

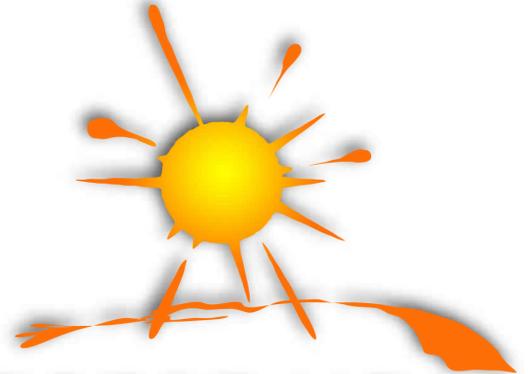
**All Men Are Beautiful!**  
February 2026 | Issue 86

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# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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*A very special thanks to all the contributors who make this Magazine possible. If you like what they are sharing with you, drop them a note on their social medias listed. They don't bite too hard!!*

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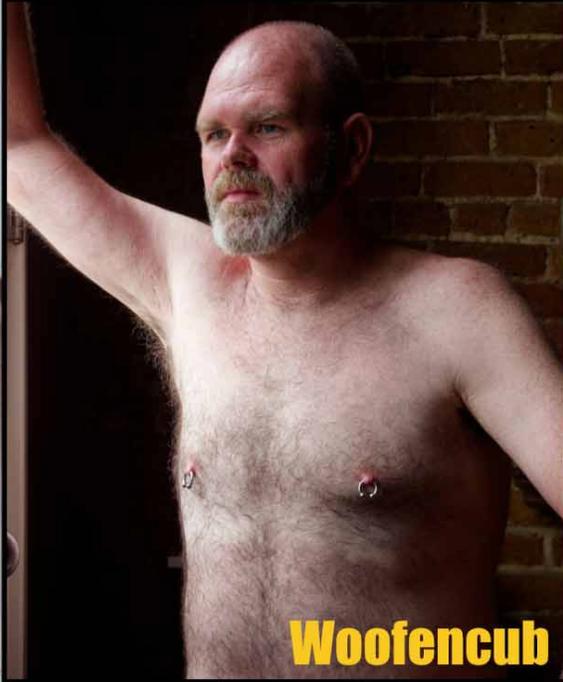
All Men Are Beautiful

# Erotic

Male Photography



desertheatimages.com



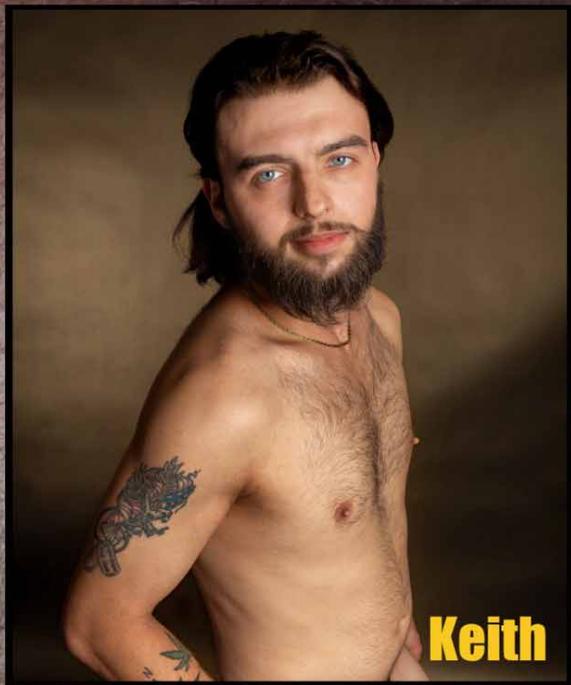
**Woofencub**



**Allan Woody**



**Max Dice**



**Keith**



**Sam**



**Pete**

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# Ramblings from the Editor

What a fucking crazy world we live in, huh? We have a “President”, which is synonymous with wannabe dictator these days, that doesn’t know the difference between Iceland and Greenland. Or else he has incompetent advisors who don’t tell him the difference. And now the moron in charge wants to buy Greenland. What the fuck? Did he bother to ask the people of Greenland if they want to be bought by a failed business man for a billionaire? I don’t think he didn’t but I could be wrong.

But the best, funniest, most awesome news happened at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland recently. Gavin Newsom, yeah, the governor of California, advised “the last round of knee pads for leaders who’ve caved to Trump” has sold out! Yeah, that’s right. Let the cock sucking begin! Or rather, let the cock sucking without hurt knees begin! Trump’s balls will be drained dry by all the cuck supposed “Alpha” males, who probably have tiny dicks, and they will keep their bellies full. But what’s worse, they will then try to pass anti LGBTQ laws just because they are embarrassed to admit they prefer cock over vagina. The tragedy of it.

On the lighter side of the news these days, former Australian basketball Andrew Ogilvy has come out as gay. While this might not seem like a big deal these days, we need more athletes to come out and show young queer kids that they belong everywhere not just the pigeon hole that some would put queer kids in. We are everywhere. We are your friends, neighbors, and God damn it, some of us are damned good athletes. Those kids need role models they can relate to, that can inspire them.

And speaking of celebrities, what the fuck is up with Andrew Skarsgård? One minute he’s straight, the next he is bisexual and the latest he says he never said he was bisexual. He loves to gay bate though, doesn’t he? If you don’t believe me, just check out some of his images all over social media. And a second question, if he’s not bisexual, not queer, why the fuck is he taking on queer roles when there are

plenty of queer actors that could do just as good, possibly better job, representing the Community. Aren’t there enough straight roles available so that he doesn’t get misunderstood again?

Protect yourself from ICE, guys! They are the new gestapo working outside the law to hurt and harass American citizens. And this lousy administration is in support of the domestic terrorism they are doing in our streets. And a big huge thank you to those in Minneapolis/St Paul who are standing up against the tyranny. The queer community owes you a big debt!

And holy shit, did anyone else hear about Barack Obama making a statement about the importance of men having queer and nonbinary friends in their lives? It was all surrounding his guidance on how to raise men in today’s society that are emotionally intelligent. Take that you homophobic twats. An educated man who advocates for raising men to be men rather than simps that follow leaders unconditionally. While you may have not liked him as President, you sure they hell can’t say he hasn’t provided support for the LGBTQ community more so than most Presidents in recent past. Thank God we have one leader on our side.

