

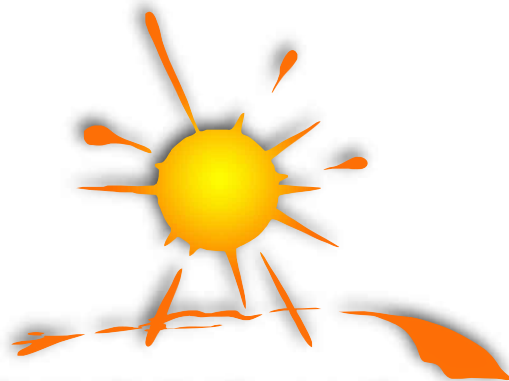


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# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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They don't bite too hard!!*

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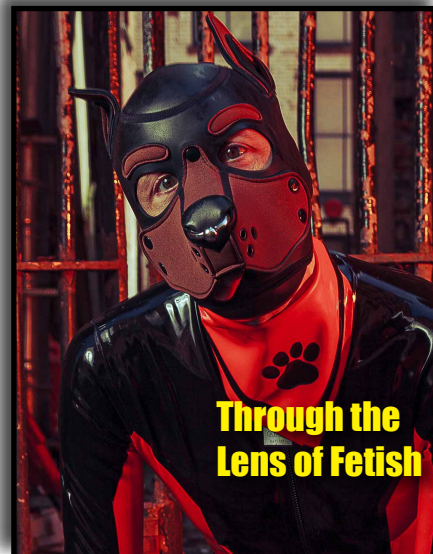




**Ludo**



**Luigi**



**Through the  
Lens of Fetish**

# what's inside...



**Buck  
Wyldr**

## The Men

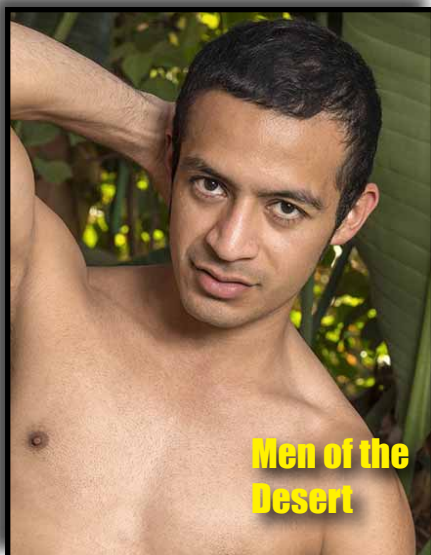
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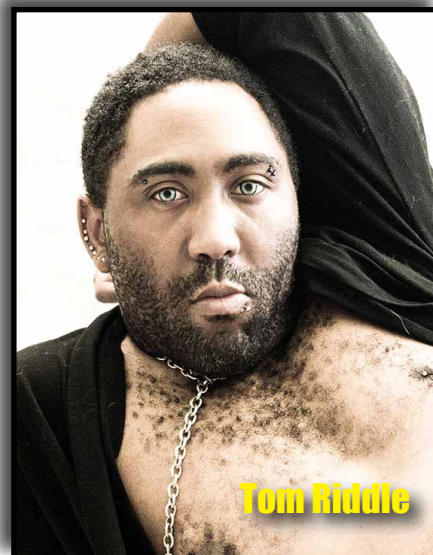
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**Bart**



**Men of the  
Desert**



**Tom Riddle**





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# Ramblings From the Editor

Can anyone that reads the Mag tell me what the fuck is going on lately? You cannot turn on the television, pick up a newspaper (does anyone really read print anymore?), open up any social media app, or any other way you are connected and not be bombarded with conspiracy theories!! What the fuck is that all about? Have we finally reached the bottom of the barrel that we cannot tell reality from fantasy anymore?

I mean, I guess is it not that surprising considering the Idiot Who Was in Charge the last go around was spouting that shit daily and his zombified minions were eating it up like bacon at a fat camp buffet! They honestly believe, to this day, that that fucktard won the election and his is mysteriously going to take office again, "Any day now". And then we wonder why the majority of people are medicated or doing illegal drugs these days!!!

Let's talk about the elephant in the new these days. Although I don't know about you, but I am sick and tired of hearing about the Idiot Who Couldn't Admit Defeat. Do any of the readers think that the slimeball will get off on the latest charges? How little brain do you have to have left to think in any way it was ok to take Top Secret, Secret, and Classified documents from the White House.

Let's assume that he magically waved his hands over the boxes and in a puff of smoke magically "declassified" those documents in the boxes, there are still strict procedures that have to be followed, even by a President who is as much a clown as he is,

in order to take documents from there.

I honestly want to know who advised this Idiot in Charge that he could just walk out and potentially give away those documents. The Idiot should be going after those people, not everyone else. They are the one's who may have finally taking the Orange Cheetoh down!

Do you think he will be doing time for any of the charges? I have been discussing this scenario with some friends in the legal profession and they said they cannot see him getting out of the charges short of a revolution in this Country and that doesn't even guarantee he will get out of it. What do you think?

Enough of that crap, I had to vent. Time to vent about less stressful things in life.

I hope everyone has, or is considering getting the monkeypox vaccine. If you need incentive, PA Daddy J has written a very informative and fucking frightening article regarding the disease. You definitely don't want to miss it.

And, for your viewing pleasure, we have a few new contributors who share images that are going to make you drool all over your keyboard. You have been warned!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*



# Buck Wyldr

Images by **Desert Heat Images**  
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# THE COP & EX COP



Story by  
**Dogbone421**

## Chapter 7

All the way back home I thought about how much I enjoyed the sex between Dutch and I. But I also had regrets about how I was deceiving Mark at the same time. My mind was tormented as to how I would ever explain to him if he ever found out about us. I now knew I had to go home and call Mark and make up some kind of excuse not to go over there tonight. I didn't want to risk in any way him noticing my asshole had been used not too long ago!

When I got home, I made the call and told Mark I wasn't feeling the best and hoped I wasn't catching a cold. He seemed to understand and hoped I would feel better soon because he missed me already. It felt great hearing him say that and my guilt grew stronger than ever.

I managed to get the laundry done and finally relax some at home alone that night. I slept well and awoke the next afternoon ready to tackle another long week at work.

I mustered for roll call and received my assignments before heading for my cruiser. My sergeant stopped me along the way and mentioned an undercover officer wanted to see me in one of the conference rooms. A chill went down my spine and my cop instincts kicked in! I knew instantly this wasn't good.

I truly began to shake and told myself to calm down and get control of myself! My military training had taught me how to control my emotions and not let anyone see your true feelings. I called on that as I walked the hall to the room he mentioned. I grabbed the doorknob and walked into an empty room. My first reaction was one of great relief. I thought the guys were playing a trick on me as only another cop could understand. Just as I was about to walk out, Tom one of our undercover drug officers came through the door.

He closed it behind him and asked me to have a seat. A bead of sweat ran down my back as I walked over to a chair and sat down. His first words were, "We need to talk!"

I asked him what this was about as he sat in a chair across from me. He told me he always looks out for fellow brothers and that what he had to say was crucial to my career. I leaned forward as he lowered his voice and began to tell me what he knew.

"I don't have a problem with your life style, first off" he said! "Your being of that persuasion has nothing to do with what I'm here for. Hell, we're all about diversity these days aint we officer? Just because you like a swing cock on a dude doesn't play into this matter!"

My defense mechanism kicked in fast and I barked, "I'm not gay Tom!"

"Please don't insult my intelligence," came from him next! "I saw you on your knees blowing that guy behind the bar we have been staking out! Your just lucky I was alone that night and no one else saw you," he barked back!

I know my mouth was hanging open and I didn't know what to say or do at this point.

"Now you going to tell me that wasn't you when I saw you dead to right inside the bar? I followed you out worried you might be in danger officer! I had no idea I was going to be seeing a fucking gay porn taking place live!"

I knew he had me nailed to the cross and leaned back in the chair and looked up at the ceiling. My mind raced as I sat there and listened to what more he had to say.

"Couldn't believe what I was seeing to be honest," he rambled on. "You didn't put up any argument and did it on your own without resisting. So naturally I'm concluding you're a cocksucker because I saw it with my own eyes! So, you are going to deny that was you, call me a fucking liar?"

I looked at the down at table and confessed it was me. There was a long silence and I could hear the air condition kick on as we sat there. My heart was beating out of my chest and sounded like war drums to my ears.

"It was just the one time," I pleaded! "I was drunk and didn't know what I was doing at the time!"

He smiled at me and folded his arms and said,

"Officer, I've been drunk hundreds of times! Not once have I thought sucking another dudes cock would be interesting to try! Or could I be persuaded to do so unless a was a fag!"

I went quite again not knowing what I should do or say. I soon spoke up and asked, "What happens now Tom?"

He told me the guy I had given a blowjob to was the guy they were watching. He was a drug dealer and he was selling from the bar. I spoke up fast and said, "I had no idea, honest!"

He nodded his head in agreement like he believed me.

