

*All Men Are Beautiful!*

# Desert Heat

October 2020 | Issue 22

## Magazine™

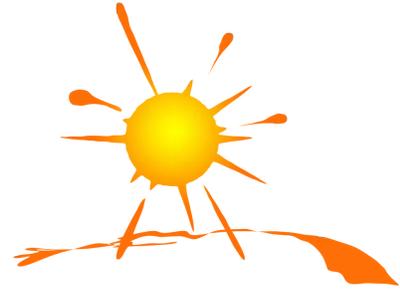
Miguel NOCHAIR  
on the battlefield of  
**Self Love**

Tim Asato presents  
**Jay Cottz**

An Exposing Interview  
**Delsin Pistons**

**Zrai**

Hairy kinky otter with a  
pup fetish



# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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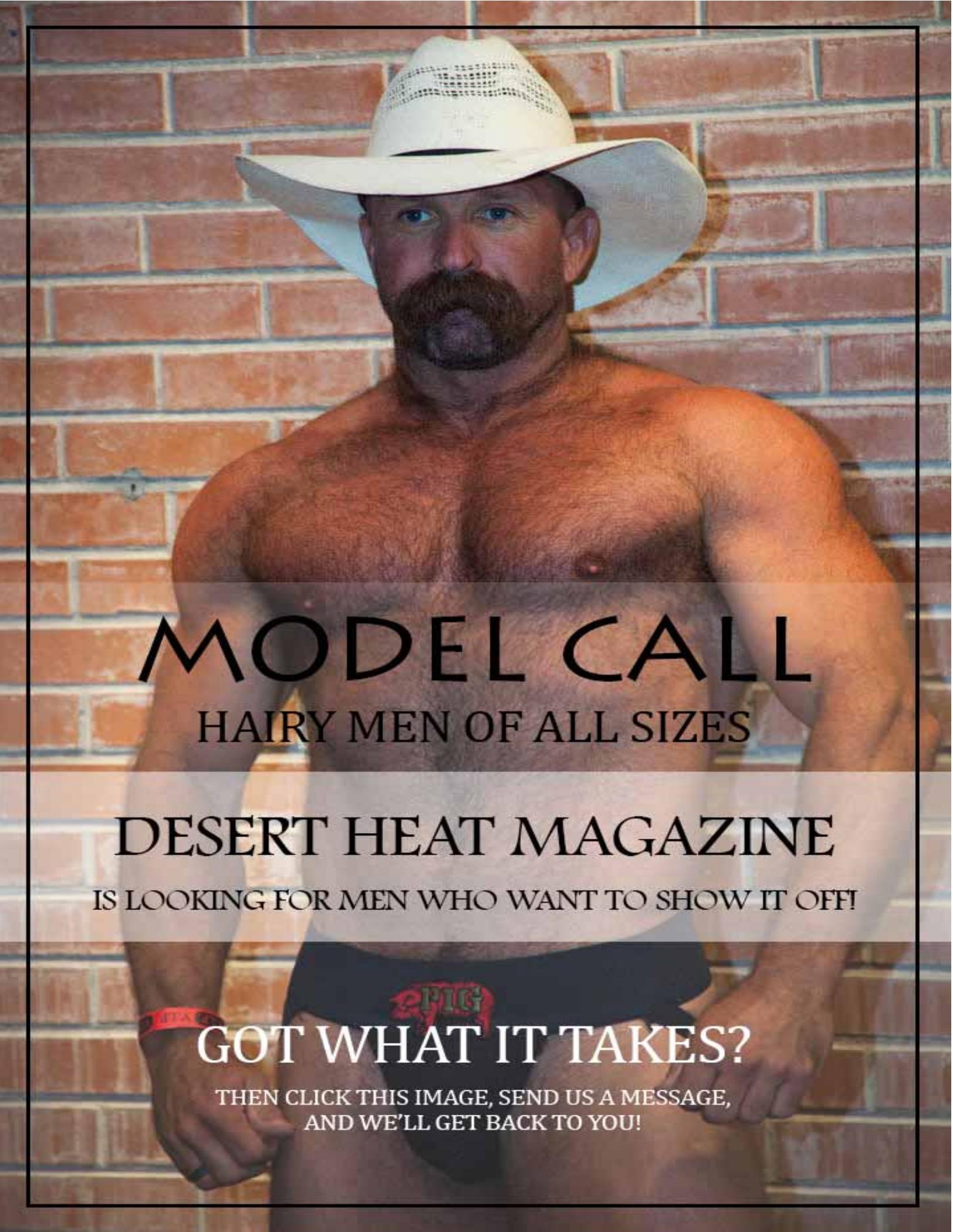
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# MODEL CALL

HAIRY MEN OF ALL SIZES

## DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

IS LOOKING FOR MEN WHO WANT TO SHOW IT OFF!

**GOT WHAT IT TAKES?**

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

# Ramblings From the Editor

Wow!! Has this been a crazy month or what? And now the President of the United States has contacted a virus that was perfectly preventable had he taken it seriously! Holy shit! Not to mention all the other government officials falling like dominoes thanks to thinking COVID is a hoax!

No matter what your political affiliation, this virus could give a shit less, as long as you are a host for it's reproduction! No matter what you believe in science, or don't believe in science, the virus will still attack you. It doesn't care about your social status, economic status, your age, your sexual preference, your religious affiliation, it just doesn't give a shit unless you are dead! Keep that in mind next time you are at a gathering, or out in the store, or anywhere else that people congregate!!

It's unfortunate, but most of us have been affected by this virus, either through having a family member affected by it or a close friend.

I normally don't share alot of personal stuff online, I am one of THOSE kinds of guys! But with all that is going on, I need to get this out there.

I have lost a very dear friend of mine not too long ago to COVID. He was in perfect health, meaning no preexisting conditions. He hiked and biked just about every day. He ate right and took care of himself mentally and physically. In all instances, he was nowhere near someone that you would think would have to worry about the virus. He was only 52.

Evidently, and this is third hand news, he had a coworker who believe, because she

believed in the idiot in charge of our country, that the virus was a hoax perpetuated by the Democratic party. She didn't practice social distancing. She didn't believe in wearing masks. She would regularly approach people at her job without a mask on even though she had been asked numerous times not to do so.

My buddy, on the other hand, believe it was deadly so he practiced social distancing, when able to, and damn near always wore a mask. He didn't take chances, as far as anyone knew. He wore his mask even at work, diligently.

As it was relayed to me, this lady at his work was diagnosed positive with COVID, two days later a couple other people at work also were diagnosed with it, including my friend. He was home, got sick, went to the hospital, and didn't come out. Four days later he had died.

The saddest part, the bitch that went to work carrying the virus, she recovered. She is living her life, while one of the kindest men I have ever known is now gone.

Wear your damened masks, regardless of your belief in them. Have a conscience about others, not just yourself.

Sorry for the downer, I needed to vent!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!



