

Desert Heat

Magazine™

September 2019 | Issue 9

Aedan Del Sol

Naked in the woods!

Dezebel returns!

Desert Heat Magazine



**MODELS
WANTED**

We collaborate with photographers from all over!
Want to show off? Click this image and contact us!

From the Editor

Thank you for your continued support. I wanted to start this out by giving a shout out to those photographers and artists who continually support the Magazine. Without you, this publication would not be seeing the success it has been. Your work is not only beautiful but it is an inspiration to me, as a photographer, to continue pursuing my passion, photographing men. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you.

Of course, the Magazine would not be a success without all the dedicated readers/viewers of it. A special thank you to all of you also. Your words of encouragement not only stoke the fire to continue this pursuit, but it has made me want to continue to improve. Please share your thoughts and feelings to not only myself via email or one of the social medias, but don't forget to thank or contact the models, photographers, and other artists that make this Magazine as great as it is. They would all love to hear from you.

With that being said, I have been asked quite a bit lately about what it takes to be a model for the Magazine. The easiest answer I have is that you have to have a desire to want to show yourself to our readership. That does not mean you have to pose nude to do so. There are millions of great images out there that are erotic in nature but show little skin in them. It is the model and the photographer working together to compose an image. It's not about how little or how much skin you show. If you want to model for the Magazine, reach out to us, or find a local photographer that is

starting out that wants the exposure, do a shoot with the photographer and get him or her to contact us so that we can work out the details. It is actually that simple. While we do have quite a few photographers that work with us regularly, we do not have them in every area. We do welcome new collaborators all the time, so if you know someone that photographs men, mention that they should contact us.

In case you missed it on twitter, recently I traveled to the Netherlands and was lucky enough to meet one of our regular contributors, Hans of Arktos Photography. He and his partner graciously allowed me and mine to stay with them while we were there. He also helped me schedule a shoot with the cover man of the October Issue. I am sure you are all going to be thrilled to see Thomas in that Issue!. If you can't wait to see some images of Thomas, you can check out the behind the scenes images that Arktos Photography took of that photoshoot. They are posted on the Desert Heat Images Twitter account.

I would love to meet and work with more of the readers of the Magazine, if you are so inclined. I am located in the Midwest so, of course, some coordination would need to happen but I am always happy to photograph men! All you have to do is contact me.

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DESERT HEAT

MAGAZINE

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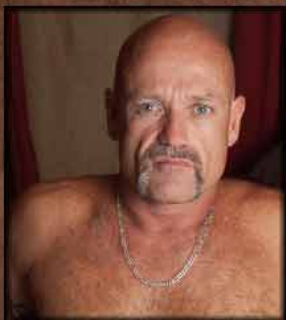
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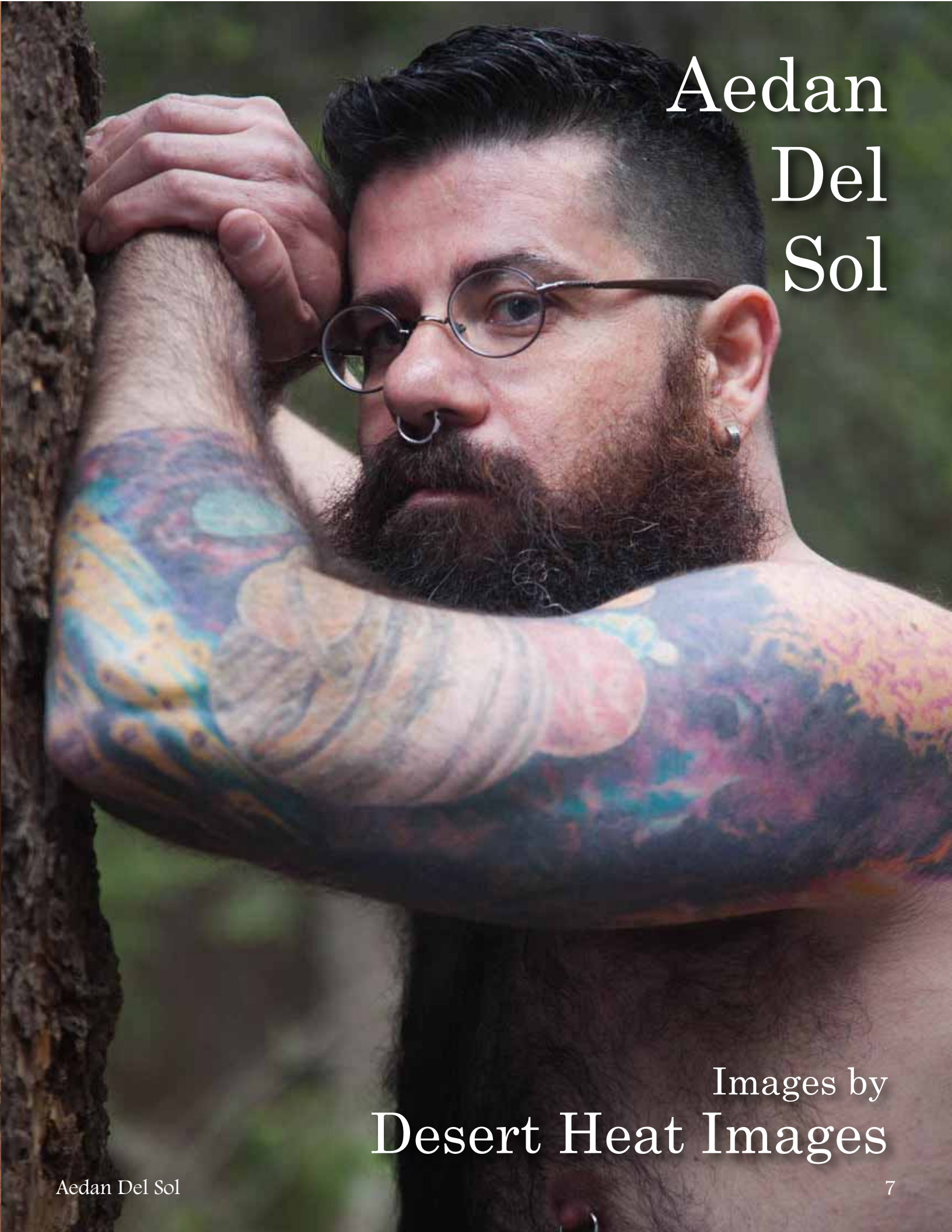
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A close-up portrait of a man with a full, dark beard and mustache. He is wearing round, thin-rimmed glasses and has a nose ring. His hair is dark and styled. He is leaning against a tree trunk with his right arm, which is heavily tattooed with colorful, abstract designs in shades of blue, green, yellow, and purple. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting an outdoor setting.

Aedan Del Sol

Images by
Desert Heat Images















The Bear-man looks at Mick for a moment, then at Blake, and breathes in deep through his nostrils, sniffing, then smiles at them widely, showing his large teeth, then he steps aside, with an arm outstretched, welcoming them in.

Jezebel

by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 8

The main tower of “The Blue Rose Hotel” jettied up from the ground, toward the heavens, like a great glowing blue obelisk. Blake hadn’t been able to comprehend just how tall it was until he was up close and on its doorstep. The four complementary towers, linked by sky bridges, seemed nearly just as large, like four guardian giants, standing on every side of the main structure. From sight, Blake guessed the entire edifice must have taken up a radius of at least 5 blocks, but began to think it may have been larger, the more he and Mick inched closer to it. The hotel itself wasn’t their destination tonight, they were just passing by, on their way through Northerly Island, to the old abandoned World’s Fair grounds, but Blake was incredibly curious how strict or lax the security around the building was at the moment, and if they stood a chance at all breaking in to the hotel, and finding out for themselves what went on inside the infamous Blue Rose Hotel’s quarters. The possibility of just going straight to the source of this mystery, where Charles Newman most likely resided, appealed to Blake’s mind and instincts, and as they drew closer to the massive building, Blake began to think it was where he had to go, in order to find out the truth about Jezebel. The thought kept pulling at him, to just go to “The Blue Rose Hotel” and see what happened, it was a thrilling thought, but there was still the undeniable danger that was at hand if they did raid this famous hideout. What chance did he and Mick have of

getting inside the heart of this mystery? This burning question on Blake’s mind was soon answered as they came to the main gates of the hotel grounds, which were heavily guarded, full of security guards. But there were not regular, run off the mill security guards. These men were equipped machine guns, and their attire wasn’t that of a regular security guard, or a policeman, but of someone who was in the realm of an undergone crime syndicate, dressed in dark suits, trench-coats, and hats.

Mick and Blake quickly hide behind one of the walls, near the main gates to the grounds. The place was so tightly guarded that Blake wondered how guests could get in or out of the place (if there were any guests at all, for that matter). Other than the guards who patrolled the area, and the lights coming from the building, the place looked completely dead on the outside. There was a bigger problem at hand as well; the hotel’s grounds, which were crawling with guards, extended to either side of the island, obstructing their path to the World’s Fair ruins. It seemed that in order to get to the World’s Fair grounds they would have to cross the hotel’s grounds, or perhaps go through the hotel itself. There might not have been another way around.

Before either one of them can say a word, Mick puts his finger to his lips and nods his head in the direction of the docks. Blake had been thinking the same thing. Mick and Blake skirt

around the walls of the hotel grounds to the loading docks, to try and find a way around the perimeter, and perhaps take a look at the docks themselves, where the attack had happened. Of course, when they got there, there were security guards, armed to the teeth, watching over the shipments that were coming into the docks.

Blake and Mick take a peek over the wall, seeing the back loading entrance to the Blue Rose Hotel.

"Yeah, there's no way we're getting in there," says Mick, in a whisper. "We'll just have to come back later. ...Man, I don't know how we're even going to get past this place and into the World's far at this rate."

"That's to say the least," says Blake, "Did you see what they're packin'?"

Mick takes another look at what some of the guards are holding,

"Machine guns? Really?! What is this? A cheesy gangster picture!?"

"Or a daffy duck cartoon," says Blake, sarcastically.

Mick looks over at Blake with a surprised tilt of his head, a smile spreads across his face. "Hey, you watch cartoons?" asks Mick

"Yeah, I like going in early to see them before the movies," admits Blake, wondering what this had to do with their current situation. "It's a guilty pleasure."

Blake looks at Mick's face, he was smiling big. He looked like he couldn't have been happier, like a big, happy overgrown kid who had just realized he'd met his best friend.

"Ha! Nice, buddy! I LOVE CARTOONS!" Mick's voice suddenly becomes loud and booming, as if he couldn't help or contain his excitement. "HAHA! I LIKE THE ONES WITH WOLVES AND...ohhh... shit..."

Mick suddenly realizes how loud he's talking and quiets down. Mick and Blake both duck back down for cover, behind the wall, but too late. One of the guards already appeared to be coming their way.

"Great," Blake hisses over to Mick.

"What the hell, man? I thought you were supposed to be an experienced detective."

"I am, buddy," whispers Mick, "It's all part of my plan, you see."

"What plan?" asks Blake.

Mick shrugs. "The plan will reveal itself. I've just gotta go with it."

"That's not a plan!" hisses Blake.

Blake was worried. He knew Mick was a laid back, "go with the flow" kind of guy, but this?!

Blake and Mick wait behind the wall, near the gate. Someone was coming very close.

"Who's there?" says one of the guards. "I heard you. You can't hide for long."

The guard was speaking in a low voice, indicating that for some reason, he didn't want the others to hear him. This struck Blake as very bizarre behavior for a guard. It was as if he was expecting someone to be there,

He gently lays the guard down

against the wall, carefully

removes his gun and sets it down.

To Blake's surprise, Mick starts

taking off the guard's clothes.

The guard comes closer, passing through the gate, Blake and Mick can see his shadow on the ground, illuminated by the moonlike glow coming from the hotel, and its

signs.

"I have an idea!" whispers Mick to Blake.

The guard come into view. He was a large, strong looking man, like Blake, about Blake's build too, though not nearly as big as Mick.

"You've come back haven't you?" asks the guard, whispering, "I knew it. Come on out. I want to be the one who gets you. Just wait till I tell him, I was the one who..."

Mick jumps up behind the guard, like a shadow, and tackles the guard from behind, putting him in a headlock, knocking him out, his other arm and hand on the guard's gun arm, squeezing his wrist tightly, causing his hand to open up, so he can't fire his gun. The guard passes out in Mick's arms. Mick carries the guard back around the corner to Blake. He gently lays the guard down against the wall, carefully removes his gun and sets it down. To Blake's surprise, Mick starts taking off the guard's clothes.

"What are you doing?" hisses Blake.

"One of us is gonna go in as him, and the other one will be the captive," winks Mick, as he unbuttons the guards pants.

"That's crazy!" says Blake. He couldn't believe Mick was doing this.

"Now take a good look at his face, while I'm getting his pants off," says Mick, "who do you think looks like him the most? Me or you?"

Blake grabs a hold of Mick. "Are you nuts!?"

Mick grins. "Do you wanna guess if he wears boxer shorts or briefs?"

Blake sighs loudly, while he shakes his head.

"Hey! Mack, where'd ya go?" another thug is approaching the same area at the gate.

"Rats," whispers Mick, "There wasn't supposed to be another one over on this side."