"Besides not know you're a fucking dick sucker, I do know one thing. I know you are is a good cop! That's why I'm here, to help!"

He asked who the guy was that I left with and I told him a guy I met and became fast friends with.

"You two a couple, sleeping together," he asked?

"Fuck no Tom," I replied fast. "Were just friends, that's all honest!"

He said he was glad to hear that because the guy I left with was a dealer. He gave me Mark's name and asked if that was the name, he gave me. I confirmed that it was. He said Mark was an ex con and would be headed back to prison quick. I know the blood must of ran from my face because Tom asked me if I was all right? I nodded yeah and said I had no idea he was doing that or an ex con. He told me to keep away from him or he was going to internal affairs with the fact that I was hanging out with known criminals. I thanked him for all that he had done for me so far and said I owed him.

As he pushed his chair back to get up, he said he would keep this between us two.

"You know most of these guys could never except you being gay," he added before he left.

I told him they would never find out. He nodded, patted my shoulder and said, "Good luck with that man," as he left the room.

I sat there for a while trying to find the courage to get up and walk out of the room. I could only hope Tom was a man of his word and would keep my secret. As I headed out the door to the parking lot a fellow officer sitting in his car asked why I was late pulling out? I told him I had talked with Tom the undercover cop about some drug dealing in my patrol area.

It was a sure-fire answer to stop any talk that may have started as to why we were together. I got in my car and started it up and backed out. It was when I was safely away from all prying eyes that I let my emotions go and a few tears ran down my face. I was pissed at myself for allowing things to go this far and I was also mad at Mark for leading me down this road. I blamed him for making me gay! It was his fault that I allowed myself to get fucked. Luckily, I received a call to a car accident and pulled myself together and focused my mind on my job.

As the day wore on, I knew I had to talk with Mark and sort all this out. I had to cut off our relationship if I wanted to keep my job. I knew it would be hard to stop seeing him but I had to



sacrifice him if I wanted to remain a cop. I was born to be a cop and it was what drove me. I couldn't see myself any as being any other way!

About 6 pm, I called him on my cell phone and told him we needed to talk. He asked if I was all right and I told him I was fine. But I said I needed to see him. I explained I couldn't come by his house, but could he meet me at the corner connivance store maybe? It was a date and I said I would roll by at about 9 pm.

I got clearance to take my lunch break then and headed to the spot where I told him to meet me. My headlights shined on him as I pulled into the store's parking lot. He walked over to the cars driver's window and I told him to get in. Once he was inside, I drove off so we wouldn't be seen together.

He started right off with his crazy talk about how sexy I looked tonight in my uniform. He reached over and cupped my crotch as I drove.

"Your chest looks so big with that vest on, almost as big as mine," he bragged!

I wanted desperately to tell him to back off but I didn't want to cause any problems between us just yet. Of course, he mentioned he was horny and asked if he could knock off a quick piece of ass somewhere?

I reiterated to him that we needed to talk first. He sat back in the seat with his legs spread wide and said, "OK."

I weaved a story about someone seeing my patrol car parked outside his trailer that night and reported me. I said I was told if I ever was seen there again, I would lose my job. He nodded his head and looked out the passenger window as I drove.

"So, you're breaking up with me," came from him?

I told him how much I loved my job and that it was the most important thing to me. He said he could handle that, but if I was going to stop seeing him, he needed tapering off!

"Let's keep fucking till I find a replacement," he offered as he looked over at me.

My heart broke then and then as I realized he only needed me for a piece of ass! Keeping my composure, I agreed to his terms to end this as fast as I could without problems from him. All I needed right now was for him to file a report against me.

We drove in silence for a few minutes when

he up and blurted out, "I want some pussy off you tonight!"

I was shocked but yet not surprised. I told him there wasn't any place we could do something like that at around here. "Plus, I don't have much time," I pleaded!

He looked me square in the eyes and said, "A street cop always knows some secret place to park!"

When I saw how he looked at me I knew I had to get this over with quick and get back on patrol. I knew of an abandoned gas station not far that we could park behind safely. "Up ahead is a place," I offered!

"That's more like it," he uttered!

The building came into view as my headlights shinned bright turning into the abandoned lot. I drove the cruiser behind the building, killing my lights before I got there. We couldn't do anything in the front seat that's for sure with my computer equipment, so I opened the car door and got out.

Mark followed suit and we met at the back of the car. I took off my hat and tossed it up on the truck and started to get on my knees when he stopped me.

"No blowjob tonight sweetheart! Nope, tonight I'm fucking you," came from him as I watched him start undoing his pants!

I protested but I knew it was in vain. I had already learned that much from him already, don't say no. He motioned for me to turn around and face the car, which I reluctantly did. His arms went around my waist and he unbuckled my utility belt. I relinquished control and raised my arms slightly to make his access easier. My eyes searched the area quickly to be sure we were alone as he fiddled with my buckle. His fingers fished for the top button of my uniform pants and soon he was unzipping them. The weight of my utility belt made my pants drop fast to my knees as he peeled my underwear down. He then scooted my shirt and tee shirt up my back.

"Assume the submissive position bitch," came from him as I leaned on the car's trunk. He coughed up a couple mouths full of spit and applied them to his shaft. I could feel its incredible

*Continued on page 22*



I wanted to title this "Stop being a sniveling little bitch!" and go in really hard in a self-own piece here at Desert Heat, but I'm back-pedaling out of fear that people are going to think it's about them and retaliate with hate mail. And if that happens, I'm liable to over-compensate by being caustic and mean.

Man up! Or whatever toxic masculine hand-job you give yourself when you look in the mirror every day. Fuck your feelings. Is this why guys think I'm a top... or the meanest, brattiest, power bottom they've ever met?

Do you ever feel that the more you talk and tell the truth, the more people don't like you? That's definitely my shadow talking. In my practice, we're supposed to make friends with THAT. It's a constant battle and unlike some of my brothers in Unnamed Path think, it's not just a merit badge you check off so you can go back to being a hateful bitch. The truth is like sunburn. Nobody wants it. Just shut up and look pretty. (Side eye) For a 49 year old.

I don't know if I'm wrestling with my shadow or channeling something. Like my current mood swing, I don't know where this is going. I'm holding out hope for some kind of catharsis. None of the bottoms on Twitter know what that means and normal people, if they weren't as intelligent as wheat paste, don't get anything I say unless it greases up their egos, is a feast for their eyes or makes them jack-off.

I'm listening to Freddy Mercury sing about being a champion of the world. Who needs it? This absurd planet? I want to just kick this country into the sun. Or maybe all the gun nuts. Right in their gun nuts.

Pew Pew, bitch! Sigh.

I was crying on social media that I feel my age in a variety of ways. I just finished a week-long, long-deserved vacation. My first ever in a career position, as the girls at work love to opine. They're all really swell gals. Except the one I put a whammy on. She was crying in her office yesterday. That's what you get for not leaving me



alone. I digress, but I think I need another vacation. Permanently. Let me just mug this billionaire for what's rightfully mine.

I crammed more shit into my vacation than most shit-munching scat bottoms do under a rim seat in a lifetime. I think I'm so greedy for life experiences that the insatiable need for them causes me to feel dead inside if I'm not constantly gobbling them down. I'm a text book hedonist. Speaking of gobbling

and rim seats, can you sit on my face for a couple hours?

Look, man. I'll settle for a late-night grilled cheese.

I feel like I caught a glimpse of what this timeline should be: an agrarian society with visits to the beach, where everyone lives within their means because they're taken care of, has good company and health, even better food, music and art in their lives. I feel fucking dead inside and I'm having another one of those moments of clarity where I'm aching for something gorgeous and life changing and wishing I wanted to create a single piece of art. Just a single piece!

I got my Monkeypox shot, we initiated putting together a trust and a will for our security, went to the beach, made an appointment for the dentist, watched a hostage situation on the block I live at, got a flat repaired, painted a ceiling in a bedroom, waved good-bye to my housemate of 8 years and his lovely cat who I miss like you wouldn't believe, made some amazing meals, rolled out a blueberry pie, planted a new garden bed with tomato plants, an got a couple pepper plants and an eggplant, and played a marathon 24 hour D&D game(s).

Despite the richness I know to have in my life, I feel depleted of joy and strength. I feel vulnerable and snarly, like I may take a bite out of somebody. Hours later, sitting at this keyboard, no catharsis, but I think I'm stumbling upon an epiphany that I don't fully understand yet.

Just that empty ache.

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DHM Fan ~ Andrew Apollon





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hardness against my butt cheeks as he lubed himself.

Quickly he stepped between my legs and shoved his shaft between my butt cheeks in the darkness. He quickly found my pucker and moved into me. With him fucking me that morning and Dutch this afternoon, there wasn't much resistance on my part down there.

He rested on my back for a few seconds, enjoying the warmth of my insides, as he put it before he started his movement. He bucked into me hard and made my car rock forward as I braced myself against it. His hands gripped my shirt and used it to pull me into him as he rammed his cock into me. I backed my hips closer to him wanting to enjoy this despite all that was happening.

