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DESERT HEAT MAG



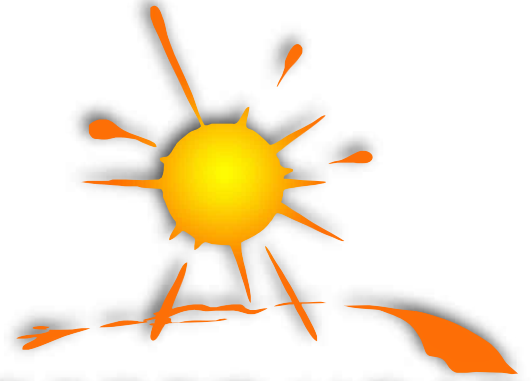
All Men Are Beautiful!
October 2022 | Issue 46

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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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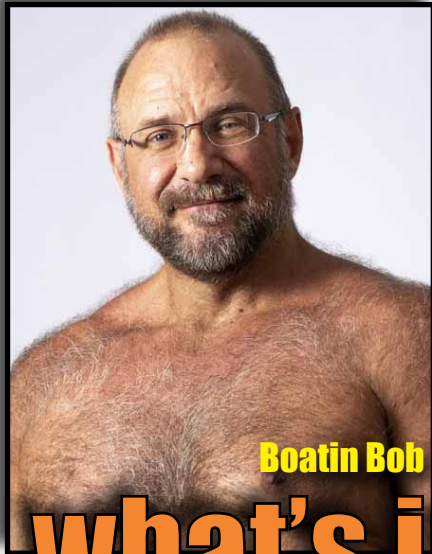
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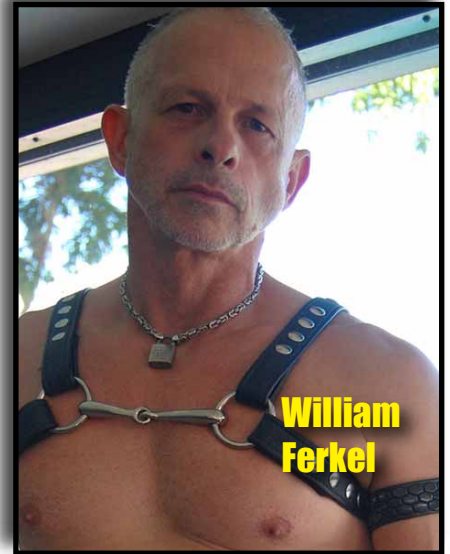
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Boatin Bob



Miguel



William Ferkel

what's inside...



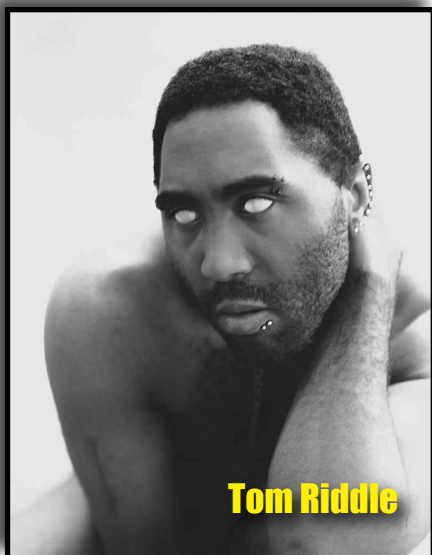
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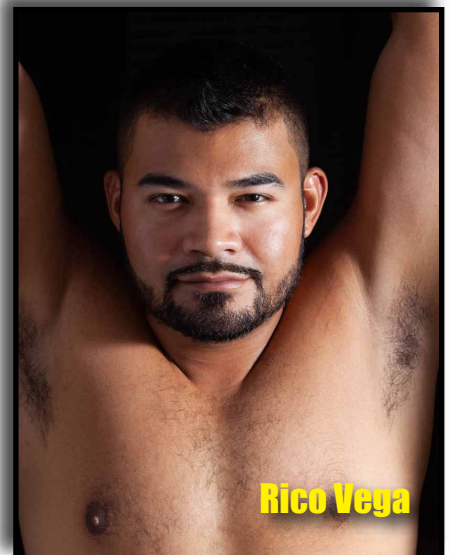
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Tom Riddle



Leo



Rico Vega

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Ramblings from the Editor

GET OUT AND VOTE!!! I cannot stress enough how important it is that we all get out and vote this year.

It goes without saying, but I'll say it anyway, if the Republicans take control of Congress and keep the Senate, the Alphabet Mafia is in for a world of hurt. The supposed "Supreme" court, which is actually filled with criminals and religious nuts, is not going to follow the law, they will rewrite it. None of us will be safe any longer because the fanatics of this Nation will come after all of us and the law will allow them to do it.

If you need further proof of the corruption of our legal system, check no further than what this Cannon Cunt is doing in Florida regarding the traitorous treasonous confused and dementia laden ex-president, or as most refer to him the Grifter. She is rewriting the laws regarding her own decisions every time their Special Master demands something from the traitor and his lawyers.

You think the American people will see justice with the courts stacked against us? Hell no! This is all leading to the next Civil War. We are so close to the brink right now, it's a bit nerve wracking. I hope you are all prepared for it.

On a lighter side of things, tRump has only bad mouthed 5 or 6 people this month. I guess he is getting more senile as each day passes. Thank goodness, right?

I know that the prior month's Issue stated that this Issue would not be out until the 8th but it was wrong. Hopefully you all are ok

with it coming out a week earlier than posted.

If you are looking for a good diversion while wading through this cess pool we call politics, be sure and check out the Big Gay Sex Show podcast (link is in the Issue, just find the graphic and click on it). Matt & Weegie rock!! They are funny, insightful, and you'll be glad you did. And if you do find them on the social medias, tell them that you want to see both of them on the cover of the Magazine (I am dying to do a spread with the two of them showing a lot of skin together!!!).

I also want to bring up a great resource for FREE PReP that it seems a lot of folks don't know about. The program is called MISTR. Everything is done online, including the doctor's consultation, and it's free to the individual. I have been using them for about 5 months now and I can say that the Doctor was awesome, the

communication between the Doctor, labs, pharmacy, and me have been incredible. They are worth a look at definitely worth your time if you are not already on PReP. You can do a google search for MISTR and it will pop up. We all need to do what we can to protect ourselves while having some fun out there!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



Photo Shoot Relief

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Featuring

[Jaymz Scott](#)

[Cliff Boyd](#)













THE COP & EX CON

Story by **Dogbone421**

Chapter 8

Three weeks had passed by now since I had last talked to Mark. I was beginning to feel like I had walked away from all this mess with my career intact and a lesson learned! The undercover officer had stopped me on several occasions and discreetly asked if I had continued to distance myself from Mark. Each time I told him I had and that I was grateful for him coming to me first. He continually told me he would keep this between us as long as I upheld my part of the deal. His parting words of advice were always to keep my head down and my nose clean!

I would be stupid to tell you that I didn't miss Mark. Hell, I missed him all the fucking time! He had awoken desires in me that I hadn't followed thru with another guy for a long time. My heart and asshole yearned for him so badly.

The first week away from him was super tuff. I wondered whom he was with and if they were in bed together. Jealousy came over me thinking another man was getting what I had. I was even stupid enough to think maybe I could call him, but thankfully quickly came to my senses. My pants would tent and my asshole would twitch as I remembered him and I together in bed. At least once a day I would jack a load off rethinking him fucking me. I was pissed at myself for falling for him

and pissed at him for not caring about me. But honestly, this was all this was his fault!

Occasionally the thoughts that maybe I wasn't totally into guys crossed my mind. Maybe it was just a silly faze I tried to convince myself at times. I could still get married to a nice girl and have a family. Finding yourself and experimenting are to be expected, right? But as time was slowly moving on, I wasn't. I again found myself sizing up suspects that I would pull over and wondering if I had a chance with some of them in bed. Coping a feel from the drunker dudes as I searched their bodies for weapons, excited me.

Even though I had made myself a promise that I would never get involved with an ex con or a ruff looking guy again, I was always looking and wondering. I treated some of the suspects rougher if they reminded me of Mark. Trying to get some of my frustration out on them.

I was fucked up and I knew it. I knew I needed some time away from all this. My parents lived about 8 hours away in a very rural area that I had always dreamed of escaping. I thought maybe a trip home would help me clear my mind. So, I asked for a couple days off from work. I was granted vacation time and headed out on Thursday night for an extended weekend. I decided I would

leave my cell phone off on this trip so no one could stress me out. I totally wanted to escape the police world for a few days and really think things thru.

