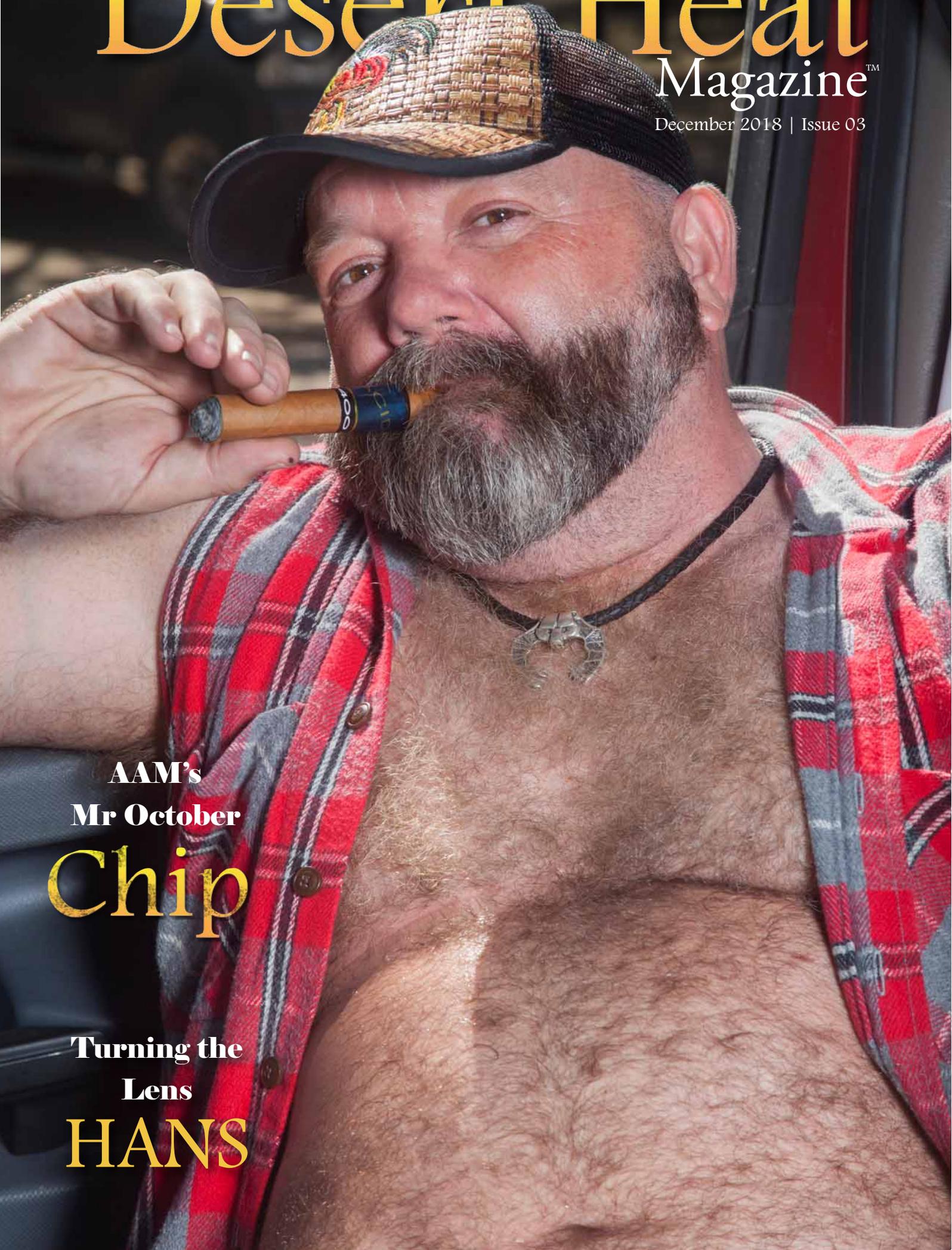


# Desert Heat Magazine™

December 2018 | Issue 03

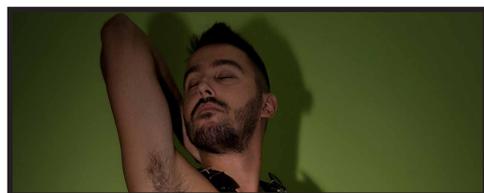


AAM's  
Mr October  
**Chip**

Turning the  
Lens  
**HANS**

# Desert Heat

Magazine  
December 2018 | Issue 3

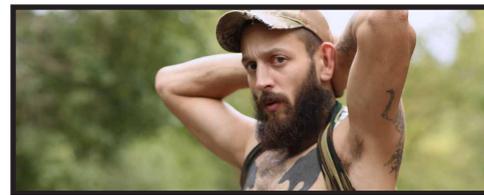


Chip 3



14 Jezebel

Matt Muck 17



29 Men of Cerf

Rygo 43



55 Davis

Turning the Lens 63



67 Elias Myrsinias

Sam Taylor 80



91 Harper Davis

Drive-In Blowjob 89



103 Dylan

Where's My Daddy? 110



113 Rodigo Toro

**Editor**

John Kranz  
john@desertheatmag.com

**Artistic Director**

John Kranz  
john@desertheatmag.com

**Publisher**

Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages@gmail.com

**Design**

John Kranz  
john@desertheatmag.com

**Submissions**

submissions@desertheatmag.com

**Contributors**

Green Door Photography  
(benjy.russell.photo@gmail.com)  
Cerf (claudefauconnier@mac.com)  
Ivan y Gabo  
(sebastiangabrielgarcia@gmail.com)  
Photos by Deej  
HDGImage (dhodgon012@gmail.com)  
Elijah James Barrett (arkhamcraft@yahoo.com)  
Arktos Photography  
(arktos.photography@yahoo.com)  
Menasco Photography  
(ericphx1975@gmail.com)  
Fer77photography (pskfermin@hotmail.com)  
Boypup Max (seccbootblack2018@gmail.com)  
Steam Evolution (nstone98506@gmail.com)

Cover Photo: Chip  
by Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages.com

desertheatmag.com

All of the material in the magazine, including the magazine, is protected by copyright. All rights are reserved. This magazine or parts of it may not be reproduced without prior written permission from the creator of Desert Heat Magazine, John Kranz, the photographers, artists, or the authors. The utmost care has been taken to present the information in Desert Heat Magazine as accurately as possible. Neither the creator, John Kranz, nor any of the contributors accept any responsibility for any damage that may result from the use of this magazine or any information contained within it. All efforts have been made to contact the copyright holders. No responsibility for the reproduction can be taken if the digital data of the images delivered is not accompanied by a high quality color proof. The views expressed in Desert Heat Magazine are not necessarily those of the Publisher or any of the contributors.

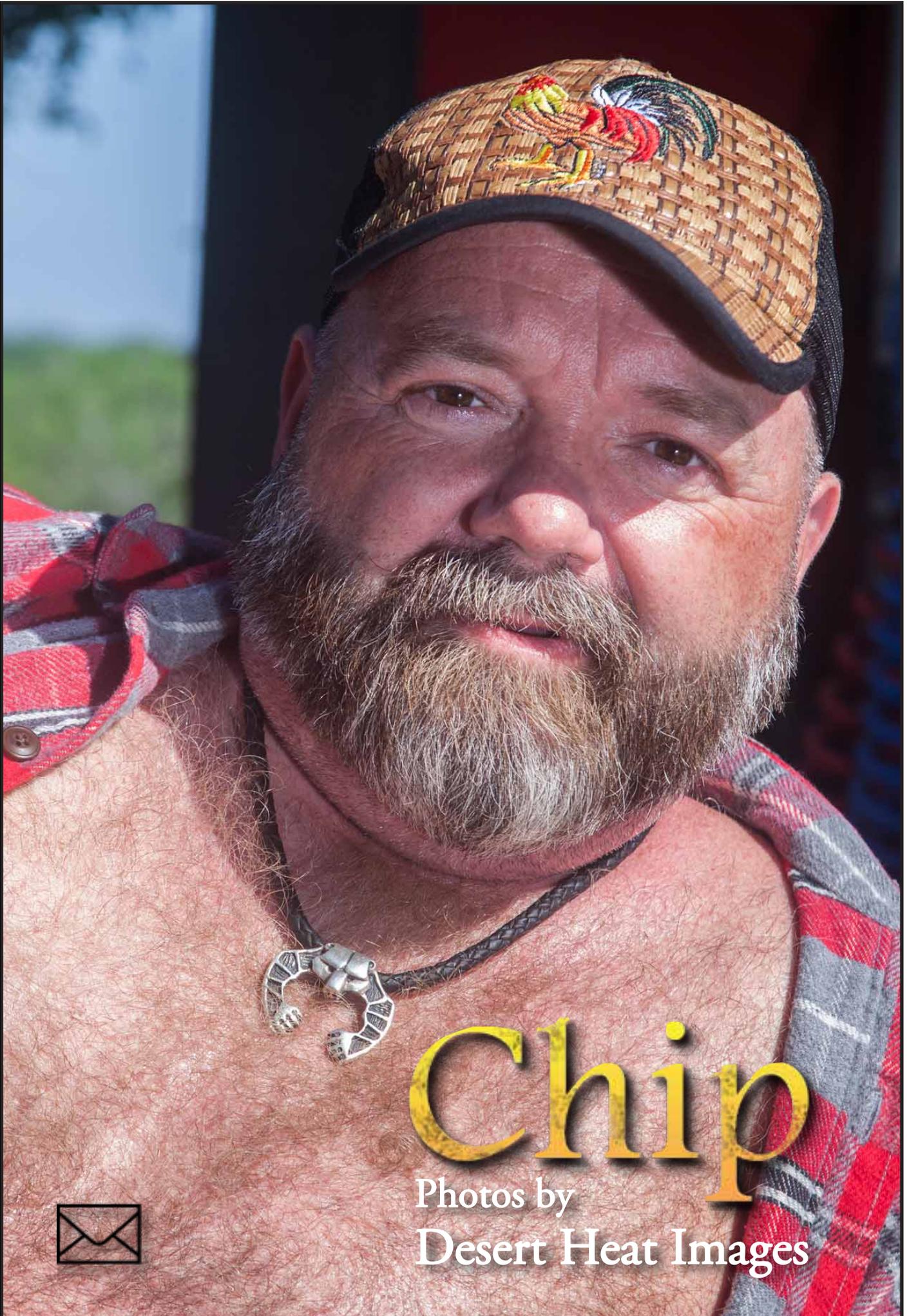
For further information please contact:  
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:  
@desertheatmag

Facebook:  
www.facebook.com/desertheatmag

Tumblr:  
desertheatmagazine.tumblr.com

**Must be 18 years or older to view**



# Chip

Photos by  
Desert Heat Images





Chip





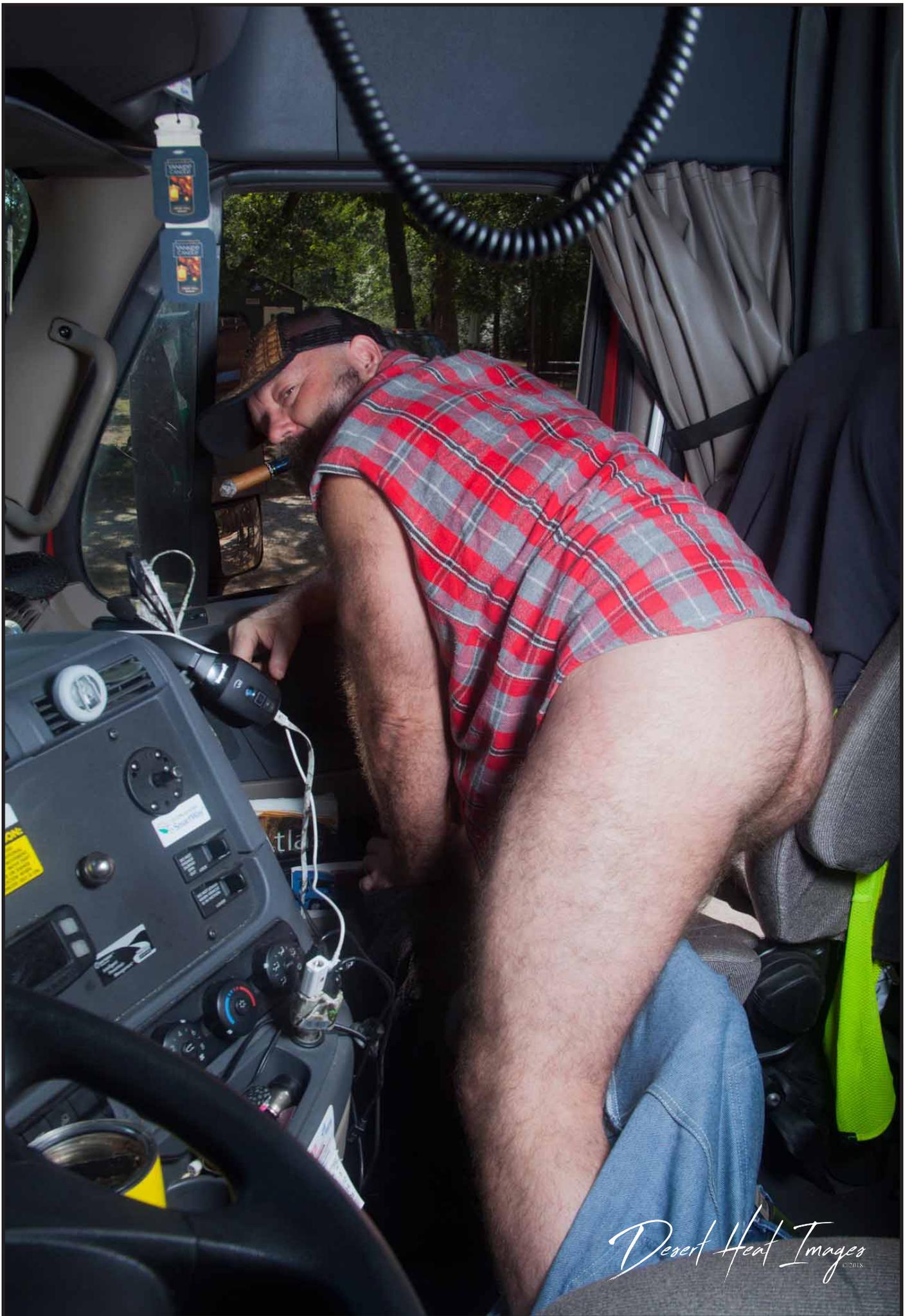
Chip



*Desert Heat Images*  
© 2018



Chip







*Desert Heat Images*  
© 2018



Chip

# DE

[WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM](http://WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM)



# Jezebel

by Elijah James Barrett

## Chapter 3

The rain continues to fall over Mick and Blake as they jog down the street towards Mick's place, Blake panting, trying to keep up with Mick, the cold rain has soaked through Blake's trench coat and is soaking into Blake's clothes.

"We're almost there, just a few more blocks!" says Mick, looking over his shoulder towards back to Blake. Blake is too cold to respond, he only nods in response.

Mick jogs ahead of him, up to a series of buildings, across a street and a sidewalk, Blake wondered whether Mick was used to running in the rain, by the way he moved. He could see the way his bulging, heavy muscles moved under his wet clothes. Blake and Mick splash through puddles reflecting the street and city lights (it was only afternoon, but the heavy rain made it look like it was already nightfall). Mick stops in front of a row of apartments, Blake catches up, Mick puts his hand in his pockets and pulls out a key. He walks up to the entrance door and unlocks it allowing Blake to enter the building; Mick leads the way to his apartment.

"We're gonna have to take the stairs the elevator is broken." Mick heads up the stairs with Blake right behind, Mick takes off his trench coat, Blake notices Mick's chubby ass. His big, but well muscled ass-cheeks, how round and bouncy they look in his jeans; Blake is in awe of this sight.

Blake runs up the stairs after Mick, watching his ass, until they reach the 4th floor. Both men are soaked in rain, their clothes clinging to their skin, as they reach Mick's apartment door. "Well, that was fun," says Mick, with a laugh, as he unlocks his apartment door.

Blake smiles back at Mick, but he was al-

ready beginning to shiver.

They enter Mick's apartment/office. It looks like everything is still in boxes, but there's a desk near a large window to the east, and it looks more like an office than an apartment. Mick shakes his head, like a wet dog, getting the excess water out of his hair. It gets Blake wetter than before, he holds up a hand.

"Oh, heh, sorry 'bout that buddy. It's an old habit."

"It's okay, man," says Blake. "It's not like I can get any wetter."

Mick looks at Blake and himself.

"Hey, you're right, we'd better get out of these before we catch something, you don't mind do ya?" asks Mick.

"Not at all," says Blake, sounding a bit too eager. He blushes, Mick does a little as well. Blake looks back at Mick's boxes, all over the floor and his desk.

"Yeah, the place is a mess. Sorry I acted so grumpy on the phone with you. As you can see, I'm not really ready to be taking calls or requests at the moment, but for you I'll make an exception," Mick winks at Blake.

"Oh, heh, thanks man," says Blake, appreciative.

"Don't sweat it man, it's not just because you're cute," Mick adds with a grin.

Blake doesn't know what to say to this, he's never had a guy be so forward with him before. He doesn't respond, Mick moves on. "I've got other reasons for accepting your case, but... that is one of them," he chuckles. "But first..." Mick takes off his coat, he folds it over his arm and looks at Blake. "Can I take ya coat to dry?" Blake nods, takes off his coat and gives it to Mick. Mick takes the coats and lays them near the radiator; the heat will dry the coats faster than by themselves. Blake starts to sneeze, looks like the cold rain is getting to him. Mick looks over at Blake again, "That's not good!

Let's get you out of these wet clothes." Mick starts to unbutton Blake's shirt, Blake protests.

"I got this, you should get yourself dry too." Mick blushes.

"Oh right! My bad." Mick gives a silly grin, almost embarrassed. Mick starts to unbutton his shirt as well, but one of his buttons is giving him a hard time due to the over-shirt being wet. Mick instead pulls the shirt over his head, giving Blake a view of his back, shoulders, chest and stomach. Mick drops his wet shirt on the floor. Blake eyes those big guns of his. They were huge (so was the rest of him). Blake has his shirt off too, he would take off his jeans but Mick is standing right in front of him. Mick nonchalantly unbuckles his belt and drops his pants to the ground, Blake stares in awe of Mick in his wet underwear. The underwear, white briefs, shape Mick's ass and crotch nicely, showing off Mick's package, and the wetness shows a more defined outline. Mick notices Blake staring at him, "Like what you see, Man?" Blake looks away immediately; he can't believe he was just staring at a grown man in his wet underwear. Mick chuckles loudly. "You thought I was a boxers kind of guy huh? Hmm, I bet you wear boxers."

Blake's face feels hot from embarrassment of Mick not only noticing him staring, but asking what kind of underwear that he wears. Blake tries to speak.

"Well I..." Without any notice, Mick walks up to Blake and pulls down his wet jeans and reveals his underwear, so Mick can see what he's wearing. They're blue-striped boxer shorts, Mick was correct. Blake is terrified. "What the hell!"

Mick smiles to Blake, "You need these wet clothes off, otherwise you'll get a cold, remember?" Mick takes the rest of Blake's wet clothes to the radiator, now both Blake and Mick are just in their wet underwear. Mick turns the knob of the radiator for more heat; he turns back to Blake, "The place should warm up soon, I'll get us some robes and dry underwear."

Mick leaves the living room. Blake, still in

his underwear, walks toward Mick's desk. It looks like there are papers all over the desk; some are newspaper clippings, photos, and files. Blake is intrigued with what Mick has. "Is this what Mick has on Charles Newman?" Blake thinks. Blake lifts some of the papers to see what he can read, Blake feels a pair of hands grab the sides of his boxer shorts and pull down. This scares Blake, he tries to turn and punch Mick, but falls down onto the desk causing all of Mick's papers to fall off the desk and onto the ground.

"Shit!" says Blake, he covers his crotch, and looks up at Mick with wide eyes, scared.

Mick, grinning to ear-to-ear and trying not to laugh from Blake's ungraceful fall, "Sorry Blake, thought you needed help with your undies!"

Blake grits his teeth, "Not funny man!"

Mick sees that Blake isn't amused from his stunt, Mick looks away and gives Blake a robe and a dry pair of underwear, briefs just like the ones he was wearing. Mick was already wearing a robe, a deep blue. Blake's was white. Blake grabs the robe and puts it on immediately, and looks at the underwear with a raised eyebrow. He turns away from Mick and slips them on. They fit very nicely; Blake and Mick must have had similar waist sizes. Blake starts to pick up the dropped papers from Mick's desk, still flustered by the earlier event with Mick, Blake tries to change the subject.

"Is all of this your info on Charles Newman?"

Blake places the papers back onto the desk; Mick is turned away from Blake.

"Uh yeah, it's some of it and some other cases too." Mick goes to one of the many boxes in his apartment to look for a lighter and cigarettes. "You mind if I smoke?"

Blake shakes his head; it's been a while since he's had a drag himself. After the awkward encounter of Mick depantsing his boxers, a cigarette sounds like a great idea.

"I have some in my coat pocket, if you can't find yours," says Blake.

Mick walks back to the radiator, he looks in Blake's coat and pulls out a pack of Royal Flush Cigarettes and a zippo lighter.

**"Sorry Blake,  
thought you  
needed help  
with your  
undies!"**

"Ah, Royal Flush," says Mick, looking excited. "I love these. They were my best friend's favorite brand."

"Your best friend?" asks Blake, interested in knowing more about the big guy.

"Yeah," laughs Mick, "He used to smoke them all the time. I missed the smell." Mick seems very happy, and then suddenly he looks solemn. Blake wanted to ask what was wrong, but by the look on Mick's face, he decided not to.

Mick opens the box, which looks like a pack of cards, and pulls out a cigarette and lights it, breathing in the smoke then exhaling the first drag. Mick offers the open box to Blake, Blake takes one. Mick flips on the lighter, giving Blake the chance to light his cigarette. He too takes a drag and exhales deeply, this helps with the tension in the air. Mick walks up to Blake and the desk and pulls out a file from the pile of papers on top, and opens it. This file has several articles of Charles Newman's hotels and public appearances, as well as photographs of Charles Newman with other high profile people. "Here's what I've recorded on Charles Newman so far..."

Mick takes another drag of his cigarette and makes a long exhale up to the ceiling. Blake, keeping his cigarette close to his mouth, is focused on the photographs; none of them have Jezebel in them. Mick pulls out a flyer with a blue building logo with several illustrations surrounding it.

"This is what made me look into Charles Newman in the first place," Mick hands Blake the flyer; Blake looks at the flyer blankly.

"One of his hotels?" asks Blake, he hands the flyer back to Mick.

"Yeah, but this isn't just an ordinary hotel," says Mick. "This hotel was the start of Charles' career, and there has been some shady business in this hotel."

Blake raises his eyebrow to Mick, "What kind of business?"

Mick turns away from Blake and stares at the window watching the rainfall, "It's for a dif-

ferent case, but this I can say... is that place is key for both our cases."

Blake looks back down at the flyer, thinking to himself. "Will this help me find Jezebel?" Blake is not paying attention to his cigarette, and ash falls onto the papers. "Fuck!" Blake tries to scoop the ashes off of the papers; Mick notices that his cigarette is about to do the same, he looks around and finds an ashtray. Mick extinguishes his cigarette and hands it over to Blake for him to collect the ashes.

"Well, since it's gonna be awhile for your clothes to dry and the rain ain't stopping anytime soon, you wanna a drink, Blake?"

Blake takes his final drags of his cigarette and rubs it out in the ashtray, "Sounds good, I could use a drink!"

Blake takes a seat at the desk while Mick grabs two glasses and some whisky, Mick twists the cork and pours it into the glasses and tops it with ice. He approaches Blake with a glass, Blake takes the glass and clinks his glass with Mick signaling a "cheers" motion. Mick moves some boxes around so that he can make himself a place to sit, adjacent to Blake. Mick sits down and spreads his legs, catching the corner of Blake's eye, as he takes a sip. Mick wasn't wearing any underwear! The sight almost made Blake drop his drink; Mick has his eyes closed with his head facing up to the ceiling.

"This is a good opportunity to see what Mick is packing down there", Blake thinks to himself as he stares from the corner of his eye. The shadow of Mick's

The shadow of  
Mick's robe makes  
it a little hard  
for Blake to see  
his goods.

robe makes it a little hard for Blake to see his goods; "is he uncut?" Blake continues to stare as Mick zones out in the moment, listening to the rain fall.

"It's nice isn't it?" asks Mick

"Oh yeah..." says Blake,

"Wait. What's nice?" asks Blake,

hoping that Mick didn't catch him snooping at his dick.

"The sound of rainfall hitting the roof," Mick replies as he takes a sip from his glass.

