

DHM

Desert Heat Magazine



All Men Are Beautiful!

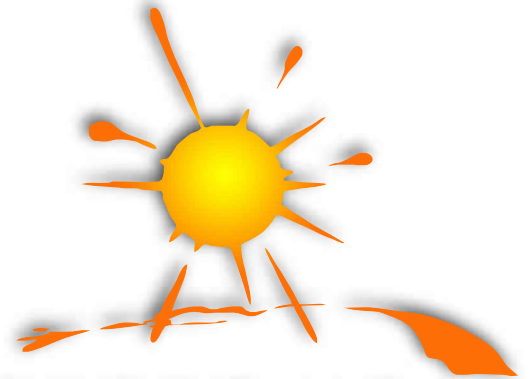
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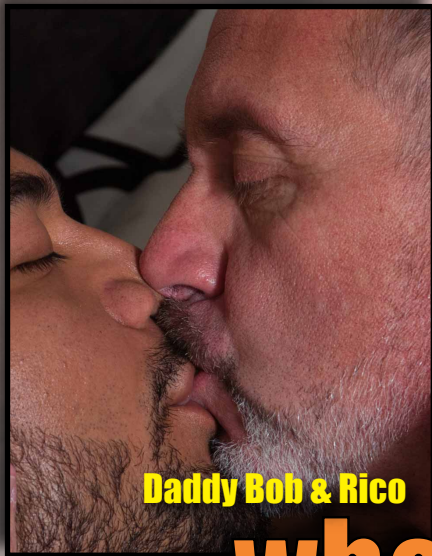


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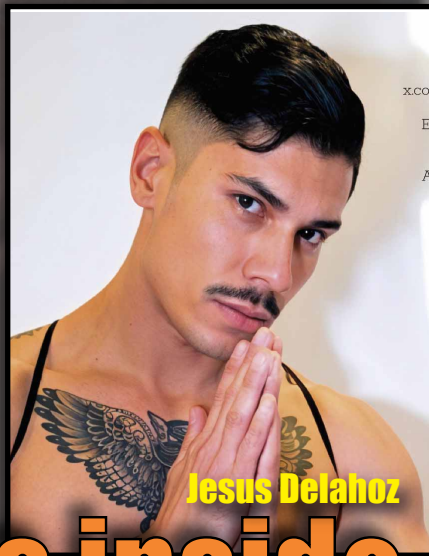
Male Photography



desertheatimages.com



Daddy Bob & Rico



Jesus Delahoz



Bersain

who's inside...



MaxBear



Nicholas K



Josh P



**All
Men Are
Beautiful**

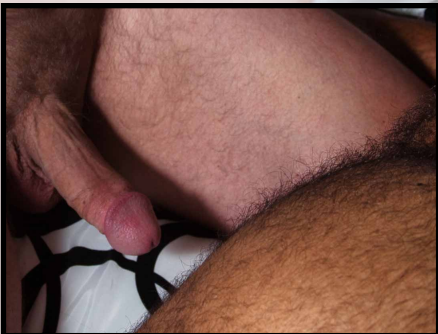
what's inside...

The Men

Daddy Does His Boy.....	8
Photos by Desert Heat Images	
Nicholas K.....	21
Photos by Nicholas K	
Model Muse.....	32
Photos by Eduard Morillo Moreno	
Josh on the Rocks.....	51
Photos by Profiles by Sarge	
MaxBear.....	62
Photos by MaxBear	
Bersain.....	73
Photos by Alex Torres	

Articles/Art

Yag's Adventures #1.....	19
Story by Luv2SukD	
Rodeo Buddies.....	29
Story by BootsBallsSpurs	
The Bear Essentials.....	30
Thoughts by Todd Rumsey	
Fucked in a Park.....	69
Story by JJJ3891	



Ramblings from the Editor

We made it! And hopefully everyone reading this has a wonderful holiday season and stayed safe over the New Year Eve's celebration. Cop-wise anyway! Here's hoping you had a wild raunchy fluid filled New Year's even celebration! Is there really any better way to bring in the new year?

Anybody else ready for the rollercoaster ride that will be the next four years for our Country? It is sure to be a shit storm that we will be dealing with for decades to come. Just look at the madness that has plagued us since the election and he's not even in office yet. Maybe a meteor will hit the planet before the 20th of January and none of this will matter, right? Thoughts and prayers hoping something happens that brings common sense to the other half of political spectrum.

Speaking of which, what do you think about the Mexican President pre-emptively setting up ways for those that Trump plans on deporting getting legal help and preserving their rights rather than be steam rolled over by a bunch of racists assholes? I hope she is able to get it all together before the 20th. Time will tell.

I've been on this nostalgic kick lately; hence the cover models this month. Rico has been on the cover before but the photoset of Daddy Bob and Rico were never in the Magazine. They had this chemistry that showed through in the images that I really wanted to share with you. Yeah, the images are from my archives rather than images recently taken, but they still stand the test of time, plus who in the hell doesn't love Rico's furry ass and Daddy Bob's thick dick? Come on, it's a wet dream waiting to happen!

I have an ask of those of you in the area, the norther Midwest. Black Boots, a local leather club in Superior, Wisconsin, is sponsoring a Winter Clothing Drive, collecting cold weather clothing and non-perishable food, along with treats and canned food for furry friends too. If you can, and you're near the area, please consider donating to them.

Let's make 2025 rock, folks! No matter how far

down the hate hole that we seem to be falling, they can only take it away from you if you let them. Show your love and support for others by being kind and thoughtful. Don't let hate win out, even if it is what half our Country wants. Support those that need it. Bless those that don't ask for it. Just be kind again, that would make us great again.

And if you are suffering from depression, please make sure you seek help. There are so many resources out there that can provide it. If you don't have family or friends that you can lean on, make sure you use the hotlines that each city has or even the national one. If for nothing else than the talk to someone who will listen and try to provide some guidance. It can help you in that time of need. And if you know someone who is needing help, just listen, or if you don't have the time or inclination at least provide them with the resources. You could be the reason someone gets the help they need.



STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



WINTER Clothing Drive

Free admission to any event in
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cold weather clothing donation

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Treats and canned food
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**DADDY
DOES
HIS BOY**

FEATURING DADDY BOB & RICO

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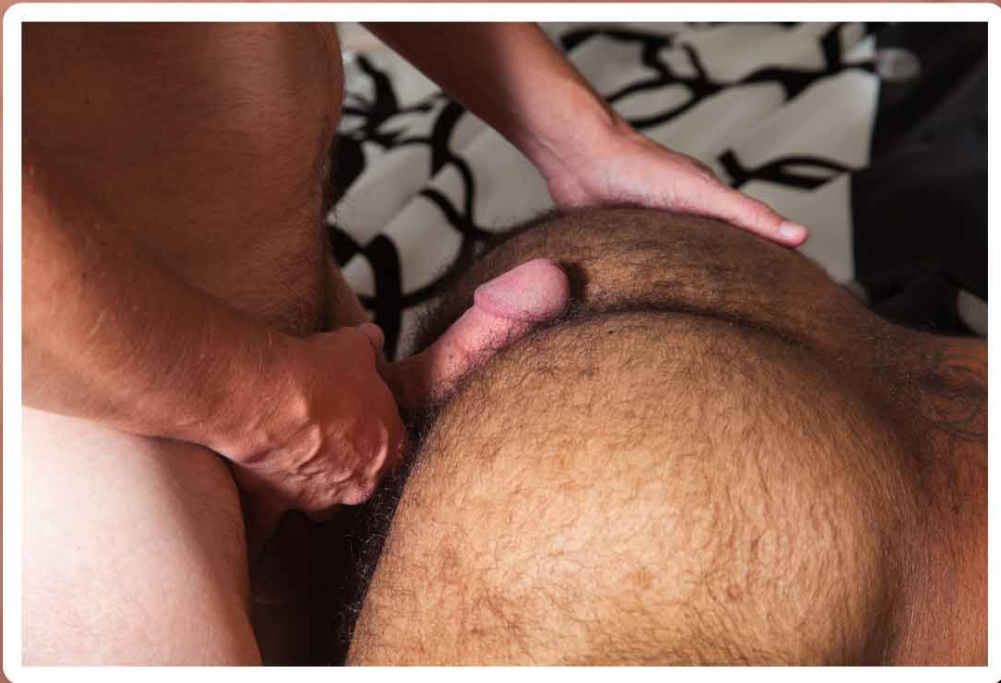
















YAG'S #1 ADVENTURES

One man's adventures exploring his sexuality

Story by Luv2SukD

I saw my first hard dick at 11 years old! Don't worry, this is not literature about child porn. However, if you want to understand why I love sucking cock so much, I should really start from the beginning.