I left at about dark planning on driving most of the night to get there. I enjoyed the long drive and the quiet time helped me sort out my life in my head. I blasted the radio and ate lots of junk food. I couldn't help but think of Mark and hoped he was doing well. But when I thought of him the loneliness set in again.

About half way there I knew I needed to fill up and grab a bite to eat. I remembered a ruff looking truck stop down the interstate a bit that I always said I would visit again someday. It was the kind of place that was stuck in the past. I finally saw the signs for it and happily exited the road. My butt hole clinched tighter as I thought of what could happen if I allowed it to. I was far away from anybody that knew me and I could take advantage of it. Maybe I needed to relax and just go with the flow for once.

The closer I got the more my cock stiffened. The place was very busy with big rigs parked everywhere and the occasional car gassing up. I pulled to the gas pumps and filled my truck up, watching all the eye candy that walked past the pumps. There were lots of hunky looking truckers running around, some with a girl friend or wife in tow. But most were alone and scanned the area as they walked. I wondered how many had a load in their balls that's was old and needed emptying.

When I was finished filling up, I pulled into a parking place. I needed to take a wicked piss so I headed to the men's room inside. Lots of travelers were milling around checking maps on the wall and ordering food. Country music blasted over the sound system and set the mood for the place. I scanned the dudes here and there looking for a hot guy. I walked around playing pocket pool wondering who was like minded. I checked everything out enjoying my time out of my truck. Hell, a woman even winked and smiled at me and called me sweetheart as she walked by! If only she knew she didn't have a snowballs chance in hell with me tonight! I was a cock hound on the prowl!

I don't know about you guys, but a hot looking trucker always did make my cock stand up and take notice! And that was all that was on my mind right here and now. I was ready for anything hoping to forget the past few weeks of my life for a

few hours. Not seeing anyone who caught my eyes, I finally made my way to the restroom. I went in and was truly disappointed to find the restroom empty. I took my piss looking at the wall messages from other guys offering blow jobs at certain times written on the wall in front of the urinal. I was intrigued by the ones from truckers offering their cocks to cock suckers. I found myself slowly working my shaft as I read the messages and wondered. Finally, I shook my cock off, discouraged and headed back out the door. Then I stopped by a water fountain outside the bathroom. As I was drinking away, I saw a guy walking up from a long hallway out of the corner of my eye.

He was walking from an area with an overhead sign that read, "Trucker's only." Now his guy caught my eye quick! He looked really masculine and had a way about him that made me stare. He was wearing a white tee shirt and a pair of baggy gray sweat pants with a lump that moved back and forth as he walked. It was obvious he wasn't wearing underwear the way his junk extended out. I was mesmerized by its movement and stared way too long for sure! I was over the moon with lust when he reached down and adjusted his equipment.

He smiled at me with a knowing smile as our eyes connected. He knew right away I was hunting for something and what I wanted was between his legs. As he got close, it was obvious he had just gotten out of a shower. His hair was wet and he smelled fresh of soap. Plus, with a towel over his shoulder, it all clicked. He paused at the fountain I was standing in front of and asked if I was done?

I stood there looking kind of stupid before I moved aside to allow him to get a drink. I admired the muscles in his back as he bent over and sucked the water in. I tried to think of something to start a conversation between us as I started at a thick patch of hair at the top of his butt crack. I had to quickly put one hand in my front pants pocket to hide my quickly growing erection. Solid looking and just scruffy enough to make your asshole itch, I wanted to see what was under his sweats!

When he rose up, he broke the ice by introducing himself. With a shit eating grin on his face, I reached my other hand out to shake his that was offered as we exchanged names. I traced his

steam shovel jaw and the deep cliff in his chin with my eyes. Thick black whiskers were evidence he hadn't shaved in a week or more. The small talk began and soon we knew a little about each other's reasons for being where we were. I watched as he took an inventory of my body, sizing me up and checking me out. He would grope his crotch every once in a while, taunting me as I looked.

We stepped into a quiet corner to get out of the bathroom traffic as we continued to talk. Finally, he just spoke his mind.

"I figure you're here looking for some trucker action, right," he asked in a low voice as he leaned in close to me?

When I nodded my head affirmatively, he looked around before he spoke again.

"Kinda figured you were by the way you perked up when you saw me," he smiled and said!

He soon mentioned his truck and wondered if I had ever seen the insides of a big rig? I replied that I hadn't and always wondered what they looked like.

"It's got a large sleeper that hasn't seen any action in a few days," he said as he puffed out his chest! "You wanta follow me outside, take a peek at it and anything else you might want to see?"

"I only wanted to spend a little time here guy before I got back on the road," I answered.

"All we needed is a little time together," he answered as he motioned me to follow him as he walked away.

We both stepped out into the night air which felt cool and refreshing. I followed behind him like a little puppy and stared at the way his sweat pants went between the crack in his ass cheeks. They outlined a beautiful ass that looked perfect to me!

This was going to be the first sex I'd had in weeks besides my hand and I wanted this badly. We headed to a lot full of trucks that were separated from the car parking lot. We walked down a long line of trucks humming and belching diesel smoke. God how I loved the smell of it! It was like I was in a long dark cavern, only it was made up by trucks lined up.

They looked like huge intimidating locomotives in the dark, some with their running lights on, making it look like Christmas in the darkness!

Other drivers passed us heading towards the truck stop, acknowledging him with an all-

The Cop and Ex Con

knowing smile on their face. Some eyeing me up and down turning to look back as we walked. One especially obnoxious driver yelled, "Tare the boy's ass up for me too bro," after he passed us!

We soon arrived at his rig and he unlocked the driver's door as I stood back. The truck was running with a dome light on without anybody being inside. It was an older looking rig and he was hauling huge trees that were headed for the lumber mill. The smell of pine instantly hit my nose when the slight breeze shifted our way. I was instantly impressed with the fact a man could drive something this big on the highway. Even in the dark this rig and trailer looked monstrous!

He stepped up inside and offered me his arm to hold to as I tried to climb in as easily as he did. I could feel the course thick hair on his arm and wondered if it was all over him. A tingle ran down my spine as I envisioned that! He pulled me up into the sleeper area which was bigger then I expected. A small unmade bunk and lots of dirty cloths littered the space.

"Sorry the place looks a mess," he offered. "The maid was off for the day," he then laughed!

I looked around trying to familiarize myself with my surroundings and checking for a quick exit if needed. Once a cop, always a cop in my mind. Taking inventory of everything, I wondered how freeing it would be to live on the road?

The instrument console looked like what a fighter jet control panel might look like. Gages and toggle switches appeared everywhere. Stuck into the driver's visor was pictures of a woman and three pictures of young kids. His cloths hung from every hook or corner possible I noticed as he cleared the bunk off. The sleeper smelled like a working man lived here and it aroused me. Diesel and motor oil along with male sweat was strong and intoxicating. He apologized for how the place looked again offering, "I didn't know I was going to get laid tonight!"

I was taken back by his boldness but knew that was exactly why I was here. As he slipped off his shirt, he informed me, "I only top, that a problem for you?"

"No problem at all for me," I answered as I followed his lead and pulled my shirt off also. Once

Continued on page 20

I'm going to approach my article this month with the same intentions and energy I would a magical working or a spell in the hopes I can bring a bit more decadence and lushness into my life. I feel as though I had some sort of crisis/slash epiphany last month, but because I am thicker than shit in the neck of a bottle sometimes, it takes me time to realize what is right in front of me or what I'm currently soaking in.

Now why do I want to do this?

Because last month, I had to admit to myself all my petty jealousies, insecurities and a lot of my fun are all tied up in the fact that I had (past tense) a hard time admitting that I'm a hedonist. Sure, I thought I was a bit of one, but it's not a little thing with me, but a big one. And it kind of hurt my pride that I was a bigger hedonist than I thought... but then I remembered my imagination and how that relates to magic. I know this sounds ridiculous but shadow work is "fun", and at the very least, productive if you do it right.

Why not imagine what I'd like to see happen for me in middle age and see what manifests?

I compartmentalize a LOT of things, from my privacy, my family, my art, my day job, my double-identity. As the saying goes, don't shit where you eat. Well, except for when looking for that kind of filth, of course. I guess what I'm trying to get at is I'm looking for a certain 'quality to pervade my very existence and to live a more magical life. A refinement of my decadence.

So, (cracks knuckles loudly) in the effort to be scientific in my approach to magic, let's begin.

(I cleared the house with sage and moved the old energy out.)



I call upon Hekate Trioditis, Goddess of the Three Roads, to guide me as I come to a crossroads in life.

I call upon Hekate Eranos, the Lovely One, to encourage beauty on the path I choose.

