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DESERT HEAT MAG



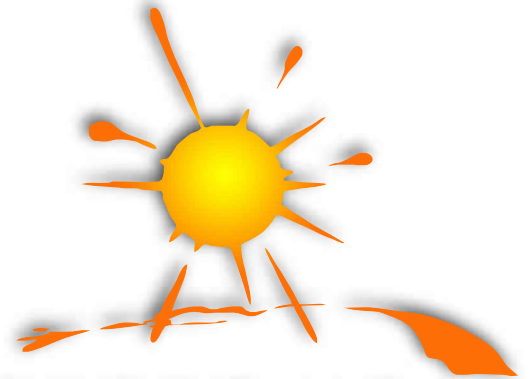
All Men Are Beautiful!
November 2022 | Issue 47

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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

A very special thanks to all the contributors who make this Magazine possible. If you like what they are sharing with you, drop them a note on their social medias listed. They don't bite too hard!!

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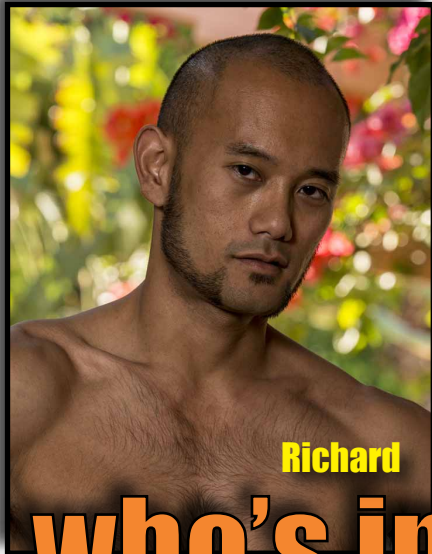
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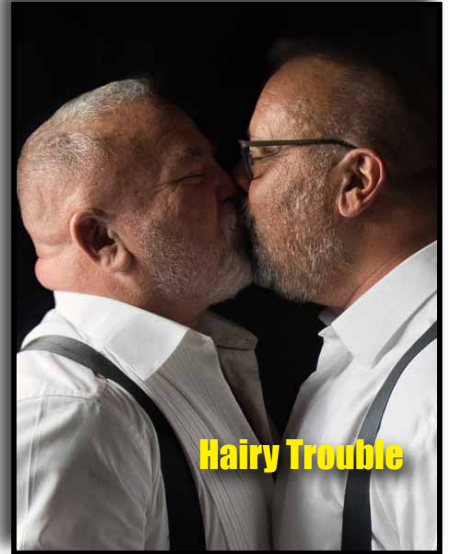




Richard



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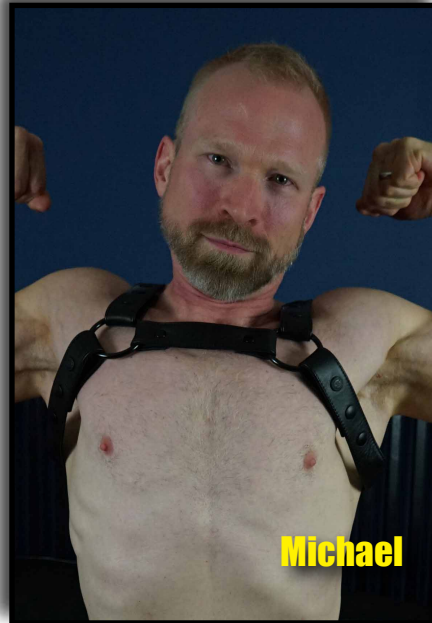


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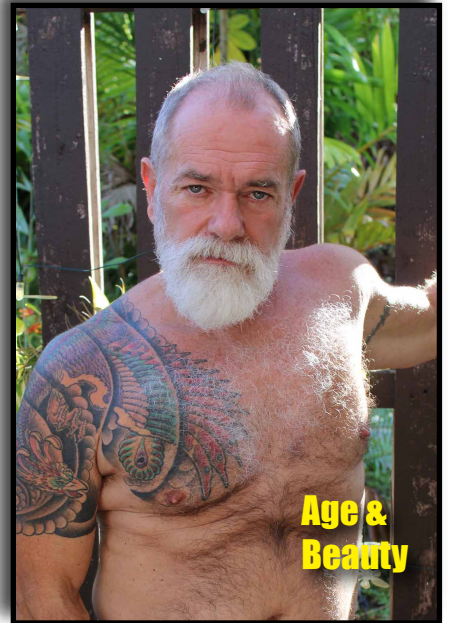
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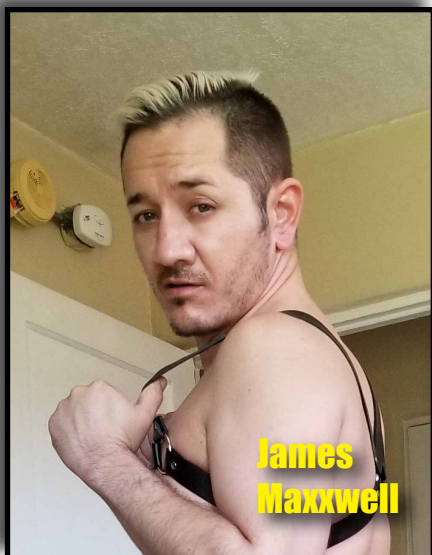
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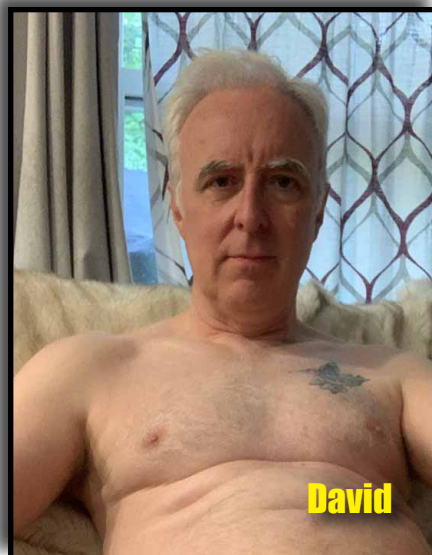
Michael



Age & Beauty



James Maxwell



David



Cris K

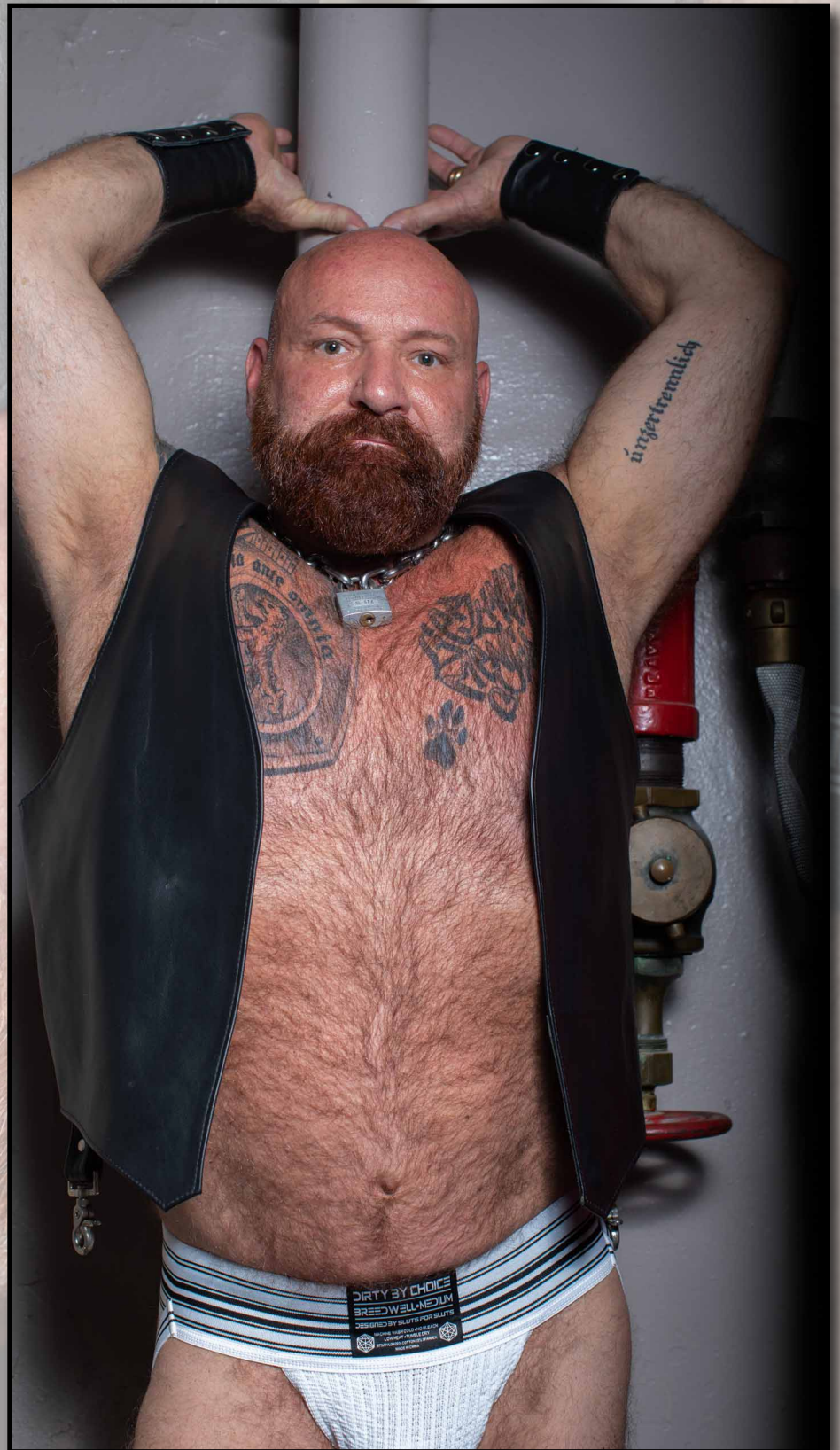
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Ramblings from the Editor

Time to wake up, guys!! Trump was bought and paid for by Russia just to sew discord and discontent within the U.S. Hear me out!

