

DHM

Desert Heat Magazine



DRIVER
RECRUITER

All Men Are Beautiful!
December 2025 | Issue 84

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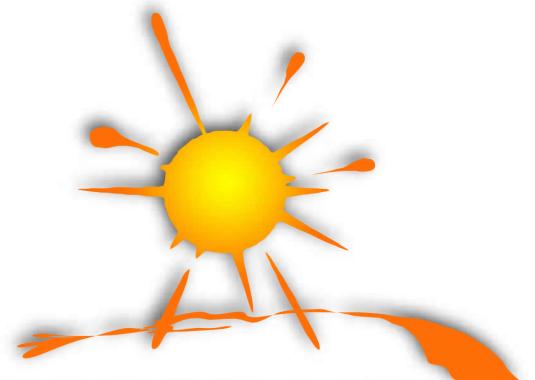
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MAGAZINE

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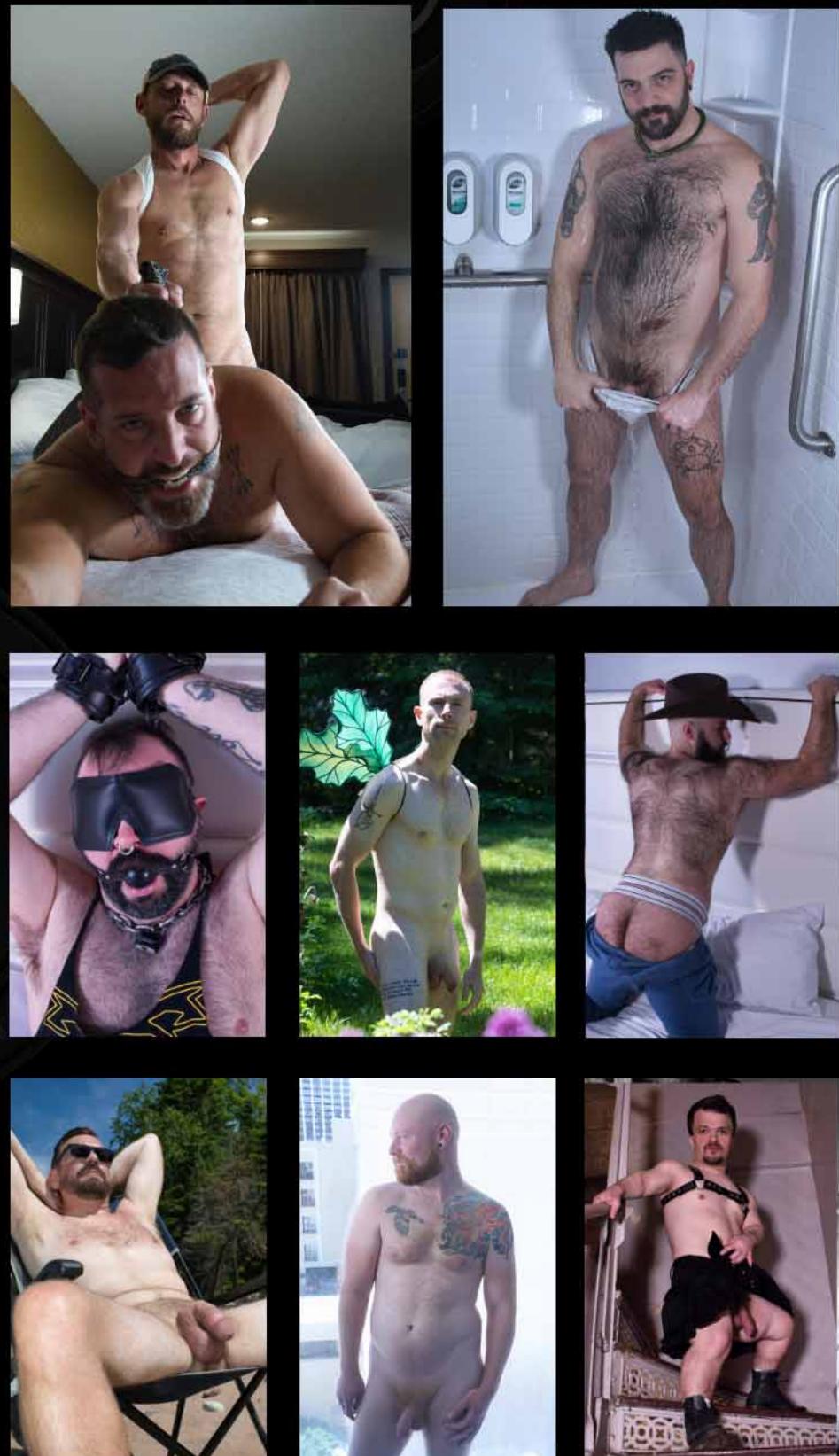
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All Men Are Beautiful

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BeeJay



Here Kitty

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Rusty Taylor

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Ramblings From the Editor

We survived it!! Well, almost! Another year! And the Orange idiot has not started a global nuclear war. And you hear that there is nothing to be thankful for this season. Wrong! At least there is that.

Oh, before I forget, I apologize for this Issue being late. I had some problems at the ole homestead that took precedence over getting the Issue out. It took a few extra days but things are back to normal here and the Issue is out. All is right in the world, for the moment.

This is the time of the year that is toughest on a lot of people. The holiday season brings out feelings that a lot of people keep buried all year long. Or our families put unnecessary stress on a time of year that is suppose to be full of joy and happiness. Or, and this is the toughest one for some, people are alone with nobody reaching out to check up on them, bring them that joy and happiness or help them achieve it.

I was thinking the other day of how my family use to get together for the holidays. It was a big thing for us. Everyone traveled from wherever they were just to ensure everyone was together for the holiday. It meant something. And now realize, we weren't the richest family in the world, hell, we were quite poor, if I am being honest in retrospect, but we still managed to all get together under the same roof for this part of the year. And we didn't need all the high-tech fancy gifts people get these years. It was enough to be together, laughing and singing and just acting the fools because we knew we were with those around us that just know it was how you acted.

Those days sure are gone, aren't they? Even my friends who have the most die hard holiday focused families have said that traditions are disappearing fast. I wonder why? What is causing this rift in just finding joy? Can we ever find that bliss again or are we too fucked in the head to go down that path any longer? Good question, right?

On a complete change of course, anybody else as happy as pig in shit that the Supreme "bought off"

Court has decided not to hear the case about gay marriage? I thought for sure that things were going to go into the toilet in that battle, tbh. But then again, maybe it's just not a hill they want to die on?!?!? Perhaps they are smart enough, however highly unlikely that is, to realize it is going to be a huge battle if they try to make 3rd class citizens in this Country. And that fat cow, yeah, I said it, of a county clerk should go back to stuffing her face and watching kiddie porn rather than claim religious rights for not doing her job.

And here's a shameless plug, because I can LOL, if anyone is going to be at Bear Bash this year,

I'm wanting to get some guys in front of my camera for the Mag. The cool part is that most folks are staying at the same resort for the event so I hope to get a few of you in front of my lens. If you haven't heard of the event, you're missing fun. The whole resort is sold to the event so it's only bears and their admirers all weekend long (and there's plenty of nudity for those that like to be that way).