"Oh of course, yeah," Blake sighs, relieved

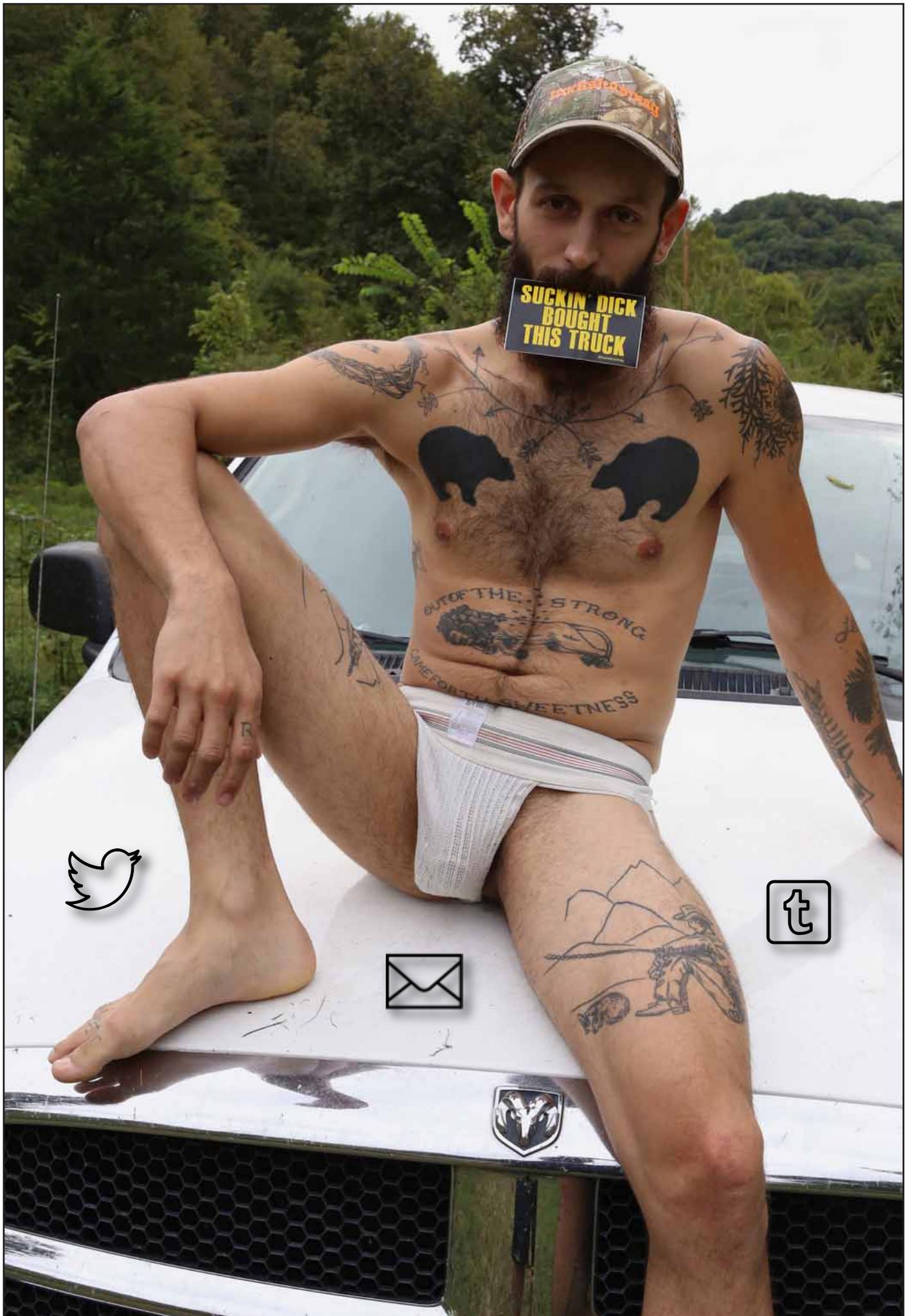
*Continued on page 40*

# Matt Muck



Photos By Benjy Russell





Matt Muck



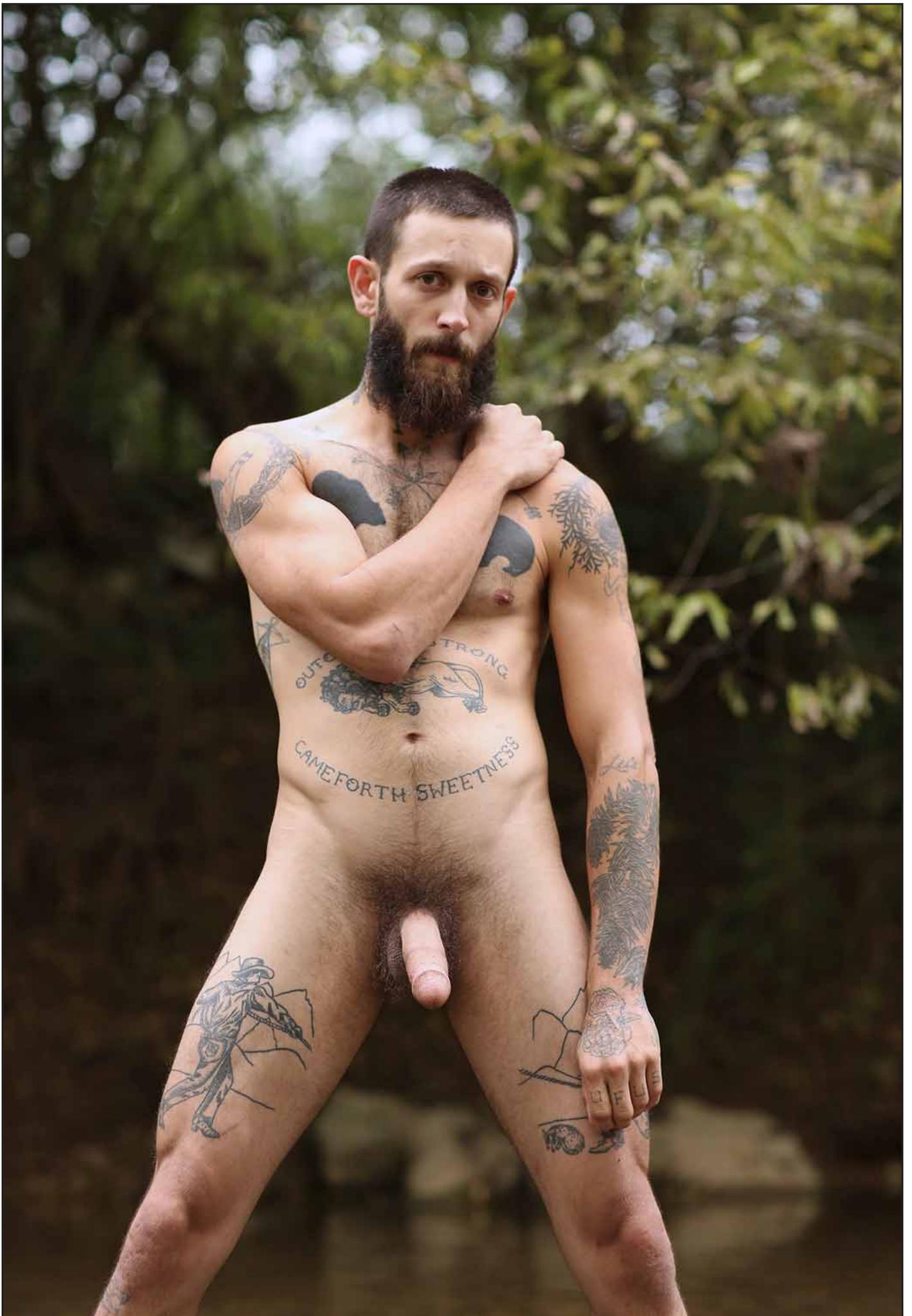


Matt Muck

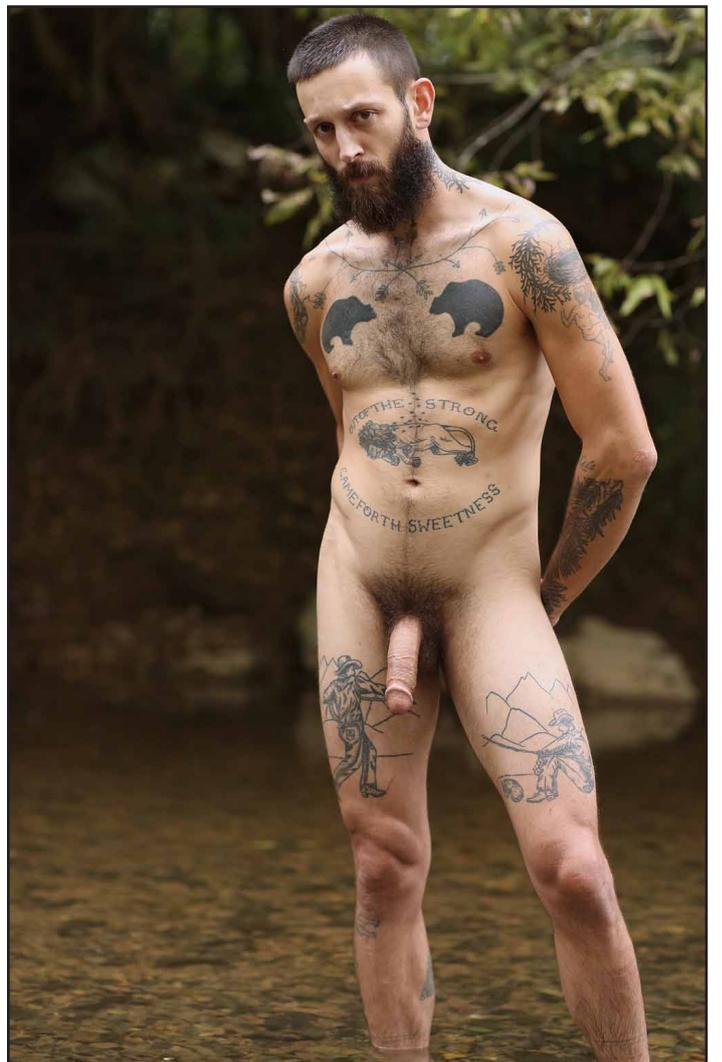
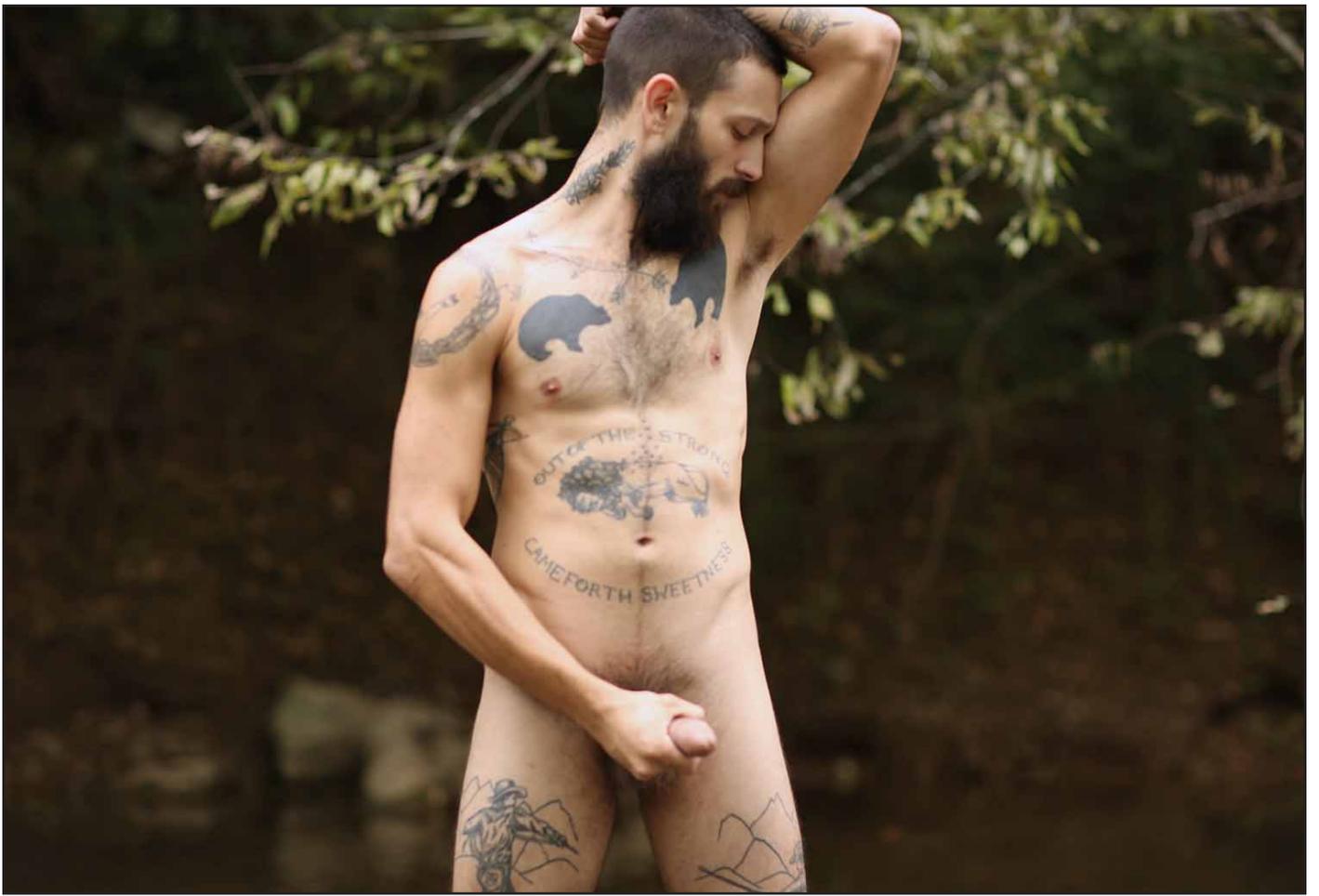


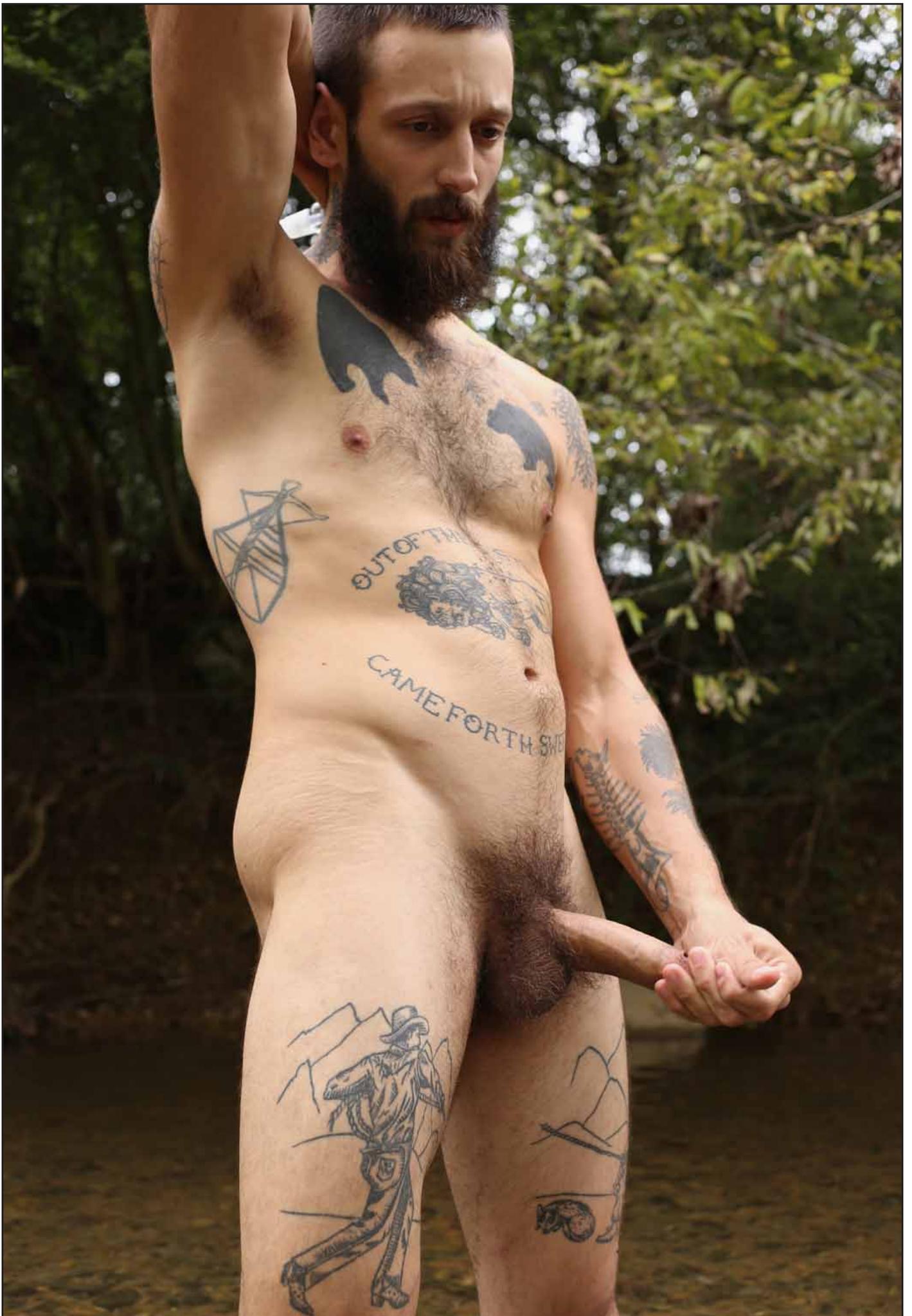




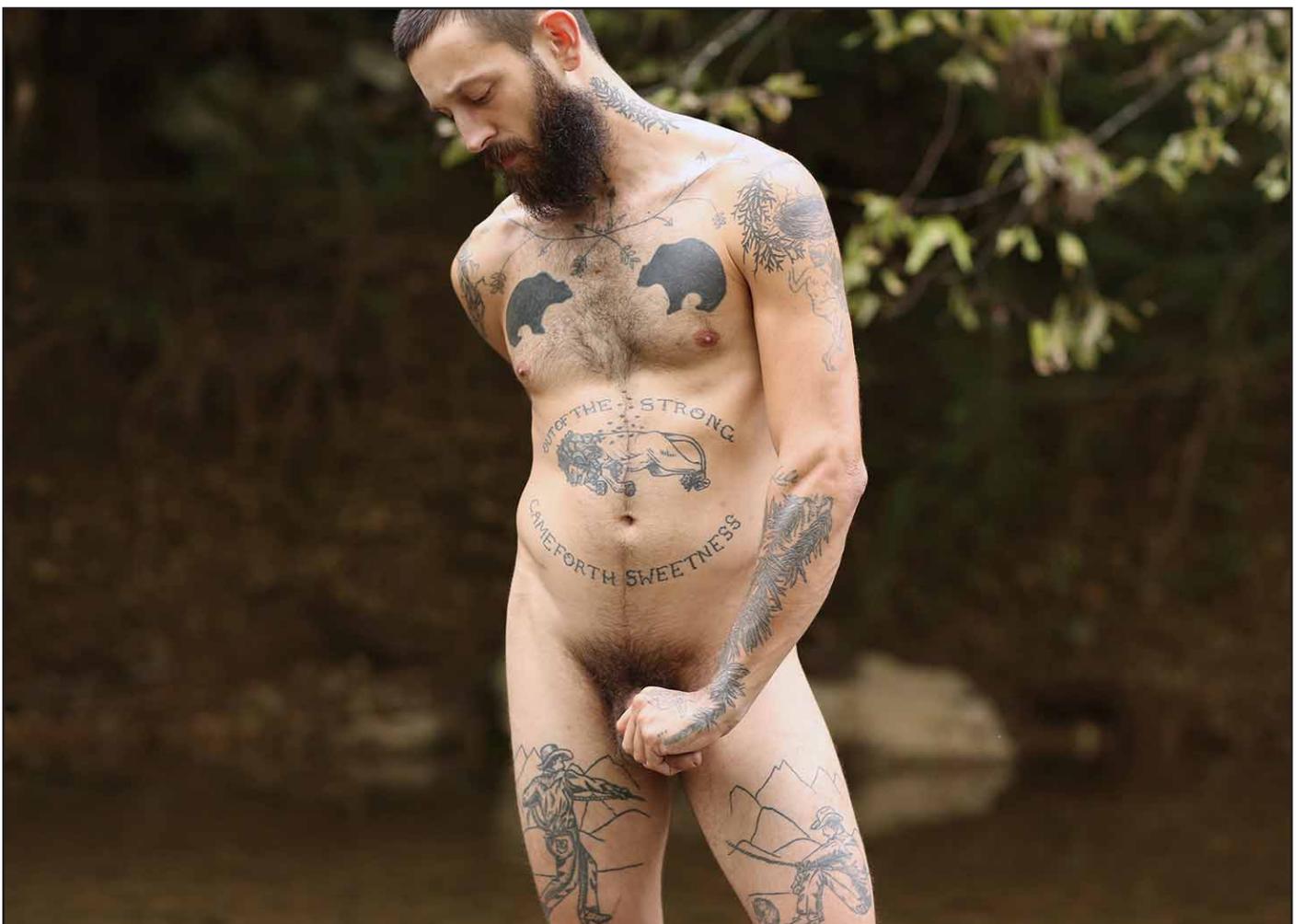
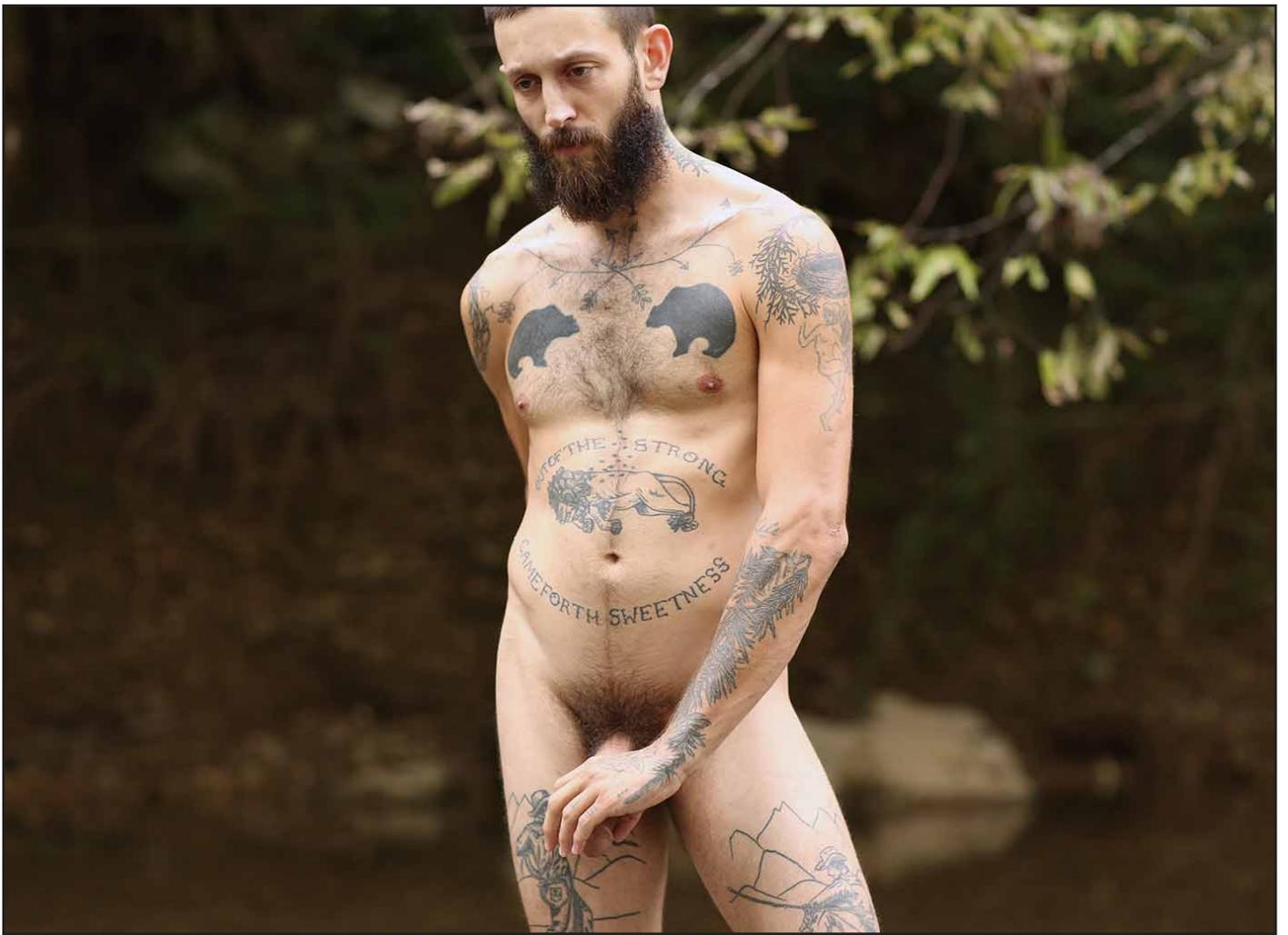


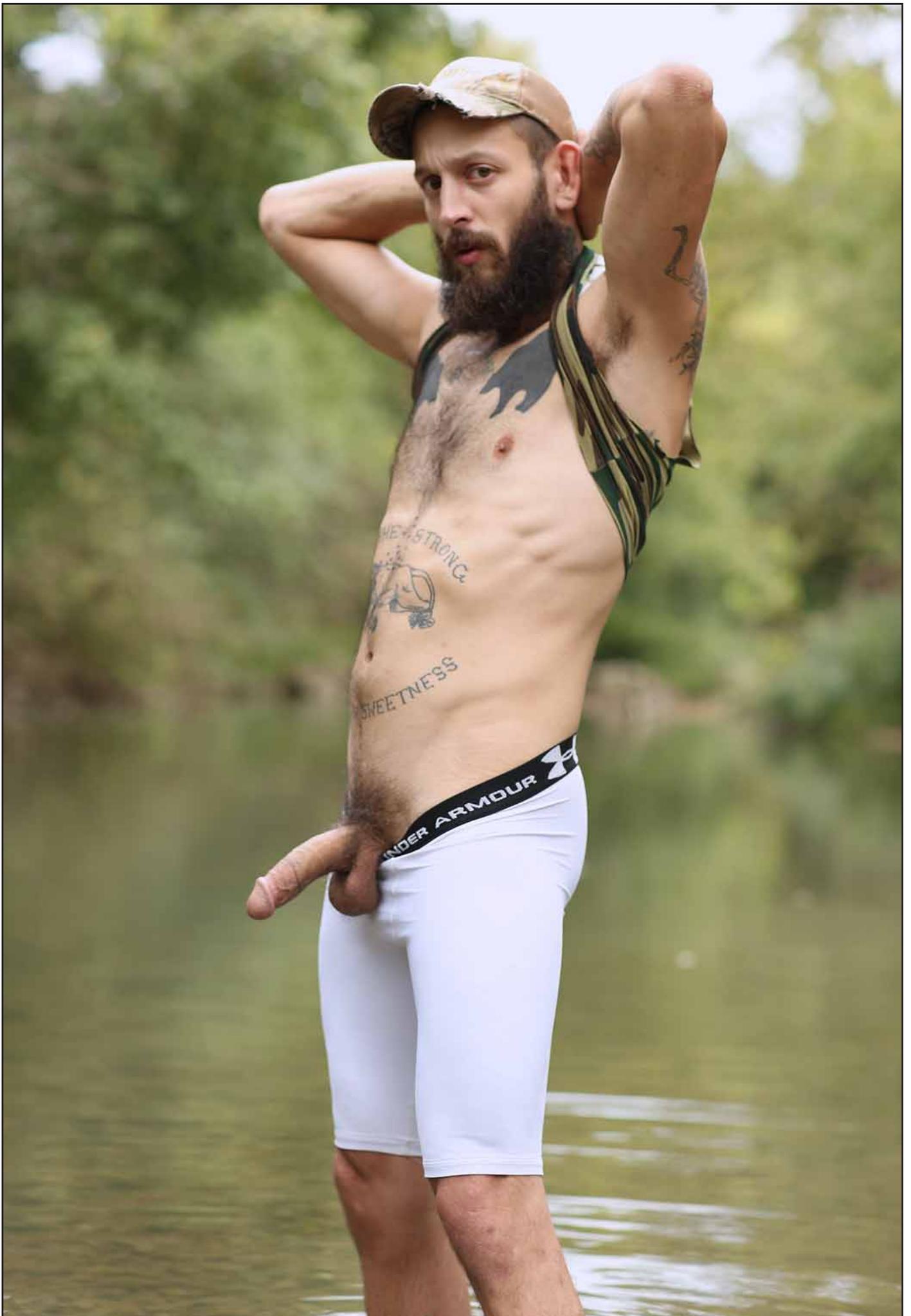
Matt Muck





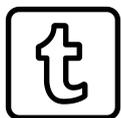
Matt Muck





Matt Muck





















# Out Now!!



## Cerf in a Book

Over 60 pages of incredible photographs!!!  
Get your copy here

*Jezebel continued from page 16*

and laughing from the silly question that he asked Mick.

He was feeling warmer already, mostly from looking at Mick. The robe was nice as well as the whisky. He wanted to catch another glimpse, and look up Mick's robe, where his beefy, thick legs were spread (he liked what he thought he saw down there so far), but he was afraid Mick's eyes would come open at any moment, and they had some important things to talk about.

"So, about this hotel," says Blake.

"Yeah?" asks Mick, opening one eye, looking at Blake.

"What's it called?"

Mick gets another sly grin on his face.

"The Blue Rose Hotel," says Mick.

Blake's mouth hangs open.

"THE Blue Rose Hotel?" asks Blake.

"Yep," says Mick, "That's the one."

"But...that logo doesn't look anything like the one..."

"Yeah, they used an art deco style back then, I liked it, preferred it to the logo they use now," says Mick, getting lost in thought and sips his glass again. "But then again, it might have been stolen."

Blake was about to ask how a big gruff guy like Mick knew so much about art deco, but Mick's last comment caught him even more off guard.

"Wait...stolen?"

"There's things I could tell you about Charles Newman's projects, and the things that have been found in his establishments that you wouldn't believe. But..." he takes another sip, "You can read the files I've collected as much as you want while you're here, and see what I'm talking about."

"I'll...sure...!..." Blake starts, but a more pressing question was on his mind. "How long have you been investigating this guy?"

Mick thinks for a moment and scratches his hairy chin.

"About...well...just about one week."

Mick's response makes Blake almost choke on his drink, "Only one week?!"

"Well...yeah...I haven't been here long," says Mick, innocently.

"I mean...you have all this on him, already?" asks Blake.

Mick shrugs.

