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DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!

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Julius Toons
Road Travel
Excitement

Alex Torres
Lalo Sánchez

Big Sexy

Cooling his furry body in
an outdoor tub

Edward Murillo Moreno
I'm Waiting For
You, Daddy

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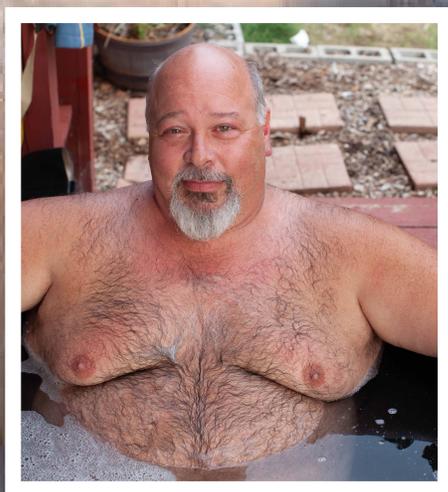
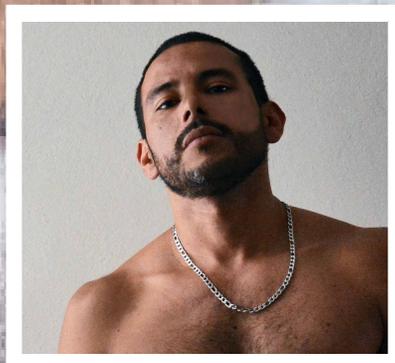
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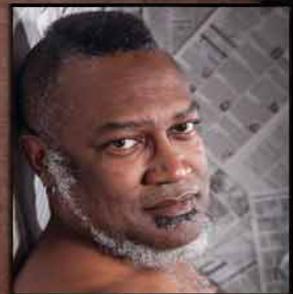
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Ramblings From the Editor

Why is everyone so triggered lately? Or does it just seem they are? You can't go to a social media site without seeing a "karen" or a "chad" ranting or raving about something or some "injustice" happening because someone is not exactly like they are or not doing things the way they think should be done.

I was recently on tiktok and it's starting there too. It use to be that the tiktok member's called out people's bad attitudes or behaviors by posting them. Now it seems more brash people are posting videos bragging about harassing people for no reason other than trying to get more views and comments.

What the fuck is wrong with us? Why have we let social media numb our brains into thinking "likes", "followers", or "comments" actual mean anything in real life?

Why do people think that it is ok to act like an asshole on social media and when they get called out for it in real life, i.e. they lose their job over doing something truly controversial, they whine and complain that "cancel culture" is trying to stem their free speech?

Nobody ever said you couldn't say what you want to say, you just have to be ready for the consequences for acting like the asshole you are!

Also, what's with the shaming going

on in the gay community. Evidently, bottom shaming is rearing it's ugly head again as well as fat shaming, although this never has seemed to go away.

Do people honestly think that by belittling others it is uplifting themselves? Do they think that people look at them in a better light because they can spout their nonsensical "truth"?

What happened to the inclusiveness we, as a community, have been striving to get for so many years? How can we begin to "demand" being treated equally when it seems like we think we are better than others?

And when the fuck is, as a whole, our community going to outgrow the highschool mentality? When are we going to get rid of the "cliques" that seem to plague our cities?

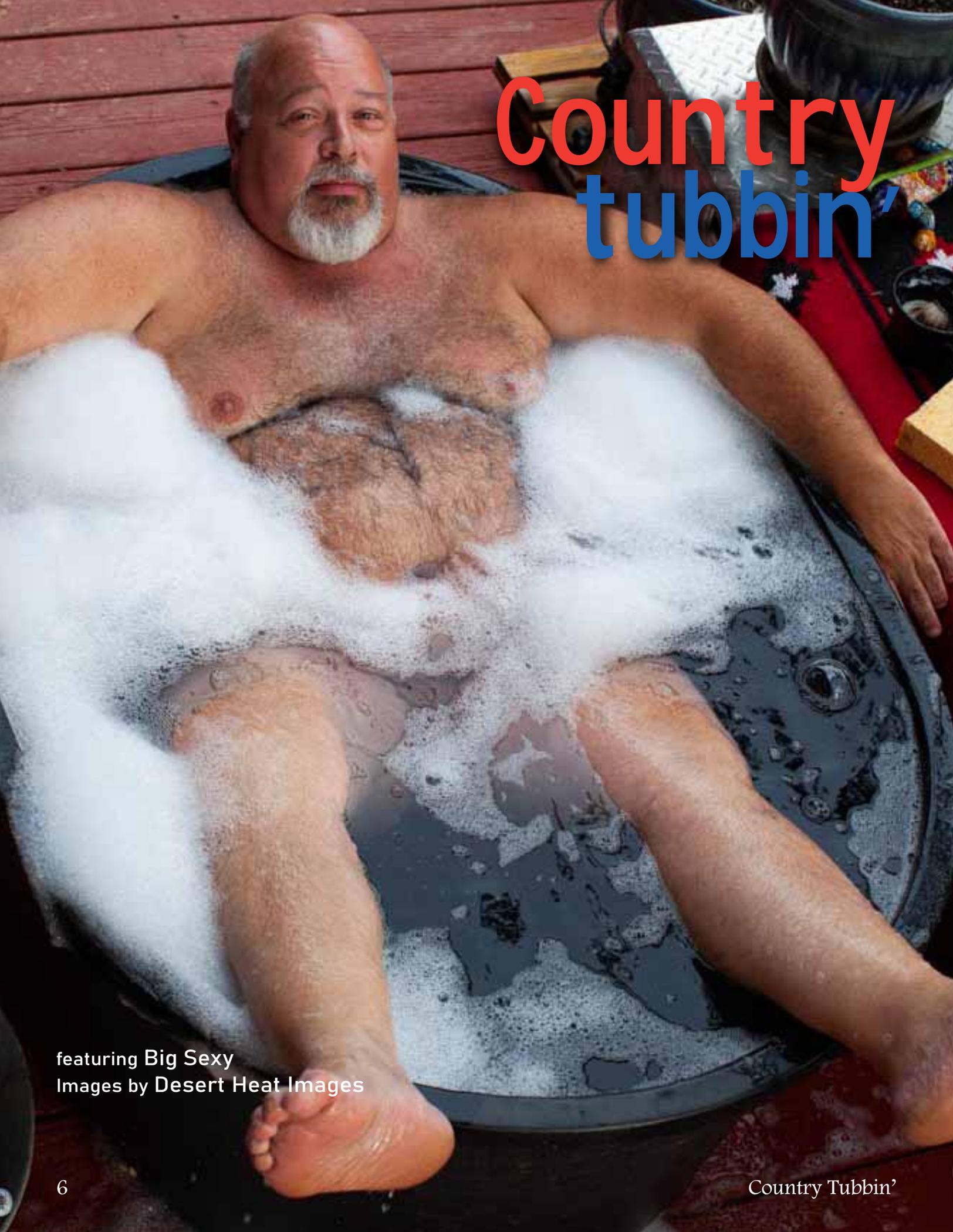
A friend of mine who has moved to a major city on the West Coast, after living their a year, moved from their because he found himself lonely, not able to "break through" into the cliques that are there. He was made to feel like an outcast anytime he went to a gay bar.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





Country tubbin'

featuring Big Sexy
Images by Desert Heat Images







Country Tubbin'







Road Travel Excitement

Story by Julius Toons

I went north from Florida for a funeral. On the way back home I decided to drive the Natchez Trace Parkway all the way. Nice drive, 50 mph, lots of scenery, many animals and birds. Nothing exciting happened until I reached Natchez.

Natchez is a port city on the Mississippi River. Lots of riverboat crewmembers and gamblers at the casinos. Settled into a motel to wait out a storm I hooked up via wi-fi online. In no time I found a guy interested in coming to the motel for fun with me.

When he arrived I suggested we shower together; wanted him squeaky clean since I am a very oral bottom, love kissing, licking, sucking, mouthing, rimming, being fucked lots, over and over.

Naked in the shower with him I knew I had gotten more than lucky. Altair, a boatman, was 6' 2" tall, 185lbs, 8" long, thin cut cock, muscular, hairy, taut butt and half-arab and half-british. I gauged his height by mine – 6' even, his cock length and thickness by mine – 6.5x5" and cut also. We weighed on the scales. I tipped them at 225; yeah a bit fat at 56 years old to Altair's 42 years.

In the shower I washed him with attention to his neck, chest, armpits, belly, back side, crotch, cleaned his cock and balls good watching him grow to full length. He returned the bathing favor with particular attention to my crack and hole. Both of us knew why we were there, what we intended to do, but it turned out better than I had imagined with him when he agreed to come to the motel, even while we were showering together.

We dried each other and went to the double bed taking towels, hand towels and wash clothes with us. We laid together on our sides, face to face, chest to chest, belly to belly. My next happy surprise was when he took my face in his big, calloused hands. He smiled at me, puckered his lips and kissed me on the mouth. I kissed him back. He probed his tongue between my lips into my mouth. I have him my tongue. We snarled tongues, kissing. He was going to make love to me as if I was his woman, and I wanted it that way so much.

Still kissing me, he felt my neck, shoulders, chest, back with his hands; my stiffening nipples, over my belly, onto my pubic hairs. He cupped my balls in one hand, fondled them lovingly. I mimicked him with my hands, touching, rubbing, massaging his muscles, feeling his big nuts in their slightly haired sack. Then I took his hard cock in that hand, stroking him, feeling his slimy precum flow onto my fingers, fist, into my palm.

I broke our mouth kiss to kiss, lick his ears, nuzzle his neck, kiss, lick his shoulders, chest, kiss, lick, suck his nipples – one, the other. I worked my way down onto his belly, tongued his navel, licked his pubes. I grasped his cock shaft in my hand and licked his greasy knob, put my lips over it and sucked, licked around it, into his slit slurping at his oozing juice.

Arched up as I was, he felt my upper and lower back, my butt cheeks, crack, tickled my hole with the tip of a finger. I had lubed for him after our shower; so his finger slid into me, another, a third.

I was ready for his cock to fuck me, but he had another idea – a good one.