I call upon Hekate Erotokos, Bearer of Erotic Love, to rouse the Horned God within and without.

With these aspects three, with a clean body and mind, Dark Mother and Horned Father, en-

rich me on this day. The birthday of Lilith, the auspicious day for all witches and fresh new year.

I am the masculine and the feminine, I affirm my birthright while I walk this path I chose for myself. Light the torches! Comfort me in the wildest of places! Cover me in velvet night. Prepare for the mystery.

My senses aflame, awaken cauldrons full! I am one with the higher self! O genius, prepare for adventure and discovery! For beauty and carnality! Sensuous! Lost to find myself once again!

Hail Hekate! Guardian, Guide and Gatekeeper! Hail the Horned God! Mirrored, My wand and root engorged. The universe spread before me, Lush and sumptuous, Like a clear night full of stars. Bless me with further pleasure, To know myself at my basest And most divine!

So mote it be!

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DHM Fan ~ Brett Ward

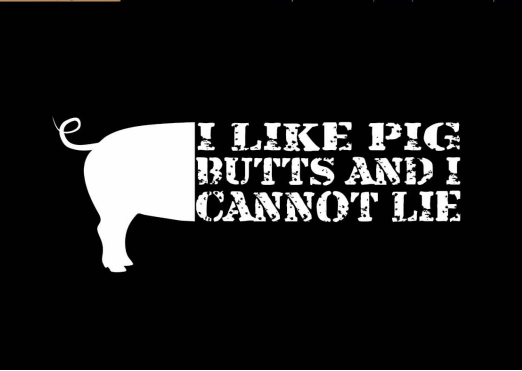
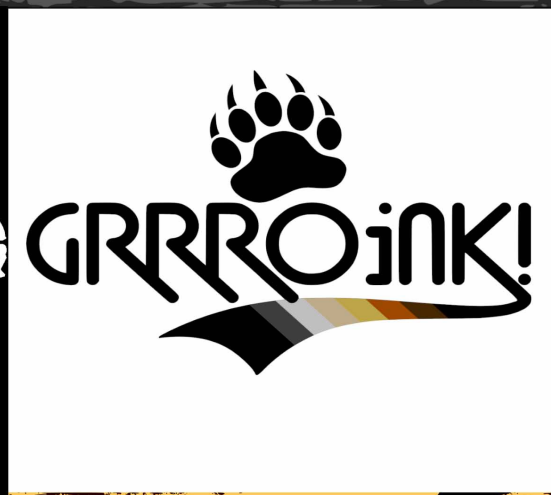




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it slipped over my head I added, "I actually prefer to be on the bottom."

"I like that you know what you want and go after it," he offered.

"You know how hard it is to find a good-looking buck like you who only wants his ass ridden, especially on the road," he asked me as he started undoing the knot of his sweat pants? "Sure, makes my role here so much easier when I can just fuck you without worry of some kind of reciprocation expected on my part! I was sure as hell hoping when I saw you look at me that way that we would end up here in my bunk!"

"Was it that obvious I was looking for some action," I asked him?

"Oh yeah," he bellowed at me! "But in your defense, when you've been on the road as long as I have, you learn the look of a hungry eye of a guy like you. Hell, I had searched before my shower hoping to find someone to get off with," he said. "Fucked the old lady on Sunday before I hit the road but nothing since then. With a dude's nuts vibrating in his seat from that big engine, it constantly keeps a guy in a half-aroused state! There was this desperate looking guy who looked like a druggie looking for some dick earlier. I'm really fucking glad now I waited for someone like you to come along! Go ahead bro and take your pants off, don't get shy on me now," he laughed!

He closed the drape behind me that separated the driver's area from the bunk, as I kicked off my boots and pulled off my pants. I stood in only my jockey shorts and white socks.

"Let's get those panties off dude and see what you got under there," he asked!

My cock was already half hard as I watched the way he looked me over. I slipped them down and my cock popped up like a weasel that had been trapped! He nodded his approval as he removed his flip-flops and stepped out of his sweats. I instantly saw what it was I was fantasizing about for the last half hour or so! He had a huge sack and a nice sized cut cock that was beginning to swell as he pumped on it some with his hand. He was covered in thick black fur, just as I had hoped. A very thick solid line of hair ran from his chest to his navel down to his crotch. He had a slight belly, but that only made a guy like him look

even hotter. When he turned slightly, I saw his back was thick with body hair. Simultaneously my fingers and toes curled as I realized this was going to be amazing! He then put his hand behind my back and eased me towards the bunk.

"Bend over and let him see what I'm getting a piece of," he asked so sexy as I got to the edge of the bed. I did as he asked and felt his finger dig between my cheeks and finger my hole. He rubbed the area between my ball sack and my butt hole tenderly. He cupped my balls and offered that I had a nice set of nuts also. It's still weird for me to have another guy checking out my most private place.

I crawled up on his bunk laying on my stomach when I felt him step away from me. I could hear him reach for some lubricant he had sitting close by. I also heard the sound of foil from a rubber being torn open. As he stepped back to me, I felt his hand applying lube to his shaft and then to my hole. His fingers dug in me deep and I grunted as he slicked the way.

"You get fucked much," he asked?

"It's been a few weeks for me, but I really need this tonight" I answered. "I had someone who I was hooking up with regular but we broke up," I confessed to him.

He told me he needed this just about as bad as me as he rolled my nuts between his fingers. Then he leaned over my body and spoke softly in my ear.

"Any chance we could do something special together," he asked?

I listened intently wondering where this was going.

"I was just wondering if I can enter you without a rubber on for a few minutes? I've been away from the old lady for almost a week and I miss the feeling of skin on skin," he asked?

Of course, I was hesitant at first and he could tell. He came back quickly that he was a man of his word about pulling out and his pipes were clean. I had heard this line before when Mark had fucked me the first time. And instantly I thought, "Here we go again!"

I half-heartedly agreed as I felt him climb on my back and slowly enter me. It felt good to have a man in me again and I realized how much I had missed sex. He eased himself fully into me and rested as he adjusted his mount. He praised how warm and tight I was as he began to slowly move

in and out of me. His nut sack bumped against mine sometimes when he humped and I loved the feeling! His ball hair was thick and course, the exact opposite of mine.

He slow fucked me and I enjoyed the feeling we both were experiencing. We moved together like an experienced couple would for about a minute when he stopped humping and asked me to lay down fully on the bed. I moved myself towards the pillow and he came with me. We both were soon ready to begin again as I felt him raise up off me some and start to thrust into me again.

He quickly fell into to a steady rhythm of fucking. The vibration of the truck engine intensified the feelings I was experiencing. I arched my hips up and opened my legs more to allow him in me deeper. He amazingly reached under me to find my hard cock and gave it a few quick strokes. The sweat was beginning to roll off my forehead and he was grunting like a bear. I was totally in a zone when I felt him slow his movement and suddenly stop.

"Fuck dude, I almost shot my nut," he grunted in my ear! "This is the part I hate," he sighed!

He then slowly eased his still hard cock from me and rose up off my back. I then heard him crinkle the foil wrapper of the rubber.

"I long for the days when I could dump my load in a guy with no worries," he said behind me. "But honestly, I probably already leaked enough precum to nix putting this fucker on! And I think I fired off a small squirt before I stopped! I hope that's cool with you dude, just being honest here!"

"No worries," I quietly spoke with my head still half buried in the pillow. "I honestly thought you'd shoot without withdrawing anyways!"

I really was surprised he kept his word but at the same time I really wanted to take his load. Before I could tell him that and offer the opportunity to go without one, he crawled back on my back. I instantly felt his cock again at my pucker, parting my ring. He slipped into me with ease and he was soon back in the saddle. The feeling was totally different with a barrier between us. I no longer felt as close to him as before.

We fucked for about three more minutes when I felt him dig in me deep, stop moving and shoot. I couldn't feel his cock cough up his load as easily with the latex between us. In fact, I was very

The Cop and Ex Con

disappointed! He held me tight as we both basked in afterglow and he was the first to speak.

"You in the military or something," came from him as he rubbed my wet crew cut head. "You've got a great tight body, short hair, and an air about you boy. You must be military or law enforcement," he said.

I answered that I was military hopefully to cover myself. He spoke that he was former Marine and wanted to know what branch of the military I was with. I told him I was in the Army and he liked that. "You Army guys always did spread your legs for a Marine," he laughed!