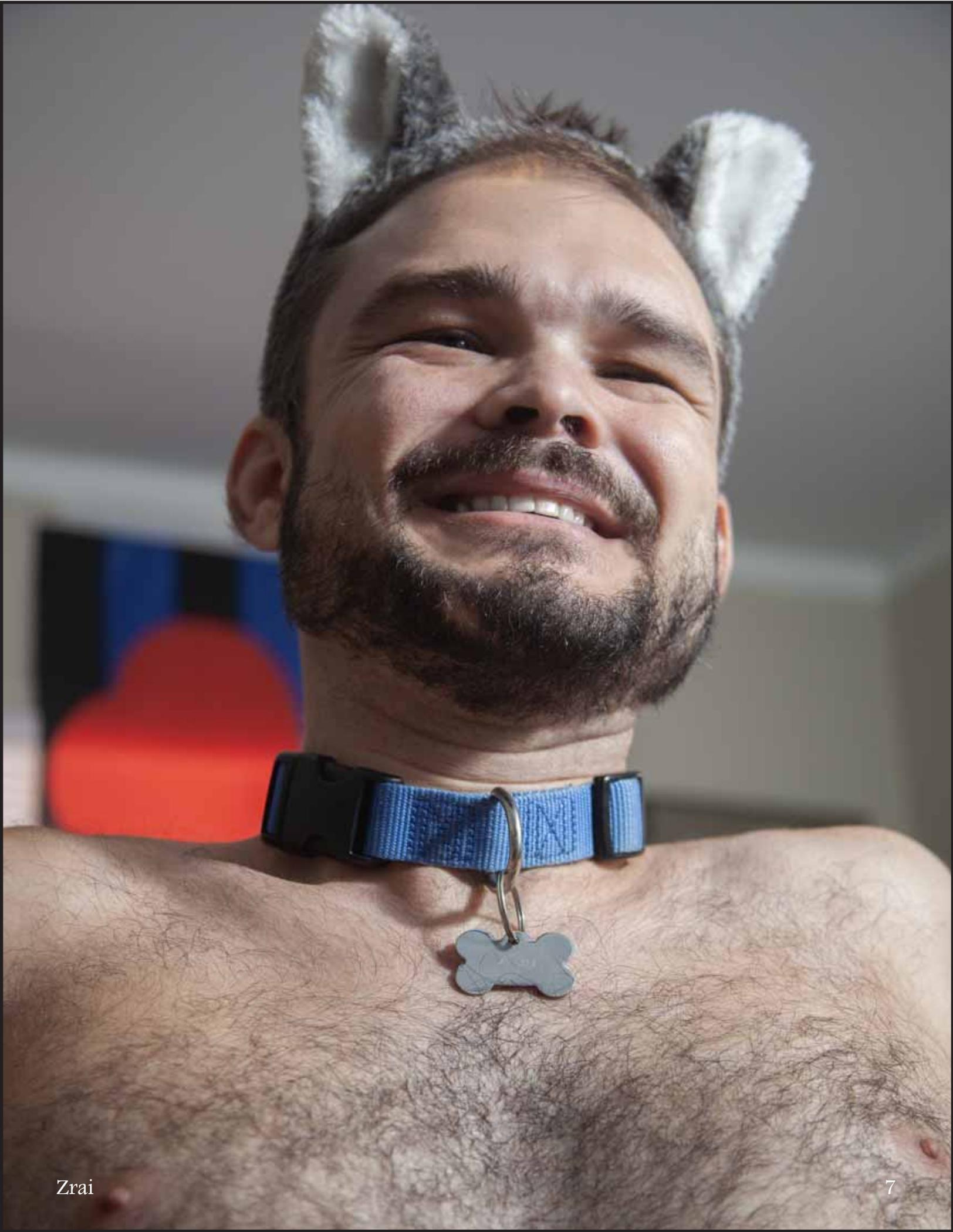
*John*

# Zrai



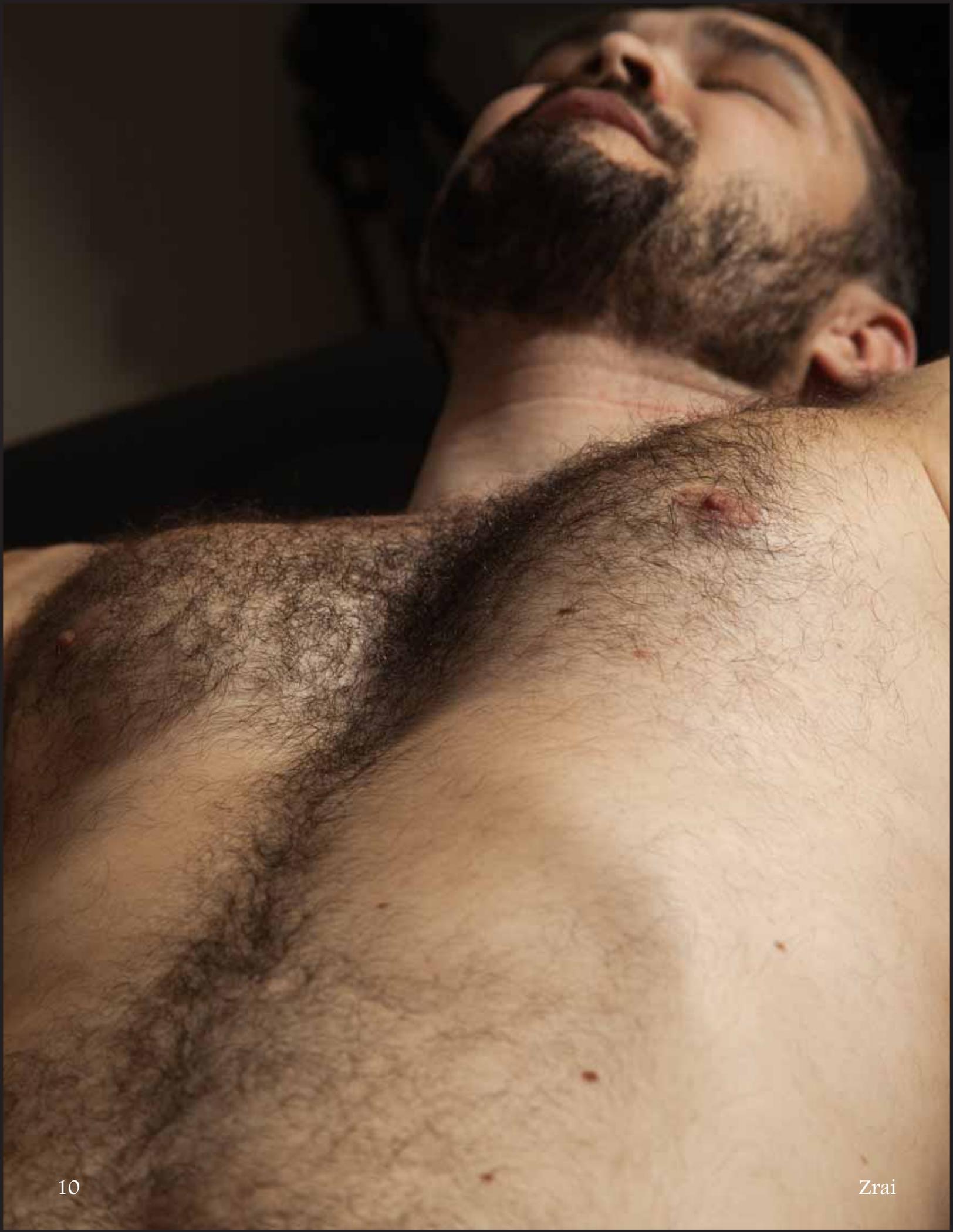
Images by

Desert Heat Images













*Charlie nods and go towards Mick's legs he pulls the half worn shorts to Mick's other leg. Mick slightly raises his leg from the ground so Charlie can put the shorts into his foot. Charlie pulls them closer to Mick's hips and crotch. "Blake, would ya help me stand back up?" asks Mick, Blake grabs a hold of Mick's side as he starts to lift him upward from the ground. Charlie assists too in helping Mick upward, but avoids touching Blake in the process. Then Charlie finishes pulling up the shorts over Mick's dick.*

# Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

## Chapter 14

It was strangely quiet for the streets of Chicago at night, there wasn't a soul out tonight it seemed, save for Blake, Mick, and Jane, who were walking each other home. Blake was on guard, still paranoid that they were being followed. No one else was out walking, because of the curfew, and the fear of another murder by "the Jackal" was hanging thick in the cold night air. Many lights were out in the streets and in the buildings, as if everyone was asleep, or there had been a massive power outage in this part of town. There were entire sections of street where the lamps suddenly stopped being lit, and were plunged into total darkness. It was on these stretches of road where the three of them remained particularly close, Mick in the front, Jane in the middle, and Blake flanking the rear. Only the occasional car or taxi drove past them, and even that was seldom. None of them talked for awhile on the way back from "Irene's" to Jane's apartment, keeping themselves alert incase they saw or heard anything. Blake hadn't really known fear like he had tonight, growing up under harsh conditions, on the streets, having to be tough to survive for years, he felt nothing could scare him, and now suddenly he felt like a child afraid of the dark, waiting for some monster to come out

and snatch him in it's jaws. Even with his two companions in front of him, Blake didn't feel that any of them were safe. It wasn't that far to the apartment building where Jane was staying, she had told them, but the walk down the dark, cold empty streets seemed to take an eternity, all the while, visions of the "Jackal" that Blake had seen in the abandoned fairgrounds plagued his memory, and the screams and cries in the night he had heard, coming from that poor helpless hyena, as he was being eaten alive, rang in his ears, as if he could still hear it. As the walk drew on, Blake could only hope that they would turn and see Jane's apartment waiting just around the bend, and this long walk would be over.

Mick broke the silence only once, on their walk, to ask Jane about his baby. Given the current climate, Mick was very concerned and wanted to make sure that his baby's safety was ensured.

"Hey, Jane," whispered Mick, while they were crossing an alley, taking a shortcut into another street.

"Yeah, Mick?" Jane whispered back.

"I meant to ask you earlier. If you're out working, who's watching my little Cassie tonight?" Mick's voice was full of concern, like a bear worried about his cub.

Jane smiled back at him, assuredly.

"It's okay Mick. She's just fine. A friend is watching her tonight."

"Friend? What friend?" asks Mick, sounding defensive.

"Don't worry," says Jane. "It's a good friend of ours we can trust. I wouldn't just ask anyone to babysit with her tonight." Jane giggles at Mick's over-protectiveness. "You're such a silly papa bear."

"Well, I can't help it," says Mick. "It's dangerous out here. And I want to make sure my little Cassie is safe."

"Well, I assure you she is," says Jane, "And would you stop referring to her as your little Cassie? She's not just your baby, you know."

"I know, sorry Jane," says Mick. It didn't take much time for him to start worrying again. "To think I'm out and about, working, leaving baby Cassie at home while there's a monster on the loose. What kind of father am I?"

"She's been just fine without you these past few days," says Jane, "And I'm just as worried about her as you are. So relax and be quiet. She's in good hands."

"Oh, that's good," Mick sighs in relief. "So... um...you still didn't tell me..."

"Tell, you what?" whispers Jane.

"Who's watching her?" asks Mick, insistently.

"Oh, Mick, since you're so protective, I'll let you guess who it is. It's someone you know and trust."

"It is?" asks Mick. "Who?"

"You know," says Jane.

"Riley?"

"No not Riley."

Mick thinks but, looks lost.

"I'll give you a hint... C.B."

"C.B. .... C.B. Coffee?"

"Yes... Mick.... C.B. Coffee is at home watching your baby." She says sarcastically.

"Well, give me a break, Janey, I don't know who you're talking about," says Mick in his defense.

"Well, it most certainly isn't a pot of coffee."

"Well, now Jane, knowing you..."

"Oh, thanks Mick," said Jane, sounding angry.

Blake smiled, feeling relaxed for once on their walk. It was entertaining watching these two

argue, hearing their conversation reach absurdity. While he had been interested in what was going on with these "jackal" murders, he was glad the subject had been changed. The image burned in his mind from this night was still far too close to talk about.

"C....B..." Mick was still guessing. "Oh.... Oh! I know who you're talking about, Jane! He's here? He's really here?" Mick looked like he was about to wag his tail.

Jane nodded with a smile.

"Excellent. I can't wait to see him. Maybe he can join our investigation".

"Him? He can't go outside in a time like this. He's like a big baby."

"Well, then why did you think he'd be a good person to babysit?" says Mick, "Maybe he needs a babysitter."

Jane stops in her tracks, and turns and gives Mick a stern look.

"You know..." says Mick, smiling... "Because he's like a big baby...he might need a... baby...sitter?" Mick now looked uncomfortable as Jane kept staring.

"I got it Mick, you don't need to explain it to me," says Jane.

"Well, you don't seem to find it very funny..." says Mick. "That he's a bigger baby...than... Cassie?"

Jane looked even less amused than before, if that was even possible.

"No," says Jane, simply.

Mick went quiet, and his smile faded.

They continued the rest of their walk in silence.

Blake watched every alley and corner they passed with paranoid eyes. He wasn't sure, but he had the feeling they were being followed by someone or something. It didn't feel like the same stench of death that followed when it was the "Jackal". The first thought was maybe it was Leon, the guard from the hotel, coming after them. After his hyena friend was torn to bits, he'd likely want to hold someone responsible...and that cry or scream of anguish Blake had heard when he had lead Mick out of the hotel grounds, had unmistakably been his. But it almost hadn't sounded like him at all, the roar was twisted with anguish and rage. It wouldn't surprise Blake if he was now out for blood over the death of his friend,

which would be exceptionally bad for Mick, since he seemed to know the guy. Blake had been meaning to ask about that as well. Blake kept his eyes peeled, but so far could not see any trace of who or what was following them. Maybe it was just his imagination. He couldn't be sure though, so he kept his eyes sharp, just in case something was waiting for them, ready to leap out at them from the darkness.

When Jane said they were getting close they took a detour through a back alley, and though it was a tight squeeze for both Blake and Mick, Jane seemed to have no trouble at all.

Soon they found their destination, as Jane exclaimed that they had arrived in front of the building, a plain red brick four story apartment dwelling. It was tucked away in a secluded lot, between the backs of taller buildings, standing in their shadows, seemingly lit only by a single street lamp which stood at its corner, illuminating its red brick exterior as if it was the only object in the surrounding darkness. A bit of the sidewalk was lit up as well, along with a series of trash cans nestled next to the building, which looked as if they hadn't been picked up in weeks. The building, though a striking image, looked like it was only weeks away from being condemned, and nearly squashed between the other buildings, it looked as if it had been completely forgotten about. ( Blake wondered how an apartment building in this odd location even existed.)

Both Mick and Blake look around the neighboring buildings with a look of unease on their faces.

"Really Jane, this is the place you've been staying in?" asks Mick.

"Well yeah, it's close to the diner and the rent is reasonably priced," Jane leads them up the front concrete step of the building, and to the front doors. There is a panel of buttons with each residents last name written next to that button. Jane presses the button marked "Frost"

"Why are you buzzing for your own place Jane?" asks Blake with a confused look on his face, the speaker turns on.

"Who is it?" A timid sounding male voice speaks from it.

Mick perks up, seeming to recognize the voice, and speaks loudly up at the speaker box before Jane could respond.

"Yo! Charlie! Open up! It's me!" says Mick, in a voice that was thick with a Brooklyn accent, which Blake hadn't heard from him before. Mick sounded excited to hear the voice on the intercom.

There was a moment of silence from the speaker before the voice replied.

"Who?" asked the timid male voice again.

"The Big Bad Wolf!" Mick yells, Jane elbows Mick, avoiding his back due his bandages, Jane gets closer to the speaker to answer.

"It's me, Jane!" Jane shouts up at the speaker, "and I have Mick and a friend with me, can you let us up?!"

The sound of the speaker makes a buzz sound, the front doors opens for them to enter.

