

DHM

DESERT HEAT MAG



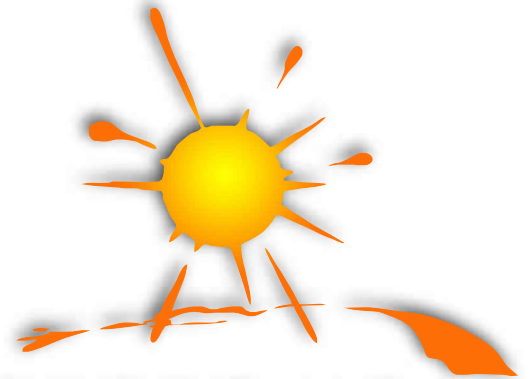
All Men Are Beautiful!
January 2023 | Issue 49

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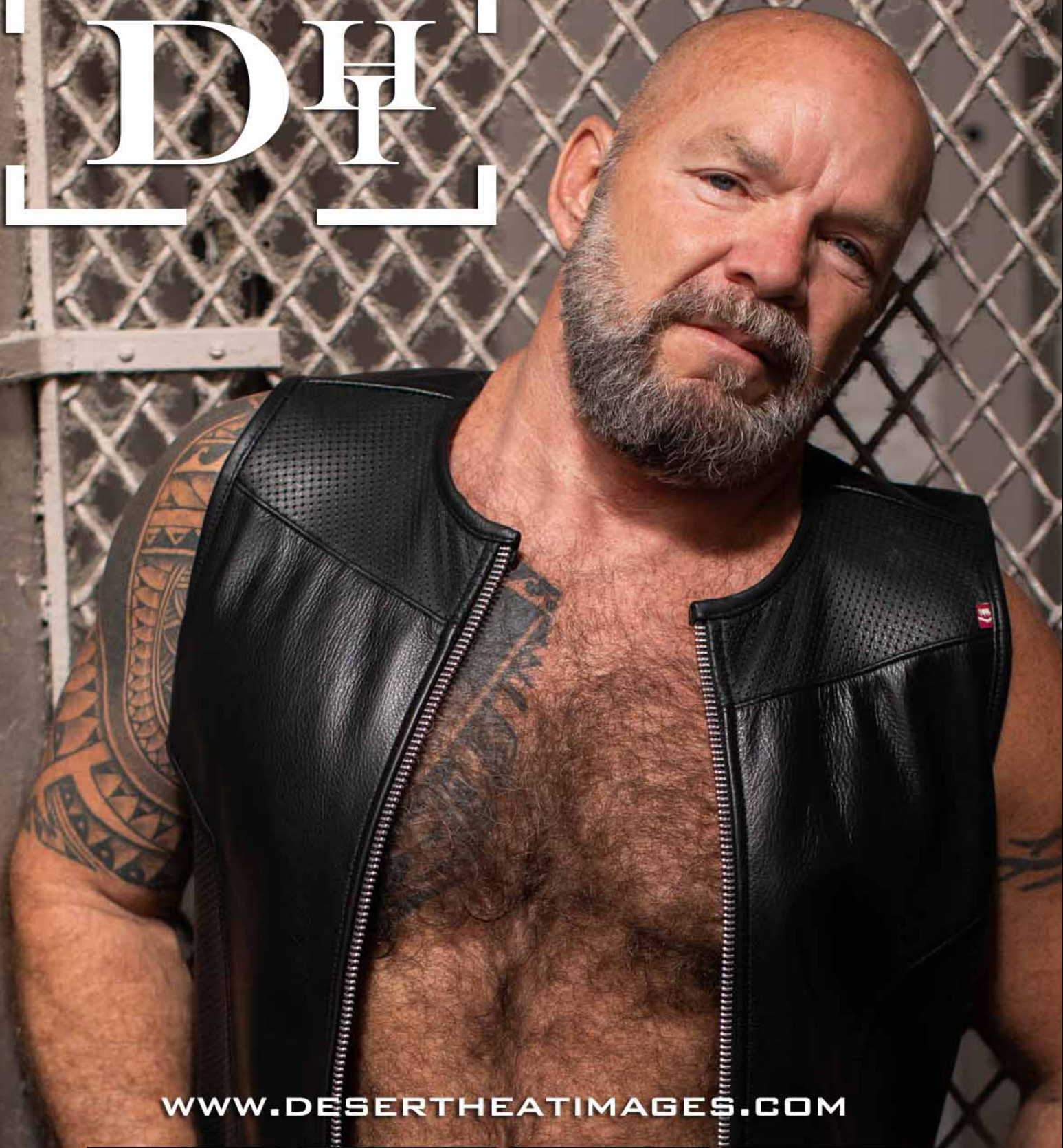
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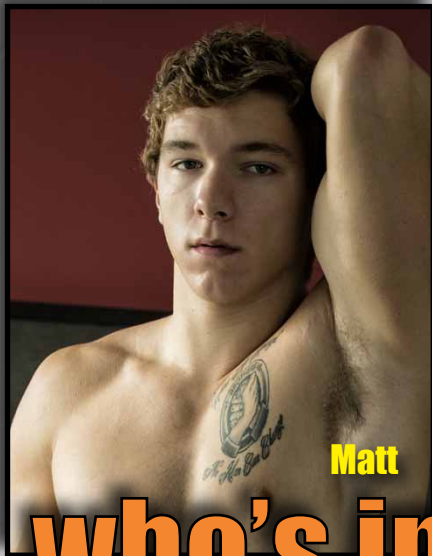
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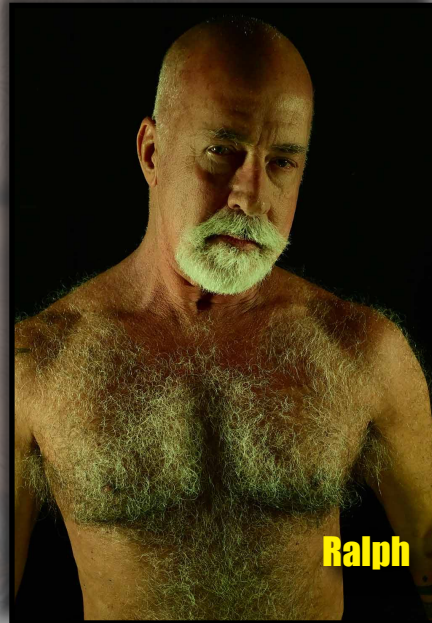


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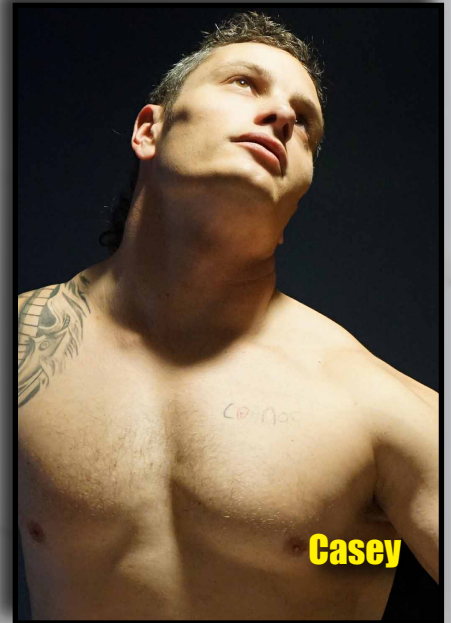
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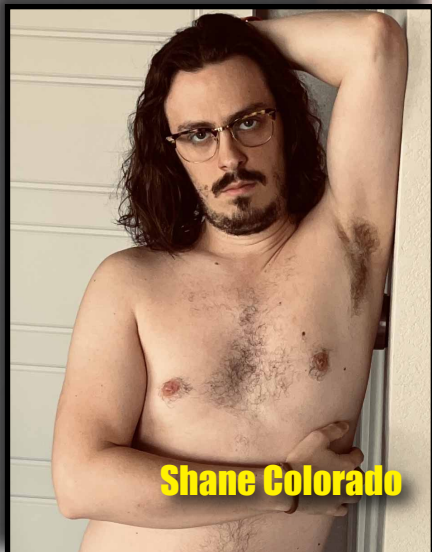
Jackson Ford



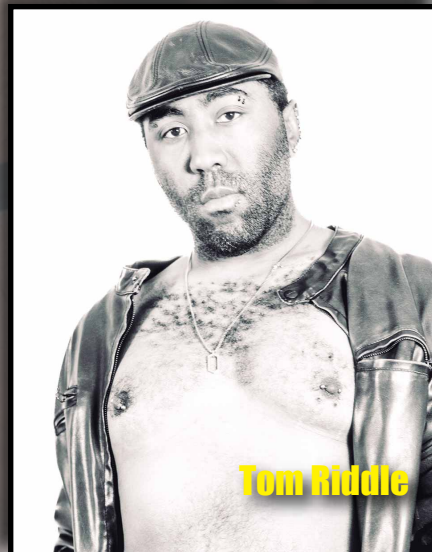
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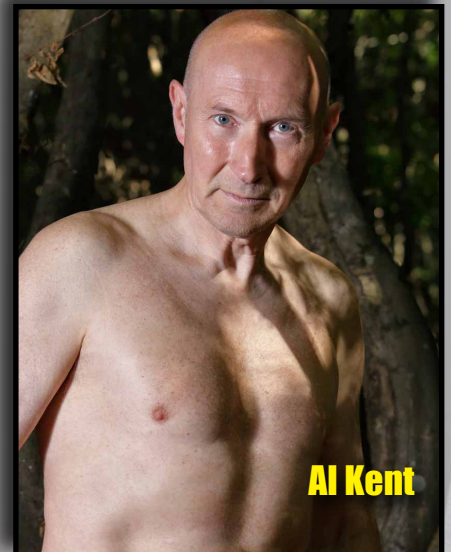
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Shane Colorado



Tom Riddle



Al Kent

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Happy *New Year*
2023

Ramblings from the Editor

Happy New Year, everyone! To start this off, I want to thank all the photographers, models, artists, writers and every other contributor that has helped to make this an incredible year for DHM!! With all your help, the Magazine has grown quite a bit edging for the goal I set many years ago. Thank you! Thank you! Thank YOU!