He then rubbed my ribs before he eased his soften cock from me. He sat back on his haunches as I pulled my legs from between his legs. When I turned around, I saw a stud of a man sitting looking at me with a really heavy looking condom hanging off the tip of his soft cock. He was covered in a light sweat and looked totally relaxed. The reservoir tip was pointing down at the bed with a white milky liquid weighing it down. He saw me looking at it and gently pulled the condom off his cock. I watched as he moved it close to his face and wiggled the contents.

"That's four days' worth of cum in there," he spoke as he looked at me! "I fucked the old lady Sunday, just before I left home. That's the first time they have been emptied since! You swallow a dudes nut juice, right," he then asked with scrunched down eyebrows?

Slowly he moved to hand it to me. As I grabbed the slimy feeling rubber, I gaged the weight of its contents. Instantly the aroma of a strong sperm load filled my nostrils!

"Yeh, you're definitely the type that wouldn't turn down a Marine's cum anytime it was offered," he laughed

I watched him as I took the rubber and moved it to my mouth.

"That will definitely put out more hair on your chest," he bragged as he stared at me!

I could feel the warmth of his load as I maneuvered the rubber to turn it inside out. I started at the back of it and rolled the rubber back into the ring it came from. There were a few of his long black crotch hairs attached to the outside. When I was about two inches from the load, I

Continued on pg 40

Boatin' Rob



Photography by **DWD Photography**

Website | Email



Boatin Rob















The

Drunken Sleepover

Story by R. Jason Collett

The following story is fictional and contains sex between two consenting male adults. If this subject offends you, you are under the age of 18, or it is illegal to read this type of material, please do not read any further.

This story contains condomless sex. In reality, this is dangerous behavior. Use condoms.

If you enjoyed this story, please feel free to contact me at ncboy1982@juno.com. I love hearing from my readers. Enjoy.

My phone rang at 12:30 at night. No one usually called me this late. I looked at the screen and saw that it was my best friend, David.

"Hello?" I answered. There was loud music in the background.

"Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaake. I aaaaaam duuuuuuuuunk." He said, slurring his words.

"I can tell." I answered. "Are you okay?"

"Noooooooooooooooo. Caaaaan yoooo coome geeet meeee?" He asked.

Yes, of course. Where are you?" He didn't answer but I got a text and checked my phone. He had sent me his location. I knew the place well. "I'll be there in twenty minutes." I told him.

"Oooooooooooooookaaaaaaaaaaaay." He slurred and hung up. I grabbed my wallet and keys and was out the door.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER I was at the bar. I walked in and scanned the room for David and quickly found him sitting at the corner of the bar, five empty shot glasses in front of him. He looked like he was half asleep.

"David, let's go." I said. He slowly opened his eyes and it took a moment or two for him to recognize me.

"Jaaaake! Let's haaave a driink." He slurred.

"No, you are done. I am taking you home" I said. I closed his tab at the bar and helped him off the bar stool and to my car. I managed to put his

heavy, muscular frame in my SUV.

"Caaan't gooooo hooooome. Wiiiife and IIII had fight. Kiiicked meeeee ouuuut." He said as I got behind the wheel.

"Fine, you can sleep it off at my place." I said as I started the engine. This explained why he was this drunk. It had been years since I had seen him like this. The man could hold his liquor until he just couldn't, and we were at the point.

He passed out during the drive home and it made it harder to get him out of the car and when I did, he threw up on the ground and himself.

I dragged him into my apartment and took him straight to the bathroom, took his clothes off and put him in the shower and turned it on cold. He jumped when the cold water hit his body and it started to wake him up from his drunken stupor.

Now I would be remiss if I didn't mention that my best friend was a gorgeous man. At 5'10, he was a muscular Latino, with hair on his chest that he usually kept trimmed (at his wife's request he once told me), and the most beautiful head of jet black hair I had ever seen on a man. Now this wasn't the first time I had seen him naked so it was nothing to see him naked now, but it was a pretty sight to say the least.

I turned the water off and handed him a towel and he started to dry himself. I left him a t-shirt and gym shorts on the bed and took his clothes and went to put them in the washer and

make some coffee.

When he didn't come into the kitchen, I went to check on him and found him on my bed, naked and sound asleep. I sighed and went back to the kitchen to finish my coffee and put his clothes in the dryer.

After they had dried, I went to climb into the bed and get some sleep. I had to work the next morning and it was going to be a long day.

THE FEELING OF a wet mouth felt amazing on my dick. Slobbering and licking up my shaft. This was the best blow job I had ever received. I felt like I was going to cum any minute now. I was on cloud nine when I realized it was my best friend was sucking my dick. I froze in panic. What the hell was he doing and when or where did he learn to suck dick like that? If I didn't stop him I was going to cum.

Then he stopped. I laid there, not wanting to let him know that I was awake. I was still in shock. I anxiously waited for his next move.

He started sucking me again, AND fingering my ass. I fought to keep the gasp from escaping my lips. He was rubbing around my entrance first, slowly. Then he stuck his finger in his mouth and went back to my hole, this time slowly pushing at it until his finger started to slide in. I shivered from the sensation it was giving me.

He picked up the pace with that one finger and I was about to lose it right there. But then he suddenly stopped. I felt him shift in the bed but couldn't tell what he was doing. I heard him open the drawer of my nightstand and then heard the pop of a plastic lid.

His hand came back to my ass, now lubed up from the lube he'd found and quickly and easily inserted his finger back in my hole. Then came the second and third finger. He knew how to work those fingers as he slid them in and out.

I continued to play asleep, afraid to ruin the moment but was torn between confronting him on what he was doing. But ultimately, I was enjoying it and I didn't want him to stop. I remained still until he rolled me over on my right side.

And there it was; I could feel the head of his uncut dick prodding at my hole, slippery from the lube.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice raspy.

The Drunken Sleepover

"Just shut up and take it." He said as he shoved every inch in, causing me to scream. He put his hand over my mouth as he pulled out and thrust again, causing me to yell into his mouth. He started to thrust harder and faster, rocking his hips from side to side, hitting my g-spot each time and making me feel like I was going to pee. I'd never had anyone make me feel like that and I was loving it.

Within a few moments, our bodies were sweaty and sticking together and I could feel his chest hair rub against my back, giving me goosebumps. He shifted, pinning me to the bed with him on top of me, not losing his rhythm.

We were getting breathless and I could tell that he was close. I wanted it. I started bucking my hips against his thrusts, making him moan even louder, his breath flowing on my back and making me shudder.

His breathing got faster along with his thrusts. Just when I thought his dick was going to split me apart, he yelled as he came, shooting his cum inside me. This sent me over the edge as I yelled from my orgasm, shooting everything I had on the sheets.

He laid on top of me for a few moments, catching his breath before sliding out. He sat on the edge of the bed and checked his phone. I was still catching my breath when he stood up and got dressed in his clothes that I had washed and dried for him and walked out of my room. I heard my front door open.

I got up and threw on a pair of shorts and walked to the door only to see him get into the back of a black sedan. Confused, I shrugged my shoulders and headed back in and took a quick shower and went to bed, the smell of him imbedded in my sheets.

THE NEXT DAY I heard from him by text, thanking me for picking him up and letting him stay over. He'd received a text from his wife asking him to come home and requested an Uber to come get him. No mention of the mind blowing sex we had earlier that morning.

But from then on, every time he and his wife got into a fight, he would get so blitzed that I would have to pick him up from the bar and we'd have the best sex ever and never speak about it the next day.



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The Hot Gas Station Cholo

Story by [u/SithLordof1984](#)

I went to the gas station at 2am this morning for some junk food, you know candy bars, chips etc. While waiting in line the guy in front of me was trying to buy some jerky but his debit card kept being declined.

He was beautiful, a white guy but passing himself off as more of a latino in terms of mannerisms, white beanie on, ginger mustash... roughly 25yo, short, wife beater on with tattoos all over his chest, arms, and back.

After three tries he gets upset and I step in and offer to buy his jerky. He says "ah for real foo?"

And i said "sure no problem".

He thanks me quick and leaves the store. I proceed to get in my car and leave, just after exiting the parkinglot I see him walking and he waves me over.

"Hey thanks man I really appreciate it". He then says "hey i have one small favor to ask if you dont mind, eh I live kinda far from here you think I could get a ride?"

And me fearing I am about to be murdered decides hey why not because I am more than done with life anyway but thats another story. He gets in, his cologne was euphoric and the way he just

kicked back in the passenger seat was hot for some reason, I am a straight laced guy and all so this was thrilling.

He tells me he just got out of jail for stealing from walmart and how he is working now at a construction place. He says "look at my abs man the jobs getting me in shape". He moves my hand over his abs to prove they are solid.

Im thinking HOLY SHT this is hot...we get to his place, its a small run down white trailer that sits by itself on a back road.