"Yeah bitch, you love my cock don't you," he breathed heavy! "How you going to be able to give up on not having me riding your ass regular," he asked?

I sighed and surrendered even more opening my legs wider to allow him in deeper. I relaxed and let go of my troubles and started to really get into the moment. I worked my anal muscles as he taught me and gripped his shaft tighter. I found myself moaning low uncontrollable. My cock leaked a line of slim that hung from the tip of my cock.

His heavy balls tapped against mine as he dug in deep inching up on his tippy toes as he thrust. We moved together in the quite of the darkness making love like we were together for a long time! He purposely edged himself, stopping three times just before he shot to prolong our union.

"I aint ready to nut you yet bitch," he whispered in my ear each time he stopped his movement! "I want that hole of yours to remind you of our fucking the rest of the night your riding around!"

He bite and sucked my neck in several places much to my dismay! After about ten minutes of him being inside me, he announced he was giving me what I wanted this time!

He fucked me hard and made my car rock back in forth to our fuck rhythm. When he started holding me rally tight, I knew his nut wasn't far off. Finally, I felt his cock start firing off inside me as he

grunted in rhythm to his squirting! When he was fully discharged in me, he pulled his semi hard cock out. I felt my tee shirt tail being pulled lower from my back as he used it to clean his cock off. Once he was done, he stepped away from me and I stood up fully and turned around.

My asshole felt like a truck had driven thru it as I pulled myself together. I quickly mentioned we had to get moving as I looked his way. I could only see the fire at the tip of his cigarette in the darkness as I spoke.

I heard his zipper being pulled up and then his belt buckle clanking. Together we got back in the patrol car. I instantly noticed the dirt on my uniform pants as I started the car and had to get out and brushed it off before we left. I took the time to reach in my pants and adjust my cock to its normal position before I got back in.

I pulled out fast and headed back to the place where I picked him up. Alone the way he told me how much he was going to miss my ass and how proud he was of the way he has broken me in.

"Dude, remember how sore you were the first time I plugged your ass," he asked? "Now, you take cock without any resistance bro!"

I confessed to him I'd walked bowed legged for days after that first time with him! We both got a quick laugh out of that.

"You take cock easy now bro, the next guy will thank me for that," he then bragged!

I quickly told him I was giving up on guys after him. He looked at me as if I was kidding and laughed. "You are a natural born pussy dude; you can't stop now! You offered that thing up to me so easy; you wanted to get fucked. And you took my load with hardly any resistance dude!"

Inside I knew he was right and that I couldn't stop being with guys. I pulled back into the connivance store lot and put the car in park. Before he got out, he said he wasn't done with me yet, not by a long shot.

"I'm willing to let you go," he said but, "You owe me more!"

He walked over to my window and said he would be in touch. I drove away knowing I had to wrap this up soon between us. Now was the long journey out of this shit hole I fell into. Could it be as easy as I hoped?





# Men of the Desert

Photography by DWD Photography

Website | Email



































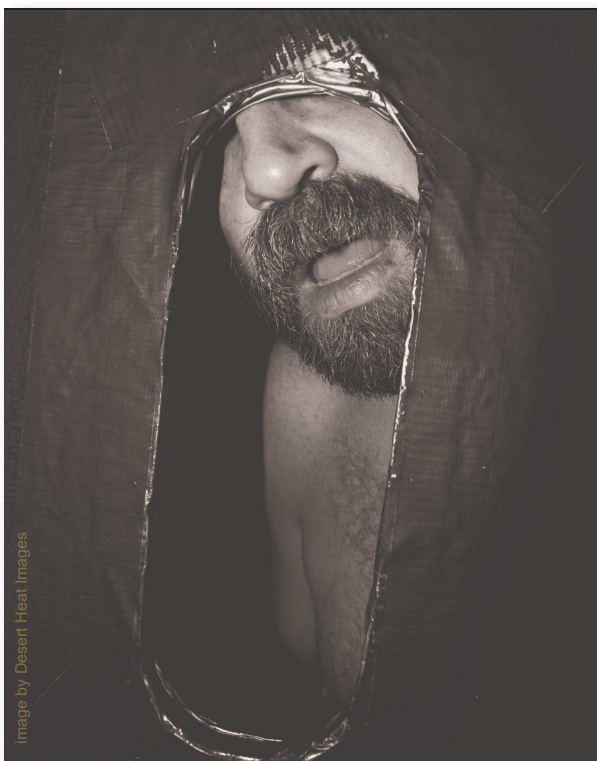












# Gloryhole Encounter

Story by **R. Jason Collett**

When I got off work I checked my voice mail on my phone and got the message from my partner. He was telling me that he was going to his "friends" house. I knew what he meant. He was going to spend the night with his ex. We have an open relationship. We have the freedom to have sex with whomever we want. We also do threesomes a lot, but that is not the point of the story.

As I got into my red sports car, I decided that I would visit the glory hole at the video store in the next town. I started the engine and drove the short trip home.

When I got there, I changed my clothes and got back into the car and drove the store. I come here every once in awhile, especially when Jose goes to Kyle's.

The parking lot was not as full but as well as I expected for a Monday night. I went inside, showed my ID, paid for my tokens and went inside the video booth area. I was surprised; there was no one there. I found one booth that was occupied and went inside. I put in a few tokens and watched the video on the screen. I kept peeking through the hole in between the booths but the guy on the other side was just watching the movies. I sat for a moment before I got up and left the booth.

There was still no one around so I walked

around and looked around the movies and there was hardly anyone there. I was disappointed being that I was horny and ready for some fun.

After going back and forth, I finally decided to just get in a booth and see what happens. In a few moments, a guy came into the other booth. He slid his fingers through the hole, motioning for me to put my dick there. I stood up, put my member there while he started sucking. It felt good, but he didn't really know what he was doing so I pulled back after a couple of minutes. When I did, he put his dick through the hole. 'Wow, not bad.' I thought as I started to suck it for a while. It was about 6.5 inches and had a big head.

I guess I should tell a little about me first. I am 23 years old working in a call center and living by myself with my two cats. Jose and I have been dating for a little over 2 years. We have our fights (if you have ever dated or know a Latin person, you know what I mean) but we always make up. I am about 5'5 and 150 lbs with brown hair and blue eyes. Okay, so back to the story.

I sucked on the guys cock for a while before I stood up, let him suck me off a little more before I pulled back, jacked off and came through the hole. As soon as I was done, I buttoned up and left the booth area. I had to cool off before I went back in.

I looked at some more movies before  
Gloryhole Encounter



deciding to return to the booths. As I was walking in I saw this very young, dark skinned man walk in the door. I smiled to myself for this was the first time I had ever seen someone even remotely close to my age. I continued into the booths and waited for him.

I had this older man checking me out up and down. He was ok a looking but my attention was focused on something else.

Then, there he was, he was walking into the darkened area. I smiled and nodded my head to him. He returned the nod and walked to the other side of the room. I followed, all the while being followed by the old man.

The young guy looked at me and I nodded to a booth. He nodded and started to walk to one. I went in one assuming that he was going to the other one. I was surprised when he walked him behind me. Surprised, but certainly not going to protest. He clicked the door shut and started putting tokens in the machine. Then I heard another door click and I looked at the hole joining the other booth and it was the old man. I wasn't to amused at the idea of him being there but I was too busy with what I had in front of me.

I studied him for a second and realized he was Hispanic. I love Hispanic men.

"¿Hablas español?" I was asking if he spoke Spanish.

"Sí." He answered, which means yes.

I went to kiss him on the lips but he turned his head. "¿No bese?" I asked. Beso means to kiss. He started to undo his belt buckle and unzip his jeans. I took the moment to study him again. Nice body, nice hair, cute face. I was happy.

Then he pulled his pants down revealing his pinga (dick). It wasn't as nice as I would have preferred, but it was still nice.

I was soon on my knees sucking him while the old man in the other booth watched us through the buddy window, a Plexiglas type of window that can be turned on or off.

Then he started thrusting his cock down my throat, causing me to gag a little. But I continued to suck him and then started sucking on his balls. They were so small and cute, just like everything else on him was cute. The old man in the other booth starting reaching through the hole and rubbing the Latin man's stomach. Before I knew what had happened, the pinga was jerked

Gloryhole Encounter

from my mouth and the old man was sucking him now. I shrugged my shoulders and started kissing and licking all over the Spanish man's body. It was nice and he smelled so good.

This went on for about five minutes, going from me to the old man. When I started sucking on his balls again, he started jacking off. I knew he was going to come and I could tell that he wanted to come in my mouth. I didn't want to do that so I kept my mouth shut and soon my face was covered with the cum from this hombre caliente (hot man).

He started to button up when I started asking him some questions.

"¿Como te llamas?" I was asking what was his name.

"Juan." Cool name. Traditional.