Either Mick was lying, or he was that good at digging up info. If so, he would be a great person to have on his side in his case, even if he was investigating his client.

"I'm impressed," says Blake.

"Ah, it's nothin'," says Mick, "You just have to know where to look."

Mick shifts around in his chair to get comfortable. Blake can't help but look down and try to get a glimpse as Mick stretches one of his big legs out. He stretches back in his chair and lifts one of his legs like a big dog. This time Blake sees Mick's cock in all its glory, "Damn! He's hung!" Blake's eyes are glued on the massive rod and balls, not only has Blake started drooling over Mick's meat, he too has started getting hard. Blake feels himself growing in Mick's underwear (the briefs conceal his boner while he starts at Mick's dick). Mick notices Blake staring and smirks, he lifts his leg just a little further as he continues stretching, pretending not to see Blake looking under his robe. Mick curls his toes as he "stretches", flexing his leg (calf) muscles, and giving Blake a better view (putting on a show for him). Blake sees the full shape of Mick's big cock and balls, he can now see his butt as well, and his massive thighs, it's a great sight. Blake adjusts himself giving his dick some more room for growth in Mick's briefs. The telephone rings, causing Blake to jump and Mick to groan.

"Who the hell is calling now?" Mick gets up and head towards the phone. He picks it up. "Hello, this is Mick Wolf speaking."

Blake watches Mick, his mind still on what was under his robe.

Mick gets a surprised look on his face. "Hey. How are you?" He pauses. "Well, I've got company at the moment," Pause. "Right... Yeah, maybe I'll talk about it with you another time... .Okay, well, I'll talk to ya later...what?... Really?!" A smile comes across his face. "Well, yeah! Put her on!" He sounds excited. Mick looks like he's glowing. "Hey! How are you?" He pauses, listening. "Aww...that's daddy's girl. Already talking up a storm."

Blake feels flustered, and it feels like his heart has dropped to his stomach.

Mick is still smiling, looking proud. "Put your mommy back on..." pause, "Hey. Yeah, I'm impressed, she's already a little chatterbox, just like her...eh...never mind. Haha. You know I'm

just kidding. ...Yeah, she talks a lot already... wish I could understand what she was saying. Well, she'll be saying actual words later. Haha." Pause. "I miss you too...okay, bye then."

Mick hangs up the phone, still looking happy, his face beaming, he walks back to his chair across from Blake. Blake is at a loss for words. Mick, still smiling to himself, stares off into another world. Blake looks uncomfortable.

"Who was that?" asks Blake, curiously, though he already had a hunch.

Mick looks up at Blake. Mick snaps to.

"Oh, that...that was my daughter," Mick still has a smile on his face, and sounds proud, he's not trying to hide it.

Blake appreciated his honesty, but...

"Oh, so you're a dad," says Blake, intrigued.

"Yeah, sure am!" says Mick, happily.

"So..." Blake didn't want to make this awkward, but he had to know, "Are you married?"

"Nah, not married. I'm afraid I'm not the marryin' type."

"Divorced?" asks Blake.

"No, not divorced," says Mick.

"Then, your kid is your ex's?" asks Blake.

"Mm...nope. She's not an ex..." says Mick.

Blake looks surprised and slightly down-trodden. Perhaps he was wrong about Mick the whole time, and misread his signals.

"Then you're in a relationship?" asks Blake.

"Well, she's one of my best friends," says Mick.

"But you're not in a relationship?" asks Blake.

"It's a really complicated situation," says Mick.

"But you're a dad?" asks Blake, trying to get the situation straight.

"Yep, I'm a dad," says Mick.

Blake is confused. So Mick is a dad but not married, and the woman of his child is his best friend, but he won't marry her... Then what does that mean? Blake continues to stare at Mick, not knowing what to think about what he just heard from Mick's side of the conversation

on the phone. Mick plops back down at his seat and grabs his glass, he takes a drink, finishing the glass. Blake is still staring at Mick with a blank look on his face. Mick waves his hand at Blake to see if his is paying attention.

"Earth to Blake, come in Blake, hey you still with me?" Mick stands above Blake.

Blake comes to, from his thoughts. Mick is looking down at Blake, standing in front of him, with his drink in hand. Blake's eye-line is at Mick's stomach, with his face right in front of his crotch. Blake gulps.

"Oh, uh...yeah, I'm here," he says stupidly.

(For some reason the knowledge that Mick was a dad made Blake really want to bury his face in his crotch.) Without thinking, Blake stands up in response. His face ends up at Mick's face, almost touching.

They stand face to face.

"Looks like you're thinking hard about something there, buddy," says Mick with a devilish grin.

"Uh...yeah..." says Blake, his nose almost touching Mick's. He can feel their dicks touching together, "Oh god!!" yells Blake he turns away from embarrassment; Mick pulls Blake back to him and embraces him in a hug.

"Relax, would you?" Blake feels Mick's arms around his and can feel his strength locked around his body like a predator surround his prey. Mick's grip loosens he places his head onto Blake's shoulder, "I'm not gonna do anything to ya, Blake, so just relax okay?"

Blake takes a deep breath, and sighs.

"Why are you so wound up, just chill man," says Mick in his own calm, relaxed voice.

"I...I'm just not used to getting close to people. I've been afraid to get close to anyone since her...since Jezebel. Not even to have a friend...and now...I'm really wanting you...as a friend...It's just...I don't have many friends... and I like you. I'm not used to feeling like this. It's embarrassing."

"It's not embarrassing, man," says Mick's deep growl of a voice. "We're both guys. I un-

I'm just not used to getting close to people. I've been afraid to get close to anyone since her

derstand more than you think." He chuckles.

"I mean I just met you...I don't know why I'm getting aroused so much. I just feel very safe around you. I...I just want to be held by a friend. I know I must sound like some crazy guy".

"Not at all," says Mick, patting him on the head. "I know how it feels. To want a friend, when you're lonely. You feel lonely Blake." He puts his hand on his chest, as if Mick knew, somehow, just how he felt inside.

Blake nods his head, "Yeah I'll relax, and can we stay like this for awhile?"

Mick cracks a slight smile with a nod of approval, "Sure." The sound of rainfall fills the apartment as Mick and Blake embrace each other; Blake's hands are on Mick's chest, he slowly wraps them around Mick's body underneath his robe. Feeling the muscle, hair, and his sweat, Blake starts to feel lightheaded and nods off as all of his surroundings fade to white.

...

Rainfall, cold heavy rainfall, hits Blake's face as he stands on the docks, the same docks as the last time he saw Jezebel.

"I can't be with you anymore Blake," she says, clenching her blouse.

"But why Jezebel? What did I do?" asks Blake as he tries to walk closer to Jezebel. The rainstorm winds got stronger making it hard for Blake to see Jezebel; she stands still, unaffected by the winds.

"Why won't you answer me?" yells Blake as his vision of Jezebel worsens and the rainstorm continues to go rapid.

"I'm sorry Blake," says Jezebel. She turns away from Blake and faces the unsettled oceanfront; she closes her eyes like she's waiting for something to take her away.

"Wait Jezebel, wait!" screams Blake.

A wave splashes over Jezebel.

"No!" screams Blake, he reaches out to....

...

... The ceiling. He's back in Mick's apartment on the floor with Mick, in his lap holding his hand. Mick looking concerned for Blake, tears are coming down Blake's cheeks.

"It was just a dream again," murmurs Blake.

Mick's other hand is caressing Blake's tear drenched cheeks, and his red beard.

"So, Jezebel was your lover?" asks Mick, Blake tilts his head to Mick who is holding him.

"I thought she was, but now she is more of like a ghost that won't leave me alone haunting me to this very day."

Mick rests his cheek on Blake's hand, giving Blake the comforting feeling of Mick's bushy facial hair on the back of his hand.

"Was this the reason why you took this case Blake?" asks Mick, Blake shook his head.

"No, the case chose me. As if I wasn't plagued enough by the guilt of her leaving me on those docks the last time I saw her."

Blake starts to sit up to look at Mick; Mick gives a wink and a grin to Blake.

"All the more reasons to solve this case my friend!" Mick grabs Blake for another hug, Blake grins and gives his friend a hug back. A thought just now occurred to Blake.

"Just how long was I out, Mick?" Blake notices the rain hasn't stopped and the sky is looking darker.

Mick scratches his chin thinking, "Uh, about an hour or so, you passed out in my arms, and I couldn't lift you to my bed so I had to lay you down on to my lap."

Blake blushes from Mick's comment, "Sorry about that man."

I understand that  
you were tense from  
your hard on earlier.

Mick waves his hands to Blake signaling that he didn't have to apologize.

"Don't be sorry man, I understand that you were tense from your hard on earlier. Uh..." Now both men are blushing as well as hard, "Well... this might be a good time to relieve that," says Mick trying to break the tension again.

With a sigh Blake stands up, leaving his robe open showing off his boner in the briefs that Mick gave him.

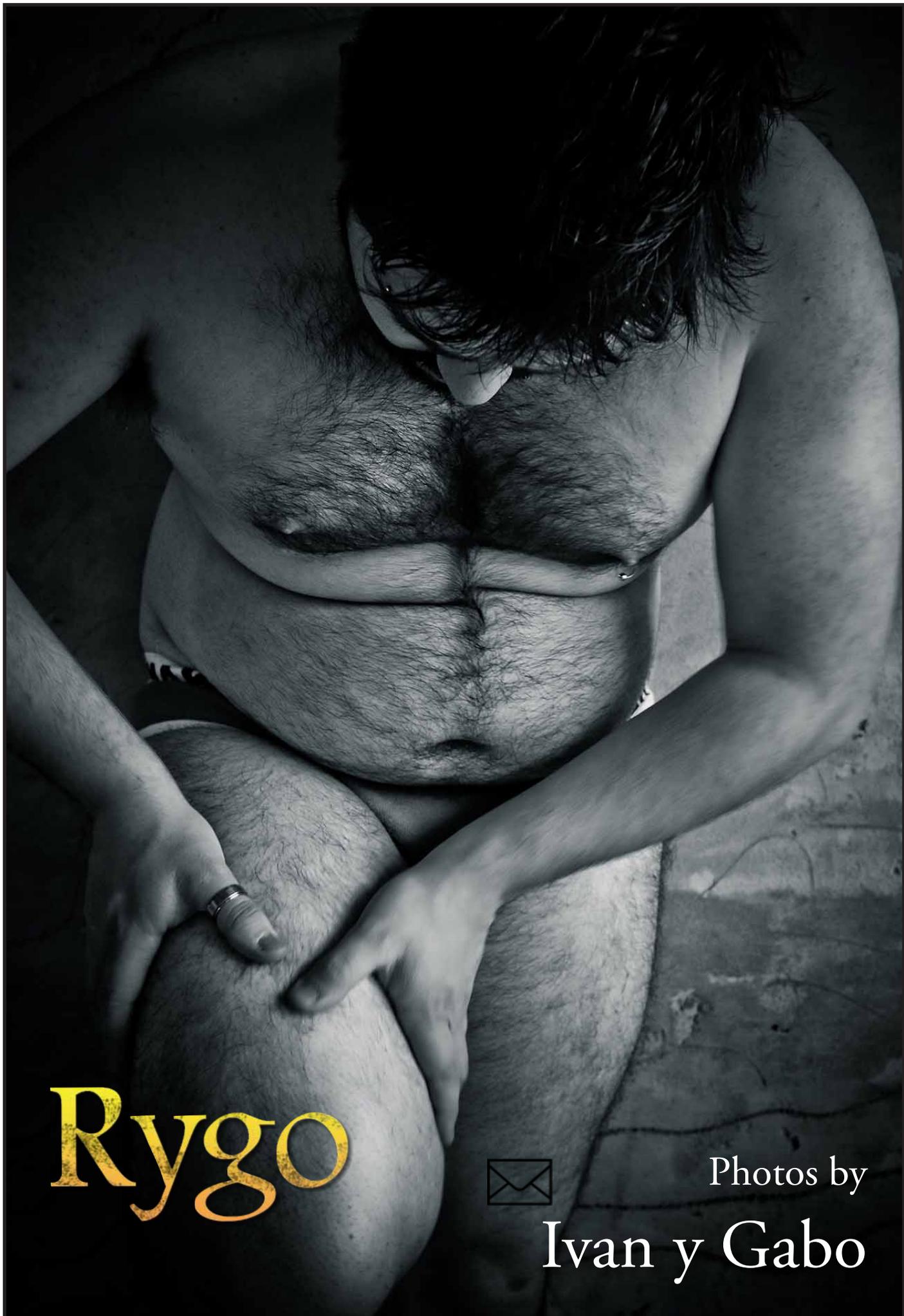
"Fuck it! You're right Mick, what'd ya say if we jerk off?"

Mick smirks, at first he looks sly and mischievous, but it soon turns into a dopey big grin, and he looks like an excited puppy.

"Heh, I'm always ready for that, man!"

Blake smiles, that face and voice. Mick was

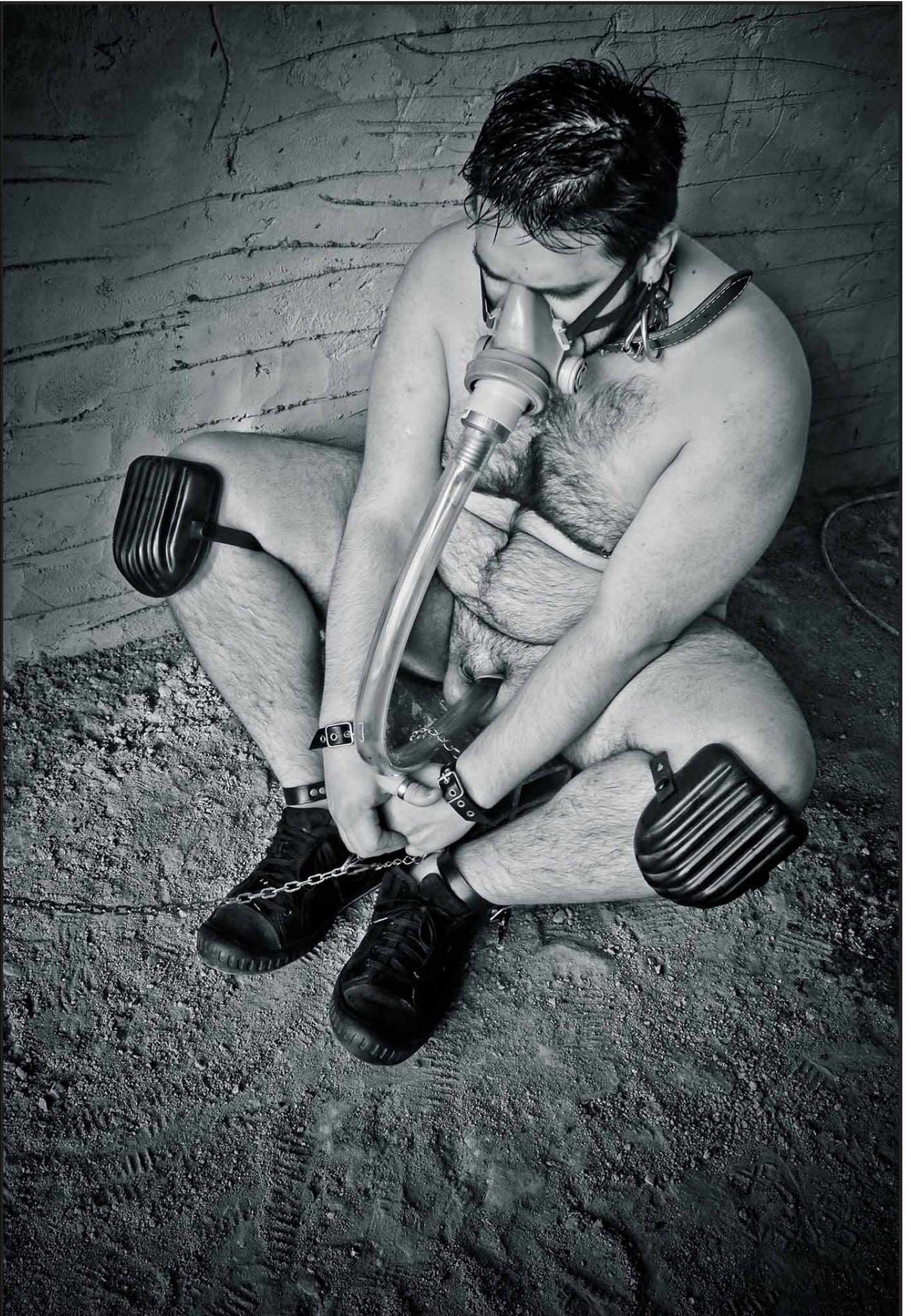
*Continued on page 77*

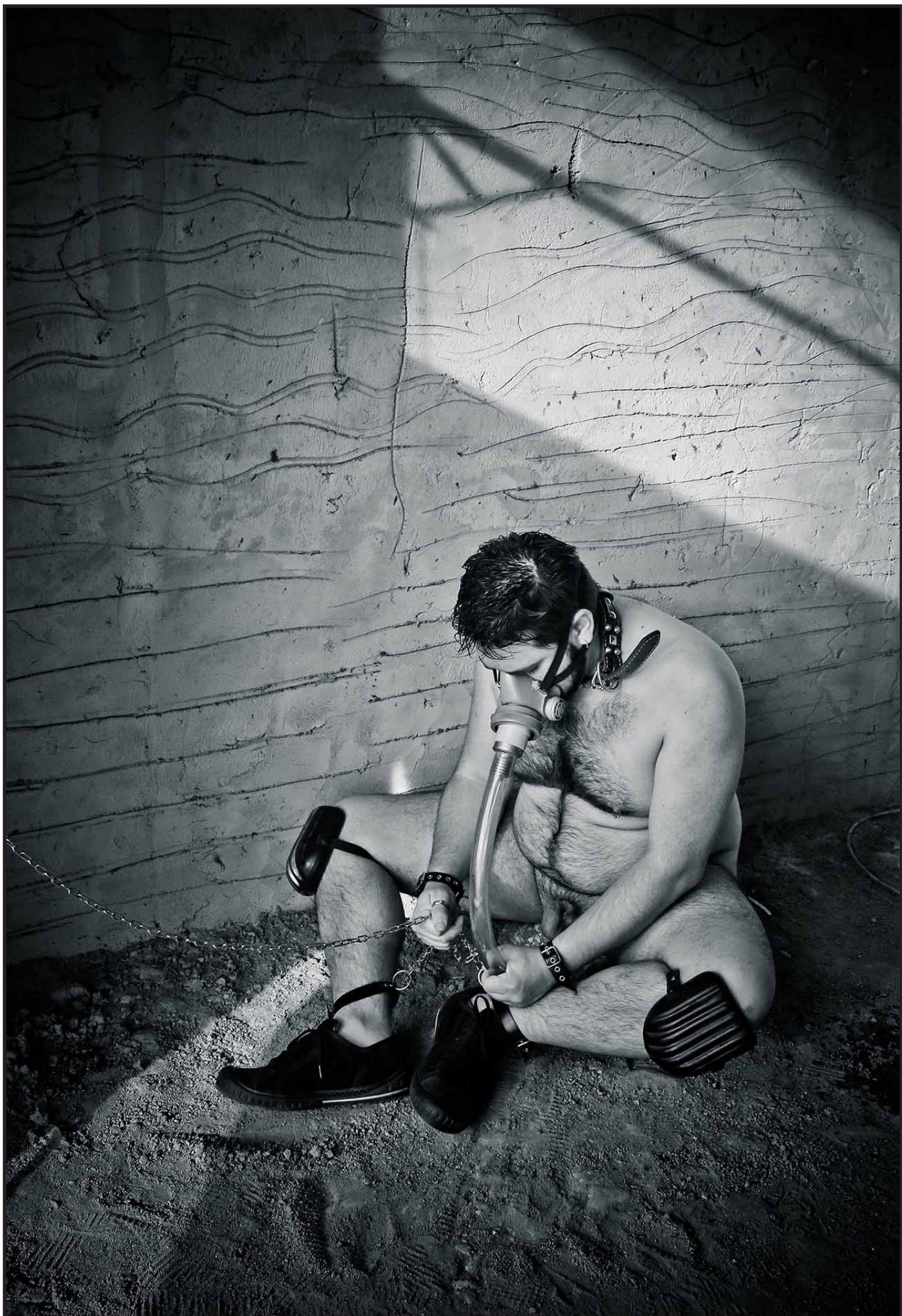


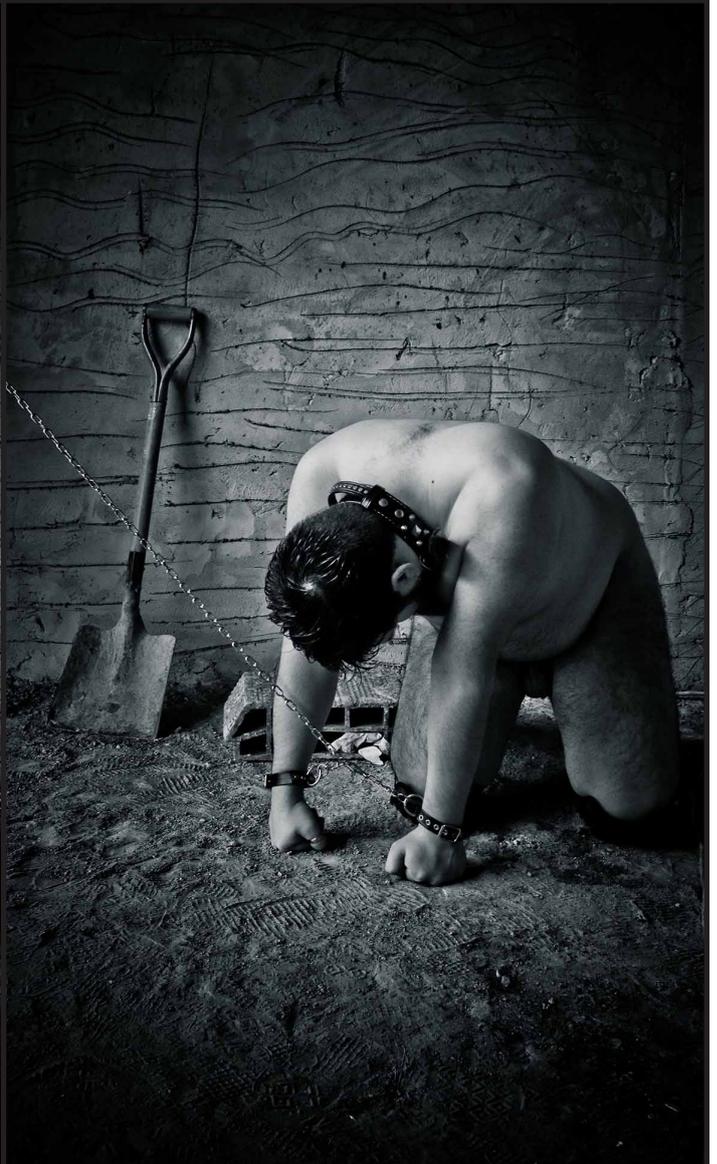
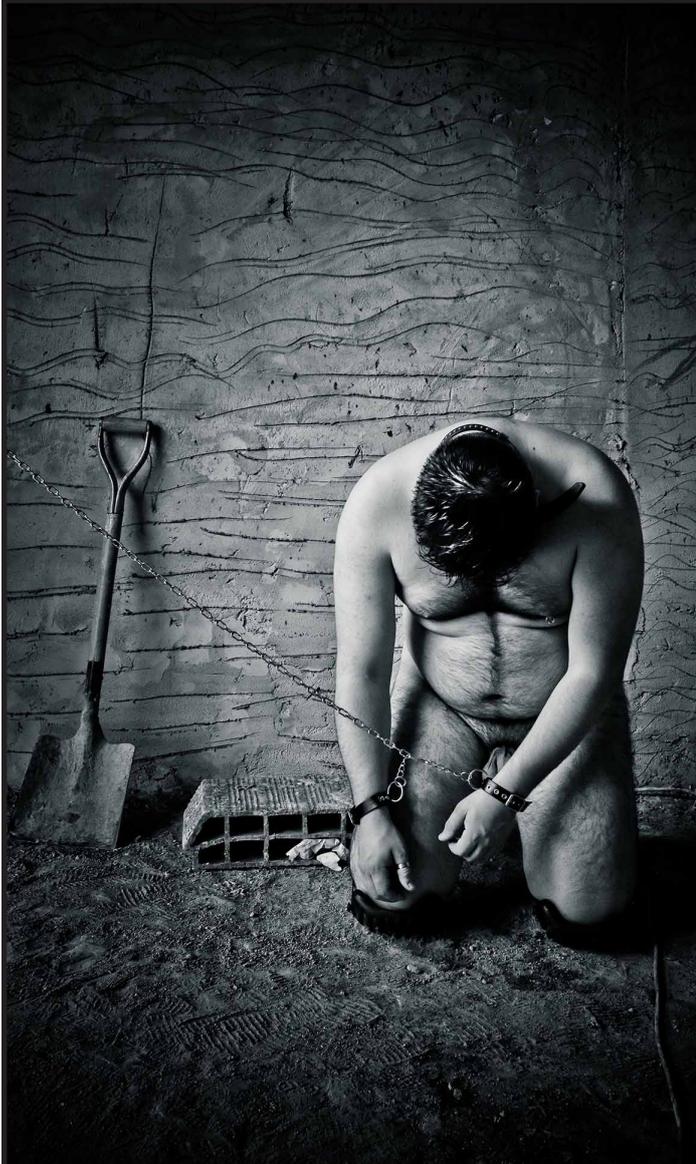
Rygo



