need some stress relief myself."

"Huh?" said Mick with a dumbfounded look on his face, then a sly knowing smile came across. "Oh, I get ya..." said Mick, grinning.

Blake chuckled. Good, he had turned the tables and avoided a truly awkward conversation, and now he possibly had something to look forward to as well. He didn't feel good about deceiving Mick though, but he felt he couldn't let his guard down just yet.

"So, when do we start?" asked Mick, switching gears again "I brought a note pad, so I can take notes...forgot a pen though."

"Don't worry I gotcha," said Blake, amused, handing him a pen, and clicking it, "But uh, I think Jane wanted to show us something first."

"Oh?" asked Mick with a slight tilt of his head. Blake almost laughed again. He knew what Jane had meant about Mick rubbing off on him. "What's that?"

"What she found in the guestbook last night."

"Oh, yeah!" said Mick suddenly remembering and getting excited. "I'm dying to know what's in there."

"Yeah," said Blake. Mick seemed more scatterbrained and less on the ball than usual, almost adorably stupid and slaphappy. Maybe he lost a few brain-cells from all that "stress-relief earlier. "Jane said she found some interesting stuff...I don't know how much longer I can wait. It's been itching at me all day."

They didn't have to wait long, Jane soon came by their table to announce that she was about to go on break, delivering them both a fresh cup of coffee in the process. Blake had lost track of how many cups of coffee he had today, but he didn't care, this was some of the best coffee he had ever had. Blake was in the middle of looking at the blue manilla folder, while Mick was busy scribbling on his notepad, doodling, like an overgrown child, as Jane poured their coffees.

She peeks over Blake's shoulder, as Blake looks at the design for his tailored suit, that was to be used for when they got "officially" in to the Blue Rose Hotel, and do some real investigating there. If that was still ever going to happen, that was.

"Oh, would you mind passing me my clothes? I mean the design, I kind of want to look at it again," Mick requested.

"Oh, sure," Blake nods, and passes over the sketch of Mick's suit.

Jane sees the two big men looking through the blueprints and designs, and spots the clothing for Blake.

"Wow, whoever made these sure knows your color," says Jane, pouring Blake a cup of coffee.

"Yeah, you think, so?" asks Blake, blushing at Jane, who was leaning right over him, he only now realized, at this close proximity, just how attractive she was, and how her hair color, strawberry red-blonde, shined, and how good she smelled. "That'll look great on you, honey," said Jane with a wink.

Mick coughs.

"Oh, I didn't forget about you, sugar pie," says Jane, leaning over him now, and poking at Mick's bare spot on his big chest, where his shirt was left unbuttoned (Mick's chest was so big that Blake guessed it unbuttoned all on its own). Mick makes a strange growl-like "huff" (or "puff") sound, which almost made Blake laugh. Mick blushes and looks away.

"You boys make sure to stop by and show me those outfits before your big date," she says with a wink.

"Eh..." Blake doesn't know what to say, and Mick lets out a chuckle.

Jane giggles.

"While I'm here, did you boys want a bite?" asked Jane.

"Oh, no thanks," said Mick, "I already ate plenty earlier."

Jane suddenly looked shocked and smacked him on the shoulder.