Two years after he has been out of office and he is still spreading lies every single day. His misinformed followers keep repeating sound bites like “litter boxes in the schools”, “the election was stolen and it is going to happen again this year”, “drag queens are grooming children”, and the list goes on and on.

All this rhetoric is doing is causing American citizens to fight amongst themselves; dividing us so that we cannot ban together. It’s an us against them mentality that is doomed to failure for our Country. And meanwhile, Putin has been working behind the scenes with China and Saudi Arabia to create an Oil Axes to make the rest of the world bow to them for that product.

Meanwhile, the fucked up EX president stole classified material, which appears to be appearing in weapons seized from some of our enemies. But yet his followers STILL insist that Trump was the best President ever. He was a fucking traitor, that simple. If you can’t admit that, you’re part of the problem.

There is zero reason an EX president should be in contact with ANY classified material, much less taking it to an unsecured facility. What the fuck?

And now you have the wingnut Christian fanatics trying to come after women (we all know they can’t handle a woman who is not subservient because their little cocks feel even

smaller when a woman is in charge) and the LGBTQ community (I mean really, what skin is it off their backs if they truly believe that God will judge us for our actions anyway?). They are not helping to call the discord in this Country so it makes you wonder who’s “side” they are really on after all.

This year, more than most in the past, it is 100% important you get out and vote! Make the damned lines so long with liberal voters that the idiot Right has to wait instead of the other way around. A few politicians are telling the Red voters to show up later in the day to try to discourage the working class people from actually voting due to the long lines. That definitely shows they are scared that they are a breed going the way of the dinosaurs. It’s your right to vote, your vote DOES count, regardless of what people want you to believe. So get off your ass and exercise that

right!!!

And wake the fuck up, they ARE coming for us. Twitter is just the first step to stop the dissemination of information. The right cannot control it so they got a fuckhead like Musk to dismantle it slowly but surely. Hell, he is willing to risk a class action lawsuit to make sure it is fucked up before the election.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



Happy Anniversary

Hairy Trouble



Boy

Photography by **Desert Heat Images**
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THE COP & EX CON

Story by **Dogbone421**

Chapter 9

The squeaking of the bed and the tapping sound the headboard made against the trailer wall was a stark reminder I was back. Not that I needed a reminder with Mark drilling me a new asshole. My legs were pulled back almost against my chest as he opened me as wide as he could. His snorting as he humped and the smells of cigarettes on his breathe was intoxicating. His mouth right against my right ear as he moaned how good it was to have me to fuck again! I was back, and I was enjoying being with him again no matter how much I told myself I didn't need him. My cock swelled so hard against my belly it hurt and was leaking liquid in my belly button.

We easily fell back into our fuck routine, moving together as my asshole clinched his cock tightly. My hands roamed his strong back and traced his spine as we made love. The sweat was beginning to flow off him and the smell of a real man filled my nostrils. I kissed his neck and moaned as he dug deep into me. He moved his cock against my prostate and made me wild with lust, as only he knew how to do.

"Yeah, that's my babies sweet spot," he whispered to me as he raked his cock over that sensitive place in my hole! I cried out with whimpers like a horny bitch that was getting long dicked by her man!

We continued to move together and I was lost in the moment. One thing about Mark, he had stamina when he wanted to prolong a fuck. He told

me before we hit the sack that he wanted this one to last. That he wanted me to realize what I had been missing and come to crave him again. I knew the minute I walked back through his trailer door I was a goner. Once I smelled him and looked at that body, I would have done anything to be with him. And I guess you could say I had already had. As he continued to fuck me, I thought about why I came back.

I had heard on Tuesday that they had almost completed their investigation on the drug charges they were going to file against Mark and his friends. Officer Tom had asked me to walk outside with him as he smoked. He wanted to know again if I had cut all my ties with Mark?

I asked why and he told me they were going to conduct a raid soon and he didn't want me caught with my pants down again. I reassured him I had not been around Mark at all. He went on to inform me that Mark would soon be back behind bars. I guess my face said it all as I heard the news.

"You sure you over him because I can see in your eyes there is something between you two," came from him?

I looked at the ground and told him he didn't know what he was talking about.

"You in love with that low life piece of shit," he tried to finagle out of me? "He's been fucking you hasn't he," came after that?

Both my hands went for my front pants pockets and I avoided eye contact with him as I

looked at the ground.

"I fucking knew it! When I saw you with him, I got that feeling you'd crossed over that line! Trooper, you know you can lose your job over this piece of shit con," came next as he pointed his finger in my face!

I nodded and couldn't raise my head up to look at him.

"God fucking dam, a fucking cop taking a worthless ex con up the ass! You two playing house with no regard to the oath you swore to when you took your badge! Where's your fucking head at brother?"

Again, I didn't answer him as I continued to look anywhere but at him. I constantly keep lookout to be sure no one could over hear our conversation.

"Answer me this at least," he asked as he leaned nearer my body. "You did make him ware protection, didn't you? Because their all diseased fuck ups when there locked up in cages together!"

That question quickly made me snap to attention and barked, "What the fuck you take me for, a fool! And what makes you think I allowed him up my ass Tom?"

With my finger right in his face and spit flying as I spoke, I laid into him! Its kind of weird rethinking those words lying here now as Mark's cum is crawling up from his balls to be inside me. Anyway, I had told Tom it wasn't any of his business what happened between Mark and I that it was over!

"My business was my business," I barked him! I then told him I owed him one, and would be glad to follow through anytime he needed a favor from me.

He walked away shaking his head never letting me know if he was with me or not. His last words as he walked away were, "You're fucked-up officer"!

I thought I could just walk away and let Mark take the charges he so deserved. I knew this day was coming and that there was nothing I could do to change things. But that night on patrol all I thought about was him. My mind kept thinking that I would not get another chance in bed him for a very long time. And that hurt. I wanted to tell him how I really felt about him; how I guess I loved him. To speak the love word in my own head was difficult! How could I muster the courage to tell him out right?

As I drove around looking for trouble, my cock wanted the kind of trouble only Mark could give me. I was half hard the whole first part of shift

wondering if I should chance a meeting with him one more time. At lunch break I made a decision to do so and suffer whatever consequences came along. My need to be with him out weighted anything I could think would happen. I picked up my cell and hunted for his number. Stopping for a second to reconsider my fate, I pushed dial. The phone rang quickly and I had those fucking butterflies in my stomach one more time.

When I heard him answer, a rush came over me. All I did was say Hello and he knew who it was. "Ah baby, I have missed you so much," he spoke! We talked for a little before I asked if he was seeing anyone? He spoke quick and answered, "Fucking around some, but nothing like you has come along!"

It felt good to hear that come from him, even though I knew he would say anything. I hesitated at first but got the backbone to ask,

"Mark, can we fuck tonight? I really miss you and need your cock inside me again!"

"Sure, we can babe," he answered quickly! "I have missed your sweet cop pussy myself."

I explained I couldn't drive over there after shift for fear of my truck being seen there again. He listened as I plotted on how we could connect. Then it finally came to me that I could walk over to his place if I parked my truck nearby!

He agreed it made sense and couldn't wait to see me again. As I hung up the phone my mind plotted my mission and how to complete it!

The rest of night dragged by as I anticipated meeting him again. The end of shift came easy with little paper work and I was out of there quicker than I had thought. It seemed all was going my way. I went home and changed into all black cloths. Black hat, pants, tee shirt, and shoes. I looked at myself in the mirror and asked myself out load, "You sure about this?"

I got in my truck and drove to the shopping center near the road I would have turned down to access his place. This late at night there was little traffic and I knew my truck would not be towed parked here. I parked in the shadows of the lot lights and got out. I made my way in the darkness, across the two-lane road, then down the gravel lane Mark lived on. Most of the trailers were dark and it was easy to slip around unnoticed. The only sounds heard were the gravel crunching below my feet and the sound of an occasional dog barking in the distance.

When I got close to his trailer, I moved off the

road and walked along the tree line at the back of the lots. Tall weeds and junk littered my way in the moonlight. Thoughts of me being arrested for being a peeping tom or even a burglar entered my head as I walked. When I approached his trailer, the lights were out and the screen door and front door were open.

One foot on his step and that load falumar squeak brought him to the doorway. He waved me in and I closed the doors behind us as discretely as possible. A soon as I was in, his arms opened and I walked right into them! He hugged me so fucking tight I thought my ribs would be bruised the next day. I hugged him back with the same desire and lay my head in the nap of his neck. He smelled of fresh soap and shaving cream. "Man, you smell good," I offered!

He released his hold on me as he stepped back and grinned. "I showered and shaved for you," he answered!

He stood before me in candlelight in only gym shorts that were too tight for him and showed off his large equipment. He looked so hot too me standing before me presenting himself like a prize bull. He saw the way I looked back at him and he flexed both his arms to show off his muscles. I reached over and gripped his huge guns. I swear my cock jumped right to attention!

He kissed me on the side of the cheek and whispered, "It's all yours baby!"

He then told me to check out the front of his shorts as I caressed his chest. His cock was now fully hard and the head was trying to get beyond the elastic waistband.

"It wants you baby," he whispered so sexy! I dropped my hand to his crotch and felt the cock I so missed. I measured its girth and length and cupped the sack that held his big breeding balls.

I dropped to my knees and pulled the waistband down under his nuts. His hard shaft arched up away from his lower belly and throbbed before my face. My fingers ran through his bush as I admired the tattoo above the thick patch. I took everything in as I watched a drop of liquid form at the tip of his cock head. Before it could drip off his head, my tongue raked over the tip and took it in. I then sucked his cock deep into my mouth and savored the taste of him!

