

DHMM

DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!

December 2022 | Issue 48

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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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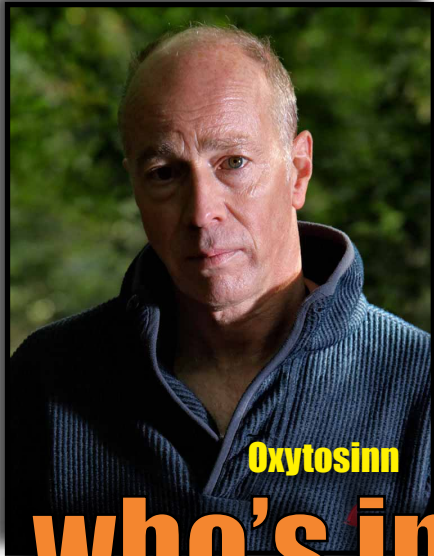
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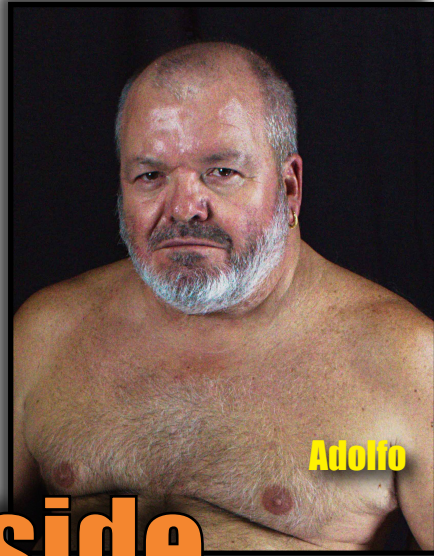
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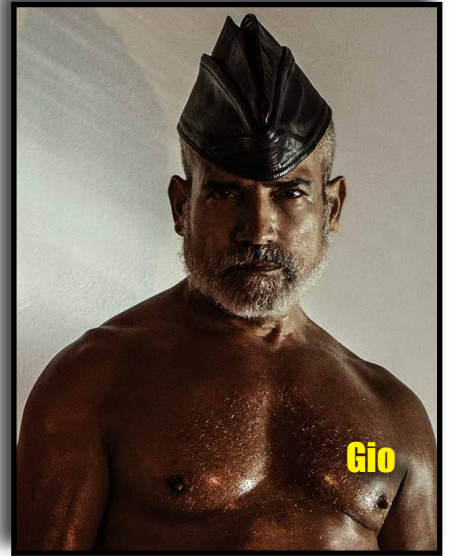
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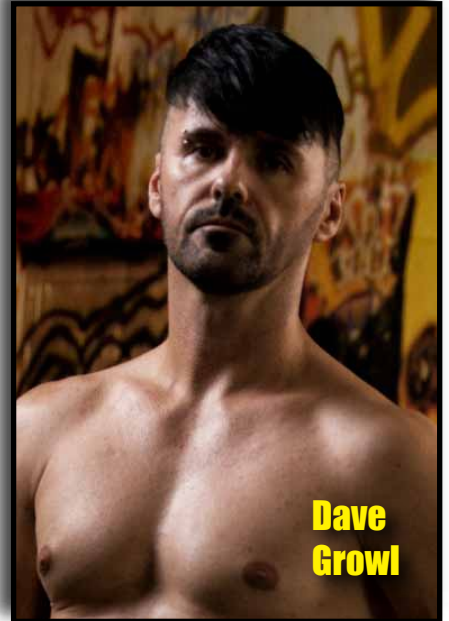


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who's inside...



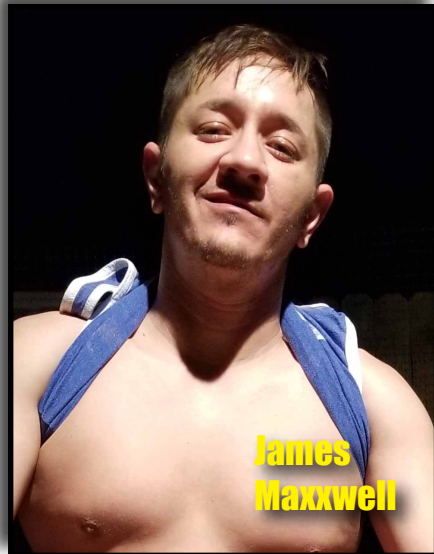
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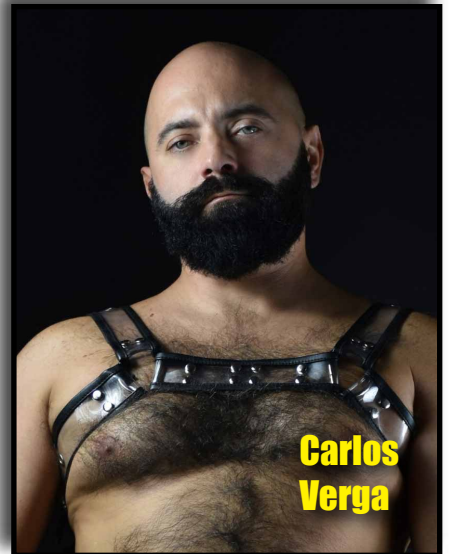
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Ramblings from the Editor

Happy Holidays!!

Desert Heat Magazine wish all of our readers and their families a very Merry Christmas and an incredible New Year!!!

When I first started this Magazine back in 2018, it was a lark. Any of you that regularly read it realize that it was a vanity project of sorts that has blossomed into a body and sex positive avenue for a lot of men that were struggling to find their "place" to voice themselves. Well, hell, guys, we definitely have did that.

At the start of the year, we were getting just over 5000 downloads a month. I was stoked with that number. I felt that we were reaching a good-sized audience and they were faithful. And then Sarge, from the International Mr. Leather competition board, reached out about possibly advertising the event in the Magazine. Of course, being part of my life, I was thrilled to be part of that. And then he made sure I was able to attend the event this past year where I met some incredible men, including him, and was able to photograph some very sexy men. Literally the next month, after the event, readership jumped up a few thousand readers. And then the following growth the same thing happened.

I am still in shock how fast it grew, but very happy at the same time. We have a consistent readership that proves we are filling a void in this type of market. Men are hearing about us more and more and we continue to slowly grow more.

All I can say is thanks, guys! Without

you, I wouldn't get the contributions I get to share with you. Because of you've I've been blessed to meet some incredible photographers and models.

And, this year we have become a sponsor of IML! What does that mean for us? It means we will open up the publication to a larger, much larger, audience which will most likely mean we can get even more contributors, which will expand the Magazine. Keep your fingers crossed it does at least as well as last year! That growth would be incredible.

But again, thank you! Thank you for your continued support and kind words!

Keep on showing off! Keep on making your mark on social media. Hell, keep sending in your contributions, images, art or whatever!! Let's show the world ALL MEN ARE BEAUTIFUL!!

Merry Christmas, men! And I truly hope your New Year is so much better than this year has been for you!

STAY SAFE!

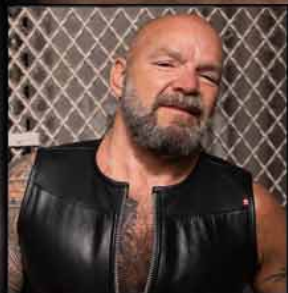
As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John

Merry Christmas

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MERRY
Christmas
And Happy New Year


DESERT HEAT
MAGAZINE

MR. ROGERS

XXX

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THE COP & EX CON

Story by **Dogbone421**

Chapter 10

Three days past and I had talked with Mark every day. His balls were starting to get itchy and I knew I had to find a way for us to get together. I knew his weakness and didn't want to risk him going off and hooking up with someone else. I was on duty and with a suspect when my cell rang. I didn't recognize the number, so I didn't take the call. I had handcuffed and placed the detainee in the back of my patrol car when my phone rang again. This time I took the call not expecting it to be anybody but a telemarketer. Instantly from the voice I knew it was Mark.

"Baby can you talk," came from him?

I answered sure as I walked to the trunk of the car and made sure we we're not heard by anyone around. In a loud whisper to him I said, "I'm going give you some ass tonight Mark, relax buddy."

I soon learned that was not why he had called me on duty. "I got trouble," he whispered back.

He told me he was calling from a pay phone and that he couldn't go back to his trailer. I asked why as I listened for his response. "I can't explain it all now, but remember when I told you I had done some things I shouldn't have?"

I answered, "Yes!" "Well the police are looking for me, I need your help tonight."

I knew exactly what had happened and what was going on as soon as he started. I listened to all he had to say as I thought of a plan of action for us now that the shit had hit the fan.

"Where are you," I asked? He told me he was outside the liquor store I knew of and was staying

hidden as best he could. I told him I would be there in about an hour and to continue to stay out of sight. I hung up the phone and sighed deep. I proceeded to drive my prisoner to jail and fill out some required paper work before I hit the road on patrol again.

About 90 minutes had pasted since I had talked to him and I was worried if he was still ok. I drove to the store he mentioned and pulled in and parked. I got out so wherever he was he could see it was me. From the shadows he appeared looking all around. I walked to him and spoke, "Let's get in my car."

We both got in as I started the engine and pulled out. He looked very worried and I could tell he was not himself. "I can't go back to the trailer," he said.

My response we "OK." I decided I would take him to my house and drop him off. As we drove, I asked what had happened. He explained the drug dealing, begging me to forgive him. To comfort him, I told him it would be all right! "Don't worry, you made a mistake and you realize that now!" He told me the friends he was involved with were busted today and word was out the police were after him also. He knew better from past experience to not go back to his place.

"I need a place to stay till this blows over," he said. "Motel or something," he sighed. I told him I was taking him to my house. "Really," he asked? I nodded as I watched the road. "I never been to your house," he responded. "Yeah," I replied. "But you're with me now. I can take care of you."



He seemed to relax some as he sat low in the seat. When we pulled in my driveway, he whistled low and commented, "Nice fucking place!"

We both got out and I unlocked the side door to the kitchen and we both slipped in. We hugged as I told him I had to get back on patrol.

"You don't have time for a quickie," he asked as he rubbed the front of my uniform pants? "I sure could use a blow job or something right about now."

Much as I wanted to, I told him I needed to get back. Of course, he didn't listen as he never has and began to unbutton his jeans and pull down his zipper.

"You're my bitch aint you? You said you would take care of your man's needs! Remember, you agreed to that," he said?

"Mark, I got to get back in the car, I'm on call," I pleaded him.

"I'm backed up bad, I can cum quick if you get started on me!"

I fucking cussed at the idea but started loosening my tie and removed my gun belt and laid it on the counter. As I got on my knees I barked, "You better nut fast, and please don't get any of your jiz on the uniform!"

He pulled his boxer waistband below and behind his ball sack as I moved my face close. I took his soft cock in my mouth and began to service him. His balls smelled like balls, his cock like a cock as I started working his shaft. He swelled fast and soon he was holding my head as he bucked my mouth. I sucked hard as I let him drive the action trying to get him to cum as quick as was possible. It wasn't long before he was instructing me to suck his cock head harder. I worked my mouth and tongue as he had taught me. My fingers rubbing his hairy ball sack and stroked the area between his nuts sack and asshole.

He let go with a deep low moan as he held me still while I tongued his piss slit. Instantly three thick and hot squirts filled my mouth and I savored his cum taste before swallowing it. He slowly continued to dribble sperm as I swallowed all he offered me. Once I knew his flow was done I cleaned his super sensitive head off and pulled off him and stood. He looked total

spent as I pilled myself back together. I noticed my trousers tented as I put my belt back on.

"I'll be home in about 5 hours," I said as I turned to leave. "Anything you want to eat go ahead, make yourself at home," I yelled as I closed the door behind me.

"Dam fucking pubic hairy," I cussed as I spit heading for my car!

I got in and backed out of my driveway and quickly drove away. I was truly lucky for I had received no calls while I was inside. I reached for my bottle of water and took a big swig to clean the taste of his sperm from my mouth. Popping a few breath mints to cover dick breath, I was ready to finish my night. Once I was settled, I checked my computer screen to see if there was a warrant for Mark's arrest. My heart sank when there was!

As luck would have it, it was a late night for me. Lots of paper work to fill out and things I needed to tie up. Once I was finished, I ran out the door to get home. Pulling in the driveway at close to 2 am, there were no lights on. When I closed my car door, I saw the kitchen light come on. Mark met me at the door and it felt good to come home to a house that was not empty.

We hugged again as he told me I had a great place. I could smell the cigarette smoke in the house already. He was down to his bowers and socks as we walked to my bedroom so I could change. Needless to say, he wanted to fuck me and I was all for it as we began our new living agreement!

It was great to wake up to him beside me every morning and have breakfast with him. He was a slob as I expected and needed to be reminded to shower every other day. I did his laundry and took care of all his needs. We fucked twice a day at least! He couldn't really leave the house for fear of being seen. So, he didn't have much else to do but think about sex. I learned every inch of his body and did whatever he wanted. I wanted to please him and make him totally mine. He usually watched TV and drank beer till I got home. He was perfectly happy to sit around and wait for me for about two weeks.