"Mucho gusto. Mi nombre es Mike." ("Nice to meet you, my name is Mike")

As he finished buttoning his pants, I asked how old he was and thanked each other. I thought about inviting him over but in the back of my mind I knew there would be a small chance that Jose would come over if him and Kyle didn't get along well.

I didn't want to risk having him stop by and finding me in bed with another man. Jose wouldn't care, but to me that would have been inconsiderate, even though some would argue that what he does is but that is another story.

Juan said bye and left the booth. I stayed and let the old man suck me. I was too involved in thinking about Juan and that I should go after him and get his number so that I could call him and become friends. The old man lost interest and stopped what he was doing and left the booth, leaving me by myself and hard. I jacked off for a second or two before I packed "everything" up and left the booth.

With Juan on my mind, I asked the lady behind the booth if a young, Hispanic man had left and she said yes. I walked out just to see if he was still there. He wasn't.

I knew I had lost him forever, which I know is a good thing in the long run though. I went back inside, went one more time in the video room where I let the old man suck me off until I came. After that, I got into my car and drove home, thinking about the hot, Latin lover I had just let slip out of my hands. Maybe we will meet again....



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# MODELS WANTED

MEN OF ALL SIZES

# DHM

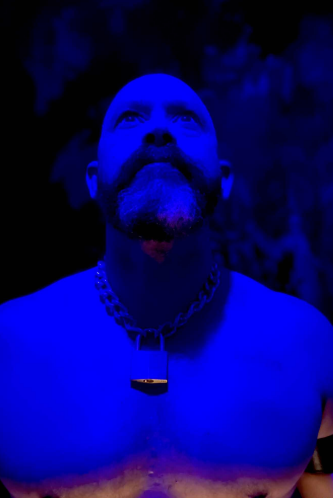
IS LOOKING FOR  
MEN WHO WANT  
TO SHOW OFF!!

GOT WHAT  
IT TAKES?  
CLICK THIS IMAGE!



# GETTING RAW

with PA DADDY J



## MONKEYPOX

The main goal of my column is to address issues that affect our community at large. As of today, one of those issues is the recent outbreak of monkeypox amongst gay men. There has been much debate as to what the virus is, how the virus is transmitted, its origins, and prevention... and the information continues to evolve as new data is released.

The information contained within this article has been provided by the Center for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), the Mayo Clinic, and the Cleveland Clinic. The data collection for this article was made on August 17, 2022 and could have been updated by all sources by the time this article has been published in the September issue of Desert Heat Magazine. I invite our readers to check [cdc.gov](https://www.cdc.gov), [mayoclinic.org](https://www.mayoclinic.org), and [my.clevelandclinic.org](https://www.my.clevelandclinic.org) for updated information.

### What Is Monkeypox?

Monkeypox is a rare disease caused by the monkeypox virus. The monkeypox virus usually affects rodents, such as rats or mice, or nonhuman primates, such as monkeys. But it can occur in people.

Monkeypox usually occurs in Central and West Africa. Cases outside of Africa are often due to:

- International travel
- Imported animals
- Close contact with an animal or person with monkeypox

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) monitors cases that have been reported in countries that don't often have monkeypox, such as the United States. In the 2022 monkeypox outbreak, the CDC is monitoring

many cases of monkeypox throughout the world, including Europe and the United States.

### Monkeypox Symptoms

People with monkeypox get a rash that may be located on or near the genitals (penis, testicles, labia, and vagina) or anus and could be on other areas like the hands, feet, chest, face, or mouth.

- The rash will go through several stages, including scabs, before healing.
- The rash can initially look like pimples or blisters and may be painful or itchy.

Other symptoms of monkeypox can include:

- Fever
- Chills
- Swollen lymph nodes
- Exhaustion
- Muscle aches and backache
- Headache
- Respiratory symptoms (e.g. sore throat, nasal congestion, or cough)







# MONKEYPOX

## VISUAL EXAMPLES OF MONKEYPOX RASH



Photo Credit: NHS England High Consequence Infectious Diseases Network

You may experience all or only a few symptoms

- Sometimes, people have flu-like symptoms before the rash.
- Some people get a rash first, followed by other symptoms.
- Others only experience a rash.

### How long do Monkeypox symptoms last?

Monkeypox symptoms usually start within 3 weeks of exposure to the virus. If someone has flu-like symptoms, they will usually develop a rash 1-4 days later.

Monkeypox can be spread from the time symptoms start until the rash has healed, all scabs have fallen off, and a fresh layer of skin has formed. The illness typically lasts 2-4 weeks.

### Stages of Monkeypox

There are 5 stages that are observed during the progression of the virus:

- **Stage 1: Macule.** The rash starts as flat red spots (lasts for 1-2 days).
- **Stage 2: Papule.** The spots become hard, raised bumps (lasts for 1-2 days).
- **Stage 3: Vesicle.** The bumps get larger, look

like blisters filled with clear fluids (lasts 1-2 days).

- **Stage 4: Pustule.** The blisters fill with pus (lasts 5-7 days).
- **Stage 5: Scabs.** The spots crust over and become scabs that eventually fall off (lasts 7-14 days).

### How does the monkeypox virus spread?

The monkeypox virus causes monkeypox. The monkeypox virus spreads through close contact with an infected animal or person. Or it can spread when a person handles materials such as blankets that have been in contact with someone who has monkeypox.

The monkeypox virus spreads from person to person through:

- Direct contact with rashes, scabs or body fluids of a person with monkeypox.
- Extended close contact (more than four hours) with respiratory droplets from an infected person. This includes sexual contact.
- Clothes, sheets, blankets or other materials that have been in contact with rashes or body fluids of an infected person.
- An infected pregnant person can spread the monkeypox virus to a fetus.







## Monkeypox

### A visual review of the five stages:



**Stage 1 – Macule.**  
The rash starts as flat, red spots (lasts for 1-2 days).



**Stage 2 – Papule.**  
The spots become hard, raised bumps (lasts for 1-2 days).



**Stage 3 – Vesicle.**  
The bumps get larger. They look like blisters filled with clear fluid (lasts for 1-2 days).



**Stage 4 – Pustule.**  
The blisters fill with pus (lasts for 5-7 days).



**Stage 5 – Scabs.**  
The spots crust over and become scabs that eventually fall off (lasts for 7-14 days).



Monkeypox spreads from an animal to a person through:

- Animal bites or scratches
- Wild game that is cooked for food
- Products made of infected animals
- Direct contact with body fluids or rashes of animals with monkeypox

## Monkeypox Prevention Steps

Take the following three steps to prevent getting monkeypox:

### 1. Avoid close, skin-to-skin contact with people who have a rash that looks like monkeypox.

- Do not touch the rash or scabs of a person with monkeypox.
- Do not kiss, hug, cuddle or have sex with someone with monkeypox.

### 2. Avoid contact with objects and materials that a person with monkeypox has used.

- Do not share eating utensils or cups with a person with monkeypox.
- Do not handle or touch the bedding, towels, or clothing of a person with monkeypox.

### 3. Wash your hands often.

- Wash your hands often with soap and water or use an alcohol-based hand sanitizer, especially before eating or touching your face and after you use the bathroom.

In Central and West Africa, avoid contact with animals that can spread monkeypox virus, usually rodents and primates. Also, avoid sick or dead animals, as well as bedding or other materials they have touched.

## What is the treatment for Monkeypox?

Treatment for most people with monkeypox is aimed at relieving symptoms. Care may include drinking enough liquids and pain management.

If you have monkeypox, isolate at home in a separate room from family and pets until your rash and scabs heal.

There is no specific treatment approved for monkeypox. Health care providers may treat monkeypox with some antiviral drugs used to treat smallpox, such as tecovirimat (TPOXX) or brincidofovir (Tembexa). For those unlikely to respond to the vaccine, care providers may offer vaccinia immune globulin, which has antibodies from people who have been given the smallpox vaccine.





## Vaccine Protection

The preferred vaccine to protect against monkeypox is Jynneos, which is a two-dose vaccine. It takes 14 days after getting the second dose of Jynneos for its immune protection to reach its maximum.

The ACAM2000 vaccine may be an alternative to Jynneos. ACAM2000 is a single-dose vaccine, and it takes four weeks after vaccination for its immune protection to reach its maximum. However, it has the potential for more side effects and adverse events than Jynneos. It is not recommended for people with severely weakened immune systems and several other conditions.

People should take precautions to reduce their exposure to monkeypox until immune protection from vaccines has reached its maximum. Consult your healthcare provider to see if you should get vaccinated against monkeypox, and if you should receive ACAM2000 instead of JYNNEOS.

