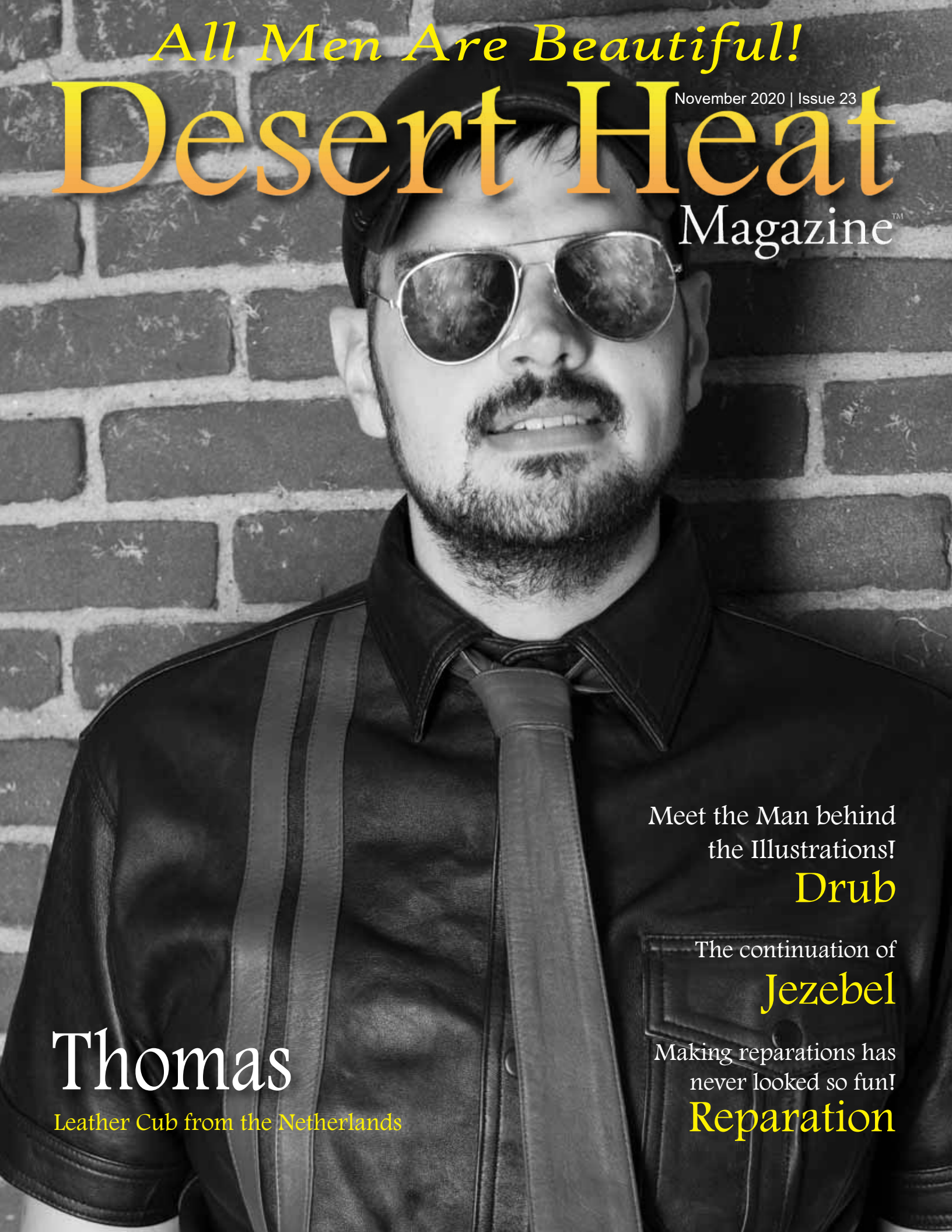


*All Men Are Beautiful!*

# Desert Heat

November 2020 | Issue 23

## Magazine™



Meet the Man behind  
the Illustrations!

**Drub**

The continuation of  
**Jezebel**

Making reparations has  
never looked so fun!

**Reparation**

**Thomas**

*Leather Cub from the Netherlands*

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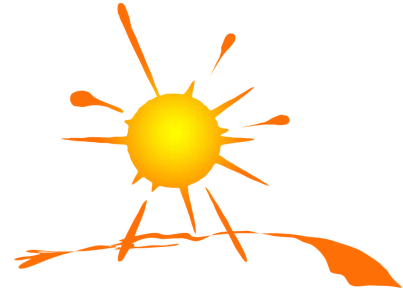
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# MODEL CALL

HAIRY MEN OF ALL SIZES

## DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

IS LOOKING FOR MEN WHO WANT TO SHOW IT OFF!

**GOT WHAT IT TAKES?**

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

# Ramblings From the Editor

Black! That's this month's theme for the Magazine. The creators are never asked to literally interpret the theme, but to give their own spin on it. Their own take.

This month should not disappoint. There is enough variety that everyone should enjoy this Issue, I would think. Some, such as the cover model, are in black and white. Some have produced some beautiful images of some handsome black men. And still others have used some unique interpretations of their take on the theme. There has got to be something in here for just about everyone.

Black is also the way a lot of people are feeling due to the current virus issue plaguing the world. The lack of leadership response to try to get a handle on this virus before it kills more people.

We have all loss, or know someone who has lost, a loved one. The pain, the feeling of helplessness, the agony that those who contracted the virus have had to endure. No one, regardless of political affiliation, should have to go through that agony. We need to wake up as a species and find that deep centered need to help within all of us again. We need to stop listening to the media and leaders who sow discontent and hatred rather than unity and love. We need to stop following religions that teach of bigotry and loathing because of differences rather than embracing those differences and uniting the world, as it should be.

We are all brothers and sisters going through this together. It is not based on beliefs, political or otherwise, when it comes to getting

the virus!!

This bug could care less who you believe in, how much money you have, who you voted for, or who you think you are! It just kills.

Now in the U.S. there is hope, at least we think so, with our recent elections, in getting someone new into the highest office that may do something to start curtailing the spread of this disease. Hopefully, and believe me it is a long shot, there will be unity within the Government, to start working toward eradicating this disease.

If not, it is time to start sending a message to the school yard bullies, the stayed-too-long-In-office politicians. It's time to change the guard there too to ensure the continued prosperity of the United States. The day of the "rich kid getting his way" is coming to a close.

In any event, there is hope, and hope is a powerful thing. Hope can bring about positive change where people are allowed to be who they want to be, to love who they want to love, to believe what they want to believe as long as it does not encroach on others doing the same thing. Hope is what is going to care us through this madness that will persist even after January hits!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*



Images by  
Desert Heat Images

*Thomas*















*Blake sucks hard on Mick's pecs, nibbling a bit with his teeth, this made Mick moan louder. Blake liked that. Blake then starts kissing down Mick's chest, to his belly, Mick's muscles full and tense, his abs flexing through his chub, as Blake continues kissing down Mick's happy trail, making Mick's big body shiver.*

# Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

Blake's walk with Mick back to his apartment was full of tension. The very thought of going back into those abandoned World's Fair grounds filled him with dread. That was the last place he wanted to go back to...but it was the one place he was sure they would find more answers... and if Mick was willing to go back, he felt he had to as well. After all it was Mick who had nearly died back there, protecting Blake. Blake still owed him for that one. He was certain Mick didn't see it that way, and would shrug it off, but Blake wanted to repay Mick somehow. And while the thought of getting to sleep over at Mick's place another night was something he looked forward to, the walk remained silent and anxious. It was still dark, and the streets abandoned, and the thought of what they were going to have to do the next night made Blake feel like he was trapped in a never-ending nightmare.

---

After they had all agreed to look into the World's Fair again, things wrapped up pretty quickly, since everyone was tired. Jane would keep the book Blake had found, and look through it, seeing what she could find pertaining to the Jezebel case, and Charles Newman, while Mick would take the rose with him, and keep it safe.

Jane was able to look at it, and concluded that the blue rose was real, but it was impossible for it to be where Mick and Blake had found it. Mick would deliver the rose to "one certain person" who Jane knew, that could identify for sure where the blue rose had originated. Blake didn't understand why they had to check with this "certain person", it looked real to him, even if blue roses shouldn't exist. After finishing their tea, Jane gave Mick some "proper clothes" and shoes to travel back to his apartment in. Blake still had on his black suit he had taken from one of the guards at the hotel, and said that he didn't need any new clothes. Jane had insisted that she at least give him a new trench-coat, since it was a cold night outside, but Blake insisted back that he didn't need one.

Before leaving Jane's apartment, Mick had asked to have a word in private with her and Charlie. Blake didn't like being kept out of the loop, but figured it must be personal, so he agreed and waited out in the hall. They left the door to the apartment open so Blake could still see them, and they could still keep an eye on him. They spoke in low whispers, but Blake could still make out a few words as he leaned against the wall in the hallway. Something having to do with a "freehold" and "doorways", and Jane asking Mick if they had "crossed". He also heard Charlie mention

something about a “true self” Blake hearing these small bits of dialogue makes his anxiety more intense. The last part of their conversation sounded a little clearer, as Mick asked Jane to give Cassie a hug and kiss from him until he got back, then Mick gave Charlie a big bear hug as well as a kiss on the cheek, then puts his hand on top of his head, ruffling his hair. Mick puts on a new charcoal-grey-colored trench-coat that Jane gave him (she must have carried spares for him) and heads out into the hallway to join Blake, he smiles and waves at him.

“So, you ready to head back to my place, buddy?” asks Mick with a smile.

Blake nods in agreement, despite suspicion from Mick, Jane and Charlie’s little huddle, Blake can’t say “no” or stay mad at Mick with his big goofy dog-like attitude.

“Yeah,” said Blake, “I’m lookin’ forward to relaxin’ a bit after tonight.”

“Me too,” said Mick, winking at Blake and nudging him.

This made Blake smile. Mick put his arm around Blake and they were about to head out, when Blake heard Jane call out behind them.

“Oh, and Mick,” said Jane loudly.

Mick and Blake turn around.

“Remember, Mick, you’re still healing...so no heavy lifting...or...any other extraneous activity you two,” says Jane.

“Extraneous activity?” asks Mick, “What kind of extraneous activity would we...Oh...” said Mick, as Jane gave both him and Blake a look. Both Mick and Blake look at each other, then away, blushing. She knew. “Oh, that,” said Mick, rubbing the back of his neck. Blake nervously chuckles out loud like he was caught in the act.

Charlie looks over at Jane with a confused look on his face, “They’re not going out investigating again Jane.” Right as Charlie said that, a wave of realization struck him, the look on his face looked like he was a deer caught in the headlights.

Jane lets out a sigh of exasperation, “At least we’re on the same page now; go get some sleep you two.”

“Thanks, you too, Janey,” says Mick. “And you as well, Charlie.” He winks to both Jane and Charlie.

“Yeah...” says Jane, with a yawn, “If Cassie

can stay asleep for a few more hours that is, I might be able to get a few winks...”

“Don’t worry about that Jane, I’ll take care of her if she wakes up,” says Charlie, gently patting her back.

“Ah, thanks Charlie,” said Jane, now seeming like she was ready for bed as well, “Anyway, you guys, see you later. Stay safe.”

“Will do,” said Mick, and with that he looks at Blake, “Shall we get goin’, bud?”

“Sure,” says Blake, and he waves goodbye to Jane and Charlie, “See you guys later.”

Jane and Charlie wave to Blake and Mick, then shut the apartment door. Blake can hear it lock behind them, as Mick leads the way to the “EXIT” door to the stairwell, he was happy they weren’t taking the elevator again.

“Hope you don’t mind the stairs, buddy,” said Mick, “I wouldn’t get back on that rickety old elevator if I was dragged into it.”

“No, not at all,” said Blake, “I was thinking the same thing.”

Mick laughed, so did Blake, and they took the stairs down three floors down to the lobby.

As cozy and warm as the apartment was, the halls and stairwell in this building were as equally cold and forbidding. Blake and Mick felt the cold breeze as they walk down the stairwells with Mick leading the way down, the stairwell walls were exposed brick with dimly lit light fixtures and open air ducts above. Still better looking than the drearily green wallpaper of the hallways before entering Jane’s unit. After the three sets of stairs the men arrived on the ground floor back into the lobby of the apartment. Looking out to the windows, the night sky still remained with the stars scattered above the city scape. Mick pushes the main lobby door open and inhales the night air, and lets out a deep sigh while exhaling.

“Man what a night,” says Blake stretching his arms upward, he yawns right afterwards.

Under the light post, Mick notices something smoldering on the sidewalk and sniffs the air again.

“Wait,” said Mick.

Blake looks at Mick, still stretching.

“What is it?” asks Blake.