"Wow, that's enough of that before I squirt down your throat," he said as he stepped back from me. "I want to make love to you, squirt this fucking

load deep in your guts copper!"

I watched as he moved down the hall and parted the blanket that still hung as a door. I got up and didn't hesitate to start removing my cloths. With no need to be embarrassed around him anymore, I stripped down to my skivvies. At this point, he knew my body better than anyone did, inside and out. After my underwear was off, I moved down the hall with my cock pointing the way. I stopped to take a much-needed piss before the action started. It was never easy trying to piss with a hard shaft pointing at the ceiling! My stream missed the bowl repeatedly and splattered on the wall and floor before I found my mark. The noise my piss made was loud and echoed in the darkness. Shaking the last drip off, I quickly headed into the bedroom!

Nothing had changed in the room from when we first fucked in it. He was lying back on the bed and patted the spot beside him. I walked to the nightstand that I knew contained lube and got it out. He lit a cigarette as I applied the slickness to my hole. His hand reached for my hard cock like a handle and pulled me closer to him. He smiled at me as I put some lube in my palm and applied it to his stiff cock.

"It's good to have you back," he said. "It took a while to train you, but it sure has paid off!" I smiled and nodded he was right.

"I broke that cop hole of yours in and its mine now, right" he asked?

Earlier in our sex life I would have been royally pissed at him for saying that! Implying that I was his butt boy, no way! But now, now I just agreed and went with the flow!

"It belongs to you Mark," I answered. "You were the first since my military years to get up inside me! And you were definitely the first to get me without wearing a rubber! No guy ever has ever fucked as much as you have!"

He seemed to enjoy hearing that as I crawled in bed beside him.

"I knew the minute I gave you my phone number in the back of your patrol car, I was going to bust that tight cop pussy of yours wide open," he bragged! "I hadn't seen that kind of lust for me in someone's eyes since my high school sweetheart and I fucked," he laughed! "When you did call me, I wasn't going to settle for anything less in my mind

Continued on page 22

I have a love/hate relationship with surprises. They can come in so many colors. So many variables. Something well-meaning can go horribly awry or can result in unforeseen circumstances, mostly because the person throwing said surprise doesn't understand the social alchemy and pure chaos they are playing with.

ALL THINGS DRUB

bring. Another surprise that is a hard pass, right there.

I love surprise deserts, flowers, and sweaty ass in my face when I come home from work. I don't like surprise inspections, tests, or animal attacks.

See? A wide variety of surprises! So be super careful what you wish for and where you spend your magic, baby.

Make it count.

Somebody is liable to be walking around like Daffy Duck with his bill blown to the other side of his face. Or conversely it could be amazing. Who can say? This is why I don't bet unless it's a sure thing.

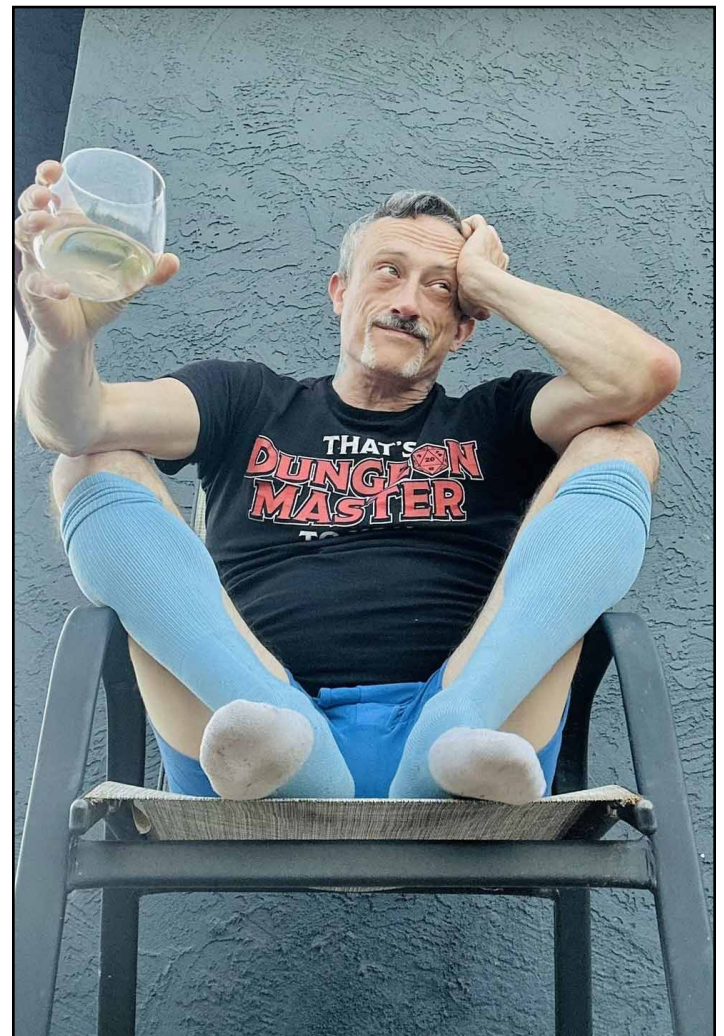
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Birthday parties are a veritable minefield, starting with a guest list so potentially explosive that I automatically opt out now if I catch so much of a whiff of one. When I first met my hubby, he wanted to throw a surprise birthday party with the people we knew. I put the kabosh on that so fast.

Now, if it was - say, a curated gang-bang for my 50th birthday next year? Let's see that man-meat round up, because I want a sure thing and nobody ever said as they went into their golden years thinking, "Gee! I wish I didn't fuck all those hot guys."

Don't get me wrong, I love my husband very, very much but there are fantasies I like to see come to fruition. I'm all about manifestation. It's right there in my star chart.

So let's focus on all that sexual energy on getting sexy, and changing the course of history away from this Christofascist bullshit going on here in the States right now. I'd like to have my birthday in a country I'm welcome in, whether it's here or not. But we'll see what surprise the midterms







DHM Fan ~ Andrew Christian



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then getting in your uniform pants! To get a fucking good-looking cop like you who wants to get fucked, was a dream for me on so many levels! And for you to end up having such a tight unused pussy, I knew I had to blow my load in you!"

So, this is where we are. I could tell after about 10 minutes of drilling my tinder pucker he was close to getting his nut. I held his wet body and helped him move to climax. Sweat dripping off his face and wetting the pillow we share. He suddenly collapses on me and arches his hips tight against my body and starts rapid fire squirts deep within me. I quickly feel pressure build within myself and I know he has unloaded a big one in me. We cuddle and he kisses my neck as we bask in after glow.

Without regret or worry I whisper in his ear, "Mark, I'm in love with you."

He pulls back and looks in my face and smiles. "I know, been waiting for you to admit it for a while."

He then gently begins to wipe the sweat from my forehead as he slowly withdraws his soft cock. I feel empty as he slips from me and he asks,

"Now what we going to do about all this copper?"

I answer with an honest, "I don't know."

He licked my chin before he rose up on his arms and slowly got off the bed, heading for the bathroom. I watch him walk away again and can never get enough of his beefy ass. My cracks sloppy wet and I run my fingers between them and feel the large amount of slim he has left behind. Lying back with both my arms behind my head, I feel on top the world! I can hear the sound of his piss hitting the water in the toilet bowl as I savor this moment.

He walks back in the room and I watch his soft cock flop around as he moves. He sits on the edge of bed beside me and runs his hand over my hairy belly. His fingers find the pool of slim my cock has left and massages it into my skin.

"That's the best sex I have had since you walked away," he said! "And I'll admit I fucked a few chicks and a dude while you were gone!"

I sat up from the bed and put my arm around his waist. I couldn't be mad with what he said because I had fucked with Hank. We sat quietly for a few minutes till he broke the silence and spoke again.

"I need to tell you that I have fucked up since

I got out of prison." Playing dumb, I ask what he was taking about?

"I been doing things to get by that I know I shouldn't. I want you to know I'm going to stop all that shit and get myself straight for you. I want you and I to make a go of this thing we have together," he said, as he looked me in the eyes with honesty in them for once.

I rubbed his back to comfort him and told him I would like that a lot.

"I'm going to try and not fuck anybody but you, I don't want to mess us up again," he went on.

"Wow," escaped my lips without thinking!

"Yeah I know," he answered. "But you have to know I have needs you have to fulfill regularly. I'm not good at saying no to a stranger when my nuts are arching!"

I cuddled him closer and whispered "I know." Again, I said the words, "I'm in love with you Mark!"

He kissed me for the first time and I was a limp dishrag! Had I finally had gotten through to this stud of a man?

I cupped his soft cock and balls and was proud to know there were promised to only me. Glancing at the bedside clock I whispered to him I needed to leave before the sun came up. It was 5 am already. He told me he understood as he got up and I swung my legs over the edge of the bed. I made my way to the bathroom to retrieve my cloths. As I finished pulling my pants back on, Mark appeared at the door with a cup of coffee for me. We both walked towards the doorway as I sucked the stale strong coffee in. Before I walked out, we hugged and I couldn't seem to let the moment go. Like some fucking puss, my eyes began to water. I put my head in the cliff of his neck to hide my shame. He rubbed my back as he seemed to know what I was doing.

"It's ok baby, I finally got it through my thick head! You and me, you'll see I can do this," he whispered in my ear. I pulled back and we kissed again. I didn't want to ever leave but I knew I had to go. As I walked back out into the darkness I cried more to myself as I moved through the tall grass. Here I was a fully trained cop, hard as nails ex-military and I was crying for another dude. Boy had Mark changed my whole world. For once I had someone. As the dawn was fast approaching, I crossed the road and entered my truck. Safe and content I plotted how Mark and I could have a future. But what was I willing to risk?

Richard

A full-page photograph of a muscular man with a short haircut and a goatee, standing in a swimming pool. Water is dripping down his chest and face. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background shows the pool's edge and some foliage.