Who's the first cock that I ever saw?

My brother's. He's 6 years older than me so he was 17 years old. He was walking downstairs to the basement where he had friends and our other brother sitting there. He comes running down the stairs and drops his towel to make all his friends look at his boner. They all laugh and my brother says, "Sorry Yag. I didn't know you were down here."

Listen, I'm not attracted to my brother, but there is no denying that he is a really hot dude with a big dick. He always had hot girls walking into the basement with him. One time I opened the door and heard his belt buckle. Blowjob hadn't entered my mind yet.

Then at 12 years old, I had gotten into pro wrestling, so hot guys became a norm even though I still didn't know what my attraction was all about.

Then I saw the MTV show Undressed. When two guys were kissing, I had my first erection that made me want to hump the side of my bed.

The 2 characters had a really hot shirtless makeout session and I shot my first load. I didn't understand it, but I liked it!

By 14, I was thinking about guy friends of mine shooting their own cum. Girls felt weird and forced to me. My first hookup with a girl was only a success because I imagined being her and my best friend was on top of me, fucking and kissing me. I came all over her chest, wishing my friend was cumming all over my face.

Thinking about his body on top of me became an obsession. Let's call him Alex. Alex was and is so cool. Everyone loves him, myself included. We used to wrestle each other. I loved touching his body. I got his ass and cock a few times. Sucking cock hadn't exactly crossed my mind yet, but I knew I liked him.

As we got older, I tried with girls but guys were more intriguing to me. I can remember a day in high school when I walked with a guy 2 years older than me and his girlfriend down the hallway.

He called me out. "Yag, did you just look at my cock? I just caught you looking at my cock." I froze in embarrassment.

His girlfriend helpfully chimed in immediately, "How could he not. It's so big!"

That did 2 things: #1. It took his attention off me. #2. It made really fantasize about his dick. I would love to suck him today, as adults. I would've loved to suck him then too.

High school was full of hotties. I never told anyone my secret. I was ready though. I wanted a gay friend. How do I find one?

College was more of the same. Once I started making friends, I had to keep "playing straight" while I was jerking off to the thought of blowing my new best friends.

By this point, we're all 18, so don't feel guilty about jerking to this story. I still hadn't sucked any dick yet. Dang.

There was a guy in the dorms I really liked. I wanted to kiss and go down on him. He was a year older than me, had a massive bulge, and spoke with a slight lisp, as if he might be gay too.

I never got that chance. 😞

Another guy, always with a girlfriend, would give me serious "fuck me" eyes at parties, bars, and I thought he was a sure thing. One night, he was drunk and his roommate locked him out. I invited him to come hang at my place if he wanted. My roommates were out of town.

He came back. We had a drink and a bong

and then I worked up the courage to ask him if I could kiss him. He said, "Oh shit dude, I'm not gay." What? Goddamnit. The first guy I put myself out there for shuts me down. That sucks. I wish I was sucking him.

So, it still didn't happen for me in college.

When I graduated and came back home, I had now learned about Grindr. Some dude invited me over. I went. He was young, decently cute, and offered me his big cock. I got on my knees and sucked dick for the first time at 22 years old. I was under the impression cocksuckers HAD to swallow, so I did. He came a lot too. I was a good boy. I swallowed every bit of this 19 year old's cum load!

Now that I sucked my first dick, I felt free and liberated. I was also addicted, so I wanted more. But Grindr guys are, well, a little nutty if you ask me.

Fast forward to a bar night with friends. We're hanging, drinking, and there's live music. One of my friends invites his incredibly hot brother to meet us...

That seems like a good spot to stop. I'll pick up right where I left off in YAG's Adventures #2!!!



Happy jerking, gay boys...have fun!

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CHAT - DATES - FRIENDS - LOVE - SEX - EVENTS - CONNECTION

Nicholas R



**Selfie
Exposé**





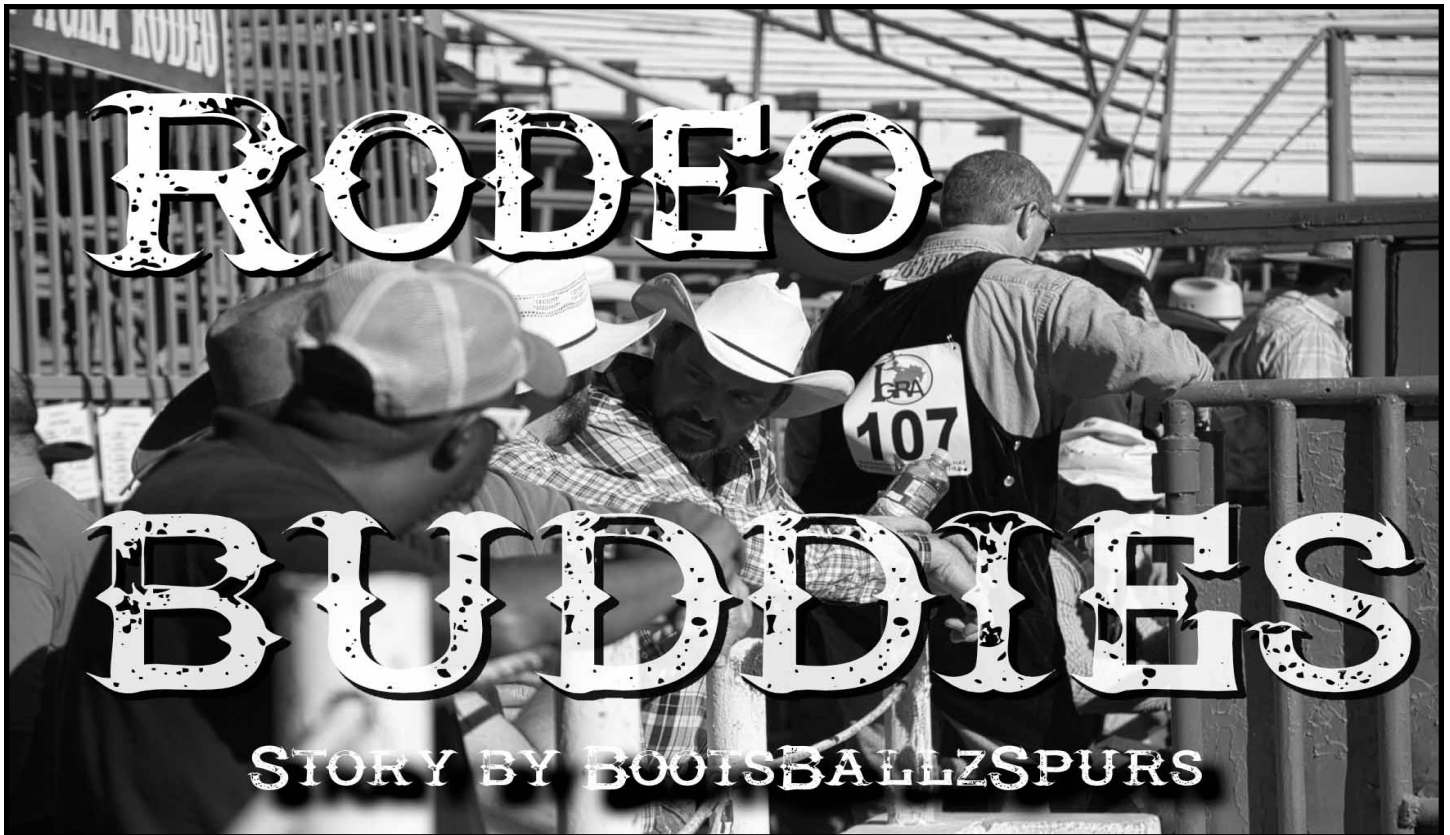












I grew up in rural Central CA. We all had horses, went to all the rodeos in the area. When I was fourteen my older brother dared me to ride bareback broncs. I loved it, the adrenaline and the feel of of power I got from dominating a big, wild horse. Before long I was doing well in junior rodeos and got a few buckles.

When I enrolled in college, I joined rodeo team on a partial scholarship. I made some friends, and dated a couple of girls, but it never got serious.

Went on a couple of trips with the team and mostly hung out with 2 buds, Mike and Billy. Went to a few at their off-campus house. They were Close buds. Mike rode bareback broncs like I did. He was high-spirited, always joking, getting rowdy sober or drunk.. Close to 6 feet tall, deep blue eyes and wore a three-day scruff. With his close-cropped hair, he was masculine and smokin' hot.