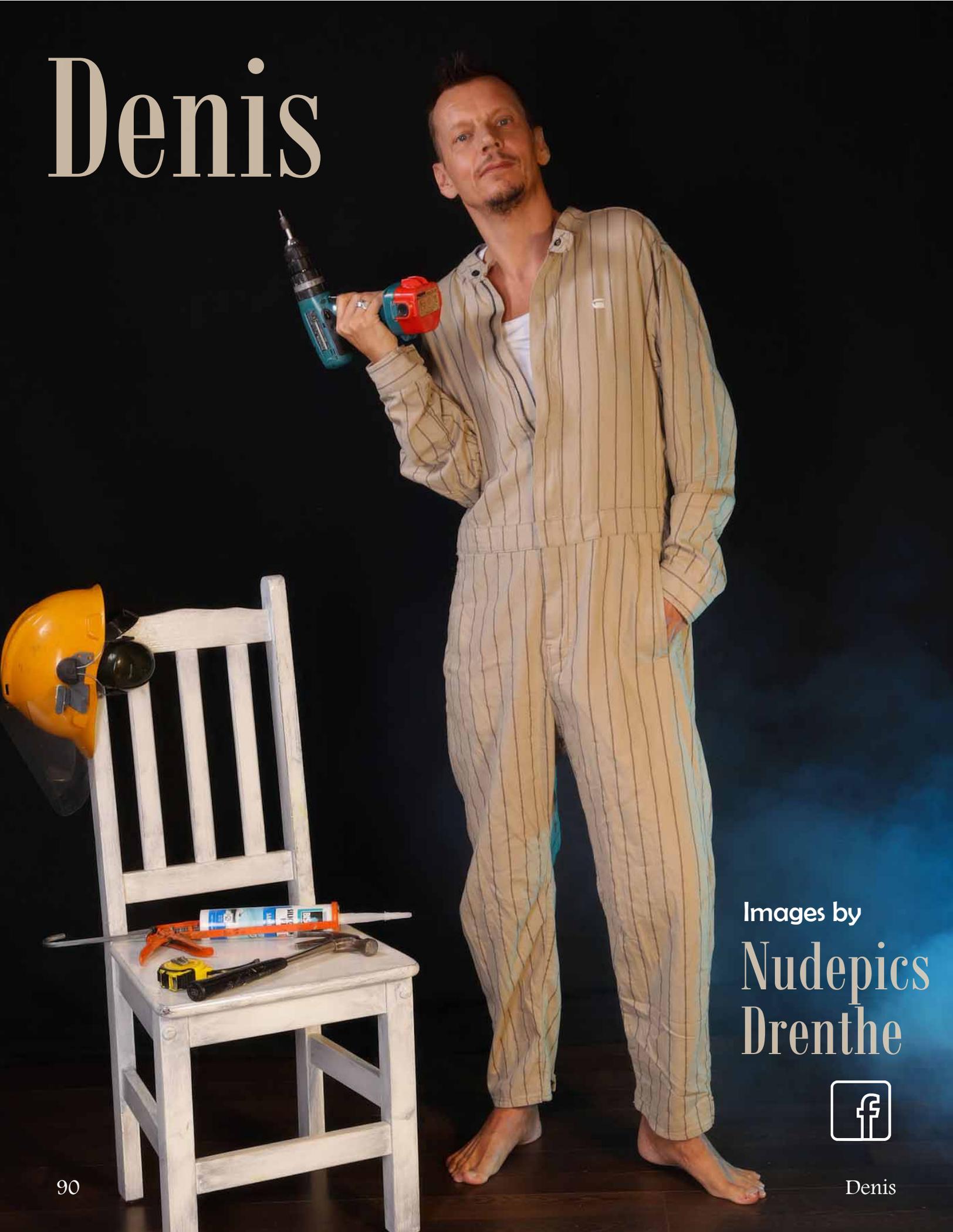
"What? What did I do?" asked Mick, innocently.

"I meant for lunch," said Jane.

"That's what I meant, I got a bite earlier,"

Continued on pg 98

Denis



Images by
**Nudepics
Drenthe**



Denis











A man with a full beard and a plaid vest is standing in front of a red fire truck. The number '41554' is visible on the side of the truck. The man is wearing a black cap and a necklace. The background is a red fire truck with various equipment visible.

41554

MODEL CALL

men of all sizes

Desert Heat Magazine

is looking for men who want to show off!!

Got what it takes?

then message here

and we'll get back with you!

DHM Fan ~ Wesley



said Mick. "What did you think I meant...oh..." Mick and Jane suddenly went pink. "That...yeah...that too."

Blake was amused by their behavior. They didn't hide their sexual tension very well.

"Sorry, I thought you were being inappropriate in public again," said Jane.

"Now, who has the dirty mind?" asked Mick, teasing.

"Oh stop it," said Jane, with a laugh. She then looks at the blue manilla folder in Blake's hands once more. "Yep, that color looks rather good on you," Jane comments. "Wow...Whoever designed that really knows what colors suit you, and what shapes bring out your... all your... features".

Mick blushes again.

Blake didn't know why Jane was repeating herself like this, as if she was trying to drop a clue of some kind.

"Oh, thanks," said Blake. "It's for an...occasion. I still hope we can get to it."

"Oh, I'm sure there's still ways you can get in to that party," said Jane with a wink.

"Yeah, I hope, wait... what party? Jane?" But Jane was already gone, off pouring coffee at another table to a couple.

"You know, if I didn't already know you two were fucking, I would know it now," said Blake, slyly looking at Mick.

"Huh? What makes you say that?" asks Mick, looking like he was caught in the middle of doing something naughty, blushing.

"Well, your body language, the way she poked your chest and you blushed. I could almost see you getting hard," he leans over his coffee, "If I didn't know what relationship you had, I think you were getting around like a stray dog."

"Well, that is kind of...how I am," Mick said awkwardly, adjusting the open buttons on his shirt that were exposing his chest, where Jane had touched.

"Oh, I get it," says Blake with a wink, "You like getting a taste of everyone eh?"

"Well, I uh..." Mick was getting flushed.

"That's cool," said Blake, teasing, "A big cute dog like you, I'm sure everyone has something for you to eat." Blake winks.