Desert Heat Magazine would like to thank you for your continued support and to wish and yours a wonderful holiday season. Stay safe! Stay Warm! And love each other now even more so than you normally do!!!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John

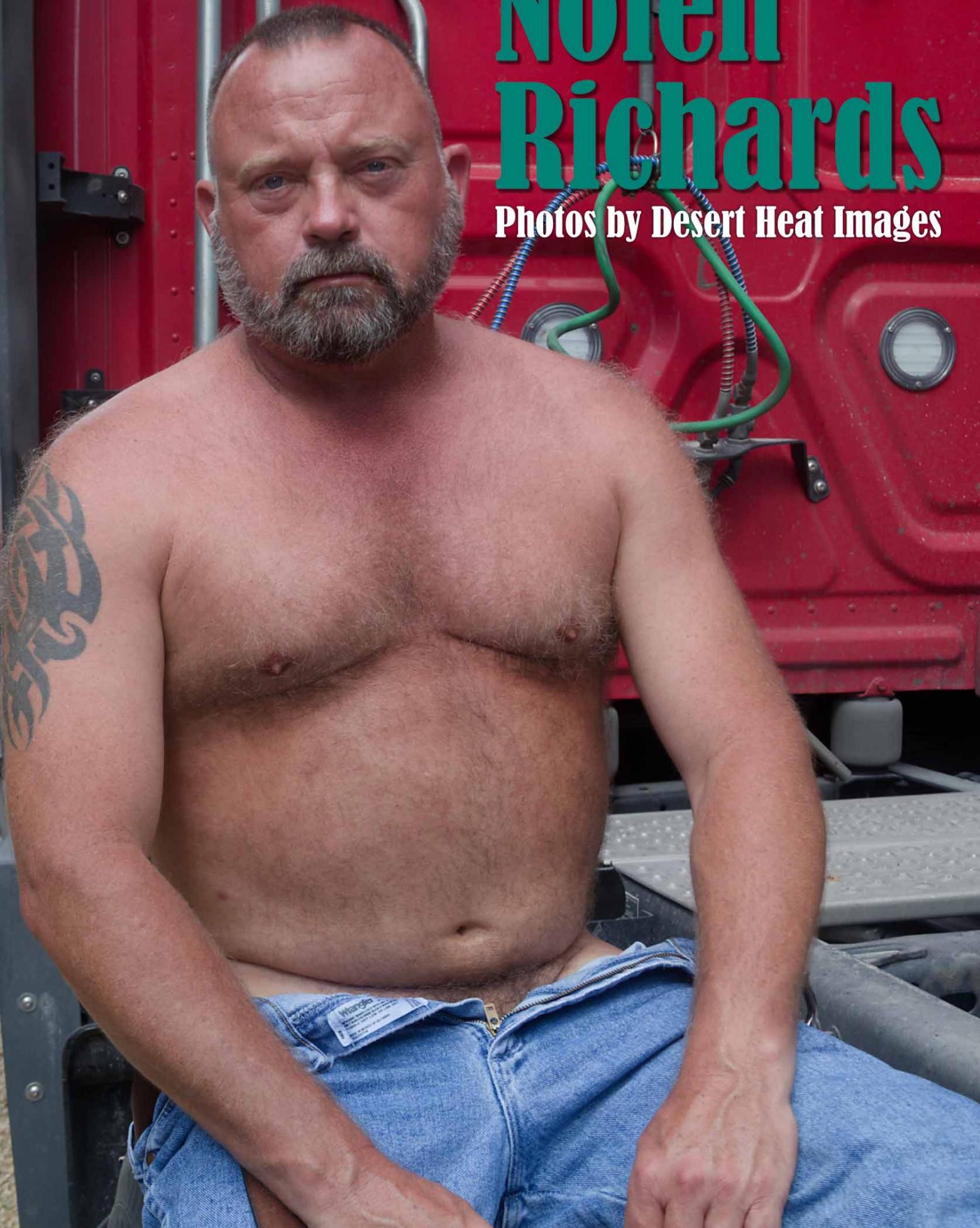
Merry Christmas



DHM
Desert Heat Magazine

Nolen Richards

Photos by Desert Heat Images









Nolen Richards





Nolen Richards





Tony

The Marine

Story by marquis-bryanq196

Here's to another personal stories of mines. This one's about my old military friend named Tony. Short white guy from Massachusetts who loved drinking. Met him off the Whisper app and eventually started hanging out frequently. This is the first of many stories I have about him. So the first time I sucked his dick, it was when I casually mentioned the "how many beers until I can touch your dick?" joke was when I invited him over for dinner and he brought a bottle of jack and coke. When I told him that, he stopped and said, "well let me down this and I'll consider letting you touch it outside my pants." So the problem was is that I had roommates and I shared a room so the only other option was public fun. It's dark out and I told him, "Well if you're down I'm down but we can't do it here, but I know a spot. Dark area where you can whip it out and I can jerk it a bit." He looked at me and then picked up his glass, chugged his drink then said "Alright, let's go."

We walked out of my apartment to around the corner of the street where a lot of cars parked and it was really dark out, no street lights. So we walked by a big truck that gave enough coverage and had him lean back on the gate that was there. He unzipped and lo and behold his cock limped out. He was free balling it and his balls were really fat. He was cut and when I went to reach for him he said, "By the way I'm a grower so don't get disappointed by what you see now." I started to slowly jerk his dick, the skin felt extremely soft and

smooth. It didn't take him much to get hard because after a few quick strokes he was almost rock hard and his head was dripping precum. I rubbed his precum on the tip of his head and I could hear him release a slight moan. He was looking at me while I touched his cock, when I took my hand off it I looked at him while I licked the precum off my finger. "Wow he's woken up I see, and he's very very thick with a mushroom head. The ladies must love this huh?" He smirked and said, "They can barely fit in their mouth let alone their pussy. They can only take half the head."

I kneeled on my knees and leaned forward to put his cock in my mouth, I started by licking his head and passing my tongue through the piss hole. I could hear him say "fuuuuuuuck" in a low whisper. That's when I began to engulf him in my mouth. He was right the head was a bit more than mouthful but I was able to get past it and half his cock into my mouth. I let him soak in my mouth before I began to bob slowly up and down. He then dropped his pants down and began slowly thrusting. I went about 5 minutes before I got off his dick because cars were starting to drive by. When I got off his dick he looked disappointed and he asked why I'd stop. I told him I knew a spot near the train station across the street that had an open field in where we could go behind bushes and not be seen by anybody. He pulled up his jeans, and buttoned his pants, didn't bother to zip and said, "Well then, lead the way."

So we crossed the street down to the train station and made it to the field. As walked I heard Tony unbuttoning his pants and he dropped them once we far from the station. He said, "this should be far enough so people don't see your sucking my cock." I hesitated at first but then just got on my knees once I saw that we were on the clear. He was rock hard still and he had that hungry look of sexual desire in his eyes. I began licking his balls and then sucked on them. Made my way up to his cock. I began sucking it, bobbing up and down in where his cock was getting sloppy wet. He was groaning in pleasure at that point he had his hands gripping my hair. "Your mouth feels so good on my mouth, so warm and wet just like pussy. Go faster up and down, make your drool Mae my cock even more wet." He was really into it, I could taste his precum with each thrust. While was getting mouth fucked I had my hands move up and down his thighs and legs. I grabbed his butt and man did it feel as soft as a baby bottom but really really firm. He had a peach. I began squeezing his cheeks as I felt him up. That made Tony go even faster because he started saying, "Yes just like that, smack my ass hard too." He ended up mouth fucking me for a good twenty minutes until we took a break. He pulled up his pants, and told me that he didn't expect to get his dick wet tonight and laughed it off. At that time he had call come in and it turned out his buddies had come off base to go to the bars and they wanted to know where he was at. He looked at me with concern and I told him "go ahead it's fine with me, we can finish some other time if you're willing to."