Mick looks both ways, as if looking for someone specifically, sniffing the cold night air madly like a dog. His eyes are wide open, looking

into the darkness, like a wild animal. He didn't respond directly to Blake, but was murmuring to himself under his breath.

"Is it...?" Mick muttered, looking around frantically, as if looking for a long lost friend, "... No...Nah...it couldn't be."

"Mick?" asks Blake.

Mick walks over to the lamp post and sees a smashed cigarette on the sidewalk and picks it up.

"Still warm," says Mick to himself. He then holds it tightly in his hand, then closes his eyes, and sniffs. His eyes open immediately, looking worried. "No...No way..." says Mick. To Blake, Mick's eyes got so wide Blake thought he might cry.

"What is it?" asks Blake, looking worried about him.

"It's nothing!" Mick flicks the cigarette butt away and walks off with Blake trying to catch up. For someone who had stitched and bandages Mick seemed to be doing fine physically, mentally he seems to be sharp, but he seemed to be fighting back some strong emotions. Mick seemed hurt, the way he snapped at Blake when he asked. Who or what did he think was there? Blake thought it was best not to ask just yet. They had both been through a lot tonight. Blake stayed quiet most of the way back, as both he and Mick had suddenly become unusually tense.

---

As they neared Mick's apartment the tension finally seemed to loosen, a sense of relief that this long night, one of the longest nights in Blake's recent memory, was finally about to come to a close. Blake suddenly was no longer thinking of the dread of re-entering the abandoned World's Fair again, or about what was bothering Mick so much, but of the thought of sharing a nice warm bed with his new buddy, and finally getting some rest. Mick seemed to ease up as well, as he finally spoke, patting Blake's back.

"Well, let's get you bed buddy!" says Mick, "And we can finally get out of these clothes he says with a wink.

"Sounds wonderful, I'm beat!" says Blake. Even with everything that happened tonight, Blake couldn't help but smile at Mick, thinking about them in bed together.

Mick leads the way into the apartment building, just as the sky was turning from an inky black to a deep indigo, and up to his floor. Mick and Blake reach the apartment door, as Mick suddenly realizes he's missing his key.

"Uh...this is embarrassing, ahaha..." Mick laughs, awkwardly.

"You mean we're locked out?" asks Blake.

"Yeah, I must have dropped it back when we changed clothes with those bodyguards back there, outside the hotel," said Mick.

"Oh...that's..." Blake didn't know what to say, he was now so tired he couldn't think of waiting here until the apartment landlord was up so they could get a spare key. "That's terrible..." said Blake.

Mick then smirked again, and gave Blake a grin.

"I'm just kidding, buddy," said Mick, he held up a spare key, "I always carry a spare in my wallet.

Mick let out a hearty laugh, Blake looked exhausted.

"Please don't do that again," said Blake, "Not after the kind of night we've had."

"Oh...sorry buddy," said Mick, innocently.

Blake let out a suppressed chuckle.

"That's fine man, I'm just really tired."

"Yeah, me too, buddy," said Mick.

He unlocks the apartment door.

Blake and Mick enter Mick's apartment and lock the door. Even though they were both tired, once inside, they both exchanged the same look and smile. Blake knew they had both been thinking it in the back of their mind all day. As Mick started taking off his clothes, Blake assisted with his trench coat then Mick turns around to face Blake and pants him a kiss. Pushing

Blake up against the wall, Blake starts to kiss back open mouthed while he tries to take off his coat as Mick unbuttons his shirt. Blake kisses back hungrily, he had been wanting this all day, ever since that morning. Blake pushes Mick up against the wall, and Mick groans, which Blake liked a lot, until he realized it was about his back.

"Aghhh...." Mick groaned in pain. "I forgot, Janey warned me not to do any extraneous activity." Mick says with a laugh. "I guess no heavy

*Continued on page 44*



# Shaun

Photography by George







Shaun





Shaun









# All Things DRUB

person in the history of my family to ever go to college. I've been nearly homeless, unemployed, a punk, a lover of altered states, a SHARP skinhead, a gardener, and a boxer. I've been to the Tom of Finland house and been invited to the exclusive Hellfire event, and to Mr. International Rubber. I've been a featured artist at the Seattle Erotic Art Festival and I had my first international show in the Netherlands at age 30.

If you caught the October 2020 issue, you may have caught a glimpse of me and many of my pieces that I thought would work within these pages filled with naturally hot beautiful men. For those of you not familiar with me, I'm an erotic illustrator and artist with a 30 year career bringing men's fantasies to life. When I started putting my work out there, I was told by the establishment that there was no place for me and I didn't know what I was talking about. In art school, I was told I was limiting myself by doing gay subject matter. I've been repeatedly told by those who lack the imagination, that I belong in a nice neat box, or worse, marginalized completely. Fuck that! I'll do as I please. I'm currently working on a coffee table book of my collected work, stories, and more.

For me, erotic art is more than just entertainment. It is an expression of our authentic life-force. It is sacred, spiritual, and political. Erotic art demands freedom and to that end, my art is fiercely anti-fascist. To create queer erotic art is to insist that queer forms of sexuality deserve equal respect with straight, procreative, sex and, by extension, demands equality for all races and socio-economic classes.

More about that in the months to come. For now, I hope you enjoy this issue and that it inspires you to love yourself and to love others in all our complex, organic, and dirty beauty.

Stay safe,  
Drub

I live in San Diego, California with my wonderfully talented and sexy domestic partner, our housemate and his two gorgeous cats. My previous long-term partner passed away a few years ago and that loss triggered a spiritual journey. At the time I was a lapsed Catholic / Atheist but the experiences I've had these last few years have led me to explore, magic, paganism, Unnamed Path (a shamanic tradition for queer men) and the great goddess of magic and more: Hecate.

I was raised in a working class family that sacrificed a lot to get me into art school. Heck, I'm the first







DHM Fan ~ Anthony



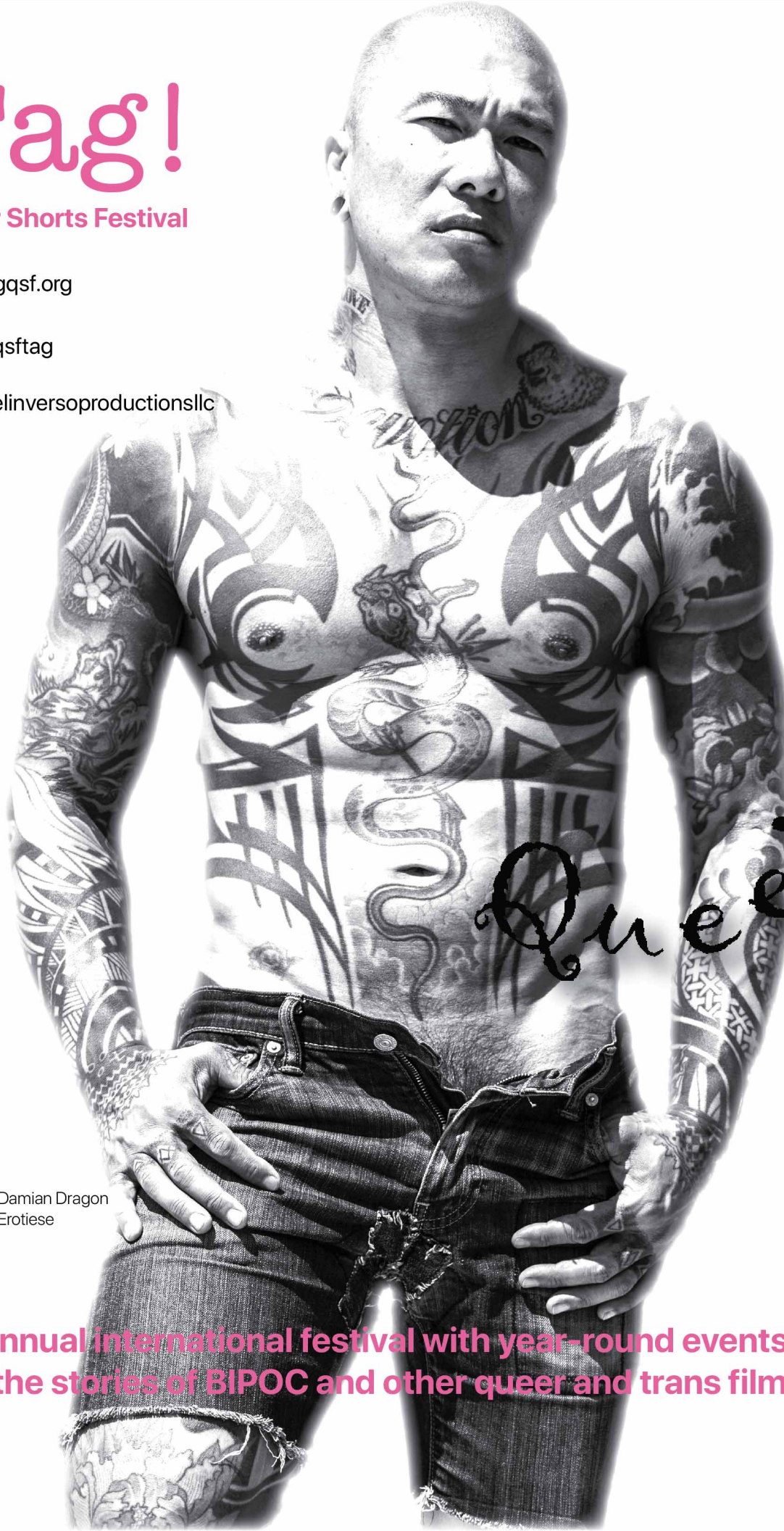
# Tag!

Queer Shorts Festival

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*Queer Erotica*

## PART DEUX

November 27-29, 2020

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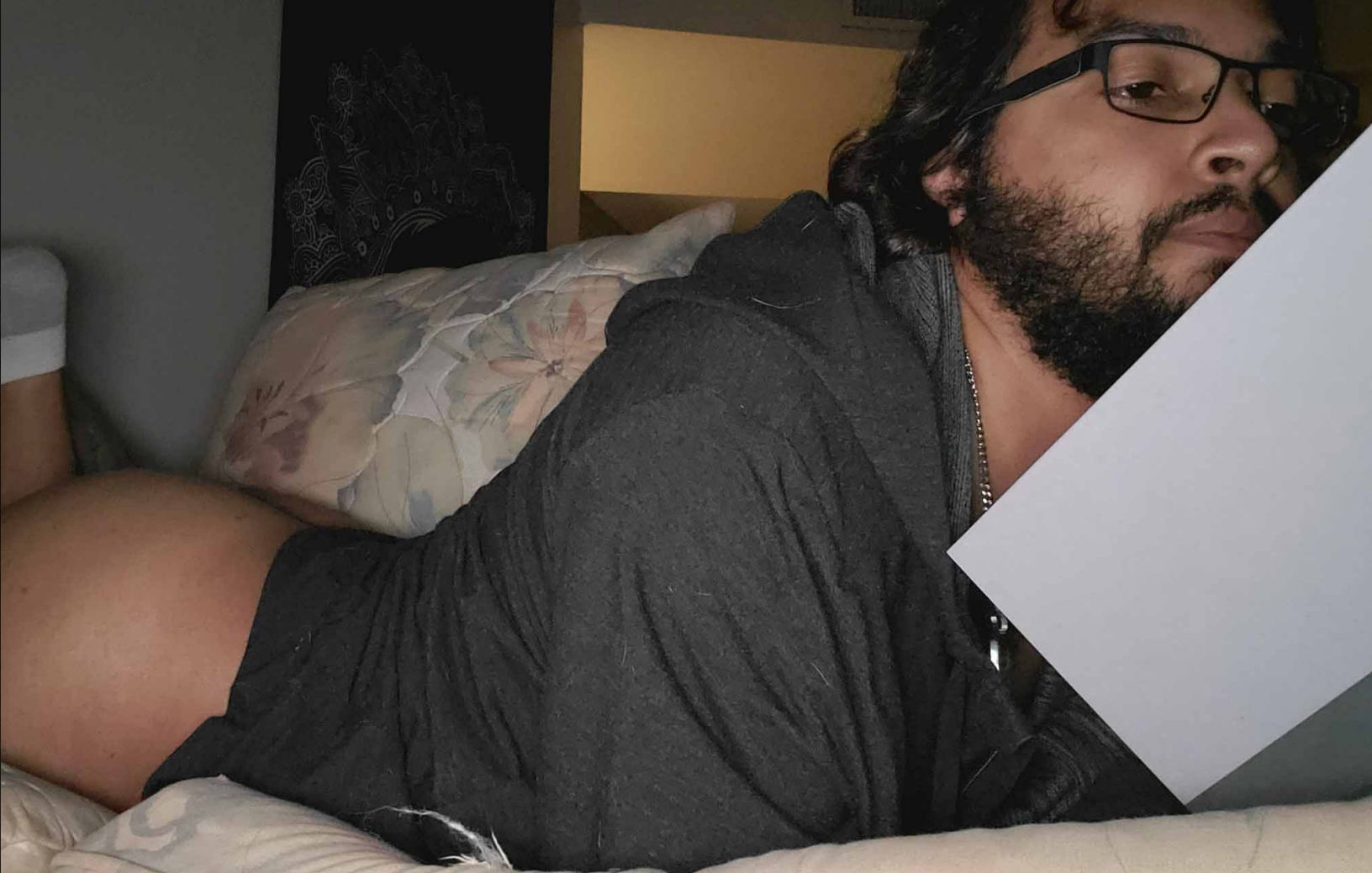
An annual international festival with year-round events celebrating the stories of BIPOC and other queer and trans filmmakers.