And of course, many thanks go to the readers. This is a labor of love and your continued support and kind words pushes me on each year to create a worthy publication to hopefully represent body and sex positivity! There wouldn't be a Magazine without you! Thank you!

Now for some housekeeping. In the last Issue, I referred to Sarge as being on the board of International Mr. Leather. I have to correct that. His is part of the Executive Staff and to be quite fucking blunt, without him that event would not be what it is. He works his ass off all year long just so we can go and enjoy the long weekend of hot, sweaty, beautifully leather clad men who inspire a lot of fantasies!! If you see this man, or you have the nerve to write him, be sure and give him a hell of a thanks. He deserves that and much more. With all that being said, I humbly apologize for getting that completely wrong!!

Speaking of Sarge, he started a new column in the Magazine. And it's about damned time!! If you want to get to know the man more, this is the Issue to start doing it! He gives us some background into his leather life and you won't want to miss it. The column with

be his insight into the world of leather from a very unique perspective. I can't wait to read it myself!!

Now, this wouldn't be a rambling if I didn't bring up the fact that we are watching something unique in politics happening. Instead of always towing a party line, some representatives are finally standing up to the "establishment" and don't seem to be backing down. Regardless of which side of the aisle you fall on, you gotta admit, at least they are standing their ground for what they believe they were hired for. Now, I don't agree with those nutjobs, but I admire that they are not letting the bullies tell them how they should vote. That is how democracy was meant to be! If only liberals would find those balls sometimes!

And before I forget to mention, if you are wanting to go to IML this year, I am going to have a couple of Premier Access Packages that I will be giving away in the next couple months. Be looking out for the information in the next Issue. Hey, it's a \$260 package that you won't have to shell out any money for! How can you beat that?

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



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SARGE'S QUARTERS

Insights into the world of leather by **Sarge**

It seems like John Kranz and I have been discussing an article for men into leather for a while now. The only thing that has stopped me up to this point was knowing that I am not a writer. Even though I have a lot to say on many subjects, the fear of punctuation, spelling and grammar was more overwhelming to me than running naked through Manhattan.

Sitting and thinking for days on what exactly this first column would be about was pretty daunting. But life happens, as it does, and I recently spent a weekend in Provincetown where I was privileged to be asked to sit as a judge for the Mr. New England Leather contest. This event put everything into perspective for me which is exactly what I knew I needed to write about, my perspective and as a result I am going to start by telling you a small piece of my journey.

Being at this local contest was a full circle for me. I originally came out in leather in 1989 as a 22 year old ex-Navy man living in Boston. I used to hang out in some clubs like everyone else my age; we were at Buddies, the Haymarket, Playland, Sporters and the 1270. On the same block as the 1270 was a door on a blank building that normally had 15-20 motorcycles parked in front. It was dark, ominous and completely scared me. Yes, I have to admit, I too was once a twink.

One night on the second level of the 1270 there was a very sexy man. We were flirting and doing Sarge's Quarters

all the rituals of the late 80's and he had my complete attention. Then he suggested we go next door for a drink. I told him I couldn't, I didn't believe that I would possibly fit in with the people that frequent the Ramrod. First off, I didn't own any leather and pretty sure to this day even my sneakers were nylon, but I did have on jeans along with a denim jacket; which he explained Leather/Levi is an actual thing and it would be too dark in there for anyone to notice my shoes.

I begrudgingly accepted his offer because, well, I am sure you know why I went. He was hot. He wasn't scary at all like the image I had built in my mind of the type of people that would frequent this place. Once inside though, the smell was intoxicating, it could never be repeated in today's world with the mixture of smoke, booze, leather and men. It was dark and reeked of a sexual energy that I had never experienced. Within 2 minutes every fear of this place I had was gone.

The Ramrod quickly became my home. The hot man I had met next-door turned out to be a bartender there and after our initial lust was taken care of we became good friends. Shortly thereafter the bar was busy and he asked me to gather up some glasses and the next thing you know I was working full time as a bar-back in a place I had once been scared to death of. The first night of official duty one of the bartenders, Tish, was handing me a wad of money, but held back and said "Honey, I am going to tip you out because that's what we do, but if you show up here

tomorrow night without boots I won't ever do it again." Another bar-back that was working there at the time gifted me a vest, my first piece which still hangs in the closet today. Just like that I was a Leatherman.

Here is where I learned everything that the leather community is all about. As much as it is perceived to be all about the clothing and the sex, it really is bigger and serves a larger purpose. Being former military I already had a sense of service and duty, which are very important parts of being involved in this lifestyle. I also learned how community service relates to pageantry and camaraderie that was very different from what you could see in other bars. I was able to witness my first leather contest there. Mr. Boston Leather 1990, Mark Ryan won and went on to become International Mr. Leather just a few weeks later. Now maybe you can see where the circle comes around? If not, you will.

That was the beginning of a long line of leather bars and leather events for me and eventually in 1996 I too became a contestant for Mr. Philadelphia Leather and at IML. I was a great contestant, but a horrible title-holder. At the time there was far more interest in drugs, sex and being stupid and I had actually lost a huge part of my purpose for loving the community that had welcomed me. In some respects I hit rock bottom from poor decisions, bad habits, and running away from problems instead of solving them. By all rights this community could have closed the door behind me and never let me back in, but instead, it held me. It protected me. It saved me.

At some point I had moved to Chicago and the friends I had made during my year as a contestant were now my chosen family. Even at the lowest of lows they were there to pick me up and give me a sense of purpose and belonging that quite literally thought I had pissed away. I haven't always been at the top of the food chain in the IML organization, that took a lot of time. However, I was there as a volunteer for the set crew, working upstairs in Man's Country and having Chuck's office down below put you right in the headlights of Leather royalty if there ever was such a thing. I wasn't one of his boys, and I wasn't ever in tight with him, but I was on the fringe and was happy to be involved. In fact, I was convinced until about 2012 that he

never even knew my name, despite all of the hours of volunteering and sitting in his office or chatting backstage at IML. Nonetheless, without even knowing it or meaning for it to happen, Chuck Renslow with all of his long leather history, had created a world that gave me a purpose and self-worth. A world that I protect fiercely as well as accept the never ending changes that we face regularly. At one time women were not allowed in leather bars, think about that. We have come a long way by being fluid but appreciating the traditions where we come from, and yes there will always be work to be done.

Flash forward to Provincetown this year. As a judge you are looking for a person that can represent the community as a whole. This person should be well spoken, have some sort of attachment to leather, kink, bdsm, and/or fetish. Quite frankly there were 8 of those. But these men reminded me exactly why I had gotten involved in the pageantry of it all to begin with. The amount of hours they have put into community service, activism, positive sex, positive body image, even positive about being positive with working against stigma for those that have HIV, was outstanding. There was a large spectrum of type, but they all shared the same purpose I was given by my chosen family. They all had wonderful origin stories, some similar to the one I just shared, others vastly different but uniquely their own and just as captivating. It was difficult to narrow down to a winner, even me personally had a top 4 that I would be thrilled to see any of them take the title. In the end there can only be one winner, and the scoring led us to a bisexual, polyamorous, transexual leather-boy. It's a mouthful, but this is a man that knows exactly who he is and is rightfully proud of it.

During my visit to P-Town there was a sense of nostalgia for me, it brought me back to my roots and reminded me that despite the dangerous route that I had taken to get where I am, this tribe is full of genuine and caring individuals that have our backs. These are the people that are raising awareness at a local level like I have never seen before on topics ranging from trans visibility to suicide awareness to getting out the message of Prep and raising money for equality, LGBT veterans, and preserving our history at the Leather

Archives and Museum. They wear leather proudly that tells only a portion of their story, a story they are more than happy to discuss with anyone that will listen. These folks are our boots on the ground. These folks are the future.

