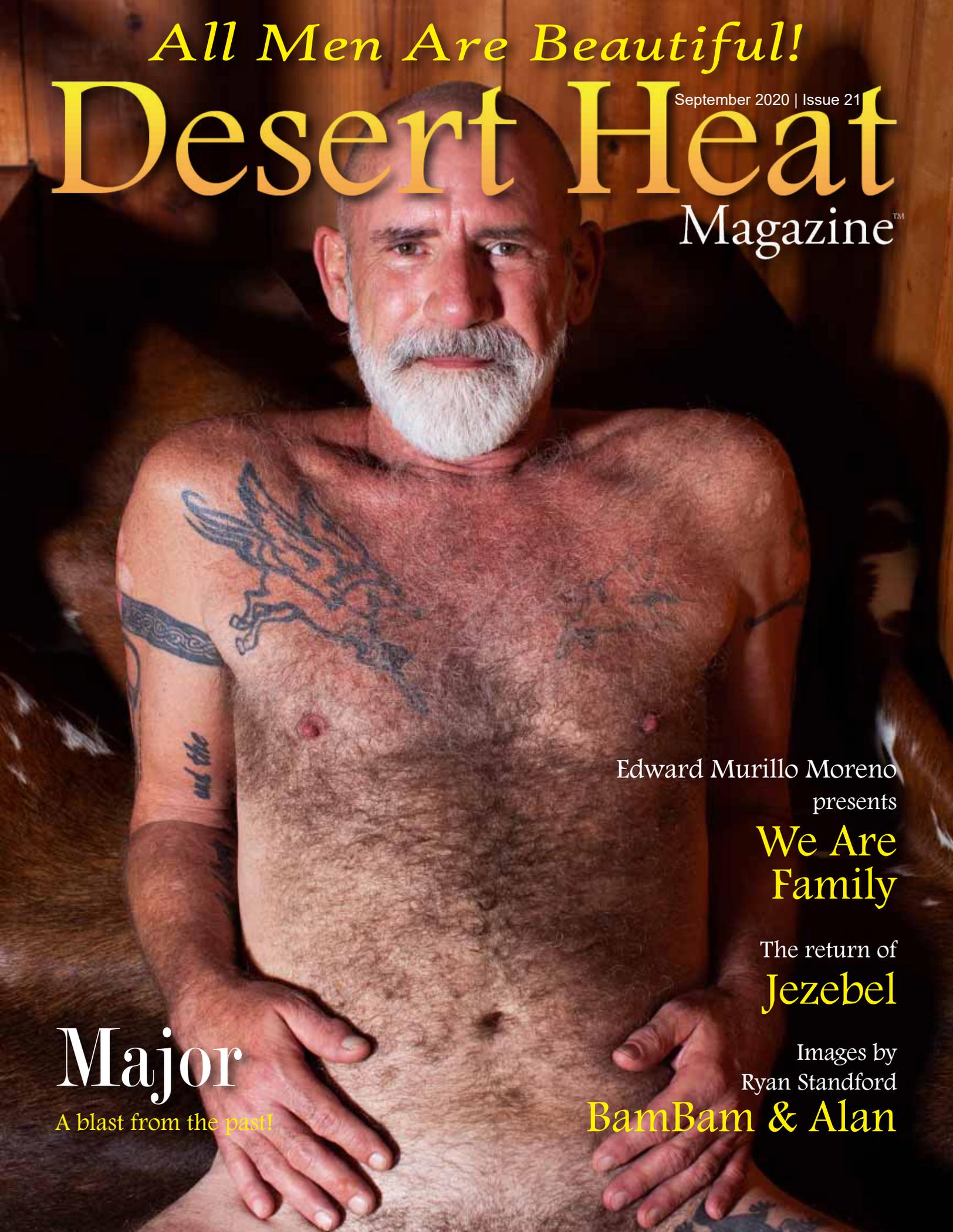


All Men Are Beautiful!

Desert Heat

September 2020 | Issue 21

Magazine™



Edward Murillo Moreno
presents

**We Are
Family**

The return of
Jezebel

Images by
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BamBam & Alan

Major

A blast from the past!

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MODEL CALL

HAIRY MEN OF ALL SIZES

DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

IS LOOKING FOR MEN WHO WANT TO SHOW IT OFF!

GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

THEN CLICK THIS IMAGE, SEND US A MESSAGE,
AND WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU!

Ramblings From the Editor

White, for most it symbolizes purity, divine, cleanliness, or even, for some absence. As the theme for this month, I asked the contributors to think about how they would represent white. It wasn't provided a definition, just a word. It's been interesting to view how the contributors took it into account when they were providing images for the Magazine.

As you can see, I chose the more literal route, a white goatee on a handsome aged-to-perfection man, Major. The color of the goatee, while spot on with the "theme" also inspired me to think of wisdom, as he is a pretty smart individual, in my humble opinion, but it also symbolized those that have served the LGBTQ community to bring the advantages, laws, acceptance, and bravery that has paved the way for modern individuals of that community. Without the trail blazing of those individuals, none of us would be enjoying the new rights we were granted under the ruling by the Supreme Court.

With that being said, another issue should be addressed and talked about and that is agism within our community.

You hear of many instances, which is discussed all over the internet, in which "older" members of the LGBTQ community are essentially being harassed, laughed at, made to feel less than, by younger members of the community.

As stated previously, they forget that those same folks they are mocking, harassing, acting the fool towards, are the people that have fought long and hard to get the rights that the younger generation has grown up use to,

without having to think about.

The rights and privileges were fought long and hard for. There was literally blood, sweat and tears that were shed by everyone fighting for those rights.

Plus, most LGBTQ youth did not have to live through the HIV/AIDS crisis. They did not see their friends and loved ones perish because of apathy the Government and people in the various countries. They haven't had to know what it goes through to watch someone go from a hypermasculine man to a withered fragile individual who suffered before they died.

So with all this said, take heed next time you see one of the "elders" of the community out and about. Show some respect! Show some gratitude! Or, at the very least, think before you speak rudely to them.

Hell, regardless of age, think before you speak. Show your fellow community members some respect and love. You never know what that individual is going through at any given time. Show some love.

As always, we can never thank the contributors enough for continually supporting this project.

We appreciate your patronage of the Magazine and would love to hear from you also.

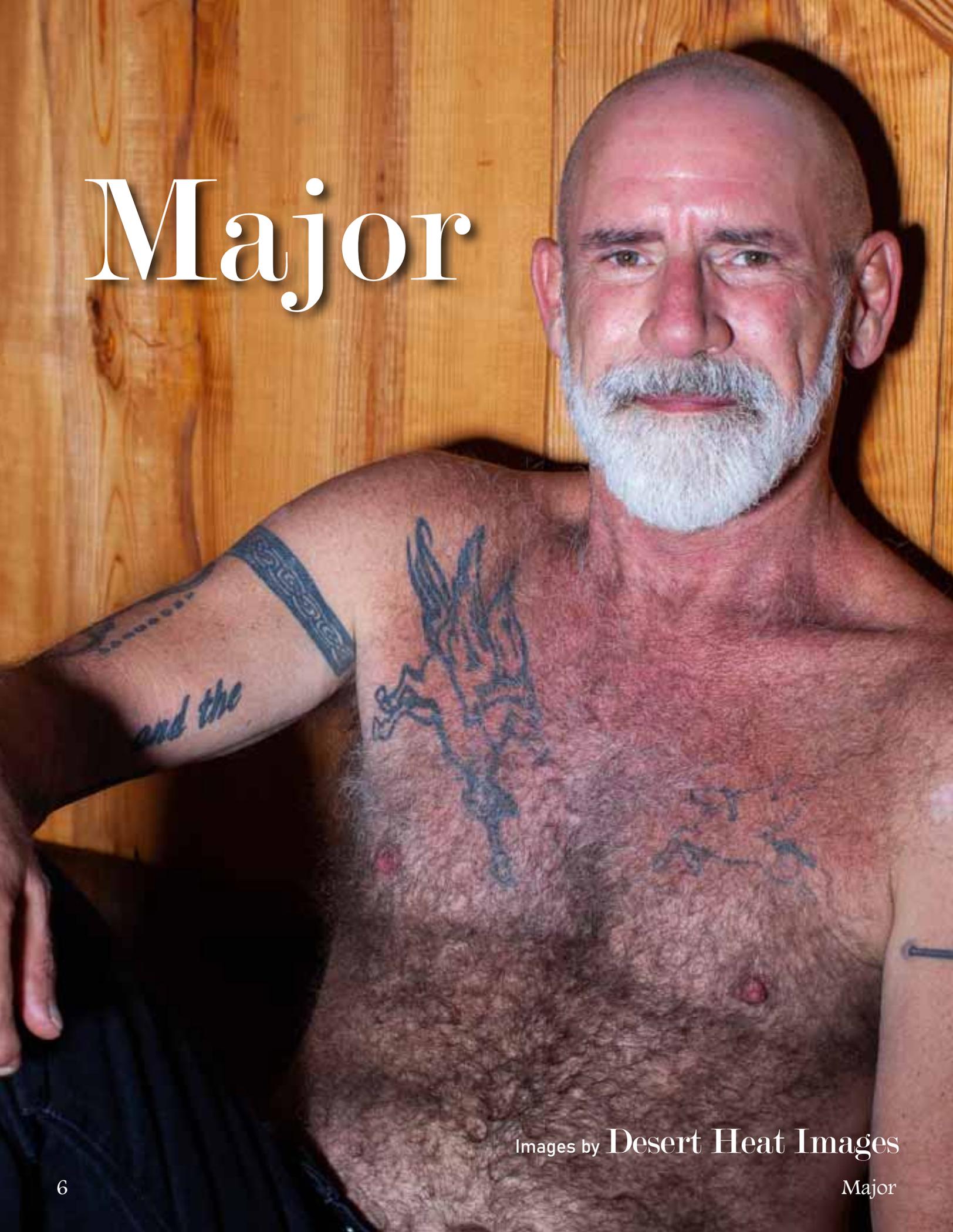
STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!



John

Major



Images by Desert Heat Images

Major











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Queer Shorts Festival

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Queerrotica

November 27-29, 2020



Insomnia
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Latifúndio
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An annual international festival with year-round events celebrating the stories of BIPOC and other queer and trans filmmakers.

Mick looks at Blake and they know they haven't got much time to act. They had to think fast to get out of this one alive. Mick looks at Blake from the opposite side of the alley, and gives him a nod, as the shuffling shadow grows closer. Blake wondered what Mick was going to do. Mick motions for Blake to make a run for it, this confused Blake at first, but then, from the look of determination in Mick's eyes, he knew what he was going to do.

Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 12

Having escaped in the rain from "The Blue Rose Hotel" on Northerly Island, Blake and Mick stop for a rest, as Mick is injured and Blake is tired from carrying Mick's weight on his side. The rain had started letting up a bit by now, but Mick and Blake were soaked from head to toe, and blood was pouring out from beneath Mick's coat; all the while Blake was afraid that they were still being followed by the "jackal" from the abandoned fairgrounds behind the hotel.

Once they were far enough from the hotel, to where Blake thought it was safe, Blake and Mick stopped for a rest. Blake helped Mick lean up against a wall, which had once belonged to a condemned building (the brick wall, several beams of wood, and an empty window frame were all that were left of it). Mick sat on the ground, heaving for breath, as Blake stood in thought. It was dark enough here, in the abandoned parts of the island, with only empty buildings, factories, and houses surrounding them, that they couldn't be seen, but the intense blue light from the hotel still reached this place, which made Blake realize they hadn't traveled as far as he had hoped. They might still be in harm's way.

Mick let out a groan, as he rested against

the wall, still breathing heavily. His eyes were closed for the moment, holding Blake's coat around his big body.

A whirlwind of thoughts and emotions stormed inside of Blake. What if Mick died? Not only was he the only friend Blake ever had...but he was a dad. He had a kid waiting for him somewhere. There was more at stake for Mick to lose than there was for Blake. He couldn't let Mick die.

Blake got ready to carry Mick again. Their rest was short, but they had to keep moving. Mick would either bleed out, or someone or something would catch up to them if they didn't hurry. There was also the sound that Blake had heard as they left the hotel's grounds to consider. The memory of it made him shiver, and his blood chill.

"Come on, man," said Blake, giving one of Mick's broad shoulders a gentle shake. "We've gotta keep going.

Mick, who had appeared to have fallen asleep, shook his head, opening his eyes, and looked at Blake.

"Yeah...alright...just give me one more second..."

Mick catches his breath. Blake can hear him wheezing, as he heaves.

"We've got to get you to a hospital," says

Blake.

"No. No hospital, I'll... I'll be just fine," says Mick, with a grunt.

Blake was very worried now. Had Mick lost his mind? Or perhaps too much blood?

"Seriously, man, I'm afraid you're not going to make it far if you don't..."

"NO," said Mick, "...take me to...I...Ir..."

Blake listened closely to Mick, who's voice was growing quieter in his weakened state. Blake could barely make out what Mick was muttering... but it sounded like...

"...Irene's..."

"Irene's?" asks Blake, nearly speechless. Blake thought for sure Mick had lost his marbles this time, gone out of his mind and blown his kettle, from losing too much blood. "This isn't the time to get a fucking cup of coffee, Mick," said Blake, losing his cool. "You're dying, man."

"Trust me, pal," says Mick. It was in that same, calm, comforting deep tone of voice that always seemed to assure Blake that everything was going to be alright. Blake wasn't so sure this time. Mick must have seen the uncertain look in Blake's eye, because he asked him once more. "Please."

Blake, looking even more concerned about Mick's health and state of mind, lets out a loud sigh. "Alright, Mick, but if anything goes wrong..."

Mick interrupts Blake.

"Just trust me, Blake," said Mick with a stern tone.

Blake nods, then helps Mick up, lifting one of his big arms over his shoulder. They still weren't quite out of Northerly Island, and it was dark, cold, and wet. "Irene's" was all the way down in the middle of the city.

"Alright, Buddy," said Blake, "Let's get going..."

This was going to be quite a long walk. ...

...

Oddly enough the walk from Northerly Island, through the old, dark abandoned alleyways, and rain drenched streets that stretched across the peninsula to the main city seemed to take much less time than Blake had thought. Once they had made it past the dark areas of Northerly, and into the alleyways that led back up into the lights of the city street lamps, Mick seemed to perk up, looking alertly around him, and at Blake, and his pace

quickenened, leaning less of his weight on Blake's shoulders and walking a bit more upright (on his own). This surprised Blake, as the gash on Mick's back had seemed deep. Blake's shoulders were a bit relieved, as Mick, with all his muscle and bulk, was extremely heavy, even for a big guy like him. Blake kept a hand on Mick's back, to support him, just in case, there was still quite a bit of blood, soaking Mick's coat, and Blake was still adamant in his thinking that they should get him to a hospital and quickly, to be stitched up before he bled to death. But at least Mick seemed to be getting some of his strength back, and that, at the very least, was some reason to be hopeful. ... Also, the further away from Northerly Island they got, the less Blake had the sense that they were still being followed, as once they came out of the alleyways into the open, yet damp, streets of the city, most (if not all) worry of the ghostly white Jackal that had followed them (hunting for them), had finally faded from Blake's mind, as if it had been a bad dream. If only he had been able to keep that walking Nightmare out of his mind permanently, and convince himself it wasn't real, but he knew, all too horribly, that it would come back for him, sometime.

