

*All Men Are Beautiful!*

# Desert Heat

December 2020 | Issue 24

## Magazine™



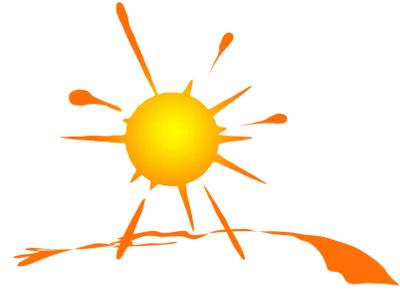
Sir Wolf &  
Rocky

*Kinky Leather Midwestern Couple*

Javier Lara  
brings us  
**Tropical  
Santa**

The continuation of  
**Jezebel**

Images by  
Nudepics Drenthe  
**Stable Issues**



# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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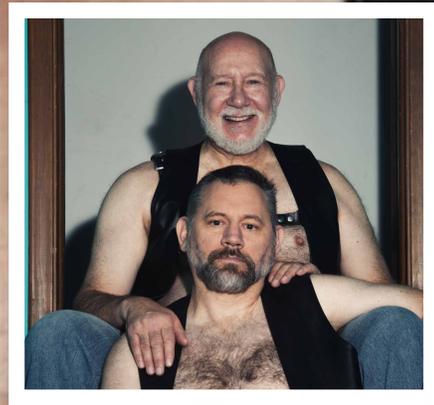
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# Table of Contents



## Photography

**SIR WOLF & ROCKY** 6

**SANTA CLAUS** 16

**STABLE ISSUES** 28

**A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER** 38

**TROPICAL SANTA** 58

**SANTA'S BIG SECRET** 68



## Articles

**13** **JEZEBEL**

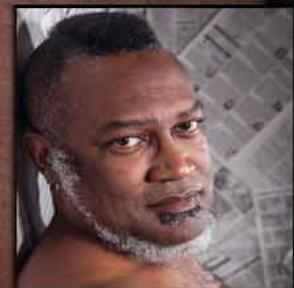
**24** **ALL THINGS DRUB**

**47** **IA FANTASY CUM TRUE**



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# Ramblings From the Editor

**Family.** We all have them, right? Whether they are by birth, our blood, or by our choosing. Some are great, support you in all the madness we go through in life, while other's are not-so-great, they will kick a child out of thier home solely based on a perception of what an imaginary creature will expect of them.

Families area quirky thing too. We all have that one uncle, the one that always brings the fun to family gatherings, pisses off someone each and every year sometime. We all have a gay member in our family too. That person may be closeted, may be self loathing due to societal pressures, but that person still exists and craves the love and acceptance that each an every family member does. Each family also has a wild child in it, it's just ineviitble. The one that never wants to grow up, just wants to live life as crazy as possible. The one that will be doing that even when they are "older". And there also is that one family membrer that insists that he or she knows what's best for each member of the family and is not afraid to share that with the family members. No matter how much you are not interested, or quite frankly over the bullshit that person spews, you have to listen to it each year at the family gatherins. And unfortunatley, or fortunately depending on your point of view, we are stuck with these relatives, bound by blood rather than commonality.

For some of us, we also have a "chosen" family. The one that is made up of friends and companions that we have hand picked over the

years to be the people we call family. The people that no matter what, you'll be there for. You can get into an argument, deal with your anger, and you are still "family". They are the ones that you will go to bat for even if they are doing the same stupid shit that the wierd uncle, or self loather, or even the one that won't grow up in your blood family is doing.

All of this is what makes lives interesting, and quite frankly fun, for all of us. Yeah, the bullshit can get old quickly, but it is part of our existence. We can't have it happy go lucky all the time, regardless of how hard we try to, or strive to, make it happen. Think of how boring life would really be if everyone "behaved" or if evreryone was exactly the same all the time, if we had the same belief structure, if we worried about what others thought all the time.

Embrace the diversity in your family. Love those family members like they will be gone tomorrow, because that is definitely a possibilty.

And if you have anger in your heart for someone in your family that has "wronged" you, let that shit go. Beleive me, you are only hurting yourself in the long run.

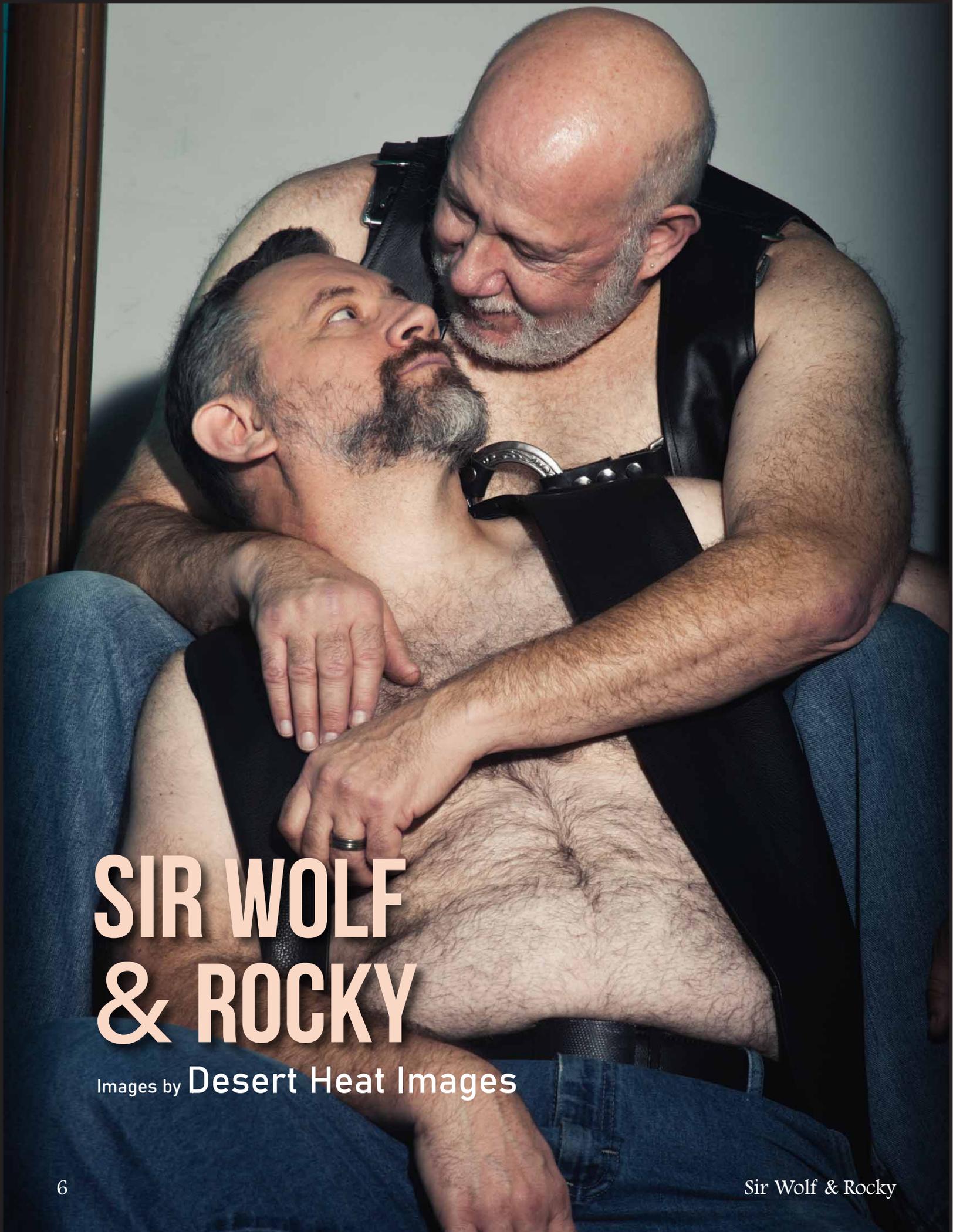
Family is about love, as well as the rest of the crap that goes along with it. Count your blessings that you have it!

**STAY SAFE!**

As always, thank you for your continued support!!



*John*



# SIR WOLF & ROCKY

Images by Desert Heat Images













All Men  
Are Beautiful

Merry Christmas  
from D&M

***It was a kind smile, but something about it, Blake noticed, he couldn't help it with his analytical thinking, his mind of a detective, looked more full of longing...hungry. Not necessarily in a lascivious way...but a thirsty look that Blake was more used to seeing in a wild animals. It was only there for a brief moment, as if Blake had briefly looked behind a curtain, or mask, and then covered whatever was behind it up again, but he was sure that strange look had been there. Jezebel's look returned to normal.***

# Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

...Blake dreams of a memory, which starts to take shape from the darkness....

The memory fades in as if it is a scene from an old movie, with a view of the skyline of the cityscape and suburbs near Northerly Island at night. Most of the lights in the windows of the surrounding buildings below are dark. The view of the skyline is from a tall building, perhaps from a balcony on a tower of some kind. Paul Whiteman's rendition of "Night and Day" plays on a near-by record-player. A bottle of champagne is uncorked and poured into a crystal glass on a balcony, overlooking the skyline.

(The succession of broken and fragmented images unfold in Blake's mind like a movie, jumping from one scene to another. )

Blake arrives on an elevator to an apparent penthouse on the tower level of a hotel. He is a charcoal-gray suit, pinstriped, white dress-shirt, with a pink neck-tie (Christina liked that color on him). The elevator arrives at the tower penthouse, and the doors open. The elevator leads directly into the main room. It looked like a fancy restaurant or ballroom. A dinner club. The song, "Night and Day", plays eerily on the record-player. He walks through the pristine tower penthouse. The main living room is sunken in, rounded, with steps leading down into it all around. Everything around Blake seemed to be saturated in colors of peach, pink or blush. He

sees that at the far end of the penthouse are large windows, sliding glass doors, going to a balcony. There's pinkish curtains, nearly see-through (silk) over the open, windowed doors.

Out on the balcony. A young woman's hand, with painted nails, lights a candle with a match.

Blake nears the open window-door to the balcony. The haunting voices of the Pickens sisters echo with the symphony on the record-player as he approaches, as a female silhouette appears on the balcony, in the large open window, behind the silken pink (with tints of mauve) curtain. The slender figure, with long hair, reaches a hand down to push the drape aside. Blake comes to a halt as he sees the figure behind it. Christina smiles to him kindly.

Christina walks out from behind the curtain slowly. She is wearing a "strong-punch" colored dress, off-the shoulder, with white t-strap heels, her blond hair flowing down, over her shoulders. He remembered how stunning she looked that night.

"Just in time," she says, sounding excited. "I thought you'd prefer dinner on the balcony."

.....

"Isn't the view lovely? Look at that view. You can see all of Northerly Island from here," said Christina looking out over the balcony.

Blake and Christina have their dinner and champagne while overlooking northerly island and

the scope of the city. As their dinner progresses, Blake stops to look out over the city skyline, and over to the colorful display of the worlds fair, which seemed to float strangely above the dark buildings below, as if it was the only source of life around here. It was peaceful, serene sight and yet... it troubled Blake. Because he was sure he had been here before and seen these same sights and sounds, and yet his memory failed him. Blake winced. Christina noticed.

"What's wrong, Blake?" asked Christina.

"How many times have we been here?" he asks.

"This is our first date," says Christina.

"Yes I know... but... we've been here before. Haven't we?"

"Only just now," says Christina, "in this moment."

"Yeah... I guess," says Blake, looking out over the darkened buildings of the skyline, "but I can't help but keep feeling like this has already happened. That I've already been here, looking off this same balcony".

"You know... I can understand that," says Christina "I've had the same sensation. As if some things were meant to happen. As if I'd already experienced things. And I knew what was going to come, and I was going to experience it... all over again." She looks dreamily over the skyline with Blake. She smiles again "I guess you could say I felt that way when I met you."

Blake looks at her. He was fumbling with his hat in his hands again. He didn't remember picking it up.

"You're right. This is our first... if it wasn't I would have remembered it right? Haha. I must sound crazy. This is our first date...I don't want to ruin it. I always feel like I ruin things"

"You don't have to worry about ruining anything for me Blake," says Christina. "You're just fine".

Blake smiles and toasts and sips his champaign, but still couldn't shake the idea that he's been here, to this same balcony, with her. As if he was living in a memory.

...

