



Explore fetishes
and kinks

All Things Drub

JoshP gloryhole fun!

Profiles by Sarge

Turning the Lens

Dan Vogel

Anthony

Join this swarthy furry
trucker for some fun!

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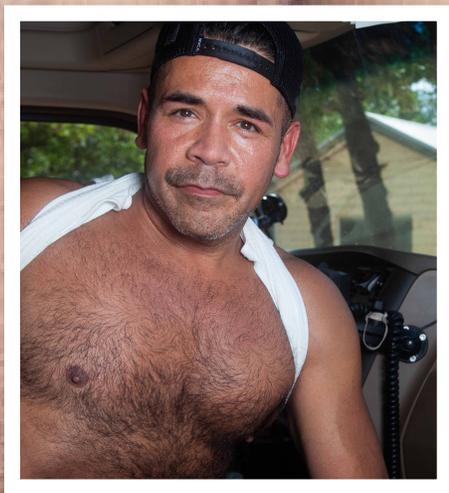
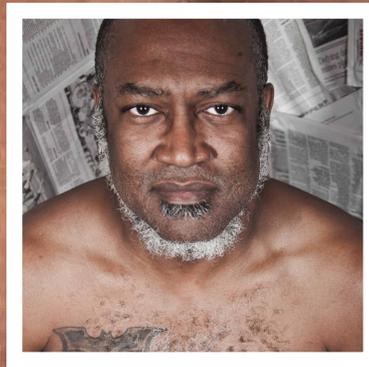
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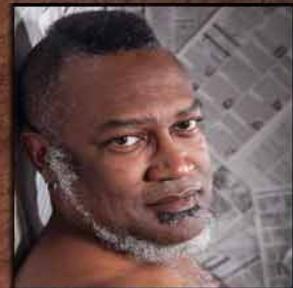


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Ramblings From the Editor

We live in a world we are desperate to be seen. We strive for attention from anyone, everyone, or perhaps just someone.

Social media has fed that need for years now. It's created the false narrative that you are nothing without your "fans", without those likes or hearts.

People strive for this. Some even lose their lives due to depression and suicide just because they are not the next "influencer".

And when you really think about it, those so-called influencers are willing to do just about anything to be noticed by the masses. They are the attention cravers, the junkies that feed off of the false narrative produced by a bunch of "geeks" that are finally having their day due to the internet and all.

Those same geeks are the people who were bullied or harassed while growing up. Some of them barely holding onto life due to not having people see them, pay attention to them other than to harass, or just craving attention.

Now the very system they created has become their tool of "revenge", their get even card, so to speak. And we, the public, eat it up like it was some prize that will run out shortly, like something that "matters" in the grand scheme of things.

Yes, the irony does not escape me

that we produce a Magazine for those that are wanting to show off to the masses, those that are craving the attention from their "fans". And to that, the only difference I can say is that we don't ask you to "like" or "heart" what we produce. We ask that you enjoy the men in the images as well as celebrate the talent of the photographers that produce the images. If you feel compelled to praise the models or photographers, you can click a social media icon of your liking in their feature and let them know that you enjoyed their content. Rather than just clicking a like button, you have the opportunity to actually exchange communication with those individuals. You can "meet" them, as far as the internet will let you.

So next time you are hitting that like button, or the heart button on some apps, stop and think about something. Are you feeding the need of the individual's need to be seen or YOUR need to be seen by that individual?

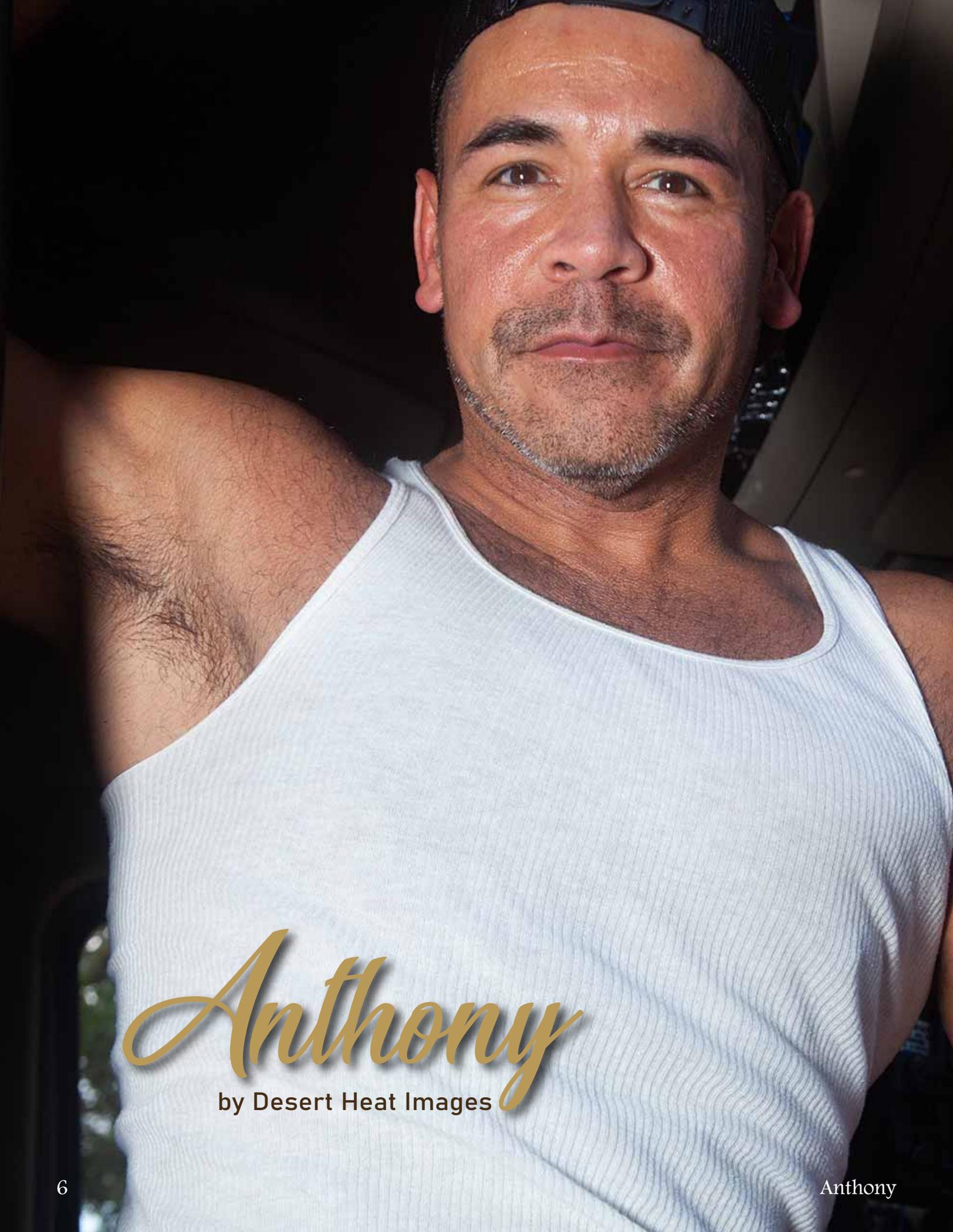
As always, thanks for viewing the Magazine!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





Anthony
by Desert Heat Images



Anthony





Anthony





Anthony



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 19

Blake took a deep breath. He was ready to talk about it, not all at once though. But at least he could start to tell Mick the whole story, piece by piece, even if it took several days to remember it all. He didn't know where to begin. The last time he had talked, he told Mick about the last time he had seen Jezebel...so maybe...

"It was years ago, I think, I don't remember how many or how few..." said Blake as Mick jotted down notes. "I was working in Chicago as a security guard at a fancy building in River North, and was living in the Logan Square district, when I lost my position...I don't really remember how it happened...life before I met her is all a blur...I started drinking a lot after that, I liked the night life in Logan Square, the bars, the shows they'd put on...I found odd jobs as bouncers during the nights, and construction work during the day, putting my big body to use...it was while I was working a construction job in the Loop that I started having lunch in a nearby hospital building, on the top roof level...it was a pretty big hospital, I don't remember what it was called..." Blake pauses, so many details of his memories that didn't directly revolve around Jezebel were a blur, this kept happening, "but I remember that's where I first saw her, in the..."

Mick looked intrigued, quite interested in Blake's story, with a toothpick in his mouth, as did Jane, when a loud voice interrupted Blake's train of thought.

"Jane. Jane! Table 7 needs more ketchup, you're on the clock now, Jane!" It was the waitress from before. "Break's over, Jane!"

Jane looks frustrated and annoyed, she looks back over her shoulder in the direction of the waitress and smiles, "Coming," she says with a fake sweetness in her voice, fluttering her eyes at the waitress, she then gives a look of disgust then smiles back at Blake and Mick, "Just one moment, I'm going to go see if I can get an extra 15 so we can finish up this talk, excuse me." Jane gets up from the table, and heads to the back of the house where the disgruntled waitress eyes her distastefully.

Blake was actually a little relieved at this. While he liked Jane a lot, it was difficult enough for him to recall and tell these memories in their naked form in front of Mick, let alone both him and Jane. It was easier with just one, and he had know Mick just a little longer than Jane, enough to trust him a bit more. He didn't want to tell Jane that, though.

"Alright," said Blake, fidgeting with a sugar packet between his fingers... "Let's continue..."

Mick nodded, his pen and paper ready, as if expecting this once Jane left. He was ready to write.

“So, how did you two meet?” asks Mick.

“Oh, it was very romantic,” said Blake with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, “We met at the automat.” Blake lifts his cup of black coffee to his lips.

“Really?” asked Mick, seeming genuinely fascinated by this, “I’ve never been to an automat before.”

Blake looks strangely at Mick.

“You’re kidding,” says Blake.

“Nah. I’ve always wanted to go... I mean, if it’s anything like a cafeteria...” Mick chews on a toothpick in thought.

“It’s a little different,” says Blake.

“I usually stick to diners,” says Mick.

“Well, let’s go sometime,” says Blake, “You’re in Chicago now, you should see the best/

“Alright!” Says Mick loudly, pumping a fist in to the air, sounding genuinely excited to go to the automat, drawing several glances in his direction. Mick looks embarrassed.

Blake chuckles. So they were going to go on two dates now, one to the movies, and one to the automat. Mick was too cute.

“So...ehem...” Mick coughs, looking flushed, trying to stay serious “Let’s get back on track...so you first met her at the automat.”

“Yes,” Blake tells Mick about the first time he met Jezebel. “The first time was at an automat. It was on the roof level, that’s the level just below the roof, in a hospital building. I don’t remember what I did for a job at the time, only after I met her. She helped me get a job as a security guard at the hospital later on, but before that... I think I must have worked in construction or something during the day, and a bodyguard at night based on my clothes...well, what I remember wearing, it’s all foggy. But I do remember the automat clearly, a lot of us around the block ate there for lunch and dinner, it belonged to the hospital but was open to the public like a bar in a hotel. I first saw her, when we both went for the same piece of pie, key-lime, we both reached for it at the same time, it was like a scene from a comedy movie...” Blake described their first meeting, as he remembered it clearly, while Mick jotted down notes...

“We decided to share it, sat at a table right

next to the window, overlooking the city.” Blake recalled this memory fondly, “She found me, you could say, if we hadn’t both been craving that piece of key-like pie at that exact moment, who knows, maybe we would have never met. It must have been luck, luck and key-lime pie,” said Blake, Mick chuckled, as he wrote on his notepad, “She introduces herself as Christina, I believed that’s what her name was, I had no reason to doubt her. She said she was 19 almost 20, studying to be a marine biologist at Lakeforest College, and had a singing gig at night. I had no reason to doubt that either.

We started talking on our lunch breaks daily, at the automat, getting to know each-other better. After the first time we met, we kept meeting there, mostly during lunch, talking about our day, small-talk sitting near the window. She was there on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, never Tuesdays, and after awhile she seemed like an old friend. We always had our favorite spot in the window of the cafeteria. We would always go the the same cubes (boxes, cubbies) in the wall. On Mondays I would have the French dip from the hot box side and she would have melon and strawberries and cream from the cold box side, she would follow it up with a salad, then chocolate pudding. On Tuesday I would have corned beef, and she would have lox on a bagel. On Wednesday I would have roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and she would have the Waldorf salad, and pistachio pudding, with vanilla custard, and coffee. On Friday we both had pastrami, and she would have a tuna sandwich...we both had jello and ice cream...different flavors, sometimes cherry, raspberry, lime, straw...” Blake, lost in memory of the automat, saw the expression on Mick’s face, “And...so on and so forth...” Blake continued...

“Every day we would share a piece of pie, a different flavor each day. On Mondays it was lemon meringue, Tuesday’s it was banana cream , Wednesday’s strawberry icebox, and on Fridays it was Key lime. Sometimes we would switch out Monday and Tuesday’s pies for chocolate cream pie and blueberry pie or cherry pie. They also had coconut cream pie, but we never touched that. We both hated coconut. We continued this pattern on our lunches during the afternoon for several weeks, sometimes meeting again at night for

Jezebel

dinner when the skyline and the glass boxes in the automat glowed bright, talking about dreams and ambitions, she ...” Blake remembered just how those nights, looking out at the skyline with Christina looked, as if he were still there with her, in that coldly illuminated cafeteria at night, with the cold boxes of the automat walls, and signs above glowing blue and violet...

“...I think it was our meetings at night that we started to consider dates. On our second night date, she had honeydew melon. I had cherry pie...and a sandwich. We both had coffee and water. ...She had so many things to say, I had so few. She was so full of knowledge. Not only about the ocean, which she would talk about every chance she had, but about music, and history. She had a fascination with the future, and of the past and wondered aloud, whether humanity would ever learn from its thousands of years on the planet, and if it would be able to survive, if any other species would have a chance where humanity failed. She would talk about the future, and said she was fascinated by all these new inventions that had been thriving for the past few decades, going through magazines of the world’s fair, and wondering how many of these new, “cutting edge” and “futuristic” devices would be obsolete in a few years time. “That still doesn’t take away the excitement of seeing what humans will think of next,” she would say with a smile. “Who knows what the future will hold for them. Science finds, industry applies, man adapts.” She would always say them, when talking about others, she would only use the word Us when talking about our, her’s and mine, futures and dreams. I told her my dream of being a Private Eye, finally being able to put my investigative skills to work for the public, not having to be under the yoke of the police force. “Now. Why would you want to do a thing like that?” She would ask, as if she thought the idea was silly, or just didn’t understand the concept.

Though...she said she was 19, starting college, about one year in, she seemed smarter. It felt strange, dating someone so different and young. And yet, she felt wiser than me. Not necessarily older, Per se, but while she looked young she had an ancient stare. I don’t know how else to describe it. As if she had seen many things come and go in her years and was waiting for something new. ...” Blake paused for a moment...

“I didn’t think too much about what it was we had during those days, but just sitting there, talking with her, I felt like I had finally had a connection with someone, that was new for me. She fascinated me, she had dreams, ambitions, direction, something I felt I lacked, and she inspired me to pursue my own dreams, just like she was doing... and most of all, she hated talking about her own past. That was something we both shared, something we both wanted to forget, so we never bothered each other about it, and just looked to the future. We would talk about our dreams all afternoon, and sometimes into the night, while looking out at that night sky. It was something I had to look forward to every day...even if it was just lunch with a kind stranger...it was simple... something to live for...”

... “ And then all of the sudden she was gone. I didn’t see her for days, I even stopped in on Thursday to see if her schedule had changed. Nothing. I didn’t think much about this at first, but after the second week it began to concern me. I asked other friends about her, but most of them didn’t even know Christina and shook their heads or looked at me strangely when I told them about her. One old man even spilled his coffee all over the steel bar at the line when I asked him. I guess I intimidated him or something. I was just about to give up, eat my lunches alone again, as I unwrapped my daily sandwich from it’s wax paper, I remember that day clearly. What if she never existed at all? What if I made her up in my mind out of my loneliness? What if she was only a figment of my imagination?

I was leaving the automat late one afternoon, around 4:30, just as the automat was closing up for lunch and preparing and switching out the vending boxes for dinner hours, I waited until they closed just in case she showed up late. But she never did. I was about to give up and went out into the hall, outside the glass automat entrance, with the lit-up sign “Automat” above it, the hall was dark, and it seems the only light there came from the automat behind me, which had just turned off its lights, and the rooms in the hall, which were full of glowing vending machines with drinks and treats, most cold. I was about to turn to the main stairwell and elevator, near the water cooler,

Continued on pg 28

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I still remember getting a boner in English class watching this mohawked punk guy popping his black Adidas sneakers off while leaving his grubby white socked toes inside (where it was surely warm and damp). The repeated exposure of his heel out the backs of his sneakers while my hormonal, teenage ass sat directly behind him was a bit distracting to say the least. I think it was the first inclination that I had that I was most definitely gay. Me sitting there, trying to read Aldous Huxley's 'Brave New World' and all I could think about was how he must smell and wondering how I could get that socked foot pressed into my face. Why would I ever need Soma?