## What are the complications of Monkeypox?

Monkeypox complications can include:

- Severe scars on the face, arm and legs
- Blindness

- Other infections
- Death, in rare cases

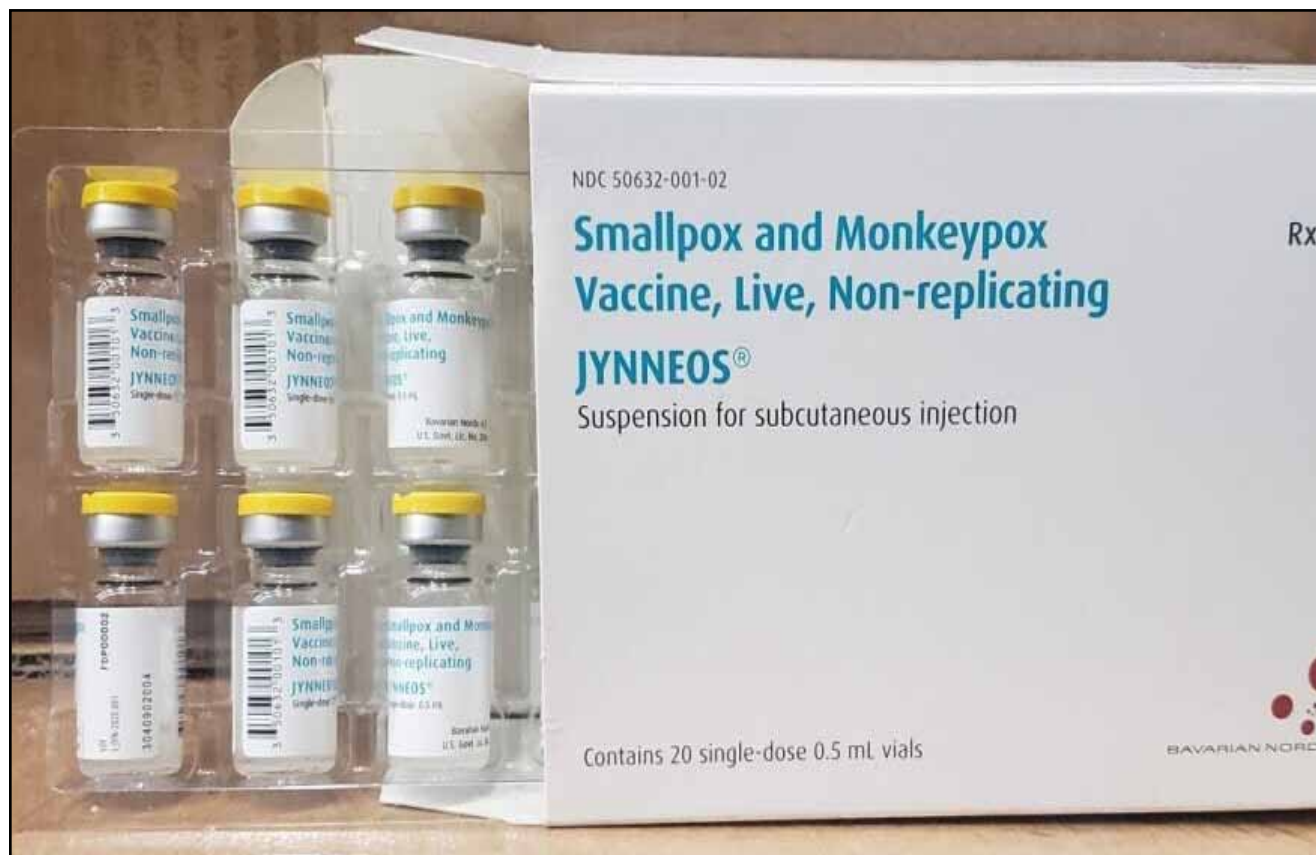
## Be Proactive.

If you were born after before 1977, you probably were not vaccinated against smallpox, thus you will required the monkeypox vaccine. If you were born before 1977, you might have already some protection against the virus. However, call your PCP and ask what you should do.

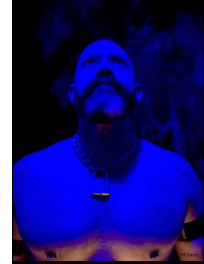
If you believe you have been exposed to or wish to be vaccinated, contact your local Health Department and ask for monkeypox vaccines availability and requirements in your area. You do not want to get this virus. It is very painful. I remember many of my friends and relatives having smallpox back in the early 1970s and I can assure you it was not a pleasant experience.

Stay safe.

PA Daddy J



Getting Raw







# Luigi

Sisenpou

Photography by **GASQUE ph** (Bernardo and Pedro)

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Image from the “Luiggi’s Passion” series









My stepdad told me the morning of my 18th birthday that I needed to get a job. There was a pretty well-known and large cattle ranch nearby that he worked at when he was younger, and he still knew the owner so he set me up with a job. I was to head there this afternoon after my chores were done.

You should know that I've lived with my stepdad since I was around 10 years old. My mom left town, and he felt some obligation to take care of me. I was old enough to help on his small farm, so that helped, but his obligation seemed to end when I turned 18. He didn't explicitly say it that morning, but I gathered I needed to find a place of my own pretty soon as well.

I hopped on my bike and rode the 30 minutes through town to Weston Ranch. It was a pretty big operation, and from the state of the buildings and the main house up on a nearby hill, a lucrative one at that. I walked my bike through the gravel drive until I came to a man pushing a wheel barrel. He was wearing a black tank-top and the sweat made each muscle of his upper arms stand out.

"Hey kid, what are you looking for?" he asked.

I tried not to stare at his pecs peaking out of the top of his tank top, and asked, "Do you know where I can find Mr. Weston?"

He must've noticed me staring, since he gave a slight chuckle. "He's usually at the office in the afternoon. Head through this barn here and it'll be the building on your left when you reach the other side."

I opened a small side door in the barn and made my way inside to the other side. There were two other men working on something near the other end, and they turned to look at me when the door slammed shut. I gave them a slight nod then made my way across the mostly empty barn.

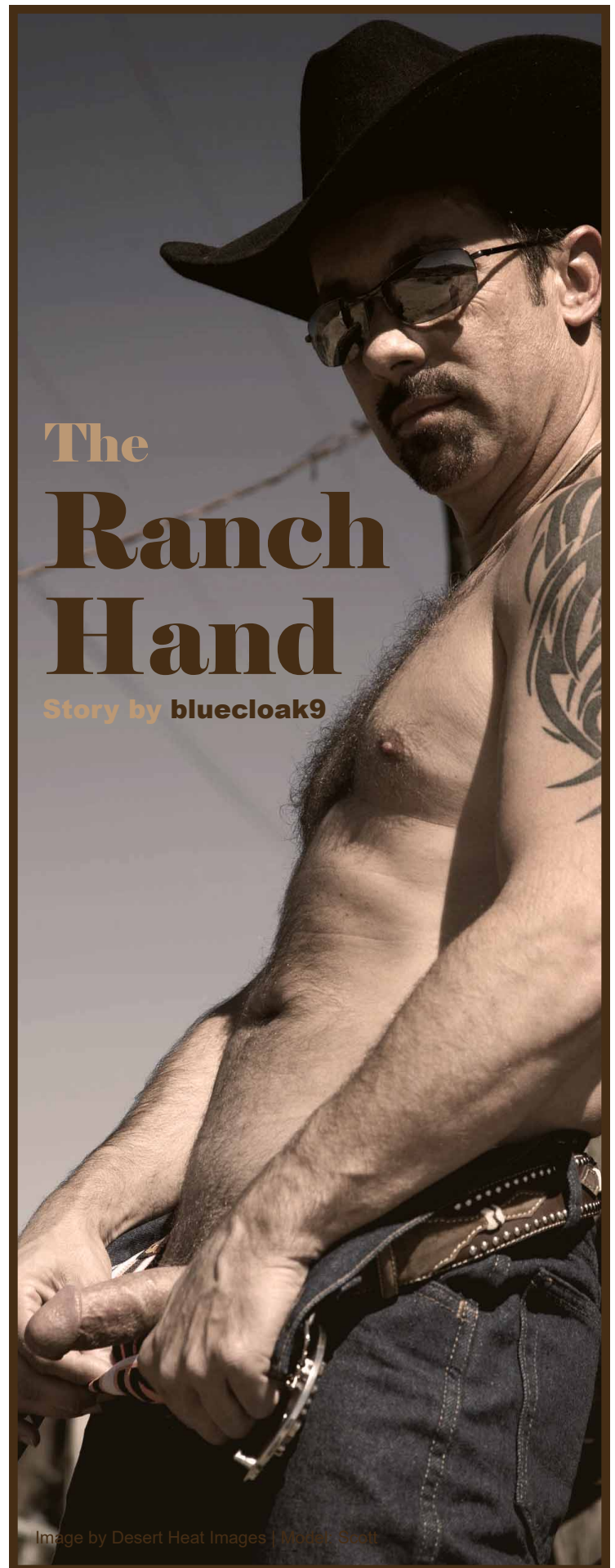
"Hey, you! You sure you're supposed to be in here?" one of the men asked.

"I'm looking for Mr. Weston!" I shouted.

"What?" the other guy asked.

"Get over here and tell us what you're doing here," the first guy demanded. I obliged and made my way over, not wanting to ruffle any feathers on my first day.

"I'm looking for Mr. Weston. I'm supposed



The Ranch Hand



to start working here," I said.