Thanks to all the wonderful supporters and contributors to the Magazine. I feel like I don’t say thank you enough for the continued support and encouragement I receive from readers and contributors alike. It’s truly a labor of love that I hope will help someone feel just a little bit better about themselves and to assist in finding your tribe! Thank you!!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

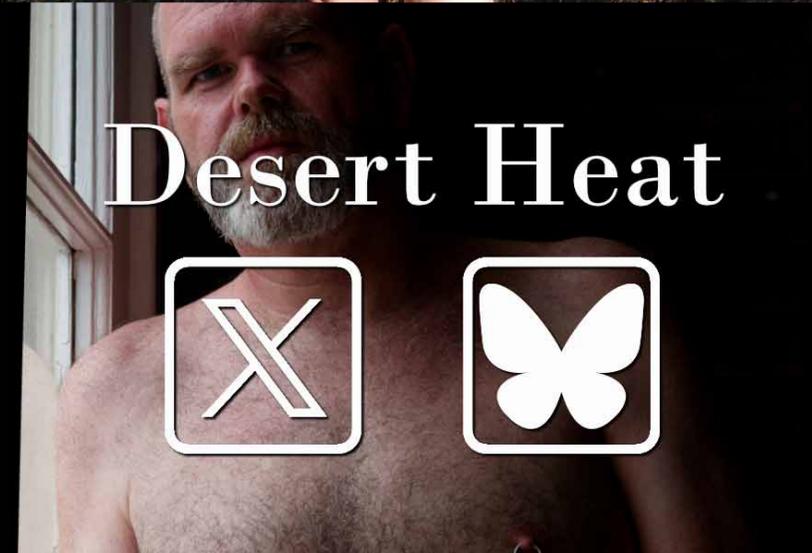
*John*



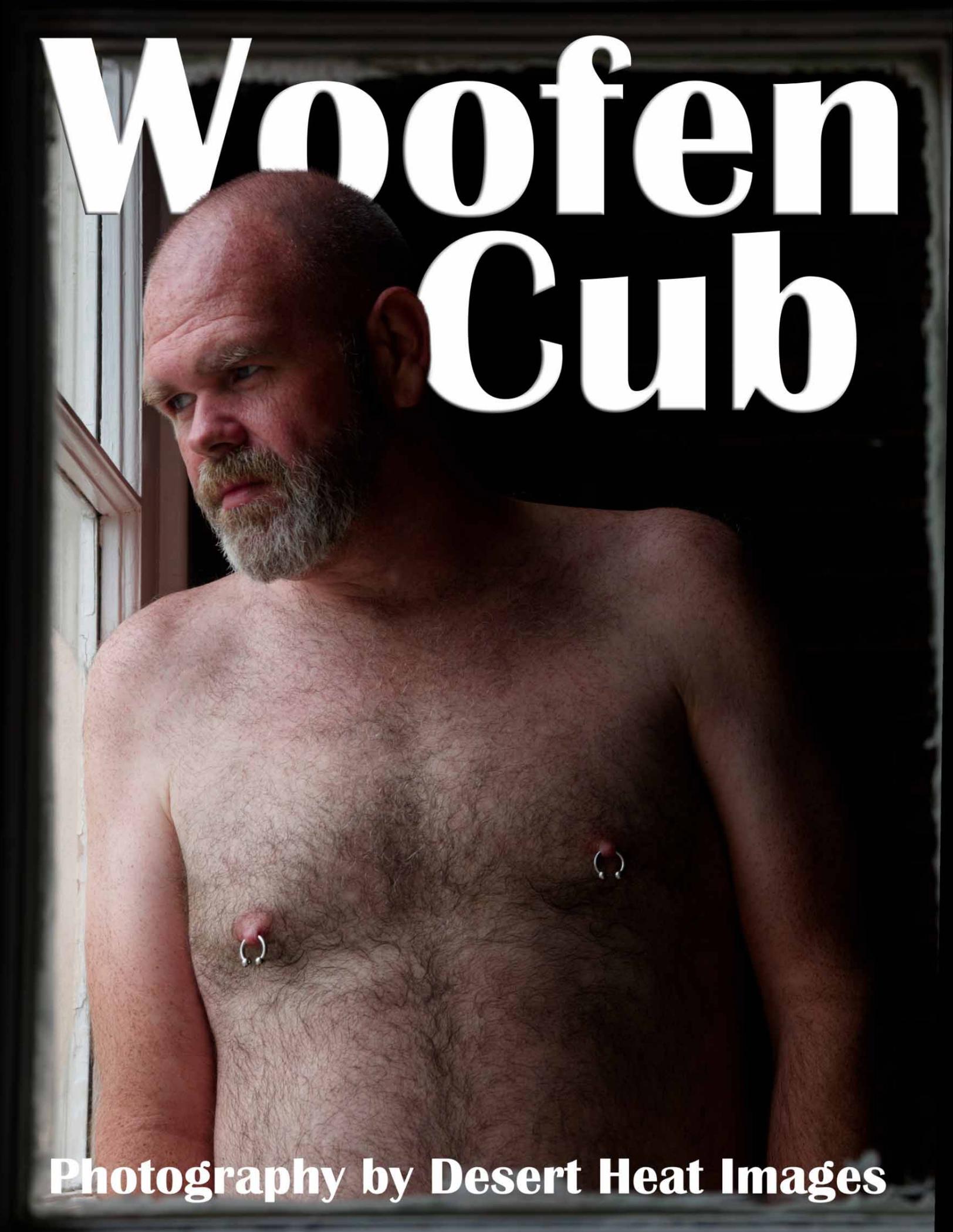
# Photographers

Without the incredible talent these photogs shared  
this Magazine wouldn't exist!

check out their socials, give them a like, and follow!



# Woofen Cub

A photograph of a shirtless man with a beard and chest piercings. The man is looking slightly to the left. He has a full, grey and brown beard and mustache. He has two chest piercings, one on each side, with small metal rings. The background is dark, and there is a window frame visible on the left side.

Photography by Desert Heat Images













# Gloryhole

## Addict

Story by collegkid188

This is a true story that occurred during the final semester of my college career. I was 22, freshly single, and it was the fall as I was graduating that December. I had a roughly hour commute to the school by train, I lived in the suburbs, and the school was in the city. I had managed to create my schedule so all my classes fell on two days. This was great, but it meant I would be on campus from 8 am until 9 pm. My longest gap between classes was around lunch from 11-3. I often just ate and either worked on homework or went to the gym. Then one day, I found myself so inexplicably horny that I couldn't focus on anything else.