"I'll take care of him," says Blake, feeling a sudden rush of adrenaline, after seeing Mick take on the guard.

"Blake, what are you...?...Blake wait!" Mick hisses after him.

Blake is already sneaking up behind the guard. He jumps up and knocks out the guard, karate chopping the back of his head, and he catches the gun before it hits the ground. He takes the unconscious guard to the back of the wall where Mick is.

"Whoa, I didn't know you had this much experience," says Mick, "Well, done Blake," he gives a thumbs up.

"I didn't know either," says Blake, "I don't really know where that came from. Thought I was out of practice. I must have just got excited being on a job again."

Mick chuckles, quietly.

"Looks like both of us will be going in as them," says Mick. He pulls down the pants off the first guard. "Looks like it's boxers," says Mick. "No wonder he was walkin' funny. In these kind of pants it should be briefs or nothin'." Mick nudges Blake with his shoulder, "Your turn, man."

Blake starts unbuttoning the other guard's pants. He's wearing...nothing underneath.

"Heh, now this guy's doin' it right," says Mick with a wink.

Blake was unsure how to feel about all of this, but felt an undeniable feeling of Jezebel

excitement. This was the kind of work he'd dreamed about when he first became a private investigator, like something from the movies.

Mick starts undressing, pulling off his shirt, coat and pants. Blake does the same. Both men stand in nothing but wet briefs and socks for a moment as the rain picks back up. Blake stares at Mick while he's dressing in the other guard's clothes.

"Damn, these are a little tight, how are you doing?" asks Mick, as he turns back to Blake, who is blankly staring at Mick, soaked by the rain. "Hey!" Mick shakes Blake by the shoulders, "Get in his clothes!"

Blake comes back to reality, realizing he's only in his wet underwear, in front of Mick. Blake blushes and starts putting on the guard's clothes.

Mick looks around for something, he finds it, the guard's hat, a black fedora. The guard's suit Mick is wearing consists of a dark green jacket, and a black tie, vest, and pants, a white button up shirt, and a charcoal gray, almost black trench coat. Blake's suit was a dark maroon, with black pants as well. Mick puts on the hat over his wet hair, and empties his pockets from his own discarded coat and pants.

"Make sure you don't leave anything of yours behind," whispers Mick.

Blake makes sure to get his wallet, and everything else out of his pockets.

"What about our clothes?" asks Blake,

"Well, we can't just leave them laying lying here as evidence," says Mick. "I guess we'll just have to get rid of them." Mick looks out towards the water. "I guess we should throw 'em in the lake."

"What? Are you serious? These are nice clothes!"

"I know, but you want to get to the bottom of this Jezebel business, don't ya? As I've learned the hard way, the case always comes first."

"Ah...shit, I guess you're right," says Blake. Still, he hated to be throwing away his clothes.

"Just put whatever you can in your trench coat pockets and toss the rest," says Mick,

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Berni



Images by

AFRI FOTOGRAFIE

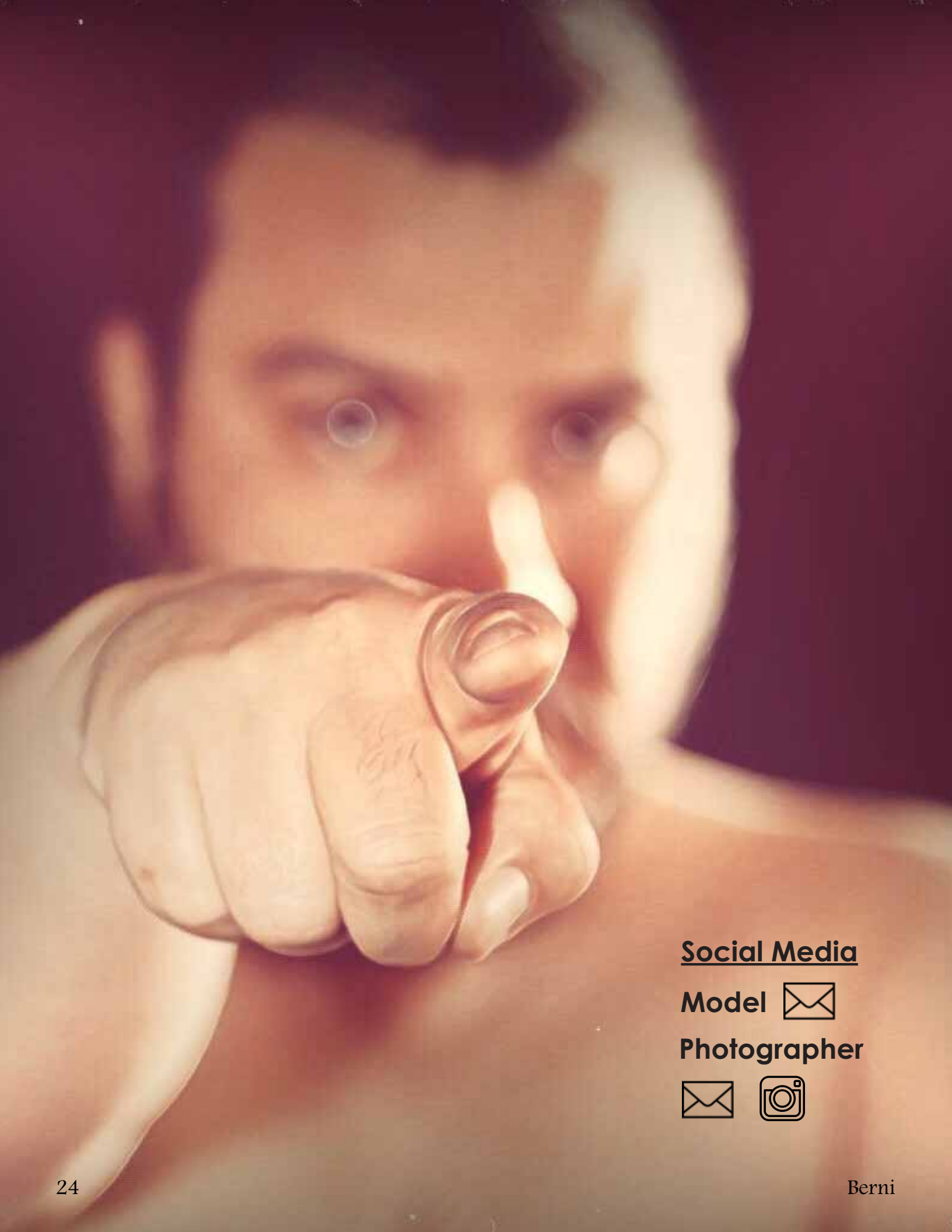












Social Media

Model 

Photographer







ABF20

BEARS & BALLS

02 July 2020 - 05 July 2020 • AtlantaBearFest.com

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“Besides, the friend of mine, Frost, I mentioned is real food with clothes. I’m sure they wouldn’t mind gettin’ some new ones for ya.”

That was right. Blake remembered seeing those designs, in that manilla folder that said “Designs by Frost”. But still...these clothes had a lot of memories attached to them.

“Oh, alright, let’s just get goin and get in there,” grunts Blake, as he balls up his clothes, ready to throw them into the dark, rainy lake, near the pier.

Both he and Mick throw their discarded clothes into the water, Blake subconsciously trying to throw his farther than Mick, as if it was a contest. Blake saw them plunge into the water, in the reflection of the lighthouse, and sit and float on the waves for a moment before sinking. Mick then uses the discarded belts to bind the hands of the unconscious guards together, then tears the first guard’s boxer shorts into strips of cloth he uses as gags, and ties them together.

“It’s not much cloth, but it’ll do,” says Mick, whipping his hands after tying up the guards.

“Um, couldn’t we have just used our clothes to tie them up instead of throwing them away?”

“Eh...” Mick looks dumbfounded and speechless, as if he’s just realized a big mistake. “Ah, shit...well...” Mick looks from Blake, to the tied up guards, to the lake where they threw their clothes, back to Blake again. “Ah, man...” groans Mick, sounding frustrated, “Ah, forget it,” says Mick, exasperated, “Let’s go.”

Mick and Blake pick up the guns that the guards dropped, and get ready to enter the gates to the back loading docks of the hotel. Before the turn the corner to enter the gate both Blake and Mick hear something in the distance. It sounds like a machine...a truck! Perhaps another shipment was coming in. Blake and Mick hug the wall, and flank both sides of the gate, as a pair of bright headlights approach them. It was a truck, a silver semi-truck with large blue letters on the side. It was a logo, two words, Blake couldn’t make out what Jezebel

they said in this dark. Mick and Blake tip the rims of their hats down over their eyes, to shield their identities, as they pretend to stand guard over the gate. The truck approaches, and passes through the open gates. Both Mick and Blake look over and nod to each other from either side on the wall. They follow the truck into the gates as the gates close behind them. The back doors of the semi-truck open. Another set of guards jump out of the back, leaving the back open. There were stacks of large wooden boxes, unmarked, in the cargo.

“What do you suppose is in the boxes?” asks Blake.

Mick shrugs, “Could be anything.”

Another guard whistles over to Blake and Mick. “Hey! Get over here and start unloading these, would ya?”

Both Mick and Blake strap their guns to their backs and each pick up a large box in their arms. The contents of each box were extremely heavy, and Blake could hear clanking inside, like there were sets of large bottles.

Mick and Blake nod to each other and follow the rest of the guards into the loading docks of the hotel.

As they enter through the back doors, they get momentarily stopped by another guard. He looks large and hairy almost beast-like, with blonde, dark brown, and red tints in his hair and beard. Blake wasn’t sure if it was dyed or if it was his natural colors, either way it looked impressive.

The guard leans toward Mick and sniffs him. “Go!” Then he leans toward Blake and sniffs. “Go!” says the guard.

Mick and Blake make their way in with some of the other guards. It was dark in the back hallways, and Blake saw they were near the doors to the basements and the boiler rooms. Blake stuck close to Mick as they followed in line with some of the other guards, the long halls were barely lit and looked run down, and there was a greenish tint to the walls where their large and intimidating shadows walked alongside them. As

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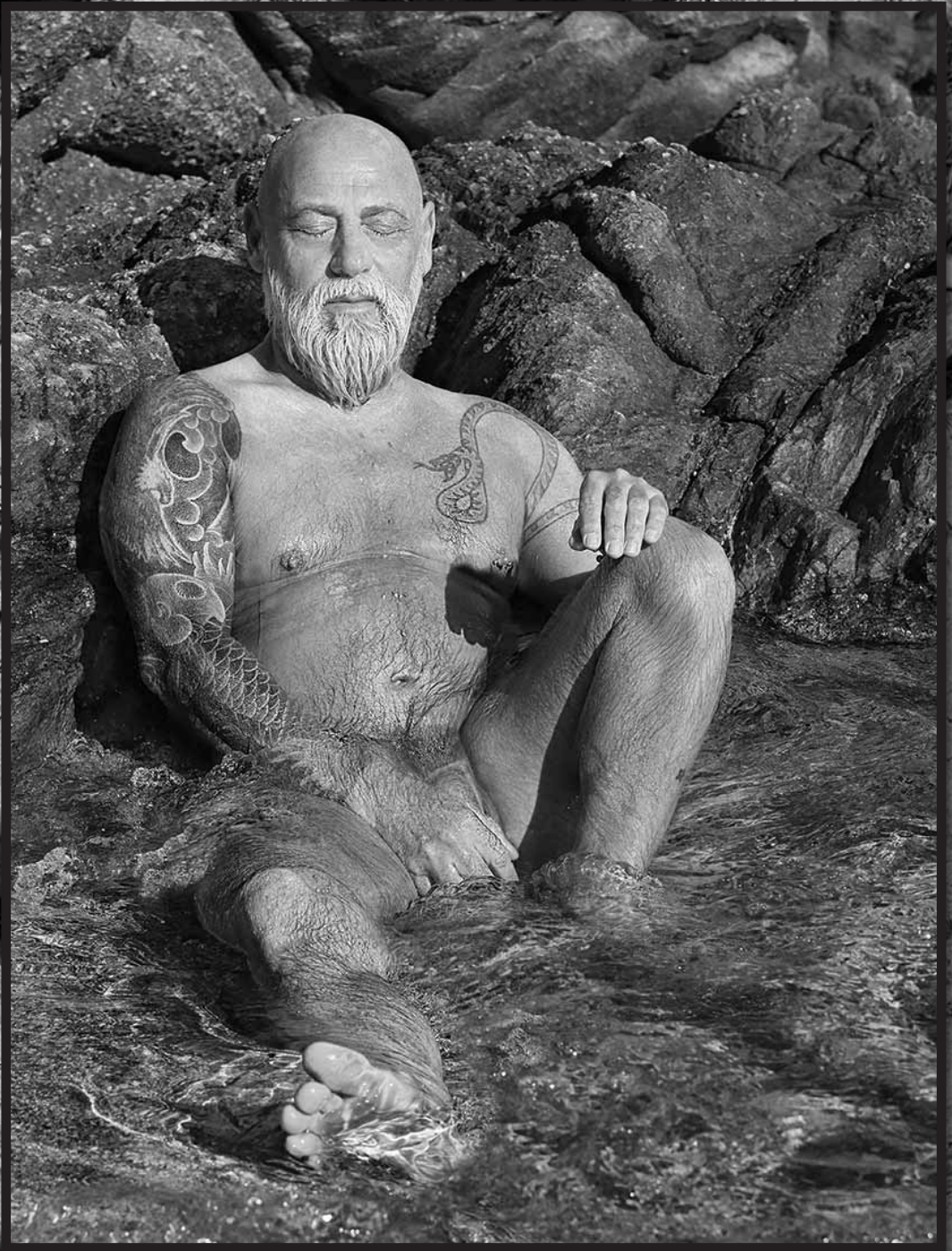
Θε[Ο†



Images by Θε[Ο† Photo













I Just Blew A Random Dad In Front of His House & It Turned Wonderfully Violent

Story by GabeKnope

I got out of work early today as I had to run some errands. The suburbs around where I live are usually void of people as they're all at work. I was a couple streets away from my house, about to get home, when I saw this wonderfully shirtless daddy outside by his truck. He was maybe 40, a little bigger but had some muscle, and he caught me looking as I drove up past his house. As he turned, his grabbed his bulge through his shorts while pointed in my direction.