The Cop and Ex Con

It was after that when I noticed he had new cigarettes and different beer in the fridge when I would get home. I asked him about it and he was right, he couldn't hide out forever. I explained my fear of him getting caught and us not being able to be together. He said he understood but as always, he didn't listen to anyone. For a solid month we played house and made love like newlyweds. It seemed he constantly wanted sucked off or to ride my ass!

But then came the night I came home and he wasn't there. I instantly panicked and feared the worst. I didn't have any way to call him and had to sit home just waiting. At about 6 am I got a call from him. It was his one phone call he was allowed!

He had been picked up walking along the 4-lane highway. Of course, he was instantly under arrest once they ran his name. He wanted to know if I could help in any way and I told him I would try. He told me he loved me before he hung up and that he was sorry. I cried uncontrollable after I hung the phone up.

I called a good lawyer for him and paid for his whole defense. All on the down low. He was convicted at trial and I was there when he was sentenced. He received an 8-year sentence. Off in 5 with good behavior.

I at least got to talk with him before they took him to prison. Being a cop, I was able to pull some strings. We had made some plans when he was living with me about what would happen if he got caught. I wanted him to know I was going to wait for him. His first comment to me when we were alone was, "forget about me, your better off!"

I looked him right in the eyes and told him I would never let him go. He seemed to feel better after I said that. Time flew quick as we talked. Before we knew it, the guard was there to take him away. I watched him walk away looking as sexy as always even in prison orange. He turned and winked at me, mouthed he loved me as he turned the corner and disappeared.

That was three and a half years ago now. Mark's still in prison and I think he has a reason to do well. Thinking about our life together after all this is

over. For once he has someone who's there for him. It looks like he will be getting out in another year and a half, on good behavior. That is if he can keep his temper under control!

He calls me once a month and I send him care packages all the time. Seams he's always got a new tattoo to brag about! And of course, him and his roommate are having sex together. You'd think I'd be pissed, but I've moved on from those feelings. He's already asked if we could have a threesome when both of them get out of prison! Our relationship is still a secret, only known to trusted people. I think some of the guys on the force know I'm gay and you know what, "Fuck them!" I'm sure they heard the rumors by now. As long as they still protect me on backup, I'll still be a cop.

Dutch and I have an understanding and have been having sex since Mark went to prison. He's been fulfilling a lot of my needs. I have never told Mark about him and most likely never will. At first, we fucked three or more times a week when he had a construction job close by, always at lunch time. He knows I still love Mark and is cool with the idea. But he also knows I love his cock when its stuffed up inside me! His girlfriend and him split up and he ended up moving about two hours away. He drops by maybe three or four times a month now for a hookup. He's a great guy and some girl someday will be very lucky. Gay, no! Bi, yes!

And the mechanic at the truck stop? I know you all are wodering about good old Hank! Well I can say he and I shacked up together many a weekend. Let me tell you that guy is one good fuck! We're still fucking raw and he's always dropping big loads in me! He really started pestering me to live with him when he found out I was a cop. He would keep me naked and well fucked the whole time I was around him! I really think he believes inthe old. "Barefoot and pregnant," mentality even with a dude! But I got to say the poor fellow is dumber than a pile of rocks. Sex is one thing, but you got to be able to talk after he's dropped his load in you!



Going through my most goth period of my life. It's pretty funny in the darkest way possible.

I'm nudged into and embrace my witchy side, continuing the promise to the dark goddess to live a magical life, and my mom dies.

While I see other gay male witches constantly choose the spiritual bypass route in favor of cocooning themselves from having to make hard choices, I feel like I'm out here being cleansed by fire while I walk forward. Constantly. Not that I'm tired of it. I'm joyously happy to have all my falsehoods striped away. They don't suit me. You should try it. I'm naked before you and the universe, vulnerably triumphant in my freedom. I'm alive.

She's fucking dead.

My mother, cantankerously in her mid-seventies, afraid of everything, an enabler of my strung out no-good brother for nearly 25 years, casually racist of nearly everyone except Native Americans, hater of Jews, shut-in and the hanger-upper on the other end of the phone line when she hears something she doesn't like, the insister (for 6 years) of a stage 1 Cancer diagnosis that only came weeks before her death, to only die of pneumonia in a hospital weeks after her last treatment. A hateful liar and a gaslighter of her progeny. She morphed into a co-dependent monster who ached for death's cold embrace, covering for my brother's never-ending missteps and lifetime of wrong moves. She wasn't like this when I left home at 17.

My brother's dead too. Just give it a few years.

A narcissist when lucid, an angular skeletal gibbering nightmare husk of a gay man in his 40s when he's high or jonesing for a point or lungs full of meth. He sucks all the oxygen out of the room, which is quite a feat for a Pisces, regaling us with stories of people on the roof, spying in the windows, always knowing where he's going, projecting themselves on to my bedroom ceiling at night whispering virulent nonsense



to him. And then he turns around and blames the phantoms for all the damage he clearly has done to his room and my childhood bedroom. Seeing him so deep in drug psychosis, I have pleaded to Hekate to take him because it would be an act of mercy at this point.

I'm alive.

I'm no angel when it comes to drugs, so don't think I'm going to weasel out here.

I have tried almost everything. It's not a brag, it's just the facts. If I ever entertained throwing myself into the oblivion for whatever weak ass reason people tell themselves so they can justify themselves into addiction - it died interacting with my brother. Scared straight. He threatened me, turning toward me at the kitchen sink, skin scarlet, calling me 'Nigger faggot that Mom didn't love!' And a million other things. Surely, a rational, sane response to five words I had just spoke. He began texting me (I was in the house) and my sister about the enemy outside spraying gas into my parent's kitchen while he made ravioli for the next three days. His face seemed to widen and veins popped out of his neck while his arms flailed and he shouted epithets through missing upper teeth. His nearly white hair and crazy, rage-filled, glossy eyes, cold and unwell, made him look like some demented Halloween decoration. All I said was...

"None of that is happening."

This wasn't my younger brother. It was a husk of person I knew and my mere appearance set him off the deep-end. Sick to my stomach, I ran and packed my bags, told my dad (both of us in tears) I was leaving for a hotel in the middle of the night and that I was leaving in days. I'm done. Either have him committed or throw him out. Dad, my sister and I ended up going out to lunch to have a peaceful conversation about my brother. Again, not even there and there goes the oxygen. We didn't even get to grieve! I still haven't.

Marijuana is one thing, as are mushrooms, but I'll be damned if I touch methamphetamines again. I'm now convinced it's an entity with unseen tendrils that (tries to and often) succeeds in ruining everything it touches. Far be it from me, but guys, choose a fuck-

ing side. Get help. Reach out to somebody before it's too late.

When the goddess shows you something unfiltered and horrifying, you pay attention, you say 'yes, ma'am', and you hope your character sheet reflects your wisdom score. Why? Because it's a gift of her love for you. A warning. True ego death. A miniature, fleeting state of entropic nirvana. Chaos around a stone. Truly free, wise, standing at the crossroads and once again, humbled. That's my attempt at levity. Are you laughing?

Me neither. I'm fucking outraged. And thankful.

When I found out my mom had kicked the bucket, a phrase she had used with me during one of her wet-blanket Saturday discussions two-weeks previously to emotionally blackmail me into coming back to Connecticut, it was in a text from my clinically insane brother. I half expected 3 minutes later for my idiot brother to say he was 'just kidding' and couch it in a piss-poor imitation of that Kristin Wiig character from Saturday Night Live. Which was how he announced he was getting married to some drug-addled Dane he picked up on a kinky, nasty pig website for chem sex.

I'm not trying to say addicts are bad people. I'm not. They're wonderful when they're lucid, kind, and not stealing from you or sending you to the hospital. Ask my brother where my coin collection is or the time I had warrants out for my arrest because he signed my name to two traffic tickets on another coast? He'll deny everything as his kidneys die and will remind me at the very end, "at least I paid you \$150 of the \$4000 I owe you for identity theft!"

I fucking hate both my brother and mother with all the pyrotechnic, solar radiation this Leo with a Pisces moon and a Capricorn rising can - I contain the multitudes. I'm so angry that I've imagined my brother's demise seven way to Sunday. My favorite is dousing my brother with my mother's ashes mixed with gasoline that I secretly poured in there like some trashy telenovela buddy and lighting them both on fire at a dramatic moment, both of them disappearing forever in the cold winter wind. There's worse ones. Much, much, worse.

I'm doing my shadow work without spiritual bypassing or gaslighting myself. I will be seeking out some therapy soon, because I don't want to punch my fist through a chair like I did that summer not too long ago. I learned boundaries then and they're so handy

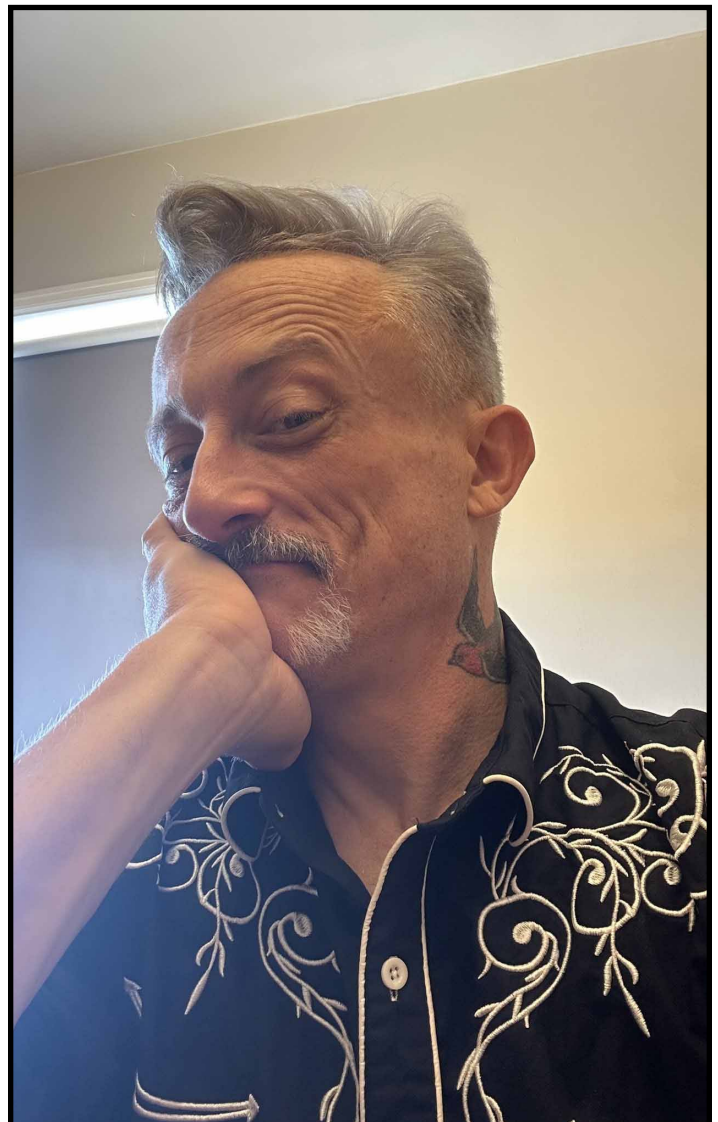
to have at this point in time. I need to breathe in the scent of the flowers and herbs of my garden and be blessed. I'm so thankful for my chosen family and my dearest friends. There's good food on the table and there's good company on either side of it. There's warmth, love and a roof over our heads. For all this and more, we give thanks to our Lares, garden spirits, house guardians, Hestia, Hekate, and our spiritual court. Honey, look at the wisdom score on my character sheet.

I am free. So mote it be.

Be good to yourselves and check your privilege.

Happy Yule.

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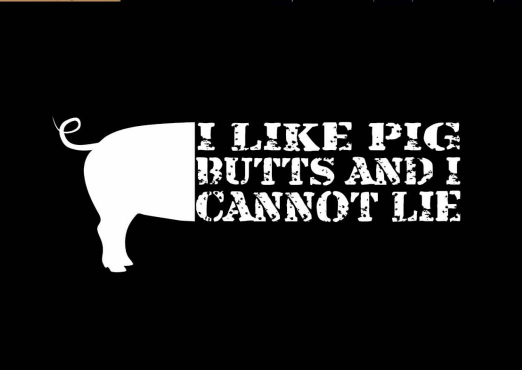
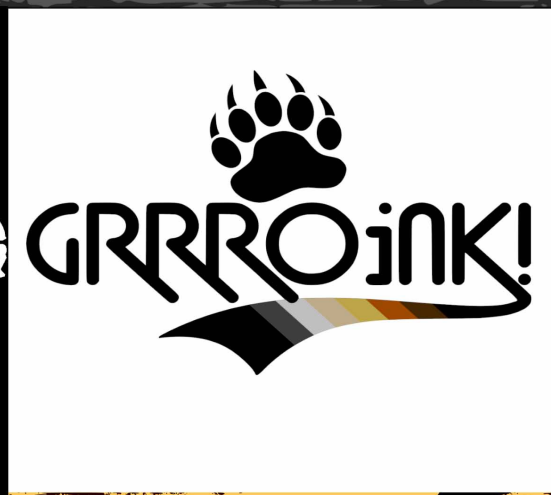
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My father had wanted to take me when I turned eighteen years of age in August, but my mother strictly forbade it and managed to thwart his plans to sneak me out of the house. But when Christmas came along, he'd had months to plan it all out and all her entreaties and ultimatums came to naught. So on Christmas Eve of the year 1892, my father and I dressed in our best clothes and set out to make me a man, that is, he was taking me to a house of wayward women to let one of them initiate me in the ways of a man with a woman...in short, we were going to a high-class whorehouse for me to lose my virginity once and for all. A woman's virginity is a blessing and treasure to be guarded carefully, but a man's virginity is a curse and to be cast off at the first opportunity. So why was my stomach fluttering worse than the summer I'd learned to first ride a bicycle?