# Charlie Foxleigh



Images by  
Charlie Foxleigh









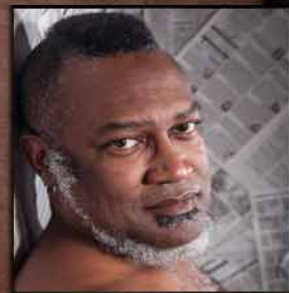




# DE



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# Meet Charlie Dey

Interview by Malcolm Jon

*Charlie Dey describes himself as an artist of macabre, witchy, and nerdy creations. All of which makes him the perfect fit for this Magazine! Some of his interests, outside his art, include painting, crafting, seamstressing, faux taxidermy, and witchcraft.*

*Malcolm Jon sat down with Charlie and asked him the questions we all want to know about!*

**Charlie, can you tell us a little bit about yourself? What was your childhood like?**

I was born in Guam where my father was stationed in the US Navy. It was my father, mother, older sister, and I. We moved to California when I was two and then moved to the small town of Odessa, Florida when I was 10. I was raised in a southern military family, where we lived on an acre of land with an orange grove and garden. Moving to Florida, we were around my dad's family a lot, my sister and I learned the ropes of what it is to be southern real fast. The culture, the cooking, the sayings, and picking up a bit of the accent.

Things became more difficult as I got into middle school, that is when I realized I was gay. I had to hide being gay from everyone, my fear was being disowned, or possibly sent to a military school. My time from middle school until I moved out at 19 was rough. My father and I had many ups and downs, but as I got older, our relationship got better.



**When did you get into witchcraft? How has that made you who you are today?**

I first got into witchcraft like a lot of people from my generation, watching films like *The Craft*, *Hocus Pocus*, and *Practical Magic*. My best friend Gina

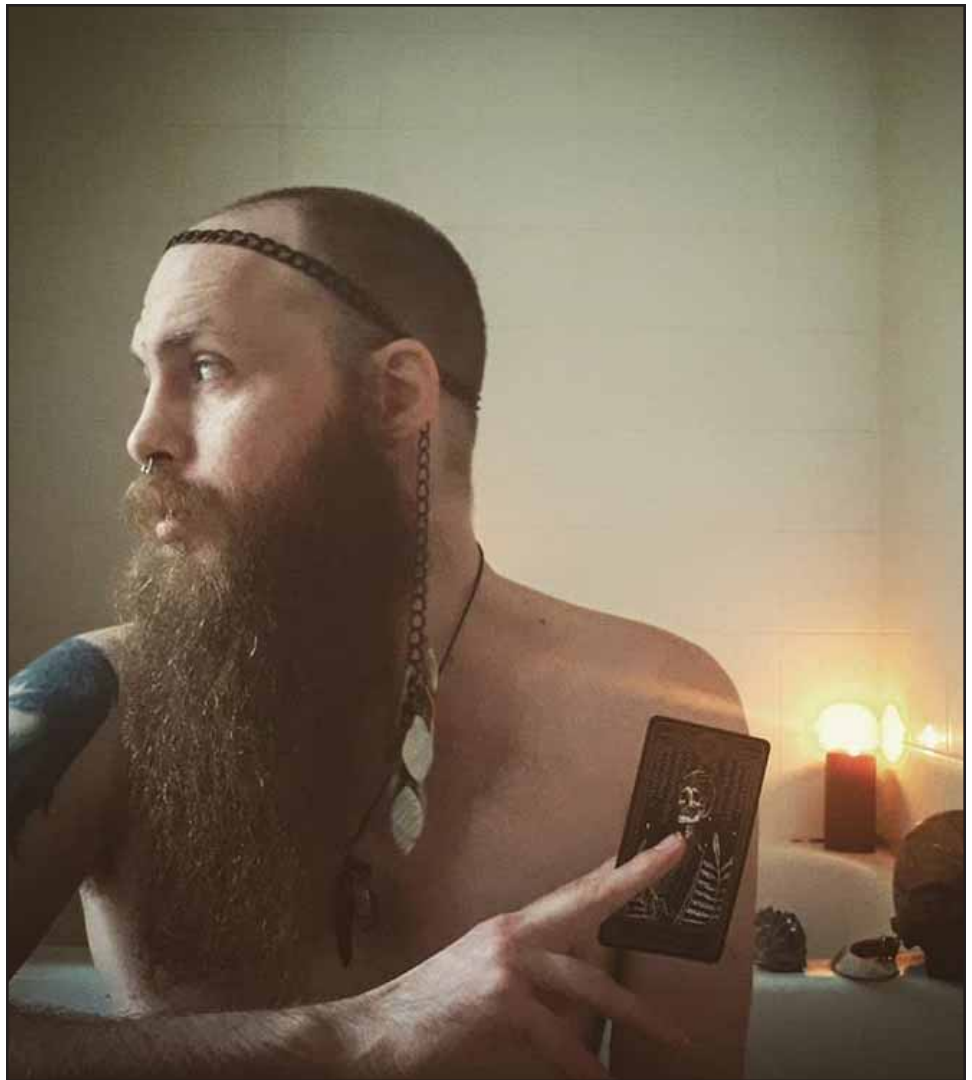
and I started reading books when we were in middle school. It wasn't until I was 23 when I dove into deep learning and immersing witchcraft into my daily life. Witchcraft has been a life changer and has saved me in many ways. It helped me learn more about various spiritual paths and the cultures they derive from. It also allowed me to figure out a lot about myself and work through a lot of my depression and anxiety that I have dealt with my whole life. Everything just clicked together beautifully.

**Do you believe that you are still on a journey and do you have a direction where you would like to be headed?**

I am someone who believes that spirituality, regardless of what your beliefs are, is a constant journey. I think anyone who says that they have mastered it and reached an end is preventing themselves from the growth process. We are constantly growing in so many ways as people, your spiritual journey is no different. As we grow, so do our beliefs and the way we see and interact with the world. I want to continue to be a sponge and learn what I can from the many beautiful beliefs in this world and see how that evolves with time.

**In our messaging back and forth you mentioned that being more in tune with your spiritual side saved you in a lot of ways, and you are a survivor of abuse could you talk to us about that?**

About 11 years ago, my father was diagnosed with Pancreatitis and was in the I.C.U. for a year before he eventually passed away. A month after my father was in the hospital, I met my now ex-



boyfriend and, we began a relationship. With everything going on with my dad, I was trying to be strong for my family. I was hopeful that I found someone that I could lean on and be vulnerable around. That was true for about two months. My ex was a recovering addict who relapsed and began abusing drugs behind my back. That became the start of everything changing. During that year he would emotionally abuse me with very vile words, attacking my physical appearance and also breaking me down and isolating me from all my friends. He would sometimes get physical with me while we slept in the same bed. I'm an affectionate person in my sleep, I tend to hold a pillow or partner for comfort. I woke up many nights to being shoved, slapped, and even hit because I woke him up by putting my arm around him in my sleep.