I've done this when I was outside my house when I was in my late teens, kind of like a guy way of saying "I want you to come suck this" when a cute guy drives by. I knew that sign. I couldn't believe someone was actually doing it to me. It's been a week since I've jerked it, so my juices are immediately flowing. Stopping at the stop sign at the end of the road, I looked back in my rear view to see him still outside, messing around with something in the bed of his truck.

A rush of "you should not be doing this" came over me and I swung the car around to go back down the street. Pulling into the empty spot in front of his house I rolled down the window and said "are you gonna show me?" He turned around and shouted back into my car, "What did you say?"

It was then that I realized I was in over my head. This is a heavy republican area and I just pulled up next to this daddy with his pickup who I don't know asking to see his cock. I couldn't say anything because I was suddenly too nervous to get out words. He walked over to the window and said again, "what did you say?" I was still speechless, but I saw his eyes divert to my shorts, which were clearly holding a hard as a rock dick. I

figured if he didn't like it, I could drive away quickly, so I blurted out what I've wanted to say for years but could never muster the courage.

"I asked if you were gonna show me your fucking cock." I must have been harsh as he took a step back. I think I startled him. It was clear that I had the upper hand, and I was so horny, my dick took over. I turned the car off and got out, walking over to him as horny as a teenager in gym class. "I'm going to blow you now" I said as we were face to face. He had a look of "is this happening?" which got wider as I pulled his zipper down and shoved my face in his crotch.

He was average length, a little girthy, and kind of sweaty. It smelled delicious as I took in a large whiff. I looked up to see him still in awe as his half-flacid but half-hard dick waved in the sunlight. Houses in our neighborhood are close, but not too close, but any of his neighbors could have seen of they were looking outside. I took the base of his shaft with one hand and started sucking the lifeforce out of him. I could feel him getting fully hard and I was moaning like the biggest slut. I needed this.

Suddenly hands were pulling my hair, yanking me off his cock, his face red with anger. In a deep, low snarl, he forcefully said "what in the FUCK do you think you're doing?". He pulled my head back farther and grabbed my arm with his other hand. It happened quickly, but suddenly I'm being pulled into his backyard that is only a few feet away. I honestly thought I was gonna be murdered. My gay ass finally killed me.

He slammed the wooden gate shut behind

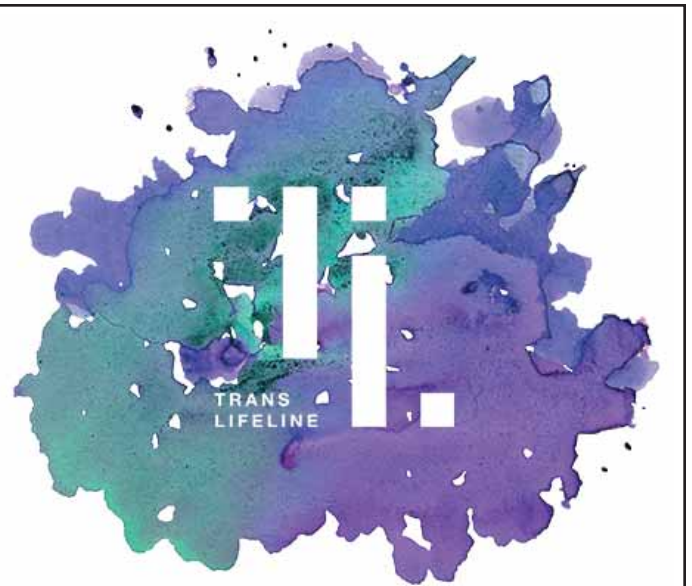
Blew a Random Dad

us with his other hand that was holding my arm. From here no one could see us except his neighbor, had they been staring over the fence. He pushed me to the ground, face still red with rage, and put a hand to my throat. It was hard, but not to where I couldn't breathe at all, and I felt pressure by my pants. He was ripping my shorts open. Suddenly a pleasure-like pain overtook me as I felt a tight squeeze on my cock and balls. I was being choked with one hand and jerked with the other at the same time.

I was still in pain from the concrete slam but quickly building to the quickest orgasm as he furiously tugged at my dick. The lack of oxygen was starting to send me over the edge. He tightened his grip, cutting off the little air I could breathe, and felt the most incredible orgasm shooting from my cock. The mixture of being choked, my adrenaline, his tight grip, I've never experienced an orgasm like that. I was shaking with the most pleasurable waves flowing over me, and I could feel a dozen ropes shoot from my cock all over his arm and my clothes.

"You fucking faggot" he said harshly, yet still under his breath, as he propped me up against the wall of his house. I was still orgasming and too weak to resist. His hand behind my head, he shoves his now rock hard cock in my mouth, face fucking me. It was so harsh, I could feel my top teeth briefly hitting his shaft, but he was forcing me so quick all I could do was put my tongue in top of my bottom teeth and feel his dick glide along it. It was maybe thirty seconds before a burst of salty cum erupted in my mouth. He let out a deep, guttural moan as it splashed down my throat.

He sat on my legs, breathing extremely heavily, as I wiped tears away on my face and swallowed the last bit of his cum. The entire thing must have lasted four minutes or so. I was completely covered in cum. He told me to "get the fuck out of here" and that "if I ever see you come on my property again you'll never walk right again". I still don't know if that's a threat or an invitation, but the bruises on my neck and scrapes from the concrete say I probably won't come back unless he is out there again, grabbing his dick to invite me in.



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Trans Lifeline is a national trans-led 501(c)(3) organization dedicated to improving the quality of trans lives by responding to the critical needs of our community with direct service, material support, advocacy, and education.

Their vision is to fight the epidemic of trans suicide and improve overall life-outcomes of trans people by facilitating justice-oriented, collective community aid.

Services Offered

A peer support hotline run by and for trans people.(7am-1am PST/ 9am-3am CST / 10am - 4am EST). Volunteers may be available during off hours.

Microgrants to help with a name or ID change that affirms your gender. They'll even help guide you through the complicated process.

A photograph of a man with a beard and short dark hair, lying on his back on a white sheet. He is shirtless and smiling at the camera. A white sheet is draped over his waist and legs. The background is a white pillow.

Jay

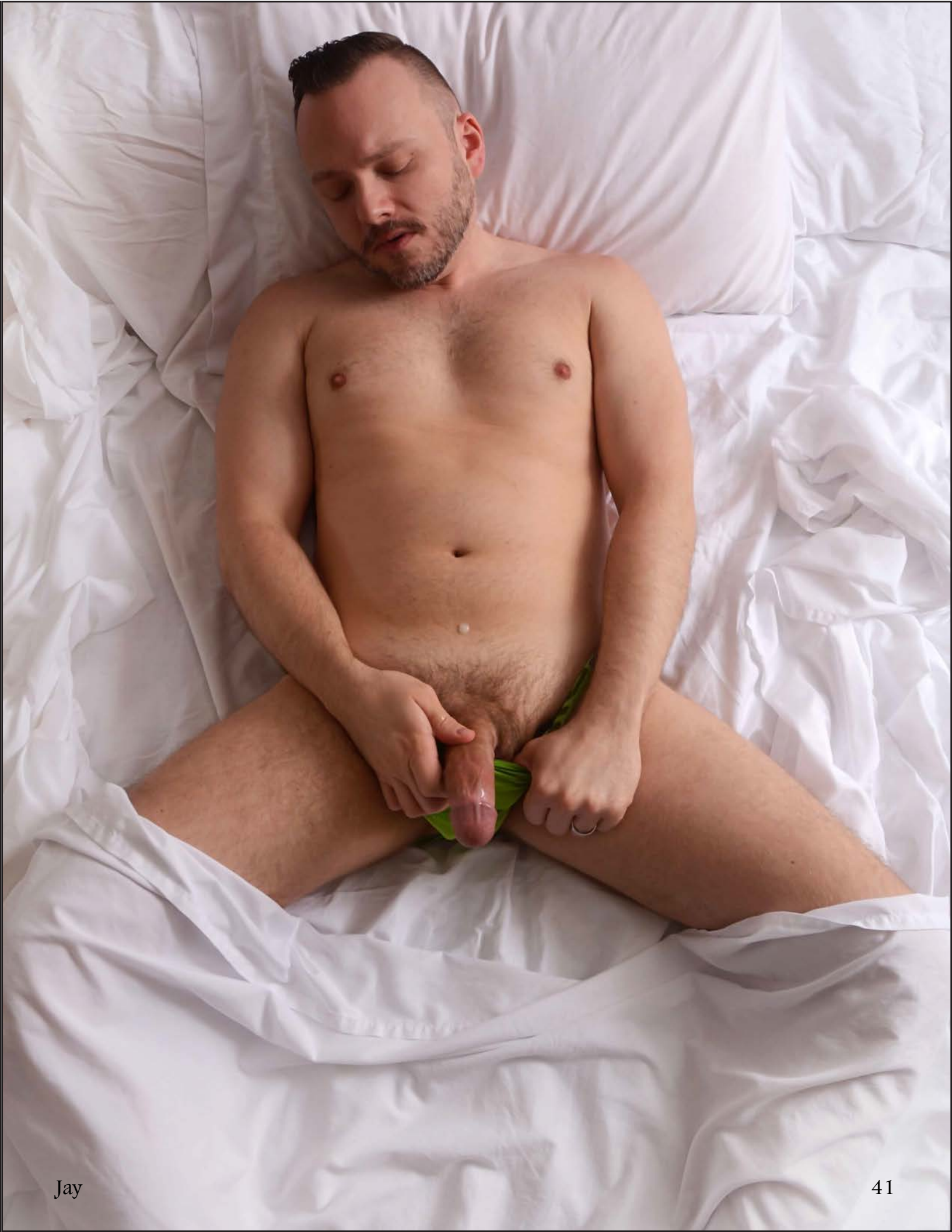
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Continued from page 27

they made their way down this seemingly endless hallway, Blake guessed the reason why all the guards and workers were so big was in order to haul these heavy loads down these long halls. Blake was a big strong guy himself, but he felt his hands go numb, arms sore, and his fingers felt like they were just about to fall off if he had to carry this box much further. Mick didn't seem to be having much trouble at all.

Blake looks around. It was strange down here, the hallway looked old and rundown, there were even cobwebs in some corners and signs of deterioration on the walls, even though this hotel was only supposed to be a few years old. He did indeed have the feeling that he and Mick were in some sort of gangsters hideout from the movies. Not just like one from the movies, Blake thought, but from a cartoon. Like that Daffy Duck cartoon he had seen before "Bowery Bombshell", the one with all sorts of Halloween-esque gangsters, like Dick Tracey characters, but even more absurd. He remembered there was 88 teeth, Pumpkin-head, Pickle-Puss, Pussycat Puss, Wold Man, and Neon Noodle. What strange names. He remembered it was called "The Great..." something "...Robbery." It was perhaps for this reason, thinking about cartoons, that Blake's mind began to play tricks on him, and his imagination started to run wild. Blake watched the shadows on the great dark green walls of this impossibly long hallway and saw that they began to change. Or...had they always been this way and Blake simply had only now noticed? The giant shadows, strolling along the corridor alongside them, were dressed exactly the same, in gangster-esque suits, hats and coat, carrying boxes, with guns on their backs, but the shapes of the thing wearing the suits were not human. Blake saw shadows that looked like animals, or great beasts, wearing human clothes. Shadows of pigs, bears, wolves, dogs, cats, lions, rats, hyenas, and other mammals, (it even looked like there were some shadows that belonged to birds or reptiles, maybe even a dragon) walking in their gangster suit like monster-men.

The shadows looked like monsters, but at the same time there was an unreal quality to them, as if the shadows themselves were living cartoon characters. Blake almost felt like laughing at this, believing it to be nothing more than an

illusion of his mind, a hallucination, due to the dark and his recent sleeplessness... until he saw what he and Mick's shadows looked like. There they were side by side, two large figures in trench coats and fedoras, broad and man-shaped like the others, but the heads were clearly animal, like walking hieroglyphs of ancient powerful Egyptian gods, and their features were clear enough for Blake to make out what they were. A wolf (Mick's shadow) and a tiger (Blake's Shadow).

