



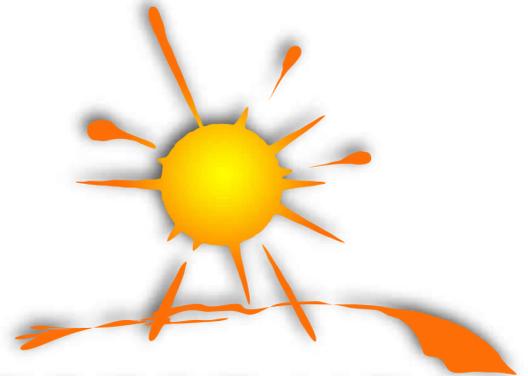
**All Men Are Beautiful!**  
March 2026 | Issue 87

All of the material in the magazine, including the magazine, is protected by copyright. All rights are reserved. This magazine or parts of it may not be reproduced without prior written permission from the creator of Desert Heat Magazine, John Kranz, the photographers, artists, or the authors. The utmost care has been taken to present the information in Desert Heat Magazine as accurately as possible. Neither the creator, John Kranz, nor any of the contributors accept any responsibility for any damage that may result from the use of this magazine or any information contained within it. All efforts have been made to contact the copyright holders. No responsibility for the reproduction can be taken if the digital data of the images delivered is not accompanied by a high quality color proof. The views expressed in Desert Heat Magazine are not necessarily those of the Publisher or any of the contributors.

**Editor/Layout**  
John Kranz  
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

**Publisher**  
Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages@gmail.com

**Submissions**  
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com



# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

**Cover Photo: Thomas**  
by Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages.com

For further information please contact:  
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:  
@desertheatmag

Instagram:  
www.instagram.com/desertheatmag/

BlueSky  
15

Facebook  
<https://www.facebook.com/dsrthtmg>

**Must be 18 years or older to view**

Desert Heat Magazine  
© 2024 Desert Heat Images

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!!

## Contributors

Profiles by Sarge  
Joseph Stevens  
Humble Photography  
Matt Vane  
Misterburriss Photography  
Alex Torres



All Men Are Beautiful

# Erotic

Male Photography



desertheatimages.com



**Thomas**



**Parker**



**Keenan Smith**



**Tyson**

# WHO'S INSIDE



**José Gabriel**

# WHAT'S **INSIDE**

## The Men

### Stories /Events

**A Delivery I'd Never Forget** 15

Story by Anonymous

**Mr. Chicago Leather 2026** 26

Images by Joseph Stevens

**Taking Care of My Injured Roommate** 37

Story by Matt Vane

**Mr. Chicago Leather Contest** 48

Images by Joseph Stevens

**Thomas** 8

Images by Desert Heat Images

**Tyson** 17

Images by Sarge

**Soccer Jock** 30

Featuring Parker Flexes

Images by Humble Photography

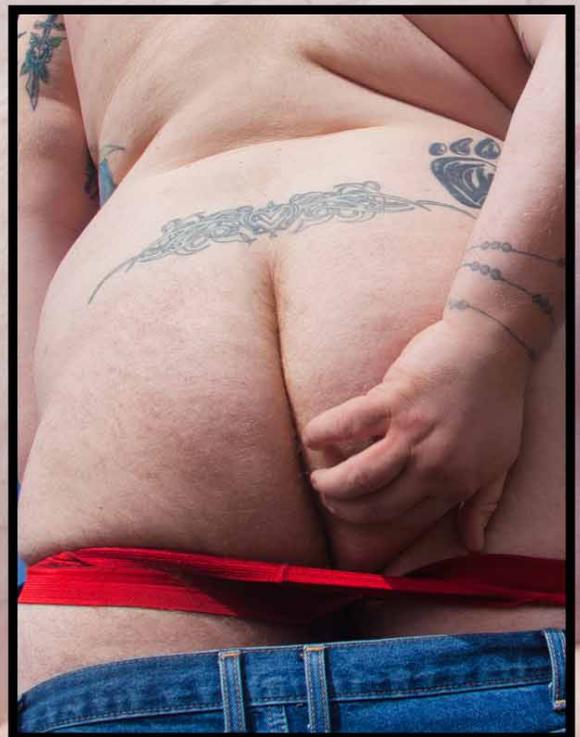
**Eyal the Good Pup** 41

Featuring Keenan Smith

Images by Misterburriss Photography

**Jose Gabriel** 55

Images by Alex Torres



# Ramblings from the Editor

Holy shit! The United States is falling apart and I'm starting to wonder if there is any coming back from this. The side that said they wanted to protect children are now defending a pedophile rapist saying there is no reason to release the Epstein files. Yeah, the fuck there is a reason. We need every one of those sick bastards that used children to be in prison! The side that said they believed a narcissist when he told them he wouldn't start any new wars is now defending him for shooting missiles at a children's school! How about your man up, since you are a second amendment spouting keyboard warrior, and join up in the service when the lying pedophile puts "boots on the ground"!! And just think, you might get to meet the alcoholic wife beater that the idiot orange turd put in charge of the "war" department. The same fucking idiots voted for the orange piece of dick cheese believing he would bring down costs. How's that working out for you?

And if you don't like me ranting about this stuff, tough shit! The one thing you haven't accomplished in doing, at I know you are hard at work doing it, is suppressing my free speech. Although the modern-day gestapo, also known as ICE, sure is doing their best to terrorize and murder American citizens while you red fucking hats sit on the side lines and cheer them on. "Just comply", you say. "Just do what law enforcement (which by the fucking way they are not law enforcement) tells you and you won't get hurt". Tell that to the innocent people they murdered because their little feeling were hurt. You did this, you red hat pieces of shit. You brought this chaos to our Country and you area

lapping it up and whining now that you can't get all the free handouts you wanted from the Government because your Nazi leaning leader is giving it all to his rich friends.