I do not miss much of the past, in Boston in the late 80's at the height of the AIDS crisis a good amount of our volunteer efforts were spent on taking care of the sick, promoting safe sex, allowing gays in the military, and coming out. Today's Leatherman has a whole new crop of issues to deal with, and I am proud to have done my part, but I also look forward to continue the legacy of all the good work leathermen and women will keep doing going forward no matter what challenges come next.

These columns down the road will be less about me and more about the events, the kinks and the insights into this amazing tribe that celebrates our similarities as well as our differences. I drove away from Cape Cod with new friends in my heart, old friends comfortably in my soul and a renewed spirit, not to mention a new pair of chaps.

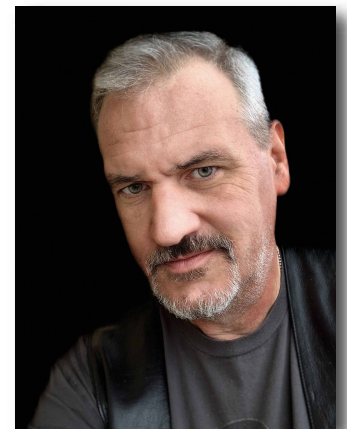
If you have a local leather event that you would like mentioned, or questions regarding the Leather/BDSM community, please feel free to email me. sarge@profilesbysarge.com

In Leather,

Sarge!

Sarge is best known as a contributor in DHM for his incredible eye in capturing the beauty of the men he photographs. His unique vision and passion for male erotic photography has made him one of the most viewed photographers in the Magazine.

He is the Executive Project Manager of International Mr. Leather held over Memorial Day weekend in Chicago. He works diligently to ensure that the competition is a great success each year. This insight, along with his longevity within the leather community, give a unique insight into the world of leather. I am excited to have him not only photographing for the Magazine but now writing for it too!



Models Wanted

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Matt

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Who's the man
The Alpha Club



Matt

So I've been getting laid, like almost every day, for the last three weeks. I've been doing everything to egg it on too. Chaps. Kilts and leather. Big fucking boots. I don't miss opportunities like this and I put out. I'm over there yelling put it in me. I think we've fucked in every room of the house. It's been amazing.

After dinner one night and right before our Dungeons and Dragons game, our 3rd player came up to the door and could hear me gagging loudly on cock. I think he recorded the sounds through the window. It was that loud. It's now become a running joke about what a slut I am. And I'm eating it up.

Maybe it's the new haircut and color? It's kind of rockabilly hot dad and I'm not mad about it. I also quit Twitter. Maybe I'm paying more attention?

I come home from work and I've barely changed out of my clothes and I'm getting mounted or I've got ass in my face. I'm kind of sad and miffed that I haven't been doused in piss yet, but whatever. With the housemate gone and his room all finished, we've even fucked in there - and so loudly that I'm surprised the neighbors haven't said something.

I'm the kind of guy that, if I'm being sexually flirted with, I'll just drop my pants and go at it. No clean out, no prep. Full on goblin mode and I don't care. It's really freeing. Somehow I've been really good at not making any messes, which I didn't think that was possible for me.

Oh yeah! I got engaged! Another thing I didn't think was ever going to happen to me. We got matching high-end designer cock rings. They're so cool! Two snake heads biting a ring and it's adjustable.

Giving my hubby the space to play and experiment has been so rewarding and satisfying for me. One night he went in really hard on some of my obsessive kinks and I had to stop everything to catch my breath

ALL THINGS DRUB

because I certainly was not expecting any of that. He's an amazing, caring service top.

It's so gratifying to still be surprised, especially when you think you've done everything you possibly could in this reality. I'm in a really good place right now. It feels great and I never know what is coming next, like some psycho-sexual Buddhist sex-beast, experiencing momentary peace in *flagranté delicto*.

So if you're wondering how I'm going to keep warm and ring in the new year, I think you have your answer.

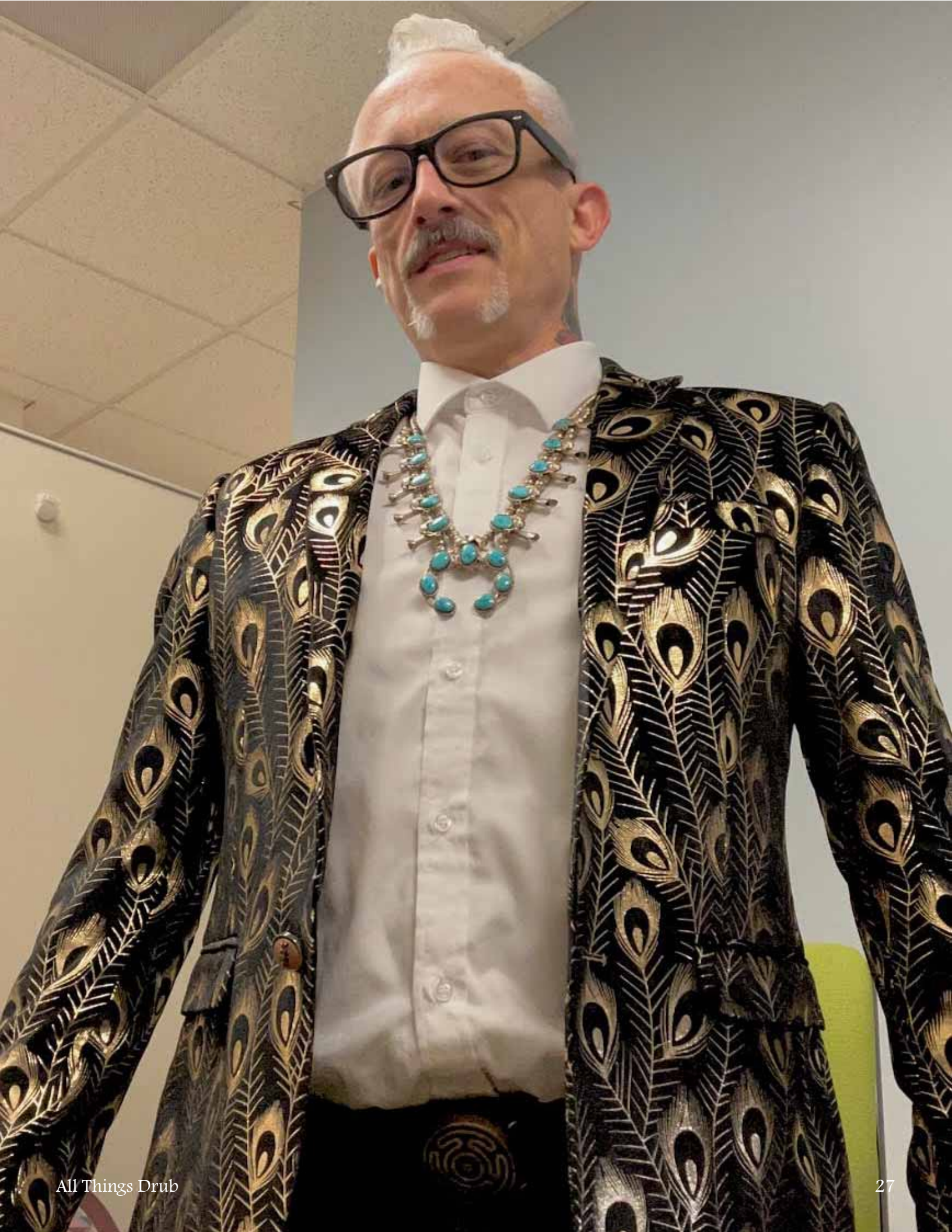
I wish you lots of hard cock, sweet delicious ass, stinky pits, lots of filthy, raunchy fun and all the kink you can handle. Here's to new beginnings!

I think I'm being flashed by a sausage salesman.