He moved us so I was on my back, he was sitting on my chest, his cock at my mouth. I licked it on the thick underside vein, up one side, down the other; capped the head in my lips again. He slid it over my tongue to the back of my throat. I gurgled, sucked. He moaned. I grasped his hips and pulled him. He got the idea and pushed his cock down my throat. Breathing through my nose, gasping for air, I swallowed rapidly, trilling my throat muscles on his knob. He moaned again, then withdrew slowly, pushed in again as I raised my head gasping to take all of his cock. I felt his balls on my chin, his wiry pubic hairs on my upper lip and nose. He fucked my mouth slowly, reaching back he stroked my cock, fondled my balls.

I felt his cock swell thicker, lengthen in my mouth, tasted, felt more of his slimy precum coating my tongue, the insides of my saliva wet mouth, throat. I knew he was going to cum, flood my mouth, but he surprised me again. Looking down at me he said, "I'm going to fuck you. Make you feel so good. Make you want me like you have never wanted cock before."

He was already fucking my mouth, I thought, better than it had ever been fucked before. I wanted him to keep fucking my mouth, to feed me his hot load of jism.

He eased his cock out of my mouth. I slurped at it as it slid over my tongue, out from between my lips. He lifted my legs. I let my legs open wide for him, raised my hips, ready to take his cock up my ass. Another surprise: He kissed my butt, licked it, slid his tongue up and down the crack of my ass, centered his tongue tip on my hole and started rimming me, adding his saliva to the lube around the outside and up in my rectum.

I was moaning, rolling my head from side to side, my eyes closed, enjoying the feelings so much so I did not feel his shifting, putting on a rubber, lubing it, did not even notice until his knob hit my pucker. He pushed. His slender, long cock slid right up into me. His pubes pressed against my ball sack, his balls rested in the crack of my ass. I gasped at the depth of his penetration, his cock deeper into me than any meat had ever been before.

He pulled back, pushed into me, pulled back, pushed into me, a steady rhythm, increasing

his pace gradually as I moaned and humped up and down with him. Holding his cock deep in me he rolled me over onto my knees, butt up, chest down. I reached back to hold his butt cheeks as he fucked me steadily, from time to time pausing in his thrusts to worm his long shaft around and around deep inside my hole.

All the time his hands were roaming on me, on my neck, shoulders, nipples, chest, belly, the front and inside my legs, one on my cock stroking me, the other massaging my nuts gently. I was moaning like the whore that I was for his long, hard cock, begging him to fuck me more, faster, harder, deeper. He was ignoring me, keeping the pace he wanted, riding me to greater and greater pleasure until I started cumming, shooting my bolts of white cum onto the bedspread, my ass gripping and releasing on his pistoning rod.

"Ungh, ungh, ungh," he grunted. "Oh, ah, oh, yeah," he gasped. "Where do you want it?" he asked me.

"Oh, oh, oh, ungh, ungh, ungh, yeah, yeah, yeah, please," I grunted, begged at each of his deep thrusts into me. "Aaah, aah, oh, ah," I groaned. "In me please. Cum in me," I said pleading. "Cum in me, then give me your cock again in my mouth," I said.

"Oh fuck," he said so loud I was sure anyone in the rooms on either side of mine could hear him.

"Ungh," I grunted.

Slowing a bit with his fucking, he said, "You love my cock don't you?" You love me fucking you."

"Yes, oh yes," I managed to say with each of his three more punches into my throbbing hole. "So, long, deep, in, me," I stuttered with his next five strokes.

He laughed. "I can put another inch or two on it," he said. "Want it?" he asked.

"Ungh, ungh, yeah, yeah, oh, yeah, please, yeah," I mouthed with his next eight strokes.

He pulled up on my belly, drew me back tighter against him with his other hand on my sweaty shoulder. Sweaty.

Yeah we were sweaty. I was covered with a sheen of sweat. His perspiration was dripping onto my naked body. The room reeked of our sweat and man sex – precum, my cum shot onto the bedspread, the lube, spit, my butt musk.

He hunched hard into me. A new, deeper

Road Travel Excitement.

penetration thrilled my hole. He held me tight, pushed. His cock went the other inch, two or more into me. I felt him throbbing in me, his cock knob swelling, rod getting harder, thicker, cum pulsing into the rubber. Damn those rubbers, the need for them. I so wanted to feel his cream cum filling me rather than the rubber.

We laid together for only a minute or two. Then he pulled out, peeled off the rubber. I went down to kiss, lick, clean his cock in my mouth, nurse out the rest of his cum and swallow it. I sucked him up hard again. He fucked me again. We repeated that for a third time.

In the morning I woke up with his cock in my mouth. I was sucking him for a full load of cum in my mouth this time.

I expect we will get together again if he wants to, but I went then on to Texas for a few days and back across Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and the Florida Panhandle to return home in Central Florida. I had some more fun in Slidell, LA, the Gulfport/Biloxi area, and in Pensacola, FL. Later stories, ok?

In Texas I only relaxed, kicked back for a few days, but in those few days got hornier and hornier for more cock, cum in my mouth and ass. I left Texas and stopped in Slidell, LA, in the early afternoon. I found an inexpensive but clean motel near a truck stop just off I-10. I got a room, set up my stuff, got a bucket of ice, and poured some rum on a glass of ice. I hooked up the trusty computer and went looking for some fun.

In a m4m chat room I got a quick response for that time of the day, early, not even dark yet. I had posted a brief message, "Horny looking for now in Slidell." The quick responder posted, "Just got into Slidell. Let's go private."

We agreed on a private room name, "Slidell," and met there. "Checked your profile man," he IMed to me, "like what you said." I answered, "TY. Mean it too and now also." He asked, "Where r u?" I gave him the name of the motel.

"Great," he responded. "Can't believe it.

Just pulled into the truck stop to shower, rest, checked the Louisiana chat room on my computer in the truck." I asked, "The truck stop Road Travel Excitement

right by the motel?"

He answered, "Yes." I gave him my room number and invited him to join me in my second floor room.

Naked, as usual when at the computer looking for fun, getting stimulated by porn sites, I went to the window and watched through the slightly opened curtain. A big guy in overalls got out of a tractor-trailer truck pulling a flat bed with oil rig fittings on it. He headed straight for the motel.

When he disappeared under the second floor walkway, I freshened my drink and wrapped a towel around my waist.

Sure enough there was a solid knock on my door. I looked through the peephole at the big guy, swarthy, dark black hair, a stubble of face hair. At first I thought he was black, later learned he was a Cajun. I opened the door on the chain.

"You just online?" I asked.

"Yeah," he answered in a deep, rumbling voice. I closed the door, released the chain and let him come into the room. I walked over, sat on the bed, took a swallow of my rum.

"You sure look ready," he said, eyeing me in the towel.

"I am ready," I said. "How about we shower? I'll give you a massage for starters."

"I do want one of those massages you offer," he said, "but how about you suck me first. I've been driving all day, stopped at the porn store down the road, horny as hell, ready to cum now."

Not even waiting for my answer he started undoing his overalls. A take charge guy. What I like. I watched him drop the overalls to the floor. His overalls slid past his work boots. He kicked them aside on the floor. Going commando he had no underwear.

He peeled off his oil and sweat stained white t-shirt. With no sleeves the t-shirt revealed curly, dark haired armpits, muscular biceps and shoulders; then after he removed it, a hairy thick chest, tight abs and a dark treasure trail leading down to his curly black pubic hairs. I looked on down to his fat cock, half hard, draped over a set of big low hanging balls in a hairy sack between his muscular thighs.

"Like it?" he asked, seeing my gaze. He covered his package with a big hand, lifted and

Continued on pg 32

MODELS WANTED

MEN OF ALL SIZES



DHM
IS LOOKING FOR
MEN WHO WANT
TO SHOW OFF!!

**GOT WHAT
IT TAKES?**
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**A
WEEKEND
WITH**

**JACKSON
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I think I like eating ass more than I like sucking cock.

I mean, I've thought about it a lot. Probably more than most guys think about... well, anything. It occupies my

masturbatory fantasies. Put an ass in my face, I'm going to eat it.

It's funny, because at the ripe old age of 21 I was afraid of my ass. I didn't like things going up it, much less eating it. By age 24, I had become entwined in a relationship that would last me just shy of our 20 year anniversary. My late partner gave me dildos partly because he was a big Scottish cuddy. Because he was well-endowed he wanted to make sure I could take him. He delighted in fucking me so hard that I'd cum without touching myself. I quickly got over the fear of my ass.

Thus began my long journey and education into self-exploration and my seemingly never-ending need to push my envelope down the kinky rabbit hole to other worlds that awaited me. Boots, socks and sneakers I had under my belt already, but piss was new, followed by all things ass related. With the toys and my well hung Scottish man, I was curious about fisting at age 26 where I took my first one.

My best friend in St. Louis was the first guy to put his fist in me. This was before he was married, but we'd met on that old cruising site and he travelled 4 hours to come play with me in Kansas City. We were in my basement play room and he was blowing me and greasing up his

ALL THINGS DRUB

hand... I stood over him with him dutifully choking on my cock. One, two and three fingers were inside me and without any warning, so were the others judging by the way my ass demanded more. I was stretched to my limits, or so I thought, and then came my first "fist bump" - that lovely wide part of the hand between the thumb knuckle and the compacted palm. In it went!

The pressure and fullness of my first fist had me seeing stars and uncontrollably pissing down my friend's throat. Thankfully, he's a huge piss pig and I just let myself go. When that was done, I throbbed in his mouth and he blew me with such renewed vigor that I had no choice but to cum down his throat. I couldn't go anywhere. My ass



was impaled by his fist and I was his dumb fuck puppet. Transfixed and doubled over his head during orgasm and him slowly sliding out of my ass with a wet sound, we stood there in awe of what just happened, giggling like little kids.

After that, of course, I wanted that again and again.

Like every other thing I've tried and accomplished, I would have to do it multiple times to make sure I did indeed love it.

Of course, with ass play comes ass eating. Whether it's my hole or somebody else's - I love everything about it. Tight holes are nice, but I really love a loose, sloppy hole that will dilate for me. My tongue is about 4 or 5 inches long. And very agile and strong. I love tongue fucking somebody's ass and making them yell. Getting my entire tongue inside a hole that opens for me is something that makes me feel complete. Eating ass is a wonderful thing and I'll spend hours doing it if you let me.

Writing this article, I've debated on how explicit and gross I wanted to get. I mean, after all - this article is about ass and I pretty much "came out" about it in the French book series, Dirty Minds, this summer. But like everything else, it's only fun when the other guy(s) are into it. I'm not even sure if my dear and wonderful editor of Desert Heat would even wanting me to discuss that for another article but...