Soon Phil Dewey's voice accompanied Paul Whiteman's orchestra, singing the lyrics to "Night and Day", as Blake and Christina looked across the table at each other, champaign glasses in their

hands. Blake noticed something else, a little detail he had overlooked before, there was a green glow, faint but noticeable, coming from the other side of the building. The light barely reached their balcony, but it reflected off the windows and around the corner, and in the crystal of their champaign glasses, blinking on and off. Blake turned around to see if he could tell where it was coming from. He saw it slightly reflected in the windows of the penthouse apartment, near their balcony. He sees the neon green letters going up and down the building, a sign which advertised the name of the hotel, but he could not tell what the letters spelled, they were obscured by the glass, and the curtains on the inside of the windows, and the corner of the tower was too far to see, even leaning over the balcony.

"Blake," said Christina's voice, right as the brass kicked in on the record, giving Blake a start.

Blake turned quickly to face Christina, who was staring intently at him, leaning on the table, smiling, her head in her hand, her eyes on him, they were reflecting the greenish light, blinking on and off around the corner, as Blake was now mesmerized by the sight of the green light flickering on and off in her eyes.

"Now, what are you thinking about?" she asked with that amused smile of hers, in reflection it seemed taunting, almost mocking him.

"I...I don't know," said Blake, answering truthfully, as all his interest in the source of the green light diminished, as if he was under a trance by looking at her eyes, which seemed to be the only thing which glowed in the darkness around them at this moment. "I got...lost in my thoughts I guess..." He honestly couldn't remember what he had been thinking about, about the green light, the neon letters, all that passed out of his mind.

"Oh, Blake, there's no need to think about any of that while you're with me," said Christina, her eyes still intent on him.

Blake was rubbing his eyes now, thinking he was seeing things, then he paused at her words.

"No that's...about what?" asked Blake.

"Whatever you were thinking about," Christina said innocently.

"Oh," said Blake, somehow he had suspected that she knew what he had been thinking about, even without having told her, but that was impossible. He began rubbing his eyes

some more.

"Something the matter?" she asked, yet there didn't seem to be any concern in her voice.

"My eyes hurt a bit," said Blake, still rubbing them.

"Oh, well, I'll fix that," said Christina, "We don't need too much light out here." Christina took a breath and blew out the three candles, as the candle-lights went out and smoke billowed around him and Christina. It took Blake's eyes awhile to adjust, but oddly enough, he could start to see his surrounding better, save for Christina herself, who remained a black shadow in the middle of a circle of billowing smoke, her eyes remaining eerily visible. Soon the image of Christina began to grow clearer and Blake's headache seemed to pass away.

"That's better, isn't it?" asked Christina.

"I...yeah, it is..." said Blake, "How is that? I can see better in the dark."

Christina giggled again.

"You don't need much light, with that view out there," said Christina. "Only few can see a night view like this as well as we can."

"You mean from up here?" asked Blake.

"Sure," said Christina, who had not taken her eyes off of Blake all this time.

Christina reached her hand across the table to hold Blake's.

...

The smoke, still churning around them seemed to fade to another scene, perhaps the same night, it felt like the same date, and the same record was playing, the same song, Blake didn't think it possible for the same song to go on for so long. Was it repeating. Was the memory repeating?

...

More champagne was poured, and they laughed. ...

"Isn't the view lovely? Look at that view. You can see all of Northerly Island from here" said Christina looking out over the balcony.

Blake didn't answer for a moment, he had a horrible sense of foreboding that this conversation had happened before. But he shrugged it off.

"Yes," said Blake, as he looked out at the scene with her. "It sure is."

The balcony view was indeed extraordinary at night. He could see all the city, the real one and Jezebel

the replica beneath them, it was a secluded, and high spot, where he would usually feel calm and safe. Here with the woman he was falling for, on their first date, having a nice dinner, looking out at the night cityscape and the coast of Lake Michigan, reflecting the dwindling and dim city lights. But... Blake did not feel safe. Even as he stared across the table at Jezebel's eyes, those beautiful yet hypnotizing cobalt eyes, he felt like there was another presence with them, hovering above them, watching every move they made, sitting with them like a ghost, and Blake couldn't shake the feeling that they were indeed being watched, as if he himself had been aware of it the entire time, but was too afraid to say anything, for if he said something, knowing they were watched, the something that was watching them would suddenly appear, and they would be doomed.

"What's on your mind Blake?" asked Christina.

Blake was looking out over the balcony's edge, scanning the distant, darkened, buildings, and the Great Lake which looked like the coast of the ocean.

"I'm sorry?" asked Blake looking at the buildings across from them one more time.

"Is something on your mind?" asked Jezebel with a laugh, almost a girlish giggle, as though she was amused at his behavior.

Blake finally turns to face her.

"No...I mean yes..." he faces her, "though I can't quite remember what it is."

"Good," said Christina, sounding pleased.

"It is?" asked Blake, confused.

"Mhmm..." said Jezebel, pouring some more champagne for them, in those pricy looking crystal glasses. Where did she get them? How could she afford this place? None of this made sense. "I don't want to talk anything about the past tonight. Any baggage we might have bottled up. I want to only talk about the future." She poured Blake's glass and put the bottle down.

"The future," said Blake. He liked the sound of that.

"Our future," said Christina. She lifted her glass to him and smiled. It was a kind smile, but something about it, Blake noticed, he couldn't help it with his analytical thinking, his mind of a

*Continued on page 36*

# Santa Claus

Featuring *Bart*



Images by **Nudepics Drenthe**















# ALL THINGS DRUB

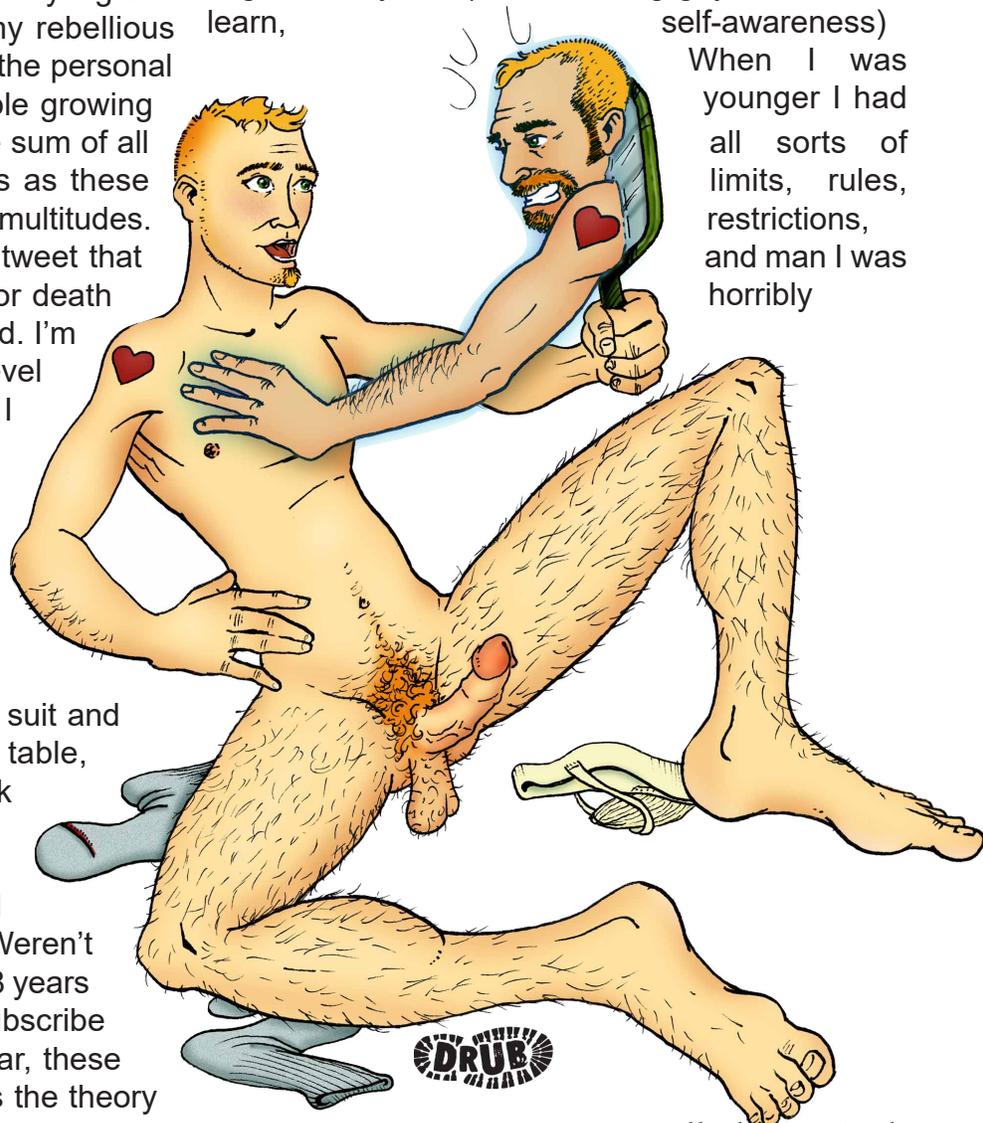
I'm leaning most towards as it keeps me from flipping out that statistically, my tank is half full.

Last night, I was working on a new commission for a client when I got a text from a guy I really want to hook up with so I can spend a few hours fisting his handsome hairy ass. But this is the time of COVID. I had about 5 seconds of weakness and I texted back that I'm unavailable, especially after midnight during a pandemic. Adults plan things in advance and right now, it's a hard pass. I'm proud of myself for considering my household and our health, with several of us immunocompromised. I guess that's growth in a big way. Unfortunately now I'm now viewing this guy with a lens of contempt for various reasons.

And if I'm going to point fingers, I have to point fingers at myself. (Another thing gay men should learn, self-awareness)

I think, as gay men, we all have to deal with a bit of Peter Pan syndrome. Many of us think we're immortal. I've seen more videos of gay men dancing at nightclubs, all over each other, not a mask in sight in these times of COVID than I care to admit. For me, my inner Peter Pan fears death. A much younger me sometimes fantasized that a handsome vampire would take pity on my big Leo ego and freeze me in time during my rebellious years. Looking back, I'm thankful for the personal growth. With that comes the inevitable growing out of youth cults. Mostly. We are the sum of all of our various lives and incarnations as these teach us so many things. We contain multitudes. Well, except for those gay men who tweet that they are about to turn 30 and wish for death because they consider themselves old. I'm tired of that joke because on some level it stings. I'm sensitive to that hurt until I remember that I shouldn't apologize for my successes and gently ease back into the comfort of silent judgement of the cancel culture wars amongst people with rotten and questionable taste.

I'm hunched over my ipad in a union suit and big, fluffy, dirty socks at my kitchen table, drinking hot chocolate in a sock monkey mug, reflecting. I believe we've all aged collectively 10 years in the last 4 years. I feel like I blinked and I'm now 47 at the time of writing this. Weren't the 90's 10 years ago? Wasn't I just 18 years old a second ago? I guess, if you subscribe to that whole idea that time isn't linear, these things are all simultaneously true. It's the theory



When I was younger I had all sorts of limits, rules, restrictions, and man I was horribly



mouthy. I could write a whole article about holding grudges as easily as you might hold a glass of water. I'm lucky I still have all my teeth. Granted I was young and a lot of times I was just looking for attention. And then there's the internet. I still remember a horribly, self-loathing blog post I made about masculinity and Quentin Crisp in relation to how I saw myself. I got my 23 year old ass called out by a major porn star of all people. Like I said, learn to know when you are wrong. That was back when the kinkiest thing I did was piss play and people still wrote email to people for praise and ridicule. For better or for worse, here we are.

I try hard to find time to reclaim glimpses of my silly well-spent youth but I'm thankful for those quiet times in silent contemplation, too. Slowing down, mindful and clear-headed - either in contact with my higher genius, soaking in spirit and energy I want to tap into, or my basest desires. Unfortunately, at least for me, this has had to be learned. I encourage every single one of my readers to find some inner peace in these horrifying times. It upsets me greatly to see some of our vibrant, gay brothers go sliding off the rails in some horrid clichéd midlife crisis spiral. Find the

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wisdom in experience, channel your emotional energy into something productive and sooth the soul. Making friends with your shadow is hard work.

Stay smart and be mindful of others. Please. With age comes wisdom.

We hope.