... Blake and Mick reached a familiar block in the night-draped city. It was now around 2 O'clock in the morning, and the street looked empty. The sidewalks and street, lined with glowing street-lamps, was reflected in the puddles of rain, leftover from the storm, making the street look like it was full of trenches. The diner, a favorite of Blake's, looked the same, except the sign was now lit up, neon blue, an appealing cerulean color, as if the name "Irene's" was beckoning them to come inside. The windows, at night, appeared lit with blue lights as well, rather than the usual light Blake was used to see coming from a local drug store or diner at night. It reminded Blake of the same light coming from a blue flame from a gas stove, or an oven's pilot light. Blake thought the effects of the blue alcohol (or mist) were still lingering with him and he was now seeing the world in blue, but when he looked at Mick, he looked just the same as ever, handsome and hairy, albeit a little paler than usual.

Mick looks at the faint blue light coming from the diner.

"Ah, we're here," sighs Mick, as if he had just quenched his thirst with a refreshing glass of water. "Let's get inside."

Blake leads Mick across the empty sidewalk and crossroads, toward the cursive neon blue "Irene's" sign, hovering over them, Blake now realizing that the lights inside appeared to be off, and the blue light in the windows was reflecting from the blue sign.

"Why were the lights out?" Blake thought, "Were they closed?" "Irene's" was usually a 24 hour establishment, if they were closed for the night, something must have happened.

Mick and Blake came close to the glass doors and windows of "Irene's" glowing blue from the lights overhead. They peer inside and see it mostly dark, only the lights from the glass refrigerators glowed inside, it appeared closed, but there was a flame, a blue gas flame, lit, in one of the stovetop burners behind the counter. Someone was there, or someone had left it lit for the night. Either way, it didn't seem like a good sign. Blake grabbed the door handle to open but it was locked.

"I guess they're closed," says Blake, looking at Mick. Mick looked confused.

"They're not supposed to be closed," says Mick. He looked over to one of the windows on the opposite side of the diner, where the "Open 24/7" sign was glowing bright blue. "See?"

"Hmm..." Blake stroked his chin scruff and beard. Something wasn't adding up about this.

Blake looks at the blue flame behind the glass.

"Think there's someone in there?" asks Blake.

Mick looks through the glass as well, still leaning on Blake, contemplating.

"Well. There's only one way to find out," says Mick.

He leaves Blake's side, and walks, rather well, to the glass doors, and starts pounding his fist on it, palm against the glass, like a bear pawing at a cabin door for food.

After a moment, someone started moving around inside the diner. They were coming out from the kitchen, behind the counter. At first Blake worried that whoever was inside the diner, at this time of night would be angry that there were two large men trying to get inside when the lights were obviously off, not to mention that they might call the police when they saw one of them was bleeding all over the place (Blake hated dealing with the cops; they never saw eye to eye), or maybe they would

call a hospital, that would get Mick to safety at least...but his worries were slightly assuaged when he saw who was coming to the door.

The glass door opened, Mick nearly fell.

"What? Mick? Blake?" says Jane. She's not in her waitress uniform she's wearing what looks like a white evening gown, with a flower in her hair, which was swept to the side, and a baby blue robe wrapped around her. Her make-up was also different, she looked...prettier, the shades of lipstick and makeup complementing her features better than before. This caught Blake off guard, not only because of how gorgeous she looked, but because she looked like a renegade night club performer. "What're you guys doing out there? Don't you know there's a curfew in....effect..." She looks from Blake to Mick who had caught the doorframe mid fall. She immediately knew something was wrong. "What happened?" she asked.

"He's hurt bad, Jane," says Blake, sounding frantic and worried once again. "It's his back."

Jane takes one look and sees the bloodstain on the back of Mick's trench coat, and sees that the clothes he's wearing underneath are torn to shreds.

Mick just smiles weakly, still clinging to the doorframe, like he's about to pass out at any moment. "Hey Janey," he says, trying to smile.

"Get him in here. Quick," says Jane, now switching gears from sounding concerned to sounding like a drill sergeant.

Blake wasted no time in obeying Jane's commands and led his big buddy inside the dark diner. Jane locked the glass door behind them, blue light filled the windows and the glass door, somewhat illuminating the diner's interior, and she leads them over to a table in the middle of the cafe. She has Mick sit on top of the table, legs hanging over the side, Blake helps her sit Mick down. Jane removes the bloody trench-coat, and slowly, carefully rips off what remains of his shirt and jacket.

"Let's have a look here..." says Jane, gently to Mick. She takes a look at his bare back, so does Blake; it's worse than he thought. Jane gasps, so does Blake. Running down Mick's back are four, long, deep slashes, like he's been cut, swiped, with

Jezebel Continued on page 32

WE ARE FAMILY

Diversity in the gay community is not an easy topic, but **ATELIER CAVALIER**, a Colombian fetish underwear brand has decided to go forward and give a positive focus to all body types and personalities with a wide selection of models.

From Porn Actors to College teachers, all of them pose in the latest trends of fetish gear. You can follow (most of) them on instagram and find out more about these stallions.

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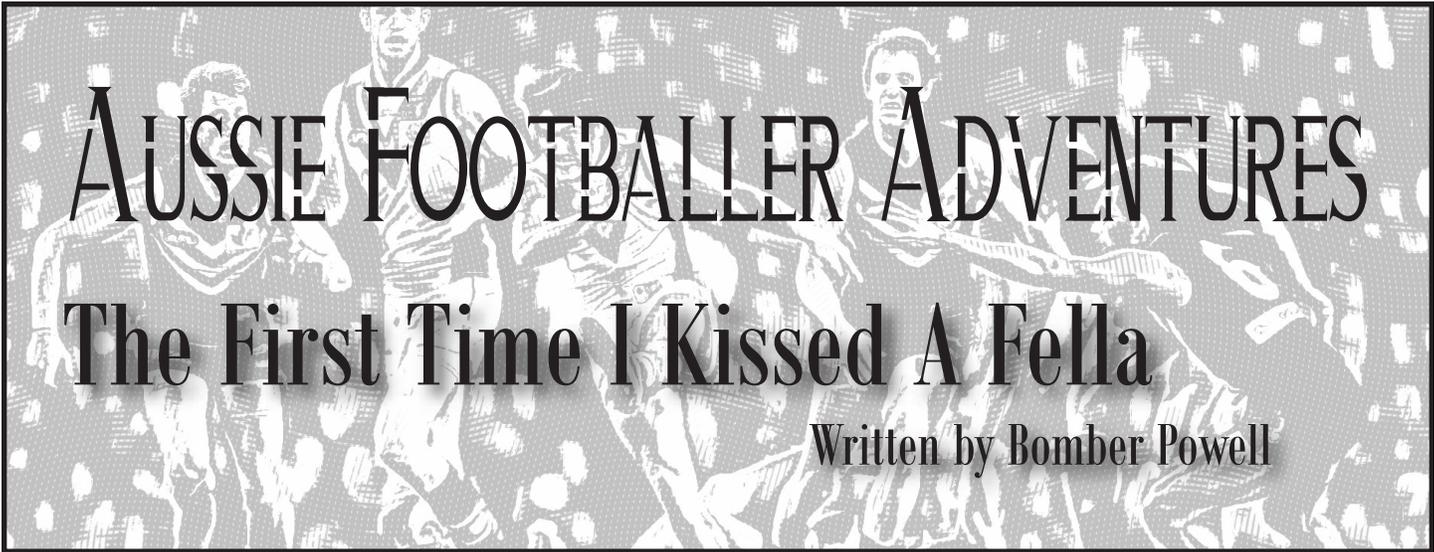
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AUSSIE FOOTBALLER ADVENTURES

The First Time I Kissed A Fella

Written by Bomber Powell

My boss had decided that I needed to go to Darwin for a couple of weeks, and that would mean missing footy. I wasn't happy about it, but who is happy with anything their boss decides.

I got up there on a Friday and the plan was to spend the weekend there and start work shit on Monday. I got to my hotel, chucked my stuff into my room and wandered down to Mitchell St to have a beer. I never realised Darwin was full of so many hot men. Mainly tradies. It was 3 o'clock and everyone had already knocked off and were in the pubs. Another thing I noticed was that underwear seem to be optional with these boys. Fuck this was making me horny. But pull someone up here for a bit of a suck and jerk off? Not likely I thought. Boy was I wrong.

I sat down in a bar and ordered a beer and took in the humidity and fucken sexy fellas everywhere. That's when this guy sat one bar stool away from me, gave me a look and a smile and a "g'day". He was a muscley boy, dirty blonde hair. About 6ft, 90 kgs and what looked like fit muscle, like he worked hard. He was wearing shorts and a tank top, which was what everyone pretty much wore up there. He ordered a beer and took a sip, and then said to me "you from around here mate?"

"Nah. Down south mate. Up here for work for a couple of weeks".

"Righto. Me neither. I work out on one of the stations as a jackaroo and this is my weekend off for mischief hey." He gave me this cheeky little smile. "Was gonna ask you where to go for some fun....."

"Have no idea mate. Was wondering the same thing myself"

We struck up a conversation. And, like all the fellas I go nuts over, I spied his ass when he was walking to the loo and fuck me, it was this beautiful little bubble butt. I assumed it was from riding horses around all day. Whatever had gifted him with it, it made my heart race and it wasn't helping my levels of horny. We talked about all sorts of shit, and I was picking up in a vibe from him. Don't know what it was, just did. That's when he said to me "you staying nearby?"

"Yeah mate. Just at the apartments."

"Got any coldies in your fridge" he said grinning at me again. At this point he ran his hand up and down his leg as well, which I clearly noticed.

"Erm. Yeah. A couple." What the fuck was going on? Was this guy hitting on me? No way. No fucken way. But, we drank up and wandered back to my apartment.

When we got back to my place, I was busting for a piss.

"Help yourself to a beer Adam. I'm just gonna have a slash".

"Yeah I need one too hey....." He said in a deep Aussie voice. He spoke really slow and deep like country fellas do.

I went into the toilet and pulled down the front of my footies, and started to piss, when he appeared next to me pulling down the front of his shorts too.

"Move over mate. Fucken bustin". He said.

What the?

"You right?" I said to him smiling as he pushed me over a bit and we pissed in the same toilet.

"I am now" he's said as he started to pee. I was trying my best not to look, but I snuck a glance. He had this nice uncut cock. About 6.5 on the slack, but pretty fat. He was finishing up peeing and so was I, and I saw him shake it, then ever so slowly roll the foreskin backwards and forwards on his cock, really sexy. I made it obvious I was looking at his cock then, and he was doing the same. We both started to get hard.

"Nice" he said. "I knew you would have a nice cock judging from the bulge in ya shorts"

"Thanks man" I said

"How about some pants off beers" he suggested.

"What?" I didn't know what he was on about.

"Pants off beers! Takes ya pants off, leave ya shirt on and let's have a couple of beers. Couple of the boys and I do it on the station."

"Righto. I'm cool with that. Jocks and all?"

"Yup. Jocks and all".

I was slowly being seduced by this guy. It was normally me talking the pants off people, but here I was getting a taste of my own medicine. And I liked it. The pants came off, and I got a proper look at his ass, and that's when I cracked a full boner. He eyed it and smiled at me.

"Sorry man." I said. "Does this happen with you and the other fellas".

"Hard on's happen mate. Shit happens! Need a hand with it" he asked. I was waiting for this point. I really wasn't sure where this was all going, but it was pretty clear now. And he was pretty boned up too.

"Ah yeah" I said. "If you want" really nonchalant. Next thing I know, he grabs my dick and it disappears into his mouth. I gasped in pleasure, and I definitely wasn't expecting that. He moaned softly as he was slowly tugging on his cock, sucking my cock at the same time. I looked down at his muscley back as he worked on my cock, and then he stopped and looked up at me.

"Yum" was all he said smiling again. I was beginning to like his cheeky smile. I was admiring his built chest, which was covered in soft blonde hair. It formed a line along his six pack abs, and

The First Time I Kissed a Fella

went into his bush above his cock. He clipped his cock hair and shaved his balls. And fuck, his balls were the biggest I had ever seen, and still have ever seen.

He stood up slowly tugging on my cock and was staring into my eyes. And that's when he leant in to kiss me. I panicked and leant back.

"Ah, sorry man. I've never gone that far" I said to him.

"Relax" he said under his breath. "It's cool. Nothin wrong with kissin a bloke is there?"

"Nah. I guess not". I had always wanted to, but all the guys I had fooled around with, I thought it would be pushing it too far. He slowly leant in again and this time I gave him what he wanted. I have to admit, I was a bit overwhelmed and my heart was racing. It was so different from kissing a girl. Rough, but tender. And passionate. Fuck. I was putty in this guys hands. He stopped kissing me and took my t-shirt off. I had pulled his off ages ago.

"Wanna go in the bedroom?" He asked me.

"Yeah alright". I followed him into the bedroom and he waited until I laid on the bed. He got on top of me and was kissing me again as he rubbed his cock on my stomach, drooling like mad. "Oh fuck, this is so hot. I needed this bad..." he moaned. My head was spinning. This was the "gayest" I had ever been, and it was with this fucken gorgeous fit jackaroo. We switched around into the 69 position and started chowing down. Licking, sucking slurping on each others cock and balls. His junk smelt so masculine. It was driving me crazy. We got hotter and heavier, and all of a sudden I could feel my balls reach the boil as my cock disappeared down his throat again.

"Oh man. I'm close" I pretty much whimpered.

"Me too. Just suck me man. Fucken suck me".

