



Redpaw

Livin' a Trucker's Life

Kirk Stephens Studio

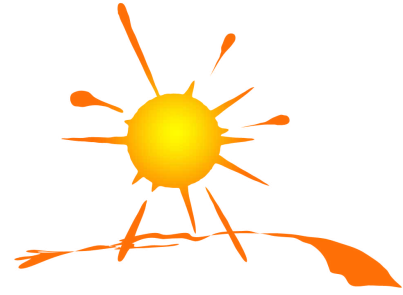
Portraits

Ken Gehring

Leather Adulation

Christian Bailly

No entry



DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

Editor/Layout

John Kranz
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Publisher

Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages@gmail.com

Submissions

desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Contributors

Bomber Powell
Ken Gehring
(ken@thedudoircollection.com)
Geert
Javier A Lara
(jalara_12@yahoo.com)
John Hribljan
(JohnHribljan@icloud.com)
Drub
(drubskin@drubskin.com)
Kirk Stephens Studio
(kirkstephensstudio@gmail.com)
Edward Murillo Moreno
(edwardmurillomoreno@gmail.com)
Christian Bailly
(christian.bailly77@gmail.com)

Cover Photo: Redpaw
by Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages.com

desertheatmag.com

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For further information please contact:
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

MeWe:
@desertheatmag

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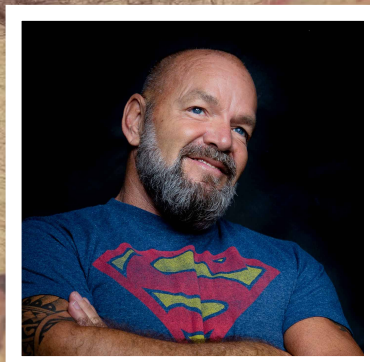
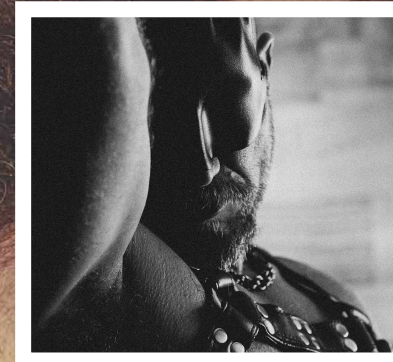
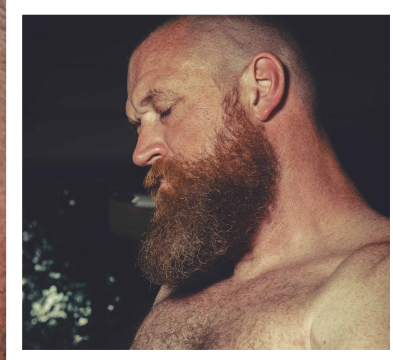
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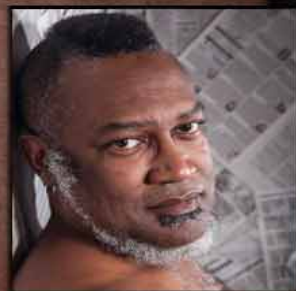
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Ramblings From the Editor

Tolerance. The gay community, for years, has strived for it from the rest. We say that we want to be accepted, that we are normal, and we crave that we are ok in the eyes of those that would detract from us. We have a "right" to be "tolerated", to be accepted, right? We sure do.

But we also need to learn to be tolerant ourselves. Within the gay community there are so many sub groups (i.e. bears, twink, leather, fem, masc, etc). Hell, the LGBTQi+ (not sure if I missed any because there are so many letters now that some have started calling us the "AlphabetMafia", since god forbid you miss any of those letters when talking about the "community" and risk getting "cancelled"!!) community is divisive in it's very nature. We "expect" other groups within society to accept us as we are but we don't strive for that within our community.

In my opinion, part of this is due to the mindset that has taken over in the last few decades. We all seem to know what's best for everyone else and we're not afraid to say it to them. We have, essentially, been brainwashed into a collective PC movement that really is nothing short of censorship.

What brought me to this revelation? I recently ran across a video of a dad teaching his son to smoke a cigar. As he told him in the video, *"if you're going to do it, you gotta do it right"*. Now the first thoughts that went through my head, and this was because I and most others have been programmed to think this way over the last decade or so, was *"You can't teach your kid to smoke a cigar. He's not old enough. You'll hurt him. You're leading him into an addiction."*

And then it hit me, *who the hell am I to say*

that a man does not have a right to teach his son how to smoke a cigar? Why was my first thought 'outrage' at him doing it rather than viewing it as a father teaching his son how to do something? Who am I to say what he was doing is wrong especially since there are so many young men out there than their father's have not taught them anything, don't spend time with them to teach them something.

I know it's a small revelation, but when I start to view other "outrages" I have experienced over the last 5 years, I start questioning who's outrage is it really? Is it something I believe or something that the "collective PC movement" has instilled in me through whatever means (social media, regular media, reading, etc)?

So, back to the AlphabetMafia group. Are our 'intolerances' really something we "feel" or are we just riding along the train of tolerance? And if so, at what price is that train barreling through our "community" and how many casualties should we "tolerate"?

Maybe it's time to get back to what we really strive for, a cohesive bonded community. Maybe we need to stop our own intolerance and learn to accept everyone for who they are first?

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





*Living' A
Trucker's
Life*

Images by Desert Heat Images

Model: Redpaw















AUSSIE FOOTBALLER ADVENTURES

The Time in Cairns with Azza and the Couple

Story by Bomber Powell

End of season footy trips are a standard thing. We all jump on a plane and head off somewhere just to let loose for a while after a big year of footy. Like I mentioned before, Azza and I have always shared rooms together. You tend to stick with the same roomie when you go away, unless they don't come on the trip, and then you end up with someone else. This particular years trip was in Cairns. We were all out on the town having few drinks, getting noticed by the locals and the other tourists. Loud and rowdy. Lots of pants down stuff. And everyone trying to pull a chick or two. It's not unusual for the guys to pick up a chick each and go back to their rooms and fuck in front of each other .

Azza and I had been drinking at this particular bar with the other boys when they all wanted to move on. Azza had been chatting to this couple though, and I had been tuning in and out. She looked like Kaley Cuoco and he was a handsome fella. He was a carpenter and they were on holidays from Sydney. He had massive hands, dark hair, blue eyes. They were really friendly, but I knew Azza had a hard on for the woman and was a bit worried the husband was going to clock him.

"Sorry man. Azza's had a bit of Dutch courage. He's harmless though" I said to the guy, Alex.

"All good mate. Happens a lot. She's a beautiful woman! You boys all play footy together?"

"Yeah. Azza and I are roomies." The guy smiled at me, looked at Azza, then looked back at me and said "so you guys play together?"

Being a bit dumb, I said "yeah, we play footy
The Time in Cairns

together." He smiled at me and chuckled a little and then said "no, do you PLAY together. I know what you footy boys are like. I just retired from rugby league last year". He was smiling at me with a glint in his eye and I looked over at Azza and the body language between him and Laura was pretty obvious.

"Ah, yeah. We have been known to get up to mischief mate".