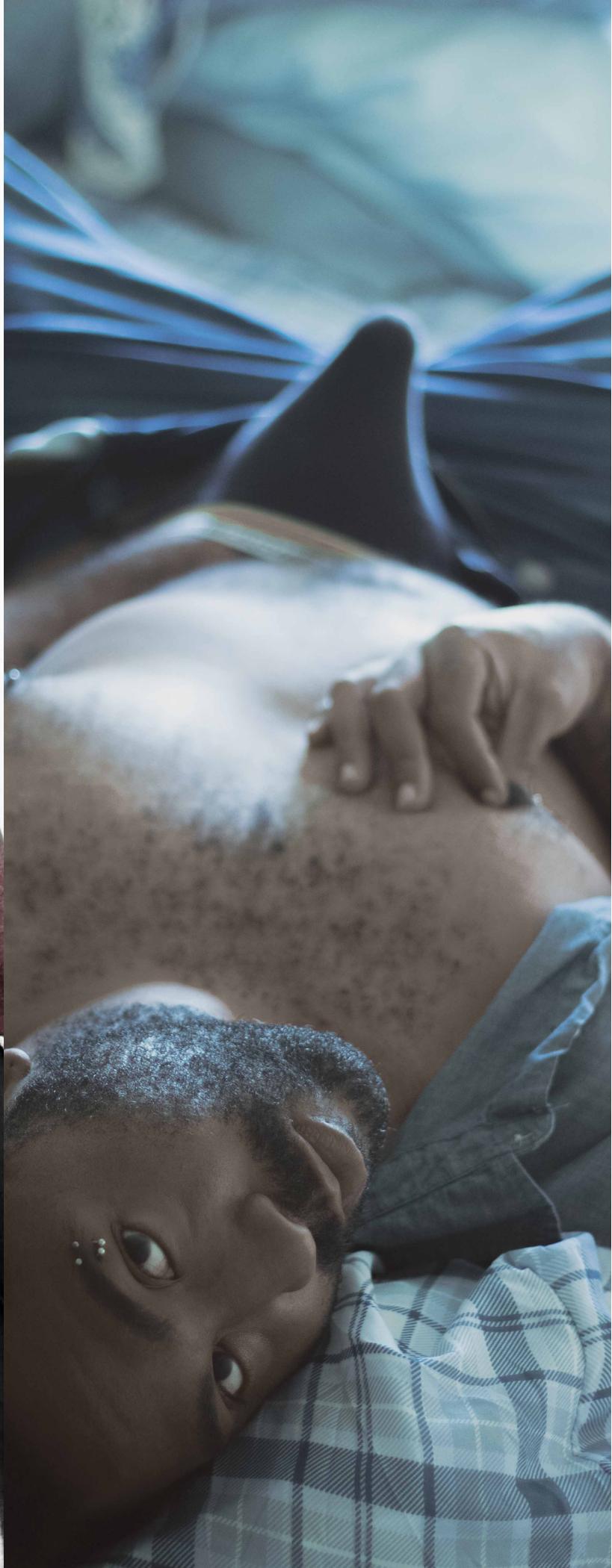
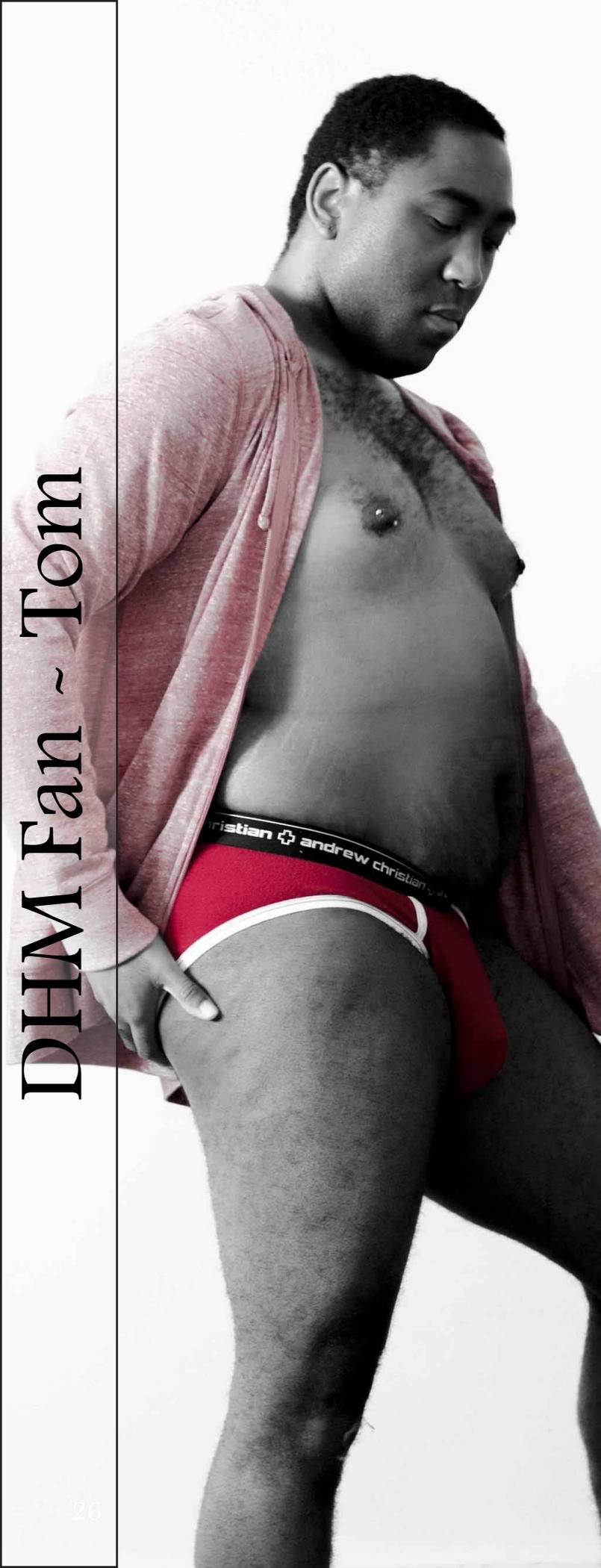
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DHM Fan ~ Tom





# MODEL CALL

HAIRY MEN OF ALL SIZES

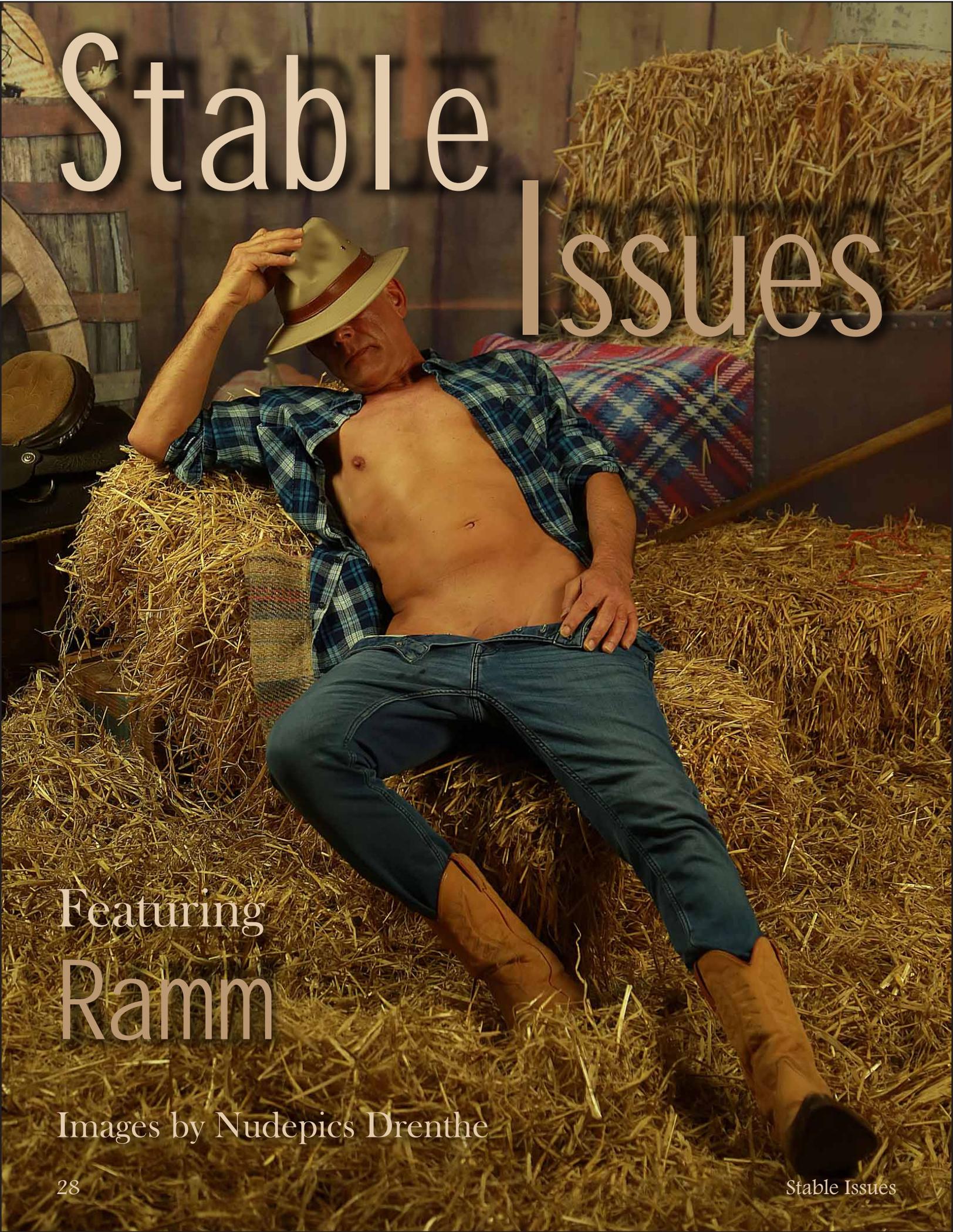
## DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

IS LOOKING FOR MEN WHO WANT TO SHOW IT OFF!

**GOT WHAT IT TAKES?**

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

# Stable Issues

A man with a muscular physique is sitting on a large stack of hay in a stable. He is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat with a brown band, a blue and white plaid shirt that is unbuttoned at the chest, blue jeans, and brown cowboy boots. He is holding the brim of his hat with his right hand. The background shows a wooden stable wall and more hay.

Featuring  
Ramm

Images by Nudepics Drenthe















detective, looked more full of longing...hungry. Not necessarily in a lascivious way...but a thirsty look that Blake was more used to seeing in a wild animals. It was only there for a brief moment, as if Blake had briefly looked behind a curtain, or mask, and then covered whatever was behind it up again, but he was sure that strange look had been there. Jezebel's look returned to normal. "Our careers I mean. And perhaps more. I don't want to think too far ahead though. I'll be finishing school soon... there's a wonderful aquarium here, and the lake, and you'll be working at the hospital for a little longer you said?"

"Oh yeah, they need larger guys like me, they said, at night. As guards. Don't want any homicidal maniacs walking around at night," he joked, but why did he choose to say that? Was he still afraid someone was watching them? Either way, Jezebel laughed at his joke.

"Oh, Blake. You have such a strange sense of humor. It's not a mental hospital."

"I know, that wasn't exactly what I meant," said Blake.

"I see..." said Christina, even though she sounded confused at Blake's statement. "Then what did you mean?" asked Jezebel.

There was a moment of silence, as only "Night and day" filled the void between them.

"I meant...that...I could be good at stopping homicidal maniacs if they ever came to our hospital. Not that they would."

"Oh.. well, I feel safer already," she gave a shake of her shoulders and another girlish giggle that told Blake she was mocking him, but playfully.

"Well, if you end up getting a job, or an internship at the aquarium, maybe I could get a job as a security guard," said Blake. He thought she might like this idea.

"Oh, that would make me jealous," said Christina.

Blake's smile faded. He didn't expect that response.

"Why's that?" asked Blake.

"Well," said Christina talking with her hands, and a breadstick which was in one of them, "Then you could be a night security guard at the aquarium, and I would only be there during the day, and much more interesting things happen during

the night. For instance, for most larger sea creatures, like sharks, that's when it's feeding time."

"Oh...well...maybe I wouldn't want to be at the aquarium after dark then," said Blake.

"Why not?" asked Jezebel, amused again, as Blake looked a little frightened. "You're not afraid of sharks are you?"

"Not exactly," said Blake. "Just the idea that..."