Billy was physically his opposite. He rode bulls real well, and like most bullriders was short and stocky. Wore his pale blonde hair kinda shaggy, long over his shirt collar in the back. Nice muscular rump with thick thighs. He was upbeat, with a happy disposition and a mite quieter. Than his bud Mike.

They were always making comments like jocks do. Sometimes a little homoerotic.

Nicknames like "fuckstick", "fuckwad," "boner boy", "ass lick" and shit like that. They'd say things like "Yeah. Blow me" and reply "Again? "Didn't mind it last night did ya?" "Fuck you "and come back with "Is that what you were doin last night? Hardly felt that tiny pecker?" "Loser sucks my dick." Always joking around like that.

Our second rodeo of the season was a four-hour drive northeast in the Central Valley, so we left early on a Saturday. Billy slept in back of crew-cab (called it the "screw cab"). I drove my lifted Chevy pickup with Mike up front. Mike slept with his hat down over his eyes but somehow hand on my thigh. Nothing more, but made me wonder. It kinda crept up when we'd hit a bump, just a couple of inches.

Got to Clovis. Went to rodeo grounds mid-morning. Helped unload stock with the contractor, who was late. Grabbed my riggin' bag with my chaps, roughstock boots, bareback riggin' and gear and headed to the arena locker rooms with Mike and Billy and a few others from other teams Mike and Billy introduced me around. There was some joshing and ribbing and school rivalry jokes. All high-spirited and good rodeo fun.

Continued on pg 48

The **Bear** Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by
Todd Rumsey



Depression, Sadness, Loneliness

As snow falls, and darkness seems to come earlier with each passing day, I am hard pressed not to think of those suffering from depression, lack of light, lack of friends, lack of resources.

There are many facets of our life that can cause some form of depression, or even just times of feeling morose, bitter, angry, or sad. Depression can be slipped into and out of for some and debilitating for others. Triggers can be set off easily for some, while the world problems may not be big enough for some to get depressed.

Depression, sadness, loneliness, fear of inadequacy can all look different, while some of the simpler solutions can look very much the same.

Activity is a great mood enhancer, emotion distracter, and physically can lift your spirits by increasing the endorphins running through your body. A walk outside, walking the mall, or taking a swim can all enhance your mood.

Sex, feels good, makes people happy, causes distraction, and gives most important positive human interaction and physical touch. Mental and emotional stimulation also occur, raising the body's ability to fend off negative thoughts or circumstances.

Good food is a key to lifting yourself from your doldrums. Diets full of carbs and sugars will naturally tend to keep one feeling weighed down, bloated, tired, and worn out. Good proteins, and plenty of fruits and vegetables keep the body running at an optimum.

Sleep is needed for the body, and the mind to heal. Getting 6 to 8 hours of sleep nightly will go a long way in increasing your outlook on life. Waking fully rested gives you a better chance to find positive things to focus on in everyday living. Being over tired will make it easier to focus on the negative, thus keeping you more depressed.

Sex – yes, this one is worth listing twice. Even solo

sex, masturbation, body play, fantasizing, can make you feel better about your self and a situation. Bodily arousal and good focused touch, raise blood to the outer most parts of your body, allowing the body to feel more, and relax the inner organs, and brain.

Drinking enough water is an often-forgotten healer for the body and the mind. Keep a water bottle with you wherever you go, it's free and easy. Allow the caffeinated drinks, energy drinks, and alcohol drinks to be lessened, by alternating between one of them, with a full glass of water. This will be cheaper, as you drink less of the expensive stuff, and it will allow your body to work more optimally, not causing low moods from slumps, hangovers, or caffeine overdoses or withdrawal.

Getting outside and enjoying the fresh air is a great mood booster. Yes, we are all aware it's cold out. So, bundle up – make the walk brisker, even jog to stay warm. The fresh air and sunlight will go a long way in lifting the spirits. Seasonal Affective Disorder is literally a lack of sunlight and Vitamin D allowing your body to heal and refresh itself as it needs. Getting out in the sun and fresh air will increase the oxygen in your body, increase blood flow, and increase those feel-good hormones!

If all these remedies are tried, and only help for short

term, or do not help at all, seek professional help. There are many forms of therapy, doctors, medicine, and programs to be a part of to help if the depression is debilitating, or negatively effecting other areas of your life. We all need to be healthy and happy, to do what we need to do as well as what we want to do.

Being a caregiver – means we need to be able bodied, with good physical and emotional strength to take care of others.

Working outside the home requires agility, good problem-solving skills, and a clarity of vision to accomplish these tasks.

Being a stay-at-home parent, house husband, or work from home guru- all insist on us being in the best physical and mental shape allowable at the time.

Do your best to take care of yourself – so you can take care of others.

Essentially yours –

Todd

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MODEL MUSK!



ATELIER CAVALIER'S LATEST COLLECTION BLENDS BOLD, SEDUCTIVE DESIGNS WITH AN ETHOS OF SUSTAINABILITY, AND HIS NEW MODEL JESUS DE LA HOZ APPROVES.

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ATELIER CAVALIER'S
NEW COLLECTION FOR
2025 IS ALL ABOUT
DETAILS, WHERE
THE ALLURE OF
FETISH MEETS THE
FASHION-FORWARD
SPIRIT OF 1990S
JAPANESE GAY
CULTURE,
REIMAGINED FOR
THE MODERN MAN.

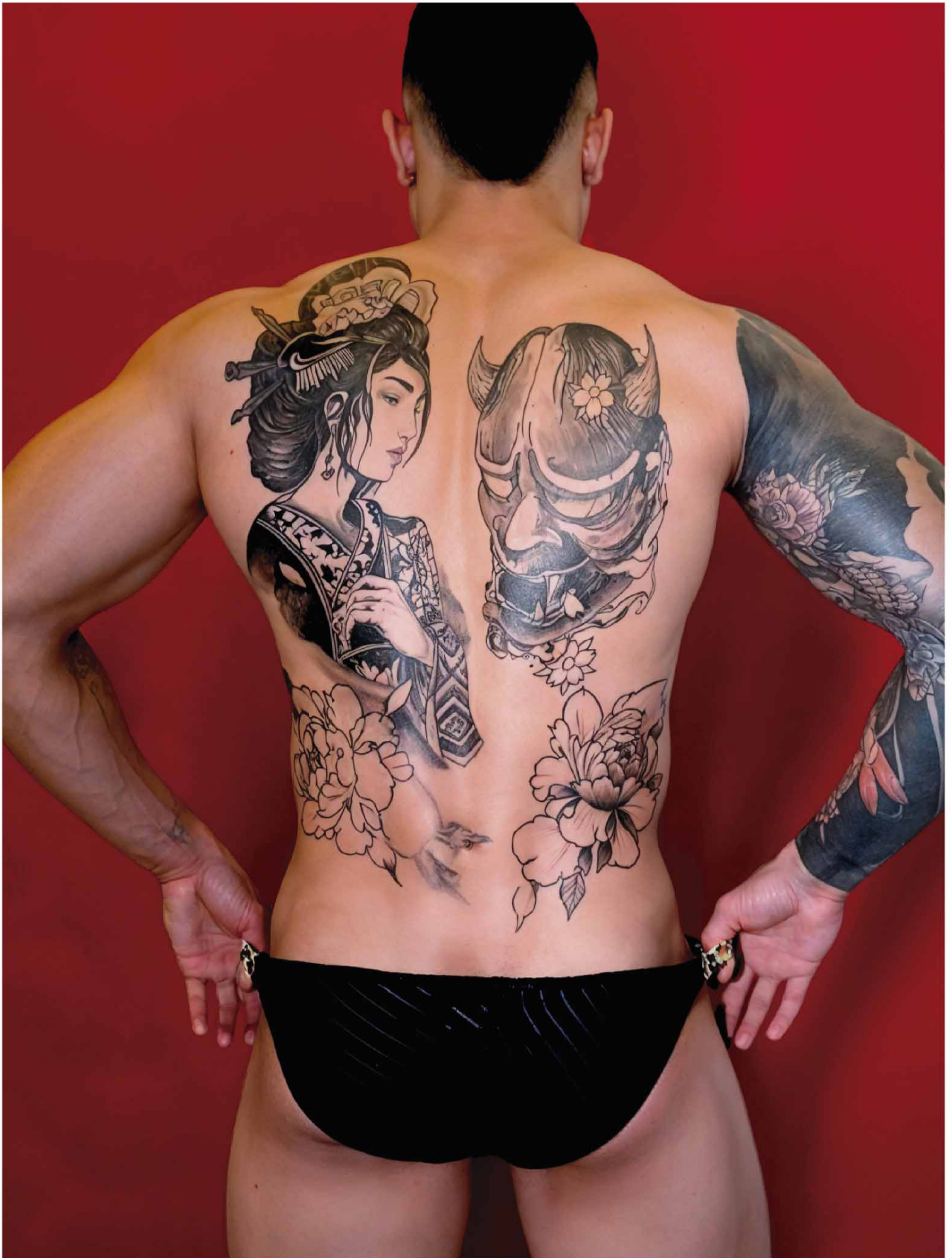
EACH PIECE IS CRAFTED USING
UPCYCLED PROCESSES AND NEW
DEADSTOCK MATERIALS, MAKING
THEM AS ECO-CONSCIOUS AS
THEY ARE DARING.