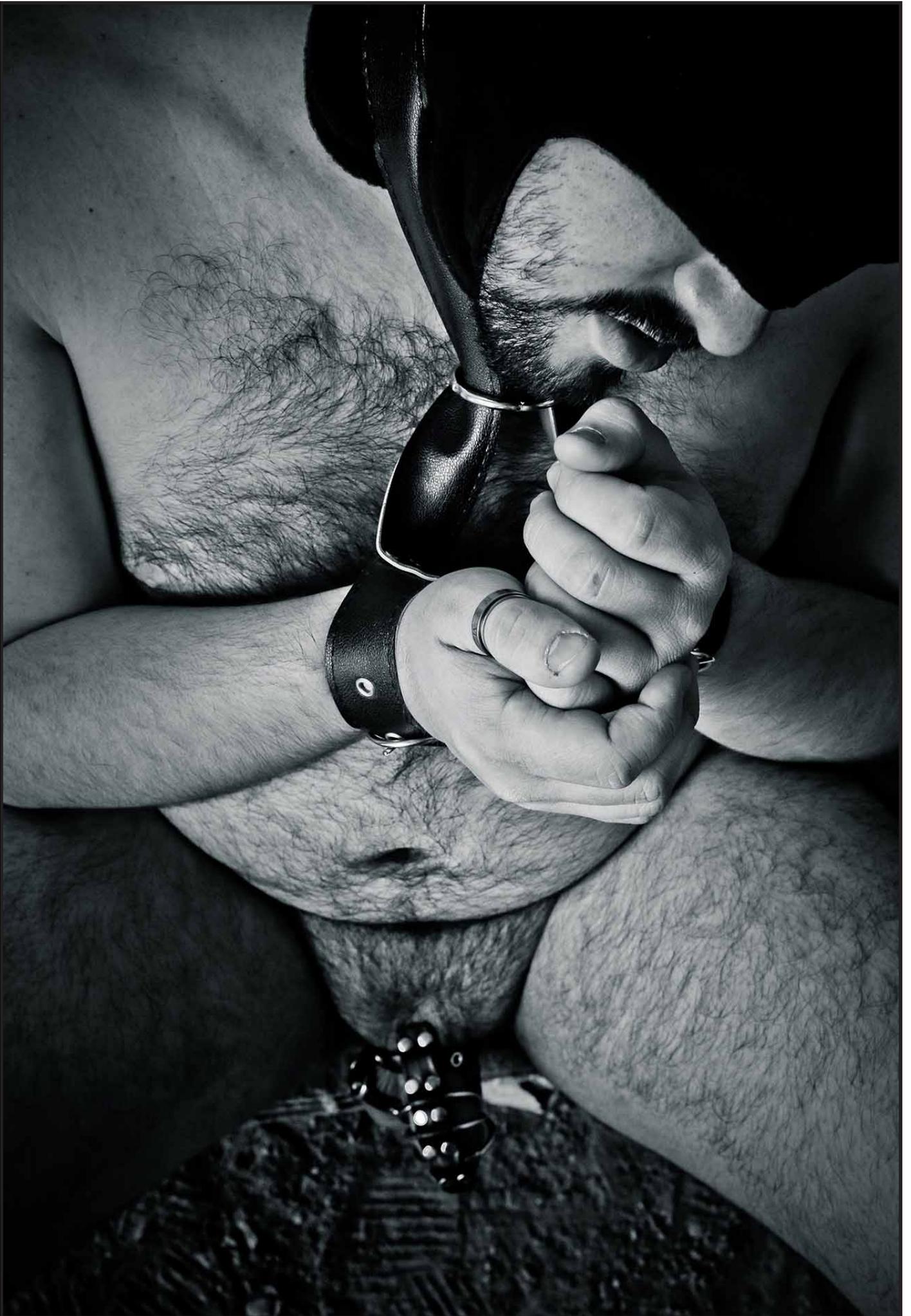
Photos by  
Ivan y Gabo

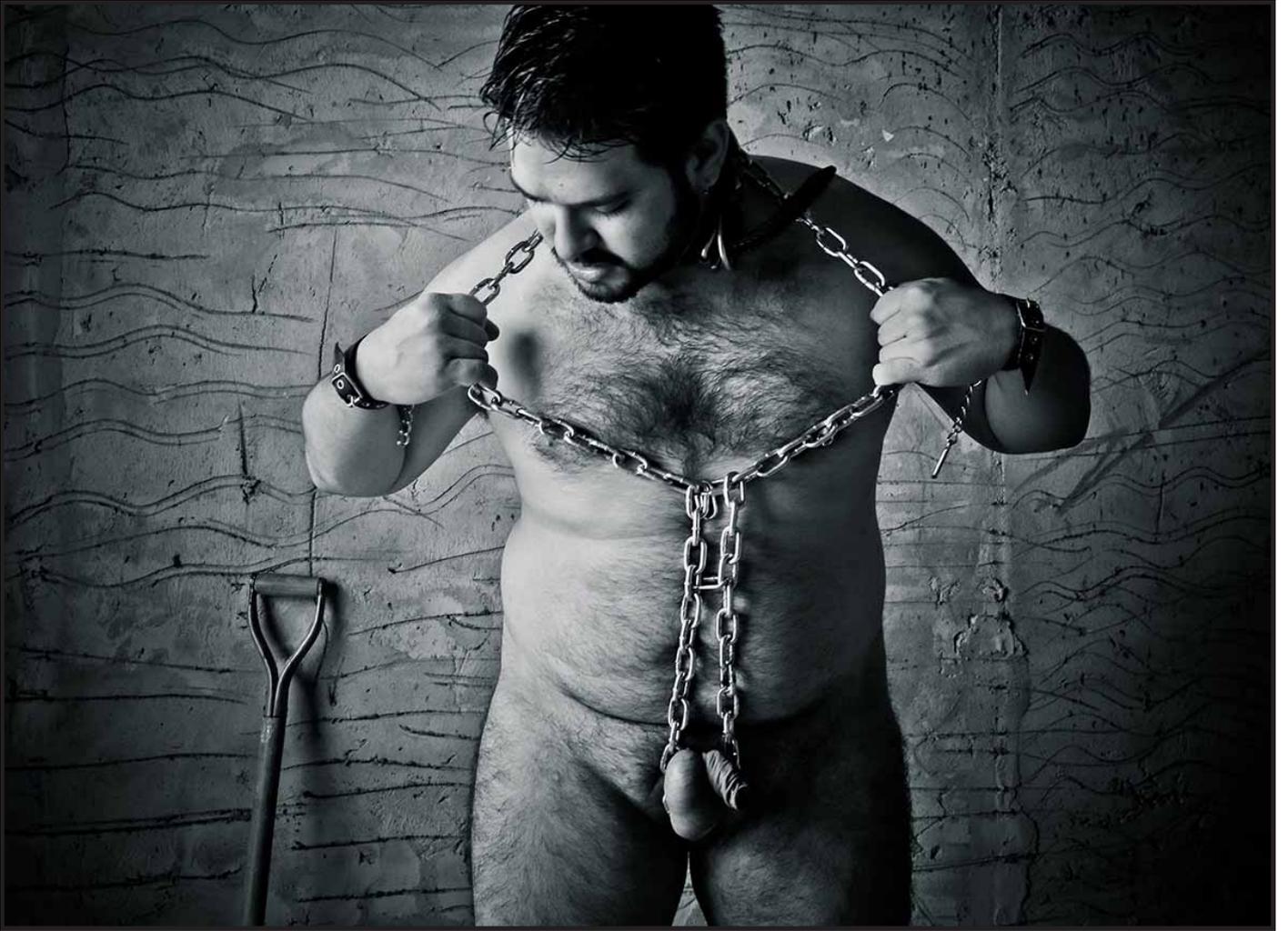


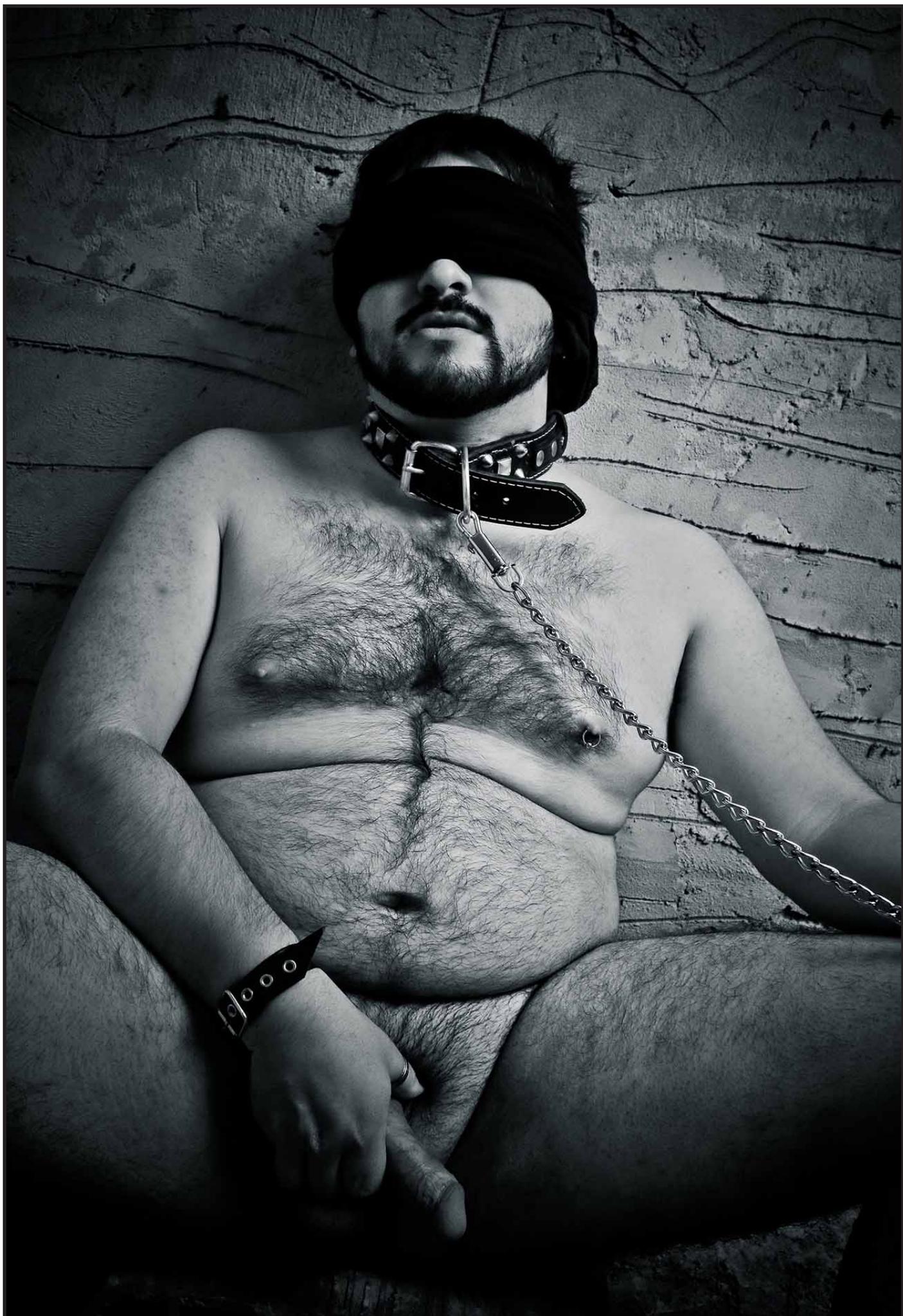


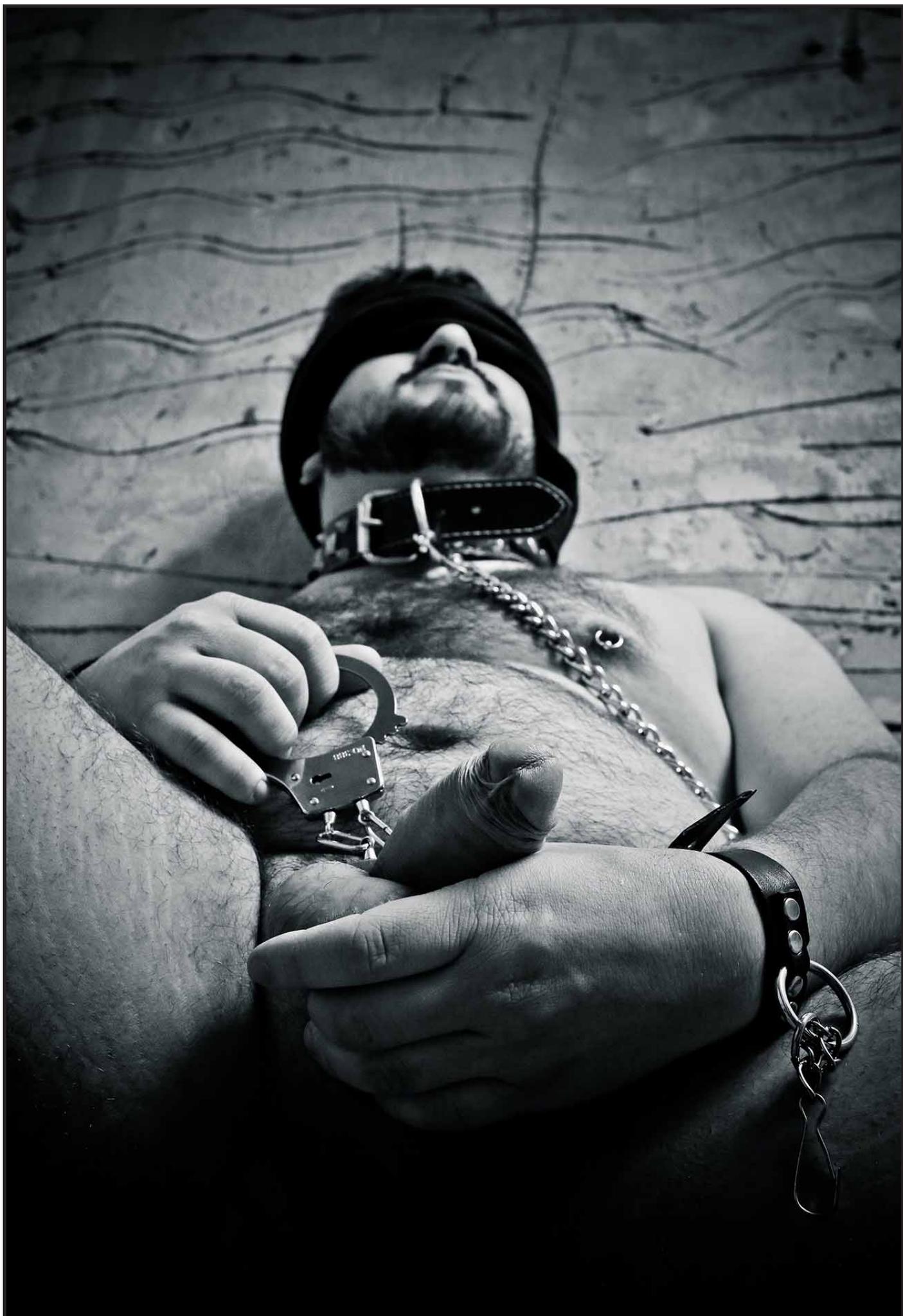




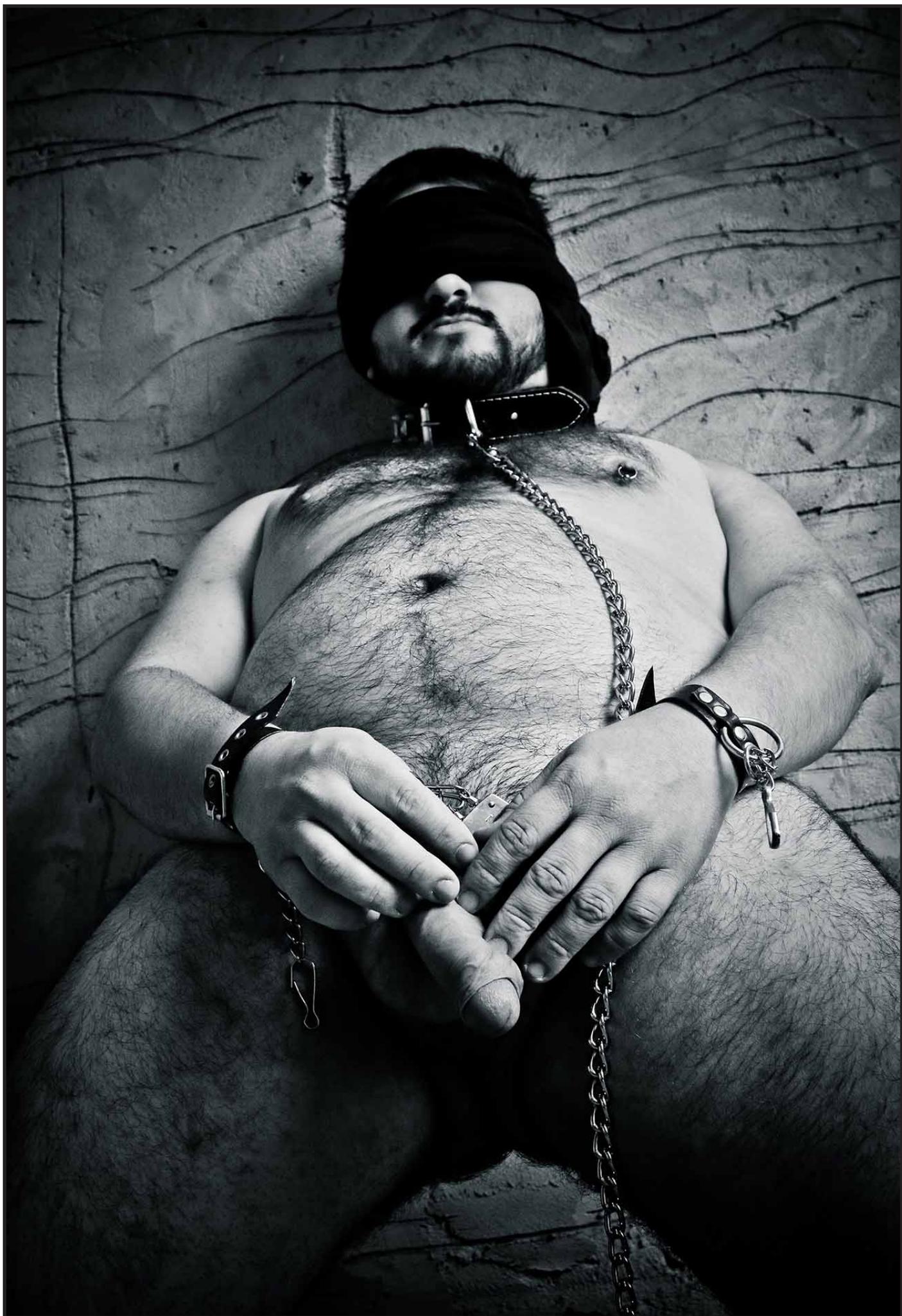


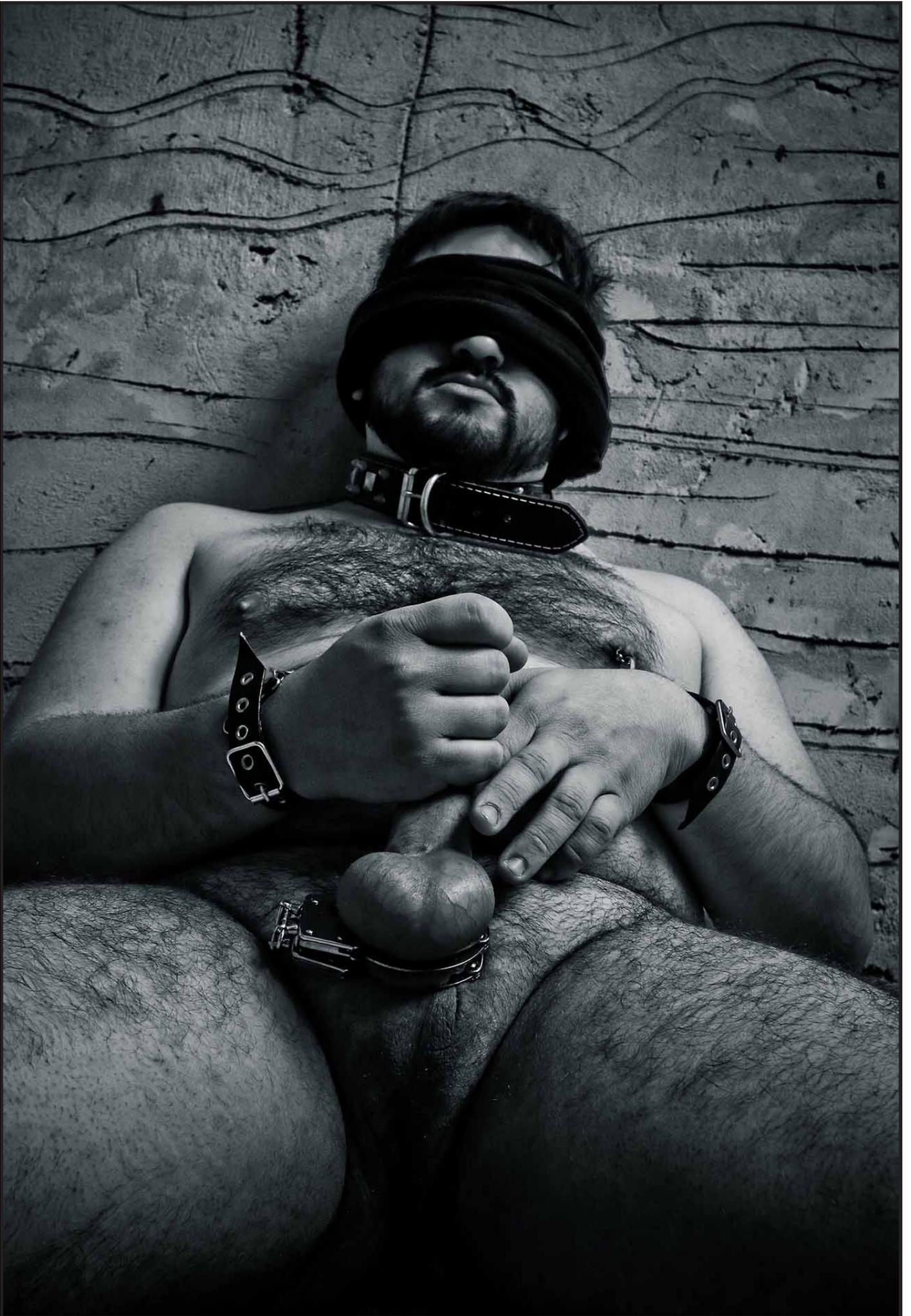


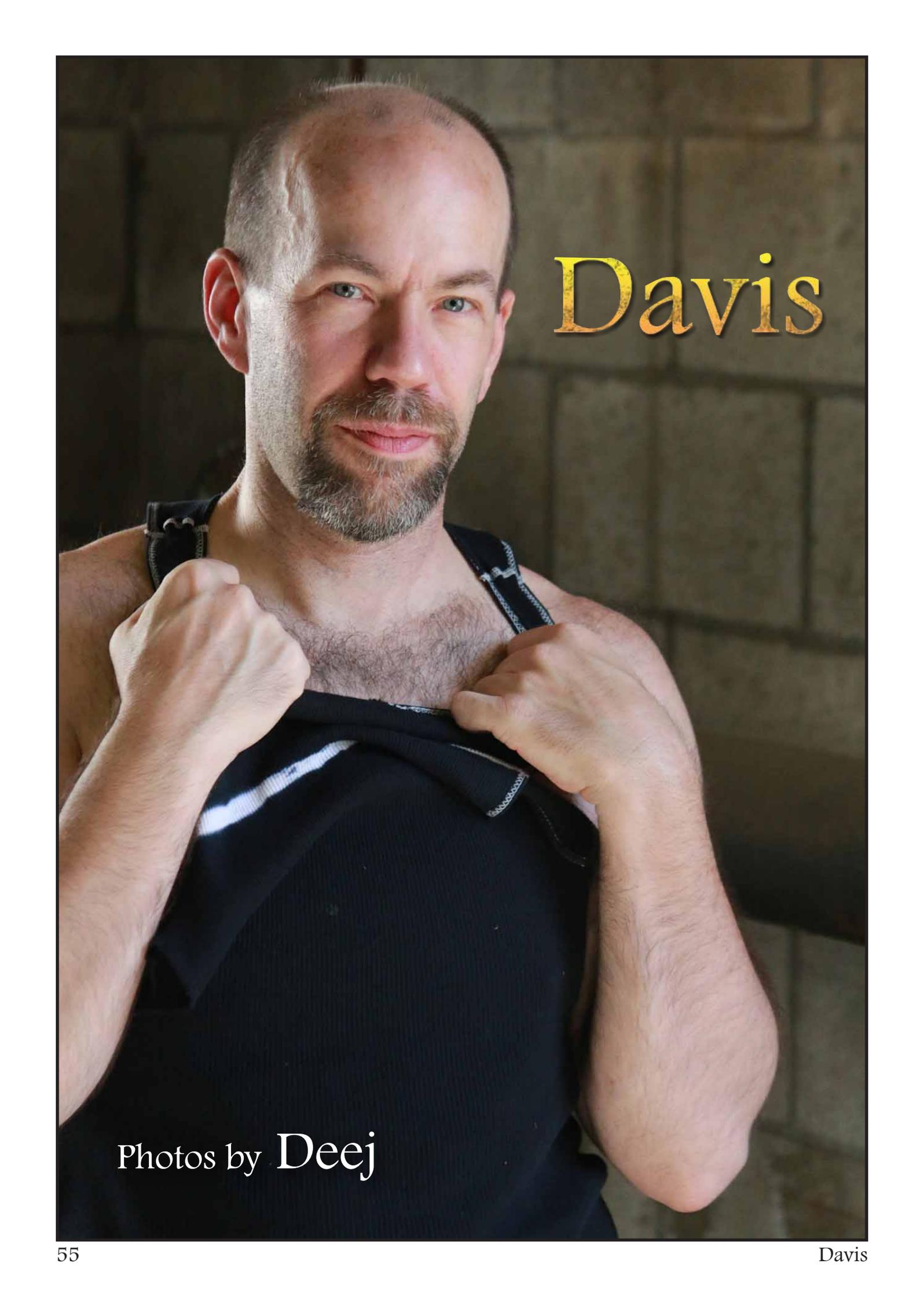










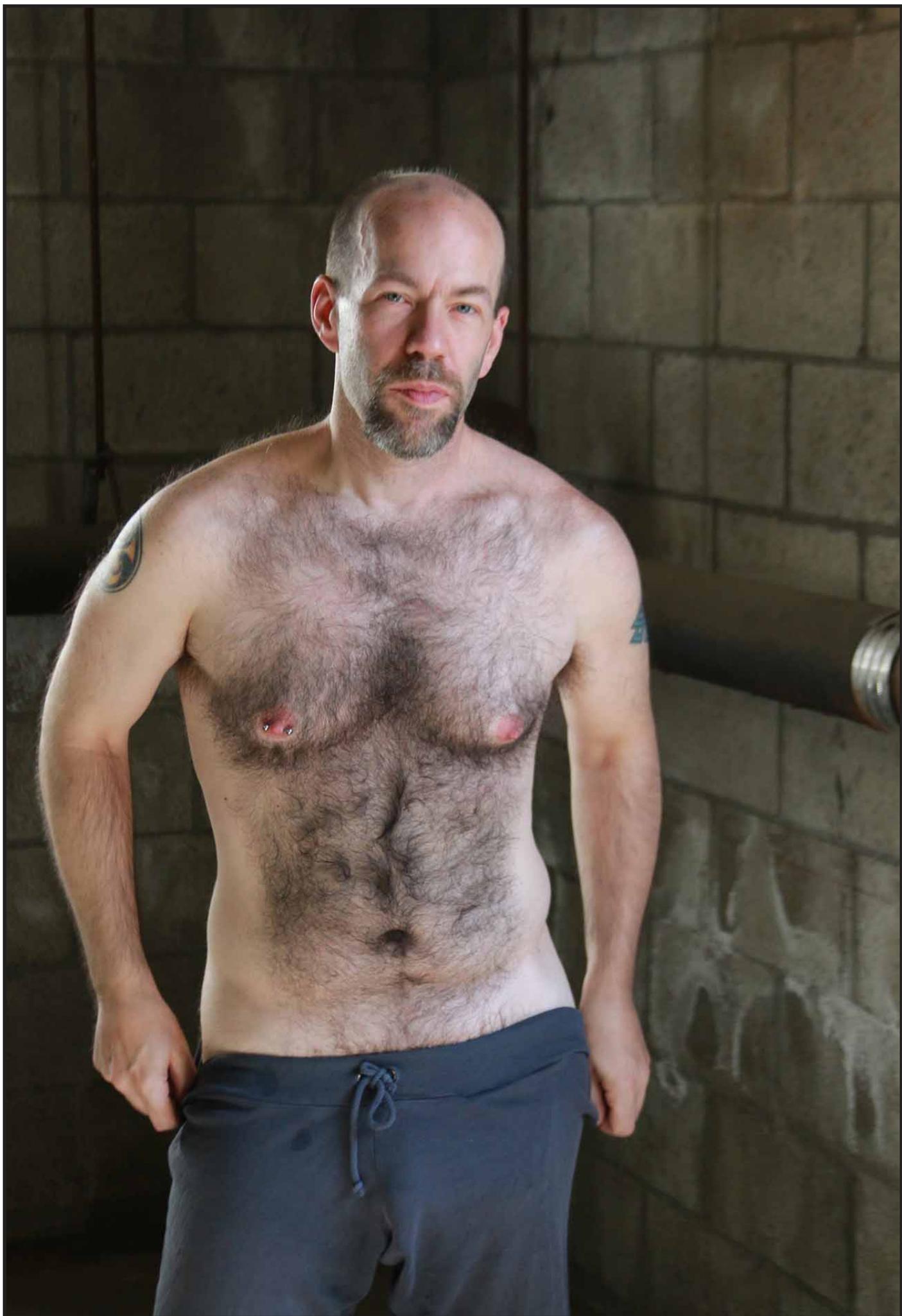


Davis

Photos by DeeJ

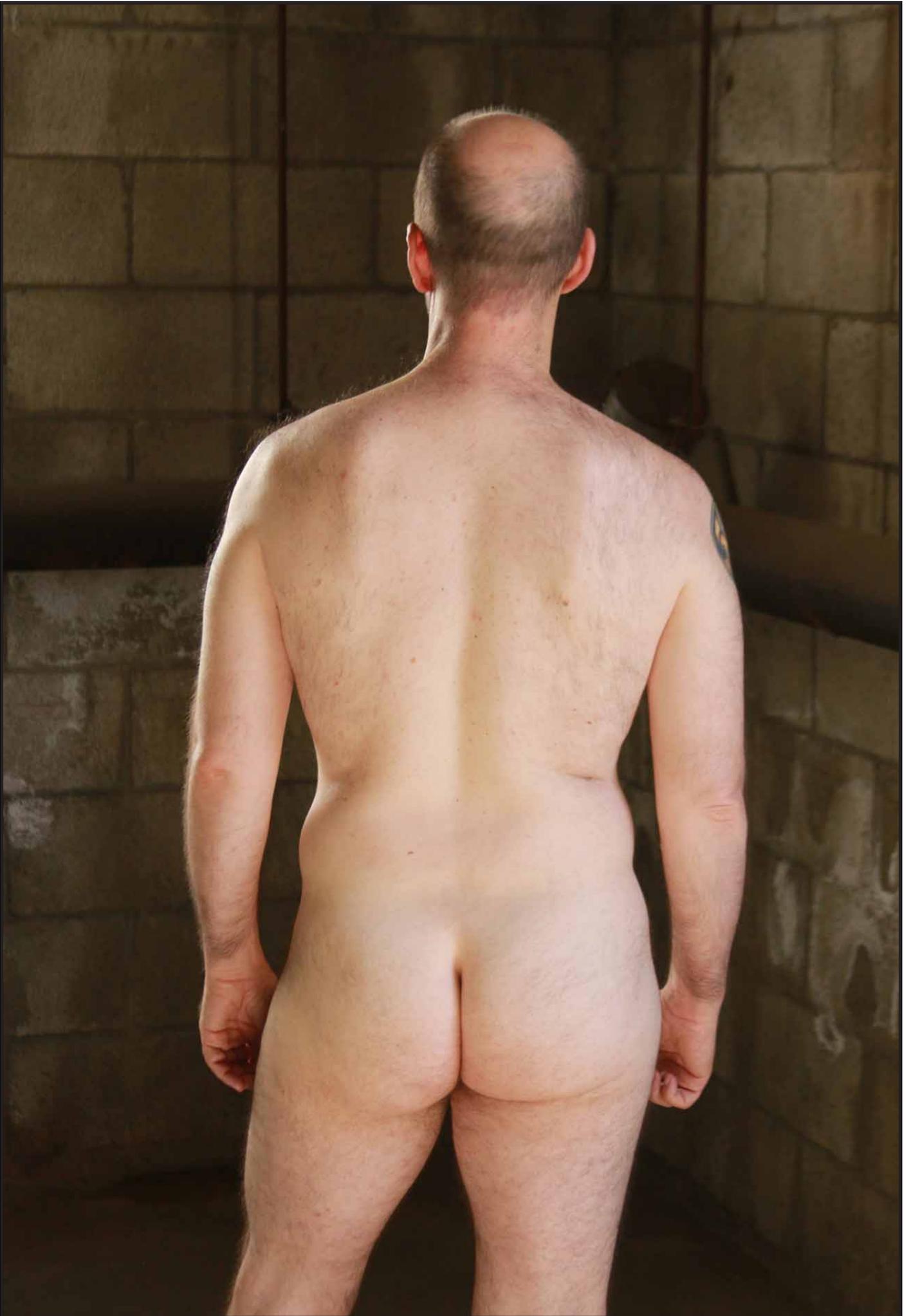


Davis





Davis





Davis





Davis



# Turning the Lens

## Photographer Interview

### Meet the man behind Arktos Photography ~ Hans Schellevis

Arktos Photography has captured men in various shapes and sizes, always showing off the beauty and masculinity of the subject. In the short time I have had the pleasure of viewing his work, Hans has improved his skills immensely. With that in mind, I decided to sit down with the photographer and ask him a few questions for his fans. I cannot thank him enough for taking time out of his busy schedule to answer them for me.

#### ***Tell us a bit about your personal life:***

I'm Hans, 51 years old, and I live in the Netherlands. I am actually a classical musician: trained as pianist and later orchestral conductor. I have worked my entire life in the field of opera.

In 2006 I got married to my partner since 1991 and we live in a nice and quiet central place not far south of Amsterdam.

#### ***How did you develop an interest in photography?***

I got interested in proper photography a couple of years ago when I posed for a guy who later became a good friend. I enjoyed that a lot, and particularly the nude part of it. So I bought a decent camera and just started shooting. At first it was not easy to find men that were willing to pose nude but some friends helped me. After a while word started to spread and the models

also came in.

#### ***Do you have any formal training?***

I don't have any academical training as photographer. At a certain point I ran into the fact that a good photo was more or less a coincidence: I did not really know how things worked technically.

Some three years ago, I had a journey to Australia going there for concerts and I really wanted the opportunity to know more about my camera. So I called my cousin, who has been a professional photographer for 25 years, and



asked her whether she was offering beginner's courses, and if so, would it be possible to do such a course on a single Saturday afternoon. The answer was yes. So I drove 2 and 1/2 hours to the other side of the Netherlands, where we worked the entire afternoon, and I drove back in the evening. I was totally knackered from all the information I received. But I had put my camera on M and it has never left that setting since (well, hardly). My cousin added me to a group of her students for which she handed out specific technical assignments every other week forcing us to push the boundaries of what we were capable of. A fantastic way of developing one's skills!

### ***From your point of view, what makes a good picture?***

I kept avoiding this question...it's so difficult to answer! Apart from all the technical elements, it is important that a photo is not a flat picture but has several layers, a hidden story in the model's eyes or body language, if you wish, that the viewer can fill in. Having said this, I love male buttocks and nipples, and if a picture has these, I already love it hahahaha.

### ***What, in your opinion, is most important to consider while shooting images of men?***

I always take particular care in being friendly and communicative. I like to tell them what is happening and what I'm aiming for, and I show regularly what I shoot, at the backside of the camera. After all, most of them are non-professional models being in a very vulnerable situation fully nude in front of me. So I do what I can to make them feel comfortable.

Three very important tips: keep talking to your model, listen to their concerns and make sure it's warm in the studio! Could be too warm for me, but never for the model. I don't shoot in the nude because I don't like the feeling of the camera on my naked body. But shooting on bare feet and in underwear happens often.

### ***Describe a typical shoot for yourself:***

I always discuss extensively with the model be-

fore the shoot. I invite them to send me examples of photos that they like, while at the same time I also show what I would like to do. I also have clear upfront how far the model wants to go in showing his body. My rule is that they are naked (not necessarily during the entire shoot), but that they don't have to show everything all the time.



While in the beginning I was happy with every model that wanted to pose for me (I needed the flying hours of course), I now refuse the ones that do not undress or only want headless shots. Last year I shot a guy who approached me through Model Mayhem. I clearly said that I only wanted to shoot him if he'd be fully nude. He agreed. When the shoot came he refused to undress. We rumbled and grumbled for a while, getting nowhere of course. I got upset and said: "look, we discussed this in advance. You knew

you were supposed to be nude. Now you either take down your underwear and trust me that we make something beautiful, or we'd better stop". He gave in, started to trust me, and we shot some truly amazing photos.

I usually start the shoot with the model fully or partly clothed, maybe wearing special outfits according to their wishes. I take a couple of minutes to set the light and show the model how he looks and there we go. I have a corner in my studio that all non-professional models like to use to lean against, so most of the time I start the shoot there. Once we're used to each other (usually after 5-10 minutes) I let him take

photos together. Especially non-professional models appreciate that a lot. I let him pick one or two that I edit on the spot (I use Lightroom and Photoshop), so he has something to share or show immediately. It has happened at this point that models who did not want anything being posted, suddenly changed their mind and gave me their consent to publish on the website and other social media.

A couple of months ago, after an unpleasant experience, I started to have the model sign a release.

***In your free time, what kind of pictures do you like to shoot and which ones do you avoid?***

I like to shoot cities and landscapes. I've tried flowers, insects and birds. The last two are not my cup of tea.

***Who would you like to work with most?***

Ever since I was interested in male nude photography I had been looking at the photos of Gianorso in Rome. It was my deepest desire to pose for him one day and learn from him while doing that. It happened twice in the meantime, and

both times were a lifetime experience for me. I am very proud I posed for him, and I share those photos where possible.

Another photographer I deeply admire is Paul Freeman (who doesn't?). I don't know if he teaches, but I hope I ever get the chance to follow a workshop by him. Or to assist him. I'd travel to Australia for it...

***What are your upcoming projects?***

I am working on a project that is called "Image and Sound". It is about classical musicians posing nude with their instrument (preferably colleagues), of course in a way that doesn't make them uncomfortable.



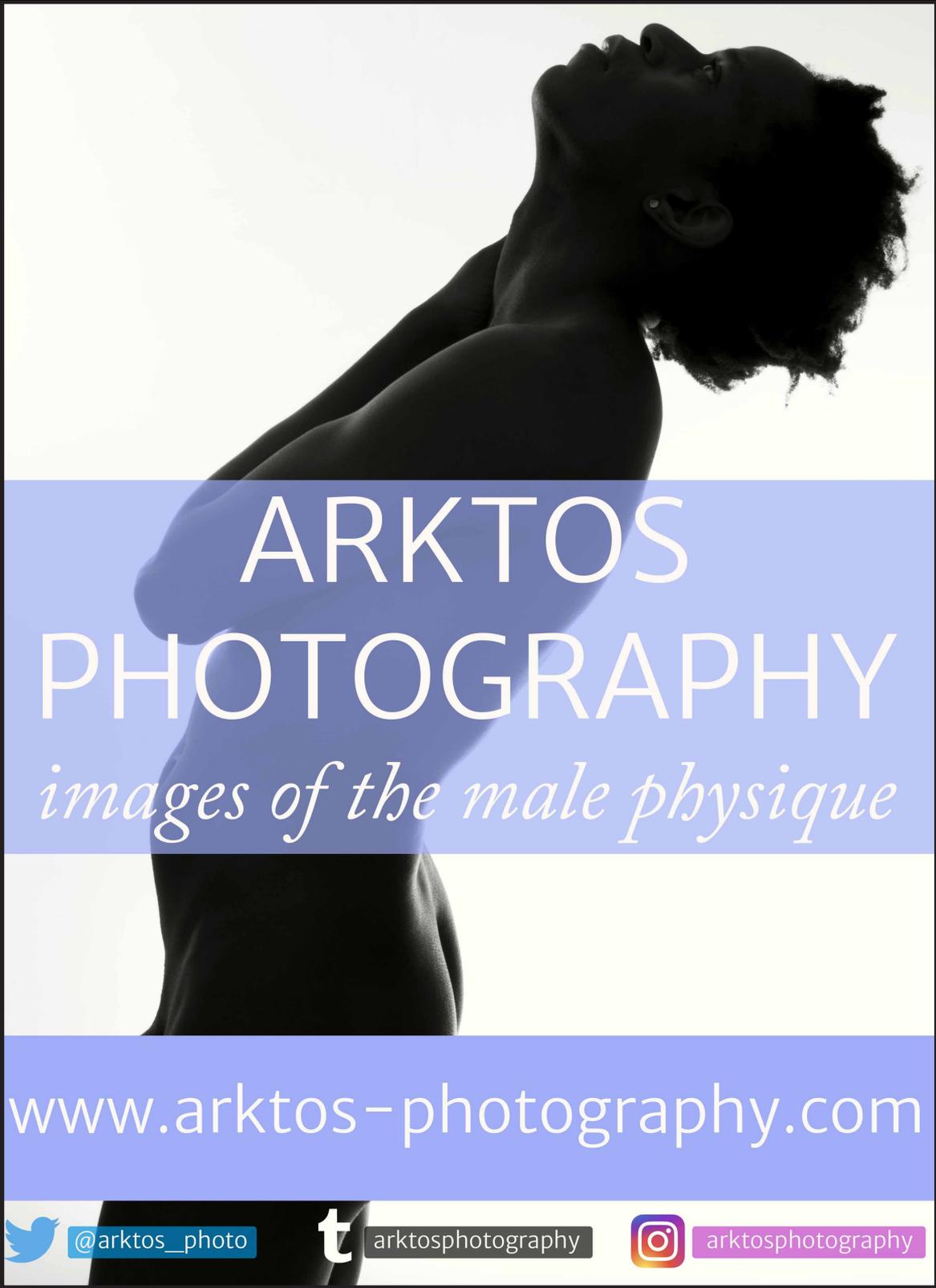
off his clothes bit by bit, teasing me and my camera. In my experience they feel a little awkward at the beginning, but that's gone quickly. Many models are concerned about getting erections, or on the contrary: not getting them. I always make clear that for me it doesn't matter: with or without, it's a natural thing, the pictures are always good.