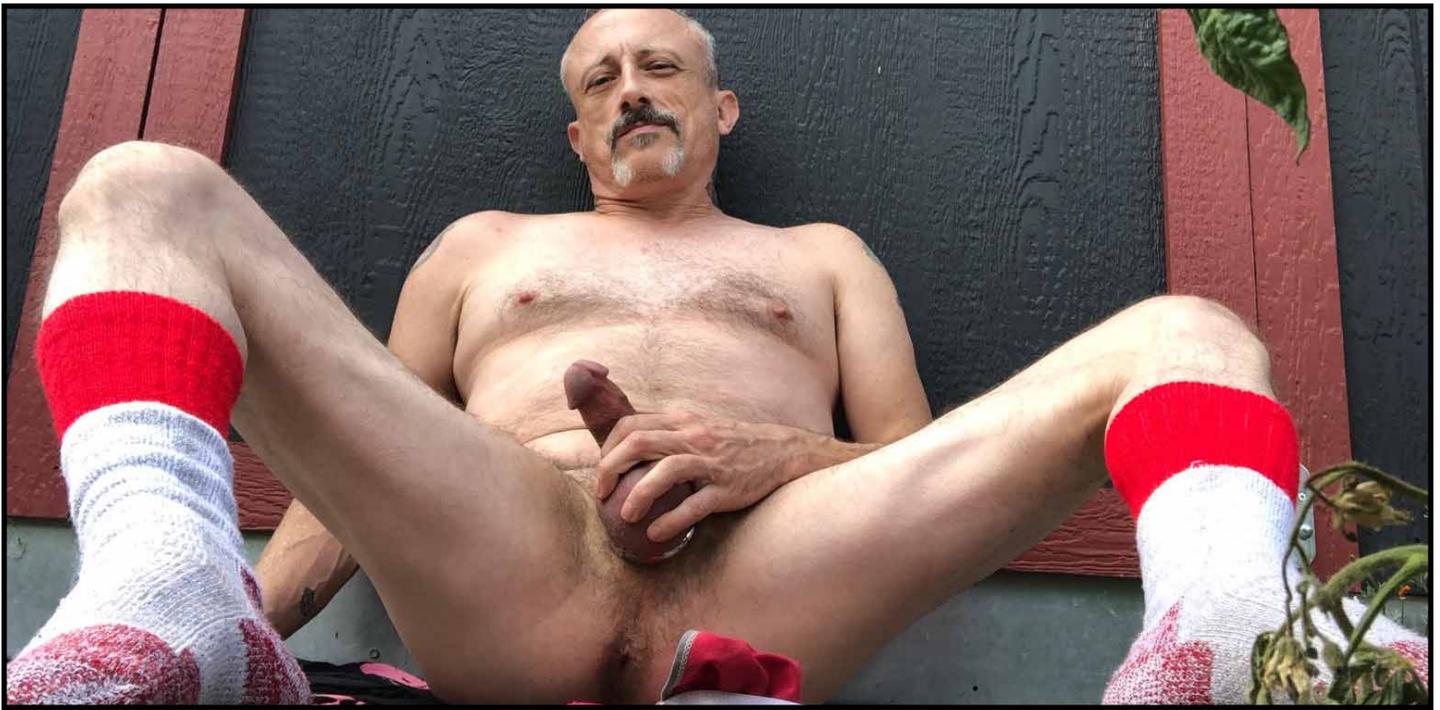
If English period fell later in the day, I was blessed with masturbatory fodder for weeks, as he'd inevitably come in soccer practice gear and those muscular calves straining the sock material pulled up tight to his knees. He was a nice guy too, but I wanted him to grab my face and spit in my

ALL THINGS DRUB

mouth and make me suck the sweat out of his well worn socks with his toes jammed to the back of my throat, making me suck on them like I imagined it would be like to suck his cock. I didn't just want him. I wanted to be him.

I would go home and play it all back in my mind's eye. He was a visual feast and fantasizing hard. In my fantasies, that punk was going to initiate me. Make me. Show me. Teasing me. Hazing me. My eyes closed with my fingers dipping into the Vaseline. And just because everything was baffling sexually speaking, I'd try to imagine doing that with women and I'd go soft. I would think of the soccer playing punk's dirty, damp, socked feet in my face and my dick would get so hard it hurt. Couple that with all the confusion 14 or 15 brings, the terror the gym locker room gave me, and the fact that I tried to do my best wallpaper impression throughout high school - the grounds of my fetish-y awakenings began to become well seeded. Meaning I turned on my father's well worn tube socks peeled off his feet, swiping countless pairs out of the hamper late at night like some horny ferret. They got heavily





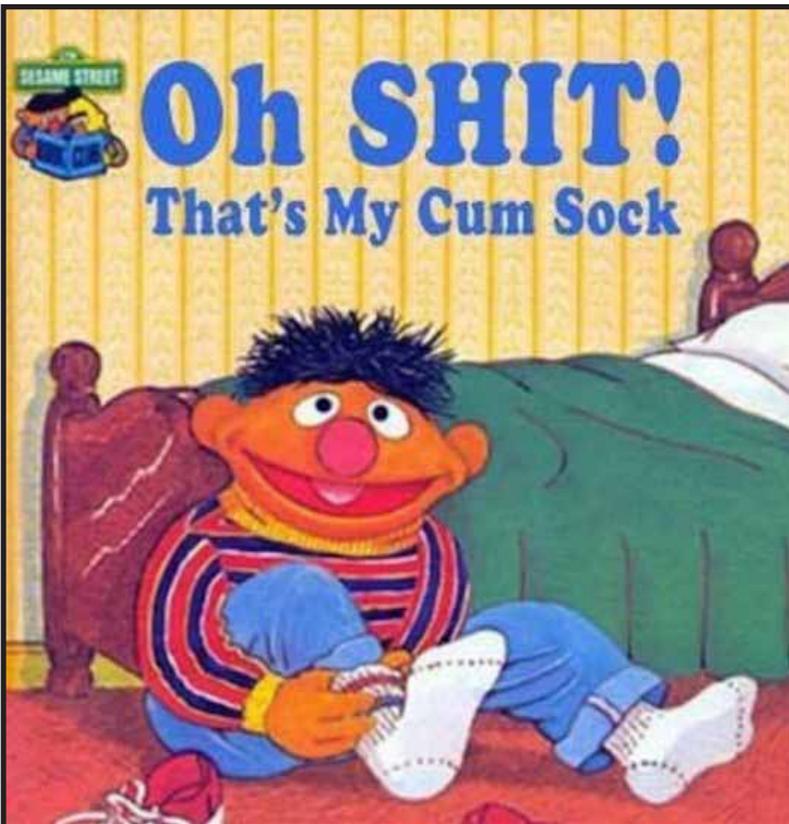
abused throughout my high school years, much to my mother's confusion when she found the stiff and soiled socks. It must have been really bad as my mother's memory was jogged after I had come clean about my erotic art career, which focus on my obsessions a lot.

This was the meme that my own mother sent me, days after I spilled the beans:

If I look at all my fetishes and kinks, socks came first. It's was my gateway to my budding sexuality, my masculinity, my curiosity, my secret collection of self made porn sketches hidden hastily under my mattress, and ultimately my long climb down into a warm pit of raunchy proclivities. Hell, if you think about it, it's probably why I jerked off thinking about Space Ghost so much.

All while this was bubbling, I was drawing what I imagined gay sex was like. But without the crazy 70s/80s hairstyles like the ones I had seen in a partially destroyed Mandate Magazine. I found it behind the bowling alley that my parents bowled at in Berlin, Connecticut. As small as it was, it was a revelation. I knew there were guys out there like me somewhere, but I'd have to wait for college before that happened.

Once in college and away from home, it was a few mere months before I kicked the closet doors off it's hinges and came roaring out, looking for experiences I had only drawn before. Unlike living at home (where I'd trashed all of my early erotic scribbles), I could leisurely doodle in a sketchbook with relative privacy to work out what I thought I liked so much without the fear of being 'found out'. This is when I began to learn how much of a dirty





little sock freak I was.

When I finally met somebody who was into feet and everything about them, I was a sophomore in college. I wasn't quite out about my love of stink and how much I wanted to pump my wad all over some guys filthy, socked arches. I was somehow blessed to have started dating an foot fetish model for the old Kink Video and quickly my walls came tumbling down. I'd been dating him for 8 months before he finally confessed it all to me and I in turn confessed only what I'd dreamed about. It was a good time and I learned what I did and didn't like. But I was young, practically feral and so the romance didn't last.

I love being disgusting. It won't be the first or last time you hear this, but I'm a fucking pig. And I guess I'm pretty versatile about it too. I enjoy being the cajoler, bully, the team mate, or plain simple aggressor. I am well known to 'season' my socks for weeks and sometimes with months of sweat and wear. I'm just as happy to tie my sneaker over your mouth and nose or force you to choke on my size 8 stinky socked feet. I like to keep my toes well manicured so I don't slice open some foot pig's mouth while he's cleaning my toes with his tongue and I appreciate the reciprocal too.

Foot fetishes are pretty common, as I found

out, and I think it's really funny when people think it's gross. I used to think it was gross too, until I got my toes sucked and it felt like I left my body. Being

incredibly curious, I quickly eliminated what kind of fetishist I was and I knew I wasn't a 'clean socks' kind of guy - which I think is the most inoffensive kink ever. Yawn. Sorry. It's not so much that I'm trying to be funny here, but there are camps of all kinds within fetish communities and the sock boys are no different. If your tube socks, boot socks, or rugby socks are damp, soiled, stained, worn for weeks, the riper and stinkier they are - the better. I'll suck the sweat out of your socks or you can wring one out in my mouth, suck the lint from between your toes, fuck and huff your sneakers, stroke myself stupid with one sneaker or boot strapped to my face and my spunk coating your well slobbered on socked toes.

I could go on an on about this topic, but I'll stop here. I've got to bag up these tube socks I have on right now and get them in the mail to a pig who I know that will appreciate them.

--

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Anuar



Images by

**Alex
Torres**















when I heard it. A sound, like a song, a hum. A voice. It seemed so familiar. It was a woman's voice, humming, singing a song, far off somewhere above. It was indistinct, like a twinkling star blinking far off in the dark, so faint the surrounding dark might crush it.

I followed the faint singing voice, not quite able to recognize it yet, but the hope was already in the back of my mind. I found the stairwell to the roof near a blue (or was it red?) exit sign and went up. The voice was a little louder. I followed the stairwell up until I saw the roof exit door, glowing red (or was it blue?), and saw the daylight peeking at me from under the door. That's when I heard the sound, the voice, clearly. The song the woman's voice was humming was Ravel. Maurice Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Princess". I remember it so clearly. I had a feeling both wonderful and dreadful at what I would find when I opened the door. But there was no time to waste. So I opened it.

It took me a moment for my eyes to get used to the light. All was a bright blinding blur at first, in the late afternoon sun, but soon I was able to see the sky and the clouds, and the rails of the roof, and a figure standing in front of me, her golden blonde hair and black coat billowing in the wind, hair shining in the slowly sinking sun. Hair I recognized. It was her.

At first I thought she might jump, and a terrible fear filled me, but she just walked back and forth along the rail of the roof, as if pacing in thought, looking out at the city below, from the roof of this terribly high tower. (Or was it the lake she was looking at?)

She started to dance in circles on the rail, like she was imagining she was a ballerina, or a gymnast in a balance beam, walking the rail with her eyes closed. All the while she sang, or hummed that song, which had led me there. It was beautiful, captivating. Her shoes were off, and laying at the bottom of the rail, as she pointed her toes out like she was in a ballet. I wanted to say something but feared I would startle her and she might fall off so I just watched, for the moment, as she walked and danced on that rooftop rail, lost in whatever deep thoughts that were enveloping her mind.

Finally, as she faced the skyline once more,

and lifted her self on her toes, and I feared for the worst, I spoke up."

...

Blake closed his eyes as he spoke, recalling that day, it was as if he was there now.

...

"She looks back at me, her blonde hair and the collar of her black trench coat blowing to and fro, flapping in the strong wind, her cobalt eyes bright, and wide, looking shocked to see me, but also there was a sense I had that she had expected me to be there, some how. After her look of shock, she smiled.

"Blake," she said, almost a whisper, "I didn't want you to be here."

"Why?" I asked.

"If I fall, you'll be a witness or worse, people might think you're a suspect."

"Suspect... so you were going to jump..."

Christina smiles at me.

"No, I just like to come up here sometimes and think about it. Being free."

"Free?" I asked concerned. "Is that what you'd call it?"

"Call what?" asked Christina almost absentmindedly continues her dance on the rooftop.

....

Free....

...Blake disappeared into his own memory again, no longer hearing himself tell the tale to Mick, but as if he was living it, all over again.

...

"...Call what?" asked Christina again, now opening her eyes, and looking down at him, as the sun in the sky nearly blinded him, reflecting in her billowing blonde hair in the wind. The look she gave him was haunting, a spark was there in her eyes, almost as if she was daring him to say exactly what was on his mind.

"Death," said Blake. "Who would call that freedom?"

"I would," said Christina. She took a breath and looked up at the skyline and the sinking sun over the water and city again, as the wind blew her hair. "Free from things like our work, our masters, worry, our fears... our hungers. If everything would stay like this moment, and you didn't have to worry about what happens after the sun went down, or what would happen to change your happiness, the mistakes you might make in the future. What you might do to ruin it all...How others might hurt you... or how you might hurt others. To just jump away from it all. That would be freedom."

"Free from some things maybe," said Blake, who had honestly had nights and days he felt the same as her right now, "But you'd also not be alive. You couldn't have the freedom to do anything...."

"That's true," she said airily, "But what if that's exactly what I want? Not to do anything."

Blake stood, trying to think of what to say next. He was feeling panic.

Christina took in a breath, eyes closed, then opened them looking right at him; she smiled again. Blake's heart skipped a beat. That look in her eyes. Then she laughed, taking him aback for a second, almost feeling like she was mocking him somehow, but it was a warm laugh.

"Well, don't worry Blake I wasn't going to do it. ...It's just a Dream..." she looked back out over toward the waters of the lake, which looked like an ocean below the slowly setting sun. Then she looked back at Blake. "Help me down?" she asked, holding out her hand.

Blake obliged and walked over to the edge of the roof.

He reached out and took her hand. She leaped down into Blake's muscular arms, immediately kissing him. Blake was shocked at first but then sighed and kissed back. She kissed so well, and his mind went clear while he was connected with her, holding her in his big arms, he swirled around with her in his arms, you know, like they did in the movies, those corny romance comedy pictures that Blake winced at in the theaters, but now, he felt like he was in one, and to his surprise he was happy. After a long kiss they finally broke it, and looked at each other, Christina still in his big arms, smiling at him. Blake was in a daze with his mouth still hanging open, not able to believe they both just kissed. This made Christina suddenly laugh and cover her face.

"Blake, you look so stupid," she giggled.

"Oh, sorry...I...hey, why'd you say that?" Blake didn't know how to respond his brain was still hazy, perhaps from the heat here up on the roof, perhaps from her.

"It's cute," she said, "Don't take offense, It just looked like your brain had checked out...gone out to lunch, as they say."

"Hey, I can take a fence if I want to," said Blake defensively, "I mean offense...ah what the hell..."

Christina leaned in again, and Blake kissed her back, they were a both a bit hungrier now, as if the attraction was quickly intensifying. Blake couldn't explain it, he was attracted, ver attracted to this young woman. Her physical form, her features, her eyes, her hair, her scent, but not just that, something about her voice, when she talked, when she sung and she hummed, made his body hum too, made him go blank, and could only think of what he wanted to do with her.

They broke from the kiss again.

"Hey, look at that, our first argument. I guess this is getting real," said Christina, still laughing, but now trying to give a serious, thoughtful look. She looked so happy now, glowing, it was hard for Blake to believe that just a few moments ago he was afraid she might jump off a building.

"Yeah...I guess so..." said Blake, his blood rushing through parts of his body other than his brain, feeling as stupid as Jezebel...Christina... had called him. This was so much like a scene from a movie, it was unreal. Like dialogue from a script.