"They feed at night?" said Jezebel, taking a bite of her breadstick. She washed it down with a sip of water. "I don't think they'd be eating you, they'd be behind glass. So you'd have nothing to fear. ...not unless you were swimming with them." Blake looked uncomfortable, then she laughed again. "Oh, Blake. I didn't mean to scare you," said Christina.

Blake laughed.

"Scared? I wasn't. I just got the thought of how many times I swam in the lake at night...made me think of things differently. But it's not like there'd be any sharks swimming in the lake."

"Well, not true, Blake," said Christina, "Bull sharks can swim upstream from the ocean into lakes and rivers, and there have been reports of sharks larger than that in lakes before, for hundreds of years. Speaking of sharks, did you know, that the oldest living shark is one of the largest? The Greenland shark or sleeper shark. Almost 400 years old, and only swims in the darkest, deepest and coldest parts of the ocean. Larger than a great white, eats meat. Possibly migrates to the marina trench. Imagine one of those swimming upstream into our Lake Michigan. Though I don't know if it would..."

"Could we please change the subject?" asked Blake, feeling a bit shivery at the thought. "I know it's your field, but..."

"Just because I'm studying to be a marine biologist, I don't need to be a walking field guide on sharks, I know."

"Yeah, thanks," said Blake. "I don't need to sound rude. But I just don't like sharks that much."

"What about fish?" asked Jezebel

"Fish?" asked Blake

"It's what we're having for dinner," said Christina. "For our main course. No specimens from the aquarium of course, they would kill me, although some did look tasty." She laughed.

She was one to tell him he had an oddball sense of humor, he thought. "But it is a big fish. Siberian salmon," said Christina.

A waiter (or was it a butler?) came out onto the balcony with two covered silver dishes. The smell coming from beneath them brought back more memories.

Blake was surprised.

"What?" asked Blake, astounded.

"You...don't like it?" asked Christina.

"Are you kidding? It's my favorite," said Blake. "I haven't had it in years. I used to eat it all the time. My mother caught it for us sometimes..."

Blake pauses for a moment, when had he eaten Siberian Salmon. And this memory of his mother...where did it come from. He hadn't remembered anything before the orphanage before. Why now?

"Then I did my research correctly," said Jezebel, with a satisfied smile. She unveiled the silver plate of fish. "Let's dig in."

Blake and Jezebel are their dinner atop the balcony, and for awhile said nothing, except complimenting the the smoked Siberian salmon.

"That was fantastic, said Blake. "The red potatoes and asparagus were excellent as well."

"Naturally," said Christina, "They pair nicely with salmon. What did you think of the glaze?"

"Glaze?" asked Blake. "I didn't notice. It all tasted so good together."

"Blake, you rube," laughed Christina. "If we're going to continue dating, you have to be able to notice these things. Now the glaze, that you didn't notice, was made from honey and lemon."

"Oh, that's what that was?" asked Blake. "I thought that's how most salmon was made. My mother made it like that all the time."

"Your mother?" asked Christina. She said this almost as if "mother" was a foreign word.

"Yeah...I..." Blake thought for a moment. "I don't really remember much about her, except for what she fed us. My siblings and I were orphaned rather young. Separated. It was cold where we grew up, and our mother would come home with fish, and make it for dinner with soup, and then we'd all sleep next to the fire, and she'd keep us warm. The nights were so cold..." Blake tried remembering details, but they just escaped his reach, "...That's all I can remember about her. Sometimes it feels like I never actually had a

Jezebel

family. Except in moments like this...then I remember things."

"I understand," said Christina, she places her hand on Blake's. "I feel like I never had much of a family myself."

"You must have had some family," said Blake.

Christina took her hand away from Blakes, as if forced to remember something, then looked off, over the balcony in thought.

"Yes...I have. Maybe not in the traditional sense. I've had to make my own family. I never really knew what it was to have one. No one stayed around for me, to look after me when I was younger. I had to make it on my own for years... cold...hungry...desperate...drifting through the dark. Not knowing whether in this world you would get eaten up by it, or have to eat someone else in order to stay alive. I don't like to think about it much. I can't stand unpleasant memories."

"Do you have any good memories of anyone?" asked Blake.

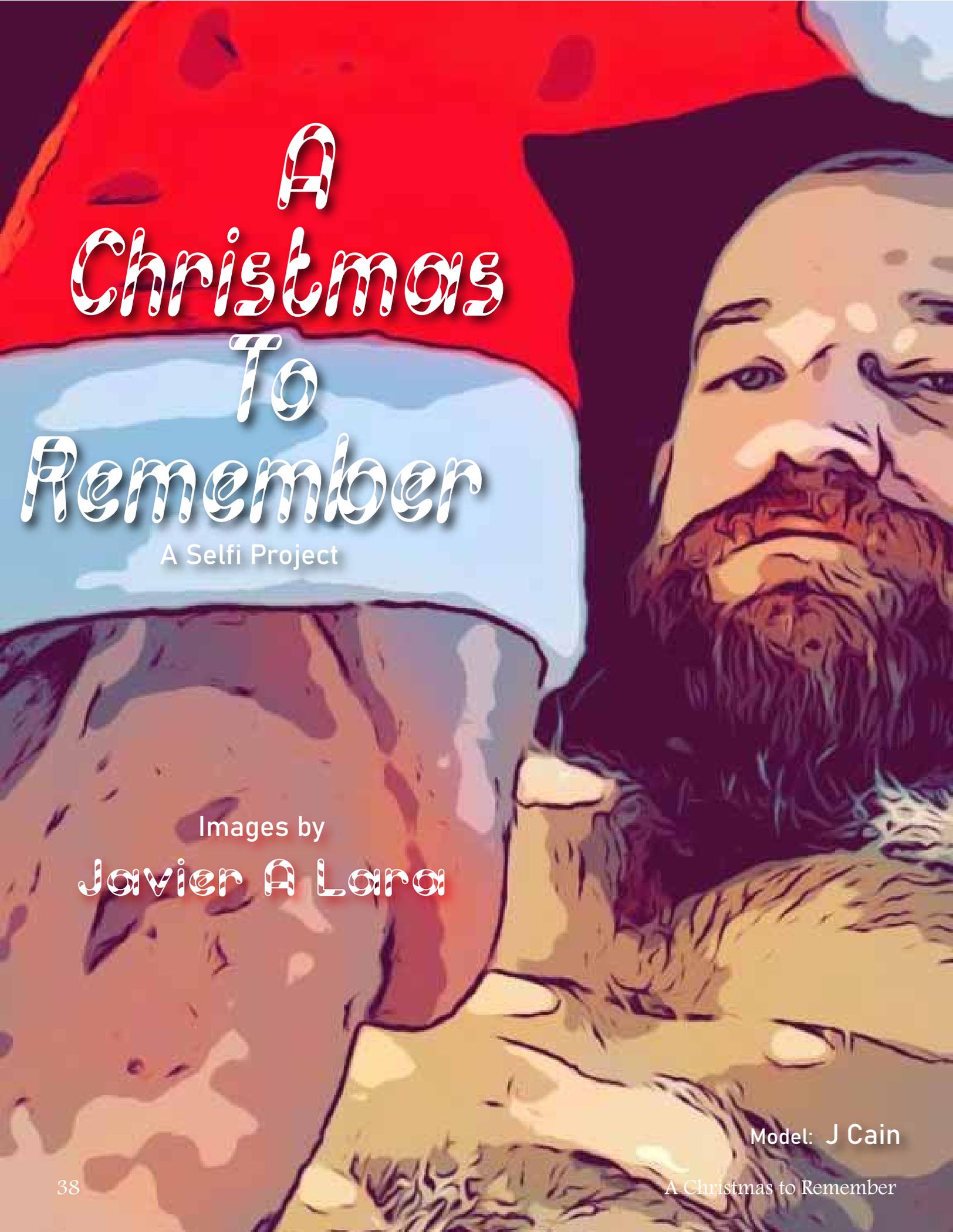
"Well...yes..." said Christina. "I do...of Grandfather. I loved Grandfather. The only family I do remember distinctly. I've been separated from him for a long time, now. But... I still feel like he's always with me. Sitting beside me, even beside us. That's why I light three candles, see?" says Christina. She indicates the three candles at their table. "Here, I'll show you," She lights another match.

...

As Christina lights the match, the scene, or rather the memory seems to change. All appears to be the same night, but it feels different, as if the date was starting all over again, and Christina was just lighting the candles, and Blake had just sat down. He felt tired, weary, as if they had played this scene over and over again, like a nightly performance, and he was just about done with it all, with the monotony. Even the surrounding buildings looked somehow older and more run-down, as if this night had lasted years. And yet...it all felt new, as if he had no idea what Christina was talking about as she spoke, even though she had just mentioned her "Grandfather" Blake now acted as if he had no idea who he was.

Christina lights the candles.

*Continued on page 55*



# A Christmas To Remember

A Selfi Project

Images by  
**Javier A Lara**

Model: J Cain



Model: GRYPHON ASHE



A Christmas to Remember

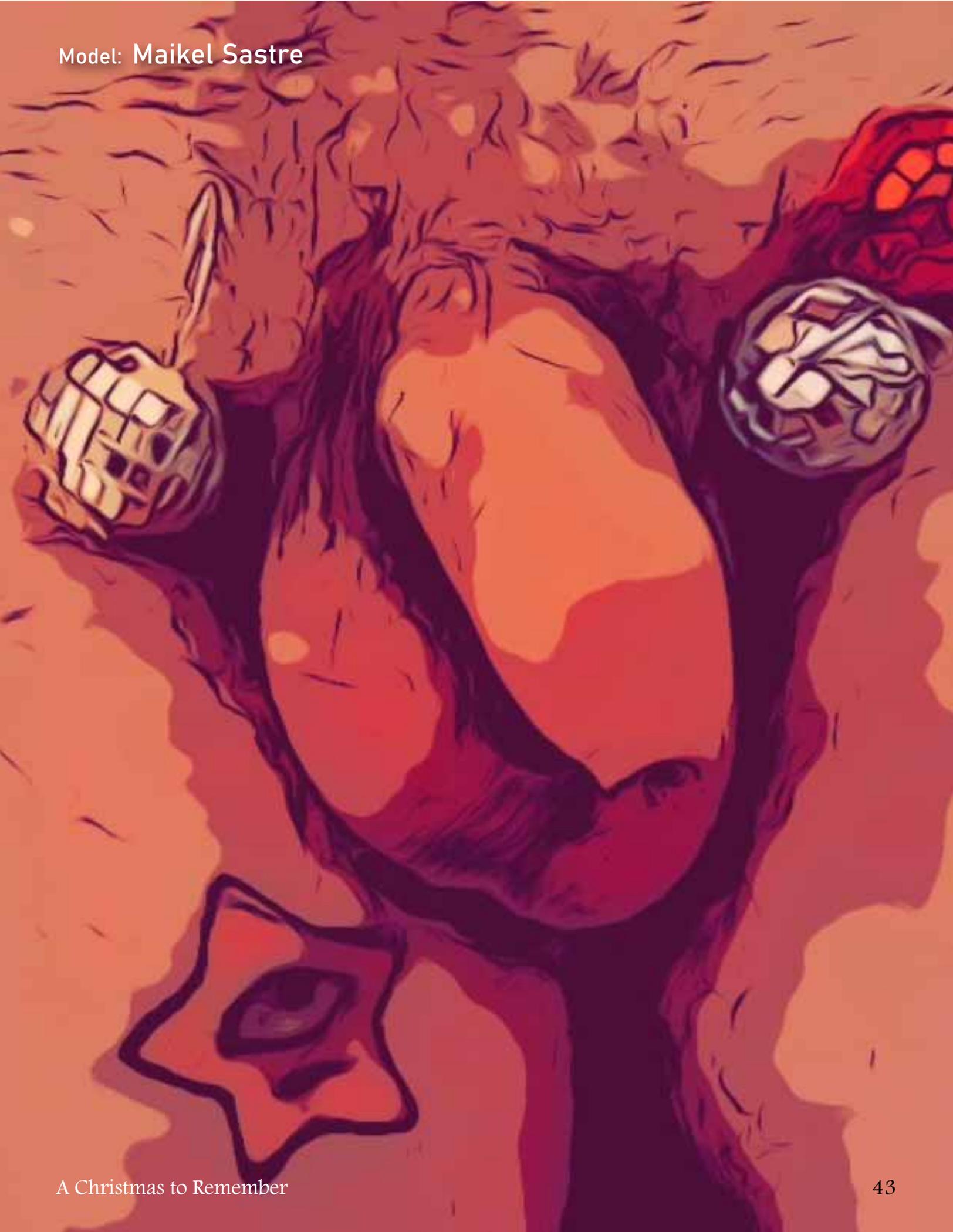


Model: Daryl Richter



Model: TMS







Model: Shark



Model: Daryl Richter



I live a wonderful life with my best friend and husband, Sir Wolf. It was the middle of the week and one of our best friends, Velveteen Bear (V.B.), invited us to stay at his AirBnB on Wednesday, when it typically was not booked. He lives in the basement apartment of the AirBnB, in a city about 50 miles from where we live. We made plans to drive over Wednesday afternoon, fool around and this way we could make as much noise as we wanted to and not worry about offending any guests. Then after dinner and a movie, we were all spent, happy and tired, so we slept in one of his spare bedrooms in the AirBnB.