The cab took us to a neighborhood that had been fashionable some decades before, now the few remaining houses of the well-bred were surrounded by larger, ugly businesses. It was to one of these few houses that the cab driver pulled us up to and drew his horse to a halt and said, "Here you go, governor!" to my father, in what I misdoubt was a fake Cockney accent meant to impress us gullible New Yorkers.

I looked at the house while my father settled the bill, my stomach churning worse than ever. I didn't want to walk into this house and promptly ask to use the facilities, but at this rate, I would have little choice!

The house was a beautifully kept structure,

the small yard now covered with a light fall of snow, but still bearing hedges and bushes on either side of a stone walk that led to the oak door over which hung a light that was definitely not red. This was where I was to make love to a woman for the first time? I felt dirty, worse, I felt disreputable and unwashed and ashamed.

"Now, Son, come on, let's get in out of this cold." my father said heartily. "Plenty of warmth waiting in there, huh, boy?" and my father laughed and slapped me on the back so hard I nearly fell to my face on the sidewalk.

I followed him like a prisoner follows the warden to his execution. "Father, I...." I started when we reached the door.

"What is it, Son?" my father looked at me.

"Nothing." I said miserably. I was filled with doubts, riddled by guilt and uncertainty. None of this comported with the lessons I'd learned in school, or at church. My father sat in the same pew as I did every Sunday, how could he smile and nod so amiably there every week and yet stand here, on this stoop between the old, worn stone lions on either side, and laugh about taking a woman other than his wife (my mother!) in his arms. There was so much I didn't yet know about being a man! I'd always been the most dutiful of sons, quietly obedient to my mother's wishes and now, now I was to lay with a woman and make love to her. I knew what to do (my grandfather had sat me down one afternoon and told me all I needed to know on

Continued on pg 30

A man with a serious expression stands in a forest, wearing a blue ribbed sweater. The background is a dense, out-of-focus green forest. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights on his face and sweater.

Bare in the Forest

Featuring **Oxytosinn**

Photography by **VIR**

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that point, and more than I was certain I still remembered).

My father lifted the heavy, ornate knocker and let it fall, then again and again, each time it made a single, dull thudding-iron sound.

There was the crinkling noise of more than one lock being unfastened, and then the door opened, and a quite sedate matron stood in the doorway. "Hello, gentlemen, and welcome!" she said in lieu of asking our names. "Come on in. Bella, come take these men's cloaks."

A colored woman (Bella) took our coats and I felt naked with the removal of this single garment, but the entire house was well-warmed, warmer than my own home. The matronly figure led us into a room that was undoubtedly the parlor. "Take a seat, gentlemen." she said. "May I offer you a drink?" We sat where indicated on a couch, before us were a pair of doors on either side of a barren piece of wall. I felt it would have been better had a small table held that place, it was some eight feet wide.

"Later." my father said easily. "Madeline, this is my son Andrew. He's just turned eighteen a few months ago. I brought him in to get better acquainted in the better parts of being a grown man."

Madeleine smiled. "And you've come to the right place for that."

"So which of your girls would be best to take a young boy through his first experience best?" my father asked.

Madeleine considered this with a look I actually recognized. I'd seen it on our waiter at a French restaurant when my father had asked which wine he felt would be best with our dinner. "I think you'll want Emily for that. Emily!" she called out.

Out came a woman nearly twice my age, but still very, very fine-looking and grand. "You'll remember Emily, Mr. Mountbatten, you visited with her several months ago. She's not too young as to not know things herself, but not so old as to make him feel he's bedding his own mother or something."

I had to agree, Emily was in her late thirties, and didn't look at all like my mother.

"What do you think of her, Son?" my father

asked me.

I was surprised. "I get a choice?"

All three of them thought my question was foolish and they laughed. "Of course you can choose." my father told me. "Whoever you choose, will be yours for the entire night. You'll breakfast here, but I'll come get you in time to go to church with us Christmas Day as usual. So if this one doesn't suit you, tell me how and why and we'll find one that does."

I looked over at Emily and she struck a slightly different pose, more aggressive and yet still womanly. Like a woman who has seen a man she favors and wants to approach her. "How about it, young man? Fancy a go with me?"

I could only nod dumbly.

"Wonderful." Madeleine said to my father. "Emily, take him to the gold room. Only the best for the son of Mr. Mountbatten. It's his first time, so be careful, and be thorough. Teach him everything he needs."

"He'll be safe in my arms." Emily replied and held out a gloved hand to me. I rose and took it, like a maiden accepting a dance from a gentleman, and in this turnabout of roles, I followed her out the second door. As we did, I realized that this was why that section of wall was blank and unadorned even by wallpaper, it was a backdrop for the men to view the women and select them.

The second door led to a short hallway that ended with a set of steps that led upstairs. "Come along, dove." Emily cooed to me. "We'll want to get right down to it, I imagine."

As we made it upstairs, I heard through the walls, the unmistakable sounds of lovemaking. I'd only heard it before by my older friends discussing it (the remainder of my education to date), the sounds they'd made imitating themselves in the throes of passion with some loose woman or other, and the realization that this was not an imitation, but the actual act, for the sounds were male and female, and came from more than one room, and I stopped dead in my tracks.

"What's the matter, love?" Emily queried. "Come along, the golden room is waiting for us. I'll show you a wonderful time, you'll see."

I opened my mouth and the word that came out was "No."

Emily's face at first held anger and annoyance, but the look quickly vanished. "Have

you changed your mind on me, then? Shall I ask Madame to find you another?" When I didn't answer at once, she went on, "It's all right, love. We're always quite busy on Christmas Eve, what with all the travelers away from home and feeling lonesome. All we have to do is go back downstairs and...."

"No." I said again. "I...I don't want to do this! Not like this!" I said, my words forming themselves. The back of my brain was in charge, but it knew what it wanted and was talking for me. "Look, you're a very beautiful woman and I'm sure you're very good at what you do, but I don't want this, I just...don't want this." And my back of the brain silenced itself again. It was refusing the opportunity any young man should be giving his left arm for!

"Ah, a good and honorable man, is what you are!" was the kindly turn Emily put on it. "Well, you stay right here, don't talk to anyone, and I'll be back with Madame in just a minute."

And she left me alone but was indeed back in no time with Madeleine. I repeated my determination to the two of them, and Madeleine also treated this as no large crisis. "Go back to the waiting room, Emily." she told her and then to me, "We'll keep you here until morning, and I'll give your father back the fee for Emily. Just your room and board for the night. You can tell him for yourself whatever you like, I won't say a word about it either way."

"Thank you!" I said, grateful from the bottom of my heart. "You're being very kind, I expected all kinds of trouble for turning down Emily."

"No trouble at all, our aim is to please our customers, and when you are ready, we'll still be here."

"Thank you."

"My only problem is that this is a very busy time of year for us, and I need the golden room for my customers. Let me think this through." Again she got the look of that French waiter. "We can put you in with Edward. If we need him, you may be awakened in the night, but otherwise, you can sleep there undisturbed until morning."

"That will be fine." I agreed, relieved beyond measure.

Bella was summoned and I was taken back downstairs and towards the back of the house. This was the quarters for the women, I realized, where they slept when they had no customers.

A Whorehouse Christmas

Smaller, but clean and neat, much the sort of place a kindly master would keep the staff of his manor house. Edward's room was one of these.

The door was opened and a figure stirred on the single bed, reached a long strong arm out to turn up a gaslight, and I saw a strong bull of a man sitting upright, rubbing his eyes as the door opened. "Someone for me, Bella?" He asked.

Edward was a man of the racial mix known as a "quadroon," that is, a man who was three-quarters white and one-quarter black. The mixture gave him a dark, exotic but aggressively masculine flavor. His face was a dusky pale brown rather than the "white" tone of myself and my father, his face was quite Caucasian and regular in features, his hair was tightly curled but not the kinked curl of a colored man, and his eyes were deep, deep brown. His chest held a luxurious coat of taut curls of hair, making a myriad of circles upon and between his breasts, and extending from his lower neck all the way down to where they vanished under the bedcovers.

"Only a bedmate." Bella said. "Young man here for his first time who wasn't ready after all. Madame said he was to bunk with you tonight."

Edward took this in stride and simply scooted over in the bed, which still left only a minor portion of it for me, and tossed back the covers. "Come on in."

Bella closed the door and I made a furtive move toward the bed as I was. "No, no, get out of those clothes." Edward grunted. "If you're staying the night, you'll have to wear them again tomorrow, don't want to get your night sweats all over them."

He was right of course, so I began to undress carefully. Edward never stirred from his sitting position on the bed as I did, and when I hesitated at my underclothes, he said, "Come on, all of them. You were going to get naked with one of the ladies, you might as well get naked with me. I've seen more naked men than you'll ever meet in your life, you have no mysteries for me."

I had to laugh at that, I was liking this strange man upon this brief acquaintance. "And how have you been seeing all these naked men?" I asked him semi-playfully. "Are you a bouncer here?"

"If I were, I wouldn't be sleeping tonight,

Continued on pg 46

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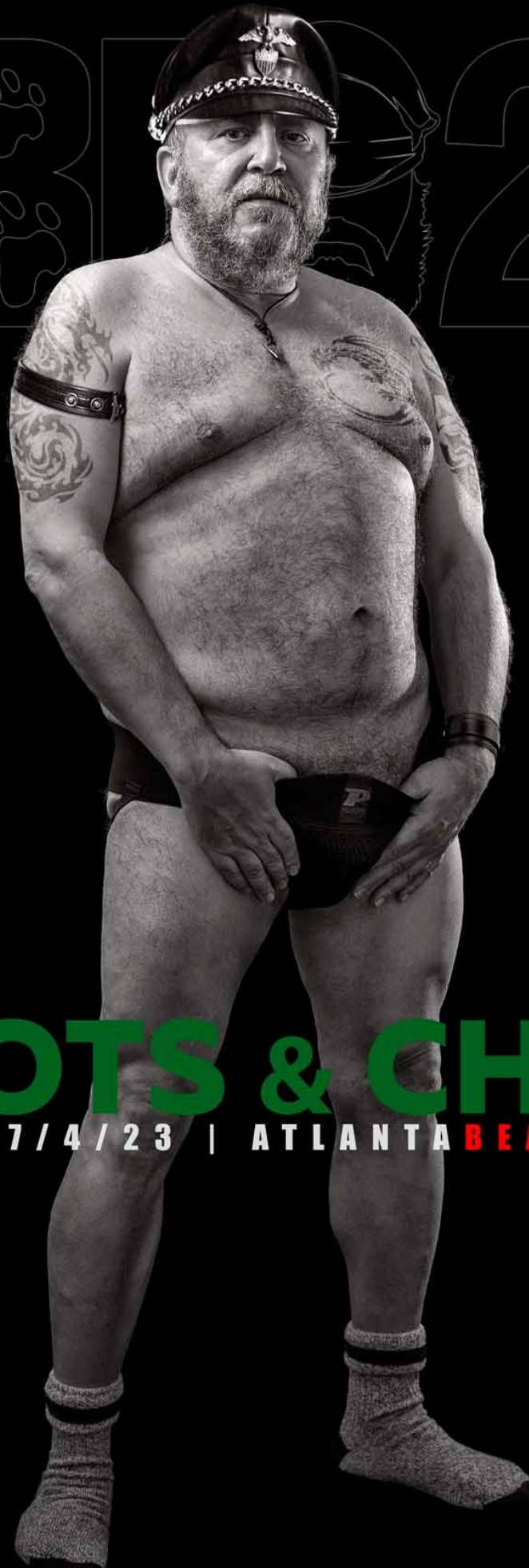
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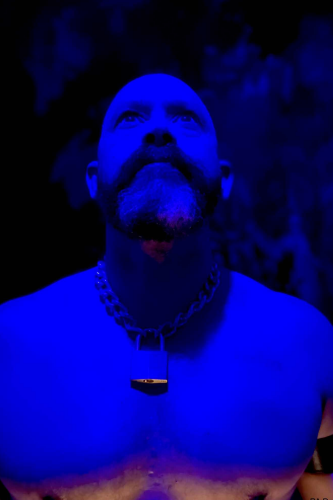
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Tips for Managing the Holidays Blues and Seasonal Affective Disorder

Happy Holidays, guys!

It is that time of the year. The holidays have officially descended upon us with the annual defrosting of Mariah Carey's "All I want for Christmas Is You", Michael Bublé's "Christmas" album and a cacophony of string-pulling emotionally loaded commercials, that insist this is "the most wonderful time of the year", and are telling you that spending money is the best fun way to show how much you care and love people in your life.

For some, this is a true magical time with parties, family gatherings, presents, and celebrations. For others it is a time of stress, anxiety, sadness, and isolation

that can bring trauma, temporary depression, or long-term depression. Many people seem to sink into a "funk" around this time of the year... and others experience a deep depression that lingers during winter. These are two well-known common conditions: the Holidays Blues and Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD) — or Winter Blues.