When I was in Brighton, UK when I was in my later 20s, my late partner and I picked up this big, dark ginger headed lad with a rugby build. It was brilliant and he kept putting his ass in my face, so I went for it. Let's say, he was less than clean. We were all having a great time and rugby bum was straddling my face. I went in with the flat of my tongue, struggled with the fact that I didn't really want to get up, and resumed cleaning him up. Later my partner said "Um, he was less than clean." I grinned and said "Well, he's much cleaner now."

I love and prefer a hairy ass. A sweaty ass. Trimmed and hairless if I must, but I like to know a man's ass is in my face. A verbal receiver of anallingus is the best. I can't speak and I'm there to do a job. I work. My tongue is probing that asshole open, I'm sucking those lips out, I'm licking that hairy trench. I want my tongue to hurt at the end like it just got a new gym membership. That ass is getting ate. A rim seat is great for taking your
All Things Drub

time and I highly recommend getting one if you like ass as much as I do.

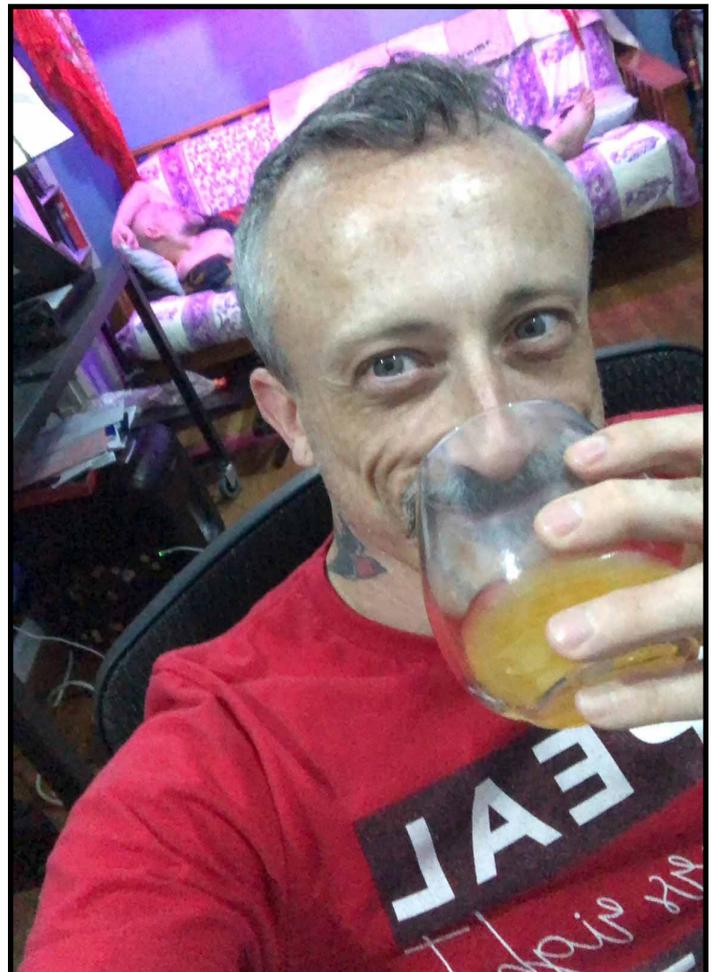
Since we've got all the filth and ickiness out of the way, you're still reading this. Good. It's an ass and it has a couple functions for gay men. Get over it. And stop shaming bottoms who aren't cleaned out completely to your specifications. Some of you queens really annoy me.

Since I'm into fisting too, I even love eating a punched out rosebud. Get my fingers in there on either side, spread it open and dive in. Mouthfuls of Crisco? I've had worse. I've had minimal problems (knock on wood) having this glee abandon relationship with eating ass. All solvable.

Can you guys do me a huge favor? Make sure you get checked regularly for STIs and other bugs. Make it a regular occurrence and happy butt munching!

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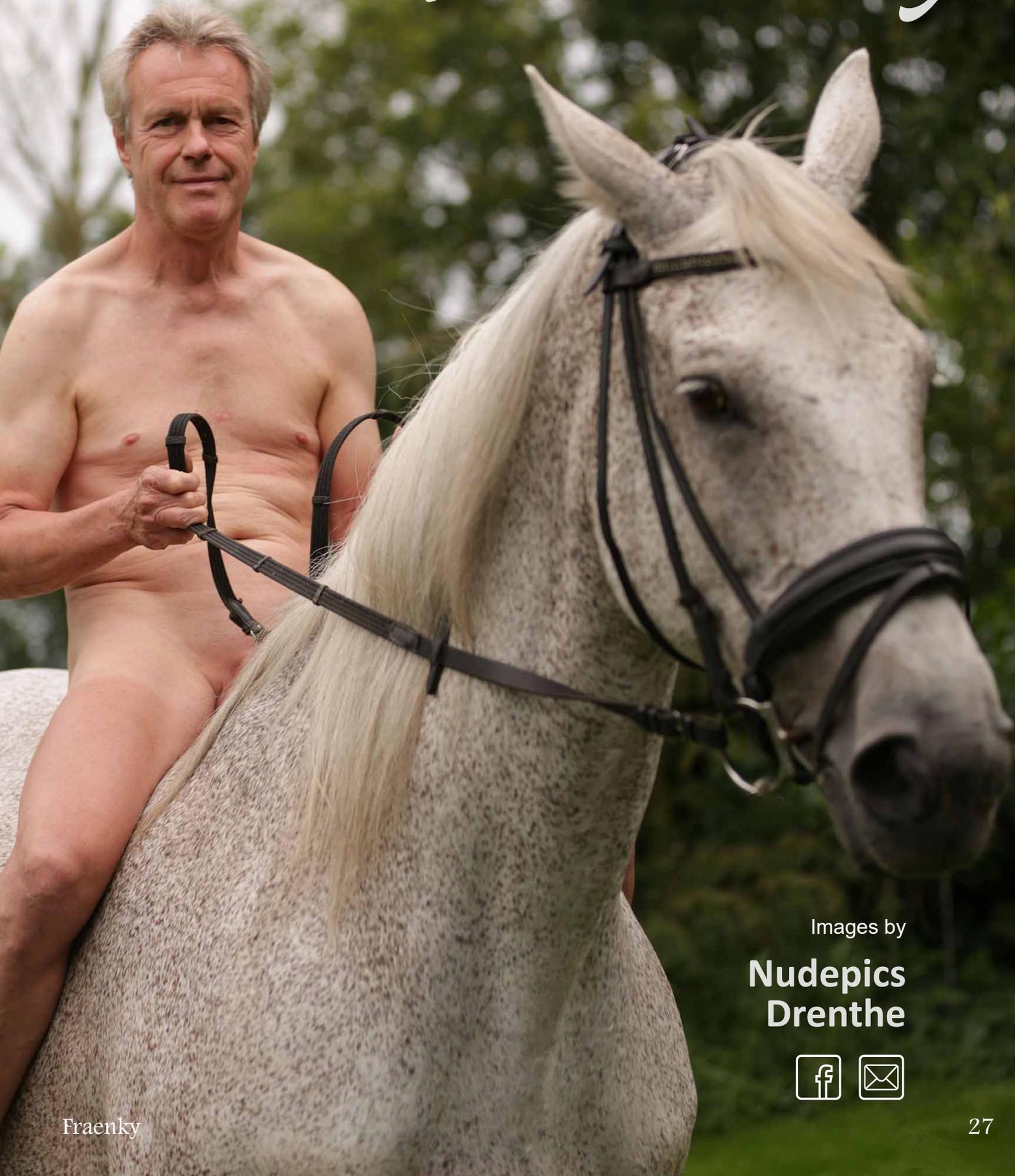
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dropped his dick and balls. His cock stood up a bit, thicker, longer.

I took another swallow of my drink. "Oh yeah," I said, "I do like it, like all I see."

He sat on the chair at the desk where I had set up my computer. I had left a picture of a guy being fucked in the ass doggy style on my computer screen. He looked at the picture and turned the chair around to face me. He let his legs move apart and hefted his package again; this time giving his cock a stroke. It stood up straighter, thicker, longer.

"Unh, un, un," I cleared my throat. "Like a drink?" I asked, taking another swallow of my drink.

"Sure," he said. "I'd really like to have a nice, cold beer, but what is that?" he asked.

"Rum," I said, taking another swallow.

"Yeah," he said, "a shot of rum will be fine."

"I have beer too," I said and went to the refrigerator to take out a cold can. I handed it to him, got another glass. "Ice?" I asked.

"No," he said, "straight is fine."

I poured the glass half full for him and sat it on the desk. I filled my glass again and took another swallow.

He cracked open the beer can, took down the rum in one swallow and followed it with a big drink of the beer.

"Oh yeah," he said. "Nice host." He tipped the beer toward me then took another swig.

I refilled his glass with rum and sat it on the desk again.

That close to him I could smell the road sweat, a tinge of oily aroma. I put a hand on his shoulder to feel his muscles. He looked at me, raised his arm and made a muscle. When he lifted his arm his man smell from his hairy pit wafted to my nose. Perverted? Guess so. I could not resist. I leaned over. He raised his arm high for me. I nuzzled in his armpit, licked, tasting his salty sweat, my head reeling from his scent.

He let me do that. So I leaned across to the other side. He turned and lifted his other arm. I buried my face in that pit to smell, lick, taste more of his salty sweat, the man odor.

"Man," he said, "you are something. You like that, get down and suck me. I want your mouth on me now."

I started to kiss, lick, suck his hairy nipple. He pushed on the back of my head. "Unh uh," he said. "This ain't gonna be any girly loving. We're gonna do the man thing. You suck me. I'm gonna fuck you."

I knew he was serious, not to be crossed in his desires. I went down, resisting my urge to kiss, lick his chest, belly, tongue his navel. He held his cock up for me. I licked the pearl of precum glistening in his slit, felt his slimy juice, tasted it.

"Suck it," he said.

I took his thick helmet between my lips, moved my head down, sliding his thick-veined shaft over my tongue into my mouth. I swirled my tongue around his knob, part of his shaft and sucked.

"Yeah, that's it," he growled. "I'm gonna cum."

I wanted to suck him more, didn't want him to cum yet. I was also near gagging on the mixed tastes in my mouth, sweat from his pits, pubes, his cockmeat, precum. I raised up and took a big swallow of my rum, rinsed it around in my mouth. He took a drink of rum, chased it with his beer.

