

DHM

DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!

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The Laymen Photography

The Laymen

Kickin' It with

Killian Knox

Emitt More

Men of More

Turning the Lens

Edward Murillo Moreno

Boots

Lovin' Life

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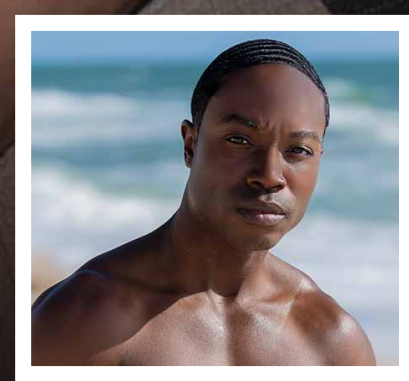
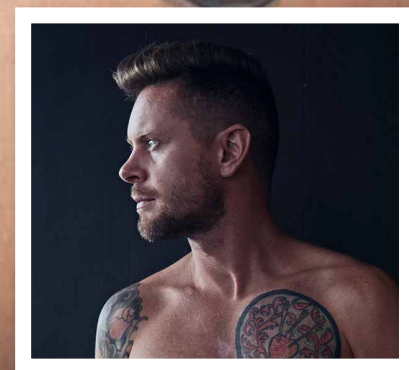
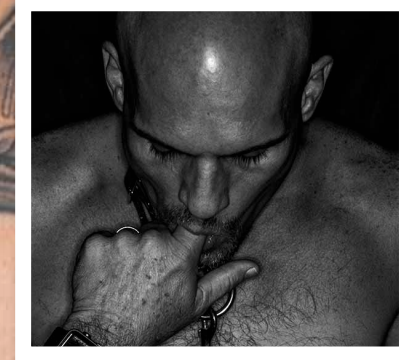
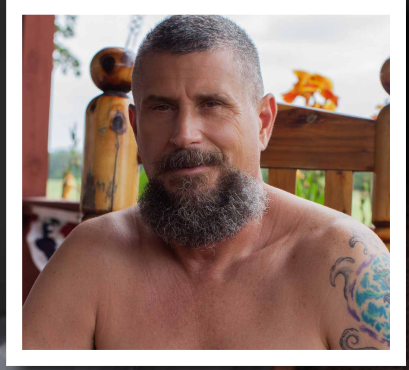
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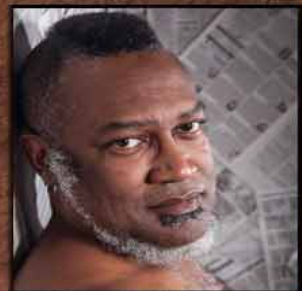


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Ramblings From the Editor

Internet trolls. It used to be these kinds of people would just correct someone's spelling or grammar mistake. If you put "your" instead of "you're" or you fat fingered when typing. They loved to call people out, to try to embarrass them. Most of us learned to just blow them off, to ignore their ramblings, and chalk it up to just someone trying to sound higher than others.

Today these people have become more aggressive. They have taken their cyber bullying to a whole new level and mobs are joining them. The "mob mentality" of picking on someone, ridiculing them for being different or having different thoughts and beliefs than they do.

If you happen to fall on the wrong side of someone, and they have enough followers, then you will be inundated with hate messages, posts on your social media accounts, and then they have taken to a new tactic; reporting posts of people.

Whether or not those posts violate any "community standards", which in itself is another oxymoron, the algorithms of most social media default to "removing a post" before it is even reviewed by an actual person to verify the content. Social media outlets have become so "afraid" of these mobs that they are willing to take the word of some group over actually reviewing content.

A recent example of this is happening on the TikTok app. For those that may have been under a rock for the last year, TikTok is an app that you can post 60 second videos on. Well on this app, the so called "right" have started bullying gays and lesbians. They have taken to reporting men on there for being shirtless indicating it is "sexual content" or "inappropriate content". And the algorithms do their job and remove the content until the individual contests the removal and a human reviews it.