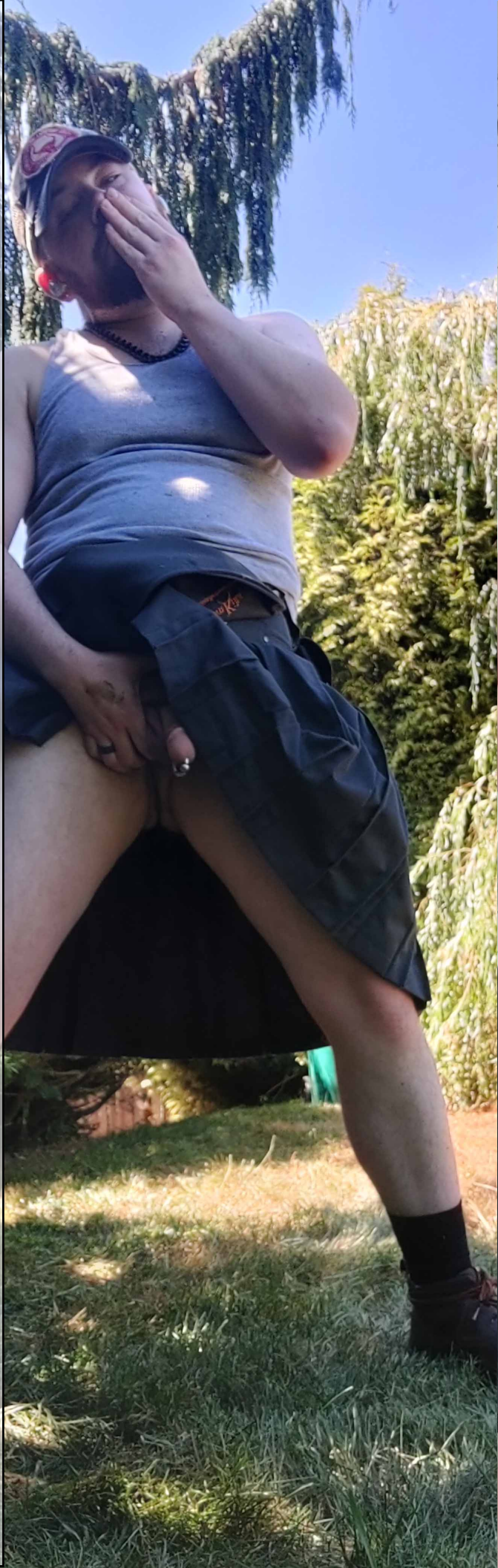
See you next month!

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DHM Fan ~ Torben

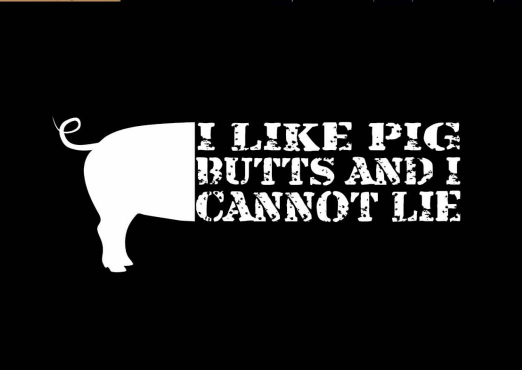
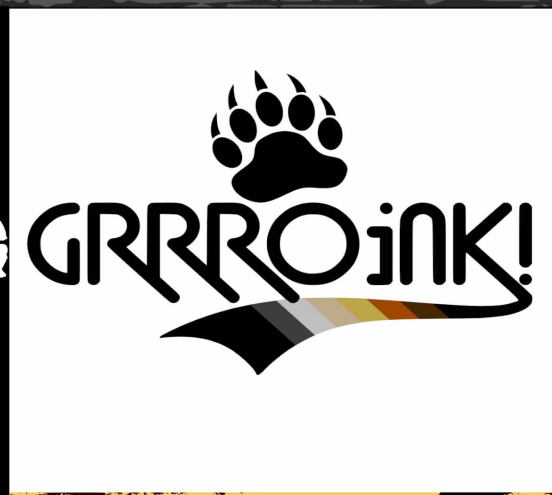




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The Memoirs of Superman's Greatest Fan

Story by R. Jason Collett

Intro

The following story is fictional based on the Superman character created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. The characters in this story are property of DC Comics and their affiliates and no copyright infringement is intended. This story will contain gay content. If this type of writing offends you or you do not want to see the character of Superman portrayed as a gay character, do not read this story. This story is designed to give the LGBT community a version of the superhero everyone has come to love since 1938.

If you enjoyed this story, please feel free to contact me at ncboy1982@juno.com. I love hearing from my readers. Enjoy.

Prologue

Everyone has heard of Superman, the being from another planet that landed here as a baby, raised by humans and became the world's protector. The familiar red "S" is known by

everyone in the world.

What you haven't heard is the true story of Superman. Who he really is, or was, to me.

Let me introduce myself. My name is Joseph Martinez. I was born in 1948 in North Carolina. I was a nobody. Just a regular guy until the day I met Superman and this is my story.

Chapter 1

April 14, 1978

I had just got divorced after a ten year marriage after my wife discovered I was living a double life with my business partner, George, for five years.

So I packed my bags and left for a new city. Metropolis. I'd heard that this was the place to be and figured it would be the best place for a new start.

I was boarding a plane to take me to my new home. Everything I owned was either checked

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Casey

Photography by **Sarge**

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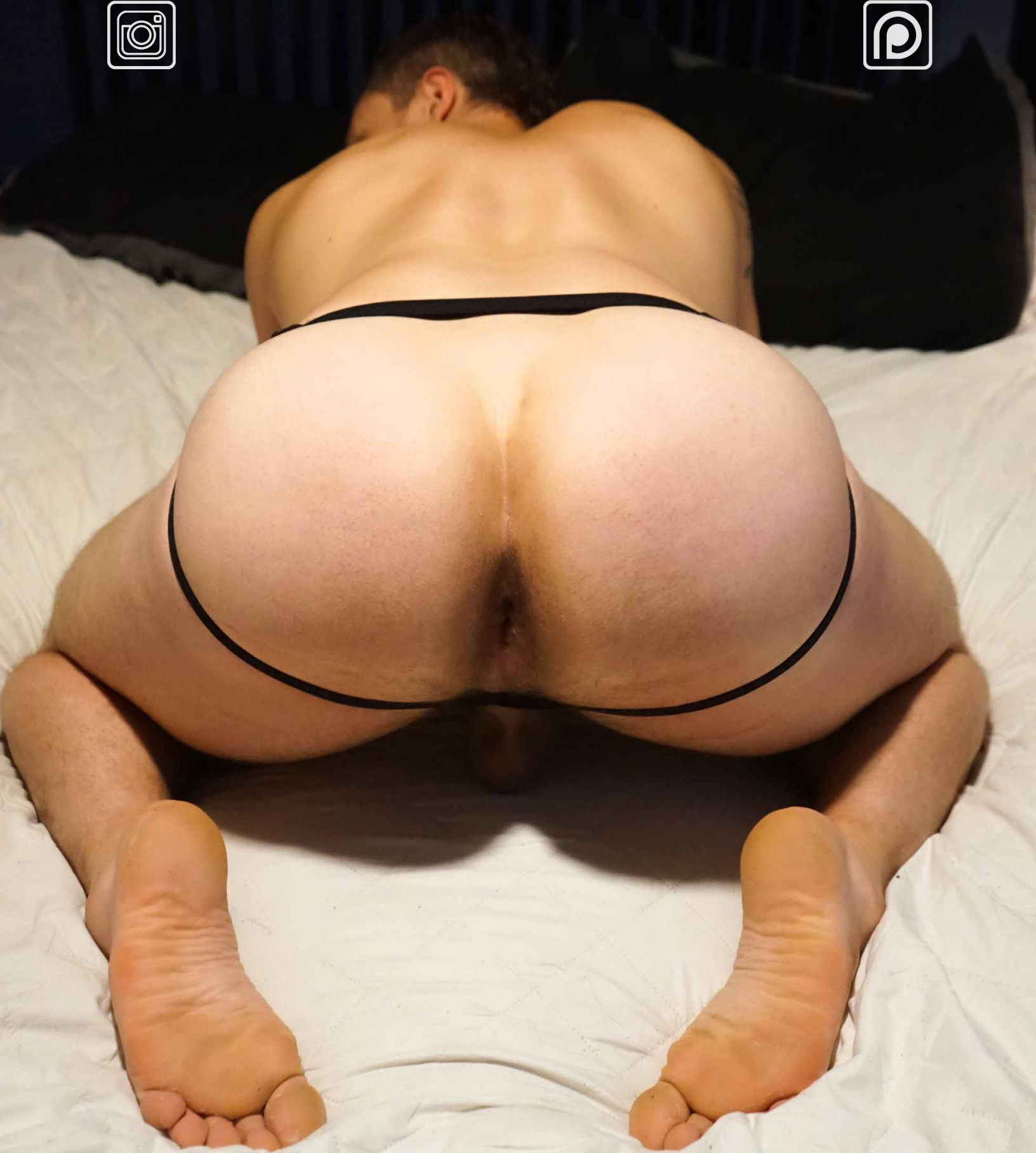














Interview with Harley Deuce

me. Thanks for taking the time to answer a few questions for myself and the readers.

Homorodeo.com use to be the place for cowboy enthusiasts to meet and get an eyeful of some incredibly hot rural men. Through evolution, SkinWalker Photography® was born.

SkinWalker Photography® has been producing incredibly hot cowboy-centric material for over a decade. Their hand picked models elicit fantasies worldwide! They are dedicated to keeping Gay Rodeos in the public eye. And hell, guys, who doesn't like a rodeo man?