Before he had a chance to order me again, I grasped his shaft, bent over and took his cock back in my mouth.

Gradually I worked down getting more and more of his length, to the back of my throat. My whole mouth, lips, tongue, inner cheeks, throat were slimed with his slick juice, my saliva.

I heard him drinking more rum, beer. I felt his big hand on one of my butt cheeks. He put his fingers into the cleft of my ass, massaged my butt, tickled my hole.

"Umh, yeah, good," he said. "That's getting it. Suck that cum out of me. I want this ass for a long time when I get into it," he added, rubbing the end of his big middle finger on my crenolated anus. My towel was long since gone, on the floor beside us. I was dripping precum from the excitement of sucking him, the stimulation of his finger touching my asshole.

I moved past his leg, knelt between his legs. Still gripping and stroking his shaft slowly, wet with his precum, my saliva, I went down as far as I could on his long, thick cock and sucked for his cum. My forehead and the top of my head rubbed in his pubes, against his firm belly. His pubic hairs scruffed on the side of my hand. His cock knob

poked at my throat.

I heard him moan, felt his legs tremble, his cock, thicken, pulse. I sucked. On an upstroke his cum shot into my mouth, coating my tongue, inner cheeks. I went down sucking, up, down, sucking, taking his shots of hot creamy cum into my mouth, gulping, swallowing to make room for more without spilling any.

"Ummmmnh, unh, oh yeah," he gruffed. "Good. Yeah, good cocksucker."

I looked up and smiled as best I could with his cock still in my mouth.

"Get on the bed," he said, "with your butt at the side. I want to fuck you while I'm still hard."

I raised off his cock, wiped my chin, took a drink of rum and went to kneel on the bed with my legs apart for him, butt up, chest down. "Lube, condoms on the nightstand," I said.

"Yeah, you are the host," he said as he stepped between my legs. His hairy, muscular legs touched the insides of my legs. His still hard cock laid on my back just above the cleft of my ass, his balls rested on my crack.

I heard and felt him pop the cap up on the bottle of lube. He squirted the cool lube on my crack and worked it into my cleft, smeared it on and inside my hole. He wiped the excess on his cock. He picked up a condom packet from the nightstand.

"Man, you are good," he said. "You got magnums for me. I hate regular rubbers. They pinch my cock too tight."

He opened the package, rolled the rubber over his shaft, pulled the end out and let it go, drooping a bit as a reservoir. He lubed the condom and guided his cock head to my cleft.

"Open up now," he said.

I reached back and spread my butt cheeks with both hands. He put his knob against my hole.

"You know what to do, right?" he asked.

"Ummh huh," I answered. I let go of my butt, got my bottle of poppers off the bed, opened it, pinched one nostril closed, sniffed, the other side, recapped the bottle and laid it where both of us could reach it.

"You musta been a Boy Scout," he said as he pushed his lubed, condom-covered cock knob at my hole.

I felt that, the warmth of the poppers in my face, chest, belly, to my butt, the dizziness. I Road Travel Excitement

grunted to open for him. He pushed. I grunted again.

"Ungh, ungh, oh, oh, ungh," I yelped as his big cock breached my sphincter.

I grabbed the poppers and took two more hits.

"Yeaaaaah," he said, sliding his meat up into me.

He took hold of my shoulders and twisted his cock around inside me, forcing me to open for him. He pushed in deeper. I felt his pubic hairs touch the cleft of my ass, slick with the lube, his balls touching my balls.

He twisted around inside me some more. He humped tight against me a couple of times then withdrew slowly. My anus flared around his knob. He pushed back into me. Pulled back, pushed in, back, in, back, in, fucking me slowly, long dicking me.

It felt so good. I rocked with him. He kept on fucking. Slowly he moved faster and faster. My cock and balls swayed back and forth, my cock slinging precum on the bedspread. He held my hips for a while and fucked me even faster. Then he leaned over me, his hairy chest on my back. He hunched back and forth in me. I started cumming. As bolts of cum shot from my cock, my ass clasped and released on his fucking cock. He started cumming in my ass, but he kept on fucking.

He fucked me for a few more minutes. Then he pushed down on my back with one of his hands. I laid flat on the bed. He went down with me keeping his cock tight and deep up my gushy hole. We laid there together, letting our breathing slow, our heart beats return to near normal. I had been gasping, groaning, telling him how good he was the whole time he was fucking me.

Finally his cock softened a bit. He pinched the end of the rubber around the base of his shaft and eased out of me with a juicy plop.

"Aaah man, that was good," he said, rolling off me.

"Yeah, sure was," I agreed. "Let's go shower now."

"Sure," he said. "I'll shower, then you. You can give me that massage and we'll fuck some more."

We did just what he said. I sucked him as I

Continued on pg 54

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I'M

WAITING

THERE'S
NOTHING MORE
INTRIGUING
THAN WAITING
YOUR LOVED
ONE, AND IF
YOU WEAR
TIGHT FETISH
CLOTHES, IT
BECOMES A
FANTASY!

FOR

YOU

DADDY

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Hooking up w/ a straight cop

story by u/Btownboy89

So the company I work for rents out a floor in an office building one town over from where I live. The cleaners would show up at night and set the alarm off causing the boss to get a phone call and have to come to the building and meet the police to make sure no one broke in.

Well, him being the boss this didn't last long and he asked if I would take over that responsibility, seeing as I lived so close. It didn't happen too often but every once in a while I would get a call from the alarm company to go meet the police abs reset the alarm.

One night I was at home lounging around and I got the call around 1130pm. I threw on gym shorts and a hoodie and drove over.

I met 2 cops there and they offered to come inside with me while I reset the alarm just to make sure no one was inside. While we walked over I struck up conversation with one of the cops, Rob.

Rob was tall like me, 6'3, and muscular, but not ripped, just big. He was friendly and we chatted a bit, the other cop didn't say a word.

As I walked in front of them I would turn my head quickly as I talked to Rob and it seemed like I caught him looking at my legs and my ass as I walked. The thought crossed my mind quickly but I dismissed it, I wasn't there looking for a hookup, I was just resetting the alarm.

Even though it was a fleeting thought that this cop was checking me out I decided to try and flirt a little bit and see if he really was checking me out. We got into the office and one cop walked around while Rob stayed with me. I continued talking to Rob and got pretty close to him as we talked.

Normally I don't want to talk close to people but this was an experiment. Rob didn't back away as we talked. I made eye contact with Rob and

held it a little longer than normal and smiled.

A normal straight guy would probably have been creeped out at this point and walked away because he was uncomfortable. Rob looked right back at me and didn't move.

"Holy shit" I thought to myself, *"he's gay!"*.

I laid it on a little thicker now, leaning against the wall next to me, kind of sticking my hips out and looking submissive. I caught Rob's eyes wander for a second down my body, got him! Then I took a hand and put it under my hoodie pretending to stretch but exposing my bare waist and my gym shorts which at this point had a bit of a bulge in them. I saw a small smirk on Rob's face as I did this.

The other cop came over and Rob went back to business and all three of us left. Out in the lot I talked with Rob a little longer as the other cop stood there (I wanted him to leave!). Rob was all business with his partner there.

Finally the other guy said he was "taking off" and left. I told Rob that the alarm company takes so long to call me and that *MAYBE* he should take my number so he can get in touch with me faster. With the other guy gone Rob relaxed and actually said that's a great idea. I gave him my number and he said he would call me back if the alarm came in again, then we parted ways. I got in my car so fucking horny at the thought of hooking up with a seemingly straight cop. I took a deep breath and drove home.

Once I was home I took my clothes off and started edging myself thinking of Rob fucking me. I was laying in my bed around midnight when my phone went off and it was Rob! My face got super hot as I opened the text. *"I'm getting off shift, but going to your office building was my best call of the night"*.

I replied, *"it was nice meeting you, call me anytime"* (laying it on thicker). Then I asked *"so your getting off.....shift?"*.

I sat there in agony after i sent that text, terrified of the response.

"Yeah, lol just getting off shift unfortunately, unless that alarm goes off again".

I replied *"I think the office might need another walk through, I'd feel safer with you there"*.

"Ok I'll meet you there".

Holy shit, is this happening I was thinking as I got dressed. Same clothes as before. I drove over to the building sporting a hardon the entire ride, but I continued to tell myself he probably really thinks I want to check the office.

Once I got there Rob was in his truck and he rolled his window down. He was in gym shorts and a tight under armor under shirt.

I walked up to his window and he said "do you really need to check the office again?"

"No", I told him. "I was just checking to see if you would actually show up."

Rob asked if I wanted to talk in his truck so I walked around to the passenger side and climbed in. After a minute of awkward silence I decided to stop messing around and I reached over and started rubbing Rob's cock through his shorts.

"Who ah!" Rob said.

I pulled back, "I'm so sorry".

Rob told me he's been curious about guys and has even hooked up with one before but he is straight. I reassured Rob that no one would find out and that we could just have some fun. As I said this I put my hand back on Rob's cock and felt that it had gotten rock hard. I moaned softly feeling how hard he was and smiled.

Rob took a deep breath and relaxed. I asked if I could pull the center console/arm rest up and he did it for me. I slid over and pulled Rob's cock out of his shorts. I saw Rob looking around the truck as I leaned over and took him into my mouth.

I slowly bobbed my head on his cock and felt his hand on the back of my head as I did. His hand slid down my back and grabbed my ass while I sucked him. I took my hand and pulled his shorts down more so I could play with his balls as I sucked him. Rob was moaning a lot at this point but I could see him looking around a lot. I was so horny and turned on at this point. I stopped sucking him and sat back in my seat, my back against the

passenger side door. I kicked my shoes off and brought my feet on to my seat and opened my legs up.

"Want to have sex?" I asked.

Rob got a little nervous and said he had experimented with guys in the past but never fucked another guy.

"If you want to try we can go slow" I said.

Rob looked around again and said "ok, but I'm going to drive behind the building so no one sees us."

As he put his truck in gear I leaned over and put his hard cock back in my mouth. Rob moaned as he drove around the building to a more secluded spot.

As he put the truck in park I heard him say "fuck your going to make me cum"

I sat back up and returned to the previous spot with my legs open.

"Do you have condoms?" I asked.

Rob told me he has some condoms in his glove box but unfortunately does not have lube. I took the condoms out and handed them to Rob who had moved to his knees and taken his shorts off at this point.