"Cool. Laura and I were looking for some fun. Weren't we Laura?" Laura looked over at me and smiled. At that point I excused myself and said I needed a piss. Azza said he did too and we stood next each other at the urinal. He said to me "fuck. A guy and a girl. You up for that?"

"What does she want?"

"She wants me to fuck her in front if her husband."

"What's he gonna do? Beat off in the corner?"

"Dunno. Wanna find out?" I smiled at Azza and said "yeah, fuck it. Let's see what crazy shit happens."

We went back to the bar where Alex and Laura were waiting.

"Would you guys like to join us for a drink in our apartment?" Azza asked them.

"Why not?" said Laura, smiling at her husband. I couldn't help but look at her beautiful tits, and Alex had a rugby boys ass, and a promising bulge. We went back to the apartment and no sooner had I closed the door, Laura was all over Azza. They were kissing and fondling each other like crazy, and Azza's hardon was just about ripping his shorts open. I noticed that Alex had a hardon too. I figured I'd be

the first and ripped my t-shirt and pants off and was just standing there in my jocks. Alex copied me and fuck his body was sexy. Little bit of hair in his chest, really hairy legs, but it was soft and downy. Azza, in the meantime, has ripped all of Laura's clothes off and he has her on the couch on her back with his head buried in her snatch, eating it like a shark eats a seal. She's going nuts, which just turned on Alex more. It was a hell of a sight. Azza then stopped eating her out, dropped his pants, and his fat cut dick was drooling like crazy.

"Mind if I fuck ya missus mate?" Azza asked Alex.

"Be my guest"

At that point Azza took his dick in his hand and guided it into Laura's wet cunt. She gasped as he slid his cock into her and started to pump like crazy. Watching Azza's beautiful muscular ass clench every time he went in deep was driving me nuts, as was the squelching sound of cock going in and out of pussy. Seems it was tuning on Alex too. He had his cock in his hand slowly yanking on it, looking at Azza's ass, and my hard cock.

"Nice cock mate" said Alex to me. "Go and feed it to my my missus".

I walked over to one side of Laura and pushed my hips forward offering her my cock. She grabbed it and gobbled it up. I was getting really turned on watching Azza's dick slide in and out of her pussy. Alex stood on the other side of Laura and she turned around and started sucking his dick too. That's when she looked up at Alex and I and said "kiss".

"What???" I said.

"Kiss. Kiss my man" she said. Azza looked at me waiting to see what I would do. I looked at him, then looked at Alex, then said "if ya want. Wanna kiss Alex?" With that, Alex leaned over and started to kiss me. Laura moaned really loudly getting off over the two guys leaning over her kissing. It must have done something for Azza too because all of a sudden he said "oh fuck" and his body clenched and he pushed his cock all the way inside her and started to moan as he emptied his balls into her.

"Your turn" Alex said to me. Azza sat on the couch catching his breath, and Laura got in a doggy position. I slid my cock into her and it was way wet by now, what with Azza's massive load in there. Alex got underneath her and was licking her clit, my balls and anything else he could get his mouth on while I slowly fucked his girl. She was suckin on his dick in a 69 position, and they were both moaning and whimpering. Azza had another hard on and was

stroking his dick watching the action. I began to get a bit of steam up. That's when Alex said "mind if I lick your ass a bit?"

"Go for it mate" I said. Azza's face was priceless. Here I was nailing this chick, while her man buried his face in my ass. It was all too much for me though.

"Can I cum inside you Laura?"

"Yes please baby."

Right at that point, with Alex's tongue shoved in my ass, I let go and emptied the biggest load of jizz into this woman's hot puss. No sooner had I pulled my dick out, Alex grabbed my dick and started licking all the cum and pussy juice off, moaning like a possessed man. He then starting eating his missus pussy with both Azza and my loads in there, jacking his dick. Azza was sitting on the couch pounding his meat amazed by the live porn show in front of him.

"Guess I better return the favour mate" I said as I buried my face in the carpenter's ass. He moaned loudly, and the smell, of his missus sex and my tongue in his ass sent him over the edge. I put my hand under his knob and caught all the jizz, and licked it up in front of all three of them. This sent Azza over the edge again, and he blew all over his guts. I licked that up too, with the help of Alex and Laura.

After laying around naked for a bit, we eventually all had showers and then got dressed. Laura said she had cum at least twice herself. "You boys are hot. Thanks for such a good time". She kissed both Azza and I. Alex kissed me, and just looked at Azza and smiled. They left, and Azza and I were laying in my bed together.

"What's it like?" Azza said

"What's what like?"

"Kissin a bloke?"

"Dunno mate. Rough. Nice. Different from chicks".

"Is that the first time you done that".

"Nah" I said. "Kissed a couple now."

"Righto". Azza looked at me and said "are you gay?"

"Does it matter?" I said to him.

"Nah. I guess not. Who fucken cares. That was insanely hot. I'm gonna beat off over that before I go to sleep. Especially you kissin that bloke". Azza grinned at me and jumped into his bed. We both lay there in bed, jerkin off, thinking about how hot Laura and Alex were.

And as Azza shot his third load again, I helped him clean up.