"Well, there's just one thing to do," said Christina, she looked around the roof, and then over the skyline, with the sun that was slowly turning orange, she bit her lower lip in thought and looked back in his eyes, "Say... let's do it up here," she said.

Blake's heart stopped beating in his chest for a moment, and he blushed red.

"What?" Blake asked. "Here?" Blake's mind still in his pants, feeling hot, hard, and heavy down there.

"Yeah, no one will see us, and we can have this place all to ourselves, and come up here every afternoon for it. Our own secret spot."

Continued on pg 64



Turning the Lens



Turning the Lens

Photographer Interview

Meet the talent behind DanV Photography

Dan Vogel

Dan has been featured in a few of our past Issues for which we are very appreciative. His talented eye has brought us some incredible images of some very handsome men.

We were lucky enough to get him to agree to this interview to give you an insight into the man behind the lens of DanV Photography.

Thanks for taking the time for this interview, Dan. As always, with this piece we like to give the readers a "behind the curtain" of the photographers in the Magazine. Your time and answers are greatly appreciated.

Please, tell us a bit about your personal life.

Well, I am the youngest of 5, with two brothers and two sisters. I'm originally from Massachusetts but grew up in South Florida. In my mid 20s I decided to join the Navy after deciding I wasn't getting anywhere in life and really had no desire to complete college. I did 10 years in the Navy from 2003-2013. After getting out I moved to Washington State and got a job at a big hospital in Seattle, Washington as a Surgical Technologist. I was stationed in Washington from 2004-2006 and fell in love with it, due to it's many scenic

destinations and opportunities to do photography. I've since been back twice. My most recent return was summer of 2019 after living in Jacksonville Florida from 2015-19.

Continued on pg 38



Eduard

Images by
Nudepics Drenthe













Continued from pg 31

Do you have any formal training in photography?

After I got out of the Navy in 2013, I returned to Washington and enrolled in the Art Institute's Photography program. I was only there a short time and learned some new things about photography but I realized I am more of a hands on learner, and with so much information available to us these days I will read on my own and learn by doing. It was those days I broke out of shooting automatic mode to manual.

How would you describe your visual style?

I've primarily been doing scenic and travel photography as I find it more relaxing than having to work with people; however that has changed in the past few years. I still shoot scenic photography but have been working on expanding my skills.

How do you find your inspiration?

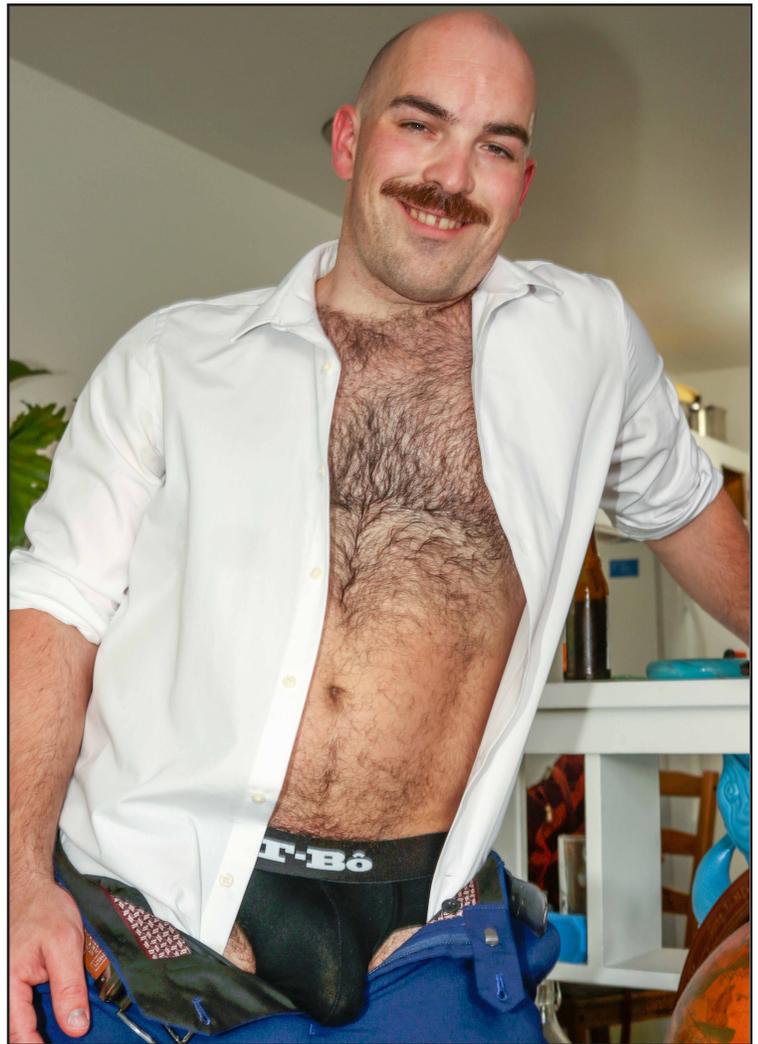
I follow other photographers on social media to get inspiration of my own.

Describe a typical photoshoot for you.

I like to talk to my client before hand and get a feel of what they want or feel comfortable doing. We will settle on a location and schedule the shoot. I like to talk with them a little before we start shooting just to help us be more comfortable with each other. I'll do a few test shots to get my settings right then it's off to shooting. If we do an outdoor shoot we will walk around to different spots that make good backgrounds. I've been to models houses as well which usually turns into a bedroom shoot. I've also done a couple of shoots at my house but they all usually flow the same way. A typical shoot can go from 1-2 hours.

What are 3 tips you have for aspiring models?

Be yourself! Always Smile! Ignore the status quo



on what a model should look like.

How do you overcome photographer's block?

Try to keep my inspiration going by checking out other photographers work on social media. Some days I just don't feel like getting out to shoot, but only because the weather isn't the best. We are in the rainy season but once summer is here, I'll be out shooting as much as possible.

Who was the most unforgettable model you've ever met?

They are all unforgettable in there own way, but I'd say it was the first guy I did photography for. I had developed an interest for Male Model photography when I was living in Jacksonville, Florida. I started posting ads on Craigslist. I summer of 2015 I found a guy who was interested in modeling. He was an exhibitionist and knew place we could do the shoot.

Turning the Lens

It was an old house that was under renovation but had a nice big yard that faced the water. I was nervous as he got naked in broad daylight. We had plenty of cover but all I could think of was getting in trouble from the police. We eventually moved to an indoor spot, which I loved. It was another old house under renovation but the atmosphere was perfect for my artistic vision. Then I got a blowjob in the end!

Do you have any upcoming projects?

Nothing as of now. I have a potential shoot coming

up this summer with Corbin, who was my latest model. In the meantime I just keep looking for other guys who are interested in modeling.

Dan, thanks for taking the time to sit down and talk with us. I appreciate the candid nature in which you answered the questions. Keep up the great work and we look forward to future submissions from you.

If you want to schedule a shoot with Dan, you can reach him at docv76@outlook.com



DHM Fan ~ Pierre





The Glory Hole

Story by Man2Man

Title Image by Profiles by Sarge

I suppose that if it had not been such a hot afternoon (summer in Phoenix can be real hell), and had I not had my appointments canceled at the last minute, I might have never gotten bored enough to take in a movie. I was a stranger in the city, however, and there was just nothing else to do. I figured a double feature of something would be better than going back to my motel. I was attending a sales convention and there was no escape from the group. I picked a movie house that was showing an old Joan Crawford film that I had missed the first ten times around. It was on a side street and off the beaten path. I wanted to be sure that no one from my company would just happen to wander in and we'd suddenly be stuck with each other's company for the balance of the afternoon.

I got my ticket and went in about ten minutes before the feature that was on was scheduled to break. It was enough time for a cigarette, so I went to the john for a smoke. I wasn't above cruising johns, but I had always heard that Phoenix was a pretty dead place, and what I had seen in the four days I had been there had convinced me my informants were right. Just as I suspected, the john was dirty and deserted.

I whipped out my cock and took a leak while

I read the writing over the urinal. SHOW IT HARD FOR BLOW. SLAVE WHO LOOKS LIKE MASTER--WANTS MASTER! There were three urinals in a row and at the end of the row were two wooden stalls. I could see the peep hole carved through, but no eye was peeking out at my emptying dick. I gave the old cock a flip and tucked it back in my shorts. Just the acrid smell of the place and the scribbled notes had given me a little bit of a hard-on. I thought of how nice it would be to have a warm mouth to bury it in.

I walked over and pushed the door on the first of the two stalls open and went in. I decided that I would wait and see what intermission brought to the pissers. There might be a nice-looking dick or two in the audience--if there was anybody in the audience at all. Opposite the peephole that looked out on the urinals, there was a glory hole. It was large for a glory hole for even big dicks. It looked more like an open oven door. At least it would give you not only a look at your visitor's equipment, but a good look at him (or her, as the case may be). There were a couple of stories on the wall. One about some guy who had picked up a cowboy and had taken him home to fuck his wife and how they had fucked her both at the same time, and then

how the cowboy had fucked the guy while his wife blew him. Naturally, the cowboy was made out to be a Greek god with a cock down to his knees. There were a couple of darn good illustrations at the side of the story of good luck, probably drawn by someone who had read the story at a later date. The pale green wall was stained all around the story with a helluva lot of wasted come. I can't say that it didn't affect me too, for my cock was fully hard now and throbbing for a little attention. I dropped a couple of beads of spit on the head to keep it nice and moist and to make it feel just a little bit better when I rubbed my hand back and forth over the head.

The movie broke just about then, or so I would guess, because the door popped open and in came a half dozen men. I glued my eye discreetly to the peephole, but the guy in the first stall stood too close and I didn't get to see anything for quite a while. He really must of had to piss.

Finally, he stepped away and I got to see at least a half dozen cocks before the supply petered out. There a couple of interesting ones: one in particular that snagged my attention. It wasn't very long apparently, but had a head on it like a doorknob. It was sort of dark brown, so I figured it belonged to one of the many Indians around the place. He kept slipping the foreskin back and forth over the head until it was all shiny. When he pissed it come out in a flat stream about an inch wide. I would have like to see the hole in that head. There was a moderately big one on some young fellow in a sport jacket, but he conducted himself and his dick in a most business-like manner, so I assumed he didn't go that route.

Everybody had finally cleared out of the john and I was just getting up and putting my now fully disturbed cock back into my jockeys when the door popped open again and another guy came in. He walked directly to the stall next to mine and came in. I quickly sat down, just in case it might prove interesting.

When I saw him I was tempted to get back up and go. He certainly wasn't very attractive. He had a bush head of black hair and a flat nose. He looked like he had just come in from the reservation. Short and heavy-built too. Kind of an interesting square and stocky body, if it hadn't been for the face. Just as I was getting ready to move, he dropped his pants and turned to me. That boy

didn't have to be attractive with what he had hanging there. Six big fat limp inched hung out from between the hair in his crotch. He stood there just long enough for me to get a good look, then he plunked his ass down on the toilet seat. I expected to hear a splash as his big uncircumcised cock flopped into the water. We sat there for a while doing nothing. I could only see him about half way up his chest through the hole, and all of his legs and waist were visible looking down through the hole. He had unbuttoned his light shirt and the muscles on his stomach looked like a scrub board; solid and firm. He sat with both his hands in his crotch so that I could see nothing. Not a muscle anywhere on him twitched. I watched and began to discreetly play with myself. I had the feeling he was watching, but he was leaning far enough back that I could not be sure without actually looking up at him through the hole. Little by little I let more and more of my cock show. I wasn't exactly ashamed of the piece of meat I had. It had been called big by some and adequate by most. It was exactly eight and one half inches long and no cheating when it was measured, straight as an arrow and big enough around that you couldn't get your hand closed around it anywhere.

I showed it to my friend next door and noticed that though he didn't move much, he moved his hands in his crotch a little and I could detect a steady motion or massaging taking place there. That was all the encouragement I needed. I stood up and let him see it sticking straight out from me. I guess I figured he would be carried away enough to stick his hand right through the hole and grab it. I guess you can't figure Indians like you figure most people. He didn't move a muscle and finally I sat back down. We sat there again for a moment and then it was his turn. He stood up and in a single motion turned and stuck his now rock hard cock through the hole into my side of the booth.

God! What a magnificent tool that was. It was at least ten inches long and thicker than I imagined a cock could be. I wrapped my right hand around it and there was a gap of at least one half inch between my thumb and my finger. His throbbing piece of missile was a light brown color with a glistening pink head the size of a doorknob. Doorknob! Then I realized suddenly that it was the same one that had caught my attention earlier. I

guess when they are soft they seem darker than when they are hard. He kept pushing it toward me like he was fucking the air.

I had originally planned to have my cock sucked, but I wasn't about to argue with a piece of meat as big and nice as that. I managed to take the head in my mouth by opening my jaws just as far as they could go. The first time I had the head all the way in, I ran my tongue into the hole in the head. It was as big as I thought and I could get the whole tip of my tongue into it. That was the first one that I had ever had like that. He started to grind his hips in a steady motion and rammed as much of his cock down my hot throat as he could. This wasn't much, for there was an awful lot left over when he was in me as far as he could get. I let him grind away for a while, and I rubbed my hand up over his stomach. Good solid iron. I reached down under his cock and hefted the balls in my hand. They weren't very big, but they hung low in their sac. As quickly as he had put his cock through the hole, he pulled it back and sat down.

"Let me swing on yours," he whispered. I got up all too willingly and shoved it at him. I watched that big mouth of his slide over the head of my cock and down that pulsing eight inch shaft again and again until, each time, his lips had buried themselves in my pubic hair and I could feel my cock prodding against the back of his throat. I felt his hand under my balls and then they slowly began to work their way around the crack of my ass until they found the hole. Little by little he stuck his finger into me until between his sucking on my cock and fingering my ass I was trying to crawl up the partition. Just as he had me on the verge of pumping my load into him, he stopped and stood up and put his dick through the hole too. There we were with our dicks pressed against one another. He put his dick under mine so that it ran down into my balls when he pumped forward. Mine, of course, banged into his stomach at the end of the run. He wrapped both his hands around our cocks and then started to grind away again like it was the best fuck in the world.

After a little while we both had had enough of that. It had felt good though to have the head of his dick buried rhythmically in my balls. I dropped back to the seat and took that big thing in my mouth again and started to suck him like I had never sucked anyone before. I ran it as far back in

my throat as I could get it and then I pulled it out as far as it could go without actually leaving my lips and licked it under the head where it was tenderest. In no time at all I had that Indian ready for a war dance. He wanted to pull back again, but this time I didn't let him. I hung on to that huge pulsating staff of life and sucked and sucked until I felt him begin to tremble and to mumble something as his fucking my face became faster and faster. Then with a scream I am sure was heard all over the theater he bust his guts inside my hot lips. Cum streamed into me like water flowing from a faucet. It choked me and gushed out of my mouth like glowing hot lava, but I hung on and swallowed all that I could. It was trickling down my chin and down the wall of the booth onto the floor. His dick immediately started to get smaller and smaller and I kept sucking it until I was sure he was dry. That was one well-spent stud, I hope to tell you.

He rested for a moment and then he got up so quickly and pulled up his pants and was gone that I didn't realize what he was doing. He either had some sort of Freudian recriminations afterward or was just the bashful type. At any rate, there I was alone with a roaring hard-on, ready to explode at the slightest touch.

I wasn't about to go out and watch Joan Crawford try to repel some man who I'd flip to get at, so I just sat there and started to read some of the other "literature" on the walls. I hated to waste the good load I had built up by jacking off, and so I sat hoping that someone would come in the other stall who would be interested in my constantly enlarging love organ. Luckily I didn't have too long to wait.