As Rob put a condom on I slipped my shorts off showing Rob my hairless ass. It had been a long time since I had sex in a car but something about this was so hot, chance of being caught with a "straight" cop. I licked my fingers abs tried to get them as wet as I could and started rubbing my asshole.

Rob moved over and put his Cock right against my asshole. I stopped him and I told him to get as much spit on his cock as he could. Rob spit on his dick a few times and I reached down rubbing it on his condom covered cock.

"Ok try now" I said, "just go slow".

I lifted my legs up and held them up by grabbing behind my knees. Rob started pushing into me and the lack of lube was immediately apparent. I felt a little pain as he pushed harder and started opening me up. Rob continued pushing and I felt his cock slide inside of me. He continued pushing until he was completely inside of me.

During this process I was moaning and grunting in a mix of pleasure and pain. Rob started fucking me but I stopped him again. I told him to put out until just the tip was inside of me and I licked my fingers again and rubbed his shaft. Then I told Rob to spit again which he did.

“Ok fuck me” I said and rob began thrusting into me.

“Oh fuck yes” Rob moaned.

“Oh fuck baby that’s good” I moaned back.

Apparently I had Rob on the edge of coming when I was sucking him because after about a minute he told me he was going to cum. I was slightly disappointed but at the same time fucking in his car using spit as lube wasn’t the most comfortable. I have been told moaning “cum inside me” is one of the hottest things I can moan while having sex so I told Rob “cum inside me baby”.

With that Robs pace quickened and he said “oh fuck I’m cumming” as he jammed his cock inside me.

Rob’s eyes shut hard and his mouth dropped open as I felt his cock pulse inside me. Rob let out a long moan and breath as his face relaxed and he slowly pulled out of me revealing a full condom.

Rob slumped back down into the drivers seat taking a deep breath while i stayed where I was. Rob took the condom off and wrapped it in a napkin before putting his clothes back on and starting the truck. I pulled my shorts on and without a word Rob drove back to my car.

“That was fun” I said, and Rob agreed. “You still have my number” I said as I got out of his truck, still rock hard myself.

Rob drove away as I got into my car and immediately opened Grindr. I needed more, I was far from satisfied. After about a half hour I decided to just drive home. I stayed hard the entire ride home and the walk to my apartment. Once back in my room my clothes came off and I jerked off, cumming on my stomach.

Never heard from Rob again, which was disappointing I wanted a night in a bed, I think he would of had a lot more fun if he wasn’t worried about getting caught.

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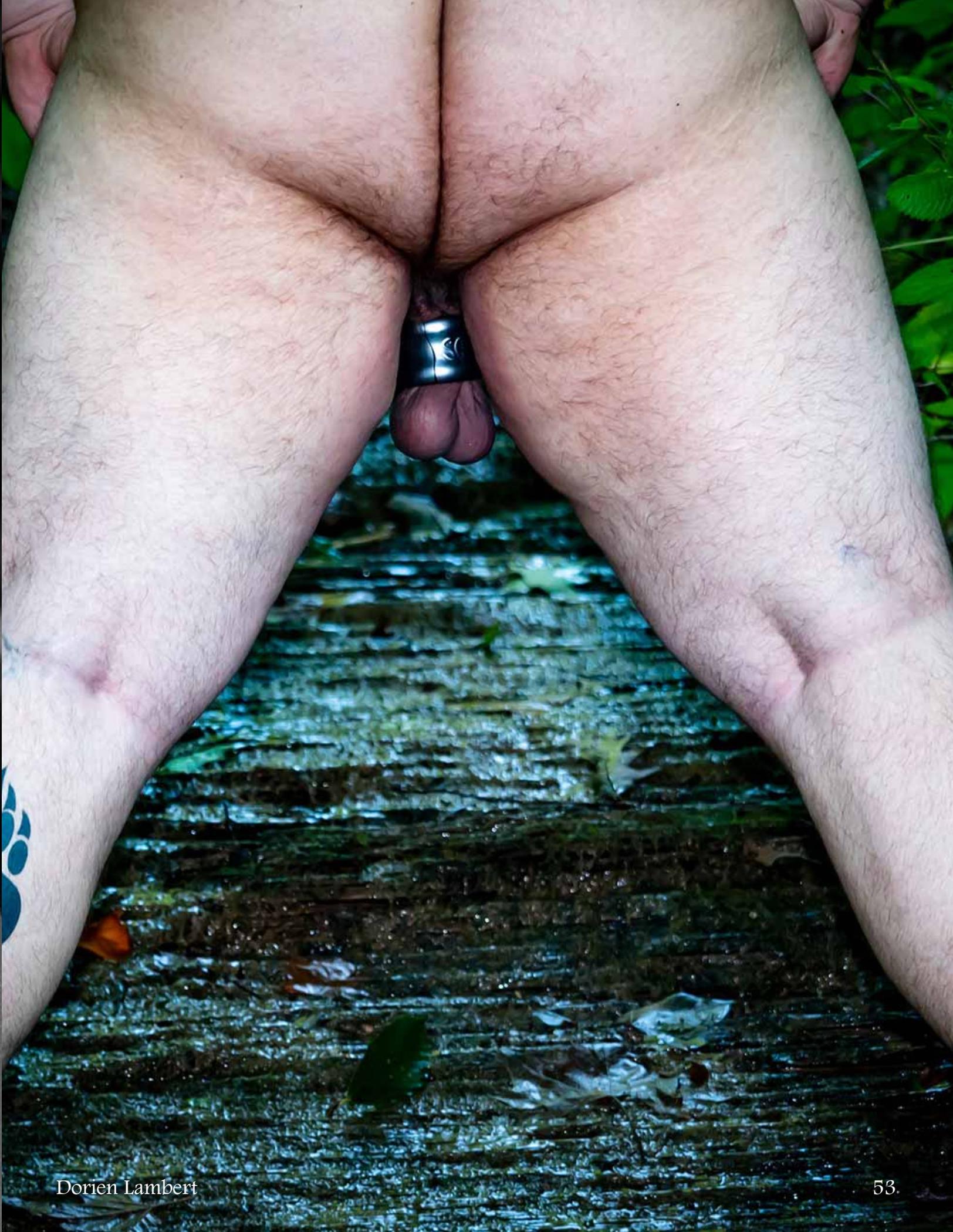












completed the massage for him. He fucked me. We showered again and laid together on the bed. During the night he fucked me three more times, and I cleaned, sucked him hard again each time. He stayed all night, not something I had planned.

He had to leave that morning. I thanked him for the great fucking, bid him goodbye and went back to bed for some much needed sleep. I had decided to stay another night in the motel and see what else might develop in the area or on to the Gulfport/Biloxi area, even on to Pensacola and home to Central Florida.

After some much needed rest, solid sleep I woke up with a hard on again and a desire for more cock and cum. I got online again posting the usual.

The best offers I got were from a couple of guys about 10 more miles down the road, at an exit off I-10 that the guy with whom I was talking named for me. Then, at first to my disappointment, he told me he could meet me only alone with him – no 3-way, and he lived way out in the country.

Before I got offline I got another offer from a single guy in Gulfport. He was a retired military guy like me, divorced and eager to be with a man; me he said after reading my profile. We actually exchanged phone numbers – cell phones – in case I got tied up along the way. I did not get tied up literally but might as well have given the fucking I got with the first guy I had arranged to meet – the guy who lived way out in the country.

I went to bed resting some more then had breakfast about midmorning. I headed east on I-10 watching for the exit that I was given for the meeting. I found it, exited the highway and went to the service station where he said we should meet.

Sure enough he was there at the appointed time. I left my vehicle, went with him in his pickup truck, of course, way out in the country. He drove us on the paved road, another one, to a dirt road, and I was thinking all along about him doing my dirt road, fucking my ass.

He drove us through a cattle gate, past cotton, corn and soybean fields to a plantation home – typical Mississippi place – big porch, colonnaded. He stopped the truck. We went into

the house together and undressed in an upstairs bathroom, showered together.

We messed around some in the shower, then toweled dry. He led me into a nearby bedroom, both of us naked.

No wonder he was living with a guy, into guys only. His cock was way too big for any woman I had ever met other than some whores. He got hard when we were in the shower. His big meat came up hard, curved up and to the right, uncut, 9" long at least and 6" around. His nut sack hung low containing big balls, racquet ball size.

He was well tanned all over, dark-haired, long eyelashes, sensuous lips, muscular from the farm work.

He took control right away, presented himself to me as he laid on his back on the bed. I got over him, kissed, licked, sucked his nips; licked his hairy chest, down his treasure trail to his navel; tongued it, bypassed his big, leaking cock, went to his gonads, kissed, licked, mouthed them, tongued his perineum, rimmed his asshole. He was feeling all over me, grasped my butt, spread my cheeks, fingered me. He got some lube from the nightstand, worked it into me with one, two, three of his fingers.

"Get on your knees," he said.

I did. He mounted over my back, reaching around to feel my nipples, he slid his big cock knob up and down in my crack, centered it on my lubed hole and pushed into me.

Without hesitation, not giving me any time to adjust – glad I had been fucked so recently, so much by the big Cajun – I rocked back to take his cock as he crammed all of his long, thick, condom-covered rod up my ass, pulled back right away and started sawing back and forth in me.

"Fuck, oh fuck," I groaned as he rammed my ass, played with my nipples, belly, took my cock in his fist and stroked it.

He sure knew how to fuck, and I was loving it, wishing his partner was with us. Just then we heard tires crunching on gravel in the driveway, a vehicle door slamming shut, the front door of the house opening and closing, big feet clumping across the wooden living room floor to the bathroom, piss flowing, the toilet flushing, then bare feet coming toward the bedroom where I was being fucked so good.

I wanted to get up, get the cock out of my

ass, get on my feet and see who was coming into the room with us. My fuck partner held me tight beneath him and kept riding his cock back and forth in my asshole. All I could do was look up and see a big man – 6' +, well over 200 pounds, dark haired, well tanned, muscular, striding toward the bed, his pendulous, long, thick cock swaying and bobbing as he walked toward us.

"You got us a fuck?" the big man asked.

Not missing a stroke in my asshole the man fucking me answered, "Hell yeah. I got us a real man. Look at him take my dick." He punched in me especially hard and deep. "Come fuck his mouth. He said he wanted a three-way. Let's give it to him."

"Ooooh," I groaned. The hairy giant slapped his big meat against one of my face cheeks. He painted both my face cheeks, chin, under my nose, across my lips with his smegma – precum and sweat from the knob since he had pulled back the foreskin on his uncut cock.