He was bummed about the interference his friends made but then again he needed a ride back on Camp Pendleton. So we made our way back to the nearby Taco Bell, and we waited in the lobby until his friends came and grabbed him. Throughout the night he'd was texting me saying

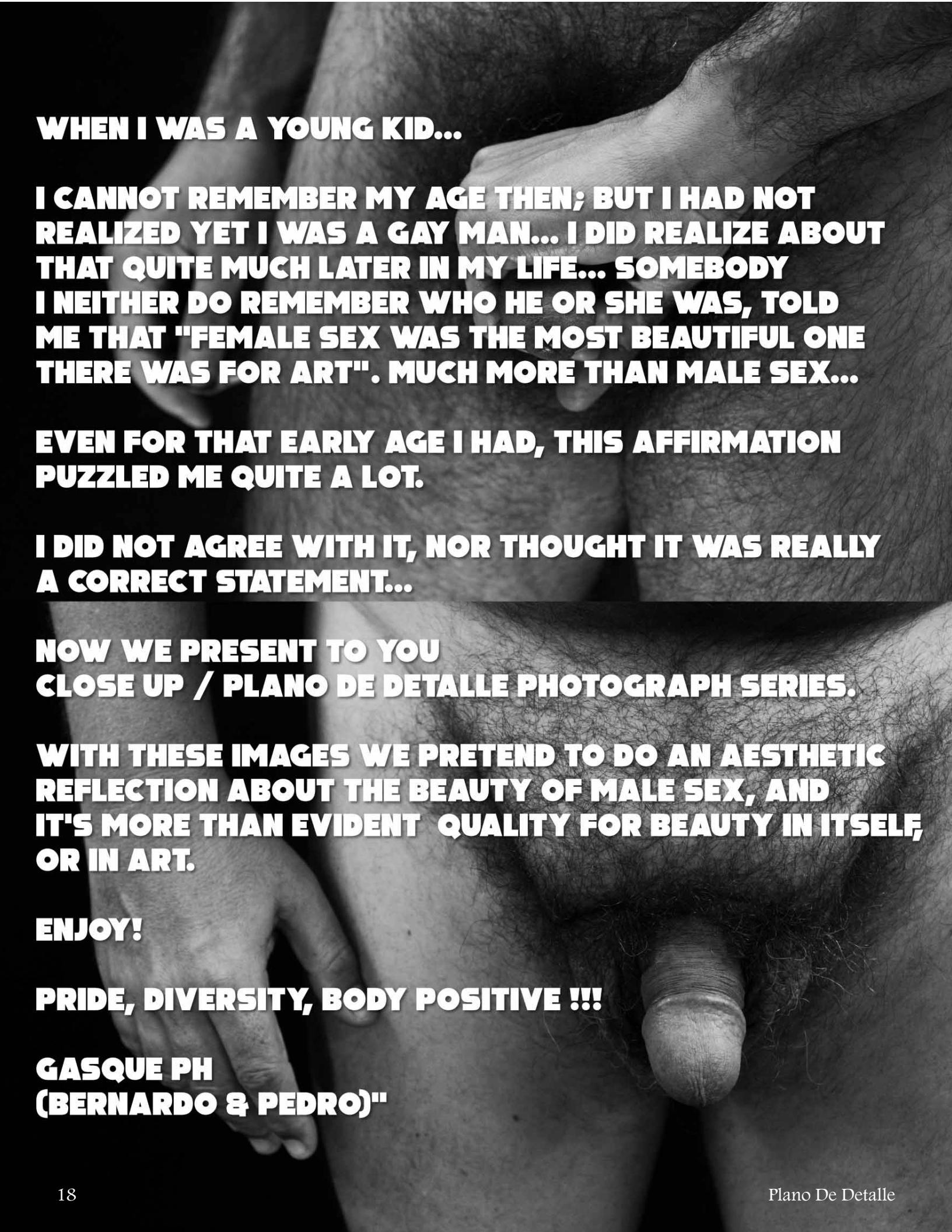
"I could have my friends pick you up and you can stay with me in the barracks since I don't have a roommate.", "if they get drunk enough they won't care if i you suck me in the back seat of the car, they might wanna go too.", "I'm on the verge of telling them to drop me back off at the Taco Bell so we can finish that blow job." He would go into the bar stalls and send me snaps of his hard cock and videos of him jerking saying "wish it was you doing this in the stall." I told him that I didn't want to cause an issue because I didn't know how his friends would react if the found out I was sucking his dick. Tony was thinking with the other head all night. He even began calling while they were driving back to base. He'd leave voicemails saying "take a taxi on base", "I can pay one of my friends to pick you and bring you to my room." He was really hungry for my mouth all night. I just repeatedly told him that we could finished another time and we could get a room. The last thing he sent me that night was a clip on Snapchat of his jerking off until he shot his load all over his stomach and he tasted it. After that he blacked out. I didn't hear from him until he got drunk a few days later and well that's another story.

There are multiple times I met up with Tony after that, we got motel rooms on nights he'd drive off base drunk, he'd pick me up. I'd give him head, there was a time he attempted to fuck me but he could get it in because I was too tight, another time was when he had me give him head and rim job, and one time when he asked me to "help him feel what woman feels when she gets fucked", so yes I ended up fucking him twice. The last time I saw him was on his birthday 3 years ago in where he brought me over to his apartment with his wife and well I'll leave that story for another time. I will eventually tell the stories over time. I'd don't talk to Tony anymore since he left the marines but I still have his dick pics and video I look back at from time to time.



PLANO DE DETALLE CLOSE UP

Photography by
GASQUE ph



WHEN I WAS A YOUNG KID...

I CANNOT REMEMBER MY AGE THEN; BUT I HAD NOT REALIZED YET I WAS A GAY MAN... I DID REALIZE ABOUT THAT QUITE MUCH LATER IN MY LIFE... SOMEBODY I NEITHER DO REMEMBER WHO HE OR SHE WAS, TOLD ME THAT "FEMALE SEX WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ONE THERE WAS FOR ART". MUCH MORE THAN MALE SEX...

EVEN FOR THAT EARLY AGE I HAD, THIS AFFIRMATION PUZZLED ME QUITE A LOT.

I DID NOT AGREE WITH IT, NOR THOUGHT IT WAS REALLY A CORRECT STATEMENT...

NOW WE PRESENT TO YOU CLOSE UP / PLANO DE DETALLE PHOTOGRAPH SERIES.

WITH THESE IMAGES WE PRETEND TO DO AN AESTHETIC REFLECTION ABOUT THE BEAUTY OF MALE SEX, AND IT'S MORE THAN EVIDENT QUALITY FOR BEAUTY IN ITSELF, OR IN ART.