Blake almost let out a shout of alarm, but silenced himself as to not draw suspicion, or drop the box he was holding. If he attracted any attention, and gave up their disguises, he and Mick would surely be dead, what with a bunch of beast men working in this place, disguising themselves as human...Beastmen? What the hell, Blake, get a hold of yourself. It's just shadows on the wall, Blake thinks to himself. Your eyes haven't adjusted properly yet, that's all. But the longer they walked down the hall, the animal-men shaped shadows did not appear to go away. Blake shakes his head, trying to will this vision away. It was almost as bad as when he has seen the large, ghostly looking shark.

Mick notices Blake shaking his head and blinking his eyes, and looks back over his shoulder and whispers to him. "You doing okay, man?"

Blake nods. "Yeah, just tired."

Mick can see something's up with Blake. Blake nods his head but doesn't want to draw any attention. Mick doesn't look convinced, but face forward anyway. They were finally coming to the end of (or at least a bend in) the very long hallway.

There was large door at the end of the hall, which was open, a vast dark room behind it. That's where everyone was heading. Blake's imagination went wild with thoughts of what was going to happen to them when they entered the dark room with all these animal/monster gangsters. He watched the guards and the animalistic shadows disappear down the hall and into the black void behind the door.

"Almost in," says Mick in a whisper to Blake, behind him.

That's what Blake was afraid of.

As the rest of the guards and shadows pass through the door, and as Blake and

Mick near the empty and dark doorway, a large, tall figure steps out from the dark, blocking their path. Blake nearly stopped in his tracks, thinking he was seeing things again, probably from watching too many cartoons, as the figure was as tall as the vast doorway itself.

In the doorway, at the end of the hall, is a tall broad man in a dark grey suit and hat (a fedora) who, for a moment, while shadowed in front of the dark room, looks like a large grizzly bear, with glowing silver-white eyes, his snout recoiled in a snarl, drool dripping from his sharp tusk-like teeth, a blank but hungry looking expression on his face, ravenous. He seems to be standing guard over the large empty room behind him. The bear guard looked even larger than Mick, and it seemed to take awhile for the bear face to slowly morph back into that of a human face. The human face still looked bearish and, more disturbingly to Blake, familiar. A foreboding sense of déjà vu swept over Blake. Had he met him before? And for that matter, had he been here before? There was no logic to this thought, and Blake felt he lost control of his senses, like he was having a fever dream, but something about the way this large door of a man stared at him made Blake's hair stand on end.

The Bear-man looks at Mick for a moment, then at Blake, and breathes in deep through his nostrils, sniffing, then smiles at them widely, showing his large teeth, then he steps aside, with an arm outstretched, welcoming them in.

Mick and Blake walk through the doorway, and enter a dark, cavernous room, where they couldn't even see the ceiling, with stacks of crates and boxes lining the shelves on the walls, and all over the floor. It was hard to tell just how large this room was, but it seemed just as impossibly vast and endless as the hallway they just came from. All was dark, except for that faint greenish glow which barely illuminated the place (Blake could not figure out the source of this dim light). Blake looks around, he wasn't sure what he had expected to find here...a room full of stolen piggybanks, perhaps? His mind was still thinking

with cartoon logic. Both he and Mick follow the other guards and place the large crates down on free space on the floor, the large bear of a man overseeing them. Blake and Mick glance at each other, it was just light enough in the vast storeroom that they could see each other's eyes, almost glowing in the dark, and could read their signals. Blake didn't know how he knew what the look in Mick's eyes meant, but he knew that he was going to create a distraction long enough for them to see what was in these boxes and get away from the main group.

Mick nudges one of the shelves over and it falls down with all the boxes of bottles. Several guards turn and look over at the commotion. Mick points to one of the other guards, who was staring at the ceiling, mind wandering. Blake thought this guard looked like a large, overgrown version of Peter Lorre. The guard's eyes look bugged out with shock, as the other guards begin to converge and turn on him. "Seriously, dude?! Again?" says Mick, acting annoyed with the confused looking guard, as if this was a common occurrence.

All of the other guards crowd around the one who they suspect knocked over the shelves, like predators surrounding their prey. Upon closer observation, Blake realized that the guard Mick picked to be the scapegoat was the smallest, and leanest one in the room. The circle of guards scowl at the guard next to the broken shelves and bottles. One of them, the bearish looking man, picks up one of the broken bottles and frowns, liquid dripping from the broken glass (Blake couldn't see what color the liquid was, as the faint light in the room gave a greenish tint to everything). A strong, overwhelming, but familiar smell fills the dark room, and meets Blake's nostrils. Blake starts to feel lightheaded, and his vision blurred. He rubs his eyes and sees, for a moment, the scared looking guard in the middle of the circle surrounded by the other, tall, looming guards, but their faces were all different. They were

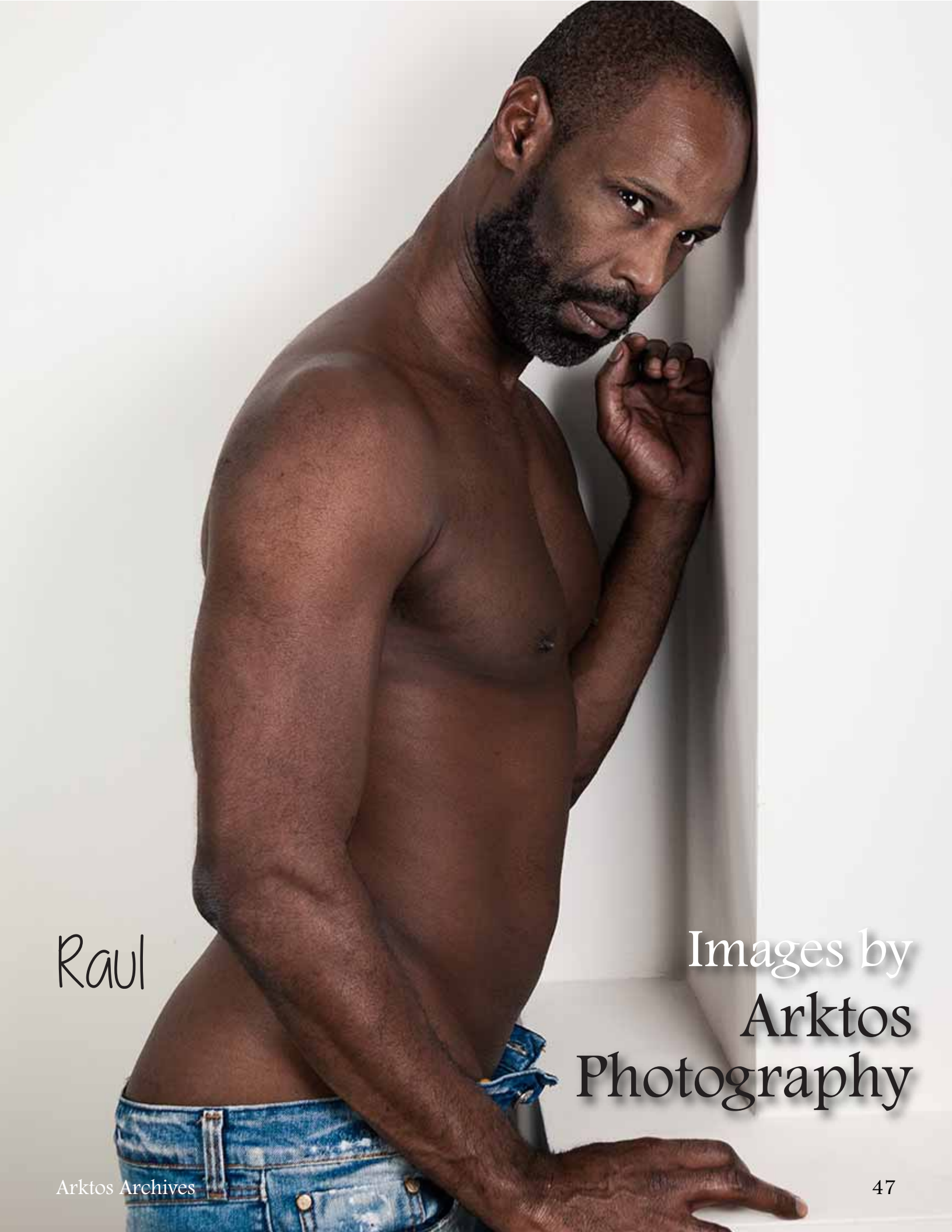
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From the
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(2016 – 2018)



Andrei

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Raul

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Elias





Ali

Jerico



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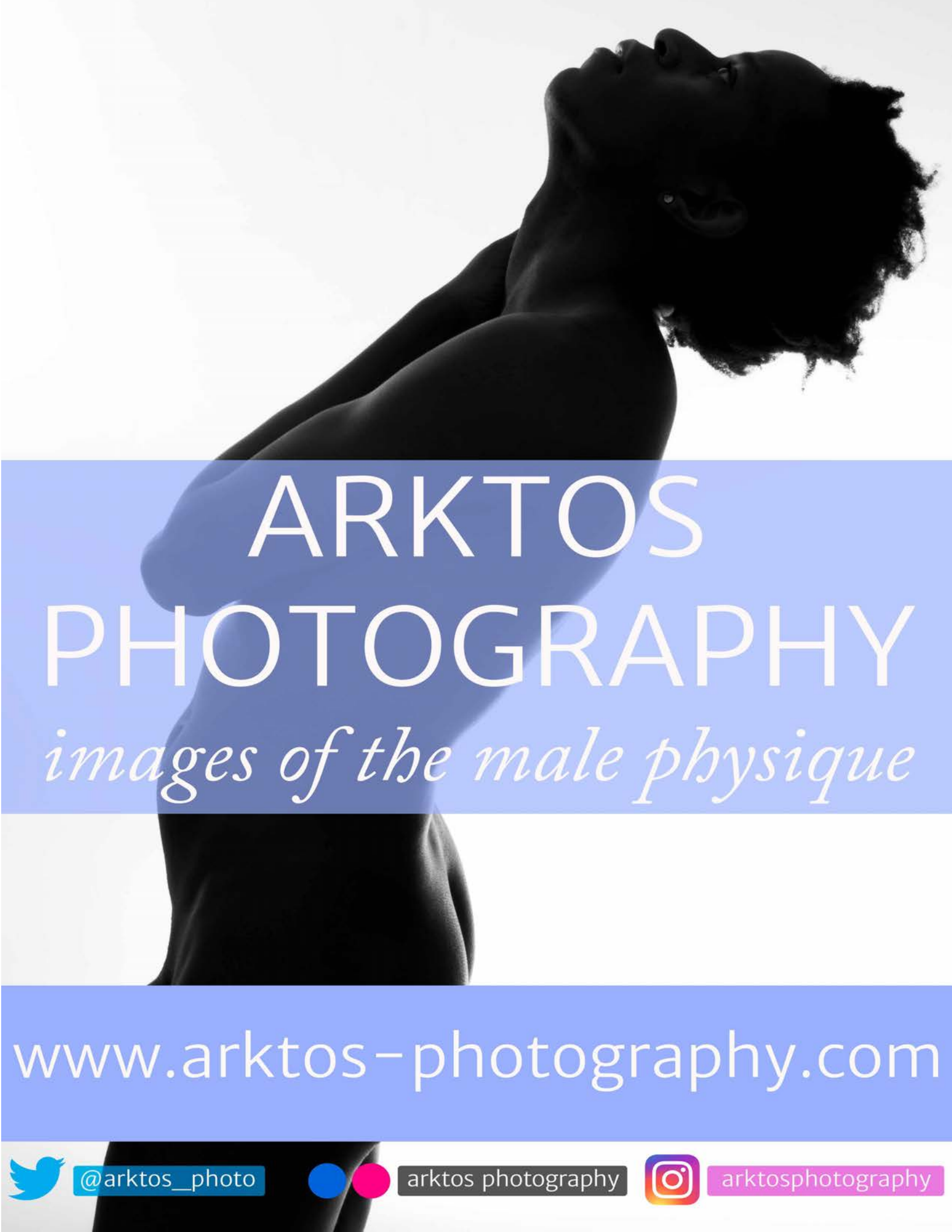


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Story by ycjpo@yahoo.com

I knew my life was going to change drastically over the upcoming months. Little did I know how much I underestimated that change.

I am in my mid 20's and had recently been living in the Washington, D.C. area. I just finished graduate school after putting in many years of hard work, and I had received a great job offer from a company in the Midwest. If I accepted the offer, my salary would more than triple. With this offer, I could start to feel my career taking off. It felt good to reap the rewards of all the time and labor I put into my schooling.

True, I would have preferred to stay on the east coast with my family and friends, but the job market was a bit rough, and some of my classmates were having trouble finding interviews, let alone job offers. My girlfriend of a year, who was still pursuing her degree, was a little disappointed that I might be moving out of the area. She wanted me to reject the offer so that we could be together. I told her I really had no choice but to accept the offer. I tried to comfort her by explaining that I could now afford to fly her out 2 to 3 times a month to see me. I told her she would finish her degree soon, and before she would know it, she would be in the job market. At that time she could look for a job in my area, or we could both begin searching for jobs in the same city. Needless to say, I accepted the offer, said my good-byes and moved to Minneapolis.