So, if you have noticed that during the holidays you or people close to you experience changes in mood and energy, you could be suffering from one or both of these conditions. But do not despair, there are things that can be done to help navigate through them.

The Holidays Blues

Extra stress, unrealistic expectations or even sentimental memories that accompany the season can be a catalyst for the holiday blues. Some can be at risk for feelings of loneliness, sadness, fatigue, tension and a sense of loss.

A lot of seasonal factors can trigger the holiday blues such as, less sunlight, changes in your diet or routine, alcohol at parties, over-commercialization or the inability to be with friends or family. These are all factors that can seriously affect your mood.

According to the National Alliance on Mental Illness, up to 64% of people report being affected by the holidays blues every year.



What are the signs and symptoms associated with the Holidays Blues?

Symptoms often begin in November and last until the start of the new year. The holiday blues manifest themselves in different ways:

- changes in eating and sleeping habits
- irritability and fatigue
- feeling overwhelmed and stressed
- not experiencing happiness and joy during once pleasurable activities.
- anxiety
- trouble concentrating
- lethargy
- eating or drinking more than usual

Psychiatrist Leela R. Magavi, M.D., advises that if "individuals exhibit significant weight changes, paranoid behavior due to severe depression or anxiety, and are at risk for harming themselves, I encourage parents to seek help right away."

Courtney Tracy, licensed clinical social worker (LCSW), Psy.D., adds that "if their feelings begin impacting their relationships at work, school or home, it's recommended that they seek professional help."

The difference between the Holidays Blues and clinical anxiety or depression is that the feelings are temporary. However, short-term problems must still be taken seriously because they can lead to long-term mental health conditions.

What can be done to avoid the Holidays Blues?

There are 10 tips you can follow to avoid or minimize the effects of the Winter Blues:

- 1. Stick to normal routines as much as possible.** Retaining a set schedule can help you stay busy and have a feel of purpose.
- 2. Get enough sleep.** Your body needs rest and time to recover. So, make sure you give your body what it needs.
- 3. Take time for yourself, but don't**

isolate yourself. Spend time with supportive, caring people. It is good to find times to unwind alone from the stress the holidays bring. I know that after cooking dinner for everyone, I tend to want to be left alone for a day or two to recover. Make sure that whoever you spend time with brings you comfort and enhances your mood, not add to your stress.

4. Eat and drink in moderation. Eat healthy and avoid alcohol if you are feeling down. Needless to say that avoiding "party favors" is good idea as well.

5. Exercise. Keep active and do whatever you can to stay fit. It could a simple walk or push ups in your living room. Just do something!

6. Make a to-do list, and keep things simple. The best way to take the holiday madness is to be prepared as much as you can. Plan things accordingly and keep them as uncomplicated as possible. Don't overdo things!

7. Set reasonable expectations and goals. These should be applied to holiday activities, shopping, cooking, entertaining, partying, etc.

8. Set a budget. Lord...this is a big one! Set a realistic budget as to how much you can spend, if any. Do not overextend yourself financially buying presents. You don't need to go into debt over the holidays. That adds too much stress to life.

9. Find ways to relax. Listen to music. Walk your dog. Read a book... Just do things you find relaxing and enjoyable.

10. Remember the true meaning of the Holidays. It is not about the gifts, food or parties. It is about enjoying time spent with people you love and care about.

Seasonal Affective Disorder (SAD)

Many people go through short periods of time where they feel sad or not like their usual selves. Sometimes, these mood changes begin and end when the seasons change. People may start to feel "down" when the days get shorter in the fall and winter (also called "winter blues") and begin to feel better in the





spring, with longer daylight hours.

In some cases, these mood changes are more serious and can affect how a person feels, thinks, and handles daily activities. If you have noticed significant changes in your mood and behavior whenever the seasons change, you may be suffering from seasonal affective disorder (SAD), a type of depression.

In most cases, SAD symptoms start in the late fall or early winter and go away during the spring and summer; this is known as winter-pattern SAD or winter depression. Some people may experience depressive episodes during the spring and summer months; this is called summer-pattern SAD or summer depression and is less common.

What are the signs and symptoms of SAD?

SAD is considered a type of depression characterized by its recurrent seasonal pattern, with symptoms lasting about 4 to 5 months per year. Therefore, the signs and symptoms of SAD include those associated

with major depression, and some specific symptoms that differ for winter-pattern and summer-pattern SAD. Not every person with SAD will experience all of the symptoms listed below.

Symptoms of major depression may include:

- Feeling depressed most of the day, nearly every day
- Losing interest in activities you once enjoyed
- Experiencing changes in appetite or weight
- Having problems with sleep
- Feeling sluggish or agitated
- Having low energy
- Feeling hopeless or worthless
- Having difficulty concentrating
- Having frequent thoughts of death or suicide

For winter-pattern SAD, additional specific symptoms may include:

- Oversleeping (hypersomnia)
- Overeating, particularly with a craving for carbohydrates
- Weight gain
- Social withdrawal (feeling like “hibernating”)

Specific symptoms for summer-pattern SAD



may include:

- Trouble sleeping (insomnia)
- Poor appetite, leading to weight loss
- Restlessness and agitation
- Anxiety
- Episodes of violent behavior

If I suffer from Seasonal Affective Disorder, What can I do?

There are a few things you can do depending on how mild or severe your symptoms are. Let's break them into (1) mild symptoms that last less than two weeks or (2) severe symptoms that last more than two weeks.

1. Mild Symptoms that last less than two weeks. If you are (a) feeling down but are still able to take care of yourself or others, (b) are experiencing difficulty sleeping, and/or (c) find yourself having less energy than usual but still are able to do your job, schoolwork, or household, these activities can make you feel better:

- Do something you enjoy
- Go outside in the sunlight
- eat healthy and avoid foods with lots of sugar or alcohol.

2. Severe Symptoms that last more than two weeks. If you are experiencing (a) social withdrawal, (b) find yourself oversleeping, (c) gain or lose much weight, or/and (d) crave foods with lots of sugar or consume too much alcohol, you might need to seek professional help and receive:

- light therapy
- psychotherapy
- prescribed medications or vitamins

It is very important that you always take care of yourself, and that your number one priority is you. Don't ever forget that!

If you think things become too much to handle and you need someone to talk to, you can contact the Suicide & Crisis Lifeline:

Daddy wishes you a wonderful Holiday Season!

Stay safe.

PA Daddy J

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now would I?"

"I guess not." I admitted. "So what do you do here?"

Edward was silent as I slid into the bed and pulled the covers up over me, we were so close our arms touched on our nearer sides, just a light brushing, but steadily. "Madame Madeleine believes in catering to all of her customer's needs." He began. "And while most men are content simply with a single woman, there are those who wish more than one. And some of these want another man with them in the bed to enjoy those women with him."

I had heard worse at my school. "I've heard of that." I said. "So you are hired to join in when they need more than one man in their bed." I considered, then paused, "So why don't they ask their friends to come with them?"

"Sometimes they do, sometimes they don't." Edward agreed. "And there are those men who want not just a woman in their bed. They want three in the bed, and the third one to be another man."

I considered this with my limited knowledge. "So do you both take the woman at the same time?"

"If that's what he wants." Edward said. "But most of them want to be taken by a man as they take the woman. So that's when I'm called in to help out by Madame Madeleine. She pays me for my services then, and the rest of time, most nights, I get free room and board. It's not a bad life at all."

"Now this I had never heard about. Call me naive or ignorant if you will, but remember the times, children were kept innocent of most of the duties of a man in bed until he was ready to get married. "And you can do this?" I blurted out. "I don't understand. How can you do that?"

Edward's hand grasped my wrist and placed my hand under the covers at the nexus of his legs, and I found my hand full of a fully erect male phallus. "I do it with this." He said. "Plenty of the clients crave a big tool like this in their bottoms while they're sticking their own in a woman. What do you think?"

I was agog with the feel of his prong. It was much bigger than my own, and that was the only one I'd ever felt stiff like this. I ran my hand up and

down it, judging its size. It must be well over six or seven inches in length (my own size), and so big around, my first finger and thumb barely touched around the girth of it. I slid my hand up and down, up and down, feeling the heat and the warmth and the strength of it.

"What do you think about it, young fellow?" Edward asked me as my hand played with his virility and his power.

"It is a strong tool, all right." I agreed.

"You like the feel of it, do you?"

"I...I guess so." and I realized what I'd been doing and let go hurriedly. "I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking." And he had put my hand on it, after all.

He compounded my embarrassment by reaching over and finding my own manhood and his fingers gripped it with a knowledge and certainty that said he'd fondled many a man's tool in the past. "Ahh, and there's yours." he said.

"Yes, it is." I blushed, I'm sure, for I had an erection fully as stiff as his own.

His hand moved up and down my dong as confidently as if I'd invited him to. I guess, in a way, I had, for I wasn't fighting him off. "Yes, you missed a chance to make one of these ladies awfully happy all night long. I bet at your age, you could go at it again and again every hour on the hour."

"I guess I could." I gasped. His hand was making me feel so very, very good. It wasn't like me playing with my own cock, it was both more intense and more exciting. Masturbation is a solitary, incomplete and ultimately unsatisfying thing, but this promised to make me completely whole and satisfied.

"You know it's Christmas Eve. Maybe even Christmas already." Edward said. His hand caught hold of mine again and ferried it toward his crotch again. "Why don't you and I share a bit of Christmas cheer tonight, just you and me?"

My hand landed on his prick again and my fingers folded themselves around it.

"We could have a good time and never tell anyone." Edward invited.

I didn't answer, I just began to pump on his prong with energy and verve. Edward groaned as I did and his own hand sped up, making me moan along with him.

"On the table, next to the light." Edward gasped. "The bottle. Hand it to me."

I looked and without turning loose of him, I

grasped the bottle and ferried it to him, it was the sort that holds those delicate oils favored by some people for various reasons, such as to lubricate their lips after a day of sailing and such.

Edward pushed back the covers to expose our bodies to our knees and he undid the bottle with one hand and upended it, poured it over my hand and his cock in one motion. "Work that in for me." he panted. "You want some for yourself?"

"Uh-uh." I grunted. His hand was holding me so tight and firm, it felt wonderful. The oil was making my own hand slip about in a way that had to be diminishing his pleasure. He'd poured so much, it was really unworkable, a little might have made it better, but this was layering his prod thickly all over.

"Get me all greased up, yeah, like that." Edward breathed huskily. "Get me all lubricated, you'll enjoy it, you'll see."

I didn't understand that, but in my current state, with his muscled hand and arm pleasuring me, I didn't much care. I moved my hand to lubricate him instead of pumping him, and he said, "Yeah, that'll do it." He let go and moved suddenly, his arms caught me and pulled me toward the center of the bed and then his arms were lifting my legs upwards and he was between them and I realized then what he intended to do.

"Oh, my God! You don't mean to...hah!" I felt then the touch of his glans against my nether opening, and I felt frightened. "Please, I didn't mean this, I didn't!"

"This is what they all want from me." Edward said as he pressed his cock against my sphincter and I felt it open slowly against the pressure. "All the men who prefer a man to a woman. That's you, isn't it? You prefer a man to a woman?"

It wasn't until he said those words that I realized it. The fluttering in my stomach, the nervousness. It wasn't virginal flightiness I'd had, it was the sheer panic of a man faced with sex with a woman when it was against his very nature to do so. Was this what I'd always wanted? My furtive sexual fantasies in my bed when I'd pleased myself, who was that phantom figure above me on the bed, what was he doing? He? HE!

Edward pushed into me further and I didn't resist him any further, I groaned and flexed my buttocks in an effort to pull him in deeper. Edward

gave a rich, baritone chuckle when I did this. "Yeah, this is what you want, isn't it?" He pushed a little harder and the glans of his cock popped into me and I moaned. "Looks like I'll be working this Christmas after all, won't I?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" I moaned and clutched his broad ribcage and my hands moved over the muscles rippling in his back. He felt so good, he smelled so good! So perfect! So RIGHT!

"Just let me work this into you deeper and then we'll get started." Edward took his time and slowly moved into me, every push of his hips only served to send his prong a fractional amount into me. But he persevered and soon I felt his pubic hair brushing my expanded sphincter like a plush washcloth might.

"Now we got it all into you." Edward panted. "You tell me when you're ready for me to start moving it for you."

I didn't understand and was about to say so when I felt my bowels gurgle and suddenly the intense pressure of his cock was lessened. The pleasure of it was less, as well and I moved a little to restore that, and as I did, I felt my inner body being brushed in a way that sent waves of pleasure up my spine the same as my dong had done earlier. I gave out a low groan and began to move myself more, and every movement was joy, joy, JOY!