After the general poses I move on to the theme or situation that I have in mind. That can be anywhere: in the studio, in another part of the house, in the garden. I recently discovered a great outdoor place just around the corner.

We usually shoot for one and a half or two hours. After this we take time to look at the

Furthermore, I would like to expand the male nude photography of Arktos internationally in the sense that I would like to travel abroad and shoot the local guys. I've been told that South America is a fantastic part of the world where many men are willing to pose nude. Asia is also high on my list. So if someone knows or organizes something, don't hesitate to get in contact with me!

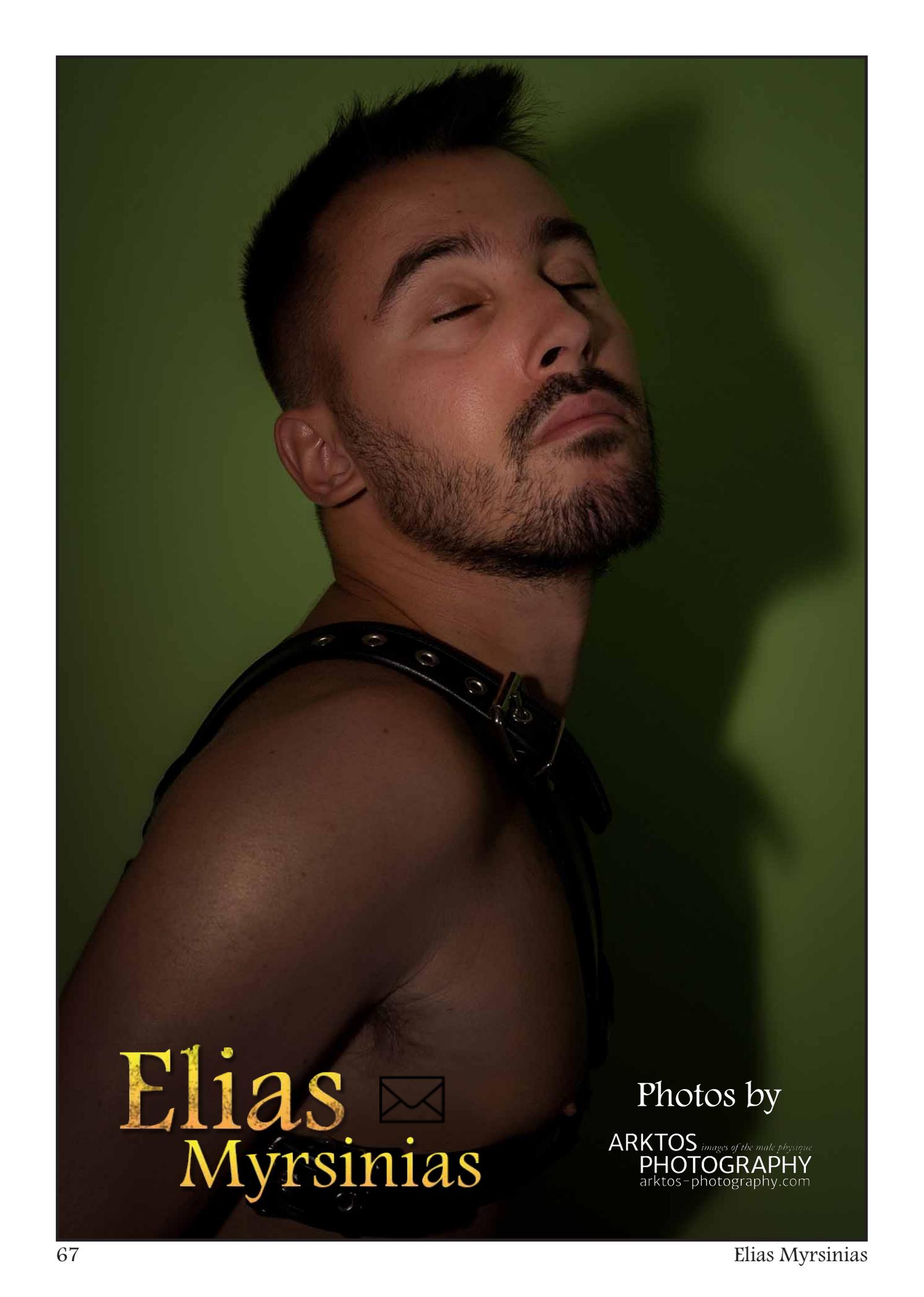
***Again, many thanks to Hans for taking the time to answer the questions. I know he is a very busy man so I am very grateful. If you want to contact him about anything, feel free to drop him an email at this link. I know he would love to hear from fans and potential models or anyone else that might want to contact him.***



**ARKTOS**  
**PHOTOGRAPHY**  
*images of the male physique*

[www.arktos-photography.com](http://www.arktos-photography.com)

 [@arktos\\_photo](https://twitter.com/arktos_photo)  [arktosphotography](https://www.tumblr.com/arktosphotography)  [arktosphotography](https://www.instagram.com/arktosphotography)



**Elias**   
**Myrsinias**

Photos by

ARKTOS *images of the male physique*  
**PHOTOGRAPHY**  
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS *images of the male physique*  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the male physique  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
arktos-photography.com





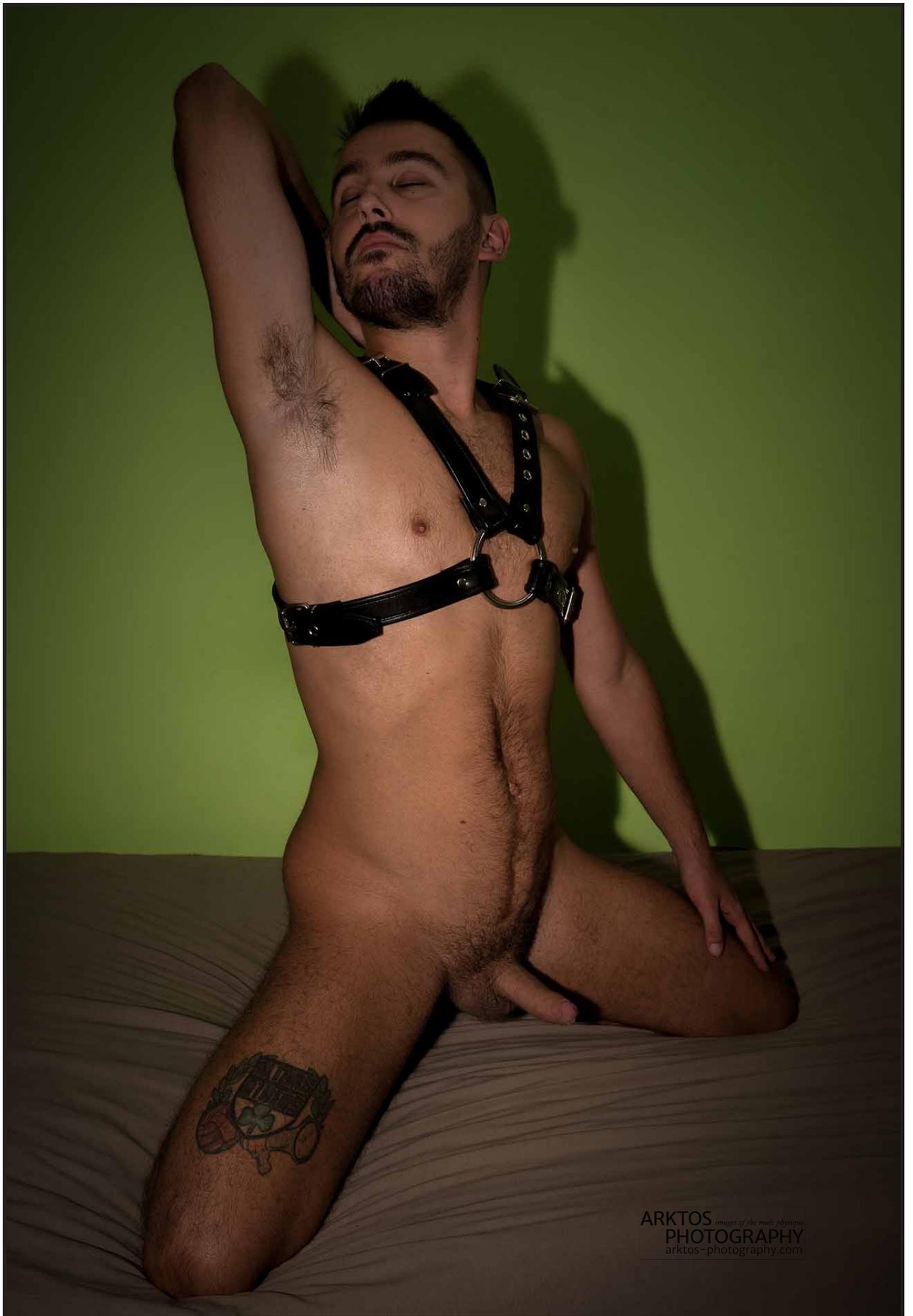
ARKTOS Images of the male physique  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the male physique  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the male physique  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the male physique  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
arktos-photography.com





too cute.

Mick stands up as well, he opens his robe, showing off his thick muscles, and body hair, and then his big dick, erect. "This guy's all ready to go", says Mick, with a smile.

Blake now gets a full view of Mick's boner, and his big balls. He is in awe of the full view of Mick's big hard cock, and his big bearish body, Blake secretly hoped Mick would take the robe completely off and show off the rest of his impressive husky physique. Blake was rock hard in his briefs. Mick sees Blake staring at his body. Blake would have been embarrassed being caught looking at Mick's body, but he was so horned up he didn't care.

"Look's like something's wanting to get out," says Mick, chuckling, seeing Blake's bulging boner in his briefs.

Blake chuckles, "Well, I am wearing your underwear after all." Blake tugs on the waistband of the underwear that he is wearing.

"Well, why don't you whip it out, and let's get started," says Mick. Blake turns red. "Haven't you ever jacked off with a buddy before?" asks Mick.

"No, I haven't . . ." says Blake. He hasn't been with another man before, even though he's been in bathhouses and seen other men do amorous activities with each other, but Blake has never done anything with a guy himself.

"Aw, that's cute," says Mick.

Blake blushes.

"Well, come on what-cha' waiting for?" Mick tugs on the waistband of Blake's underwear as well.

Blake gulps. With his thumbs, Blake pulls down the waistband of his briefs, from the sides first. He was both excited and nervous. Mick helps quicken the pace, and pulls his waistband down with him, Mick's hands on Blake's. This made Blake even harder (rock hard) and his dick flops out of his briefs as Mick's (and his own) hands tug them down.

"Woah," says Mick, looking at Blake's hard cock, "You've got a nice one there, buddy."

"Uh, thanks," says Blake, still blushing, hard, "I like yours too...I mean...You've got a

nice one too."

"Hehe, thanks man," says Mick, with a big grin. He bats his own massive cock (boner) against Blake's, playfully, his head and shaft bouncing off of Blake's. Blake's cock pulses at the touch of Mick's, smacking against his. He lets out another gasp.

"Ah..." Blake gasps.

His boner is still protruding from his briefs, his balls still making a bulge in them, pre-cum is forming from the top, starting to drool down.

"Let's get these the rest of the way down, here," says Mick, as he pulls Blake's briefs down, the rest of the way. He goes down with them, his head near Blake's crotch, as he pulls them down, past his butt, balls, and legs. Blake lifts his legs, one at a time, so Mick can pull the briefs off completely, his right foot lifts, and then they're off. On the way up, Blake feels his cock slap Mick on his cheek.

"Oomph," grunts Mick.

Blake looks down, Mick has one eye closed, a drool of pre-cum from Blake's dick to Mick's cheek.

"Oh, God, I'm so sorry," says Blake, embarrassed.

"Hah," laughs Mick, "You got me in the eye, this guy's impatient isn't he?"

"Sorry," says Blake, covering his face.

"Hah, it's fine," says Mick, he feels Blake's pre-cum on his scruffy cheek, and touches his eye. "I'm impressed that was a pretty strong slap."

"You really think so?" asks Blake, as if he was somehow getting his new friend's approval. "I mean, sorry I hit your eye...face. Ah, shit, I got..."

Blake sees his pre-cum on Mick's cheek.

"Heh, we're guys," says Mick, "If we worry about hitting each-other with our dicks, and getting stuff on each other, then what's the fun in that?"

"Yeah...then maybe we shouldn't..." Blake starts.

"Relax, buddy," says Mick. "I've been getting' off with friends since I was young. There's nothin' you can do that would embarrass me. Trust me."

"Well, okay then," says Blake, more relaxed.

With his thumbs,  
Blake pulls down  
the waistband  
of his briefs

Mick begins to stand up again; Blake feels his body slide against him, as his face comes up to meet his. They smile at each other. Blake's face goes redder, Mick is very close.

"Hey, if this is your first time jackin' off with another dude, we might as well do it right," says Mick. "You wanna do somethin' that feels really good, buddy?"

"Yeah, sure," says Blake, at this point, his hard cock was raring to go and all the blood from his head had seemed to go down there.

Mick spits in his hand and slides his big palm down over Blake's throbbing cock, Blake shudders.

"Ah..." he moans.

Mick grins, and grabs Blake's hand with his left, and places it over his own, warm, hard throbbing dick. Blake feels the warmth and thickness of Mick's cock in his hand, and Mick's strong, big paw-like hand around his own.

"Now just start tuggin' it like it was your own," says Mick, "And I'll do yours buddy." Mick said this in a gruff, almost whispering voice. Blake hesitated for a moment. "Go on," Mick encourages him.

Blake felt like he was touching a wild beast, and playing dangerously, but Mick's voice was enough to encourage him, and he began to stroke Mick's big dick in the palm of his hand, while he felt Mick stroking his, it felt amazing! Blake never felt like this before, someone else jerking him off, not just anyone, a big, strong handsome man; and he had this big strong man's dick in his own hand, it was getting all warm and slippery. Their strong chests (pecs) bounced and bumped together as they pumped each other's cocks, their hairy bellies touching, faces inches away, and their dicks pre-cumming like crazy. Blake could feel Mick's cock hitting his belly, leaving trails of pre-cum on him, Blake's was doing the same on Mick's belly. Blake closed his eyes, trying to pretend he was thinking about something, but he was only thinking about Mick, he opened an eye to watch Mick's face, and his muscles.

Mick gets a grin, "I have an idea!"