"Open your pussy mouth, take my cock," the big man grumbled.

I opened up for him. He slid his cock past my lips, over my tongue. I clamped on it with my mouth peeling back his foreskin so I could feel his slick knob in my mouth. He kept pushing it until his helmet hit my throat. I sucked, twirled my tongue around. He eased back, pushed in. I took more of his cock. Then the two of them set the rhythm fucking my mouth and ass.

They were a well experienced pair, long lasters, deep fuckers. They humped into my ass and mouth pussy fucking me as if I was on a spit between them. After a while the guy fucking my ass asked his partner, "Want some of this ass?"

"Yeah," his buddy said. "Let me have it."

They swapped ends.

"Oh, oh, oh, damn," I groaned as the big cock went right up my asshole.

I was about to protest more when the cock from my ass, rubber off, went into my mouth. They set to fucking me again in my mouth and asshole. They plunged away in me until a hot load of creamy cum flooded my mouth. I gulped swallowing it. The big fucker plowing my ass, jerked his cock out of me and came around to my face. He stuck his cock in my wet, cum-slimed mouth and started fucking my face holding my head in his big, work-roughened hands.

After resting for a few minutes they helped me off the bed and into the bathroom, the shower. We washed each other. They bent me over and fucked my mouth and ass again, swapping. The big guy came in his rubber up my ass; his buddy shot his load in my mouth.

After we toweled, I got dressed and the big guy drove me back to my car. He gave me a card with their address, phone number, a map to their place on the other side. Then he gave me his business card. "I run a farm store just down the road from here in town. Next time you come by stop in the store. I'd like to have you alone. I've also got some young guys working in the store who will sure enjoy you and show you a good time. You know how that young cock stays hard and shoots lots of cum right??"

"Yes," I answered. I took the cards and walked gingerly, a bit bowlegged to my car. I was thinking should I stop for the next set up, just a bit further down the road. Hell yes, I decided. I want more, today, now.

A few miles down the road I came to the exit where the retired military guy wanted to meet. He wanted to have a meal at a restaurant featuring girls in tight shorts and revealing tops. When I got there I went into the restaurant. Those women – firm, big tits, nice asses, lovely legs. Despite all the cock I'd had I felt my dick chubbing up.

A few minutes before the appointed time for our meeting I went to my car. We had arranged to meet by vehicle type and color. I sat in my car and watched. I couldn't believe how many silver trucks there were in the parking lot. I checked out each silver truck hoping to see the guy I was to meet.

I was about to give up and head on east when another silver truck pulled into the lot. The truck driver circled the lot. Then parked as close to my car as he could. When he got out a tingle ran through my body. I hoped it was the man who wanted to meet me, but at the same time I wondered if he would be interested after seeing me. He was tall, slender, salt and pepper hair, wearing glasses like me, dressed in shorts and a t-shirt showing off nice muscular legs, chest and arms.

He came right over to my open window, my air conditioner running so I would not be so sweaty, smell to turn him off by that right away. "Hi," he said cheerfully. "Are you the guy who scheduled to meet

me here today?"

"I suppose so," I answered. "Want to go inside for a bite to eat?"

"Sure," he said, "that's the idea. I'm recently retired, have never done this before."

"Never been with a man?" I asked as I got out of my car and we went toward the restaurant door.

"Never like this," he answered, "but as we talked online, I am recently retired from the military. I had some experiences in the barracks, around the base, you know in book stores and such. Also when I was younger, an older guy and me," he said. "Some of my friends my age."

"Yeah, me too, pretty much the same," I said. "And you are divorced too?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "it just kind of fell apart after I got out of the military."

"Yeah, same here," I said, opening the door for him.

One of the big-titted, shorts clad women greeted us and took us to a table. We both admired his nice body. He looked at my crotch, me at his. Both of us were showing hardening cocks in our shorts. Bi, I thought. I can probably show him a good time if he is willing.

I waited for him to order his drink. He ordered a straight gin. I did likewise. We might as well get a little fucked up I was thinking, better to be relaxed if we go for the fucking.

We ordered our food, ate and chatted more, watching college football games. Our conversation was man talk, favorite teams, best bets for the NCAA championship, and more subtly about our sex experiences. By the time we were done he knew I was a horny very oral bottom. I knew he had little experience but since being divorced was horny and believed being with a man was the best way to go at his age, less complications, bullshit, just fun sex.

Finished with our meal – oysters and several beers – we paid our bill. "I'm a little fucked up," he said, "guess you are too. Let's walk to my place. I live just across the street and down a bit in the apartments if that is okay with you, or I am night security guard at the motel next door. Where do you want to go?"

"Yer choice," I slurred.

"My place then," he said.

We walked to his place, a nice building, neat

upstairs apartment. He showed me to a sofa in the living room.

"Want another drink?" he asked. "If you are having one," I answered. "K," he said. He started a DVD or video – guys, of course, getting it on, and he left me on the sofa. While he was gone, I pulled off my shorts, took my cock in hand and started stroking it slowly.

When he returned with our drinks he was completely naked, his cock sticking out half hard, a nice one, cut, a bit longer than the 6" average, thick, curly black pubes, lowhanging balls.

"Fuck," I said, "nice." I reached for him, took his cock in my hand stroked it. I leaned forward and licked off the pearl of precum that formed in his slit, capped his mushroom head with my lips and sucked out more precum. "Unnnnh, unnnh," he moaned. I went down on his cock sliding it past my lips, over my tongue, sucked.

"Oh shit," he said, "stop or I'll cum."

I grinned up at him with his cock in my mouth. "Just what I want," I said, "your creamy load of hot juicy cum."

"Ummh huh, yeah," he moaned. I felt his cock throb in my mouth as I cupped his balls, massaged them gently. I let his cock loose from my mouth, sat back on the sofa.

He handed me my drink. I took a swallow, switched it around in my mouth washing clear his precum. He sat down beside me, took a gulp of his drink and put his arm around my shoulder. I relaxed into his hairy armpit, turned my face into it, licked, kissed, licked. He took my cock in his hand stroking it, cupped and fondled my balls. I went to his other armpit, kissed, licked, went across his chest to his nipples, kissed, licked, sucked one, the other. He jacked me slowly, felt down past my balls to my butt crack, touched my hole, eased a finger past my sphincter. I was wet, open from being fucked by the guys just a couple of hours ago.

I grasped his hard cock and stroked it, still kissing, licking, sucking on his body. I bent down and kissed the head of his cock, tasted his meat and precum, took his crown between my lips and sucked it.

I was about to cum, and he was too. I sat up, reached for my drink, took a swallow and rinsed my mouth. He let go of me and got his drink, taking a swallow also. We leaned back, breathing steadily, watching the film of an athletic guy taking

a big cock up his ass from another muscular guy. We turned our heads, smiled at each other, took more swallows of our drinks.

"You want to be my wife?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Suck me," he said.

I looked up at him, lust glowing in my eyes. He took my face in his hands, brought his mouth to mine and kissed me on the lips. He ran his tongue over my lips. I opened, let his tongue go into my mouth. We swabbed tongues. I grasped his slimy cock and stroked it. He felt my nipples, belly, fingered my navel as we kissed.

He broke our kiss, nuzzled my neck, kissed, licked it, my shoulders, down to my nipples, kissing, licking, sucking one the other, working my nubby wet eraser points with his tongue and mouth. He raised up. "I'm gonna' kiss your pussy, suck your clit," he said.

We wriggled, got positioned, him between my open legs, his face close between my thighs, my butt hanging off the edge of the sofa. He kissed, licked my inner thighs, mouthed my balls, moved his face down as I arched up to receive his tongue. He licked up and down my crack, centered on my puckered ass, kissed, licked, tongued it. I was holding on for dear life, trying not to cum as he ate my pussy, slid his fist up and down what I knew he considered my clit. He came up to kiss the end of my clit – cock. He closed his lips over it and sucked. My precum flowed into his mouth. His finger entered my manpussy. He sucked on my clit and fingered my hole, one finger, two, three.

I sucked on his nipples, stroked his cock, felt his balls. "Oh fuck me," I said. He maneuvered around, lifted my legs, pulling me further out from the sofa. Standing between my legs his cock up hard, he felt my buttcheeks. I spread them for him. "Put it in me, please," I begged. I grabbed his cock and put it against my hole. I sucked on his nipples, one the other, as he pushed into me. He entered me easily since I had been fucked only a while ago by two cocks. Buried in me to his pubic hairs, his balls in the lower crack of my ass, he eased back, pushed in, pulled back, pushed in again. He leaned over kissing me on the mouth, holding my cheeks in his hands, long dick fucking me.

Oh shit I realized he was not wearing a rubber. I wanted to push him away, get his cock out of my ass, make him put on a condom, but his bare

cock felt so good in me. I just moaned, relaxed and let him fuck my ass. I'll make him pull out before he cums, I thought. It was feeling so good though, his precum slicking me inside, my ass channel moisture being churned into such soft cream all the way up in me, slithering out of my anus, down the crack of my ass, onto the edge of the sofa.

We were kissing, moaning together, our hands roaming, him fucking me. I grasped his butt cheeks, let fingers slide in his crack, touched his hole with a finger, tickled his anus. I started cumming, shooting my cream between us, onto my belly, up to my chest, shorter squirts down onto my pubes. My ass channel clutching and releasing on his pistoning cock caused him to push deep up into me. His cock pulsed, throbbed, got longer, thicker in me. He was about to shoot.

With a heave, deep grunt, wanting his cum to go up my ass but knowing better, I pushed on the front of his hips forcing his cock out of me. "No?" I yelled.

When his cock vacated my hole, I rolled him onto his back on the floor. I went down and took him in my mouth. Tasting me and him on his cock I sucked, cleaning the musk. I moved my head up and down, sucking. His cock pulsed, throbbed, got longer, thicker, stiffened in my mouth and the first shot of his jism hit my throat, another, another. I swallowed and sucked, swallowed and sucked. He trembled shooting more cum in my mouth, fucking my face.

I collapsed my head between his legs, held his slimy cock in my mouth. He riffled his fingers in my rather short hair, held my head to his crotch.

"Ummmmnh, no, no, ummnh," he moaned. "No more."

I held his cock in my mouth and fondled his balls.

"Oh man, that was good," he exuded. "My wife never sucked me like that, never let me fuck his ass. Can we do it again?"

I looked up at him and shook my head up and down. Smiling at him I mumbled with his cock in my mouth, "Yeth."