"Well, well, a new hire." said one of the men. Now that I was closer I could see he had a thick mustache. "Me and my buddy here train all the new guys."

"Oh, okay. I'm Todd. Nice to meet you." I offered my hand for them to shake.

The mustached guy shook my hand but didn't let go right away. "We've got a little orientation we put all the new guys through first." He suddenly pulled hard on my arm, and I lost my balance and fell with my face in his chest. He quickly wrapped an arm around my neck and held me there in a headlock. "Yeah, that's right, get a whiff of my scent."

"Please, stop!" I protested, but he just laughed at me. At this point the other guy had moved around behind me, and started undoing my belt and pants. "What the fuck are you doing?" I tried kicking and flailing my arms to stop him.

"Watch it you little fucker. The more you fight, the more this hurts." I felt his grip tighten around my neck. "Get the rope" he commanded, and the other guy seemed to quickly have my hands tied behind my back before I could protest.

With my hands tied, the mustached man loosened up, and pushed me down so I was bent over a nearby workbench. He dug his elbow into my back so that I couldn't get up, while his buddy slid my pants and boxers down in one swift pull.

"What are you doing? Help! Stop! Help!" I screamed. The mustached man delivered a swift punch to my gut, knocking all the wind out of me.

"Shut the fuck up," he growled. "Hurry up and get his ass ready." I suddenly felt a completely unfamiliar sensation as the second man buried his tongue deep into my asshole. I let out a soft moan as he swirled his tongue around inside of me, and his beard stubble scrapped the tender skin around my hole. By the time I caught my breath again, I had submitted to this intensely pleasurable feeling.

The mustached man must've felt me give in, as he muttered, "Yeah, you like this, don't you? You little bitch." I was miles away though, and I felt my dick grow as this unknown man explored me in a way no person had. His tongue darted in and out of me, up and down my ass crack, and sometimes down to my taint, just shy of touching the edge of my balls. I couldn't hide it anymore and started moaning freely.

Both men started laughing, likely at how The Ranch Hand

easily I submitted to them, but I didn't care. I never wanted this feeling to end.

"What the hell are you doing in here?" I heard someone shout from what seemed like miles away. The wet tongue retracted from my ass. "What the fuck? Get the fuck out of here. You two are fired. Get your stuff out of the bunkhouse, and get off my property! Now!"

As the weight of the mustached man lifted from my back, I felt legs give way and I slumped to the floor. Both men ran off through the door I came in, as this new, older man approached.

"Are you all right, son?" he asked. He was built pretty solid, with a bit of a gut, but definitely still in good shape. He was very handsome, with some greying hair on the sides beneath the white cowboy hat he was wearing. I nodded in reply, still recovering from my ecstasy.

"Did they hurt you at all?" I shook my head. "You must be the Erickson boy that Jack told me about. I'm Mr. Weston. Hell of a first day. Here roll over so I can untie your hands there."

I rolled over onto my knees, remembering too late that I had no pants on, so that I was shoving my bare ass right into my new boss' face. "Well," he started. "Looks like they did a number on you." He placed his hand gently on my ass and used a thumb to pull my ass apart to reveal my twitching, wet, loosened hole.

"Yeah," was all I could muster.

"I'd say this hole is ready to be used. What do you say?" He straightened up and undid his belt buckle and zipper. I turned my head around to see a large, uncut semi-hard cock flop out of his jeans. "What do you say, boy?"

I could feel my ass hole twitch at the thought of getting fucked, but I was too nervous to say anything.

"Look here, son. I don't mind being your first trip to the rodeo, and I'm not going to promise an easy ride—I'll take it the way I want, but I'm not going to rape you. You have to tell me you want it."

His cock started to grow, and he gently slid his foreskin back to reveal a plump pink head. I felt my own cock grow in response.

"Come on boy, I need to hear you say it."

"I... want it."

With that, the floodgates let loose. He dropped to his knees and took command of my

*Continued on pg 58*



# 4x4 Photography

by PA Daddy J

48

Coming Soon! Title





# DHM Fan ~ Pierre Aubin





A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and short hair, wearing a leather vest over a short-sleeved shirt, leather pants, and tall leather boots. He is leaning against a vertical metal pole and looking off to the side. The background is dark with a bright light source on the right creating a lens flare.

# Through the Lens of Fetish

Photography by **Joshi dot Photo**  
Twitter | Instagram



































# Labor Day 2002

Story by subbear196

I'm ten min from the nude resort where I'm going to meet a TOP man at this resort that I only started talking to two weeks ago. One chat, a few e-mails, and a few phone calls, and now I'm meeting him. I'm dressed in white sports socks, black boots, jeans, white T-shirt under I have on a black jockstrap and a leather harness.

I park in the lot and pick up my phone to call this TOP Sir to say I'm here and ready for our sex party weekend. I called and was told to report to the back of this car and wait and he would come out to get me.

A man walk up to me; a nice looking man. He looks me over and says "Front of the car boy."

When I got to the front of the car, SIR looked at me and snapped his fingers once and said "Remember what I said, boy. When I snap once, you go to your knees."

I look at him for a second and yes, I'm in a parking lot outside the gate, but he is now Master/Sir for the weekend and Sir would not let his boy get in trouble.

I go to my knees and open my mouth. Sir places his cock in to my mouth. "Be still, boy, Sir needs to piss before we go in."

In the back of my mind I thought it was a test to see if I was the boy whore he was looking o play with. I was still as his piss started to flow in to my mouth and I gulp it down my throat.

"Good boy, now get up." He finished his piss and I get up. We walk into the hotel. As we are buzzed in, I look around as I am following Sir to his room. I see men around and at the pool. Some are

nude while some are not.

We get to Sir's room and he takes me in. A porn movie is playing. One snap of Sir's fingers. I was lost in all that was going on and did not drop fast enough for Sir.

I felt a hand on my shoulder, "Boy, I snapped my fingers."

I went to my knees and opened my mouth. Sir pushed down his shorts. "Get your mouth on my cock, boy."

I started sucking Sir's cock. Sir grabbed my head and started fucking my face. "Suck my cock, you faggot whore. Come on, take my cock, you bitch. All the way down!" Sir has the back of my head in his hands and started ramming his cock down my throat, making me gag on his cock as his fucked my face. Sir grabs the front of my T-shirt and rips it open and tweeks my nipples.

"Boy, stand up and bend over." he demanded

I stood up and bend over. Sir grabbed the back pockets of my jeans and ripped them. Sir felt my ass for a few mins.

"Get them pants off, boy."

I take off of my pants and Sir snaps his fingers twice. I bend over showing my hole to Sir.

He ran his finger over my hole. "Good boy, do you have the butt plug dildo in your ass cuntk like you were told to!" he affirms.

Sir pats me on the head mmmmmm.... Sir

*Continued on pg 66*



waist with both hands, gliding me back. "There you go." I felt him apply some sort of lubricant to the my hole before the intense pressure of his dick taking my virginity. He pushed his entire manhood into me in one slow, steady movement forcing me back as I bucked against it. "Come on now, don't fight it. Let your ass get used to me." He held me there for a few minutes, his pelvis pressed against my ass, as my body reeled and adjusted to this intrusion. As I calmed down, he slowly pulled out then pushed in again, building up to a fast rhythm. He let go of my waist as I began to feel the pleasure of his cock inside me, and grabbed the rope still binding my hands behind my back.

I dropped my head as the rush of pleasure consumed my entire body. With each thrust of his cock against my prostate, a wave of intensity washed over my arms and legs then seemed to flow back to the head of my dick. I felt like my cock was going to explode. As he built up to a rapid fucking, I felt nothing except the orgasm slowly building in my cock. I moaned and grunted freely, losing all ability to control myself. He smacked my ass a few times, thrust into me hard, pulled out all the way to spit on his cock, then pushed it back in for a relentless beating of my hole.

I felt his thrusts get slightly slower, longer and deeper. "I'm gonna cum in your ass boy, you ready for that?" he grunted. I managed some sort of verbal acknowledgement. "Yeah, I'm going to breed this ass. It's my ass now. Don't you forget who you work for now." With a few powerful thrusts that pushed my knees across the ground, I felt my dick explode uncontrollably as a warm sensation grew inside of my stomach. I looked down to see a stream of cum pouring out of my dick as Mr. Weston

threw his head back and groaned into the empty barn.

We both held our positions, motionless, catching our breath. Then he slowly retreated from my ass, and I felt a slightly uncomfortable emptiness, I almost urged him to put his dick back inside of me. He untied my hands and stood up, tucking away his dick and fastening his pants.

"Well, shit, son, looks like you came, too. I have to say that's a first for me." he laughed. He offered a hand and pulled me to my feet. I quickly collected my pants and hurriedly stepped into them. When I stood back up, he was already heading towards the door.

"You can start tomorrow. Be here at 7am sharp." he shouted from across the barn.