Unfortunately, my girlfriend never forgave me for taking the job. The long distance that separated us put additional stress on our relationship. Every time I talked to her she

complained about how lonely she was and how I abandoned her. She was really becoming a bitch, and I started to get

tired of her and her complaining. I couldn't take much more, so I broke off the relationship. Hey, there's always more fish in the sea.

One summer day, I was shopping at the Mall of America in the Minneapolis suburbs with the intent of putting the finishing touches on my new bachelor pad. To my surprise, I happened upon beautiful women in skimpy dresses walking on catwalks. There happened to be a model search taking place in the mall. The elite model agency was interviewing both men and women for glamorous modeling contracts. Two catwalks were set up in the center of the mall, one for men and the other for women. I hardly noticed the men's catwalk because it was so barren compared to the activity that was buzzing around the female catwalk. There was a sizeable crowd of men my age standing and gawking at the beautiful women. Since, I was once again available, I felt I should stop and admire the gorgeous ladies. Maybe I might catch one of their eyes. You never know what just might happen.

After about fifteen minutes, I was really getting into the show and felt the beginnings of an erection coming on. As each young girl passed, I could feel myself grow. At that moment, another man my age walked up to me and acted as though he was admiring the ladies. "Aren't they beautiful?", he said. "You sure have to be beautiful to become a professional model."

"Yes, that's right," I replied. I had no interest

at striking up a conversation. I just wanted to ogle the ladies.

"I tried out to be a model today," he said.

"Good for you," I responded tersely.

"Do you think I'm beautiful?" he asked me.

I was kind of perplexed by his question. Isn't the word for men handsome, not beautiful? And why would he care if I thought he was beautiful?

I decided not to waste time pondering this any further as I was being distracted by long legs and tight asses moving back and forth in front of my eyes.

"Yeh," I said in a half-hearted response just to humor him.

"You do!" he said with excitement. "I think you're hot, too. Why don't we go some place where we can enjoy each other." He moved closer to me, slowly placed his hand on my ass, and squeezed.

"What are you doing? Get off of me," I said in a quiet but firm voice hoping not to attract any attention. Without thinking, I began walking away briskly. The entire incident caught me off guard. I felt weird and I just wanted to get out of there.

I briskly walked to a different part of the mall where I could cool down. Eventually I started shopping again. As I continued to shop, I could not get the recent events out of my head. That was the first time in my life that I had been hit on by another man. Up until that point, I had never even thought about men as sex objects, let alone considered being with another man.

The more I thought about it, the less angry I was and the more flattered I became. It kind of turned me on to think that another man found me attractive. I began to wonder what it would have been like if I accepted his offer. As I replayed the events over and over in my head thinking what might have been, I felt my penis begin to slowly grow in my pants.

Being that I am rather large, I needed to sit down on one of the mall benches so that my raging hardon would not be noticed by others in the mall.

As I sat there, I became a little frightened. "Does this mean I am gay?," I thought to myself.

"Of course not. I was just in a relationship with a girl, and I know I am definitely attracted to women. I can't possibly be gay. But the mere fact that I was wondering what it might be like to be with

Minneapolis

another man at least made me bi/curious. Right?"

A whole new world had just opened up to me. I was suddenly open to the idea of being with another man. So as I sat there, I started paying attention to the men who were shopping. I started to notice which features on a man I was attracted to. The thing that turned me on the most was a tight young ass on a clean cut guy. I also preferred guys who had blue eyes and blonde hair. I soon realized that these were the features I also coveted when looking for women. Maybe I wasn't as heterosexual as I thought. Maybe I was purely bi and it was only the features I was drawn to.

My hardon had subsided, and I went back to shopping. I began lamenting over the fact that I had run away from the guy who hit on me. If only I had another chance.

As I walked into one of the music stores at the mall, I noticed a guy who was facing away from me who I was particularly drawn to. He had the cutest little ass. He was leaning over a cd bin trying to find his selection. He wore a tight white T-shirt and tight black pants. He had short blond hair and was slightly smaller than me in stature. I began to act as though I was looking for music, when all I was doing was admiring his tight buttocks out of the corner of my eye. I started to fantasize about walking up behind him, pulling down his tight pants, and shoving my cock in his ass. I started to get hard just thinking about it.

I was so hot for him that I wanted to go over and flirt with him, hopefully leading to a rendezvous. But I couldn't do that. I was in public, and I was afraid someone who knew me might see. I then realized that I was not back home. I could count on one hand the amount of people I knew in this part of the country, and the probability that they were here and would see me was extremely low.

So I decided to go and talk to him. As I made my way over, he turned around. To my surprise it was the guy who hit on me earlier. Because this was a totally different situation than the one before, one in which I was the hunter and he was the prey, I saw him in a totally different light. This enabled me to take in his beauty which I had not noticed before.

I noticed that he had deep blue eyes, to go

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Liam Griffin

Images
by
Kirk
Stephens
Studio



Liam Griffin

Social Media

Model



Photog















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all animalistic, beast-like, as if those horrible shadows had suddenly come to life, no longer looking cartoonish but real, and feral, their eyes glowing, all with sharp predatory teeth and fur on their faces. The tall bearish guard's face was now full bear and looking down angrily at the guard. The bear's expression turns from a grimace to a disturbing smile.

"You know, the boss trusts us this cargo. To make sure the stock is delivered in one piece, it's our job. Remember?"

The smaller guard looks nervous. It's now that Blake realizes what sort of animal he is. He looks like a spotted Hyena. "But, I swear, I didn't..." says the hyena guard.

The bear man's paw comes down on his muzzle, silencing him. The hyena guard lets out a yelp.

Just then, Blake feels a paw grab his arm.

"Now's our chance, come on," says a deep growling voice.

He turns and sees the face of a great black wolf, with glowing orange eyes, like that of a halloween Jack-o-lantern. The wolf has very sharp, white teeth, has black fur fluffed up around his cheeks and neck, like a mane, his furry pointed ears sticking out from beneath his fedora. He was huge, strong and broad, and looked almost bigger than the bear that was questioning the guard, a great bushy tail coming out the rear of his trench coat, swaying back and forth, as his big paws, with sharp claws, gripped Blake's shoulders. It was then that Blake realized this monstrous wolf man was wearing Mick's clothes. No, thinks Blake, No way, no fuckin' way. Blake stared into the wolf's hypnotic, pumpkin orange eyes, as the paws grip his shoulders. Blake shuts his eyes tight. He felt like he was out of his head and mind. He had seen way too many movies, way too many cartoons, drank too much whisky, had too many bad dreams. This was the price he was paying, he thought, seeing these things while he was awake. He'd lost

his marbles, this was it, he was hallucinating, this wasn't real. Blake tried to rationalize any other possibility other than the fact he might be face to face with a giant black furred wolf in clothes, and that the wolf was Mick. Anything but that. Mick wasn't the wolf, there weren't a bunch of monster men gangsters in here with him in this room. There wasn't a big black wolf in a trench coat and fedora shaking him.

"GET A GRIP BLAKE, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!" Blake thinks to himself.

But...Blake could also hear the wolf's growling voice saying these words to him.

"Blake, come on, buddy. We haven't got much time, they'll see us."

Blake felt the paws shake him. He opened his eyes, expecting to see the wolf's eyes and maw right in from of his face, but instead....it was Mick. It was his warm green eyes that he was staring into, and his big strong hands gripping his shoulders. He stared at Blake, frantic and concerned.

"Blake, come on," Mick whispers.

Blake nods, still looking dazed, not sure of his surroundings, his brain still spinning spinning with strange images and colors, and gets up, as the group of men circle around the other guard as if they were sharks in a feeding frenzy, and smelled blood. The bear snarls at him as Mick and Blake make their escape out of the room.

"One more slip up like this and you'll have to face him," says the bear, with a growl.

"No, not him," whimpers the hyena guard.

Blake and Mick leave the room, unnoticed, and turn the corner down the hall, about to duck behind another door, and go into another room. As Blake and Mick disappear down the hall, to see what's behind the other door, Blake could have sworn he heard the distant and threatening voice of the bear guard mention something that sounded like "rainbow death". Blake wasn't sure what that meant, but he was sure he must have misheard him. Was was hallucinating a bunch of

"Lots of people said they didn't understand it, because they never mentioned what the case was about, so people were just confused, but people who read the book knew that it was all about a pornography ring, but the movie couldn't say that, ya see?"

animal people after all. Regardless, his mind was stuck, wondering what “rainbow death” meant, and whether it was something they should worry about, or perhaps something they should worry about running into or finding them.

Blake follows Mick behind the other door just off the hall, and they find themselves in what appears to be a long, dimly lit kitchen, the whole place shrouded in a bluish light (or perhaps it was clouds of blue steam or smoke, coming from the cooking pots and tea kettles), with dark blue walls and with black and white tiles. Like the previous room, Blake couldn't see much of anything, and could only recognize the pots, pans, and kettles on the stoves and hanging knives, forks, cleavers and ladles by their silhouettes and shadows on the walls. Blake's vision still wasn't back to normal, and here was so much steam in here he felt like he was in a swirling vortex of blue smoke. He could still smell the fumes of whatever that strange liquid was from the broken bottle in the storeroom, clouding up his nostrils and making him feel sick.

Blake looks around, getting his bearings. The kitchen seemed empty at the moment. Mick and Blake catch their breath.

“Well, that was close,” says Mick.

“Yeah,” Blake agrees, “Too bad we couldn't see what was in those boxes,” says Blake.

“Well, I'm not so sure about that,” says Mick slyly. Mick grins and opens his trench coat, showing Blake that he's holding a bottle of blue liquor under it.

Blake smiles. “Why you sly dog,” says Blake. “When did you...?”

“When they weren't lookin',” says Mick.

He hands the bottle to Blake. Blake takes a look at it. It was blue, partly due to the blue liquid inside. He recognized the label and the label, and the kanji letters. There was no mistaking it, it was the same bottle from the restaurant.

“It's buru-bara,” says Blake.

“Yeah, that's the stuff,” says Mick, he wasn't smiling anymore. “Not really surprised.”

“Yeah, but at least we have proof,” says Blake.

“Proof?” asks Mick. “Well, I guess, if anyone would believe it. Not many people know it exists. And it's not exactly legal.”

Blake looks at Mick's expression, and nods, he understood. The only people who this evidence would matter to was them, and anyone who either knew about this case or had any suspicions about the hotel itself, which were few. Blake, looking at the bottle, remembered the scent, and realized that this stuff was what must have made him hallucinate back there. Perhaps this stuff was much stronger than Mick let on.

“Hey Blake,” says Mick, abruptly.

“Yeah, man?” asks Blake.

“You doin' okay there? I was kind of worried about ya. You froze up and went all funny,” Mick does a static motion in front of his face with his hand. “Are ya feelin' okay?”

“Oh...yeah...I just felt a little sick from the fumes,” says Blake.

Blake didn't say anything about what he saw to Mick, thinking Mick would probably think he was going mad, seeing monsters and all. But... at the same time he also thought that he should probably tell him, being that there were reports of an actual monster on the loose. His mind suddenly got fixed on another subject.

“Mick, why exactly isn't this stuff legal?” asks Blake.

Mick gives Blake a contemplative look, as if considering whether or not he should tell him, then sighs and speaks.

“Well, I'll put it to ya this way. Only people who have taken it for awhile can tell you exactly what it does. I told ya before it kind of brings out your true self...well there's more to it. How do I say this? Well... it's kind of like seeing things clearly for the first time... Like that movie that just came out, with Humphrey Bogart, “The Big Snooze” or whatever it's called. Lots of people said they didn't understand it, because they never mentioned what the case was about, so people were just confused, but people who read the book knew that it was all about a pornography ring, but the movie couldn't say that, ya see? Because audiences wouldn't accept it, but us select few who liked the book, we knew, and we could see it when no one else could. Kind of like that, you know?”

Blake just looks at Mick, completely dumbfounded.

“What the fuck did any of that even

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The Ex Files



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with his rich blonde hair. He said something about being sorry about the previous incident, but I was paying more attention to his luscious lips than his words. When he moved his lips to talk, all I could think about was how nice it would feel to have those lips around my thick cock.

"I'm sorry to have run away like that," I said to him. "See, the truth is I have never been with a man, and I initially felt uncomfortable. But after some serious reevaluating, I realized that I am open to this possibility. I probably hurt you before, and I want to make it up to you."

"What did you have in mind?" he said with a sly grin.

I whispered in his ear, "Let's get out of here and go some place where we can enjoy each other."

"I like the sound of that," he said with an even bigger smile. "Let's go back to my place."

We both got into our respective cars and headed to his place with me following him. On the drive over, my cock was rock hard. I was so excited. I never did any thing like this before in my life. First of all, he was a man. Secondly, I didn't even know his name.

We pulled up to his place. As we entered, he shut and locked the door behind me. I thought we would have a drink or two, make some small talk, and then get down to business, but he had different thoughts. To my surprise, he put a hand on my chest pushing my back against his door. He immediately pressed his body against mine. I could feel his semi-hard dick rubbing up against my thigh through our clothes. He whispered in my ear, "I've been wanting to do this ever since I laid eyes on you."