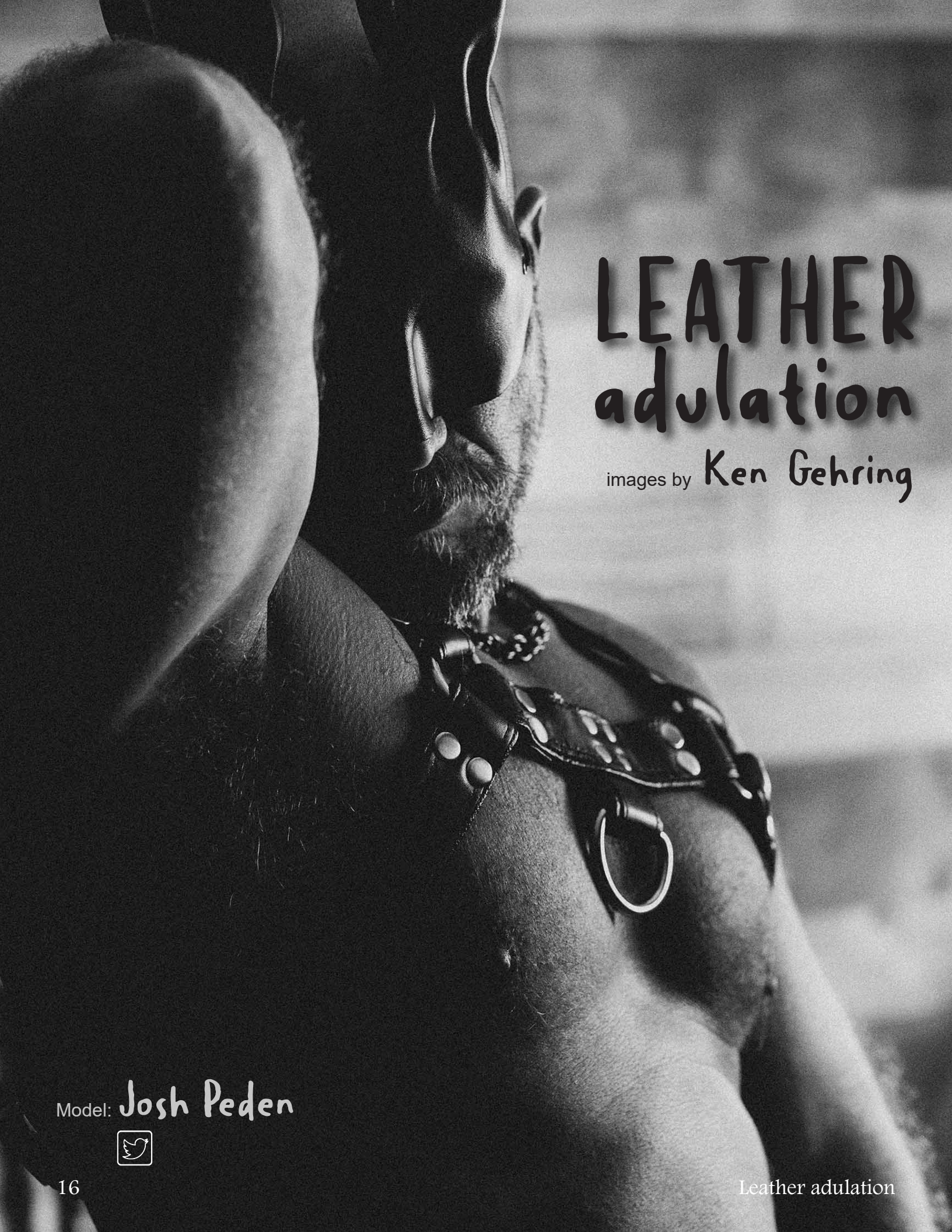
GO NAKED

MAGAZINE



the eMag for male nudists...

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A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a leather harness with buckles and a large metal ring. He is looking down and to the right. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

LEATHER adulation

images by Ken Gehring

Model: Josh Peden











Photog





If I could, I'd always wear jockstraps. I've always loved how they feel when you're wearing them, how snug they hug your package, the straps wrapping around my thighs and joining at the taint.

I love when my partner wears one, sometimes for days on end, seasoning it with his sweat and piss. It's always a welcome surprise when he yanks down his pants and wafts of his scent swirl in my nostrils and I see that tight fabric hugging his junk.

I've got several in rotation all hanging from my bedroom doorknob. It's not like I'm having any company over for the next few months anyway. A yellow one, a red one, a pink one, and a not-so-white one smeared with all sorts of things that I'm supposed to send to a nasty pig over in the UK. I try not to wash them in the washing machine because it screws up the elastic... and the seasoning I've put into them. The yellow one reeks of piss and my pheromones. The red one smells like Crisco. The pink one smells like jizz from the multiple loads pumped into it by me or my partner.

On warmer days or extended time away from work, I like to wear one and a pair of tube socks and lounge around in my studio drawing and painting. If I have to answer the door, get the mail or go into the backyard, I wrap a sarong around my waist and tie it tight and go about my business. It's the little things I do to amuse myself during these times.

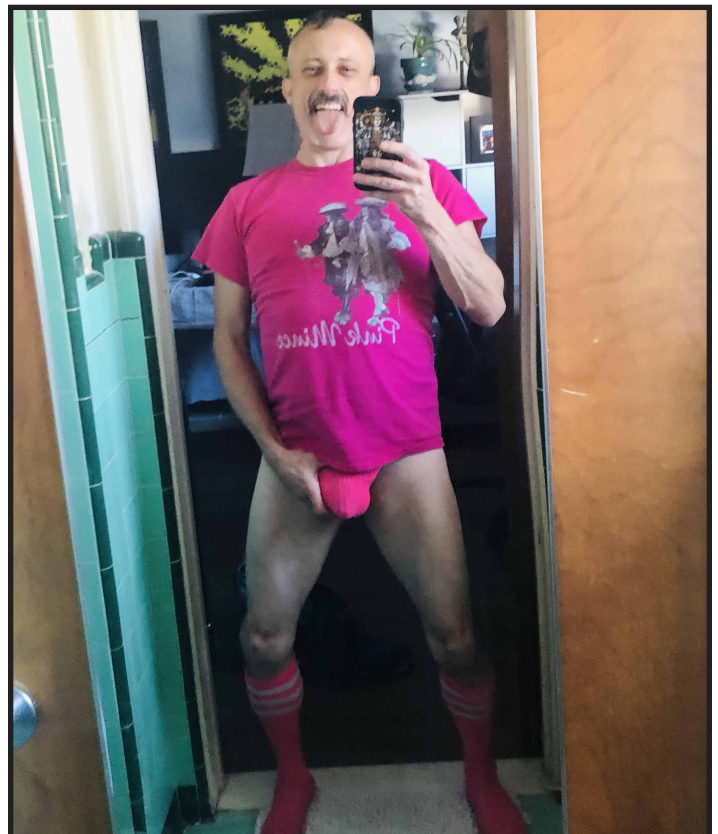
I'm looking forward to the day where I get to invite a guy over to surprise him with my flavor du jour while my man plows our guest from behind and he's mumbling and drooling all over my sweaty cock encased in a stinking jockstrap. Take turns fucking his ass and stuffing a jock into his mouth to stifle his moans of pleasure from the pounding he's going to have to endure 'taking one for the team'. Sigh. Jockstraps. They're a wonderful creation.

ALL THINGS DRUB

Like most things, my fascination with them started in high school. I hated gym class and was an art nerd. I tried to become wallpaper. But if there was a guy in the locker rooms that I fancied, I'd steal his jock and or socks if he wasn't looking and I knew I could get away with it. I wonder what my parents thought, as I wasn't a very athletic kid at all. Where was I getting all these jocks and socks? In fact, I still hate sports, but the gear is so fucking pervy for me. It's funny. All the stuff I hated about gym class in high school - the hazing, the horseplay in the showers, guys pissing on each other, forcing another guy to huff his stinky sneakers - I can't get enough of that hot male bonding stuff now as a very sexual adult.

Get me to be interested in sports ball now? Pfft! Forgetaboutit. If it doesn't end in fucking in jockstraps, then I can't be bothered.

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IRRIGATION Maintenance

Story By
HOT FOR DADS

I had stayed too late at the bar the night before, so it took a while for the persistent doorbell to work its way into my awaking consciousness. I rolled over on my belly, stretched, and ground my morning hardon into the mattress a few times. The doorbell continued. "Okay, okay, I'm coming," I growled, throwing back the blankets and crawling out of bed.

The doorbell continued. "I'M COMING!" I yelled as I grabbed my bathrobe from the foot of the bed and pulled it on. I figured it was better than opening the door while wearing just my boxers with an obvious hardon tent. As I approached the front door, I strategically tied the belt of my bathrobe to hold my hard cock secured flat against my belly. "Jesus, what's your problem?" I growled as I unlocked and opened the front door.

"Uh, nothing," replied the surprised service technician from the company that took care of my irrigation system. "You have an appointment this morning. I tried to call."