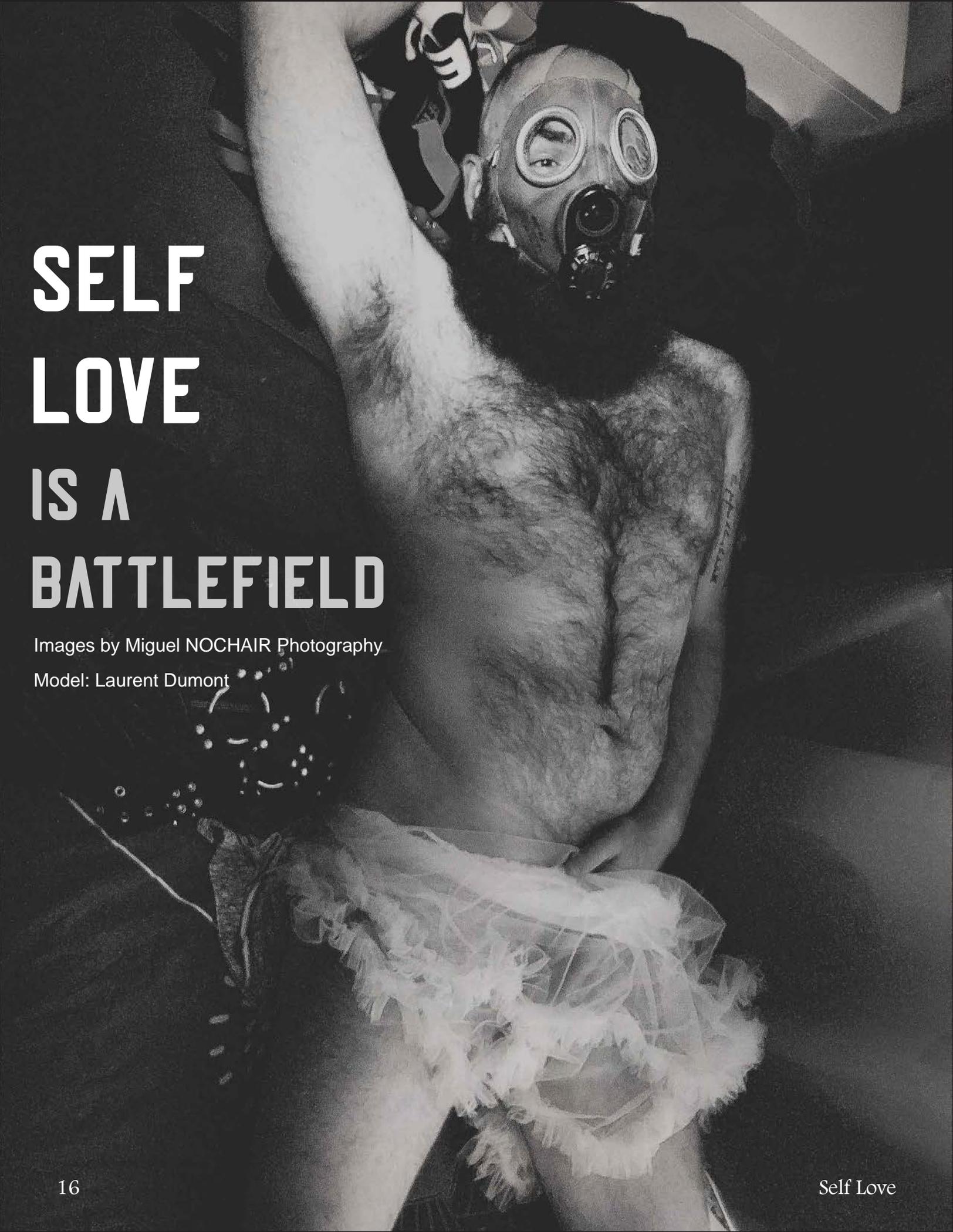
With Jane and Mick yelling up at the speaker, Blake would have ben surprised if they hadn't woken up everyone in the building.

Jane leads them through main entrance doors into the lobby of the building, both Mick and Blake follow her through. The lobby seemed old and deserted, and was very quiet, the front desk even had cobwebs on it. They passed the front desk and a wall with mailbox cubbies, and crossed to the other side of the lobby where the elevators were. Right next to the elevators was a broken glass box where a fire extinguisher had been (it looked like it had been broken many years ago, and still hadn't been replaced.)

Jane pressed the up button on the elevator. It took awhile for the elevator to start moving, Blake heard some unnerving mechanical creeks and bangs, and then the doors finally opened. Jane entered first with Mick and Blake behind her, she presses the number 3 button on the elevator panel. The doors close and it goes upward. The elevator seemed to take its time going up, and almost seemed to drop a bit before going upward, making another loud mechanical bang, and making Blake feel a static tickling sensation, which made him shiver like he had a chill. Mick noticed this and laughed, before there was another bang, and the lights in the elevator flickered of then on again. Blake, Mick and Jane looked up, waiting to see if the lights would go off again, before the elevator continued on its way up.

"Wow, this place sure is in great shape," said Mick, sarcastically

*Continued on page 32*

A black and white photograph of a man with a gas mask and a tutu. The man is shirtless, has a gas mask covering his eyes and mouth, and is wearing a white tutu around his waist. He is standing with his right arm raised. The background is dark and indistinct.

# SELF LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD

Images by Miguel NOCHAIR Photography

Model: Laurent Dumont







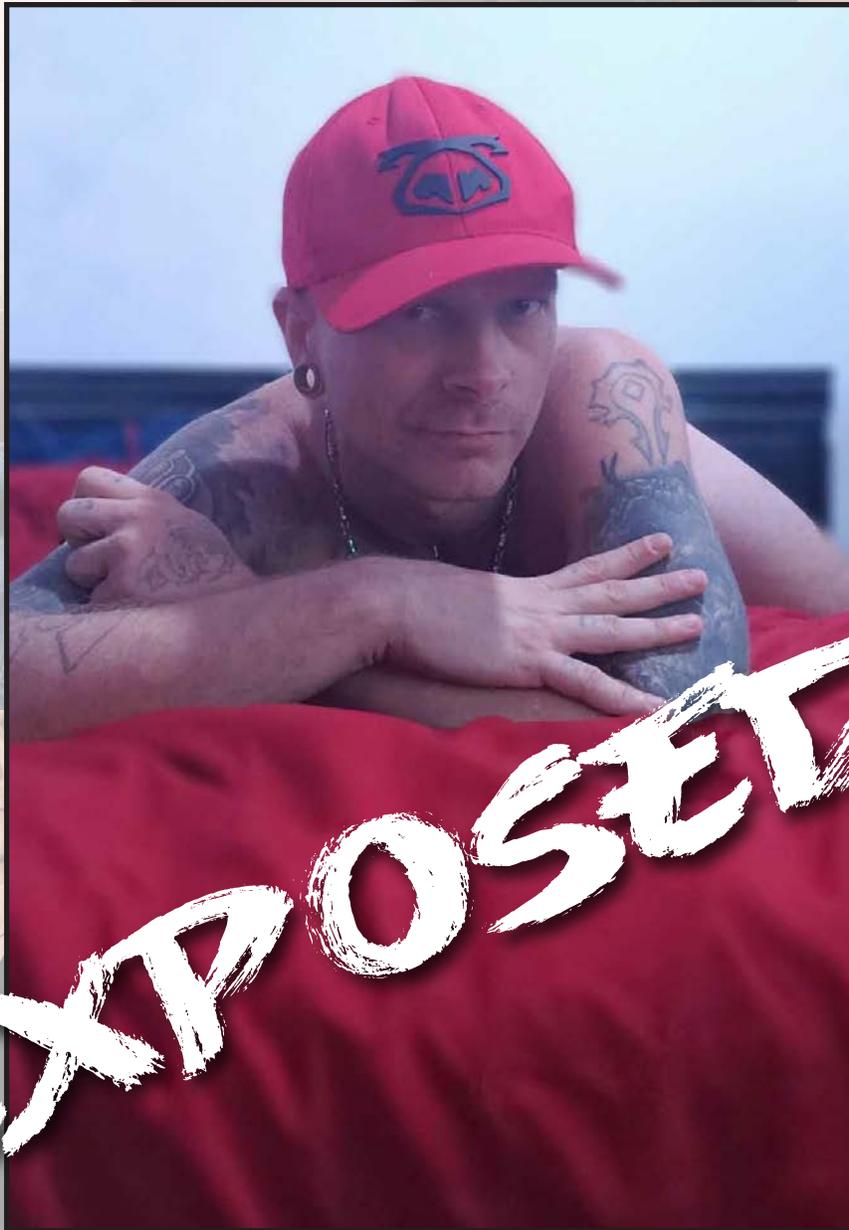








# Delsin



# EXPOSED!

# Pistons

Entrepreneur, Gay Porn Model, Web Series Host, Porn Star, Live Cam Model, and APAG Member (soon to be on the board) are just a few of the many things that keep Delsin Pistons busy! This man is a whirlwind unto himself! He is full of energy and has a focus in where he wants to take his life.

We met Delsin on Twitter when he approached us on how to be part of the Magaazine. Unfortunately, to date, Delsin and our collaborating photographer, in his area, have not made the connection.

We were lucky to get some of his time though as he was making his way to New York City to shoot a new porn! He took some time to answer some of the questions that people want to know about him.

Time to sit back, get some lube, and get to know this force to be reckoned with called Delsin Pistons!

**DHM: Thanks for taking the time to interview with us, Delsin. Can you tell us a little about yourself for our readers?**

I grew up in La Junta, Co. Then I lived in North Carolina during my high school years until I was 18. That's when I did my first film for Monster Big/Inferno studios. Now I am doing my own shows on multiple streaming platforms and will be shooting another film starting Sept 25th.

**DHM: We recently posted the question on twitter asking our followers what their fetish was. You sent in an image of you being tied up in rope. Hot image, by the way! Is that a fetish of yours or do you just like the look? If so, what got you into rope bondage?**

I have many different fetishes. Rope bondage is just part of it. Rope bondage is an art to me. There are so many different kinds of styles in which to tie a person up in or be tied up yourself. What got me into leather and fetish was when I was 19 yrs old a gentleman hit me up on gay.com and asked if had I ever been to Folsom.

**DHM: Do you have any other fetishes?**

Of course I do! I enjoy Pup play!  
Delsin Pistons



*Continued on page 42*

DHM Fan ~ Drub



# Tag!

Queer Shorts Festival

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## PART DEUX

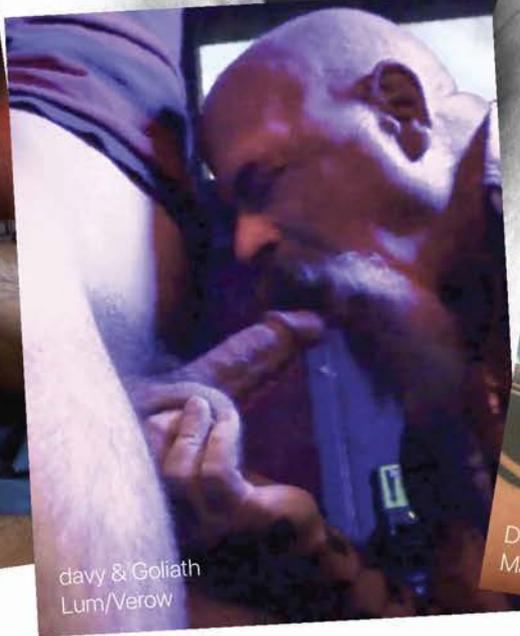
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Caged Jock  
SidewalkKilla



Sid's Porntrait  
Ivan Sobris



davy & Goliath  
Lum/Verow



Damian Dragon  
ManFetish

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



**THE ARTWORK OF**

**DRUB**









"Yeah...let's just take the stairs next time," said Jane, laughing nervously.