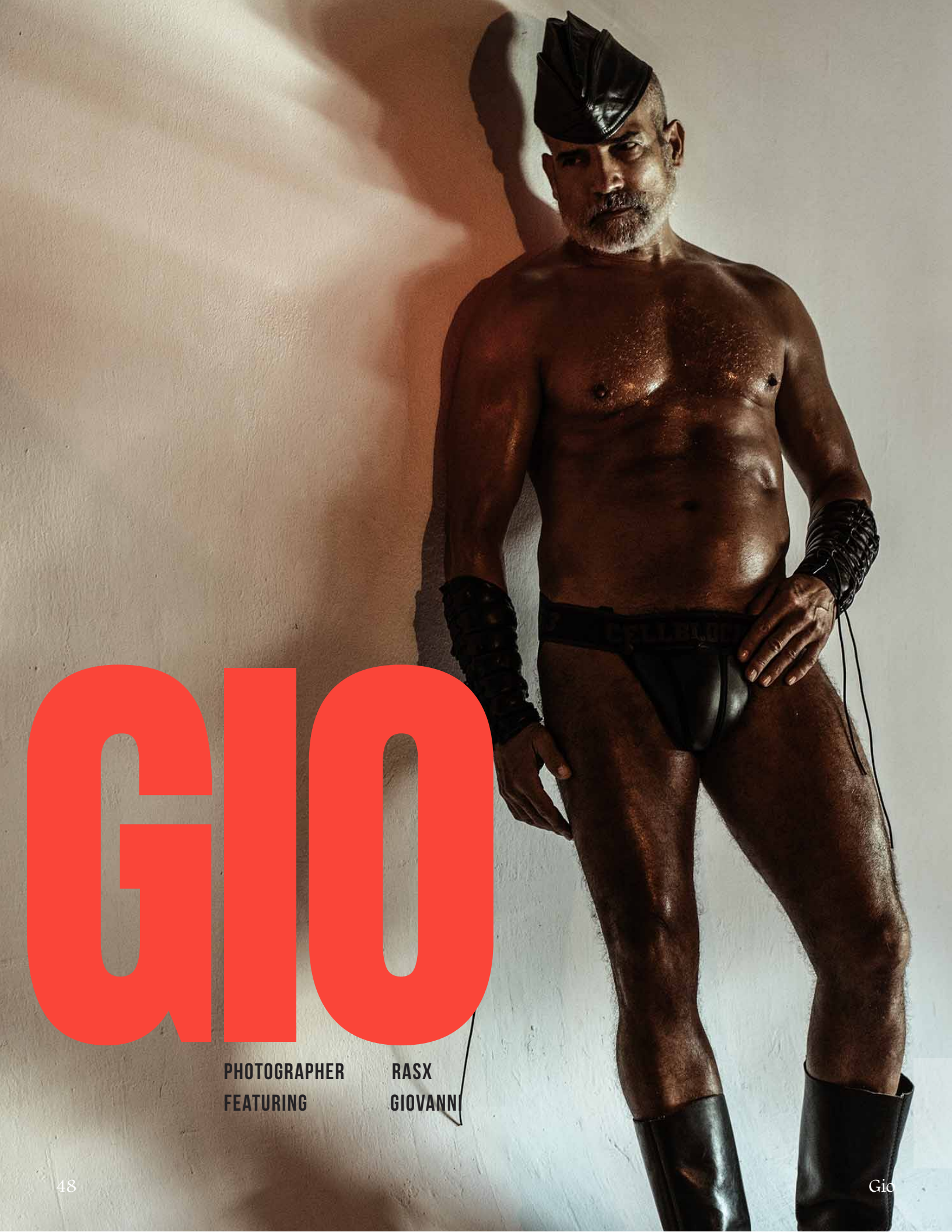
Edward felt it, too and he gave another of those masculine chuckles and without waiting for me to give the word, he began to move atop me. His strokes were masterful and elegant, sending me into an ecstasy of delight that washed over me with every thrust of his hips.

And as I moaned, so did he and his tempo of stroking increased. As he did, so did his kindness. It was less like I was being treated with kid gloves, now I was getting the unfettered, undiluted lust of a man and his huge organ throbbed as it moved, as if his masculine energy was begging to get out.

As it was in me, as well. My own orgasm grew in me and I panted harder, as did Edward. "I'm...I'm...I'm getting close!" I managed to get out.

"Me, too, kid!" Edward began to ram me harder than before, now the sound of his hips colliding with my buttocks was an audible slapping

Continued on pg 55



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noise that shook me to the very core, and I gave out a loud, long groan as my climax struck me and then I arced my back, and my cock sprayed both of us with a lavish, heavy geyser of raw sexual energy. Hot splashes of my spunk struck Edward's stomach and chest, and heavy drips of the jism rained down on me, other spurts were lower and reached to above my breasts.

And as my own climax slackened, Edward gave out a roar, his hips thrust his dong deep into me and he moaned again and again and I felt a hot boiling lava of hot man-jizz seething within my bowels, his cock was darting back and forth within it and I hung onto Edward in exhausted bliss as Edward finished his own ejaculation and then fell heavily down onto me, his weight oppressive and heavy with sweat and his breath rushed at me as he panted, washing over my right cheek and neck and the smell of his spent

lust filled my nostrils and I knew then the essential completion of my childhood had been effected, I was now, unmistakable and unredeemably, A MAN!

"Hooh, ho, huh, hah, uh, uh, ah!" Edward gasped and then he lifted himself bodily off me on his arms. "That was so fucking hot!" He breathed. "You are so damned good, kid! I haven't come like that in a long time!"

"Me, either!" I agreed.

"Oh, oh, uh!" Edward said. "Let's get some sleep now, but I'm going to want to fuck you again before morning, so don't be surprised if you wake up with my cock back in your butt." He then withdrew his spent, slimy organ from my bowels. "You paid for all night, I'm going to give you all night."

"Yeah, all night." I said dreamily and he pulled the covers over us and together, our bodies all semi-tangled and sweat-soaked and reeking, Edward and I went back to sleep.

He proved himself a man of his word, I

awoke a bit later to find myself on my side and his dong back inside me. He kept it up a while, then rolled me onto my stomach and finished like that, again I shot my load along with him, this time soaking the mattress under us with my own seed.

Twice more, he hammered at me before the sun rose, and I heard the knock at the door. "One-half hour until breakfast." came Bella's voice.

The showers were a row of them that the women were using, Edward led me into there as casually as if we belonged, and the women didn't react. I showered myself with them and then went back to Edward's room to draw on my clothing again.

After breakfast, I sought out Madame Madeleine. "I want to thank you for your understanding and hospitality." I said.

"Not at all, Mr. Mountbatten." she said. "It's the policy of my house to please all who enter here."

"Yes, and about that, the money my father paid you for Emily. Instead of giving it back to my father, could you give it to Edward instead?"

"He's earned it?" she asked me.

I found myself unashamed of what I had done. "He has, in full measure." I agreed.

"Then that's what we'll do." There was a ring at the door and Madame Madeleine went on, "That'll be your father calling for you, I think. Are you ready to face him?"

I nodded and she went to answer the door and it was indeed my father. I went out with him and he said nothing until we were in the cab and riding back toward my own house. "So, Son, how are you feeling this morning? Is everything all right?"

"It's more than all right, Father." I said fervently and he laughed. "Best Christmas present I ever had! I'm never going to forget it!"

"So let's get you home for the rest of the holiday, Son."

"Merry Christmas, Father!"

"Merry Christmas, Son."

**Comments, complaints or suggestions?
E-mail the Author at Tommyhawk1@AOL.COM
WWW.TOMMYHAWKSFANTASYWORLD.COM**

The first thing Blake felt in the cavernous black tunnel was a cold breath of air wafting through it against his face. It took a moment for Blake to figure out where this strange breeze came from, before many things happened all around him at once. As Blake started to make his way down the tunnel he froze in shock for a moment as suddenly the tunnel around him burst into life, lighting up blue, and it looked as if he was at the bottom of the ocean.

Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 22 - part 2

...

Back in Blake's memory, he remembers a time when they (he and Christina), were on the docks of the Great Lake, he didn't remember how many years ago, one of the many times they had swam across the lake, to Northerly Island and back, on a sunny afternoon, as the rippling waters reflected the silvery sunshine. Here they would spend many afternoons, exploring the lakeside, and the lake itself.

Blake and Christina would walk across the beach and go over to the changing tents on the sand to change into their bathing suits. They would select tents that were right next to each other. Blake couldn't help but to peek in at her and see her body as she changed out of her clothes, bra and underwear, and into her bathing suit. He had the feeling that she did the same, watching him as he stepped out of his briefs and pulled on his trunks. Once in their bathing suits, they would spend hours

swimming, and racing each other to each side of Lake Michigan, Christina usually won their swim races, she could keep going well after Blake was all tired out. Blake had a lot of stamina, and was a great swimmer, despite his massive size, but Christina's energy never seemed to run out. Usually, the swim race would stop once she got "bored" rather than tired.

After their swimming races, Blake would dive down for long periods of time, loving the feeling of swimming underwater (for some reason Christina didn't like going under the surface of the water as much as he did, which was strange to Blake, because she was absolutely fascinated with water and the ocean, and was studying to be a marine biologist). While beneath the water's surface, Blake would imagine himself diving in to the depths of the ocean, swimming great lengths to find underwater caves that would lead to deep and mysterious places. He'd have dreams of such caves, sometimes with shimmering pool portals of deepest cerulean, that

were so deep blue it looked that by diving into them he would be diving into a midnight sky or into the depths of outer space. It was as if Blake could swim from the depths of the ocean into the stars in these portal-like pools that appeared in these deep underwater caves. Would he ever visit such places in reality? Blake could only hope so.

Christina would never follow him on these underwater explorations, she would often wait on the dock for him to come back out of the turquoise blue surface of the water, while she lay out sunning, and he'd burst out of the water to surprise her. She would giggle bemusedly. He'd try to pull her in the water, and she'd slap him hard on one of his big shoulders.

"Blake stop! Don't you dare! I just dried myself off!"

"Come on you look good wet," said Blake, with a wink at her, water droplets rolling down his tanned skin and his red hair and beard as he leaned on the dock.

"Blake, stop," said Christina, looking like she was about to blush, giving him another slap. "Besides, you should get out of the water before you start to prune."

"Nah, I'm fine," said Blake. "I love being in the water." He hugs one of the pilings of the dock. "I could swim all day."

"Oh, Blake you're just like a big tiger," said Christina. "They love to swim too." She would always say this to him when they went swimming.

"Oh yeah?" said Blake, getting a sly twinkle in his eye. He puts his big hands on the edge of the dock. "Then get ready, cause I'm about to pounce."

Blake propels himself out of the water, lifting his strong muscled body out of the lake with his huge arms, big chest flexing, and leaps, playfully, on Christina. He gets her soaked as she both yells and laughs. "Blake stop, you're getting me all wet."

"I know, that's the plan," said Blake and he started playfully kissing her all over.

"Blake, that's highly inappropriate," laughed Christina, kicking her legs as Blake's lips and his wet beard tickled her body. She accidentally kicked too hard and hit Blake in the face with her foot.

Blake covered his nose with his hand.

"Oh Blake I'm so sorry," said Christina, mid laugh.

"Ow..." said Blake with his hand over his nose. He didn't know how someone so small could pack such a wallop. "You got me good, Chris."

"Oh, poor baby, is it bad?" asked Christina, sitting up, concerned yet still laughing.

Blake looks down.

"Well it's not broken," said Blake. He removed his hand. "But it's bleedin'."

Christina gasped for a moment when she saw the blood running down his nose, then she let out a burst of laughter, as Blake started laughing too.

...

Later, while on the docks, and the water, the beaches and the boardwalks after swimming and sunning, the air filled with the scent of the lake waters, ice cream cones, (oddly enough) salt water taffy, and other food vendors, Blake listened to Christina tell stories of her fascination with the water, of the Great Lakes and the ocean, of the many fish native to their waters, and those that swam all the way up from the sea. She spoke of the fascinating metallic purple eels found only in their waters, and the possibility of tropical fish, sharks and other marine creatures finding their way up into the Great Lake. Blake thought this idea impossible, but Christina told him stories of bull-sharks swimming for miles upstream into freshwater lakes and ponds. Blake's mind swam with the possibilities of sharks, and perhaps prehistoric predatory monsters (like plesiosaurs and Tylosaurs) finding their way and lurking in lakes such as the one they just swam in. The idea made Blake hesitant to go back in the water, but Christina reassured him there was nothing to worry about, as they walked near the water's edge.

"Even though," she added "The possibility of a creature like the loch-ness monster, a plesiosaur, elasmosaur, Tylosaurus, or mosasaur, could live in our lake here is significantly high. Blake looked unnerved. "I'm joking," she said, giving him a nudge. They walked on....

...

"I sometimes think what it would be like. Swimming under the waters of the ocean, and encountering one of those ancient sea creatures, what their scales and forms look like moving under the water. Even if it was the last thing I might ever see. Don't you Blake? Did you know that the Leviathan from the Bible might have actually been a giant sea-going reptile like the tylosaur or mosasaur? Isn't that fascinating?"

Blake, who's mind had been envisioning the horrors that might lurk under the water, as Christina told him about them, finally spoke up.

"I would prefer it if we talked about something

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*Carlos
Verga*

Image provided by

Carlos Verga













else, Christina," said Blake "Now I don't think I'll ever go back in the water again, knowing I might be swimming in waters with monsters under the surface."

"Oh, Blake. You mustn't think that. You're not swimming with monsters. They're just animals, not monsters; animals that are humongous and could probably down you in one gulp, but animals none the less. Besides the things I'm talking about have been extinct for years."