We uncoupled. He asked me if I wanted to shower with him. "No," I answered reaching for my drink, taking a swallow and rinsing out my mouth. "Let's just be together some more, you fuck me

Continued on pg 60

DHM FAN ~ Cajunbear54





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more."

"Okay," he agreed, sitting up on the couch beside me and taking a swallow of his drink too. "Will you fuck me?" he asked.

I cuddled up with him and said, "Yes, sure, if you want."

After spending time with the retired military guy in Biloxi, our exchanging contact information for future visits I made it to Pensacola in the late afternoon. I had a well established routine by then. I checked into a nice motel with a dining room, piano bar dance lounge and rooms overlooking a wide waterway. I hooked up my computer and went to the Pensacola M4M room. I made arrangements for a local guy to meet me at the motel later that afternoon after he got off from work. He said he would come by on the way home.

A married guy, he was close to my age and ready to get it on so he could make it home without arousing his wife's suspicions. I was ready also. I'd had a few drinks, downloaded some porn videos and chatted in the Pensacola and some other rooms in cities on my further route home.

When my guest arrived he made it clear as we had drinks together in my room that he wanted some mutual sucking and to fuck me in the ass. We got naked together and on one of the beds in the room. We held each other close, fondled some, nuzzled necks. His long, thick, curved, cut cock got stone stiff arching up toward his belly. I wanted it in my mouth.

I moved down to his chest, kissing, licking and sucking his nipples, further down to his navel, tongued it, kissed and licked in his bushy pubic hairs. All the while I was stroking his cock slowly and feeling his balls, still playing with his wet, erected nipples with my other hand. I bypassed his cock with my mouth and went to his nuts. I kissed, licked, laved each of them gently in my mouth, then kissed and licked his perineum. I started on his precum-slimed cock with kisses and licks at the base, kissed and kicked up the bottom, over the top, the sides.

He was beginning to wriggle, hump his hips up and down, and moan, holding my head softly in

his hands. Holding his cock and balls in my hands I licked around and around the separation of his mushroom crown and his veiny shaft. I tasted his precum with the tip of my tongue. I took his helmet between my lips, flicked my tongue around his thick head slurping off more drooling precum. Then I engulfed his cock head and moved my mouth slowly down taking his cock inch by inch.

When I started moving up and down on his cock, fucking my mouth, sucking him, he turned around into a 69 position and rolled us onto our sides without breaking our contact. He repeated most of my actions on my lower belly, balls, taint and cock. We held one another's butt cheeks and rocked together sucking steadily.

I sucked his cum into my mouth and gulped it down still moving my head back and forth until he finished unloading his creamy cum. Sensitive as we usually are after cumming, I just held his cock outside my mouth, moving my fist only on the lower root. I milked out the clear drool of the last of his cum and dabbed it out of his piss slit with my tongue. He quivered each time I did that. I half rolled aside and let him keep sucking me. I was holding back on him, pinching the base of my cock to keep from cumming, waiting for him to recover some before I shot my load.

By the time I had given my juice to him in five shots, then the usual dribbles of stringy clear fluid, he was hard again. I took his cock back in my mouth and nursed him to full hardness before turning away from him. I positioned my legs giving him access to my ass that I so wanted him to fuck.

He got off the bed to get the lube and condoms from the nightstand. After lubing my hole, his cock, rolling on a rubber and lubing it, he put his knob between my cheeks. I backed toward him a bit, reached back and opened my crack. Holding his shaft he worked his knob up and down in my crack, centered on my anal lens and pushed. I grunted. He pushed again ovaling my hole slowly as his big head breached my sphincter. I grunted again, pushed back toward him just as he pushed forward using his hips to shove his cock right up inside me.

I felt his curly pubic hairs in my crack, his balls resting against mine and on my leg.

"Okay?" he asked.

"Oh yeah," I answered, "feels good. Fuck me."

He reached over my hip grasped my cock and pulled back slowly. His cock head stretched my sphincter, pulled it outwards. He pushed back into me. Back, in, back, in; he fucked me slowly, steadily, stroking my cock, holding my shoulder. I moved with him. Both of us were moaning our pleasure, praising each other for the good feelings.

He let go of my cock and patted me on my hip. "Roll over and kneel," he said.

I followed his instructions. He rolled with me holding his thick cock deep inside me. Once we were positioned, me with my head down, hips up, legs wide enough for his body, him on top of me, he rubbed my neck, shoulders, took hold of one of my shoulders, reached around, cupped my balls, then grasped my cock. He eased his cock along my channel, again pulling out on my sphincter with his knob. He reversed direction pushing all the way to his balls into me again. I rocked back into him. Back and forth we fucked, moaning, cooing our happiness again as he stroked my cock and fucked my ass.

"Unh, unh, unh," he grunted after about 15 minutes of fucking me steadily, slowly, as I moved with him and flexed my ass canal on his pistoning cock. "Unh, ready to cum," he said punching deep into me.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said in time to our movements. "Give it to me. Cum in my ass. Fuck me good."

He picked up the speed of his movements, brought his hand from my shoulder to my belly. Still stroking my cock but faster now he rode his cock back and forth into me. I felt his cock stiffen, swell, throb, pulse and jerk.

"Ungh," he grunted.

The condom ballooned inside me as he pumped it full of his cum load. He kept on fucking me emptying his nut cream into me until he could stand it no longer. I was cumming at the same time shooting my jism onto a towel we had put underneath me. We laid forward on the bed together, his cock still hard in me, his weight on my back. He nuzzled and kissed my neck.

"Oh that was good," he said. "Your hole is tight. Felt so good when you started cumming, your insides clamping and releasing on me."

"Yeah," I said. "Thanks. You fuck good."

He grasped the end of the rubber at his cock root and eased out of my hole, leaving it
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gaped. He rolled onto his back, peeled off the condom and dropped it into a trash can by the bed. I rolled and bent over, took his cock at the base in my hand. I licked the head, swirled my tongue around it, cleaned his cock in my mouth with my lips and tongue. He shivered and jerked, the end of his cock sensitive as we are after cumming each time I touched his slimy cock. He let me clean it completely though until it glistened only of my saliva.

I laid back relishing the taste of his cum and flesh. He went to the sink and washed his crotch. He dressed and told me he had to go. We exchanged information so we might meet again in Pensacola or my hometown in Central Florida.

I slept for a while. I woke up after a couple of hours, my body coated with a sheen of dried sweat, mine and his, cum caked in my crotch, a cummy taste in my mouth, but my butt hole closed after being fucked so good. I showered and went downstairs for dinner.

After Dinner Delight.

At dinner there were only two couples – an older couple and a much younger couple, in their late 20s, maybe early 30s. The piano lounge across the walkway from the dining area was full of old couples dancing and drinking together. I saw no possibilities there. I watched the young couple. She was delightful – black hair done in two pigtails, firm shoulders, arms, wearing a cowgirl shirt. A cowgirl hat was on the table. Her partner looked like a real country boy, t-shirt, blue jeans, boots, wearing a baseball cap even as they ate. Talking, she laughed. Her smile, then laughter were wonderful, exciting.

After a while she noticed me watching her. She winked at me. I winked and waved a hand responding to her friendliness. She moved her head close to her tablemate, whispered in his ear. He looked at me. I waved at him also and smiled.

When they finished dinner she stood, showing off a short cowgirl denim dress, boots and fine looking muscular legs. They went across the walkway to the piano lounge, got a drink each and sat at a table. I finished my dinner and headed out of the dining area. As I walked by the piano lounge

the cowgirl waved to me again. What could I do? I decided to have an after dinner drink. While I was getting my drink at the bar the cowgirl's companion came to my side. We exchanged hellos, then he surprised me by asking, "Want to join us at our table?"

"Sure," I answered, eager to spend more time looking at the eye candy cowgirl.

After I joined them we chatted, sipped our drinks and they excused themselves to dance to a fast number. As they were returning to the table the piano player started a slow song. The cowgirl took my hand in hers and asked me to dance with her. We danced close together. Wow! As she pressed into me I felt a stiff cock against my leg, and it was not mine, although mine chubbed up then too.

He put his lips close to my ear and asked, "You staying here or live nearby? Want to spend some time with me?" I want to with you."

No way I could refuse his invitation with his erection rubbing against me, but I asked, "What about your friend?"

"Oh he's alright with it," he said.

"Okay, I have a room here," I said.

"I'll tell him when we get back to the table then we can go to your room, okay?" he asked.

"Sure," I said holding him closer, letting him feel my erection as I was feeling his.

I didn't know what the deal was, pay for play, a couple out to rob me. Whatever I was willing to go along to find out and spend some time with this good looking, young cowgirlman.

The song ended. We walked hand in hand back to the table. He leaned over and told his companion, "We're going to his room. Come back in a couple of hours, or I'll call you when I'm ready for you to pick me up."

He smiled at me, nodded to his date – the cowgirlboy, stood and kissed him a little peck on the cheek. The cowgirlboy picked up his drink. I got mine, and we went to my room. I was alert for other footsteps, checked over my shoulder a couple of times. All was well so far.

Once we were in the room, the door closed, he tossed his hat onto a chair, turned, hugged me close and kissed me on the mouth. I returned his kiss. We felt each other, our butts, crotches; my hand up his short dress, feeling his hard cock through silk panties. He cupped my package, caressed and stroked my erection through my

trousers. We moved toward the bed. I sat down to remove my shoes, then pants and underwear, shirt, while he took off his shirt, revealing a full black, lacy bra. He unzipped and removed his skirt.

I reached out to his crotch. He stepped between my open legs, reached down, grasped and started moving his hand up and down on my precum leaking cock. I leaned forward and kissed, licked his taut, muscled belly, cupped his balls in one hand, felt his firm buttocks with my other hand. He stepped back, sat on the other bed and removed his boots and socks. Then he stood and shimmied out of his panties. As his silk undies moved past his crotch, a short, about 5" , thick, hard cock arched up toward his belly, his pubes black, curly, big balls hanging below in a fuzzy sack.

He knelt between my legs, rested his upper arms on my thighs, cupped my balls in one hand, took my long cock in his other hand. He leaned forward and licked off the drooling precum, kissed the tip of my cock, swirled his tongue around the head, covered my mushroom crown with his glossy lips and licked my thick under vein. I caressed his shoulders, neck and relaxed to enjoy the sucking he was giving me while looking up at me with his black, doe eyes. His pigtails swayed back and forth as he moved his mouth up and down on my tingling cock.