"Promise me that you won't ever take Cassie on this death-ride," said Mick.

"Okay, okay," said Jane.

It seemed to take forever, but the elevator finally reaches the 3rd floor and dings while the doors open. Jane leads the way again, the hallway is dimly lit with no windows showing the outside, with a green floral pattern wallpaper. They're in front of the room marked 304, Jane knocks on the door softly in what sounds like a tune that implies a secret knock for whomever is on the other side. The door opens slightly with a chain link attached to it.

"Jane is that you?" the same timid voice speaks from behind the door.

"Yep, can we come in?" asks Jane, pleasantly.

"Oh yeah, just be quiet, Cassie's asleep," says the timid man, quietly.

Jane enters first, then Mick, and last comes Blake. The door closes behind them, and there stands a chubby, red headed man with a go-tee. He is wearing a bath-robe and slippers, and looks like he's getting ready for bed, or just got out of bed.

"Jane, thank god you're safe!" says Charlie, going up to give Jane a hug. She hugs him back. "I've been listening to the radio for the nightly news, there's a curfew in effect and I didn't know if you were at the diner or else where."

Jane takes off her trench coat, placing it in the hall closet. Charlie looks confused, seeing that she's wearing a robe under her trench-coat rather than normal clothes.

"Sorry about that, I should have called you when I arrived at the diner," says Jane, "but I had to do some first aid on a certain detective here," Jane points to Mick with her thumb.

"Hey there, buddy!" Mick grabs a hold of the chubby redhead with a choke hold and rubs his fist into his hair with a circular motion; the chubby redhead tries to pull away but fails do so from Mick's strength.

"Ow! It's good to see you too Mick, but easy on that kind of stuff would ya?" The chubby redhead looks away from Mick and sees Blake.

"Oh hey!.. I mean hello," The chubby redhead guy was released from Mick's head-lock and looks at Blake. The chubby guy seemed nice, and Blake half expected him to reach out and shake his hand, but the chubby guy just stood there, eyeing him as if he had seen a ghost.

"Um, hi," says Blake uncertainly. He had the feeling he was scaring this guy, just by being here. He wasn't sure if it was because he was still dressed like a bodyguard. He held out his hand again.

After a moment the chubby guy reaches out his hand too for a handshake. Blake shakes his hand, firmly. The chubby guy had a nice grip, but not nearly as strong as Mick's.

"Nice to meet ya. The names' Blake."

The chubby redhead replies,

"Charlie, nice to meet you too." ...

...After a few seconds Blake's head gets a sharp pain, all of the sudden flashes of images come into his head. Sounds of gun shooting and screams invade, one particular scene pops into Blake's head showing what looks like him and Charlie running down an alley way with Blake holding a gun and Charlie following close behind, Blake jerks his hand away from Charlie and grabs hold of his head.

"What the hell was that!?" Blake starts to pant, Charlie looks at Blake with more fright than before. Mick grabs a hold of Blake to stabilize him.

"Hey, you alright man?" asks Mick, rubbing his shoulders as he holds Blake.

Blake's breathing was intense, he looks back up at Charlie like somehow he already knew him from before ... but from where?

Charlie looks nervous.

Jane walks up to Charlie and touches his shoulder, she looks at Charlie with a warm smile, this reassures Charlie that he didn't do anything wrong. She looks over to Mick with that same smile also reassuring Mick that everything's fine at the moment.

"Why don't you take a seat, Blake?" says Jane, Mick guides Blake to the couch in the living room. Jane turns back to Charlie, "Can you get Blake a glass of water?"

"Oh, sure," says Charlie, with reluctance in his voice.

Jane walks over to Blake, sitting on the couch and Mick standing above him. Jane looks

down at Blake as he still rubs his head and looks back up to Mick without saying a word, Mick turns to Jane and nods his head. They both nod their heads in agreement without saying a word to each other. Blake doesn't see this as he is still rubbing his temples.

"What the hell happened to me?" groans Blake.

Charlie returns with a glass of water.

"Here you are, Mr. Blake," says Charlie.

"Oh, thanks Charlie," says Blake, as he takes the glass of water and drinks it down. He looks up and notices that they're all looking at him. "I'll be fine you guys, don't worry..." he looks around feeling awkward. He notices how nice and modern the apartment looks, in spite of how old the apartment building is. It's painted in a light pinkish-peach color, which usually Blake would find repulsive, but it added a nice homey feel to the place. The couch he was sitting on was nice too. "It's um...a nice place you guys have got here," says Blake.

"Oh, thanks," says Jane. "Charlie and I didn't have much time to decorate it, but we did the best we could."

"Yeah, it's not bad, not bad at all," says Mick, looking around, nodding in approval. "You uh...think I could take a peek and see Cassie while I'm here?" Mick asks Jane.

"Mick, it's three in the morning," says Jane. "I think you should wait until tomorrow."

Mick looks disappointed, then looks over at Charlie who seems to nod in agreement with Jane.

"Aw...I was so excited to say hello to her," said Mick, looking a little sad.

"Well, it won't be that long," said Jane. "Besides I don't think it's best if she sees you like this."

"What do you mean?" asks Mick, "...Oh?" Mick seemed to finally realize he was walking around in nothing but a tattered, bloody trench coat, no shirt underneath, and skimpy torn rags with was all that was left of his pants. Charlie seemed to finally notice this as well.

"If you guys don't mind me asking," said Charlie, "Why is Mick in a bloody coat, and bandages? With no pants or shirt on...and why were you wearing a bathrobe under your coat, Jane?"

"That's...a really long story," says Jane, who Jezebel

looked like she was too exhausted to start explaining everything. "But I'll tell you about it soon. Let's all just get comfortable for the night."

"Yeah, sounds like a good idea," says Charlie. "You guys look beat."

"Why don't you take your coat off Mick?" asks Jane.

"Oh, yeah sure," Mick replies. He starts with right side of his coat and turns to the left side as the coat slides off his left arm, revealing his thick muscular body. He has trouble getting the coat off of his left arm, as his biceps are so big, and the coat he was wearing had fit Blake better. His back starts acting up as he tries taking off the coat, making him grunt in frustration.

Jane notices Mick having trouble taking off his coat, wincing in pain.

"Hey, Charlie. Would you mind helping Mick out with his coat?" asks Jane in a soft voice.

"Sure thing! Here, Mick, let me help," says Charlie, eager to help Mick out.

"Ah, thanks Charlie," says Mick.

Charlie helps get the coat off of Mick and as he removes it, what remains of Mick's clothes, his pants which were torn and shredded down to little more than a loin cloth, fall to the floor, as Mick now stands naked in the middle of the room. Blake gets a full frontal view.

"Oh...oops..." says Mick with an arm behind his head.

Charlie blushes and looks away, but his eyes are still looking at Mick's junk. Jane sighs both with exasperation and amusement of watching Mick becoming fully naked with his bandages wrapped around his back.

"I'll get you some new clothes," says Jane.

Mick now stands proudly with his fists on his hips, like he was posing for being a statue of Heracles.

"Ah, no need to Janey," says Mick. "Everyone here's used to seein' me naked. No need for clothes to come between good friends, eh?" He winks over at Charlie.

"Let's get you some clothes Mick," says Jane, insisting, as she head towards one of the bedrooms.

"No, I'll be alright Jane." Mick replies.

"You're not going to be completely naked in

*Continued on page 51*

# JAY

Vintage

Model: JAY COTTZ

Images by TIM ASATO





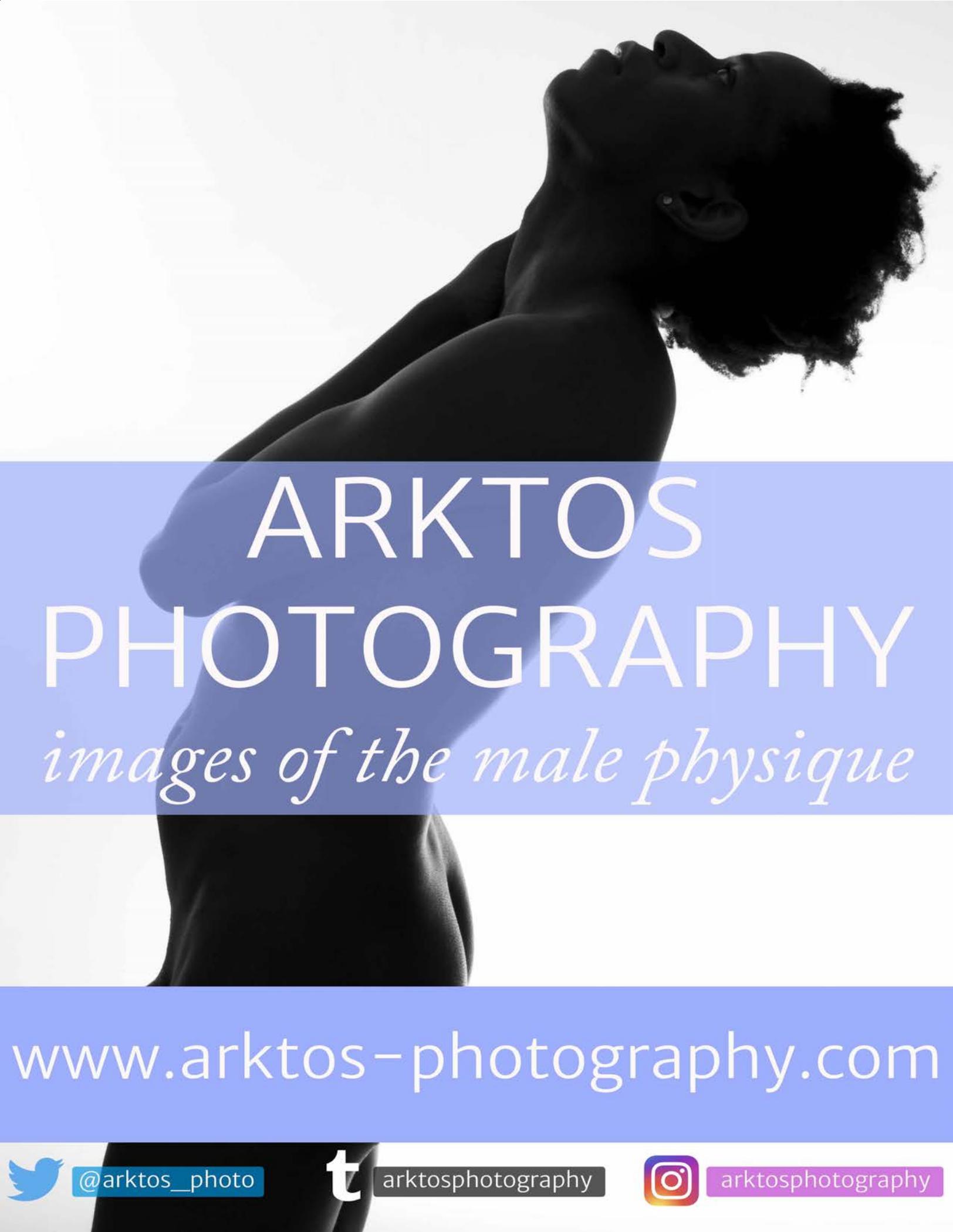












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**DHM: Have you did any fetish videos? If so, what type of fetishes and which porn studio were you working for?**

Yes, I have done some fetish videos for my ex-boyfriend's studio, sockgagged.com, which isn't around anymore but I am sure you can still find some of the videos out there. I did a lot of rope bondage, tickle fetish, and mummification.