I ended up walking my bike back to my stepdad's house. After the beating my hole took, I didn't think a bike seat would be comfortable. Halfway through town, after the sun had gone down, I noticed someone exiting one of the bars. It was the man in the tank top from earlier. He recognized me and came over.

"You get fucked?" he asked with a smile.

"What?" I asked.

"Did Mr. Weston fuck your ass?" he said in a louder, obnoxiously enunciated way.

I ignored him and kept walking.

"Hey, kid, come on—I was just messing with you. Look, throw your bike in my truck and I'll give you a ride home."

Later, in his truck he handed me a flask of whiskey. "Here, this'll take the edge off. He's fucked everyone at the ranch, so don't be ashamed. He's got a great dick, huh?"

I nearly spit out the whiskey.





# BART



Photography by [JAN DEUZEMAN PHOTOGRAPHY](#)

Portfolio | [Instagram](#)

Bart



























pulled out the dildo

"Going to use this ass, boy." Sir grabs a box that has dildoes, of all sizes. Sir grabs one and rams it up my ass "Take that, fucker. Take that up your ass. You know you're just a fucking pig. Ya, fucker, take that up your hole, fucker!"

Sir is ramming a dildo in and out my fag hole. Sir is making my hole feel so good I'm lost in lust.

Sir then pulls that one out and shoves a different dildo up my hole

"Yeah, you pig, take that fucker. You're just a pig boy. Your hole is taking that dildo just like a whore." Sir works my hole a few mins with that one then he moves up in size.

"Yeah, fucker, take this one. You pit, open up your fag hole, boy. Yeah, boy, that hole is swallowing that cock."

"Ohhh fuck, ya, work my hole, Sir, fuck it feels so good

"Boy, get on your knees and keep that in your ass, fucker. Now open up and start sucking my cock. That's it, fucker, choke on my cock." Sir's hands are on my head and he's just fucking my face. He is ramming his cock. Choking me on his cock. I love the feeling of this man using me for his pleasure. I can't believe I'm here, on my knees, for this hot man.

"I said choke on my cock, fucker! Eat it, bitch." Sir started cuming down my throat. "Eat it, fucker. Swallow it, bitch!"

I swallowed Sir's load

"Hold still, fucker, I need to piss again!" Sirs cock softens in my mouth then his gold starts... mmm "Drink it, fucker. Yeah, swallow it down you fucking pig. You're just a fucking pig!"

Sir push me off his cock after I suck the last drop out.

"Boy, head down, ass up!" Sir pulls the dildo out of my hole. "Boy, I think it's time for a walk. Get up, put your collar on."

I get up and start putting on my collar.

"Look, fucker, what you took up that fag hole of yours!" Sir shows me 3 dildoes. "See this one, fucker, your hole took it and wanted more!"

"Yes, Sir, it did want more Sir." I responded.

"Let's go, boy." Sir walks to the door and

opens it and we walk out.

My mind is going a thousand miles a hour as I take the first step out of our room and the hot night air hits my body. We walk to this arch.

"The walk starts here, boy." Sir gives me another hit of poppers and we start walking down. Sir grabs the side strap of my harness as we walk down this path. It is all so hot. It is hard to focus as I try to look all around. The concrete is narrow and the way Sir is holding my side it is hard to walk at times, bushes and small opening with white chairs are alone the path.

"Boy, this is the small jail cell they have . Get in and come over to the side."

I get in and go over to the side. I hear the snap of Sir's finger and I squat down. Sir whips out his cock and I put my mouth over his cock and start sucking.

"Yeah, suck that cock, fucker. Suck it good, bitch."

I start sucking on Sirs cock. I feel his hands on my head forcing me down on his big cock. My face hits the bars as Sir keeps slamming his cock in and out of my mouth shoving his cock down my throat and making me gag.

"Fuck, yeah, fucker. Suck that cock, boy. Gag on my cock. Here, fucker, take a hit." Sir puts the poppers to my nose and fucks my face for sometime. I'm lost in a lust only coming out when I need to move my legs.

"Stop, fucker, just hold still."

I stop sucking and just let Sir's cock sit in my mouth. I feel Sirs cock soften in my mouth. I feel Sirs cock start his gold liquid as I start to gulp it down gulp after gulp.

"Get up, cocksucker. Time to show you the rest of the walk."

I get up and leave the cell. Sir grabs the side of my harness and we turn a corner.

"That is the end of this part of the walk."

We walk out in to a opening. It is by the pool. We walk across and I feel eyes watching me.

"This is the next part of the walk, boy."

We start the walk and it has a bigger area, in the bushes, for people to lurk. We pass a few rooms and a water fountain. We get to one place where Sir leads me to a place that has a deck that was raised about 3 feet with a table and chairs and three 8x10 tents. The tent in the middle had no front and as you walk in and to the back was



opening in to the tent on the right or left.

I looked in to each one they had chairs and some men were in there getting and giving head.

Sir walked me back the way we came but turned left and then we were in front of two wooded buildings.

Sir took me to the one on the left it was about 25 feet long by 15 feet wide.

"This is the video room." It had a TV in one corner and wooded bench that ran all the way around the walls with a few men sitting around.

Sir sat down and I knelt down at Sir's feet. I took Sir's cock in my mouth and started sucking. I only got to suck for about a min then Sir pushed me away.

"Boy, let's go." We walk out and across to the other building. We just walked in the front room but I could see lockers and Sir pointed to a door and said the sauna is in there.

Sir lead me out and we walked the paths back to our room. We go in to our room.

"Boy, get your leash for the next walk." I go and find my leash and Sir opens a beer and drinks it I show Sir two leash sizes and Sir picks the small leash about 4 feet long and clips it to my collar.

"Boy, have a shot." I take a shot of vodka. Sir grabs my leash. "Let's go, fucker."

Sir pulls the leash and I start for the door. We walk out and this time I'm more into the walk now that I'm behind Sir and not worried about where my feet are. I can look around more now as we start the walk.

Sir shoved a bottle under my nose, "Inhale, fucker!" I'm got a good buzz going as we take to the walk. My mind is going a mile a minute but I love this feeling.

I love the feeling of being lead by my leash and the way I'm dressed. It is just so hot. I had thought about something like this for a long time but nothing is like the real thing.

Sir walks me to the area with the 3 tents. Sir leads me up the deck and Sir has me sit in a chair and snaps his finger as he lowers his shorts. I open my mouth.

"Don't suck it, fucker. Just stay still." Sir starts pissing. I start swallowing Sir's piss. When Sir is done he pulls up his shorts pulls my leash and I stand and start to follow Sir. We walk back towards our room Sir leads me in to clearing in the bush's.

"Sit, fucker!" Sir puts his hand on my shoulder and push's me down on to the chair. The chair back is next to a block wall. A snap of Sir finger and Sir dropping his shots. I opened my mouth and take Sir cock in to my warm mouth and start sucking on Sirs cock. Sirs hands clamp down on my head as Sir starts rocking back and forth slowly fucking my mouth.

"Suck my cock, fucker. Suck it nice and slow." I slowly sucked Sir's cock. The warm air feeling good on my body. The good feeling of sucking Sirs cock being on a leash. I start hearing movement around us. Men have moved off the path and are in the clearing with us. Sir is controlling my head by holding it. I see movement out of the corner of my eye. I know men are around not sure how many men are watching.

One man bend down and started licking and eating Sir's ass. Sir was talking low but talking to me telling me to suck him calling me fucker and other things it was hard to hear at times.

Sir bend down and said in my ear that someone was eating his ass. I was so enjoying chewing down on Sirs cock and being feed and forced to suck Sir. Sir was calling me names and was per-cumming a lot. Sir holds the bottle to my nose and I inhale my mind and just the feeling is so overwhelmed my ass/cunt starts spazzing over and over. I would swear my ass/cunt came right there as Sir grabbed my head and pulled me in and forced his cock into my throat. I will admit I'm to much a pig at time and was to in to sucking on Sirs cock and my own fuck hole twitching to know how long we were sitting there.

Sir pulls on the leash, "Up, boy!" Sir pulls up his shorts, and pulls me up, and Sir leads me out of the clearing and back on to the path. I skipped a few feet to catch up to Sir. I get up to Sir and call Sir. Sir Stops as I rest my chin on to Sirs shoulder and whisper in his ear that I just came in my ass/cunt.

Sir reaches up and patted and ruffles, "Good, boy."

I must say I was on cloud nine, at this point. I was so up at that moment in time. At that moment in time, when my chin was on Sirs shoulder, I was in ecstasy. I was in that moment a bottom dreams of. A moment of knowing what and who he is. Sir

*Continued on pg 75*



# The Last Taboo

Featuring  
**Ludo**





**Dutch  
people like  
to see  
themselves  
as a  
tolerant  
people.**


**Weed?**

No problem  
for decades  
now.

**Same-Sex  
Marriage?**

No one thinks  
that's 'weird'.





All the greater  
was my  
surprise about  
a friend's  
reaction to an  
Instagram post  
of mine. Or  
actually, she  
responded by  
removing me.