The collection's muse, Jesus de La Hoz, is a straight male go-go dancer whose magnetic energy and unapologetic confidence embody the essence of ATELIER CAVALIER. Discovered by Edward in a club in Bogota, Jesus' presence and individuality left a

lasting impression, leading to the collaboration that would shape this unique underwear line.

"Jesus is not just the face of the collection, but its heart," says Edward. "His spirit, his vibe, the way he owns his body—all of that directly influences the designs. Something is electrifying about him, and I wanted to translate that into the collection. These pieces are bold, edgy, and have an attitude that speaks volumes." In this interview, Jesus shares more about him and how he feels working for ATELIER CAVALIER.





Q: Jesus, how did you feel when Edward first approached you about this collaboration?

Jesus: When Edward first approached me, I was honestly surprised. I had no idea he was watching me dance or even considered me a potential muse for his brand. But after he explained his vision for ATELIER CAVALIER—how the collection is was made of upcycled materials—everything clicked. It felt like an exciting opportunity, and I was into it.

When I wore the clothes I felt the energy, the vibe, it's all about self-expression, and that's something I stand for.

Q: What's it like wearing the collection?

Jesus: The underwear is a total game changer. It's more than just functional—it's a statement. The fabrics are comfortable but have that edgy, bold energy.

It feels like I'm wearing something designed to enhance who I am. I love that it's not just about looking good, but about the deeper philosophy behind it. The way the pieces incorporate sustainability is cool too, knowing that these designs are made from upcycled materials that still look fresh and new.

Also, it makes you feel like a stud ready to make good tips always looking incredible.

Q: How do you feel about wearing thongs as part of the collection?

Jesus: I never really thought of myself as a thong guy, I love to see them on my girlfriend, but I never thought about wearing one, even I work as a gogo dancer (laughs). When I tried them on, I get why people love them. They're surprisingly comfortable and feel freeing.

Honestly, I'm all about breaking boundaries, so rocking a thong is just another way to express that. It's not for everyone, but once you get used to it, you realize how much confidence it can give you. It's a fun way to switch things up, for sure.



Q: As a straight guy, modelling for a brand that celebrates queer culture, how do you navigate wearing designs that are deeply tied to that?

Jesus: For me, it's all about respecting and celebrating culture in its entirety. I've always had a lot of respect for the LGBTQ+ community, and I'm honored to represent a brand that taps into that rich history.

I think it's cool to be part of something bigger than yourself, especially when it's about breaking boundaries and embracing identity in all its forms. Wearing these designs is about freedom: freedom to express myself, no matter who I am or who others think I should be.



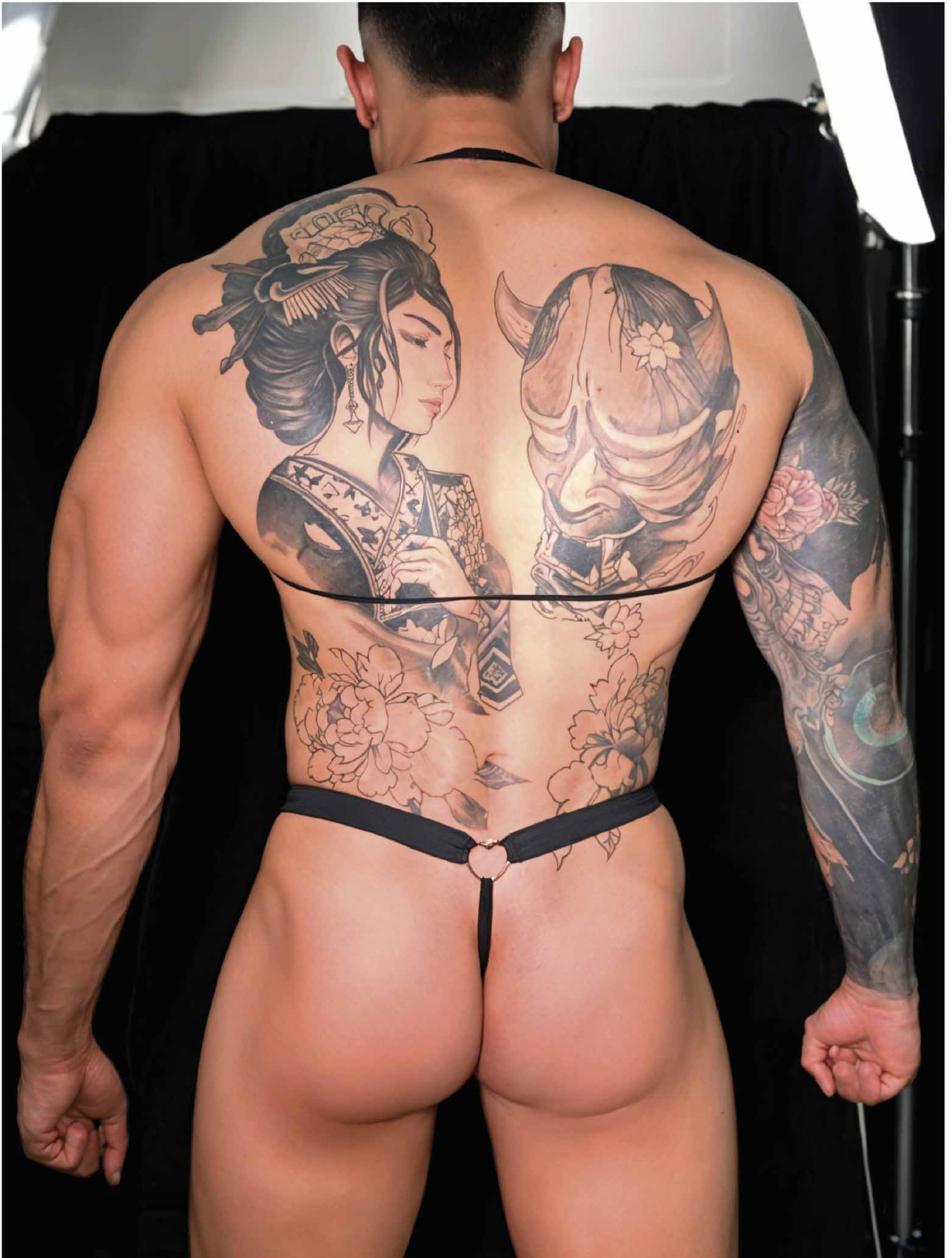




atelier
couturier













Q: You're known for your bold sense of style. Can you tell us more about your personal passions outside of dancing?

Jesus: Yeah, I'm all about tattoos. I've been collecting ink for a while now, and each piece has its own story. I'm also really into urban fashion.

I like mixing high and low styles, combining streetwear with high-end pieces to create something that feels unique.

On top of that, I love spending time with my dog. He's like my little sidekick. And, of course, I'm always down for a good party—whether it's at a club or just hanging with friends. Life's too short to not enjoy the moments.

Q: Have you ever thought about opening an OnlyFans account?

Jesus: Funny you ask! I've definitely considered it. With the whole modeling thing and how Edward and ATELIER CAVALIER are helping me to grow in social media is growing, it could be a cool way to show more of my personality and connect with my new fans in a more personal way.

I think OnlyFans is a great platform for people to really express themselves and show your private kinks and desires, and if I ever did start one, it would definitely be about the lifestyle—the fashion, the tattoos, the partying, and of course, the behind-the-scenes of my work with ATELIER CAVALIER. But who knows? Maybe down the line. I'm keeping the door open.

Model Muse

Q: What do you think of Edward Murillo Moreno, the designer behind ATELIER CAVALIER?

Jesus: Edward is one of the most driven and passionate people I've met in this industry. His tenacity is something I admire. He doesn't just design clothes—he creates concepts, tells stories through the pieces, and always pushes boundaries.

His fashion style is all about self-expression and authenticity, which I totally vibe with. We've had a blast during the photoshoots too. He's got this way of getting everyone to feel confident and relaxed in front of the camera.

