

Socially Distracted

Marcus gets excited while
checking out social media

The Return of Jezebel

Profiles by Sarge presents
Rebel Donkey

Malcolm Jon interviews
Jason Caceres-Lopez

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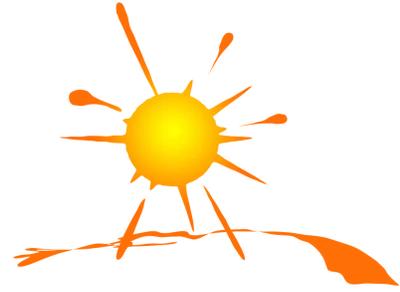
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DESERT HEAT

MAGAZINE

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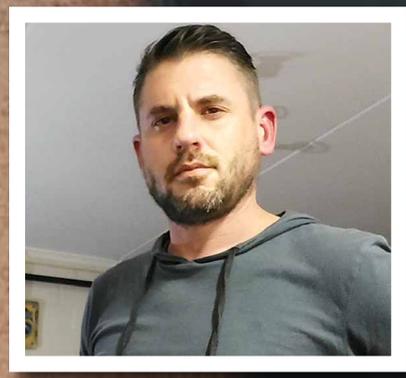
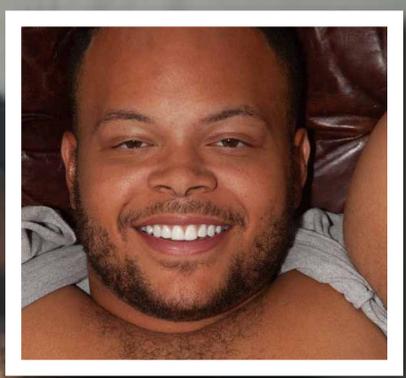
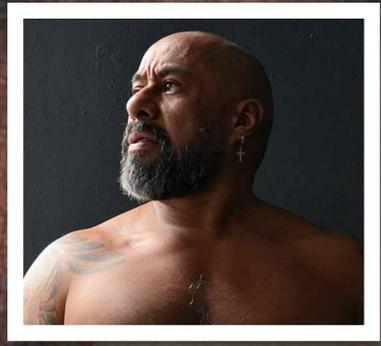
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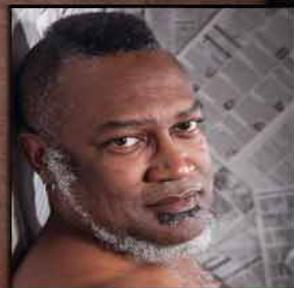
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Ramblings from the Editor

Anybody else over the divisiveness our Country is going through right now?

The other day, a “news” (it’s in quotes because I personally believe all “news” is now biased and that label does not mean what it used to mean) reported that 52% of Trump supporters believe that the blue States should secede from the Union and go off to start their own Country. To add to this craziness, another poll was done and 41% of those that call themselves liberal think that the far right should do that exact same thing.

What the hell? What happened to a United States of America? What happened to citizens and politicians working towards the betterment of our Country rather than the betterment of themselves?

This is definitely not a new concept, the dividing of America. It has been happening for years and years, it’s just never been this blatant as it is now. Nor has the divide been this huge! At least on paper!

Now everyone would love to blame Trump as the catalyst for this happening, but I believe he was just a symptom of a huge problem we have. We no longer communicate! Social media has helped to create “keyboard warriors” that sit in their homes and pass judgement, spread lies, create hate-filled content, all behind the anonymity of their screens.

It isn’t healthy for our Country and, quite frankly, ourselves to be constantly digesting lies, mistruths, and misinformation.

It’s easy to blame only the media, but people are just as much to blame. People who

repeat, rinse, and regurgitate things that they don’t take the time to research.

Hell, it’s easier to just repost a meme than it is to actually look up facts, right? It’s easier to take someone else’s opinion, which may or may not line up with your opinion, and spit it out on the internet as fact-based information. Or at least that is how it seems to be happening these days.

Oh, now don’t forget the “news”. They love to regurgitate false information just as much as the regular guy. Fact checking has become a thing of the past. If they spread lies and misinformation, they just apologize and retract it later, AFTER the damage has been done.

Hell, the sheep will just repeat and rinse it anyway, right?

The media is just as much to blame for the divisiveness within this Country, hell, within the world right now. They are constantly telling us how one group is being oppressed by the other, rather than to show how there are a minority helping rather than hindering each other.

They only report what their followers will eat up. And that is the sensational rhetoric, not the facts!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





SOCIALLY DISTRACTED

Featuring **MARCUS**

Images by **DESERT HEAT IMAGES**













Blake tugs off the wet briefs against his slightly hard dick, the waist band giving Blake's dick a slight bounce upwards when released. Blake felt embarrassed, trying to hide it from Jane as he pulled his underwear down, but as he looked over and saw Mick pulling the front of his underwear down as well, he saw Mick's hard dick pop out as well. Blake guessed Mick was excited by the situation as well. Blake grinned, and Mick grinned back, looking amused at the situation.

Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 20

The old brick apartment building was the only building that seemed lit by the surrounding street lamps, in the dark block at night. Everything else around looked condemned, and only one window appeared to be lit, on the fourth floor. Two large, tall dark figures exit a dark alley, and make their way across the darkened street, towards the apartment building. They move stiffly, and appear to be soaking wet. They cross, under the streetlamp, and try to enter the building. The tallest and largest of the two figures buzzes the intercom button, but there's no response. They wait a moment, and buzz again. There's a beeping sound and a click, and the front doors to the apartment building unlock. They two dark figures enter the building. Another figure watches from inside an alley across the street, as the figures go inside through the glass doors and head for the elevator.

...

There was a loud knock on the apartment door. Jane went to answer the door, she knocked back four times and the person on the other side of the door knocked four times. She knew who it was. Jane opened the door.

"Hey Blake, hey Mickey! You made it just in time for..."

Jane saw Mick and Blake standing in the apartment hallway, soaked from head to toe.

"Hey, Janey," said Mick, politely.

Blake nodded. They both seemed to be shivering.

"...What happened, you guys?" asked Jane, eyeing them up and down. She was wearing a salmon pink robe over nothing else, but had it tied in such a way it could have passed for a belted dress. Even in this getup, she looks like a model in a fashion magazine. "Is there a rainstorm outside? I didn't hear any rain."

"No, no rainstorm," said Mick.

Blake nods.

"Uh-huh..." says Jane. "So...I imagine there's a story behind why you two are dripping wet, and smell a bit like sewage."

Mick nods and rubs the back of his head, like he was embarrassed.

"Yeah, about that," says Mick, "You see, we took a little shortcut through the sewer to get into Northerly Island."

"Of course, that sounds like the best way to get there," said Jane dryly, but dripping with sarcasm.

"...And then on the way back we... had a little accident," said Mick.

Jane looked like she was about to ask

another question, but Blake responded first.

"We fell in the lake," said Blake.

Mick looked at Blake, then nodded.

"I see..." said Jane, looking them up and down. She crosses her arms, and leans on the doorframe, with a smirk, then shakes her head for a moment and shrugs as if she should have expected this, "Well, thanks for explaining, I thought you boys just went out for a swim...but I know Mick usually likes to swim naked, so that rules that out."

Mick scratches the back of his neck again, and chuckles.

Jane looks from Mick to Blake.

Blake seems pretty shaken, not just by the fact he was standing cold and wet in the apartment hallway. Something had happened. Jane decided not to pry too much about it yet. She invites them in.

"Well, I'm sure there's more to the story, but I think you boys should come in before you catch a cold," says Jane.

"Oh, yeah, thanks, Janey," says Mick. He starts to walk forward, followed by Blake.

"Wait, a minute," says Jane. She puts out her hand and pokes Mick on the nose with her finger, and makes him stop, he looks like a confused dog, "You're not coming in here like that. Wet clothes, dirty shoes, and all."

"Oh, you want us to take off our shoes first?" asks Mick.

Jane gives Mick a blank stare.

"Yeah as well as your clothes, they smell like a sewer," says Jane.

"Oh, yeah, right," says Mick, sounding embarrassed.

Blake and Mick take off their clothes, getting down to their underwear. They stand in the hall in their wet underwear for a moment as Jane goes to grab a laundry basket from her bedroom. They place their clothes in the basket and stand for a moment in their wet underwear, briefs. Jane gives them a look.

"Underwear too," said Jane.

"Underwear?" asked Blake, feeling awkward. He still hadn't been naked around Jane yet. Not that he hadn't thought about it. Blake and Mick look at each other, as if they wondered why Jane wanted them to take off their underwear.

"It makes no sense to clean your dirty

clothes if you don't clean your wet briefs as well," said Jane.

"Oh, yeah. Right," laughs Mick, awkwardly, rubbing the back of his head again.

Mick, gets ready to pull down his underwear. They were soaked and hugged the contours of his big bulge, showing it off nicely. Blake's wet briefs did the same for him. Blake reaches for his waistband as well, feeling a bit awkward getting naked with Mick in front of Jane. What if he got excited? Blake starts to pull down his wet briefs as Mick slides his down the back, exposing his big wet ass. Blake looks at Mick's ass for a moment, that alone was giving Blake a slight hard on. Blake tugs off the wet briefs against his slightly hard dick, the waist band giving Blake's dick a slight bounce upwards when released. Blake felt embarrassed, trying to hide it from Jane as he pulled his underwear down, but as he looked over and saw Mick pulling the front of his underwear down as well, he saw Mick's hard dick pop out as well. Blake guessed Mick was excited by the situation as well. Blake grinned, and Mick grinned back, looking amused at the situation. Blake looked toward Jane, who looked completely unfazed, and shakes her head, watching them, while leaning in the doorway.

"No need to be embarrassed, Blake, it's not like I haven't seen a boner before," says Jane.

"Yeah, buddy," says Mick, nudging Blake, and he lifts a big leg, pulling off his underwear, "Jane's used to seein' my boner, a lot. I'm sure she doesn't mind seeing' yours as well..."

"Mick!" said Jane, sounding like she was scolding him.

Mick pulls his underwear completely off, and twirls them around his finger. Mick saying this nearly made Blake fall over as he was pulling his underwear off, his briefs now on one foot. Mick catches Blake as he loses his balance, and Blake falls face first into his big chest.

"Oof...thanks Mick," says Blake, with his face buried in his big wet hairy chest. Mick puts a big arm behind his head and looks at Jane, grinning.

Jane shakes her head, as if Mick had brought home a puppy.

Mick helps Blake balance as he takes off his wet briefs, and soon the two big men are standing in all their naked glory, in the doorway of the

apartment, their large meaty dicks and big balls hanging freely between their legs, their underwear in their hands. Blake chuckles, holding his underwear out to Jane.

"Here ya go," says Blake, trying to remain cool, handing Jane his underwear.

"Thanks, Blake," says Jane, taking his underwear.

"And I'm sorry, Jane," said Mick, "I shouldn't have said it that way."

"That's okay, Mick," said Jane, she looks back at Blake, "I guess what Mick meant to say was that I have seen my share of big dicks, so it's really nothing I haven't..." Jane catches herself, and quickly tries to rephrase. "What I mean to say is, I've seen naked men before, I live with Mick and Charlie," Jane nods affirmatively, "And I see them naked all the time, so I have no problem seeing you...oh, dear..." Jane catches herself again. Mick looks like he's trying hard not to laugh.

"Well, we've seen you naked too," says Mick, shrugging his shoulders.

Jane looks at Mick.

"That's true....but what I meant was, I grew up around this guy and others, I've seen my share of dicks, and boners...it's nothing I'm not used to... Mick, I swear to god, if you say one word," Jane suddenly retorted when Mick started to grin.

"Well..." Mick shrugs, feigning innocence, "Well, since we've been childhood friends, and since we have a child together, it would be hard to be not naked to..."

"Not another word, Mick!" says Jane.

"Okay," says Mick, innocently. "I guess you don't want to tell Blake about that threesome we had with our best friend, then."

Jane's mouth hangs open for a moment, then...

"You know...where you had both our dicks..." Mick elaborated.

"Just, give me your underwear," says Jane shaking her head, exasperated. Jane looked like she was either trying to keep herself from being angry, or from laughing.

Mick hands his briefs over to Jane with a polite nod and smile, and Jane puts them in the basket.

"Well, I guess I'll get these clean..." Jane stops suddenly, noticing something else in the laundry basket. "Wait...how did this happen?", said

Jane, now holding up Blake's coat. She had now noticed that there was a chunk missing from the back of it, torn out. "Looks like something ripped it."

"Yeah, that happened when I fell in," said Blake.

"Yeah," said Mick, nodding. Mick gave a silent nod to Jane to indicate he would tell her about it later.

"Okay then, if you say so," said Jane. "Well, I'm just relieved it's not another one of Mick's coats that's all torn up again," said Jane, putting the coat back in the laundry basket.

Did Mick tear through his clothes and trench coats on a regular basis? Blake was dying to ask, but didn't.

Blake suddenly smells something, a burning smell. Blake sniffs the air. It smelled like it was coming from the kitchen in the apartment.

"Hey what's that smell?" asks Blake.

"It's probably your clothes," said Jane, "That's why we're gonna wash them."

No, it's not that," said Blake. "Is something burning?"

"I smell it too," says Mick, sniffing as well.