I awoke to find my friend V.B. with another guy at the foot of the bed. It was just daybreak, my husband Sir Wolf was still sleeping next to me, and the light thru the shaded window was very dim, so it was difficult to make out faces or shapes.

V.B. said "Good Morning", and said that he thought that he and his friend should come to see if we were awake.

I was trying to make out the face of his companion, and at first I thought it was his neighbor Bill, who I had met previously when V.B. and I tried to resolve a wi-fi problem at his place a few weeks ago.

So I said "Hi Bill, how are you doing", and he replied "Hey, I am doing alright, I'm surprised that you remember me".

It was then that I recognized his voice as belonging to the hot former roommate of V.B.'s, the

young black guy also named Bill, who was a fantasy for all of us, for the past two years.

Bill professes that he is straight, and he has had a series of girl-friends in the past few years, but he was always cool hanging around with us, when he was V.B.'s roommate.

Bill has since moved out and has his own place and V.B. now runs the AirBnB, and paints on occasion. The only thing that V.B. told us was that Bill modeled for a few paintings and occasionally, Bill would let V.B. suck his thick black cock. But that was the extent of them fooling around with each other, and neither Sir Wolf nor I had ever played with Bill.

Then I noticed in the dim light, as my eyes had adjusted to it, that V.B. had his hand on Bill's cock, and he was Hard. Both he and V.B. were wearing T-shirts, but no pants!

My eyes grew wide and I looked at V.B. and said "Woah, you sure have a handful of Bill's cock in your hands!"

V.B. laughed and said in a mischevious tone "Sur-prise, Bill just came over after his night job was done, and he stopped here on his way home. I told Bill how much you have enjoyed looking at the nude pictures of him that I have painted, so I thought I would bring you the real thing to examine. As you can see, he has a beautiful cock".

I was immediately drawn to the semi-hard, 6" long and quite thick black cock jutting out from Bill's firm and toned muscular body.

At this point my husband, Sir Wolf, awoke and sat upright in bed. V.B. then produced a bottle of pineapple wine that we had given him last night and we had a morning drink.

I just couldn't take my eyes off of Bill's cock. V.B. leaned down and started to suck on Bill's cock and it soon swelled to about 9 inches long and about as thick as a beer can, with a large bulbous purple head. It was more than my buddy V.B. was able to take and he started to gag on it, so he had to stop.

Sir Wolf asked Bill about his current relationship, which resulted in Bill's throbbing cock to go soft, as things presently are not good between them. Taking notice of Bill's shrinking cock, V.B., immediately took it back into his mouth and started sucking on it again. Bill closed his eyes and moaned as his cock quickly roared back to life. Bill's cock became so hard, that the wide girth of his cock again made it difficult for V.B. to continue sucking on him.

Bill then said "Why is it that gay guys give such good head? My girlfriend has very little interest in going down on me, although she loves when I go down on her".

I replied that gay guys, such as us, know not only how good it feels to get their dick sucked, but take immense satisfaction from being able to arouse a beautiful cock, such as yours, to orgasm, and I sure would love to give you a try".

Bill grinned and V.B. asked Sir Wolf, if it would be OK if I tried sucking on Bill's cock and he said "Sure, Go For It".

At first I hesitated, but then my inner demon kicked in and I approached Bill and his raging hard-on. I licked the large purple satin head of his cock and then sucked most of it into my mouth. I could taste a bit of the wine that V.B. had left on his cock from his blow job, and it just tasted so good that I wanted to swallow it whole down my throat and then some.

I flipped over on my back on the bed so my head was hanging over the edge of the bed, and I reached out and grabbed Bill's hard cock and guided it into my mouth.

With my hands I reached up and pulled his beautiful strong buns towards my head, so that his hard rigid cock slid right down my anxious throat. He let out a primal moan, and he just tasted so wonderful, while filling my throat completely.

A Fantasy CUM True

I held my breath as long as I could, savoring the aroma of his musky balls and pubes. Then I started to growl and hum around his cock and he couldn't believe how good that felt while I was humming and growling.

I finally needed air and tried breathing thru my nose, but it wasn't enough, so I just forced myself to breath around his cock in my mouth. I then swallowed and he jerked with the sensation, as my throat clamped down on his big cock head and massaged his shaft. Knowing he liked that, I repeated it several times, constricting my throat around his cock and humming all the while. He was leaking pre-cum, he tasted wonderful and I was in heav-en. My focus was so intense that I was only concentrating on Bill's thick cock, and it was then that I realized the show we were putting on for my husband and V.B.

Bill put his right leg on the bed and started humping my mouth, thrusting his hips to get his cock farther down my throat. I moved my head and accomodated his thrusts, matching his rhythm by swallowing and contracting my throat around his pulsing head and shaft. I was just lost in the sensations from him fucking my throat, and this went on for awhile. Then Bill pulled his cock out of my mouth and then I heard V.B. say that clients called.

There were some things that V.B. had to do at the AirBnB this morning, but with a smirk, said that I should "Feel free to entertain Bill the best way I know how".

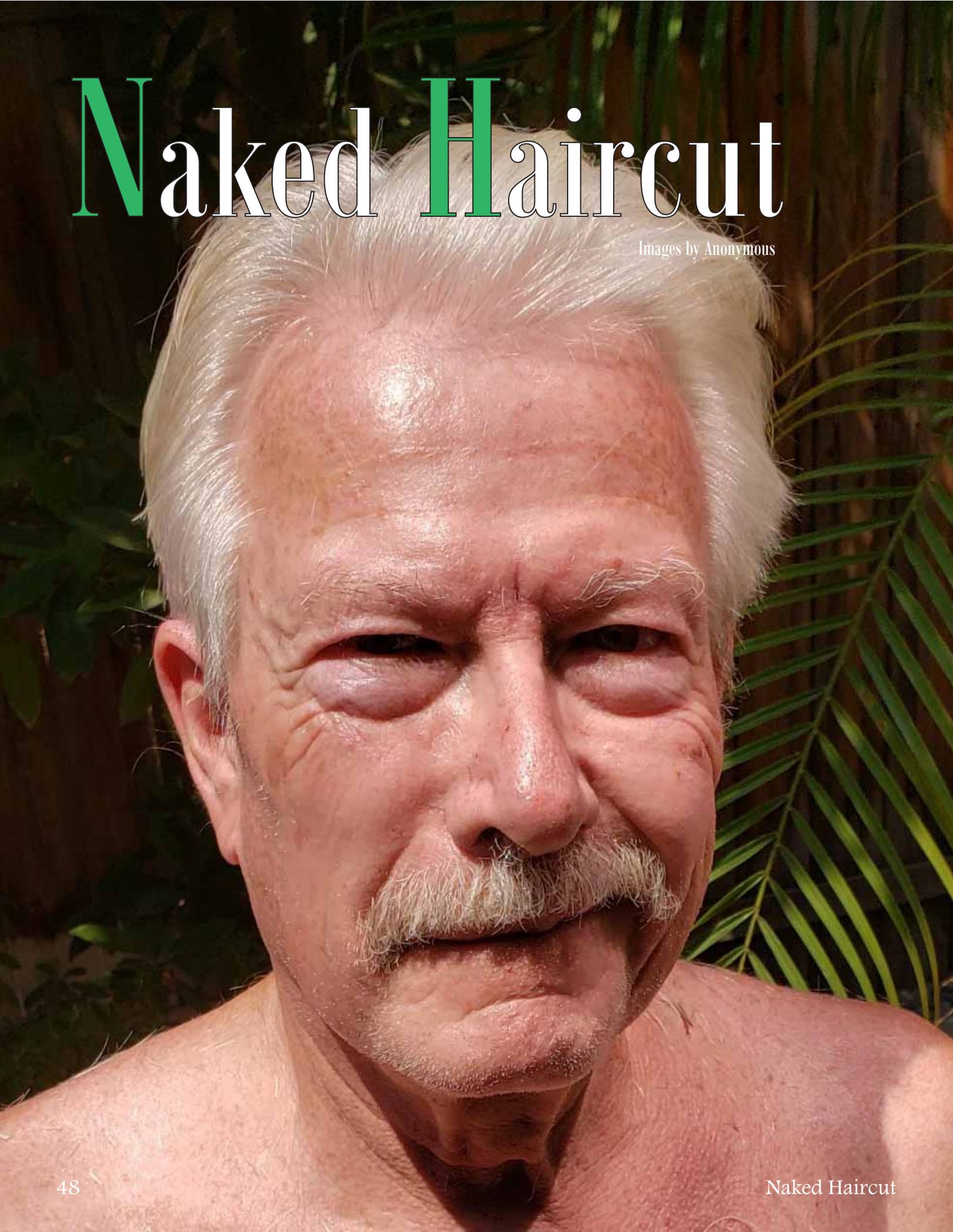
I looked at Sir Wolf and tried to entice him to join us so we could make this a 3-way. I went to snuggle with him and attempted to suck on his cock, but he told me that he still felt spent from the mind blowing sex V.B, him and I had the previous evening.

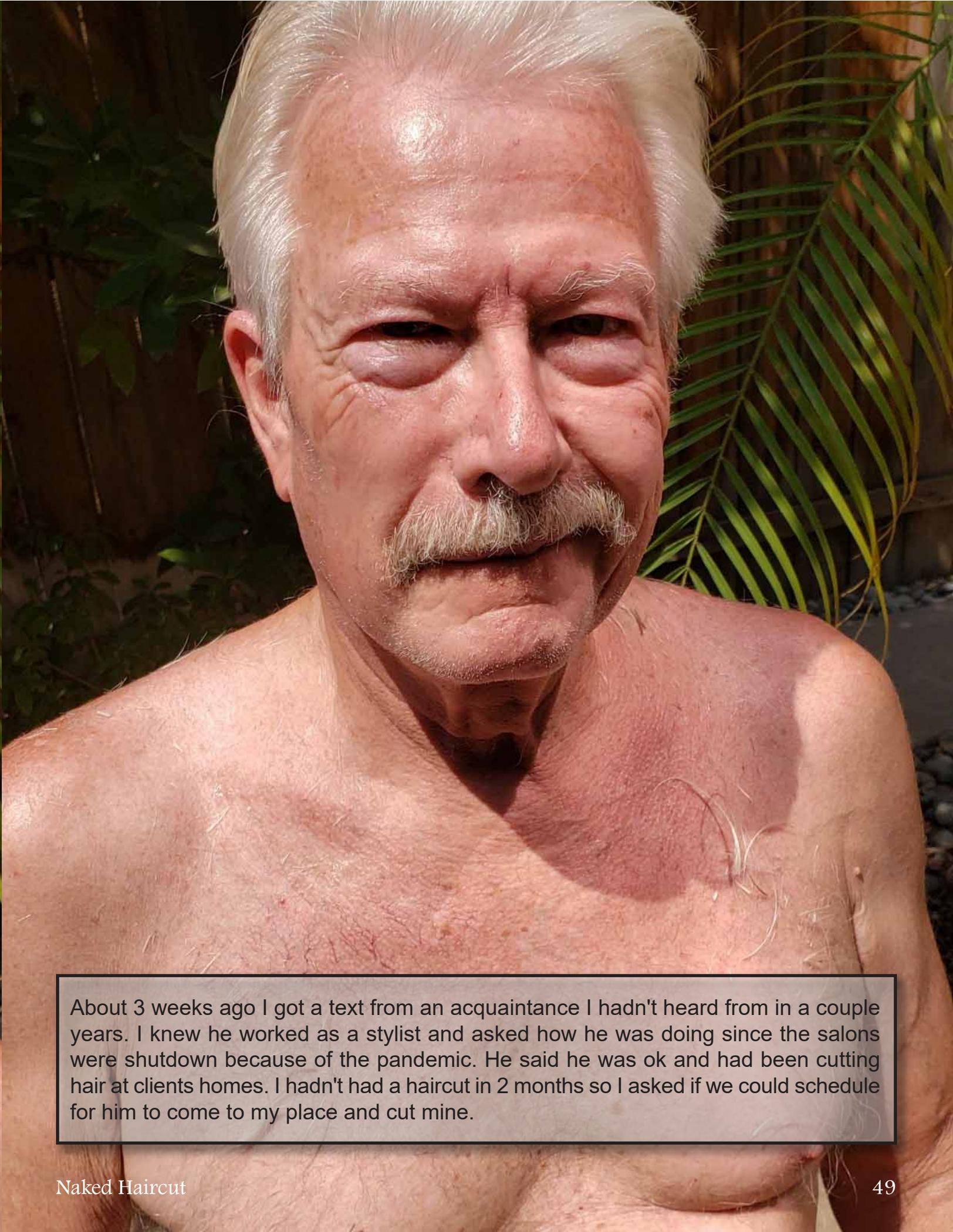
Sir Wolf then said he was going to go see if V.B. needed some assistance and ordered us to "Amuse yourselves for awhile!". With that, he kissed me, winked at Bill, got up from the bed and exited the room, leaving us to our own vices..