"Um..." Mick grumbles. "Yeah...well, yeah, I am good at that," said Mick.

He was so cute when he was embarrassed.

"Well, I can't blame ya, she's quite a peach," said Blake.

"Yeah, well, I think she'd say the same about me, haha," Mick laughed.

Blake didn't quite know what he meant, but went along with it.

"She likes my ass a lot," says Mick, Blake almost choked on his coffee, "I feel kind of like a big piece of meat to her, but that's okay I don't mind. She's got a nice ass too, and really nice tits. They bounce"

Blake was the one who blushed this time.

"Why are you so embarrassed?" asks Mick. "She says I've got nice tits as well," says Mick with a shrug. "And they bounce too. Hehe."

Blake nearly spit his coffee out.

"I... I don't think anyone doubts that you both have nice... chests," says Blake. "Different kinds of course, but..." Blake wanted to change the subject before he got too excited at the thought of Mick and Jane with their chests pressed together, or her spanking his big ass. "Anyway... Jane seemed pretty interested in our suits we were going to wear getting in to the Blue Rose Hotel, didn't she?"

"MmmHmmm..." said Mick, in the middle of his coffee.

"Hmmm, she seems to know a lot about those tailored suits..." said Blake thoughtfully, sipping his coffee.

"Yeah, well, of course, since she made them," said Mick, taking a sip himself.

"Yeah, because she...what?"

"Why do ya think I was getting your measurements?" asked Mick with a wink, circling his thumb and forefinger in front of his mouth (just about the size and circumference, and girth of Blake's fat dick).

"Oh, of course," said Blake, now feeling like he was being the stupid one, "Designs by Frost. Why didn't I put the names together?"

"She's got a lot of talent, designed all those clothes herself," said Mick, "And got the blueprints to the Blue Rose Hotel by memory."

"No fucking way!" said Blake, astounded, perhaps a little too loudly, as half the diner patrons gasped. Blake heard some say "can you believe

that language?" and "that ruffian".

Jane, who had been standing close by still with her pot of coffee, at a nearby table responded, loudly with a smile "Yeah, Blake. Fucking way!"

Mick and Blake looked from Jane to each other and smiled broadly.

Several more customers gasped and mumbled.

"Can you believe it? The nerve. I'm telling the manager."

"Go ahead, lady," said Jane as she slapped a bill down on in front of a rather snooty looking old woman at table seven, "I'm about finished with this place myself." She winks back at Blake and Mick and heads to the back with her pot of coffee, slinking unnecessarily past table seven.

"She really did all that by memory?" asked Blake.

"Sure did," said Mick.

"So she's been inside the Blue Rose Hotel?" asked Blake.

"Yep," said Mick.

"How did she do it?" asked Blake.

"Well, now that's her own little secret," said Mick. "But from what I understand she posed as a company executive. Came home in glasses, suit an everything. She's hot in glasses...oh boy. That was a busy night." Mick suddenly reminded Blake of a horny bear. Blake imagined Jane putting on a pair of glasses and Mick going to town in her. He had to see that one day.

Jane came back by the table shortly with a thermos of coffee, and a handbag containing the large guestbook Blake had found.

"Whew, finally," said Jane. "With any luck today might be my last shift as a waitress. Anyway...move over for me, Mick, baby," said Jane. Mick obliged and scooted his big butt over. Jane sat down. "Now, let's get to business..." Jane set the handbag on the table and pulled out the guestbook.

"Now," said Jane, "Keep in mind, what I'm about to show you is all dated from May 27, 1933 to October 31, 1934. We all would have been about 17," Jane indicates herself, "18," indicates Blake, "And 20," Jane indicates Mick. "If Jezebel is indeed 19 now, as Charles Newman says... something's terribly wrong here."

"Well, she's been 19 since I've known her," said Blake, "back when we dated several years Jezebel

ago."

"Do you remember how long ago that was?" asked Jane. "Try..."

"I..." Blake thinks, "I can't exactly, only that it was at least two years ago...Maybe...I was hoping I might clear some things up with this case, I've had a lot of questions."

"Well, Blake," said Jane, "I think you're about to have a lot more of those kind of questions."

Before Blake could respond, Jane opened the guestbook.

"First, here, there's a lot of art and photographs of the world's fair itself, that's the first half. Color etchings, black and white photographs, like a scrap book, lots of art deco, a treasure trove for people like me," Jane smiles up at both Blake and Mick, then goes back to the book, "A catalogue of all the exhibits, inventions, the Zephyr Rail, The Zeppelin, the skyline, giant naked metal sculptures, self-smoking robots, automobiles and house appliances of the future...but all of that..." Jane flips through the pages so fast all he can see is a blur of color, "...isn't the interesting part...that's in the back half, here, in the actual guestbook..." Jane flips to the pages upon pages of listed names, all signed by guests from 1933-1934. There must have been hundreds. Each page had a different illustration in the corner, next to the list of names, each colorful, sometimes red, green, blue, orange, violet, but all of an attraction from the World's Fair. They looked like they could have been an illustration on a postage stamp.