He says "you fruity man?"

And I say "what?"

And he laughs "you like guys to fuck you?"

And I pause thinkin oh sht this is where I die.

He laughs "hey if you wanna come in lets chill for a bit".

Im thinking to myself this is a once in a lifetime thing, and go for it without fear. I unbuckle my seatbelt and go inside his trailer with him. Its dirty, smells weird and looks just how I would expect. It appeared he lived alone since the

Continued on pg 61

looked at him and brought it to my lips. In one move I sucked the rubber into my mouth and tasted his balls!

The load was warm, really thick and lumpy. Not even being an expert at swallowing a guy's load yet, I could easily tell he hadn't cum in a while. I ran his sperm over my teeth to savor his taste. Kinda salty and rich tasting, I sucked it in and cleaned the whole inside out before I tossed it aside.

Man, I thought to myself, I'm really turning into a bitch as I felt a feeling of pride come over me for swallowing his load. I liked that feeling I realized. When he stood to tie the draw string of the pants, he turned to me.

"Sorry guy, but it's time for you to go! I got to catch some shut-eye. Long day on the road tomorrow," he said as he yawned.

I felt a little awkward as I got off the bunk and got my cloths together. The mood had definitely changed quickly now that the sex was over. We didn't talk at all as I pulled on my pants and boots. I left my shirt off as I turned to exit the truck. He helped me open the door as he mumbled, "Thanks, I'll sleep better tonight" as I dropped down to the pavement. I looked up and he smiled at me. I felt a little better about it all seeing that sweet smile! As I walked away, I turned to look back and the light was off already in his cab.

As I walked back down the gauntlet of trucks, I pulled my shirt back on. I slowly headed for the brightly lit building I had left earlier. As I walked my unbuttoned shirt blew in the light wind and the air against my damp skin felt good. I saw a guy walking towards me and just as we were about to pass, he stopped me.

"How's it going tonight," came from him?

He was a skinny guy about my age but taller than me. He was a normal looking guy, with a sort of country boy attitude. He was wearing a dark blue shirt and jeans.

"Good," I answered as I turned to start walking again.

"Hold up dude," he said as he grabbed my arm. When I turned, he reached his hand inside my open shirt and grabbed my right tit. He squeezed my peck hard and ran his hand down my belly.

"Nice fucking body dude," he commented. I knew I should have knocked his hand away, but I didn't. For some unknown reason I let him explore my upper body and soon he was groping my crotch. Before I knew it, he had circled his arm around my waist and was walking me back towards the area I had just left.

"I sure could use a quick blow job, figure that's what your back here looking for aint it," he asked?

He rubbed my back and then run his hand up under my open shirt and gripped the back of my neck as we walked.

"How many of my fellow truckers you been with already tonight," he asked?

"Just one," I found myself confessing to this stranger.

"Great! At least you aint been used up much yet. Good looking fucker like you could hop from truck cab to truck cab all night long! Get your belly and your ass loaded full by dawn! Figure by now your good-looking ass has already been tapped? What you say bud, willing to help another guy out tonight?"

For some reason I liked his bold approach and was definitely interested. I answered him with a, "Sure, what the fuck."

His hand guided me to the place he wanted us to end up at. We walked back to the last rig at the end of a long row of them. Far away from the closest overhead light we stopped.

"Get down and up against this wheel-well," he demanded!

"Dude we can't do this out here," I whispered afraid we'd get caught! "Fuck man, don't worry! I've done this a hundred time! It's cool, trust me. You crawl in next to this here tire and I'll lean in like I'm taking a piss," he told me. "Works every time like a charm for cock sucking!"

I noticed the truck was quiet and the lights off so I got on my knees and inched my way into the front wheel-well of the cab section. The tire was cocked hard to the left so it made a good place to not be seen. I could tell once I was down there, he knew what he was talking about! The smell of hot rubber filled the tight space and the heat from the tire was stifling. It was obvious the truck had just recently been parked after a long time on the interstate.

When I was in position, he moved in close

and unzipped his jeans. At this angle I could only see him from the waist down. I inched my way to him on my knees, hurting them from the pea gravel that was on the black top.

"Come to papa, you hot looking cocksucker," came from him!

I quickly reached for his soft cock and moved it to my lips. Once I had him in my mouth, he gripped the back of my neck and pulled me on to his thickening shaft. I could instantly taste stale piss and the slight scent of old cum behind the crown of his cock head. As his cock lengthened,

it moved to the back of my throat as I opened my nostrils wide to breath. He quickly began to move, fucking my face. The harder his cock got, the harder he jack-hammered my mouth. He gripped my neck to hold in place acting as if I was going to pull away from him!

Suddenly I felt a hard smack against my right ear and it began to ring as he shouted, "Open up more you fucking cock sucker!"

Instantly I adjusted my head so my throat was easier to access. It seemed to work as it felt like he inched in deeper.

"Yeah that's its baby, open up for daddy!"

My face was buried inside his open jeans as I tried to breath. He continued to power hump my face as I fought the gag reflex. Not having much experience at sucking a man's cock, I struggled to make him happy.

He then eased back some on the pressure behind my neck and I felt his shaft slide back across my tongue. Almost at the same time he grabbed both my ears and twisted them hard. I barked deep in my throat in pain.

"Next time your teeth scrap my shaft again, I do that again to you, understand cock sucker," he barked at me!

I nodded my head as best I could as he slide back deeply into my throat. Spit and slobber soaked the front of his pants where my mouth was pressed against them. I soon started to relax and learned to move better with him. He also seemed to realize I was getting into it as he whispered "Yeah baby, that's it!"

I then realized how hard my cock was in my pants. It was so stiff it hurt in the confinements of my jockey shorts and tight jeans. He never noticed when I removed one of my hands from his ass cheeks and moved it to the front of my jeans. I

The Cop and Ex Con

undid the top snap and moved my hand into my jockeys. I suddenly realized I hadn't been this hard since the last time Mark and I fucked. I gripped my shaft and began to pump as he continued to plunge the back of my throat with his cock head. The cum in my balls was beginning to move up my shaft fast as I also felt him move into climax mode.

He then double clamped my neck and pushed my head back against the tire as he started to cum. I used him to balance myself as I dropped a huge load in my jockeys at the very same time. I moaned low in my throat as we both came giving him even more excitement! He thought I was putting extra effort into giving him the best blowjob I could!

My throat milked his cock head as I swallowed what he offered directly into my stomach.

"Ah, that was beautiful baby, nice touch at the end there! It's obvious you're an experienced cock sucker for sure!"

He sighed deeply and rubbed my head and patted the side of my face. He continued to stay tight against my face as his cock softened.

He then spoke sternly to me, "Listen up good! I'm going to pull my cock head back and I want you to clean it up. Get the head and the piss slit and remember how sensitive your cock is after sex! If you do it wrong, I'm going to give you another smack alongside your head," understand?"

I nodded I understood as he slowly pulled back and released my neck. His soft cock lay on my tongue as I began to lick the head. It was the first time I tasted his cum when I parted the piss slit and dug deep. I worked my tongue around the crown of the head to make sure it was fully clean.

"Ah yeah, Nice job buddy," came from him! "Now I'm going to pull out and you're going to kiss the head before I put it away."

I waited as he pulled from my mouth and it flopped against his pants. He grabbed the soft shaft and offered the head to me. I leaned into him and kissed it. I watched as he put it away and adjusted his jeans and zipped up.

"You're a pretty good cock sucker," he said as he turned to light a cigarette!

I quickly fastened my pants and wiped my

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4x4 Photography

by PA Daddy J



DHM Fan ~ Christophe Combarieu





Lounging with Leo

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lips dry. As I stood, I felt my load run down onto my ball sack and down between my taint. The guy walked over to the truck door and unzipped again and began to piss. I could hear the heavy stream hit the pavement and splatter about. I didn't know if I should hang around or walk way. I rubbed my neck and moved my head around trying to get the kink out. I was beginning to realize I enjoyed our ruff sex. I soon heard his heavy stream stop and then him calling me over.

"Over here dude," he bellowed! "Get on your knees and clean me up again!"

I didn't fight him for fear of what might happen. I willingly got down and reached for the cock. I licked the head as a drip of piss huge from it. I spit shinned his cock head before he stepped back to zip up again. I could feel the piss that had puddled on the pavement wetting my jeans at the knee.

"Come on man, get the fuck up and I'll buy you a cup of coffee," he offered as the mood lightened! "It will wash down that load you gobbled down like a fucking goose," he laughed!

I stood and we walked back to the brightly lit truck stop. He barked at me to tuck my shirt back in or people will think we had sex. As I did, he patted my back as we walked in.