This one was just a kid, about eighteen or nineteen, I'd guess. Kind of scrawny, but in that young rangy athletic way that so many kids his age are. At that point, I wouldn't have cared if he were only thirteen. I wanted to get that cock of mine in some guy's mouth and blow a hole out the back of head with my load. We played the usual cat and mouse game for a few minutes. He kept his pants drawn up over his knees so that I couldn't see anything except his hand shoved down in between his crotch playing with himself. I knew was watching me, so I just pulled my dick out into plain view and gave it a few healthy whacks that brought

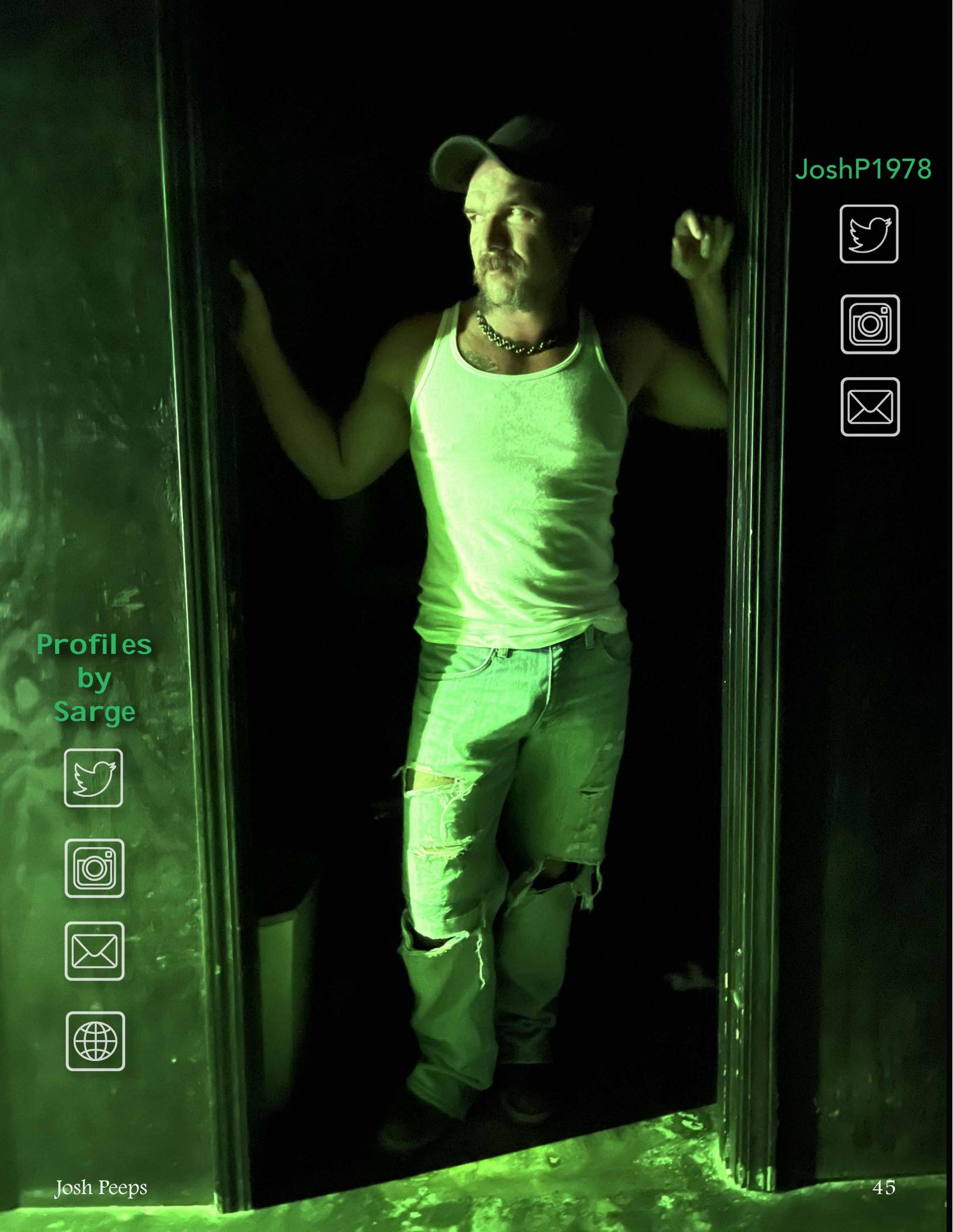
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Pe Josephs

model: **JoshP1978**

photography: **Profiles by Sarge**

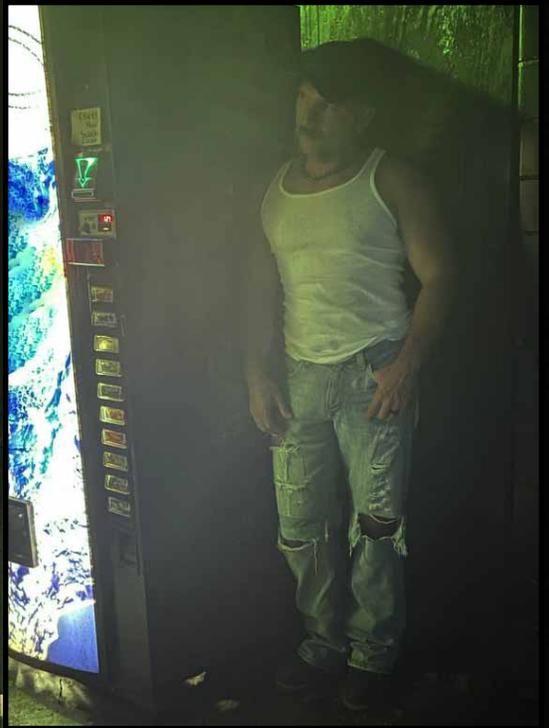


JoshP1978



Profiles
by
Sarge







NO PERSON
SHALL MAKE ANY
HOLE OR
OPENING IN THE
WALLS OF THIS
ROOM

2













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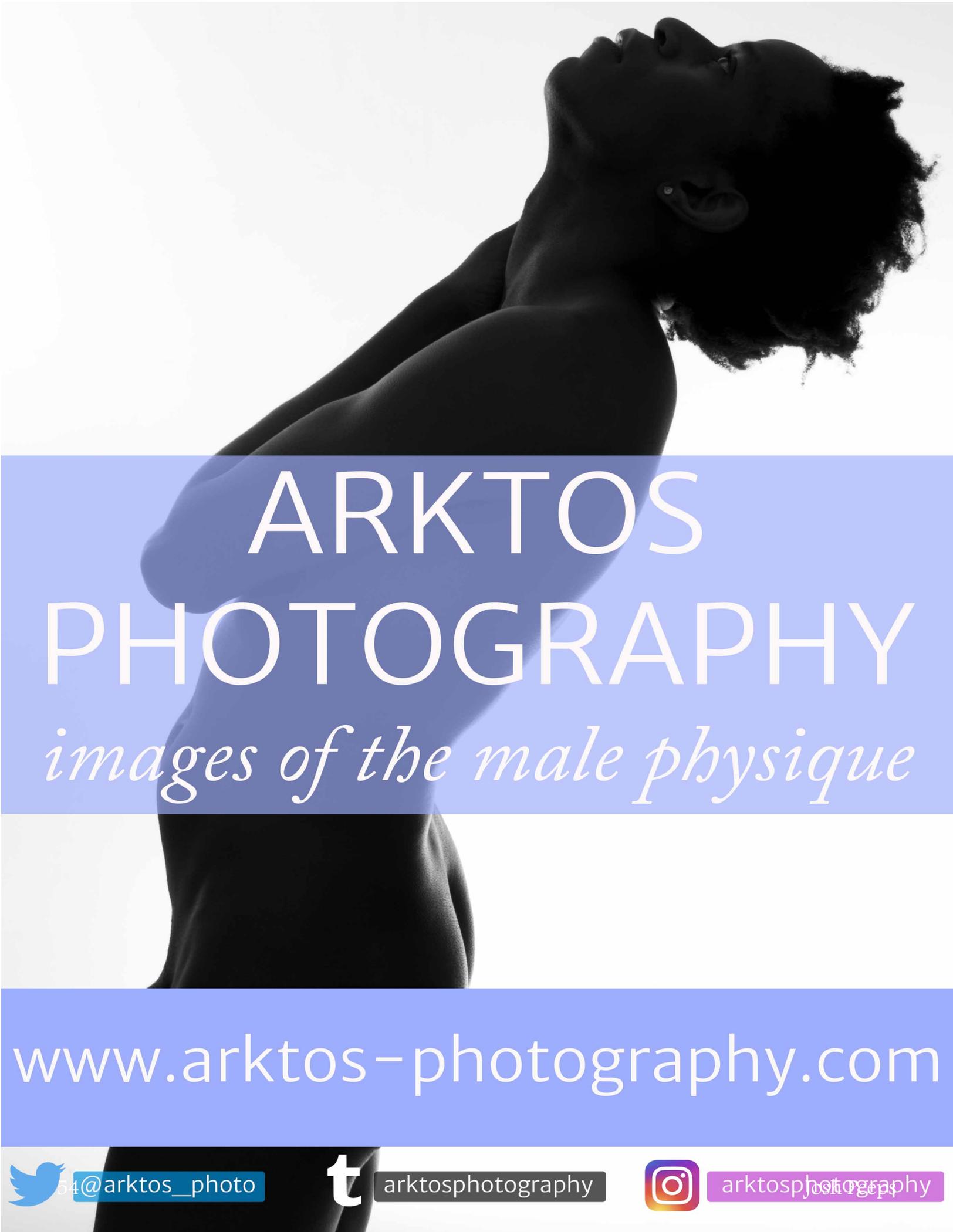
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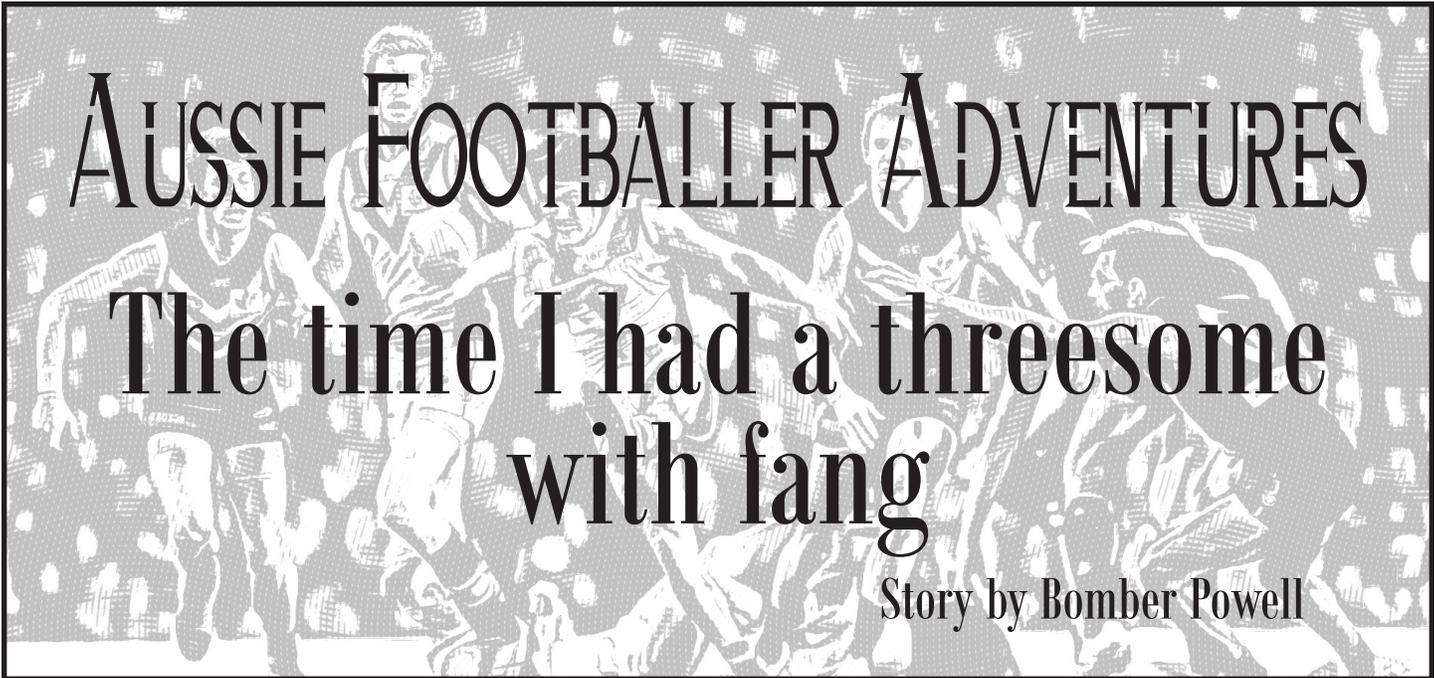
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AUSSIE FOOTBALLER ADVENTURES

The time I had a threesome with fang

Story by Bomber Powell

We had just played a game at home for once, and we were all in the bar having a drink to celebrate the win. All the boys were there in the best mood. Fang included, who had bagged 6 for the day. He was especially happy with himself. Nothin had really changed between him and I. Still a bit frosty, even though I had given him that blow job.

The crowd thinned out and I was out the front of the club waiting for a ride, when Fang appeared out of the darkness.

“Hey bomber, where ya headed?”

“Probably home mate”.

It was still unusual for him to approach me. And I'll admit, I was probably a bit short with him whenever I spoke to him. You know how there are certain blokes who just rub you the wrong way no matter what? That was fang with me. He could be saving kids in Africa and I'd still think he was a dickhead.

“Mind if I hitch a ride with you? Or, if you want, wanna come back to mine for a bit?”

Ok, what the fuck is going on. Fang has never asked me over his place, and I really hadn't ever given him the indication that I would be at all interested. Apart from blowing him of course, but I thought that was all done and dusted.

“Er, ok. Are a few of the bother boys coming over?” I said slowly, still a bit dumb fucked and amazed

“Nah. Just you, me and a friend of mine. Girl I know. She's great. You'll love her”.

At this point, all the shit running through my
Threesome with fang

head would have probably got me locked up in the madhouse, because I was a bit paranoid. Why the fuck does fang want me to come to his house, and meet a chick friend of his? Is this a test? Like, is he gonna get her to crack onto me? And then tell the guys? Oh man.

“Um. Nah. I think I'll pass. Got a big....”

“Come on bomber. I've got some good lollies if you want a half. We can make a night of it”

“Just the three of us?”. I said still unsure

“Yeah bloke. It will be fun. Promise”

Against my better judgement, I agreed. Even though warning bells were going off. Why did I go? Well, let's be honest. I had a thing for this cocky cunt, and I realised that my hatred perhaps stemmed from me ACTUALLY being attracted to him. I loved his ass. Those big solid mounts of muscle were just so hot. And yes, I had jerked off thinking about his ass more than once. And his legs, all covered in soft hair.

We jumped in the car and headed to his place. Little bit of small talk in the car, but that was it.

“Make yourself comfortable” fang said when we got to his house and he dialled a number on his phone.

“Hey Kelly. It's Glen. You still right to come over tonight? Yeah, sweet”

He hung up and was smiling like crazy.

“So, what's the plan tonight mate? I don't wanna cramp your style and be a third wheel ay” I asked him, seriously curious where this was all going.

“Kelly is cool. You'll love her”

“So how do you know Kelly Fang?”

“She’s an expensive escort I get over every now and then. But, considering I had such a good game and we had a win, I thought I would lash out ey”

OK. I can do this. I can fuck her in front of fang, no problem. I guess that’s what all this is about.

“I got something I wanna ask you though bomber”

I knew there would be a catch.

“What’s that fang? You want me to chip in, or film you? What”

“Well, after last time we hung out....”

“And I blew you, yeah? What?”

“I thought maybe you might wanna go a bit further”

I guess this is the bit where he asks if he can fuck me in front of a girl.

“You interested in a threesome?” Fang asked

“You want me to fuck her in front of you?” I said with a bit of sarcasm in my voice. This was beginning to get predictable. Like, nearly every footy boy I know has had a bun with a group of guys. Come on.

“Nah. I want you to fuck me while I’ve got my dick in her.....”

I wish someone took a photo of my face when he dropped that little gem on the table. There was probably a minute while I stared at the floor just processing what he had just asked.

“Sorry bomber. I just heard stuff and I thought that you might be up for it. It’s cool if you aren’t. I just.....”

“yeah yeah fang. Just let me get this right. You want to be nailing this chick, and you want me to slide up behind and sink my dick into your butt?”

“Ah, yeah. I’ve tried it with a dildo, and this chick has pegged me and I kinda liked it. So, was just wondering....”

“Yeah I’ll do it...” I said cutting him off. He should have known the answer was yes because my dick was hard, but I was going a good job of covering it.

“Alright.” Fang said, as he was thinking about what he just signed up for. “Um, couple of things though. No kissing. And it goes without saying,, no one knows. Especially Azza”

“Your secret is safe with me fang”

We split a pill and took a Viagra each. And within about 15 minutes of that, Kelly showed up. Total country girl, long red hair and massive tits. She was on the buxom side of the scale and she was beautiful.

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“How are you boys goin?” She said smiling at the both of us.

“Yeah good thanks Kells” Fang said as she started to undress

“Well boys, we’re on the clock so, who wants to go first?” Kelly said looking at us both

“Tonights a bit different Kells. I’m gonna fuck you, but bomber here is gonna fuck me, while I’m fucking you.....”

Kelly looked at Fang, then looked at me, then looked back at Fang.