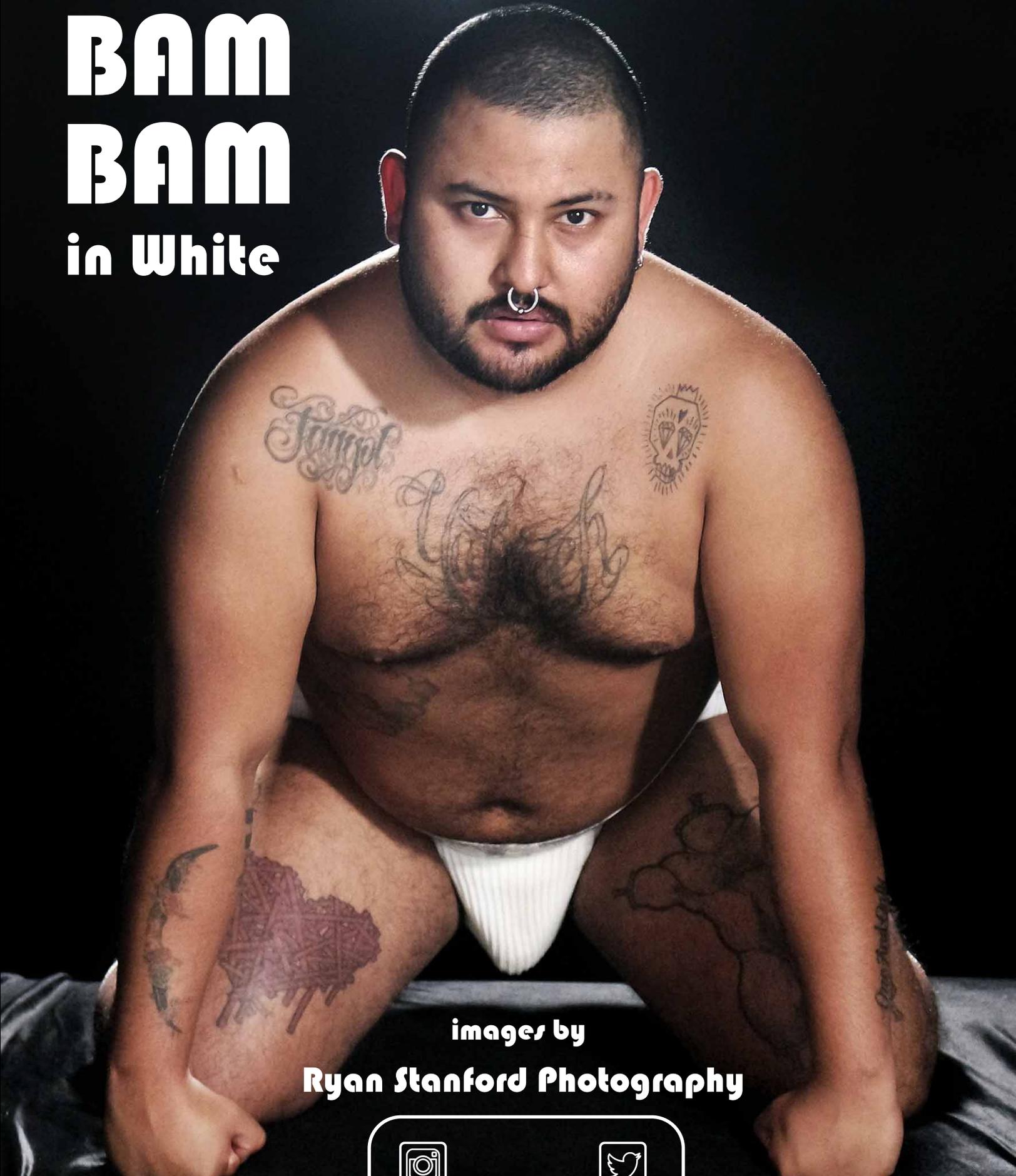
We both got stuck into it, and with a mouthful of cock my muffled moans were pretty loud. That's when I let go and started unloading into his mouth. He grabbed my ass and forced more of my cock into his throat, moaned, and the next thing I know, I'm getting a mouthful of his sweet tasting Aussie jackaroo juice. I made sure I was gripping his hard as rock ass as he blew a

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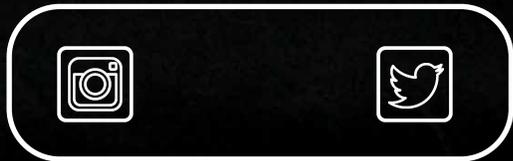
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BAM BAM in White



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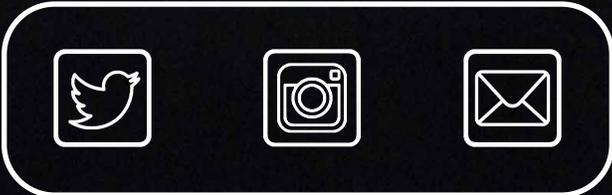
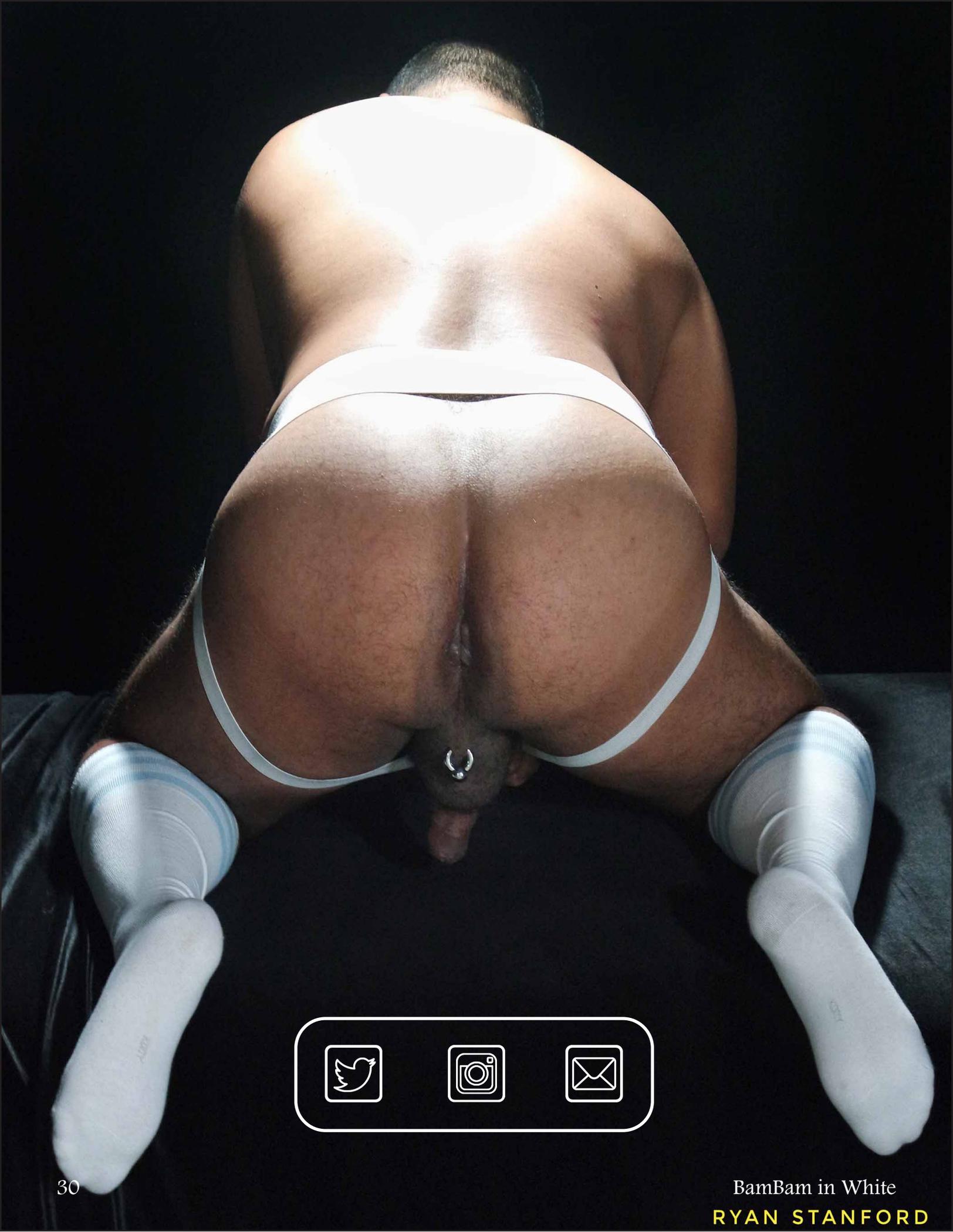






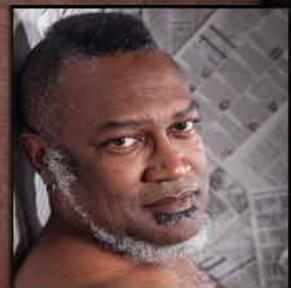
BamBam in White

RYAN STANFORD



DE

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a sword, four times, but the wound is messy, the four slashes looks like they were made by a giant claw. Mick was mauled by something. Blake immediately knows what it was.

Jane takes a deep breath.

“What is it Jane? How bad is it?” asked Mick, trying not to sound concerned, and sounding barely able to stay awake.

Jane examines the wound.

“It’s bad...but I think I can fix it....” she turns to Blake, now sounding less gentle and comforting than she was to Mick, “What the hell happened?” she asks Blake, sounding demanding once again.

Blake couldn’t speak for a moment, he didn’t think Jane, petite as she was, could be this intimidating. He also wondered why she didn’t ask “What the hell did this?” as if it wasn’t strange to her seeing men mauled by what looked like giant animals.

“Well?” asked Jane, waiting for an answer.

Blake couldn’t think of anything else appropriate to say at the moment except “...He saved me,” said Blake. “Someone...no... something was after us, and he saved me from it...” Blake still felt guilty, speaking these words out loud, that he had gotten his friend hurt like this.

Jane looks at him for a moment, as if she too was wondering what it was that was after them, then nods, “I see...” she said, she still seemed furious with Blake, but was calming down, also, there was no time to waste, she quickly commanded Blake once again, “Come now...help me get him to the kitchen.”

Blake obeys and the two of them help Mick off the table and lead him steadily to the kitchen, a big arm over each of their shoulders. Along the way Mick bumps against a pillar, brushing against his back, and hisses in pain.

“Ah shit, that stings,” grunts Mick.

“Hey, it’s okay Mick,” said Jane, “You’ve had worse, haven’t you, big guy?” asks Jane, with a smile, patting his broad, bare shoulder. This made him laugh.

Blake certainly hoped Jane was joking about Mick having experienced worse. Anything worse than this and Mick would have been dead. Blake also took notice of the familiarity in how she talked to him, as if she and Mick had a long history

together.

They crossed behind the bar, and passed the oven with the blue gas flame alight, and went through a door into the main kitchen. There appeared to be a set of stove tops and ovens directly behind the counter, next to rows of glowing glass refrigerators, full of glass bottle of milk, and desserts, a freezer full of ice-cream, a milkshake spinner, coffee and juice machines, and a line of toasters, in addition the the main kitchen in the back. Blake was about to get the lights, when Jane stopped him.

“Not yet, shut the door first,” said Jane.

Blake shut the door to the kitchen. Jane then closed the shutters of the window from the main diner to the kitchens.

“I want to make sure no outside one sees the light,” says Jane.

“Why?” asks Blake.

Jane doesn’t answer him, but makes sure the blinds are closed.

“Okay, Blake, get the lights,” she says.

Blake turns on the kitchen light, nearly blinded, his eyes were used to the dim blue outside. In this light, Mick’s wounds looked much worse, but Jane didn’t offer him the opportunity to stare at Mick’s back for too long.

“Come on, Blake, we don’t have much time, I have to work fast,” says Jane, calmly, but quickly, moving things around, moving a metal stool out from the corner for Mick to sit on, and shoving Blake to the side when he was in her way. She gets out a large medical kit from a cabinet in the wall, and cleans off one of the counters near the large basin sink for a workspace. Jane quickly puts on some blue latex gloves, and opens a bag of cotton balls. She gets out a bottle of alcohol to sanitize the wounds. “Now, this is gonna sting a lot more,” says Jane, trying to prepare him.

“It’s alright, I’m used to it,” says Mick, grunting, gripping the sides of the stool. “Go ahead.”

Blake gets a full view of Mick’s back, seeing just how deep the gashes are. He can’t watch.

“I really think we should take him to an actual hospital to do this,” says Blake, speaking his mind.

Jane looks over at Blake, and Mick opens one eye, looking at him as well, he looks nervous, giving Blake a glance that tells him he shouldn’t

have said that.

“Out,” says Jane, directing him to the kitchen door.

Blake looks at Mick then back at Jane, who is focused on Mick’s back, to see his reaction.

“But what if you need help Jane?”

Jane is still looking at Mick’s back with little tolerance left. “Out Blake!” Her hand points back to the front of the diner,.

Blake is left speechless, looking back at Mick.

“Do what she says dude, I’ll be fine,” says Mick.

Mick grits his teeth and gives Blake a wink to reassure him that he was in good hands. Blake nods and he slowly moves past Mick as well as Jane. Blake sees the gashes again as Jane’s hands are applying disinfectant, they too are covered in Mick’s blood, her sleeves start to absorb the blood as well. Blake winces at the exposed flesh upon Mick’s back as he heads towards the door frames into the bar area next to the cash register. Blake takes a seat on the closest stool near the entrance to the back of the house in case Jane calls out to him for either assistance or to give him more scolding. Blake waits, while looking about the dark, dimly lit diner.

From this angle, Blake could see the source of the strange, blue fire-like glow from inside. Not only was there blue light from the “Irene’s” sign outside, and the “Open 24/7” lit sign in the window, but now, that Blake was sitting down in front of the counter, he saw that there was a overhang above the bar and the kitchens, like an indoor awning, with glowing words in blue running across it, each cursive and neon like the “Irene’s” sign out front. He didn’t know how he could have missed this on the way in, he was probably too stressed and frantic at the time. Each of the cool, lit up, neon blue words above spelled out the assortment of food and drink the diner had the offer: “Breakfast”, “Lunch”, “Dinner”, “Coffee”, “Cakes”, “Pies”, “Salads” “Hamburgers” “Fries” “Milkshakes” “Malts” “Sundaes” “Splits”

“Floats” “Ice Cream” “Sodas” “Juice”... the list of cursive delectables went on, around the awning. The light from these lit-up words reflected on the ceiling and bled through the entire diner, giving it the ethereal blue light. It was now that Blake realized how much the glowing blue aura,

Jezebel

from both the inside and outside of the diner at night, that neon glow in the dark look, remind him exactly of the “Blue Rose Hotel”. (The look was more fitting for a diner, if anyone were to ask Blake). He wondered if there was a connection, somehow, between the two places, the logos, as well as the lighting of Irene’s cafe and the Blue Rose also held many similarities. The way the blue lights looked, advertising “Coffee” and “Pie” “Ice cream” and other foods, hanging above the glowing refrigerators below, behind the counters, reminded Blake of something else as well. The lighting reminded Blake strangely of the automat, the one that he and Jezebel used to visit, long ago...or was it that long ago?...the memory seemed fairly recent sometimes, as if Blake himself wasn’t quite aware of how long he had known her, or how long ago...

Another memory was forming around him, as the dimly lit cafe soon turned into a dimly lit automat, at night, the glass boxes with food inside and the words above them glowing just like the refrigerators in the diner. And there was someone there, a woman, peering in at one of those glowing, cold, frosty glass boxes in the wall. Was it Christina...Jezebel...? Or was it someone else? ...