It's not just about wearing the clothes; it's about embracing them and making them your own. Honestly, those photoshoots have been some of the most fun I've had. Edward really brings that energy to life.

Q: What's next for you and ATELIER CAVALIER?

Jesus: Who knows! We've got a lot planned for the future, and I'm excited to see how things evolve. Personally, I'm just living in the moment, having fun with the brand, and continuing to inspire and connect with people.

And as for ATELIER CAVALIER, the possibilities are endless. I love what we're doing now, but I'm sure there's even more we can bring to the table.



I stripped and went to put on my jock and compression shorts. Mike, jackass that he is, slapped my ass. "He's a rodeo virgin, boys" Mike yelled. "He's here ta get his rodeo cherry popped!"

I turned around and flipped him the bird. "I been in junior rode for four years, dickwad. You musta forgot how I beat your sorry ass in Tulare, Coalinga and Paso Robles". As I faced Mike, his eyes dropped from my face to my crotch. "Whooo damn, bro. You get a nut transplant from one of them broncs?" I turned back around fast. I wasn't exactly ashamed, but a little uncomfortable in a group of strangers, even in a gym setting. Mike wouldn't let it go, though.

"Hell, with a sac that big I'd be showin' em off ever chance I had! How do ride broncs with balls like that? I mean, don't it hurt more than a just a mite?"

I was pulling up my Wranglers by then. "Naw, Mike, it don't hurt a fuckin' bit. "I flicked a finger on my right nut. "They're brass, see?" All the guys cracked up at that, including Mike. I did notice a couple of dudes glance back at me curiously, though. One really seemed to focus, though. Cute Latino with a goatee, some chest hair and an angular face with big lips. Hmmm...

I tugged on my boots and grabbed my riggin' bag and went out to the arena. Bareback Bronc riding was the first event, so Mike and me started stretching and prepping our bronc reins with rosin to give 'em grip. There were fifteen of us entered and Mike and I were in the last few to ride. Billy rode bulls, which would be the last event of the day.

They called my name and I worked my way to my chute. As I slid down on my bronc, Mike held me, in case she jumped in the chute. The other cowboys on the team were doing the usual cheerleading you hear in the bucking chutes. Mike leaned in close and whispered in my ear. "Loser sucks winner's dick, bro". He slapped me on the shoulder and stepped back. I was so focused on my ride I barely heard what he'd said. I nodded my head and yelled "Let 'er buck!" and the gate opened. My horse leaped free of the chute I planter my spurs in the bronc's shoulder to Mark Out, then spurred the bronc clean and fast for all eight seconds. Heard the horn, stopped spurring and

grabbed the pick-up man when he rode up. Scored 83 points, a good ride. I jogged back to the chutes in time to help Mike climb on his buckin' horse. His whispered message came back to me as I leaped in the chute. "Loser sucks winner's dick, bro" and clapped him on the shoulder.

Mike nodded to the gateman, hollered "outside" and began his ride. He looked good, too. Flashy and solid. For five seconds. Don't know what happened, but his ass was in the dirt in another second. No Score.

He jogged back to the chutes where I sympathized with his buck-off. He grinned and leaned in close. "Make sure it ain't too clean, cowboy. Don't like a city-clean cock". He elbowed me in the ribs and went off to hang with Billy. I just sorta scratched my head and went off to smoke and get my chaps off.

Grabbed a coke and lit my smoke. "nice ride, bro" said someone from behind me. Turned around and saw it was the cowboy from the locker room, the one who'd given me that long look. He was fine, Latino with deep green eyes, goatee, about 5'8 with wide shoulders and a fine bulge in his Wrangs.

"Thanks bro" I replied. He gave me a fist bump. "Name's Tico. I'm from Oakdale." I responded "I'm Zach. Nice meetin' ya. I'm from Atascadero, goin' to Cal Poly. First year on the rodeo team." Tico nodded. "looked like ya done good. What'd ya score?" I let him know and he whistled. "83's damned good, bro. Might get you a buckle for it." I grinned "that'd be something, damn straight".

We shot the shit about rodeo for while 'til he said he had to go to the stands to piss. I said I'd go along and he led me into a side door that led to a corridor. "Quicker this way" was all he said. A few feet down was a men's room and we made for the pissers. As we pissed he looked over at me and smiled. I started to get uncomfortable and hoped I'd finish. I snuck a glance back and seen he was done, just holding his dick for me to see. I looked away reluctantly.

"Hey Zach" I looked at Tico. "What?" "Show me that big sac again. I just gotta see it again." I waited a few seconds. Tico was unbuckling his Wrangs. "Wanna see my balls, dude?" I was mighty curious. My mouth was dry when I tried to speak, so I just nodded. He dropped his jeans and

shorts nodding for me to do the same. I dropped 'em to my knees and pulled up my t-shirt.

"Fuck, bro! Them balls are like calf nuts! How do ride broncs with that big pair?" I just shrugged. Not the first time I'd been asked that. "I wear a cup over my jock, sometimes. Otherwise I just kinda move 'em outta the way." He nodded and I checked out his nutsac. Tico had a pair of good sized balls that hung down about 4 or 5 inches, smooth and shiny. God help me, I wanted to feel 'em. Tico grinned a sly grin and shook his hips, making 'em dance a bit. "Mebbe some other time, Zach". He scooped the ballbag in his jeans and pulled his Wranglers up. I reluctantly did the same. We were both chubbed as we left the bathroom and headed back outside, saying nothing. But we were both thinking.....

I went back to the chutes as they loaded the bulls. I found Billy and Mike. Billy was stretching and getting loose. They called him, he went to drop his rope on his bull and followed it to his chute.

Mike leaned over to help him set his bull rope and then I watched Billy's routine. He was all tight until he took a real long breath, held it then slowly released it. Took another full breath and nodded for his bull. He was so smooth, calm and focused as the bull jumped from the chute then spun left a few times. Billy's bull reversed and bucked, but Billy sat calm and smooth. Helluva ride.

He rode him past the buzzer then jumped and lit out for the fences. Halfway there, he sorta stepped on his chaps and stumbled, with the bull almost on him. One of the bullfighters did an amazing save, turning the bull away just in time. The bull gave up and left through the out gate. Billy leaned in to the bullfighter and hugged him. The bullfighter grinned and clapped Billy on the shoulder. The crowd yelled when Billy's score of 88 was announced. Beers all around!

Coach told us where our dorms were and handed out keys. We'd all get together at the BBQ and awards at 7:00, so we had a couple of hours to clean up. We climbed in my pickup, Mike in the back seat this time and talked about our rides back to the dorm rooms. Every five minutes, Mike reminded me about the "losers suck winner's dicks" joke until it stopped being funny. "Shut up, fuckwad! I'm so sick of that I may just fill yer mouth to shut ya up!" I told him. Mike and Billy just laughed their asses off at that.

Got to the dorm and found our rooms. Mine was two doors down from Mike and Billy, which I didn't mind too much. Realized I'd grabbed Mike's rigging bag and he had mine, so knocked on the door to return it. Billy opened the door and let me in. Had rock playing loud. Mike was sitting on one of the two beds, shirt off, showing his hot hard body.

"Got you riggin' bag by mistake dude". No sooner set it down on the bed when Billy pinned my arms from behind. "Mike's got sumthin' for ya, Zach. Wanna guess what it is?" Mike took two steps forward and with a big grin on his handsome face, unbuckled my belt and pulled my jeans and jock down with a yank. "I always keep my promises, bro" he said with a smile. Then dropped to his knees....

I wasn't expecting him to envelope my soft dick the way he did, but lemme tell ya; he could suck like a pro. Touched my foreskin, wrapped his lips around my dickhead and stroked my ballsac almost all at once. I went from soft to full wood in about five seconds! This cowboy bobbed his head for a minute, then swirled his tongue on my head, then shafts, and then I just stopped keeping track and surrendered to his hot sloppy mouth.

Billy let go of my arms, figuring I wasn't exactly gonna run off....heard him fumbling with his buckle and jeans then felt a hot feeling between my thighs. Sheeyit-was that his boner? Must have been eight inches or longer, not thick but...damn!

He just slowly slid it back and forth, his cockhead bumping the back of my ballbag. For a man of five-seven, this dude was hung mighty good! He whispered in my ear "Ain't gonna fuck ya, Zach, this just feels damn good, that's all. And get nasty with Mike; he digs it". I just nodded.

"Keep fuckin' eating my cowboy bone, bro". "Feel that stiff fuckin' dick in your mouth, cocksucker" Well, that worked for both of us, that dominating talk got him sucking harder and my nuts started tingling and burning.