"Oh, shit, yeah, I forgot. Sorry," I apologized. "But you're not..."

"No, I'm Phil. I'll be taking care of you from now on," he smiled. The morning haze quickly drifted away as my sight trailed from the gleaming white teeth, down over the firm jaw, along the tanned neck, across the chest hair peaking out of his shirt, down the broad chest and the flat belly, lingered briefly at the obviously full crotch, and dropped to his large, scuffed workboots. He cleared his throat, and I quickly looked back up at his face. He must have been at least 6'3" and obviously worked out regularly, a habit I'd never managed to attain. I don't know if the salt-and-pepper hair was a sign of his age or just hot genes. Either way worked for me.

"Sorry, I'm still waking up," I said. "And you're a surprise."

Irrigation Maintenance

"A good one, I hope," Phil chuckled.

"We'll see how good a job you do," I replied with a smile.

"Well, since this is my first visit, I should give you a thorough going over," he said. "I mean the irrigation system."

"It needs it," I said. "Let me open the garage door. The control's in there."

"Okay," Phil replied with a smile. He then turned and walked toward the garage door.

I quickly ducked back through the house and into the garage. I pressed the button and watched the Adonis get revealed from his toes to his head again as the door rose. "The controls and pump are right there," I stated the obvious as Phil and I both walked toward them.

"So I see," he replied with a smile.

"Of course you do," I smiled, wondering if he also saw the hard cock straining against the belt of my bathrobe. "Sorry about the attire," I laughed. "Late night."

"I've seen less," he laughed.

"You mean more?" I laughed back.

"Yeah. You wouldn't believe the number of horny housewives who answer the door in almost nothing at all when the husbands are off at work," Phil said casually as he examined the irrigation control settings. "And some of them actually in nothing at all."

"That must make your work interesting."

"Annoying is more like it," he replied. "I just want to get the job done and get on to the next job."

"I'll bet they're sorry about that."

"Usually," he said cryptically.

"So, you take a break once in a while?"

"If I'm horny enough and if I have a looser schedule."

"And do you charge extra for that?" I laughed.

"No, but I do get some good tips that way," he laughed.

"I'll bet."

"Well, the settings all seem fine. Let's just fire it up and see how it's spraying," Phil said, getting back to business.

"I haven't noticed any problems," I said, "but since it runs at night, I don't know how efficiently it's distributing the load...of water."

"Yeah," Phil said as he turned on the system and the pump started whirring, "you want a good distribution. You don't want it shooting all in one place."

"Speak for yourself," I muttered.

"What was that?" Phil asked, raising his voice about the noise of the pump.

"See for yourself," I said as the irrigation heads popped up around the yard and started wetting the lawn down. I usually just left the irrigation guy to do his job, but I couldn't resist hanging around to watch Phil and his tight, muscular ass as he walked around the yard. My cock throbbed every time he bent over to examine or adjust a sprinkler head and his jeans got even tighter.

Phil made the rounds of the entire system in the front yard. He replaced a couple heads and adjusted a few others. They were minor improvements, but he did seem to be getting better coverage for me. "Okay, time to check your backside," Phil said when he returned to the garage and switched the system to the other zone.

"What?" I asked, caught off guard. "Oh yeah, the back yard. You wanna come through the house or around?"

"Around is fine," Phil said. "Over here?" he asked, pointing to the south side of the house. "Yeah, that's the gate," I said as I watched his muscular ass leaving the garage and disappearing from view. "Jeezus fuck," I muttered as my cock pulsed. I slipped back into the house from the garage. I was so horned by watching Phil that I just stopped in the kitchen, whipped open my bathrobe, and started beating my meat. Nice steady strokes as I leaned back on the kitchen counter. "Oh yeah," I moaned as I felt my palm getting slick with precum. I switched hands and continued stroking as I lifted the first hand to my mouth and licked the sweet juice.

Suddenly, a movement caught the corner of

my eye, and I glanced over through the back sliding glass door to see Phil disappearing from view in his walk around the yard. "Shit," I muttered, pulling my bathrobe shut and securing my cock under the belt again. I paused for a moment to decide if I should get dressed or if it would be strange for me to dress now, especially if he'd seen what I'd been doing. I finally opted for just staying in the bathrobe and going out to see how Phil's inspection of the back yard was going.

I stepped out onto the pool deck and looked around the back yard to see where Phil was. I saw him leaning over a head by the north fence. "How's it going?" I called out casually.

My shout obviously caught Phil off guard. He looked around at me, slightly lost his balance, and completely lost his grip on the sprinkler head. Before I knew it, the head had popped free of the system and of Phil's grip. Water gushed out of the pipe and sprayed all over Phil. Soaking him from head to toe and back again. "FUCK IT!" Phil yelled as he struggled to get the situation back in hand and cap the pipe with a new head.

When he finally stood up and turned around to face me, I was expecting to see pure anger for distracting him from his work and getting him soaked. Instead, I saw a broad smile. "Not a great start to the day," he laughed as he shook his head and tossed water from his salt-and-pepper locks.

"Sorry about that." I'm not sure how I managed to get that out, because all I could do was stare at the soaked shirt and jeans clinging to his body, revealing every quivering muscle as he walked toward me. Every muscle and a mouth-watering cock. There was no mistaking that the bulge I noticed earlier was the real thing. My own cock pulsed, and I could feel precum leaking out. I knew if I wasn't careful, my dick would be shooting more than precum in no time at all.

"You surprised me," he laughed. "I thought you were busy inside."

"I... uh... Oh shit, sorry about that," I muttered.

"No need. I know I'd rather be beating off than fixing sprinklers," he laughed.

"Well, maybe you'll get lucky with a horny housewife at the next appointment," I said, trying to keep him from thinking I was beating off because