"Nah, nothing's burning. I've just got dinner on the oven," says Jane with a smile. Her smile fades as a look of realization comes across her face. "My spaghetti! I forgot all about it!" Jane turns on the spot, dropping the laundry basket and rushing to the kitchen, leaping over the sofa in the process, nearly summersaulting over the back of it. Jane's salmon pink robe flies up in the back briefly when she leaps over the back of the couch, giving Blake a view that made him realize she wasn't wearing any underwear. Blake felt a little bashful, but it was a nice sight. (She has a nice petite ass, like a small peach, as compared to Mick's big manly one. Why was Blake analyzing this?) Jane regains her balance and runs to the kitchen, her grace and calm collection going out the window. She disappears around the corner into the kitchen, flailing her arms as she turns the corner.

"Oh, no, no, no...my whole dinner. Charlie! He was supposed to be watching it for me! Charlie!? Where are you?"

"What?!" came Charlie's muffled voice.

Continued on pg 26

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DHM Fan ~ Bill Hammond

It's hard to imagine that I was ever afraid to play with my ass once. Besides eating it, I like to play with it too. I'm a small guy with a tiny pelvis, so I'm more width than depth. Luckily for me, my hands are small and collapsible and I delight in taking a guy's "fisting cherry". And for the seasoned hand-baller, both of my hands in one sloppy gaping hole is a joyous occasion and a delight to all participating.

After I came out, I discovered I really liked to get fucked. A lot. So much so, I had to eventually have an operation to remove warts. I don't know why they don't offer HPV vaccines to gay men, but I digress. This was rather traumatic for me and for a long while afterwards I didn't like getting fucked. It took me a long time to get back to that comfortable place where I could get pounded again.

When I moved in with my very endowed (late) partner with me being all of 24, he was kind enough to buy me some dildos to... "train" to take him. We used the toys a lot. I found I really enjoy that fullness and sensation of something thick reaming me open. After a few years of training that hole and moving up to both thicker and bigger toys, I eventually lost my fisting cherry at 26, and have given and gotten a good punch fucking. I've kept pursuing that kind of intense sexual intimacy with other like-minded men.

I like my toys. I just don't have much in the way of fisting buddies right now, given the fact that we are still waging war against the pandemic. I'm just not comfortable with just anyone either. I once took home the wrong guy who "negged" me so I would take him feel challenged and take him home. It's an act of emotional manipulation whereby a person makes a deliberate backhanded compliment or otherwise flirtatious remark to another person to undermine their confidence and increase their need of the manipulator's approval. I should have trusted my instincts and kept walking. I ended up with a 4" gash in my colon, a colostomy bag for 8 months, and the scars to prove it. The guy was psychotic.

If you're going to play with an ass, you should know what you're doing. Take it slow. Use more lube than you think you need. Use a toy to open you up for that fist. It's the journey. Feel around gingerly. I find poppers helps. I'm not going to go over the ritual that is cleaning out. Everyone has their own spin on it. Try not to eat greasy foods the night before unless you're into making a mess.

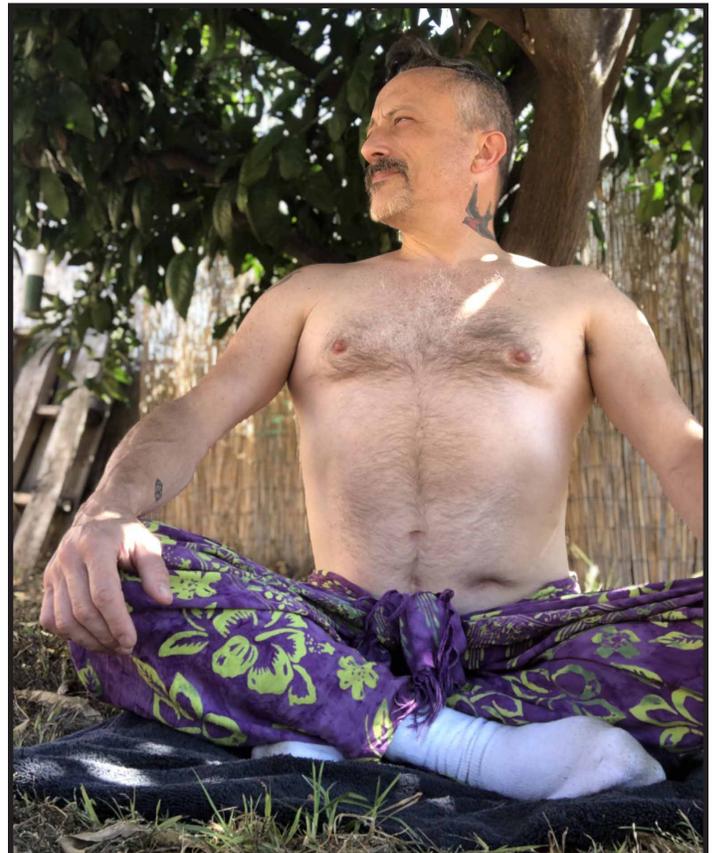
ALL THINGS DRUB

With this social distancing, worrying that there is a slim chance the vaccine doesn't work as well for some and figuring out how to get a booster, fisting has and hasn't been at the top of my sexual cravings list. What I wouldn't give for a good slow, greasy, build-up, some very good nasty talk being flung back and forth and subsequently having my ring worked so well that I eat that hand like the fist-starved pig that I am.

I enjoy the camaraderie that happens in the fisting community. When I play, I like to have several guys there who are all versatile, this way we all get some action. While there are times I like the one-on-one intimacy with a good fisting buddy, there is something fun about having several men around you cheering you on, like a male bonding ritual complete with a rite of passage.

Here's to male bonding. This way. And hopefully everyone's getting vaccinated, because I'm tired of waiting.

--
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FUN WITH
**REBEL
DONKEY**











"Is...is something wrong?"

"Dinner's burning, Charlie! Where are you?"

"I'm in the bathroom!" came Charlie's voice, barely audible.

"What was that, Charlie? I can't hear you!" shouted Jane, from the kitchen.

"What!?" came Charlie's muffled voice. "I can't hear you I'm in the bathroom!"

"He's in the bathroom!" yells Jane, to no one in particular.

Blake and Mick watch the scene unfold, as smoke comes out of the kitchen, standing naked and befuddled. They look at each other. Mick smiles and laughs, and shrugs his big shoulders. Blake smiles and laughs as well.

After a few moments, Charlie came scrambling out of the bathroom to help Jane, white briefs on, but pants and belt still around his ankles, he attempts to pull up his pants as he heads towards the kitchen. Instead his pants start to rip, making him trip over himself and lands face first into the carpet with his butt in the air.

Both Mick and Blake head towards Charlie.

"You okay man?" asks Mick, assisting Charlie up from the floor. Charlie's face was red from the impact as well as the embarrassment he made of himself in front of everyone. Charlie looks up at Mick. He just now noticed that Mick was naked and so was Blake.

"Oh! Hi guys!"

Charlie attempts to put on his pants again, only to find that they are ripped and beyond repair. Charlie sighs as he gets to his feet, taking off the ripped pants, standing there in his "tighty-whities" and white undershirt, trying to not get hard while seeing Blake and Mick naked in the living room.

"You okay buddy?" asks Mick.

"Yeah, I'm fine, thanks Mick," says Charlie.

"I just forgot about dinner, and...and..." Charlie is trying not to blush, but is getting hard in his underwear, being so close to Mick and Blake, both naked.

Blake observed that Charlie's size in his briefs was rather small, compared to how big Mick and Blake both were. Blake could tell Charlie was nervous, so could Mick.

"It's okay, Charlie, relax," said Mick, smiling and rubbing Charlie's shoulders with his big strong

hands. "No need to be embarrassed."

Charlie looked comforted by this. He took a breath and looked at Blake.

"Hi," said Charlie, to Blake.

"Hi," said Blake, reaching out to shake Charlie's hand. "I'm Blake."

"I remember," said Charlie, "How...how are you, Blake? It's a pleasure to see you again," Charlie holds out his hand, sounding polite and formal, trying hard not to look at the big pieces of meat and full balls swinging freely between the legs of the two big naked men.

"Yeah, I remember you too, Charlie," said Blake politely, with a chuckle. He thought Charlie's behavior was the cutest thing. Mick looked happy that the two were talking.

Their hands were just about to touch in a handshake, when Jane's voice came calling from the kitchen.

"Charlie, I need your help," came Jane's voice from the kitchen...she sounded panicked, "I...I don't know what I did, but I made it worse... it's going everywhere. It's like a hurricane. A boiling hurricane!"

"Oh, no, I forgot," said Charlie, also looking panicked, he withdraws his hand from the handshake with Blake, and puts both hands to his head, "I'm so sorry. Coming, Jane!" Blake turns around to head to the kitchen, and as he does he bends over to try and lift his ripped pants again, and put them back on, causing his briefs to split in the back, exposing his big round chubby ass to Blake and Mick.

"Oh..." whimpers Charlie, "...Not again," as he remains bent over forward to pull up his pants. "How bad is it, guys?" he asks, sounding embarrassed.

"Very nice! Quite the fuck-able ass you have Charlie!" says Mick, giving Charlie a wink, and a smile.

"Oh, haha, thanks, Mick," says Charlie, "But, not in front of Blake, come-on, man," Charlie sounds embarrassed.

"Oh, sorry Charlie," says Mick, in a low voice.

"I don't mind," Blake shrugged, "I agree with Mick, I mean...hope ya don't mind me sayin' that, Charlie."

Charlie stands up, and looks like he's blushing pinker than before.

"No, not at all, haha, thanks, Blake, I..." Charlie seems at a loss for words, "Um..." Charlie can't take his eyes off the two big naked men. Blake can feel the tension. Charlie is about to say something, when Jane's voice calls from the kitchen again.

"Oh, no....Charlie it's a volcano! A hurricane volcano!"

"Janey!" said Charlie, as he waddled into the kitchen, "Janey I'm coming," called Charlie.

Blake looks at Mick, both now in the living room, still naked, and the door to the apartment wide open.

"So, is diner usually like this at your place?" asks Blake.

Mick chuckles loudly, his signature hearty laughs, with a big arm behind his head, and then pats Blake on the back. "Ahaha. That's funny, Blake. Ahaha, real funny. You're a funny guy, Blake, ahaha!but yeah, More often than you think," said Mick, now in a quieter voice. "At least when I'm not around to make it." He shrugs. "At least they didn't wake Cassie up this time, she's a heavy sleeper, but it takes forever to get her back to sleep again. I usually have to sing her her favorite song, and..."

...

A few moments later, the ruckus in the kitchen had calmed down and Jane came out looking a bit disheveled, the shoulder on her pink robe askew, her robe a bit more open than before, hair a little messy from the steam, and wiping her hands on a kitchen towel.

"Well, dinner's a bust," said Jane. "Want to order Chinese?"

She looks at Mick and Blake, who are still standing in the living room, butt-naked.

"Ah, no worries Jane," said Mick, trying to be comforting, "I mean...you tried." He looks away, scratching the back of his neck again.

"Thanks Mick," said Jane smiling, "I mean, I know I can't cook like you, and it really doesn't make me feel any better, but thanks anyway."

In spite of the awkward wording, this seemed genuine, and Jane looked happy with Mick's encouragement. She walked a up to Mick and looked like she was going to give him a big hug and kiss, even though he was bare naked, then

Jezebel

holds her nose.

"Oh, I forgot, you boys need to shower," said Jane, "The bathrooms' open now if ya want to go ahead, Charlie's helping me clean up in the kitchen."

"Oh yeah, my bad," said Mick, with another chuckle, still rubbing the back of his neck, and grinning. "Hey, if ya like, if there's still more ingredients in the kitchen, I can make dinner for all of us after the shower. I really don't mind."

"Oh, would you, Mick? Ah, that'd be great," said Jane sounding thoroughly relieved, "Thanks so much. You're in for a treat Blake, Mick's a great cook."

"Yeah, I've had his breakfast," said Blake, "He was amazing, I mean his food..." said Blake blushing once again.

"Oh, he is, isn't he?" said Jane, winking at Blake, and nudging Mick.

Mick, looked a little modest and embarrassed this time.

"Well, we'll get the kitchen tidied up, while you boys get yourselves clean...and I'll put your clothes in the laundry for ya," said Jane. "Oh, and the shower's big enough for two or three... depending on your size, so the two of you can shower together to...you know, save water, or time or somethin'..."

Blake was about to ask Jane how she knew how many people could fit in the shower, but then realized that was a silly question to ask in this household.

Mick and Blake pass Jane on the way to the bathroom to shower, and Blake notices more of her cleavage is showing than before. Like a gentleman, he tries to subtly tell her about it.