If you don't agree with what I am saying, that's your right, and unlike you I don't want to take that away from you. However, you won't silence me from saying it. If you don't like it, stop downloading the Mag and go find you some right leaning rhetoric to jerk off to. This is my soapbox and I'll say what the fuck I want to in it as long as I'm publishing it. It's free, just like my freedom to say what the fuck I want to.

And the piece of shit your hate filled President put in charge of ICE has consistently used his social media platforms to share anti-abortion and anti-trans comments. And what makes you think he will treat immigrants humanely? You know he won't. Yet you are all happy that right wing piece of man trash is in charge. I wonder what skeletons

he has in his closet that will come out in the not so near future?

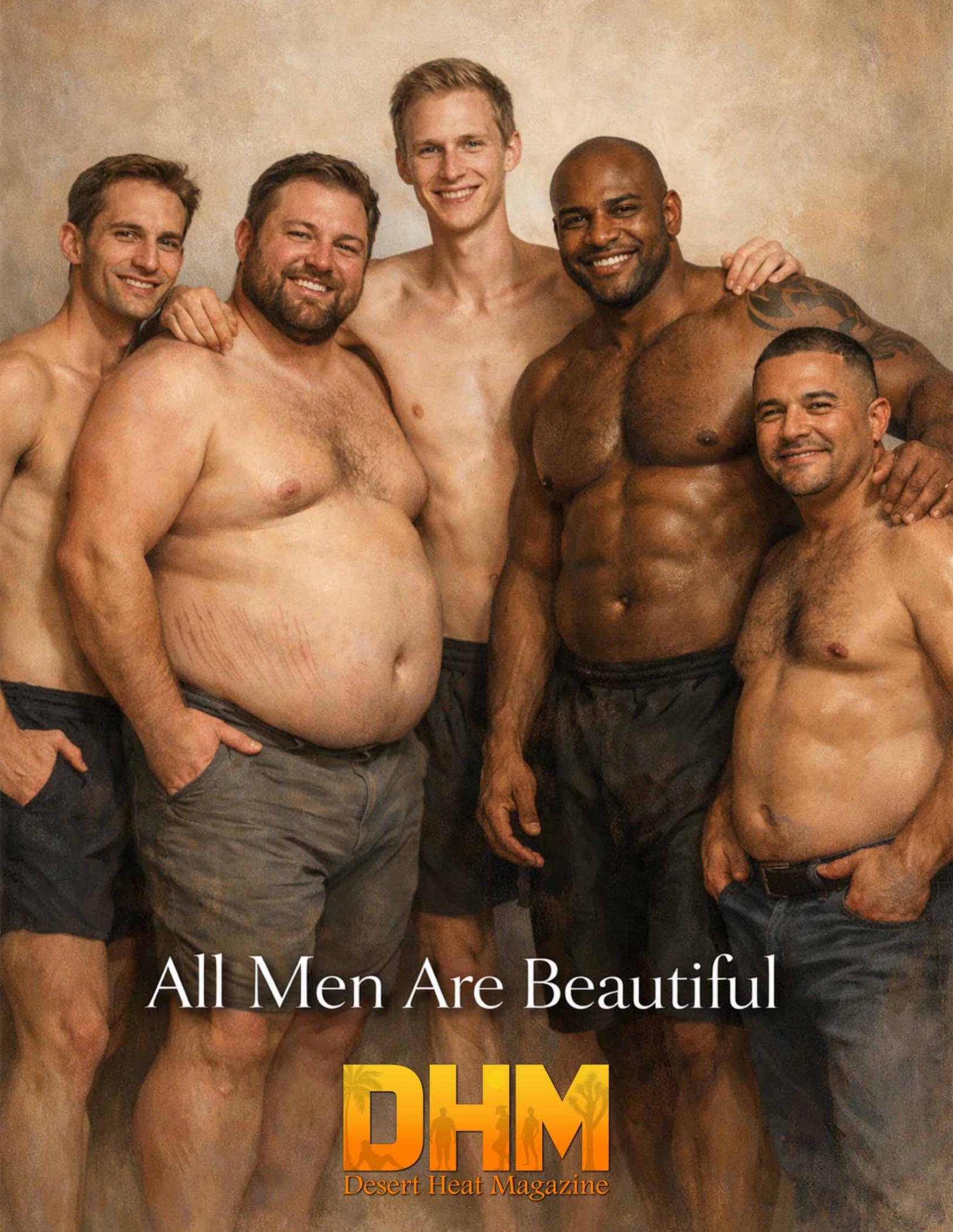
And remember one thing, you can fly that flag of hate for now, you can cause the chaos you are thriving in, but things will swing back, they always do, and we won't forget.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