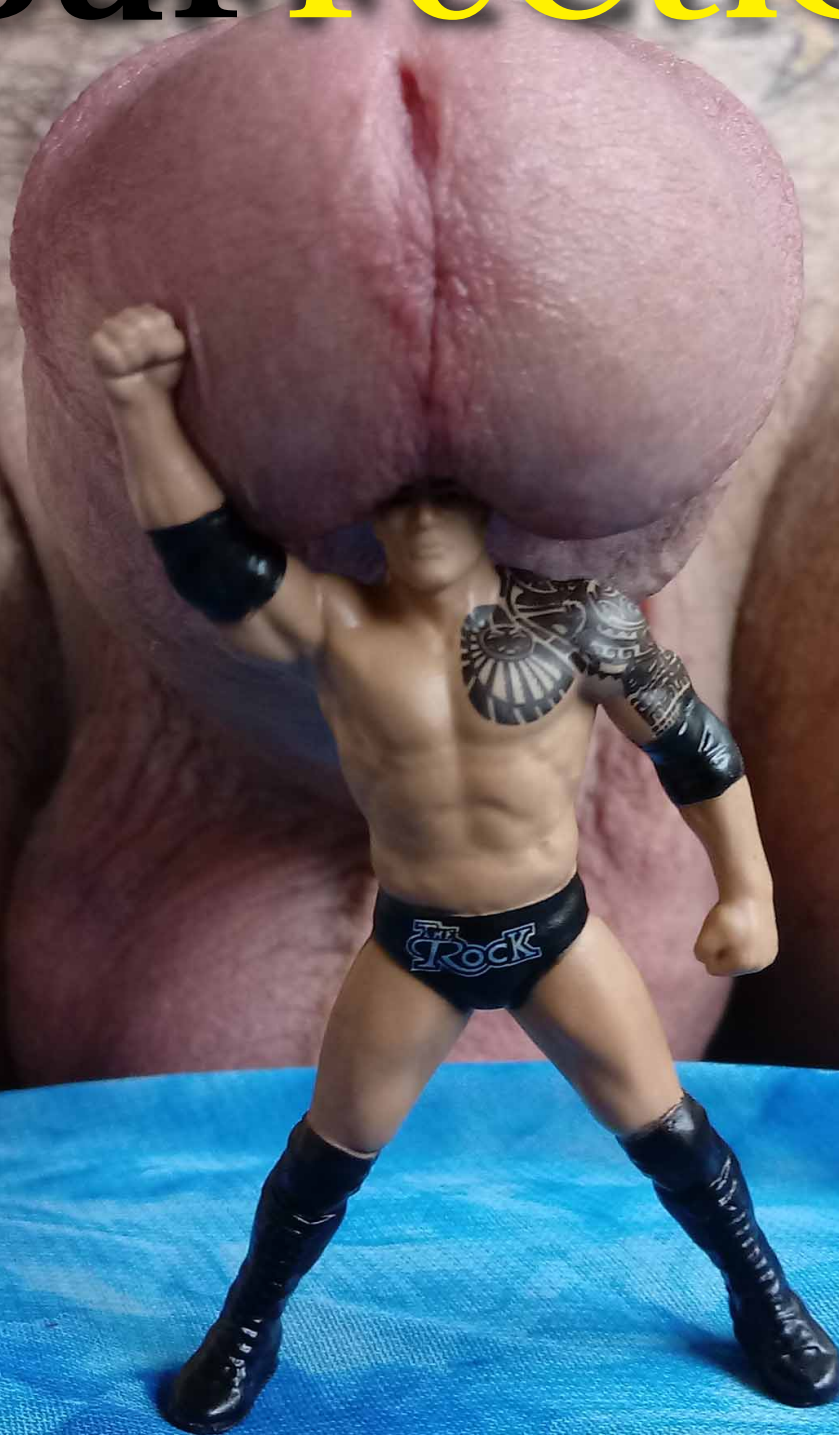
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Irrigation Maintenance

THE

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↓

Insurrection



IMAGES BY Javier A Lara

MODEL Vic











DHM FAN ~ Jeffrey



of him.

"No, the next appointment is with a crabby old lady who watches me like a hawk and complains about everything."

"Well, maybe the one after that," I laughed.

"Honestly, I was shitting you earlier," Phil said with a grin and a shrug. "Never fucked with a single housewife on my list."

"More old ladies than horny housewives?" I asked.

"There's that," he admitted, stepping up close to me. "And I prefer the horny husbands or, even better, horny single men. From what I saw earlier, you fit into at least one of those categories." He casually reached out and trailed his fingers along the bulge my belted cock was making.

"Yeah," I moaned, pressing my shaft into his palm. "I'm single."

Phil laughed and said, "I thought so." He began firmly pressing the heel of his palm up and down my shaft. "I've got a little time before my next appointment," he finally said softly.

"And you shouldn't go soaking wet," I moaned. "I can throw those clothes in the drier for you."

"Sounds good to me," Phil replied, stepping even closer. "It will give me time for one final head inspection," he said, slipping his hand into my bathrobe and wrapping his fist around the leaking head of my cock.

"Oh yeah," I moaned, shutting my eyes.

"Oh yeah," Phil whispered, only seconds before he pressed his lips against mine, forcing my head to tilt back and up to his. I felt the warmth of his lips and the coldness of the water. I felt his lips part and his tongue licking my own lips, which parted automatically to let him in. Phil's tongue slowly slipped between my lips and over my teeth until it pressed against my own tongue. I let out a moan as he forced his tongue deeper into my mouth. Exploring me. Tasting me. Devouring me. Sucking my tongue. I moaned again and then let out a sigh of disappointment when he pulled back.

"Better get out of these things before I catch a cold," he whispered to me.

"Oh yeah, right," I said. "I almost forgot." I grabbed his hand as it slipped out of my bathrobe and led him past the pool and into the house.

"I'm not really supposed to be in customers' houses," Phil said.

"What about customers' asses?" I asked without thinking.

Phil grinned and said, "I don't recall any rules about that in the handbook."

"Good," I laughed. "Let's get you out of those wet clothes."

Phil just smiled and undid his shirt. When he slipped it off his shoulders, I could barely pull my eyes away from the muscular, glistening, lightly hairy pecs or the firm, flat, also lightly hairy belly. "Although, from what I saw early," he said casually as he handed me the shirt and leaned over to take off his boots, "I would rather have your cock inside my ass."

I gulped as Phil stood up and looked me in the eye. "Are you serious?" I asked as he kicked off the boots, took his cell phone from his pocket and placed it on the counter, and then began to undo his jeans. I figured if I was going to get lucky it would be me getting fucked, not me doing the fucking.

"Yeah," Phil confirmed, pushing the wet jeans down over his wet, muscular thighs. "I've flushed out your system. It seems only fair that you flush out mine."

"Fuck yeah," I muttered in agreement as Phil stepped out of his jeans and tossed them to me. He straightened up with a grin on his face and a hard cock distorting the pouch of a black jockstrap. I licked my lips. "As long as I can suck on that for a while first."

"If that's what you want," Phil laughed, "but I do have appointments waiting."

"Then we'd better get these in the dryer. What about those?" I asked, nodding at the jockstrap.

Phil suggestively fondled his pouch. "Feels dry to me...on the outside."

"Right. I'll be right back." I turned and quickly dashed into the laundry room, between the kitchen and the garage, and threw Phil's clothes into the dryer. As the dryer started to warm up and spin, I undid the robe of my bathrobe and let it fall open.

"I thought I'd save us some time," Phil said as I returned to the kitchen to find him leaning back against the counter with the pouch of his jockstrap tucked under his balls. He was slowly stroking his

shaft.

"Works for me," I said, crossing the kitchen and giving him another kiss before sinking to my knees. Phil continued stroking his shaft as I stuck out my tongue to lap at his hairy balls.

"Mmmm," Phil sighed as I gave his low-hangers a mouthwatering tongue bath. Coating them with saliva. Lifting them on my tongue. Sucking them into my mouth. Sucking on them as I worked my tongue around them. "Oh yeah," Phil moaned, "suck my balls."

"Mmmmmph," I moaned, pressing my nose against the base of his cock and working his balls with my tongue. I wallowed my face in his crotch as I gripped his firm, quivering thighs. "Mmmmmmmph!" I repeated, feeling like I was in a heaven of scents in my nose, tastes in my mouth, and textures on my skin.

"I thought you wanted to suck on this," Phil growled seductively.