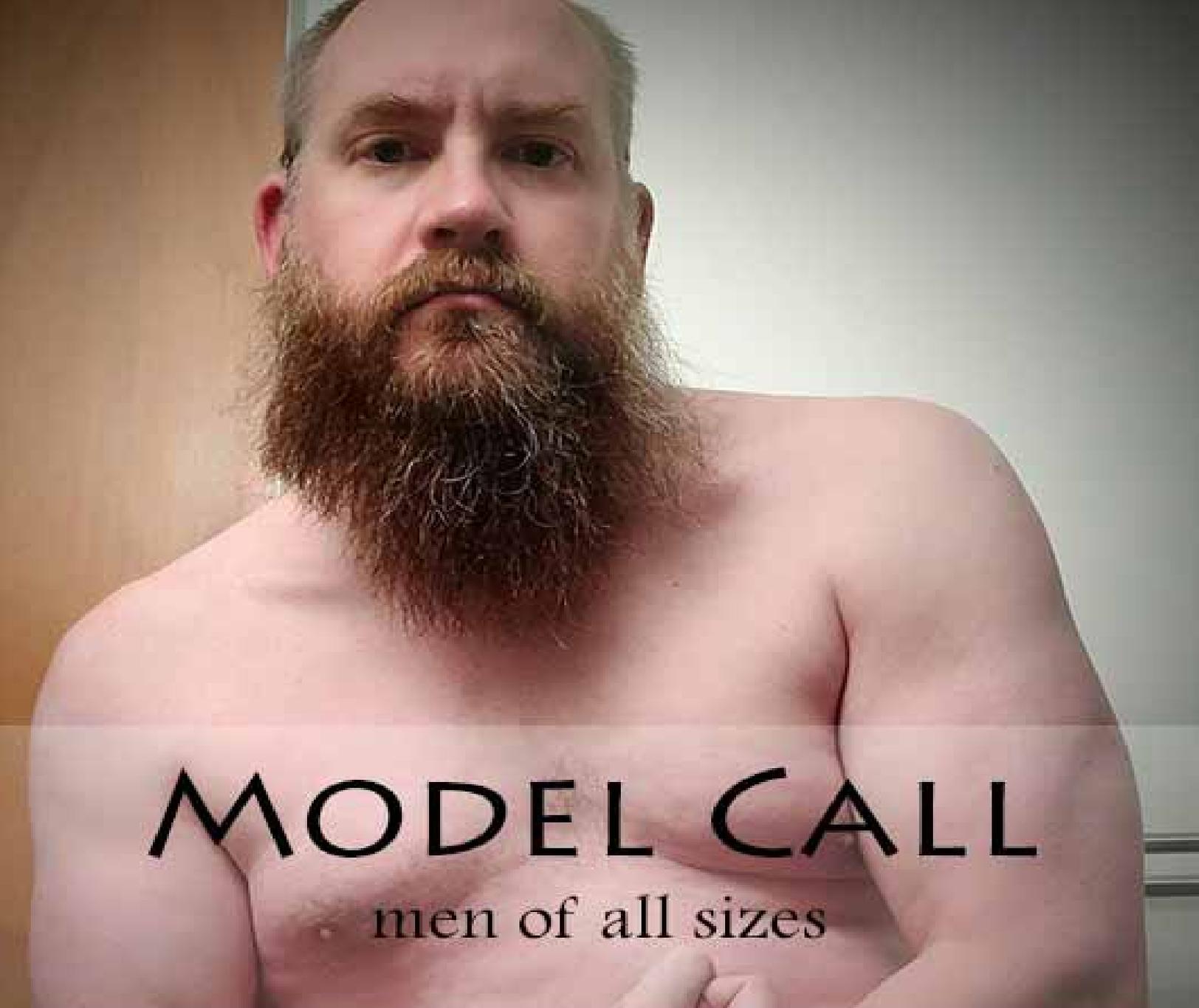
"Oh and uh, Jane, you might want to, um..." he indicates his chest.

"Oh," Jane says, looking down and covering her breasts a bit more, so her nipple didn't slip out. "Why thanks Blake, I didn't notice, with all the kitchen chaos going around," she giggles, "and I'm not wearing anything under it, so that would have been a slip."

"Yeah, I know," said Blake, "I mean, they're really nice, I wouldn't have minded...I mean, not like that."

Jane smiles and nods, Mick seems amused

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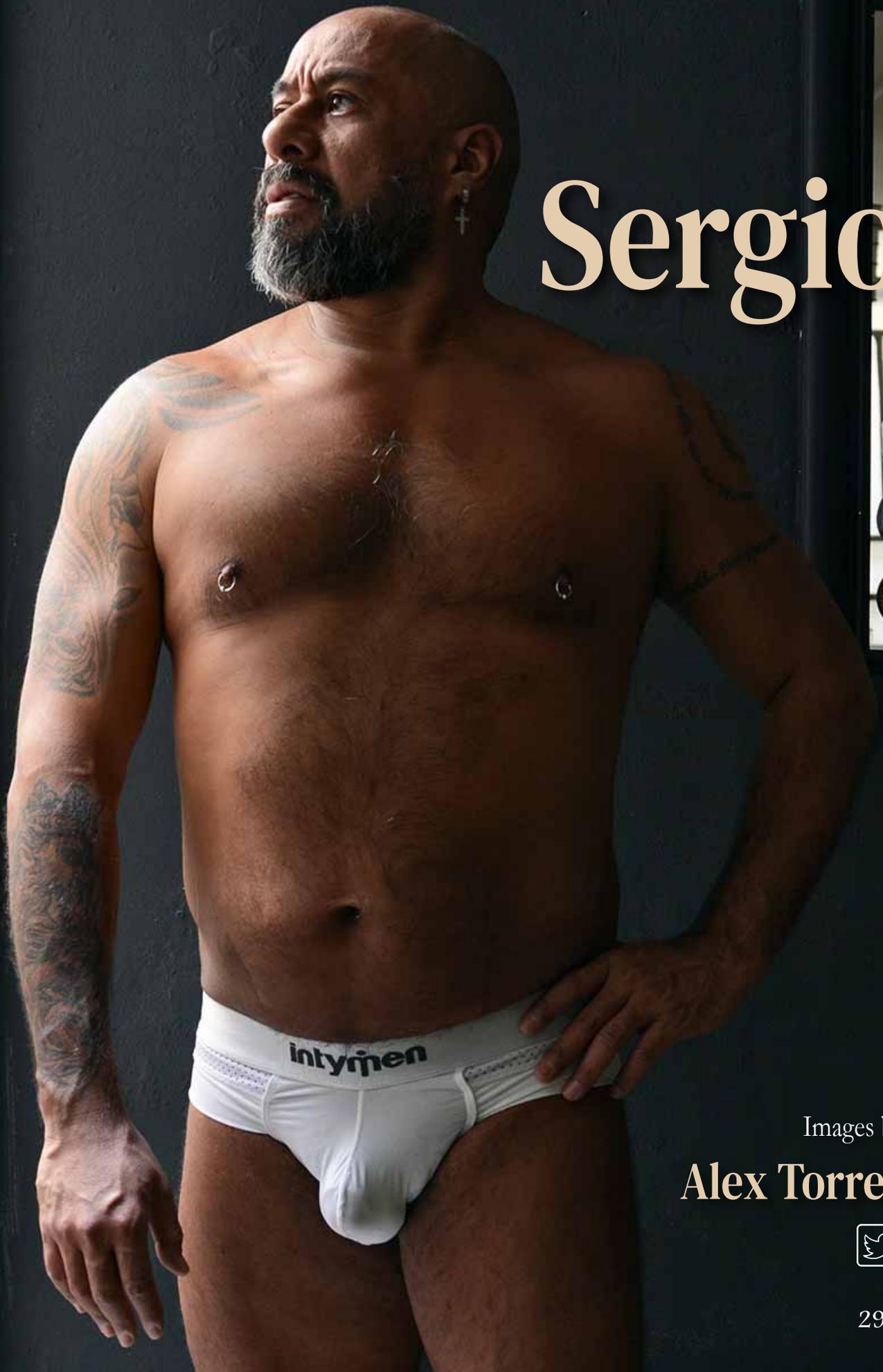
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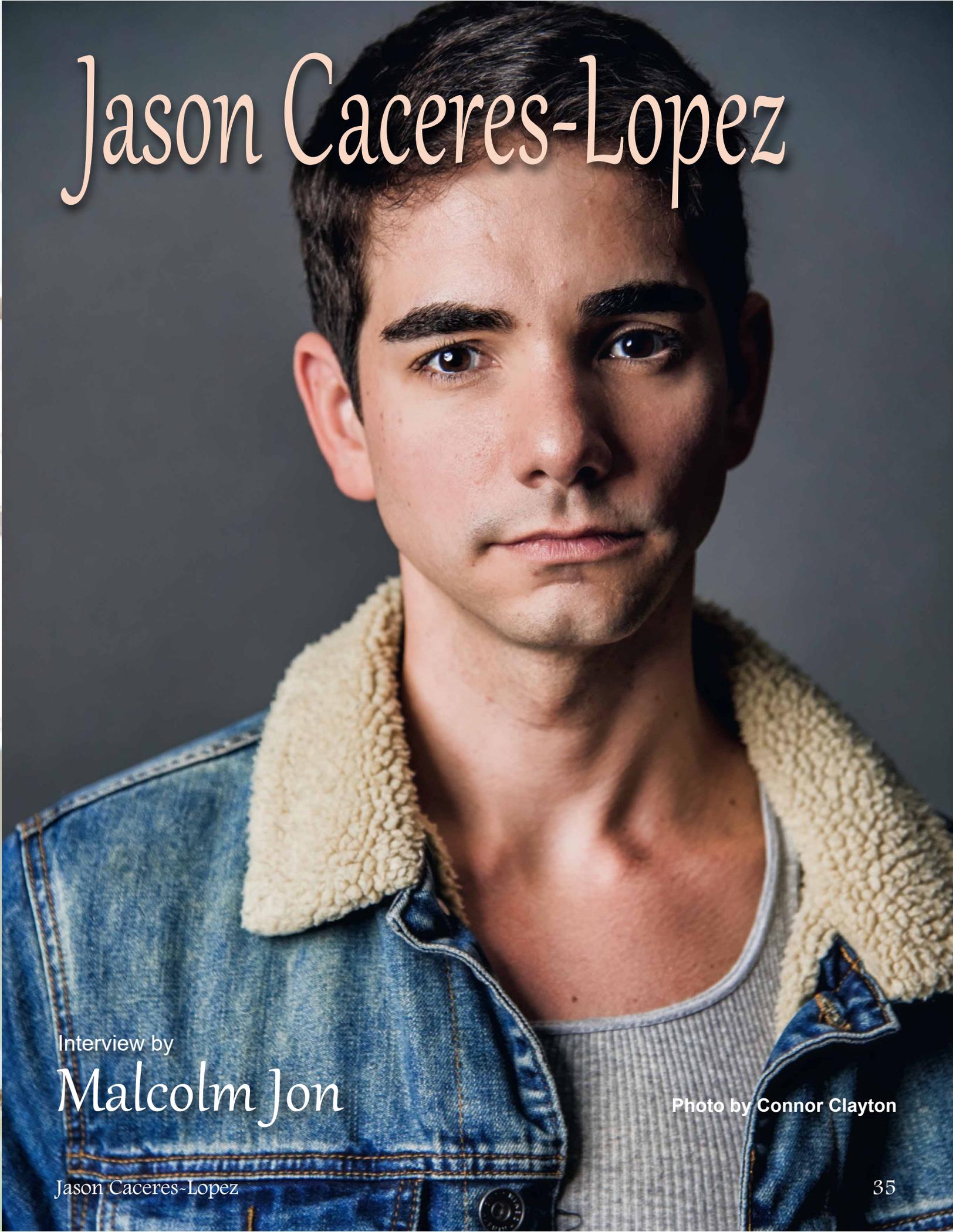
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Jason Caceres-Lopez

A close-up portrait of a young man with dark hair and eyes, wearing a blue denim jacket with a cream-colored shearling collar over a grey ribbed tank top. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression.

Interview by

Malcolm Jon

Photo by Connor Clayton

Jason Caceres-Lopez

35

It is not often you get the honor to meet such a driven and amazing individual. Jason Caceres-Lopez is an amazing actor who appeared in many films and the TV series including Criminal Minds as Jimmy Bennett.

His latest venture, Boy Culture, the series is currently being featured in OutFest Los Angeles, and I knew I had to get to know my next guest.

I guarantee Jason will be accepting some big awards for his acting in a few years.

Jason was gracious enough to take time from his busy schedule to grant me an interview.

Jason, could you tell us a little bit about yourself?

Sure. I like long walks on the beach...just kidding.

My name is Jason Caceres (now Jason Caceres-Lopez as I recently got married). I am a first-generation Cuban American, born in Miami, Florida. In High School, I was a Varsity Swimmer and Water Polo player. I was in the National Honor Society, English Honor Society, Science Honor Society, basically every Honor Society. I was also a Boy Scout for about ten years. I recently got my Master of Business Administration Degree as well as my Personal Training and Nutrition Coach Certifications from the National Academy of Sports Medicine. I love acting. It has always been my passion. My goal is to continue to highlight stories that are underrepresented in society today.

I have watched so many videos on your YouTube Channel, it looks like you have a really close supportive family. I especially love the video of you and your dad doing the yoga challenge. Tell us what was your childhood like? When did you come out to your family?

Ha! My poor dad, I believe I cracked his rib in that video. I love my parents and my older brother. We are a very tight-knit family. My family are Cuban exiles/refugees. They gave up everything they had in their home country to build a better life for my brother and me. When you have everything you have ever known and loved ripped away from you, and you have to flee to a foreign country where you don't know anyone and you don't know the language, the only thing you have left is your family. As a result, family is very much instilled in me and is a huge part of who I am.