He was a hot dicksucker and I was nineteen, so I humped his mouth a few times and my vision sorta greyed out. "Fuuuuuck...take it, stud" As I blew a load in his gullet. Rope after rope, in his mouth and on his face, shaking and shuddering as I drained my hefty nutbag. He was

Continued on pg 60



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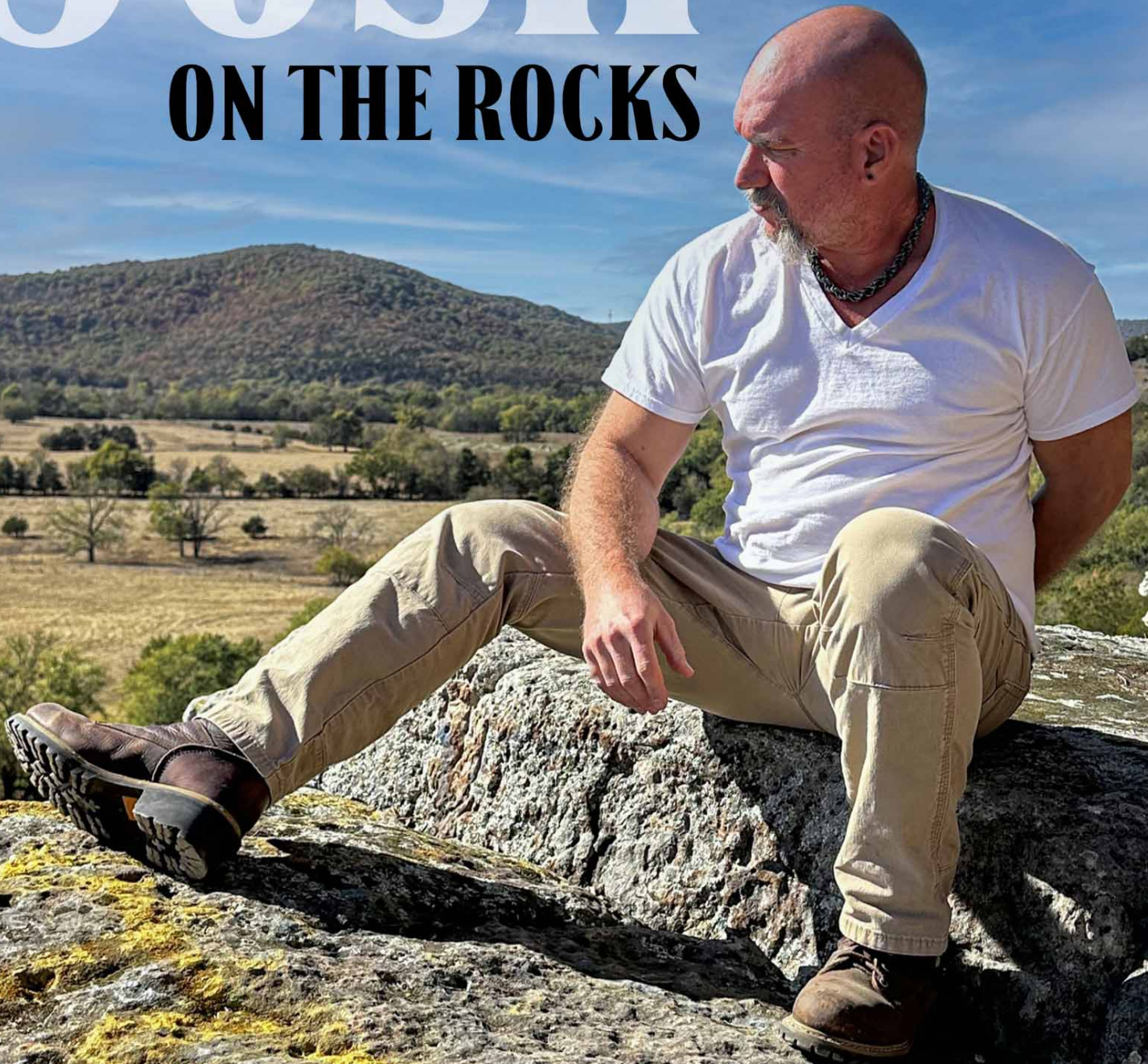
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ON THE ROCKS



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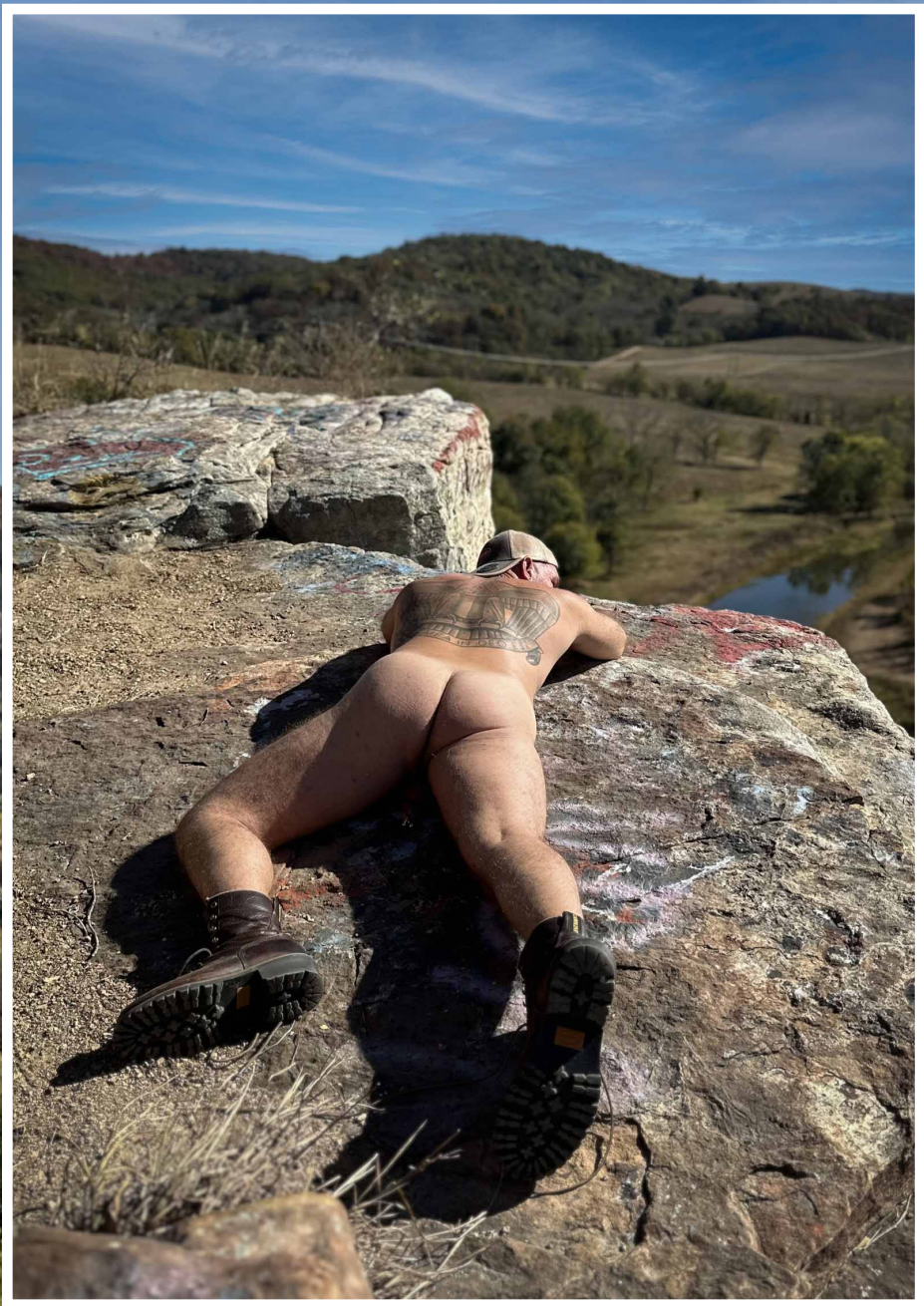