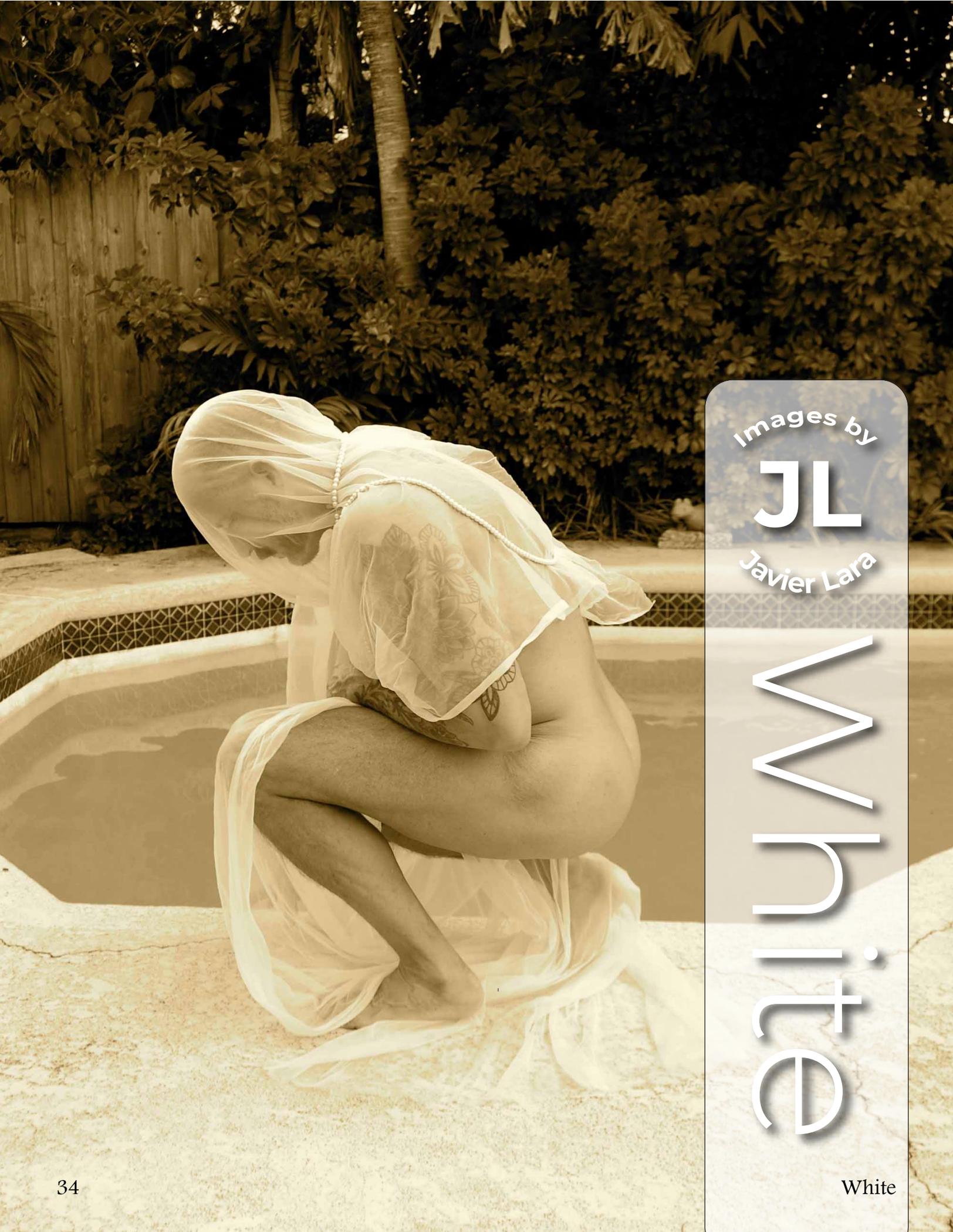
...

...The surroundings seemed to change, but the lights were similar. He was in the automat again, with Christina (or Jezebel) who was at the glass cubes in the wall, which were all glowing now. It was night and the place looked abandoned. They were on the roof level...the automat, he starts remembering more clearly, had a view of the night skyline of Chicago from its large windows, and it was on the top roof level of ... a hospital...Blake remembers this now.

Christina chooses her items from the glass boxes, which she unlocks with dimes and nickels: Chocolate milk, honeydew melon, strawberries, and chocolate ice cream. She had a “friend” who let her in to the automat cafeteria after hours. Who was it?

He remembered they went here to get dessert each night, after work, and had the place all to themselves. He would usually join her and have one of his favorite pies: key lime, chocolate, lemon, strawberry icebox...

Jezebel Continued on page 51

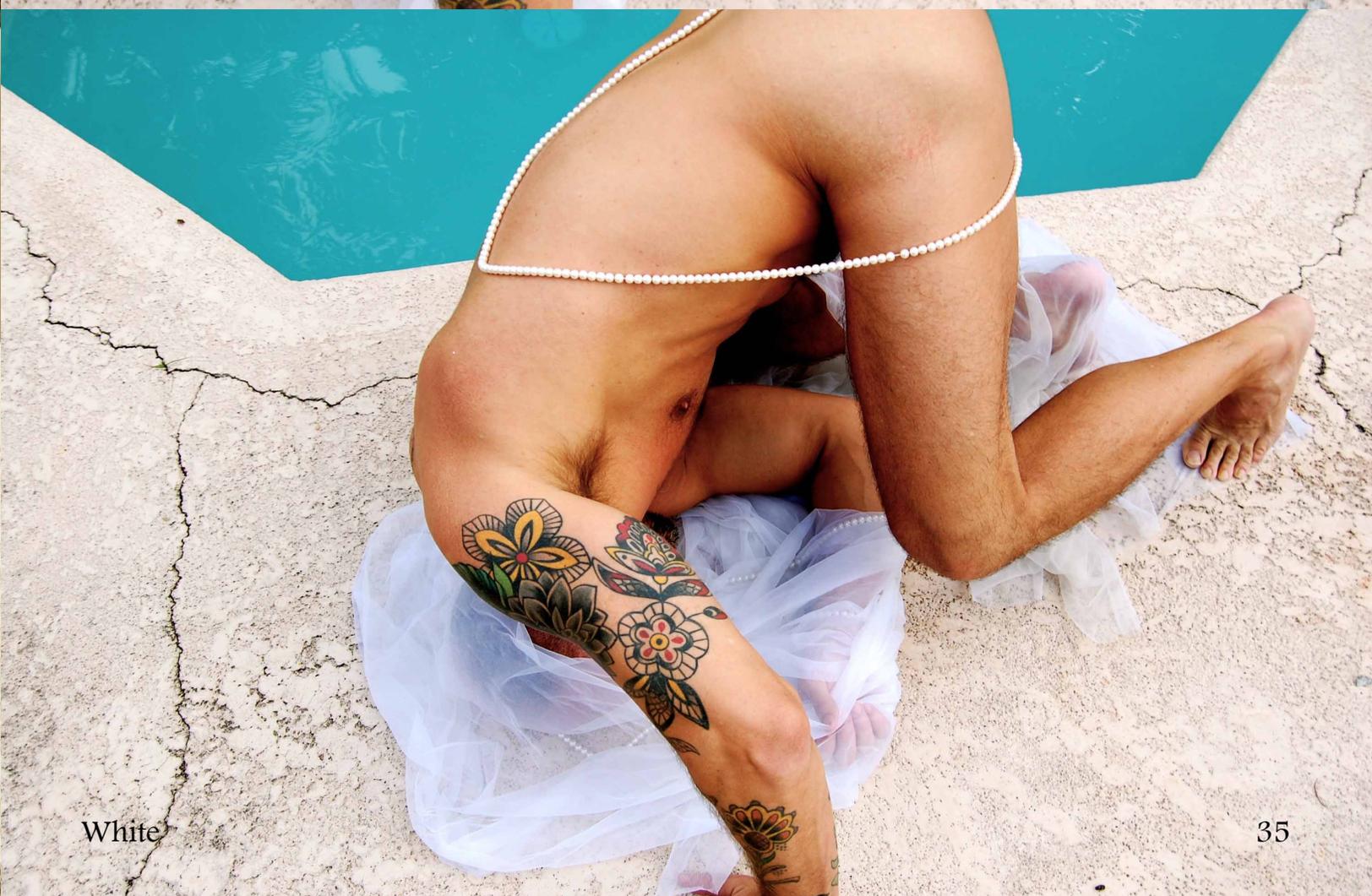


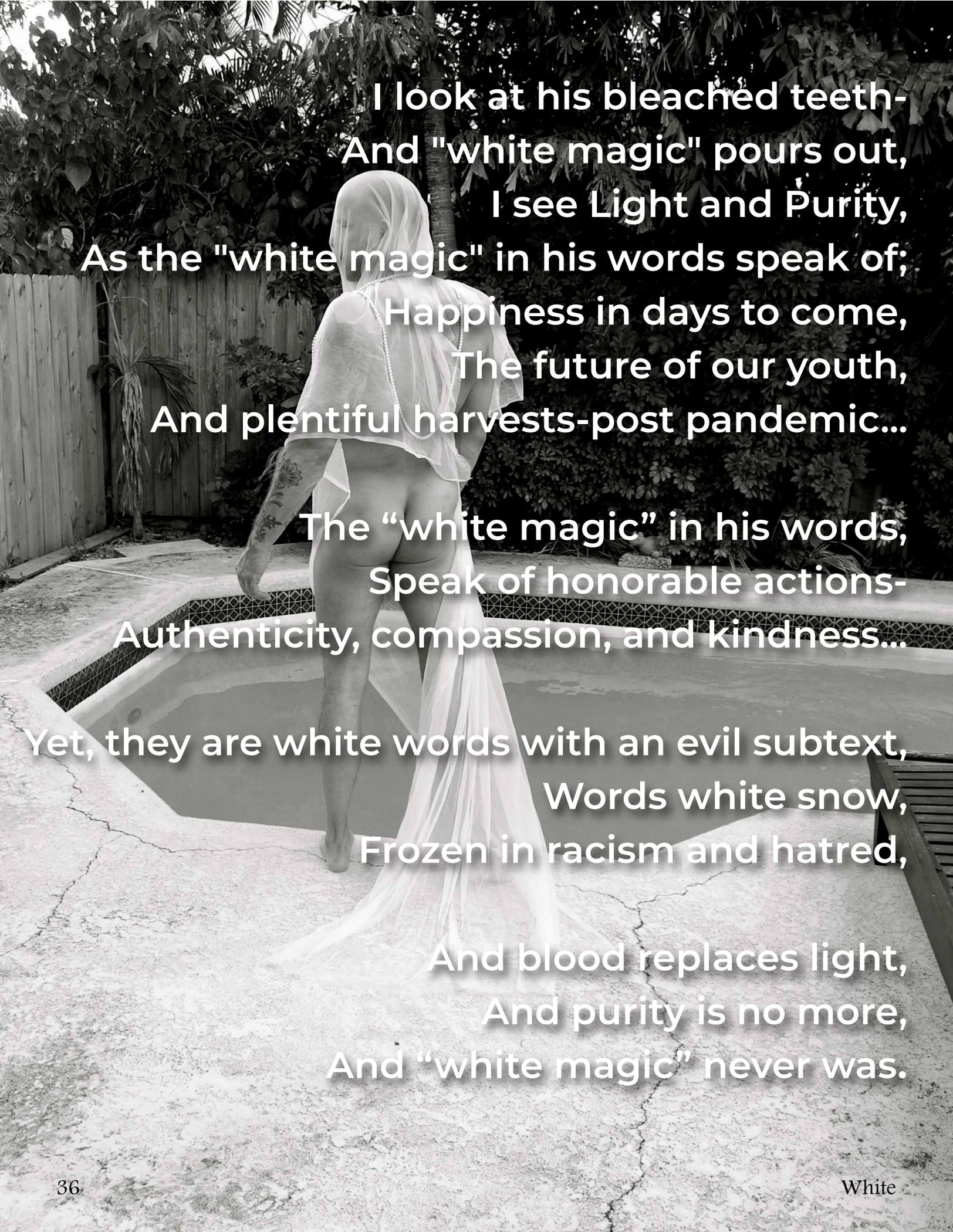
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Javier Lara

White





I look at his bleached teeth-
And "white magic" pours out,
I see Light and Purity,
As the "white magic" in his words speak of;
Happiness in days to come,
The future of our youth,
And plentiful harvests-post pandemic...

The "white magic" in his words,
Speak of honorable actions-
Authenticity, compassion, and kindness...

Yet, they are white words with an evil subtext,
Words white snow,
Frozen in racism and hatred,

And blood replaces light,
And purity is no more,
And "white magic" never was.









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massive load into my mouth. There was so much of it, and I gulped it all down. When our orgasms had subsided, we both lay on the bed for 10 mins catching our breath.

He looked at me and said " thanks man". I looked back and said. "Same. Thanks. That was insanely hot".

"For sure. I gotta hit the toe though mate. Sorry to blow ya and fuck off but I gotta catch up with some mates". With that he was dressed and out the door. I didn't have his phone number or anything, and figured I'd never see him again. I went out Friday night and met a few of the locals. Saturday I was laying in bed with a bit of hangover horn when at about 11 there was a knock on the door. I opened it and there was Adam again, smiling.

"Up for round two?" He said.

"Fuck yes". We ripped each others clothes off and sucked two more loads out of each other.

I saw him again twice more over that weekend. He did the same thing both times. We fooled around, cum, and he would smoke bomb and disappear like a fucken sex ninja. But on the last time, he said to me,

"Thanks for making my weekend champ. I'd give ya my number, but that would just fuck everything up".

"No worries". He kissed me once more, then disappeared out of the door. He didn't realise it, but he had changed me. He made me finally begin to accept who I was. I'd love to see him again, just to say thanks. And maybe one last taste of that cock.....