Photography by **DWD Photography**

Email | Website





Richard







The Ride Home

Story by R. Jason Collett

It was the end of my shift on the third day of training at my new job. I was tired and hungry and just ready to go home. I made the long journey to my car in the massive parking lot.

I quickly unlocked the doors with my remote and put my stuff in the backseat before getting behind the wheel. I closed my eyes for a moment and released a sigh. Twenty minutes and I would be home and resting on my couch.

I put the key in the ignition and turned it but the engine did nothing but click several times. I knew immediately that it was a dead battery. I ran my hand across my face in defeat. It was after 9pm at night and there was no one I could call to come get me.

I jumped when there was a tap on the window. I looked to see my trainer standing there. I stepped out of the car to talk to him.

"Sounds like your battery is dying or your starter is going out." He said. I just rubbed my hand down the side of my face.

"Thanks, this is the last thing I need." I responded. He smiled and I melted. He was the most handsome man I had ever seen. His name was Skyler Deck and he couldn't be more than thirty years old with dark, wavy hair and blue eyes that were just stunning.

"I know, it sucks." He said. "Do you have any one to call to come get you or anything?"

"No." I replied. "My mom is probably asleep and most of my friends are working." I said, exaggerating a little since I really didn't have any friends but was embarrassed to let him know that.

"Do you live far from here?" He asked. I shook my head and told him the city I lived in. "That's on my way home. I can take you home if you want." He offered.

"Are you sure? I don't want to inconvenience you." I responded.

"Of course not. I wouldn't have offered otherwise." He said with a smile that even in the dimly lit parking lot, lit up the world. "My car is this way." He said as he pointed to a few parking spaces over. I grabbed what I needed from my car and followed him to his SUV.

The ride home was nice. We talked a little about ourselves and where we were from and things like that. I told him that I was 23 years old and this was my first call center job. He was originally from California and had moved to Texas a year ago and had been with our company ever since.

After about twenty minutes, we pulled up in front of my apartment. He parked in a spot and I started to get out of the car.

"I hate to ask, but may I use your restroom?" He asked before I got out of the car.

"Of course." I responded. He turned his car off and followed me to my apartment.

I opened the door and told him where it was. I put my stuff down and headed to the kitchen to get something to drink while he headed towards the bathroom.

I had sat down on the couch when I heard the toilet flush and he walked out. I glanced in his direction and did a double take.

His jeans were unzipped and I could see part of his dick through the fly. I tried to look away but the more he walked, the more I could see. I swore it was going to fall out and as soon as I thought that, it did.

He was walking towards me with his massive dick hanging out of his pants and he wasn't doing anything to fix it and I was speechless to say anything.

It wasn't until he sat down on the couch beside me that he realized it was out and he mumbled an apology as he struggled to put it back in his jeans.

"Don't apologize. I was enjoying the view." I said back. I instantly bit my tongue and regretted saying it. This was my co-worker, my trainer and I didn't want to be breaking any rules.

"Oh, well in that case." He said and stopped trying to put it back in and let it flop out. "I am a bit of a nudist and exhibitionist." He said.

"Well, feel free to get comfortable." I said, and that he did. He took all his clothes off and within moments he was sitting there naked.

"Why don't you get comfortable with me?" He asked.

"Uh, I, well, I am not comfortable being naked." I lied. I didn't want him to know I was sprouting a full on erection because of him.

"Oh relax, we are two dudes that want to sit naked, plus I want to see that hot body and that hard dick." He said as he pointed down to my crotch. He reached over and started to take my shirt off. I didn't resist. Once it was off I stood and started to remove my pants. I unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned my jeans. I hesitated for a moment before just pushing them and my underwear off.

I stood up and my eight inch dick stood up like a flag pole. His eyes lit up and before I knew it, he was on his knees sucking me. My knees almost buckled from the surprise.

He was good. Really good. I had never had anyone suck me like this and at this rate; I wasn't going to last much longer.

Almost as if sensing my thoughts, he stopped sucking and started kissing his way up my stomach and chest until he was standing, his fully hard erection resting against mine and started kissing me, not just any kiss, but a kiss full of passion and exploration. His tongue worked magic inside my mouth and he tasted like fresh mint. This kiss was intoxicating as I felt my head start to swim.

He moved down to my neck and worked his way slowly down my chest and stomach. When he got to my crotch area, he twirled me around and bent me over and started rimming me. I bit my lip in pleasure.

After a few moments of this bliss, I twisted to face him and lifted him off his knees and he looked confused for a moment until I lowered to me knees in front of him. It was my turn to suck him.

When I got on my knees and saw his penis, I was dumbfounded. I had never seen a penis so big. Thick as a soda can and a good ten inches long and that was just a guess. I'd never sucked on one so big and I opened wide and took it in. I had never stretched my mouth so wide and it was an adjustment.

But after a few moments, I had adjusted and was in the rhythm of sucking. He was moaning like crazy and the more he moaned, the more turned on I got.

I got so lost in what I was doing that I had no idea how much time had passed before he picked me up off my knees.

"Where is your bedroom?" He asked. I motioned down the hall and led the way. When we were in here, he threw me on the bed and lifted my legs. He teased my ass with his big dick. I wasn't normally a bottom but I wasn't going to tell him that. I was so horny I was willing to be stretched by that log between his legs.

"Condoms and lube are in the drawer." I said, pointing towards my nightstand. Without a word, he got a condom, an extra large, and the lube. I silently thanked myself for buying the variety pack.

Continued on pg 44

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GETTING RAW

with PA DADDY J



Northwest Arkansas: A Diversity Paradise in a Conservative Stronghold

When one hears about Arkansas, a few things come to mind: the Civil Rights Movement (The Little Rock Nine), a former U.S. president (Bill Clinton), a worldwide corporation (Walmart), chicken (Tyson and George's), college football (Arkansas Razorbacks), hillbillies and rednecks (the movie "Deliverance", even though it is supposed to be based in Georgia).

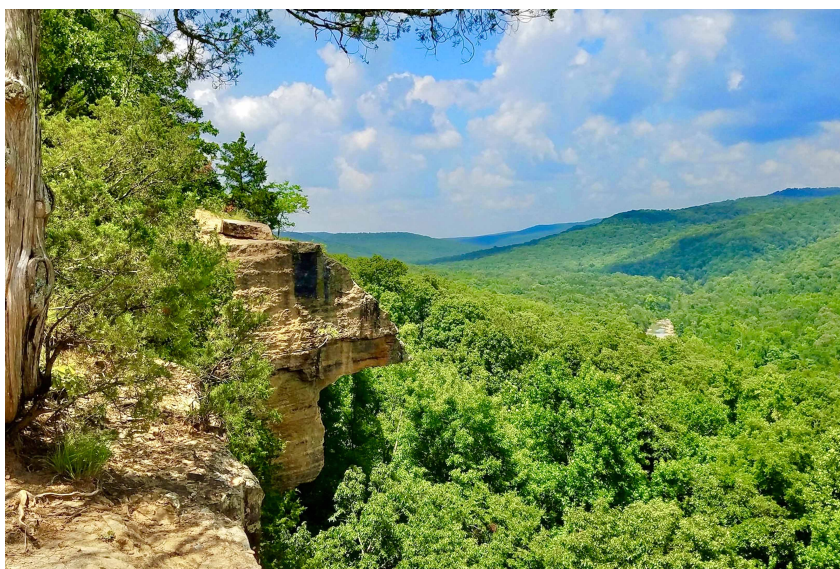
But Arkansas is more than chicken, football, cheap retail shopping, and the pun of hillbillies and rednecks jokes, Arkansas is becoming a well-known travel destinations for the LGBTQIA+ community as its northwest region embraces a more diverse and eclectic population.

Northwest Arkansas — NWA for short — is the fastest growing region in the state as corporations like Walmart, JB Hunt, and Tyson have attracted hundreds of vendors from all over the globe, and the largest academic institution in the state — The University of Arkansas — welcomes over 27,000 students to the area each year.

Northwest Arkansas (NWA)

The Northwest Arkansas metropolitan area is a conglomerate of cities, towns and state parks, each with their own unique personality and characteristics. Fayetteville, Springdale, Lowell, Rogers, Bentonville, and Bella Vista are all lined up parallel to Interstate 49

(North/South), while other cities like Eureka Springs and Siloam Springs are located to the East and West of I-49. Each major city has developed around a town square or a



main street, which makes them more picturesque and charming. But their personalities could not be more different one from the other.

Fayetteville, in the south, is the liberal capital of Northwest Arkansas. Very blue in nature. The population is either younger students or highly educated members of academia. This is due to having the University of Arkansas at the heart of the city. Bentonville, in the north, is the opposite, leaning on the conservative spectrum, and with a population composed of professionals and their families. Bentonville is where the Walmart Corporation headquarter is located. However, due to an influx of people brought into Bentonville to work for Walmart and its hundreds of vendors and providers, the city is becoming more diverse and subsequently more LGBTQIA+ welcoming.



Towns like Cave Springs, Elm Springs, Johnson, Gentry, West Fork, Little Flock, Pea Ridge, Centerton, Gravette, Tontitown, Bethel Heights, Greenland, and Farmington are found either between the main cities or spread out in the area. All of the small towns have something to offer and are becoming sought after residential locations for newcomers to NWA.

Served by the Northwest Arkansas National Airport — XNA for short — NWA offers regular and seasonal direct flights from La Guardia, JFK, Dallas, Chicago, Las Vegas, Miami, Charlotte, Tampa, New Orleans, Austin, Houston, Denver, Los Angeles, Phoenix/Mesa, Minneapolis, Nashville, Washington D.C., Atlanta, Orlando/Sanford, St. Petersburg/Clearwater, Punta Gorda, and Fort Lauderdale. These flights are offered by Delta, American, United, Allegiant, Breeze, and Frontier.