I opened my eyes and looked at the leaking cock head looming over me. I quickly let his balls slip from my mouth before saying, "Yes, please."

"That head definitely needs to be checked for leaks," Phil chuckled as he pressed his straining cock down and aimed it at my open mouth. "Oh yeah," he sighed as he laid the head on my tongue and started slipping it into my mouth as my lips closed around the shaft. "That's it. Check the entire head and pipe."

"Mmmmmph," I moaned as he pressed more cock into my hungry mouth. Spilling his succulent precum on my taste buds. Forcing the thick underside ridge along the center of my tongue. Pressing the head into my throat. Pushing deeper. Filling me. Feeding me.

"Oh yeah," Phil moaned as he slowly pulled his cock head out of my throat and then gently pushed it back in. Out and in. Out and in. Gradually picking up the pace. I relaxed my throat and just let him use me. My hands clutching his flexing thighs. His hands clutching the top of my head. "Take that cock. Yeah, suck it," he moaned, ramming his meat down my throat.

I worked my hands up his thighs and around to his muscular buns. Tight. Firm. Flexing. I held them in the palms of my hands and slid the tips of my fingers into his crack. His slick. sweaty crack. As he fucked my throat, I worked my fingers deeper, until my middle fingers finally pressed

against his asshole. "Oh fuck yeah," Phil groaned. "Fuck me, dude, fuck me."

"Mmmmmph," I moaned in agreement around his still-thrusting cock as I slid the middle finger of one hand into his asshole and then slid the middle finger of the other hand into him as well.

"That's it," Phil panted. "Get me ready for that cock. I want your cock in me. I need your cock in me. Fucking me. Pounding me. Pumping me."

With a tight, slurping suck, I pulled off of Phil's tasty cock. "Gotta inspect the whole system," I said with a wicked grin as I pulled the waistband of his jockstrap up to encase his cock on the mesh pouch once again. "Turn around."

"We're nothing if not thorough. That's our motto," Phil smiled before he turned around and leaned forward to plant his palms on the counter. "Ready

for inspection."

"I don't think this area is getting enough sun," I laughed when I got my first site of his bright white ass. "I might get blinded by the white."

"I keep that pasty ass just to prove how much sun the rest of it is getting," Phil laughed.

I slipped a finger back inside Phil's tight, warm, wet asshole and said, "I think you might have a problem with the seal here. I'm not sure it's tight enough." I could feel Phil's asshole tighten its grip on my finger. "Yeah, that's better."

"Sure is," Phil moaned as I slowly began fingering his hole. "More. More. More fingers." I worked another finger into his hole and then another. He groaned and thrust his ass back onto my invading fingers. Phil let out a disappointed groan when I finally slipped my fingers out of his asshole, but he followed that with a satisfied sigh when I buried my face in his crack and started licking his hole. "Fuck yeah," he moaned, loud and slow. "Get me wet and ready. I need to be bred, buddy. Wanna carry your load around in my ass all day."

"Mmmmmmm," I moaned, pressing the tip of my tongue into his hole. Scraping my teeth lightly along his sensitive butt flesh. Feeling the sweat of his crack on my face. Reaching between his legs to fondle the cock and balls straining against the tight jockstrap pouch.

"Oh fuck, come on, dude, I need it so bad."

Continued on pg 48

JOHN



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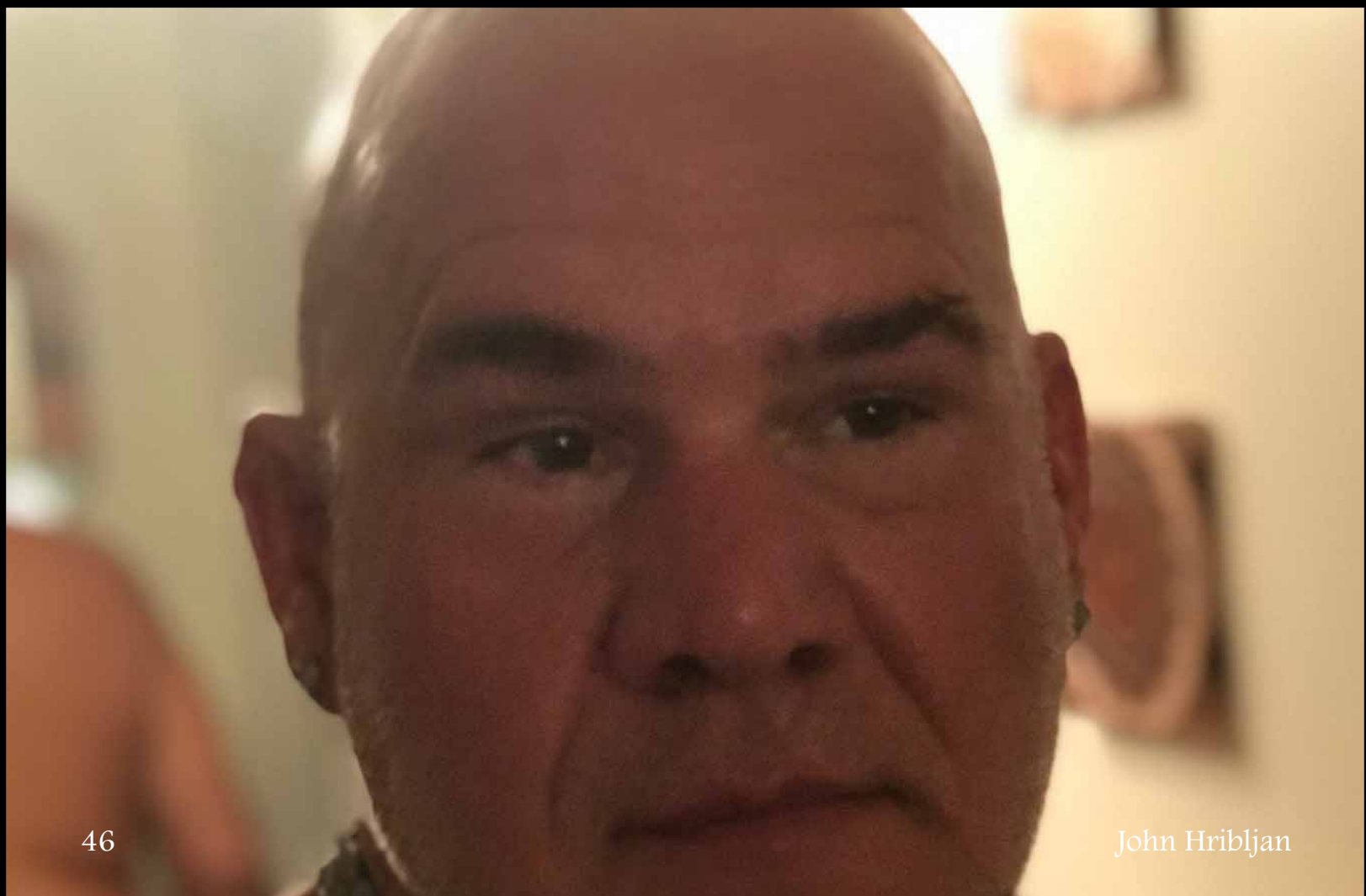


John Hribljan











Fuck me now. Fuck me. Breed me."