*Continued on pg 54*

Images by **Javier A Lara**



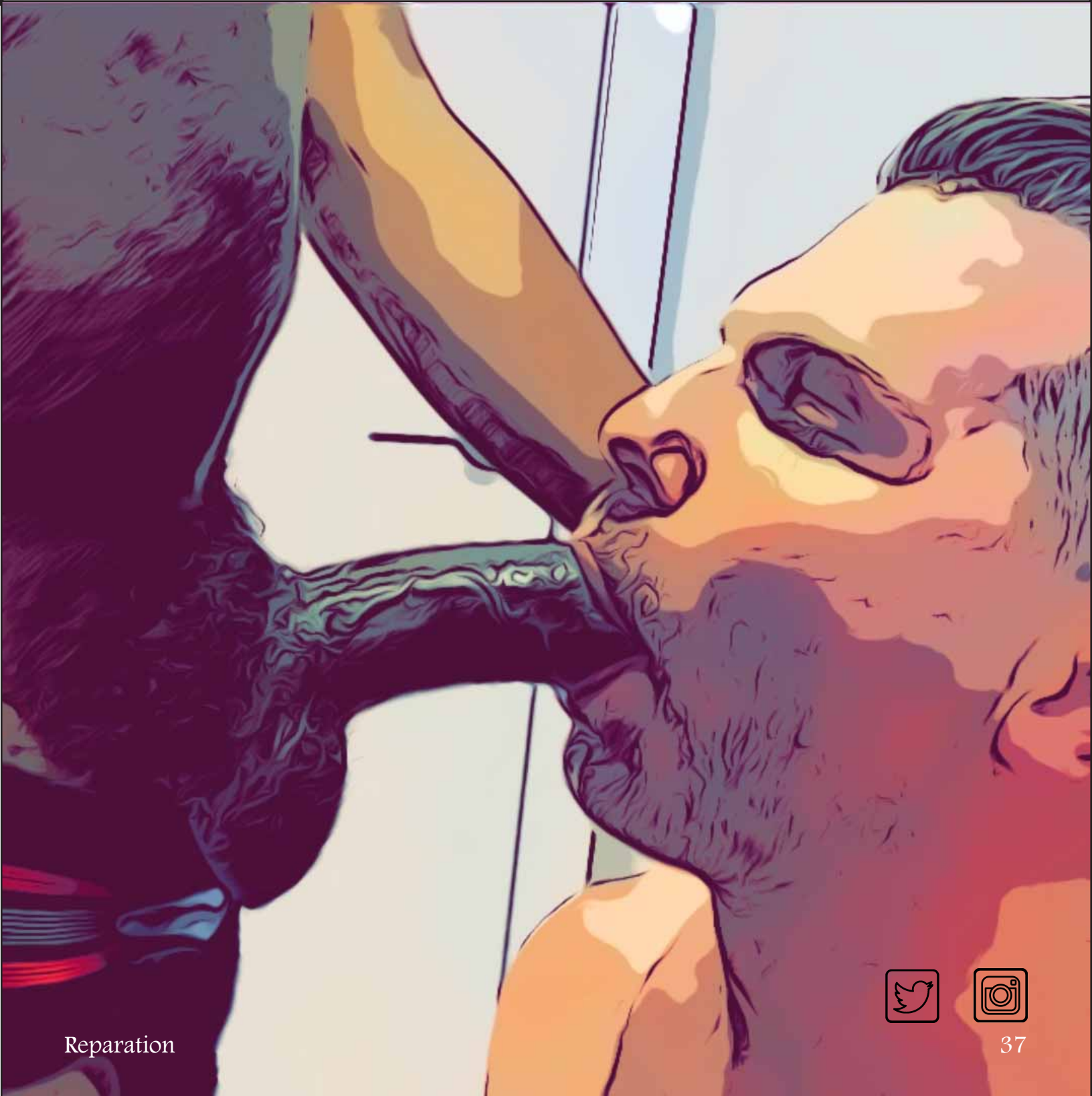
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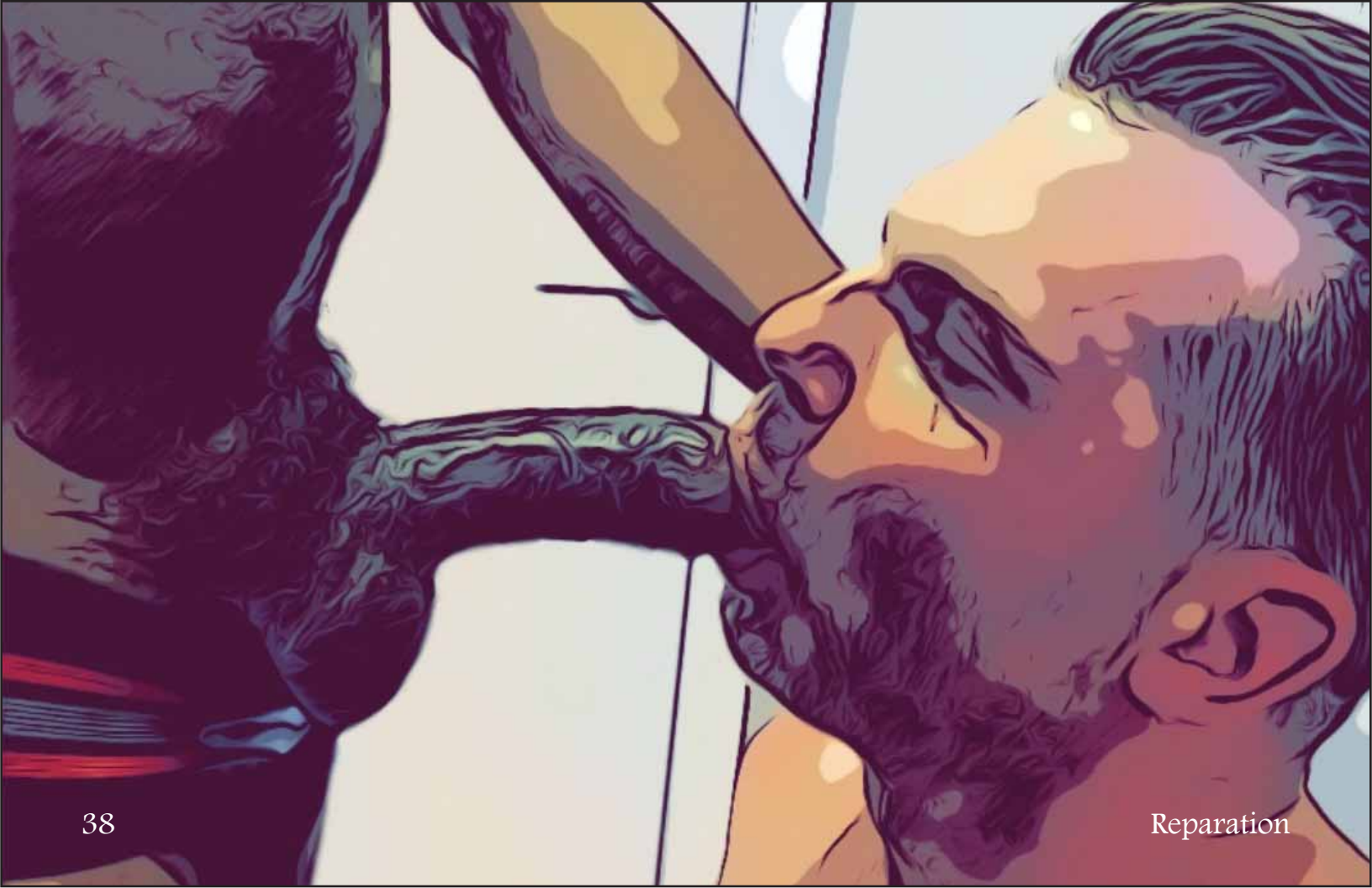
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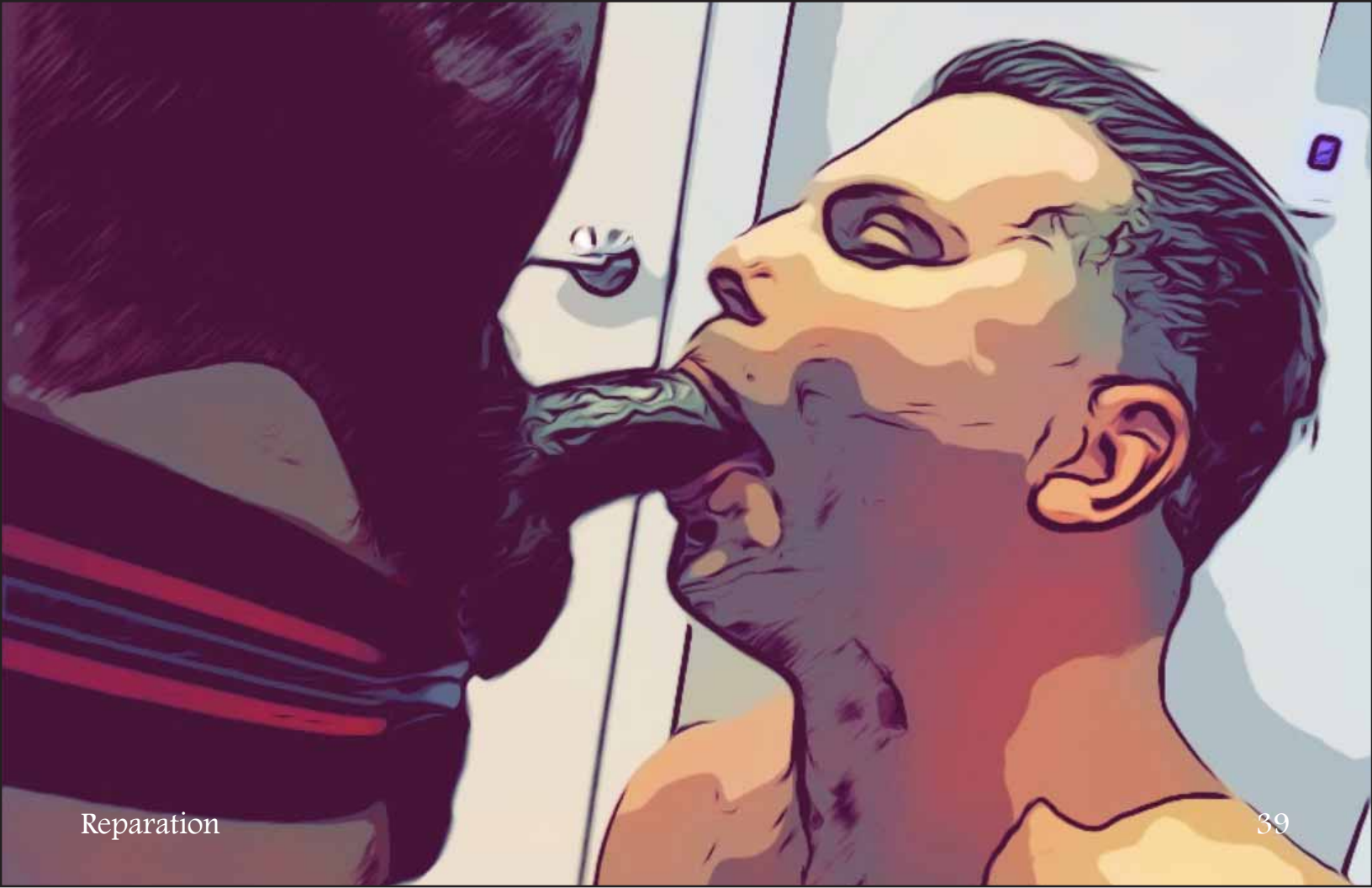
# Jawn



A white man kneels to ask the black man for forgiveness for the years of abuse, injustice, and racism...



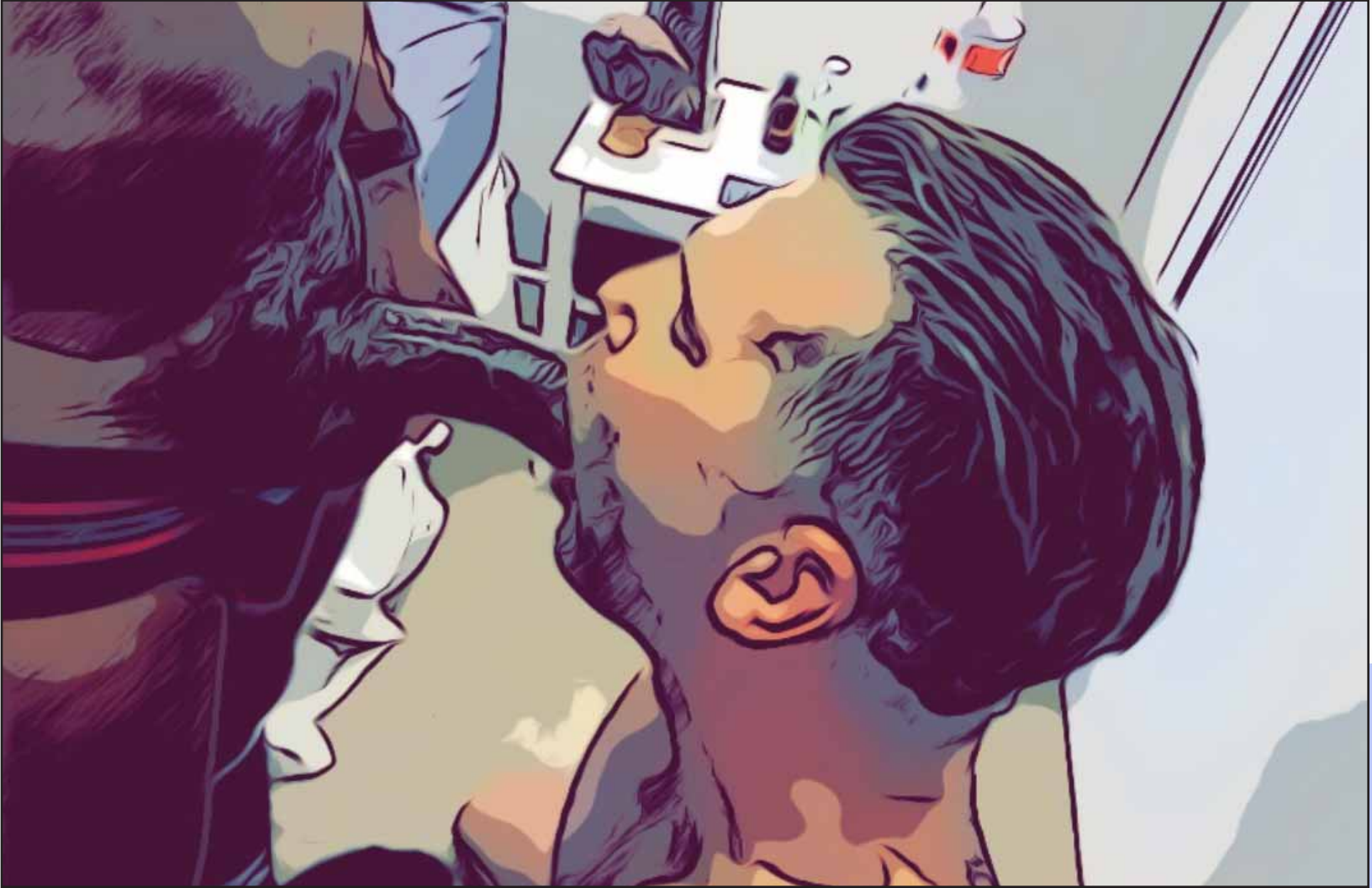












Injustice can be repaired in different ways.



# ARKTOS PHOTOGRAPHY

*images of the male physique*

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lifting for this big boy tonight,” Mick sounds disappointed.

Blake still smiles, slyly, at Mick.

“Well, then, I guess I’ll have to do all the work,” says Blake, he winks at Mick.

“Ah, buddy, you don’t have to...”

Blake silences Mick with another kiss, Mick groans deeply.

Their kiss breaks.

Blake rubs his bearded cheek against Mick’s, then looks Mick in the eyes.

“Come on man, let me take control,” says Blake, his eyes full of a wild fire.

Mick said nothing, too turned on for words, and nodded, both his and Blake’s big dicks were both raging hard and pressing together through their pants. Blake kisses Mick again, and his kisses back. Blake unbuttons Mick’s shirt, exposing his big chest, then starts to kiss down Mick’s face and neck, to his chest. Mick groans as Blake continues to kiss Mick’s neck as he goes downward towards his chest. Blake kisses down his big pecs, then licks. Mick sighs deeply, he liked having his chest played with. Blake starts to focus licking on Mick’s nipples, Blake’s tongue slowly starts over the nipple then pushes into Mick’s nipple. Mick growls deeply like an animal.

“Ah, yeah, buddy...” groans Mick, his mind melting.

Blake sucks hard on Mick’s pecs, nibbling a bit with his teeth, this made Mick moan louder. Blake liked that. Blake then starts kissing down Mick’s chest, to his belly, Mick’s muscles full and tense, his abs flexing through his chub, as Blake continues kissing down Mick’s happy trail, making Mick’s big body shiver. Blake rubs the big package of Mick’s boner in his pants, groping the hard bulge, the size of a large banana, outlined in his black pants, cupping his big balls in his palm. Mick’s big dick looked like it was barely being kept inside his pants, ready to break through them. Blake couldn’t wait anymore. He felt addicted to this big boy’s cock, like some people were addicted to cigarettes. He unbuttons Mick’s pants, then wrapped his hands around his waist, feeling Mick’s enormous, muscular bubble butt in the process, grabbing the sides of his pants. Blake pulls (rips) Mick’s pants down quickly, impatient to see his

dick, but as he does, Mick’s hard dick, which had been held tightly back by the pants, swings out, as the pants go down, like being propelled by a slingshot, slapping Blake hard in the face. It was so big and hard it actually hurt.