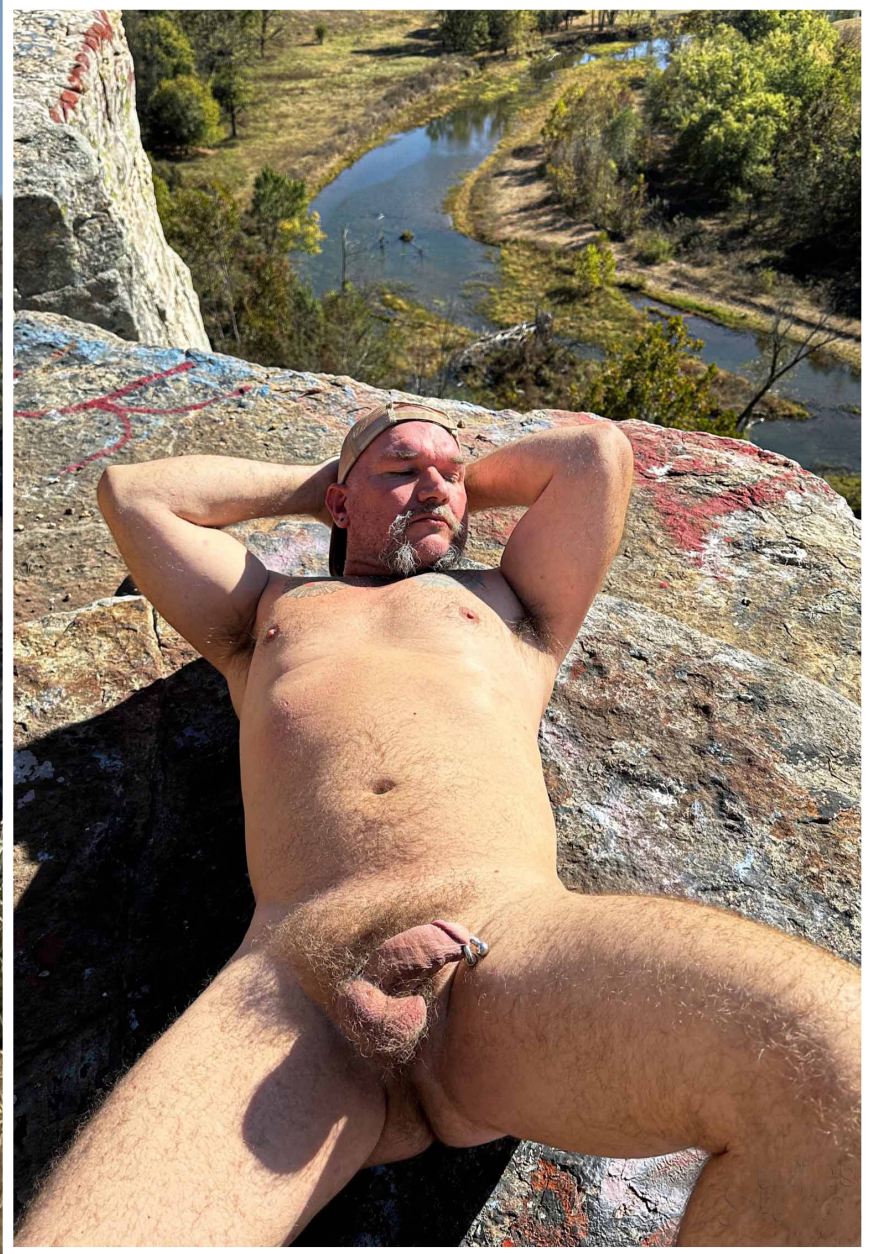






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Josh on the Rocks

Continued from pg 49

moaning and Billy whispered “drown the fucker with yer seed, stud...yeah make him lick ya clean.” I wiped my cummy bone across his cummed-up face and he slowly licked my dick clean.

I stood there in front of this stud, cock starting to wilt, vibrating and heaving for a minute. Billy stepped in front of Mike and rubbed that big fuckpole all over Mike’s face. “That’s a hell of a fuckwad, Zach. Woulda made good lube for my bud’s asshole, but that’ll come later”. I couldn’t process what he’d just said. He was fuckin’ Mike? WTF? Billy pushed his silver belly hat back on his head and ordered Mike to stand up. Started licking all my fuckwad off Mike’s face, lapping it up with his tongue. He moaned a bit when he did it, too.

Billy turned around and kissed me deep, tonguing my mouth so I could taste my hot load. Didn’t expect that. It tasted really different, salty, sweet, kind of....great.

Mike got to his feet and I pulled up my jeans. I was still kinda woozy from my nutting.

“Hey studs!” Billy spoke up. “Better go get cleaned up for the barbecue, huh? Gotta go get our steaks and buckles. Showers are down the hall. “And no playin’ with yerselves” Mike grinned. “I mean, we ain’t queer or nuthin”. Then he winked and slapped my ass. We all laughed at that.

I got back to my room and sat on the bed for few minutes. All I could think was: WTF just happened, and what was tonight gonna be like?

I grabbed my towel and went to shower with a smile on my face.



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FUCKED

STORY BY JJJ3891

In a Park

This happened a couple of months ago when I was in London in the summer. I couldn't get to sleep one night and was on Grindr when a guy messaged asking whether I was horny too.

Long story short, neither of us could host, but I had mentioned that I was staying near Primrose Hill (a semi big park) and he asked if I would be open to messing around in the park.

It was about 2am by then and pitch black outside, and I was really eager to get used, so I agreed to meet him there. He told me to walk along a specific path in the park and I would find him seated on a bench; his specific words were "you'll know what to do when you see me".

By the time I got to the park it was dark except for moonlight and deserted. The path he mentioned runs beside one of the big fields in the park; when I saw him, he was in the middle in the park, quite far in, seated on a bench as he said. As I got closer, he didn't say a word but just opened his legs wide, leaving a space between them. I understood immediately. When I walked up to him, I got on my knees in front of him and unbuttoned his jeans. Neither of us had said a word.

He was already hard when I took his cock out and put my mouth on his cock head, swirling my tongue around it. After a while I felt his hands on my head, pushing downwards, so I started to suck him, slowly at first and then faster, his hands keeping a constant pressure on my head to go deeper. At some point he held the sides of my head to stop me and started thrusting upwards into my mouth, until his cock was slick with my saliva.

When I had sucked him for a while, he pulled me off his cock and up. "Kneel on the bench." Those were the first words he had spoken. I thought he wanted me to kneel on the bench so I could suck him while he stood, but that was wrong - he turned me around impatiently, put my hands on the back of the bench to grip it, and pushed down my back so my ass arched up towards him. Immediately, his hands were parting my cheeks and his tongue was in my ass.

Even though the park was still deserted, I tried not to moan too loudly - we were still in an open space - but couldn't help myself. His tongue felt so good, and he was also talking more now in between tonguing my ass, calling me a fucking slut who needed to be fucked. Occasionally he would also pull my hard cock towards him and suck on it for a bit before going back to my ass.

And then, suddenly, his tongue was no longer there. I felt his cock head rub against my hole, testing, pushing. I had told him that I hadn't been fucked in months and might be tight, and that had excited him. Now he was pushing deeper, making me moan harder, spreading my cheeks wide so he could see his cock going in.

Before long, he was completely buried in me, pushing in and pulling out, fucking me in long slow strokes. I was gripping onto the bench, my knees rocking on the seat when he leaned down and pulled my hair to yank me up and put his hand over my mouth. My moans were muffled under his hand as he started to fuck me harder and rougher, using me like I had told him I wanted to be used.

After a few more minutes he suddenly pulled out. I was a bit confused but he told me to get off the bench, then took my hand and led me to the centre of the open field. After he stopped and looked at me then pointed to his cock, I got down on my knees again and sucked him, faster this time, wanting him inside me again. After just a bit he pushed me off his cock and told me to lie down face down on the grass.

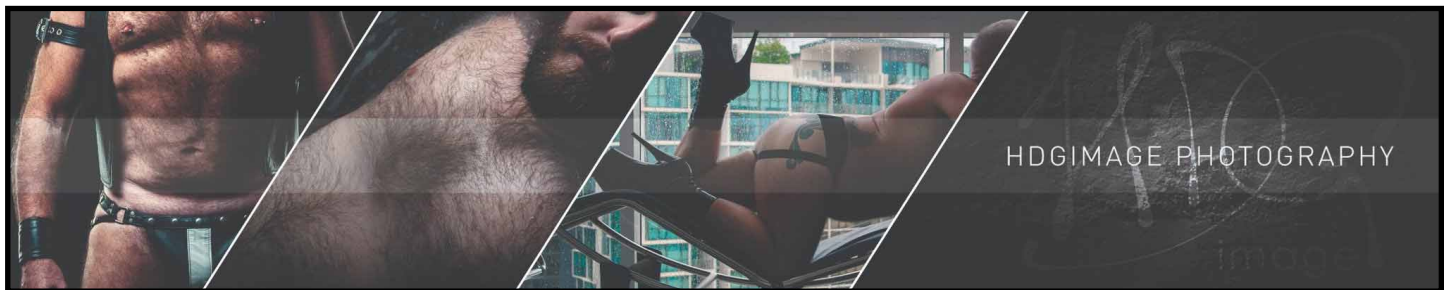
I could feel his hand pressing my head sideways into the ground, his knees spreading my legs as he positioned himself at my hole. His cock went in more smoothly this time and he muttered "fuck" to himself. Almost immediately he was laying his full weight on me, pinning me to the ground as he started to fuck me, not bothering to be gentler at first now. He was grunting, his mouth occasionally smashed against my neck, at other times lifting himself up and pressing my head into the ground again as he fucked me like I wasn't even there, like I was just a hole to be fucked. When I moved my arms a bit, he immediately pinned them down, never stopping.