“You footy boys. Into some crazy shit hey. Look. You’re both big boys so don’t fucken squash me, whatever you do.”

“Yeah all good Kells” fang assured her.

Everyone got naked. I was hard. Fang was hard. Kelly took turns sucking our dicks while Fang kept smiling at me. He put a condom on and laid Kelly down on her back and slid his dick in her wet puss. She moaned and he started to slowly fuck her. I was mesmerised by fangs beautiful ass. Every time he pushed his dick in it would contract, and then as he pulled it would spread open and I got a good look at his pink cherry hole. I laid down on my stomach in-between fags spread legs and as he was pulling out, I grabbed his legs and held them for a second to stop the next stroke in, and stuck my tongue right in the middle of his pucker. His ass smelt so masculine and I started chewing all around his hole. Licking slurping, biting. Fang let out this guttural moan that came from deep inside.

“Oh baby. Yes” Kelly said looking at his face contort from the pleasure.

I kept eating his hole, trying to get him all relaxed and ready so I could do a bit of pegging myself.

“I think I’m ready bomber”

“No worries. I’ll get the lube and a rubber”

“Nah, don’t worry about the rubber. I’d like it raw mate. Bareback”

I had to stop for a second and I said to him “You sure?”

“Yeah it’s ok. Just lube”

The whole time we were having this discussion, fang was still slowly fucking Kelly. It was so hot watching his ass clench every time he went deep. This is going to be a challenge not to cum in 10 seconds.

“Ready fang?” I slipped a finger into his ass, then two, then three to get it ready. “Kelly, put your legs around his waist. Fang, scoot up a bit” Fang was on top of her now, dick complete sunk in, and

Threesome with fang

moved him behind him. "Keep still for a sec...."

I put the head of dick on his hole and felt nothing but resistance. It was so fucking tight. I kept pushing in in and it popped through and his ass sucked up the rest. He moaned loudly and clenched a little bit, but I was holding on, pushing my dick forward to keep it in.

"Fang, you fuck her and I'll just keep still and try and keep my dick in there..."

With that, he started fucking Kelly with small, short thrusts, and I kept my hips pushed forward so every time he pushed back, my dick was pushed into his ass further. He was moaning. I was moaning. She was moaning. Fuck it was mind blowingly hot.

Fang pushed his ass back towards me and said "Fuck me hard for a little bit Fang". With that I pulled my hips back and started to give it to his ass. His was yelping like crazy everytime I hit his magic spot. The thing is though, I was on the boil and couldn't hold back much longer.

"I'm gonna blow soon fang...."

With that he started fucking Kelly again, but this time much faster. I held on as much as I could keeping my dick planted deep in his ass. The thrusting and the view of his muscular with my dick buried in it was getting too much.

"Fuck Fang. I'm gonna cum mate. I can't... .." With that, I unloaded what felt like every last drop of fluid into his waiting ass. And at that point, he moaned loudly, pushed his hips forward and said "Push it in deep. Push it in deep" Which I was happily doing anyway as I blew. I felt his ass clamp down around my dick, which only prolonged my crazy as fuck orgasm. I could feel his ass twitching as he cum and unloaded into the condom, moaning like a man possessed, wiggling his ass back and forth on my dick.

Then everything stopped. The room was filled with the sound of heavy breathing and the smell of sex. I pulled out of his ass, he pulled out of Kelly's pussy. The condom was bursting at the seams with his seed. It was a sight.

"Fuck. I wouldn't say no to doing that again" Fang said.

Me, I was speechless. Not in my wildest dreams would I have thought I was going to get my dick in Fang, let alone blow the biggest load in his ass. I looked him up the other day and he's married with kids of course. I do wonder though if he gets his wife to peg him. Or if there's some lucky bloke out there that gets to take care of fangs beautiful tight ass every now and then.

THE DADDY YEARS

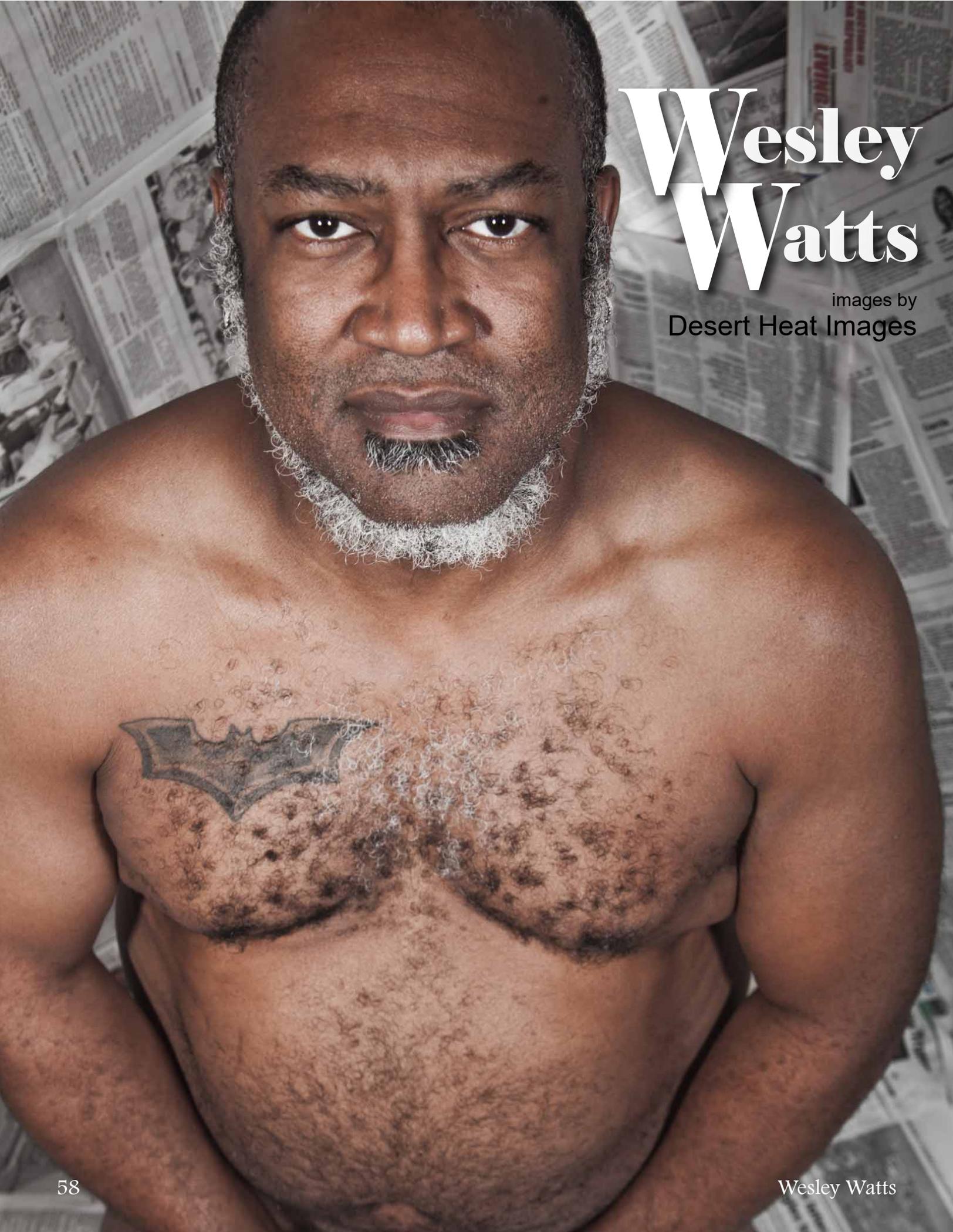
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Wesley Watts







“Don’t you think we’ll get caught?” asks Blake.

Christina looked at him for a moment, and then snorted with laughter again.

“I meant for lunch Blake,” she laughed.

“Oh...um...sorry...” said Blake, embarrassed, he didn’t even know why he was so horned up now. This had never happened to him with another woman before, mostly being around other guys did this to him. But here was was, ready to go, when she didn’t even mean it that way. What was happening? “I...I’m sorry...I really don’t know why I said that,” said Blake flustered, sounding ashamed.

Christina just smiled and shook her head, he thought he had heard her whisper, “You males are all alike,” in a tone inconsistent with her smile, but it must have been his imagination, her lips weren’t even moving.

“That’s okay Blake,” said Christina, “It’s not like I haven’t thought that about you,” she winks at him.

Blake blushed again, this wasn’t helping.

Christina looks over the horizon and at the view from the roof again, “Yeah, this would be the perfect spot to have lunch. Our own secret place... I mean look at that view...” She sighed, and Blake looked out as well, “Oh, and Blake....”

“Yeah, Christina?” asked Blake.

“You can put me down now,” said Christina.

“Oh...Oh! Right, sorry...I forgot...” said Blake, realizing he was still holding her up in his arms.

Blake lowers her until her feet touch the ground. They look at each other, trying to look serious about all of this, then they see the awkward expressions on each other’s faces and start to laugh.

....

“...and that’s how we met, like a scene cut and pasted right out of a romantic comedy,” said Blake, “We started seeing each-other for lunch every day after that....and whenever I saw her, waiting at our new spot on the roof for me, I would always hear that song, “Pavane for a Dead Princess” playing in my head, as if it was our theme

.... I never stopped to realize the irony of that until now, but back then, I didn’t care...I was the happiest I had ever been, on those lunch dates. She got me my job as a night security guard shortly after that, she had ties with the manager of the hospital she said, though I never met the guy, only his assistant. I told him my modest work resume, and somehow I got the job. She must have talked me up. That’s all I can figure. We moved forward in our relationship rather quickly after that...seeing each-other more often in the automat at night after that, now that I worked there...and she would sometimes show up in her “night job” attire as well, which was always partially hidden by her cream-colored trench-coat...I knew she was a singer...but she never would tell me where...I didn’t think of her as an exotic dancer as well, and I never did get a peek at those clothes she was wearing under her coat, she always kept it buttoned up, and would rush of before I had a chance to ask her too many questions about it, but I think she knew I would have accepted it either way, I think maybe she just wanted to keep what we had, simple, and less complicated...and when I did find out, things did become complicated, after that night, at a place called “The Blue Jungle”, where I saw more faces I thought were familiar, and people, looking back I should have recognized...but that’s an entire other story, for another time...I don’t want to get into all that now, Mick, buddy, my head hurts too much... but at least for that time, when it was just the automat, our budding relationship had so much promise...and I felt like the luckiest man in the world to have met her. ...

It was the honeymoon of our dating life after that, sharing dreams, secrets, going to the movies, the sex was great...and yet it seemed like I knew it was too good to last, even though I was happy, it all began to feel superficial to me, that I knew we couldn’t keep it up for long without something terrible happening. That’s just the way things were with me, never happy for too long, as if I was going to punish myself by ruining all of it somehow...and later, I’m afraid I did...but for those following days, weeks and months, I was the happiest I had ever been. I felt lucky. Maybe the luckiest man in the world... something a naive little boy would say. But I must have been, falling for her. Naive. Naive and lucky. That’s it I guess....I...

...

...I sometimes wondered, when she left the automat at night, after having her tea or coffee and a cold sandwich, how things might have been different if I hadn't heard her up on the roof that afternoon. What would have happened to her, if I hadn't checked to see if she was up there, and saw her on the roof ledge and called out. Would she have jumped? Would I never had this new guiding light that she was in my life...were things that bad in her past, and inside her, like mine, that they just wouldn't let her go...I tried not to think about it, it made me afraid and sad, to see her, in my mind, going over the roof, it made me want to hug her and kiss her as soon as I saw her again, and so thankful, so lucky that she was still here, alive, and with me. Maybe it was my good luck that led me to her that day as well, or her's. I never had really considered myself lucky, not in love anyway. Or life...maybe she made me that way...lucky...just to be around her. Like my own lucky charm."

Blake tapped his cigarette over an ashtray at the table, next to his coffee cup, he didn't even remember lighting one up, he must have started to stress-smoke while talking about her again. Blake puts out the cigarette in the ash-tray, and lifts his cup of black coffee up to his mouth. Mick leans back in his seat, toothpick still in his mouth, chewing in though, then removes it. His pen is down and he has already stopped taking notes.

"Well, it for sure wasn't luck," said Mick.

Blake was taken back by Mick's comment, "Whad'ya mean it for sure wasn't luck?" Blake in a defensive tone of voice.

Mick didn't have time to answer Blake's burning question. Jane was coming, with another pot of coffee.

"Sorry about that, manager said I can't take another break for another hour or two since little miss princess over there said she doesn't have enough help," said Jane.

"Well, not with only her working the floor," said Mick.

This made Jane laugh.

"So what did I miss?" asked Jane with her coffee pot.

Mick leaned back in his booth seat, big arms spread across the back, smiling up at Jane his toothpick still in his mouth, then looked at Blake, Jezebel

raising his eyebrows in a way that makes Blake nearly snort out his coffee.

"Pretty much the whole story," said Mick looking from Blake to Jane. "I think we're done for the day, right Blake?"

Blake nods

"Oh, darn," said Jane sounding disappointed.

"But I wrote it all down," said Mick, smiling (grinning) up at her, holding up his notepad.

"Yay," said Jane, smiling, and put her pot of coffee down on the table, and takes the notepad from Mick's big hand. She starts reading it aloud, looking confused. "Squiggle, squiggle, dot, squiggle, mark, squiggle, semicolon...what the hell is this?" Jane asks, looking down disappointedly at Mick.

"Notes," said Mick, simply. "I took them in shorthand," he winks at her.

"Well, obviously," said Jane, "But now I have to decode them and I don't have time for that right now."

"Well...lunch break?..." suggests Mick.

"Yeah, but why like this?"

"You always said you like a good puzzle to solve," shrugs Mick.

"That's very...true..." said Jane, starting like she was going to protest, then was caught. "Oh, I also came to tell you that you're wanted on the phone, by the way." Mick looked confused for a moment, as if to ask who would be calling for him here. But Jane answered first. "Charlie wants to talk to you. Says he has something important to say."

"Oh yeah, I better get that," said Mick, now smiling. Blake could tell Mick liked Charlie a lot. "Probably something to do with Cassie. Great guy Charlie. I'll be back Blake,". Mick gets up and walks over toward the kitchen.

Blake watches Mick walk towards the kitchen, almost with an excited skip in his walk, watching his big ass move in his tight fitting pants, then looks up at Jane, smiling, who he noticed was also watching Mick's ass as he walked.

Jane smiled back down at Blake, "He's got a nice butt, doesn't he?" Jane asked Blake, in a whisper, winking at him.

Blake nods.

"Yeah, he sure does," says Blake, whispering back to her. He goes to take another

sip of his coffee when he notices his cup is empty. He looks down at the empty cup.

"More coffee, Blake?" asks Jane, holding up the coffee pot with a smile, seeming to enjoy her put on role as a coffee shop waitress.

"Oh, yes, please," said Blake, with a smile back at her.

Jane poured Blake another cup of coffee, Blake enjoying the simple sound of the coffee pouring into his cup, as he sighed with some relief.

Blake felt better now that he got some of his story with Jezebel off of his chest, not exactly relief but his mind felt a little clearer, clear enough now that he finally remembered the question he had wanted to ask Jane for days.

"Jane, by the way, I've been meaning to ask..."

"Yeah, Blake?" asked Jane turning around.

"This is some of the best coffee I've ever tasted. What kind is it?"

Jane looked taken aback for a moment, then... smiles. "Oh...yeah...it's the best coffee isn't it? Its C.B. Coffee, see?" said Jane, she points to the C.B. on the side of the glass coffee pot.

"I should have noticed that," says Blake, "C.B.? What's that stand for?"

"Cerulean Blue," said Jane, "It's a pretty color, on the package, but the coffee itself doesn't look blue. That would have been a nice touch... don't know what it would do to the flavor of the coffee though..." Jane was on another of her mental tangents.

"Well, I have to agree it's some of the best coffee I've ever tasted," said Blake, taking another sip of black coffee, he sighs, "I'd love to have this around my office. Where can I buy it?"

"You can't buy it," says Jane. Blake looked confused and a little disappointed. "It's only shipped to restaurants and other businesses, in big trucks. They don't sell it in stores."

"Aw, damn," said Blake.

"I know," said Jane, "I want to brew it at home myself."

"Don't they give you coffee, because you work here?" asked Blake.

"I wish," says Jane. "They're a little cheap. They waste so much of it anyway. It's a shame. It's the best coffee."

"I agree," said Blake.

"Well..." says Jane, "Ya know I can get you

a bag."

Blake looks up at Jane "Really, you will?"