Through their parent company Lupine Enterprises, LLC, they have continually donated monies and products to various charities for over that decade.

On social media, I was able to track down Harley Deuce, the Model Recruiter and Fund Raising Calendar Manager, who was gracious enough to answers some questions for us.

Harley, the work SkinWalker Photography® produces is incredible, to say the least. As a photographer, I have to say the work in your calendars is impressive. I've had your charity calendar on my walls for a few years which definitely brighten up my home office and inspire

I, for one, am curious about the man behind Lupine Enterprises, LLC and Skinwalker Photography. Would you tell us a bit about yourself, Harley?

I grew up around cowboys and loggers in my amazing home state of Montana. Moved to Kansas City, MO to become an activist with and for our Queer community. I went to my first gay rodeo in Denver CO 2002 and was so inspired I started HomoRodeo.com and a few years later Lupine Enterprises, LLC created SkinWalker Photography® to run its Fundraiser Calendar Project.

Can you tell us about the evolutionary process of Lupine Enterprises, LLC? How long has the LLC been around? What was the drive behind creating the LLC?

I used to run HomoRodeo.com and now I manage our professional photography studios SkinWalker Photography®. Lupine Enterprises, LLC is our parent company.

Lupine Enterprises, LLC started in 2002 with HomoRodeo.com with the intent to create a queer



attract. DIVERSE! ;-)

I know many of our readers are going to be interested in hearing what it takes to become a model for your calendar. What does the decision process entail? Where do you find your models? And if a guy was wanting to be considered, how would he go about being considered?

How exciting to hear there may be a potential SkinWalker model out there reading this interview! Don't you think everyone has a beast that is waiting to be revealed to the world?

So that's a question we get a lot. How do we choose a model? It starts at the top, we have a board of three members at Lupine Enterprises, LLC who make all the publishing decisions. They rely heavily on three things: 1) A model interview 2) A model's reach 3) The theme of the Fundraiser Calendar Project's theme. Sometimes there are more flattering images for the models but the models work for the theme not the other way around. They also have an amazing group they call the "Peanut Gallery" as you can read on the back of any of our charity calendars.

And to answer your question about "...if a guy was wanting to be considered, how would he go about

friendly sense of community for mostly rural (but certainly not exclusively). With the cost of gas in 2008 we decided to help raise funding for the IGRA Finalists and created our first semi-nude 2009 Cowboy Fuel charity calendar. Every Finalist in 2009 received a donation from Lupine Enterprises, LLC to help offset the cost of driving to compete in the IGRA Finals. From there we've kept the Fundraiser Calendar Project going every year.

Check out all our calendar on our website. We have a "Rewards Program" and even a "Buy back" program as our calendars have become "collectors' items" and now sell for hundreds of dollars for the rare ones.

Skinwalker Photography is your photography moniker. Is it just you doing the photographic work or do you have others that shoot under that name? How long have you been photographing men? And what made you get into it?

Lupine Enterprises, LLC contracts the photography through our SkinWalker Photography studios since 2008. To date we have four professional photographer locations in San Diego, CA; Seattle WA; Phoenix AZ and Dallas TX. We do some traveling photography for those models who can't make it to our locations. Since you've seen our work John, you know what kind of models we

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Adolfo & Juan



Photography by

GASQUE ph

(Bernardo and Pedro)

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Adolfo & Juan



Continued from pg 30

with my luggage, or in my hand.

I found my seat by the window on the plane. I put my duffle bag in the overhead bin and took my seat. It didn't take long for the rest of the plane to fill up and soon we were taking off.

Once we were in the air, I closed the window shade, reclined my seat and closed my eyes. Dealing with all the changes that was happening was exhausting. I lost my wife, my career and even the relationship with my business partner/lover. He couldn't take the stress of being outted and stopped talking to me and I couldn't blame him.

I knew the risks of dating another man in this day and age but when it came time to face the consequences, it was harder than I expected it to be. But this is what I had to do. I made my bed and it was time to lay in it.

I don't know how long we had been in the air when we felt a hard bump on the plane. I looked around and others had noticed it but no one seemed to be upset over it so I closed my eyes again.

Soon after, there was another hard bump followed by two more bumps. I looked around and more of the passengers seemed to be worried now, as was I. Several more bumps followed and then the lights inside the airplane flickered off and on. Other passengers were starting to scream now. I could feel the panic starting to rise within me.

One more violent shake of the plane and a loud boom and the lights went off and the sound of the engines disappeared. I raised my window shade to see that the left engine had disappeared completely. Panic I never felt before spread all over my body.

A voice came over the PA but I was too lost in my thoughts to hear what was being said. People started to scream even louder so I knew the news was not good. Slowly we could feel the plane descending. There was an eerie calmness in the cabin. People screaming and the silence from the engines being gone made it surreal.

My life flashed before my eyes. Images of me and my wife on our wedding day, the day we bought our dream home, the secret trip to the beach with George while my wife thought I was at a business meeting in Detroit.

With the loss of engine power, the plane started to descend faster, at a steeper angle. Anything that wasn't restrained started flying towards the front of the plane, including the drink cart. The oxygen masks flew down from the overhead compartment. I grabbed mine and put in on as everyone around me did.

I could tell that the plane was gaining speed. I could feel that it was only a matter of minutes now before the plane would crash. I looked around the cabin and I could tell that I was not the only one feeling the same way.

Suddenly, there was another loud crash and then the plane started rocking from the left to right before starting to spin. The force of the spin threw me out and over my seat and into the third row of seats before me. There was a blinding white pain in my left shoulder. The sound of metal creaking under pressure and the screams from the cabin were too much to bear. Then the plane nose dived while continuing to spin. The force of the plane nose diving caused me to go airborne and hit the top of the cabin before landing on the floor and slide all the way to the back of the plane, hitting the seats along the way.

I felt this hard hit on my head and everything went black and silent, but for only a few seconds. I opened my eyes and saw people flying out of their seats, luggage flying around them like a dance that had been choreographed. It all slowed down for a moment. I could see people's faces in all different kinds of expressions.

Then suddenly, the plane stopped spinning and seemed to slow down. We were still in a nose dive but the spinning had stopped. I looked out one of the windows and noticed that the left wing was completely gone.

This wasn't making any sense. How could the plane slow down and stop spinning but stay in a nose dive? I managed to get up off the floor and make it into a seat on the right side of the plane.

Glancing out the window, I was shocked to see that the right wing was also missing. I shook my head as if to clear out what I had just seen and looked again. Still no wing. Had I hit my head so hard I was dreaming this?

Suddenly, we stopped. Nose down, but stopped. Then, the plane started to level off and

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Models Wanted

Men of all sizes



**Got what
it takes?**
click this image

DHM
is looking for men
who want to show off

DHM Fan ~ Caleb

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being considered?" PLEASE contact us through our website.

Why cowboys? Other than wanting to keep the Gay Rodeo seen in the public eye, is it a fantasy of yours? Maybe the cowboy gear is a fetish of yours?

Hmmm, Fetish, no. Fantasy, yes! I grew up around cowboys, and they always know to ride for their brand. Do a search on YouTube for our videos introducing just some of our SkinWalker® brothers. They introduce themselves as having been bitten by being a SkinWalker Photography® model. We've been busying working to create our brand and even use this internet meme about our code or "Cowboy Ethics"...

- Live each day with courage.
- Take pride in your work.
- Always finish what you start.
- Do what has to be done.
- Be tough, but fair.
- When you make a promise, keep it.
- Ride for the brand.
- Talk less and say more.

Our representation of the cowboy has always been a focus on the those simple, basic values. Lupine Enterprises, LLC, HomoRodeo.com and SkinWalker Photography® have worked for 20 years with the gay cowboy community. The International Gay Rodeo Association is an amazing organization is always looking for more volunteers to help produce these amazing annual events.

Please consider donating! The International Gay Rodeo Association (igra.com)

I always ask this of other photographers. Who would your ideal model be? And what makes

him the ideal model? And for fun, what would be the ideal shoot?

SkinWalker Photography® has worked with hundreds of amazingly talented models over the 15 years we've been producing our Fundraiser Calendar Project – Cowboy Series. You can see all our models on our website, just click on each of the calendars and share them on social media. J What makes an ideal model? Hmmm... each of our SkinWalker models are SO unique, it would be hard to say, so, let's find him... CONTACT US! ;-)



What happened to HomoRodeo.com? That site was the fantasy of many men! Did it end for any other reason other than the evolution of Lupine Enterprises, LLC?

HomoRodeo.com was AMAZING! Simply put: It was a niche-website that was designed to keep a portion of the dedicated gay rodeo followers/fans/contestants in touch with each other by showing what rodeos they were planning on going to throughout the year and it's infamous Friday Night Meet-n-Greet parties. We knew that a lot of our members lived rurally and that meeting others might be tough when showing up at the rodeo so we offered a Meet-n-Greet for our members sometimes with drink discounts and food.