As we entered the building my eyes hurt as they tried to adjust to the extreme brightness. As I followed and my eyes adjusted, I began to look this guy over. In the darkness I couldn't size him up much but now it was different. From the back his jeans were very greasy and his hair was shaggy. He wore a cap with an insignia that matched the one on his shirt. As we walked people waved to him and called his name.

"Hank!" was repeated over and over as we walked to the food counter. When we got there, the waitress walked over and he ordered two coffees. As we both sat on the stools, we checked each other out more. His uniform shirt and the front of his cap had the truck stop logo I now realized. Over the other front pocket on his shirt read, "HANK"

In his worst hillbilly accent he said, "You sure do got a pretty mouth!" I had to laugh as I remembered the line from the movie. All I could offer was "Thanks!"

"You work here, huh," I asked?

The Cop and Ex Con

"Yeah, diesel mechanic for the big rigs! Can't you tell," he offered as he showed me his black greasy hands?

I nodded as the coffee arrived and it cooled our conversation. The fresh smell of coffee filled the air and covered the smell of sex I thought I had on me. Once the girl walked away, he leaned into me and told me how good I did out there. I know I blushed because he called me on it. We sat and small talked about everything.

"Can you hang around about two more hours," he asked?

Before I could answer he leaned in close and whispered in my ear,

"I would love to fuck that sweet looking ass of yours! I'll treat you right!"

When he was finished saying that he looked over my shoulder and down at my butt. Then he looked into my eyes and smiled.

"I can knock you up with an ass like that," he bragged before he took a drink of coffee!

He made my asshole tighten with his cocky manor. "Maybe we could try it without latex between us," I offered looking for his reaction!

"Holly fucking shit, you serious," he answered! "Listen, I have a 20-minute break at 5 am," he offered. "My nuts will defiantly be fully charged by then! Fuck, I can hardly wait buddy! But I gotta get back to work now," he said as he pointed towards a large garage behind some glass doors.

"Maybe I can catch some shut eye in my truck while I wait," I said to him.

"If you want to fuck, be outside the service bay around 5," he said as he got up and left. I watched him walk away with a cowboy kind of swagger and knew I was into this happening! I didn't want to be alone and for some reason I wanted to please him. I finished my drink alone and walked to the bathroom I had used earlier. I took a long piss and washed up some. When I looked in the mirror, my ears and neck looked red along with traces of black grease. I had about two hours to kill before 5 am rolled around. I headed back out to my truck passing a long line of people at the cash register. Just as I turned to go through the door, two fellow state troopers were coming in. Without thinking I greeted them with a

"Hello fellow brothers!"

They instantly stopped and asked if I was one of them. I explained where I was from and that

I was a state trooper also. They both wanted me to have a bite to eat with them and get acquainted more. I turned them down and explained I needed to get on the road again. We shook hands and told each other to be safe out there and I walked away. Man, I thought, I got to lose that frame of mind when I'm on the prowl looking for cock!

I sat in my truck and listened to the radio and cat napped. Around 4:45 am, my phone alarm went off. I got up lazy and half asleep and walked over the service area he told me to be at. I saw him crawling under a large cab and he was working on something under there. I stood by one of the large bay openings and waited quietly. When he rolled back out from under the truck and sat up, I waved to him. Thank god he saw me and he was sporting a huge smile. He gave me the "wait a minute" sign and I moved back out of the garage into the darkness of the night.

A few minutes later he came around the corner rubbing his greasy hands with a rag. He was wearing dark blue dirty coveralls.

"Fuck dude, I'm glad you decided to stay," he spoke low. "I've been thinking about this for hours!"

Being bold for once in my new sex life I answered, "I really want to get fucked by you!"

He smiled and put his one arm against the wall behind me and leaned in close. "Glad you know what you want," was his answer. "You're really into having sex with me aren't you," he asked?

He said he had a place for us to go as I followed behind him. We made our way through the service area he worked in. A few of the other guys working there took notice of me as we walked. Suddenly they were pointing at me and laughing for some reason. We went back inside the truck stop and headed for the bathroom area. I thought for sure he wanted to fuck in one of the stalls and I wasn't really game for that. I still had to make sure I protected my career and getting caught again with my pants down wasn't something I wanted to risk.

We turned down the corridor where the bathrooms are and stopped. I was about to protest the idea of sex in the bathroom when he spoke.

"There's a condom machine in the men's room, your last chance to get one ends now," as he fished his pockets for change!

I nodded I understood and told him, "let's go Hank! We don't need them!"

We walked beside each other as we continued down the hall. We went through the area I saw earlier that was marked, "Trucker's only." I followed till he came to a door that had a sign on it, "Boiler room." He fished in his pocket again for some keys and unlocked the door. He scanned all around us before we both went inside.

It was loud in there and lit by a bare light bulb hanging from the ceiling. I heard him lock the door from the inside and said, "Back this way." I followed him to a corner of the room that was hidden by shadows of the big boiler tank. I instantly began to notice how humid and warm it was getting in there. He told me the boiler provided hot water for the showers as he reached for a thick quilted blanket that was on top of the large tank. It looked like the one's movers used to cover furniture.

As he spread it on the ground, he told me to get undressed, "We only got about 30 minutes! I worked out a deal with a fellow workers to be away a little longer then my usual 20 minutes! They know I'm about to get a piece of ass off you and there cool covering for me," he said smiling!

As I undressed and my eyes got used to the dimness, I saw lots of used rubbers thrown around the floor. There were old grease rags there also that looked like they were used for sex. As I pulled off my shirt and pants, I asked if this area was used a lot for sex?

"Only by me, that I know of," he laughed. "I fuck a lot of dudes, lots of opportunities in a truck stop to get some ass," he bragged! "You'd be surprised how many guys offer it up to me and come back for more! Case in point, you're here pretty boy! You're about to become another of Hank's bitches!"

I stripped down to my socks and stood before him as I watched him unzip the coveralls he had on. He was total nude under them as they dropped at his feet in a heap.

"I came fucking prepared that you would show up," he bellowed!

I finally got to see the whole package and he really was a skinny guy. No muscles at all but a solid body. But boy did that cock of his stand out from his crotch! He was rock hard and hung huge. He kicked off the coveralls that were around his feet and moved towards me.

"Get me wet again boy! You already well acquainted with this guy," he barked pointing down at his cock!

I quickly followed orders and got down and did as he wanted. I spit coated his knob and shaft good before he told me to lie back. I lay on the blanket looking up at the bare bulb and waited for him to get in position. He quickly crawled between my legs and fingered my hole.

"You been fucked tonight already, haven't you," he asked?

I answered I had and he commented what a fucking whore I was!

"Guess it makes it easier to take you," he mumbled. "He didn't defile your insides with his nut did he," was his next question?

"No," I quickly answered noticing he was getting kind of pissed at me! "I made sure he used a rubber!"

"Good," was his reply! "I like my boys to swim alone. But why you make him wear one when you so easily offered to go without one with me? I figure a guy like you doesn't make most man wear one anyways, am I right? Kinda defeats the purpose doesn't it? Might as well stop using rubbers all together! Honestly, half the dudes I fuck in here don't make me wear one. I've seeded so much asshole in here bro! God knows how many kids I have running around," he bragged!

As I pondered his words of wisdom, he pushed my legs back against my chest, spit on his hand and applied it to my exposed hole. With one stroke he opened me up and I moaned as he slid into me. In the back of my mind I wondered how many guys he's been with, but I didn't stop him. I needed this guy to cum in me tonight no matter the risk!

As he started to pump me, he moved his head beside my ear and whispered, "I'm going to cum in you, you horny little bitch! A load already in your belly and another in your guts real soon!"

When he said that my cock throbbed so hard, I felt like a teenager again.

"Good looking strong bitch like you needs to take a real man's cock and what he has in it," was his last words as he intensified his movement!

We both worked up a fine sweat on our bodies as he used my ass to get off. I relaxed and let it all go and offered myself up with no resistance. I was learning this is who and what I

The Cop and Ex Con

am. I opened my legs as wide as I could to accommodate him. He grunted and snorted like a bull as he fucked. His ball sack was right up against my pucker on every down movement he made.

He was easy to hold on to because he was so thin. He fit between my open legs like he was meant to fuck me. Over and over he thrust aggressively into me. He suddenly slowed his assault and paused.

"Open up," came from him as he put his lips to mine. His tongue dug into my mouth and I sucked on it. We lay together and exchanged spit as he slowly moved in and out of my butt. I rubbed his wet hair on his head as he explored my mouth and we shared the same breaths. My hard cock slipped against his lower belly as he moved making my balls churn. He broke our kiss and I looked up into his eyes. He smiled at me and took his hand and wiped the sweat from my forehead.