ENJOY!

PRIDE, DIVERSITY, BODY POSITIVE !!!

**GASQUE PH
(BERNARDO & PEDRO)"**











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RUSTY TAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SARGE

















by

SARGE

PHOTOGRAPHY

A large, semi-transparent white camera silhouette watermark is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image, partially overlapping the text.



MIR

International Rubber Weekend



IMAGES BY JOSEPH STEVENS



THE 29TH MIR INTERNATIONAL RUBBER WEEKEND TOOK PLACE AT THE HILTON ROSEMONT/CHICAGO O'HARE, 5550 N RIVER ROAD, ROSEMONT, IL FROM OCTOBER 17-19, 2025 WITH THE MAIN CONTEST TOOK PLACE AT THE CROWNE PLAZA CHICAGO O'HARE HOTEL, 5450 N RIVER ROAD, ROSEMONT, IL.

THIS YEAR'S THEME WAS 'RUBBERLESQUE.' THE RUBBER MARKET EXPANDED IN IT'S NEW SPACE AND DREW AN EVEN LARGER CROWD OF SHOPPERS THAN PREVIOUS YEARS. THIS MARKED THE SECOND YEAR THAT MIR WAS COMPLETELY GENDER INCLUSIVE.

RUSH, MIR28, GAVE HIS STEP-DOWN SPEECH AT THE OPENING CEREMONIES ON OCTOBER 17, WHICH ALSO INCLUDED THE INTRODUCTION OF THE JUDGES PANE AND THE SEVEN COMPETING CONTESTANTS.

THIS YEAR, ELLIOTT EVE OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, WON THE MIR29 TITLE, BECOMING THE FIRST MX INTERNATIONAL RUBBER, WHILE THE FIRST RUNNER UP WAS CHICAGO'S VERY OWN, MAGNUS, AND THE SECOND RUNNER UP WAS MINOS MONRO OF SAN FRANCISCO.









MIR International Rubber Weekend





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The Long Road Home

One Man's Journey
to (Internet) Nudity

By
Tony



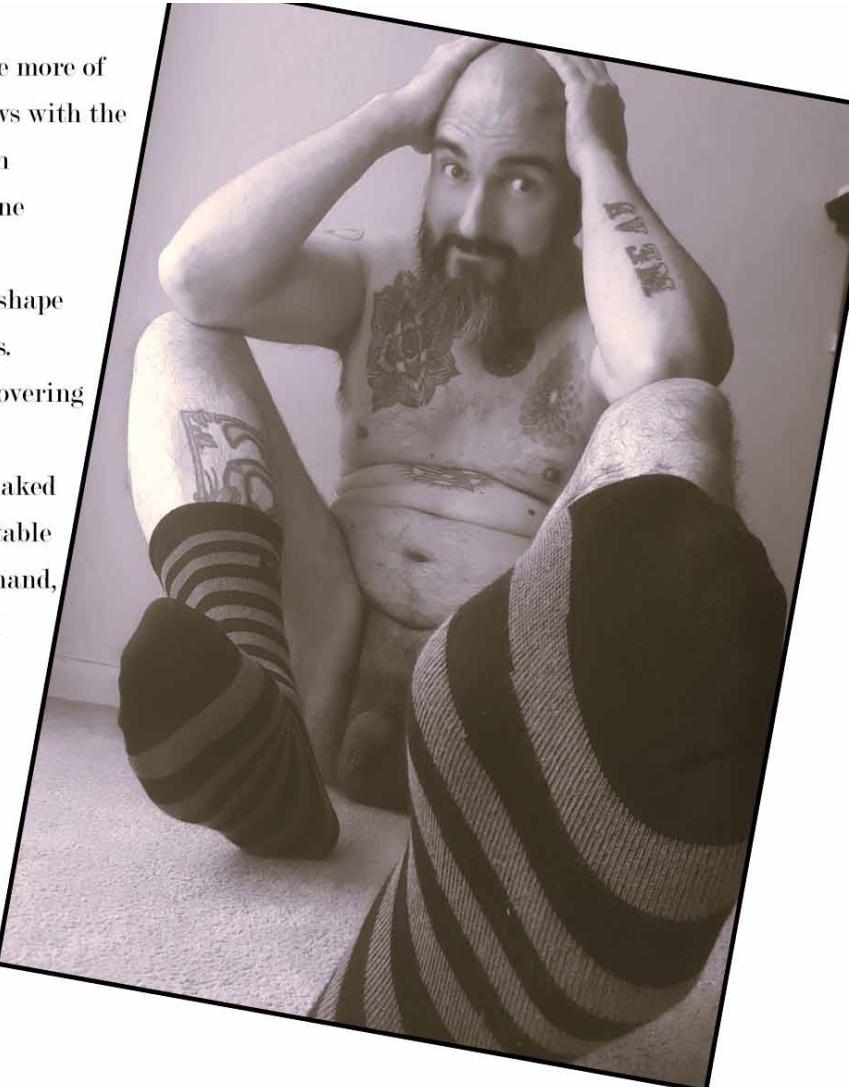
I'll start by thanking John for the opportunity to share some more of my photos in this issue and introduce the rest of what follows with the clichéd line "If it helps or inspires one person, then it's been worthwhile." How great it is to have a body-positive magazine like DHM! It's a valuable mirror of inclusivity, and more prominently, that we are all attracted to some kind of body shape from the young and slim to the big fat daddies and grandpas. When you struggle with body image or self-acceptance, discovering you're attractive to someone – anyone – can be a big and self-affirming thing. Sometimes, allowing people to see us naked (or even shirtless) is an equally big deal if we're not comfortable in our own bodies. Nudity and inhibition then go hand in hand, and it can be like slowly undoing a complex knot to unravel it all.

It All Starts Here!

My earliest awareness of nudity as a healthy thing almost seemed to pre-date my age; I had an old head on young shoulders when I was a kid, wise beyond my childhood years. Running across top-shelf copies of H&E magazine (for naturists) in that way teenage boys' eyes used to wander upwards in shops, they represented early and secretly-held examples of ordinary people enjoying being naked without judgement: complete self-acceptance and equality with others. A great and admirable thing to look up to! All-over tans, a sense of relaxedness and no prudishness – it all equated to a healthy and easy-going approach to life. Something to aspire to, yet so far away from anything I had been brought up with. In addition, finding pictures of naked guys in British gay magazines from the 1980s such as Zipper, Vulcan and HIM, such models and appearances all seemed another world away.

Struggling with self image

In mid-life and in the right company, I've often reflected philosophically on my teenage schooldays as having the five Gs: gay, goofy, gangly, greasy skin and glasses. I was the ideal target for every bully in an all-boys school. The confidence needle was stuck on zero. Growing up gay in the early 80s was a very harsh time in Britain under the joining clouds of HIV's prevalence in the gay community, the UK's Section 28 legislation and febrile tabloid homophobia. Add to my five-G litany a scar from a babyhood operation and the family's propensity for moles, and the idea of appearing naked in a magazine felt like something waiting to be detected in a very remote galaxy. In those heady but homophobic teenage days of the 1980s, embodied perfectly by Rock Hudson appearing in *Dynasty* when he was HIV positive, thereby reflecting the excesses yet fearful time of that decade, no-one ever dreamt of the Internet and the array of possibilities it would bring us.