I had, yes,  
really posted  
a photo with  
bare torso.  
When I asked  
her about it,  
she said, "You  
can't do that,  
can you????"



Yes, we Dutch are open-minded, except when it comes to nudity. This friend's story is not an isolated one.



More and more, a certain prudishness takes hold of the Dutch and I think the rest of the world too.

Yes, we Dutch are open-minded, except when it comes to nudity. This friend's story is not an isolated one.



A man with a beard and short hair is sitting cross-legged on a light-colored floor. He is nude. On his upper left chest, there is a tattoo of three birds in flight. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Not to mention  
posing naked.  
Without being  
arrogant, but  
through my work  
as a journalist I  
have gained some  
fame.

Not spectacular,  
but yes, you are  
in the picture  
with a large  
audience.

That's why it  
made me doubt  
for a long time:  
should I pose  
naked? Is that  
smart?

Will that get in  
my way?

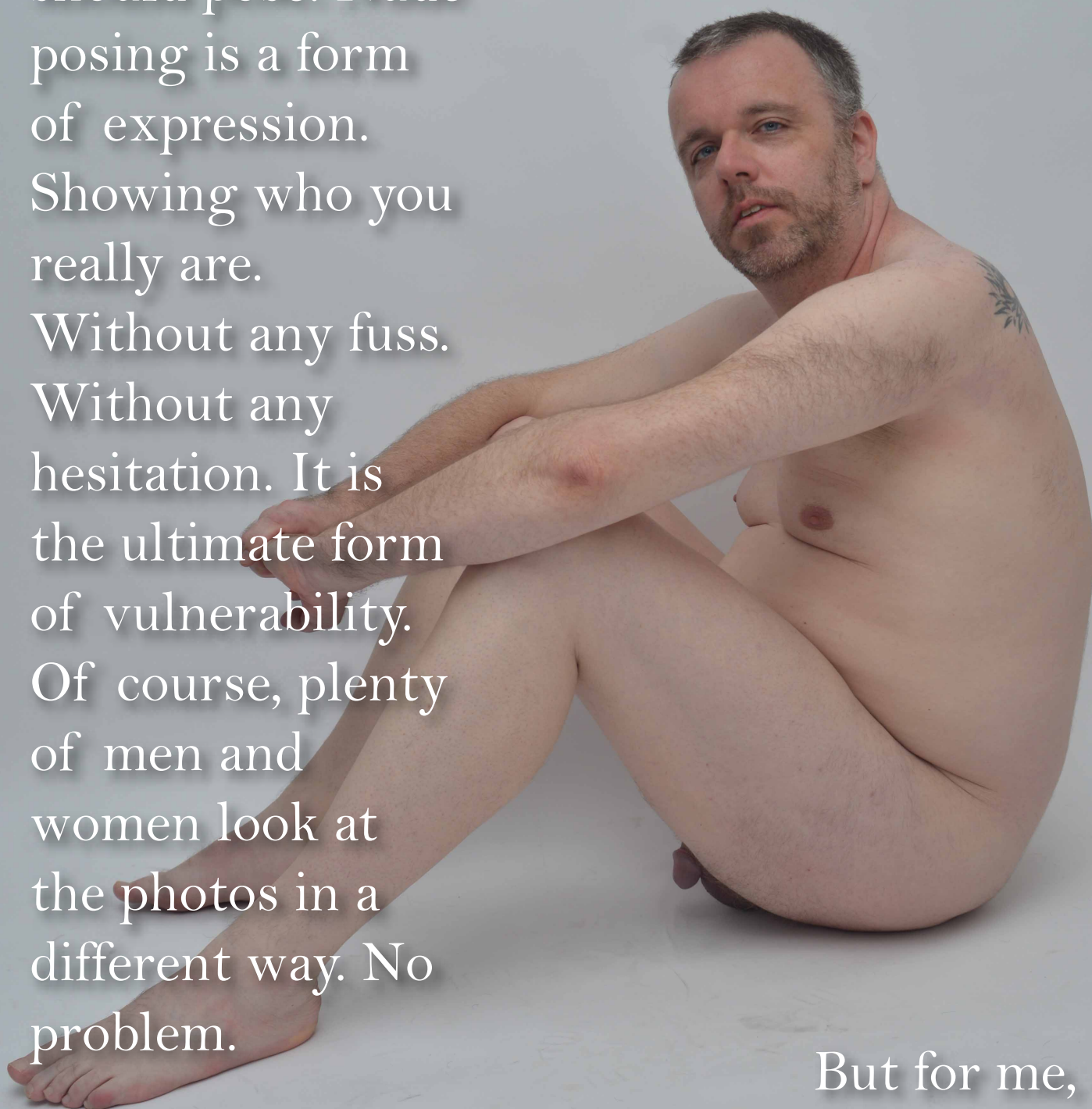


But, of course, I  
should pose! Nude  
posing is a form  
of expression.  
Showing who you  
really are.

Without any fuss.

Without any  
hesitation. It is  
the ultimate form  
of vulnerability.

Of course, plenty  
of men and  
women look at  
the photos in a  
different way. No  
problem.



But for me, it's  
mainly the way to  
show who I am.



Hopefully  
more people  
will follow.

**Nude is  
normal.**

The last  
taboo to be  
broken in  
the  
Netherlands.



leads me back to our room.

"Boy, put some towels down in front of the chair!"

Sir goes in to the room and I lay out a towel on the ground in front of the chair. Sir comes out and lights a cigarette and sits in the chair.

Sir snaps his fingers and I kneel in front of Sir. Sir pushes the brown bottle to my nose. I take Sir's cock in to my mouth and suck his cock.

"Yeah, fucker, suck my cock. You fucking cocksucker!" Sir has his hand resting on my head as I suck Sir's cock.

Sir push's my head back off his cock and push's the bottle to my nose, "Inhale, fucker!" Then Sir lowers his face to my face, my mouth still open wide, as Sir spits in to my mouth. Sir has my hair in his hand as he drivers my mouth back down on to his cock as he rams his hips up ramming his cock in to my throat.

"Gag on that, fucker!" I gag on Sir's cock as he pumps his cock in and out of my throat. My ass cunt was still spazzing as I sat on the towel being fed Sir's cock.

Sir pulls my head off his cock. I look up at Sir with the look of a lust filled pig that's toy was taken form him.

"Look, boy." Sir guides my face so I see another cock standing at Sir's Side. A drop of drool runs down my chin as I stair at this new cock. I feel a tug of my leash.

"Want it, fucker?" I crawled over Sir's knees trying to get to that cock being waved at me. My hole feeling the warm air. Sir has me inhale from the bottle. I take the cock in my mouth and start sucking.

"Yeah, boy, suck that man's cock!" I suck on this new cock. I feel the guys hands on my head fucking my face lightly. My head is moved to his balls and I start suck them, first one, then swallowing both. I move back up to this stranger's cock and suck him.

I hear in the fog of my lust, "Let's take him inside."

My leash is pulled and I back off and go back to my knees and back up on my knees so that Sir can stand then I stand and follow behind my Sir and his guest.

A snap of Sir's finger and I go to my knees and take Sir's cock into my mouth. Sir and his guest are above me.

"Suck our cocks, fuck boy." I move from cock to cock sucking and enjoying serving these two men.

"On the bed, boy. Lay across, face down, and get that mouth back on this cock!"

Sir is standing at the side of the bed. I start sucking on Sir's cock then move over to Sir's guest.

I feel hands on my ass spreading my cheeks, exposing my fuck hole. Like some dog in heat, I arch my hole up. I move back to Sir's cock.

"Inhale, fucker!"

Sir's hands go on my head as he starts fucking my face. I feel the bed rock and Sir's guest asking if can he fuck my hole. "Only with a rubber on or you can use toys to fuck his hole."

I feel my cheeks being spread, lubed, and a rubber cock teasing my fuck hole. The 7 inch rubber cock starts being driven in and out of my hole. Sir is rocking his cock in and out of my mouth.

"Yeah, fuck that hole, dude. Work it! Suck my cock, suck it!"

I'm being used and used good; one man using each hole.

"Inhale, fucker!"

The man working my fuck hole pulls out the rubber cock. I raise my hole not wanting the cock to be pulled away. A slap on my ass and now another toy is being pushed in to my fuck hole. This toy is 8 inches and wider. He starts working my hole again. Sir and his guest are using my holes like I was some worthless whore. I love this feeling of both holes being used. Sir is fucking my face and throat like a man possessed.

"Here it cums, fucker. Drink it down, boy. Drink it, bitch!"

I start swallowing Sir's great tasting cum as I feel the man using my hole shooting his load on the cheeks of my ass. The toy is pulled out of my ass/cunt and the man takes a towel and wipes his cum off my ass.

Sir pulls his soft cock out of my mouth. Sir's guest walks around the bed to start getting dressed and Master puts his shorts back on. The two men make small talk.

My hole is still spazzing on me as Sir leads the guy to the door lets him out.



# Tom Riddle

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Tom Riddle









Tom Riddle













# DHM

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