My parents have only ever wanted my brother and me to succeed and be happy. My dad would work a full-time job, come home, pick my mom, brother, and myself up and take us to practice or a Boy Scouts meeting, or whatever it may be. Then take us to dinner, come home, wake up and do it all over again. He never complained once. Well, now that I'm an adult we've joked about it. Very recently I asked him how he did it and he simply said, "I don't know, I just did."

Needless to say, my childhood was magical. Exhausting, but magical. My parents made sure we never had a dull moment. We didn't have much but they took us on small trips here and there (granted, sometimes we had to sit through a timeshare meeting for the free trip but it was never an issue). They kept us busy with baseball practice, soccer practice, Boy Scouts, karate, etc. Lord, I may have tried every sport in the world growing up.



Photo by Matthew Rettenmund

I never really had to come out to my parents per se. I'm not sure if my dad even remembers this but when I was around 13...let's just say I didn't know about deleting my search history. So, my dad comes into my room to use my laptop, and he finds some questionable searches. He simply looked over at me, asked what it was and when my eyes widened with fear, he laughed, said he loved me, and went to bed. My mom, who is my best friend, is now my husband's best friend. They share the same birthday! Which is not fun for me by the way.

How did you get started in acting?

I started acting at a very young age in the Boy Scouts. We would have these camping trips where we had to compete with opposing Boy Scout troops in several different categories: knot-tying, cooking, fire starting, etc. One of the categories was a skit performance. I loved participating in that one. I eventually was made the Skit Leader. I found myself growing passionate about performing, that is when I began acting in school and eventually went to Florida International University. There I

pursued a Bachelor of Fine Arts in Theater Performance. I graduated, moved to Los Angeles, and hit the ground running!

Your new series "Boy Culture" is becoming quite popular, how did you get the role of Chayce, and what do you like about playing that role?

Thank you. I'm really excited that the series is out and people can enjoy it now. The role of Chayce was originally offered to another actor. I knew nothing of the series at this point. Lo and behold, something occurred and the role became vacant. I received word about the opening because Darryl Stephens had tweeted out a casting notice for the role of Chayce. I didn't know Darryl at the time so I didn't see it. However, a friend of mine who was co-starring in a play with me at the time forwarded me the notice. I sent in an email to the creative team (Q. Allan Brocka, Matthew Rettenmund, Stephen Israel, and Philip Pierce) saying I was interested. They sent me a few audition sides, I sent in the audition tape and they called me in for



Photo by Matthew Rettenmund

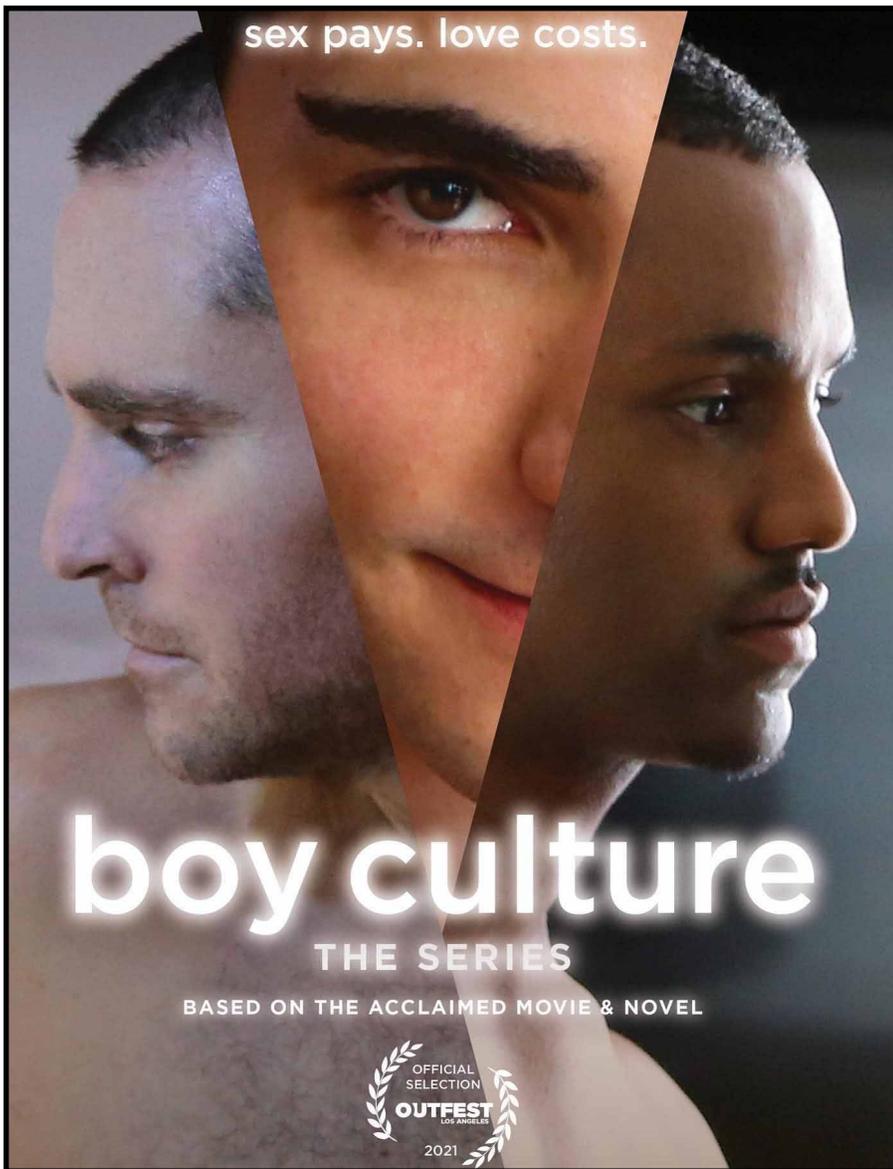


Photo by Matthew Rettenmund

an in-person callback. It was all pretty quick since they were very close to the shoot dates. I believe I was cast about three days before we started shooting, or something close to that.

Chayce is such a free spirit. He allowed me to unleash my playful, sassy side. He's confident, he takes no prisoners, and he does not take "no" for an answer, which is kind of how my parents raised me.

Out of all the roles you have played so far, which one are you the proudest of?

Chayce will always hold a special place in my heart for so many reasons. First, it gave me the opportunity to work with Q. Allan Brocka (Director

of Boy Culture)! I have looked up to him ever since I was a teenager struggling with my sexual identity. He co-wrote and directed the original Boy Culture film. He is also responsible for all of the Eating Out movies which played a huge part in my sexual discovery. To get to work with him was an absolute dream. However, I am really proud of my first major Network Television credit as well. I had the opportunity to Guest Star in a little TV show known as CRIMINAL MINDS on CBS! I was floored when I heard I got that part. It was my first big acting credit and I got to act alongside Frances Fisher who is magnificent. I also got to act with up-and-coming star Reid Miller who stars in Joe Bell opposite Mark Wahlberg. Which, if you haven't seen yet, you must. He does amazing work in that film. Booking Criminal Minds reassured me that I am in the right place and that I have found the path that fits me.

What advice would you give to anyone just starting out in the acting world?

I would ask that, first, you do a bit of introspection and see if this is really what you want to pursue. It's a long, hard road and it can be trying sometimes. If this is something you are truly passionate about, then stay focused, and keep truckin' on. Definitely find a mentor or at least someone who's been pursuing this for a while so that you know how your city works regarding auditions, submitting to agencies, headshot specifications, etc. Every market is different. Also, I highly recommend some sort of business class because at the end of the day, this is a business and you have to know how to navigate it. Lastly, find a good, weekly acting class to keep your skills sharp, stay focused and do some networking.

Mike



Images
Provided by

Mike













DHM FAN ~ Jase Otter



at Blake's behavior.

"Well, that's mighty chivalrous of you to let me know," said Jane, "well, coming from a man I've seen naked."

Blake looks down at himself, and over at Mick, then goes redder. He felt how Charlie looked earlier.

"Thanks," said Blake, "And sorry about what I said...I mean they are nice."

"I'm glad you like them," said Jane, now thoroughly amused, and a little entertained at Blake's behavior.

"Yeah... they are nice tits," said Mick, agreeing reflectively, sounding like he was in a nice daydream.

Blake blushes.

"Why thank you Mick," says Jane, Mick looks happy. "But I think Mick's got the nicest tits," Jane says to Blake, "I mean they're much different than mine, lots more muscle, and more to grab... but damn, those are nice titties."

Mick looks flattered and smiles.

"Why thank you Janey," says Mick, showing off his big chest for her playfully.

Blake changes the subject, as his eyes can't stop looking at Mick's big manly chest, and Jane's more petite breasts, trying not to get hard again. He was liking the idea of doing things to both of them, and was trying to clear his mind of those thought.

He turned his attention instead to what was on Jane's robe, next to her cleavage. Blake notices that Jane's robe had a red "F.D." logo sewn in on the side (near the base) of the collar.

"I like your robe," said Blake.

"Thanks," said Jane. She seemed exceptionally happy to hear this.

"What does F.D. stand for?" asks Blake curiously.

Jane looks down at the letters on her robe, next to her bosom, then looks up and Blake, and smiles, almost flirtatiously.

"Well, what do you think?" Jane asks.

"...F.D. ...F.D. Roosevelt?" Blake guesses.

"...Yes...Blake, that's it alright," says Jane, sarcastically.

"F.D....you have fixed deposits?" suggests Mick, shrugging his big naked shoulders.

"Get your big naked butt in the shower, Mick," says Jane.

"Okay, Janey," says Mick, as he and Blake go towards the bathroom.

As Mick and Blake walk to the bathroom, to take a shower, Jane goes to pick up the laundry basket with their wet clothes. She squats down to pick up the basket. Mick suddenly stops at the bathroom door, and turns and rushes back to Jane.

"Wait, Jane," says Mick, "Before that, I forgot somethin', first. "

Jane looks up, now at eye level with Mick's naked crotch.

"Mick, really, I hardly think this is the time," said Jane, dryly.

"Huh?" asks Mick, sounding dumbfounded, he seems to take notice that he is standing buck naked in front of her, and the position. "Oh, haha! That's real funny Janey,ahaha!" He puts an arm behind him and laughs heartily.

"Yeah..." says Jane, "No stop laughing before your cock accidentally slaps me in the face, okay?"

"Oops...sorry Janey," says Mick, looking big and dumb. Blake thought that look was the cutest on Mick.

"Though, I must say, it was nice to see your big pecs bounce up and down from this angle when you laugh like that," said Jane. Jane stands up with the laundry basket. When standing, she is at eye level with his pecs, at least the lower parts of them.

"So, ya like bouncin' do ya?" asks Mick, grinning.

"What did you forget?" asks Jane, wanting Mick to get to the point. Blake wondered whether Jane was being short with Mick because she was annoyed, or whether he was being too cute and distracting for her.

"Oh, yeah, right," said Mick. He looks through the laundry basket, and finds his wet trench-coat. He pulls it out and drops it on the floor. "Whoops," Mick beds over fully, showing his big naked ass off in front of Blake. Jane looks over at Blake, while she's holding the laundry basket shaking her head, as if to tell Blake this was usual behavior from him. Mick finally picks up his coat and hands a small bag with a teacup in it to Jane. "Here ya, go, Janey, wouldn't want to wash this."

"You had this with you the whole time?"

asked Jane in disbelief.

"Well...yeah," said Mick innocently.

Jane just looks at Mick blankly for a moment, and shook her head again.

"Well, it's a good thing you didn't lose it when you boys fell in the lake," said Jane. "She puts the plastic bag with the broken tea-cup in her robe and starts to head off with the laundry basket.

"You don't have to do that, Janey, I can do those," said Mick, trying to take the laundry basket for her.

"No, it's fine, Mick," said Jane, "You just get yourselves clean okay. The quicker you boys do that, the quicker we can eat dinner."

"Alright!" says Mick enthusiastically putting his hands together, sounding like an over-excited, obedient dog.

Jane smirks and heads off with the laundry basket.

Mick smiles back at Blake.

"You heard Janey, it's cleanin' time," said Mick.

Blake nods, leaning, naked, in the bathroom door.

"I know, I was waitin' for ya," said Blake with a smirk.

"Oh, ahaha! Right! Well, I'm comin' in buddy," said Mick as he heads to the bathroom to join Blake.

Blake nods, looking amused. It was funny to him that a guy that he knew to have great detective skills like Mick could be so goddamn dumb most of the time. It was part of what made Mick so cute, though.

Mick eagerly joins Blake in the bathroom, so they can shower together, and shuts the door.

Blake looks at the shower stall, "It's kinda on the small side isn't?"

Mick looks at the stall as well, "We can make it work!"

Mick and Blake attempt to squeeze in together, their naked bodies rubbing together. They were both hard now.

"Ummm..." said Mick, as they were facing each other, big chests pressed tightly together. "Maybe if I turn around. Once I get the water goin', that should make things more slippery."

"Sure thing," nods Blake, trying to ignore the fact their chests and boners were pressed together.

Jezebel

Mick turns around, lifting his big arms up so he can, (his arms were way to big to keep down at his sides as he turned) Blake felt Mick's body rub against his hard cock as he turned, their cocks slid past each other for a moment, before they smacked against both their stomach, like slingshots. Mick fully turns around, and places both hands against the shower wall.

"There, how's that?" asks Mick, smiling back at Blake.