Mick pulls Blake a bit closer, he pulls Blake's dick closer to his, and their heads rub together. Blake groans, surprised, the feeling of Mick's cock against his was incredible. Mick spits on his hand again, then places his big warm palm around both their cocks. Blake releases his grip on Mick's dick, and lets Mick's hand take over.

"What are you...?"

Blake begins to ask, looking panicked at the experience.

"Just relax man.

We're just two guys getting off together."

He places his hand over the two of their dicks, and they begin to slip upward, the shafts and underside of their heads press-

ing together.

"It...it feels really good man," says Blake, feeling Mick's

strong dick, pressing against his. "That's right," says Mick, "Just think of it as two buds fucking a hole together, and go with the flow," says Mick, like he was Blake's coach. Blake found this insanely hot. He and Mick begin thrusting together in Mick's tight grip, all lubed up in their pre-cum and Mick's saliva. Their balls slap together and Blake is about to go over the edge.

"I can't last much longer!" moans Blake.

"Urghh...me too, man," grunts Mick.

Blake can feel their hard cocks growing hot together. The sensation of his new friend's big hard dick rubbing against his was too much. He felt like he was going to explode. The intensity was building so fast, he couldn't believe rubbing his dick together with this big strong bearish man was making him feel so good.

"Ah...man!" grunts Blake loudly. "I'm...I'm gonna cum! Argggh!"

Blake grabs on to Mick's big arms, bracing himself, the climax was much bigger than he was anticipating, the feeling of Mick's boner pulsing against his made him cum harder. As Mick and Blake start to cum all over each other, Blake looks into Mick's eyes, his olive green eyes. Blake notices hints of orange seeping through the green, but only for a moment.

"Yeah!" grunts Mick.

Blake could feel  
Mick's cock hitting  
his belly, leaving  
trails of pre-cum  
on him

Blake feels Mick's cock pulse against his, a hot load spurting against his belly and up to his chest (he was surprised how much he loved feeling Mick's load, warm and wet spurt on him), as he too felt the most powerful load he'd ever shot leave his balls and dick and splash out against Mick's big body. Blake is still holding onto Mick's arms as he finishes his shot all over himself and Mick, pants for breath, and looks at Mick's face. Mick is also panting like a tired dog. Both of their bodies heaving, sweaty, they still look intense, then Blake looks down at his body, and sees Mick's cum all over his chest, belly, and dripping onto his crotch, and his cum all over Mick's muscles, his chest, belly, abs, body hair, the manly scent of their semen all over each other. Mick's arms felt like they were bulging, he could see Mick's muscles more clearly and defined now, glazed in white cum. Blake couldn't believe they just did this. They look intently at each other for a moment, almost unsure of what to do or say, looking confused and dumb from unloading on each other, then Mick cracks a grin, and laughs, putting a big arm behind his head. Blake laughs as well.

"That was fun," Blake exhales, still panting.

"Haha, told ya," Mick laughs, he looks down, at all the cum on him.

"Oops, I guess I came on ya," says Mick.

"Haha, you're amazing Mick," says Blake, still on a high from the experience. "I mean... that was amazing!"

"I'm glad I could help," says Mick with a wink, he looks down at all of Blake's cum, splashed all over his body.

"Wow, you sure made a lot too, man," laughs Mick.

"Yeah, I usually don't cum that hard," says Blake, looking embarrassed. "Sorry if I got so much on ya."

"Hey, we're men, we have dicks and balls and we make this stuff," laughs Mick.

"Hah, yeah, I guess you're right," Blake was becoming aware of how stupid he was sounding, but he didn't care. He was comfortable standing naked next to his new big friend, both of their brains warm and fuzzy and feeling stupid from just having blown their loads on each other. Blake looks at Mick's big, full hairy pecs, covered in his cum, that chest he'd been checking out only hours ago. Blake was still hard, looking at this man. From the look of it,

Mick was too, but with all the cum they had just blown, they were both spent for the moment.

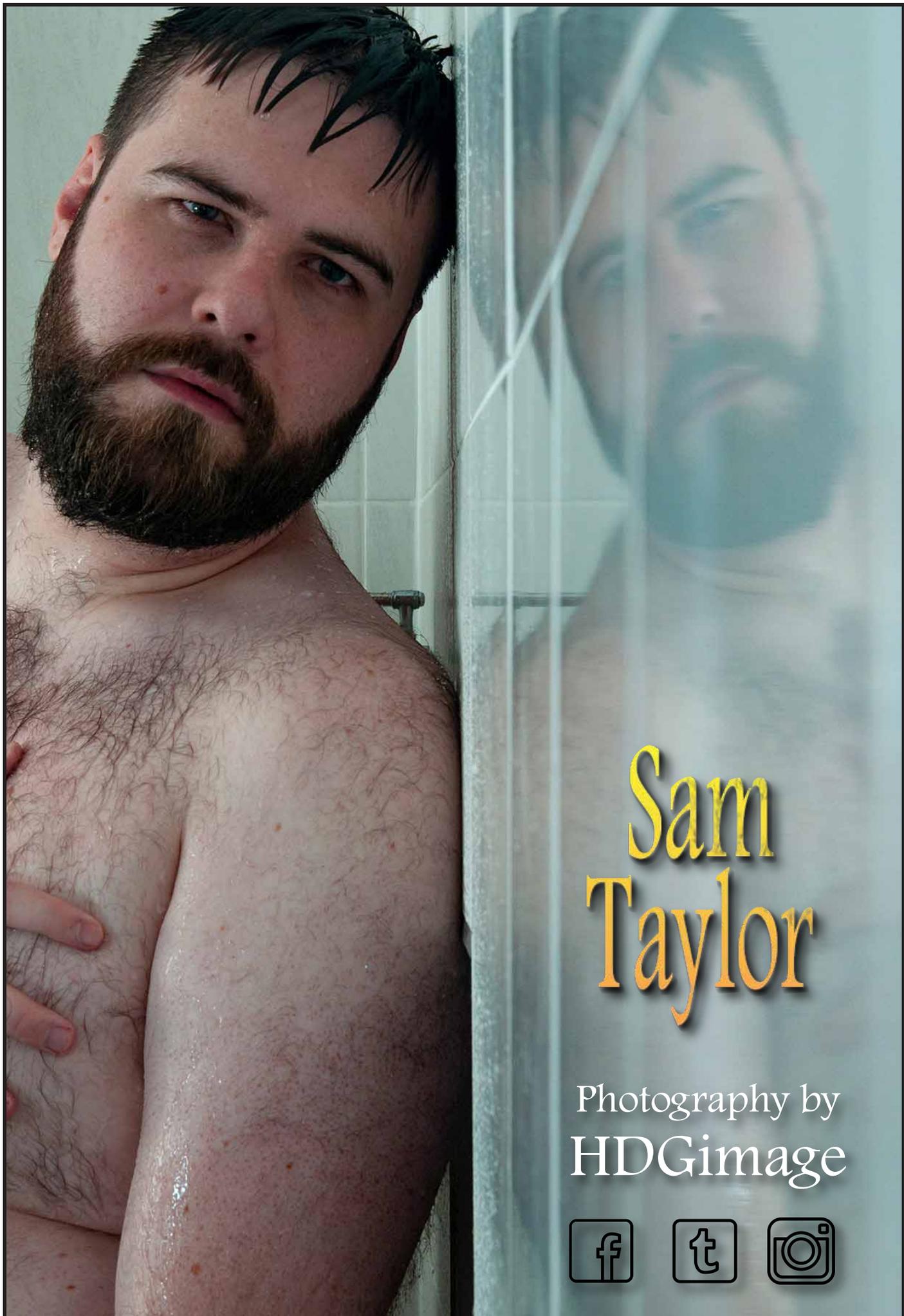
"Well," says Mick, scratching the back of his head, and smiling, eyes closed, a goofy expression on his face (which Blake found adorable) "Whaddya' say us big sticky boys get cleaned up?"

Blake smiled, he was so glad that Mick was relaxed and things weren't awkward after an experience like this, that it seemed he and Mick would continue to go on being friends. He didn't know male friends could have experiences like this, and that it seemed so natural and normal to him.

"Yeah," says Blake. "That's a good idea." Even though Blake didn't mind having Mick's strong load dripping on his body. Mick smirks, he notices his load on Blake's chest and stomach, and Mick nods his head to the bathroom. Both of the stocky men stand up; Mick leads Blake to his bathroom.