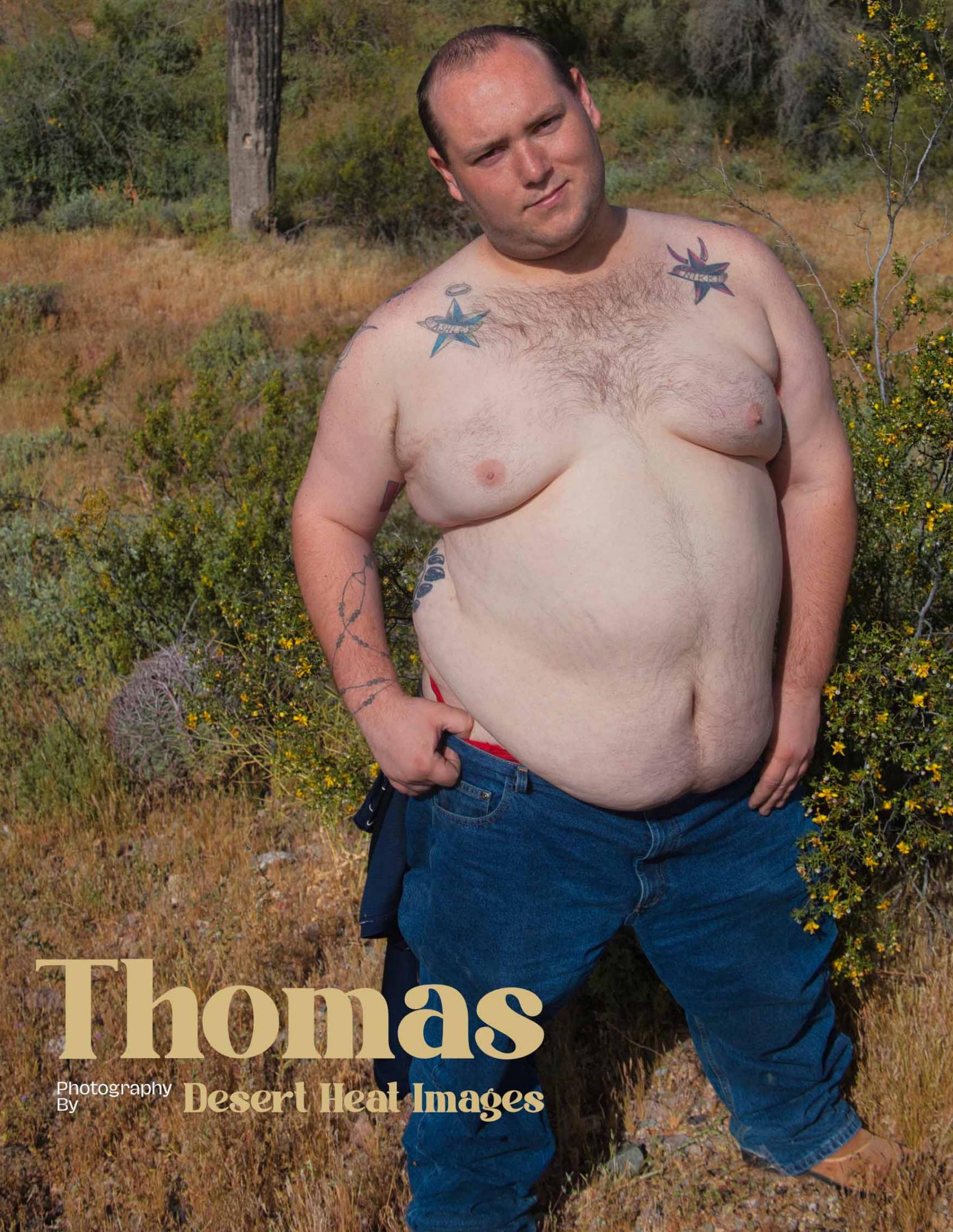
*John*





All Men Are Beautiful

**DHM**  
Desert Heat Magazine



# Thomas

Photography By **Desert Heat Images**



Thomas











# A Delivery I'd Never Forget



It was the summer of 2018. I had just finished my first year of college and had returned to my small town in Arizona which was a welcomed sight after the busy year I had just had. I knew one thing for certain, I needed to get myself a job while I was home and save up as much money as possible for next semester. Luckily, there was a vacant summer position at a family owned furniture store which were kind enough to let me start right away.

It was a pretty easy gig. Greet customers, clean up the shop, use the till. Some days were slower than others but I couldn't complain, it was money at the end of the day and I needed it. The owner, Mr Kim, handled phone orders and ordering of stock whilst his son mainly took care of deliveries and worked the shop floor with me. One afternoon, Mr Kim and his son were in a deep discussion about an order they had just received. It was from a man who lived at an old farmstead about a 2 hours drive from town and he insisted that he needed a new mattress today and was willing to pay \$500 extra for the delivery. The only problem was the store was closing soon and Mr Kim and his son had prior commitments they had to attend to. So, eager to repay the generosity they had shown me, I offered to deliver the mattress and bring the truck back in the morning. Mr Kim showed me where the farm was located on a map and I set off on my long journey in the sweltering heat of the summer afternoon.

I arrived at the old farm house which was located about a quarter mile off the main road up a dusty trail. I didn't really know what to expect from the owner and I only knew his name as Mr

Johnson from the furniture store. I'm not exactly Hercules, I'm quite short for a guy and very slim so lifting a mattress was quite hard work for me alone. I called Mr Johnson's phone and asked if he could give me a hand bringing the mattress inside and he kindly agreed. Not even a minute later I heard the clang of the plastic storm door swing open and turned to greet Mr Johnson.

A giant of a man stood before me. He must have been 6ft 6 at least, in his mid 50s, with a weathered face, bushy beard and slicked back grey hair. He was fairly tanned with plenty of hair covering his chest, arms and legs which were fully exposed to me as he wasn't wearing anything besides a white jockstrap and sandals.

"I can see why yer needed help son" he said in a country drawl.

As he emerged from the doorway and approached me, I got a good look at what he was packing. His bulge was barely contained by the jockstrap. To my surprise, based on the rest of his body, he seemed to have little pubic hair and kept the area trimmed.

"Sorry about the get up, it's so dang hot this a ways and I don't get visitors so I'm usually naked. Hope you don't mind son"

I had to force my eyes up to meet with Mr Johnson's, who had a smirk on his face.

"No, not at all. And thanks for the help" I said politely back. Running my hands through both sides of my middle part to stop it covering my glasses. I hopped onto the back of the truck and squatted down to unfasten the safety straps keeping the mattress tied down. Mr Johnson approached the rear of the truck

"I think I see where all your muscle went son" he chuckled. Once the straps were undone I lifted the mattress and slid it to Mr Johnson, whose bulge had grown noticeably. He caught me staring again.

"I can take them off if you prefer" he said in such a way that I couldn't tell if it was teasing or a genuine suggestion.

"It's fine the way it is" I could feel myself turning red from embarrassment. We carried the mattress in without much trouble. If you had asked me to name one thing I saw as we walked through his house to the bedroom I couldn't. My mind was completely fixated on the eye full I had received outside and was playing out scenarios. I could feel myself getting harder in my shorts just from my active imagination.

As we made our way up the stairs, Mr Johnson took the lead and followed on. Looking up as he carefully stepped backwards, climbing the steps, my eyes betrayed me. I flashed them towards his crotch again. His thick, veiny member had been unleashed and was flopped between his legs. It must have been as long as my arm as it dangled down his leg. I got caught up in the staring that I stumbled when taking my next step

"Yer ok son?" Mr Johnson called out.