"Sure, they won't even notice if a bag or two is missing," says Jane with a wink.

Blake smiles, looking forward to having some of this coffee at home, taking another sip from his cup, when his eyes look down and sees the open scrapbook on the table. He didn't remember it being open, he thought he closed it, but there they were, the articles of the men who had gone missing in the past, the ones who had known Jezebel. The comfort and warmth Blake had momentarily felt, talking with Jane and Mick drained out of him as a terrible sense of dread spread through his entire body. It was those damned articles, again. It wasn't just the articles, there were pictures, of each of the men who had disappeared, black and white photographs, with their names listed in front of them, all looking forward, at him; Blake felt the eerie sensation as if their eyes were on him, watching him...perhaps, Blake hated the thought, waiting for him to join them, after solving the mystery of Jezebel. Knowing what secrets they knew about her, only at the end. Blake looked away and shut his eyes. He felt sick.

"Blake," asked Jane, looking sideways at him, "Ya feeling' okay?"

Blake kept his eyes closed and forced a smile.

"Yeah," said Blake, he opened his eyes, only after lifting his head again to look at Jane. "Yeah, I just realized how important it is for me to solve this case, after all. I try and pretend I'm fine, but, I don't think I can really be happy, like you and Mick are, until I rid myself of this part of my life. It's all there is for me, until I solve it... it's just her. It's like...like she won't stop taunting me..." Blake musters the courage to look back at the pictures from the old newspaper articles, but there they still were, watching him. He had that same terrible feeling. It didn't change.

Jane places her hand on Blake's shoulder, "I think we all have something like that, Blake. Try as we might, there's just some memories... things...people, that just don't want to let go, even if we want to let go of them. Maybe it's us who don't want to, but I think sometimes it goes deeper than that...they've become a part of you. It becomes even harder when it's something you really don't

want anymore...it's makes you sick. Just know that...we understand you Blake, and we're going to help you."

Blake looked up at her, feeling like she really understood him. It was these small moments, especially when he connected with Jane and Mick, that made him feel like he wasn't going crazy. Jane smiled at him, Blake admiring her beauty, almost how he admired Mick's, when she turned and smiled at someone across the diner. The sun from outside was now casting an orange light in the interior of the diner which clashed with the blue words on the overhang above the counter and refrigerators, but made Jane's hair and blue-green eyes glow more radiant, as she stood there, holding the coffee pot, smiling at Mick who was coming out of the kitchen at, walking towards them. When he walked into the orange ray of light, his eyes seemed to glow momentarily, that beautiful olivine color, as he smiled at both of them, beaming proudly.

Mick comes to sit down across from Blake.

"Everything alright?" asked Blake

"Yeah," said Mick, "Cassie woke up from her nap and was crying because she didn't know where her Da-da was, poor girl. So Charlie called so I could calm her down. Good guy, Charlie. Cassie likes him a lot too. I was able to sing her a lullaby over the phone and she went right back to sleep. I sure do miss her on these cases..." Mick had the look of a proud and happy parent again, this made Blake crack a smile.

"Well, that's several times she's asked for her dada while on this trip," said Jane, sounding a little disappointed, "and none when she's asked for her momma."

"I can't help it," shrugs Mick. "Maybe she just doesn't know the word mama, yet."

Jane sighs, "I hope so, if not then she's a Daddy's girl."

Mick looks proud of himself.

Jane was just about to say something else when...

"Jane, table seven!" came the voice of the disgruntled waitress again. "Quit flirting with those big bearded men and get to it, on the double."

Jane fakes a smile at the waitress, then looks back at Mick and Blake.

"Well, I'd better get going, boys," said Jane. "The other waitresses think I'm too flirty with men
Jezebel

as it is... Oh, and be sure to leave your all your case materials and the books with me before leaving. Wouldn't want anything important to go missing while you guys are out at Northerly again."

"Oh, sure," said Blake, "Thanks. It will be easier not having to carry all this around with us when we're out there.

"No problem," said Jane.

Jane walked away from their table with her coffee pot, swaying her hips as if the attract attention, and mock what the other waitresses thought of her.

Mick watched Jane, walk away, amused, leaning back in his seat.

Blake wasted no time in asking the question that was burning like blue fire in his mind ever since Mick left the table.

"So, what did you mean?" asked Blake. Mick turned from checking out Jane, to locking eyes with Blake, "When you said it sure as hell wasn't luck?"

Mick was surprising chill about this. He shrugged.

"I meant exactly what I said, Blake," said Mick, matter of factly. "I don't think it was luck that you two met there. Oh, no, nope, nope. I think it was premeditated."

"I always thought of it as an accident that we both happened to be there," said Blake. "But...you reminded me of something she once said. She told me, "You have no idea how rare it is for a woman, a girl, to find a guy like you, Blake. It took some damn good luck and coincidence to run in to each other." And for awhile I thought it was just a coincidence."

"Coincidence?" asked Mick. "...Well... It's true it could have been a coincidence, but enough coincidences together creates suspicion. And with what you said happened on the roof...". Mick took a breath. "After what you told me...I had my suspicions, but this clinched it..."

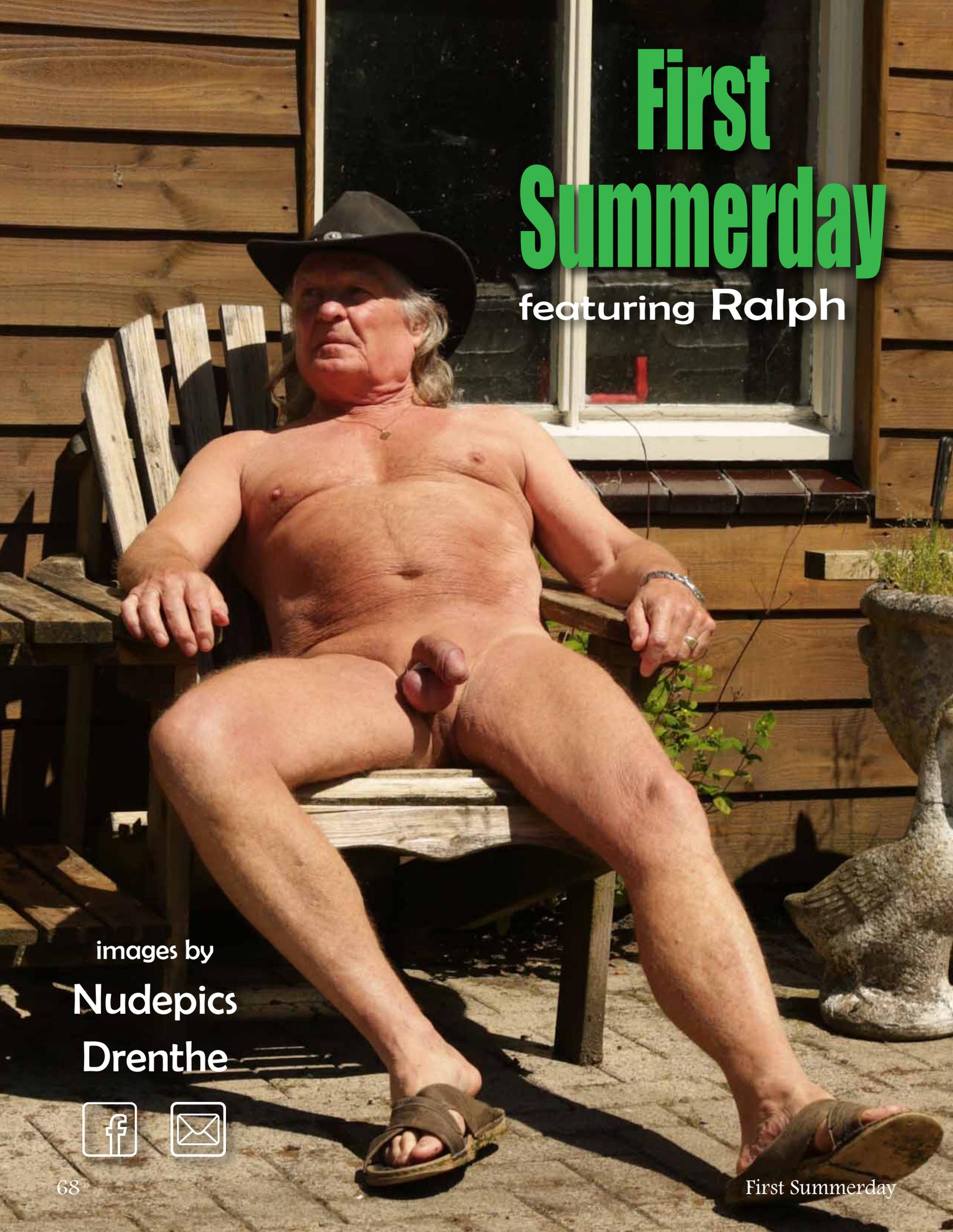
"What?" asked Blake.

"I don't think it was luck at all," says Mick, who seemed to have a particular distaste for the word, scratching his bearded chin. "By the sound of it, she wanted to be there ...because of you." ... He looks from Blake, thoughtfully out the diner window, the orange sun reflecting in his eyes, and

Continued on pg 86

First Summerday

featuring Ralph



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a couple drops of ooze to the crack in the head. Apparently this was all the encouragement the kid needed, for him put his hand up the hole and motioned for me to stick my dick through. I didn't waste any time complying with his wishes.

At first he just started to lick it all over with his tongue. I could watch him by leaning backward. His tongue darted all over that big cock of mine covering it with enough spit and slime to slide it through the eye of a needle. He was just about driving me mad and I guess he could tell from the way that my dick kept jerking up and down. He tongued down my dick to my balls and swallowed each of those for a couple of minutes, all the while sliding his hand back and forth over my rod. I felt like I was on fire with his hot tongue all over me and hand sliding on my tool. I couldn't take it any longer, and afraid that I would pop in the air and waste it all, I jerked it back through the hole.

The kid seemed to sense what the problem was and when he put his open lips next to the hole I pushed the cock into his mouth like I was going to nail him to the opposite wall. I could feel it push by his tonsils and sink deep down into his throat. The little bastard didn't even gag. I wasn't the first cock that had fucked him in the face. And fuck him in the face is just what I did. I put my hands right up against the wall while I pulled my dick out of him and rammed it down his throat again and again, each time getting a little faster. The kid had his hand through the hole and was hanging on to my balls, trying to run his finger up the crack of my ass. It drove me off my rocker for a little while, and I guess I lost control, because I really started to slam that cock to him.

I could tell I was beginning to get to him, because he kept trying to pull his head away and I just held him by the ears so that he couldn't move and pounded my dick into his tonsils again and again. When I fired my load, I thought I was going to have my guts come out with it. My whole insides seemed to drop when I came, and there was a sensation of suddenly flying and seeing all sorts of whirling stars. Cum was gushing out everywhere and I could hear the kid gasping and choking and trying to swallow so that he could breath.

I quickly let go of his ears. He pulled his head back and gave a couple of quick pants and

grunts, but never stopped licking the head of my tender tool until it was too limp to stand. I fell exhausted back against the other wall and then sat down on the toilet seat and tried to get hold of myself again. In a few minutes the world was in its proper perspective.

I had sat for a couple of minutes longer and was just about to get up and pull up my pants and see how Miss Crawford was doing, when the kid shoved his hand through the hole. There was a picture in his hand and my curiosity was great enough to take it and look at it. It was the picture of a very small guy, probably about eighteen and about five feet six inches tall, being screwed by another young fellow in his twenties. The picture was a good close up and showed the huge hunk of meat that the older boy had. Looking at it for a minute, I could just see the asshole of the eighteen-year-old stretching trying to accommodate the instrument that was tearing it. I handed it back to the kid and he shoved another one through to me. This one showed another guy on his back (you couldn't see his face because he had his legs up in the air and arched back) and there was another middle-aged man with just the head of his dick in the other guy's ass. Needless to say, it was a pretty big dick. The third picture the kid showed me was of the two fellows in the first picture. The eighteen-year-old was sitting on the older guy's lap, the cock buried all the way up his ship-shoot, and the older kid was sucking the younger's cock.

By the time I had handed the last of the pictures back to my "buddy" next door, I was all upset and hard again. Apparently this is what had been the purpose of the pictures for the kid stood up and let me get my first look at his meat. If the pictures hadn't aroused me, his cock sure would have. It was just a little longer than mine, probably nine inches, and straight as an arrow with a sort of heart-shaped head. It looked nice and thick and right then and there I decided to go for broke and see if I could make the twice in a row bit. The kid was reluctant apparently to put it through the hole so I could get at it and when I stuck mine through the hole he just gave it a friendly pat. I pulled back when he whispered, "Turn around."

Suddenly I got the picture. I had been fucked before, but never in a standing position and never quite in "public"... and dry. Spit, I felt, wasn't

going to accommodate that delicious morsel of man. However, never one to be a party pooper, I turned my ass to the hole and hesitantly backed up. I expected to feel that shaft trying to force its way into me. I was totally unprepared for what happened. Suddenly, there was his long warm tongue licking up the crack in my ass. His hands spread the cheeks and he started to drive his tongue up inside of me. The warm moist feeling soon had me pushing my ass back at him so he could get deeper in me. At the same time I was wiggling my hips and fucking the air in front of me. Good? You don't know unless you have tried it. He kept up his licking and tonguing until he knew he had me hot enough for just about anything, and then I felt something cold slide in my ass on his finger. He came prepared with Vaseline. At least it would make it a little easier, because I was determined to get that cock of his in me if I had to sit on it with only spit to help.

Gently his hands pulled the cheeks apart as far as they would go and I felt him place the head of his tool right at the hole. Little by little he began to work that thing inside of me. The first push he gave to break the barrier put all of the big heart-shaped head in me and just about finished me off. I knew then that that dick looked only half the size it was. With the head in me he started his drive home. It was slow at first. He worked an inch or so into me with each gentle stroke until I could feel him pounding that meat well up into the gut of me. I figured that I had it all, but each stroke seemed to drive it just a little bit deeper. I knew I couldn't take much more, and gave a little quiet sigh when I finally felt his balls come to rest on my ass. I guess I sighed too soon, for then he began to fuck me. I had to brace my shoulders and back against the opposite wall to keep from coming apart with his lunges. He slammed that thing into me like I had no bottom. I gave a cry the first time he did, but it didn't stop him or even make him hesitate. He had hold of my balls and had pulled them back between my legs, hanging on tight, so there was no place I could go and nothing I could do but let him have his way and slam his meat into me as hard as he wanted. It was only bad for the first couple of minutes and then he had opened the nine or ten inch channel that he needed, and everything began to feel better as my ass stretched to accept his swollen piece of passion. Man, that kid knew

The Gloryhole

how to fuck. He'd pull it all the way out until my ass would almost snap shut on the head, and then he'd drive it into me with every ounce of strength he had. Little, by little, I began to work with him (even if it did hurt sometimes when he reached bottom the wrong way) and he let go of my balls. Then he started a cork screw motion that really had me hanging on. Faster and faster his pumping became and I could tell from the way his heavy balls slapped against the crack of my ass that he was going to shoot his wad. In a thrust that drove deeper into me than any of the others, he let me have it. Cum burnt up inside of me like white hot coal and I jumped at the heat of the discharge and the force with which it shot into me. He held his dick in me until it started to get soft and then I felt the bastard start to piss in me.

I tried to pull away (I don't go for that shit--yet!) but he had me by the balls again and there was nothing I could do. Finally, when he pulled out, piss and cum shot all over the place as I tried to get my ass on the stool. I'm glad that there was just the two of us in the place, because the piss and the air coming out of me must have sounded like hell. I was relieved to see that there was no blood, so I guess the fucking hadn't been too bad. The way my insides and cock burned and twitched though, I knew I was hot as all hell again.

As the last fart exploded, the kid handed me a note, written on toiled paper in pencil. "That was Great Man. I Got a Buddy Outside Who'd Like some of That. He's God a Big One. Interested?" I read the note again and then sort of shrugged my shoulders. His next note asked, "What's wrong?" I penciled a reply to that one. "I want to get my nuts off too." His answer: "My buddy will take care of that too. He's Great." Why not, I said to myself, and so I nodded when his face appeared at the hole. He dressed and left and I whipped the last of the moisture off my ass and wondered what the next one was going to be like. I couldn't last much longer and had to get back to the motel or there would be a lot of explaining to do.