I knew about gloryholes, having had small experiments before, but I had never been to one in the city before. I realized that there was one not far from my school if I took public transport, and could easily go and come back during the 4-hour break I had. I figured out what train line I needed to take, and about 15 minutes later, I was entering the store. It was small, required a fee just to be inside the store, but had exactly what I was looking for.

In the back, there was a hallway that contained several booths, some with lights on above the door. I opened one that was empty and entered. There were gloryholes on either side, a small chair, and a screen playing porn. I immediately fed the machine and set my things down before sitting in the chair. I was learning to love the way my heart rate picked up, the desire and craving every time I found myself in one of these situations. I could hear that someone was being sucked to my right, so I looked through the

gloryhole to see what I could find. The man in the next booth was on his knees. I watched as his head bobbed on a thick cock, listening to the hungry slurping, wishing so badly that it was me.

I quickly dropped my pants, threw in some more cash, and grabbed my poppers. For description, around this time I weighed about 175 lbs and stood roughly at 5'11 (pics on profile). I sat there, stroking while watching this guy go absolutely to town on this dick. Eventually, I decided (mainly because there was nobody on the other side) that I could use some of that mouth action myself. The man had noticed me watching, and I could tell he was waiting for this moment. I stood, placed my dick through the hole, and waited. The feeling of warmth enveloped me, consuming all of me in one go.

The booths were small enough that he was able to switch to sucking me off while still stroking the other man. I took a hit of my poppers and entered a world of bliss. His throat felt never-ending, his eagerness unrelenting. I could hear the wet smack of his lips against me, the way he pushed himself to gagging, listening to the spit drip onto the floor. It was too much, and honestly, I was not ready to cum yet. I pulled out and sat back down while he wasted no time returning to the previous cock.

Luckily, I did not need to wait long before I heard the booth to the other side of me open. I heard the usual shuffling before the light from the gloryhole was blocked by someone standing in front of it. A thick, uncut cock made its way through the hole, probably around 6.5 inches. Finally, I got what I wanted. I reached out and caressed his cock,

feeling the slight twitch from my presence. I missed feeling the velvety skin, the scent of it, and, of course, the taste. I opened wide, letting him invade my mouth. Hearing the soft moan was everything I needed. I took another hit of my poppers and relaxed my throat.

I swallowed him entirely, my nose pressed into his pubes. I heard him say, "Oh my god", before he began to pump in and out. I kept my mouth pressed as close to him as I could while he used me for his pleasure. My head was spinning, my only focus was to get his sweet, sweet cum. I began bobbing up and down, swirling my tongue around his tip. I could his his breathing pick up pace, and so did I. I was so close. Just like that, I felt his cock tense before sending jets of cum right down my throat. I kept going until he grew soft in my mouth before finally releasing him. God, I needed more.

I was running short on time and still wanted to cum myself. I checked to my right while the guy I just blew was gathering his stuff, but the booth was empty. I heard the man to my left leave, but I stayed standing because I heard someone else enter the booth after him. I gave him a few moments to get settled before standing before the glorhole with my cock level to it. His fingers reached through to beckon me forward before retreating.

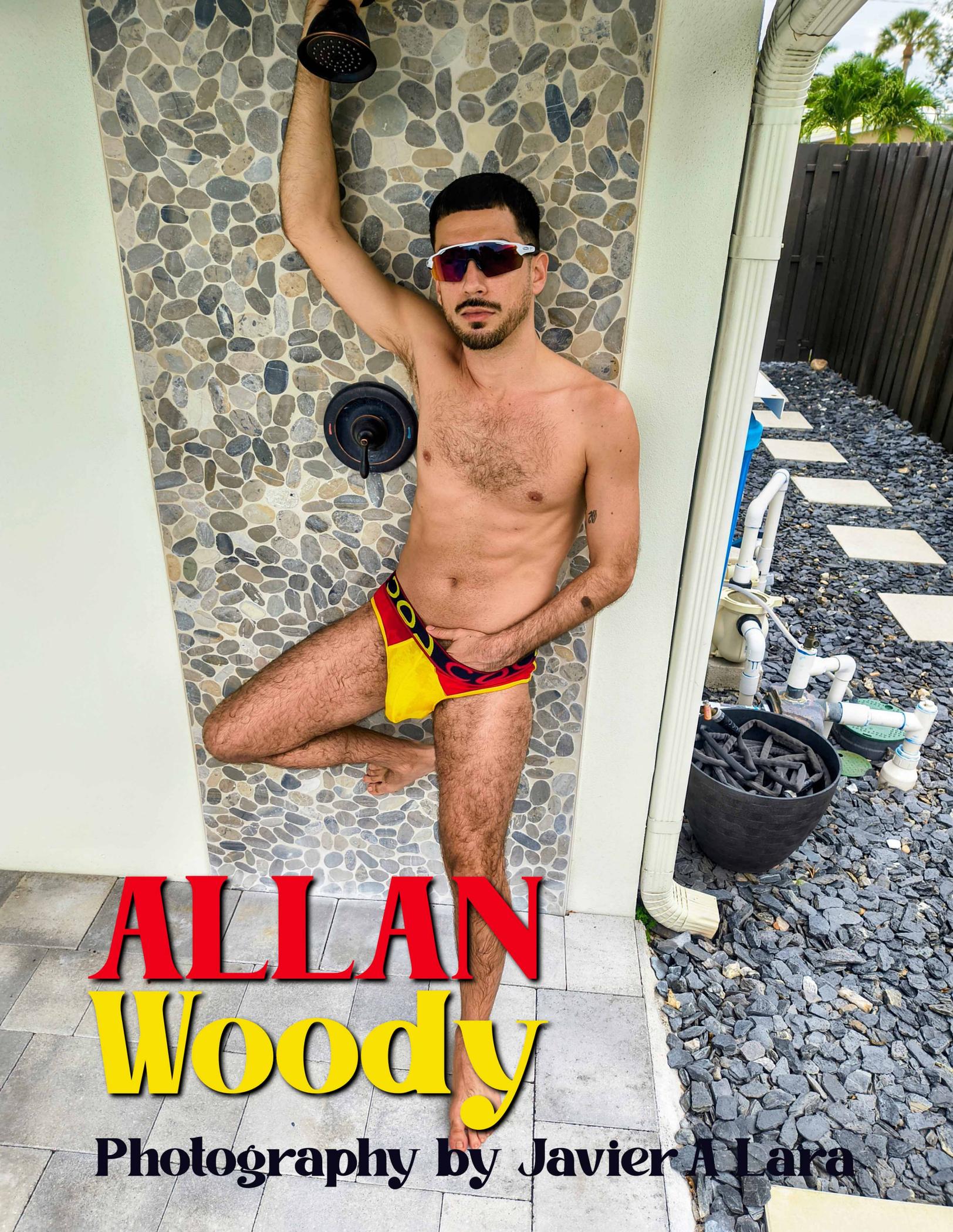
I slowly slid my cock through the hole, and straight into his waiting mouth. I bottomed out, no gag, no pulling back, he took all of me with ease. The next several minutes, I pistoned in and out of

his mouth, watching my dick get slick with spit. It never fails to amaze me just how eager people are.