"Still," said Blake, looking at the water's surface, his imagination running wild. "The thought of a great white in this lake is enough for me to never want to go back in."

"Oh there are much older and larger sharks for you to worry about other than great whites," said Christina.

"Extinct?" asked Blake.

"No, they're alive today," said Christina, "For instance, the hammerhead shark, has quite the nasty temperament. The Mako shark, while not as large, is much more vicious than the Great white shark, and much more colorful, like a shimmering rainbow of silver, blues, and greens; and the Goblin shark, a real discovery, is as ugly as it is ancient, bar of cartilage above the nose, looks like it has two mouths. And then there's the Greenland shark."

"The Greenland shark?" asks Blake.

"Yes," said Christina, "A species of carnivorous shark that can get as large or even larger than the Great white, but dwells only in the deep sea, in the deepest and coldest parts of the ocean. One of the oldest living creatures on the planet."

"How old?" asked Blake, curiously.

"Oh, their lifespans are well over 400 years, and they reach maturity at 150. They're just as slow hunting their prey, some people have mistaken them as being docile...like their cousins the Sleeper shark...then they move in for the kill before their prey knows what hit them. They've been known to feed on polar bears and other large mammals. They can supposedly get so large, people have sometimes mistaken them for grey or black whales."

"Now that is fascinating," said Blake, his mind blown on how much Christina had memorized about this particular shark. "Makes me never want to go in the water again, but fascinating as fuck."

"Oh, don't be afraid of them," said Christina, "They're only sharks. There's so much to find and explore in the ocean. Over 80 percent of the ocean still hasn't been explored by humans. I want to

explore them all, their depths, bay age across it, and perhaps...maybe...one day you will too, with me."

She looked out at the water then smiled back at Blake, that very pristine white smile of hers, those cold yet glittering eyes, and golden hair. Christina sure did love the water, and the ocean. That was probably why one of her favorite places was the aquarium. She wanted to go there with Blake whenever they had the chance. She wanted to get out of this city, and explore the seas, and their depths, and find new species of fish and sharks. Telling stories of great Moray Eels, and sting rays and sturgeons, and the vastness of the oceanic world. Blake suddenly realized something about Christina. She wanted freedom, which was something Blake could identify with. To follow their dreams, and not be held back by their bitter realities.

...

But something occurred to Blake about Christina's fascination with the sea. If she longed for the openness and freedom of the ocean, why was she so obsessed with the aquarium, where marine life was brought to live and be imprisoned until the day they died, to be watched and studied by human eyes? Perhaps, she felt the same as they did... Blake wondered...

...

Walking through the aquarium at night, the reflections of the water in the tanks casting ripples on the walls, gave Blake the illusion that he had entered one of those deep and vast underwater (undersea) caverns from his dreams, as mysterious sea creatures, shrouded in shadow, swam all about him.

At night the aquarium seemed like an oneiric place, less real than an impression of itself in the shadows, and as Blake looked around, his mind began to think it saw larger shapes than possible swimming behind him in the abyssal oceanic halls. Blake's footsteps echoed down the corridors, and as he pointed his flashlight toward the darkened tanks, he would occasionally catch sight of eyes staring at him in the dark, as they swam past in their aquatic cocoons of water. The larger shapes that swam past seemed to keep their distance from the path of his flashlights beam, keeping them shrouded in darkness, Blake could only use his imagination to make out the large shapes swimming past, following him along his trail, and in his mind they were nightmarish prehistoric aquatic creatures of the past, larger than sharks. Before he could let his imagination run further with him, Blake continued on through the cavernous

aquarium halls. He took a door at the far side of the corridor and soon arrived in what appeared to be a vast long dark tunnel, (could have been a dead end, it was hard to tell).

Blake squinted his eyes to see if he could see anything in the darkness before reaching for a source of light. He felt the walls for any sort of switch, before stupidly remembering that most of the power seemed to be turned off, and that he had a flashlight on him (he had turned it off and placed it in his coat when the guard had appeared, and had kept it off, not wanting to attract attention). Blake took out his flashlight and shined it across the vast, dark tunnel. It didn't reveal much from the dark, except that the tunnel was much larger, and wider than he had thought, and could only see the occasional outline of something swimming, or gliding across the top of the ceiling, and along the walls, like giant bats in a cave. This unnerved Blake greatly. He hated not knowing what was in the dark, it made him feel like a silly, frightened child, in spite of his rough and scared masculine physicality and demeanor. Blake slowly made his way forward. ...

Blake started to walk down the endless dark tunnel, with a circular entrance like a cavern. The light did not shine here and it was like stepping into a completely dark cavern or a black void in space. Blake could tell how vast this hallway, or tunnel was, because of the echo and the whooshing sound of air all about him when he entered it. Blake assumed this would take him below one or more of the aquarium tanks. His flashlight was ready to fix its light on the first thing that moved in front of him.

Blake shined his flashlight up above to see if there was any sign to indicate where he was in the aquarium. Nothing. Blake was alone and walking aimlessly in this vast black space. He might have been in the middle of a sunken submarine, buried deep in the abyss, on the ocean floor, as he heard water rushing all around him. He inched forward, not knowing what was in the dark ahead. What if there was a crack in the glass, and the tunnel flooded. What if something, like that great black shark he had seen in his nightmares and visions came up behind him, and tried to smash through the aquarium glass. He knew it wanted him. "Blake...get a hold of yourself dammit, you're a grown man." ...But it was strange, he didn't feel like a grown man at all, right now. Now that he was alone in this place, without Mick here, he felt vulnerable. He remembered, somewhere, deep in his chaotic whirlpool of memories, that he had loved the water and the aquarium, but not tonight. It was a vast unknown, as pitch and black as the farthest reaches of space, and

he didn't know what or when, but something would come swimming at him, out of the dark, to consume him, just like in those nightmares.

"Blake", Blake told himself. "There's nothing here, it's just a tunnel. If there is a giant shark, or creature its' behind the damn sturdy glass, it can't get to you. You're not at the bottom of the ocean. This isn't your dream, Blake. Nothing can hurt you here."

But somehow Blake doubted that. Even after his own convincing. It was that sense of danger that he had as long as he could remember, a primal instinct. He didn't know how, but he could always sense foreboding ahead of him, when it closed in, and somewhere deep inside, where that instinct came from, he knew, something very real and dangerous was somewhere up ahead in the aquarium, and it could hurt him. Just as sure as the smell of rotting fish was repugnant to him, he just knew.

But there was no going back, Mick was working his ass off, buying Blake time so he could search this place. Just as much as Blake could sense the danger up ahead, he also had the instinctual feeling that answers also lay there, somewhere in this very aquarium, perhaps in the same place the danger was. That was what they were here for, to solve this damned case, and perhaps Blake could go back to sleeping without those goddamned nightmares of being in the deep ocean. Perhaps this was the key to that. Maybe he had to face something in this place, that reminded him so much of the depths of the seas, and of her.

Blake took a deep breath, like he was about to go underwater, and moved forward. His eyes were fixed solely on the darkness in front of him that he paid no attention to his footing, and as he moved his right foot forward...there wasn't any floor to meet his step. Blake fell as he missed a sudden drop step on the way down into the dark tunnel. He landed with a crash on the cold, polished cement floor, after falling down a series of uncomfortable steps. Blake groaned, his ass and back hurt like hell, and got to his feet, ready to walk down the tunnel. He hoped Mick was having an easier time than he was.

...

n the office of the night security guard, Mick was carnivorously sucking on Bear's thick, hot, hard dick, slurping up every drop of pre-cum that Bear was making. Bear looked to be in a state of bliss while

Dave Growl



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Mick was gulping down his massive meat.

“Damn dude, you’re right. You are really good with that mouth of yours,” said Bear, wiping the sides of his mouth dry with the back of his hand, from the excess drool he was salivating. Mick continued to suck Bear’s cock.

“Mfph mph hpmf....” Mick was trying to speak while blowing Bear.

“Don’t speak with ya mouth full man,” groaned Bear as he pulled Mick’s hair to continue the blissful blowjob.

Mick wraps his tongue around Bear’s shaft, massaging it, moving against the base of the head. Bear groans, his pants around his ankles, butt flexing, grabbing on to Mick’s hair tighter. Mick noisily sucks his cock faster, as he humps harder into Mick’s mouth.

Mick’s pants are off as he strokes his big fat cock while sucking Bear. Bear keeps his eye on Mick’s package as Mick sucks him off. He knew why Mick made friends so easily now. He was so good with his mouth. Mick was squatting on the ground, his shirt open to give Bear a good view of his big and full chest, and his belly, his large ass and legs flexing as he stood in his squatting position, on the balls of his feet, sucking his cock with his head slightly turned and body positioned at an outward angle so that Bear could get a full side-view of his body, and glistening tanned hairy chest, belly, and his big wet hard dick, and big balls, and the side of his face and beard. Mick knew Bear would love this angle. Bear groaned and stoked Mick’s beard with his hand, feeling the bulge of his own dick in his cheek. He was getting close. He wanted to cum all over this man’s beard and his big manly chest. He also wanted that huge fat cock in his mouth. Bear grunted as his urge to cum begins to take hold over his body.

“Fuck! I’m gonna.... Ah!” Bear starts to load his manhood into Mick’s mouth; it’s been a couple of days since Bear has taken a load off, so the mass and volume of his cum is much more than usual. This doesn’t deter Mick (he’s used to guys making a lot for him) as he begins to swallow the creamy fluid manhood straight from the tap of Bear’s cock. Bear instinctively wants to shoot all over Mick’s face, beard and big strong hairy chest, and pulls his hard, throbbing wet cock out of Mick’s hungry mouth, and shoots the rest of his pent-up load all over Mick’s beard, face and chest. Mick shuts an eye to keep Bear’s cum from getting in it, but doesn’t seem taken

aback from how much he made Bear cum, and how strong a shot his is. Mick grins, as Bear aims his dick from his face to his chest and covers it in glistening white streams, which drape down like fountains or waterfalls of white honey on his big chest.

“Oh yeah...Nice, Bear,” said Mick, as if congratulating him for a job well done. He looks down at his big cum-covered chest, still one eye closed, like he was permanently winking, with half of Bear’s load still on his bearded face, “Nice.” Mick looks back up at Bear who’s still panting and laughs happily at Mick’s approval.

“Ah, really, dude?” asks Bear, feeling stupid and panting after blowing his load.

“Yeah,” says Mick, nodding, looking up at him, then back at his chest, then rubs a big hand up Bear’s body. “I see why they call you Bear.”

This made Bear chuckle, “Aww shucks man, I’m not that big.” Mick was the bigger out of the two, though Bear was pretty big, himself.

“Yeah, but look how much ya, made Bear,” said Mick, “I mean, damn, Bear.”

This made Bear blush but in a good way (since he didn’t usually get many compliments on his body.)

“Oh yeah?” says Bear. He grabs Mick by the collar of his open shirt, the only thing Mick was wearing at the moment, and pulls him up to him, eye level.

“I’ll show ya a Bear,” said Bear, with a grin.

Bear starts licking Mick, from his beard up his cheek over his eye. He starts licking Mick’s face like a big bear licking honey.

“Haha, take it easy there, man,” says Mick, giggling deeply. It tickles. This makes Bear want to do it even more. “Haha, stop.” Mick chuckles. “Down, Bear.”

Bear takes this as a cue to move to Mick’s big, hairy, fully muscled, bouncy chest and lick up all of his cum from it. Mick’s giggles soon turn to groans, as Bear licks up his big body., and gnaws on his chest.

“I want more, Wolf,” said Bear, growling. “I want more of you and your big body.” Bear chews on one of Mick’s big pecs, he kisses down, his eyes hungrily on Mick big fat cock. He kisses from his big chest, down his belly, and then reaches his groin, where Mick’s massive rod is firm, hot and ready to go, resting, yet alert, above his impressive balls. Bear couldn’t wait to get his lips on it.

Mick sighs in relief as Bear starts to lick the tip of Mick’s dick. Bear laps his tongue on the tip of Mick’s cock, then licks from the base of the shaft to the tip of his head, then run’s his mouth up and down along his long thick hard shaft, while cupping his big round balls

in his hand, tugging on them slightly. Mick bites his lower lip and leans back against the desk of the night security guard, where all the control panels are (there was another set of control panels and switches behind Bear). Mick leans his head back, lifting a leg, huge chest heaving, as Bear grabs hold of his big shaft, puts the head of his dick toward his lips, and slowly takes him into his mouth, drooling over it, wrapping his tongue around it as it slid toward the back of his mouth, and through his tightly pursed lips. Mick groans, takes a deep breath, and looks down grinning, seeing (and feeling) just how hungrily bear was sucking on his cock.

Bear continued sucking hungrily, making Mick's huge thick rod glisten in his saliva, while both his and Mick's big muscular bodies glistened in sweat, like he was sucking on an enormous popsicle, in the summer heat. Mick panted, as Bear sucked him off, leaning further back against the desk and panels, his big naked ass resting on it, while lifting a big bare leg. Mick propped up his big left leg and barefoot on the control panel behind Bear. Bear noisily suck on Mick's cock, then his balls, running his palm along Mick's wet hot shaft as his did, then took his dick back in his mouth. Mick was good at spotting which guys secretly wanted to play with another guy like him, and was good at initiating, but sometimes, like with this "Bear" guy, he was still surprised at just how much they wanted to play with him. Bear was sucking off Mick's cock like he had been starved for it his whole life. A bear as hungry for another man as this, he'd probably make Mick cum in no time.