The view was great, and Mick's big muscular ass was now pressed up against Blake's raging boner. But there wasn't time for that now, not when there were things to discuss about the case, and dinner to prepare. It was very hard for Blake to control himself. Mick's ass felt so good. It looked so good. Mick looked so good to him right now, he just wanted to... His boner prodded Mick's ass, pulsing against it.

"Yeah, it's good," Blake almost groaned. "Ha, I'm having' a hard time controlling myself, ahaha, sorry, man." Blake laughs awkwardly, a hand behind his head.

"Don't worry about that, pal," said Mick, looking back over his shoulder. "We're both guys. It happens. Besides, it feels great don't it?" He winks back at him.

Blake groaned. Did Mick do these things on purpose, or was he always like this, and Blake wasn't used to it, so he was being turned on easily?

"Now, let's get washed up," said Mick, and turns on the shower.

The hot water turns on, it was cold at first, hitting Mick's back, then Blake's face, chest and belly, it made Mick's body quiver, Blake felt his big body shake under the cold water and tense up, he loved that feeling, as Mick's big ass shook against his cock. The water soon turned warm, and Mick's big body relaxed, as did Blake's.

"Ah, that feels great, don't it?" sighed Mick in a low voice, almost like a growl.

"Mhmm," groaned Blake.

The water running down Mick's back and Blake's front felt amazing, and the way it ran between Mick's ass and Blake's hard cock, making it feel all slippery, as they slid together. He was okay with this for just now, the feeling of their big strong bodies connected under the water. As much as he felt the urge to plow Mick's big bubble butt,

right here, right now, he resisted. He could wait. He felt safe just like this.

Blake felt the warm water of the shower hit his face and run down his body, and Mick's. It was a nice switch, after taking the deep, unwelcome plunge into that deep, dark cold lake only an hour or so before. Usually Blake loved water, and especially swimming. He had taken many night dips in the lake before, taking off all his clothes before swimming, it just felt natural to him. He had even fantasized about the two of them, he and Mick, taking off their clothes and having a naked swim race across the lake at night. But after tonight, Blake thought he'd never want to swim in that lake again...Even the thought of it made him shudder ...

...

...Contrary to what Blake had told Jane, Blake had not just fallen into the lake on the way back. Blake's mind was still a little foggy about what had just happened back at the lake and the details from while he and Mick were making their way back, but there were some things he couldn't possibly forget, and what he saw while he was under the water would most likely plague his nightmares....

...

...After they had left the empty Worlds Fair grounds on Northerly Island, Blake and Mick had gone back into the old sewer systems (tunnels) to get back to their small rented boat. On the way through the tunnels, Blake had the familiar sense that they were being followed. What's more, he had the sense that Mick knew about this, but had decided not to tell him as not to scare him. Blake stayed silent as he walked beside Mick, feeling safe next to the big guy. This feeling followed him all the while through the tunnels. Once they neared the exit to the sewer tunnels, Blake and Mick readied to turn off their flashlights, as not to attract any attention once they reached the old docks. Blake turned to face the wall to his right, directly next to himself and Mick. That's when he caught a glimpse of it. A shadow, or rather a large shape behind them, disappearing just as they walked forward. The large shadow of a humongous dog or

wolf, walking forward, it's bushy tail following behind as its paws crept forward, bigger than a bear. It disappeared just as Blake shut his light off. He turned it back on quickly, but the shadow was gone. Blake turned back to Mick, half expecting him to look like he did in his hallucination (or was it a hallucination?) he had the night they investigated the Blue Rose Hotel, a large black Wolf or Wolf-man, with glowing orange eyes, like flames glowing inside a Halloween Jack-o-lantern, and smiling with rows of large, sharp pearly white canine teeth. But it was only Mick as his usually, scruffy handsome self, wolffish and bearish, maybe, but not a bear sized wolf. Blake was relieved.

"You okay, man?" asked Mick, raising a heavy black eyebrow over one of his olive green eyes.

"Yeah, just thought I..." he saw the look in Mick's eyes, "never mind.."

Mick looked for a moment at Blake, then shrugged and smiled at him, a big white toothy grin, and shot Blake a warm, comforting look, with those beautiful eyes of his.

Blake's heart felt like it danced and fluttered. Blake shook his head, feeling ridiculous. What was he? A school-girl? But Blake couldn't help it. Mick made Blake feel that he could always find comfort in those warm eyes, those olive green eyes. Like the warmth of the sun. Mick's eyes and skin were both olive in a sense. His eyes olivine green, his skin an olive tan. Like he'd been out in the sun every day, his big body sun-kissed. Overall he looked like he was a raven-haired and bearded Canadian lumberjack, though. Like Paul Bunyan or something.

"Great," Blake thought to himself, "you just thought you saw a giant wolf shadow, no need to start thinking you might see a big blue ox next to Mick now, too."

They continued on their way, silently, out of the tunnel. They looked around. The coast was clear, and they hastily untethered their boat from under the boardwalk, and climbed in, each grabbing an oar and dipping it into the surface of the cold waters of the lake, like they were in some makeshift canoe.

They made their way out carefully into the lake, the spreading fog over the surface of the water, the slow waves, and the lights from the searchlights surrounding the Blue Rose grounds

giving the illusion that they might be at sea, paddling toward a lighthouse. They set out toward the middle of the lake, paddling softly, yet strongly, not wasting a single stroke, pausing only as an occasional beam from a searchlight drifted their way.

It was then, as they made their way to the deepest parts of the lake, drifting out of the range of the searchlights, that Blake was overcome with that same feeling of dread he had when they had first made their way out here, crossing the lake. The sense that someone or something was following and watching them. Not from above, or on the island, but below, beneath the surface of the water. Blake kept himself calm, as he followed Mick's pace, paddling the water, keeping a watchful eye on the dark, seemingly calm waters of the lake. Soon they would be completely out of range of Northerly Island, and the searchlights, and they could start their motor. Blake couldn't wait for that, then they could get to shore and out of this lake. Blake usually loved water, but now he wanted more than anything to get out of it. He felt helpless out here, waiting, fearing that he might see something in the water, that he knew was there. Blake scanned the surface of the dark water, restlessly, but all appeared to be calm and quiet. Blake took a deep breath and felt he might be able to relax the rest of the way, steering the boat with Mick, until they reached the shore.

...Just when Blake almost sighed in relief, accepting that his fears were all in his mind, he saw something. Lights, in the water. Two of them. But they didn't seem to give off any light at all, just a ghostly luminescent glow, like jellyfish in the deep sea (Christina had told him about those. Thimble jellies they were called. That glowed in the dark). They were far away enough that Blake thought it might be his eyes playing tricks on him, seeing dancing lights in the middle of the lake at night. But they were not dancing, they stayed in one straight line and were moving closer at an alarming speed. It was only then, before a word could escape Blake's lips to alert him of the danger, that he realized what he was looking at were not lights at all, but a pair of ghostly, white, blank looking eyes, belonging to something enormous under the water. They almost looked dead, the eyes, as they approached their boat. It was just like....

"Mick....look..." gasped Blake.

"What?" asked Mick turning his head.

"Turn on the boat," said Blake, "Let's go. It's coming..."

"What's coming?" asked Mick.

He was looking back, right where Blake had been looking, he looked concerned as well, like he sensed something, but when Blake looked back...the eyes were gone.

"What...whatever it is, it looks like it's gone," said Mick.

But Blake knew better, he knew it hadn't gone. Maybe it had gone further under the...

"Mick I think it's..."

Something hit the boat, hard, right where Blake was sitting, and he was knocked back off the boat and fell backwards beneath the waves, splashing hard into the cold waters of the lake.

"Blake!" he heard Mick shout, with more fear in his voice than he had ever heard before.

Mick's voice gurgled off into the distance as Blake sunk quickly into the lake, muffled by the water's surface. A yell escaped Blake's mouth. Now he couldn't breathe. He didn't have enough time to take in a breath before falling in.

Blake plunged into the deep cold lake, feeling the water rush into his mouth, up through the back of his throat and his nose, making his throat and nostrils burn and sting, a trail of bubbles traveling upward from his nose and mouth.

Blake panics, it all happened so quickly. He must have only been in the water for seconds, but it felt like an eternity. He instinctively swims up toward the surface, his eyes remaining closed. He did not want to see it. Whatever it was. It was too much like his nightmares, sinking into the abyss, and he was afraid that thing would be there. The great black shape of a shark, the size of a whale, moving through the abyssal waters towards him. It's ghostly white eyes approaching, hungrily.

Blake swims quickly up toward the surface of the lake, through the freezing water, he was a natural swimmer, so it only took a few seconds before he felt his hands cut through the surface of the lake and he began to propel up for air. He rose from the water long enough to see how far he was from the boat, and spit out the water he had swallowed, taking in a quick gulp of air before he felt something grab onto his right leg and pull him

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I saw you and Christian's wedding video and cried. How did you two meet?

Thank you so much. We actually met through Facebook. I was scrolling through Facebook and noticed him in a few vacation photos that a friend had posted. I thought he was cute, clearly, and I sent him a message. At that point, I had just gotten out of a weird situation-ship so I was very straightforward. I think the message was something like, "Hey. I think you're cute. Here's my information. I'd like to take you out sometime. If not, totally fine. Thank you. Have a nice day." Or something like that. Then we chatted online for a bit, he video chatted me once or twice to make sure I was real, and then we set the first date. We were supposed to go on this whole romantic Art Walk date back in Miami, but a tropical storm had just hit recently. This meant that Art Walk (it's a huge art festival Downtown where they have wine and appetizers and you can hop from one art gallery to another) was canceled. So we ended up going to a Starbucks near his house where we sat and talked for six hours. We obviously hit it off and then rest, as they say, is history.

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What new things do you have in the works?

I just finished shooting on a new Hulu show called "Pam & Tommy" which follows the lives of Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee. I have a small part in it but I was so excited to be involved. I can't wait to show everyone.

I also am set to start production on a new series this week called "Tina Town" about the perils of drug use in our community.

Aside from that, I have a few films and series doing the festival circuit including "Good Morning" at the Cannes Short Film Corner, "The Unsure Masseur" at Outfest Peru, Rio LGBTQIA Fest, Mix Mexico, Chicago Pride Arts, Nebraska Prairie Pride, and Kashish Mumbai Film Festival, "Lola's Journey" at the Philadelphia Latino Film Festival and the Latino Film Market, "Demonhuntr" at the Palm Springs Cinema Diverse Festival and the Sohome Horror Festival in London, and of course "Boy Culture: The Series".

Jason Caceres-Lopez

Jason, thank you so much for your time, and for the opportunity for me to get to know you and for the people out there to get to know you more. It has been an honor. You are on track to do big things in life.

If you want to keep up with Jason you can connect with him at...

Instagram: @jasonscaceres

Tik Tok: @jasonscaceres

Twitter: @jasonscaceres



Photo by Matthew Rettenmund

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down with immense force, dragging him down beneath the surface of the lake again, into its depths. Whatever it was, dragging him, it was strong. Blake kept his eyes open, trying to swim up and free himself, but the grip was too tight. It was pulling him down, and fast. Blake struggled, like a caught fish, but whatever it was that was holding on to his leg, sank its teeth (or something sharp) into his leg, right between his calf and ankles. It hurt bad. Blake realized that the only way he stood a chance of freeing himself from whatever it was that had him was to look down at it, and try to wrench himself free, perhaps by hitting it. When Blake looked down, though, he was frozen with fear.

It wasn't what he expected to see at all, but no less horrifying. Blake saw that what had him around the leg was not some monstrous shark like his mind had dreamed up, but an arm, a hand, a ghostly white hand that was pulling him, a woman's, pale and corpse-like, with sharp nails that were digging in to his leg, with such a tight grip that Blake knew they did not mean to let go. Blake tried kicking but he could not see what the arm belonged to. Terrifying stories filled Blake's mind of bodies sent to the bottom of this lake, by the mafia, or hit men, and stayed there undiscovered for years. Perhaps this was one of them. Perhaps it had waited here for years, preserved in the icy coldness of the lake, attached to a block or stone that lay at the bottom, by a chain, its hands outstretched, ready to clutch on to whatever fell down into its grasp, in a frozen state of rigor mortis. Perhaps there were others down there too, waiting.

Blake tried reaching down to pry the arm off his leg, but it yanked him from side to side, so he couldn't reach it. How was it so strong?

Blake felt himself begin to black out from loss of oxygen, or at least thought he did, when he saw an immense shadow begin to cover him. At first he thought it was the shark, from his nightmares, finally coming back to claim him, but as Blake saw the shape above him, he saw it was mammalian. A great back shape just like the one he had seen in the tunnel, large and strong, swimming down to him like a massive dog, or polar bear. He could barely see it in the dark water, if not for the searchlights above, and soon lost sight of

it, but felt something strong pull him by the back of his coat. It was such a strong force he could not fight against it. This was it, Blake thought for a brief moment, this was the end, he would drown here, at the bottom of Lake Michigan, being fed upon by whatever god knew what, ...but he wasn't being pulled further under, or out further into the lake, he was being pulled up. Blake tried to look up at whatever was pulling him, but could see only a massive moving black shape in the water that had him by the back. It was nearly impossible for him to see, he was being pulled up so fast.