I felt him release me, the cool air and spit covering me becoming my favorite combo. Then, I felt something slippery brush up against me. It felt smooth, and before I could have time to figure out what was happening, this warmth grabbed hold of me. Grunting began to come from the other side. I moaned, realizing I had his hole wrapped around me. I wanted to slam into him, but had to settle for pushing as much of my dick as I could through that hole. I was doing my best to fuck him through the wall. This man I did not know, no name, no looks, but the feeling of his hole opening up for me again and again. I had already been so close, so it was not long before I could feel the buildup coming.

I took one last hit of poppers, and let myself succumb to the pleasure. I picked up my pace, hearing him moan when I did so. I told him through the wall that I was about to cum. I felt his ass pushing even harder against the wall in response, knowing exactly where he wanted me to cum. I couldn't take it anymore. I slammed as deep into him as I could, sending my cum deep inside. It felt like an eternity, my cock pulsing inside him before he finally pulled off. I thought that was it, but then I felt his mouth back on me. It was almost too much to handle with the sensitivity while he cleaned every bit of cum off me. I gathered my things and took my train back to school, nicely relaxed before my next class. This would become a frequent occurrence during this last semester, with many more stories of how I became absolutely addicted to gloryholes.





**ALLAN**  
**Woody**

**Photography by Javier A Lara**















# Trapped in a Closet With a Hung Jock Pledgemate

Story by *didyoueatmyburrito*

Challenge nights are always fun. The point is for the freshman pledges to accomplish something, and get punished if they fail. Punishments were usually pretty light, like naked runs around campus or some type of exercise, which is also often naked. On this specific night last semester, we had a joint challenge with a sorority. Their pledges were thrown together with ours, the rules not fully explained but consequences were suggested that promised to be mysterious and terrifying. All of us freshmen, the frat guys and the sorority girls, were told to show up at the "Old Mansion" as it was called, the big Victorian house on the edge of campus that was used only for special university events. It was abandoned most of the rest of the time, and I had heard rumors that people snuck in to fuck around sometimes, but this was the first time I had been there.

Once we all arrived, they told us all to strip. Guys in their underwear and girls in their bra and panties. It was a bit of a thrill to take off all our clothes with the girls around. I was already used to nudity with the guys. I saw more dick and male ass than ever before in my life since joining the frat, but tonight we had to posture a bit. The guys were casually flexing and pretending their stomach was always that tense, their abs that defined. It gave me a nerve and a thrill in the pit of my stomach. All our butts were literally quivering from the excitement, but my eyes were more drawn to my buddies and what their bodies were doing in the presence of the girls. I even saw a few unfortunate

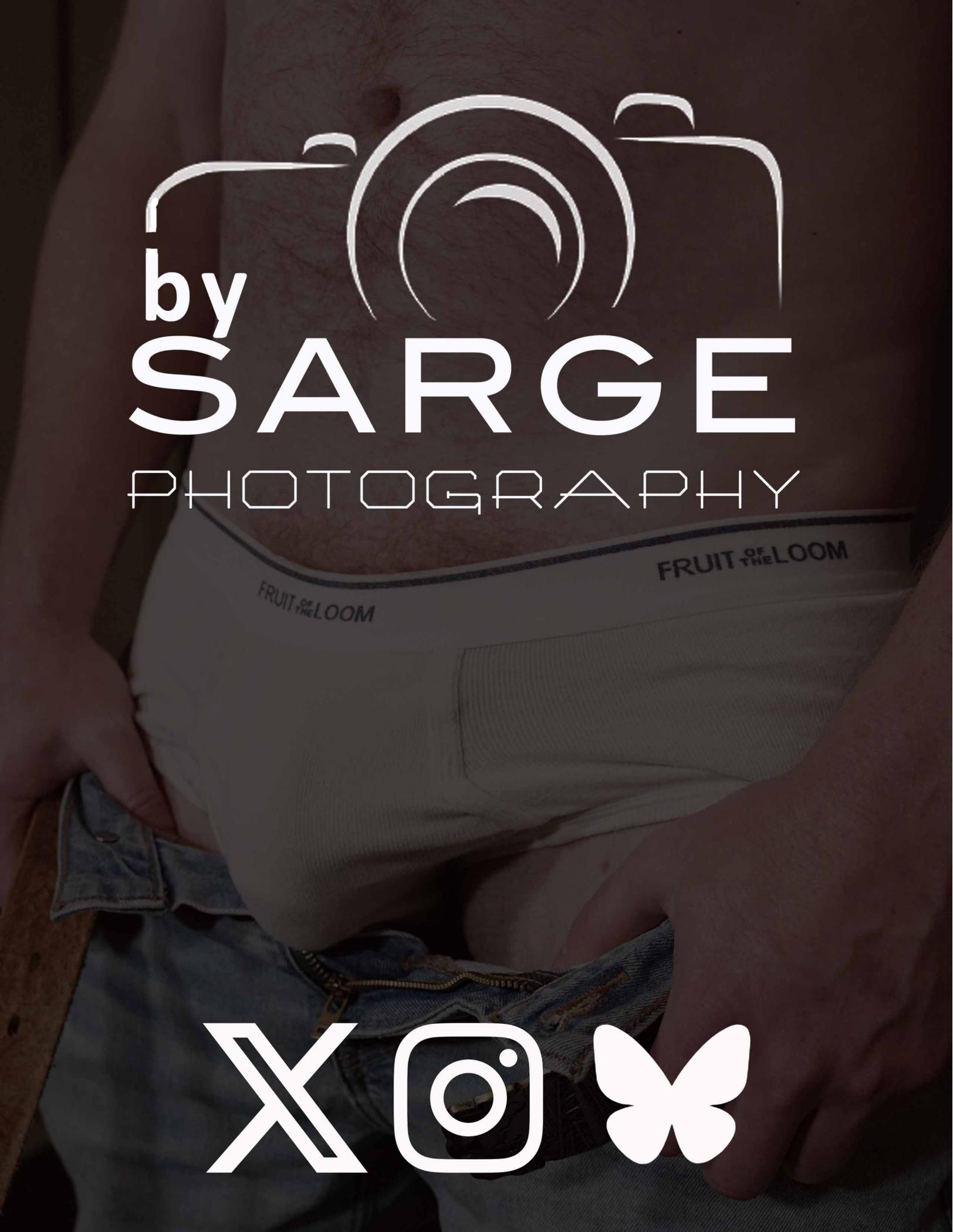
boners that they couldn't hide. I saw Brody, one of the more muscular and tall guys in our pledge class, try to tuck his notably large meat tube up into his waist band. But then the head of it was showing, and he tucked it down between his legs instead, trying to not let anyone see.