"Customer satisfaction is guaranteed," I said, standing up quickly behind him and slipping the head of my cock between his butt cheeks. I hocked up some saliva and spit it into his crack.

"Oh yeah," Phil moaned as my spit ran down his crack and joined the head of my cock at his asshole. I spit more into his crack and got the same

reaction. I then managed another load of saliva and spit it into the palm of my hand. I worked it on my shaft and then held my cock as I gently pressed against Phil's delicate pucker.

"I can get some lube if you need it," I offered.

"Just fuck me," Phil begged. "I can take it. Just fuck me."

"Then let's start flushing you out," I laughed as I pressed forward. There was obvious resistance, but I didn't let up.

"Harder. Push harder," Phil begged, and I complied. "FUCK!" he yelled when the head of my cock finally popped into his ass. I froze and waited. He panted heavily for a while and then began to calm back into slow, measured breathing. "Okay, slowly," he said when he was ready. I began feeding my cock into his ass. Slowly. Steadily. Carefully. Deeper and deeper. "Oh yeah," Phil sighed as I continued to fill his ass with cock. "I needed this so bad."

"So did I," I agreed. "So did I," I repeated as the last of my cock entered Phil's asshole and I pressed my pubes against his white, muscular ass. I let out a loud, long sigh of satisfaction just as Phil's cell phone started buzzing in front of him on the counter.

"Fuck," Phil growled. "Stay where you are," he ordered as he picked up the phone and swiped it open to answer the call. "Yeah, we'll she'll just have to wait. I'll be there when I'm there. Yeah, yeah, I know. This one's taking longer than anticipated, but I'm almost finished. Yeah, okay. As soon as I can." Phil ended the call and ordered, "Fuck me hard and breed me fast. The old biddy called to complain about waiting."

"Can't keep the old biddy waiting," I said, pulling my cock almost all the way out of his ass

and then slamming it back in. Out and in. Harder and harder. Faster and faster. From the grunts and groans he was letting out, Phil was enjoying my cock assault on his asshole.

"Harder," he begged, "harder!"

I dug my fingers into the waistband of his jockstrap for leverage as I slammed my cock into him. Faster and faster. Huffing and puffing. Panting and thrusting. "I wanted this to last," I panted.

"Can't have everything," Phil grunted. "Breed me, dude. Breed my fucking ass!"

I could feel my body tensing. Being driven wild by the sensation of Phil's tight ass gripping my thrusting cock. Tighter and tighter. Thrusting faster and faster. Sweat rolling down my chest. I released one hand from the jockstrap and gave Phil's ass a sharp slap. "OH, YEAH!" he moaned. "FUCK, I'M GONNA CUM! HARDER!"

"ME TOO!" I yelled, slapping his ass again before gripping his shoulders with both hands to leverage my fast and furious fucking. Drilling him with cock. Getting ready to fill him with cum.

"BREED ME!" Phil ordered, and I could feel his ass clamp down on my cock in a death grip before changing to rhythmic spasms. "I'M CUMMING!" he wailed.

My body tensed as I continued slamming my cock into his quivering asshole. "OH GOD, ME TOO!" I moaned. "ME TOO!" I plunged my cock into Phil's asshole one last time and held it there as it began pulsing frantically, pumping load after load after load of hot cum into his hole. Coating his insides as his asshole continued milking me for more. "Oh fuck," I groaned when there didn't seem to be an end in sight and my body was overwhelmed with sensations.

"Oh fuck," Phil echoed with satisfaction. "Oh fuck yeah," he sighed, leaning forward to rest on the counter just as the drying gave off a loud ping to signal that his clothes were dry.

"Perfect timing," I panted.

"Except now my jockstrap needs to be washed," Phil laughed.

I slowly pulled my cock out of Phil's ass and said, "Leave it with me."

Phil stood up and turned around to face me. "I can't very well wear it this way," he said, peeling it down to reveal the inside of the pouch soaked with cum and his softening dick coated in cum as well.

"Probably not," I said as the cum began to ooze down from his cock and over his balls. "Better get you cleaned up." I dropped to my knees and pulled the jockstrap down over those muscular thighs. Phil stopped out of the jockstrap and I dropped it on the floor. I then leaned forward and began to lick all of that delicious cum off of his balls and his shaft. I then sucked the head into my mouth and stroked the shaft to work out any remaining seed. I felt it ooze into my mouth and I savored the taste before swallowing it and letting Phil's cock slip free. "Nothing wrong with this head," I said, smiling up at him, "but I think it requires regular inspections just to make sure."

"Sounds good to me," Phil grinned down at me. The dryer buzzed again to remind us that our balls might have been emptied, but it hadn't been.

"Turn around," I ordered. Phil did as instructed, and I grabbed a dishcloth from the counter to give his ass and crack a quick swipe. "Any future leaks are your responsibility," I laughed.

"Thanks. I'll try to keep a tight seal," he laughed as he headed off to retrieve his dried clothes.

I picked up the jockstrap and began sucking cum out of the pouch. "Mmmmmm," I moan just as Phil, fully dressed, returned to the kitchen.

"Damn, you are officially my favorite customer now," Phil said.