After few years other similar sites started showing up to lure our client base with fake accounts taken from us posting their profile names. I think Oscar Wild said "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" but it wasn't until the onslaught of Facebook we finally closed down the website and said goodbye to all our friends at HomoRodeo.com. Lupine Enterprises, LLC continued forward by producing the Fundraiser Calendar Project - Cowboy Series. This year's calendar is 2023 "Cowboy Affair" and YES, it will be one to remember!

Skinwalker Interview

What is the future of Lupine Enterprises, LLC looking like? Any new projects you want to share with the readers?

We have some exciting art projects coming down the pike, we've launched a new Greeting Card series on our website. Very popular since they cost less than the cost of a greeting card at your local grocery store and are FULL NUDE COWBOYS. YEEHAW! Plus, we now allow custom ordering. If our fan base wants a poster of a particular month we can do that custom ordering. Our Etsy store has some of our larger pieces for sale and the next big project could be our 20 years of our Full Nude Cowboy Series coffee table book.

Is there a calendar/site where men can find out where your models and you are next for signings? Can they purchase pre-signed calendars from the website?

Awesome questions John, yes, our social pages and our website help promote where you can pick up your copy of our latest calendar men and have them autograph it.

We don't have any "pre-signed" ones to buy as we WANT you to come meet our amazing SkinWalker models!

Is there anything else you'd like to share with the readers? How about thoughts or inspirations you'd share with future potential models?

Oh gosh, this time of year my thoughts are pretty drained from being in front of so many amazingly talented NUDE men... lol but I would share what I always share with all our potential SkinWalker models: It's more than just dropping your pants for a cause, we look for models who will "ride for our brand"... BE A SKINWALKER MODEL! Contact us today...

Skinwalker Interview

Thanks again, Harley, for taking the time to give us some insight into the great work you do and the incredible products Lupine Entertainment, LLC produces.

The organization has a bunch of social media sites you're not going to want to miss. You can click each of the icons below to get you to each of the pages and/or sites. Enjoy!!!

Social Media



- Lupine Enterprises, LLC 
- SkinWalker Photography 
- 2019 Cowboy DECADEnce 
- 2018 Cowboy WANTED 
- 2017 Cowboy HeART 
- 2016 Cowboy Storm 
- 2015 Cowboy Nights 
- SkinWalker Photography 
- HomoRodeo 
- SkinWalker Photography 
- Former HomoRodeo 

They also have a very busy facebook group with nearly 50,000 facebook members called "Cowboy Fantasy Group". Take note, an email address is **required**. Check the group out at <https://www.facebook.com/GayRodeo>.

Also, make sure and pick up one of their calendars at www.LupineEnterprises.com while supplies last! It is the perfect accessory to your home office, remember it is NSFW!!!!



I'm Beautiful Damn It

Featuring

*Tyler
Kennedy*

Photography by *Eric Scot*

Email | Twitter | Instagram

I'm Beautiful Damn It













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landed on its belly so hard that the floor under us tore into pieces. I looked around and everyone else was just as confused. I stole a glance out the window and saw what looked like the middle of a baseball field. I quickly made my way to the left side of the plane and looked out a window to see the same thing.

I looked around at everyone else and shook my head. For the first time I noticed that it was hurting along with almost every part of my body. I glanced at my hands and I could see them with spots of blood. Looking at my clothes and they were torn and dirty covered in what looked like grease and blood.

I started to feel woozy and my stomach lurched. Everything started to get blurry and black. The last thing I thought before the darkness took over was that this was all a dream. And then the blackness took over.

Chapter 2

I felt this sensation of being lifted from the floor but there was so much pain I couldn't open my eyes. I didn't know where I was. It was silent but the smell was awful. Something was burning. There was a smoke that was burning my lungs. Then there was this voice.

"Sir, are you okay? Can you hear me?" It said. I couldn't find words. All I could do was make a grunting sound. I was hoisted up and we were moving. I could feel that whoever was carrying me was very strong. There was no struggle in him holding me.

I fought hard to open my eyes. When I did, I didn't believe what I was seeing. The most beautiful blue eyes were staring at me. This chiseled face, cleanly shaven with a brown or black curl in the middle of his forehead.

I blinked several times, trying to adjust my vision but every time the same image was staring back at me. I looked down past his face and saw the blue fabric around his shoulders and half of the yellow and red "S" emblem on his chest.

Realization hit me hard. The Superman that I had heard so much about was holding me and carrying me off the plane that had just crashed. I had to pinch myself to make sure that I wasn't

dreaming.

Within moments, we were outside the plane. The sun was bright and I had to shield my eyes until they adjusted. That's when I looked back at Superman and looked into his eyes. There was something there that I had not seen in someone before. They were the clearest blue eyes I had ever seen and yet there was so much hidden in them. It took me back for a moment. Then he smiled at me and something inside me melted there on the spot.

Superman carried me to an ambulance with a waiting stretcher and laid me on it. I tried to protest but he put his hand on my cheek and all the fight that I had was gone. I looked again into his eyes and saw confusion and conflict behind them. Then with a smile, he turned away. He looked around at the other passengers that were being treated by other paramedics and then looked at the wreckage that was being soaked in water to put out the flames.

Then with a glance at me and another smile, he flew straight into the air, slowly at first and was soon out of sight. I looked at the paramedic who was busy checking over me and closed my eyes. Darkness took over once again.

THE NEXT TIME I woke up, I was in a hospital bed. My throat was dry and scratched. I could see a variety of bandages on my both my arms. I was in a hospital gown and apparently I had been bathed at some point.

"Good morning Mr. Martinez." A voice said from the door to my room. I looked to see a woman in a dark blue dress and white lab coat with a clipboard walked into the room.

"I'm Doctor Moore, how are you feeling?" She asked.

"Ok." I said with a struggle. "Water." I managed to say. She put her clipboard down and went to a table beside the bed that I could not see. She handed me a small cup of water a few seconds later. I graciously took a few sips, feeling the coldness hit the back of my throat, causing pain and comfort at the same time.

"I am glad to see you're awake." She said. "We've treated you for several scrapes and bruises but nothing was broken but I'm afraid you suffered a small concussion during the crash. We want to

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Models Wanted



DHMM
is looking
for men
to show off!

Click for more info!

Going From
Cool

To
Hot



Photography by

John Mar Photo

Email | Instagram













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keep you here for a day or two just for observations.” She said. I just nodded.

Concussion. That explained the fantasy I had that Superman saved me from the plane crash.

“Do you have any family that we can contact?” She asked. I shook my head and her smile faltered briefly and said “That’s okay, we’ll get you taken care of and get that sorted out later.” She made some small talk about which nurse was in charge but my mind had drifted back to the accident and to the delusion that Superman had rescued me from the crashed plane. I heard her say something about television and I nodded.

She walked over to a television that was on a stand and turned it on. It was set on a news channel.

She asked if I needed anything else and then left the room. I stared at the ceiling while listening to the news anchor talk until something she said caught my attention.

“Superman once again saved the day when he stopped a plane from falling the sky after witnesses described that an engine appeared to have failed and detached from the plane.” She continued to tell details but I wasn’t listening. My eyes were focused on the image of Superman carrying me from the plane.

Not the result of a concussion.

It had really happened. My brain kept re-running the entire accident over and over from the part Superman picked me off the floor of the plane to when he laid me down on the stretcher and placed his hand on my cheek. The look in his eyes hiding something I just couldn’t put my fingers on.

I must have drifted off to sleep because the sound of a commotion coming from the hallway woke me up. Voices of excitement and awe. I couldn’t make out what was being said.

After a moment I could see the crowd approaching my viewpoint from the door. Looked like reporters holding microphones and flash bulbs were going off. And then I saw his face. That chiseled face with stunning blue eyes and a dark curl on his forehead. He was all smiles as he slowly tried to make his way down the hall.

Then he was standing at the door to my room and looked at me with that smile. He politely

excused himself from the reporters and knocked on my already-opened door. I motioned for him to come in, too speechless to speak. He walked in and shut the door behind him.

“I hope I’m not bothering you.” He said as he came closer to my bed.

“No.” I managed to croak out.

“Good. I just wanted to come by and see how the crash survivors were doing.” He pulled a chair beside the bed and sat down.

“That’s...nice of you...” I croaked out, suddenly embarrassed at how I sounded.

“Thanks. Would you like some water?” He asked, motioning towards the empty cup in my hand. I nodded and he got up from the chair, took the cup from my hands and went to the table beside my bed. I sat up further in my bed as he handed me the cup of water.

“Thank you.” I said as I took a sip. “I can never thank you enough for saving me...us on that plane today.”

“It was nothing. You’re very welcome.” He said as he sat back down in the chair.

“How did you know we were in trouble?” I asked.

“I have my ways.” He said with a smile.

“I am glad you were there. The results...would have been different...” Suddenly the realization that I could have died along with everyone else on the plane hit and the wave of emotions was overbearing. I quickly fought back the tears and turned my head away from him. I couldn’t have Superman see me cry.