“Uh, god, I’m so sorry,” said Mick, still aroused, mid-moan, but feeling embarrassed that his boner hit Blake again, “It happened again...ah, you alright buddy.”

Mick’s boner was still swinging back and forth, after hitting Blake’s face, making his big round balls underneath it jiggle. Mick looked so embarrassed, yet so turned on at the same time, like a big puppy. Blake laughed.

“It’s fine man,” said Blake, still laughing. “Man, you’re amazing you know that?” Blake was suddenly smitten intensely by this big bear of a man who had saved his life. He was so badass, to Blake, what he had seen him capable of, and at the same time was so cute, like a big teddy bear.

“Um...I am?” asked Mick, innocently, scratching his beard.

This made Blake laugh again.

“You’re cute,” said Blake, still smitten, blood rushing to his head, and hot in his pants. “But I want to see more of the dangerous (wild) side you’re hidin’,” says Blake. Blake’s own words almost surprised him, but he didn’t care. He wanted this big beast of a man, all of him. He felt a wild side inside himself being released, just by being with him.

“Uh...” Mick looked dumbfounded for a moment. Blake couldn’t take that adorable look anymore.

Before Mick could speak, Blake grabbed his big hard cock and started sucking, this made Mick lean back and moaning out loud. Mick places his hand on top of Blake’s hair as he hungry sucks away at Mick’s wet hard dick. Blake groans, taking Mick’s dick deep into his mouth and the back of his throat. His mouth went all the way to the the base of Mick’s shaft, taking his cock almost all the way to balls. Blake almost choked, as Mick’s cock was big both in length and girth, but continued sucking. He didn’t want to let go of it. He wanted Mick to use his mouth, to use any part of his body he wanted. He felt this urge not only out of gratitude, but almost a wild craving for Mick’s manhood. A primal hunger. Blake couldn’t explain it. To Blake’s delight, Mick seemed to know what he wanted and began

to push (press) Blake's head toward him, forcefully, then, back, in motion with Blake's sucking, like Mick was fucking his mouth. Mick groaned deeply as he started thrusting his hips (trying not to move his upper back much, leaning against the wall) in motion with Blake's head movements, grabbing on to his hair. Blake was surprised Mick was giving in to his wild side so quickly, he was almost choking him with his dick, but wouldn't stop thrusting and pushing his head up and down on his dick...but he loved it. Blake groaned in approval as Mick smiled down at him, grin that wild animalistic grin of his, growling with a chuckle, impressed at how Blake was taking him. By the spark in Mick's eyes, Mick was ready to see how much of him he could take. He was about to get a bit rougher, Blake was ready. Mick grabs Blake's hair and starts thrusting his rock hard cock into Blake's mouth at a faster pace, Blake tries to keep up his pace, trying to suck Mick's cock as fast as Mick was pumping it in his mouth. Mick laughs, chuckling deeply, completely enjoying himself, thrusting his hips faster. Blake almost couldn't breathe, his mouth and throat filled with Mick's hot, wet throbbing cock, which was hitting the back of his throat no, but he didn't want to stop and lose the momentum. Blake keeps sucking while Mick fuck's his mouth, feeling it grow hotter inside his mouth, Mick's deep grunting growing louder and deeper, almost about to cum, but Mick grabs a hold of Blake's shoulders and pushes him away.

Mick pulls Blake off his dick, and it pops out, still long, hot, hard and thick, sticking out into the air, sticky and dripping with Blake's drool and his own precum. Mick's dick and balls were both throbbing, wanting to more.

Mick breathes heavily, his big chest rising up and down, looking at Blake like he was about to lose control, or afraid to. Blake looks at him, wondering if he stopped him because his back was hurting, but that wasn't what his eyes were saying.

Mick looks down at Blake, looking unable to control his own lust, no longer looking gentle, but his eyes burning with fire. His dick hard, wet, covered in Blake's drool, hanging inches from his open mouth. Mick huffs in and out of his nose like a snorting bull.

"You want to ride me, Blake?" asks Mick

Blake looks up at Mick, his eyes burning with the same lust.

"Hell yeah," said Blake. He wipes the drool and pre-cum off his face with the back of his hand.

"Just to warn ya, I can get rough," said Mick.

"I'm ready," said Blake, "Let's just do it." Blake couldn't wait anymore.

Mick, grins again, then chuckles. He liked Blake's attitude.

---

Blake and Mick are naked on the bed. Mick on his back, and Blake squatting down over him. The head of Mick's dick slides in, up into Blake's asshole, Blake groans. He moves up and down on Mick's dick, riding him, Mick has his hands behind his head, big arms up, groaning in both pain from his back and pleasure as Blake rides him like a champ, taking him all in, causing his body and the entire bed to bounce. Mick can't help but to thrust up into Blake's fine, tight ass, his big dick thrusting in his hole with squishing sound, and his ball slapping against Blake's ass cheeks. They both look at each other intensely, then smile, in a bonding moment, and Blake grabs hold of Mick's big pecs, and bounced his ass up and down as Mick thrust his hips upward, keeping his back and upper body as still as possible, riding Mick like a cowboy on a bull. Mick loved breaking in Blake's tight ass, and soon his big beefy legs tensed up on the bed, toes curling as his thrusting grew heavier and faster. Blake felt like he was going to break, the line of pain and pleasure blurring, but he wanted Mick to break him. His brain off. He wanted Mick's dick to completely take him over from the inside, and pump his seed deep into him, making him his. This deep instinctual wish was against all of Blake's logic, but he knew, somehow, this was what he wanted. Mick starts thrusting harder into Blake as they fuck, Blake keeping his movements in time with Mick's thrusts, feeling his dick grow hotter in him, hitting a spot deep in his ass. Blake grips Mick's chest tighter, eyes on Mick's who was looking at him, grinning more like an animal, Blake loved that look he was giving. He was getting close. Mick thrust faster and harder with his hips, his big body bouncing Blake up and down. Blake held on, his eyes, which were on Mick, shutting, taking in the intensity how hard Mick was fucking him. Blake felt like Mick's dick thrusting inside him

*Continued on page 65*



# Fraenky

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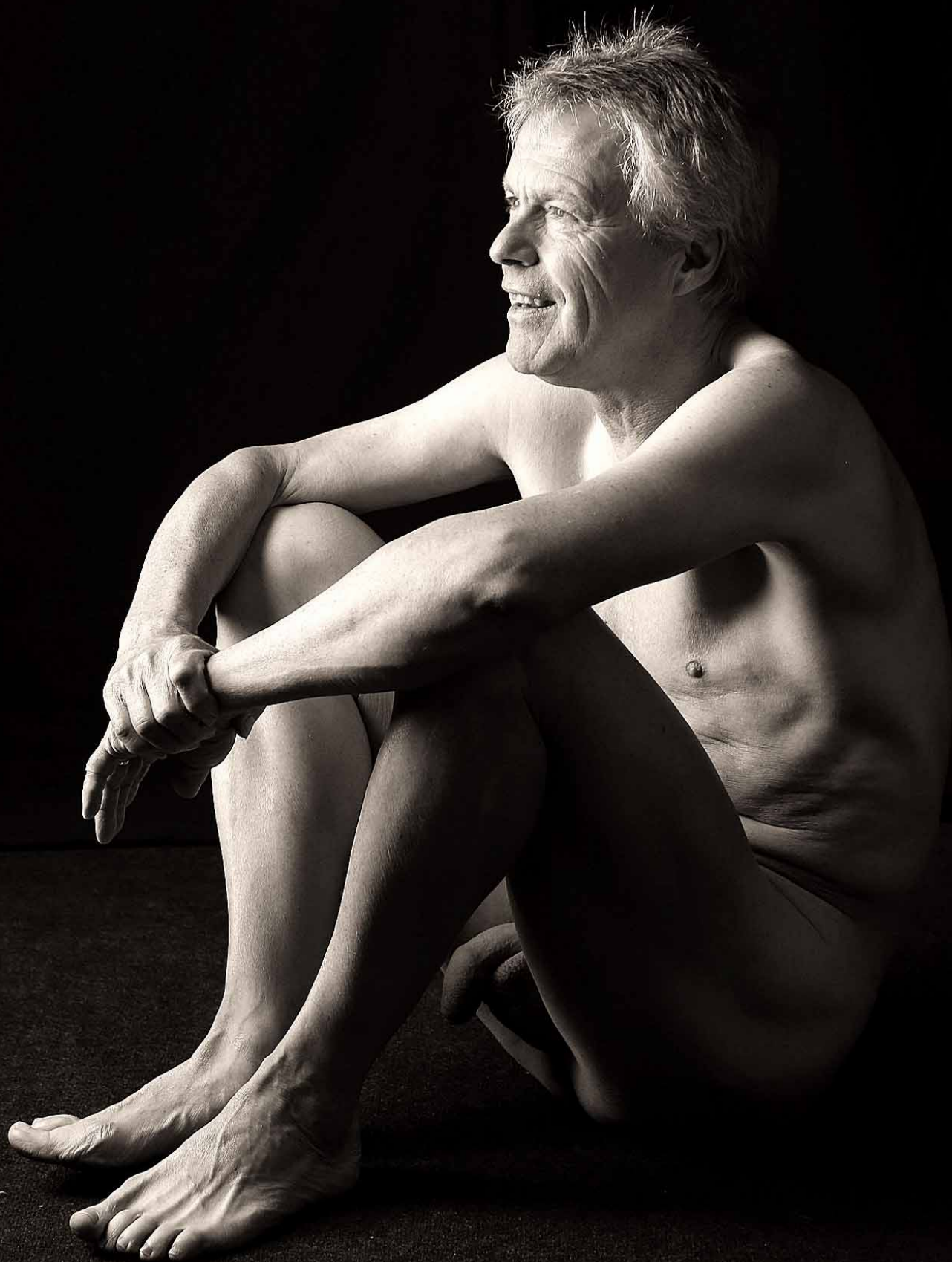












# WHO WAS I SLEEPING NEXT TO, ANYWAY?

Story by u/Whats\_A\_BeeJay

I was in high school, at a wilderness training thing where we were staying overnight. I don't remember much about the training stuff, but it was teen-level stuff, not too tough.

But I was tired, and looking forward to sleep.

We were sleeping in a cabin, but it was just four walls and a roof. There were air mattresses, but they were large, not singles, and they were lined up, right next to each other up each side of the cabin, so we were all sleeping side-by-side on what was really just a wide 'bed'. Maybe 4 or 5 kids up each side.

I crashed hard, and fell asleep fast.

At some point in the night, I awoke. I was on my side, and there was someone directly behind me, so close that I could feel the warmth on my back, and I quickly realized that I could also feel something warm pressing the back of my thighs, right under my butt cheeks - and it was slowly pulsing.

I was a normal, horny teen, very easily turned on, but also tired as hell. But as I realized that there was someone dry-humping my ass cheeks, my own cock began to rise.

The movement behind me was subtle, but I pushed back just slightly a few times, and the movement behind me increased. Once we got into a rhythm, I lifted and opened my leg ever so slightly, so the prodding slid between my upper thighs. I felt a hand on my hip, and the pushing intensified such that the dry humping was pushing between my legs, against my perineum and the back of my balls.

Of course, my cock was as hard as a rock. I'd never done anything like this, and now someone was basically using my ass cheeks as a fleshlight. I reached down between my legs, and lifted the cock up against my balls each time it pressed through, helping the masturbatory effort. The thrusting slowed, but the strokes became longer, and I could feel the soft grinding against my ass each time he drove his cock forward. The cock felt

smooth and hot, hard and soft. I pulled it into me to increase the pressure both for me and for him.

He moved his hand from my hip, and reached around to my cock, which hadn't any direct stimulation yet, but was aching for attention. He took a light, soft grip, and slowly started to stroke in time with his own thrusts. I closed my eyes - not that there was anything to see in the dark - and enjoyed the sensation. The combination of the gentle pressure against my ass and the stroking of my erection was heavenly. It was clearly working for my rear gunner, because he started to groan and the thrusting got jerky and he grunted in my ear as he thrust and I felt him shoot a hot load of cum into my balls and hand, and over my thighs.

I held his cock between my legs and with my hand, feeling the load he had just released provide some lubrication as his thrusting had stopped, but I was pushing back now, my thrusts were both fucking his hand, but also sliding my ass back into him, sliding his cock between my legs. It was hot, and I could feel my own orgasm building. He seemed to know exactly the right grip to use, and as my body passed the point of no return, we both knew it was coming.