"It took me awhile to comb through all the names, about an hour or two, but I was able to mark what I found, the first one dated...June 20th, 1933...near the green illustration of the Statue of Liberty magazine..."

Jane flipped to the correct page. Jane pointed her finger to a name signed in blue ink.

"Is that her handwriting?" asked Jane.

Blake leaned over and saw the name...

"Jezebel Newman"

Blake couldn't believe his eyes, but he had expected it.

"That...that's her handwriting alright," said Blake.

"I thought so...that one was obvious...it's by

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Ben

Images provided by Ben









Ben





herself here, which is odd, because in 1933 she would have been, by Newman's account...only... five or six years old...rather elegant handwriting for someone that young. What's even stranger, is this...one month later, July 4, 1933...here her name is again, a man's name written next to her's with a little heart. If she was only 6, it's very unlikely she would have had a date, at least she shouldn't have...the name under hers, grouped into the same column is Samuel McGuinness...ring a bell?"

Jane looks up, both Blake and Mick shake their heads.

"I wouldn't have expected it to," said Jane, "I didn't think it was of any significance at first either, until I started doing some research, but I'll get to that later. Over here..." Jane flips the pages, Blake had taken out a pen his little detective journal and was jotting down the dates and the names... "We see her signature again, on July 19th, but a different name this time...same handwriting... Blake would you care to read this one?"

Blake looked at the name written in Jezebel's handwriting...

"Christina Ligeia"

"That's...that's her..." said Blake.

"The name below her this time wasn't of any consequence, I wasn't able to find any records of them at all, which would have been bizarre if it wasn't for other names I found, I'll save you the time and read you the other names I found next to her's from here on out."

Jane continued to flip to various dates, between 1933 and 1934, to each point Jezebel's name, or an apparent alias of hers was written in the book.

Jane continues to present what she found in the guestbook, Jezebel's name appears several times in the book, all on different dates with different names next to or below it, sometimes her name would be changed or slightly altered on certain pages but it was always her handwriting.

Blake was astounded at how many times her name appeared recorded in the guestbook, along with names of various men who had apparently escorted her there. At least, that's what it appeared to be. The names next to or beneath hers Jane read aloud.

"Lionel Downing," Jane flipped to a another

page, "Ed Winchester," another page, this time in 1934, "Maximillian Jones," Jane flipped the page again... "Aaron Alan Smithe," As Jane flipped over to August 5, 1934, Blake noticed a name beneath hers, a name that was blotted out in ink. All that Blake could see was a blue "B" at the beginning. He thought he recognized the handwriting...but it would have been impossible.

Blake continued to take notes. One name that seemed to ring a bell that Jane mentioned and showed to them was "Alonso White".

"Alonso White," said Blake aloud as he wrote the name in ink, recording it into his journal.

"Is that name familiar?" asked Jane, keeping her finger on the page, near Alonso's name.

"Yeah," said Blake, "I don't know why exactly, but I heard it before."

"Interesting," said Jane, "That puts a new light on things..."

"What do you mean?" asked Blake.

"I'm sure you've noticed that the names I've listed, that I've marked, have all been either beside or below, the signature of Jezebel, or the signatures that we know to be Jezebel's. You may be wondering why I haven't listed the names above hers..."

"I didn't really consider that," said Blake.

"Well...I did look into those names as well. The ones above her name also could have been with her on those dates, but when I looked into those there didn't seem to be anything of significance, if they were there with her, nothing happened to them... but the ones below told a different story."

"What?" asked Blake.

"All of the names of the men below Jezebel's were all of missing persons, missing for years without a trace. Some thought to be murdered, but no trace of them was ever found. Some without any records at all, as if they were erased from existence. All except one. Or two rather. But I've only been able to locate one of them."

Jane brings out a small scrapbook she seems to have compiled in a hurry, and opens it. Blake saw various articles, all the way back from 1933 and 1934, some even from years later, listing missing persons, all shared the names of the men who had their signatures written with hers in the

guestbook. Blake felt a chill like ice wash over him.

"All these names of men, seem to have met with the same woman for a date," said Jane, going from her scrapbook to the guestbook, and comparing the names, "... and subsequently disappeared without a trace, according to the records. All except Alonso White, and one other..." Jane flips to October 31, 1934, the last page in the guestbook, "does the name look familiar?" Jane asks.