I looked back at him when I felt him grab my hand. I looked down to see Superman holding my hand to assure me that it was going to be ok. A smile crept across my face as I looked up to his face.

Suddenly, he seems nervous. The Man of Steel was sitting in my hospital room holding my hand and he was the one that was nervous.

“What’s wrong?” I asked as he took his hand back.

“Nothing.” He responded but I could feel him drawing back into himself. “I shouldn’t have done that.” He said as he stood up to leave.

“No! Please stay.” I heard myself say. He stopped and looked at me. “I didn’t mind that at all.” I said.

His face softened and he sat back down.

Superman's Greatest Fan

More at ease, we talked for the next twenty minutes about his first few times saving the planet as Superman and that the "S" on his chest was his family crest and didn't stand for Superman, as most people thought.

"Hey, how would you like a picture with me?" He asked. Of course I couldn't turn down the offer and said yes. He got up and opened the door to my room where the reporters and photographers were still standing. He called out for someone named Jimmy and this young guy in a suit and bow tie walked in with camera in hand.

"Jimmy, this is Joseph Martinez, Joseph, this is Jimmy, one of the best photographers that works for The Daily Planet." Jimmy extended his hand and I took it.

"Nice to meet you." I responded.

"Would you take our picture?" Superman asked. When Jimmy nodded, Superman posed beside me. I had no idea how I looked but I did my best to smile when the flash bulb went off. "Thank you Jimmy. Now you see that Lois gets that printed in tomorrow's paper." He said with a smile. Jimmy nodded with a smile and quickly left the room.

Superman looked at me and smiled and announced that he had to leave. I thanked him for stopping by and for saving our lives again. He smiled and instead of going towards the door, he went to the window and opened it.

"Until we meet again." He said and quickly disappeared.

Chapter 3

May 8, 1978

I was released from the hospital the next day. It was later determined that a faulty connector on the engine mount caused the engine to come loose and detach from the wing causing the plane crash.

I bought a copy of The Daily Planet after leaving the hospital and there was the picture of Superman and myself under the headline SUPERMAN VISITS SURVIVOR with the article written by Lois Lane. It was a rather good article explaining what happened to the plane and how Superman was able to safely land us in the Metropolis Stadium. Thanks to Superman, there were no lives lost that day.

It had only been a few weeks since the Superman's Greatest Fan

crash, but I was able to find a job as a janitor at the infamous Daily Planet. Finding a place to live was more difficult so I was living in a motel room at the moment.

I thought about Superman often. I read every newspaper article about him, followed reports of his actions on TV. I often thought about the time he held my hand at the hospital or the time he touched my cheek at the stadium.

Was Superman gay? Those were not typical actions of men back then. Being gay in that time was very taboo and most men kept it to themselves, including me, although I had decided that I wouldn't hide who I was. If someone asked, I was ready to tell them the truth.

I'd discovered a few aspects of the gay life in Metropolis. There were a few bars that we could go and be ourselves and no one bothered us. It was a nice break from the stress of the day.

It would be a few months before I would meet Superman again.

August 16, 1978

I HAD FINALLY gotten settled in Metropolis. I had found an apartment and work kept me busy. I was in charge of cleaning the lobby and the first two floors of The Daily Planet.

On this day, my boss had asked me to take care of the fifth floor since the janitor in charge of that floor was out sick. I made my way up to this floor which was the floor that contained the offices for the reporters of the paper.

It was noisy with sounds of typewriters, phones ringing and loud voices. I silently made my way around with my cart and emptied trash cans. Per the cleaning checklist for this floor, there wasn't much to do other than empty trash cans and make sure everything was tidy during business hours.

As I was working, Jimmy Olsen, the photographer who took the picture of me and Superman recognized me and approached me.

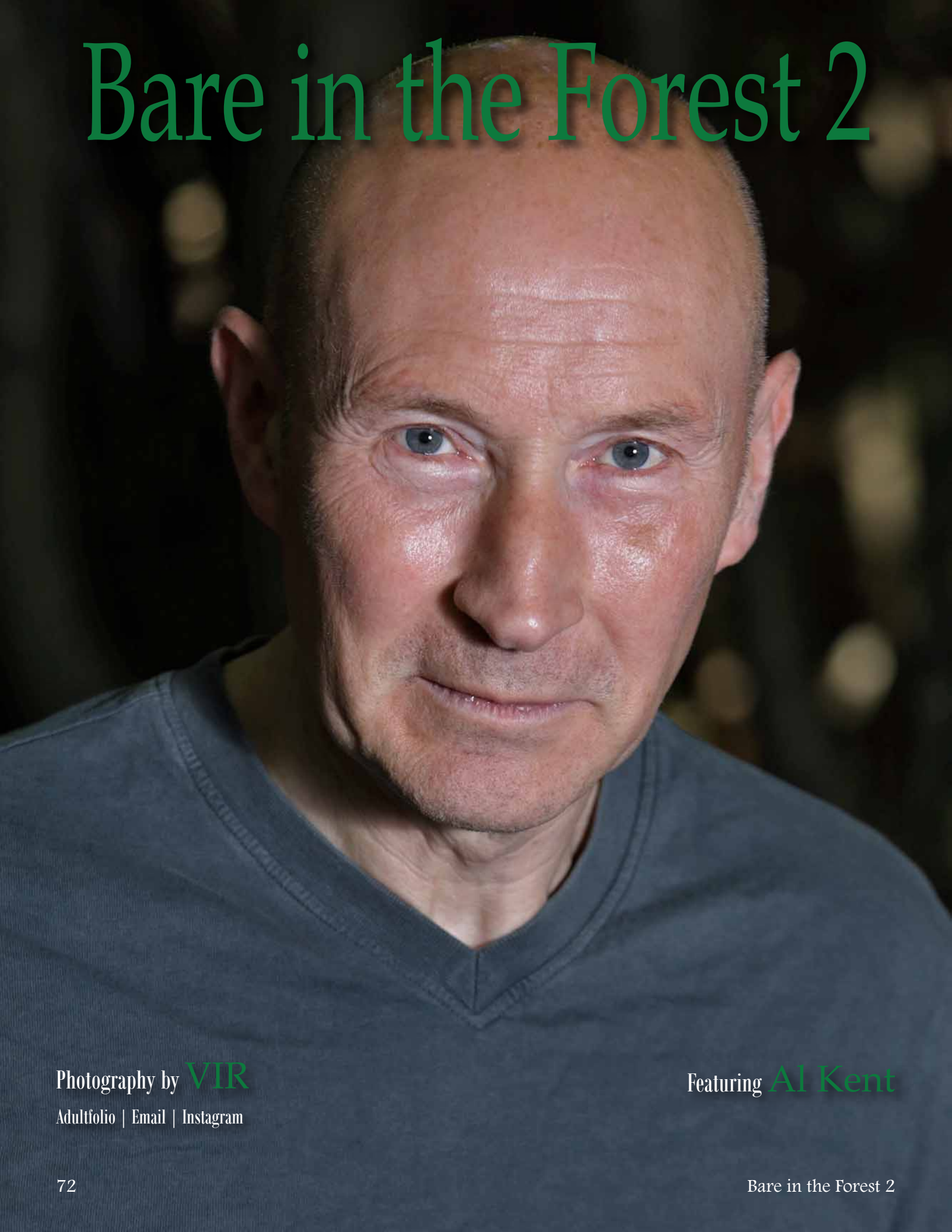
"I remember you." He said. "You were the guy in the hospital bed I took a picture of with Superman." He said with excitement.

"I am. My name is Joseph Martinez." I said as I shook his extended hand.

"Hey Lois, come here!" He exclaimed. A

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Bare in the Forest 2



Photography by **VIR**
Adultfolio | Email | Instagram

Featuring **Al Kent**













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petite, brunette wearing a short gray skirt and white blouse walked over to me. "This is Joseph Martinez, the gentleman that Superman saved on the plane that you wrote the article about." Jimmy said.

"Oh my, it's a pleasure to meet you. That was quite a day for you wasn't it?" She asked and shook my hand.

"Yes ma'am it was." I replied.

"Oh you don't have to ma'am me." She said. "Let me introduce you to my friend Clark Kent." She grabbed my hand and pulled me towards a guy sitting at a desk, typing furiously on a typewriter.

"Clark!" Lois yelled. Clark jumped in his chair and stood up, knocking over a cup of pencils on his desk.

"Lois. You-you startled me." He said as he clumsily tried to pick up the pencils from the desk and the floor. When he stood back up, he looked at me. He was six foot one, brown hair parted to one side, big, brown glasses which he nervously pushed up with his hand. Behind the glasses were a set of striking blue eyes, eyes that I had seen before.

"Clark, this is Joseph Martinez, the guy that Superman saved from that plane crash and visited in the hospital." Lois said.