My only reply was a moan, so he continued. He didn't say another word, not even to tell me he

was going to cum, he just collapsed on top of me almost at the same moment I felt his warm cum spurt out in me. He wasn't wearing a condom - I had told him I was on prep and not to - so I could feel his cock pulse out several shots of cum as he continued to hump me.

After resting for a bit, he lifted himself off me, cock still in me, and reached down to slap the side of my face a few times. "We all good?" he said. I nodded. "Okay. Fuck." He got up. When I looked back, he was standing there, watching me for a second. "I want you to lie there until I'm gone." I nodded again and laid my head back down. I could hear him put on his jeans and zip up, and then walk away.

After a while I sat up. He was in the distance walking on the path in the direction opposite to where I had come from. My underwear and pants were beside me and I put them on, feeling his cum on my thighs. The park was still deserted; later I saw that we had been there about half an hour to 45 minutes. I still jerk off to this sometimes, thinking about his weight on top of me as I lay there on the grass, his cock pounding me, being held down and fucked.



ROOZBEH

PHOTOGRAPHY

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A muscular man with a shaved head and a small earring is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a blue tactical harness and has his hands clasped in front of him. He is looking down with a somber expression. The background is dark and moody.

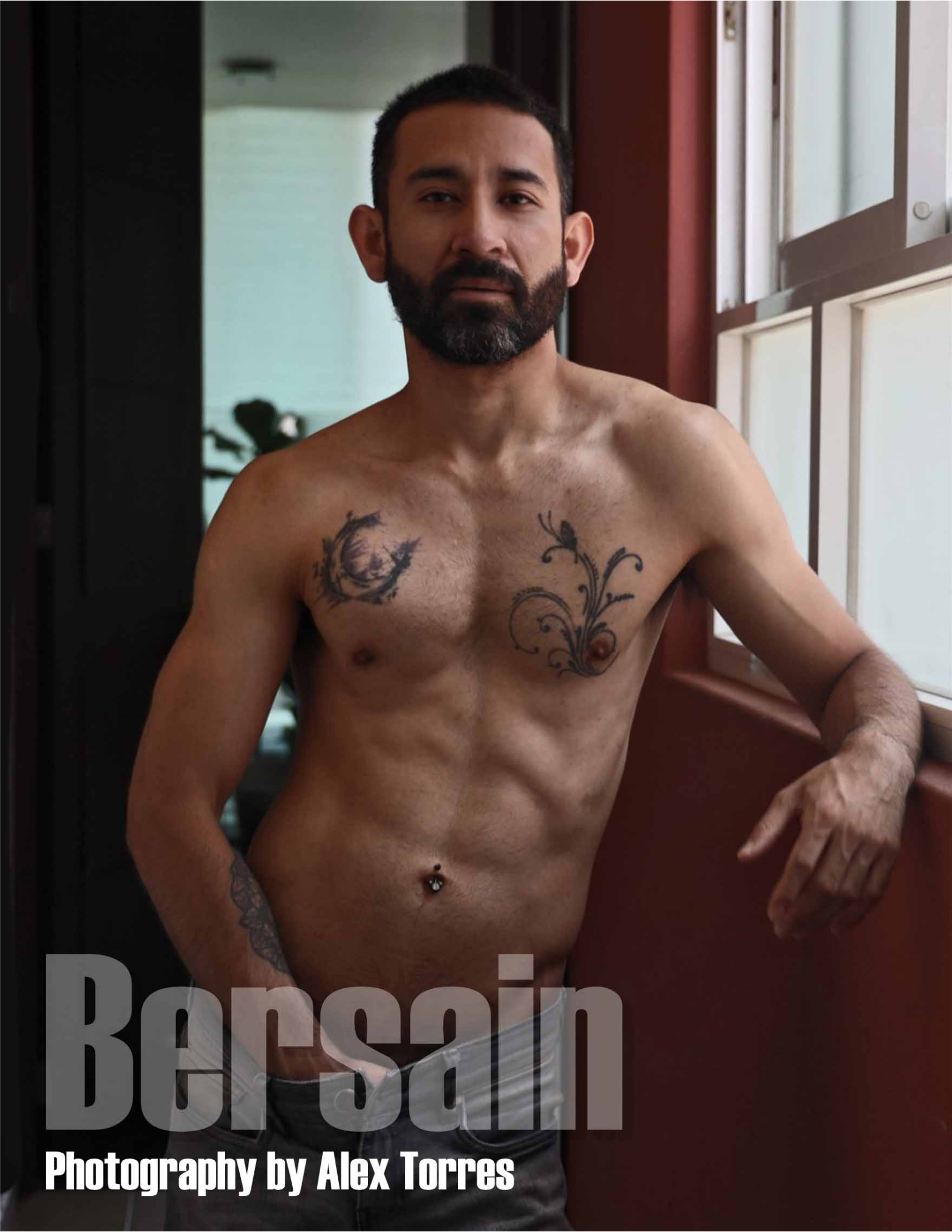
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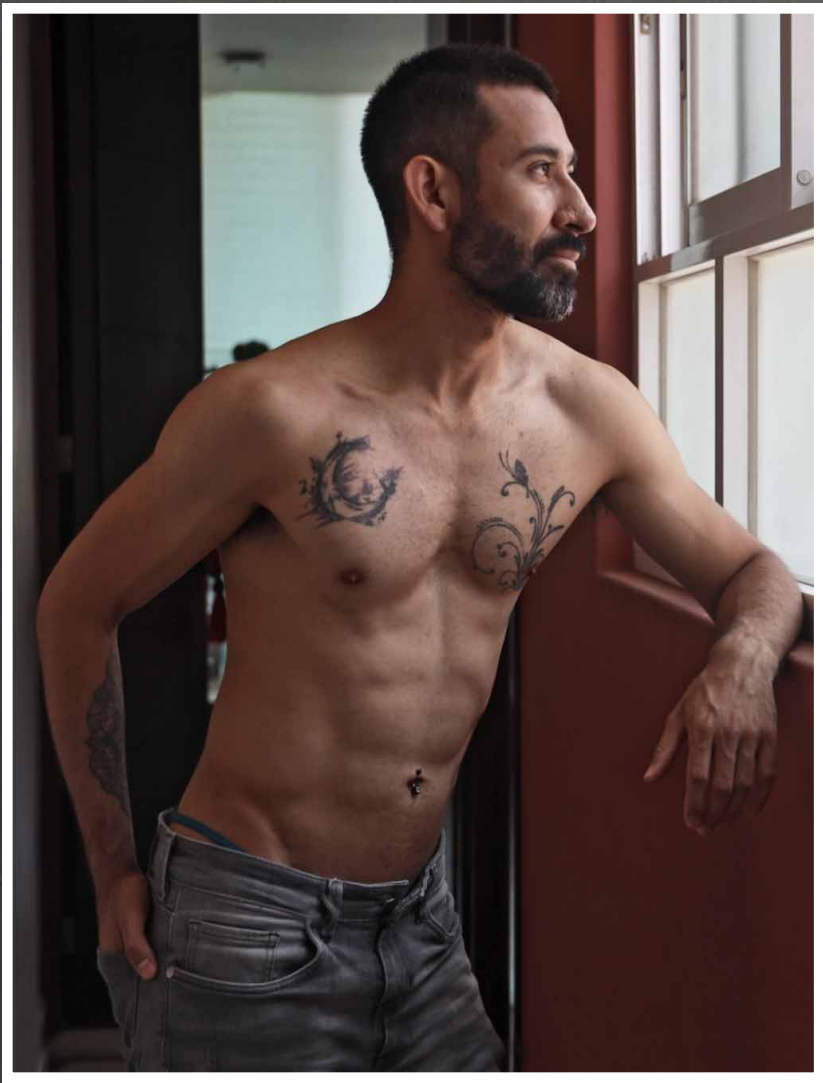
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