But don't do this to someone leaning "right"

on there. That individual will start whining about "cancel culture" and "their rights are being violated".

Where will this all end? Are we doomed to live in a society of crybabies, bullies, or whiners? What happened to just minding your own damned business?

I sure hope not. Imagine the possible outcome of all of this. Imagine living in a world that other people decide what is right or wrong for you. Hell, imagine living in a world where the mob rules.

Wait! We are almost already in that world, right? The internet is making it easy for people to hide behind their keyboards and say or post any hate filled content they want and not be held accountable. Social Media is not regulating the content that people post, although that is a slippery slope unto itself.

So where does this all end? Are we doomed to fall further down that hole until there is no digging ourselves back out of it? And really, if we fall down very far, are we going to want to do anything to dig ourselves back out.

Now is the time to stop it. To call out those that post hateful things without regard for how they make people feel. It's time to stop the "internet trolls" and their mobs.

Let your voice be heard. Don't let the "masses" dictate what is right or wrong for you. Stand up for yourselves.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



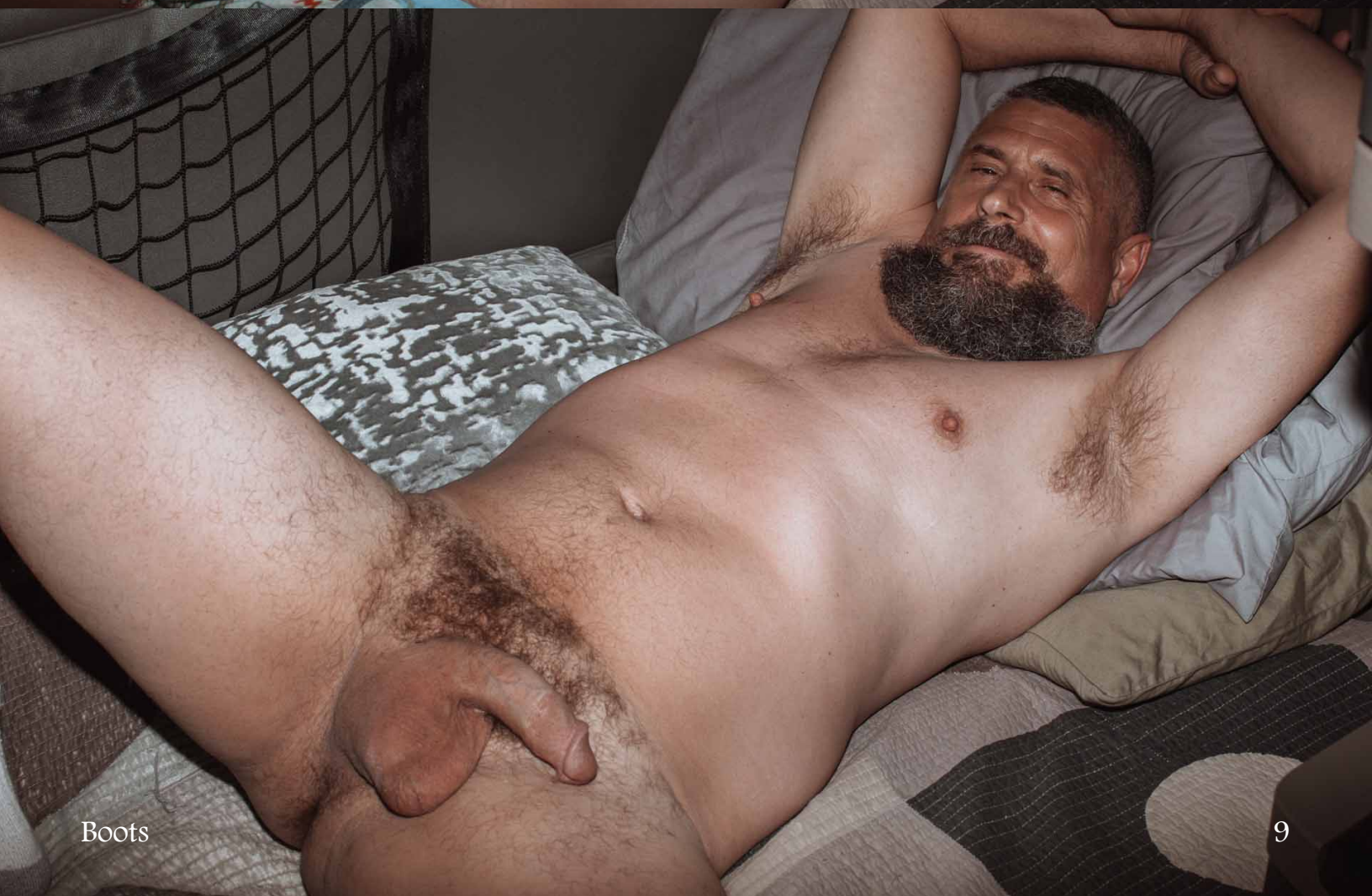
A photograph of a man with a full, dark beard and short hair, lying on a bed. He is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt with a subtle pattern, which is unbuttoned and draped over his shoulders. He is also wearing a brown leather belt with a large, ornate silver buckle and a cross-shaped detail, and blue denim jeans. The background consists of a light-colored, wrinkled sheet or blanket.