My breathing changed, and my body spasms uncontrollable as the colours flashed in my eyes and my climax rolled over my body, cum spraying from me as he continued to stroke me steadily throughout.

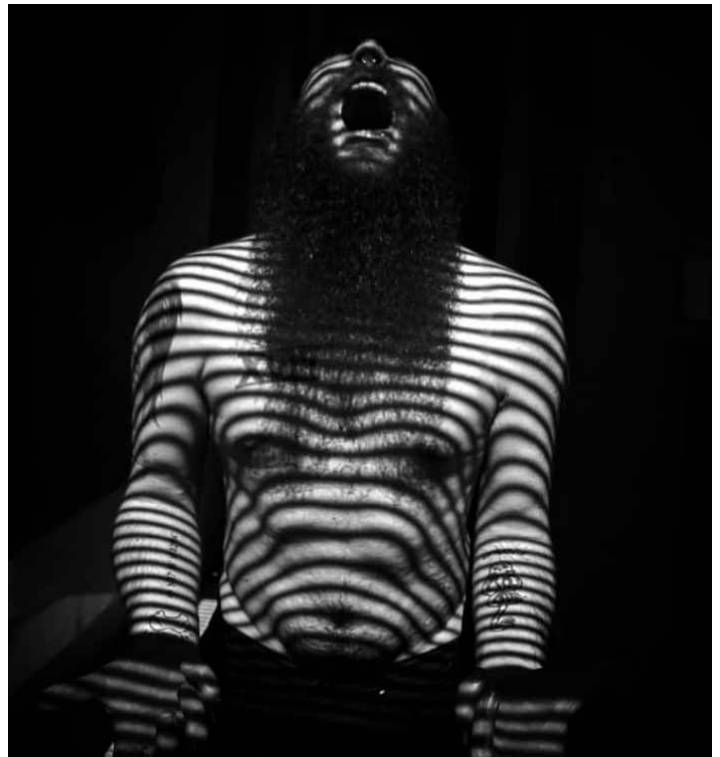
With a start, I sat upright in bed, once again confused and disoriented. I looked down at myself, covered in semen, my cock still hard and pulsing, some cum still oozing from the tip. Beside me, my wife of 8 years was asleep; the moon shone through the window.

I walked to the bathroom, trying not to drip cum on the floor, and cleaned myself up as I tried to recall parts of the image that was, only moments ago, so real.

My adult wet dreams could be so much better than the ones I had as a teen.

He also spent the entire relationship cheating on me and messaging photos to other men online. I always suspected, but if I tried to confront him, he would easily manipulate the situation where I thought I was crazy.

I was with him until about a week before my dad died when I finally got the strength and courage to end it. I've been asked, "why would you stay with someone like that" or "I would never put up with that." Those statements make me sad because it makes me feel like those people are blaming the victim without asking the proper questions about the abuser. I was 22 when I got into that relationship, I was not the most emotionally stable person because I hadn't taken the time to work on issues from my childhood. My ex saw an easy target and knew exactly how to tear me down, which he did repeatedly. He broke me in ways I have never felt before. I walked away from that relationship with PTSD and a truckload



of baggage. A week after that, my father died, I was devastated.

**If you had one thing to say to someone who was experiencing abuse what would that be?**

I think that's a big question to answer. Everyone who has or is experiencing abuse varies greatly. However, if I could give any advice, it would be, never remain silent and listen to your instincts. That is easier said than done. Abusive people find ways to control their partners with fear, psychological, and physical warfare. That's a storm of chaos that is hard to get out of. It has been ten years since that relationship, and although I've worked through 90% of those issues, I still have the damage and scars. Every day I am working on healing myself. Even when the abuse ends, the journey to being healed is a long one. If you work hard, it becomes easier to heal and live.

**I love the picture on your Instagram where you are dressed up as Harley Quinn, who is your favorite comic book or movie character and why?**

Thank you! I'm a huge, proud nerd. I've been

Charlie Dey



collecting comics since I was eight years old and have always loved strong female characters. I think this question is a good transition from the last. Harley Quinn has always been a favorite of mine since I was a kid. I have always seen myself in her, being energetic, quirky, and admittedly I'm a bit of an airhead at times. What I didn't know was how that would continue to parallel as I got older. She was a victim of abuse for a long time and eventually was able to learn the courage to walk away. I think my love for her grew even more after my relationship ended and, having experienced someone highly abusive. She will forever hold that special place in my heart.

**You do a lot of self portraits on your Instagram account which are amazing, what got you started doing them and what inspires you?**

When the pandemic started, I went into quarantine, as my mother and I are both immunocompromised. So like the rest of the world, I suddenly had nothing but downtime. Since that abusive relationship, I've had a very negative relationship with my body and appearance. I've always been critical of myself and never dared want to have my body shown, let alone on social media. I took the opportunity of all this downtime to start working on that. I started to do art modeling first as a way to privately ease myself into it, and then I began to take more artistic photos of myself and started to post those. It became such a healing thing for me. Sure, compliments from people are incredibly flattering and reassuring, but the freedom and self-love I've learned is the most beautiful thing. Being able to feel any confidence has been ten years in the making. I still have a journey ahead of me, and I'm still not the most confident person, but I'm growing, and that's what matters.

**Same question regarding your art? What inspires you?**

My art is just something that I have always done. I've always liked doing artistic projects so if I get an idea and I go for it. I'm self-taught and got my degree at the University of YouTube . Haha. I've learned drawing, painting, sewing, woodworking, etc. I am always expanding and trying new things.

Charlie Dey

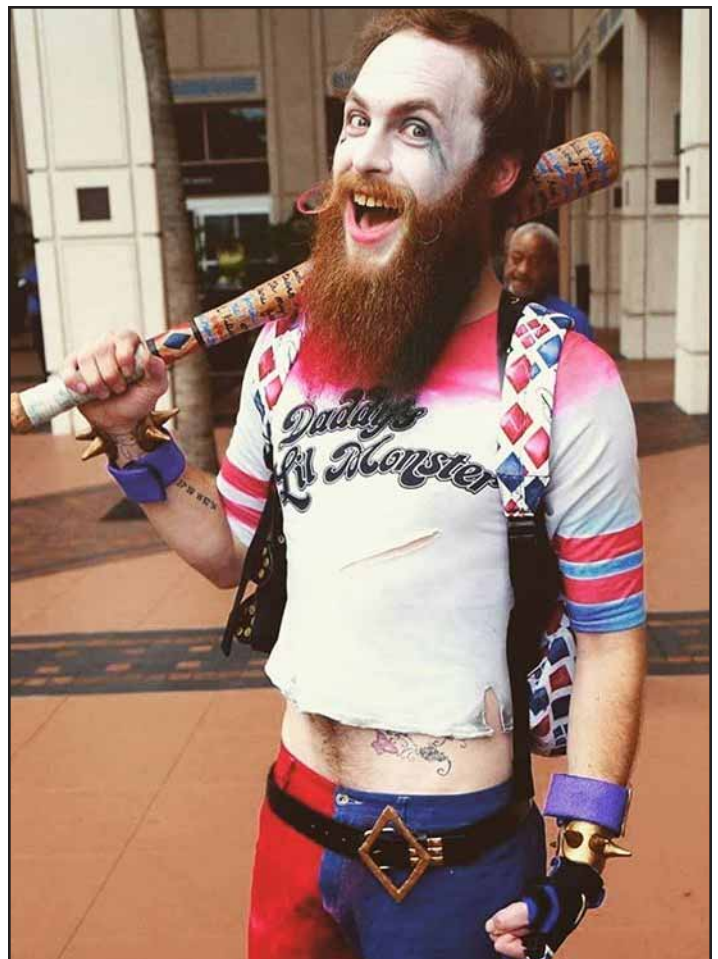
I'm not a professional by any means, I do it because I love it and it's a fun way to express whatever my brain is thinking of.

**What do you want people to know about you?**

I'm not sure what I would want people to know about me. I tend to be a little introverted by nature and I never like the feeling that I'm bragging. I suppose the only thing I ever hope people know about me is my truth. I am unapologetically honest and open about my life and experiences. If anything I say or do has a positive impact on someone, I'm happy, and that the only thing that truly matters in this life is your own peace and happiness. Everything else is just wonderful bonuses.

*Many thanks for Malcolm Jon for providing us with this insightful interview! of an incredible man*

*Be sure to check out Charlie Dey on his instagram account here: [twistthebone](#)*



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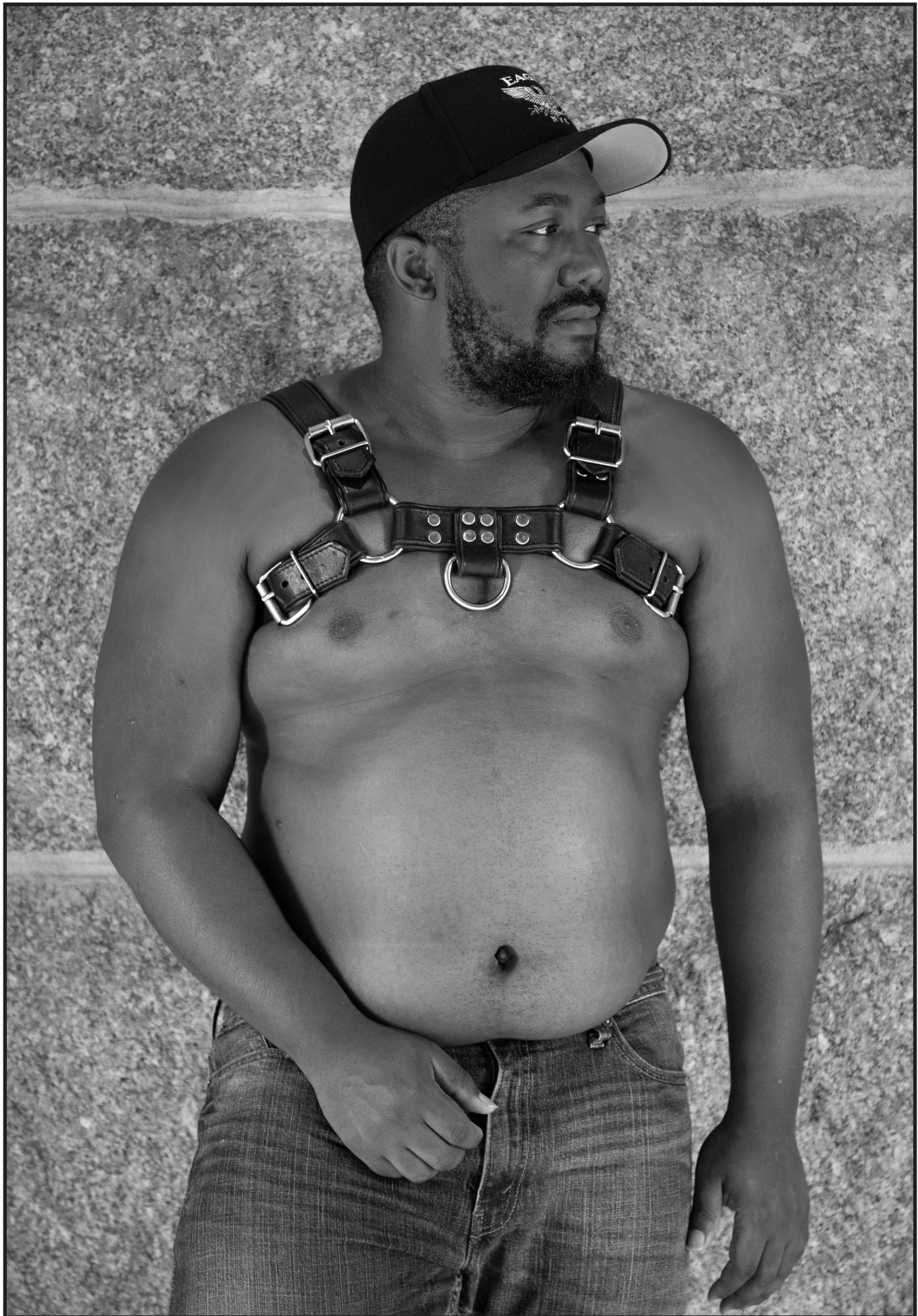