"Oh. It's a ple-pleasure to meet you." Clark said, extending his hand out. I took his hand and we shook. Lois's name was yelled from the distance and she excused herself and walked away.

"Likewise." I responded after she walked away. "You look familiar." I told him.

"I don't think we have ever met." He said, nervously. I decided to let it go although something in the back of my mind was telling me that I knew who him.

"Okay then, it was nice meeting you." I said. We shook hands and he went back to his desk and I resumed my cleaning.

SOMETIME LATER I had returned downstairs and kept thinking about where I had met Clark Kent. There was something about those eyes that I knew but I couldn't place it. So I put it out of my mind and focused on my work. It was

near the end of the day and it was close to the end of my shift.

As I was getting ready to clock out, Clark was walking towards the exit with his coat and hat on and I could tell that he was leaving for the day. I dashed over to catch up with him. I was determined to figure out where I knew him.

"Hey." I said as I touched him on the shoulder.

"Hi-hi." He said. "Jeremy right?"

"Joseph." I corrected. "I don't mean to bother you but I keep trying to place where we met before but it's not coming to me."

"Gee, I-I don't know where we could have met." Clark said as he removed his hat to scratch his head. When he did that, a piece of his hair fell into his face and that is when I recognized him. The curl on his forehead and through those glasses were the blue eyes I had seen the day I was rescued from the plane crash. Standing in front of me was Superman.

"I remember now!" I said. I leaned in and whispered in his ear; "You are Superman." His eyes widened and I could see the flashes of emotion as he processed what I had just said.

"No—."

"Don't worry, I am not going to tell anyone. This is your secret." I interrupted him, keeping my voice low. He paused as he studied me for a moment.

"Why would you do that? You could tell the world and get money and fame?" Clark asked.

"If I did that, then I would lose the chance to get to know you plus the world needs you—I mean him." I replied. He smiled and it lit up his face. I had always wondered what Superman did when he wasn't busy saving the world, and now I knew.

"I really appreciate you keeping that secret." He checked his watch. "I have to go. See you around." Clark said. I nodded and we both went our separate ways. I went to janitor station to get my things and he walked out of the lobby.

THE NEXT DAY Clark walked up to me in the lobby and handed me his business card.

"If you, uh, ever want to get a drink or dinner, or, uh, something. Call me. My home

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TOM RIDDLE



**IMAGES BY
TOM RIDDLE**







Tom Riddle





Tom Riddle



Continued from pg 79

number is on the back.” He said, his voice betraying the look of confidence on his face. I looked down at the card in my hands and looked back into his blue eyes.

“I would love to.” I replied. He smiled as he nodded his head and walked away. I put his card in my shirt pocket and smiled. I had Superman’s phone number.

Chapter 4

It had been a few weeks since I had ran into Clark at the office. It took me a couple of days to get the courage to call him. We talked a few times on the phone and he’d tell me about his day as Clark and then as Superman. Most of his heroics would make the news, but there were a few stories that didn’t.

I think he enjoyed having someone to talk to about his adventures as Superman. We hadn’t discussed meeting cause we both had been busy, but that changed the last time we talked.

He suggested that we do dinner and picked the place and time. It was only a few days away but it felt like years.

September 4, 1978

TONIGHT WAS THE night and I was beyond nervous. I had ransacked my closet before setting on a white button down shirt and khaki pants.

I had gotten to the restaurant first. It was a little sports bar hidden in a little shopping center in downtown.

Five minutes after I got there, Clark walked in jeans and a light blue button up that was tucked in. His hair was parted and he was wearing his brown-rimmed glasses.

His face lit up when he saw me as he walked over to the table.

“Hi.” He said as he sat down.

“Hi.” I replied.

“How long have you been waiting?” He asked.

“About five minutes ago or so.” I said. Before he could say anything, our waiter came to the table with menus.

“Good evening, my name is Todd, what can I get you boys to drink? He asked as he handed us menus. Clark and I ordered waters and the waiter left.

“Have you been here before?” Clark asked. I shook my head. “The food is really good. This is one of my favorite places to eat.” He said. I smiled as I looked over the menu.

The waiter returned and took our order. We both ordered cheeseburgers and fries.

We talked about our day at work, about our families. He told me that he was from Smallville and talked about his parents adopting him when they found him in his crashed ship and raised him on the farm and treating him like he was their own.

By this point our food had arrived. Conversation slowed as we ate. We were almost finished with our food when we heard a loud explosion outside. Clark, me, and some other customers ran outside to see what was going on.

We saw a building about a block away on fire. We could see people hanging out their windows, apparently trapped.

“I got to go.” Clark said. I nodded and he discreetly walked away. Seconds later, we all watched in amazement as Superman flew to the building and put out the flames and started to rescue the trapped people in the building.

Within minutes, the fire was out and everyone in the building was safe. Emergency services had arrived and once Superman was sure everyone was okay, he flew high into the air and then away. Everyone that had gathered cheered and clapped their hands and then slowly dispersed and I returned to our table.

I waited for Clark to return to dinner but he never returned.

After twenty minutes of waiting, I decided to go home. I paid our bill, flagged down a taxi and gave him my address.

I looked out the window and wondered where he had gone and why he didn’t come back. I tried not to let it get me down but it was hard.

Before I knew it, I was home. I paid the driver and walked into the lobby of my apartment building towards the elevator. Once on my floor, I walked to my apartment and unlocked the door.

Once inside, I grabbed a beer and sat down on the couch, thoughts of the evening swirling in my head.

TWO HOURS LATER, I woke with a start to a knock on my balcony door. I looked around, confused since I lived on the seventh floor.

I walked to the door and saw Superman standing on the balcony. Surprised and confused, I opened the door and stepped outside.

“Hey.” He said as I stepped outside. The moon was giving off just enough light that showcased his physique and facial features.

“Hey.” I said back. “How did you know where I lived?”

“I have my ways.” He said with a smirk. “I hope you don’t mind. I wanted to apologize for not coming back to dinner. I tried to come back but there were people that needed my help.” He said. He kept his head down and didn’t make eye contact with me. “I wanted to come and make it up to you.”

“What did you have in mind?” I asked. Without speaking, he walked and stood behind me.

“Step back onto my feet and close your eyes.” When I hesitated, he said, “Trust me.” I took a deep breath and stepped lightly as I could onto his feet and closed my eyes. I jumped a little when his arms wrapped around my chest. I shivered when he whispered in my ear to keep my eyes closed. A few moments later he told me to open them.

I did and let out a loud gasp. He tightened his arms around me since I had almost jumped out of them. He had flown about ten to fifteen feet off my balcony for a breathtaking view of Metropolis. He was turning slowly so I could see the entire city.

“Want to see more?” He asked. Too stunned to speak, I nodded. “Hold on.” He said as he started to fly forward.

It was amazing to see the city from the view. Superman took me around the city and showed me things I had never seen yet.

“Look, there is where we first met.” He said as we flew over the ballpark where he had saved me from the crashed plane. He hovered for a moment while we watched a game in progress and then continued.

Ahead I saw The Daily Planet as Superman was flying towards the roof of the building and landed.

“This is one of my favorite hang out places in the city and I wanted to share it with you.” He said and lead me to one of the ledges. Below I

could see the street and the cars passing by. The sound of car horns, engines and police sirens made it feel serene.

He pointed out different things that could only be seen from the roof. At some point, we laid down on the roof and admired the stars and the moon and it was just beautiful to look at. There were no other lights that got in the way.

I shivered and he asked if I was cold. I nodded and he removed his cape and draped it over me like a blanket.

I must have dozed off because when I woke, he was leaning on his side and was looking at me.

“Hi.” He said.

“Hey.” I responded as I rubbed my face. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to doze off.”

“It’s okay.” He answered. “If you’re tired, I can take you home.”

“No, no, I am okay here. I’m enjoying the view...and the company.” I said. Even in the dim lighting, I could see him blush.

After what seemed like hours, I begrudgingly suggested that we head back. I handed him back his cape and he reattached it to his back. He picked me up in his arms and off we went and within a few minutes, we were back on the balcony of my apartment.

“I had a great time tonight.” I said. “Almost made me forget about you not coming back at dinner.” I said with a laugh.

“What would it take to make you completely forget about it?” He asked with a smile.

“I don’t know.” I said in return.

“How’s this?” He asked as he stepped in and kissed me. I was stunned at first but quickly responded to the kiss until he broke it.

“How about now?” He asked.

“For-forgotten.” I stuttered, still processing that Superman just kissed me.

“Good.” He replied. “See you around.” He said and flew away, leaving me standing there in shock.

I watched him fly away until he was out of sight before going inside and going to bed. I was eager to see what the future held in store.

To be continued..

DHM Fan ~ Trey





Shane Colorado

Images by
**Shane
Colorado**









J.S. BACH







DHM
DESERT HEAT MAG

Coming February 4th

All Men Are Beautiful!
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