*Continued in Next Issue*

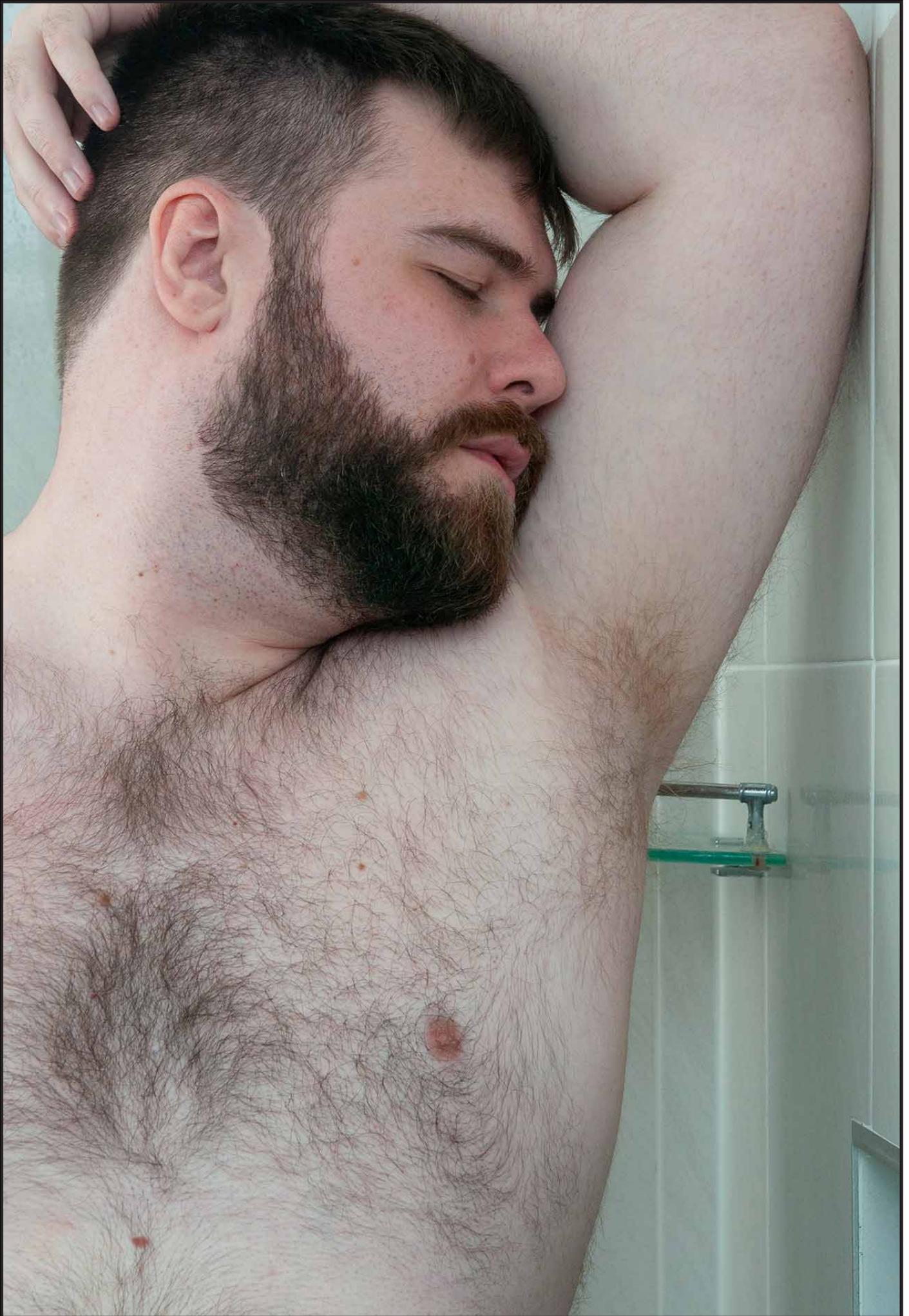




# Sam Taylor

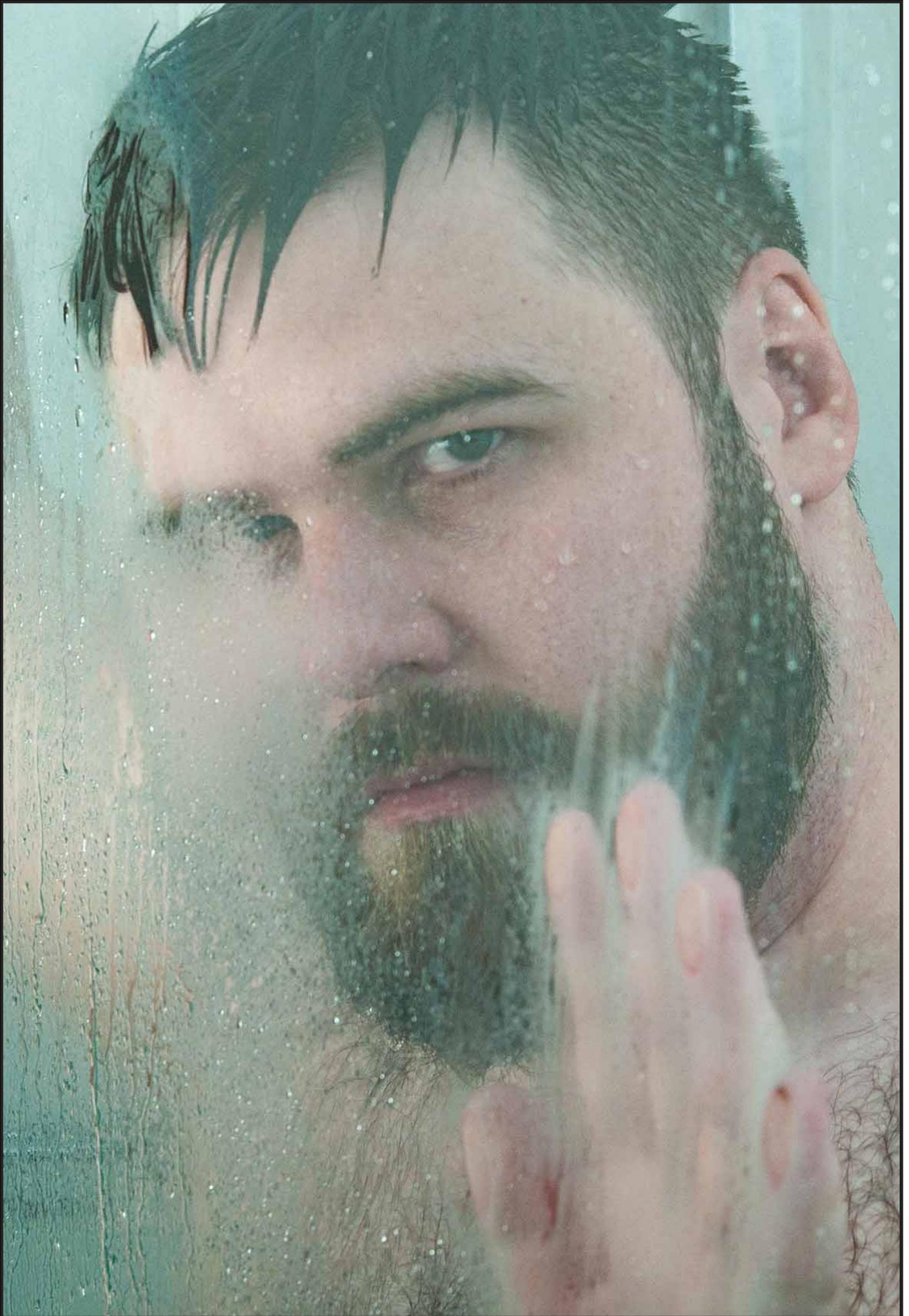
Photography by  
HDGimage

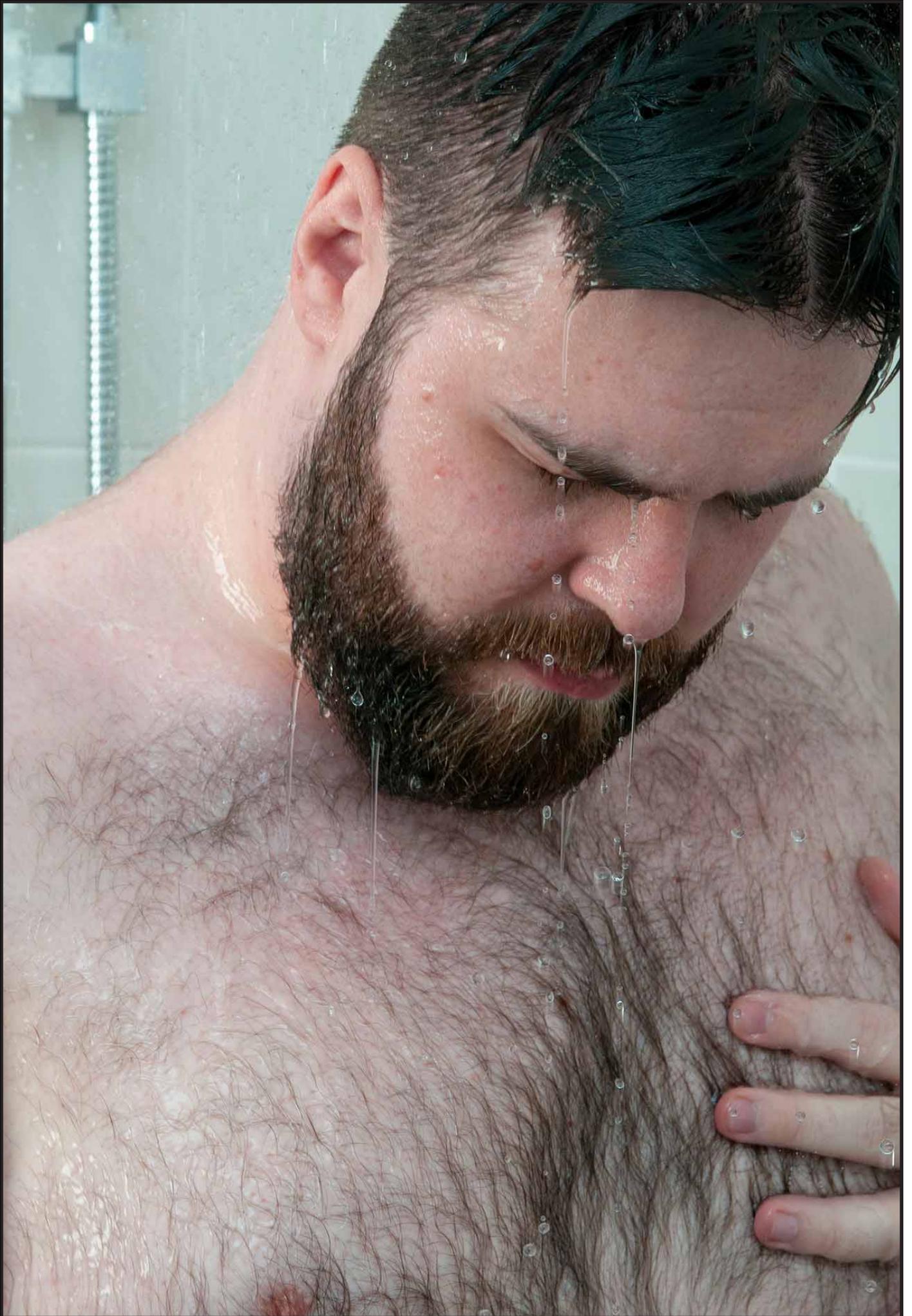


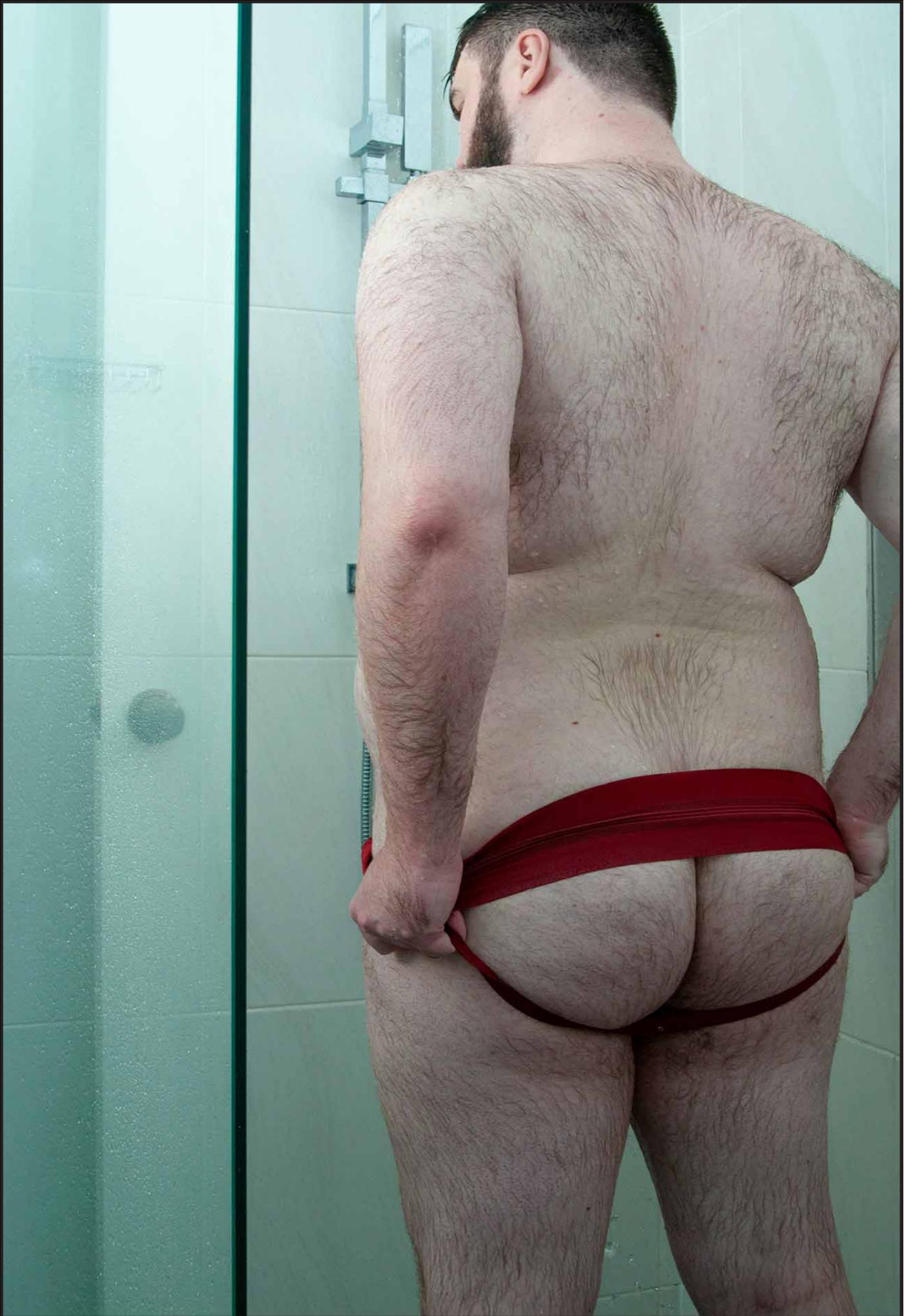


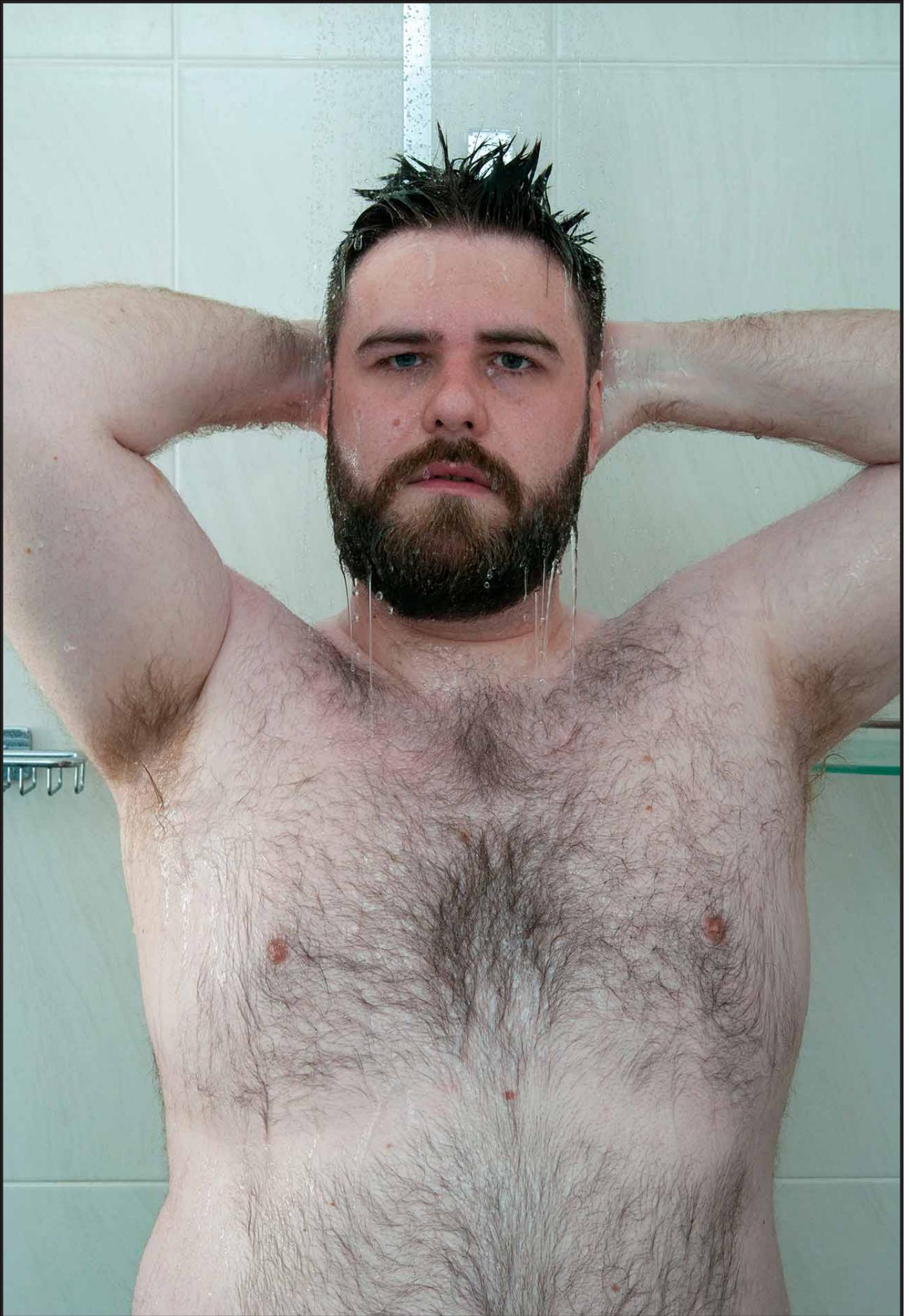


Sam Taylor

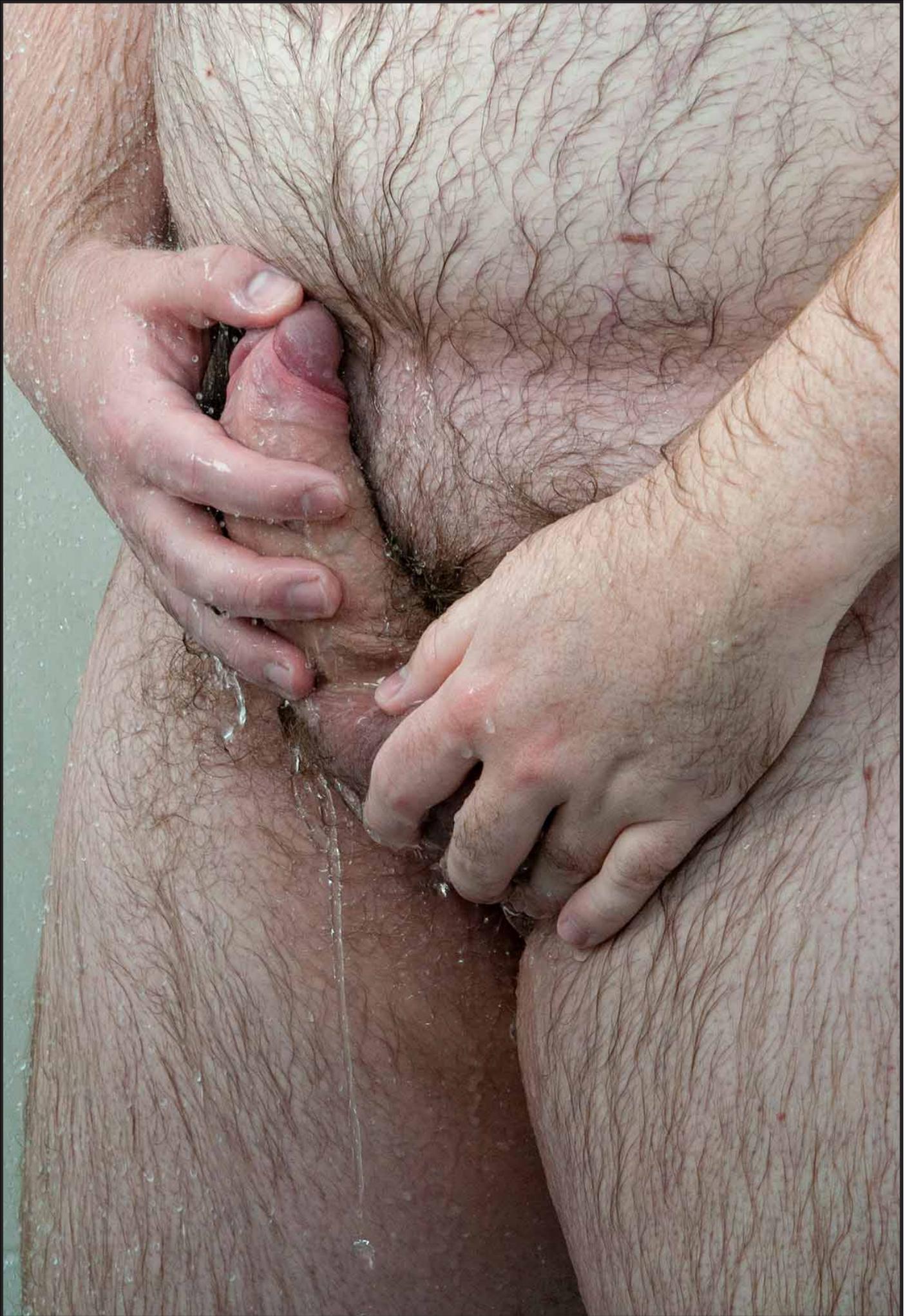




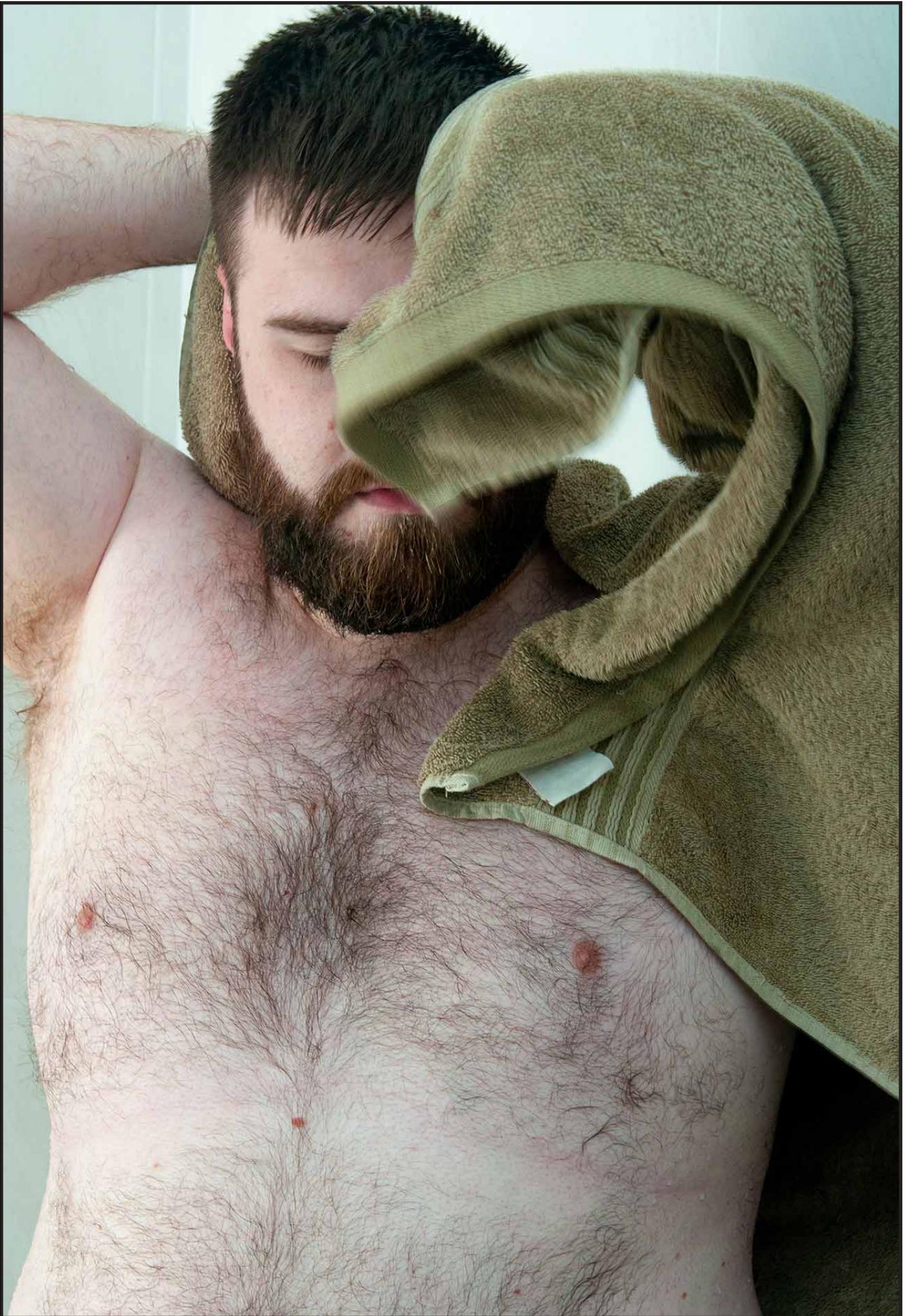




Sam Taylor





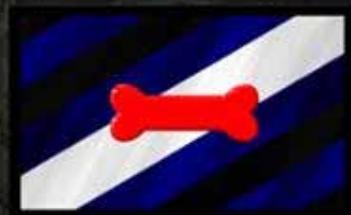




**BIG BEAR PRODUCTIONS  
PRESENTS**

**MR. GAY NEW ENGLAND  
NEW ENGLAND PUPPY  
CONTEST**

**1/25/19 – 1/26/19**



**EMAIL: [BIGBEARPRODUCTIONCT@GMAIL.COM](mailto:BIGBEARPRODUCTIONCT@GMAIL.COM)**

# Harper Davis



Photos by  
Menasco  
Photography











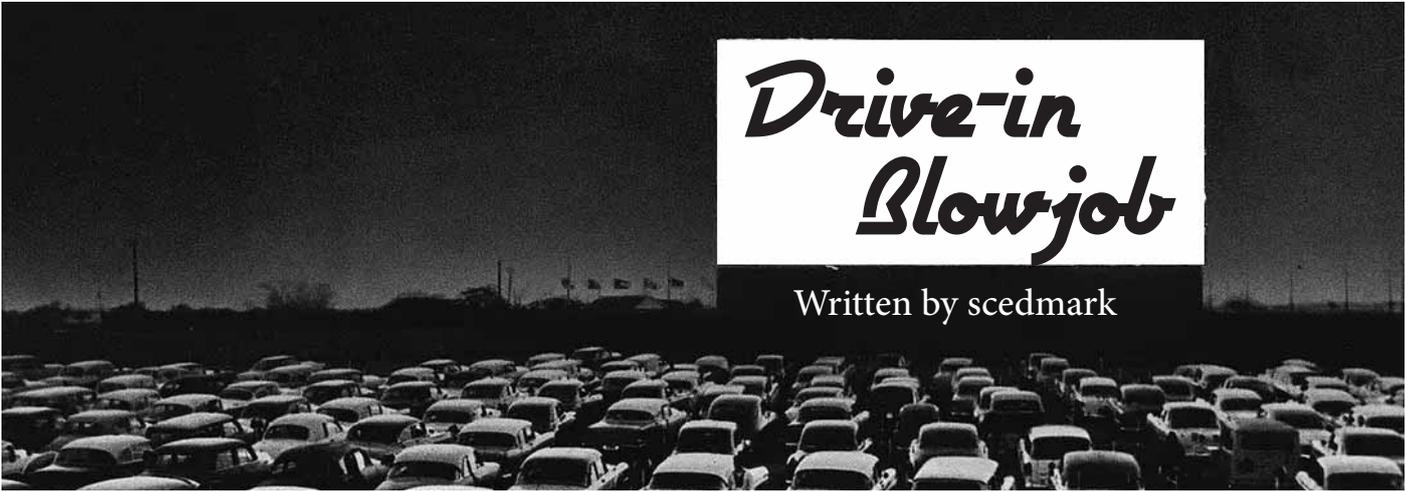












# Drive-in Blowjob

Written by scedmark

It was totally by accident that it happened.

My best freind at the time Joey and I went to a drive-in movie. This happened right after he and his girl friend of 2 years had just broken up.

We'd paid our admission, and found ourselves a parking spot when he said he was going to go to the refreashment stand. Said he was dying for a beer. As he disappeared out the passenger door, I set the speakers up in the windows and lite myself a joint.

After about 10 minutes the movie started. I didn't think much that Joey hadn't come back yet since the refreashment stands are usually crowded. So I went on smoking my weed while waiting for Joey to return with the munches.

20 minutes into the movie i was wondering what the fuck was taking him so long. 5 minutes later, I decided to go see for myself. Knowing Joey like I did, it wouldn't surprise me if he wasn't behind the counter trying to get the candy girl's phone number. At my expense!

I marched pass the refreashment stands, peering in briefly on my way to the john only to see if I saw my friend in line. He wasn't even in there. The stands were damn near empty.

I figured maybe he was on his way back to the car, and I somehow missed him. On to the john i went. Unzipping my pants and digging out my johnson even before I entered the restroom.

Soon as I reached the door, I nearly ran into a guy coming out. Holding my johnson in my hand, dude looked at it, then at me and smiled.

"There's a guy in the last stall giving good head" he said. "uh, thanks" was all I could manage on such short notice.

Dude went on his way, and I went to the nearest urinal to empty my bladder. But once I was finished my business, something kept me from leaving right away.

I'd never had a guy go down on my before. Never even thought of it. But I loved getting head, and if there was a good cocksucker in the restroom willing to suck out my load why not let him?? Long as noone I knew would know!

So off I went down to the last stall. And sure enough, soon as I entered the adjoining stall, there was a mouth and wet tongue beckoning me to slip my dick through.

It didn't take long for me to hoist my hardening prick out of my pants, and put it up to the hot mouth that greeted it at the opening. Slobbering thick clear saliva all over the head before sliding half of it into his warm wet oral hole.

My cock slid in the mouth about half way. Whoever this guy was, he certainly knew how to make a cock feel good.

He took my cock and swirled it around in his mouth, making sure in the process to cover his lips over his teeth. He took me deeper. I could feel the tip of my balloned prick at the very back of his throat.

I'd had my hips pressed tight up against

the divider between us. All of my cock was pushed through to the other side, including balls and some pubic hair. I really didn't expect him to be able to throat me. I mean, I'd had girlfriends, and they couldn't even throat my thick 8 incher. so imagine my surprise when I felt dude's nose against my pubs. And his lips touching my balls!

He'd somehow swallowed my entire cock!! He held it there in the back of his throat for a minute, I could feel him trying to hold back from gagging. Then slowly he began to slip his lip backwards, pulling my cock from his mouth, only to slide back down on it, all the way down til I hit the back of his mouth. And when I'd gotten to the back of his mouth, he'd. open his throat and take me back inside. All the way to my balls!

This was driving me crazy! My cock was on fire! I really needed to dump my load, but at the same time, I didn't want his fantastic blowjob to ever stop!

Dude really put his heart into it. He must of sensed somehow that I was near. He started sucking me really hard deep and fast. Breathing loud through his nostrils and pulling on my cock with his mouth and tongue. The suctioning he was punishing my dick with was sure to get him what he wanted.

I found myself fucking the wall. Pumping and shoving my hips, causing my cock to rocket in and out of the wet open mouth that threatened to suck every bit of life out of me I had.

The hard pumping I was doing could be heard echoing through the restroom. If anyone had came in, I'm sure they would have known what was up. That I was in the last stall getting the life sucked out of me.

Only once in the 10 minutes or so he sucked my cock did my prick ever leave dude's mouth, and that was for the minute or 2 he pulled off to suck on my balls. They hung tight in a perfect pouch on the other side of the stall. Dude simply popped my dick head from his mouth and slithered his long wet tongue

down the underbelly to my nutsack. He carefully placed both balls into his mouth and gently whirled them around inside with his tongue. He sucked on them slowly but firmly. Pulling on them with his lips, causing them to stretch abit before spitting them out and resuming his place at the tip of my cock.

He'd sucked on my dick a total of 10 minutes, and swallowed my cock whole nearly 2 dozen times. He'd tasted sample after sample of my pre-cum, and was determined to get more.

He had both his hands jacking his dick. Sucking my prick was exciting him to no end, I could tell by the feverish way he was taking me. Like his whole life revolved around my cock and cum. I could hear him moaning. Feel the vibrations travel up and down my cum tube. The thought of dumping my cum load into another mans throat caused my cock to throb. Dude felt it too, and it caused him to suck harder. His mouth slide up and down on my spit soaked dick so fast I didn't even have time to think. All I knew was that I was about to nut, and dude's mouth seemed like the best spot to do it in!

My hands gripped the top of the stall. I needed something to hold me up as my kness began to buckle. With my hips pressed up tight to the stall wall, my pubs and balls dripping saliva on the other side, and my cock firmly lodged down dude's throat. I began to nut. Shooting thick gobs and gobs of my tasty load right down the back of dude's mouth.

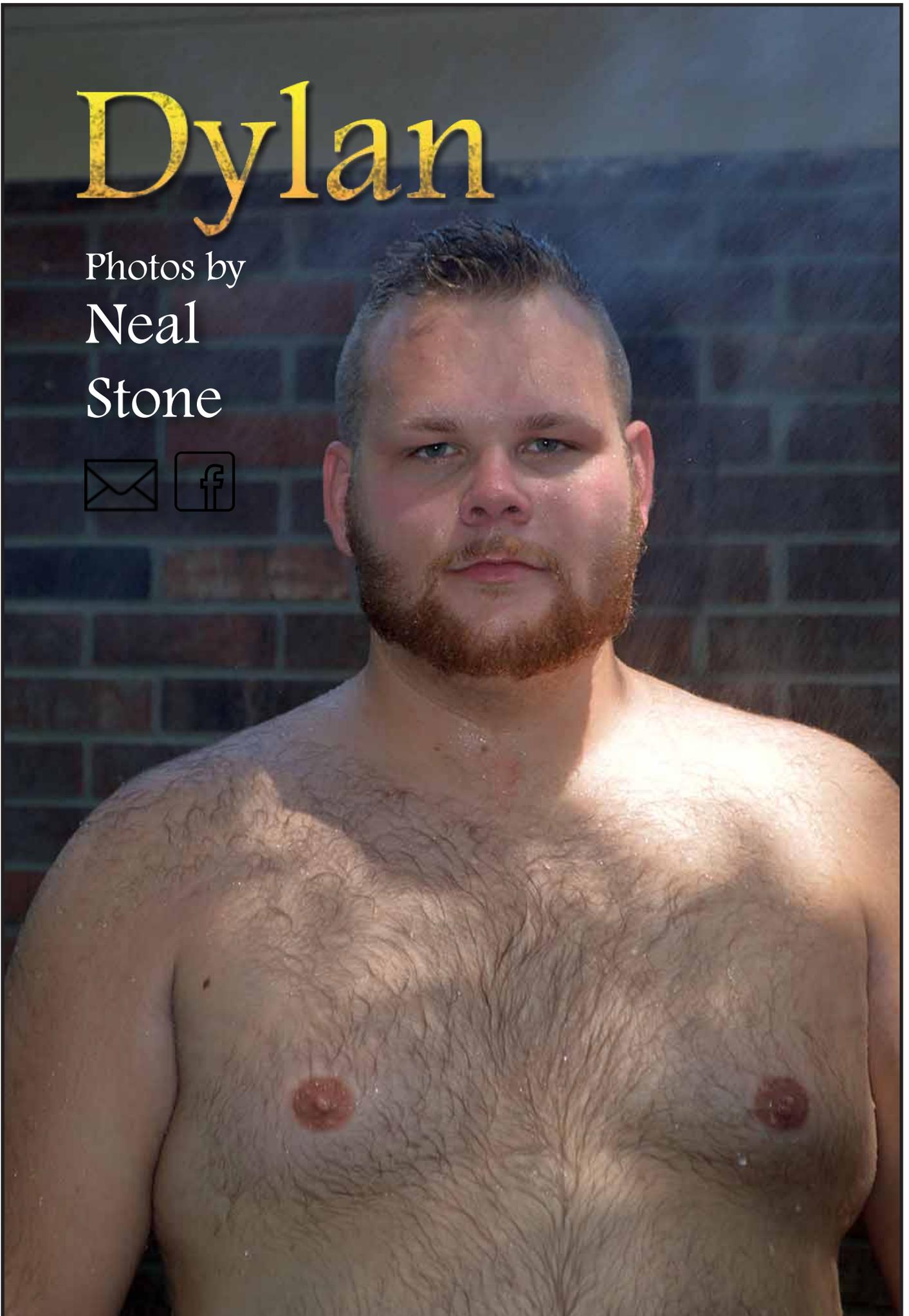
And he took it. Sucking and swallowing my cock and cum like he was in a trance. He breathed hard from his nose as his lips and tongue continued to attack my hardon, determined to suck me dry. In love with the taste of my cum.

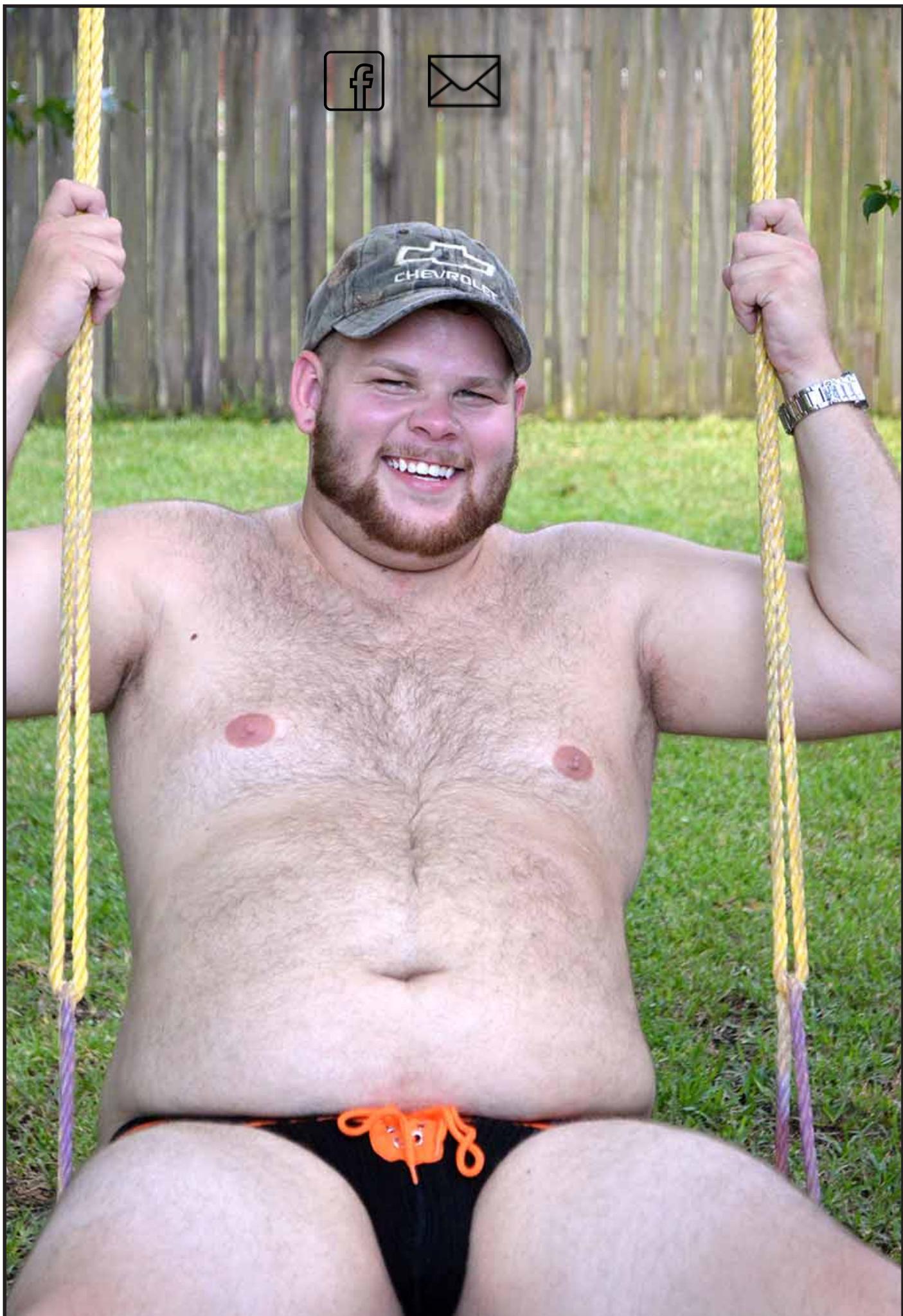
I stood there for about a minute after I'd busted my nuts. With my cock still in dude's mouth. Him still sucking lovingly on my now semi-hard prick, I looked down to see