Charlie, the head of our frat, standing next to the big titty blonde head of the sorority, clapped his hands and called our attention. The rules were set.

The girls would be the "seekers". They needed to catch at least one of the freshman frat boy pledges to accomplish their task. And all of us frat pledges were told to run and hide with a head start. Our task was to not get caught. That was it. If you got found, you dealt with whatever came next. We could go anywhere in the house, and creativity would be "rewarded".

The girls were already laughing when we scattered, and they were all in sexy lingerie, so you could say the atmosphere was charged among us frat boys as we dispersed and tried to find the best places to hide in this giant, ancient mansion. I was desperate to prove myself, as a freshman pledge boy is supposed to be, and I booked it, looking for some secret passageway or hidden hallway behind a statue. The footsteps of the other guys got more distant, the voices of the girls started to grow as they started looking for us, and doors slammed in every corner of the mansion. I sprinted

***Continued on pg 33***



by  
**SARGE**  
PHOTOGRAPHY





# getting ready to dance

featuring

**max dice**

photography by

**john mar**













*Continued from pg 24*

down the hall on the third floor, feeling free in the cool air of the late summer night. I was in my underwear, feeling the thrill of college life as I mixed independence with sexual energy. My heart was racing thinking about the girls chasing after us.

When some time had passed, I heard female voices coming up the stairs, and I gave up on finding the perfect hiding spot, yanking open the closest door I could find. It turned out to be a storage closet. I found some cleaning supplies and towels inside, as well as Brody.

Brody was a muscular guy, sort of a big jock. He was not the smartest guy in the pledge class, but he was probably the most athletic. He was around 6'4", and his muscles bulged out in every direction. He had been lifting since he was thirteen, and without any clothes on, it definitely made me feel like a little shrimp squeezing into a closet next to him, even though I was over 6' myself, and not a stranger to the gym.

"Close the door," he hissed, giggling, his eyes wide as he grabbed my arm and yanked me inside with him.

I squeezed in and pulled the door shut, shrinking the space between us.

It was a tight squeeze, and our bodies were somewhat touching unavoidably.

I was barely adjusting to being pinned into a small space with another male when I heard two more guys barreling down the hall.

"Fuck, they better not come in here," I whispered.

"It's Jake and someone else," Brody whispered behind me. I could feel his breath on my ear, and it made me flinch. I had to put my hand up to cover my ear to avoid more tingles. Luckily the thrill of the game was making this fun, otherwise I would have been annoyed at being squeezed into the tight space with Brody's big, protein-shake-guzzling body. Our skin was touching more than two guys normally would, but the idea of getting a punishment was enough of a deterrent from risking finding another hiding spot.

Brody leaned in close and whispered, apparently amused at my relative size, "Dude, you're built for this."

I rolled my eyes even though he couldn't see it. "Shut up."

He smirked anyway. "Lightweight advantage."

I jumped when the door suddenly flew open, but it wasn't the girls catching us. It was Jake and Drew, two more bulky jocks. I tried to hush them and tell them it was full but they shoved their dumb, jock bodies inside with us without thinking, pushing me backward into Brody until my shoulder blades hit his bulging pecs behind me. I felt like a sardine cramped in there, trying to stay quiet while everyone in the room started giggling. I had never felt so short in my life, as these tall marble statues suffocated me with their muscles. There were shelves on either side of me, and I could barely move an inch. My arms were holding Jake's back in front of me, and he seemed totally unbothered, just giggling along and whispering with Drew in front of him.

I could feel Brody's body tighten behind me, as my back pushed into him.

"Can you breathe?" I whispered as I turned my head back to him.

"Yeah, I'm fine," he said. But I could sense he was feeling a bit tense.

It started to feel really unfortunate. I could smell the guys up close, and I wasn't used to inhaling another guy like that. I felt like I could actually tell what their skin would taste like, as bizarre as that passing thought was.

The claustrophobia started to set in as we waited. Four of us, all tall and bulky except me, packed so tight I could actually feel everyone breathing. Brody's chest moved my back as he breathed, his arms pinned at his sides. The other two were pressed in front and to the side, leaving no way to shift without moving someone else.

Then the girls' voices became apparent from down the hall, and we all shushed each other as they got closer. Soon there was girl laughter right outside the door. Silence snapped into place and we all held our breath as we heard footsteps immediately outside the door.

We were frozen. I could sense that the guys were literally sweating around me. I smelled some deodorant, or maybe cologne. The closet smelled like male bodies. My pulse thudded in my ears as I tried to make myself smaller, to keep my weight on my feet and not to lean into the other guys too much.

That was when I felt it. A firmness pressing

against my butt.

Not subtle. Pressure building behind me, unmistakable, wrong. My stomach tensed.

“No way this is happening,” I muttered quietly.

Brody squeezed my hip with his firm hand, telling me to shut up. Jake elbowed me from in front.

I went rigid and quiet, an aversion to feeling a dude’s dick flashing hot and sharp inside me. I held my breath and tried to think about literally anything else. The girls laughed again, closer now, and I realized staying perfectly still was the only way out of this.

But I needed space. Any space.