There are four cities within Northwest Arkansas that merit special attention: Fayetteville, Rogers, Bentonville, and Eureka Springs. Let's see why.

Fayetteville

There is so much to do and see in Fayetteville depending on the time of the year one visits. Fayetteville is young, vibrant, innovative, and welcoming. It is also the entertainment capital of NWA. It is where the crowds gather to party on Dickson Street; where live music fills the air at many of the bars located within a 1 mile radius of the town square; where the big Broadway Musicals, dance companies, and performers and

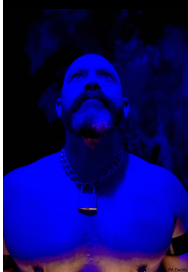
Getting Raw

musicians come to town at the Walton Arts Center, Theater Square, and The Faulkner Performing Arts Center; where the thousands of football and basketball fans gather every Fall and Spring at the University of Arkansas Razorback Stadium or at the Bud Walton Area; where festivals and parades happen throughout the year; and where the biggest PRIDE celebration in Arkansas is hosted every summer, with over 22,000 people attending the Pride Parade held in less than 1/2 of a mile.

Fayetteville has a diverse food scene. You can have an amazing Italian culinary experience at Vetro 1925, the best burgers in town at Nomads Trailside; Vietnamese food at Pho Thanh II, Thai food at Taste of Thai; hit the great food trucks on Dickson Street, College Avenue, or at Lake Fayetteville; have great pizza at Mellow Mushroom, visit any of the local breweries in the city (Fossil Cove, West Mountain Brewing Co., Apple Blossom Brewing Company, Columbus House Brewery, etc); have an incredible mixology experience at Vault; or play pinball and drink at Pinpoint. All of these aforementioned places are well known for being allies to members of our community.



Fayetteville has a very strong drag scene with a large number of talented performers. Maddy Morphosis, a drag queen featured on RuPaul's Drag Race Season 14, is a native of Fayetteville. Her home club is C4 Nightclub & Lounge, the official LGBTQIA+ waterhole in the city, which caters to a younger crowd of ages between 18 and 30 — which is typical for a college town. For more information about Fayetteville visit experiencefayetteville.com.





Bentonville

The heart of Walmart, Bentonville is finally discovering and embracing its diverse side. Bentonville and Walmart are one. The city's growth is owed to the Waltons and their contribution to the arts, education, and multiple projects, foundations and charities dotted all across the city.

Bentonville is home to the Bentonville Film Festival, a non-profit organization focused on promoting underrepresented voices of diverse



storyteller. The festival is chaired by none other than acclaimed Hollywood movie star Geena Davis.

Bentonville is also the home of Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art — the brain child of Walmart Heiress Alice Walton and designed by internationally acclaimed architect Moshe Safdie. Crystal Bridges is the only museum in the United States dedicated to showcasing American artists., and it is considered one of a kind. Truly

spectacular. The art on display is worth million of dollars, and the grounds surrounding the museum are a combination of natural forests and designed landscaping. Admission is free and it is open all year around, hosting a permanent exhibit, and special exhibitions at an extra cost. Another couple of museums worth to visit are the Momentary, Crystal Bridges' sister gallery, and the Walmart Museum right on the town square.

Bentonville has a great food scene as well. Just around the

Bentonville Town Square one can find a plethora of restaurants and eateries, But unlike Fayetteville, Bentonville lacks live music venues or designated LGBTQIA+ establishments. However, things are slowly changing. You can now see the rainbow flag on display at various businesses. For more information about Bentonville visit visitbentonville.com.

Rogers

Rogers has become the buffer city between liberal Fayetteville and conservative Bentonville. It has taken the best of both cities and produced a great fusion of cultures and lifestyles. Rogers has more restaurants and eateries than any other city in the area. The best Cuban restaurant in Arkansas, Havana Tropical Grill, is found in Rogers. But that's not all. Rogers boasts Salvadoran, Spanish, Mexican, Italian, Tex-Mex, Asian, Southeast Asian, Korean, and American style cuisines.

Rogers is also home to the Walmart Arkansas Music Pavilion or AMP. This outdoor concert venue has showcased a large number of talent in the music industry and continues to bring the best performers to Northwest Arkansas.



Getting Raw



Another place in Rogers that deserves to be mentioned is the Arkansas Public Theater at the Victory Theater in downtown Rogers. This community theater produces well known plays and musicals all year round and enlists a lot of members of the local LGBTQIA+ community as performers.

Downtown Rogers is a wonderful place to sample some food, watch free live music performances, or bar hop. Overall, people are very friendly and the whole downtown area is very safe. It truly has experienced a rebirth in the last decade, making one of the favorite places to hangout with the family on Friday nights. For more information about Rogers visit visitrogersarkansas.com.

Eureka Springs

The jewel of Northwest Arkansas, Eureka Springs is located in the forests of the Ozark Mountains and it is like nothing else in Arkansas. This town is on a completely different astral plane. It is artsy, eclectic, quirky, open minded, and the most LGBTQIA+ city in the whole state of Arkansas — all that in a Victorian setting with total hippy vibe. Eureka Springs is Austin meets San Francisco meets Portland. Completely unique.

Walking its streets you feel like you have been transported to the 1900s. Founded in July 4th, 1879, the city has maintained its original Victorian charm. Nestled in the mountains, there are miles and miles of treks to explore and discover by foot or mountain bike.

Eureka Springs is gay, gay gay. The rainbow flag is displayed everywhere and there are more LGBTQIA+ owned business there than any other place in the whole state. The city also hosts Diversity Weekend four times a year, one every season,

attracting LGBTQIA+ people from all over the South, Midwest, and Central United States.

Diversity Weekend is a celebration of life, joy, arts, and lifestyles. Everyone is welcome to attend and join the festivities that include parades, dances, live music, and more. Eureka Springs also boast a strong drag scene with its headquarters at Eureka Live!, the official LGBTQIA+ night club in the city. You can dance the night away or watch any of the great drag performers that host the festivities every weekend. Unlike C4 in Fayetteville, the crowd at Eureka Live! is older and more diverse. There is a good number of straight people that hangout there on the weekends. For more information about Eureka Springs visit eurekasprings.org.

Magnetic Valley Resort

Eureka Springs holds a wonderful secret: Magnetic Valley Resort: the only clothing



optional resort for gay men and trans individuals in Arkansas.



Getting Raw

Magnetic Valley Resort, or MVR for short, is located just a few miles from downtown Eureka Springs and it has become an oasis for gay and trans individuals that enjoy a naturist lifestyle. The resort is set in the beautiful forest surrounding the city, which gives it a secluded and peaceful ambiance and unparalleled natural beauty.

I have spent many summer days basking naked in the sun and enjoying the

Continued on pg 50



Juan



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Juan

He opened the condom and set it aside and then took the lube and generously applied it to my ass. He inserted a finger slowly and allowed me time to get used to it as he advanced. Next came two fingers and then three until he had four fingers in me and was able to slide in and out without causing too much pain. It was feeling rather good.

He pulled his fingers out and applied some lube to his dick and then reached for the condom. He unrolled it on his dick and then added some lube. I shivered when he put the head at my hole.

He pushed in gently until he had the tip in. Just this much in and it hurt like hell but I was determined to take this thing. He slowly pushed in more as I took deep breathes and relaxed. I had never felt this type of sensation before. The feeling of being stretched was a mixture of pleasure and pain and it was something I had never felt before.

Then he stopped and I realized that he was all the way in. Seconds later, he started moving in and out, very slowly until I adjusted some more. Finally, he started to speed up and before I knew it, he was thrusting hard. The bed was rocking and creaking and he and I were both moaning. I couldn't believe I was taking ten inches and it was feeling amazing.

I loved looking up at him as he was inside me, his abs flexed with his thrusts and there was a light sheen of sweat on his neck and chest.

I was slowly jerking off as he thrust deep in me. I could feel he was hitting something cause I was rock hard and felt like I was going to cum any minute, and judging by his actions, he was on the verge as well.

I couldn't take it anymore and yelled that I was about to cum and he said he was too so I

shot all over my chest. Within seconds, he pulled out, removed the condom, and shot all over me, covering me in his cum and my cum.

He laid beside me on the bed and started kissing me for what seemed like hours. It was absolute bliss.

"Matthew? Matthew? Can you hear me?" I heard his voice saying my name but he was still kissing me. "You okay?" I heard him ask.

I opened my eyes to see him standing in front of me, fully clothed. I was sitting on the couch in the same spot I was in when he went to the bathroom earlier. I shook my head and looked up at him.

"Yeah, I am fine." I said, my voice raspy.

"Dude, you were zoned out when I came from the bathroom and you were just sitting there with your hand in your pants." He replied. I looked down and sure enough, my left hand was in my pants and you could see my hard on through my jeans. I immediately withdrew my hand and felt so embarrassed.

"I am so sorry. I must have been so tired I zoned out." I said. I could feel my cheeks turn red.

"No worries man, I am glad you were okay. It's late so I am gonna go. See you tomorrow." He said and headed towards the door.

"Hey, do you think I could get a ride to work with you tomorrow?" I asked. "I'll be able to get my car fixed tomorrow."

"Of course, I will see you in the morning." He said with a smile and was out the door. I couldn't believe it. I had dreamed that amazing sex and I mean what a great dream but it was just that, a dream. I looked at my crotch and I was still hard so I decided to take care of that and then head to bed while the dream was so fresh in my mind.

After all, dreams can come true right?