Before he knew it, Blake erupted from the water, and was being pulled up over the side, and onto a familiar boat by a very strong individual. Blake coughed, amazed at how quickly he had been thrown onto the boat, and coughed up lake water over the edge. His vision finally cleared enough to see his rescuer. There was Mick, big and strong looking as ever, soaked from head to toe, panting for breath. He had something in his mouth.

Mick grinned at Blake, like a dog who knew he had done a good job, a large piece of torn cloth between his teeth. Blake looked confused at Mick for a moment, and Mick looked confused as well, titling his head curiously to the side, until he realized what was in his mouth. Blake simultaneously became aware that a back portion of his coat, where he had been pulled up, was missing, torn out. Blake felt the back of his coat then looked at Mick.

"You okay buddy?" asked Mick.

"Yeah, I am now...thanks to you, Mick," said Blake. "Thanks."

"No problem," said Mick. "I wasn't about to let a good friend of mine drown."

This statement made warmth spread through Blake's body. He did have a good friend in Mick. One who wouldn't let him drown.

"Haha," laughed Blake, overcome with a giddy sense of warmth from Mick, that he couldn't explain. "You sure are a good friend, Mick."

Mick smiled at him, looking happy, "Thanks, buddy," said Mick, still breathing heavily, "I..." Mick panted for breath again, "I thought you said you were a good swimmer."

"Yeah, I thought so..." said Blake looking back at the water. "You pulled me up all by yourself like that?"

"Yeah," said Mick.

"By your teeth?" asked Blake, indicting the piece of cloth from his coat.

"Well...uh..." Mick looked down at the cloth in his big hands. He seemed like he was caught in an embarrassing truth. "Yeah, haha," Mick laughed.

It took Blake a moment, but he had to laugh at this.

"You must have some damn strong teeth," laughed Blake.

"Yeah, sure do, ahaha!" Mick laughed again. Then he looked serious. "Now, let's get the motor goin', and get back to the shore," said Mick.

"Yeah. We can't get there fast enough," said Blake.

Blake had the feeling he never wanted to swim in this lake again. He didn't even want to stay in it another minute.

They turned on the boat's motor and sped off to the shore, leaving rippling waves in the cold water behind them...Whatever was down there, Blake never wanted to see again, but he had the terrible feeling that it had something to do with everything that had been going on. And that he would have to come back to find out what it was... sooner or later...

...

The hot water showers down, steaming, from the shower head onto Blake's naked body. A hot shower felt amazing after an unexpected cold dip in Lake Michigan. Blake got under the shower head, then Mick stepped up behind him, and slides his hand over Blake's belly, giving it a light rub then a slight slap. Blake chuckled and Mick washed up his belly and his chest, soaping it up. Blake groaned as Mick's hands washed him.

Mick went under the shower water next, and winked back at Blake with a sly grin.

"Wanna help me out with my back, buddy?" asked Mick.

"Yeah, as long as you help me out with mine," said Blake, smirking, pointing at his own back with his thumb.

"Sure thing, pal," said Mick with a wink.

Blake washes Mick's back and his broad shoulders, and down to his large round ass (his bubble butt), his big ass felt great, and Blake was Jezebel

starting to have some thoughts of exactly what he wanted to do with it. Mick showed him the ropes on what to do and he really wanted to feel it up and taste between those big round hard yet still soft bouncy cheeks of his. They didn't have time for that now, though, so Blake just savored being able to lather Mick's ass in soap and water and rub his fingers between his cheeks and over his nice tight hole, as Mick's hands guided him there. He imagined what noises Mick might make if he were to eat out his nice clean ass right here in the shower. "Ah yeah, buddy, that's the spot," he could hear Mick's deep voice growling as he lapped away, probing his hole with his tongue like a tiger drinking water...a tiger? Why did Blake keep thinking of himself as that?

Blake didn't tell Mick exactly what he'd seen in the water yet. He found it hard to try and tell him that he thought he'd seen a shark, or a "ghost shark" in the water, and a ghostly white hand grabbing him trying to pull him under, without sounding a little insane. "Ghost shark" was the only way he could describe that thing he saw, the same one from his nightmares and unwelcome visions.

Blake looks at Mick's back and the large scar that went diagonally up and down his back, as he ran his hands up it. After what had done this to Mick, that horrible looking white Jackal, Blake shouldn't feel insane for mentioning a ghost-shark and a dead looking arm attacked him underwater. But the thing was...they had both seen the Jackal. Only Blake had seen the ghost-shark. Or had he? Maybe if he asked Mick, in private if he had seen anything. But...Given that he thought he saw Mick as a giant black bear-wolf come down and rescue him, maybe that wasn't a good idea after all. He might think he was still hallucinating from that "Buru-Bara" stuff.

"Don't be ridiculous, Blake, Tell Him!" Blake thought. "You'll regret it if you don't." He warned himself. But Blake didn't tell Mick. He didn't want to have this hanging over their heads while they had dinner, perhaps the only "dinner with friends" Blake had ever been invited to in his life. Mick sensed something was going on in Blake's thoughts but not what those thoughts were.

"Hey, you okay, man?" asked Mick, looking back over his shoulder, "You kind of stopped."

"Oh, yeah, it's nothin'," said Blake, Mick raised an eyebrow, "Really, man, it's nothin'. It's

just a thought I had, I'll tell ya about it later."

Mick looks at Blake with an unsure gaze, analyzing him, he knew something was up, but... "Well, okay, but as long as ya promise to tell me about it later."

"Promise," said Blake, with a laugh. "Now let me get the rest of yer back for ya. Blake scrubs Mick's back, and his ass some more, taking time to feel and massage between Mick's big plump ass cheeks.

"Ah, yeah, buddy," groans Mick, arching his back, his hands on the shower wall. Blake loved the way Mick's big body reacted to his touch. He reached the other soapy hand around and washed his big balls from behind, tickling them with his fingers. "Ah...ah man, watch it," Mick suddenly was laughing heartily, "Slow down man, that tickles!"

"Yeah, sorry, I couldn't help myself," said Blake with a sly smirk.

Blake and Mick took their time washing each-other, as Mick said all good friends should do, with a healthy amount of groping of both their asses, dicks, balls and chests, before it was finally time to get out and dry off so they could make dinner. They squeezed out of the shower, Mick letting Blake out first as he reached for a towel on the rack. It is pink with blue flowers on them, kinda on the small side. Blake thought for a moment as he looked at the small towel. Looked like decorative towels, wait... are these?

Mick gets out of the shower after Blake and attempts to dry himself off with one.

"These are kind of small. Is this all we have to dry off with?" asks Mick.

"Umm...I think those aren't for drying off towels." says Blake. "They look like hand towels."

"Hm...oh, ahaha!" laughs Mick, "that explains why they hardly cover up my crotch, ahaha," he laughs with his hand behind his head, a big wet arm with a bulging bicep up in the air. "Well...hmm...doesn't look like there's any other towels or robes in here." Mick checks the bathroom again, and a linen closet, and then squats down to look under the sink. No towels in sight. He stands back up. "Hmm... Guess we'll have to go ask Jane where they are."

Blake nods, and they exit the bathroom, naked and still mostly wet. They walk out, with the hand towels barely covering their crotches, and see Charlie in his white briefs and white muscle

shirt looking at pj bottoms. He looks up and sees them, smiling.

"Oh, hey, guys, you're all..." Charlie pauses and sees that they only have the hand towels covering their junk. "All, naked and wet..." says Charlie, as he blushes.

"Yeah. Ahaha," laughs Mick, "We wondered if you knew where any extra towels were, Charlie, pal," he says.

"Oh, yeah," says Charlie, "I mean...no I don't, but I'll ask Jane." Charlie stands still for a moment, staring at them, as if he couldn't help it. Mick clears his throat, this makes Charlie realize that Mick wants him to ask Jane on the where about the bigger towels. Charlie shakes his head, taking his eyes off the big bodies of the two naked men. "Oh, yeah, right. I'll go check," Charlie pokes his head in the kitchen. "Janey. Have we got any more clean towels?"

"What?" asked Jane. "I can't hear you, I'm doing laundry."

"Have we got any more clean towels?" asked Charlie, again, a little louder.

"Laundry," says Jane's voice.

"No, have we got any more clean towels?" asked Charlie, once more, even louder.

"No, they're all in the laundry," said Jane's voice. "I left two for Blake and Mick in the bathroom."

"Oh," said Charlie. He looks back at Mick and Blake and shrugs. Mick and Blake raise an eyebrow. Charlie looks at the hand-towels and peeks back into the kitchen. "They're hand towels, Janey."

"I know," said Jane's voice.

Charlie looks back to Mick and Blake again, who both are still wet and naked.

"Uh, I guess that's the only towels we have available guys."

Blake and Mick look at each other, shrug, and look back at Charlie. They remove the towels from covering their crotches and decide to just stand in the buff. Charlie tries to look away, keeping one eye in view of the nude men standing in front of him.

"We're out of robes too. But, I'm sure they'll feel just at home just sitting around naked," says Jane's voice from the laundry room, just through the kitchen, as if answering Charlie's next question. "I know Mick will, anyway."

Mick looks at Charlie and Blake, then smiles and laughs, a hand behind his head again.

"Hehe, yeah, ya sure know me, Janey," laughs Mick. Then he looks at Blake, "You okay with that, buddy?" he asks, wanting to make sure Blake was okay with hanging out naked.

"Sounds cool with me," says Blake, shrugging, with a smile.

Mick grins, and grabs Blake in a head-lock, and ruffles his hair with his fist.

"Yeah, buddy. Like I always say, don't let clothes come between bros. Ahah!" laughed Mick, being his happy, dumb, playful self. He noticed Charlie, blushing, in his underwear, shuffling his feet around on the carpet looking uncertain if he should take them off or not. "Oh, don't worry Charlie. You don't have to if ya don't want ta. It's optional, right Blake?" He smiles down at Blake in his head-lock.

"Yeah, optional," says Blake, "Well, not for us, at the moment, but for you and Jane, I mean."

"Oh. That reminds me," says Mick, still holding on to Blake, "Hey, Janey," he calls through the kitchen, "If I'm gonna be makin' us dinner, I don't know if I really want my junk swinging around in the kitchen while I'm preparin' stuff."

"Oh, don't worry, Micky, I've got that all taken care of," says Jane's voice from through the kitchen.

"Ya, do?" asks Mick, looking excited.

"Yep, one second and I'll be out there," said Jane's voice.

The light to the laundry room turned off, leaving the room just off the kitchen appear bathed in blueish moonlight coming in through the window, and little more than a second later, Jane came out through the kitchen with a pink apron, folded in her hands, that had lace with dark pink and red hearts. Looks like something for valentines day, Blake thought. There even appeared to be flowers on it. Jane hands Mick the apron and he smiles.

"Ah, thank you, Janey," says Mick. He holds it up, unfolding it, and puts it on, trying to tie it behind his back, over his large butt. "Um...could ya help me with this, Janey?" asked Mick.

"Sure thing, Micky," said Jane, and helps his tie the apron on.

The apron may have looked large when Jane was holding it, but on Mick it was incredibly small, his chest was practically bursting through it, Jezebel

and the hem of the apron ended right above where his big cock and balls hung between his legs. Blake looks at how the apron was clinging to Mick's big body, and thought it might easily rip the moment his moved, but it stayed on (barely) as he walked, though his cock and barks still swung around, and the fabric where Jane tied the rope behind Mick's back, over his ass, didn't seem to be a match for Mick's rippling muscles.

"Well, then," said Mick, pumping a fist into his palm, looking determined, "How about I get dinner ready?" he said with an excited smile.

"Sure," said Jane, patting Mick on the chest like he was "a good boy", "Need any help?"

"Oh, no, I can be by myself in the kitchen," said Mick, "I've got it all taken care of."

Jane smiles, "That's right," she says, she boops Mick on the nose with her finger, making him look taken aback for a moment, "Who's my big smart independent boy?"

"Hehe, I am!" said Mick, looking like a dog that couldn't contain his excitement, grinning big and dumb, his tongue looking like it was about to fall out of his mouth. (All that was missing was a big wagging tail.)

"Meanwhile, Blake, Charlie and I will set the table, and get more acquainted....I think a good glass of wine would do after the night you boys had," said Jane, looking over at Blake.

"Yeah, sounds great," said Blake, "I could use a drink."

"Great! Let me know if ya need anything from the kitchen," says Mick, and he excitedly marches into the kitchen, Blake could tell all eyes were on his ass as he walked.