BOOTS


Images by **Desert Heat Images**











AUSSIE FOOTBALL ADVENTURES

The Older Brother

Story by Bomber Powell

Daniel was the older brother of one of the other boys that I played footy with. He was a landscaper and pretty good-looking fella. He'd often come down to the club and have a beer with the boys and I, and would watch our games. He even came on one of our footy trips one year. He was a lot of fun, and at 6 foot tall with blue eyes and gladiators build, he had caught my eye more than once. He was a landscaper, so he was fit and strong. We always tried to talk him into playing footy himself, but he just wasn't interested.

I was moving house and had posted on Facebook about getting some help with a trailer and a couple of other things, when Dan offered to give me a hand. He had an F250 he used for work, so it was perfect. He lobbed around my place and we spent the day together moving stuff and just getting generally hot and sweaty. We had been making small talk all day.

"How's the Mrs. Dan?"

"Ah, she's ok. Giving me the shits about everything as usual" I always got the impression that their relationship was difficult at best.

The day ended and I asked Dan if he wanted to stay for a couple of coldies.

"Yeah alright" he said. 'How's about we get a pizza too?"

"Don't you have to get home to Kylie?" He just looked at me and gave me this knowing look as if to say, "Fuck that". Those beautiful blue eyes, and really square masculine jaw made my heart race. He kinda reminded me of James Dean in a way. He had that 50's cool look about him. When he was talking to me, I used to get lost in his eyes, and then tune in when he would say "Don't you think?"

We organised a pizza and got a couple of beers and was sitting out the back. He started telling me about his issues with his wife, and was offloading some of his frustration.

"What about you, Bomber? Have you got a Mrs at the moment?"

"Nahhhhh. Too complicated. I like my life simple"

"Yeah?" Dan said grinning at me. "I heard from Azza about some stuff you guys got up to in Cairns."

I smiled at him and said "Just boys on a footy trip Dan. You know what that's like"

We both laughed and smiled at each other. There was a knock on the door and it was the pizza. I got up to get it and was walking back into the kitchen when Dan walked in to get another beer. And something else too it turns out. I was putting the pizza down on the counter and Dan ran his hand up the back of my t-shirt.

"Oi! What are you doin?" I said smiling at him.

"Nothin much". Dan said smiling back as he gently rubbed his hand up and down my back. There was this moment of silence, and my mind was trying to process what was going on, when Dan leaned in and started kissing me. I turned around to face him, and the kissing became really passionate and deep. We were eating each other's faces off almost. I ran my hand up the front of Dan's shirt and found his hairy, built chest. I got hold of a nipple and gave it a gentle squeeze and Dan moaned a little bit. He broke of the kiss and we were both breathing really heavily. He looked me in the eye and said

"Wanna take this in the bedroom"

I looked down at his shorts, and they were tenting something fierce.