I looked at Bill and smiled, like a cheshire cat. My devilish side was in full control and so I positioned Bill to lie on the bed. I kneeled next to him, and grabbed the base of his rock hard cock and licked the underside of it and worked my way down to his balls and spent alot of time laving them

# Naked Haircut

Images by Anonymous

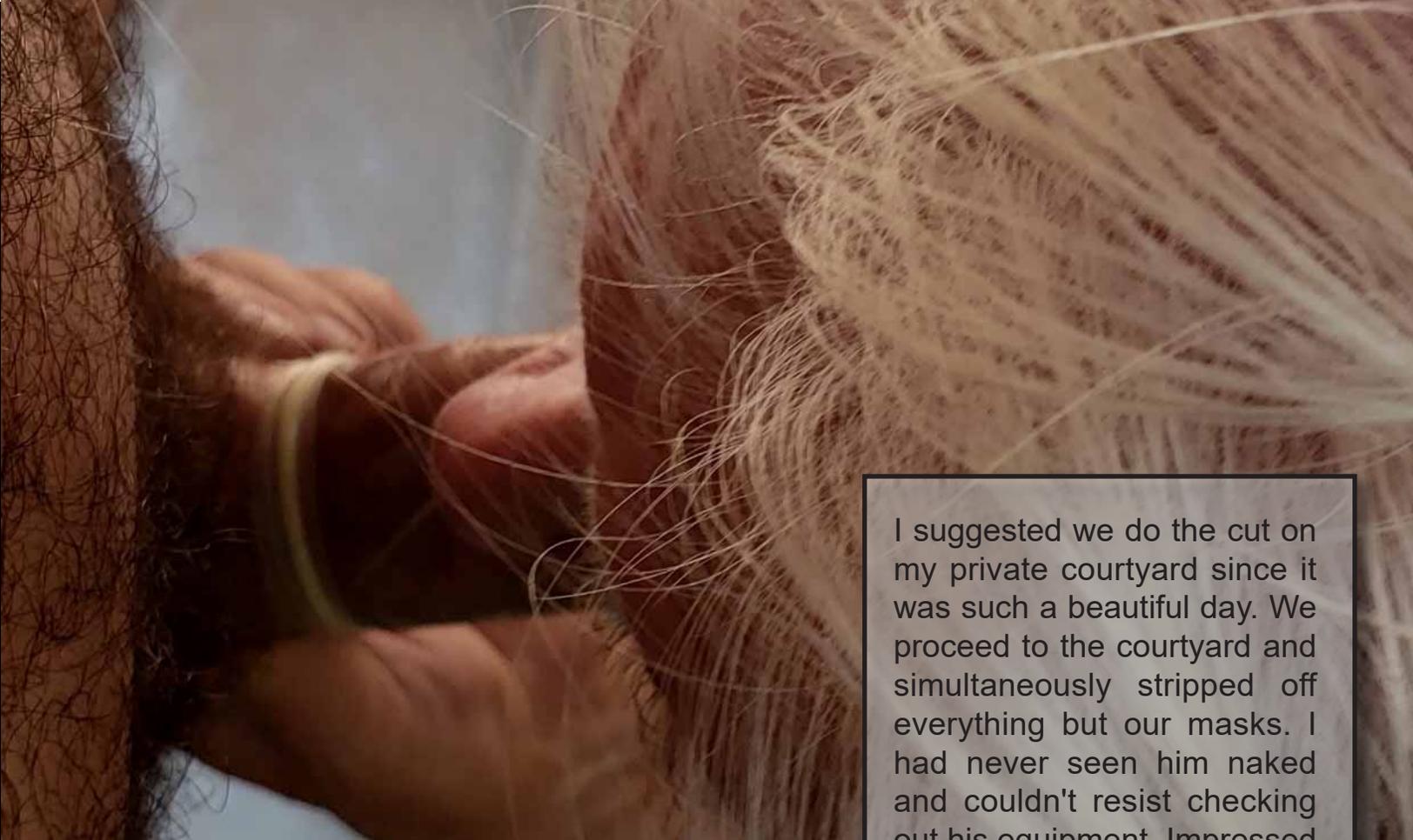




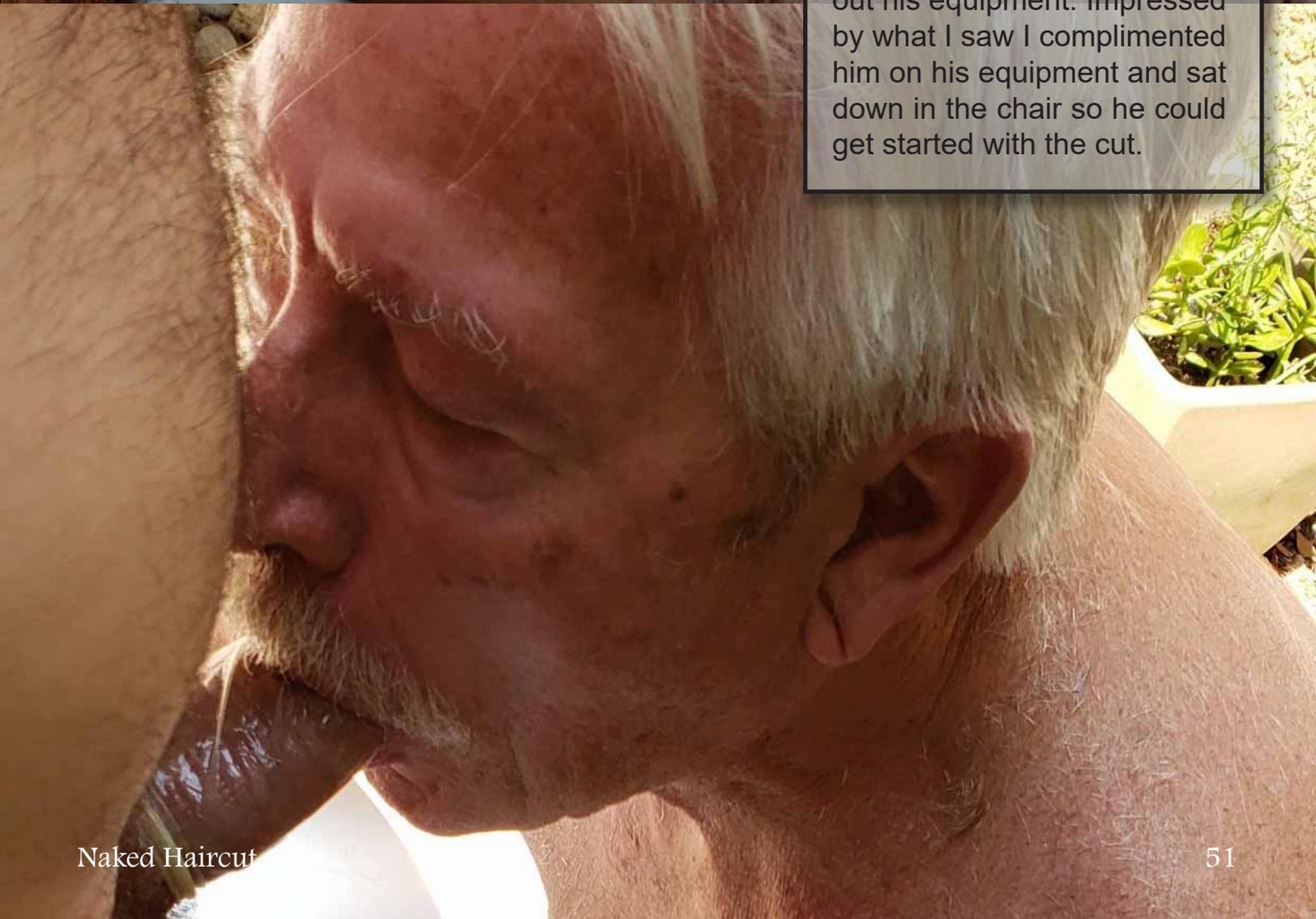
About 3 weeks ago I got a text from an acquaintance I hadn't heard from in a couple years. I knew he worked as a stylist and asked how he was doing since the salons were shutdown because of the pandemic. He said he was ok and had been cutting hair at clients homes. I hadn't had a haircut in 2 months so I asked if we could schedule for him to come to my place and cut mine.

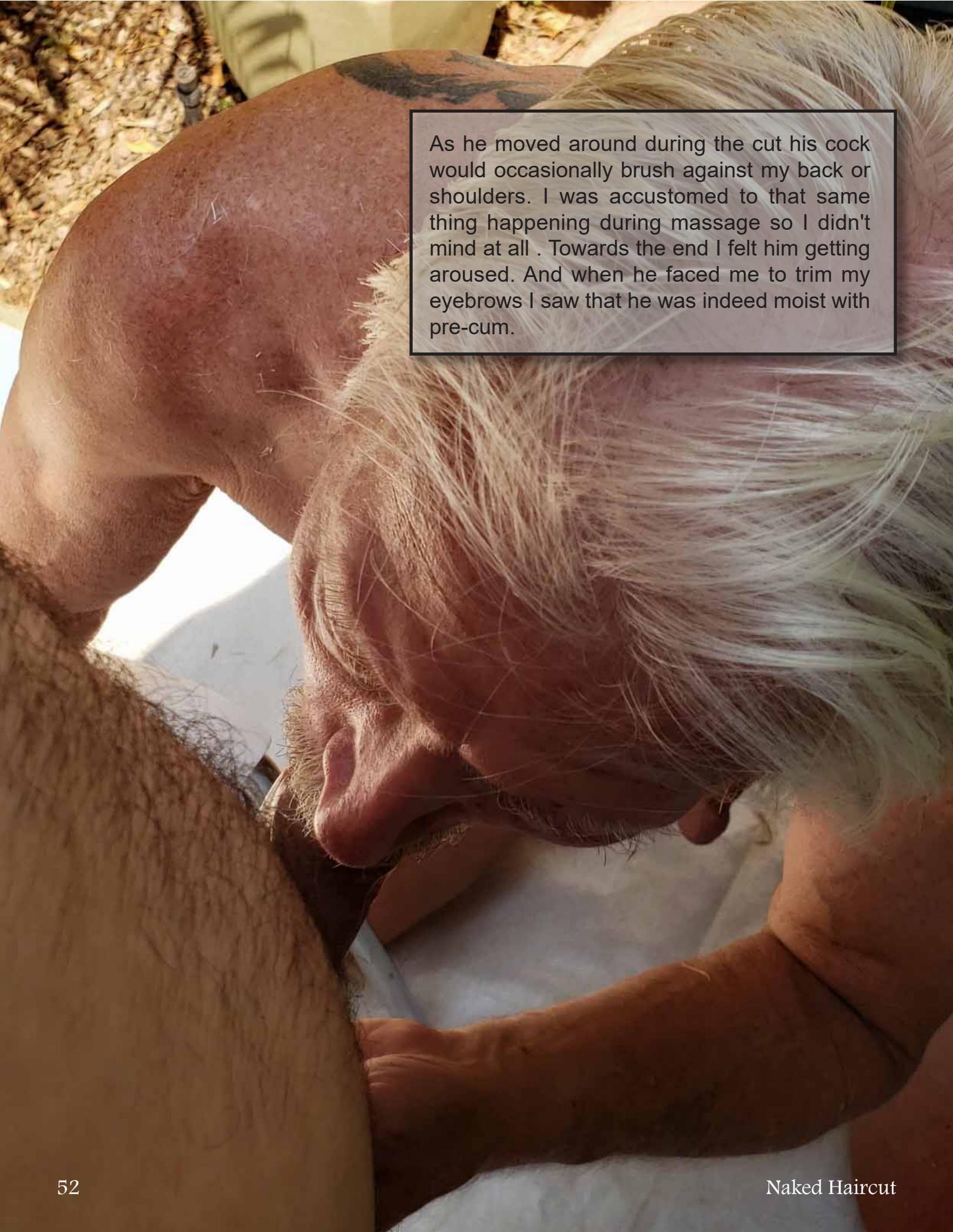


I jokingly said something about a naked haircut. He laughed, and said he'd never given one but that there was a first time for everything. We set an appointment for later that week. He arrived the morning of the cut and I greeted him in PPE mask, boxers and a t-shirt.