Blake looks. He felt a rock form in his stomach, even before he read the name.

It was "Charles M. Newman."

...

...A scream echoed in Blake's mind... somewhere from afar, like a distant foghorn...her scream...Jezebel's scream...from that night down at the docks...but now Blake heard it in a new light...as if he was hearing her scream of rage, for finding out her secrets, roaring through a stormy sea at night....

...

Blake was speechless.

"Well...this sure changes the nature of your meeting with Mr. Newman tomorrow, doesn't it?" says Mick, sounding surprised, himself.

"Christina...Jezebel...what's going on?" thought Blake.

Blake didn't know exactly what all this meant, but...a few things were now clear to him... Charles Newman was most likely not her father, and, judging by the names of the missing persons, the men who had been with her in the world's fair, Mick had been right, Blake was possibly in great danger. Whether it was because he had been involved with Jezebel, or whether it was Jezebel herself who was doing it...he had to find out. He had to, or else, he feared, his time might be up soon as well, and he might be joining the ranks of those missing persons, unfortunate enough to have known Jezebel, and whatever fate befell them after.

"I...I think I've seen enough for now," said Blake.

Jane looked concerned and shut the book, looking from Blake to Mick.

Jezebel

"You okay, buddy?" asked Mick.

"I see what you mean, Mick," said Blake. "About not wanting to tell me everything, thinking I might be in danger...I'm beginning to believe you."

Blake looked at Mick and deeply into his warm eyes, seeing how much heart and concern was there. Jane as well. He didn't care what Cabell had said or warned about Mick. Blake trusted him. He decided that he would trust him. Both of them.

Blake took in a deep breath and exhaled.

"Okay," said Blake. "I think I'm ready now. Ready to tell you everything I remember, that I know about Jezebel."

"Alright, Blake," said Mick with an affirmative nod, he gets his notepad and pen ready, "Let's start."

(TO BE CONTINUED...) ...



Laurenz Baars



Images provided by
Laurenz Baars







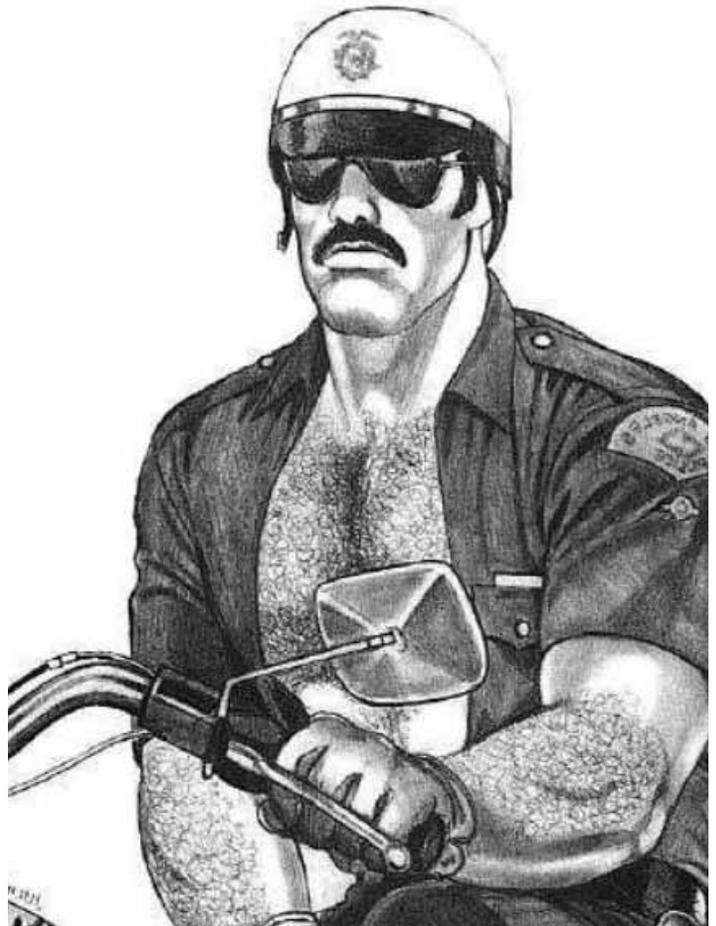




YES, OFFICER WRIGHT

PART III

Story by HotForDads



I figured Officer Wright would go home after I fed him another burger or two. He'd already fed me a bellyful of cum and then deposited another sizeable load in my ass. That seemed like a lot for someone I'd never met before that evening, but he seemed intent on discovering exactly how much cum I could handle in one night. As it turned out, I lost track somewhere around three or four in the morning. I'd been driving all day, so I was tired to begin with, and Officer Wright fucking my mouth and ass just completely wore me out.