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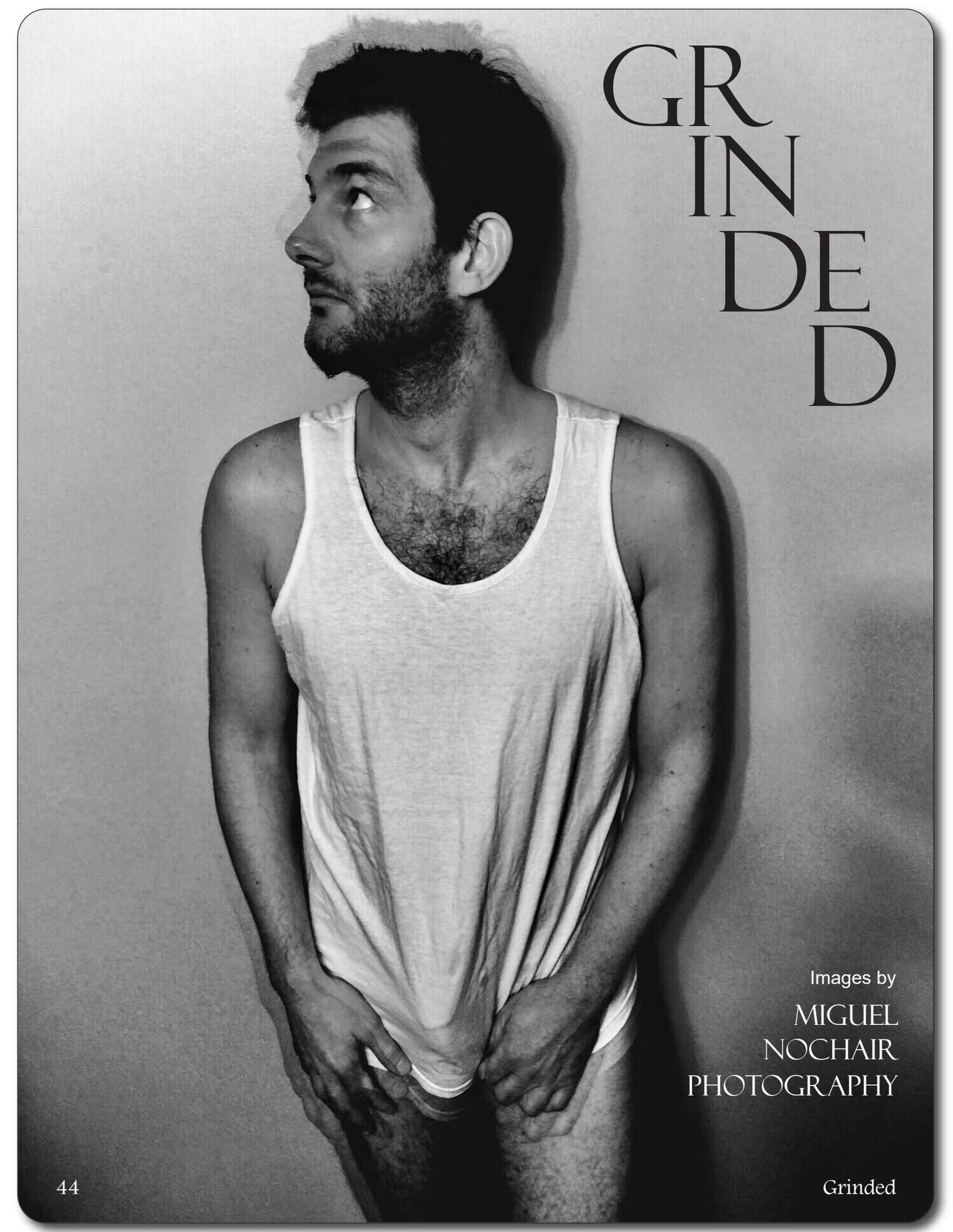


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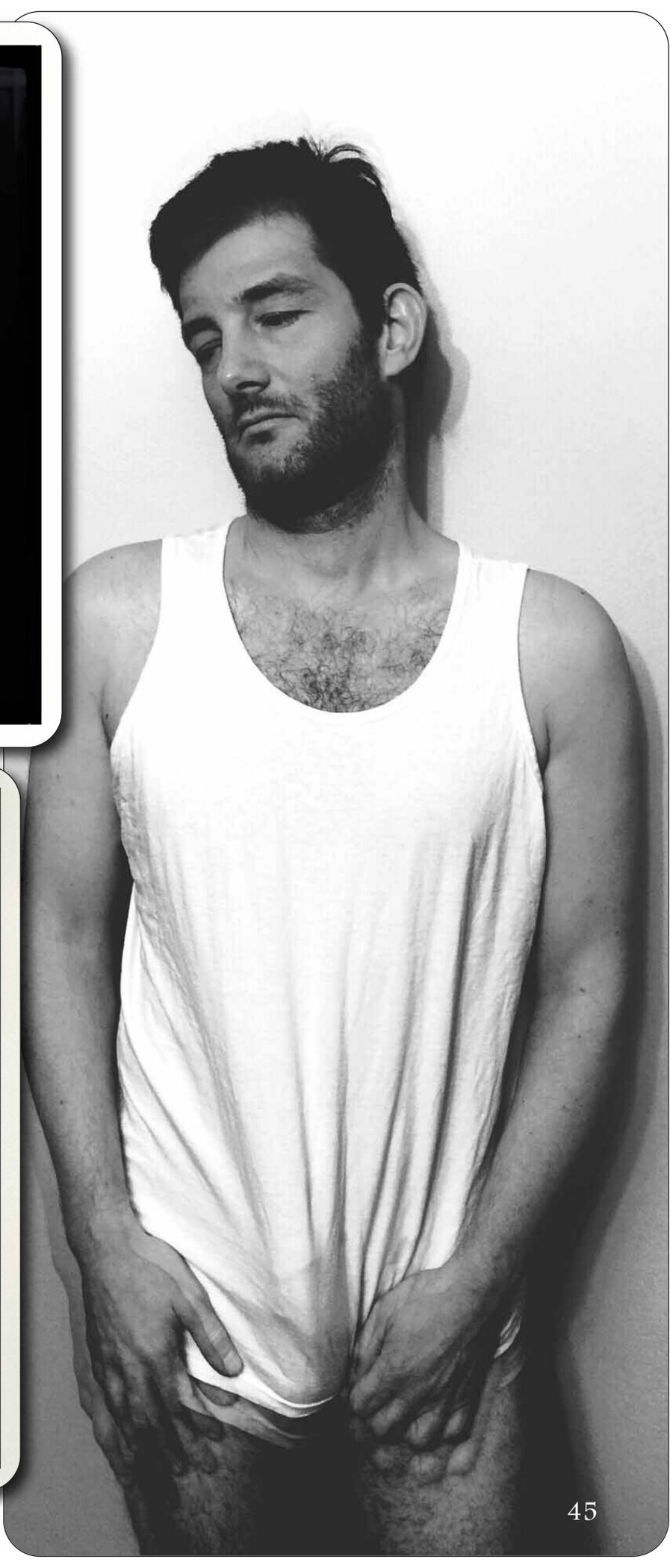


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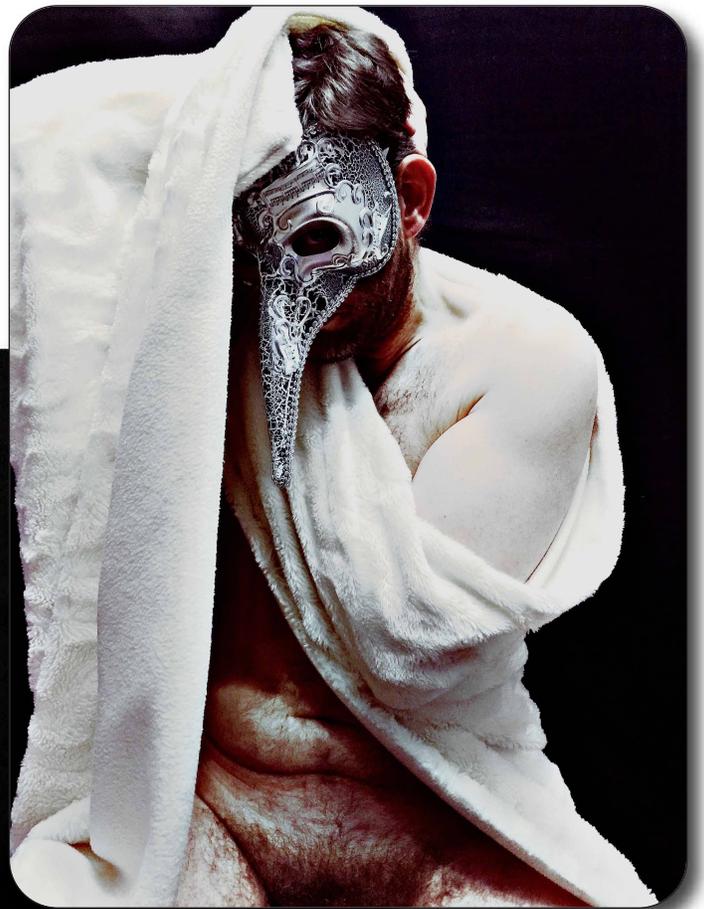
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S/M





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Blake was confused by this memory. Did they come here at night to steal from this place? No...they...they worked here...in this building. At least...at least Blake did. When? When was this? Why didn't he remember working here? He remembered that...she had gotten him a job working here...recommended him to the boss, who she knew personally (Who was the boss?). He was grateful to her for that. The job. What was it? A... night...a night...

He looks down and sees that his clothes look similar to that of a police officer, except his belt had a few keychains on it. He had a badge as well...it said... Blake tries to remember as hard as he can.

... "HOSPITAL SECURITY- BOLTON"- ...

A night security guard. At the hospital. ... Security guard? Him? No...that couldn't be right. But it seemed so real...he did remember this, if only just now. But it didn't seem right....

...The memory starts fading abruptly before he can figure anything else from it. Christina's face remains blurry, never quite materializing...

...

... Just as the memory was beginning to take shape it started to fade again, as Blake was once again sitting in the empty blue cafe, looking at the kitchens, waiting for Jane and Mick. He was unaware, dosing off, how much time had passed while he was sitting here, but two things woke him, one was the circle of blue fire on the burner in the kitchen, beginning to grow, and two was Jane, coming out from the back kitchen door, looking at him suddenly.

"Blake?" she said suddenly, "Do you smell something burning?" She looked away from Blake and sniffed the air, and soon caught sight of the ring of blue flames, engulfing an empty frying pan on the stove. "Oh, shit! Shit!" said Jane frantically, turning off the burner on the stovetop. "I forgot I was making a midnight snack! Well, no dinner for Jane..." Jane seemed to be talking to herself, not to Blake. "Maybe I'd better make something cold instead..." She turns back to look at Blake, "Oh, hey, Blake. Crazy night, huh? You hungry?" she suddenly seemed like her friendly self from earlier in the day, not as stressed or demanding.

"Um...not really," says Blake, taken aback
Jezebel

by Jane's shift in attitude. "I'm too stressed...Long night...But, thank you."

"Oh, it's okay, I don't mind. You guys must be famished," says Jane, "Also...sorry about earlier, I get kind of intense when I'm in work mode, I've been told."

"Oh, that's okay," says Blake, "I didn't mind so much...Is Mick...?" Blake couldn't finish his question, as Jane approached him from behind the counter, he noticed that her gloves and her white evening gown had blood on them, her gloved hands looked completely red. Jane seemed to notice this suddenly as well.

"Oh, excuse me," said Jane, sounding shocked with herself, she starts removing her gloves. She sighs, looking at her bloody gloves, then her gown, "Well, there goes this dress," she says, tossing her ruined gloves into a nearby waste-bin. "But, it was worth it..." she sighs with relief.

Blake immediately knew what she meant by this.

"So, Mick's going to be okay then?" asked Blake.

"Oh, yeah, Mick, he'll be fine," says Jane, sounding assuring, but also as if this sort of thing happened all the time, which concerned Blake. "He just needs to rest for a little bit before he gets back on his feet. Now he's just resting back there on a cot like he's a big baby." She let out a laugh, but Blake still looked too stressed to smile, even though he was happy that, by the sound of things, Mick would be alright.

"You okay Blake?"

"Oh...yeah...just happy Mick's going to be okay. He's done a lot for me tonight. Good friend..." said Blake, he still felt incredibly guilty.

"Yeah, he sure is," says Jane, "But he's reckless. One of these days he's gonna..." Jane sees the look on Blake face, and stops venting. "Let's have a drink, Blake, I know I need one," says Jane, going back behind the counter.

"No thanks, I don't think I could," says Blake. His insides felt like they were on fire.

"You sure?" asked Jane, who was already reaching for a bottle of whisky, scotch.

"Well...maybe not whisky...but..." Blake tried to think, he was so stressed out, he needed something to calm his stomach. He saw the rows of the nice cool glass bottles in the lit up

refrigerator. "Milk?"

Jane looks at Blake for a moment.

"Milk?" she asks. "What are you? A cat?"

"Just...Milk sounds good right now. My stomach's in a knot."

"Yeah, I don't blame ya," said Jane, pouring herself a glass of scotch, "After what you guys ran in to tonight."

"So Mick told ya what we saw?" asks Blake.

"Not exactly, but I imagine it must have been something large, to do that...." Jane starts thinking for a moment, making herself shiver. "You sure you don't want a drink?" she asks, offering the bottle one last time.

"No...Usually I drink a lot, but...I can't right now."

"I see...well I'm the exact opposite. I don't really drink. I only drink on occasion," says Jane. She drinks the entire glass of whisky, and sighs. She sees Blake looking at her. "Well...this is an occasion," she says.

"Sure is," says Blake, it had been one hell of a night.

He really enjoyed talking with Jane. She was now very pleasant to be around when she wasn't in "work mode". She had seemed so much scarier and intense earlier. Blake couldn't blame her. She was working to save their big hairy friend's life.

"Now, let me get you that milk," says Jane. She goes over to the fridge and opens it. "How would you like it? In the bottle? In a glass? In a saucer?"

Jane seemed in a good mood, Blake wasn't sure if she was just being funny, or whether she was making fun of him.

"I'll just have it in a glass, please," said Blake not sure whether to amused or insulted by Jane's serving options. Jane grabs one of the glass milk bottles and a glass, she places them in front of Blake. Blake takes the glass milk bottle and pours himself a glass of milk.

"Cheers."

Blake starts to drink, it was nice and cold, Blake didn't realize just how hot he had gotten over the night. It was nice and cool inside the cafe as well. He takes a sip, and puts the glass of milk down next to the bottle. Both the glass milk bottle and the glass of milk seemed to reflect the blue light that was filling the place, like the glass itself

was glowing with a blue aura. Blake finishes his glass of milk, oddly enough, Jane was looking at him the entire time.

"Ah, thanks, that hit the spot," says Blake. His stomach and stress felt like they were alleviated.

Jane smiles and nods.

"You going to have any more?" asks Jane.

"Oh, no thanks, not at the moment," says Blake.

"Okay then, I'll just put the bottle back in the fridge," she takes the glass bottle from the table. Blake had the feeling she had been waiting to do this, so she could keep the milk cold. She walks behind the bar next to the kitchen, and goes to one of the refrigerators. She opens the glass door and puts the milk bottle back on the shelf. "Oh, and if you get hungry or thirsty again, feel free to have a snack. Help yourself to anything in the fridge, if you like. It's on me," she says with a wink.

"Oh, thanks, I will," says Blake, winking back.

Jane smiles, then says "I'm just going to go in the back and check on how Mick's doing. Okay?"

"Okay," says Blake, finding her manner quite charming, but wondering why she seemed to be narrating every step of her way.

She nods, then turns to the kitchen door, she goes through it, and it shuts behind her. Just as Blake was getting used to the quiet of this cool blue cafe, Jane's head pops out of the kitchen again, making Blake jump in his seat.