**DHM: Explain to our readers your take on the difference between kinks and fetishes.**

A kink is something that arouses us that's not considered the sexual norm. A fetish, on the other hand, is a sexual act or an object that is nearly always necessary for the person to become aroused and enjoy sex. One can become the other and vice versa.

**DHM: Let's switch gears here a bit. You've been part of the porn industry for quite some time. You've did some amazing work with some interesting people. As a photographer, I know what a typical still shoot is like. But, since most guys seem to have the fantasy of working in the porn industry, doing movies, do you mind talking about what a typical day on a set making a porn video is like?**

Because of so many different studios, as well as different directing styles, it's hard to say what a typical day on a porn set would be. Some studios are very structured in their requirements and have everything scripted and some studios are very relaxed and have a more organic approach where they give you a scenario and then let the models go about how they feel it should go. I guess I'm trying to say that every studio is different so typical is a relative term when it comes to a porn shoot.

**DHM: What got you into the porn industry? How long do you see yourself being in that industry?**

I was 18 years old when I did my first video. I used the name Chance Rivers at that time.

Delsin Pistons



**it be? Why would you want to work with him?**

Right now I would say that I am really looking forward to working with Dolf Deitrich this weekend, He is such an inspiration to me, not only as a porn model but as a person. When he became HIV+ and decided to be open about it, I was very proud of him for being who he was and not being concerned about what society may say or do. He was being his best self and I love him for that.

**DHM: you have been very open about being HIV+ since 2008. We're curious, what's it like working in the porn industry being HIV+? Has it made it tough finding work in that industry? Have you encountered any negativity?**

Well, I was 23 years old when i found out i was poz. It was very rough time. I thought my life was over and then out of

Then at 23, I worked with Dick Wadd Studios under the name Spike Mathies. I have a very deep appreciation for the art and the people who create it. I plan to stay in the industry for as long as I can.

**DHM: We know you had fun working with a bunch of different men. Your porn shows that. But if you had to pick on a porn actor, and I know it's a tough question, who would be your favorite you've worked with? How come?**

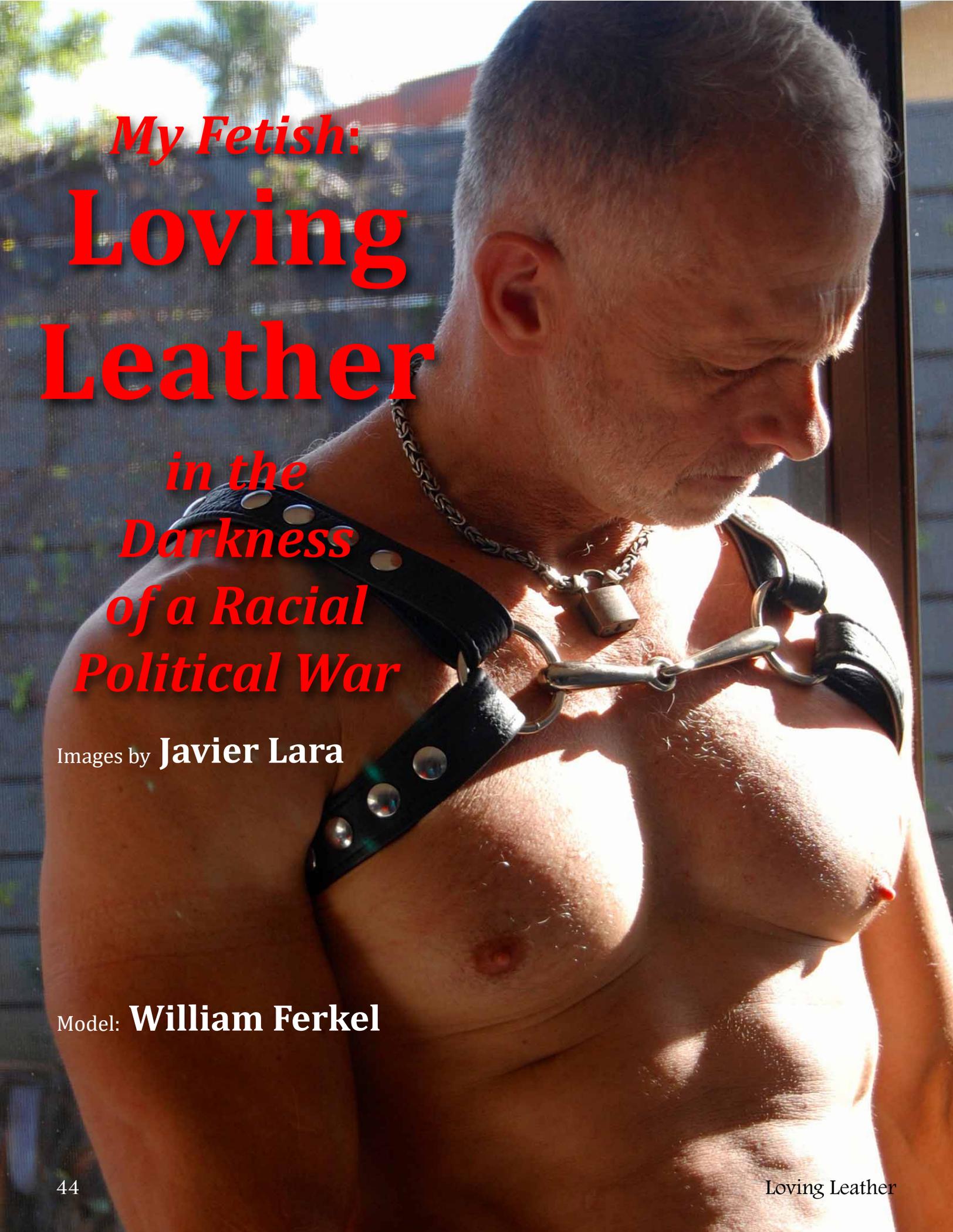
There have been many guys I have worked with over the years but I would have to say my favorite so far has been Dolf, because i have been a fanboy of his since he started in the industry. I look up to him and honestly he is a great guy.

**DHM: Ok, on that same thought, if you could work with any porn star right now, who would**

Delsin Pistons

the blue Dick Wadd Studios asked me to be in a film. They were the first bareback poz friendly company that I knew of. That video was called Cluster Fuck. The stigma of being HIV+ back then, and even before I started my porn life, has been a touch and go subject. A porn star I have been a fan of since i can remember, in the Freshmen, issue June 2003, Tim Tyler, really helped me. To find out more about him, and the inview i did on SexCast AfterDark, check it out on the site. I could go on about this part but I want to talk more about how industry, for a long time, stayed away from doing poz porn because of the stigma around HIV. Now many different studios are starting to turn around and embrace being poz. One of those studios being Charged Up Media owned by well-known adult model, Tim Tyler.

*Continued on page 78*



*My Fetish:*  
**Loving  
Leather**

*in the  
Darkness  
of a Racial  
Political War*

Images by **Javier Lara**

Model: **William Ferkel**







Entering the darkness of my dreams, following the  
steps of your intoxicating words  
The smell of leather, the smell of rubber,  
the smell of your body  
The dreams that once and for all, the ONE has arrived  
Rushing into the caves of love,  
to explore every orifice of your body  
The intoxication of your love is such that the rules  
and boundaries had been broken  
The bodies run free, without invitations,  
without limitations  
The rush is such that words are rushing to get out  
And I shake, and I am nervous  
But is it real, but is it true?

I try to wake myself but I fall deep into  
the Darkness of this Dream  
I let my body go, I enjoy the heavy,  
intoxicating smell of leather  
The intoxicating smell of your armpits  
Our mouths move away from our faces  
to catch our breath  
But return to embrace in a passionate kiss  
and move deep into the Darkness

I open my eyes in the darkness,  
without fear  
Because I find comfort in the darkness  
The fear ingrained in our brains by  
mythology, films, and books,  
does no longer work  
I find comfort in the darkness of  
your skin, and I find security in the  
darkness of your body,  
I find security in the  
darkness of your soul  
Even while political figures try to  
break us apart, with racial remarks  
Injecting fear about the darkness  
of your skin

The enlightenment is such  
that Darkness shines  
Bright Darkness is GOOD,  
Darkness is BEAUTIFUL,  
Darkness is Everything.







*Continued from page 33*

my apartment Mick!" Jane's voice coming from a bedroom.

"Oh fine! Just get me a loose fitting shirt Jane," Mick grunts, not wanting to wear clothes.

"I'll get you shorts too," says Jane.

"I don't mind seeing you naked Mick," says Charlie, both Mick and Blake turn to Charlie, Blake with a raised eyebrow and Mick with a sly grin. Mick starts swaying his hips back and forth as he goes over to Charlie.

"Ya miss my fat cock, chubby boy?!" Mick speaking with a Brooklyn accent. Charlie's face is now red as his hair, and he turns his back towards Mick, avoiding Mick's dick swaying back and forth at him.

Jane walks out of the bed room and sees Mick advancing on Charlie.

"No Mick! Bad!" Jane swats a pair of gym shorts and a muscle shirt to Mick, she moves in between both Mick and Charlie. She directs Mick to the bathroom. "Get in the bathroom and get dressed, now," she says.

"Aw, but I don't want to," says Mick with a pouty face.

"It's bad enough that you run around the house all the time without any pants on," says Jane.

"What's so bad about that?" asks Mick, standing in the buff, swaying his hips, making his big dick (and balls) swing back and forth.

"You've got a kid now. You're a dad. You need to learn some modesty, Mick. Be responsible."

"Aw I'm sure Charlie doesn't mind having a big naked daddy around the house. What do you think Charlie?" He looks over at Charlie, with a hand on his hips and wiggles (twirls) his dick in front of him.

Charlie blushes again, but has started laughing.

Blake laughs as well.

Jane sighs, "...that's not what I meant Mick." Jane sounded exasperated but at the same time was cracking a smile and about to laugh. Mick had that effect on people.

Blake didn't mind Mick standing naked next to him. He just found it hard to keep his hands to himself, thinking about Mick's dick in his mouth, Jezebel

with it being so close, and in Charlie's. He was trying not to get hard watching Mick's horseplay.

"Just go in the bathroom and get changed, please," says Jane, at her wits end, like she was his mother.

"Why in there? I'm already naked? Why can't I get dressed out here?" says Mick, shrugging his big shoulders and tilting his head like a confused dog.

"Well, that's obvious...it's...hmm...you're right. Go head and get dressed out here," said Jane, realizing Mick had a point. "It's not like you can get any more naked."

Mick takes the clothes and gets dressed, but slowly and provocatively, like a reverse strip tease, needlessly bending over as he lifts a leg to put on his shorts, so Jane, Blake and Charlie get a nice view of his big, naked, muscular butt. It was a nice view.

Jane almost cracks a big smile before she suppresses a laugh.

"For seven aches...I mean for heaven sake's Mick, your butt's right in our face!" says Jane.

"Don't you like it?" asks Mick, with a mischievous smile, he wiggles it in front of her face.

"Yeah...well...it's," Jane was blushing now too... "Oh, god dammit, Mick, quit it."