Hours could have passed, or minutes. I wasn't sure, but I knew I was in my bed. I opened my eyes, but it was still dark. Not a glimmer of light. That wasn't possible. I closed my eyes and opened them again. The same. Total darkness. My brain was cloudy and confused with sleep, but I slowly became aware that the darkness was not a matter of the time of day; I was blindfolded.

My initial reflex was to grab the blindfold and remove it, but I felt cold steel dig into my wrist when I tried to move my hand. I tried the other with the same result. Cold steel. I was lying on my back with my hands cuffed to the headboard.

I started to panic. I screamed, but only a muffled sound came out. My mouth was stuffed with something. Soft. Leathery. The image of Officer Wright's gloved hands writing a ticket flashed into my brain and I knew that one of those gloves was now keeping me quiet. I tried to force it out with my tongue, but the glove wouldn't move. I continued my muffled screaming and struggled against the handcuffs. I tried kicking my legs, but they wouldn't move either. Something soft was tied around my ankles and holding my legs spread.

Panic was a mild term for what I was experiencing at that moment. I thrashed my body around as much as I could, but I was securely bound. The only free part of my body was my cock, which I was surprised to realize was semihard and getting stiffer. I tried twisting my head to rub off the blindfold, but it was tied too tight. I tried to scream again, but the sound was still muffled.

Suddenly, something soft touched my chest and started to trail down across my stomach. My body jerked away from the sensation but my moves were too limited. "Relax," Officer Wright growled as the item continued to move down my body, which remained tensed like a spring. Finally, the sensation stopped, but a moment later, there was a soft slap on my stomach. I realized that, from the sound and feel, Officer Wright was tormenting me with his other glove, and an uncontrollable groan rumbled in my throat.

Officer Wright laughed as he repeated the gentle glove slaps. My cock flexed. Officer Wright laughed harder. I whimpered a muffled plea to be released, but it turned to another groan when I felt Officer Wright suddenly wrap his warm fist around

my throbbing cock. "It looks like someone's enjoying himself," he whispered.

I froze for an instant. I was afraid that I would shoot off in his hand without any other stimulation. It was crazy. I'd never been in a situation like that before, but in spite of the initial panic, there was something undeniably erotic about it. Officer Wright started stroking my cock slowly, and I moaned with pleasure. I immediately begged him to stop, but my words continued to be muffled by the glove in my mouth.

"Are you enjoying this, Bobby?" Officer Wright whispered. "Your cock says you are, but I want you to nod your head if you are."

My mind raced. What would he do if I shook my head instead? Would he let me go? Did I want him to let me go? Did I trust him? Was I crazy? Was I enjoying the situation? I finally nodded my head slowly.

"I thought so," Officer Wright laughed. "Now, I'm going to remove the glove I stuffed in your mouth, but when I do, I don't want you to say a word. Got it?" I nodded my agreement.

"Good," he said.

After he had tugged the glove out of my mouth, I realized how strained my jaw had been. I opened and closed my mouth a few times to flex the muscles, but I remained silent as instructed.

"Good boy," Officer Wright praised me. "The only reason I took that glove out was so you could say uncle if things go too far. Or are you so perverted you beg for your uncle when you're turned on?" he asked with a laugh.

"If that's what you want, sir," I said after a moment of hesitation.

"I would rather have you call me daddy," he chuckled, "when I give you permission to speak."

I remained silent and waited.

"That's better," Officer Wright said as he began to stroke my cock slowly again. "How about watermelon? That work for you, boy? Safeword watermelon?" I moaned because of the stimulation he was giving my cock and eagerly nodded my agreement to the safeword. "Good. Now, put up a little struggle," Officer Wright added hoarsely.

I could hear the excitement in his voice and it sent shivers through my entire body. I began moaning as if I was still gagged. I pulled against the handcuffs, straining my wrists. Feeling the steel cut into them. Hearing the links rattle. I twisted my
Yes, Officer Wright

body. Pulling against the restraints that tied my feet. All the time driving my hard dick into Officer Wright's sweaty fist.

The more I struggled, the tighter his grip grew. I could hear his breathing become shallow and ragged until it stopped. He was so engrossed in my struggle and my throbbing cock that he seemed to forget to breathe. After waiting for what seemed like an eternity, I finally groaned, "Breathe." Officer Wright moaned and began to breathe again without making any comment, but the spell had been broken and he relaxed his grip on my dick.

I thrust my cock more and more urgently into Officer Wright's loosened fist, hoping he would resume his death grip, but he didn't. I groaned my disappointment when I felt him release my dick completely.