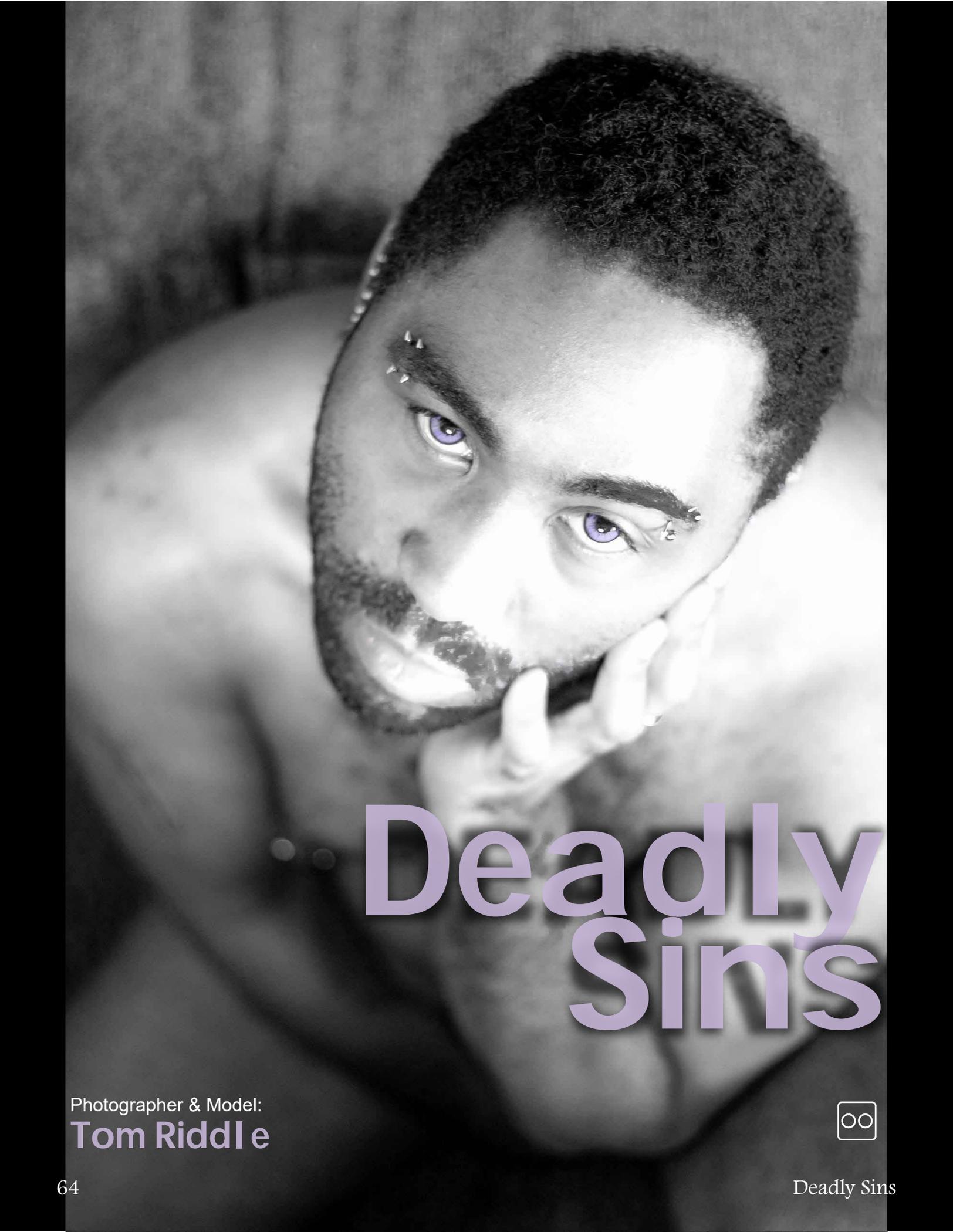
"I'll go get that wine," said Jane, heading over to a cabinet on the wall, near the kitchen.

Charlie went to go politely pull up a chair for Blake, Blake nods politely, and takes a seat, naked, on the chair. It felt cold against his bare ass. Charlie takes a seat, in his underwear, next to Blake, the table was already set with dishes, glasses, silverware and napkins. Jane comes back with a bottle of wine.

"I think you'll like this one," said Jane, "It's the best wine."

Jane pours Blake and Charlie a glass of red wine, about half full, then pours herself a glass, as

Continued on pg 70



Deadly Sins

Photographer & Model:
Tom Riddle













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she sits down. Blake and Charlie watch as she pours, filling her glass all the way up to the rim, with a smile on her face. She notices them looking at her, and looks back at them.

"Well...I had a long day, too," said Jane with an innocent smile.

Blake and Charlie smile and nod.

Before everyone is about to take a sip from their glass, Charlie speaks up.

"Since...since, this is Blake's first dinner with us...should we have a toast?" suggests Charlie, with a smile. He then goes a little pink in the cheeks, and starts muttering, sounding embarrassed, "Well...maybe not...I don't know. That's kind of a stupid idea..."

"No, I think it's a great idea," said Jane, nodding, "We should have a toast. Don't you think so, Blake?"

"Yeah, sounds great," says Blake, seeing Charlie's confidence slowly come back when they seemed to like his idea. "It's not everyday I get to be a part of a toast. Not many friends to toast with...Now that I say that...anyway, I'd like it," Blake changes the subject, realizing it might kill the mood. "Anyway, what should we toast to?"

"I don't know," said Jane, looking up at the ceiling and pondering in thought as she held her glass in hand. "Let's see...maybe..."

Charlie suddenly speaks up, with an idea.

"I know," said Charlie, "How about... starting a new... friendship that is."

Jane nods in agreement, "Perfect! To starting a new friendship!" Wine glasses clank to one another. Then Jane stops. "Wait, Mick needs be here for this. Mick get in here, we're having a toast."

Mick immediately comes out into the living room, from the kitchen, in nothing but his apron, looking excited.

"Oh, cool, what are we toasting?" asks Mick.

Blake looks from Mick to Jane and Charlie.

"Well Charlie was thinking friendship."

"Yeah, that's an excellent idea Charlie," said Mick. "It's not every day you make a new friend."

"Really?" asks Charlie. "It's a good toast? I thought it was kind of cheesy, but...okay! Thanks Mick," Charlie smiles and blushes. Blake noticed that Mick's opinion made all the difference to

Charlie. Like his approval gave him a world more of confidence.

"Yeah, buddy," said Mick. "I think that's a great thing to toast to. Especially these days when..." Mick pauses for a moment, suddenly looking pained. He starts to look lost in thought. "When...we need to be grateful for all the close friends we've got. Terrible thing to lose. We should always keep them close."

Mick nods and smiles, then seems to look over to the side of his big shoulder at no one in particular.

"Alright, well, everyone have a drink?" asks Jane.

"Yeah, I think," said Charlie, looking at everyone. Except for..." Charlie is looking over at Mick.

Mick didn't have a glass. But not only that. His whole expression had suddenly changed. His happiness, which seemed to glow off of him so permanently, had changed into what Blake could only describe as a look of heartbreak, like a dog who had been left by his trusted master. The way he looked at the empty space next to him was a look of longing, as if someone was missing, right next to him, that should have been here. The same expression, Blake noticed, whenever this "John" was mentioned.

Charlie looked the most confused at Mick's expression, as if he didn't quite understand what was happening to him. Jane, on the other hand, started to share Mick's expression, knowing exactly what was filling those warm, beautiful friendly eyes with so much sorrow.

"I'll take care of it," Jane, says, referring to the drink, mostly, and pours another glass. To Blake's surprised she pours another, bringing one to Mick and leaving the other glass of wine on an empty place at the table. Even when Jane brought him his drink, Mick still seemed so far away. Jane places her hand on Mick's shoulder, making him come out of his mind fog. Mick looks at Jane, a blank look on his face. "Here's your drink, babe," said Jane, smiling warmly at him.

"Oh, yeah, thanks Janey," said Mick, now smiling warmly back at her, looking happy again, his eyes looked glossy, as if they were getting watery. "Thanks so much."

Jane smiled comfortingly at him then turned to the rest of the group. She raised her glass for

the toast, and Mick did the same, Blake and Charlie followed suit. Jane nodded to Charlie for him to propose the toast.

"To friends," said Charlie, "New ones, old ones, and absent. Nothing can replace them," said Charlie sincerely.

"Here, here," said Jane.

They all clinked their glasses together. Blake's eyes stayed on Mick during the toast, he expected his outgoing bubbly self to return during the toast, but he remained silent, even though he was smiling now, like there was a hole that was blown through him, leaving him empty. The Mick who had been such a comfort to Blake, now looked like little could comfort him. What had John done to him, to make him like this? Blake thought. Or maybe, John hadn't done anything at all. Maybe... he was just gone. Blake remembered the glass rose in Mick's apartment, and how much Mick seemed to cherish it. Was it from John? A memento? Blake could almost see that glass rose now, in the empty space between him and Mick. Even though he and Mick had a date at the movies the following night, Blake could tell that there was little room for him where John's memory stood. He had been important to Mick, and John's memory seemed to have a strong enough hold over Mick that Blake wondered just how close Blake and he could get. Almost like Blake's memory of Jezebel. Would either of their past loves, or their mere memory, allow them to move on? Blake sure hoped so. But somehow he doubted it. Just as John's presence lingered close to Mick, Blake could feel Jezebel's presence hanging over him, like a thick cloud of smoke in the air. As comfortable as he felt here, with his new friends, he had a vague sense of foreboding, and was afraid that she would not allow this to last.

The toast ended, as the friends clinked their glasses together, and they all drank down their fill of wine.

Blake drank and sighed, followed by Charlie, Jane, and lastly Mick, who had downed his whole glass in one gulp. He looked inside his empty glass, as if it, or all the wine in the world, didn't have the effect he was hoping for, like it hadn't quenched his thirst enough to drown his memory.

"That was a good toast Charlie," said Mick, his eyes still glued on his glass. He looked up at Jezebel

Charlie, and smiled slightly, from the side of his mouth, slightly, but sincerely. "Thank you," he nodded.

Charlie smiled back, blushing, looking happy at Mick's approval. Blake noticed that Mick had a tear in the corner of his eye. Mick must have finally noticed how he appeared at the moment, because he quickly changed his tone, and smiled broadly in that wide familiar smile that reminded Blake of a big, happy, overgrown canine.

"Well," said Mick, now seeming much more determined and cheerful, "How about I get that dinner going?" He grinned broadly, putting his right fist into his left palm. "Hehe, hope you guys are hungry. Who's ready for a feast?" He said this excitedly, with a gleam in his eye.

Jane giggled.

"He says the same thing when he's naked and wants one of us to...you know, feast on his big body...lick him...suck him off," Jane whispers to Blake, loud enough for Mick to hear.

Charlie went red, Blake laughed out loud, and Mick looks caught off guard and embarrassed.

"Hey, that..." Mick seemed at a loss for words, as if caught in the middle of something, then sighed, and shut his eyes hands on his hips, "Well...yes, that is correct as well." He grunted, sounding rather formal.

Blake snorted in laughter at this.

"Hey, what is it now?" asked Mick, defiantly.

"It's just you," said Blake, "Trying to act so dignified when you're in nothing but that tiny apron. You're too much, Mick."

Mick grins putting his hand behind his head, "Ah shucks man!"

"How about another toast," said Jane, already pouring herself and Mick another glass. "To Mick's big body...I mean meat...I mean feast!" Jane was already appearing little tipsy (or just flustered) "To Mick's dinner." Jane lifted her glass.

"Thanks Jane, to our dinner," said Mick.

Jane passes the bottle to Charlie, who pours himself another glass, then to Blake.

"To having a good dinner with friends," said Charlie, lifting his own glass.

"To lots of good meat," said Blake, lifting his glass after pouring his wine, trying to think of something clever to add to the toast.

Charlie giggled "Yeah! Good meat and to good friends!"

Charlie, Blake, and Jane all look at Mick, who blushes, then laughs.

"Heh, yeah," said Mick, "To great friends, like you guys. And I think I've got enough meat to go around all of ya, tonight," he adds with a wink.

This made Jane, Blake and Charlie all look flustered this time, then they started laughing.

"Heh, I guess we had that one comin'," said Blake, shrugging.

"Hah, you sure did," said Mick, laughing heartily. He seemed much better now.

They all lifted their glasses to a toast.

"To us!" said Blake.

"To us!" Mick, Jane and Charlie chimed in, their glasses clinked together and they drank to their toast.

...

Outside, just across the street from the apartment building, in a wide dark mouth of an alley, a tall figure, a man, stood watching the only lit window in the building, as four figures, shadows from the view outside, made their toast. This man knew who they all were and what they were doing at this apartment. He knew, because he was there from the beginning with Jane, Charlie and Mick. Mick and Jane especially, he had known them since they were all children. They had formed a close bond, and all knew each other intimately. They had formed their own detective agency together, and solved many cases together, cases usually not investigated by the police. Cases either too small, seemingly insignificant, or immaterial for the police detectives to solve. Cases of, usually, a supernatural nature. Back then he Mick and Jane were inseparable. That was, before the accident. Two accidents. The one that he had been the cause of. The one that nearly killed his best friend, and mate, and the one that led to his blindness. Before the discovery of what would happen to them if he stayed by his side. Before he gave up his name, and became a different person. Before he isolated himself into this lonely existence, and lived the life of a solo private eye. Before he adopted the name Cabell Jones.

A cloud of wispy cigarette smoke hung above his head as he stood near the lamp-post, in deep thought. The man, Cabell, took a drag on his cigarette, and appeared to "look" up at the

apartment window. His business tonight was not with his old friends, his partners, his old boyfriend and girlfriend, it was with their company, for he knew their true business and interest in him. He hears Blake laugh with the others. So he decided to trust them after all. That was fine...Mick and Jane, he didn't know so much about Charlie, but Mick and Jane were two of the best people. Of course he would trust them. What better people to have on his side in a case like this? But it was unfortunate, because Blake was not aware of the great danger he was bringing upon them by being there, upon his new friends, upon John's best friends. Cabell could not tolerate that. He knew that if Blake continued to stay with them, they would all die, horribly. He could not allow that. It was all linked back to her...Jezebel. Cabell knew that once she had her eyes, or rather mind, set on her prey there was no standing in the way of it. He also knew what Blake meant to the group of Jane, Mick and Charlie, especially Charlie, and that they would do anything to keep him safe. Jezebel would not allow this, she would try and eliminate them first. Cabell would not allow that, even if he had to hand Blake over to her himself. They would hate him, sure, but at least they would be safe. It was a terrible choice to make, but none of the others with a history with Jezebel had ever made it out alive. There was no reason to think Blake would be any different. If Blake had accepted his offer earlier, it would have been easier. But now...it appeared things would have to be done the hard way.