He then firmly pressed his lips against mine and quickly began working his tongue into my closed mouth. I was shocked by how quickly things were unfolding. But it felt really good, and I soon let out a moan, opened my mouth, and began to tongue him back. He started to rub his hands over my chest as we tongued. That made my dick rage. I reciprocated by rubbing his chest. I then slowly moved my hands down his abs towards his ass. I grabbed his tight ass and squeezed. That made him moan. He pause, looked deep into my eyes and said, "I want you so bad."

We started to passionately kiss again. I continued squeezing his ass, and he began to squeeze my now erect nipples.

I then grabbed his white shirt and began to take it off of him. While the shirt was over his head and his arms were up in the air, I began licking his nipples. I completely removed his shirt letting it fall to the floor. I moved him over to the center of his living room where we had more space to play.

I dropped down on my knees so that my face was about even with his crotch. I unbuckled his belt, put the buckle in my mouth, and stripped his belt off. He undid the button on his pants, letting his pants fall down around his thighs. He was wearing black bikini cut briefs that were fairly tight thus revealing the outline of his cock and balls. I could tell that his member was huge. He was only semi-hard, and he was already as big as I am when I am fully erect.

Instinctively, I buried my face in his crotch. I inhaled through my nose taking in his manly scent. I moved my nose back and forth over his penis and into every crevasse that I could find. His scent was intoxicating.

While I was doing this, his hands were clawing at my back trying to take off my shirt. I paused, assisted him in getting my shirt off, and then went right back to his cock. This time I was rubbing my entire face in his manhood. I could feel his dick come alive with each pulse.

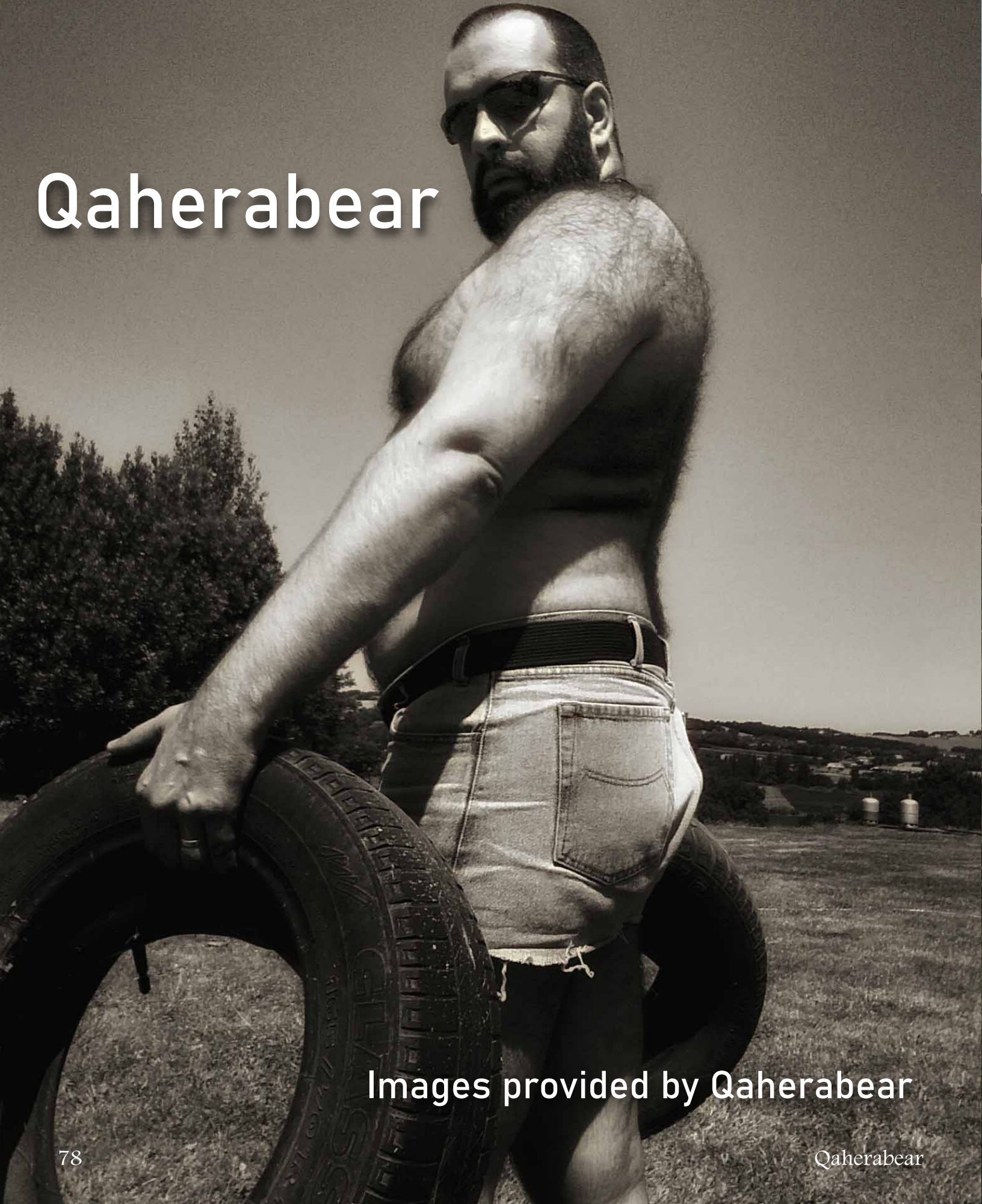
I wanted to put his cock in my mouth so badly. I grabbed his briefs with my teeth and slowly pulled them down, letting his massive member spring forth. His dick almost poked my eye out when sprung out of his briefs.

I stared in awe at the nicely trimmed, aesthetically pleasing hunk of flesh that was before me. I looked up into the eyes of my lover and smiled at him, letting him know that his cock pleased me. I then began licking the base of his cock, my mouth soon moving down to his balls. I engulfed his balls with my mouth, massaging them with my tongue. I moved back up to the base of his cock, this time letting his member lay on my face while I licked him. Finally, at long last I worked my way up to the tip of his cock. I opened my mouth and slid my mouth over his cock. I began trembling with delight.

DHM Fan ~ @MuscleOtter305



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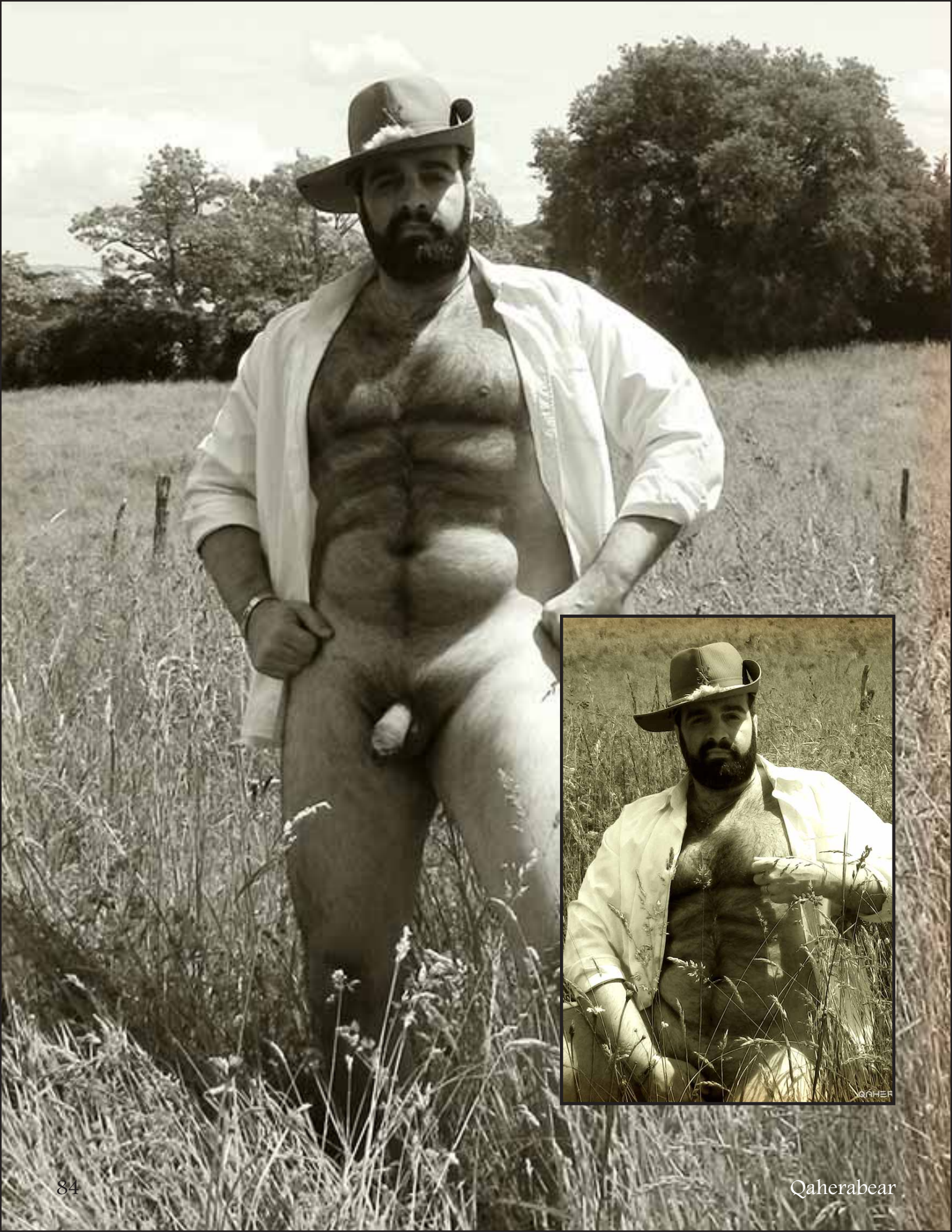




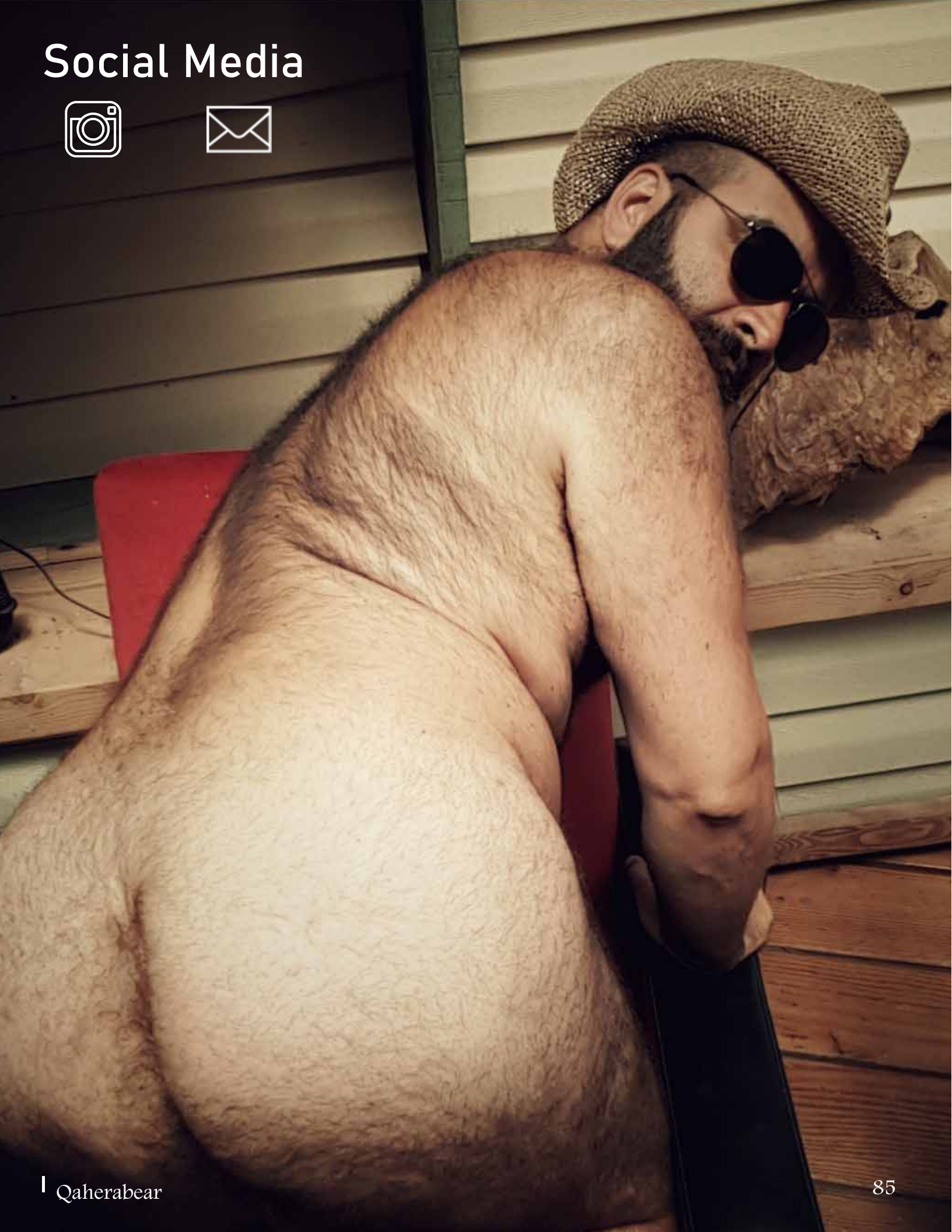








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I began moving my mouth up and down his shaft, the whole time maintaining eye contact with my lover. After a few minutes, he placed his hands on the back of my head and began forcing his cock deeper into my mouth. With each thrust he went a bit further until the tip of his penis began to bang against the back of my throat. I began to choke on his meat, and that only turned him on more. His pelvic thrusts were coming at a faster pace with more power. I could feel that he was on the verge of an orgasm. My lover started to groan, and I could feel his body tense when he shoved his meat as far into my mouth as it would go. At long last, I felt warm man juice hit the back of my mouth. My mouth quickly began to fill with his cum.