# Instances of Masculine

Images by

**Kirk  
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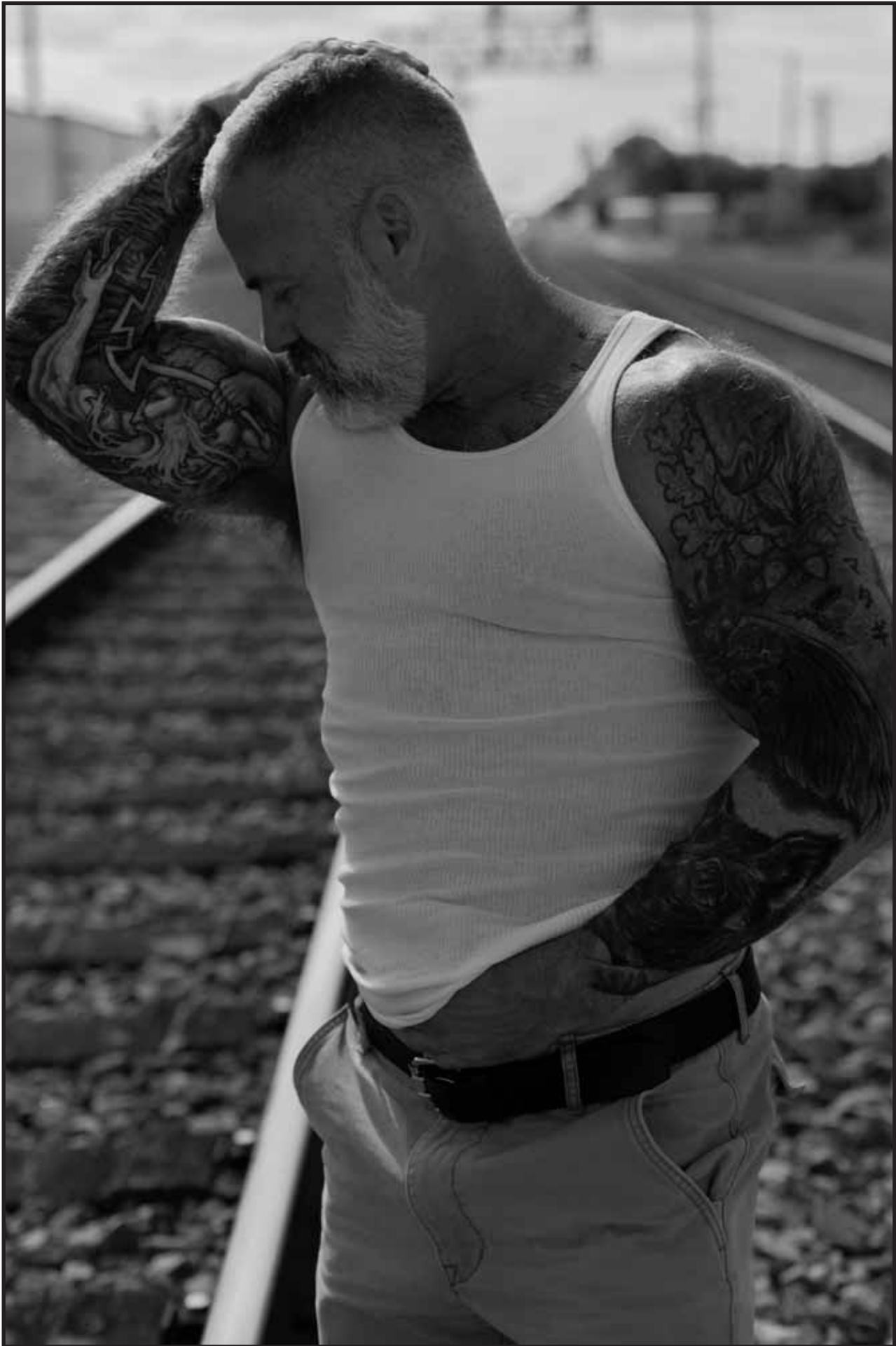












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was about to make him reach climax, without his own hard cock even being touched. Blake didn't even know how it was even possible, with another man like this, and realized as he was about to orgasm, from Mick's dick inside him, alone, that he was having the best sex he had ever had in his life. Blake let out a loud moan, one that he never thought another man would make him make, feeling right on the edge of orgasm, but lingering on the brink not knowing when it was going to happen. He could tell Mick was close too, how hard he was thrusting, his body tensing up, his heavy breath, his deep groans, Blake wanted him to, he clenched his ass and hole, wrapped around Mick's cock, wanting to take it all inside him. Mick groaned louder. He was gonna...Mick grunted, baring his teeth together, and shutting his eyes, starting to moan, like a deep animal growl. Blake let out a similar noise. Mick groaned, as Blake felt him release a hot load deep up inside him, coupled with Mick's groans and his tense body, Blake couldn't hold it either, his ass clenched around Mick's dick, and balls pulsed as he shot thick streams of glistening white cum all over Mick's big chest, face, hair and beard. Blake moaned louder than he had ever before, as he continued spurting, eyes still closed, not yet seeing how much he was releasing onto Mick's chest. Mick chuckled deeply, enjoying it as he slapped Blake's ass cheeks hard, giving one more thrust deep into him as he finished pumping his cum into Blake. Blake pants as he finishes his last drops of cum onto Mick's belly and chest. Both pant heavily and open their eyes, both looking at each other, their heads clearing after their release. Blake and Mick lock eyes with an intense look, then realize how much cum is all over them, Blake's over Mick's chest, and beard and, and Mick's in Blake's ass, oozing out over Mick's cock and on Blake's ass cheeks. They both laugh. Mick's deep laugh roars out.

"Ahaha, damn, you sure made a lot buddy," said Mick, with his big arms still behind his head, Blake's cum all over his big chest.

"Yeah...haha," says Blake laughing as well. "You sure did too...but...it's all in...well...me..."

"Yeah, my bad..." says Mick, laughing, sounding embarrassed, "But I couldn't help it. I have needs..."

Jezebel

This made Blake laugh again.

"Mick, you're amazing," said Blake, looking at him admirably.

Mick smiles, flattered, but then looks like he's about to blush, and then tries not to make eye contact. Then he looks at his cum covered chest.

"I'm uh...pretty sticky here, man," says Mick. "I was hoping to get right to sleep, but...you mind helpin' me in the shower, buddy?"

"No prob," says Blake with a wink. "But, eh...you'll probably need to take your cock out of my ass before I can get up."

"Huh? Oh, yeah, my bad, buddy, ahah," said Mick, realizing his hard dick was still up Blake's but.

Mick pulls his dick out of Blake, his hole dripping with Mick's cum, and Blake gets up, and helps Mick off the bed and they go shower together.

---

After their shower, during which Blake helped wash every inch of Mick's body, Blake lays on his back, naked on the bed, having just brushed his teeth, looking over at Mick, who is standing naked in front of the bathroom sink and mirror, toothbrush in his mouth and right hand, and mug of water in his left. Blake watches Mick's naked body as he brushes his teeth, admiring the muscles in his back, arms, shoulders and legs, and most of all as his big almost perfect round ass. Blake thought about how much he admires looking at Mick's body, and not just his body, his personality all of his quirks, how he laughs to how he eats his food. Mick spits and then gargles with the water from his cup, and spits again, but keeps the toothbrush in his hand, as he talks to Blake, looking over his shoulder, keeping his back facing Blake, as if he knew Blake was watching his ass.

"So Blake, what a night?" Asks Mick. Blake looks upward to Mick's face.

"You can say that again!" says Blake, it was probably the longest night of his entire life, and even though it was nearing five in the morning, the sky was still very dark outside. "But, at least it's finally coming to a close...I didn't think..." but Blake stopped talking abruptly, he was distracted by Mick's back, not only his naked form but the scars that were on it. There was nothing so particularly odd about the scars themselves, they went all the way across his muscular back, and given the size

of the creature who scratched him, and the size of its claws, this made sense, it was the fact that there was scaring. The wound had only happened hours ago, and Jane had patched him up with stitches shortly after, so how could there be scaring already. He had first seen them when he was helping Mick wash himself in the shower, he didn't want to say anything then because the steam slightly burred his vision, and he had been seeing things all night, but now the view was clear. Blake keeps starring at Mick, Mick sees that Blake is still starring and wiggles his ass a bit for him, which makes Blake chuckle.

"Jane sure did a great job," said Blake, "If you're healing enough to move around like that."

"Yeah, didn't she?" asks Mick, looking over his shoulder as if he was trying to look at his back. "She sure is great, isn't she?"

"Yeah," said Blake. "Pretty too...and...a little scary. When she was stitching you up I mean," Blake added when Mick turned to face Blake and tilted his head like a confused dog again.

"Oh, yeah...ahaha," Mick chuckled awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck, "Sorry 'bout Jane being so demanding but... she's very protective of me. I am of her to tell ya the truth. We've got each others backs. Eh... maybe I should rephrase that," said Mick, his mind now on the pain in his back again.

"Nah. No problem. I get it," said Blake, "I actually admire her a lot, being so protective of you. I find it kinda attractive."

A big grin came across Mick's face.

"Kinda?" says Mick, teasingly.

"Okay. I do find it attractive," laughs Blake.

"That's more like it. Hah. Can't wait to tell her..."

Blake shoots him a look.

"Okay. Okay. I won't, buddy. I just think she'd be flattered."

"I wonder what she'd think of she knew a certain... um... side to our friendship," says Blake, thinking out loud.

"Hmmm..." says Mick contemplative, standing naked, rubbing his beard, "I don't think I'd worry about that bud. Heh. I think she already does." says Mick. He gives a laugh that sounds like a dog barking.

"Oh?... oh..." says Blake, realizing what he means, "well... uh... heheh... I guess she must

approve of me then... in some way."

"I'm sure she does. ...Well, if she didn't like you you'd be sure to know it," says Mick.

Blake doesn't quite know what Mick means, but laughs at it.

"What do ya think she'd go on a date with me? Hypothetically, I mean, if things were different with me?"

"Are ya askin' me if she finds you attractive?" asks Mick with another mischievous grin.

"Well...yeah..." says Blake, sounding embarrassed, scratching his chin.

Mick chuckles.

"Haha. Blake, my man, I'm sure you'd rock her world," said Mick with a wink.

Blake felt flushed.

"I didn't mean like that," said Blake.

"Oh, don't be embarrassed," said Mick, with another smile, "I'm sure we'd both rock her world... together..." He winks and mimes a gunshot with his hand over at Blake.

Blake blushed hard, then started laughing. Though the idea of all three of them together was a nice thought. He found Mick and Jane both attractive. Given how big Blake and Mick both were, and how lean and petite Jane was, he wondered if she could take them both...

...Blake why are you thinking about you and Mick having a threesome with Jane? Thinks Blake. You just met her. Get your head out of there...

Mick turns and walks over, naked, to the bed, and was about to get in with Blake when he remembered something.

"Wait...I almost forgot," said Mick, with a leg up in the air, about to get in bed. He looks over to the front door.

"What?" asked Blake, tiredly, still thinking dirty thoughts about Mick and Jane. He looked over at the door himself. It appeared locked, chain bolt and all.

Mick walked over to his coat, which was still on the floor near the front door, and bent over to pick it up, giving Blake a great view of his big round ass, his balls and his thick legs as he did so. Blake enjoyed the view but didn't think Mick should be bending over like that with the wounds he had. Mick seemed to have no trouble as he picked up the coat and straightened out his back with ease. He seemed to be healing quick, Blake thought.

Mick hangs up his coat and takes something out of one of the pockets. Blake was so busy watching Mick's naked big muscular body move around the apartment he almost didn't see what it was that Mick pulled out of the coat. Blake's eyes switched from staring at Mick to what he had in his big hands, which, in the dark, almost seemed to glow. It was the tea-cup and saucer which hid the blue rose inside.

"Forgot to put this in a safe place," said Mick.

Mick cupped the small tea cup with the rose in it in his palms and took it over to a place in the wall. Mick places the blue rose in a safe place under a glass container in a corner of his apartment, a small square nook in the wall.

Mick put the glass lid over the blue rose, then turned to Blake, laying in bed.

"Now, I'll trust you not to touch it or smell it," says Mick. "I still don't know how potent that thing is. So, just...if you wake up, don't go near it. ... Eh...maybe I shouldn't have told you that," said Mick, looking like he made a mistake in his sleepiness, "You might get curious. Maybe it's best just not to look at it altogether. Forget it's there."

"Sure thing Mick," said Blake, who was about to laugh at the way Mick was behaving. "I won't look at it, or touch it, or smell it...except when you're not looking."

"Ah, thanks, buddy. I knew you'd understand. That's the.... Hey!" said Mick, realizing Blake was fucking with him.

Blake snickered.

"What about if I eat it?" asks Blake, sarcastically.

Mick laughed heartily. Blake liked it when Mick laughed like this, naked, it made his pecs, belly, dick and balls bounce.

"You're real, funny, Blake. Ahaha...but please, don't do that either," said Mick, suddenly looking very serious.

"Don't worry I won't," said Blake.