Fear of being recorded or seen

Cybersex, as many called it near the turn of the century, was something people were desperately trying to achieve with early webcams on dial-up connections. It pre-empted my first experiences of regular camming by about five years. My first exploration of anything fetish-related was in vacuum pumping and around 2005 there were several of us camming showing our cocks and balls on camera, and not much else. But out of that collective experience was a growing curiosity – no pun intended – about what the men-behind-the-meat were like. Frightened of being recorded we only offered each other short glimpses of our faces before pointing the camera downwards again. Discovering that other guys thought you were nice-looking or hot suddenly pitchforked our confidence levels. Over many years our

camming experiences inverted almost completely, to the point that we just talked openly and showing face, then incidentally showed our pump buds what had been growing under the desk. Around 2006-7, tumblr, the great digital photofest of everything possible in the sexual spectrum (and other less adult topics) came to prominence. Yet, despite my late-night shenanigans on vacuum pumping sites, the possibility of participating in it fully with photos of my own was shut down by the traditions known as "career" and a conservative partner. Photos I posted then were faceless. Not really satisfying, but very cautious beginning, nevertheless. I longed to be a part of it fully (for which read "showing face") but it had to be a no.

Changing perspectives on life

Then when I was 40 in 2009, my life was razed to the ground in ways no-one expected. I lost everyone close to me and, as many of us come to discover, death brings liberation. I left a job I hated and so I was free of every chain that had held me down. And at 40, you realise that life is galloping quickly towards you from a distant horizon, and that maybe you're half-way through it (if you're lucky). I know many of us have experienced that awareness in our forties, realising how short life is and why it's important to go after **EVERYTHING** we want to do in life. That was when I grabbed life by the now-much-bigger balls and embarked on the bearding and tattoo journeys, fulfilling repressed parts of my identity that all the conservative people in my life would struggle to accept and understand. I grew into the person I had always wanted to become





Changing Communities Online

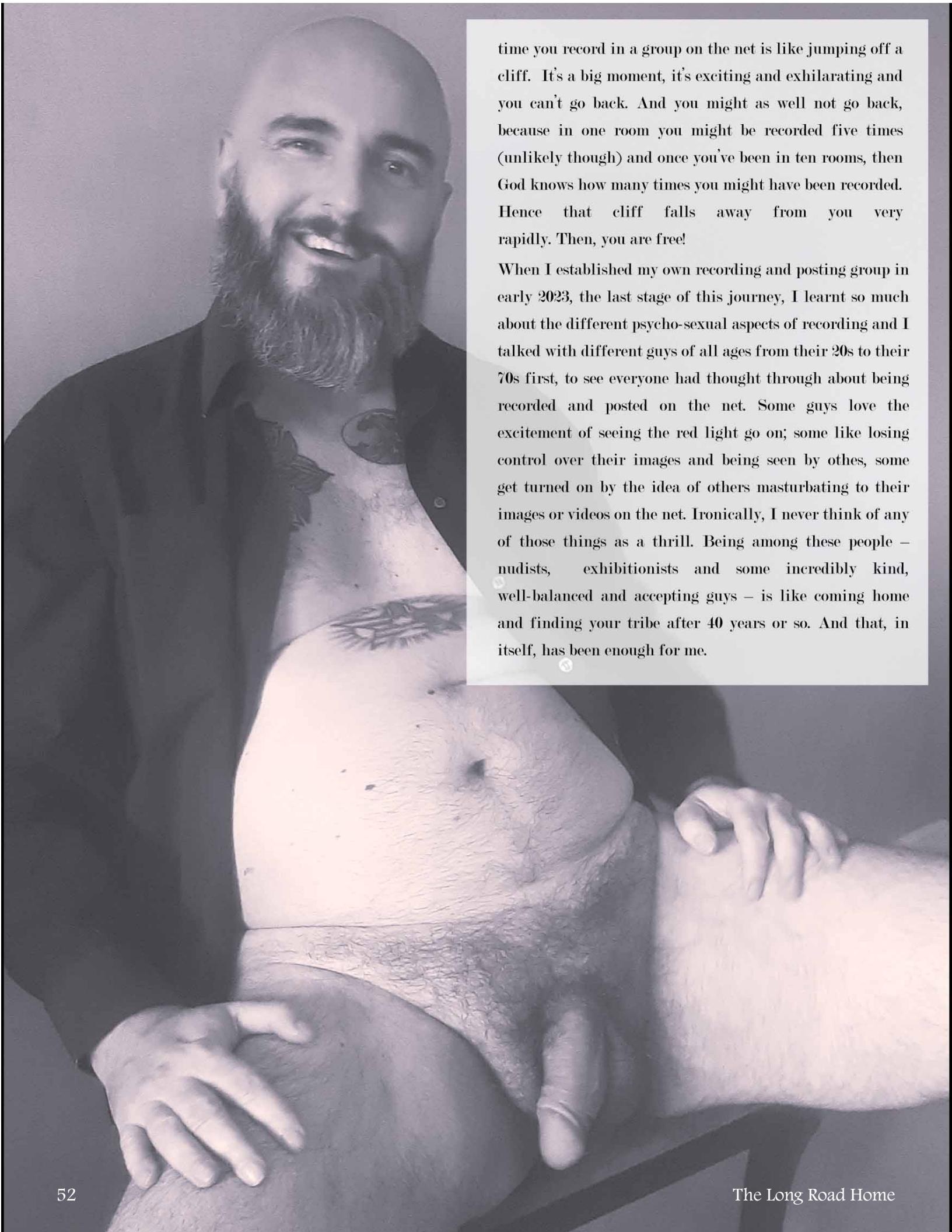
In 2015 I left the pumping community and moved into the poppers community; probably one of the best decisions of my life. I now became a much more regular and proper cammer (doing poppers on camera without showing face is a pretty worthless experience). I found myself

running a hugely successful group on Skype called “Popperbators Over 40” that was conceived as a safe space for mature huffers, and was in demand for leading rooms and calls. Leading rooms and groups and setting guidelines for no recording made everything safe for everyone. And so there comes a time when you (or I) hit a rich seam where suddenly you realise you’re on the right path for you. Being in the poppers community brought me closer to nudists and exhibitionists and men who were naturally at ease with their own nudity, and it was like coming home. Feeling more comfortable in my tattooed and more mature body, the desire to leave clothes off was now easily fulfilled and I found myself walking among my own long-admired type. These were the people I had aspired to be like: the ones that were confident enough to be seen naked on the net, time and time again. I would follow in their footsteps with an alt Twitter account, which was an immensely validating experience, 3,000 followers in a year! Initially I was nervous of doing it, but the winds of success blow nerves away quicker than anything. I consolidated my position as a nudist by going to a nudist beach for the first time ever in 2023 and it seemed like the most natural thing in the world. Yet it felt like planting a flag on a mountain summit.