"Don't swallow just yet," he told me. Cum began to trickle out of the side of my mouth and run down my cheek.

"Ahh," my lover said, "You certainly know how to please a man. Are you sure you haven't done this before?"

He wiped some of the cum that ran down my chin back into my mouth with his cock.

"Standup," he ordered. "Now tongue me."

I looked deep into his eyes, and began licking his tongue. I let his tongue lap up some of his man juice from my mouth. I then positioned my head over his and let all of his cum run out of my mouth into his.

"Mmm," he moaned with delight.

I kneeled back on the floor. My lover then stood over me, opened my mouth with his hands, and emptied the contents of his mouth back into mine. We continued snowballing for what seemed to be close to one hundred swaps of cum being careful not to spill one drop. After the last cum swap, he ordered me to swallow. I did as he commanded.

"I want to be sure you swallowed. Open your mouth and say aw," he ordered.

I complied with his directions.

"Well to be really sure, I'd better tongue you," he said with another sly grin.

So he tongued me again. By now my dick was raging and it wanted to come.

"Now it's time for you to please me. Take off my pants," I commanded.

He complied with my wish. I walked over to

his couch, sat down, and began playing with my dick.

"Come here and suck me," I ordered him.

He came over and knelt in front of me. He grabbed my already hard cock and wrapped his lips around it. He skillfully worked his mouth all over my cock and balls. I could tell that this was not the first time he had performed oral on another man. He knew all the right places to touch. I thought my ex-girlfriend was good at giving head, but this guy put her to shame. He had me on the verge of an orgasm within seconds.

"I'm going to cum!" I shouted, as I squirted jizz all over his face.

I slapped my dick on his face to get all of the cum out. He seemed to enjoy this. I began using my dick to push the jizz into his mouth. With his mouth full of cum, he sucked the remaining cum out of my dick. He told me he loved the way I tasted, and asked me if I wanted to taste myself.

"Yes," I said.

He then crawled on top of me and poured the contents of his mouth into mine. We snowballed back and forth again, this time with him eventually swallowing. My dick had become limp after ejaculating, but the snowballing turned me on and I once again was hard.

My lover held out his hand and said, "I think you should move to my bedroom now."

Both of us walked hand-in-hand down the hallway to his bedroom with erect cocks. As he led the way, my eyes were fixated on his ass. The only thing in my mind was putting my cock in that ass. I was eager to engage in anal sex, because this was something my ex-girlfriend never let me do to her.

As we entered the room, I pushed my lover down onto the pink silk sheets of his bed. He was on all fours. I grabbed a hold of his waist and told him, "I can't wait any longer. I'm going to fuck your ass real hard whether you like it or not."

I grabbed the shaft of my already hard dick and stuck it in his tight ass. I could feel his sphincter relax as the tip of my penis entered him. With my hands around his hips, I began thrusting my member in and out of him.

His ass was such a turn on. I could see a slight tan line from a thong that emanated from the crack of his ass. It reminded me of my ex-girlfriend's ass. That only turned me on more.

"Who's my bitch?," I yelled. "Who's my bitch?"

"I am, lover! I am!" He shouted back.

"You like this, don't you?," I said. "You know why you like this? Because you're a dirty whore. Isn't that right? Tell me I'm right!"

"You're right!," he moaned.

I leaned forward and began kissing his back moving up towards the back of his neck. Once there, I started running my hands through his hair. He turned his head to the side and offered me his tongue. We engaged in a very passionate open mouth kiss. It was the most intense kiss I have ever had in my entire life.

I got so lost in the kiss that I had ceased thrusting my member into him.

"I want it. Don't stop," he pleaded.

My lover began bucking his hips into me. I wrapped my arms around his chest, and rested my upper torso on his back, letting him support my weight. I plunged my member as deep inside him as I could. He continued to gyrate his hips. At that moment, we both let out a tremendous yell. I felt his loins pulsate, shooting jizz all over his silk sheets. I simultaneously filled his ass with my hot sticky man juice, and we collapse onto the bed with me still on top of him.

"Ahh, you're a great lover," he said with my dick still in him.

I laid on top of him for a couple of minutes until my dick began to become limp.

"Roll over, lover. I want to pop your cherry," he said.

I pulled my dick out of his ass, and rolled off of him. I laid on my stomach and slightly raised my ass in the air. He spread my ass cheeks with his hands revealing my virgin asshole. He spit on it, lowered his head, and began rimming me. The feeling was divine. No one had ever explored my ass before. I began to press my ass against his face. He instructed my to turn over so that he could see the expression on my face when he took my cherry.

He stuck his finger in my ass, and began to fingerbang me. He felt around for my prostate and began milking me. I soon felt my entire body quiver. I shot cum straight up into the air, and it landed all over my abs. He licked the cum off of my abs with his tongue.

He then took his huge cock and slowly Minneapolis

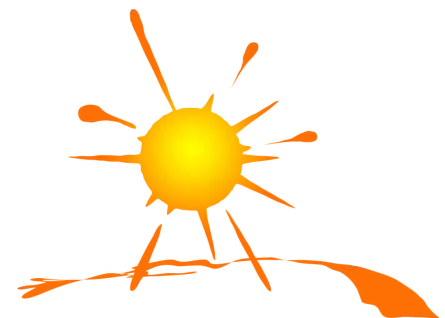
shoved it in my ass. The feeling was so pleasurable that I smiled from ear to ear. I was feelings thing in my

loins that I had never felt before. As soon as he had his entire member in me, he began to thrust his pelvis back and forth. He started out gently, but after awhile he was slamming me hard. I wrapped my legs around his waist to ensure I held onto him. Each time he rammed his dick into me it hurt, but it was a good hurt. I felt like a whore, and I liked the feeling.

As he pounded my ass, he began to stroke my shaft, once again making me hard. He got into a rhythm where each time he would slam into me he stroked my shaft. The pounding became more and more intense until he let loose his juice into my ass. When his hot cum splashed in my ass, that sent me over the edge, and I began to cum like a fountain. I had never cum harder in my entire life. We were both exhausted and we collapsed on top of one another. We cuddled for awhile until we fell asleep in each others

arms.

I can never forget that life altering day in Minneapolis. My view of the world changed that day. I will never be able to thank my lover enough.



DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

A special shout out to

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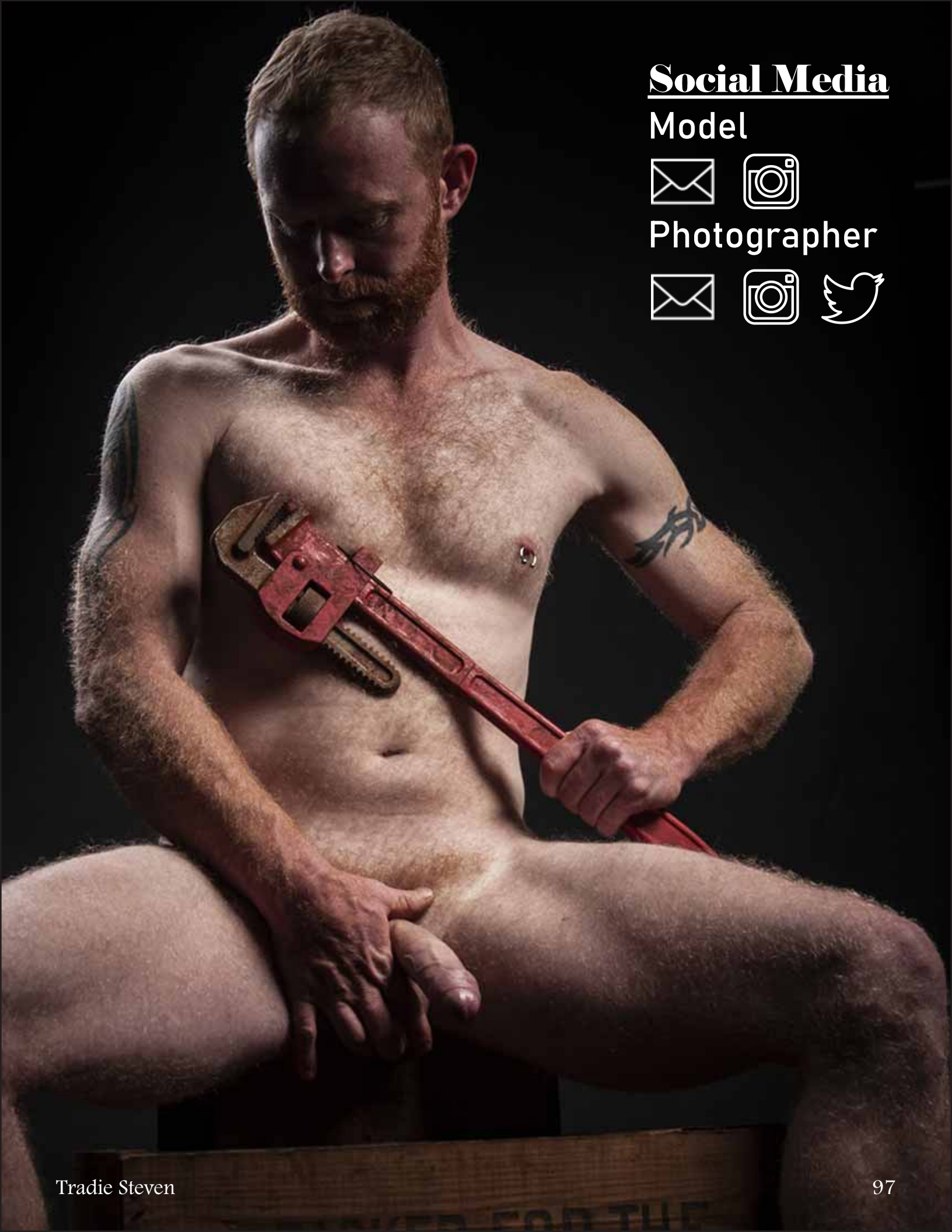












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mean?" asks Blake.

Mick opens his mouth, about to speak, then looks up and around, suddenly.

"Do ya hear that?" asks Mick.

Blake almost shook his head "no", but he did hear it. It was voices, a loud clamor, and the clanking of silverware and crystal glasses. It was coming from a door on the opposite end of the long kitchen. It sounded like a large number of people having a party. Blake assumed whatever was behind the door was a large dining room, or ballroom, and someone was coming their way.

Mick quickly pulls Blake into an adjacent pantry with him, and shuts the door. They were well hidden from whoever it was that was coming into the kitchen, but it was terribly cramped in here. Mick and Blake, both being big men, could hardly move, and their big chests rub up against each other. Blake tries very hard not to get turned on, as now was not the time for a spontaneous boner. Mick grunted softly looking like he was trying to resist as well, but Blake could feel the massive bulge in his pants getting hard against his. Blake tries to turn himself around, to stop their raging hard-ons from possibly breaking out of their tight "borrowed" pants, not realizing that in doing so, Mick's raging boner was now poking him in the ass. Mick groans again, muffling himself so the people in the kitchen wouldn't hear them. He tries to move himself around so he doesn't rip through his own pants and Blake's with his big cock, and turns to face away from him. Mick and Blake both end up, still cramped in the pantry, with their big butts pressing against one another, tightly.

"Hey, Mick," whispers Blake.

"Yeah, buddy?" whispers Mick.

"This feels good too," says Blake.

"Damn, you're right, this isn't helping is it?"

"No," says Blake. "Um...just think about girls or somethin'. Think about boobs."

"Okay...uhh...that won't help, dude," whispers Mick. "I like girls too. As well as guys. ... and I like boobs."

"Oh, shit, me too," says Blake. "Yeah, I'm not gettin' any softer."

"You and me both, brother," says Mick.

"Okay, okay, uh...think about old ladies. Think about your grandma."

"Oh, no, please, man," says Mick, "I liked my grandma. Don't disrespect her like that."

"Sorry, bud," says Blake. "But...uh... is it workin'?" he asks.

"Yeah...it's workin'..." grumbles Mick, sounding ashamed. "Just don't ever make me think about my grandma again."

"Sorry, dude," says Blake. "But if it's any consolation...she made me go soft too."

"Man, shut up," says Mick, almost about to laugh, but stops himself.

Blake quiets down as well. They had come this far, they weren't about to get caught over having hard-ons on the job, and making jokes about their grandmas.

Mick and Blake stay quiet for a moment. They listen through the pantry door, their big bodies squashed up against each other as Mick looks around the pantry for a way out of this predicament.

Blake didn't mind being pressed against this big guy at all, but he wished it was under better circumstances.

Mick sees hangers and hooks on the wall near the shelves of food and supplies, with aprons on them, and next to them as shelf stacked with fancy looking cloth napkins, each embroidered with a fancy looking, slivery-blue "BR" in cursive.