"Oh, good," said Mick, sighing with relief.

Did Mick think he was really going to eat that thing.

Mick walked to the bathroom and got the lights, so that all the light was now coming from the cityscape outside. In this light Blake almost thought he saw a glowing, shimmering, almost twinkling blue light, like from a blue diamond, Jezebel

coming from the niche where the blue rose was. Blake dismissed this as his mind playing tricks on him again, while half asleep.

Mick walks over to the bed, Blake still watching his big naked body move, and his big dick flopping between his massive thighs.

Blake scoots over, leaving Mick a warm left side of the bed. He was going to wrap his bandages back around him before he came to bed, but Mick told him to wait so he could let the wound "air out". Given that the wound looked completely sealed up (as impossible as it was) Blake didn't ask any questions about Mick going to bed without the bandages.

Mick plopped down on the bed, next to Blake, on his side, sighed deeply.

"Ah, bed sure feels good," said Mick. Then he looked at Blake, resting his head on his hand, propped up by one of his massive arms, giving Mick what, to Blake, looked like bedroom eyes.

Blake started getting hard again, with Mick's big naked body next to him, rubbing against his (he could feel Mick's warm dick and balls rub against his thigh), even though they just were going at it less than half an hour before. But Blake soon realized that more sex was not what Mick had on his mind.

"So..." said Mick, his eyes now filled with a more friendly concern, "...how are you doin'?"

The question struck Blake as funny at first. As if Mick was trying to playfully flirt with him, after they had just had rough sex, showered, and were sleeping naked together.

"What? Haha...I'm fine man," said Blake.

But Mick's eyes saw through his coy laughter, and asked again.

"No...how are you doin'?" said Mick, looking more concerned and serious.

Blake suddenly realized what Mick was referring to.

"Oh...that...yeah...it's been a rough night. I...saw so many things..." said Blake. "I'd rather not talk about all of that tonight though. Don't know if my mind can handle it. I... don't even know if most of it was real or not...that blue rose stuff sure fucks with you doesn't it?"

Blake expected Mick to nod his head or something, but he still watched him with that same

*Continued on page 76*

Photos by Anthony Michaels



# Delsin Pistons

















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look. This didn't exactly comfort Blake, who was afraid that half the things he saw that night were real.

"Yeah...maybe that's for the best," said Mick, "There's a lot I need to tell ya as well. Hah, don't know how you'd take all the info dropped on ya in one night. Your head might explode, hahah," laughed Mick, now sounding more comforting and pleasant.

Blake appreciated Mick trying to pass it off as a joke, but those words made him feel more worried. What if he did lose his sanity from seeing, or knowing too much. He was afraid at the same time of what Mick had to tell him, even though he felt comfortable and safe around the guy, more-so than with anyone else he had ever been around. Mick appeared to see the worry in Blake's face as well.

"So...you're okay, then?" asks Mick.

"Yeah, fine..." says Blake, nodding on his back, trying to hide it, "...Ah, hell. Who am I trying to kid. I'm not. I feel like I'm living a fucking nightmare. I can't believe what just happened to night. You getting hurt, because of me. That damn white thing...killing and eating that guy...all those...animal people things."

"Animal people?" asked Mick, looking a bit more surprised than before.

"Yeah, when I was breathing in that blue stuff, saw all sorts of animals in suits, talking like humans, like it was some living cartoon or somethin'. Then...your girlfriend...er...friend... Jane, telling us that place behind the hotel shouldn't even be there. It's too fuckin' much man...not what I expected from this case. Ughh... why couldn't I go back to being hired by paranoid business men, wanting me to see if their wife is seeing another man or something?"

"Yeah...it's a little different when its an old guy paranoid about his daughter," said Mick. "It's a kinda gross."

Blake laughed again, Mick knew exactly when to crack one of his jokes around him.

"I mean...I've wanted an exciting case for a long time," said Blake, "But now that it's actually happening to me...I feel like I'm gonna have a heart attack. To tell ya the truth Mick I don't think

I've ever been as afraid of something as I was tonight. Not just the thought of losing my new best friend either. That damn thing...it was like I was looking at something straight from hell...those damned eyes..." Blake then realized his body was shaking, not so much from him being cold, but his nerves, from fear, from the very thought of that thing's face.

Mick comforts Blake, who is still shaken up by all that he's seen, and rubs his chest.

"Hah, look at me, some tough guy I turned out to be, I was shakin', practically pissin' my pants. I didn't think anythin' could scare me so bad. I mean look at me, tough, hairy disgruntled private eye, with these scars," Blake indicated the one on his face, "I'm usually the one doing the scarin'. Now I'm scared stiff, heh kinda funny, no?"

Mick didn't seem sure what to say to this, he looked like he knew what he wanted to say, but kept himself from saying it. Instead he wrapped his big arms around Blake, pulling Blake from his position on his back, to face him on his side. Blake willingly turned to face Mick in a hug, so that to two of them were holding each-other, Blake's face ending up in the nice warm bosom of Mick's pecs, in a nice spot of his thick chest's cleavage. Blake rested his face on Mick's big chest as Mick ran a warm hand down his back. He patted Blake's head with his other hand and ran his fingers through his hair.

"I think we both need some sleep," said Mick, "You'll be on your game more tomorrow. You'll feel better and ready to do more. For now... I think your mind's had all it can take."

"Heh, I'll say," said Blake tiredly, "What the fuck's going on in this world, man? I don't even feel like I'm in the same one anymore. Like someone's opened my...eyes..." Blake yawns, falling asleep.

"Sh...go to sleep, buddy..." said Mick's gruff voice.

"I...I can't..." muttered Blake, getting sleepier, feeling vulnerable in his tired state, "...I'm afraid. ...Hah...I'm afraid, man. I keep thinking that thing's gonna come back for me, and bust down my door...I can almost hear it scratching...waiting for me..."

"Sh, calm down there buddy, I'm right here. I've got ya in my arms, and nothin's getting in here. Nothin's gonna get ya while I'm here, buddy."

"That's nice, pal..." yawns Blake. "But you

saw that thing...you're big and all...but what could you do against...that..." Blake was now drifting to sleep, his head and face against Mick's big, strong, hairy chest, as Mick rubbed his hair. Even though he was afraid, like he hadn't been for years, he felt safe in Mick's big arms, and resting on Mick's big chest.

Blake cuddled next to his big friend, realizing how special he already was to him. While Blake had been careful to not get attached to people like this, especially in his line of work, he couldn't help himself with Mick. He already knew that he was starting to fall for the guy.

"Falling for another man," thought Blake to himself, "Who'd have thought? A great big, gruff, tough, but friendly guy, who looks like he'd be a professional wrestler. Imagine telling yourself that years ago, Blake. What would you say to that?" But the very thought of this made Blake smile.

As Blake and Mick cuddle, falling asleep, Blake thinks of how much his new friend means to him. That he was starting to fall for him. This surprised Blake. He had never felt such a strong connection with someone other than... but he didn't want to think about her right now. Being with Mick, the haunting of Jezebel seemed so far away, as distant as those decrepit ruins of the world's fair grounds, falling apart, and fading into memory. Mick made all that pain from Jezebel go away, at least for a little while. He couldn't explain, but it felt to Blake that they had met before, like Mick was an old long lost friend who has come back to him after years of losing his way and his faith in humanity, to restore it. Blake was the happiest he had been these past few days with Mick than he had been in years, even with all the terrible events that had been surrounding them. This case, while digging up painful memories, had brought them together.

...And yet... there Jezebel stood, lingering over them both, like the statue of a graveyard angel. She would not stand to be forgotten. She was center-stone, the object which had brought them together and might tear them apart, the one who it all hung upon, who it was all for, even if Blake didn't want to think of it that way. Whether he liked or not, it would all come back to her in the end. And how things would work out between him and Mick would all be based on how she would say it would be. He was afraid of this, and tried to shut her out of his mind, but he knew, until this case was Jezebel

solved and put to rest, he would never be free of her, and Mick and Blake would never truly be alone, constantly haunted by her presence.

It was these small moments then that Blake held onto, never wanting them to end, that he felt he had an equal to share moments like this with, not owned by someone else. Someone who was an equal. Someone like Mick. He was the kind of person he really wanted. As a friend, a lover, maybe more.

Blake yawned, he was sleepy and the sky, while still dark, was turning bluer.

Blake cuddles up to Mick, nuzzling his faces against his chest, keeping his eyes open for a moment. He felt happy. In spite of all the uncertainty, all the horrors they had experienced in the past 24 hours, Blake was happy. That was something worth all this, he thought as he looked at his new best friend. Mick, friends like him, they were worth all the trouble.

Blake shuts his eyes, smacking his lips a bit, which were getting dry. ....He drifts off, his mind growing darker and darker by the second, hoping for good nights sleep...

...If only his dreams could have been as wonderful as he felt right now....

...As he fell asleep, content in the arms of his big buddy, he couldn't help but think there might be something out there, in this city, at night, hunting for him, looking for him, perhaps waiting, lurking just outside his door, with hungry jaws.

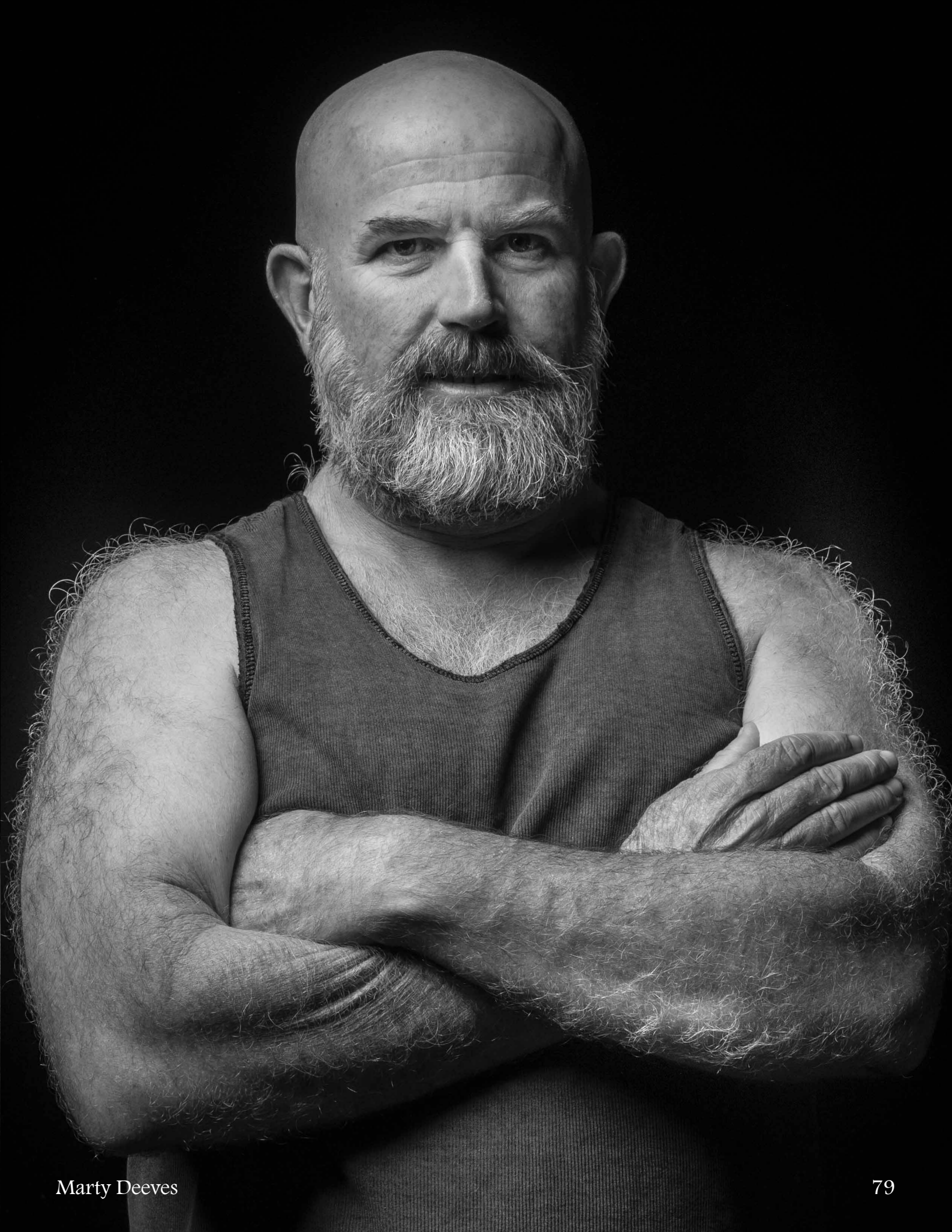
(...To be continued...)





# Marty Deeves

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