"Your one sexy bitch," he whispered. "You gotta stop on your way back and let me at this pussy again," he whispered!

I smiled back at him and affectionately rubbed his back. He then put his head on my shoulder and started ruff humping me again. He almost knocked the wind from me with his first jab. I hugged him tighter as he was now hell bent on getting his nut. My cock was boiling over and I couldn't stop the flow of cum that spit out of me. He felt my asshole contract on his shaft and he went wilder. He quickly moaned and I could feel his cock shooting inside me.

It felt like he fired three big squirts and then he collapsed on me. He pushed my hips even further apart as he tried to get in as far as he could. We only lay together a few seconds when he raised up off me.

As he stood, he noticed my load all over his lower belly.

"Fuck, you shot all over me dude!"

I quickly offered I was sorry as he smiled and said it was cool. I saw him rub my load all over his belly and up his chest. Then pointing his finger at his crotch again, I knew what was expected of me.

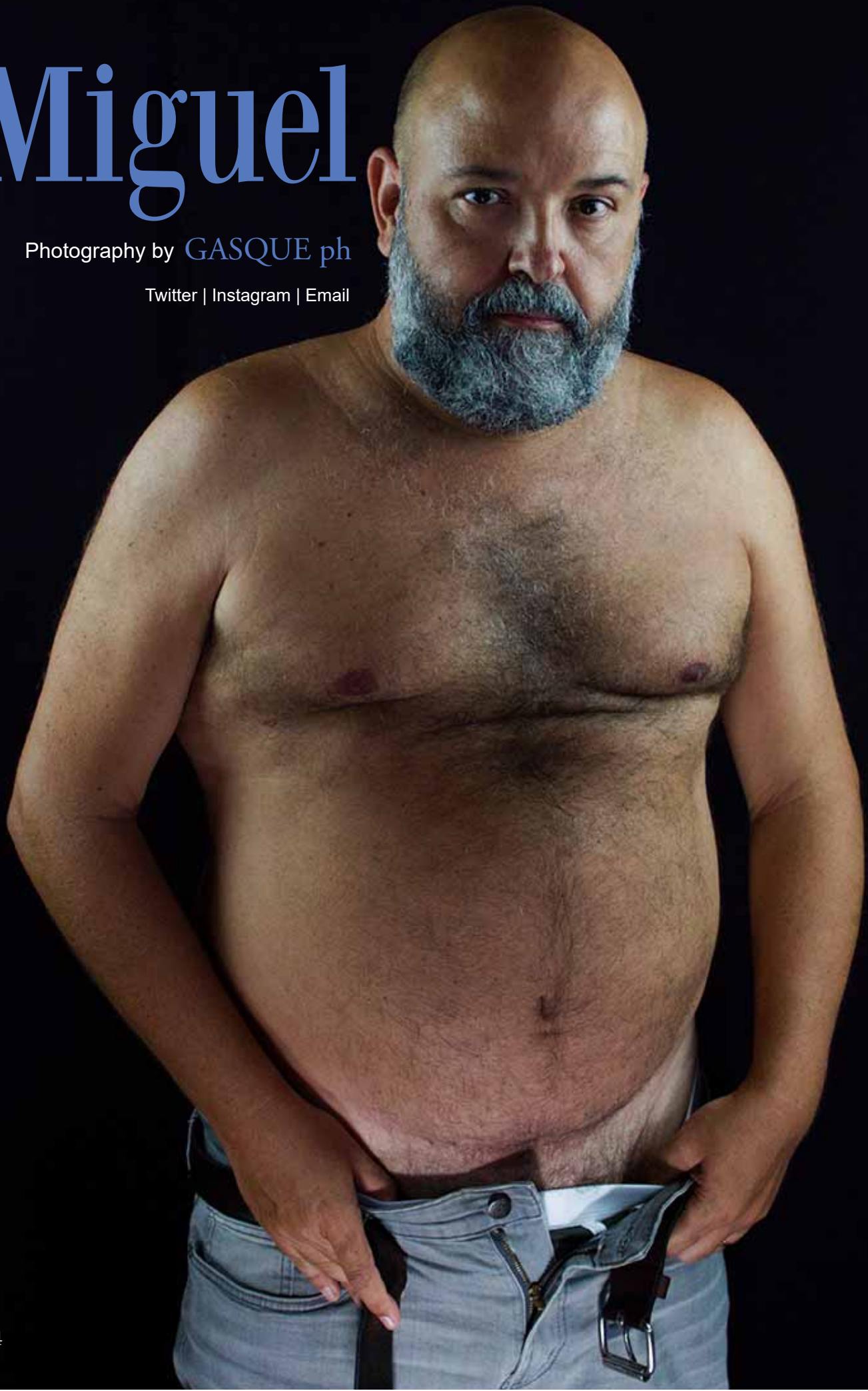
After I sucked him clean, he went for his coveralls and pulled them on.

Continued on pg 60

Miguel

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"Come on boy, we got to run," he spoke.

I stood slowly and I felt his load dribble a little from me. I clamped my cheeks together to avoid an accident. He was dressed instantly and he then watched me dress. When we were ready to leave, he stopped me at the door. He put his finger in my face and looked stern at me.

"Don't you go take a shit when I walk away! I worked hard to put that load up their fucking bitch!"

I was taken back for a second at that statement. I managed to get out "No way, I wouldn't do that!"

He then asked me to promise and I did. Before he opened the door he wanted to know if I really might stop off on the way back so we can fuck again? I assured him I wanted to and hoped it worked out that way.

"You got a guy in your life," he asked?

I thought for a moment and answered, "Not

anymore!"

"I think you and I could be good sex partners if you ever want to think about that. I get tired of fucking around all the time, be great to have a dude I could count on to be there," he said.

He then hugged and kissed me and patted my ass as we walked out of the room together. There was no one around so it made the whole thing work out perfect. When we got to the main common area we stopped and he said goodbye.

"Think about my offer," he added as he turned to walk away.

But he stopped mid turn and leaned into my ear. "I don't pay child support if my seed takes!"

I couldn't help but to laugh and so did he. It was a great way to walk away from this guy. We waved goodbye from across the room as I headed for my truck. The sun was beginning to rise and I felt good about myself for the first time in a long time. Tonight, was eye opening to me. I decided to head back home and face the truth about myself.

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furnishings were sparse, a simple black couch, one tv on a small stand, a marijuana plant growing under a UV lamp in the corner. The kitchen was a disaster.

He kicks back on his couch and says to me "come sit down" and like a dog on command I do. He takes off his beanie and reveals a shaved head of peach colored hair and a cute but street hardened freckled face.

He says to me "hey get me a beer its in the fridge, get one for yourself too" and like a trained puppy I go do just that, two coronas. We sip on the beer, he lights a cigarette and we sit in near silence for a few mins.

He causally says to me "come sit closer to me" and I scoot over and sit thigh to thigh. He puts his arm around me and thanks me again for the jerky and runs his free hand through my hair. "You like to suck dick?" He says,

im so shocked I cant even respond. He unzips his dickie shorts and reaches into his boxers and pulls out a fat thick circumcised cock.

"Suck it fucker" he says and I do what comes natural and take him into my mouth. After I get on my knees I reach into his boxers and take his balls out, huge soft and completely bald, his shave game is definitely on point. He grows in my mouth, at least 6 inches of thick white cock is being thrust into my mouth and he is enjoying it just as much as I am.

After about 15mins of head he picks me up and throws me on the couch, face fucks me for a few mins and then blows thick ropes of his cum all over my cheek. I wipe it into my mouth, its sweet and bland, he had pulled his shirt up over his head earlier and I look up at his sweat collecting on his rock hard tattooed chest and suck the last drop out of him, he shutters for a moment in pleasure.