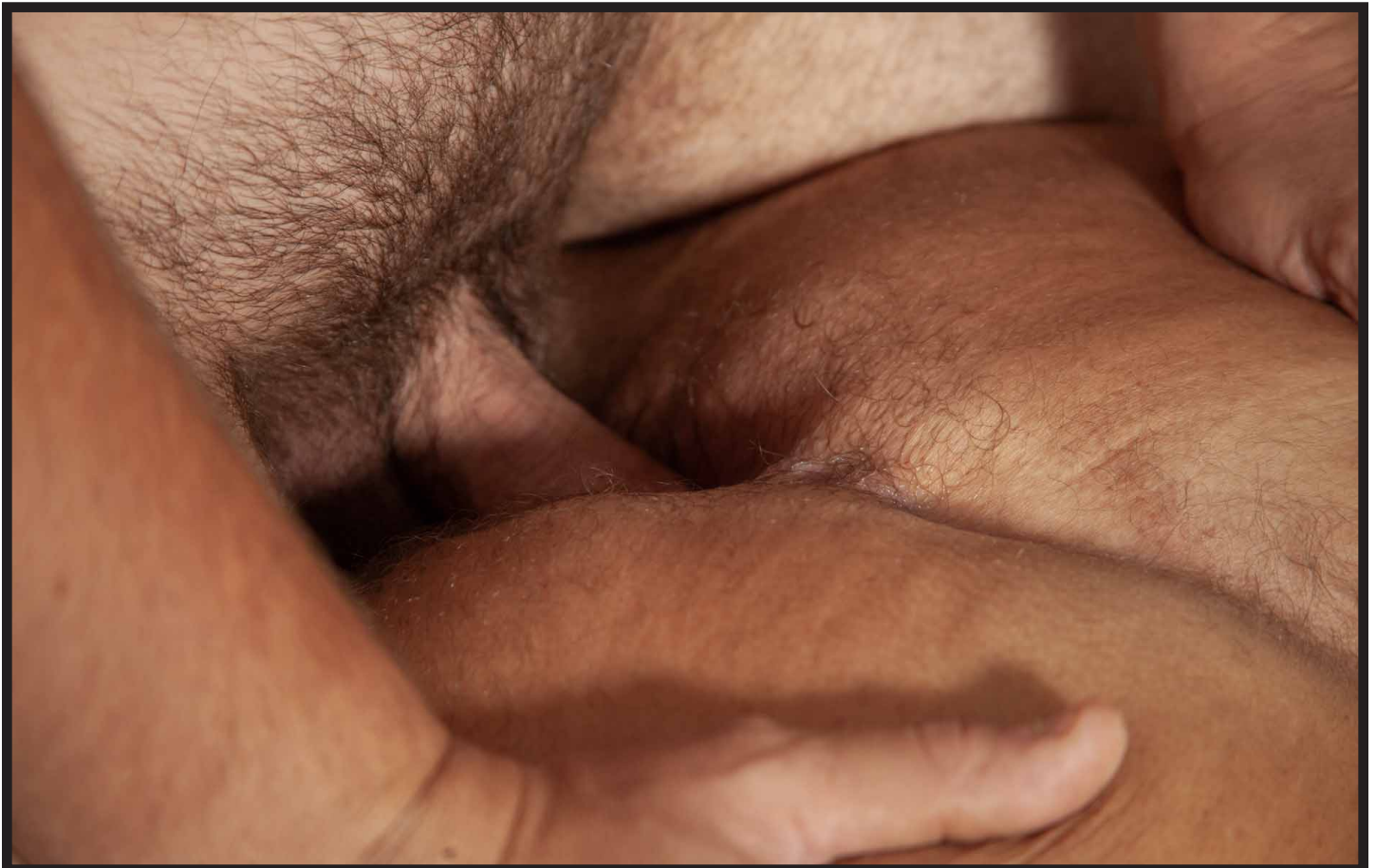
"I'll certainly be looking forward to your inspections from now on," I assured him, getting to my feet. "And you can drop by for spot checks any time you want."

"I think that's pretty much guaranteed," Phil laughed as he put on his work boots. He straightened up and took me in an embrace. He licked a glob of cum from my chin and then gave me another long slow kiss to exchange the tangy taste of his cum. And then his phone rang again.

"Duty calls," I laughed.

"The old biddy calls," he laughed as he switched the phone on again and answered the call. "Yeah. I know. I'm just leaving here. Okay, I'll call and tell her I'm cumming," he added with a wink at me.

"She wishes," I whispered with a soft laugh. I'd never in my life been so glad to have an irrigation system that needed regular inspection.



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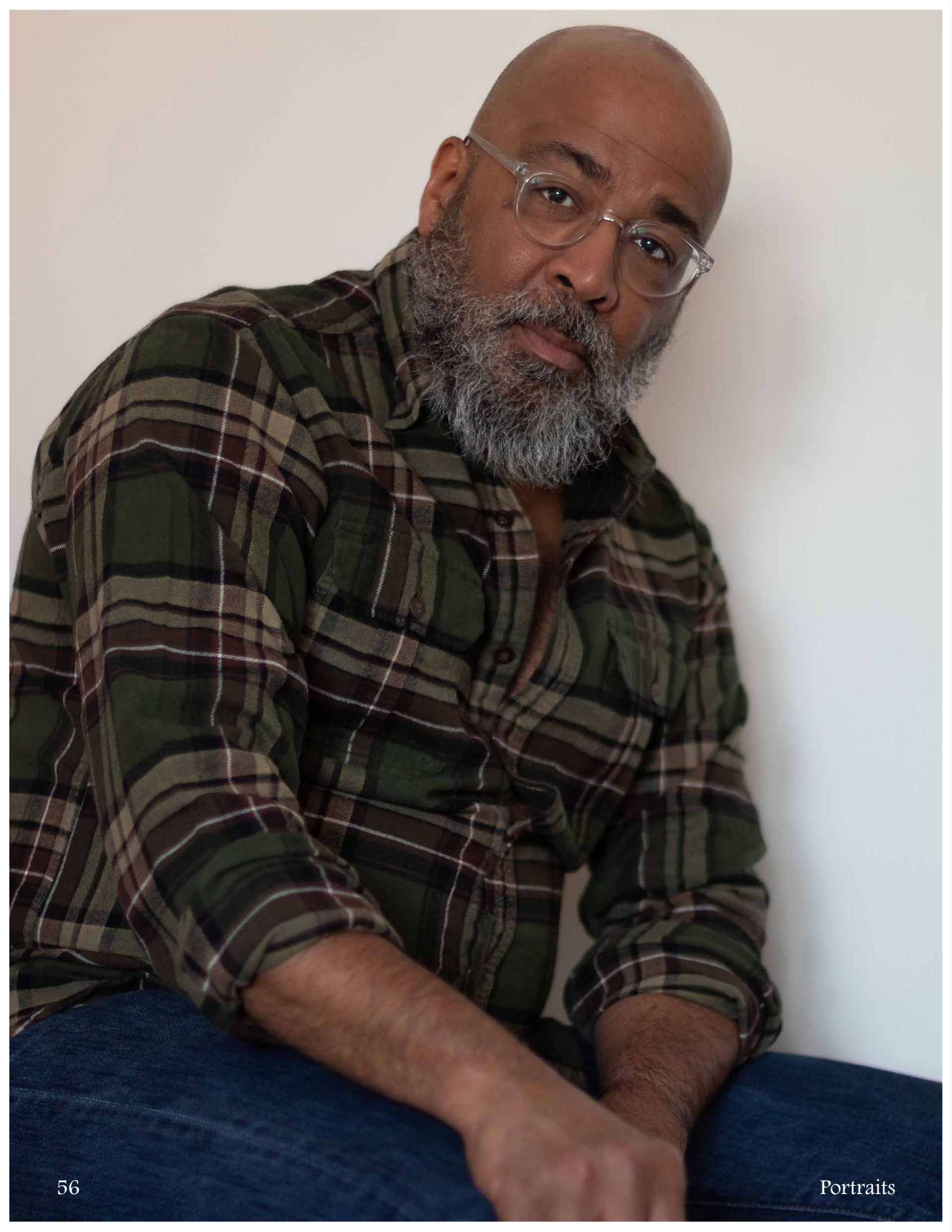
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No entry

Illustrations by Richard Vyse



*My friend my love
Let me discover
This forbidden meaning of forbidden loves
Guilty desires
Illicit pleasures
I refuse the sentence rather be hanged*



*My friend, my love,
For me nothing taboo,
This path of doomed loves,
I want to take it in you.
In love, everything is allowed,
It is time, from the shackles, to free yourself.*



*My friend, my love,
You only live once !
I beg you, grant me this prohibited path,
I will make you discover,
Beyond the pain,
Criminal pleasures, the path of the Empires.*



*My friend, my love,
I promise you,
You will find drunkenness at the end of this path,
An unexpected contentment,
The pinnacle of celebration,
When in you I will pour out the riches of my love.*

Christian Bailly

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