A cold drop of rain fell from the sky and landed on his wrist, on the bare skin in the gap between his coat sleeve and glove. Rain was coming, and whenever she was around that was never a good sign. Thunder roared in the dark night sky, echoing across the alleyway. More raindrops followed, drenching him. He took one last drag on his cigarettes and flicked it across the street, toward the trashcans under the street lamp. With one last look up at the warm window, where his old friends and soulmate, and their new companion celebrated their partnership, the man who had once called himself John County, now Cabell Jones, walked away down the rainy alleyway.

* * * * *



It's Natural

featuring Bart

Images by Nudepics Drenthe













FACE-FUCKED BY A STRANGER IN THE SCHOOL SHOWERS

Story by u/adiscreetwink

During my freshman year of college when I was 18 I began working out on a daily basis. My school built a brand new gym right down the street from the dorms and I took advantage of it as much as I could. Being bone-skinny my entire life I wanted to put some meat on my bones so I bought protein and ate as much as I could. I never got big but I was able to put 15 pounds of muscle on my 5'6" frame. It felt good to see some progress and as it turned out other people liked the way I looked too.

I know some guys don't really take full advantage of the locker room, just changing their clothes before and after workouts. I was the exact opposite. With the thousands of students attending my school, 99.9% of them I had never met before, I felt more comfortable with just being another face in the crowd. And in the locker room I enjoyed that exciting feeling of freedom. So I would strip completely naked to change into my spandex underwear and gym clothes as well as take a shower at the end of my sessions. One of these times ended up with more than I expected.

Before I did any lifting I would warm up on the indoor track above the basketball courts. It was never fully packed, usually no more than a dozen or so people using it. Running my 6 laps I noticed some of the other guys standing by the edge, either stretching or waiting or whatever they did. One of them was an older gentleman, probably in his 30s if I had to guess. I never really paid much attention to other people when working out, maybe a few glances here and there but never staring. I didn't

want to be a "creep" or anything, but this guy didn't seem to have any of those concerns. Anytime I glanced over while running I noticed him looking in my direction. Okay...

I did my stretching after my warm up, every now and then glancing around the track seeing everyone doing their thing. This guy had started running around at that moment. I remember him smiling at me during one of his laps while I was stretching. I smiled back, being friendly as I am when I see a smile. After I finished stretching I went into the weight room and started my session. I usually took an hour or so in the weight room, doing three sets of twelve at four to five different stations pending on what I was focusing on that day. I wasn't one to take my time while working out. Besides the small breaks between sets I stayed focused on lifting. During one of my sets I noticed that same guy from before was also in the weight room, but I didn't think anything of it. He seemed occupied on lifting. After I finished lifting I did my sit ups and push ups and made my way back to the track to cool down. As I jogged my few laps around the track I saw the guy back at the track. Again I didn't think much of it, not until I was doing my final stretch before hitting the locker room to wash up. As I was stretching he approached me.

"You have really good running form," this stranger opened up.

"Thanks! I ran in high school so that probably has something to do with it," I responded chuckling.

"I can tell. What did you run?"

"Cross country and track. I was mainly a 600 meter runner but ran throughout the year to stay in shape."

"Well it seems to have worked in your favor."

"Thank you! I appreciate it."

"No problem," he said smiling and continued running.

That was a friendly guy. I always thought I had good form lol. I finished stretching and made my way back to the lockers. I got to my locker, took out my towel, soap, shampoo and conditioner (never skimp out on conditioner), placed them on the bench and began undressing. Now every time I take off my shirt and shorts I like to look at myself in the mirror. It's not necessarily to admire myself or anything like that, but I like to see any improvement on my physique. And after working out you can see it the best. This time I was admiring myself. My abs were well-defined, my small pecs and shoulders looked good. Still had small arms, but with my short messy brown hair and blue eyes I thought I was looking quite sexy. I was happy with my workout and went to the scale to weigh myself. It was a relatively good feeling seeing the weight gain as the scale balanced to 125 pounds. I have always had a hard time gaining weight and keeping it on so 125 is big for me. Still skinny but I could see the difference.

As I was on the scale that same guy came waltzing in. We made eye contact and smiled at each other while he walked by me towards my locker. He was a few lockers down from me on the other side of the aisle. I made my way back to my locker and pulled my spandex off, revealing my modesty to anyone who was watching (four inches soft). He was watching. I never bothered to look around at who might be stealing a peak when I was getting changed but for some reason I felt like he was and I confirmed it. I felt a little embarrassed and flattered, covered myself in my towel, grabbed my toiletries and made my way to the shower.

This locker room shower had individual stalls, but were rather open. Each stall had half walls jutting out that covered just below my chest downwards with a completely open entrance. They were shaped like the letter 'n' where the shower head was on the main wall at the top of the 'n' and the legs of the 'n' separated each stall. Those parts were the half walls. I think there were ten stalls total, five along opposite walls. And each stall had a small bench towards the entrance to sit your stuff on while showering. I

Face Fucked by a Stranger

remember seeing one other guy taking a shower towards the entrance on the left, so I headed at the end of the room and took the back most stall on the right. I always use urinal etiquette when it comes to public showers. I took off my towel, placed my stuff on the bench and turned on the shower. As I adjusted the temperature and waited for it to hit my comfort zone, I noticed someone entering the showers from the corner of my eye. It was him. And he was ripped and naked. I couldn't help but check him out. He was over 6 feet, probably 6'2", and muscular. You could see the definition of his pecs and abs. As I said before he was probably in his 30s, light-skinned, quite attractive with his stubble on his face. I admired his body from his chest down his stomach towards his crotch. He was packing a flaccid five inch circumcised girthy cock. That was really when I started getting nervous. At this point in my life I only had a few gay experiences (I'll have to find another way to share those), and seeing his naked body got me hot and bothered. I stopped staring and went under the shower head. My dick got excited and started filling up.

I heard him take the stall directly behind mine, confirming it when his shower turned on. I was so excited and nervous knowing he could look back and check me out completely, as I could do the same. And I took advantage of it. I turned around to grab my soap when I stole a peak. I saw his backside on full display and he was just as defined as he was on the front. Shoulder muscles, back muscles, muscular glutes, all with that valley between his shoulder blades extending down to his crack. At that point I was fully hard with my 6 inches standing straight up. I liked what I saw. I shook my head and went back under the water and soaped myself up. I took my time washing myself, rubbing the bar all over my slim build making sure every inch was covered. Knowing he could be looking at me at any point in time I remember taking my time washing my legs. I bent over to rub my legs down, putting my ass on full display. I stayed like that for way too long lol. I even took that time reaching between my legs to wash my underside. Extremely impractical to do but I felt sexy doing it.

After rinsing off the soap I turned back around to grab shampoo and to check on my friend. He was washing his hair at that moment, so I kept my eyes on him as I prepared to do the same. Fucking sexy. My cock danced at the sight as I lathered up my hair.

It was odd for me to feel so open about this. I'm a shy person, especially at that time, but being on display for others gets me so aroused. The idea of other people looking at my sex makes me feel free. And knowing this stranger could be checking me out at any time got me horny as hell. I kept my eyes on him as long as I could when massaging my head with shampoo up until I rinsed it out. I stepped back into the water, closed my eyes and rinsed my hair. When I opened my eyes I saw him staring right at me, in full glory. My heart was racing and my cock was diamonds. When he smiled I remember my cock jumped. Hnnnnngggg. He took that as an invitation, shutting his shower off and walked towards me. Fuck I was nervous and so excited. I remember checking around the shower to see it completely empty. That put me at ease just a little bit before I was face to face with the friendly stranger (it was more like face to chest; he was much taller than me). I was looking up at him. He was looking down at me. My heart was racing, my dick was twitching, and I remember being stunned. I don't remember how long we stood like that but I finally snapped out of it when I felt his hand on top of my head pushing me down. My legs just gave out as I took my rightful place on my knees in front of him.

I was sitting on my feet, looking directly up at this stranger's cock. The first thing I remember about his cock was how powerful it looked lol. Don't know if that makes sense but it was thick and veiny. It looked like it lifted weights lol. He was a really good size, 7 inches long and if I had to guess 5.5 inches around. Upon grabbing his dick I felt it flex in my hand. I just had to admire it a little more and gave him a squeeze and a few good long strokes. He looked delicious. My dick pulsated and I took him in my mouth. Now as I said before in my other stories I'm not too experienced with sucking dick, but I try to do what I like to receive. I rubbed my hand up and down the base of his shaft as I tongued his slit and licked around his head. I did this a few times all while glancing up at him. Every time we made eye contact my asshole clinched and my dick jumped as I felt like a huge slut. He definitely enjoyed the sight because he would force me down on his dick further. I took that as a hint. I put my hands on either of his muscular, hairy thighs and went as far down as I could, gagging a bit. I pulled him out to regain my composure and did it again. And again. And again. Each time I made a goal to reach his pubic mound

(freshly cut might I add). While doing this I ended up moving my hands on his glutes and squeezed him every time I ventured down his shaft. Finally I felt my nose brush his pubes as I felt his full length down my throat. I pulled him out, gasping for air as tears were falling down my face. I looked back at his glistening manhood, taking pride in the spit shine I gave him. He was twitching at that act. I wanted his approval as I took his slobbered cock and rested it on my face like it was a table. His head was on my left eye and his shaft ran down the side of my nose. I looked up at him while kissing and licking the underside of his powerful cock as he looked down at me in approval. I remember just wanting to please this sexy adonis. My asshole was jumping at the opportunity to be used by this man. My left hand made its way to his balls while my right took his length and I smacked myself with it. Mmmmm. I used my spit as lube as I rubbed him down, cradling his balls as I continued to look up at him. That's when I heard another shower turn on.

At this point I froze. I got so lost in the moment I forgot where I was. He did not approve of my pause and he took the back of my head and shoved himself down my throat. I remember hanging on to his thighs for dear life as he fucked my mouth. He would pop his head in and out of my mouth while fully gagging me every so often. I just got lost in his motion and let him use my head at his will. Even if I wanted to stop I couldn't make him. Honestly it wasn't long at all, maybe a few minutes before I felt him slam my head to his pubes and unload his seed down my throat. Rope after rope slid its way down into my stomach as tears poured out of my eyes. And just like that he pushed me off and left my stall.

I remember just sitting there stunned at what just happened. It's not like I didn't want to fuck this man. I did. But I remember feeling ashamed for being used like that. In a public shower. With him immediately leaving after he was done with me. It was a really weird feeling, the shame mixing with the sluttiness. I took my time recovering under the water. My next goal was to escape the shower without it being obvious that I was on my knees giving head to another guy. I stayed low under the stall wall, shut the shower off, crawled to my towel and did my best drying myself off while crouched. It was all so bizarre. I wrapped myself up, grabbed my things, took a deep breath, stood up and walked out like nothing happened. I'm pretty sure the other guy in the

showers glanced at me as I walked out. I didn't dare look at him. Honestly I wasn't as embarrassed as I thought I was going to be, mainly because of the fact I was still trying to wrap my head around what just happened.

As I made my way back to my locker, I noticed the locker room had quite a few people in it. Some of them glanced at me leaving the showers. That's not uncommon. In my experience not too many people use the showers so it's a little surprising to see someone come out of them. The walk back to my locker really felt like tunnel vision. Did these guys know I just took a load deep in my stomach? Of course not, why would they? I turned down my aisle of lockers not knowing whether he would be there or not. He was not. Instead were five other guys, all I assumed were students. I placed my stuff down next to one of the kids who had his locker two down from mine. I opened mine up, and placed my bag with my belongings on the other side of me on the bench. I remember looking at myself in the long mirror at the end of the aisle. I remember staring at myself, slowly regaining control. I liked the way I looked. I thought I looked sexy af, like someone who you would want to face fuck lol. I felt desirable, horny

and slutty. But I was still wet from not taking the time to dry myself properly. I was really feeling myself at that point so I remember shrugging my shoulders and thinking 'fuck it'. Let's give the boys a show. I took my towel off and gave myself a proper dry. I knew some eyes were on me as I did that. I invited it. I hope they appreciated my cleanly shaved pubic area and ass. I hope my smooth flaccid cock was something they wanted to suck. I gave them a really good look when I dried my hair, completely exposing my entire body to whomever wanted a look. I placed my towel down and grabbed at my low-cut boxer briefs. I love feeling exposed, so I took my time putting them on, glancing at the mirror to see if anyone was watching. Yup they were. From the other aisles too lol. My tight boxer briefs snapped into place, cupping my package nicely. After that I threw some fresh socks on. Next was the shirt so the boys could continue to appreciate my lower half a little longer. Finally were the jeans, bending over a little to slide them on one leg at a time. After putting on my sneakers, I threw all my belongings in my bag, took the master lock and key and left the locker room.

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