"Oh, and one more thing," says Jane, "If you're going to have any more milk, make sure to put it back in the fridge when you're done. Okay?" She says.

"Sure," says Blake, a little startled by her sudden appearance.

"Thanks," she says, and smiles again, disappearing back into the kitchen.

Blake took a few minutes sitting alone in the diner's cafe area before deciding that he wanted a midnight snack. He walks to one of the refrigerators and opens it, Blake sees rows of glass milk bottles and orange juice, and other beverages. The top shelf had an array of cold desserts, multicolored puddings, parfaits, gelatin deserts (Jellos or jellies as Blake called them), the shelf below that had attractive looking pieces of pies,

and slices of cake. The bottom shelf had salads. Blake is indecisive shuts the refrigerator door and looks in one of the other fridges. There he finds shelves of whole turkeys, and hams, along with whole pies and cakes, and large containers of ice cream. This must have been a freezer. Blake shuts the door to the freezer and opens the third fridge. Inside this fridge were many pre-made sandwiches, ham, turkey, roast beef etc.. Blake sees one of the ham sandwiches and takes it out of the fridge and places it on the counter then he goes to the first fridge and sees a half melon (a honeydew) filled with strawberries and whipped cream. That looked good, he took the half-melon, he then saw a pre-made chefs salad, and a nice cold slice of chocolate cream pie. By the time he was done selecting his food, his table was so full that he thought it might have been a better idea to take the whole ham instead.

As Blake was getting ready to eat, a sense of déjà vu came over him, as if this selection of food reminded him of something, or a memory was trying to come back to him. Blake hoped it wouldn't, because these sudden flashbacks and memories were like waves of sickness that kept coming back to him, but to his luck, no memory occurred. This made Blake happy, as he went back to his spread of food and started eating like he hadn't eaten in days. While Blake was finishing up his food, having cleaned his plates, wolfed down the sandwich, shoveled in the salad, devoured the melon, and was on his last few bites of chocolate pie, washing it all down with another tall cold glass of milk, the door to the back kitchen opened again.

Out popped Jane, looking much happier now than earlier, even a little proud of herself. Perhaps it was now because he had food and drink, and he wasn't as stressed, that he noticed just how pretty Jane looked tonight. And not just that, something else about her was definitely different than when he had seen her during the day. Blake noticed Jane's hair, even in the blue light he could tell that the color of her hair was slightly different than he had seen it before, more of a strawberry blonde than the blonde he had seen earlier. Did she dye it? Had she been wearing a wig before? Why would she have? Either way, she looked much better as a redhead than as a blonde (though she could pull off either color). The evening dress was gone now, and rather than Jezebel

parade around the diner naked she was just wearing her baby blue robe now.

Jane walks out in her robe and sees the spread of dishes on Blake's table.

"Well, someone was a hungry boy, weren't they?" asked Jane, as if she was speaking to her dog.

"Well, yeah...I guess I was," says Blake, looking embarrassed, with an arm behind his head.

"Oh, don't feel bad about it, Blake, I told you to eat as much as you wanted...I might be careful what I say around you big guys," she mumbles and laughs to herself. "Mind if someone joins you?" She asks

Blake nods, eating another fork of his pie.

"Alrighty then," says Jane, she looked excited. She goes back through the kitchen door for a moment before coming back out with a happy looking familiar face.

Jane brings Mick out of the back kitchen.

Blake saw him, looking happy and healthy and smiled; Mick smiled back.

"Okay, all better," says Jane cheerfully.

Blake was so happy to see Mick well again that he felt he could have leapt up from the table and squeezed him with a massive bear hug, like the ones Mick gave, if it wasn't for the fact he had just been recently stitched up.

Mick was still shirtless and looked exceptionally powerful, silhouetted in the dim blue light from the signs outside (the image of the masculine powerful figure of the chernabog in "Fantasia" came to his mind). Mick turned around as if he was showing off new clothes in a fashion show and Blake saw that his back was completely stitched and bandaged up like he had been to an actual hospital. Blake admires the expertise with how Jane had stitched up Mick's wounds.

"And don't worry I made sure to sterilize and disinfect," said Jane with a smile.

Mick frowned for a second. "Thank you Jane," said Mick.

Blake looked impressed.

"Wow. Do all waitresses know how to do medical work?" asks Blake. He said this with admiration as well as with a hint of sarcasm sprinkled in. He gave them a knowing look. He knew they must have had a history together,

Jezebel Continued on page 62



White/Bart

Featuring
Bart

Images by
**Arktos
Photography**

White/Bart







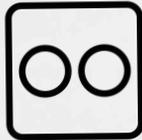






Arktos

Photography



friends at the very least.

Jane and Mick looks uneasy at each other.

She sighs. "Okay. I guess my secrets out..." says Jane. "I'm not actually a..."

"She's not actually a..." Mick began to speak at the same time as Jane did.

She looks at Mick for interrupting her, then back at Blake. "...a waitress."

"... No kidding..." says Blake sarcastically.

"We were going to tell you eventually," said Mick.

"Were you?" asked Blake, sounding suspicious.

"It wasn't his idea," said Jane. "I was the one who thought it would be best to keep my identity and real profession a secret." "Well, that explains why you're so good at stitching people up..." said Blake in thought, as he took in another forkful of chocolate pie "and why Mick wanted to come to Irene's of all places," Blake said with his mouth full. He swallowed. "Are you a nurse?" asks Blake.

Jane shakes her head.

"A doctor?" asks Blake, taking another fork of pie.

Jane shakes her head again.

Blake was about to give up.

"A medical student?"

"No. But I do know something of the field."

"Oh, during the war?" asks Blake curiously, his fork of chocolate pie still suspended in the air. "You were a nurse during the war?"

"No..." said Jane.

"Well, then I'm impressed," said Blake, he finally put the forkful of pie in to his mouth. "How'd you get so good?"

"I read books..." said Jane simply.

Blake waited, expecting there to be more to the story, but there wasn't. He raised his eyebrows.

"Well... that's comforting," said Blake.

"But she's really good," said Mick showing off his back again, smiling. He was oddly chipper for a man who almost bled to death.

"Yes. I've had lots of practice," she said with a smile.

Blake was morbidly curious what sort of practice she had exactly, but decided to leave it

there. Jane, in her demeanor and mannerisms, seemed like a pretty, spacey, and ditzy girl, but there was a hidden sparkle or glimmer of intelligence behind her eyes, those blue eyes, that told

Blake she wasn't exactly what she seemed. Behind her clumsy, yet beautiful, air headed exterior, Blake had a hunch he was taking to a genius.

"Well, I thank you, regardless, for saving our friend," said Blake.

"You're welcome, Blake..." Jane smiled, but stopped for a moment, processing how Blake had said, with a knowing tone, "Our friend".

Blake finished his pie, put the fork down and wiped his mouth with a cloth napkin.

"So... I think it makes no sense in me asking... but I think that you two naturally know each other already," says Blake. He sits, next to his glass of milk, as if he was a cat waiting for an answer "You working together?" asks Blake.

"Yeah Mick and I..."

"Yes, Jane and I..."

Both Mick and Jane spoke out again at the same time, making them both chuckle and giggle. Blake was so amused with how they both keep answering the same time, the more they interacted the more they seemed more like a... Blake stopped in his train of thought. Since Mick was a father, could Jane be a mother? Blake was itching to ask about this, if Mick and Jane were, or had previously been a couple, and if so, was Mick's child hers as well? But he refrained from doing so. That was probably a sensitive subject, and it complicated things even more if they were still a couple and Blake was sleeping with her boyfriend (however he got the impression that Jane would be open to Mick sleeping around with men. She seemed very laid back, and cool, now that she wasn't in work mode, trying to save Mick's life.) So instead he asked....

"So, what do you two do?" asks Blake.

"Well cats out of the bag" says Jane, Mick raises his eyebrow to Jane confused on why she said that phrase.

"What cats?" asks Mick. Janes sighs out loud almost laughing.

"The cat being what we do, Mick, and I believe Blake is onto us."

Blake tries to keep a serious face, but

cracks a smile from the candid conversation he is hearing from the other two trying to figure each other out.

"Oh...So Blake is calling us cats?" Mick still on the cat metaphor,

"No Mick!" Jane lets out a laugh, "and sit down, please. I think you've lost too much blood." This also makes Blake laugh too. Both Mick and Jane look over at Blake, he stops and tries to get back into his serious demeanor.

"So you both work in the PI business together then?" Blake thinks maybe that Jane is just a partner as PI, but how they interact is telling him different.

"Sort of," says Jane, then she and Mick exchange a look as to confirm that they're both okay divulging this information. "Yes," she says with more certainty.

"That's amazing," said Blake, now with a smile coming across this face. "It's not every day I meet one, yet two fellow P.I.s. You two partners?"

"Yeah. We sure are," says Mick enthusiastically, then he and Jane exchange another look, "I mean personally and professionally. I mean...Jane is the brains of the operation, obviously," says Mick, rubbing the back of his neck, feeling he's stumbling over his words.

"Oh, Mick, give yourself some credit, you're smart too," Mick suddenly smiles at her, hearing this, brightening up, as if he was a big dog being told he was a "good boy". Jane smiles back then turns back to Blake, "But what he means is well... We're sort of an incomplete partnership."

Blake looked attentive. This was getting interesting. If there was another whole team of investigators working on this "Jezebel" case (or just investigating Mr. Newman's activities) this little private investigation was bound to get more heated than ever. Blake wondered whether that was good news or bad news for him.

"Oh? There's more?" asks Blake, intrigued "I mean... there's more members of your detective agency?"

"Well, I don't know if I'd call it an agency," said Jane, almost giggling, seeming flattered, liking the idea that she and Mick's PI business might be an "agency", "But you can call it that if you like. We wouldn't mind...ehem...anyway...to answer your question, well..." she searched for a way to word it, looking at Mick the entire time. For once that Jezebel

warm smile of happiness he had, looking at her, faded away. Jane looks back at Blake, and continues "...You might say that we have another partner...who's...not with us at the moment...he..." she stops and then looks over at the fridges. "Say why don't we have a bite to eat?" says Jane. "This might be a long conversation."

"I've already eaten, Jane. Why don't you and Mick make yourselves something."

says Blake. He can tell that last part seemed to be a touchy subject for the both of them, for now it would be best to let that subject go. Maybe another time Blake will ask about it.

"Sounds great, I'm famished," says Mick, now perking up, looking happy.

"Great, I'll get us something to snack on while we talk," she goes over to the kitchen in her robe, as comfortable as if she was in her own home, "what would you like Mick?"

"It's okay Janey, I can get it," says Mick.

"No, you sit, you don't need to be moving around much, you'll open your wounds again," says Jane. "Now go sit with Blake, and I'll get whatever you need," she now sounded like she was Mick's mother, in spite of the fact she looked younger than him. "Now, what can I get for you boys?" Jane asked. She seemed happy to be in the kitchen area, getting them food, as if she didn't get to be in the kitchen much, which gave Blake the impression that Mick was probably the cook in their family. Their family? Blake stop assuming these things, Blake thought to himself. Mick sits down next to Blake, in the chair next to his bloody trench coat, bare chested, thinking about what he'd like to eat.

"Hmm...I think I'd like some steak!" says Mick happily.

Jane stops at the refrigerator and turns, giving Mick a look of disbelief.

"Now, Mick, just because I'm offering you food from my restaurant doesn't mean I've lost my marbles. You expect me to cook a steak?"

"No, Janey," says Mick. "I was just thinking steak sounded nice."

"Well, I'd like to as well, but I'd burn down the kitchen," laughs Jane. "Also steak costs a lot these days. I was thinking something more... cold...from the fridge, that Janey doesn't have to

Jezebel Continued on page 72

S STEPHEN



Images by

KIRK STEPHENS STUDIO



Stephen





Stephen





Stephen



One Night on Watch

Story by u/GaySailor4u

This is a true story.

It was my duty day. Our responsibilities included arming up and standing guard in a tiny shack. We stood watch on an entrance to a pier. Some random ship was at our pier and 1 sentry, from that ship, would arm up and had to stand watch with me in my tiny little shack.

It was about 0200, in the morning, and the sentry from the ship rotated shifts. This handsome man walks up to my shack. They conduct turn over and then I introduce my self, explaining his responsibilities. Due to the time, there is not much going on. The occasional drunk sailor would stumble up to the gate and we would check his ID, then go back to our shack.

I was an E2, he was an E6 (those are ranks of military position for those of you who are not familiar with military verbiage). He is much higher ranking than I am. I was relatively new to the Navy.

As the night goes on we start talking. I was not sure but he had a few mannerisms that made me think he was gay. I didn't want to ask him straight out and embarrass him (or myself). The opportunity presented itself when he asks what type of women I like. I told him I enjoy the company of other men. I could tell he lit up and started smiling. My mind immediately went to the gutter. All I could think about was that we are alone in this shack, not a soul nearby, and he is very sexy.

He tells me some of his gay experiences and I do the same. We start going into very specific examples of sucking cock and fucking dudes. My cock is rock hard thinking about fucking this sexy high ranking enlisted guy. I am so scared of getting caught and my emotions are about to get the best of me. If we start going at it I know it is going to get hot and heavy fast. I tell him we need to change the subject. When he ask why I tell him I am getting too excited and gesture at my bulge. He smiles and, without hesitation, he grabs it. I knew I was done for. The only thinking was coming from my

cock.

He slowly starts unzipping my pants and leans in for a kiss. We start making out. He pulls my cock out. He jerks me of for a few seconds until he feels my precum. He wipes it off with his thumb and raises it to his mouth to lick it off.

"uuummmm" he says.

He then starts sucking me off. I reach down his back, untuck his shirt, and slide my hand into his crack. I start rubbing his hole and he starts humming and moaning while he has every inch of my cock down his throat.

All of a sudden, I see some headlight approaching the gate. I started scrambling to put my cock away and fix my uniform. I get myself together and proceed towards the gate. My heart is pounding and I was pretty sure my hair is a bit messed up. That guy just stayed in the shack.

It turns out it was a couple guys from the ship. I let them through the gate and proceeded back to the shack. When I opened the door, I found him fingering his hole. I felt a deep urge stirring in my nuts and got hard so fast.