"That looks dangerous!" I said to him laughing.

"Let me show you how dangerous it is...."

Dan grabbed my hand and led me into my own bedroom. In no time at all, he had my shirt off, and my shorts down and had my cock in his mouth. I moaned as he started to slurp all over it like a big lolly pop.

"Geez. You're good at that man"

He spat my cock out and stood up facing me and kissed me again.

"Not bad for my first time hey?" he said close into my ear.

"What do you mean first time?"

"Never done this before" He said to me smiling. "But I've wanted to fool around with you for ages Bomber. Ever since I first met you when you were 19. The number of times I've stood in the shower jerking off thinking about doing stuff with you...."

"Fuck. Me" I said to him agasp. I couldn't ignore this....thing....that was trying to escape from his pants, so I slowly pulled his shorts down and consumed his cut dick. And man, what a dick. It was kinda thin, but it had this massive mushroom head on it that was leaking like a broken pipe. He was really hairy and obviously didn't believe in man scaping, and because of the work we had been doing all day, it had this man funk about it that was intoxicating. Dan had this really individual smell that I will never forget. I grabbed his ass while I was busy sucking his nob and making him whimper and spun him around and pushed him onto my bed. I got stuck into making a meal of him and started licking his nuts and the inside of his legs. He kept twitching and convulsing from the sensations and making low, guttural man sounds. He sat up, grabbed me and literally threw me onto the bed on my back. In one swift move, he jumped on top of me in a 69 position and engulfed my very very hard cock.

I moaned and let out an "oh fuck" while he got busy again. For someone who had never sucked cock before, he was awesome. I swallowed his cock again, and he started to gently fuck my face. I positioned myself so that I could give him some room to fuck my face while I rubbed his ass, and he took to it like a duck to water. His fucking motion was slow and purposeful and I was totally drowned in this mans junk and smell. The whole time he was busy attending to my cock, which was enjoying this

amateurs attention.

I could hear him starting to breathe quicker, and he started to suck my dick quicker. His thrusting got more urgent too, and I could feel his legs and ass slowly tense up. He spat my cock out, wrapped his arms around my thighs tightly and pushed his right cheek onto my left leg, gasping for breath as his pumping got quicker. I felt his dick get really hard in my mouth, when he starting yelling....

"Oh fuck. Bomber. Man. I'm so close. Oh. Man. I'm....I'm gggrrrrnnnnnggg" With that, Dan's balls got super tight and he unloaded the contents of them into my waiting mouth. He convulsed and spasmed and made lots of noise during what was probably the most intense orgasm he had had for a little while. I swallowed as quick as I could, but some of it spilled out of my mouth. The sheer volume of it was mind blowing. After about 10 seconds, Dan withdrew his cock from my mouth and flopped onto his back. His face was all flushed and he was in that twilight zone after shooting half your body weight out.

"Oh man. Jesus bomber. That was...." He caught his breath, then took a look at my still hard and unfinished tool. "Um. Dude, I'd love to return the favour, but I kinda can't right now"

I laughed and said "Feeling a bit weird huh?"

"Yeaaaaah. Let's not tell anyone about this huh?"

"No worries Dan. As long as we can do it again. You owe me one, yeah?"

He laughed nervously and said

"Yeah ok. Let's call this a 68er. I still owe you one." With that he jumped up and pulled his clothes on. Still smiling, still cursing about how much he had just cum and how mind blowing it was. He left shortly after that.

About two weeks later, I heard him and his wife had split. I wasn't surprised at all. I felt a bit guilty though and hoped it had nothing to do with what happened. Then one-day midweek, my phone rang and it was Dan.