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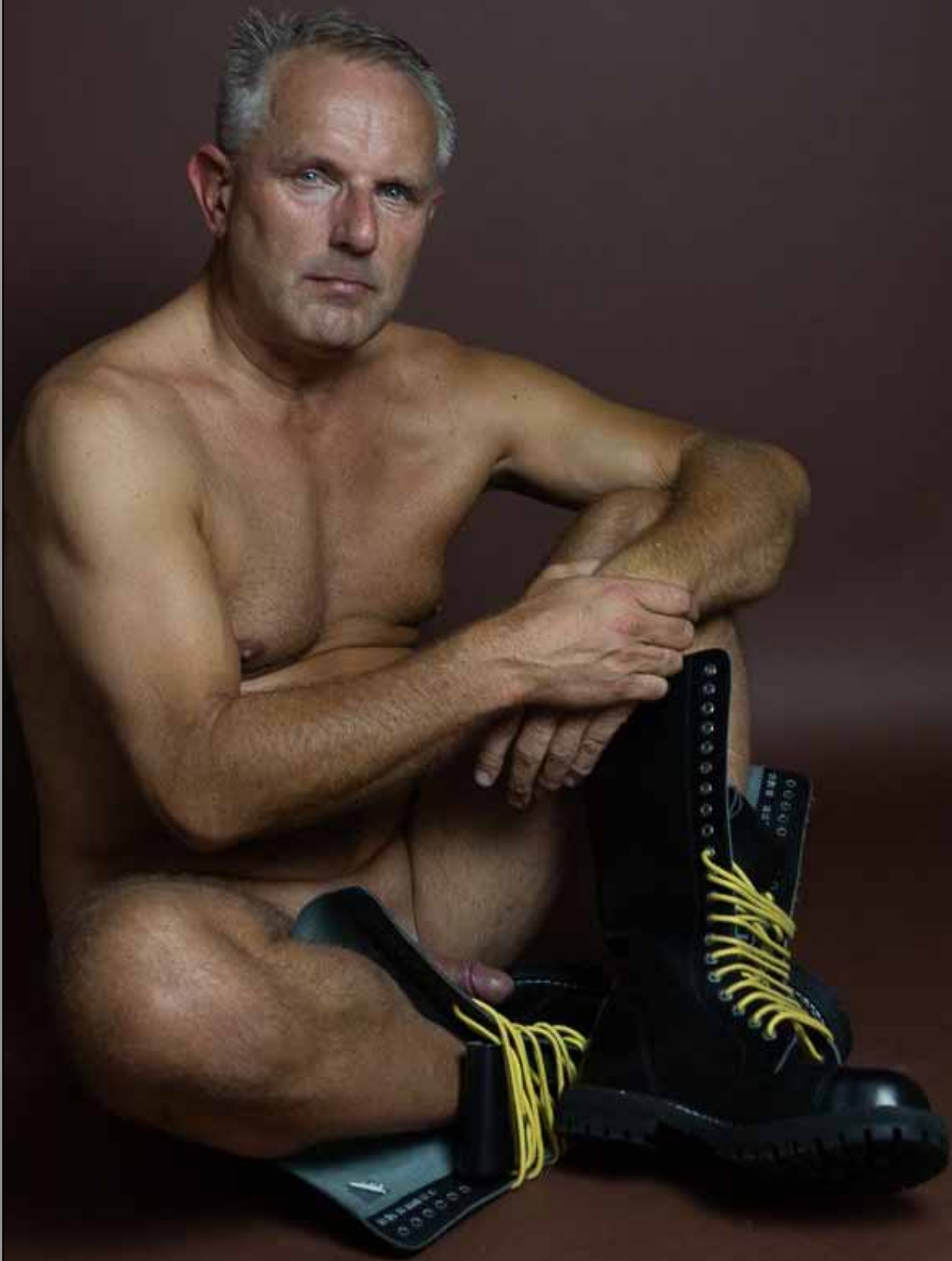


4x4 Photography

by PA Daddy J



DHM Fan ~ Bart



Continued from pg 37



company of likeminded individuals in the relaxing and welcoming atmosphere the resort has to offer. The resort has comfortable lodging accommodations for those wanting to spend a weekend or longer there (duplexes, three-way house, and soon to open: the bunk house), as well as RV grounds and slots for camping. For those only visiting for a day, a day pass is available for only US\$25 on regular days or US\$30 on holidays.

The pool is set against a steep hill with an incredible view of a waterfall and surrounding

woodland. Multiple lounging areas around the pool offer multiple opportunities to socialize with new friends: pool deck, sun deck, cabanas, and bar area. Although sexual activity is forbidden in the resort's public areas, plans for a future "secret garden" are under discussion. In the meantime, guests can explore the "Smoke Shack" conveniently located in a somewhat private area and well... play a little. I mean, the resort is crawling with handsome men of all ages, ethnicities, and body types. Just make sure you respect the rules and you will have a great time.

The resort is open all year around and it is at its busiest during the Summer months. For more information about Magnetic Valley Resort visit magneticvalleyretreat.com.

Can NWA be a new LGBTQIA+ traveling destination?

Walmart, JB Hunt, Tyson, and the University of Arkansas are working extra hard to make the area more diverse and inclusive. After all, in order to attract talent from all over the world, these entities must do their best to ensure that the area is as diverse and inclusive as possible.

They way they are doing that is by enhancing what NWA has to offer: building museums, providing performing arts venues, new shopping experiences, better schools, festivals, revitalizing city centers, investing into the infrastructure, offering services, refurbishing natural attractions and creating new outdoors experiences. The list goes on and on. Thanks to all the effort, energy, money, and time spent in developing a more

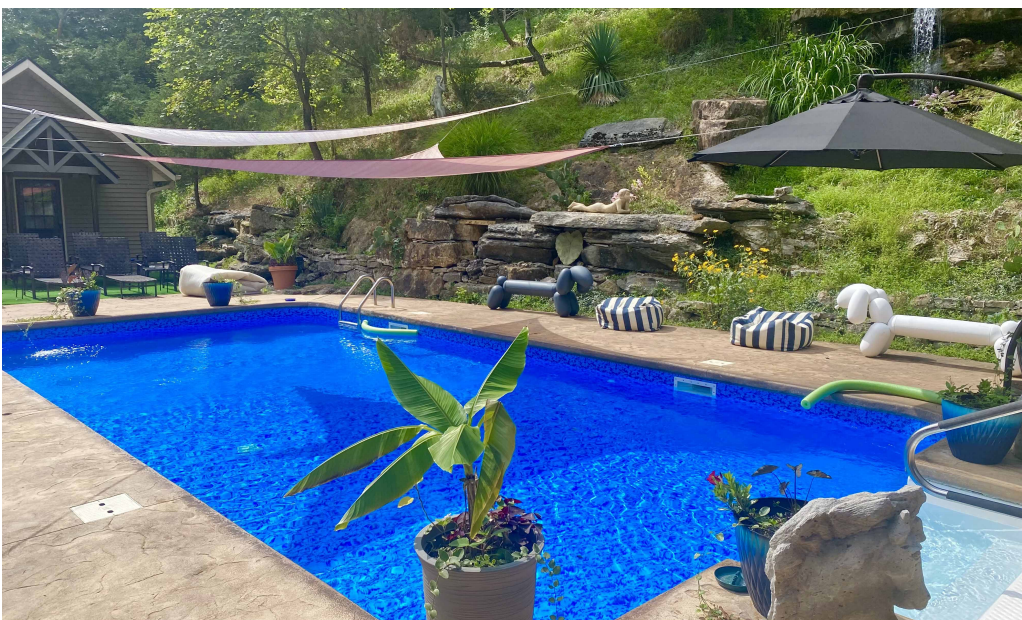
diverse and inclusive area, NWA has become a safe haven for our community.

Give NWA a try. You might discover a hidden gem. I know it is. I live there.

Until next time, folks!

Stay safe.

PA Daddy J



Getting Raw

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November 8, 2022

Hairy Trouble



Photography by **Humble Photography**
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Models: Hairy Trouble
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A few years ago, I moved to Northern New Jersey to work as a laboratory chemist in a pharmaceutical company. I have a bachelor's degree in chemistry and really enjoy working to make new molecules or optimizing syntheses for scale-up processes.. While I am working in the laboratory, I have my ambitions set on getting into management where the money is.

I am twenty-eight, masculine, deeply closeted gay. I am five foot ten inches and weigh one hundred and seventy pounds and have a nice masculine body that I keep in shape by running and going to the gym. I am pretty much obsessed with sex and am always on the prowl for anonymous sex hookups.

I did not have any friends when I moved to Jersey and it was pretty hard to find people my age to hang out with (in a non-sexual nature). One of my neighbors was a hot girl , Stefanie, who came from a second generation Italian family. We greeted each other in the parking lot and slowly became friends. Stefanie had a hot boyfriend and I was really interested in him, but she threw him out shortly after for cheating on her. After that we would hang out together and we became really good friends. She actually forced me to come out of the closet (to myself and to her anyway, but that story is a tangent).

When Thanksgiving rolled around, my trip home was cancelled due to bad weather and she insisted that I spend the day with her and her family. The dinner was at her grandparent's house and her family turned out to be 30 uncles, aunts,

cousins and a few old people whom I never really understood how they were related. Her father, uncles and her brothers were pretty shady characters and I was immediately suspicious that everything was not on the up and up. They were however friendly and welcoming towards me, especially when they found out that I was not there to be introduced as Stefanie's boyfriend. One of her male cousins was super hot. Marco was thirty five years old, six foot one inch and about two hundred pounds. He was muscular, had a dark complexion and a long, black hair gelled straight back. He had a sexy smile that showed off a set of perfectly white teeth.

When Marco first shook my hand, I could tell that his gaydar went off and that he knew what I liked. I did not really get any gay vibe from him and I wasn't going to make a fool of myself flirting with him in front of Stefanie's family. It was hard for me to keep my eyes off him and I caught myself looking all the time. He was wearing a dark gray suit with very tight fitting pants that sculpted an image of a thick cock and heavy balls. When he took the jacket off, I could see his shirt sleeves up to reveal his hairy muscular forearms. To top it off, his shirt was unbuttoned a little to reveal a hairy chest and two fine nipples poked through the satiny material. He was wearing a pair of black Italian shoes, probably a size thirteen that were quite pointy at the tip which I found quite sexy. His wife was a real hottie and when she came over and

Continued on pg 66

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Michael



Michael



Model: Michael
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draped herself over his shoulder and arm for a kiss, I felt my cock stiffen.