"Y-yeah I'm fine, just slipped sorry"

We laid the mattress against his bedroom wall and he became aware of his wardrobe malfunction.

"Darn things aren't big enough" he chuckled, before stuffing his junk back into the jock strap.

"Do you need help swapping the mattresses Mr Johnson?" I enquired as his old one was still in his bed frame and I had to distract my mind with other thoughts.

"Sure son, but why don't you take a load off for a minute. That must have been hard work for ya" he patted the edge of the bed for me to sit. I perched myself on the corner of bed, closing my legs so as not to expose my own situation.

"Come on now, lay back you'll want to stretch your back out" his hand reached across from where stood and placed itself on my shoulder, ushering me down. I didn't resist and lay down horizontally across the foot of the bed. I stared up at the ceiling, not really sure what to say or how long to stay like this for. The floor boards creaked

as Mr Johnson walked himself to the bottom of the bed and stood perpendicular to my head. I turned slightly. My view was dominated by the bulge. Mr Johnson stood with his hands on his hips, examining my petite frame.

"Hope you don't mind son, I need to take this thing off. It's too damn tight"

My eyes remained locked on his crotch

"Whatever makes you comfortable, sir" I replied.

He slipped his thumbs under the waist band of his jock strap and in one swift motion dropped them to his ankles. His cock sprung out, landing across my face. It felt like a rolling pin had just landed on me. It was so thick and warm. I reached my hand up and grabbed the shaft, maneuvering his foreskin back to reveal a glistening red tip. I opened my mouth and let it hit my tongue. It was salty from a mix of summer heat and pre cum. Mr Johnson let out a groan of pleasure as I worked my tongue along the tip of his penis, down his shaft and to his balls. I wrapped my lips around his tip and he began to thrust back and forth, pumping his unit into my mouth. I cupped his huge balls in my hand and began to massage them gently, his moans growing louder. His cock began to hit the back of my throat with each thrust and spit filled my mouth. I managed to tame any need to gag and lay there for Mr Johnson's pleasure. I felt his cock stiffen and braced for what came next. With an almighty thrust and loud grunt, Mr Johnson shot his load down my throat. His cock pulsing as the last few drops left his tip.

I swallowed the hot deposit he had left as stepped back letting his cock slip out of my mouth.

"You're a natural son" he smirked "now let's get you out of those shorts" I stood up from the bed and kicked off my shoes, slipping shirt over my head and removing my shorts and underwear. My cock shot up and was rock solid, much to Mr Johnson's delight.

"Bend over on the bed, let's see what we're working with" I followed his command and crawled onto the bed. My arms stretched out in front of me, I arched my back to expose my tight hole.

"My, my son. That's just about the prettiest hole I've seen, hope it tastes as good"

I felt Mr Johnson's rough hands on my

***Continued on pg 28***



*Tyson*

— IMAGES BY —  
PROFILES BY SARGE















# MCL

MR. CHICAGO LEATHER 2026

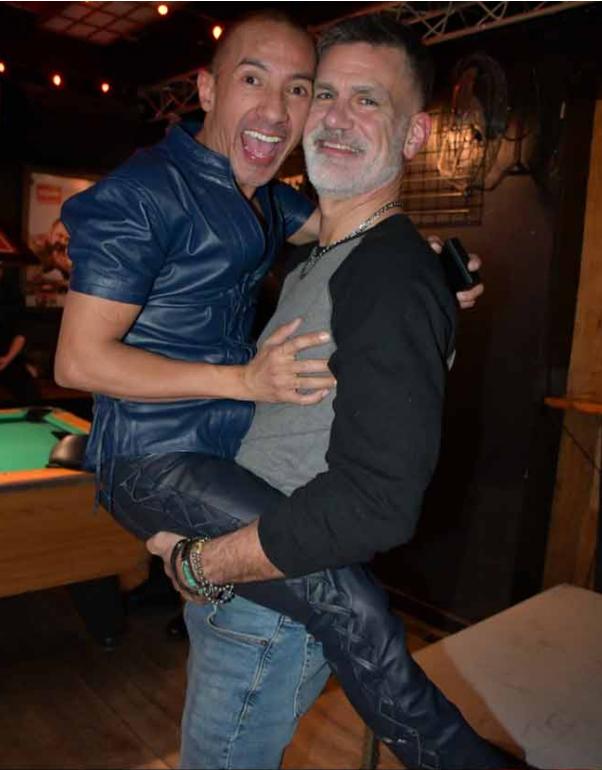
Images by Joseph Stevens





**MEET & GREET**  
**@ TOUCHE**







**Continued from pg 16**

squishy ass cheeks as he buried his face into my ass. His tongue harshly pressing against my hole before I felt it slip inside. I had guys lick around my hole before but I'd never experienced a man's tongue enter before. He moved his tongue in a circular motion and I felt like I was about to explode there and then. Mr Johnson's beard tickled by balls while his tongue worked me, sending waves of pleasure throughout my whole body. I reached my hand under my body and began jerking off while being tongue fucked. It was a truly unbelievable experience and I showed that by blowing my load after about 30 seconds of stroking. Mr Johnson leaned back, removing his tongue from me and headed to his bedside cabinet.

His floorboards creaked with each step the sense of anticipation rising within me as he returned to behind me. The sound of a plastic cap unclipping was swiftly followed by the cold sensation of a dollop of lube landing onto my eager hole. Mr Johnson pressed his thumb into me and slipped in with ease. He worked it around inside me, before removing it and slipping his index finger in, followed by his middle finger at the same time. it was a little uncomfortable at first but Mr Johnson knew what he was doing. He squirted more lube onto my loosened hole and pushed it inside with his fingers. He reached his fingers in deep, stroking my prostate which sent wave after wave of pleasure up to my brain, which in turn, caused my cock to grow hard again.