I didn't quite expect what his buddy was going to be like, and was more than a little bit surprised. The blackest, tallest, skinniest Negro I have ever seen walked into the stall, dropped his pants and sat down. I still had my mouth open from surprise when another piece of toilet tissue came through the hole. "My name's Pat. My buddy says

that you got a sweet ass." I crumpled the paper and dropped it into the john. I was still debating what to do; whether to get up and leave or to make the best of it, when the guy got up and dripped his limp dick through the hole. I can honestly say that I have never seen one bigger than that. It was dead soft and it hung an good eight or nine inches down the wall. I just sort of gasped, and if there had been any question before, there was certainly no question now. There is a little of the size queen in all of us and I knew right when I saw it that I was going to have it. I ran my hand up along it and skinned it back and watched the big purple-black head slip out of the foreskin. Even in the dull light of the john it glistened. As I played with it it started to get harder and longer, and longer and longer until it stood staring me right in the eye. It was a foot long, twelve thick black juicy inches long, or it wasn't an inch. "Suck me, baby, suck me," he whispered, and I leaned forward to oblige. I put my lips around that black tool and swung on it like it was the sweetest thing in the world, and right then, it was. I wrapped my right hand around the base and held it while I pushed as much in my throat as I could. All the while I was sucking on the huge piece of meal ebony, I could hear him softly whispering, "Suck me, baby, eat that big black mother-fucker, let me feel your lips drain me, man." Just listening to him made me hot enough to pop but the combination of his soft murmuring voice and the slow, but steady, pumping of his hips made me want to get as much of that cock into me as possible. I wanted to be fucked by him and I knew that was what he wanted too.

Abruptly I stood up and shoved my ass up against that big black tool and braced myself for him to push it into me. Instead, like his buddy, he rimmed me first. Only this time, I really got rimmed. His tongue must have been as long as his dick, for once he got started I know I had four or five inches of thick pink-black tongue whipping around inside my ass. One thing, it was clean since it had just been flushed out. When he got me good and hot, I couldn't wait any longer. "Fuck me," I said.

As I looked over my shoulder, I saw him rubbing Vaseline on it. God! How it glistened, black and unbelievably long! The glory hole was just big enough for him to get his and through and he reached through and grabbed me by the waist and pulled me back toward him. With one long steady

push he shoved his way into me. The pain was unbelievable and I began to struggle and it was all I could do not to yell, but his determination was absolute and his grip was like a steel vise. His finger marks left black and blue spots on my skin for about a week after that. He just kept pushing and pushing and forcing more and more into me until he had to stop because there was no place left to put it. My insides were burning like fire, but there was no stopping me, or him. I couldn't stop because he had control and he wasn't for losing control. He began to screw me like he was possessed by something. He'd take long

grinding strokes that would pull that big black tower all the way out of me and then slam it back in with the strength of a steel rod. My asshole was snapping closed and open so many times that it began to really ache. Each time he drove into me he went a little further than the time before, and the pain make me want to get away, but I couldn't. I couldn't feel his balls against me yet, so I knew that I didn't have it all in me. After a couple of long fast strokes he pulled it all the way out and then he started just to fuck me with the head. He'd pull it out until my asshole closed and then he'd ease it back in and sort of whirl it around a few times and then pull it all the way out again. The pain of a few strokes earlier was quickly forgotten in this rhythm and I began to tense and relax to his strokes. The pleasure of that big black head rubbing around just inside my guts was unbelievable. With one of his big hands he let go of my hips and reaching around in front of me he started to play with my cock which was standing at rigid attention. I reached down under my legs and felt his slippery dick as it kept sliding in and out of my ass. It was real crazy feeling that big thing slip over my fingers and into the opening in me, and it excited me enough to back up against him again. He dropped my dick and grabbed my waist again.

This time he really started to screw me. He wasn't fooling around, and judging from his panting I knew that the time was getting awfully close that something was going to happen. Apparently he had been considerate before, for when he lunged into me this time he really went all out. I felt something give in me that had never been touched before, and though the pain was quick and intense, I felt his balls come to rest in the crack of my ass and I knew that I had that twelve inch piece of black

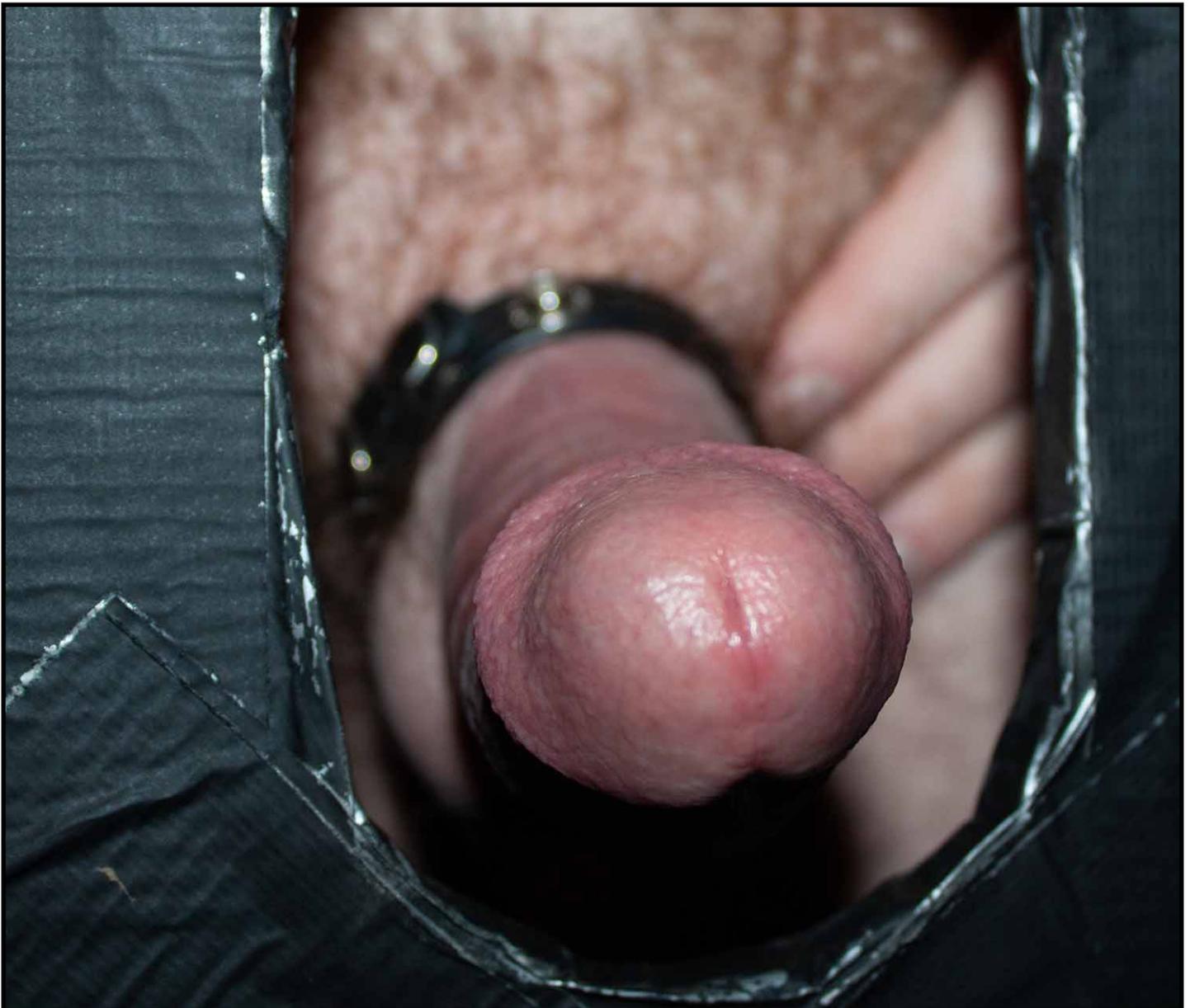
meat buried right up to the hilt in my white ass.

I was so hot now that I didn't care what was happening inside. I wanted to feel him explode his load in me and I wanted to shoot mine anywhere. The pain in my balls was beginning to be overwhelming. He was working away with a frenzy now and he drove in further and further and harder and harder. I could feel that marvelous wonderful piece of cock getting bigger and bigger in me. With one terrific movement he pulled the whole damn thing out of me, and then slammed it back into me, and all the way up until his balls slapped my ass. He came. Right then and there he shot that power pack of hot white cum into me. I could just close my eyes and picture that big purple-black head spitting its hot load of white cream into my guts. I grabbed my meat and started to beat it like hell and

in a second I shot a wad clear across the booth and splattered it all over the other wall.

We just hung there like that for a few minutes. Both of us were too limp and too exhausted to move. Gradually he began to pull that black dick of his out of me and I could feel it slide inch by inch down and out of me. I let it go with a big pop and sank exhausted onto the stool. Man, that was the greatest.

I had a little trouble with my ass after that fucking, but my doctor fixed it up and after a couple of months I was back in practice again. Every time I go back to Phoenix, I stop at this little theater. The glory hole is still there, and when I see a little trail of dried blood on the wall, I know that my black friend has just gotten somebody else. Next time I see him, I'll be ready.



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The January 2021 Issue is finally out! It's filled with hot men, erotic stories, and some other interesting features.

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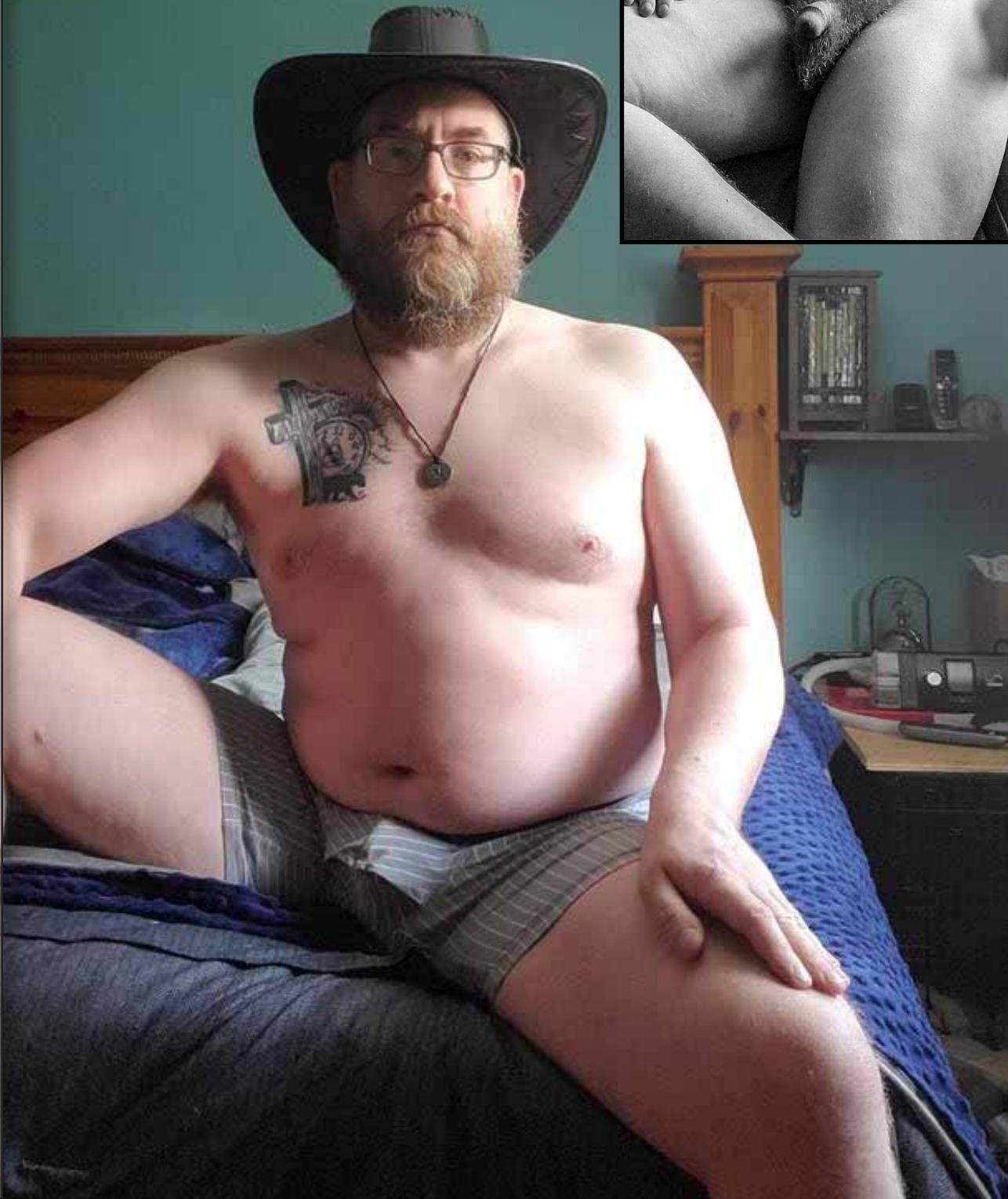








DHM Fan ~ Pontiacpipebear



back to Blake again, "I believe she had her eyes on you from the moment you stepped foot into that automat, maybe even before. And it wasn't an accident that you two reached for the same pie. And it wasn't coincidence that you just so happened to hear her voice and found her on the roof. She said the exact things that would make sure you wouldn't leave. The truth is, it sounds to me like she was watching you like you were her prey. She was hunting for you."

Blake got a sudden foreboding feeling from the way Mick said this to him. On some deep level, it made sense to him. Blake felt a chill run through his body. He looked down at the faces in the papers, who looked back at him, as if waiting silently for him. Their eyes watching his.

....

When Blake and Mick arrived at the front counter, ready to leave the diner, Blake offered to pay the bill. Mick had taken care of so much already. Jane arrived at the cash desk to take their bill, and check them out. Right after Blake paid the bill at the counter, and was about to head out the door with Mick, Jane hissed at Blake. Blake turned around.

"I believe you forgot this sir," said Jane, running up to them at the door.

"Oh, I don't think I forgot anything..." Blake started to say.

"Here," whispered Jane, in Blake's ear. "Don't let anyone see."

Jane slips Blake a small, metallic looking bag into his hand. He quietly puts it into his coat pocket.

"Oh, and don't forget to stop by for dinner with Charlie later tonight. Whenever you get the chance," says Jane, pretending to brush off Blake's coat, and turning to Mick.

"Sure thing, Janey, we won't miss it," says Mick. "We can tell ya what we find too...if anything."

"Alrighty," said Jane, "See you boys later."

She gives Mick a kiss who kisses her back, then goes to Blake to give him a kiss on the cheek. Blake didn't mind that

"See ya later Janey," said Mick.

"Bye, Jane," said Blake with a nod.

Blake took a peek at what Jane slipped him in his coat pocket. Blake sees the lettering written in a pretty blue color, on the packet. It's a pack of C.B. Coffee ("Cerulean Blue"). He smiles, and nods at Jane, Jane smiles and nods back. She goes back behind the counter at the cash desk. Blake turns to smile at Mick, who smiles back and nods, they head out the door. Blake could hear on of the other waitresses mutter, as they left, "See how that waitress Jane gets around?...she's got two boyfriends at once. I never."

Blake knew that Jane wouldn't mind that comment at all. He chuckled to himself, knowing what a kick Jane was getting out of this.

...

After leaving the diner, "Irene's", Blake and Mick look across the street, the golden daylight above quickly turning into an orange glow.

"So, where to now?" asked Blake.

"Well, if you're up for it, we could check out the Worlds Fair grounds while there's still daylight left," suggested Mick, "I think Jane was hinting at it. And I believe we can still catch the last ferry to Northerly Island before the evening gets here." Mick checked his watch. "It will be quicker than walking, and the subway doesn't go out that way no more. We can see if there's anything different...then...we can go back later...at night...only if you're up for it man..."

"Yeah," says Blake, now more determined. "Ya know, I was scared, given all that's happened in the last day, but now...after seeing everything you guys found in that...that book..." Blake tried not to think too much about it. "I'm ready to see if we can find out more over there. In that place."

"Great," said Mick, "Then let's go catch that boat...but uh...let's go by that International Farmer's Market they have near the docks first. We might find some things there as well..."

"Oh? We might?" asked Blake. He wondered if Mick had seen Blake's list that Charles Newman gave him, of places to investigate where Jezebel had last been seen. "What makes you say that?"

"Well, I thought we could pick up some snacks over there, for our trip on the boat," said Mick, excitedly. "We're bound to get munchies. Hey, I'm already hungry."

"Again?" asked Blake. "You're a big guy, but I don't think I've ever met anyone who eats as much as you, Mick, pal."

"Why thank you," said Mick, shrugging this as a compliment.

Blake chuckled. Come to think of it, he also had started getting hungrier these past few days, more than usual. Blake shuddered. That was usually a sign one of his blackouts was coming up. Blake hoped not.