After a great dinner, all the men congregated on the terrace to smoke some Cuban cigars that Stefanie's father had scored someplace or another. Even though I was clearly an outsider, all of the men were friendly and I could keep up with their jokes and banter and they asked me a lot of questions about myself, my family and my job. They seemed to be particularly interested in my job in the chemistry lab and asked me a lot of questions about my knowledge of chemical reactions, laboratory set-up, etc. I thought they were just being polite but after a while I started to wonder why this was so interesting to them.

I couldn't get much information out of them regarding their jobs or business life. After a while, most of the men wandered back into the house and finally only Marco and I were left on the terrace. He took out a very large cigar, lit it and took a big drag. He passed it over to me and said "I thought you might enjoy sucking on a big one." I took the cigar and took a deep drag, it was very strong and I coughed. "Too big for you?" asked Marco.

"Nah, I am pretty used to the big ones." I replied. He looked at me and winked and I flashed him a coy smile. I looked down at his crotch and could see that his ample bulge had grown considerably.

"Would you like to see my grandparent's pool" he asked and we meandered around the house and the garden until we reached the pool area. It was surrounded by a hedge for privacy and there was a small pool house. As it was November, the pool was covered and he went directly to the pool house and entered. I followed him into a small room where there were a couple of showers and a slew of deck chairs and tables stored for the winter.

"So you are used to sucking on the big ones, huh?" I looked him directly in the eye and put my hand on his big bulge and answered, "that's what I said, wanna find out?" He leaned in toward me and gave me a deep, warm tongue kiss and tweaked my nipples hard through my shirt. "We don't have much time," he said and pushed me down on my knees.

I unbuckled his belt, unbuttoned and unzipped his pants to reveal his big cock straining a pair of black underwear. I mouthed his cock through the satiny material and I could smell the testosterone and feel the heat from his throbbing cock. He pulled the underwear down and his magnificent cock smacked my forehead. Like the rest of him, it was dark, thick and he was uncut. I licked the head of his cock and down the shaft to his heavy balls. He had close-trimmed his equipment, but there was still enough hair there for me to enjoy. I licked and sucked his balls and balanced each of them on my tongue. I licked back up the shaft and, with my teeth, gently pulled his foreskin over his large mushroom cockhead. I sucked on the foreskin and slid my tongue into the pouch I had created and licked all around his cockhead. He was oozing a heavy dose of precum which I sucked up greedily.

He was shivering with pleasure and my own cock was straining my pants. I reached up and cupped his balls, sucked his hard cock into my throat and started bobbing up and down on that steel rod. My breathing was heavy and my forehead was pounding. Fuck, I was turned on. I moved my fingers behind his balls and started tickling his taint. He moaned and his whole body was shaking. I deep throated his cock and he took control and face fucked my throat roughly while caressing my head. "Fuck, yeah. Fuck yeah," you're one hell of a cock sucker! Even though we did not have much time, he took his time thoroughly fucking my throat. Now and again, I gagged on his cock which was a big turn on for both of us. The first time, he actually tried to pull his cock out to stop my gagging. I jumped back on his cock as I also wanted to feel his hard rod gagging my throat. He learned fast and soon I was gagging almost to the point of throwing up.

I could feel his body tightening up so I knew he was getting ready to shoot his load. I kept my mouth on his cock so he would understand that I wanted him to shoot down my throat. He held my head tightly with both hands and pounded my throat hard. Suddenly he lurched forward, pushing his cock even deeper down my throat and shot his huge load of hot spunk down my throat. There was so much cum, that it filled my mouth and some spurting out onto the ground. I opened my mouth to show him that it was full of his cum and then I

swallowed sensuously so that it would slowly roll down my throat. It wasn't lost on him and he said "Fuck, that was hot!" I looked down and saw that some of the cum had dropped onto his sexy, leather shoe and I bent down and licked it up. I licked his cock clean and looked up into his eyes. "Fuuuuck!" he moaned. "You are a hot motherfucker." He pushed his hands down the back of my pants and fingered my hole. "Damn I can't wait to tap that."

He pulled his pants up, straightened up and we sauntered back to the house as if we had been on a leisurely stroll of the grounds. We reached the house just in time for dessert and coffee. I sat beside Stefanie and across from Marco. The grandmother served me a big cannoli and after I took a bite, she asked me how I liked it. "It's great, really big and full of cream, just how I like it," and I winked at Marco.

Are you feeling suicidal or have emotional distress? This time of the year can bring it on.

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The Hunting Trip

Story by **Jay Serafin**

Deer season in November has long been a tradition time among the men in our family for long before I was born. It is an Arkansas ritual of total maleness where women are not allowed, a time when the men go together deep into the woods to camp and hunt.

Imagine ten or so middle-aged and young men cooking for each other, drinking, talking sex, then culminating the day of camaraderie by crawling into small tents to sleep together.

At last, after years of waiting, I was old enough to go -- considered strong enough to keep up on the run, to handle a gun and to participate in the lewd talk and innuendo that fill the days.

Finally the morning came and our little caravan of pick-ups and cars left for the hunting grounds. The anticipation built as we moved along and I began to wonder about what lay ahead in the week to come.

Our family mix has produced a very pleasing genetic arrangement. My mother is dark Italian -- blue black hair, sharp features and olive skin, while my father is a hulking 6'2" Norwegian with white blond hair and a golden tan. My chest was just forming a fine spray of blond hair which would eventually whirl over my stomach. Already my crotch and legs were thickly matted with a tangle of hair -- it even spread somewhat down the length of my cock. When hard, my dick was 7 1/2 " and it showed no signs of slowing down in growth. Even then, I could only just barely fit my fingers around it.

The first day at our campsite, we spend most of the morning setting up, one central tent for

cooking and meeting which would sleep four, and then three smaller tents which would sleep two each.

I was glad to see that I wasn't the only newcomer -- there was my cousin Linda's new young husband, Kevin. I couldn't help wondering how his new blood would affect the family look. He is from strapping Irish stock, bright red hair, flawless skin, green eyes.

We were just finishing dinner and since Kevin was to sleep in the mess tent he was one of the first to begin to undress.

I had to suppress a gasp when his tee-shirt came over his head revealing a wide expanse of red hair covering his chest and stomach. The most unusual thing about it was the way it stood out between his nipples -- the hair there being so thick and long it stuck out about two inches from the surface of the skin.

From my chair at the foot of his cot I had a perfect view up the wide leg of his boxer shorts. Clearly visible were his two huge hairy nuts, so large they filled the large gap and obscured any view of his dick shaft.

We were all so tired that first night I don't even remember lying down. My hunt partner was my mother's youngest brother Tony. Just before dawn he was shaking me awake to get dressed and I saw to my disappointment that he was dressed already.

On entering the mess tent my Uncle Jeff was cooking and he told me that he hadn't been

Continued on pg 86

Hotel Strip & Play

Featuring **Cris K**



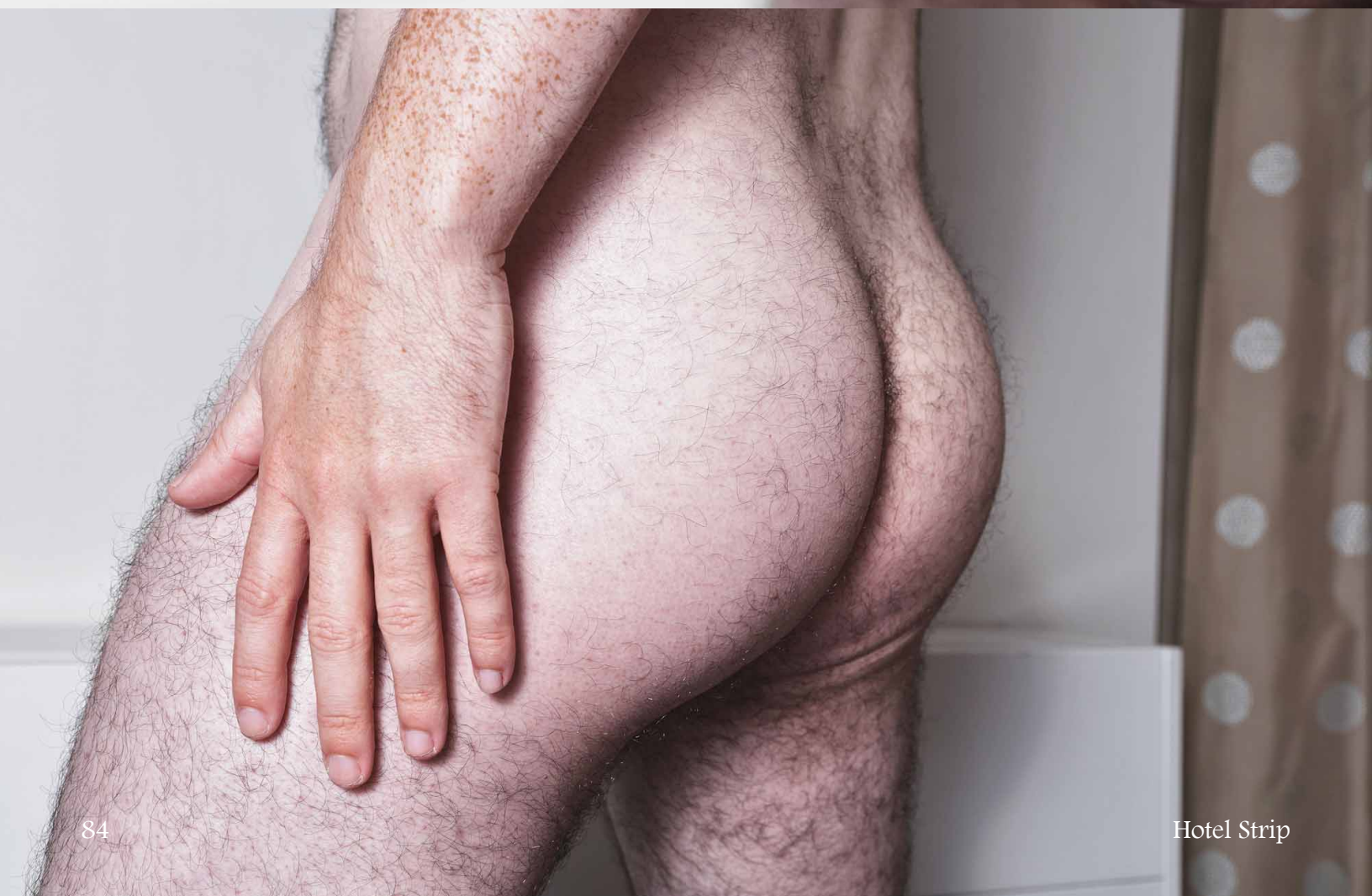
Photography by **VIR**

Email | Instagram | Adult Folio











Model: Cris K
Instagram | Adult Folio | Purpleport

able to wake Kevin so would I mind shaking him again. After going through the small partition at the back of the tent, my first sensation was the strong scent of fresh sperm, then I did a double take!