"I've got it," says Mick, thinking quickly.

Mick struggles against Blake, trying to take off his coat and jacket, handing them to Blake. Blake stands in his white long sleeve buttoned up shirt, black neck tie, and black vest, with black pants with grey stripes, and grabs an apron and ties it around his waist. He then grabs one of the cloth napkins and puts it over his arm. Finally he grabs the bottle of alcohol that he and Blake confiscated from the back storeroom. He turns back around to face Blake.

"Ta-da!"

Blake tries very hard not to get turned on, as now was not the time for a spontaneous boner. Mick grunted softly looking like he was trying to resist as well

Mick now looks more like a regal bearded butler than a waiter, but Blake got the gist of what Mick was going for.

“So what do ya think?” asks Mick.

Blake gives Mick a silent “golfer’s clap”. Mick grins.

“So, we’re going out there?” asks Blake.

“Yeah, and check things out and see what this place is all about.”

“As a burly butler?” asks Blake.

“Nah, I’m a waiter,” says Mick.

“A scruffy waiter,” says Blake.

“Hey, you’re scruffy too,” says Mick.

“Besides, one of us still needs to be a guard, just in case. Eheh...now excuse me, Sir,” says Mick in a convincing British accent. “I do believe we need to serve this bottle of Buru-Bara to our paying clientele.”

Blake wasn’t expecting Mick to be so convincing, he was good at this.

“Haha, excellent, man...but wait, that’s our evidence, are you sure we want to go and...?”

“Positively, Sir,” says Mick, still in his British voice, “You see, very few outside this place would even know what it is. We’re the only ones who needed to see it, after all.”

“Ah..okay...but...do you have to keep up that accent? I mean, just save it for out there.”

“I must ensure perfection, my good fellow,” says Mick, patting Blake’s shoulder. “Now, once you find a good spot for our coats, I believe we should cater to our waiting public. Chop chop.”

Blake tries not to laugh, and hangs Mick’s coat, jacket and hat, along with his own coat, on the hooks, and goes to the pantry door. He and Mick listen. The coast was clear. They exit the pantry and head through the steamy kitchens, past the ovens, sinks, freezers and refrigerators, toward the door on the far side. Mick stops along the way, turning on a faucet at one of the sinks to quickly wash his hands and slick back his hair, and briskly comb his beard, and grabs a large metal drink tray, which a couple champagne glasses, and holds it up with his left hand, while he carries the bottle in his right. Blake was impressed with how fast Mick made himself look like a “proper high-class waiter” (Blake still thought he looked like a

bearded or lion-maned butler, though).

As they near the door, the clamor and tinkling increases. Blake could hear laughing, as well as music. The light beneath the door cracks appeared to dance and glitter, like there were sparkling blue diamonds on the other side or prisms of some kind. Mick arrives at the door first and opens it. Blake almost felt blinded by what he saw, an intense, shimmering blue blur. He followed Mick through the door, still unsure at what he was looking at, until he ran into and almost got tangled in one of them. They were curtains, shimmering blue, sparkling curtains, that glimmered as if they had thousands of tiny stars in them. They almost looked like they were made of silk, Mick was up ahead, disappearing behind one of them, Blake followed.

The sound of the clamoring crowd grew louder, and he could see outlines and shadows behind the blue curtains now. He moved his way through the curtains, as if he was making his way through a thick, overgrown jungles, and peels back the final one to reveal a vast, ornate ballroom/dinning room. The floor was sunken in, like a pit or swimming pool, with white stairs descending, the entire place set up like a stadium of some kind, but with levels of fancy glass tables and lamps, with men in tuxedos, and ladies in fancy dresses sitting at them. The tables and lamps seemed to reflect the shimmering blue light which purveyed from an unknown source, but filled the enormous room. The establishment looked to be some prestigious, fancy dinner club, and at the base of the stadium like pit of a room was an elevated white stage with a piano. The stage disappeared into a veil of blue curtains, identical to the ones Blake and Mick had passed through. It was now that Blake could clearly hear the music that was filling the room. It wasn’t classical, or an overly sophisticated waltz, but the kind he would have heard in a nightclub. Jazz. Good Jazz. Almost big band or swing. This place was getting stranger by the second.

Blake looked for Mick, who he had already lost sight of, and stuck close to the walls, as he saw that the other guards stayed close the doors of the dinner club ballroom, away from the waiters and guests. Standing at the back of the

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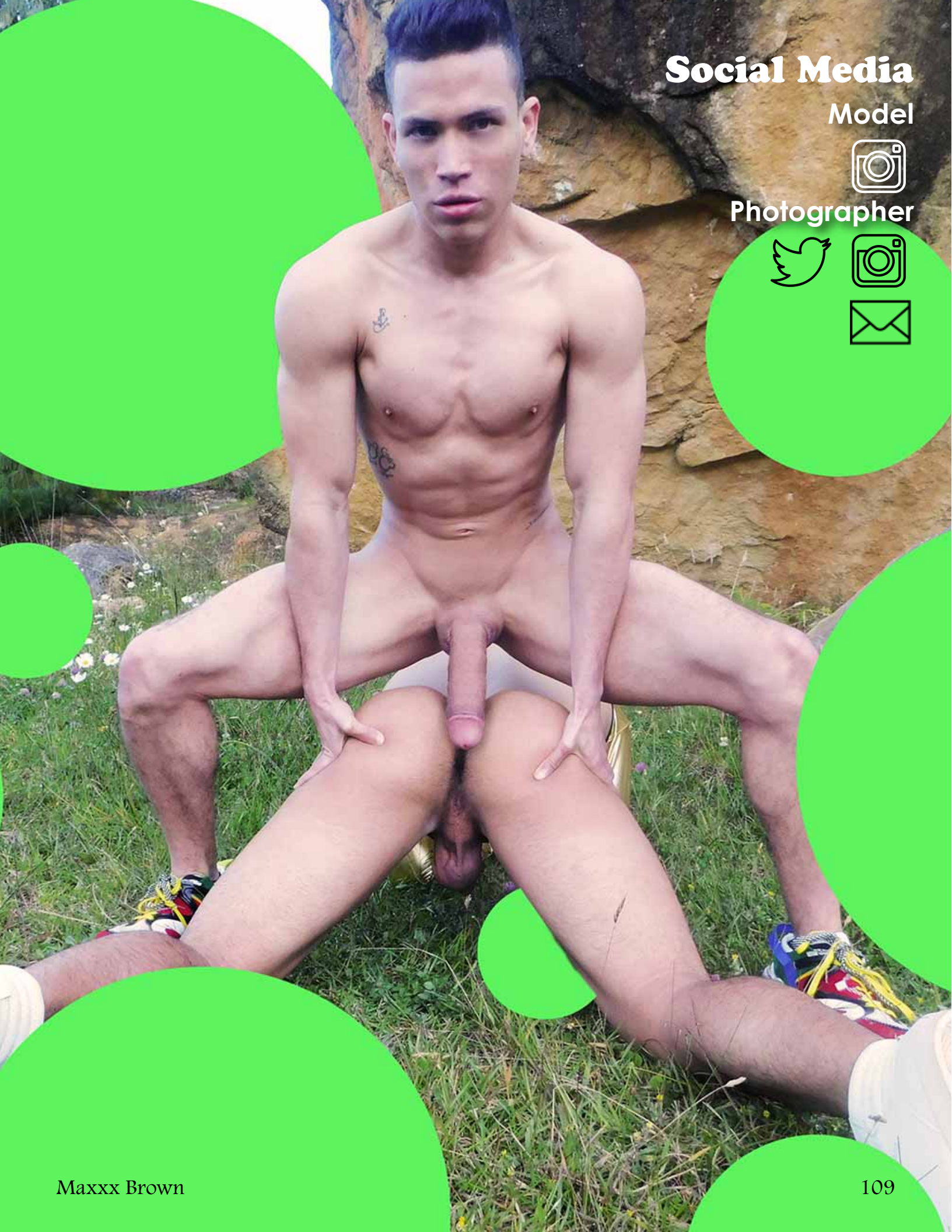


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place, surveying the area, Blake was able to observe some of the overall themes of this place, which made it even more bizarre to him,

The roof appeared to look like a deep, midnight blue starry sky, while the floor and wall, Blake now could tell, resembled a sort of petrified jungle, but as if it was all made out of blue china. But at the same time it all looked like the place might have been some ornate palace in some far off land, the culture of which Blake could not put his finger on, but the way the pillars near the walls appeared, it looked as if it was a cross between an ancient Persian palace, a Babylonian hanging garden, with all the levels of fake trees and foliage, and a Chinese shrine or temple. There was too much for Blake to take in all at once, and his attention soon turned to Mick, who he finally saw, already waiting on a table occupied by a gaudy looking elderly couple. Blake was about to go see what Mick was up to when Blake thought he recognized someone. There was a blonde man, well built, in a tuxedo like the other guests, but with a cane and wearing shades, smoking a cigarette at the back of the room, near the stage. Blake wasn't sure where he knew him from, but he was definitely familiar. Blake was suddenly distracted by Mick's booming voice, coming from across the room, as he pretended to be a waiter, laughing heartily.

"Why it is certainly is good to meet someone else from our homeland," said the old lady, "Imagine in a place like this."

Mick laughs, then composes himself, "The pleasure is all mine, mam," he says in his British accent. He holds up the bottle, "Another drink, Mam?" he asks.

"Oh, why yes," says the old lady. Mick pours her a drink from the blue champagne bottle. "Oh, my, you certainly are a fine specimen," she says, looking Mick up and down. It must be warm in here wearing that suit with all that hair, and your...but I can't quite trace your accent. Are you from Wales?" Mick shakes his head, "Somewhere

in the country perhaps?" Mick shakes his head. "Oh, don't tell me...your from Australia!"

"Whyyyyy the fuck not?" says Mick, sarcastically.

The old lady laughs. So does Mick.

Blake turns back to look at the table where the blonde man in the shades was sitting, he was gone, the table was empty. Maybe it was the "buru-bara" playing tricks on him again.

Blake turns his attention back to the room. There was something horribly off about this entire "club", Blake could sense it even before he walked through the curtains. The place looked pristine and sparkling, full of light, but at the same time looked dim, and cloudy, as if there was a strange blue, swirling fog enveloping the atmosphere, and the far corners of the room disappearing into a strange shrouding blue darkness, as if it were half day and half night.

Blake turns back to look at the table where the blonde man in the shades was sitting, he was gone, the table was empty. Maybe it was the "buru-bara" playing tricks on him again.

There were also statues of different cultures, some Indian, others Arabian, others Chinese or Japanese, thrown together as if by some ignorant art connoisseur, melted together like some great eastern technicolor fantasy picture, or pieced together by fractured memories in a bad dream. To

Blake, that's what this entire place, The Blue Rose Hotel, was reminding him of. A bad dream. As much as he wanted to discern its secrets, he wanted to go find Mick, and leave this place as fast as he could, and make their way to the other side of the hotel's grounds, where they might find some answers. This was a place for old, privileged dying elite like Charles Newman, where they came to waste the last few shreds of their life away, not a place for people like him or Mick, or Christina. She would hate a place like this, and it began to dawn on Blake that she, like him, might possibly hate her father.

He was just about to go find Mick when Blake heard the sound of a loud gong, being rung, over and over again. The sound was earsplitting, and suddenly all the lights began to dim, nearly all the lights went out in the room, except that deep blue night sky above, with the twinkling stars.

As the lights dimmed, the base of the white marble stairs lit up a neon blue, and blue light seeped through the bottom of the curtains on the stage. As the last chime of the gong rang, a spotlight, like a full moon appeared on the cerulean curtains from behind, and at the center of the circle appeared the silhouette of a slender female figure, striking a pose on top of an alter-like pedestal like some ancient goddess her arms up in the air, writhing, like she was a tree, twisting in the wind. She began to descend the steps behind the curtain and Blake saw here silhouetted profile. It couldn't...

The M.C. spoke...

"Introducing everyone's favorite little sweetheart of swing, and lady of blues. The princess of your childhood fantasies... and the queen of darkest desires. Ladies and gentlemen, listen to the song...of Jezebel..."

Blake's heart sunk in his chest. He wasn't sure who or what to expect to come out from behind the curtain, but the silhouette of the young, slender, yet voluptuous woman, with long hair walking along the blue curtains like a living shadow (or a living memory itself) was more than familiar to him. Her legs came out of the curtain first, followed by the rest of her as she slipped out of the curtains with the ease of a snake slipping out of it's skin, leaning back seductively, her hair hanging back, breasts in the air, then slowly rose into an upright position. As she stepped out from the curtain onto the stage, identity still obscured, and shadowed from the lights behind her, and with an unfamiliar, but beautiful head raven black hair (not blonde like he remembered) Blake listened and remembered as she opened her lips, and a song rang through the entire club, and filled the atmosphere and his heart and mind. She used not only her voice, but her entire body, which appeared almost nude under the soft blue lights of the stage, silhouetting her figure, and the curves of her breasts, and limbs, as she danced like a water or wood nymph while she sang her familiar, yet fated song. A song like a siren's, which rang true to his core, and Blake remembered....

... "Would be better had I never known...a lover such as you..."

To be continued....



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Desert Heat

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Thomas

A hot sexy dutchman!