Slowly, carefully, I turned, trying to angle my hips away from whatever was happening at my back. Some weird part of me reasoned that if he wasn’t facing my ass, then it wasn’t gay for him to have a boner. Jake tensed, clearly worried that I was going to make noise, but I successfully turned without making a sound, and now I was facing Brody. In the darkness I could barely sense that he was looking down at me as his boner continued to pump harder between our bodies. There was nowhere else to go, so this was the best we could do. But it hit me quickly that the move had boxed me in worse. Suddenly I was butt to butt with Jake, and front to front with Brody, his boner pushing into my crotch and lower stomach now, his chest right there in front of me, my face pressed against his bulging pec. He was solid and warm, his breath moving the hairs on the top of my head, his heartbeat literally pulsing against my cheek in the dark.

Brody moved his head down to mine.

He breathed the tiniest whisper. “I’m sorry, dude... It’s the girls.”

The tingle down my body from his voice in my ear made it worse.

Whatever nerves were causing this situation, they were infectious. I felt my body betray me before I even realized what was happening. A jolt of heat rushed to my crotch, nerves lighting up where they absolutely should not have. Brody went still, as my downstairs companion joined his in the sword fight.

I swallowed, shame burning my face even though nobody could see it.

There was no non-humiliating option. I

pressed my shoulders into the shelves and focused on breathing quietly. The girls were moving up and down the hall right outside the door now, teasing, knocking, one of them saying she knew someone was “close by”.

As the other two guys occasionally shifted their weight from one foot to the other, even the tiny movements added friction to what was going on between Brody and me.

I leaned back a fraction, just enough to control the space, to stop the tiny movements that were making everything worse. I hated myself for noticing how that helped. I hated that my body responded anyway.

There was laughter outside the door, then a silent pause that felt endless.

Then footsteps moving away.

The closet stayed silent for a few seconds. No one even breathed.

The dust in the room must have caught up with Jake, because I could feel him shift. He reached his hand to his face, urgently stifling a cough or a sneeze or something. His body shook, as little coughs escaped his throat. Our bodies all shifted together, rubbing against one another. Brody suddenly grabbed both sides of my abdomen, then moved down to my hips. He was trying to stop the movement that was clearly making our problem worse. But apparently it didn’t help.

I felt him pulse.

It was almost like a heartbeat in his cock, pushing hard against my crotch and lower stomach, but more rapid. It pulsed repeatedly and quickly while he held me tight. I reached down to hold his hips as well, unsure of what we were doing, but trying not to fall over.

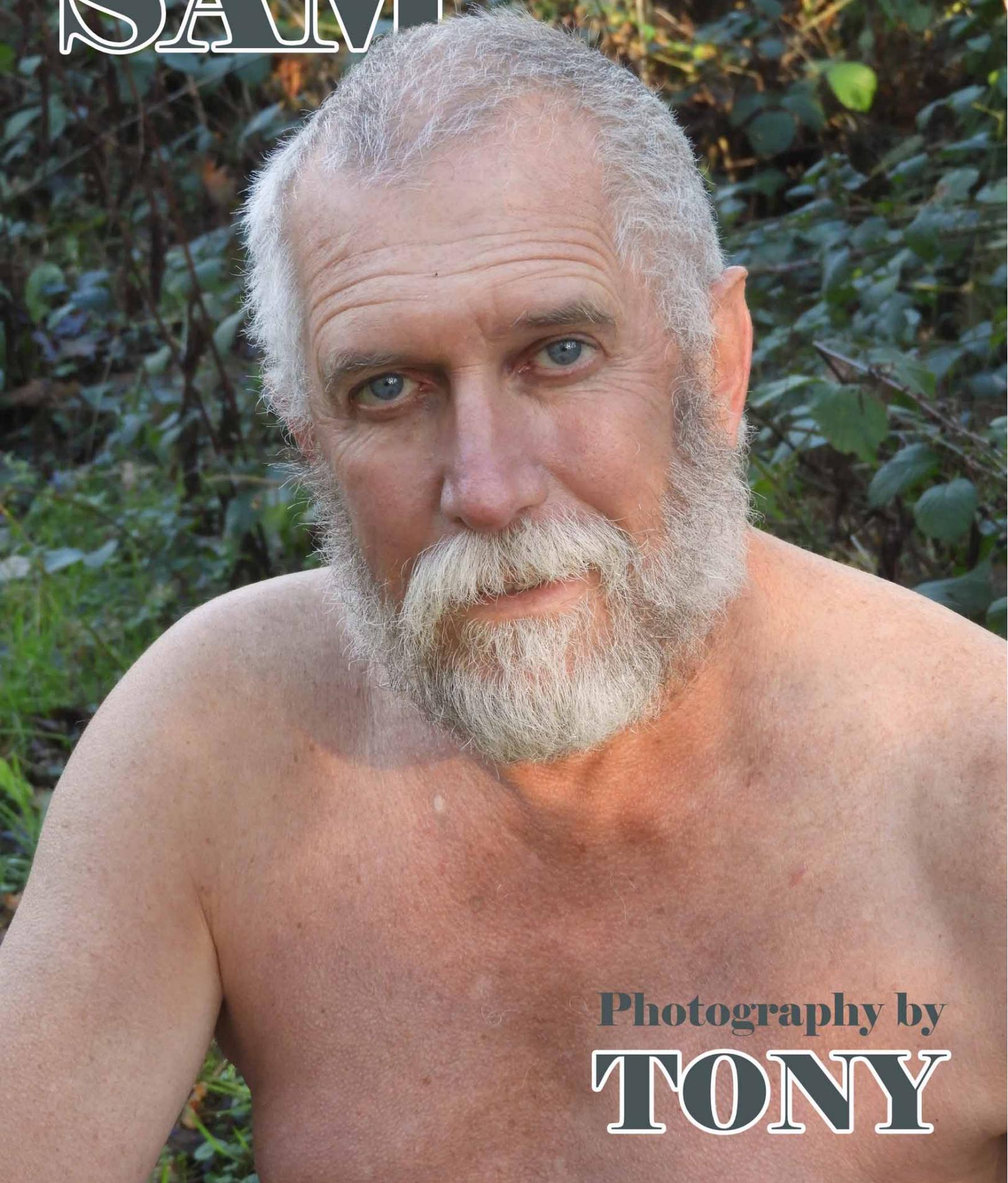
After a moment of denial, I knew what was happening. His body was rigidly still as his dick continued to pulse against me. I felt a sudden warmth and wetness on my stomach, through the fabric of his boxer briefs. His fingers dug into my hips, even squeezing my ass a bit.