She smacks his butt hard, motioning for him to get out of her face, and Mick lets out a yelp.

"Oh, don't be a big baby. That couldn't have hurt you...oh!" Jane was starting to say, but then realizes that her spanking him wasn't what caused him to yelp. He was falling, while leaning over, and had stretched his back too far. He soon landed with his legs in the air, and his red shorts hanging from one foot, on his back, like a turtle.

"Ow...that hurt," said Mick.

"Well, that's what you get for horsing around, when you're supposed to be healing," says Jane. "I'll be mad if I have to redo those stitches."

"No, I think I'm okay," says Mick... "I just may need some help gettin' up."

"Alright," says Jane, shaking her head. "Now please just your clothes on Mick...What if Cassie wakes up and come out here and sees you like this?"

"Uh...you're right...Yes, Janey," says Mick, obediently.

Charlie and Blake go to help Mick up, as he

slowly sits up with his legs now on the floor.

“Would ya mind getting my shorts on the other leg?” Mick asks Charlie. Charlie nods and go towards Mick’s legs he pulls the half worn shorts to Mick’s other leg. Mick slightly raises his leg from the ground so Charlie can put the shorts into his foot. Charlie pulls them closer to Mick’s hips and crotch. “Blake, would ya help me stand back up?” asks Mick, Blake grabs a hold of Mick’s side as he starts to lift him upward from the ground. Charlie assists too in helping Mick upward, but avoids touching Blake in the process. Then Charlie finishes pulling up the shorts over Mick’s dick. Mick grabs the loose muscle shirt and pulls it over his arms and head.

After helping dress Mick, Charlie and Blake help him to the couch, and they sit on either side of Mick, both trying not to look at Mick’s pronounced bulge in his shorts. Mick sighs, and reclines on the couch, stretching his big arms behind Blake and Charlie. He rubs behind their necks gently with his big hands, and they both relax. Jane seems less tense now that Mick is dressed and on the couch.

“All right, now Mick just sit and relax and I’ll get some coffee and tea going,” she says, now sounding happy. “I know we have a few things to left to talk about before you two go do your own thing.”

“Thanks, Janey,” says Mick, looking over the back of the couch with a smile.

Jane smiles back and goes to the kitchen.

“I can make us some tea,” says Charlie, offering to help.

“No, I’m fine with making it,” says Jane, from the kitchen “Besides, this will give you and Blake the opportunity to get acquainted.”

Blake watches Jane with Mick for a moment, as she starts brewing some tea. He turns to Mick, next to him, still avoiding eye contact with Charlie.

“So, what exactly is the deal with you two?” asks Blake.

Mick looks at Blake, who’s face is right next to his.

“Who? Me and Charlie?” asks Mick.

“No, you and Jane,” says Blake, “If I didn’t know better I’d think you were a couple,” says Blake.

Both Mick and Charlie look at each other for

a moment.

“Oh that....Well...it’s..” Mick scratches his bearded chin, “It’s a complicated situation,” says Mick. “Sort of...we’re like really good friends...and kind of a couple...but we also have a kid together, as well as Charlie here!”

Blake raises an eyebrow, trying to understand what Mick had said about his relationships with both Jane and Charlie. All that Blake can understand is that Mick has a kid and relationship with Jane and someone named John that Mick mentioned earlier that evening, something must have happened with this John character, but seeing how Mick gets saddened with that name it’s best not to dig deeper into that... yet. As for Charlie, Blake looks over at Charlie with a side-eye look.

“Why is it that I had that strange feeling that I’ve known him before?” thinks Blake. Blake was lost in his thoughts when Jane came back into the room with a tea tray, and a teapot, with some tea-cups.

“I made us some tea,” said Jane, pleasantly with the tray as she puts it down on the coffee table. “I was thinking about making coffee...but I don’t think that’s a good idea, if any of us are going to get any sleep.”

“Yeah, thanks,” said Blake, “What time is it anyway?”

“Almost...4 in the morning,” says Jane.

“Wow, 4 in the morning,” says Blake, holding his head, like he had a headache. “It’s that late already? We really have been out all night. Ah, man. I was hoping to get some sleep after all this.”

“We still can, buddy,” says Mick, rubbing his shoulders again, he winks at him “We can stay in bed today. It’s not like we’ve got anywhere to be today.”

“Yeah, that’s true,” says Blake, liking the idea of him and Mick hanging out in bed most of the day. “But we really need to work on the case. I have to present all my info to Newman the day after tomorrow.”

“That’s no trouble at all. We can do our investigating at night again,” said Mick, “And rest during the day.”

“Yeah...I was afraid of that,” said Blake, not really looking forward to another night investigating, not if it was like this one. Then again, this night out was a lot more productive than most

of their daytime investigation. Maybe Mick had a point.

“Don’t worry, buddy,” said Mick, “I’ll be there to protect ya, in case things get hairy.”

“Ehem,” said Jane, giving him a look.

“Oh, yeah, thanks for the tea, Jane,” said Mick, smiling appreciatively.

“That’s not it,” said Jane, “I’m hoping, while I admire your dedication in protecting Blake, that you won’t carelessly get yourself all scratched up again?”

“Well, it was a big thing that did this to me..” said Mick. Jane looks at him scrutinizing. “I’ll try not to get hurt Janey,” he says. She raises an eyebrow. “I mean, I promise I won’t.”

Jane sighs then gets ready to pour the tea. She pours some in a cup, looking hopeful, then frowns.

“Nope. Still needs to steep a bit,” she says to herself. Jane sits down on the carpet near the coffee table, and then looks at the three men on the couch. “So, what did I miss?” Jane asks, looking intrigued. “What were you boys talking about?”

Blake looks back at Mick, “Not....much...”

“I see,” says Jane looking down at her cup, she looked either contemplative or disappointed. “Hmm...I was hoping it would have been something more interesting, oh, well,” sighs Jane.

Blake, Charlie, and Mick look at each-other. Blake could tell by the sound of her voice she didn’t really believe them.

“Did you at least get a chance to get acquainted with Charlie while I was away?” asked Jane.

“Charlie?” asks Blake, as if he had already forgotten who he was. “Oh,” he looks awkwardly over at Charlie, who isn’t looking at him, but awkwardly at Jane, like a scared puppy. “No, I didn’t...”

“Well, we can’t have that,” said Jane, “Why don’t the two of you have a talk over a nice cup of tea...which...” she checks the teapot, opening the lid, “Should be ready....nope...not yet...damn...” she puts the lid back on.

She looks over to Mick who smiles.

“Come on you two, no need to be shy,” says Mick, with his big arms wrapped around, both Charlie and Blake’s shoulders. “Get to know eachother.”

He pulls Blake and Charlie close to him, as if trying to hug them to his chest, their faces nearly touch, eye level with each other, they looked awkwardly at each other for a moment, but both being pressed against Mick’s big chest like this, and staring at each other, they both started laughing.

“There ya, go,” said Mick, smiling, “That’s more like it. Now kiss.”

Both Blake and Charlie blushed and tried to look away. Mick tried to playfully press their faces closer together, but ended up just pushing their faces down into his crotch, right on his bulge. Blake and Charlie quickly sit up, looking more embarrassed than ever. Jane just hid her face in her hand, starting to laugh as well.

“Oh, great,” Jane said, now laughing. “Way to break the ice, Mick.”

“Well, I tried,” said Mick, innocently.

“Well, look’s like the tea’s done anyway,” said Jane, looking at the teapot. “Let’s just get to know each other the old fashioned way. No kissing,” said Jane, starting to pour the tea, and handing everyone a cup.

“She means not yet,” said Mick, smiling and winking at Blake and Charlie. They blush again.

“Oh, Mick,” said Jane, exasperated, nudging him.

“Ow,” said Mick, as she almost hit his back.

“Sorry, sorry,” said Jane, then handed him his cup of tea.

When everyone had a cup they started talking about a variety of things like their childhood memories, favorite holidays, hobbies to past jobs, mainly Jane and Mick mostly, Charlie would chime in time to time, but Blake stayed silent most of the time. Not because of shyness but lack of memories of his past, he couldn’t recall many memories of his childhood. He knew when growing up he was in the slums and his parents couldn’t afford much, but no details as too what they did, where in the slums of the city, or if he had any childhood friends to play with. It is as if those memories were blocked for some reason, the more Blake thought about it the more frustrated he seemed at himself.

“Why the hell can I not remember anything?” Blake thinks to himself as the conversation continued, starring down at the tea,

*Continued on page 62*



# Charlie Foxleigh



Images by  
**Charlie Foxleigh**















Blake closes his eyes and smells the aroma coming from the tea, the smell started to trigger another memory for Blake. Before coming to Chicago, before becoming a detective, before Christina...before Jezebel...

...

... Blake opens his eyes but he wasn't in the apartment with Mick, Jane and Charlie, but in what looks like a night club. Blake looks around, confused to where he is at, but there was a feeling that he has been here before several times, a soft sound of music coming from a radio from the bar. Blake turns to the music and walks closer to the bar, as he approaches a man's hand taps his shoulder. ...He turns around...it's...

...

"Hey Blake!"

Blake opens his eyes wide and lets out a gasp of air from shock, dropping the cup tea onto the table, breaking it and spilling hot tea all over the table and himself. Mick pulls back his hand as both Jane and Charlie sat up abruptly to contain the spill and broken shards of ceramic glass from falling to the ground.

"Fuck!" Some of the hot tea spills down onto his pants from the table. Blake immediately stands up trying to avoid more of the hot liquid touching his upper things and balls. "I'm so sorry. I...I must be really tired...dozing off...a bad...bad memory..." said Blake. He noticed they all looked worried. Charlie even looked a little shaken. He seemed like a really nice guy, cute even, but Blake hated the way he looked at him. "I'd probably better go. I need to get home and rest. I'm sorry about the cup," he bent down to start collecting the pieces.

"But weren't ya going to go back to my place, Blake?" asks Mick.

"I appreciate it," said Blake, "But I'd rather go home by myself." Blake didn't want to tell Mick, or Jane or Charlie for that matter, but it always seemed bad things started happening once he started remembering things. ...And then the blackouts would occur...and he wouldn't remember what happened for a couple of days... and someone would usually end up hurt or afraid of him, then his memory would be clouded all over again, then the cycle would continue. These were nice people. Mick was a good friend, even though

he had only known him a few days. He didn't want to endanger them anymore.

"But, what about the curfew?" asked Charlie, finally speaking up.

"I'll be fine," Blake almost growled at him, making Charlie look more timid than before. Blake felt bad. He exhaled and then got up, ready to leave, even though he still had pieces of broken china in his hands.

"Wait, Blake," Jane started to say. "It's not that big of a deal."

Blake was almost about to leave without his coat, when a strong hand came down on his shoulder. Blake suddenly turned with a start, and saw Mick's face, his eyes staring in to his. They almost looked orange, like a comforting fire was burning inside of them, but went back to olive green again.

"Come on, man," said Mick. "We were having a good time. It's not a big deal."

"Thanks, Mick, but I..." Blake couldn't think of an excuse. He was so used to leaving, afraid things would be the same as in the past. But, maybe it would be different this time. He decided to stay. "Okay...I'm sorry."

Mick laughed. "Don't sweat it man. I just don't want you goin' out by yourself while it's still dark out. With a killer on the loose and all. I was afraid you might do something stupid."

"Well..." Blake started to say.

"If you're really tired we can leave soon," said Mick, in a deep soothing voice.