"You're not cumming yet," Officer Wright growled in my ear, and I jerked away from him in surprise. "I've got something special for you," he whispered, and I felt something placed gently on my chest. I closed my mouth and frowned, trying to figure out what it was. "I think you'll like this," he chuckled as he began to roll the object back and forth across my skin. Roll. Roll. Round. Hard. Long. His billy club! I groaned and arched my chest to press against the object. Officer Wright laughed. "Damn, you are one sick fuck."

"Yes, Officer Wright," I moaned, barely above a whisper.

"Silence!" Officer Wright yelled, and I felt him lift the billy club from my chest. I clamped my mouth shut and waited. And waited. And waited. "Open up," he ordered, and I complied. I waited. And waited. And waited. Finally, I felt the billy club tracing the outline of my open lips. I stuck out my tongue and licked the end of the club. "Oh yeah," Officer Wright moaned approvingly. "You wanna suck my club, boy?"

I lifted my head as much as I could and took the billy club in my mouth. I sucked on it seductively as if it was Officer Wright's own flesh club. In that moment, it tasted and felt as good as any cock I'd ever had in my mouth. It was a new and exciting sensation. I thrust my hips into the darkness, hoping he would notice and start stroking me again as I sucked his billy club.

"That's what I like to see, boy," he whispered in my ear. "Desperate are you?" Before

I could reply in any way, I felt his wet tongue dive into my ear. Fucking my ear. Swirling around. His teeth chewing the outside of my ear.

"Oh yeah," I groaned, pressing my ear against his tongue. With my mouth opened to speak, he slid the billy club deeper into me, penetrating my throat, and I gagged. I gagged and coughed and gagged and coughed, but he held the club motionless, waiting for me to get used to it. All the while, he continued to distract me by tonguing my ear. Chewing my ear. Slobbering on my ear. I finally managed to concentrate on what his tongue was doing, which provided distraction from the club and allowed me to accept it into my throat.

"That's it, boy," Officer Wright hissed in my ear. "Get it good and wet."

I willed my mouth to salivate more and coat the club. Make it slick. Make it go down easier. Swallow it. I moaned as he continued to stimulate my throat and my ear. My cock throbbed uncontrollably. I felt his tongue trail down from my ear to my neck until his mouth engulfed my bobbing Adam's apple. I could feel his tongue swirling around. Sucking my skin. Devouring me.

When I realized that the billy club was being slowly withdrawn, I moaned my objections. "Don't you worry," Officer Wright whispered in my ear. "You'll get it back in you soon enough."

I felt the bed shift and knew Officer Wright was positioning himself between my spread legs. I moaned in anticipation of having his cock in me yet again. Surprise hit me when the tension on my left ankle was unexpectedly released. The right one soon was free as well. I let them rest, waiting for Officer Wright to do as he pleased. Suddenly, he gripped my ankles firmly in his massive fists and forced them up and over my body, bending me in half.

Officer Wright scooted forward, and I could feel his cock pressing against my ass, which was fully exposed in that position. I waited eagerly for him to penetrate me. To fuck me. To fill me with cum. "There," Officer Wright finally growled, and I could feel him pull his cock and the rest of his body away from me. I whimpered my disappointment before realizing what he had done. My ankles were now firmly tied to the headboard. My ass was exposed and I was completely defenseless. Images of an uncontrolled gang bang flashed into my head and I began to panic again. I began to

struggle. And struggle. I pulled against the constraints. I twisted my body. I moaned and whimpered and whined. For some reason, it didn't occur to me to use my voice. It was as if I had forgotten that I wasn't gagged.

"Now," Officer Wright said ominously. I froze. Time froze. I waited. Suddenly, something touched my open asshole, and I jerked away from it. "Calm down, boy. You'll enjoy this." Thinking he was finally just going to fuck me, I relaxed somewhat, and he chuckled. "That's a good boy."

I waited desperately to feel his cock touch me. Enter me. Fuck me. But what I finally felt pressed against my gaping hole was not warm. Was not flesh. It was hard. It was rigid. It was the billy club. My ass clamped shut. Tight. Officer Wright pressed the club forward insistently. My ass muscles tightened even more. Officer Wright pressed harder. We were in a struggle of wills.

"Wa... Wa... Wa..." I moaned, twisting my body. Fighting the constraints. Resisting the penetration. "WA...!" I screamed as the club won the battle and sank a couple inches into me. "WAT...! WAT...! Water...! Oh yeah, deeper."

"You don't want a little watermelon?" Officer Wright chuckled, holding the club still for a moment.

"No, Daddy. Fuck me with your stick," I begged.

"Quiet, boy!" Officer Wright yelled. I clamped my mouth shut and he slowly began sliding the billy club into my ass. Slowly deeper and deeper and deeper. "That's it," he hissed. "Take it, boy." And deeper and deeper and deeper.