About the time Brody’s throbbing finally slowed, Jake and Drew both shifted.

“I think they’re gone,” one of them said. I could feel their bodies relax, just as I was tensing up again at the smell of Brody’s load as it reached

***Continued on pg 42***

**SAM**



Photography by  
**TONY**













Continued from pg 34

head level. The sharp, wrong aroma of jizz cut through the sweat.

One of the guys in front whispered, "What the hell is that?"

Nobody answered.

I could sense Brody's fear that someone else would realize what happened. I almost wanted to give up our hiding place and lose, just to get out of this.

As if the universe had answered my prayers, the door burst open. A girl in lingerie proudly shouted, "I got three of them!"

Then, seeing me behind Jake. "No, wait, four!"

As we started to exit the closet together, I

had the jizz situation in mind, and I thought ahead before I could stop myself, my hand fumbling "accidentally" until it hit a bottle on the shelf, tipping it over. "Cleaning vinegar" spilled out onto us, soaking Brody and me and getting Jake as well. I let it pour over us for a moment, pretending I was trying to cap it, before finally setting it upright.

"Shit," I said automatically, "My bad."

"Whoops," Brody said, looking at me relieved as light from the hallway poured in.

"So that's what that smell was," Jake said as he stretched his arms above his head in the hallway.

Brody smiled at me as we left the closet, covered in a vinegar smell instead of jizz, ready to get whatever punishment was coming our way. anymore. It's resurrection.

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# Keith



# The Photographer

Featuring Keith of [@explorescape](#)  
Photography by Mr. M













# Straight STONERS

Story by Mean-Background-4165

We were both super high. I'd spent the entire afternoon in his bedroom, and the cloud of smoke seemed perpetual. My eyelids were heavy and my ribs ached from laughter, and as the two of us lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling and grinning from ear to ear, I felt my dick get hard.

I don't know why it happened. I was nineteen years old and had gotten over the 'random boner' stage, but I didn't particularly care. Brandon and I had been best friends since kindergarten, so it wasn't a big deal. I remained in place as my dick throbbed in my shorts until Brandon pointed at it.

"Are you hard?" He laughed, and all I could do was laugh back. We took another fit of giggles and for a reason I'll never know, I squeezed the outline of my erection and shook it. Naturally, for two stoned teenagers, it was the funniest thing we'd ever experienced, and before long, Brandon was hard, too, and the two of us convulsed with laughter.

It was dumb, of course, but neither of us took it seriously. We were just two bros, high as fuck, laughing at our own dicks, until Brandon reached over and grabbed mine.

His grip was tight. I remember looking down and watching as my best friend squeezed my dick through my shorts, and trying to work out why he was doing it and why he was holding it like he was wringing out a damn towel. I stared for a moment, before turning to face him.

"Are you holding my dick?" I asked, as though it wasn't obvious, and Brandon spluttered with laughter again. Maybe it was the weed, but I couldn't stop myself from joining in.

We were close, of course, but we'd never been that close. Yet, something about the feeling in the room made me relax. Nothing felt weird or abnormal, it all felt surprisingly natural, so I reached over and grabbed his one.

I don't know what I was expecting to feel. He was hard and I was touching his dick. I simply held it in my hand as he held mine, and found myself tracing my fingers along his length for comparison. When he realised what I was doing, he did the same, and suddenly, we were stroking each other's dicks.

"This is hella' gay" he snorted, and I was inclined to agree. Despite that, neither of us stopped. In fact, I felt his hand speed up.

The laughter died down as we both realised how good it felt. Naturally, neither of us were every going to admit that, but it was true. Although we were both straight, neither of us could deny that it felt good to have somebody else jerk your dick.

Brandon began to use technique. I watched as he twisted his grip and pressed his palm against the tip, and the feeling made me gasp. He didn't have to say a word, I returned the favour a few seconds later.

I knew we were both thinking the same thing. It had already progressed into something more than just a joke, but I also knew that neither of us had the balls to say the words. I glanced at my best friend, and he glanced back, and seconds later, we were pulling out our cocks.

"Don't say this to anybody" he warned me, as though I was planning to. I nodded in response, and he nodded too. We'd take the secret to the grave.

Brandon's cock was larger than I expected. His pubes were trimmed which made him look even bigger, and his shaft was fat and bulging with veins. The helmet was pink and flared, and about the size of a large mushroom. I closed my hand around the base.

I was a little bigger than average, but Brandon was bigger, again. He held it in his hand, crossing his arm over mine, and without a word, the two of us began to stroke each other, raw.

It felt better than either of us expected. We didn't even speak, such was the pleasure that was pumping through our dicks, and before long, both of our cocks glistened with pre-cum as we milked each other.

"Fuck" he gasped, before sitting up on the edge of the bed. "I need another hit".

I watched Brandon from the back as my wet cock throbbed against my groin. I was partially in shock, but I was also surprisingly relaxed. He took a hit of the pipe and handed it to me, and I inhaled the weed deep into my lungs until Brandon took it back.

"Lemme' suck it" he said, as he peeled off his shirt. I squinted at him for a moment. Had I misheard him?

"What?"

"Let me suck your dick, bro" he almost gasped, pushing me back onto the bed. My brain was too cloudy to decide whether he was fucking with me, so I stayed quiet until I felt his hand around my meat. This time, something else happened.

His warm lips slipped over my cock head, and every muscle in my body tightened. I gripped his bed sheets, squeezing them as more and more of my dick disappeared into his mouth, and then he pulled off and burst into laughter, again.

"I can't believe you just sucked my dick" I gawped, watching as my cock twitched desperately.

"I... I can't believe I sucked your dick, bro" he cackled, wiping his mouth on the back of his arm. "Want me to do it, again?"

I was stunned. My whole body buzzed as Brandon grinned at me, and all I could do was nod. Without another word, he grabbed my dick again and slurped it into his mouth.

I'd been blown my girls, before. Much like most young guys, it was one of my favourite things

in the world, but there was something different about letting Brandon do it. It felt... Better.

"Let me do you" I blurted, before I could stop myself, and I couldn't work out what on earth had possessed me to say such a thing, until Brandon crawled up the bed and sat back on his ankles.