Moving into recording

When you’ve spent a lot of time in non-recording rooms on the net, the ones where recording does take place have a danger-zone appeal. A beginner in the recording sector never knows what they are stepping into (unless they’re in secure and familiar company). The first time I ventured into a recording room I was filled with trepidation – but actually it was very boring when I got in there! Yet, as it turns out the recording experience is much nicer than the non-recording one, because you don’t have a fear of being recorded. You know you are being recorded. For many, that’s a very exciting thing. And because fewer guys are in the right place for showing their faces, recording rooms tend to be less busy and there is a greater sense of openness, which is liberating and welcoming. (That word comes again: liberating. And it’s notable that it does, because these are journeys where we are learning to free ourselves from the weight of our own fears and others’ judgements.) The first



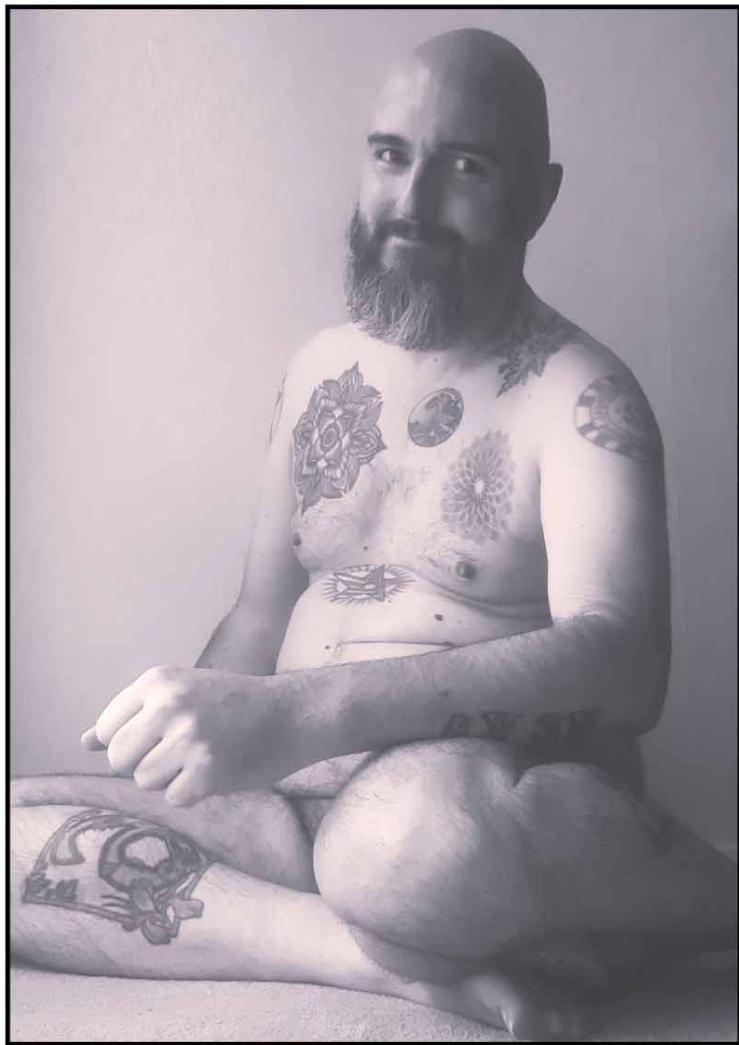
time you record in a group on the net is like jumping off a cliff. It's a big moment, it's exciting and exhilarating and you can't go back. And you might as well not go back, because in one room you might be recorded five times (unlikely though) and once you've been in ten rooms, then God knows how many times you might have been recorded. Hence that cliff falls away from you very rapidly. Then, you are free!

When I established my own recording and posting group in early 2023, the last stage of this journey, I learnt so much about the different psycho-sexual aspects of recording and I talked with different guys of all ages from their 20s to their 70s first, to see everyone had thought through about being recorded and posted on the net. Some guys love the excitement of seeing the red light go on; some like losing control over their images and being seen by others, some get turned on by the idea of others masturbating to their images or videos on the net. Ironically, I never think of any of those things as a thrill. Being among these people – nudists, exhibitionists and some incredibly kind, well-balanced and accepting guys – is like coming home and finding your tribe after 40 years or so. And that, in itself, has been enough for me.

I have learnt a lot of things throughout that 20-year journey that I am happy to share with others. What could anyone else take away from it?

- **Life is short. Go after what you want to do and DO IT.**

Confidence and courage are attractive qualities in anyone. *In life we always regret what we didn't do and hardly ever regret what we did do. Honour your needs and what is calling you!*



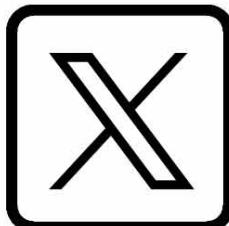
- **Don't let other people get in the way of your self-expression. Being your true self is the only way to be happy. Real happiness comes from within, and then it shows on the outside. That counts for every aspect of sexuality, identity and expression. Sometimes it takes courage to be your true self – every LGBT person knows that – but with courage comes growth, fulfilment and progress in life. Be not afraid of growing slowly. Be afraid only of standing still.**

- **Changes to self-image can be dramatic but incredibly good for you. When your confidence goes up on the inside and you feel great, it's a lot easier to worry less about what others think of you on the outside. Like a seesaw! If people are ignorant enough to judge you on your appearance, that's their loss and not yours.**

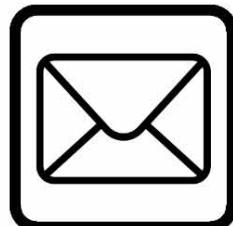
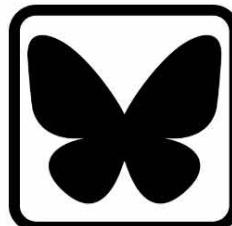
- **As for gay posting and recording on the net, if you're in subcultures in the gay world, the chances of your being found on the net are really small because we are a niche within a niche; the gay world itself is a small one. Many young guys already have healthy perspectives on the unlikelihood of their being found, because straight people don't go looking for what's happening in our domains. And equally, many young guys are finding their own bate brothers and buddies and enjoying levels of openness and acceptance that many of us would have given our jacking hand for, back in the 1980s.**

- **Follow your instincts to find your tribe. Once you've found "your people" you won't let them go. You are one of them and they are each one like you. You've reached home!**