Kevin was lying flat on his back, the covers kicked down to his knees. He was in the final throes of a wet dream! His cock head and four inches of incredibly thick shaft were above his waist band far past his navel.

The finger-sized tube on the underside was still belching blobs of come onto his stomach, but those first shots must have been massive: there were globs in his hair, on his cheek, across his lips and even in the deep cleft of his chin; his chest was streamed with great splashes of semen, the hairs of his stomach were down and the great pool which filled his navel was running off both sides of his abdomen.

He was still sleeping soundly, but I couldn't wake him like this, so I grabbed a nearby towel. After a few seconds of mopping, the towel was pretty well soaked with sperm, but at least Kevin was clean enough to waken. His eyes came open groggily. He looked at me, then at his slowly relaxing meat. He smiled shyly and made some lame joke about missing his wife, or something.

Thoughts of Kevin kept me so horny all that day I wasn't much into the hunt, but Uncle Tony didn't seem to mind much and the hours passed fairly quickly.

After supper that evening, I could hardly wait to get to bed: I was going to see Uncle Tony undress and tonight I wasn't sleepy. He had that super, healthy look of an extraordinarily dark Italian stud. At 18, his body was approaching the peak of it's glowing health.

Dark black hair covered his chest and stomach, so thick that you could hardly see the skin of his ridged belly underneath. His legs were hairy, and even the tops of his feet and toes had little patches of wonderfully dark hair.

He wore blinding white jockey shorts and the mound in the front was so filled with soft dick and balls, the leg holes were pushed open and a wide expanse of ball bag showed on either side.

It was really getting colder that night, and as Tony slipped into the double sleeping bag, he just naturally wrapped his big muscular arms around

me and drew me close.

"No sense in shivering when I got all this fur," he said.

"It feels great," I replied nervously, wondering if he caught the anxiety in my voice.

After about fifteen minutes I could hear the rhythmic breathing of steady sleep coming from Tony. I had my back to him and could feel the warmth of his breath on my neck. And, there was an inviting, warm mound pressing into my rear.

I began to slowly grind my ass and massage his dick with my buns. Instantly I felt the thick tube snake along my crack.

I scooted the sweat pants that I slept in down over my hips, but I knew it was important to maintain the illusion of being asleep and, as far as I knew, he still was.

The head of his dong made it over the top of his waistband; then I could feel the thick foreskin pulling off the huge bell shaped head.

His hips began to move ever so slowly. He was pumping so much pre-cum that soon my ass was slick with lube.

I had never been fucked before, as much as I had thought about it, and I knew I had to try. Tony was so big and handsome, I just had to try to get him inside me, to feel him press his rod in my hole.

Finally the head was positioned against my asshole. It felt like a small apple being pressed against a hole the size of a dime but with the help of the steady flow of the pre-cum, the head pushed/popped inside, then the shaft, inch by inch, till I felt like I was going to burst.

I was trying not to cry out, yet I just had to know how much shaft was left. I was afraid he might rip me apart. But still I tried to pretend sleep. I found that when I raised my right leg the pressure was much less, and eventually the discomfort subsided and was replaced by an incredible warm glow.

I was in full jack knife position when I felt his mammoth hairy nuts pressing into mine, and I knew he was in. There must have been at least 10 inches of wrist-thick cock up my tight virginal asshole, at least that's how it felt to me, and I loved it.

Almost too soon, I felt a hot splashing pressure inside my rectum and I knew he was shooting his load. Not a wild passionate orgasm, but a slow surging release that gave me a full,

warm feeling.

His dick lost none of it's hardness and after about ten minutes, he began making longer and longer strokes, this time making a muffled grunt each time his rod fucked into my ass.

Now that there was the added lubrication of his first massive cum load, I felt nothing but pleasure. His wide dick head was massaging my prostate and the thick hair on his lower shaft was teasing my sphincter.

Without even touching my own dick, I suddenly came in great belching spurts that shot onto my face - a large amount going into my mouth and the rest on my chest and the sleeping bag.

And we continued for what seemed a sweet eternity.

Sometime after Tony had come a third time,

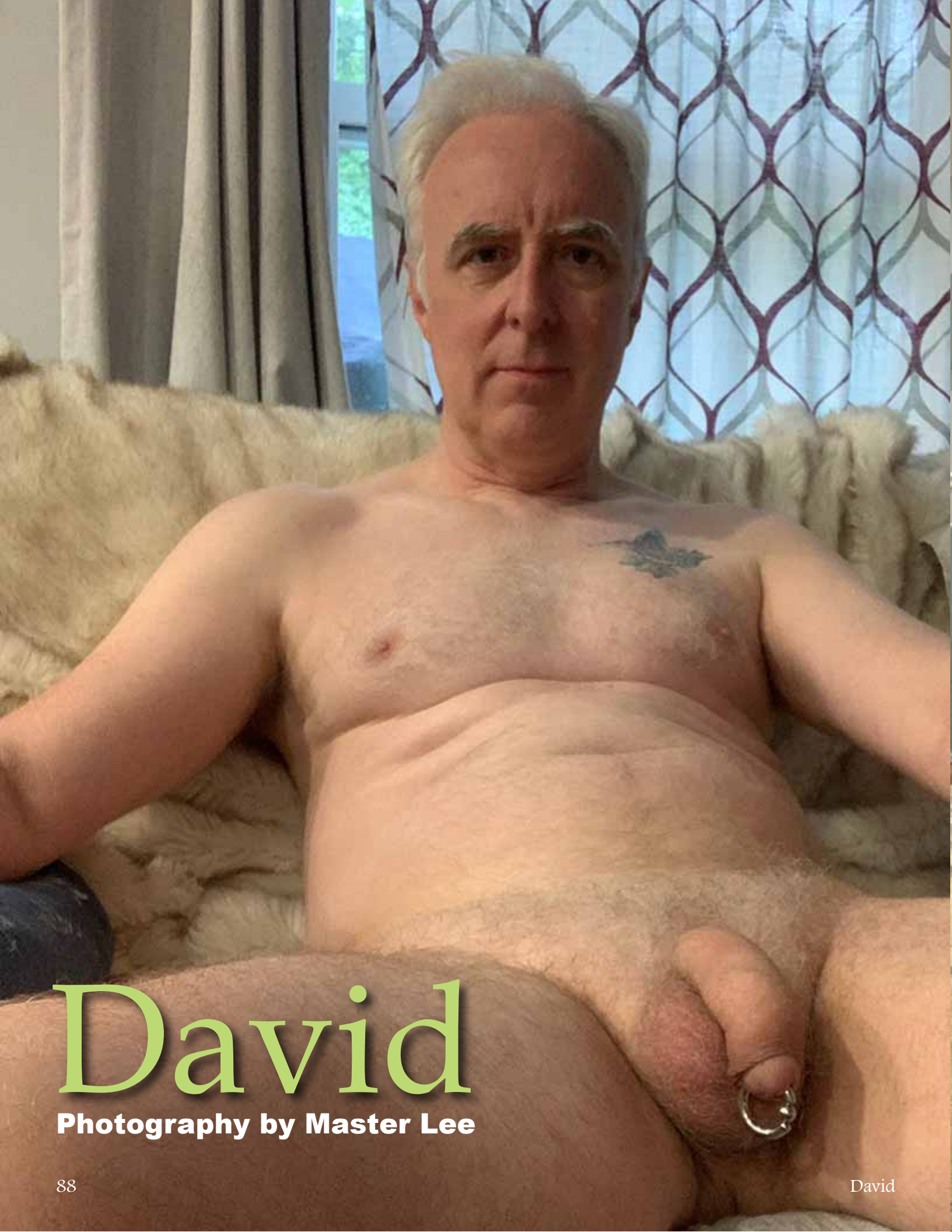
I truly did fall asleep, feeling as stuffed as a Thanksgiving turkey.

During the early morning hours, I awoke with a blinding need to shit. I crawled out of the tent and tried to hold the load in my bowels, but great streams of thick white ooze were running down my hairy young legs to my ankles.

When I was far enough away from the camp, I let loose with what felt like a quart of the warm Italian sperm that had been fucked up my shitter-hole by my beautiful Uncle Tony.

As I've gotten older, the hunt has become the anchoring point of every year. No matter where I travel or what I'm doing, nothing has ever been more important than returning in November. And, of course, tradition just wouldn't be complete unless Uncle Tony is my partner on the hunt.





David

Photography by Master Lee

Model: David

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Coming December 3rd

All Men Are Beautiful!

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