I stared at his naked body. I wasn't attracted to my best friend, but I couldn't deny that he looked pretty impressive as his hard cock throbbed between his muscular thighs. I glanced at him and he grinned back.

I could have laid there and contemplated how weird or wrong it was. I could have considered the repercussions or wondered what other people would think, but I was too stoned to care.

I flipped over and closed my lips around Brandon's cock, and as soon as I did, I tasted the salty flavour of his pre-cum on my tongue. He began to laugh again as he placed his hand on the back of my head, and in the minutes that followed, I sucked my best friend's cock.

I wasn't sure if I liked it, but I certainly didn't hate it. As I took him even deeper, I realised that all of the insults and jokes growing up had meant nothing. If gay guys were having this much fun, then I envied them.

"Stop or I'm gonna' cum" he laughed, pushing me off him, and I turned back around, sweaty and breathless, and wiped my mouth.

"What are we doing?" I asked.

"No idea" he replied, and without a word, the two scrambled down next to each other, at opposite ends, and began to suck each other's dicks once more in the 69 position.

It became a competition. The thrill and excitement made it even better. I took as much of his cock down my throat as I could, and I felt him do the same to me. We furiously blew each other, each trying to make the other one cum first, and just when I thought I'd lost, Brandon moaned.

I froze as ropes of hot cum burst into my mouth. I wasn't surprised, exactly, but feeling the heavy, sticky fluid as it spurted into the back of my throat was unusual, to say the least. Yet, as more and more of Brandon's seed poured into my mouth, my own cock exploded in response.

We both slowed down. Our loads filled each other's mouths, and we remained in place, neither of us entirely sure what to do next. After a few sweaty seconds, Brandon pulled my soft cock from

his mouth and sat up, and I did the same.

He looked serious, like he regretted what had just happened. I, on the other hand, hadn't regretted a second of it, but I knew that if Brandon wanted to forget about it, I'd have no choice. I stared at him for a moment, waiting for him to grimace or become annoyed, until a stream of hot fluid shot from his mouth and splashed across my face.

"It's yours" he laughed, after spitting my own load onto me. "You can have it back".

I was shocked for a second as my own

sperm drooled down my face, but unfortunately for Brandon, he wasn't the only one with ammunition. I jumped forward and pinned him to his own bed, and grinned as he squirmed underneath me.

"Don't you dare!" He gasped, as I crawled on top of him, and the words had barely left his mouth when I spat his own cum onto his face. "You motherfucker!" He laughed, and we hit another pipe.

It was the first pipe that we'd ever smoked, naked, but, it wasn't the last.

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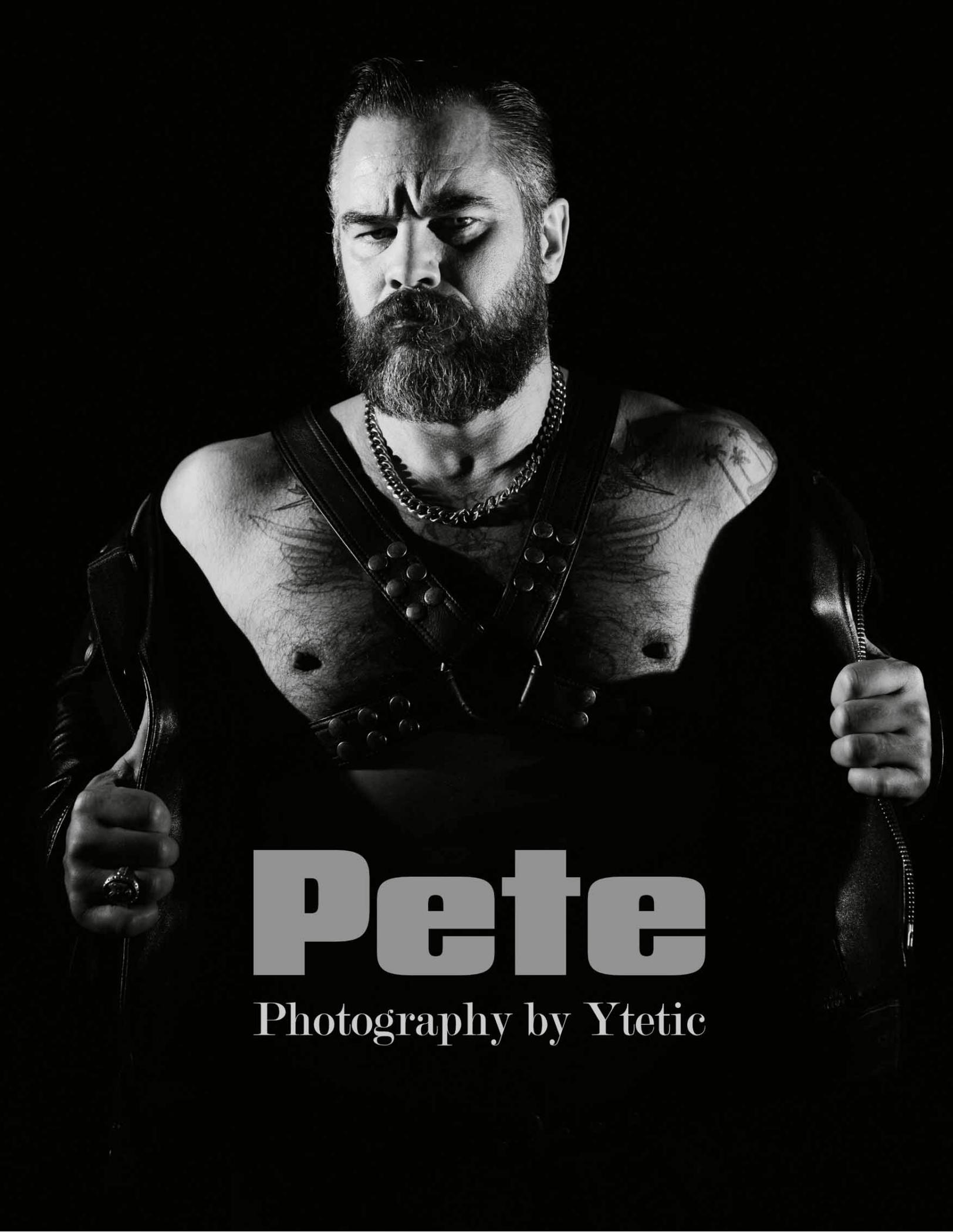
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