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The Long Road Home





King Fantasy

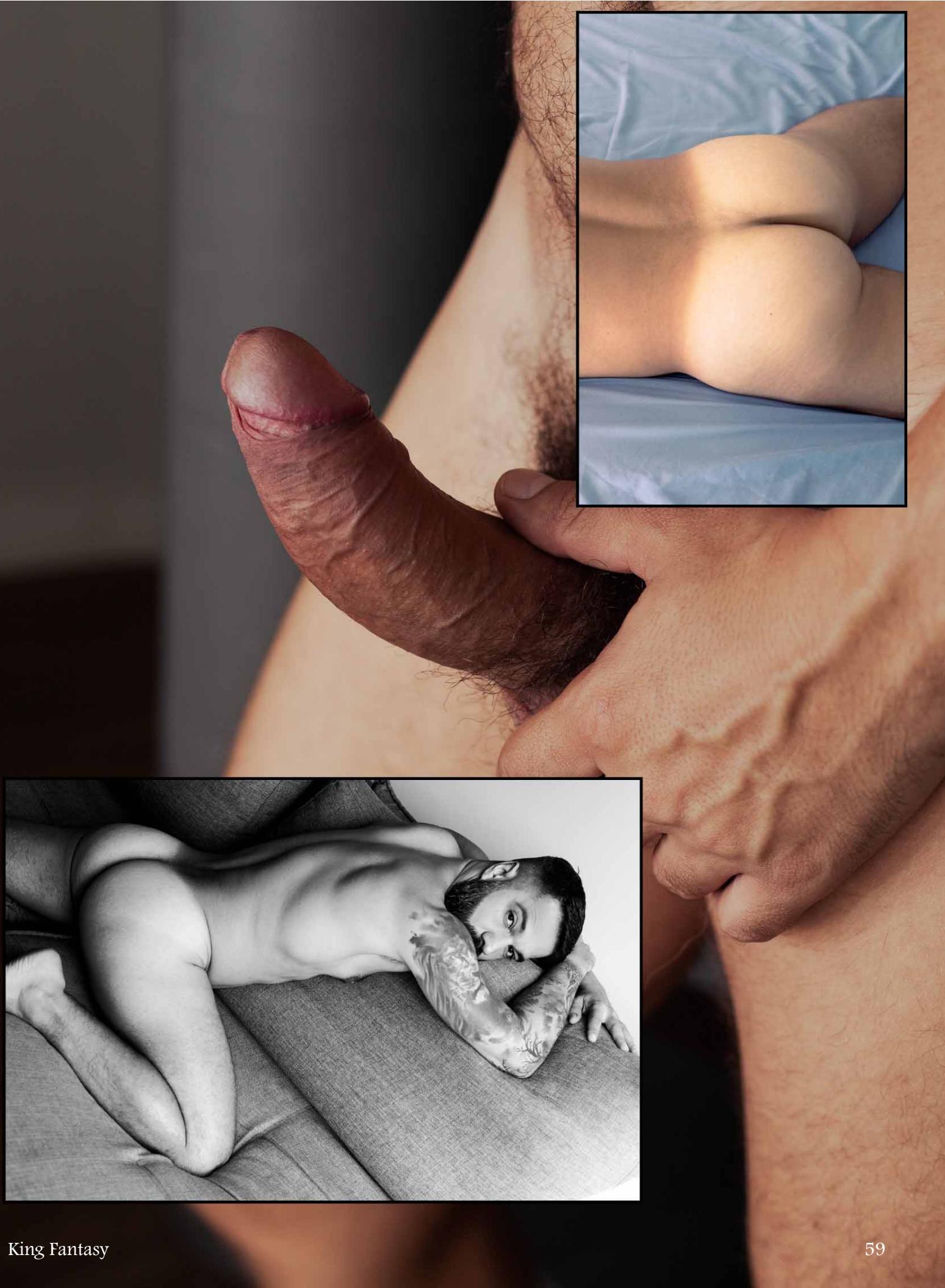
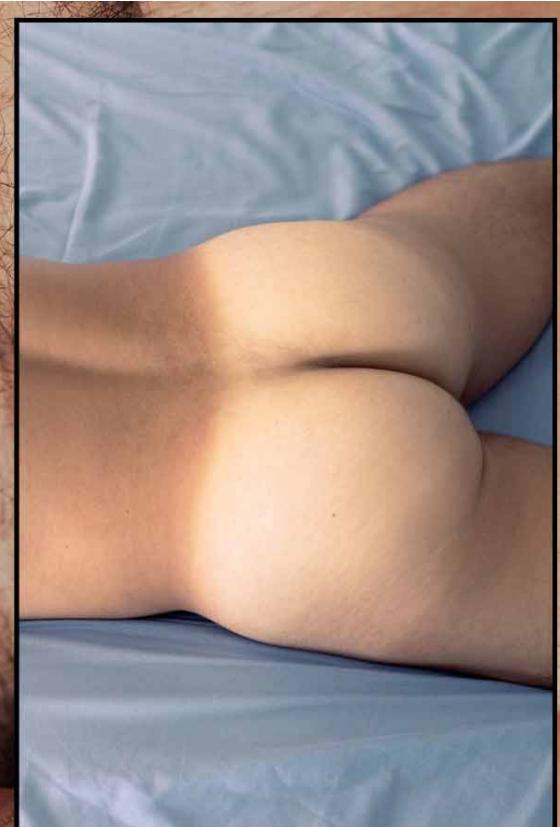
by Reinaldo Junior
featuring Marcus Trotta













My Best Friend's Hot Dad

Story by Impala05

When Matt invited me to spend the weekend at his place, I didn't hesitate. His house was massive, the kind you only saw in movies, with a pool, a game room, and a fridge stocked with snacks I could only dream of affording. It was the perfect setup for a lazy weekend of gaming, junk food, and hanging out, something we hadn't done in far too long.

We arrived late Friday afternoon. I dumped my bag in the guest room while Matt booted up his console in the game room. "You up for some matches?" he called out.

"Yeah, give me a second," I replied, kicking off my shoes and heading to join him. The game room was ridiculous, a massive screen, plush bean bags, and a selection of games that could put a store to shame.

For the next few hours, we lost ourselves in a flurry of matches. Trash talk flew back and forth as we battled it out in every game from Call of Duty to Rocket League. Matt was surprisingly good at holding his own, though I managed to sneak in a few wins. It felt like old times, just the two of us hanging out without a care in the world.

When we finally paused for a break, Matt tossed me a soda from the mini fridge. "You wanna keep going, or call it a night?"

I glanced at the clock, it was already past midnight. "Let's call it," I said, stretching. "I'm wiped."

Matt nodded, grabbing his phone off the coffee table. "Cool. I'll see you in the morning."

"Night," I said, heading back to the guest room. I closed the door behind me, flopping onto the bed with a contented sigh. The quiet of the house was a stark contrast to the chaos of gaming,

but I didn't mind. It was nice to have a weekend to relax and unwind.

As I settled in under the covers, my mind wandered briefly to Mr. Carter. I hadn't seen much of him since we'd arrived; he'd been holed up in his office most of the evening. Mr. Carter, Jordan, as he'd told me to call him once, though I never could, was the kind of man who commanded attention without even trying. Tall, broad-shouldered, with graying stubble that somehow made him even more attractive, he was every fantasy I'd ever had rolled into one. Of course, I'd never told Matt. How could I? It was bad enough that I had to sit across the dinner table from his dad, pretending I wasn't picturing him shirtless the entire time.

My mouth was dry from thinking about him, so I went downstairs to grab a glass of water. The house was eerily quiet at night, the kind of silence that made even the softest footsteps sound deafening. I wandered into the kitchen and reached for the fridge, but before I could open it, a low voice behind me made me stop in my tracks. "Wyatt."

I turned, and there he was, Mr. Carter, leaning against the doorway. He was dressed in a fitted white t-shirt that clung to his broad chest and gray sweatpants slung low on his hips, leaving very little to the imagination. My stomach flipped as his blue eyes locked onto mine.

His brow furrowed slightly. "Can't sleep?"

"No, uh... just thirsty," I said quickly, hoping he couldn't hear how fast my heart was pounding.

He nodded, stepping closer with an ease that felt deliberate. "Well, make yourself at home."

"Thanks," I stammered, my hand on the fridge handle.