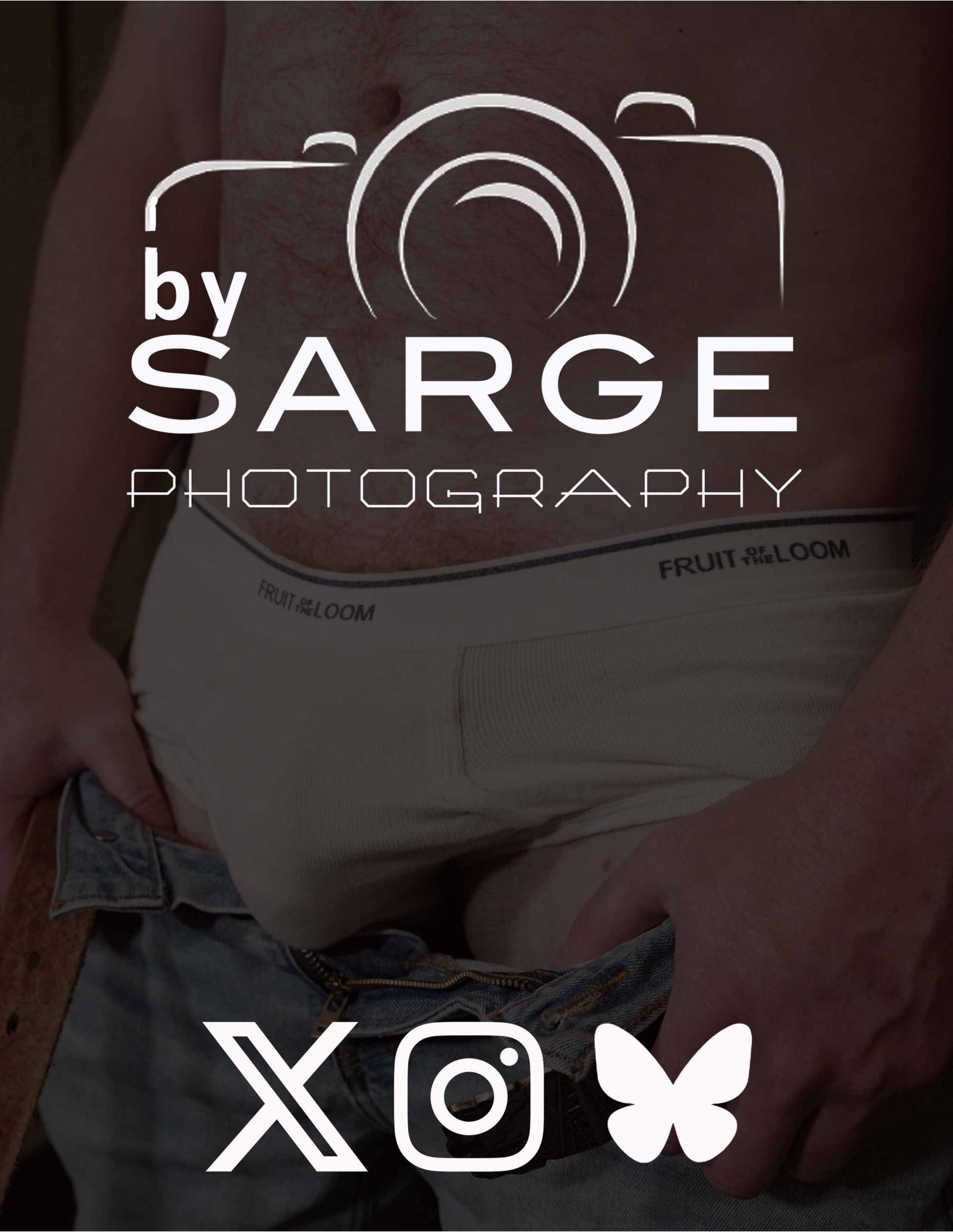
This seemed to be Mr Johnson's signal. He took his fingers out of me and I heard the squirt of lube. I remained bent over, offering my ass up to

Mr Johnson like an offering, one he was gladly accepting. The springs of Mr Johnson's old mattress creaked as he stepped on it, mounting me, planting his feet just ahead of my knees. I felt the tip of his gigantic cock touch my hole and braced myself. He slipped himself inside me slowly. Just when I thought he was all the way inside me he would add another inch. I thought he was going to split me in two but any pain I felt was quickly overwritten by the intense pleasure of his member. He placed his hands on my hips and began to thrust back and forth, he jabbed my prostate every time he came crashing down into me. I could feel this sensation tingling my spine.

Mr Johnson would grunt every time his entire length was inside me and I was howling with pleasure. Then something happened that I had never experienced before. I felt myself cumming without ever having touched myself. The sheer joy of Mr Johnson's huge cock stroking my prostate was enough and I shot ropes of cum into his mattress. Of course, he felt this as my ass clenched repeatedly around him and not even a minute after I had came, Mr Johnson let out an almighty roar. I hadn't heard someone sound so primitive and animalistic as he did when he buried his cock deep inside me and filled my ass with his warm seed. I couldn't keep my legs up and collapsed onto the bed with Mr Johnson falling on top of me, his cock still buried in me.