*Continued on page 123*

# Dylan

Photos by  
Neal  
Stone



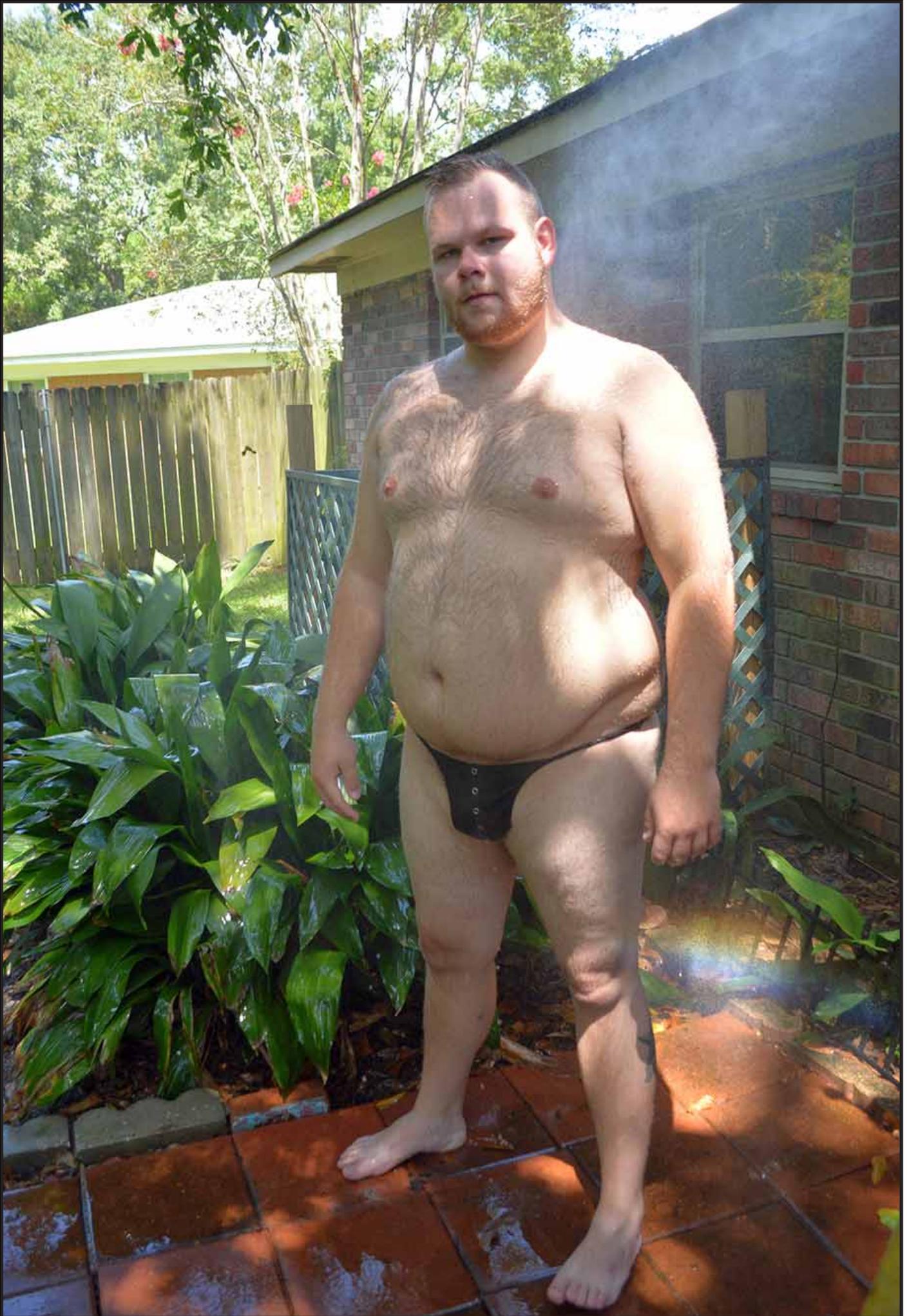


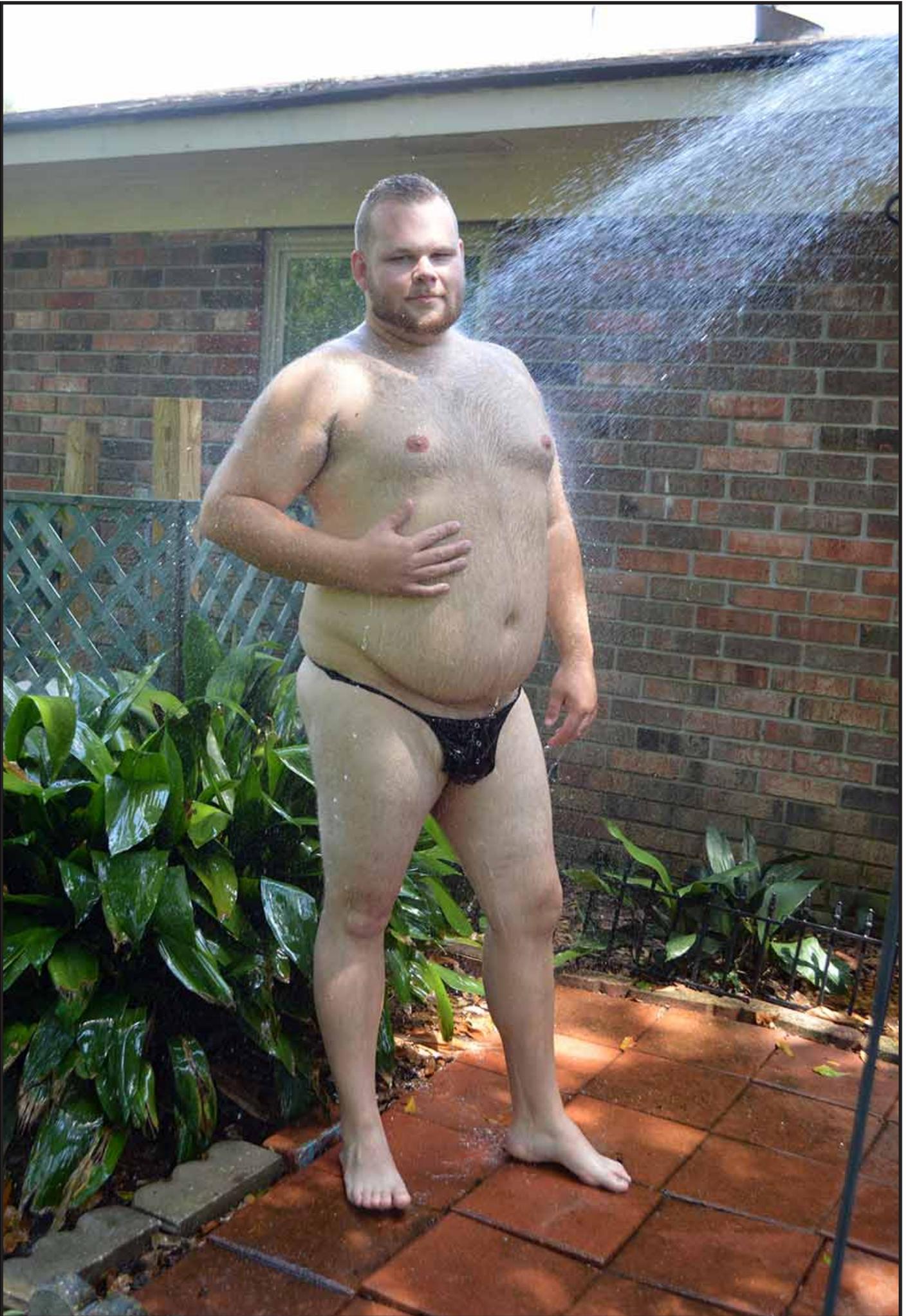
Dylan



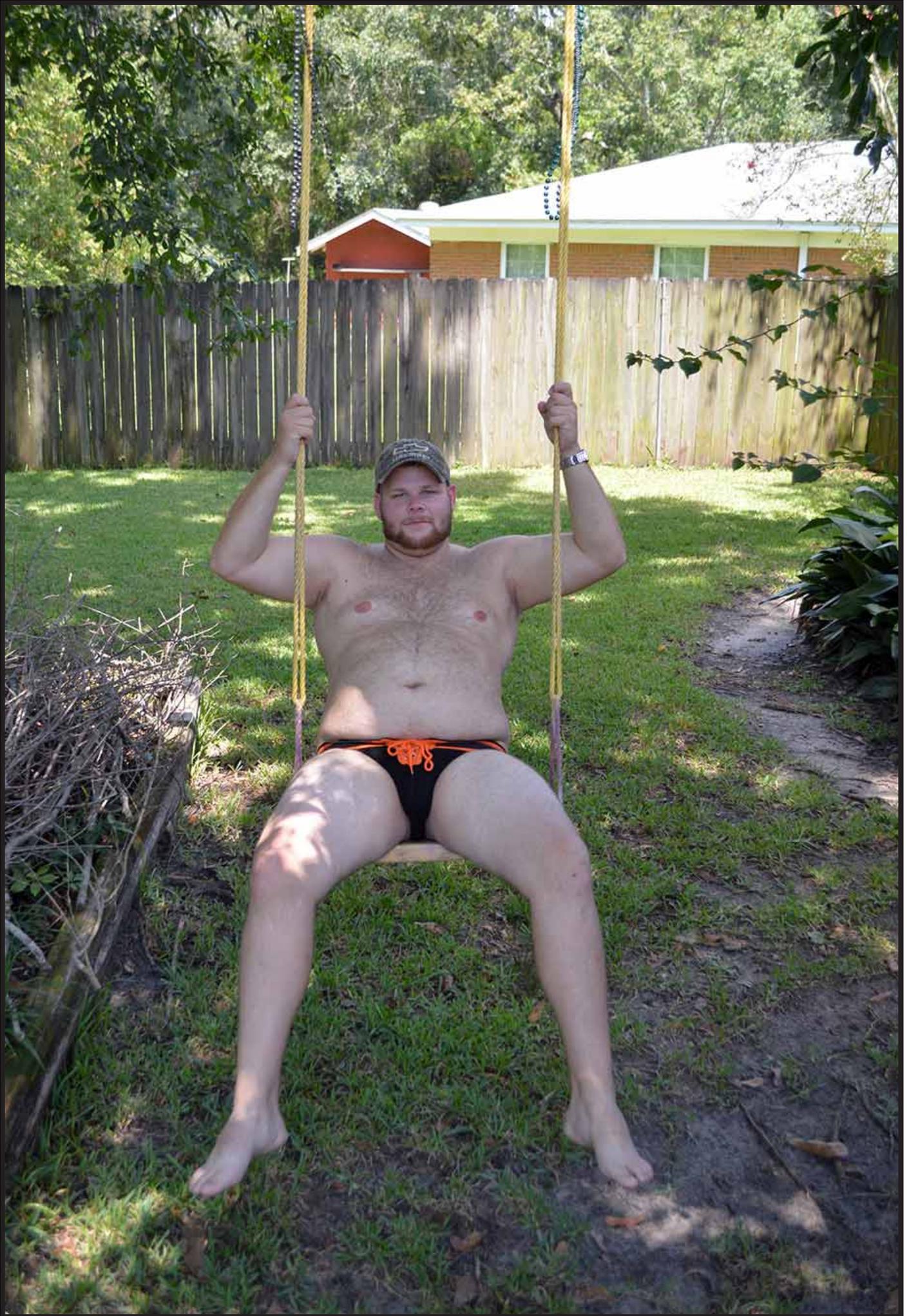


Dylan





Dylan



# Where's My Daddy?

***a boy's opinion about THE one***

written by Boypup Max

There is something special between a boy and his Sir. At least that is what I have longed to have for many years. At times, I thought I had found it. I have seen other boys with Sirs and wanted it. I have played with a Sir and wanted it to develop into more than just a scene or sex. But it just never seemed to go towards anything permanent. It is fun to do a scene with a Dominant but afterwards I felt empty.

## **What is a Daddy?**

I came across an interesting definition of a Daddy in Urban Dictionary's website. Their top definition of a Daddy was "*a name used for a significant other, fuckbuddy, and/or hot guy*". They go on to say, "*its a huge turn on for some and it's mostly used by those who like it rough or just for those kinky little shits*" (juvenile\_delinquent01, 2016).

I find that a Daddy is quite opposite of that. A Daddy is someone that nurtures, guides, mentors, inspires and protects a submissive (notice that I did not use pronouns in there because it is not gender specific for either side of the giving or the receiving end of the slash). People on the outside looking in sometimes say that leather is this hard core culture. While it definitely has elements of that, there is also parts of it that include dynamics and interactions that are very soft. For example, I love when I

Where's my Daddy?

am at a leather event and see a submissive at their Dominant's feet. I immediately relate to that submissive and feel happy for them because I know they are calm, loved, wanted and protected. It is also that feeling when I see a submissive standing behind their Dominant. I can appreciate the submissive for their pride, devotion, respect and service to their Dominant.

## **Is a Daddy less than a Sir?**

Some people say that in the leather hierarchy a Daddy is below a Sir. I really do not agree with that. I



© Carsten Basile Photography

think they are equal and in some cases the same person. Alright let me dive into that a little. When I think of a Sir, I see a strong, at times militant, disciplinarian and direct person. I envision that sex scene where He is flogging me. However, it is interesting is that in public settings I use the term Sir for all Dominants. In the Urban Dictionary, the top definition of Sir is “the proper way for a submissive to greet a Dominant” (w\_pegasus’\_angel, 2009). If I approach a Daddy that I do not know, I greet Him by saying “good afternoon, Sir”. I do not greet them by their title unless I personally know them and that they prefer to be called Daddy. Along different lines, I think that Dominants possess qualities that make them at times the Sir and at times the Daddy. Depending on what is needed to interact with their submissive.

## **What do boys look for in a Daddy?**

I requested input from others in the leather community to find out what things others look for in a Daddy and these are some of their responses.

*“Compassionate yet firm”*

*“Someone who loves you and accepts you for who you are and doesn’t try to change you”*

*“Caring, considerate, playful but firm when necessary”*

*“Strong safe arms to hold you tight, nasty in bed. Authoritative, hard on the outside but sweet and loving on the inside”*

Boys provide service all the time so when it comes to what boys look for I think part of it is reciprocated service from their Daddy. If you think about it, that is what the Daddy providing.

## **What am I looking for in a Daddy?**

Like some of the responses that I received, I look for a Daddy that helps me grow, someone that helps guide me on my journey, a person that is caring, someone that is affectionate, a willingness to teach me things and for me I want to be inspired by my Daddy.

## **Will I ever find my Daddy?**

Things happen when they are meant to happen. I have met some amazing people along my journey. Some I had the pleasure of being in service to for a short time. But ultimately, I’ve never really had a Daddy in my life that worked out. Probably because I had times where I forced the dynamic to happen. I think that when it is meant to be it just happens on its own. The dynamic comes together and is effortless.

I am hopeful that my Daddy is out there.

Where’s my Daddy?

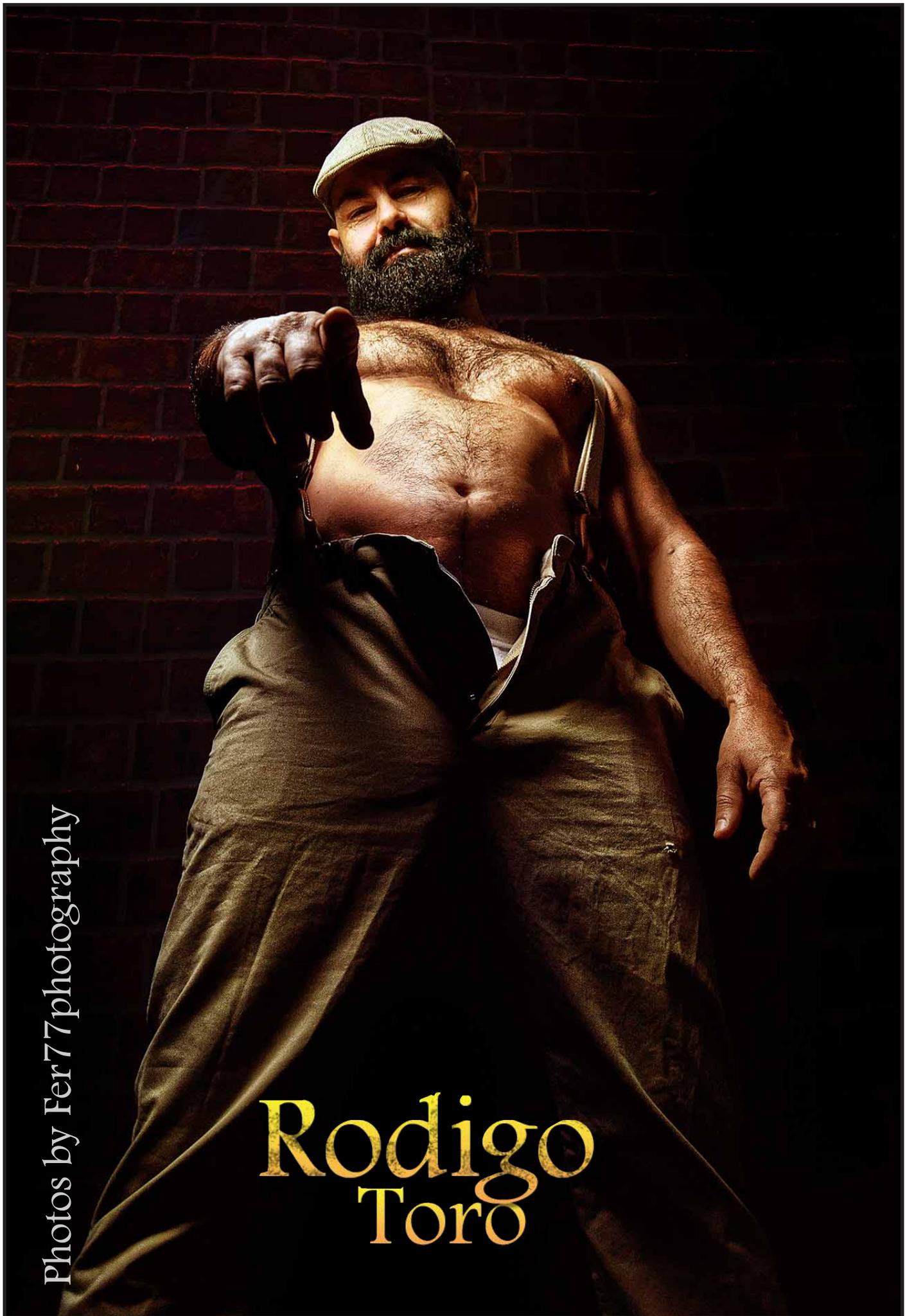


© Carsten Basile Photography

## About the Author

Boypup Max has been involved in the leather community since 2011. He is a former American Leatherboy, Florida Leatherboy and Tampa Bay Leatherboy. He was founder of Central Florida boys of Leather. Max is a member of the Phoenix boys of Leather. He travels all over the country as either a judge, presenter or volunteer. He is a huge advocate for boys and submissives.

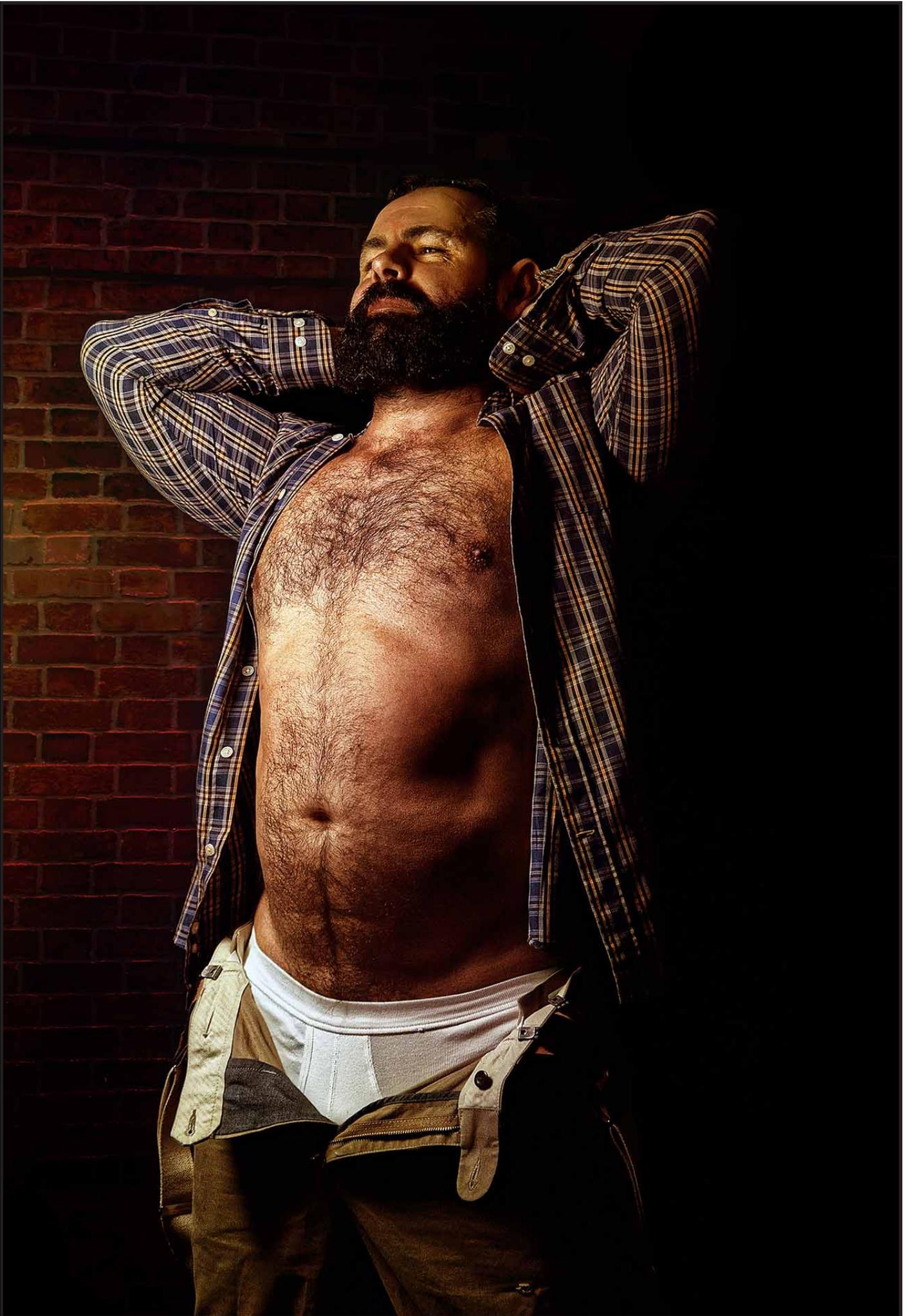


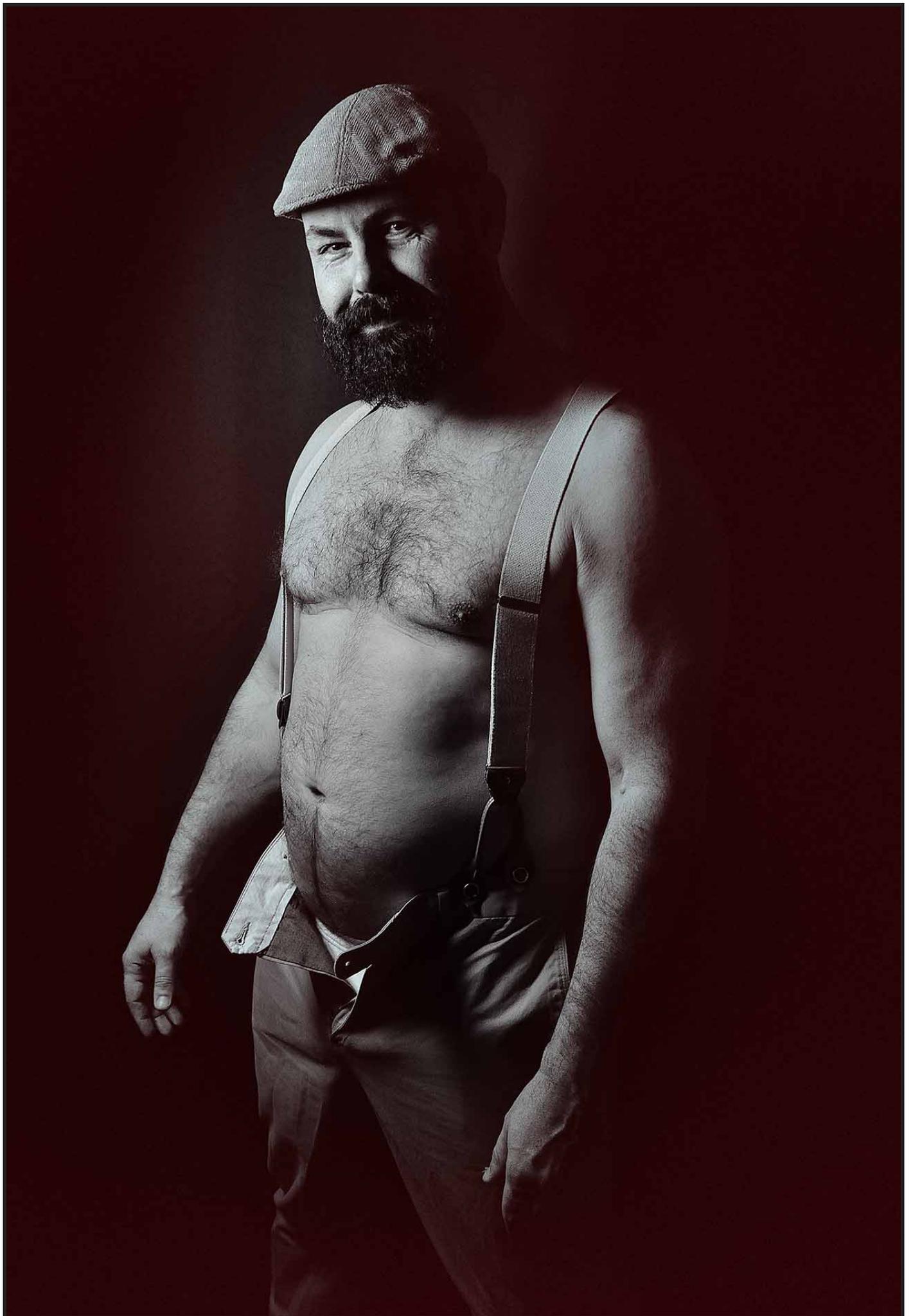


Photos by Fer77photography

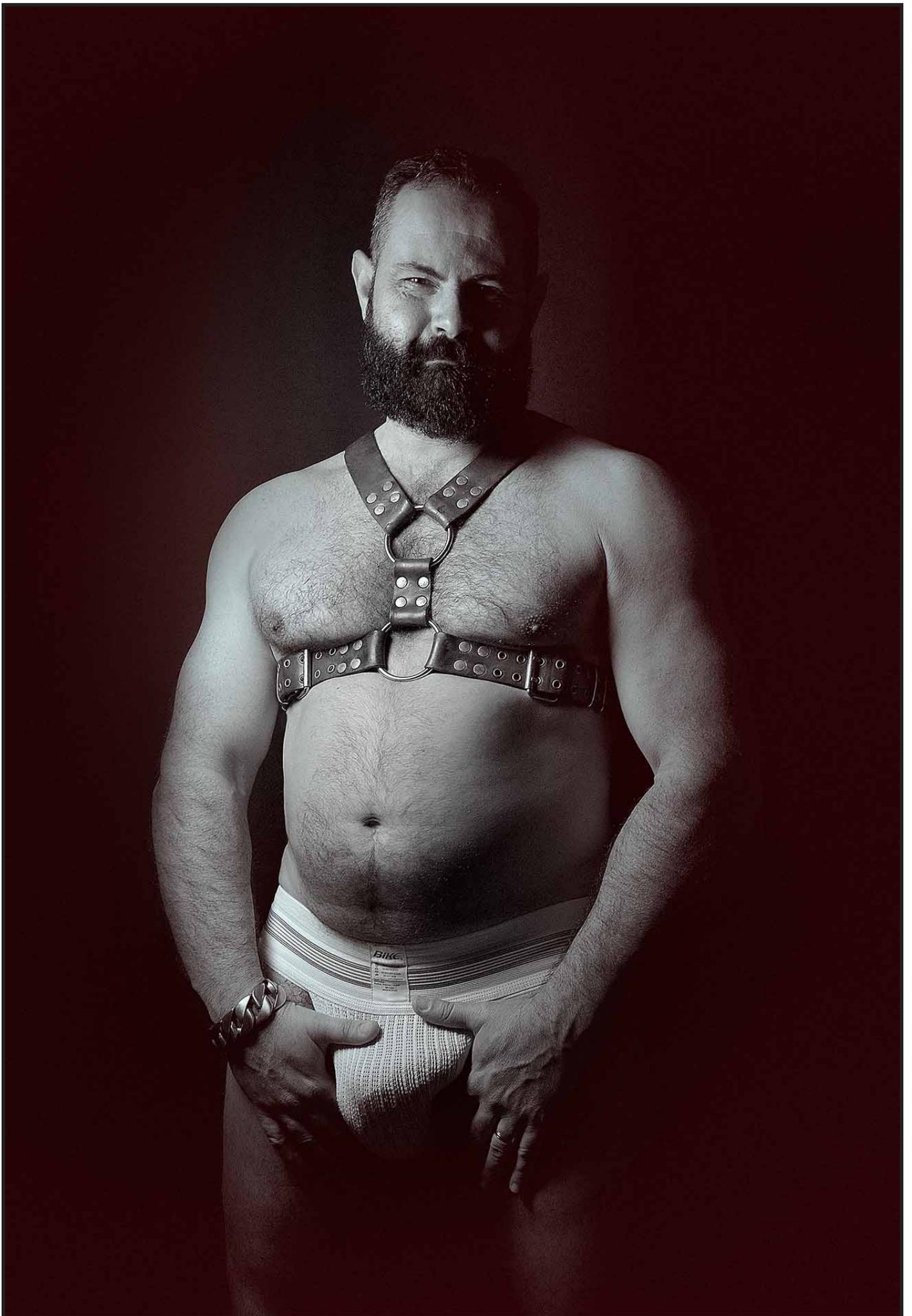
# Rodrigo Toro



















*Continued from page 102*

dude's dick had shot thick wads of cum all over the stall room floor. Hell, this was something I wouldn't mind doing again sometime. In all the years of my chasing girls, never had one sucked my dick sight unseen before. Men were dogs, but if they were willing to suck a load out of me, why not??

Slowly I began to pull my prick away from dude's mouth. I could tell he didn't want to give it up so soon. This greedy bastard would've sucked another load out of me if I'd let him. The thought of that was starting to make my dick hard again, but I decided not to press my luck. Noone had come in while I'd gotten my blowjob, and I really didn't want to risk security or someone I knew walking in and catching me with my pants down and my cock in some cocksuckers throat.

So quickly I pulled up my pants and jetted out the restroom door. It was then I decided to wait outside. To stand there and see who came out. Who the fucker was that copped my dick and swallowed my load better than any woman had. It didn't take long.

With no more dick to suck, I heard the sucker's stall door open, and then the sink turn on. He was probably washing the taste of cum from his mouth. How many dicks did he suck before I came in anyway?

I stood there silently smoking a cigg when I heard his footsteps getting closer. I tossed my cigg to the ground and smashed

it with the toe of my sneaker when I felt someone standing right next to me.

"Kev man.....I was just about to.....uh..." I heard my friend Joey say.

"Tha.....that.....was you.....?" I asked. Surprised to see my missing friend emerge from the restroom.

You could have knocked me over with a feather. I practically ran past Joey to see if there was anyone else in the restroom. NOWAY could the hot mouthed cocksucker that sucked my dick so good and swallowed my load be my best friend!! But there was noone else in the rest room. I turned in disbelief. My eyes widened with the realization.

"That was you??" i asked. "You the one just sucked my dick??!"

Joey's eyes showed fear. He hung his head in shame. He'd been discovered. I knew his dirty little secret. He was a cum swallowing cocksucker, and it made my dick hard just thinking about all the future nights I'd spend with my cock shoved down the back of his throat.

I walked up to him and put my arm around his shoulder. I took his left hand and placed it on my stiffening dick. He felt its length, felt it throb. And a wicket smile shown on his face.

Don't ask me what the movie was about. Neither one of us paid it any attention. Joey spent the rest of the movie with his head down in my lap. Sucking my cock into his throat and fogging up the windows. He sucked 2 more loads of cum out of me before we headed home.



# Desert Heat

Magazine™

January 2019 | Issue 04

Coming January 15th

Featuring  
**Chris Culver**

Turning the  
Lens

**Eric**