"That's right," said Jane, "It's getting late... or is it early?... anyway...come on, let's have one more cup of tea. I don't mind about the cup, really...come on," Jane motioned for Blake to come back to the couch, welcoming him.

Charlie nodded as well.

Blake looked at Mick who smiled warmly.

Blake was embarrassed by what had happened, but realized how silly he was acting. It was just a broken cup. When accidents occurred around him he usually came to expect pain, or people hating him, wanting him to leave, to get out. It had almost become like a reflex whenever there was trouble. But not with these guys. He felt safe and welcome for once.

Blake nodded and went back to the sofa with Mick, while Jane poured him another cup of tea. ....

Outside the brick apartment building, under a streetlamp, a tall, blonde, muscular man, with a strong jawline, in a grey trench-coat and shades, watches the only lit window in the building, smoking a cigarette. He wears black gloves, and holds a long black cane in one of them. He takes one more drag on his cigarette, which he holds in his gloved hand, exhales a hovering cloud of smoke, which envelops the air around him, then flicks it, still smoking, into the dark. It lands the street. He puts a gloved hand into his trench coat pockets and walks away, tapping his cane on the sidewalk with his other hand, as he disappears into the darkness of an alley.

...A few minutes later Blake was completely relaxed again, overcome by the warmth of being around Mick and Jane (as well as Charlie) and the tea. The aroma and flavor warmed him to the bone. It smelled and tasted like flowers, but not in the same way the "buru- bara" smelled and tasted.

"This is good tea," said Blake, who really wasn't a tea drinker. "What kind is it?"

"Its rose-water tea," said Jane, "I figured it would be best for this late at night...or early in the morning...it's not as stimulating as other tea. I figured you guys didn't need any more stimulation this evening," she adds innocently.

Mick nearly spits out his tea.

"I didn't mean it that way," says Jane.

"No, I just remembered," said Mick. "Roses... I have something I need to get out of that coat. I'll need a pair of gloves though," he said. "Surgical, if you have them."

"I always do," said Jane, happily, and she rises from the table to go get the gloves.

Blake, meanwhile, kept having the disturbing mental image of Jane performing daily surgeries in her apartment.

"Could you grab my coat for me, Charlie?" asked Mick.

"Sure thing, Mick," said Charlie, and grabbed the sodden, bloody trench coat off the back of the chair. He handed it to Mick.

Jane returned with the surgical gloves and Mick put them on. He reached in the large pocket of the trench coat carefully, and pulled out something blue, balled up in his hand, he placed it immediately on a tea saucer and covered it with an upturned tea cup.

"Is that...?" Jane seemed to know what it

was that Mick placed under the cup, even though she only had a brief glimpse of it.

Mick nods.

"As you can understand Jane, I don't want anyone breathing it in," said Mick. "I'll just keep it here, until we get the rest of the things we found out of the coat," Mick kept his hand on the tea cup over the blue rose, like dog guarding a bone.

"All that for flower?" asked Blake. "Is that rose poisonous or something?" asks Blake. He already had the feeling it was. But he wanted to know more.

Mick looks over to Blake,

"It's not just any flower, bud!" Mick realized the pun that he just said and let out a hearty chuckle. Charlie snickers softly as Blake sighs, Blake looks over to Charlie.

"Does he make bad jokes often?" asks Blake.

Charlie looks over to Blake still giggling.

"Time to time, when he gets the chance."

Blake nods, trying to change the subject from bad jokes.

"So, what's your story, Charlie?" asks Blake, both Mick and Jane are focused on the blue flower that was in Mick's coat, under the cup.

"I help out Mick and Jane with their P.I. gig," says Charlie, slowly sipping on his tea, still hot, but not scalding.

"What kind of help?" asks Blake, he now seems more curious about Charlie due to his flashbacks.

"Well I just help them organize their case files...answer the phone when they're away, occasionally join them...babysit...it's more exciting than it sounds...I suppose..." Charlie, who had looked happy for a moment, looks glum, then drinks his tea, as if he's already assumed Blake found him boring. "Now that I think of it I'm kind of just a glorified secretary/babysitter. But...it can be exciting...sometimes I guess, I don't know...not really maybe."

"Sounds like it's always fun around these guys," said Blake, trying to lift Charlie's spirits again. "So what did ya do before you were with these guys?" asks Blake.

"I used to work at a night club, only for a

*Continued on page 88*

# BARB



Images by

Nudepics

Drenthe



# LEATHER BOY



















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DHMM EAM ~ Gianluca







**We've heard that you are big supporter of sex-positivity. Can you explain what that is for our readers?**

My view on this, and how i am as an individual i believe is that we can love many people at the same time. I also believe that, as humans, we have needs, wants, and desires that must be fulfilled. This is why we have fetishes and kink. Some use drugs to bring themselves out of their shell, the shell which our government and society feel we have to fit in. But I, like many out there, do not fit the "normal" model. I dance to a beat like no other and part of that is not ever shaming someone for what they may be into. For my self, it is better to ask what i am not into because that is a very short list. A small taste of that list is no scat (hard limited), no woman (soft limited because i have started to find some well, mmmm yeah), no immoral. I believe that we need to let our self be free sexual to be our true self.

**DHM: We've had readers talk about all the shaming and bullying within the LGBTQ+ community as of late. For example, shaming someone for being older or not having a "perfect" body type, whatever that is. Some have even brought up racism with the community. What's your feelings on that? Have you experienced anything that made you feel like you were not accepted within any segment of the gay community?**

Yes, I feel the LGBTQ+ community can be very discriminatory among it's own community. I have seen it constantly out in the bars, in the club, and

## Sex-positive movement

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

*"Sex positive" redirects here. For other uses, see Sex Positive (disambiguation).*

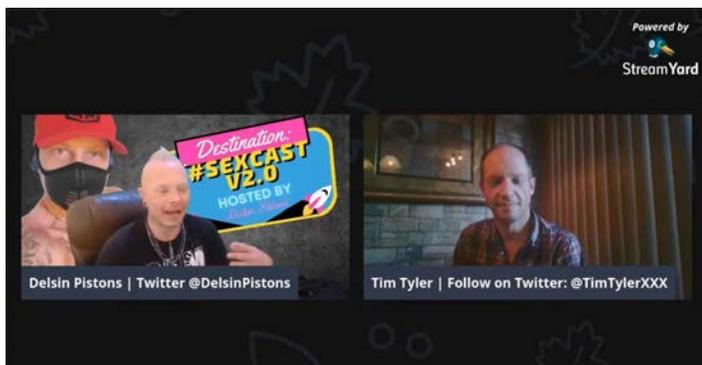
The **sex-positive movement** is a social and philosophical movement that seeks to change cultural attitudes and norms around sexuality, promoting the recognition of sexuality (in the countless forms of expression) as a natural and healthy part of the human experience and emphasizing the importance of personal sovereignty, safer sex practices, and consensual sex (free from violence or coercion). It covers every aspect of sexual identity including gender expression, orientation, relationship to the body (body-positivity, nudity, choice), relationship-style choice, and reproductive rights.<sup>[1][unreliable source?][2]</sup> **Sex-positivity** is "an attitude towards human sexuality that regards all consensual sexual activities as fundamentally healthy and pleasurable, encouraging sexual pleasure and experimentation."<sup>[1]</sup> The sex-positive movement also advocates for comprehensive sex education and safe sex as part of its campaign.<sup>[3][1]</sup> The movement generally makes no moral distinctions among types of sexual activities, regarding these choices as matters of personal preference.<sup>[4]</sup>



even in the grocery store. LGBTQ+ dating apps and online social groups have made shaming and bullying even worse because people can hide behind a screen and keyboard thinking they have power and influence. However, I believe that our community as a whole is supportive and we do care and support each other.

**DHM: Let's talk about your Sexcast AfterDark podcast. You recently did interviews with Dolf Dietrich and Tim Tyler. Who else do you have in the pipeline to interview?**

Well, I don't want to give away any details but you can expect me to interview few people very soon. I am working out the details as of right now!





**DHM: So what else are you up to these days? Any special projects? What films are you doing or scheduled to do?**

Currently, I am doing live stream shows on a few sites like Cam4, Chatterbate, etc. I'm preparing to shoot the most recent film for Charged Up Studios, in New York, starting Friday, September 25. I even have been offered a directorial position with Charged Up Media and am currently in negotiations with that. I have also been asked to be on the board of the adult film actor's union the APAG Union. There are also many other projects that I am interested in being a part of and we will see where those avenues take me.

**Thanks for taking the time to answer a few questions for our readers, Delsin. We know you have a very busy schedule and are thrilled that you could be part of this Issue.**

*You can find Delsin online for his cam shows, and more, at one of two places: his personal shop website, where you can find official merch, at [www.delsinpistons.live](http://www.delsinpistons.live) or [my.bio/delsinpistons](http://my.bio/delsinpistons).*

*He will be launching his cam site soon, at [www.delsinpistons.cam](http://www.delsinpistons.cam), but at that link you can subscribe to his newsletter to keep up to date when the site goes live. His phase two of the site will be <https://www.delsinpistonsxxx.com/>, however it's currently under construction.*



**DHM: Why did you start the podcast? What's your drive behind it?**

I wanted to show the supportive side of adult film industry and also to spread sex positivity to the world. You do not have to be ashamed of who you are and there always has to be a starting point.

# Jan

Images by **Nudepics Drenthe**











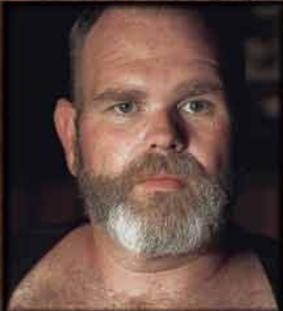






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small time, but before that I was a cop. That too was kind of a short time as well.” Charlie takes another sip of his tea, “Some not so good memories there... a lot of it I wish to forget... and the stuff I wish I remembered I can’t...”

Blake faintly smiled at Charlie, “I know the feelin’ man, I know the feelin’.”

Blake sympathetically touches Charlie’s shoulder, for comfort, he was more like him than he had thought... that’s when Blake started to remember something.... but this time the memory comes in clearer than before. ...

...

....Blake was back in the same night club, but it was packed with many people. There was a potent flowery scent, similar to that of the “Buru-Bara” alcohol. He looks around and sees Charlie over at the bar. Blake walks up to the bar.

“Busy night, eh, Charlie?” says Blake.

“Yeah, but I was hoping it wouldn’t be,” says Charlie wiping down some shot glasses.

Blake chuckles out loud..

“Why is that?” Blake asks.

“You don’t have to clean up afterwards,” says Charlie as he points to the crowd. Blake reaches over the counter and pats Charlie on the shoulder.

“I know the feelin’ man, at least you have us to help.”

Then there was a crash.

Both Blake and Charlie look up.

“Someone’s coming!” said a man’s voice on the other side of the night club. They sounded distressed, trying to shout over the sound of the crowd “Someone’s breaking in! It’s a...”

Then there was a terrible scream, like what Blake had heard when the Jackal had claimed it’s victim. Blake evidently knew what this meant, and was terrified.

“Run,” he told Charlie, who stood confused and scared behind the bar. “Charlie, run...”

The surroundings went dark.

...

...

Blake came back to reality, his hand still on Charlie’s shoulder. Blake pulls his hand away from Charlie’s shoulder, still looking at Charlie. Blake

gulps, he looks like wants to ask Charlie something then Jane and Mick’s voices cut through the tension.