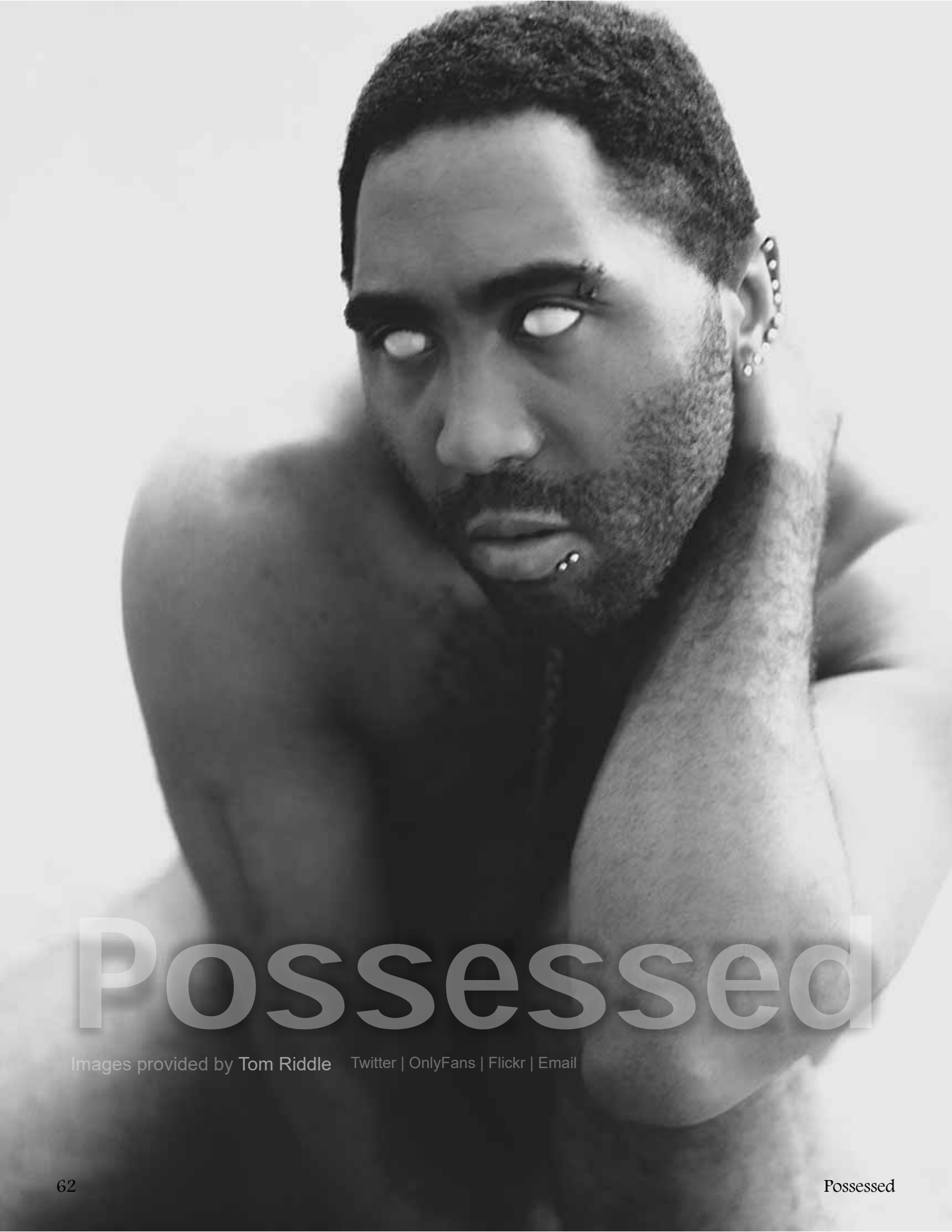
I stand up, legs wobbly and say "fuck man that was hot".

He is lighting a cigarette and says "eh, get the fuck out of my house fa*got" and chuckles, then smacks my ass really hard as I walk out.

He is in the house laughing as I descend the small stairs and get in my car.

Stunned I had to come home and write this for you all to read. What a hot night!!.





Possessed

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From the Archives

Rico Vega

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REPLACING THE FUEL PUMP

Story by u/dirtyboy12345

To recall my story from Thanksgiving, I unexpectedly banged my cousin when I went over to help him with some work on his car. Since links are a thing, you can read that whole story here.

Michael and I haven't really talked much since we parted ways after Thanksgiving. The only communication we had was a week ago when he texted me (we exchanged numbers) and asked me when I would be in for Christmas. I told him I'd be in on December 21 to which his response was "sounds good. See you then". A week later (so Saturday) I texted him to let him know that I got in. He responded that it would be good if I could come over the next day in the morning (10am) and help him replace the fuel pump. I smirked at the coded message. I wonder if helping him "work on cars" will be our code words for me coming over.

Anyway, yesterday morning, I made sure I was all prepped for sex and dressed in some junky

work clothes (for appearances) and headed over. I got to his house and the truck is in the driveway hood up. My cousin was getting things ready to work on it. I admit that was hoping just to go in and fuck all day, but alas, he actually did need to replace this fuel pump. I'll skip the automotive repair part of this story, but to help everyone understand what a pain-in-the-ass task it is, it took a couple of hours and a lot of crawling around under his truck to do this job. By the time we were done and cleaned up, we were both pretty dirty. Maybe Michael likes doing these tasks on purpose so he has an excuse to go shower while I'm around.

We went in to the house carrying on the conversation – which was not sexual – and he headed down the hall towards his room. I started to chub up a bit because I was looking forward to getting down to it. He told me to shower first and

that he would take care of washing our clothes that stank of gasoline. I stripped down to my underwear and handed him clothes I'd been wearing. I caught him eyeing my bulge in my boxer briefs, but he averted his eyes fairly quickly. I turned and started the shower as he left.

I was nearly done showering when he returned. He came back and it sounded like he was standing in the door to the bathroom when he was talking to me about the best way to wash gasoline out of clothes. I smirked to myself in the shower – nervous ramblings. I finished showering and cut the water. I pulled back the shower curtain to see him nonchalantly leaning against the door jamb in his boxers. He was looking at the open door and not at me while I dried off though I caught him looking when he didn't think I was looking. I placed the towel on the bar by the shower and walked into the bedroom passed where he stood in the door. There was no need to be bashful with wrapping a towel around me considering he had fucked me in the ass before. He told me that he'd left me a change of clothes on the bed – like I would be needing clothes anytime soon.

He pulled down his boxers and got in the shower himself. He had a nice little butt which I was hoping I'd be fucking in a few minutes. While he was showering – he actually needed the shower – I located the lube for future reference. I returned to the door naked and started talking to him – just idle chitchat. After what I felt was long enough for him to do a proper job of showering, I made my way to the back of the shower, pulled back the curtain slightly, and slipped in. He was standing under the stream of water facing the back of the shower with his eyes closed. His dick looked slightly hard – not enough to really be noticed but it was bigger than when he was completely soft. I moved up to him and kissed his neck while jerking him off. He got hard rapidly in my hand. When he was completely hard, I knelt down and started sucking his dick. He moaned softly like someone who'd just gotten home from work and taken off uncomfortable clothes. I felt his hands on my head and he started fucking my mouth. I could tell he was starting to get close. I wasn't ready for it to be over so I pulled off his dick.

I told him to turn around and bend over. He put his hands on the wall below the shower head and I shoved my tongue into his ass. He started to

moan a little and kept whispering fuck over and over. I grabbed his ass and squeezed it. He moaned. I do love a good squeezable ass. I took some conditioner and lubed up my finger and started to stick it in. He gasped a bit and looked back but I took it slow and I eventually got it all the way in. He was tight. After I was satisfied with fingering and eating his hole, I backed off and suggested we get out of the shower. He was half delirious when I stopped. We dried off and moved to the bed.

He got on his back on the bed and I laid down and started in on his ass again. Normally, I'm not one for eating ass, but Michael's is very nice and I was enjoying him being putty in my hands. I got the lube out and put some on his dick while I continued. I determined he was ready and stopped. I lubed up my dick and put it at his hole, his eyes opened and I looked him in the eyes as I slowly pressed into him. I love the feeling entering a guy; that feeling as his ass slides down my dick. His ass felt so good that I about came right then. I could tell by the look on his face that he was experiencing a lot of new sensations. I slowly gyrated my hips and he closed his eyes whispering fuck repeatedly. I started to fuck him. I wanted him to enjoy it. I leaned down so our foreheads were touching and grabbed his wrists holding them above his head. We started to make out.

I could feel my orgasm building. The smell and taste of him and the high likelihood that I was the first guy to ever fuck him made me incredibly horny. I picked up the pace and with one final thrust, I unloaded into him. I kissed him again while I came. Hard. It'd been a long time since I'd been that turned on fucking someone. I pulled out shuddering as his sphincter clamped down on my dick. We were both panting. I noticed he was still hard and hadn't cum. Michael needed to get off too so I lubed up my ass and sat down on his dick.

I told Michael to fuck me and he definitely did. It didn't take him long and he came in me. He must be a big cummer because it felt like a lot again. As he softened and slipped out, I flopped down next to him panting. I asked him if the sex was good for him. He said he'd never felt sensations like that and that it was probably the best sex he'd ever had.

I think that this fuck buddy relationship will work out nicely with Michael.

DHMM

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