Mick chuckled.

"That's it," said Mick, chuckling, "Who's a hungry Bear?"

Bear looks up at Mick and says, "I am!" and continues to suck on Mick's dick.

Bear went to town on Mick's big hard shaft, as he groaned, pants off and shirt open as Bear ran his hands up Mick's big sweaty body and chest. Mick growled, shutting his eyes and leaning his head back, as Bear sucked him off and grabbed and played with his big chest. His big left leg lifted up and propped up on one of the control panels, while his big butt sat on Bears control desk. As Mick leaned back he started to move some of the switches and levers on the board (looking as if it was an accident in the heat of the moment) he switched on the air conditioning (as he was sweaty getting all active with Bear) and the as he leaned back, while groaning from Bear sucking on his big dick and balls, Mick used his toes on his big bare foot, as they curled, to switch on aquarium tank lights, while lifting himself up a bit on the panel board with Jezebel

his arms, and subtly switching on the "atmospheric music" and "oceanarium exhibit lights" switches with his hand, and big fingers.

...

The first thing Blake felt in the cavernous black tunnel was a cold breath of air wafting through it against his face. It took a moment for Blake to figure out where this strange breeze came from, before many things happened all around him at once. As Blake started to make his way down the tunnel he froze in shock for a moment as suddenly the tunnel around him burst into life, lighting up blue, and it looked as if he was at the bottom of the ocean. Music was starting to play from some distant speakers (over an intercom system, perhaps), to dramatic effect, as Blake saw all around him many creatures swimming above, and under the floor below, which he saw was made of sturdy glass. Blake was standing in the midst of an enormous Oceanarium tunnel, which extended as far as he could see. There was water above him, as well as below, and on every side, as he may have well been a small speck of life in a glass tube, floating in the middle of the ocean, surrounded by fish, eels, rays, and mostly sharks. Blake looked as several large sharks swam by in the glass tank, he was uncertain if the sharks noticed him or not. He saw an octopus hug the glass with it's tentacles, as a large barracuda passed by. Far above, there was an area that simulated the sea under the powerful waves of the surf, where rays and sturgeons swam, the constantly flowing waves and surf above them, and the entire tunnel below sparkled from the shimmering light above the glittering waves, while sting and manta rays glided like ethereal angels through the blue abyss. Seeing all of the various underwater creatures of the sea made Blake feel like he wanted to jump in and swim amongst them. An animalistic urge to play in the water, like...Blake remembered the dream he has where he was swimming in the water as a tiger. He felt so at peace in the water in those dreams, and here. The oceanarium filled him with an unmatched joy, as if he was a kid again, gazing in wonder all around him.

Now he finally remembered , walking with Jezebel under the oceanarium, looking in wonder as if they were walking like Moses and the Israelites, through the Red Sea (a cliché that Blake gathered most would imagine when visiting this place, Christina

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NAUGHTY ELVES



Featuring

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Naughty Elves











suggested they were under the sea like Poseidon and his kingdom, she loved mythology) but to actually be here, among the rays and the eels, various tropical fish and sharks, was pure enjoyment for him. It made him feel like a child being here, and Blake didn't have many pleasant memories of his childhood. He felt whenever he went to places like this with Christina (Jezebel) he was vicariously relieving a childhood he'd never had. Going on trips to the lake, the zoo, and here is this almost magical aquarium.

It almost was instinctually frightening for him. Seeing these giant marine creatures swimming at him, through invisible looking glass, should have felt dangerous...

And oddly enough, here in a place that looked like he was at the bottom of the sea, Blake felt at home. Blake smiled as the manta and sting rays appeared to fly around him like angels. They flapped their fins like wings, as they glided past him on either side. He couldn't help but grin big at this.

"It's beautiful isn't it?" asked Christina's voice.

...

"Yeah...it is..." Blake looked around him. He felt serene here in the water as the classical music played around him. "I feel majestic."

Christina smiled. She was right beside him now.

"Good, I'm glad," Christina smiled, watching Blake's almost childlike enjoyment of the aquarium.

Blake remembered what she had first told him about the aquarium when he had first scoffed at the idea.

"For someone who loves the water as much as you, you'll love it," she had told him, "I'm surprised you've never been."

And he hadn't, well not in his living memory, there were gaps in his life he didn't seem to recall, but standing amidst the aquatic life, all around in what looked like a wormhole or tunnel of suspended water in the middle of the ocean floor, with sea creatures swimming above him, below and at his sides, he surely would have remembered such a magical place...he...Blake, grouchy, cynical, sarcastic Blake, felt like a child again. He didn't think that was possible. He held out his arms at the manta and stingrays glided by...as if he could touch them...

"Thank you," said Blake, looking around him at the rays, and at some sea turtles that now were

flying overhead, then heartfelt at Christina, "Thank you for showing me such a magical place," he felt so silly saying these words, but her taking him here had softened him up so much, and he let his guard down enough to let her inside this day, and she made him feel vulnerable and childlike again.

She smiled back, warmly at him, bathed in the turquoise blue and glittering ripples of light through water that surrounded them.

"You're welcome, Blake, she said, "And my pleasure."

Blake smiled back, and they held hands. It really was magical for him.

...

But...then...if it has been so magical...why did he forget being here...until now? What happened? Why had he lost that sense about this place? Was it so easily lost as it was gained? Was it because, after she exposed him to such a joy, he had unwittingly let her in, to his most vulnerable spot? Had she showed him and discovered his safe place, only so he could have no place to escape her now? So that her safe place was his safe place? Was it control? Was he to be her prey? Or was it more innocent than that, and Blake was just being cynical again? Or had he, perhaps been too trusting of her, against his better judgment? ... His mind came back to another place, somewhere in this aquarium, when he and Jezebel (Christina) first saw the skeleton... Skeleton? Blake didn't know why his mind had suddenly jumped to this. But he remembered them seeing a skeleton on some kind, somewhere up ahead in this aquarium, as if the memory had paused momentarily, until the time he would reach said skeleton. Blake took a breath, and decided to walk on, leaving the majestic oceanarium behind him. Part of him wished he could just stay here for a little while longer, his arms outstretched, pretending he was "flying" with the manta rays in the ocean, hiding there with them, he didn't feel much bad could happen to him in a place like this. But the guided tour of his memory wouldn't wait for his sentiment, and to stay here would be to risk not finding out what had happened here, if anything worth remembering had transpired while here with Jezebel in the cold aquatic hallways of the aquarium.

Blake looked around as he walked through the Oceanarium, bidding farewell to the manta rays, as Sand Tiger-sharks swam overhead, and barracudas shimmered like shining silver-blue ribbons in the dark blue waters. He moved on...

...

After exiting the oceanarium, one of the first sights that Blake had seen when entering the cavernous bowels of the deep aquarium, was the fossilized skeleton of a mosasaur (a Tylosaurus) embedded into one of the walls, opposite a great shark tank window. The coolness of the air conditioning in this area of the aquarium and the dim blue lighting of this cavern gave Blake the illusion that he really was in deep waters somewhere in the ocean, in some abyssal deep and long forgotten place. The shadow of the large, and very much alive sharks, swimming in the glittering and rippling waters behind the aquarium window, cast on the wall behind it, gave the impression that the great prehistoric reptile was still swimming about in the shadows of the aquarium; as if it's gigantic ghost still swam these cavernous oceanic halls, even though it's skeleton remained here.

This was the first area that truly struck Blake, in spite of the grandeur of the vast oceanarium, which made him feel like he was walking under the seas, as he had not remembered much about being here in the aquarium...until this place....

...He remembered this skeleton in the aquarium from his dreams.

... His mind came back to this place at the time when he and Jezebel (Christina) first saw the skeletal fossil of the great mosasaur together. She had almost run up to it after the excitement that was the oceanarium and that's when she

The way Christina/Jezebel had spoken about them to him, the Tylosaurus, Mosasaurs, made it seem like she had seen them when they were still alive, swimming in the ocean, amidst her, in the ocean's dark depths. Blake imagines her floating serenely in the deep ocean, surrounded by such creatures, as if they had obeyed her; what a strange and impossible image, why was he even envisioning this? ... he had to move on, through the aquarium. ...

...Blake was back at the great mosasaur fossil, at night, in the after hours of the aquarium, shaking himself from his waking dream (or memory). He had to move on, not only because he was afraid of getting lost too deeply in any one memory, but from his sense that it was dangerous to linger in this place for too long. Blake wasn't sure why, but he never questioned these instincts of his lately, they were usually, and terribly, right.

...Blake left the great mosasaur fossil, lingering on the wall, behind him, as if it smiled at him with its gigantic, hungry, dead, jaws...

As Blake left the exhibit, he felt the tiger sharks were following him, eyeing him through the glass in the tank opposite the great skeleton. The shark exhibit was in a completely different place in the aquarium, he remembered that, but their tanks reached all the way to this place, as if the sharks held reign over the rest of the creatures here, keeping an eye on all other things with their hungry eyes.

...

Mick didn't have much time to clean up his body and Bear's, Bear probably wasn't expecting Mick to produce so much. Bear was still in a happy daze from connecting with Mick and didn't seem to care much about anything else at the moment, he was starting to fall asleep, happy and full of Mick's man juice (they had both been covered in it). It had been a big climax with an even bigger load. Bear had been going to town sucking off Mick's big thick man rod, cradling his balls, while Mick groaned and leaned back on the desk, his big legs propped up against the control board, subtly turning on some of the switches with his toes, as he started to reach climax. Suddenly all his muscles tensed, and he started to reach his climax (Bear knew how to work his mouth on his big body surprisingly well) his toes curling, Mick let out a loud moan, kicking up a leg like a dog, and started spurting into Bear's mouth like a firehose. Bear couldn't swallow it all, so he popped Mick's juicy big dick out of his mouth and his strong firing shots of cum got him on the cheek, and chest, Bear tried redirecting Mick's boner, and Mick's load shot all over Mick's huge body, against his abs, chest, beard and face. Bear loved seeing this big strong man's beautiful, full, tanned body getting iced (frosted) in his own cum. Mick was still panting, huge full chest heaving from the intensity of his orgasm, Bear loving the fact he made this big, beautiful guy cum as hard as he did. Bear was satisfied with how loud he made Mick cum, it wasn't every day he got to suck off a big, burly man. He begins to lick the cum off of Mick's big body, Mick lifting up a big arm and posing (presenting) himself to Bear, like a huge feast for him, he grins, and winks, lifting up his leg, so Bear gets the best view of his huge ass, dick and balls as well. Bear wiggles Mick's

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still hard cock in his hand, licking the glistening drops of cum from Mick's huge inner thighs then sucked on those big plump, juicy balls of his, then ran his tongue up the base of Mick's shaft like a huge hard banana, lapping up the trail of drooling cum that was running down it, then started to lick up Mick's happy trail toward his abs (more of a muscle-gut) and belly, and all the cum that had splashed there, and to his big beefy chest. Mick groaned, looking down at Bear as he licked up the cum on his chest and stopped at his big pecs (tits) to give them a lick, and a munch.

Mick grins and grunts with a smile towards Bear. "That's a big bite!" He said, while flexing his pec in Bear's mouth.

Bear growled in approval and sucked hard on his big juicy pecs. This made Mick groan even deeper, and kicked up a big leg as Bear continued to gnaw on Mick's man cleavage. Bear licked up the trail of cum from Mick's chest to his hairy chin and then playfully licks Mick's mouth as if Bear was acting like a dog giving his owner a kiss. They made out a bit, with Mick kicking his leg like an excited dog before Bear went to town on Mick's body again, licking up every drop of his massive amounts of cum on his equally massive body, growling hungrily as he did so. Bear licked up every inch of the big beefcake's body, including his legs feet and toes and under his arms and his big biceps. Mick chuckled from how much it tickled. He was just like a big bear licking up honey all over his body.

"Aww...you're too cute, bear" said Mick, looking down at him, still on his back. Bear looked up to Mick's face and gave him a deep kiss.

"Shut up, dude, and clean me up as well," said Bear, indicating all of Mick's cum that was all over his own face and body.

Mick grinned and chuckled happily. They soon stared licking up Mick's cum from both their bodies, like large dogs kissing each other.

Once they were all cleaned up, their big bodies all shiny from each other's saliva, they started putting their clothes as if they were going back to their usual business, as casually as two friends who were going back to work. While Mick buttoned his shirt over his big chest, he glanced over at Bear, who was sitting with a big dopey grin on his face, while Mick was standing and dressing next to him. Mick always loved seeing other guys' expressions after their fun "hangouts", as some didn't realize how much fun two guys could have together, and the look of satisfaction

and new discovery on their faces afterwards was, in a way, heartwarming to him. These were the kind of things guy friends should know how to help each other out with more often, Mick would always say. Mick also checked to see if Bear noticed his key band, which he had worn as a bracelet, was missing. So far, it looked like he didn't even care of notice.