I suggested we do the cut on my private courtyard since it was such a beautiful day. We proceed to the courtyard and simultaneously stripped off everything but our masks. I had never seen him naked and couldn't resist checking out his equipment. Impressed by what I saw I complimented him on his equipment and sat down in the chair so he could get started with the cut.





As he moved around during the cut his cock would occasionally brush against my back or shoulders. I was accustomed to that same thing happening during massage so I didn't mind at all . Towards the end I felt him getting aroused. And when he faced me to trim my eyebrows I saw that he was indeed moist with pre-cum.



I gave his cock a tug and asked if he wanted some help with that. He laughed and said sure. He went over to his bag and pulled out a condom which he put on and walked back over to where I was now kneeling on the ground to take him into my waiting mouth. I'll going to need a trim in a couple more weeks and look forward to another naked haircut with him.

HAPPY

HOLIDAYS



FROM  
DHQM

“One represents each of us. For you, for me,” she lights the two candles on the side, “and one for grandfather.” She lights the middle one.

“For grandfather?” asks Blake in confusion. She nods her head “Your grandfather?”

“He’s Not my grandfather,” says Christina “I am Grandfather’s”.

Blake looked at her in greater confusion, and shook his head.

“I believe, that we all belong to someone,” said Christina, “Not to the ghosts of our past, but to someone we live for. Someone we want to be a part of. And they a part of us. People who are truly special, who we truly care for, and have loved, no matter what happens, will always be a part of us. Just like how Grandfather never truly leaves me. He is always here, watching me, over me, over us. I am Grandfather’s and he is mine. Just like...how one day...I will be yours...and you will be mine.”

... Before Blake can respond, to accept or reject Christina’s ideals, the memory fades out and in again, as if it was cut by scissors and pasted together again. They are in the same places, but it feels even later in the night.

...

In the middle of their balcony dinner conversation Christina looks dreamily out over the city and lake, the candles reflection on her face. She’s glowing in thought.

“I think that’s the greatest thing in the world, to be able to belong to each other, to never have to worry about being on your own, to ever be hungry, or feel unwanted or loved. To truly become a part of someone or something else. That’s what I would want for someone I love.”

“That’s...an interesting thought...” said Blake. He was starting to feel uncomfortable.

“Imagine to actually belong to someone. To feel wanted. To be a part of them and them a part of you. Isn’t that just wonderful?”

“I guess...” says Blake with a shrug.

“Oh, Blake,” giggles Christina. “Your such a tease. Talking like that...”

“I just don’t think people should ever belong to other people.”

The record suddenly skips...as things go momentarily quiet. Christina gave Blake a suddenly look of shock, no there was something Jezebel

else behind those eyes as well, something fuming.

...

Then the song restarted and the conversation resumed as if Blake hasn’t said anything.

...

“Oh Blake, you’re such a tease talking like that...”

Blake suddenly realized he didn’t remember what they were taking about. It looked exactly the same. But his tie was different. The color of the candles had changed too, but other than that this looked like the exact same night, the exact same date. But was it?

“Things can be so awkward on your first date can’t they?” asks Christina.

“Is...is this our first date?” asks Blake.

“Why yes of course it is,” said Christina. “I usually couldn’t afford a place like this but. It being our first date, I wanted everything to be just perfect. So I can remember this moment forever.”

“Yeah,” said Blake, looking around him. Everything looked exactly the same. But something was definitely off. “It is nice.”

“The view...” said Christina, looking out at the skyline, “That night air...our favorite champaign...our favorite food...our favorite song on the record-player...why would we ever want to be anywhere else?” Christina lifted her glass to her lips again. There was a smugness to her smile this time that Blake had never noticed before. It was then that Blake realized he couldn’t leave. He couldn’t escape this. Not as long as Jezebel had made up her mind. That he would be hers. He had no will to leave, to go. He had to stay here, not by choice, but by some strange driving force that kept him here. This was not their first date...and this was not a memory. What was happening? ...

...

But all Blake’s worry, and his momentary terror began to fade the longer he looked at her. He did not want to be anywhere else, but with her. He couldn’t explain it, what she said was true...she made them true. ...

Suddenly Phil Dewey’s singing on the record stopped, as the haunting voices of the Pickens sisters and sound the strings became one, and the brass of Paul Whiteman’s orchestra blared “Night and Day”.

A grin spread across Christina’s face as she

heard the music pick up.

“Come on, Blake,” said Christina, reaching across the table and taking his hand, “This is my favorite part of the song.”

Blake almost wanted to protest, he didn't dance. He didn't even like dancing. But whether it was the look on her face, or an involuntary drive that was propelling him, he got to his feet as she rose from the table. She led him from the balcony, through the curtains.

Christina invites Blake back inside the penthouse apartment to dance, while they listen to the music on the record player. They go back in from the balcony. They walk down the carpeted steps from the curtains to the sunken floor in the middle of the room. Once in the center of the room, Christina put her arm on Blake's shoulder, and he put his hand around her waist. They locked eyes, and as they trumpet solo began to play, they danced.

“Come on, Blake, this isn't a slow song,” said Christina, and she urged him to pick up his pace, as they danced a sort of Charleston across the living room floor. They danced in this manner in a circle, as the center of the room.

The rest of the orchestra kicks in, as they dance faster, in a circle, they seem to spin, or rather the room, the penthouse itself, and the open windows and balcony door, with the billowing silk curtains, seemed to spin around them, faster and faster.

As they dance, the song seems to speed up towards the end, as Jezebel smiles at him, and everything whirls around in a tempest of swirling shapes and colors, with Christina, or rather Jezebel's face at the center, she never seemed to change. The memory swirls faster, as does the music.

The entire time while they are dancing, Blake is slowly becoming aware that Jezebel's young and beautiful face, her eyes, her teeth, her lips, are all changing. It was happening so slowly, compared to the mad, brisk pace at which they were dancing, that Blake had barely noticed, until she smiled in joy, and opened her mouth. Her white teeth had grown longer and changed shape, sharp and needle-like, there were rows of them, and her eyes...the beautiful, captivating cobalt eyes of here now look white and hollow, ghostly, as if to see into the deep, a predatory emptiness in them.

A cold wind blew in through the open windows, Blake felt like it was penetrating his skin. Biting in to him

After the swirling images surrounding them disappear, making Blake almost feel sick, the contorted face of Christina/ Jezebel is all that lingers, her teeth sharp, eyes staring at him cruelly, not humanly cruel but cold and empty, like an animal, like a shark's eyes, seeing him not as an individual, but a piece of meat, the teeth between her lips sharp, white and hungry. She stared at him incessantly, a strange sound emitting from her throat, like a voice, or a howl, but a little like a hiss, a sigh, like one would make before opening their jaws wide to take a bite. For some reason, all Blake saw was her mouth and eyes in the sudden darkness, hungering for him. And he wanted to be there... to be hers...even though the urge to belong to her went against every fiber of his being. He wanted to scream, to escape, but he kept moving towards her, towards her mouth, all encompassing, which opened wide for him...

...

...

...Blake woke with a start, sweating, breathing heavily, naked in twisted up sheets. It was still dark. It looked like it was in the dead of night. That was strange, it was nearly dawn. It seemed like he had been asleep for hours...had he slept the day away. Blake breathes heavily, the nightmare...or was it an actual memory...still fresh in his mind, too near for him to feel relieved that he was only dreaming. He felt cold. He shivered. He reached over for Mick, just him being near was comfort enough for him, but there was no one there. Blake flinched in surprise at the absence of Mick and looked to where he had been laying. He was gone. There wasn't even an imprint in the bed. Blake was alone here.

“Mick?” Blake asked in the dark apartment on the bed.

There was no answer. There was no one here, in this apartment.

Blake felt cold again. It was then that Blake realized that the chill he was experiencing went beyond the fact he was naked, there was wind blowing, where did it come from. Blake's eyes darted across the room...in the direction of the chill of wind...a window was open, curtains blowing, as

the cold gust blew in. If only Blake's eyes had stopped there, but he continued, looking over at the open window itself. It was now that Blake realized that this wasn't Mick's apartment, it wasn't Mick's bed. This was his apartment, back at his office building. Had it all been a dream? How could this have happens. Blake looked back at the window, he had a terrible feeling when he looked back at it, as the wind calmed for a moment, long enough for the curtains to stop billowing and fall, and for Blake to see the open window itself. Blake saw what was there. His mouth opened but he couldn't scream. Eyes were looking right back at him, red eyes on a white face, as red as the blood on its hungry lips, which seemed to smile a terrible joyless smile back at him, its sharp teeth bared in a perpetual snarl. It was the jackal, looking in through the window, ready for its next prey. It looked at him, even though its face was animal, its eyes were disturbingly human, and they were hungry. It stared, looking right through him, nothing between it and Blake but the open window, Blake was frozen with fear and felt the scream which had been silent finally leave his mouth....

....

Blake screamed out, he knew he was dead... he would t stand a chance, just like that poor guy back in the abandoned fair. Everything went black, but he could hear that terrible voice, like a scream or a cry, the face of the Jackal burned behind his eyelids, any moment it would be ripping into him with those giant claws and teeth. Blake screamed out like he had never before. He could feel it. ...

...

Blake writhed on the bed, screaming, when he felt a pair of hands close in on his shoulders. He didn't want to open his eyes, but they started to shake him. He then felt the strength and warmth from them, and the temperature of the room, which was no longer icy cold. Blake appended his eyes and saw Mick looking at him, concerned , they were both naked, and Blake felt the warmth of Mick's body right on him and next to him. Even tough Mick was holding him, looking at him, Blake was still shivering, shaking.

"Blake!" Said Mick, almost a shout. Blake looked around, getting his bearings, it was daylight. He looked at Mick, still shaking, quiet. "Blake?" asked Mick, like a concerned dog who was worried

about his master.

"Mick..." was all Blake could say, his head was still swimming.

"You were screaming in your sleep," said Mick, "and...thrashing all over the place."

"I..." Blake still couldn't find words he took a moment to make sure that where he had woken up was actually real this time.

"You...you had a bad dream there, buddy?" asked Mick.

Blake looked at Mick for a moment, then wrapped his arms around him for a big hug. Mick hugged him back, tightly, he loved being held by the big guy, in his big strong arms. Mick pats him on the back.

"You okay there, man?" asks Mick.

Blake nods, his face buried in Mick's strong broad shoulder.

"I am now..." said Blake.

"You...wanna talk about it buddy?" asks Mick, his deep voice vibrating through his body.

Blake, still holding on to Mick, sighs deeply and nods his head.

"I was in my apartment, not alone... The Jackal was there too." Blake swallows and continues, "I was looking right at me...wanting me...I can never forget that face...I...just want to forget about it...forget I ever saw it..." Blake breathes deeply, into Mick's shoulder as he holds him. "...I just want to forget about everything...and Jezebel...why did she have to come back in my life? ...I thought I healed from her...forgot her... then this damned case...I just want the memories to go away... I feel like I still can't escape her. Even when I'm awake. She won't leave me alone. Not till I find her."

Mick rubbed his back, as, in his tiredness, Blake thought he might sob, but there weren't any tears, he felt empty...except for Mick's warmth, which kept him from feeling too sad.

"It's okay, man," said Mick, "It's not easy to forget. I know."