He stepped forward, his movements smooth and confident. Gently, his large hand covered mine, pulling it away from the handle with a firm but careful grip. "Please, let me, son," he said, his voice low and steady.

The contact sent a dizzying jolt through me, his warm hand lingering just a second too long before he opened the fridge himself. I stepped back, trying to catch my breath, but it didn't help. The faint scent of him, clean, masculine, with just a hint of cologne, filled the air, making my head spin.

Jordan grabbed a jug of water, then reached into the cabinet for a glass. "Here," he said, his voice still soft as he set it on the counter in front of me. Slowly, he poured the water into the glass, his eyes never leaving mine. The quiet sound of the water filling the glass felt deafening and I could've sworn I saw the faintest twitch in his sweatpants. Heat flooded my cheeks, and I quickly looked away, pretending to focus on my water.

I swallowed hard, my pulse racing under his watchful gaze. His lips curved into a faint smile as he slid the glass toward me, his fingers brushing mine briefly. "Drink," he said simply.

I obeyed, bringing the glass to my lips and taking a sip, though my hands trembled slightly. His eyes followed every movement, and for a moment,

"You okay?" he asked, leaning against the counter, his arms crossed casually, though his gaze was anything but.

"Yes," I managed to croak, my voice embarrassingly hoarse. "Thank you."

He chuckled softly, a sound that sent a shiver down my spine. "No problem, Wyatt. If you need anything, I'm right here," he said, his voice carrying that same commanding, velvet tone. His eyes lingered on me for another beat before he turned and walked away, leaving me breathless and burning with questions I couldn't begin to answer.

I should have left it at that, but I couldn't stop thinking about him. By the time I went to bed, I was restless, the image of his broad shoulders, confident stride and that bulge of his playing on a loop in my mind. I tossed and turned for what felt like an eternity before finally deciding to get up.

Padding quietly down the hall, I froze when

I saw the faint glow of light coming from the living room. Curious, I peeked around the corner and my breath caught.

Jordan was on the couch, shirtless, his laptop balanced on one knee. His sweatpants had slipped dangerously low on his hips, revealing the defined V-line of his abs and the faint trace of his pubes. He looked up when he noticed me, his expression unreadable.

"Couldn't sleep?" he asked.

I shook my head, stepping closer without thinking. "No, I, uh..."

His gaze swept over me, and for the first time, I thought I saw something more than polite interest in his eyes. "You seem tense," he said, closing his laptop. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah," I whispered, though my heart was pounding. "I'm fine."

He leaned back, spreading his arms along the back of the couch. "You sure? You can sit if you want."

I hesitated, then crossed the room, sitting as far from him as possible on the couch. But the distance didn't help. His scent; clean, masculine, intoxicating, wrapped around me, and the heat radiating from his body made it impossible to think straight.

"You're staring," he said after a moment, his voice low and teasing.

I flushed, looking away. "Sorry. I didn't mean to..."

"It's okay," he interrupted. "I don't mind."

My gaze flicked back to him, and the look in his eyes made my stomach flip. He wasn't just being polite anymore. He was daring me. Testing me. And before I could stop myself, I leaned in.

The kiss was careful at first, my lips brushing against his like I wasn't sure if he'd pull away. But then his hand cupped the back of my neck, and suddenly he was kissing me back, hard and desperate, like he'd been waiting for this just as long as I had.

His body pressed against mine as he guided me onto the couch, his hands roaming over my chest, leaving trails of heat in their wake. My fingers tangled in his hair as I moaned into his mouth, the weight of him pinning me down in the most delicious way.

Bee Jay

photography by
Nudist BeeJay

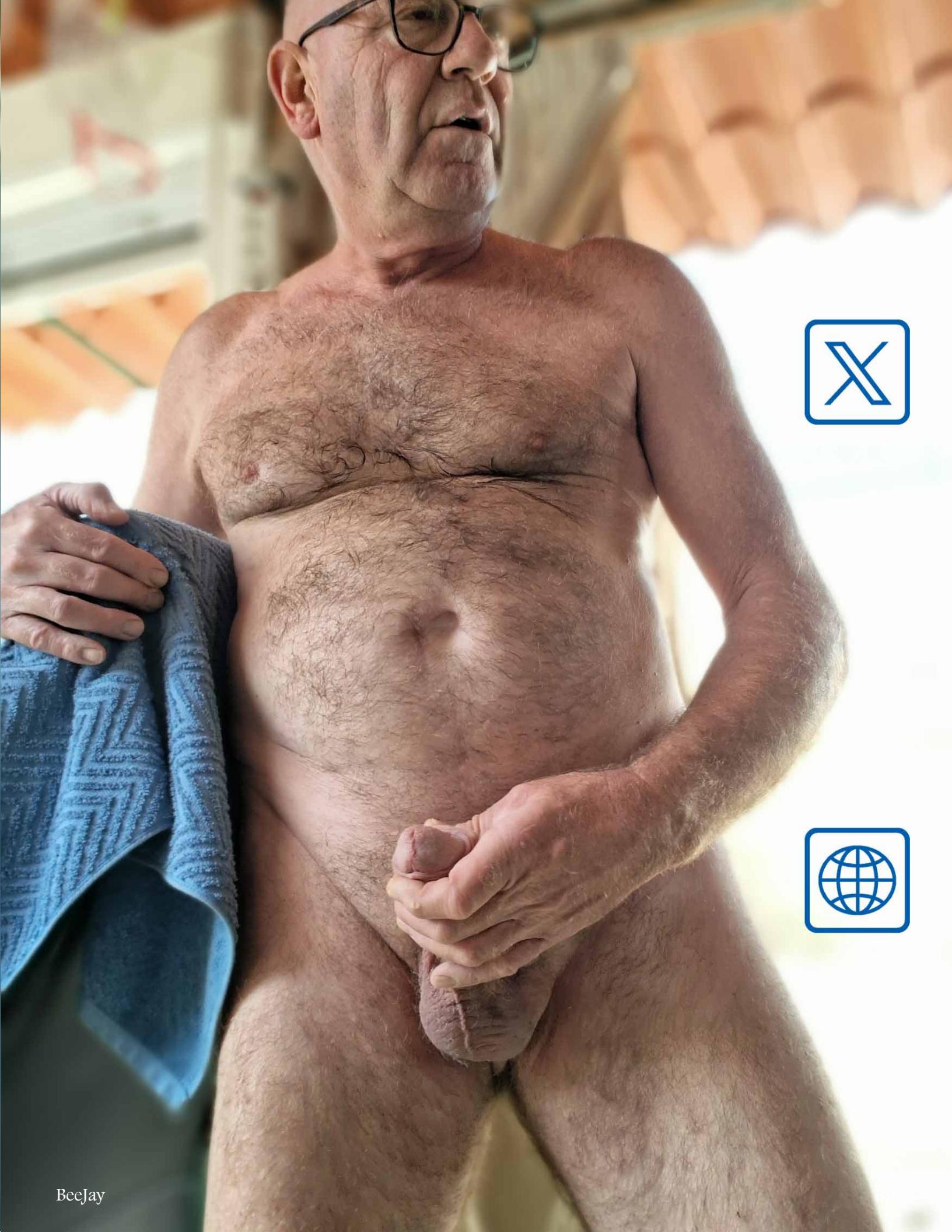












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