Blake and Mick walk off in the direction of the farmers market, down the city sidewalk, bathed in orange sunlight, then it was off to catch the ferry.

...

After the Farmers Market, where Mick purchased an entire paper grocery bag of snacks, chocolate cookies, apples, chips, beer and beef jerky mostly, Mick and Blake set out for the docks near 12th street to catch the last ferry going to the far side of Northerly Island. They watched the orange sun sink gradually to sunset, as the island grew closer, standing at the rail, while Mick shoveled in snacks. Blake wasn't hungry. Oddly enough they could not see any of the large structures that they had witnessed in the old fairgrounds the previous night. Maybe they would show themselves as they got closer, or were hidden from this angle, behind the extensively-large hotel, which blocked most of their view. They would soon find out when they arrived on the island.

...

"Well, I don't see anything unusual from this angle," said Blake, as they looked in through the outer fence of the condemned grounds behind the Blue Rose Hotel.

They were at Northerly Island at sunset, the sky turning a crisp vermillion, and they could hear bulldozers on the other side, but couldn't see them, wrecking what was left (presumably) of the old abandoned fairgrounds. The ruins of the century of progress now only looked like an elaborate, vacant amusement park, and they could get no further than a large chain-link and wire fence (with a "condemned" sign plastered on it). There was an inner fence as well, that obstructed most of their view.

"That's just it," said Mick. "There's nothing Jezebel

unusual about it."

"And that's not what we saw last night," said Blake. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say that this wasn't even the same place."

"So would I..." said Mick thoughtfully.

"I know they've started demolishing it, but...there's no way they could have cleared this much out in one night...there has to be more..." Blake tries to get a better look through the fence, but to no avail, "...maybe it's being hidden somehow."

"So, what now?" asked Mick.

"We should come back when it's dark. I don't like the idea, but someone told me that things would seem different at night, perhaps we will find different things. So far he's been right about that," Blake winks over at Mick. Mick smiles, looking flattered. "So we get in, after dark, and see what's left, and try to determine if it's the same place...or not..." Blake didn't even know what he meant by this last statement, it had to be the same place. It would defy all logic if it wasn't. But...somehow Blake still doubted this was where they had been the previous night.

"I like your thinking, Blake," said Mick, looking down, at Blake.

Blake looks up at Mick and nods, then looks back through the fence.

"We can't go back in through the hotel to get to the back...maybe we could climb the fence..." said Blake, looking up and testing the sturdiness of the chain and wire links, "...but we don't know if the guards would see us that way, knowing the security here, they might have spotlights like a prison at night."

"Well...there is another way I know of," said Mick. "A way to get inside. We can get there if we rent a boat, the ferry won't take us there. But...I don't think you'll like it."

"Whatever it is, I'll do it," said Blake. "I want to know...I have to know if this is the place we were last night."

Mick nods.

"So we come back tonight, then?"

Blake nods in reply. "Tonight."

...

They reached the island again, after dark, by a small rented speedboat, which they turned off

once they were within a mile of the shore, and used oars to paddle themselves to the edge of the island. As they made their way across the dark water, Blake became wary of the feeling they were being followed again, but saw nothing when he looked back over the dark lake. He got the strange sense that whatever it was might be following them under the water, but this sounded insane. Unless...Blake tried not to think about that great black shape he had seen disappear under the water, that looked like a shark, about the size of a whale...there was no way something like that was living in the lake...or was there? Blake was nervous enough coming back to this place without scaring himself to death at the thought of imaginary lake monsters. He put those thoughts to rest for the moment.

As the island grew closer, Blake noticed that the mysterious blue aura, which surrounded the Blue Rose Hotel at night (Blake was convinced it was something other than its blue sign and lights giving it that glow), did not reach the grounds behind it, it merely surrounded them, like there was a great black void behind it, where no light could shine. All the grounds behind the Blue Rose Hotel itself at night were completely dark, like one big shadow...even the area above the grounds where they had looked during the day appeared completely dark, compared to the areas where the city lights and the lights of the Blue Rose hotel itself reached... the dark behind the Blue Rose hotel appeared...impenetrable, as if the dark above the grounds were where grand buildings once stood, and the ghosts of those buildings still lingered there at night. Is that what Mick and Blake had seen the other night? Not a real place, but a ghost of a place? Blake really didn't want to think that could be the case, he had been having lots of mad thoughts lately, probably brought on by all that had happened the previous night. He had to keep his mind sharp. Blake shook his head, and continued to paddle toward the island, across the lake, following Mick's lead.

...

Blake hadn't realized how right he was when he had said the island might be watched at

night. There were searchlights watching the perimeter of the island at night, behind the hotel and its permanent blue glow. Mick seemed to be expecting this, though, because he steered them on a path directly through the dark spots in the water where the searchlights, couldn't reach, until they parked their boat under an old, derelict boardwalk, near a rocky shore. Mick tied to boat to one of the wooden beams under the boardwalk and led Blake on a narrow path, around the rocks to what looked like a small cave in the side of the island. When they got close to it, Blake realized that it was a pipe, an old sewer pipe that drained into the lake. Blake knew why Mick said he wouldn't like this. Blake took a breath and followed Mick into the drain...at least it was large enough for them to stand up in, when they were bent over at least. ...

...

... The pipe opened up into what looked like an old sewer chamber, with tunnels leading to places perhaps all over the island, but Mick knew which fork to take and Blake followed until they reached what looked like a vast cistern and waterway with a greenish hue.

"I would try not to breathe in too deep from this point on, Blake," said Mick as they went forward into the dark green passage.

To his surprise, Blake could hardly smell any sewage, but instead the overwhelming smell of chlorine. It reminded Blake of the swimming pool at the bathhouse where Blake loved to swim at night...but there was still a pungent odor in the air, as if the chlorine had flushed out something much more foul in the cistern. He was reminded of what Mick had told him about the people who had died in the hotels in the World's Fair grounds, due to amoebic dysentery, and the contaminated water which ran through the grounds. As the stench grew almost intolerable to Blake, he knew that they were almost there. It was a disgustingly familiar smell, which Blake associated with the previous night, and the array of colors they had seen in the floodlights below the buildings, and reflected in the waters below, as if it was some sort of colorful glowing version of Venice, as seen inside a dark ride.

Mick stopped below a tall ladder, leading up
Jezebel

to a manhole.

"I think this is the place," said Mick, "Hold your breath just a little longer until we reach the top."

"I'll try to, man," said Blake, already feeling a little dizzy.

Mick went up the ladder first, followed closely by Blake. Blake tried not to breathe in too deeply as he followed Mick, but found it hard, while looking up, and seeing Mick's big muscular ass cheeks, hugged tightly in his pants, moving up and down, and back and forth as he climbed, supported by his strong, tree-trunk like legs.

"Just keep climbing, Blake," Blake told himself, "You don't want to faint from losing oxygen."

Finally they reached the top. Mick pushed up against the manhole and looked around to see if the coast was clear, then climbed out quickly, helping Blake up after him.

...

Blake and Mick emerge from their long passage of the sewers and waterways, under the old Century of Progress Worlds Fair, both gasping for air, and finally look out at the surface. What they saw left them breathless.

Mick and Blake look around them, then at each other. They walk forward.

The grounds were silent as a graveyard, only the howling wind blowing through the vast grounds and over the great lake could be heard. There were right in the middle of the site where the ruins of the worlds fair were...the only problem was there was nothing there, just a desolate field, with the odd pile of wood, steel and brick scattered about, and a dead tree, as tall and twisted as the pile of rubble that lay beneath. There was no fog, or anything obstructing their view across Northerly Island, the night was clear, and full of stars. It looked like the aftermath of an atomic bomb.

"What the...." said Mick, at a loss for words as they tread across the empty grounds. Their boots crunches against the earth, the only sound except for the wind in this barren place.

"This is the spot alright," said Blake, "but there's..."

"Nothing," nodded Mick.

They decided to look around, in hopes of

finding something familiar, at least to confirm that they hadn't gone crazy.

...

After a mile or so, Blake stopped... Mick had suddenly bent down and squatted over the ground, running his fingers over a patch of earth.

"Look," said Mick. "There's new grass here. Wild grass. And the ground is firm...not soft, no sod, no signs of it recently being planted. They couldn't have demolished this much in one night and laid new grass down. No...whatever happened here...it happened a long time ago..."

"But, that's impossible, we just saw..." but Blake stopped talking as Mick gave him a knowing look. It was impossible. They both knew what they had scene. But whatever had happened here was not natural. Or maybe they had never been here, Blake was beginning to doubt his sanity for a moment.

Mick rose to his feet and they continued pacing the ground...looking for any familiar signs.

Blake came to a halt.

"Well...that place is still standing," said Blake, looking across the island, to a far corner where a tall dark structure stood like a darkened lighthouse. It was the tower Blake had recognized, the "...E...el Tower" as the green lit letters had indicated, but the lights and the letters were no longer there, it looked as dark and abandoned as everything else around it. "I wonder why that...when everything else is gone. There's no way this could have all happened since we last came here...is there?"

"Well, I guess the best place to start would be to go over there," said Mock indicating the tower. Blake nodded, and they walked in its direction.

....

When they reached the tower, Blake and Mick scouted the area for any familiar sights they would recognize...

... "Well, theres no way we're getting up there," said Mick, coming back from the tower, holding a flashlight, he had asked Blake to keep

Continued on pg 94



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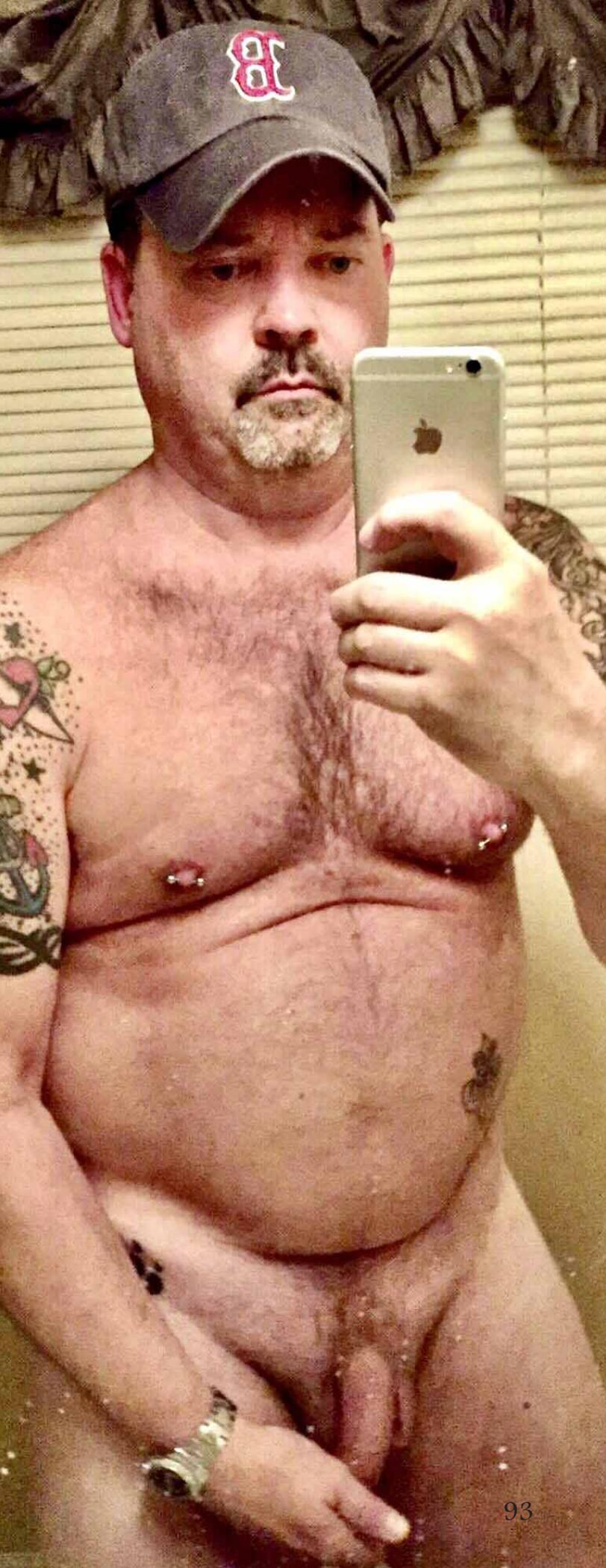


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Bill Allen





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his distance from the structure while he scouted the area. Blake had found this an odd request, but went along with it. Mick usually had a good sense when and where there was danger, and Blake had come to trust that sense.

“What do you mean?” asked Blake, who’s eyes were now on the ground near his feet.

“All the doors have collapsed and the stairs appear to have as well,” said Mick, shaking his head. “...And something else...everything is much older than it looked before...” Mick stood for a moment in thought, scratching his head, looking behind him at the shadow of the tower, “...It’s almost as if...” Mick suddenly realized how quiet it was. “Blake?” Mick asked, he couldn’t see him. “...Blake? Ya there, buddy?”

Blake, however, was preoccupied with something else.

“Hey, Mick, look at this,” said Blake. He was squatting down in a similar position Mick had been in earlier, looking at the ground.

“What is it Blake?” asked Mick, coming over to him, following his voice in the dark. He finally found him, huddled over a patch of empty ground.

“This is the spot,” said Blake, looking from the ground, to the tower, and to the other side of the island. “I remember it, because I could see that window on the balcony from this very angle. It’s dark now...but I’m sure of it.”

“Sure of what, Blake?” asked Mick, tilting his head to the side, curiously. He wasn’t used to Blake being the cryptic one.

“This is where the house was,” said Blake. “That “house of tomorrow” I think it was called. But...there’s no sign of it ever being here. No foundations, no plotting, that would at least still be here...but there’s just rocks, grass and....” Blake looked around him. “Wait a minute there’s something else...Mick over here, look...” Blake has seen something sticking out of the ground, partially buried and went over to dig it up with his bare hands.

But at that moment, Mick had seen something out of the corner of his eye and looked up at the old derelict tower, and at the previously darkened window. It was lit up now. The light inside was still working in spite of how old the building was... and that wasn’t the only thing. There was

someone there, way up on the top level of the tower. Mick squinted his eyes, even though he could see the figure perfectly, even through the dark. Their silhouette stood in front of the window, outside this time; the shadowy figure and outline of a woman, standing on a balcony, looking out at them. The same one he had seen before. Mick couldn’t see any features other than the long hair, and curves and contours, but he knew it was watching. Mick glared up at it, his olive green eyes flashing with an orange fire for a moment. He didn’t tell Blake what he saw.

Blake, meanwhile, was making another unwelcome discovery.

“Mick...this is...” he had dug into the ground, after seeing a corner of a large, rusted metal sign sticking out of the ground and had unearthed the entire thing. He was now paralyzed after realizing what it was he was looking at. In front of him, sticking out of the ground, was the sign that read...

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

...The sign that had been on the wall outside the “House of Tomorrow”...but it was rusted over...and ancient looking, battered and weathered by time. It was as if it had aged decades in one night.

“This is where the house was...I know it..it’s the sign...but it’s older...and...” Blake examines the ground nearby, where the wall should have been... “...the blue flowers aren’t here either...was it all buried beneath us?...or...Mick...what’s going on?...”

Blake looked over in Mick’s direction, and his eyes almost glanced up at the tower behind him. Mick saw this out of the corner of his eye.

“Don’t look over here,” said Mick, with a sudden fierceness in his voice that Blake hadn’t heard before.

“Mick, what are you...?” Blake started to look towards Mick again.

Mick was afraid Blake might see the figure standing up in the tower window. He needed to prevent that. Blake wouldn’t understand.

“I said don’t look,” said Mick, now sounding quite angry. His voice sounded like a dog’s snarl.

This startled Blake. He wasn’t used to hearing Mick talk like this.

“What is it, Mick?” asked Blake, not looking at him or in the direction Mick was indicating. He kept his eyes off the tower. His imagination raced. Was someone dead up there...hanging from the tower window...was it something else? The Jackal?

Mick had been distracted by Blake, not wanting him to see what was above them, and had taken his eyes momentarily off the window. By the time he looked back up, the light was gone and so was the figure.

“I think we had better get out of here,” said Mick. “I think we’re being watched. We should get back and tell the others about this.”

“Right,” said Blake, realizing the urgency in Mick’s voice. After the last incident, he had come to trust Mick’s instincts. Blake got up from the ground and started to head back in the direction they came, Mick following close behind. As they left the grounds, Mick gave one last look at the dark window on the tower balcony. The figure was still there, as if it had never vanished.

....to be continued



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