Slowly he took me deeper and deeper into his mouth. When my knob started touching his throat opening he breathed through his nose, gulped and took my cock head in his gullet. He pushed down, held still, lifted his head sucking, his tongue sliding on the bottom of my cock, his cheeks caressing the sides of my meat, lips clamped comfortably. Up and down he went, into his throat, back up, into his throat, back up.

"Ungh," I grunted. "Gonna cum," I said.

He slurped up my cock and let it out of his mouth. He pushed it up against my stomach. He kissed, licked beside my cock and balls in the soft skin on the inside of my legs. He kissed, licked, then mouthed my balls, one, the other, both at the same time. He washed them around in his mouth with his tongue. That helped relieve some of my urgency to cum.

He dropped my nuts from his mouth. Still looking up at me he said, "I'm going to start sucking you again. When I nod my head, signal with my

hands, take me by the pigtails and fuck my mouth." He smiled. I nodded yes.

He pulled my precum and saliva slimed cock to his lips, opened his mouth and went back down on me as before all the way into his throat. This time pulling back he worked his lower jaw side to side, rolling his head, sliding his tongue and gums on the bottom of my shaft, his inner cheeks on the sides of my cock, his palate on the top of my straining hard meat.

"Damn," I huffed. "Ungh," I groaned. "You're teaching me something now," I breathed, my stomach heaving in and out, legs trembling as he worked like that. I'd never been sucked that way, never felt so good being sucked.

He cupped, fondled my balls, put his other hand on my lower belly, kept working his magic on my cock, sucking it so tight, stimulating it from the head all over to the base, his nose and chin in my pubes. I started throbbing, flowing precum like a faucet. He nodded his head and flexed his fingers. He moved his hand from my stomach to my nipples, one, then the other. I took hold of his pigtails, humped up into his mouth, sat back down, humped up, pulled on his pigtails, fucked my cock into his mouth. He moved his head faster and faster, his lower jaw quicker, sucked harder.

"Cummin'," I hissed.

He nodded his head still sucking me like I had never been sucked before. He held my nuts firmly, rolling them in the palm of his hand, pinched my nipples gently.

I flooded his mouth with my jism, shot after shot, strong squirts, wads of cum gushing down his throat, onto his tongue, filling his sucking mouth. He swallowed, drinking my cum. Then he pushed down hard, holding me deep as the last of my cum, the clear liquid drooled into his mouth.

With a tight slurp up my shaft he let my cock head pop from between his thick lips. He looked into my eyes, opened his mouth, showed me the mix of cum and his saliva, closed his mouth and swallowed. He opened his mouth again, stuck out his tongue and wriggled it at me, showing me all my cum was gone, swallowed.

I collapsed back on the bed. He stood up and laid on top of me, kissed me on the mouth, sliding his tongue into my mouth, giving me a taste of my cum, the sweetness of his mouth. Our tongues twirled together. I held the back of his Road Travel Excitement

head, his neck, shoulders, moved my hands down his back to his firm butt, felt his stiff, wet cock rubbing on my thighs, between my legs, on my ball pouch.

He lifted his mouth from mine, smiled at me. "I want you to suck me now," he said. "Suck me, then I want to fuck you."

I was all for all of that. I pulled him up onto me. He came willingly, sat his smooth muscular butt on my chest, his balls on my neck, short, thick cock arched up drooling precum. I kept one hand on his butt cheek, took his cock in my other hand, raised my head and licked the precum from his cock slit, off his thick mushroom head. He adjusted his position, giving me more of his cock into my mouth. I started sucking, rubbing his butt, fondling his nuts. I mimicked his mouth movements, did what he had done to my cock, worked my lower jaw, rolled my head, my mouth clamped hard on his shaft, his knob just touching my throat entrance, my inner cheeks collapsed along the sides of his cock as I sucked, his straining cock rubbing on my palate.

His sweet, slimy precum flowed into my mouth, over my tongue, the insides of my cheeks, on my palate, down my throat. His precum and my saliva mixed into a froth burbling out of my lips, ran down the sides of my face, into my ears, coated his balls bouncing on my chin, wetted his soft pubic hairs tickling my nose, lips, chin. He leaned further over me and started humping into my mouth in time with my movements. I grasped his taut butt cheeks in my hands, felt them flexing as he fucked my mouth, I sucked his cock.

His cock stiffened, flexed in my mouth, swelled thicker, throbbed. Just as I thought I was going to get his delicious cum, he rolled off of me. He sat up, reached to the nightstand, got a rubber, unwrapped it, rolled it over his prong. He lubed the rubber, my cleft, pushed lube up into me with a finger, then two opening my anus. He got between my legs as I opened them for him and lifted them giving him full access to my puckered hole.

He guided his knob to my wanting asshole and pushed right into me. He grasped my cock in his hand, stroked it. While sucking his cock I had gotten hard and was drooling precum again. He laid on me, locked his lips to mine, slid his tongue

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Lalo
Sánchez

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into my open mouth, raised his hips, pushed, raised, pushed. Kissing passionately we fucked. He rode his cock back and forth in me; I humped up to meet each stroke of his short thick cock fucking my ass.

I wrapped an arm around his back, held his flexing butt cheek with my other hand. He stroked my slimy cock between us, held me by a shoulder with his other hand. His chest flat on mine, belly to belly he worked his hips up and down stroking his cock all the way in as far as it would go, back until only the head was in me, in, back, in, back, steady he fucked me. I've been fucked with bigger cocks before, longer, never any thicker than his, but never so good with so much body contact and kissing.

We were moaning into each other's mouths, mumbling, grunting. Humping together. I started shooting a load of cum between us, onto my belly, sliming his belly. My channel gripped and released his cock pummeling back and forth in me. He reared up breaking our kiss. He went down to kiss, lick, suck my nipples. He brought his cum slimed hand to my mouth. I kissed, licked his fingers, palm, slurping off my own cum. He fucked me faster.

He slammed hard into me. His cock flexed, jerked. His first shot of cum filled the condom, another. He pulled back, slammed into me again. More cum pumped into the rubber. More, more, more. He slowed, fucking me slowly. Then he stopped, buried to the hilt in me. He collapsed onto my chest his chin on my shoulder. I wrapped my arms around his. We laid there with his cock in me, gasping for air, struggling for our breathing to return to normal, or heart beats to slow. Slimed with sweat, my cum on our bellies, his in my mouth we rested together.

Another Surprise:

We were kissing again, feeling each other when we heard a horn beep. "Oh," he said, "that's my brother."

"Your brother?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said, "the guy I was with. We do

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this so I can get sucked, suck and fuck other guys. Mind if I call him up to the room?"

"No, that's okay, I guess," figuring his brother would take him home and I could get some much needed rest. We had been fucking for over two hours.

My new fuck buddy eased his cock out of me. He went to the wash basin, peeled off the condom, dropped it in a waste basket. He washed his cock, balls, upper legs, stomach with a wash cloth, then rinsed his face. Still naked except for the bra, he got a cell phone out of his jeans pocket. He called his brother and gave him my room number.

I got up, went to the basin, washed, rinsed my face and wrapped a towel around my lower body. I expected to see my fuck buddy getting dressed, but he was sitting on the bed, his legs crossed hiding his cock and balls. That way he looked again like a cute, pigtailed cowgirl.

He batted his eyes at me. "Mind if my brother comes in and fucks me?" he asked. "I only let him fuck me, nobody else."

Tired as I was I figured I owed my fuck buddy a favor. After all he had taught me a wonderful new way to suck and be sucked. He had fucked me gloriously. "Okay," I agreed. He smiled happily at me, and said, "Thank you. We'll be as quick as we can. I think you'll enjoy watching us too."

A soft knocking on the door let us know his brother was outside wanting in. I was ready in case this was the moment of truth, the set up for the robbery or whatever. I had my protection ready and was prepared to take both of them down if necessary.

My new fuck buddy opened the door, his cock hard again. His brother came in, did a double take and said, "What the fuck? Why aren't you dressed, ready to go."

Laughing that laugh I loved in the dining room, my fuck buddy said, "I am undressed, ready to go." He stepped forward, hugged his brother. "This sweet man said you can fuck me here. Please. I want you. I need to be fucked."

His brother embraced him. They kissed. He started helping his brother undress. Sat him on the bed near the door, pulled off his brother's boots, socks, kissed, licked his sweaty feet. His brother took off his shirt, stood and took off his jeans.

Commando, his cock, long, thick, hard stuck out, 8-9" over a big sack of balls, hairy crotch, sack all revealed. Taller and muscular like the "cowgirl," he was all cowboy.

They laid on the bed, snuggled together, hands going to each other's cocks and balls, mouths kissing. Free hands roaming. The brother took off the "cowgirl's" bra, kissed, licked and sucked on his nipples. Kept working his brother's beautiful nips while they stroked each other's cocks, fondled balls, felt one another all over.

Obviously well practiced at what they were doing, big brother rolled his cowgirl brother onto her stomach, face down on the bed. Moving like dancers, butt came up, head down, legs widespread, kisses rained on the butt, licks, some hot wet rimming. Then bro mounted the "cowgirl" and slid his cock right into his brother's asshole. They started moving together in the practiced way of frequent fuckers.

I laid on the other bed watching until the cowgirl's stubby, fat cock stiffened and started drooling precum onto the bedspread. I couldn't it

any longer. I moved to the bouncing bed, got under the "cowgirl's" muscular belly, and took his cock in my mouth. I sucked him, licked his balls, his brother's balls, the junction of his brother's cock sliding back and forth in his hole. Then I took the cowgirl's cock in my mouth and let their movements fuck the pudge stick past my lips, over my tongue. I sucked on the out-strokes and relaxed the pressure of my mouth a bit on the in-strokes.

Soon the "cowgirl" filled my mouth with his creamy load of cum. His brother responded to the clenching and relaxing of the "cowgirl's" anal sleeve on his pistoning cock. He short-stroked deep in his brother's hole as he came up the "cowgirl's" hot ass. When the brother pulled out, the "cowgirl" and I cleaned the cum-slimed cock and wet ball sack. The "cowgirl" kissed me on the mouth and thanked me for being so nice to them.

They washed off in the bath room, got dressed and left as I lounged on the bed. After they left I secured the chain and deadbolt on the motel room door, brushed my teeth, rinsed my mouth with mouthwash and collapsed in the bed to sleep.



Pierre

in Bondage

images provided by

Pierre 









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