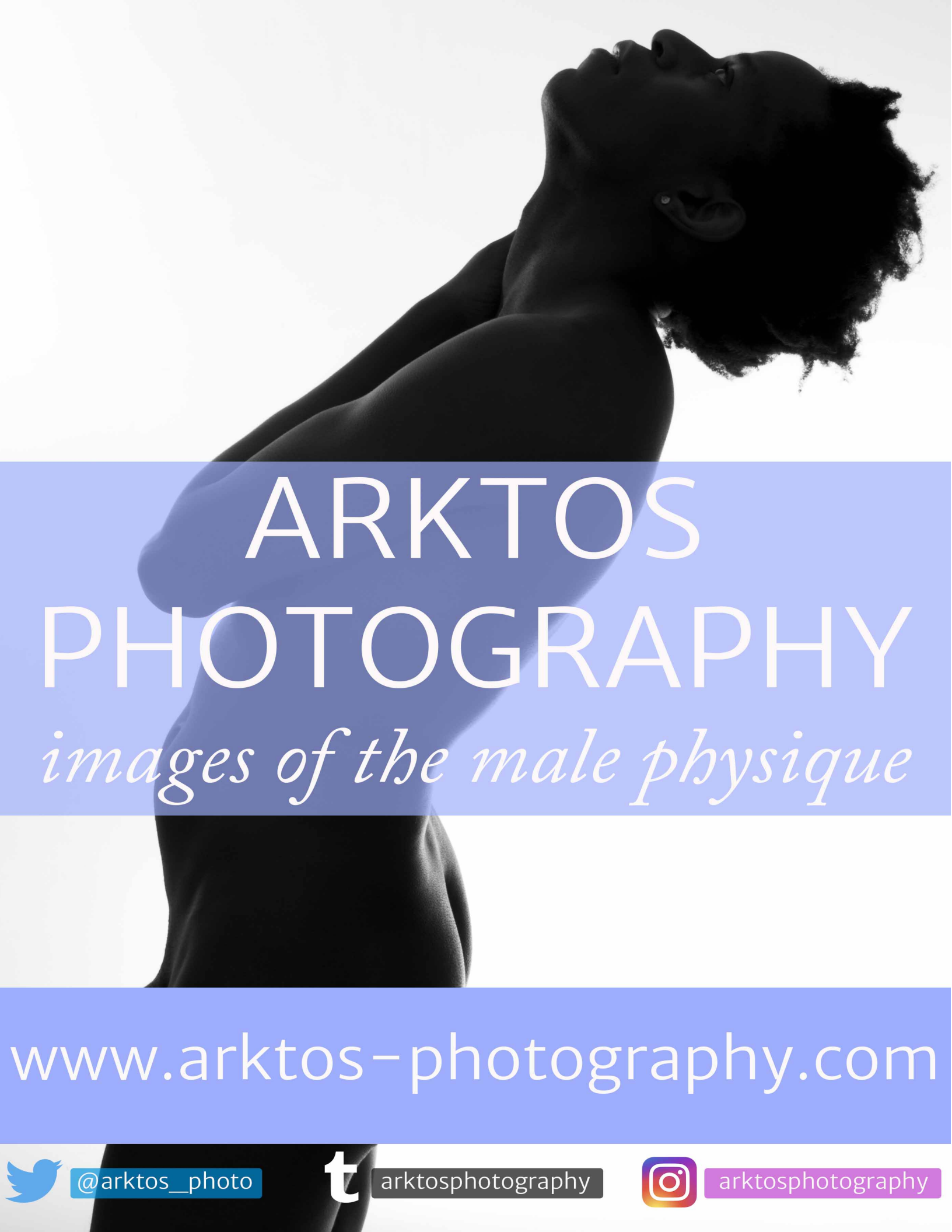
"How are ya Bomber?"

"Yeah good brother. How are you?"

"Single and happy mate! And as I recall, I still owe you one."

I smiled to myself and chuckled and said to him "That you do Dan. That you do."