We both lay there panting, his throbbing member shrinking before slipping out of me. I could feel my hole leaking with his cum as he rolled off me. We both just lay there completely satisfied, I hoped that this was the start of something very, very fun.





by  
**SARGE**  
PHOTOGRAPHY





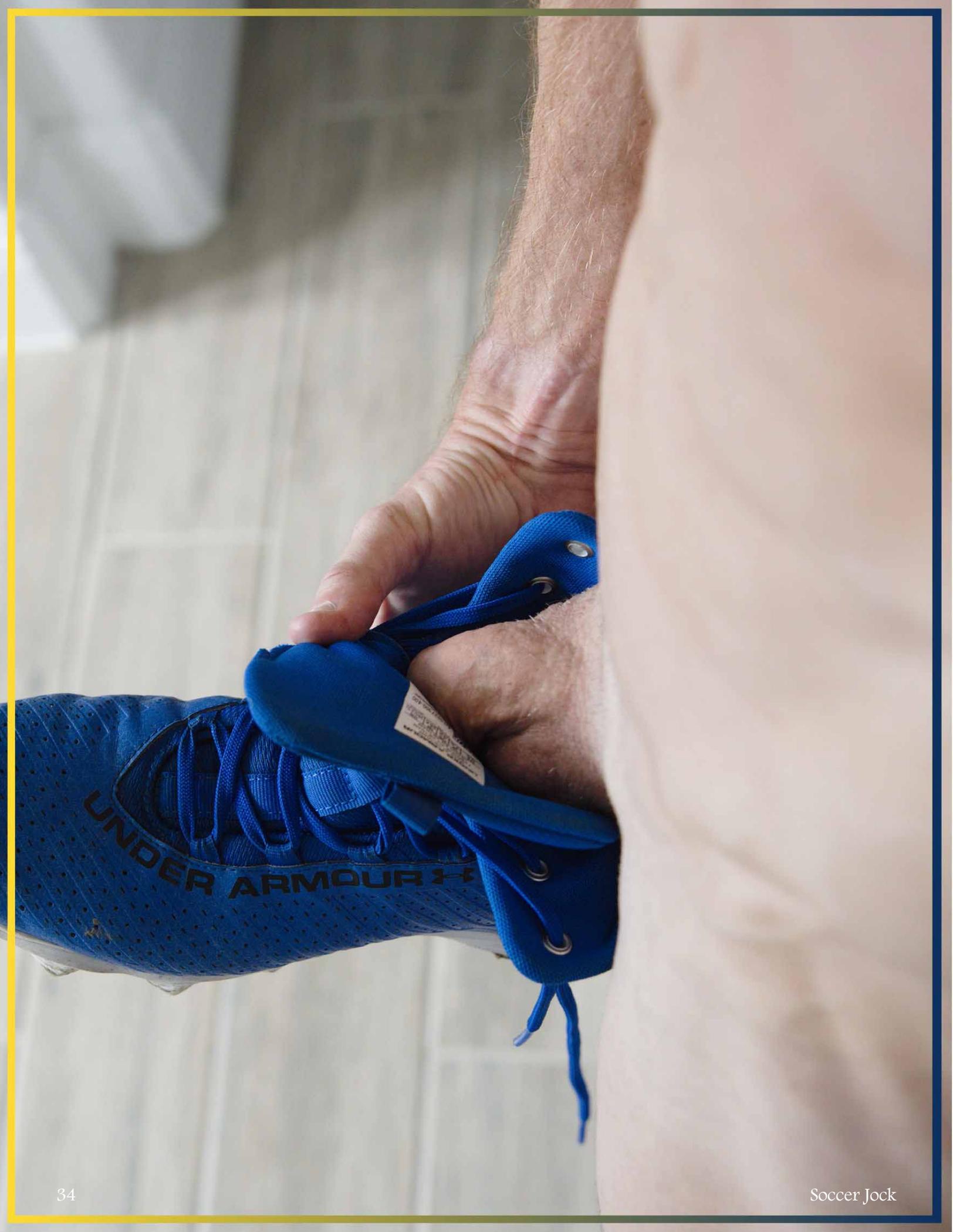
IMAGES BY HUMBLE PHOTOGRAPHY

Featuring Parker Flexes

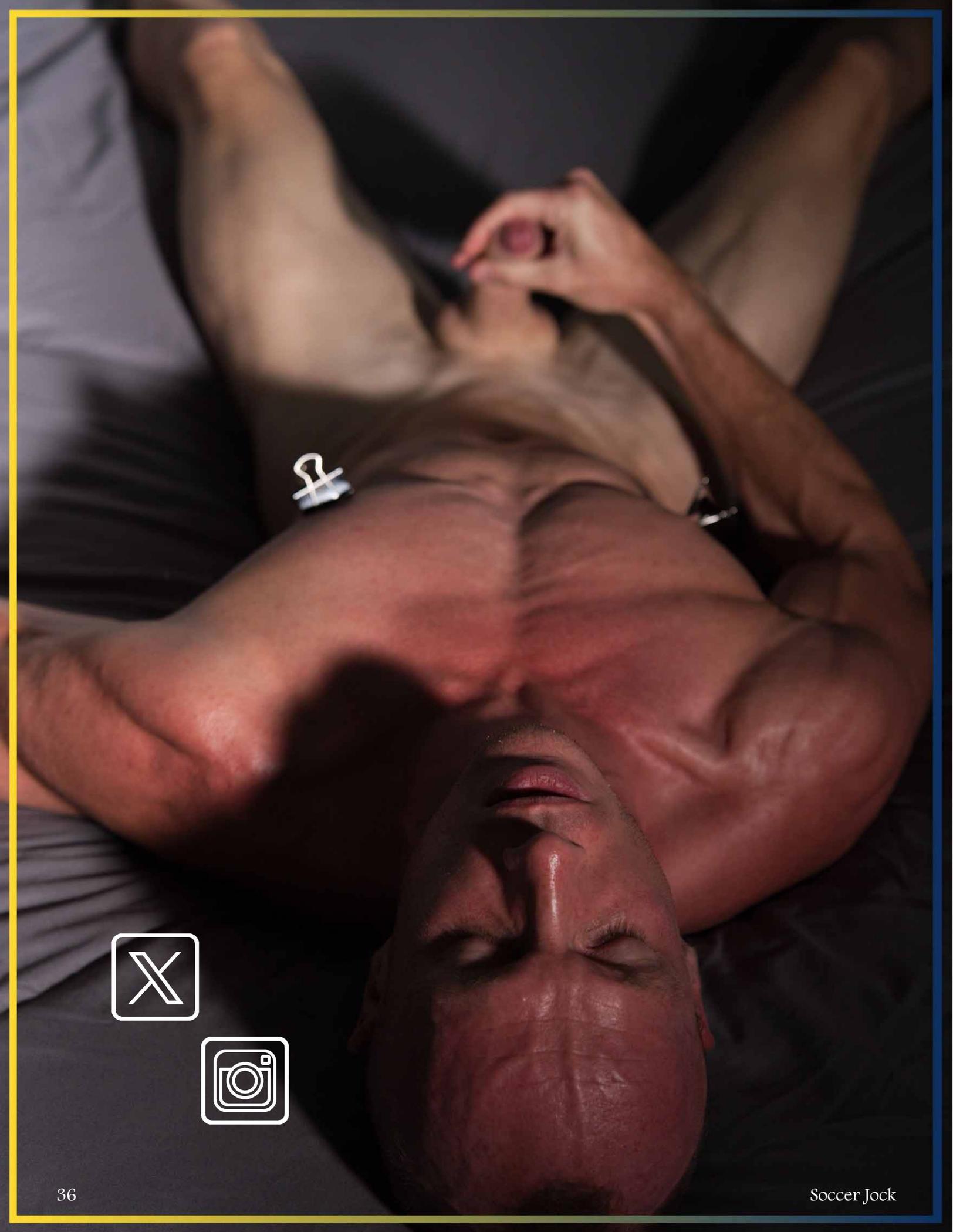












# Taking Care of **INJURED** Roommate

Story by Matt Vane

We had been living together for over a year, and I knew Mike's body better than many of the girls he slept with. Not because I touched it, not then. But I saw it every day. In the kitchen, when he came in after a shower with only a towel around his hips. In the living room, where he did his stretching as if he had forgotten he wasn't alone. In the bathroom, when he opened the door, steaming up everything inside, and then rubbed his neck and shoulders in front of the mirror like in some deodorant commercial. His body was... functional. Made for running, strength, provocation. Athletic, but not exaggerated. Muscular where it needed to be, chest, shoulders, thighs, stomach like from a training plan.

I also knew his sounds.

The creak of the bed when he changed position. A quiet moan that sometimes broke the silence of the night. Shallow breathing that quickened until it suddenly stopped, and then I knew he was done. And that one sound I knew all too well, the wet rustle of his hand against his skin, repetitive, rhythmic, almost hypnotic.

I never crossed the line. But sometimes I sat in my bed and thought: how is it possible that such a body walks around this apartment and doesn't know that it is like a treasure? That for me it is like a constant tension in the air, a presence that fills the space even when it is silent?

Mike didn't try to be erotic. He just was.

Every movement he made, the nonchalant wiping of his neck, the stretching of his shoulders as he yawned, the adjusting of his towel, remained behind my eyelids. As if his body spoke more than his mouth. As if his presence was an invitation that no one had spoken.

I didn't do anything. I just watched. I studied

him. I felt like someone who had found something valuable and knew it wasn't time to reach out yet. Not yet.

Mike returned to the apartment in the middle of the day, which was suspicious in itself. He was supposed to be away until Sunday. I heard him slam the front door, then the shuffling of his shoes, and a moment later his bag hit the floor with a dull thud. I came out of the kitchen and immediately saw that something was wrong. His left arm was stiff, wrapped in a rigid bandage, his fingers slightly swollen. His expression: furious. And those eyes that gave me a "don't ask" look.

"What happened?" I asked, even though I knew I was about to hear the censored version.

"I sprained my wrist. During warm-up. I slipped on a fucking rubber piece of the track." He sighed and threw himself on the couch. "I'm out. I need to rest. I can't train for a long time."