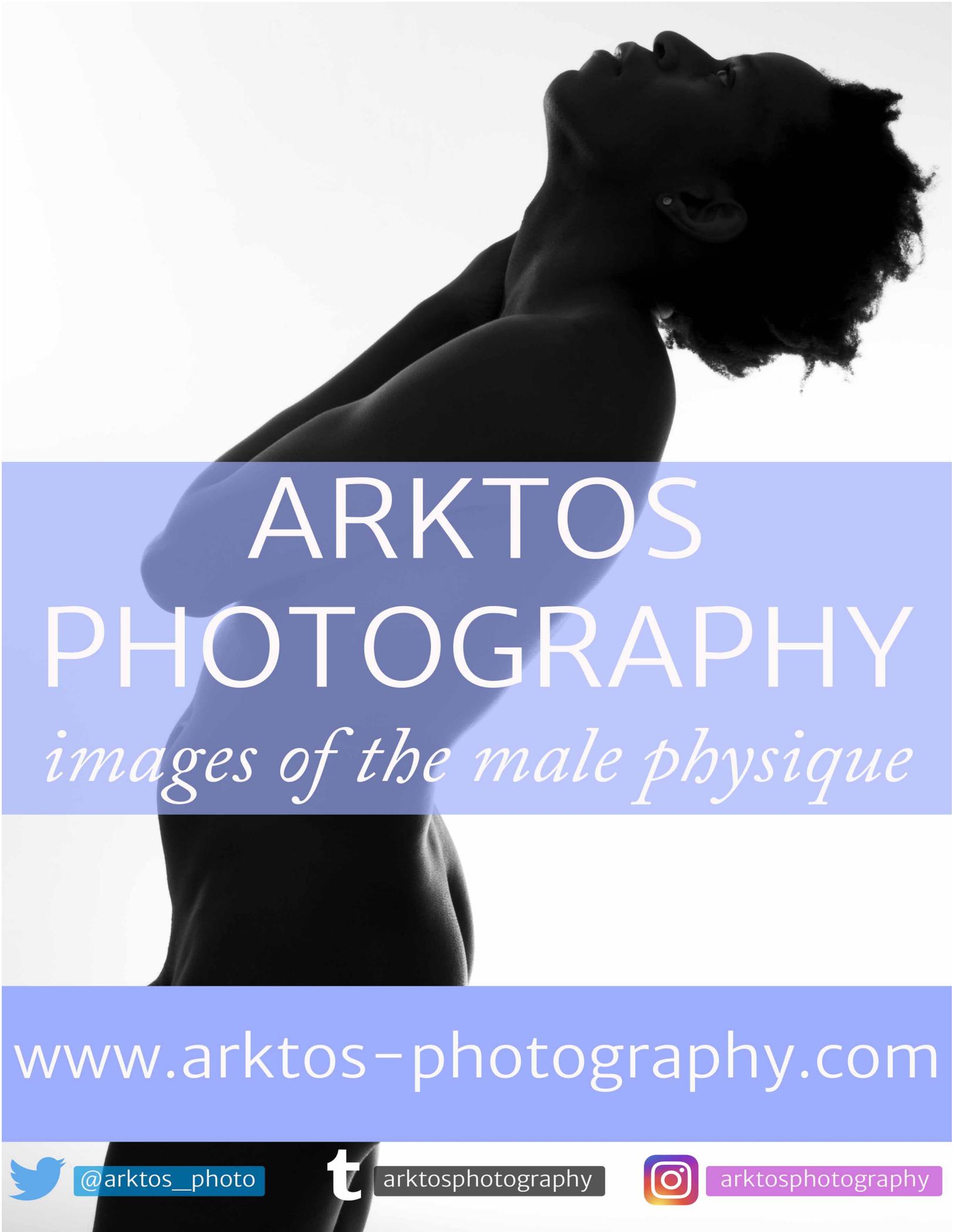
He was lying on this little desk. I put his legs on my shoulders and whipped out my cock. I spit on his ass and slid inside. He kept moaning louder and louder. I put my hand over his mouth as I knew I was about to burst inside of him.

I released my load in him and he just melted and relaxed. I pulled my cock out and slapped him on the ass and said, "Thanks, PS1!"

I buttoned up my pants and fixed my uniform.

He was a bit sore from the lack of lube but we kept talking about how sexy it was. We still had another 3 hours to stand watch together. It was a little awkward but I will always remember him.

About 1.5 years later his ship pulls back to our pier and guess who I saw again. PS1! we never got to relive our first date but we did reminisce about it.



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images of the male physique

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cook.”

“Well, aha, since you put it that way,” says Mick scratching his neck, nervously, “How’s about a nice roast beef sandwich instead?”

“That I can do Mickey!” Jane opens the refrigerator and pulls out a sandwich.

“No...mayo...though. Mayo makes me gag,” says Mick.

For some reason, this made Blake chuckle.

“And, maybe some chips?” asks Mick, “And a cream soda, please said Mick.”

“Cream soda? Wow, you’re like a kid in a drug store,” says Blake. Mick blushes. “Well, I like it,” says Mick, in an innocent sounding, yet deep voice.

“Anything else for you Blake?” asks Jane, while she had the refrigerator open, grabbing a few glass bottles of cream soda.

“Nah...I’m fine, thanks...Well...maybe another glass of milk?” Blake asks. He suddenly was aware of the irony of making fun of Mick for his cream soda. Mick evidently was too.

“Aw, someone likes his milk,” said Mick teasingly.

“Shut up,” says Blake, laughing.

Jane soon returned with Mick’s sandwich, chips and cream soda, and brings Blake a tall frosty glass of chocolate milk.

“Chocolate milk?” asks Blake.

“Yeah!” says Jane with a pleasant smile.

“But I only asked for plain milk,” said Blake.

“But chocolate milk is better,” said Jane. “Especially for a big growing boy like yourself,” she said, pinching one of Blake’s cheeks.

Mick laughed, nearly spewing cream soda out his nose.

Blake was red in the face, but didn’t mind. He now felt he had two new friends instead of just one. For having almost been such a terrible night, he was relaxed and felt safe around these two. He was happy.

...

Blake, Mick and Jane were deep in conversation about their past and their current case for the next two hours, helping themselves frequently to snacks from the fridge. Blake found that he surprisingly liked his nice tall, cold frosty glass of chocolate milk, and even asked for

another one. He hadn’t drank chocolate milk since he was a little boy. Jane had brought a large piece of strawberry shot cake covered in fresh strawberries to their table, along with a cup of hot cocoa. Mick had asked Jane when she sat down why she was comfortable making hot cocoa on the stove when she was afraid she might burn something, to which Jane simply replied that it was because hot cocoa **Was** the best. While Jane finished her strawberry shortcake, she asked them if they had found anything interesting on their night out at the Blue Rose Hotel?

“A few things,” said Blake, “Which reminds me, I have something in that old coat that I picked up back there?”

“Oh?” asked Jane intrigued, “What?” She had to know.

“A guestbook I think. Its in that coat if you want to take a look at it,” suggests Blake, motioning toward the bloody coat on the chair that Mick was wearing.

Jane gets up, and picks up the coat off the chair. She starts rummaging through one of the big pockets. Suddenly Mick, sees her going through the coat and shouts.

“Wait! Jane don’t!” shouts Mick.

Both Blake and Jane jump.

“Jesus Christ, Mick! What is it?” asks Jane, who looks like she’s about to have a heart attack.

“There’s something else in that coat you shouldn’t touch,” says Mick, looking panicked.

“Oh, for God’s sake, Mick, what is it?” asks Jane, exasperated. “A snake?”

Mick looks at Blake, then back at Jane and mouths the words, “flower”.

“A flower?” asks Jane, in disbelief. “Well, if the flowers going to bite me, then thanks for saving me,” she says sarcastically.

“No...the flower...” says Mick, raising his eyebrows.

“Oh...shit...” says Jane, looking at the coat, then back at Mick and Blake, her shock was genuine this time. “Where exactly did you guys go?”

“We found it in the World’s Fair ruins behind the hotel,” said Blake.

“Really? I didn’t even know there was anything back there anymore. How did you get there?”

“Through the back door, behind the stage,”

said Mick. "It leads right to the ruins."

"Really?" asks Jane, she looks worried.

"What's the matter, Janey?" asks Mick.

"It's just...I've searched that place before... gone over the blueprints... and there shouldn't be a way back there."

Mick looks a little more worried than before, but more like this has confirmed something in his mind.

"Well, there was," Blake says.

"And...that's where you found it...how is the possible?"

Mick gives Jane a look, as if they should change the subject.

"So, you know all about the "Blue Rose Hotel" too?" asked Blake, drinking some more chocolate milk.

"Of course," said Jane. "You don't think Mick came to town alone to investigate the place, and old Charles "Monopoly" Newman, did you?"

Blake shoots Mick a glance.

"I guess Mick's been reporting to you about me, too?" he asks, trying not to sound bitter.

"Not on everything," says Jane, with a mouthful of strawberry. "Just on the essential stuff."

"Sure," says Blake.

"I assume now that the cat's out of the back, the three of us can work together, no secrets?" asked Mick, hopefully. Blake had a feeling Jane was the one wearing the pants in this relationship...as far as the investigation went, that was.

"Sure!" says Jane, sounding happy about it. "That is if Blake still wants to."

"Hell, yeah," said Blake. "After tonight I want to know what Newman's up to. I'm convinced he knows something about Jezebel's disappearance he's not telling me about. Especially after tonight's "performance."."

Both Mick and Jane exchange another glance.

"And after what we saw in the back of the place, and what happened to Mick...I don't think I was hallucinating that thing...was I?" asked Blake, who still was afraid he had went a little mad back there.

Mick shook his head.

"Nah, buddy, I think the scratch on my back can attest for that."

"What thing?" asks Jane, looking concerned

at them over her cup of cocoa.

"We ran into some creature when we were trying to leave the hotel, just outside of the World's Fair Grounds."

"Did you both see what this creature looked like?" asks Jane with another strawberry in her mouth. Blake looks away trying to remember any distinct features of the beast that terrorized both him and Mick on their departure.

"A jackal," said Blake.

"A jackal?" asks Jane.

"But...it stood up like a human, and was much taller than one. Tall and gangly thin. It was white...like a ghost...with red eyes, tall ears...long sharp teeth...blood on it's lips," Blake shivered at the memory, he felt a great cold sweep over him.

Mick seems to react in the same way that Blake does while describing it, Jane has an uneasy look on her face, but doesn't seem as surprised as Blake expected her to be. She seems to believe his story.

"You don't think we've gone crazy?" asks Blake.

She thinks for a moment in thought. "I believe you," says Jane. "But I thought what did that to Mick's back might have been something to do with what's out there at the moment..."

"What's out there?" asks Blake.

Mick looks worried.

"What do you mean, Jane?"

"Why the curfew is in place," says Jane.

Both Mick and Blake look at a loss.

"You didn't know about the curfew?" asks Jane.

Both shake their head.

"Well, there's a lot you missed while you were away," said Jane.

"That's right..." says Mick, "You asked us why we were outside, earlier."

"Is that why the diner was all locked up?" asked Blake.

"Yeah..." said Jane.

"What's been going on?"

"Well..." Jane starts, "There's been a series of disappearances and murders throughout the city...all the work of someone that's only known as the "Jackal". All I was told was that there was another murder earlier tonight and were not

Jezebel Continued on page 80



A L A N

Images by
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Alan





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WORLDWIDE

supposed to leave or go into the streets unless absolutely necessary. And not to go alone.”

Blake suddenly remembered the headline he saw while in the abandoned fairgrounds. Was it a taunt? Both Mick and Blake look at each other as if they both thought of the same thing, but that headline was in past tense. Blake wondered if this had happened before, years ago, or was a recurring event that the city was trying to keep quiet. Either way, it was greatly disturbing.

“So naturally I was surprised when I saw you two show up,” said Jane. “I thought for sure the two of you knew about it.”

“No, we were on Northerly Island, most of the night,” said Blake.

“And...is that where...that happened?” asks Jane, indicating Mick’s back.

Mick nods, “Yeah...” he said. “There’s a lot more to talk about, but I think we’ve seen too much tonight. ...But good stuff for the investigation,” says Mick, trying to find the bright side of it, “Bad stuff for us, personally. Except...maybe for someone else too...”

Both Blake and Mick share a worried look. Blake knew they were both thinking about the same thing. Jane nods, trying to discern what Mick meant by that last statement. Blake turns from Mick to Jane.

“How long has the curfew been in effect?” asks Blake.

Jane checks her watch and the clock on the wall in the kitchen, just to make sure. “I’d say about two hours before you got here...four hours since you guys arrived. That was when the manager called and told me to lock up. About half an hour later an officer stopped by and gave me the scoop, and told me to stay put and not open the door for anyone. Typical cop stuff.”

“Two hours you say...” says Blake thinking out loud. “That’s almost as long as it took Mick and I to get here from Northerly Island. You think so Mick?”

“A little more than that I’d say,” says Mick, nodding.

“What are you two getting at?” asks Jane, feeling something brewing in the air.

Mick and Blake exchange one more look.

“Jane, we saw a man murdered tonight,”

says Mick.

“What?” asks Jane.

“It was over four hours ago, in the fairgrounds behind the Blue Rose Hotel,” Mick continues calmly. Jane sat with her mouth hanging open for a moment, before she remembered to close it. She sat intently, listening to Mick, sipping her hot cocoa. “It was the same thing that attacked Blake and I, and gave me this scratch. It wasn’t human. Poor guy didn’t stand a chance.”

“Who?” asks Jane.

“One of the workers,” says Blake, “From the hotel. Guard or bodyguard I suppose. He wasn’t as big as the others. Of course he was the one they sent out tonight. Unlucky guy.”

“Jane...” says Mick, half interrupting Blake, but looking as if he had something important to say. “It...It didn’t just kill him,” he pauses for a moment, as if trying not to think of the details, “It ate him.”

“Ate?” asks Jane, with a gasp, looking a little pale for a moment.

Mick nodded. “Well part of him anyway...” said Mick.

“His heart,” said Blake suddenly. Both Jane and Mick looked at Blake. “I saw it, clear as day. Pulled it right out of his chest, the flesh around it and all.”

Blake was looking down at the table cloth, and his empty glass, instead of at Jane and Mick, looking as if he didn’t want to recall the memory at all.

Mick looks from Blake to Jane.

“Think we’re dealing with the same killer?” asks Mick.

“It very well could be,” says Jane. “the fact that what you described looked like a jackal should be evidence enough.”

Blake thinks aloud. “You don’t suppose whatever it was followed us here?” He asks.

“I really don’t want to think that’s the case here...” says Jane. “But it very well could be the same culprit. I’d be willing to bet my next piece of strawberry shortcake on it in fact.”

Blake lets out a nervous laugh. “Not enough, I got wrapped up in a case involving my old flame, and her old tycoon father. Now we’ve got a cannibal killer on our tail...and it’s some kind of fuckin’ monster. ...what a fuckin’ night, man. Why did I take on this case.”

Mick could tell Blake was feeling close to

cracking, and puts one of his big hands on his shoulder.

“Hey, it’s alright, buddy. We’re in this together now,” says Mick. “All three of us. And none of us is going to be leaving this place alone tonight. We’ll watch each other’s back’s right?”

Blake looks at Mick’s smile and feels his sanity feel like it’s returning.

“Yeah,” says Blake, with reassurance.

“Well, I guess the three of us will be working on this case together,” says Jane, “Are we all in?”