“Well...hello? What could this be?” asks Jane, as she pulls an old book out of Mick’s tattered coat. Blake recognizes it immediately as the book he found while in the dilapidated World’s Fair grounds...in that house. “Hey...this wouldn’t be that guest book you guys found would it?” asks Jane, as if she didn’t know. She looks, smiling with excitement, at Blake and Mick. Mick shrugs, as he wasn’t there with Blake when he found the book, Jane then looks at Blake, holding the book in her arms. Blake nods.

“Yeah, that’s the one,” said Blake.

Jane looks even more excited than before. She looks at it’s cover. Though old it still looked well kept, and still had a bit of a shine on its bindings.

“Oh, I’m dying to know who signed this thing, maybe even someone famous,” said Jane, looking at it.

Blake hadn’t noticed it in the dark, but the front of the book had the illustrations of the main futuristic federal building from the World’s Fair, and was emblazoned with silvery art deco designs.

“Well I don’t know about that,” said Blake. “I didn’t get a chance to look through it yet, what with all that’s happened tonight.”

Jane spreads her right hand over the books cover, taps her fingers on it, then looks at both Blake and Mick.

“Would you guys mind if I kept this over night so I can read it? I’ll give it right back tomorrow afternoon, if you guys want to stop by over here, or Irene’s. I could tell you what I find.”

Blake looks uncertainly from Jane to Mick. Mick, who was amused at how excited Jane got over these kinds of things, shrugs again.

“It’s up to you, you found it,” says Mick.

Blake looks back at Jane.

“Please?” asks Jane, still smiling. Blake could tell she couldn’t wait to go through it.

“Well...yeah... I suppose it couldn’t hurt. If we’re working on the case together now,” says Blake, reluctantly. He really wanted to know what was in there himself.

“Yes! I mean...ehem...thanks. I’ll be sure to record whatever I find that’s peculiar in it. Dates, names, etcetera...”

"That's okay," says Blake, smiling himself, seeing how happy Jane was about this book. "You...um...sure like books, don't you Jane?"

"I sure do," says Jane, "But that's not why I'm so excited about this. This isn't just a book, it's a historical artifact." She was now examining every corner of the book's bindings, which looked midnight blue, lined with silver. "The only thing I don't understand is how this is still in such great condition...where did you find it?"

"In one of those "house of the future" places they had in the fairgrounds. It was just sitting on one of the end tables, still open."

Jane looks confused.

"That's bizarre..." said Jane, "You think if you found something like this it would be in an antique shop, or a bookstore, or from some collector, not just laying around in an abandoned amusement park. So someone just left it there, forgotten all these years? ...hmm...this doesn't make any sense..." Jane was now thinking out loud.

"Yeah, I thought it was weird too," said Blake. "Everything else in that place looked like it had just been left there as it was, now that you mention it. Like they didn't care to clear any of the other buildings or attractions out, or demolish them. They just left them there to rot..."

"Buildings?" asked Jane, looking up at Blake, confused. She looks over at Mick, who also has a concerned look. "You mean everything's still there?"

"Yeah..." said Blake, wondering why she was so surprised. "That's how it looked when we were there."

"But...there's not supposed to be anything left..." said Jane.

Mick looks just as unnerved as how Blake felt. Charlie sat quietly, intently listening.

"What do you mean?" asked Blake.

"What I said... nothing is supposed to be there. That's what confused me when you told me you guys went to the World's Fair ruins behind the Blue Rose Hotel. I didn't say anything back at the diner, because I thought you were mistaken. You see, I infiltrated that place with Mick about a week ago. The grounds in the back are off limits to everyone, but everyone I've asked has said the ruins have been cleared away. It's just a field now. I believe they're going to be turning it into a private

Jezebel

airport."

"Wait...what?" asks Mick, looking like he was going crazy. "Why didn't you tell me this, Jane?"

"Because I wasn't entirely convinced it was true," said Jane. "But...even if there was something left of the ruins, it shouldn't be much. I've been fascinated with the Century of Progress World's Fair, even before I came to Chicago. I used to read about it in magazines back in Nebraska. After it closed down in 1934, the area was cut off due to an outbreak of amoebic dysentery."

"Yeah, I heard about that part," said Blake. "What else?"

"Well, from what I read...and saw pictures of," said Jane, "What remained of the world's fair was either moved out of the city, or demolished in February 1935."

Both Mick and Blake look at each other with disbelief on their faces,

"Are you sure Jane? Because there were some buildings left," says Mick.

"Yeah, large ones," says Blake, "Like old hotels, towers, and stuff."

"I was pretty sure," says Jane. "I researched thoroughly. Though there's also the fact that no one outside of Charles Newman's company has actually seen the grounds themselves in years, except for you guys. But...what troubles me more is if there were buildings, large ones like you say, they should have been visible from the lake, and the surrounding city. So far, it's looked empty. Did you see them before you entered the hotel?"

Blake and Mick almost nodded, but then looked at each other. They just now realized that they hadn't actually seen the large buildings until they reached the other side of the hotel. They had seen shadows behind the Blue Rose Hotel before that, but it was nothing quite as vast, or for that matter, colorful as what they had seen on the other side of the hotel.

"Now that you mention it, we couldn't see much of anything on Northerly Island until we reached the other side of the Blue Rose Hotel," said Blake.

"Maybe the hotel is hiding it," suggests Charlie.

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# RALPH

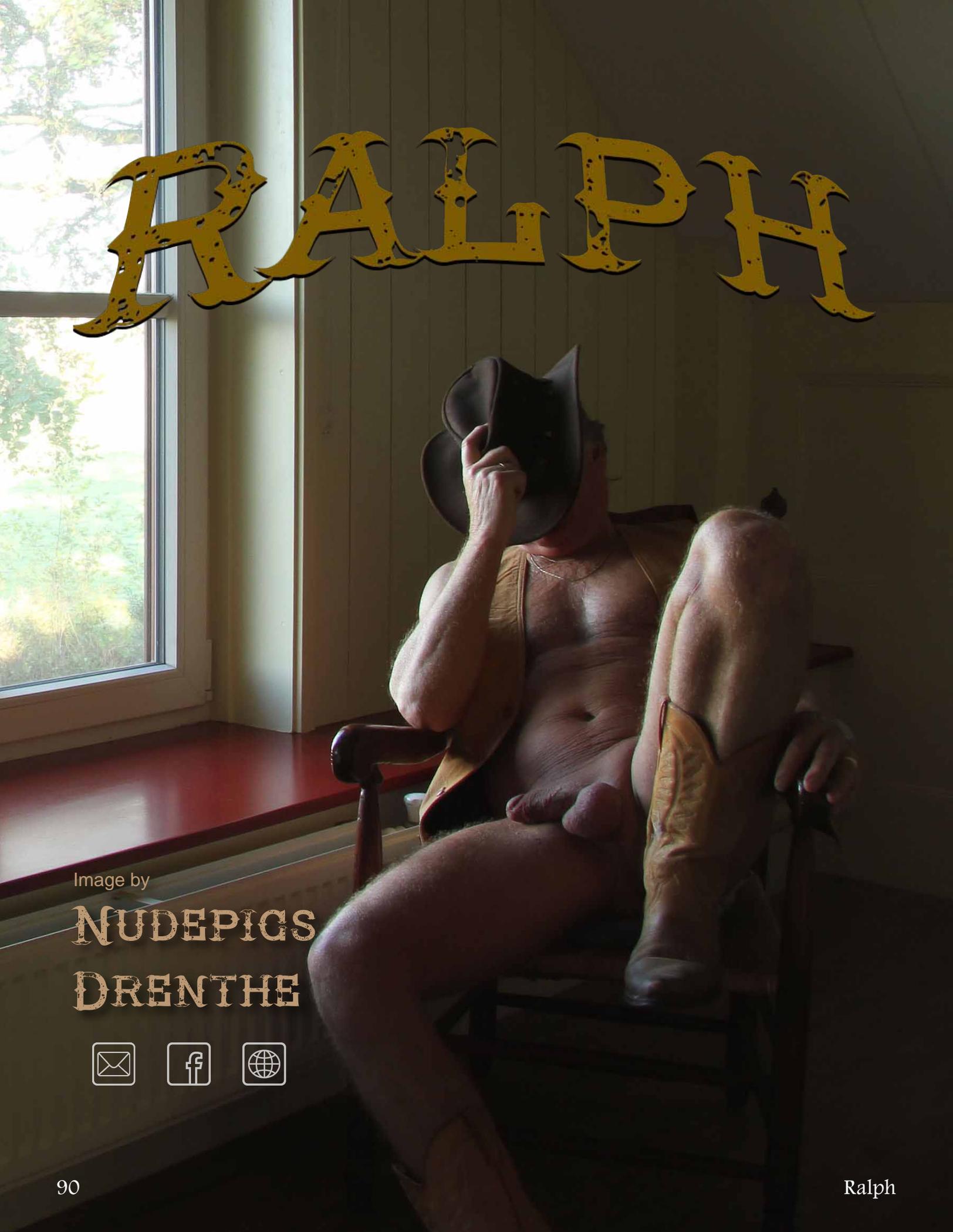


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"Maybe..." said Jane, "But unlikely. At night it would probably hide the ruined buildings, but if there were buildings as big as Blake and Mick are saying, left there on the island, someone would have seen them by now, especially on a clear day."

"That's just the thing," said Blake. "I...I have memories of actually seeing the ruins...with Christina, on a dock on Lake Michigan. I'm not sure how long ago."

"Well, that presents another problem," said Jane, "If you did, then that must mean you saw the ruins back before February 1935...and if it was with Christina...how old is she supposed to be now?" asks Jane.

"21, according to Newman, but we only dated a year or two ago. So that doesn't add up."

"Neither does her age," said Jane, "If she said that she liked riding the sky ride at the World's Fair, she would have only been eight or nine. Something's fishy...."

"Yeah, you can say that again," said Blake, who was now feeling uncomfortable about the whole thing.

"There's more than one impossible thing at work in all of this," said Jane, "Which means, regardless of whether or not you and Mick actual found impossible ruins behind the hotel, someone's been lying. Whether it's the archivists, the newspapers, or Charles Newman himself. I suggest we look into the ruins again, and see what we can find."

"Again?" asked Blake. He was hoping it wouldn't come to that. "Mick and I nearly got ourselves killed."

"We don't have to go back fully into the grounds," said Jane, "But I would suggest taking a look once during the day, and once at night...to see if anything... changes."

"Changes?" asks Blake, this sounded like crazy talk, "Are you saying the two of us might have been hallucinating that whole place?" but Mick puts a hand on his shoulder, and gives him a look that told him Jane knew what she was talking about.

"I don't know, but once we've confirmed a few things, I have a theory of what might be happening," said Jane. "But for now...I think it's

best if you and Mick get some sleep. It's going to be a big day of detective work tomorrow...and I can't wait to get to reading this book," she adds, once again looking excited.

But Blake didn't feel excited. Not about the prospect of going back into those abandoned grounds on Northerly Island. But if Mick was willing to do it, given what happened to him, Blake felt obliged to go along. He felt they were getting close to some answers, and were bound to find something if they went back into those grounds... or it would find them.

"So then, we are agreed that tomorrow we'll look into the World' Fair Grounds again?" asks Jane.

"Agreed," said Blake and Mick together.

"Good. Then let's call it a night," said Jane, "Before Cassie wakes up. I'll see you boys tomorrow?"

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(TO BE CONTINUED...)





# Desert Heat

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