I could see that his pride hurt more than his hand. His body needed movement, and he needed control over that body. Now he had neither.

"Did you get any painkillers?"

"Yeah. But they're shit. It all pisses me off," he grumbled, then added more quietly, "You know what's the worst part?"

He raised an eyebrow. I waited.

"I can't even touch myself." He showed me his left hand. "Try jerking off with your right hand when you're left-handed. Or vice versa."

I snorted, but quickly became serious. There was real frustration in that. And something more. Vulnerability.

I walked over to him slowly. I sat down next to him. I saw him tense his thighs, as if he was expecting a joke. But I wasn't joking.

"Hey. We live together. I won't let you

struggle with something like this." I looked him in the eyes. "If you need... help. With anything. I'll take care of it."

He pressed his lips together. He didn't laugh. He didn't say anything like, "Really?" He just nodded slightly. Without a word. As if he had just stopped defending himself.

I already knew it wasn't just an injury. It was an invitation to a new role. A caregiver. One who really cares.

We sat in silence for a moment. He, with his head resting against the headrest, his breathing a little deeper than before. Me, next to him, with my hand resting on his thigh. An innocent, caring gesture, seemingly. But we both knew it wasn't accidental. I waited. Not for words, but for what the body would say first.

And it did.

I looked down, slowly. The fabric of his pants stretched slightly in the crotch. Not dramatically, but noticeably. His cock was no longer indifferent to the situation. I felt a subtle twitch of his thigh muscle under my hand. And his breathing, slower, as if heavier.

He looked at me with a mixture of uncertainty and surrender. There was no fear there. Just hesitation, as if he were checking to see if this was really happening.

"It doesn't have to be weird, Mike." My voice was calm, soft. "I'll not only understand you. I'll take care of you. Just like it should be."

Mike swallowed and said quietly,

"Matt... please. Do it. Take care of me."

I stood up slowly and crouched in front of him, between his legs. I gently placed my hand on the elastic of his pants.

"I'll help you undress, okay?" I asked quietly.

He nodded. Almost imperceptibly. But it was enough.

I slid his T-shirt off, then his pants from his hips with care, as if they were more delicate than a bandage. His boxers followed right after. His cock was already semi-erect, thick, heavy, pulsing calmly. He didn't hide it. He wasn't ashamed. It was as if his body knew exactly where it was and why.

"That's better, isn't it?" I whispered, looking into his eyes.

Mike took a deep breath, then exhaled slowly, as if with relief. No jokes. No cynicism. Just him and me. And his tense body, which had just

begun to surrender to my hands.