During their fun, before getting dressed (while Bear was sucking him off on the control panel desk, and Mick's legs were up in the air), Mick had subtly slipped Bear's key band from his wrist onto his bare ankle, like some ankle bracelet from one of the bathhouses he visited. Getting Bear's key band off of him with his toes and slipping his big foot through it was a little difficult, but it was elastic, so it soon ended up on his ankle. The real trick was putting his clothes back on without Bear noticing the key band around Mick's bare ankle, it was a large key ring but it barely fit around Mick's ankle, his legs like big strong thick tree trunks.

"Heh, thanks for the great time buddy," said Mick, buttoning his open shirt over his big bare chest, which, not for lack of trying to clean it all up with their tongues, was partially still covered in his and Bear's cum.

"What? Oh, yeah, sure. Whatever. That was great, man," said Bear with a happy growl.

Mick smirked and pulled on his underwear and pants.

"We should hang out like this more often, Bear," said Mick, "Hah, I always say wolfs and bears should do much more things together, I have a few friends who might like to meet ya," he added, winking.

"Yeah...sounds...great, man," said Bear, his mind still blown from the experience. "Just don't tell anyone in my job about this..."

Mick smirked and nodded, as he finished pulling on his clothes.

"Sure thing, buddy. Oh, also, hope ya don't mind me having a look around the records room, Bear, for old times sake, pal?" asked Mick. "It's been a while since I've seen ya. Hope ya don't mind the favor in return."

"Yeah sure," says Bear, "Whatever dude. Go for it."

Mick smiled.

"Thanks, Bear," said Mick happily.

"Later, Wolf," said Bear, sounding just as happy.

Mick headed out of the room. Before he left, he felt Bear pat his great big round strong ass, hugged tightly in his pants. Mick didn't think too much of it at first, and smirked, a friendly ass pat, he knew

other guys liked his ass. But there was something else, the faintest difference in his back pants pocket against his left ass cheek, it was subtle, but something was there. It felt like folded paper of some kind. Mick would have a look at it later, but one thing was for sure, Bear definitely had placed something in his back pocket, as his hand had cupped his firm round buttock.

...

Blake soon found himself wandering through watery tunnels and coral lagoons, filled with blue-green light that led out into a surprisingly open place, at the center of the aquarium. The door at the end of the corridor opened up so quickly into the cavernous space, that Blake suddenly felt he might fall four floors down to the bottom of the aquarium. Once he adjusted to the sudden change, and the vastness of the place, he was able to appreciate how incredible the view was.

The gigantic chamber was like the inside a cave or inside a dark tower, with ramps and balconies leading to the various floors surrounded by gigantic windows looking into the sea aquarium tanks, where equally gigantic fish, sharks and eels swam. The massive aquatic viewing windows were perhaps 30 to 40 feet tall, the blue shimmer of the water inside reflecting on the dark walls, as if surrounding Blake with some ethereal glittering spell, that was somehow able to reach out of the luminous blue tank and into the dark of the aquarium balconies. This wasn't the only source of light. Far below, beneath the floors of rafters, sloping walk-ramps and balconies, was a vast tank of glittering water. Nothing seemed to be in this tank. It looked as if the aquarium had flooded the bottom floor of the great hall of the aquarium, but it glittered with turquoise blue and green light, like a giant fountain or swimming pool at the bottom of the chamber, about five floors below (it reminded Blake of the lighting and water reflection of the swimming pool he would frequent in the afterhours of his favorite gym and bathhouse, where he had met Mick). The glittering light emitted from the pool below looked to Blake like there were colored lights or coins causing the light from inside the tank and pool to sparkle and dance up the floors and walls of the complex. Even with the power "mysteriously" turned on, thanks to Mick, there was still very little light in this place, except coming from the tanks and their gigantic windows. The way the marine life, the turtles, the paddlefish, the reef sharks, all peered at him as he walked by, it made Blake wonder who was really watching who in Jezebel

this place, and there was the irrational paranoid thought that entered Blake's mind, who were they keeping an eye on him for. It was such a ridiculous thought Blake dismisses it immediately, but it still lingered over his head like the sea creatures that appeared to be tailing him.

Blake descended the cavernous main aquarium chamber. The ramps all led to different floors, with windows alight, rippling with the glittering patterns waters on the other side as the creatures swam through them. Even with the lights turned on (Blake assumed by a helpful big detective, probably nakedly persuading the night security guard with some male to male alone time) it was still very dark in this area for some reason. Maybe it was always like this here, for the ambiance, for the only light source seemed to be coming from the giant, shimmering blue, blue green, and aquamarine windows that surrounded the steep chamber, making it look like it was inside a tower that was built in the middle of the ocean and, by how many floors there were below, it looked like as Blake descended this cavernous "tower", he would be descending further into the depths of this oceanic abyss. At first it appeared that there were only four floors below, but as he walked down the rampways, the number of floors appeared to increase rather than decrease, as what he had mistaken for one floor, became two. Blake wondered if this was an optical illusion put in place by the architect of the aquarium, or whether it was Blake's own mind that was causing this illusion (or if it was an illusion at all). The "tower chamber" ramps weaved in and out different floors and aquarium exhibits, and for awhile Blake kept up his brisk pace, not getting too distracted by the various exhibits of aquatic life on display behind the "windows", as fascinating as they were, as he appeared to be nothing more than a shadow, moving past the majestic backdrops of blue, beaming with life, and the lighted and shadowy windows, as the occupants inside swam past, watching him just as his eyes watched and cried theirs. That was until Blake came to around the third floor in the main, ramped chamber, with an exceptionally gigantic window, as a memory washed over him, almost immediately, as he gazed at the incredible sight. Gigantic green, gold and brown Moray eels swam out from their hiding holes, eyes glued on Blake, jaws gaping, wolf eels peered out from their holes in the corral and rock, looking like disembodied heads. Metallic purple eels, that Blake had never seen before, along with spotted Morays and zebra striped morays joined the fray. Smaller eels, like the blue-ribbon eel, twirled out from their

hiding places like they were performing a dance. To Blake, it looked like a parade of giant snakes and colorful patterns of ribbons and streamers started soaring through the backdrop of blue, the green, emerald, gold and brown moray eels like great serpents or dragons mostly staying in the hidey holes, the colorful purple eels, the whitish and black spotted and striped moray eels more adventurous and exploring the world, coming up to the glass to investigate Blake, the wolf eels like giant, stone, disembodied heads overlooking the rest of the kin and domain.

Opposite the wall of the Eel tanks was where the great octopus dwelled, surrounded by their unsuspecting swimming fish feasts. The glowing baby blue and white cuttlefish, which sometimes appeared to grow rainbow colors, and the blue ringed octopus is what stuck Blake's eyes the most, in the gigantic displays of the aquarium's coral reefs. Blake remembered Christina telling him that eels and octopus would sometimes try to attack and eat each other and that octopi, with their big brains, we're extremely clever, would try to find ways out of their tanks and eat fish in other aquarium tanks. Since only the great aquarium windows were here, Blake doubted that the octopi could get out, but he imagined them sneaking out of their tank, across the cold aquarium floors to try and reach the moray eels and pick a fight with them.

However, the rest of Blake's memory of this place seemed to be obscured and cloudy, in contrast to the clarity of the waters behind the tanks. He had the feeling that something of great importance had been discussed here, in this place, with Christina long ago...but couldn't recall it, as if it was being blocked somehow, perhaps again by her, or had he done this to himself? Perhaps it was too painful to remember? (Blake scoffed at this idea, he, Blake, afraid of a little pain? That wasn't the way he was, having hardened himself for years, and to emotions...well, that was before she had entered his life again, and turned over his shell, exposing his soft underbelly...and then Mick and his friends came in, and he suddenly felt a warmth for someone he hadn't felt for years.)

Blake was about to continue to pass through the rest of the aquarium, and the lower floors, when he thought he saw one of the blue ringed octopus inside the eel tank. He was surprisingly concerned about this, knowing the hostility of the two species toward each other, and didn't want to see two of these marine creatures kill each other before his very eyes, when he noticed what he was looking at was not a blue ringed octopus at all, but another great eel. A

Japanese Dragon Eel soared through the array of colorful patterns in the Eel tank, a spitting reflection of the blue ringed octopus, with a deep vermilion serpentine body, with many spots and rings that appeared bright light blue, and protrusions that looked like devil's horns above its deep blue eyes. Blake watched this fascinating creature swim up to the glass and seemingly stare at him, then loop around like a snake slithering through the middle of the water, showing off its colorful spots.

"It's also known as the leopard moray eel, and the tiger moray eel," said Christina's voice from the depths of Blake's memory, like a tiny sound from a distant light, that was blinking on and off.

...

Blake could barely make out his and Christina's silhouettes, standing next to each other in front of the vast aquarium window of the blue eel tanks, in this main aquarium chamber, leaning against the railing while watching the eels. The shadow of an octopus behind them swims and crawls across the glass, while a large green moray opens and closes its jaws and flexes its gills while looking blankly with its glossy eyes.

"Some still argue over whether it's the difference in color whether to call them a leopard, tiger or dragon," said Christina, next to him, "Or whether it's the location it's found, in the Pacific Ocean, whether in Hawaii, Korea, New Caledonia, or Japan, but I think it's a trivial matter. I prefer to call it the Japanese Dragon Eel. It makes it sound more exotic and tropical. I love eels, they remind me of some miniature cousins of some great ancient things that might have been swimming in these tropical waters thousands of years ago. Doesn't that just wet the palette of your imagination, Blake?"

"It sure is a mean looking thing," said Blake, scowling at the colorful eel.

"Yes, but you could say that about anything that beautiful, with a disgruntled look, and sharp teeth, that looks pretty, but deadly," she looks over, smiling at Blake, "Even you..."

Blake looks at Christina, raising an eyebrow, as she smiles at him, tilting her head, amused at his confused look.

Blake was sure either he or Christina was about to say something in this memory, but nothing happened, just a long eerie silence in front of the Eel tanks, as Jezebel (not Christina this time, not from the long hungry stare she was now exhibiting) stared with that beautiful, yet disturbingly bright smile of hers, for

Jezebel

an unnatural amount of time, as if that image of her smiling was superimposed over another image or memory, to take it's place, or the image of her smiling and staring at him with her almost glowing cobalt eyes, had frozen in mid frame, like a reel in a movie, and was stuck on this frame, until the once beautiful image of her smile turned eerie (almost ghastly). Suddenly they were both in a slightly different position, slightly closer to each other in body, and yet, emotionally, felt further apart. Christina almost seemed to have a tear running down her cheek as she looked up at the tank, watching the rippling waters reflect across the vast dark room. Blake looked at her concerned.

"You okay, Chris?" Blake asked, he didn't know why he was so concerned for her, but something she had said made him feel worried about her.

"Yeah...it's noting..." said Christina, smiling, but her eyes still glistening from tears. "Just old memories. Come on," she said brushing off the subject. "Lets go downstairs, these eels are making me want to go see the tropical fish."

"Alright," said Blake, smiling at her, "Whatever you want."

"Thanks, Blake," said Christina, who was evidently trying to hide her sorrow. Was this sorrow real, or made obvious so he would comfort her? Blake now saw this event in a completely different light. They walked off, along the railing, against the backdrop of the great eel tank, arm in arm, as the close to a classical song played...Blake couldn't quite remember which one it was. The memory cleared like clouds of sugar dissolving in a boiling hot pot of tea, or salt dissolving in a boiling pot of water.

...

Blake was alone and unnerved, still standing in front of the eel tank, as the Japanese Dragon Eel looked at him, it's blue rings and spots looking like extra eyes. What was that? Something was wrong. Something was missing from that memory. What had happened? Why was Christina smiling for so long then suddenly sad? What was it? Did Blake forget, or was something preventing him access from his own memories? Was that even possible, and if so. why was that piece missing from this memory?

Blake walked on, knowing where he needed to go now, where he and Christina went after this long ago. Down to where the tropical fish were, and he had a vague indication what exhibit lay just beyond that...

but he had to see for himself. Blake's mind occupied by finding out what it was he had forgotten, he failed to notice the number markers, just to the right of the great eel tank.

...

The door to the dark records room opens as Mick shines his flashlight inside. He tries to turn on the switch but the power seemed to be out here (perhaps he had forgotten to turn on the power to this place with his bare toes or fingers when he was getting frisky with Bear). His flashlight would have to do. There was one thing he was after in this place, while Blake tried to find his answers elsewhere. A hunch he'd had ever since Blake had told him of the places his old blue flame, Jezebel, liked to frequent and the list he had shown to him earlier this night. There was also the name "Newman" and the other names that had been in Jezebel's (or Christina's) handwriting in the guestbook of the World's fair, at times she shouldn't have even been old enough to be there. Signs of her being in this city, at historical places, at times she shouldn't have. Mick had a horrible hunch about her, as he looked through the giant, closet-like room of records of the aquarium, and he hoped, for Blake's sake, he was wrong.

He looked at the metal cabinets, behind caged doors, and finally found the section he'd been looking for, "Patronage". Mick shined his flashlight up at the number above the caged door.

...

Blake passes the number marker next to the Eel tank.

As Mick looks through the records of the aquarium, shining his flashlight above the caged door, he comes across file holder vault door number "22."

...

Blake passes the marker number "22" next to the Eel tank, as he descended the ramp from the main aquarium chamber, into a neighboring hallway.

...

(TO BE CONTINUED...)

Christmas **COCK**

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