Blake and Mick look determined and nod. Jane crosses arms with both of them and they shake hands. The silly, pretzel-like manner in which Jane joins their hands makes Blake and Mick chuckle, and relieves the tension. Jane smiles. “Well then, it’s a partnership. I think this calls for a celebration of some kind. How about drinks?”

Blake nods, as does Mick.

“What would everyone like?” asks Jane.

“That chocolate milk Blake was drinking looked pretty good,” says Mick, innocently.

“Then chocolate milk it shall be,” says Jane, she gets up from the table ...“Oh and if you boys are feeling particularly adventurous... I can even whip us up some chocolate malts.”

“Oh, hell yeah!” says Blake.

“Yeah!” says Mick, sounding excited, like a big kid, “I love chocolate malts. Those are John’s favorite!”

An immediate silence filled the atmosphere, shared by both Mick and Jane. Blake could cut the tension with a knife.

“I’ll just go get those malts...” said Jane.

Mick looked sad...solemn...hurt. Jane looked sad as well. What was going on? Who was John? Blake wanted to ask so much, but felt now was not the right time. They had a lot on their hands at the moment. It was best to stay quiet about it...for now.

...

The chocolate malts made Blake and Mick forget their troubles for a moment, they were served in tall, frosty glasses, with a snowy topped dollop of whipped cream, which Jane piled on generously. The blue glow from the surrounding signs was all that illuminated them, but gave the place an oddly calming atmosphere, as if the place was lit by blue candlelight, or tiny blue flames.

Jezebel

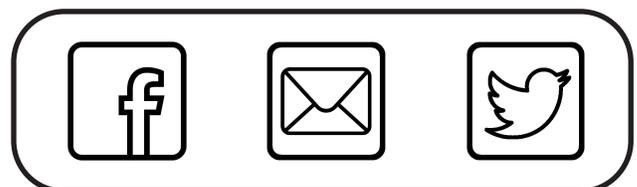
Soon, Mick and Blake drained their glasses of chocolate malts, and it was time to go. They invited Jane, so she wouldn’t have to walk or drive home alone. It was the safer way. They walked outside and she locked up the diner for the night, and they left, with one last look at the frosty, fresh assortment of foods in the glass refrigerator block, which reminded Blake so much of the automats cubes he had seen with Jezebel.

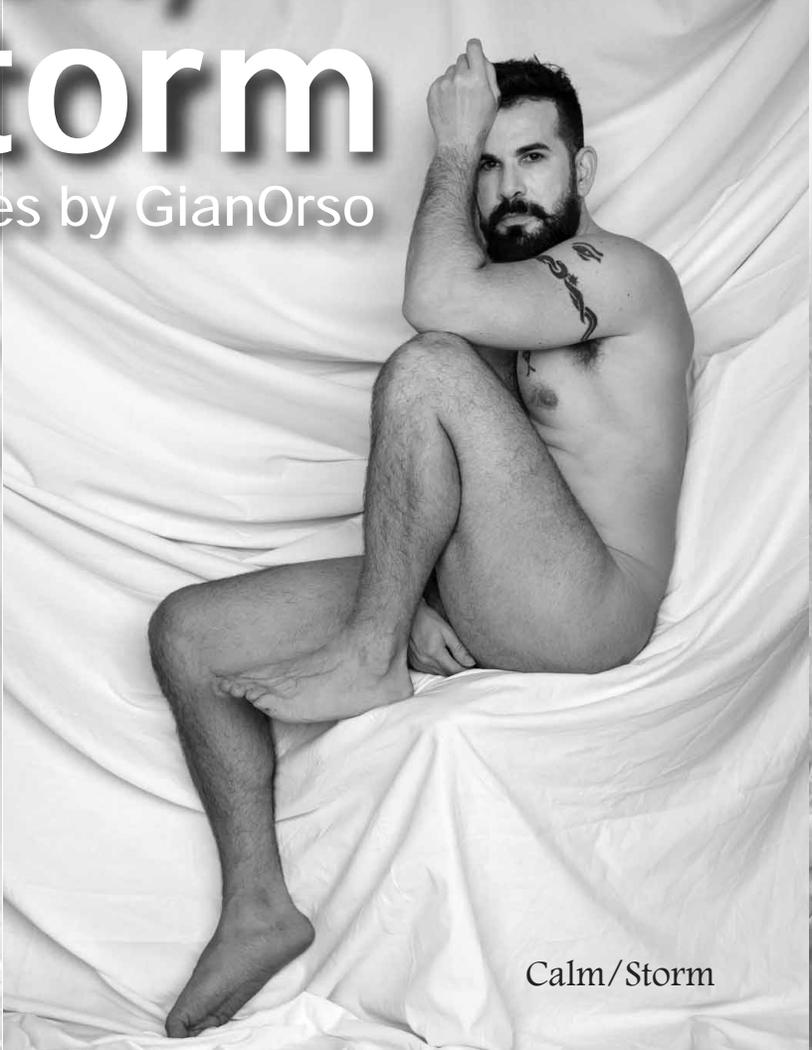
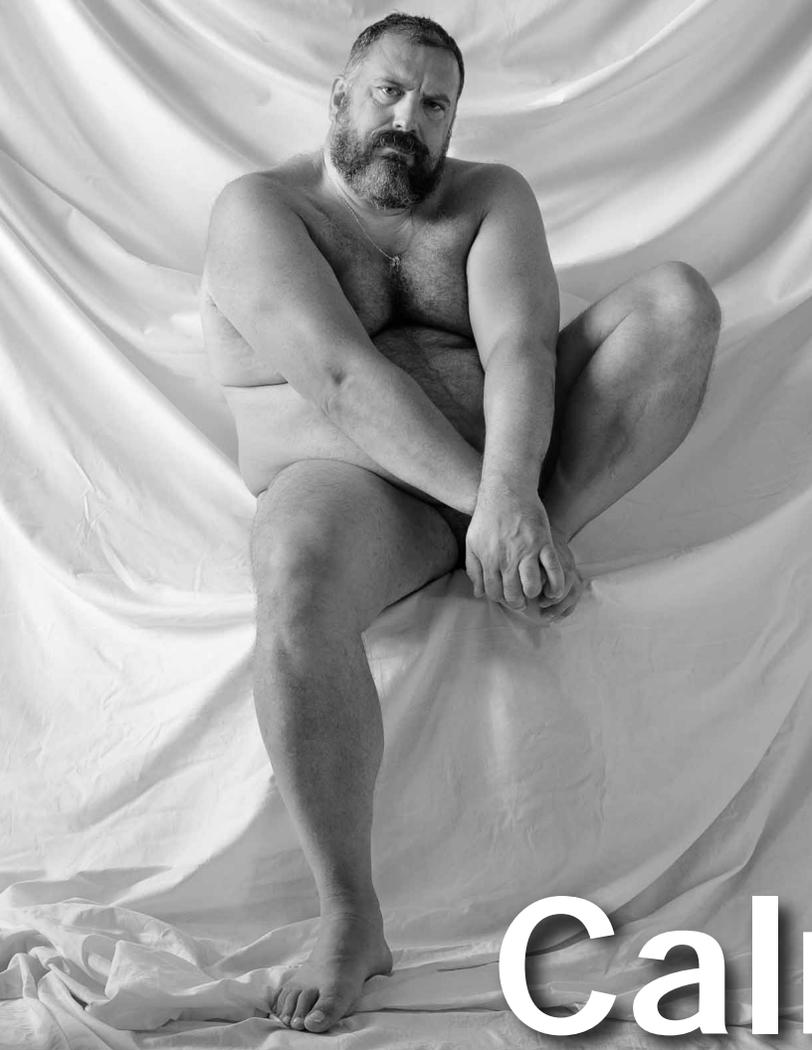
Refreshed from their food and drink, and chocolate malts, and wary from the knowledge of what was possibly out there, lurking the streets, they started down the dark, cold streets on their long walk home.

(To be continued...)



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Calm/ Storm

Images by GianOrso



These figures immersed in the white background of a hypothetical artist's studio,
suspended in time and isolated from real space,
idealized in the poses loaded with an ancient pathos,
impenetrable and distant in fixing a moment of apparent calm,

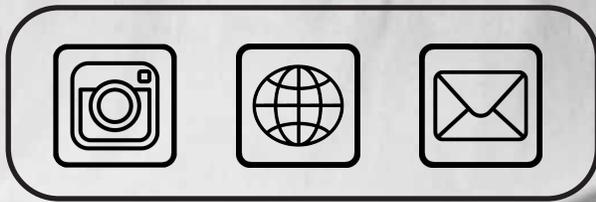


that through the theatricality of the gestures,
tell about my concern,
my inner chaos,
my emotional storm,
in the search for an ideal of beauty too often denied,
despised,
mocked.









At a Gastation in

Story by
Anonymous

Jacksonville, Florida!

I stopped at a gas station on my way home from work one night, last month, to take a shit. I had noticed a man standing beside his truck being screamed at by some woman. I assumed she was his wife.

He was wearing jeans and a black tee-shirt, with Boothill slaoon on it, and a skullcap made of material that was a rebel flag. He had a cigar in his mouth and I noticed he must be drunk because he couldn't stand straight and was staggering around.

As I walked by them, I saw her slap his face hard enough to knock the cigar out of his mouth. I hurried past them into the bathroom located on the outside of the building. I had been sitting in the stall reading all the notes left on the walls when I heard the truck squeal out of the parking lot.

After a few minutes, I heard the bathroom door open and heard someone mutter "God damn fucking bitch". I also could smell cigar smoke so I knew it was the redneck who had been fighting with his woman.

I peeked thru the crack between the stall wall and door. He was standing in front of the sink looking into the mirror. I heard him say something about getting even with that fuckin cunt when I saw him turn toward the stall.

I jerked my head back quickly hoping he hadn't seen me. I hadn't heard him say anything for a few minutes when I dared to peek thru the crack again. I saw him standing about two foot from the stall door staring right at it and taking a big puff on his cigar. I saw his foot fly out quickly as he kicked the door hard enough to knock the latch off the wall.

"What the fuck are you looking at, bitch?" he screamed at me.

I didnt answer quickly enough, I guess, so he screamed "I asked you a fucking question,

bitch! What the fuck are you looking at? You a fucking sissyboy", he said.

I didnt know what to say and started to pull up my pants when he pushed me back onto the toilet.

"I ask you a muther fucking question, bitch! Are you a FUCKIN' sissy, bitch?"

"No, sir" I said.

He just stood there twirling the cigar between his lips. With his fingers he took it out of his mouth and spit right between my eyes.

"Well, I think you're a fucking faggot. I seen you looking at me thru the crack. You want to see what a real man's dick looks like, fagbitch?" he asked. Then he slapped my face and said, "I asked you a question, faggot! Answer me, bitch, before I beat the answer out of you."

"Yes, Sir" I said.

He let out a deep evil laugh and said, "Fucking faggot", then put the cigar back in his mouth and pulled out his dick. It was about 3" long and kind of thick. He shook it a few times and asked if that was what I wanted to see.

I said, "Yes, sir" and he told me to get on my knees with my back to the wall.

I was afraid of what he was going to do to me and sat there trying to think of a way to get past him, out of the restroom, when he slapped me again as he yelled "Now, bitch!"

I quickly got onto my knees.

"Do you like that big dick, bitch?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir" I said.

"Do you wish you could wrap you fag mouth around my fat dick, sissyboy?"

"Yes, Sir" I said but before I could get that out he started pissing right between my eyes. It burned really bad so I closed eyes and mouth.

"Open your fuckin mouth cunt!" he said as

he jerked my head back by my hair.

I opened my mouth as he filled it with his piss and told me to swallow it unless I wanted to get the shit beat out of me. I swallowed and then he told me he was going to put his dick in my mouth and I wasn't to move. Again he started pissing and dared me to miss a drop. I gulped it down and gagged as I tried not to get any on him for fear of what he might do.

Then he stopped pissing and said, "Now suck it, bitch."

I started sucking his dick like my life depended on it, trying hard to impress him, to keep him from getting any madder than he was.

He grabbed two hands full of my hair and started fucking my face. I could feel his dick growing in my mouth. It just kept getting bigger and bigger as it got hard. I could feel it growing down my throat but couldn't back off of it. He had my face pinned to his cock with it running down my neck.

"I told you it was a big dick, cocksucker. You act like you didnt believe me."

Then, as I gagged, he started to grind it harder and deeper into my neck telling me to stop that fucking gagging and suck his dick. He pulled it out of my throat and started beating my face with it the pushed me back telling me to look at it.

I couldn't believe how big that 3" soft dick had gotten. It had grown to about 9" or more.

"You like it, fag?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

He slapped my face and told me to call all straight men, "Sir".

"You aint nothing but a cunt, like all the other bitches I fuck." He grabbed my head and started to fuck my face deep and hard again.

He started grunting and groaning and then buried very deep into my neck and I could feel it swell as each shot of cum shot out of his dick and down my throat as he grunted, "Yeah, bitch, swallow my nutt like a good cunt."

After he pulled it out of my neck, I gasped for breath.

"Get the fuck up, you nasty fucking cunt."

I started to pull up my pants as he took another puff on his cigar then blew the smoke in my face then told me to bend over the toilet and show him my cunt hole.

"I dont get fucked," I started to say when He told me I would do what the fuck he said. Then he

shoved me onto the toilet and slapped my ass cheek hard then told me to spread them.

I did as told and I heard him spit on his dick before he started trying to get the head in. It took him a few minutes, but after he got the head in he reached around and put his hand over my mouth and started fucking my poor butthole like a wild animal.

After he was ready to cum he grunted that he was getting ready to bust his nut in my cunt then he slammed it deep into my asshole and cummed deep into my butthole. He held me tight against him pinning me there when I felt the warm feeling as he started to piss inside of me.

After he pulled out there was blood, shit, and cum all over his big dick. He used my hair to wipe his dick off some and then made me lick it clean.

After he finished, he pissed one more time soaking me from head to toe and told me to sit in the bathroom long enough to give him time to get away from it.

As the door was closing I heard him say, "Watch out, man, there's a faggot in there who was begging to suck my dick so I pissed all over his stupid ass."

They both laughed as the door opened when a big fat black man walked in as I was sitting on the toilet trying to drain the piss and cum from my asshole.

The Black man didnt even say a word but just walked up and pulled out his dick and pissed all over me and then laughed and said, "That will teach ya, cocksucker." then walked out.

I cleaned myself up as best I could and went to my car. As I rolled down the window, he walked up and pulled out his dick right there, in the parking lot, and started pissing on me thru the window.

"I need a ride home, bitch." then walked around to the other side and got in. "Take me to your house, bitch. I want some more pussy and I am going to breed your sissyboy cunt hole all night long."

He has been over twice since then but only to sit back with a beer and a cigar while I suck him off a couple of times. He is really a nice man when he is sober.

By the way, I came all over myself, three times, while he was using me in that restroom and I never even touched myself.



ALBERIK

Images by Alberik & Jorbe













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Desert Heat

Magazine

Coming October 3rd