I groaned when it felt like I'd taken all I could. I twisted my body away. Pulled on the constraints. Felt the steel eating into my wrists again. My focus shifted to my wrists, and Officer Wright drove even more of his club into me. "I can't... No more..."

"Quiet! Okay, that's impressive. I've never had a guy take as much of my stick as you have. Good boy, Bobby."

I moaned my appreciation for his praise, and then I groaned when he started sliding the club back out of me. I knew what was coming next, though. He changed directions and started to fill my ass. In and out. In and out. In and out. Faster and faster and faster. I could feel my cock throbbing as my ass took the abuse and loved it.

Yes, Officer Wright

Cock pulsing. Cock bouncing. Cock oozing precum. My movements were limited by my position, but I was able to move my ass enough to thrust it up to meet the plunging billy club.

"Damn, boy, I think you like getting fucked by my billy club even more than you like getting fucked by my own fuck stick."

I just moaned and groaned, neither confirming nor denying the allegation. Secretly, I wished I could be getting fucked by both at once, but that didn't appear to be Officer Wright's intention.

"Let's see if I'm right," he laughed as I felt him forcing a paw into the bend of my body and grab my dripping cock. "Oh yeah, I thought so," he growled. I groaned and my cock throbbed. He began stroking my cock with the same rapid speed that he was shoving the billy club in and out of my ass. I couldn't speak if I'd wanted to. My body was overwhelmed. Getting fucked. Getting jerked. Being helpless. "Come on, boy, show Daddy how much you're enjoying this. Shoot that fucking load all over my fist. NOW!"

That order was all it took. "Oh, Daddy," I whimpered as my cock exploded its fist load of cum and my ass clamped down on the billy club. I grunted and groaned uncontrollably as more cum was ejaculated, covering Officer Wright's flying fist and my belly.

"THAT'S IT, BOY. SHOOT THAT LOAD!" he yelled without slowing the pace of his jacking. More cum shot out of my cock as if by command and then more continued to ooze out of the head. Officer Wright still didn't slow down. He continued jacking me tight and fast. My groans of pleasure soon turned to whimpers of torment. My spent cock had become so sensitive, but he didn't seem to notice. I started grunting with displeasure and my body began to jerk.

"Please, Daddy, please," I whimpered. "Please stop," I begged, but Officer Wright continued punishing my increasingly sensitive cock. "Wa.... Wa... Water... Watermelon." I finally managed to get out the safeword, and Officer Wright stopped instantly.

"That's a good boy," Officer Wright said as he slowly pulled the billy club out of my ass. I moaned with a mix of pleasure and disappointment when it was all the way out. "Just relax," he added soothingly, and that's what I did.

Yes, Officer Wright

I felt the bed shift a bit and knew that he had positioned himself at my ass. I tensed up, expecting another assault, either with his cock or the billy club. I didn't think I could take either at this point, but I waited. And waited. And waited. Finally, I realized that there was a slight tremor in the mattress. It was shaking. Rhythmically.

Officer Wright was jacking off! I listened intently and recognized the subtle slap of swinging balls against thighs. The collision of fist and crotch. The soft moans of pleasure. My own cock began to tremble, and I began to want Officer Wright to fuck me. I knew it would probably hurt at that point, but since I was still blindfolded, the sound of a man jacking off was a huge turnon. I waited for him to fuck me. And waited. And waited.

"OH FUCK!" Officer Wright grunted, and then I felt globs of hot cum splashing on my ass and thighs. More and more and more. Some hit my balls and cock. Trickled down on my stomach. Rolled down my ass. Hot. Cool. Wet. Wonderful. "Oh yeah," he finally sighed, and I knew he was finished. I felt him move closer and begin to wipe his spent dick in the streaks and pools of cum that covered my upturned ass. "Nice," he whispered as I finally felt his cock head pressed against my hole. "Watermelon?"

"No, go for it, sir," I moaned. "Oh yeah," I sighed as Officer Wright slowly worked his cock and cum into my ass.

"That feels good," he sighed, just holding himself still inside me. Eventually, he pulled out, wiped up more cum with his cock, and pressed it into me. Again and again and again he repeated it. Filling me with the cum that he'd shot on my ass. I just continued to relax and sigh with pleasure.

"Oh yes, Officer Wright," I purred.

I opened my eyes, and the bedroom was full of sunlight. No blindfold. No handcuffs. No bindings. No billy club. No Officer Wright. If not for the sore ass and the red rings around both of my wrists, it could have all been a dream. I rubbed my wrists and realized how glad I was that it wasn't a dream. A broad smile crossed my face, but my joy quickly diminished when it finally dawned on me that I had no direct way to contact Officer Wright for more of the same.

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