Blake took in a deep breath, then lifted his head from Mick's shoulder, then looks deep into his warm, olive-green eyes.

"You make me forget," said Blake, "If only for a little while, you've helped me a lot, man." said Blake. "I'm...I'm real glad I met ya."

*Continued on page 66*



# TROPICAL SANTA

Images by  
Javier A Lara

Model  
Gryphon Ashe

The warmest of welcomes to sunny paradise after four years of storm clouds of tragedy, of political ill-will compounded by selfish desires that were fueled to a burn with hate, injustice, and racism.

Is it finally over? Can we breathe yet?  
Can we inhale the warm breeze ... and  
feel the music rising again inside us?













*Continued from page 57*

Mick looks confused for a moment, then smile.

“Heh, you’re welcome buddy, don’t mention it...” he gave Blake that warm smile that made him feel safe.

Blake leaned in and rested his face on Mick’s big strong chest, where his pectorals came together. He loved this spot. He buried his face in Mick’s chest, inhaling, taking in his scent. He wanted Mick to erase his bad dream. Feeling his naked body and manly scent made him think of little else. Blake rubbed his face on Mick’s chest, he felt Mick vibrate with a chuckle.

“Hehe, that tickles, buddy,” said Mick’s deep voice.

Blake groaned, like a cat purring, and rubbed his face on Mick’s big chest some more, he starts kissing Mick’s chest, then down his belly, making Mick groan. Mick was surprised by Blake’s actions, but didn’t mind. Blake just wanted to lose himself in Mick, and forget about everything else. Blake kisses down Mick’s big muscular body and removes the sheets that wrapped around his big, now growing hard, cock. His cock, growing larger and harder, flops out against one of Mick’s massive tree-trunk-like thighs. Blake looks at Mick’s big cock and large round balls, he buries his face of them and takes a big whiff. He loved Mick’s smell, especially when he was nice and clean like tonight. Mick looks like his face is turning a little red. He scratches his chin and beard a bit, innocently.

“Well, I was willing to hold ya and comfort ya, since ya had a bad nightmare...but if...that’s what you want,” he indicates his dick, “...I...uh... don’t mind, haha,” Mick laughs, putting an arm behind his head, and his boner pops up alert, and pulses, clear that it likes the idea too.

Blake rubs Mick’s long hard shaft against his mouth, up and down, then against his face, half-asleep, but loving Mick’s cock on his lips, he then moves his mouth down to Mick’s big balls, and sniffs them, then licks them, while stroking Mick’s dick in his big palm. Mick groans as Blake starts sucking on his big balls, one by one, Mick hands on the bed, clench the sheets in his palms. Blake sucks Mick’s balls while stoking his big wet cock, wet from Blake’s saliva, in his hand, over his face. Mick grins and starts to thrust lightly for Blake as he start to suck on Mick’s shaft. Blake lets Mick

thrust away on his mouth until Mick groans deeply, like a bear waking up, Blake knew what this moan meant, and gets ready to take Mick’s big juicy dick into his mouth, but too late, Mick stars spurting thick white hot streams on his cum all over Blake’s hair, cheek, face and beard. Blake still has his eyes shut and can feel it all over his face. “Heh, sorry buddy, I should’ve warned ya...but wow...you’ve gotten really good...I don’t think I’ve cum that fast in awhile...hehe, or that much...oops...”

But Blake didn’t seem to mind, as he grins, chuckling, eyes still closed, with Mick’s cum all over the side of his face and beard. Blake rests the side of his face not covered in streams of Mick’s cum on Mick’s big, strong warm thigh. He takes the head of Mick’s dick into his mouth and sucks like a baby at a bottle, moaning delightfully, as he takes Mick’s dick into his throat, tryin to suck out the last few drops. This makes Mick groan again.

“Ah...buddy...that’s good,” growls. Mick.

Blake continues sucking, wanting to take in as much of Mick as he could. He loved his new friend. He wanted to stay like this as long as he could. He never wanted him to leave. He never felt so safe or comfortable with anyone. He was happy. He wanted to be his. He was starting to realize that he was falling...

“Wow, man. Heh, thanks for that. Now I’ll have to return to favor and help you out. I have something that might be new to ya in mind. What d’ ya say buddy? Buddy?...”

He looks down at Blake who still has Mick’s dick in his mouth, looking happy and contented, eyes closed, just like a big hairy baby. Then he started to snore. Mick looks down, “Well that was fast.” He shrugs and lightly places his hand on top of Blake’s hair to rub. Mick pulls his dick out of Blake’s mouth with a pop, leaving a drooling trail of cum and saliva from Blake’s mouth to Mick’s shiny hard, wet dick, across Mick’s thigh. Blake looked so cute. Mick wipes off the extra cum from Blake’s cheek with the loose bed-sheets and props a pillow under Blake’s face, between his head and Mick’s thigh so he’d be more comfortable. Mick smiles as Blake sleeps in Mick’s lap. He wished that Blake and him could be like this more often. He liked his new friend a lot. It was always hard, knowing that his time with the friends he made was limited. He didn’t want to tell Blake that eventually, he was going to have to say goodbye.



DHM Fan ~ Christophe

*Santa's*

*Big*

*Secret*

FEATURING

SIR WOLF & ROCKY



Images by **DESERT HEAT IMAGES**



Santa's Big Secret













with my tongue and sucking them into my mouth.

I kept on saying to him “Mmm, Oh you taste so good, mmm”

Bill moaned and groaned and ground his balls into my face, and I was loving every minute of this, with my hard cock oozing pre-cum as well.

I positioned my mouth over his taint, licking and sucking his tender flesh into my mouth and I bit it just a little, and I made him yelp, and jump away from me.

Then he said “OH man you gotta do that again, that’s Amazing!”, so I did (because I love to be praised for a job well done! :) and he just moaned and groaned. I alternated between sucking his cock down my throat and then pulling it out and licking and sucking from his balls to his taint.

I worked my way back to his puck-ered asshole and I asked, “Have you ever had your Ass Eaten Out?”

Bill said “Well not before I met V.B., and he does a pretty good job at it, but let’s see what you can do!”

I didn’t even hesitate, I was possessed! I adjusted on the bed so I had his cute tight little pucker right in front of my mouth and I stretched out my tongue to start making circles as I licked around his tight hole. He started to moan fairly loud and then he lowered his ass on my face so I could rim him good and I pulled my head into his ass so that I could suck on his ass lips and pull them into my mouth.

I alternated between that and sticking my pointed tongue into his moistened tight hole. I managed to get a little bit of the tip into his hole and start to open him up just a bit. He moaned and ground his ass on my face. He was loving this and I kept on working on his pucker and sticking my tongue into his asshole until I got him completely worked up and he was humping my face with his ass. We were both driving ourselves crazy. He tasted so fine, like I would never have expected for a straight guy who had just come from work.

I then pulled my tongue and face out and tried to put a moistened finger up his butthole, but he reached back and pulled me away, saying “I’m not ready for that”. I laughed, and slipped my finger out and we repositioned ourselves on the

bed.

Bill laid down on his back with his head against the headboard. I went down on his cock, giving him all of my attention. I forced his cock down my throat and concentrated on swallowing around his cock with my throat, as I had been shown by my friend John how to do recently.

I practiced every one of my oral skills on Bill’s lucky cock. His veins bulged on the sides of his cock and he pulsed inside my mouth and throat. His pre-cum was so sweet and I swallowed every bit of it. My saliva poured out from my throat and coated his cock with a thick mucous layer of spit and saliva that tasted fantastic.

The back of my throat was loving the attention his long thick cock was giving it because by this time he was at least 9 inches long and his big thick bulbous purple head was plunging back and forth, in and out of my fuck hole in my head. I was humming and he was moaning and I didn’t want it to end. I pulled out and then licked his balls and sucked then and then pushed his legs up over his head so his ass was right in front of me and I dove in and sucked on his hole, making him gasp again. Then I fucked him as hard as I could with my tongue and got his hole juicy, wet and twitching.

But I didn’t use any fingers, I kept rimming him and sucking on his ass lips and fucking that pretty juicy wet hole with my tongue. I made my tongue fat and then I curled it into a U and forced it in as deeply as I could into his hole and opened it as much as it would let me, all the while, Bill is moaning and gasping for breath.

I finally slowly lower his legs and work my tongue back over his taint and balls and suck and lick them again, work-ing my way back to his hard and throbbing pulsing cock that was freely dripping with precum. I again slowly en-gulfed it and drew him deeply down my throat, and sucked really hard, so I was sucking on the head of his cock while it was down my throat.

He said “Oh My G-D you are fucking amazing!”

As I quickened the rhythm and sucked harder on his cock, in and out, in and out of my mouth, having him fuck my face over and over again, he cried out continuously “Oh my G-d, Oh My G-d, Ohh, Ohh, Ohh” and I kept on sucking and swallowing, ignoring my gag reflex,

concentrating on his pleasure, humming and moaning with his thick meat pistoning down my slick throat.

I breathed around his cock and opened my mouth to take a breath of air because my nose was jammed up into his pubes with every thrust and forced myself to relax and enjoy the sensations that come only with a 9 inch cock down my throat. I quickened my motions and I was fondling his balls and rubbing a finger across his hole all the while that I had him down my throat. I sucked on him and quickened my pace and he his moaning and thrashing quickened and the familiar signs of what was to come was building up within him.

I didnt stop, I kept increasing my pace, sucking on him and fingering his ass, balls and taint until the base of his cock started to swell up like a dog's and then he let me have it!

With a shout, he exploded into my mouth and filled my throat and I swallowed deeply all of his thick cream as it slid easily down my throat like an oyster, then took a swallow of air and then just focused on quickly capturing all that delicious cream that was pulsing from his throbbing member, as his moans turned into grunts and then a low growl as he ground his cock into my mouth and emptied his balls down my throat. I did my best to swallow it all and didn't lose a drop, and as he came down from his high, I continued to suck and swallow every bit of cum out of that beautiful dick of his.

His cock head was getting sensitive and he was yelping and saying "WOW Oh Wow Oh God, Ahhh, Argh!!!!!" as he was really getting sensitive, so I stopped torturing him and instead held his softening cock in my mouth and began gently licking it all over, moving finally to let it slip away from my mouth and then I noticed that he had some cum on his pubes and on top of his balls where it had escaped from my mouth, so I licked it all up and savored the semi-sweet taste of his cum.

I finally had my fill and stopped licking his cock and rolled over next to him and he said "That was so fucking fantastic!"

"Oh My G-d, I have never had such good head like that!" "You are fucking Amazing!" "Damn, and I needed that so bad!" "Thank you for doing that for me"

I just smiled, because I really get great :)  
A Fantasy CUM True

satisfaction knowing that I give Great Head!

I hugged him and said "The Pleasure is all Mine!" "Thank you!, Bill, because this was a fantasy of mine for so long, and I am just overwhelmed that it came true!" I asked him if he has ever experienced a prostate orgasm and he said he hasn't. I mentioned how awesome and mind blowing they are, but they are achieved by using either fingers, toys or a cock up your ass. In this way, it presses against and rubs, pokes and prods your prostate into a tender state of excitement.

He said that when I put my finger in his hole it felt good, but then there was a sharp pain, and I laughed and said "That's because I was only using spit and not lube!" "If I had a glove and another hour, I could make him beg me to bury my fingers deep within his asshole and more, because he would be overcome with pleasure." "But that's for another time".

He said that he knew I was interested in him because V.B. had told him so. But now he needed to go have a smoke, but he thanked me again for making him feel so good, and then left the bedroom.

I lay there, relishing what had just happened. Finally, I got up and washed off, put on some clothes and joined Sir Wolf, V.B. and Bill in the living room of the AirBnB. We chatted and then it was time for us to hug each other tightly before we all had to go.

Sir Wolf was perfectly fine with it all, he was ecstatic that my fantasy was fulfilled. This is one of the reasons why I love him so much. He knows that experiences like these turn me on, and that when he gets me tonight, I will be super sexed up and just ready to give him the best head ever !

I also texted V.B. when we got home, thanking him for making my fantasy cum true and thanking him for a wonderful midweek fuck & suck session at his AirBnB. I told him that in the future, it would be great if we could ALL get together AGAIN.

When I was finished texting, I was so horny! The experience from the past few hours was running in my head, making my cock stiffen, in anticipation for what was to cum (which was a mindblowing play session with Sir Wolf !)

But that will be the subject of another story.

# Desert Heat

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Love  
Always