He was already undressed from the waist down, but I took my time. Mike sat on the couch, his thighs slightly apart, the elbow of his good arm resting on a pillow, his gaze fixed somewhere between me and the ceiling. He wasn't embarrassed. He was... exposed. And maybe a little curious about what I would do next.

I allowed myself a moment of admiration. His stomach, perfectly defined six-pack, working with every breath. His chest, broad, smooth, tense as if after a workout. His skin, still slightly damp from his earlier shower, smelled of freshness mixed with sweat. A mixture that hit my head like the strongest aphrodisiac.

I ran my hand over his thigh, first with just my fingertips. I could feel the tension in his muscles, his reaction to my touch. He wasn't looking at me, but his cock moved again. Heavy, slow, as if it didn't want to rush.

Finally, I touched it. Without haste. My hand wrapped around his member at the base, warm, pulsing, getting harder and harder. I felt the weight. The thickness. The skin that tightened under my touch. I slid my thumb along the top, just beneath the head, feeling the first signs of wetness.

"You were right," I said in a low voice. "You'd only tire yourself out on your own."

He smiled gently. His head still resting.

"And this way... you can relax. And let me take care of you."

He didn't answer, but his body did it for him. His hips tensed slightly, then relaxed, as if he had just surrendered control. Completely. And then I knew I could go further.

My thumb traced a slow circle around the tip of his cock, and he sighed softly, as if he hadn't expected it to feel this good.

And I was just getting started.

I gripped him tighter. Mike spread his legs wider, of his own accord. He gave me space, he gave me access. He surrendered to the moment, as if he wanted nothing more than my hand and the breath he felt somewhere above him. I watched his cock throb, the tension growing with every movement of the skin.

"Breathe," I whispered.

And he breathed. Evenly, deeply. And I guided his body like an instrument.

My hand moved slowly, up and down,

stopping only to circle my thumb just below the head. I could see his stomach trembling, his thigh muscles tensing with every lift of his hips. I touched him the way I like to be touched, with attention, with control, with intention.

Mike didn't say much. Only occasionally did a short sigh escape him, a stifled murmur, a quiet moan. But his body was loud. It worked under my hand, becoming more and more tense, more and more responsive. My throat went dry when I saw a drop of precum, transparent, shiny, like a sign that everything was going in the right direction.

"You're beautiful, you know that?" I said quietly, leaning lower. "Your cock, your breath, everything about you... tells me I'm doing it right."

His hips rose once more. His hand clenched the pillow. And then I felt he was about to come. I sped up my movements a little, but I didn't lose my

rhythm. I wanted him to feel that I was guiding him to the very end.

And then he exploded. Literally.

Cum shot onto my hand, hot, thick, pulsing. He took a deep breath. Then his body relaxed, sinking heavily into the couch.

I stayed close. I didn't wipe my hand right away. I wanted him to know that his pleasure wasn't something to be quickly hidden. That there was nothing to be ashamed of.

Mike looked at me with a half-smile.

"Thanks, Matt... that's what I needed."

I nodded quietly. No more words were needed.

Something had just changed. Between us. In him. In me.

And I knew this was just the beginning.

To be continued.....

**THE DADDY YEARS**

A Non-Judgemental  
Non-Slut Shaming  
Body & Age Positive  
HotAF Dirty Talkin'  
Podcast Reboot

**BIGGAYSEXSHOW.COM**  
Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Gay Sex...  
And Everything You Didn't.

Facebook, Twitter, Instagram icons

**BIG GAY SEX SHOW**

2008  
Paulie + Paulie



SADNESS ANGRY  
VULNERABLE  
SO LATE  
ASHAMED SCARED

THERE IS A SOLUTION  
OUR COMMUNITY CARES  
CALL **988** | TEXT **741741**



*Eyal*  
The Good Pup

IMAGES BY  
Misterburris Photography  
FEATURING  
Keenan Smith









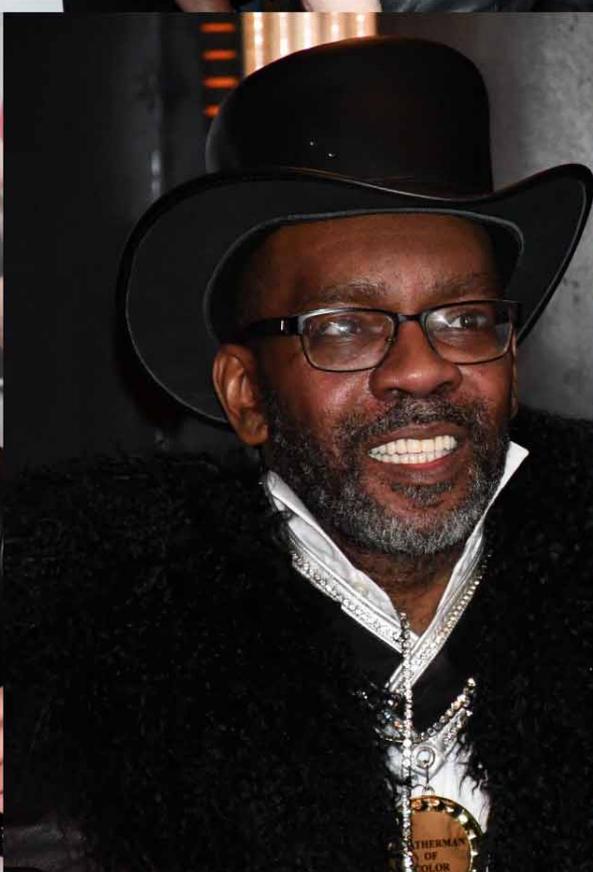








4858



MCL2026 Contest











**Congratulations**  
**Joey Metler**

**Mr. Chicago Leather 2026**

# ROOZBEH

## PHOTOGRAPHY

[WWW.GENIUSGAY.COM](http://WWW.GENIUSGAY.COM)





*José Gabriel*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEX TORRES













Coming April 5

All Men Are Beautiful!  
April 2026 | Issue 88