He came around that night and paid in full, much to my delight. And many more times after that.



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The
Laymen

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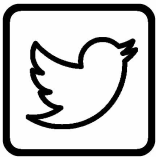












YES, OFFICER WRIGHT

PART 1

Story by HotForDads



I'd been driving all day and was as horny as hell. I don't know why long-distance driving always got me in that state, but it did. Maybe it was the nonstop bumps and vibrations of the car on a rough, open road. Maybe it was the fantasy of rest stop sex that filled my brain but almost never got fulfilled. Maybe it was picturing what all those truckers I kept passing got up to in their sleepers when they were stopped for the night. Whatever it was, I was so fucking turned on that my foot turned to lead and I was speeding at a good clip when I was only about five miles from home.

"FUCK!" I yelled at myself as soon as I saw the lights flashing in my rearview mirror. "Just what I needed," I mumbled as I put on the brakes and slowed to a stop at the side of the road.

I pressed the button to lower the driver's window, leaned over and got my registration paperwork out of the glove box, and then shifted to pull my wallet out of my front pocket. I casually held all this stuff in my left hand, ready for inspection. It was at that point that I finally looked in the side mirror and saw the motorcycle cop striding toward me. After being nonstop horny for the last several

hours, I nearly shot a huge load of cum in my shorts at just the sight of that police stud.

He had to have been at least 6'4". His muscles bulged against his tight uniform. His thighs rippled as he walked. The short sleeves on his uniform left his forearms on view with a sexy dusting of black hair. That was nothing compared to the black chest hair peaking out of the top of his shirt where his broad chest had popped a button open. I gulped and adjusted my stiffening dick. I looked straight ahead and tried to clear my thoughts as I felt him arriving beside my car.

"Where's the fire?" the police officer asked in a deep, rumbling voice.

"In my pants," I said without thinking. "I mean..."

"I could see why that might cause you to speed," he chuckled. "Heading home to take care of the little lady?"

The policeman's banter relaxed me a bit, and I replied. "Unfortunately, it's just a hot date with Rosey Palm and her five helpful sisters."

"I know what you mean," the cop replied.

"I doubt it," I said after finally looking at the cop. My cock jumped, yet again almost going over the edge at the site of this testosterone-oozing hunk of a cop standing with his bulging crotch nearly in my face. I quickly looked to the front again and took a deep breath to try to relax.

"Registration and license," he said, finally getting down to business. I held up the registration and my wallet. "Can you take it out for me?" I looked up quickly and must have had a shocked expression on my face, because he laughed and

Continued on pg 30

Yes, Officer Wright

DHM Fan ~ Tom Amos



Whenever I start a commission, I like to talk to my client about what he wants to portray in a piece. I like to hear their ideas, their fetishes, the dirty little secrets, and all the sizzling action that they want to see in their special piece. I love this confessional approach - they get to be as raunchy and filthy or as clean as they want to be, but I like hearing what makes a guy tick. It all starts with a question.

“What’s your idea?”

A commission is different from a piece I create myself as there is no collaboration and it’s pulled purely from my fetid imagination. Right now, I’ve got this image in my head banging around so loud it’s going to have to be birthed soon. I’ve found that if I don’t exorcise the demon, the obsession will grow so loud that I will have no choice but to create it. So when the commissions die down again, as they do, I’ll be pencilling out this popped up, drooling, dumb gooner with a penis pump on, trying to conjure that feeling of being dumb for your own dick - all in line art.

When it’s a kink or a fetish (or multiples) I like as well, I get to obsess and get lost in the creative aspects. Maybe I might gear up before I sit down to do rough sketches. There’s nobody there to judge me if I whip out my dick (my partner doesn’t judge and sometimes I’m joyfully interrupted) and do a little one-handed drawing at my drawing table. I love pulling out a sketch from the dark recesses, especially when I’m aroused. It’s like conjuring, I suppose, making something from nothing. That big blank expanse spread out in front of me waiting to be marked up.

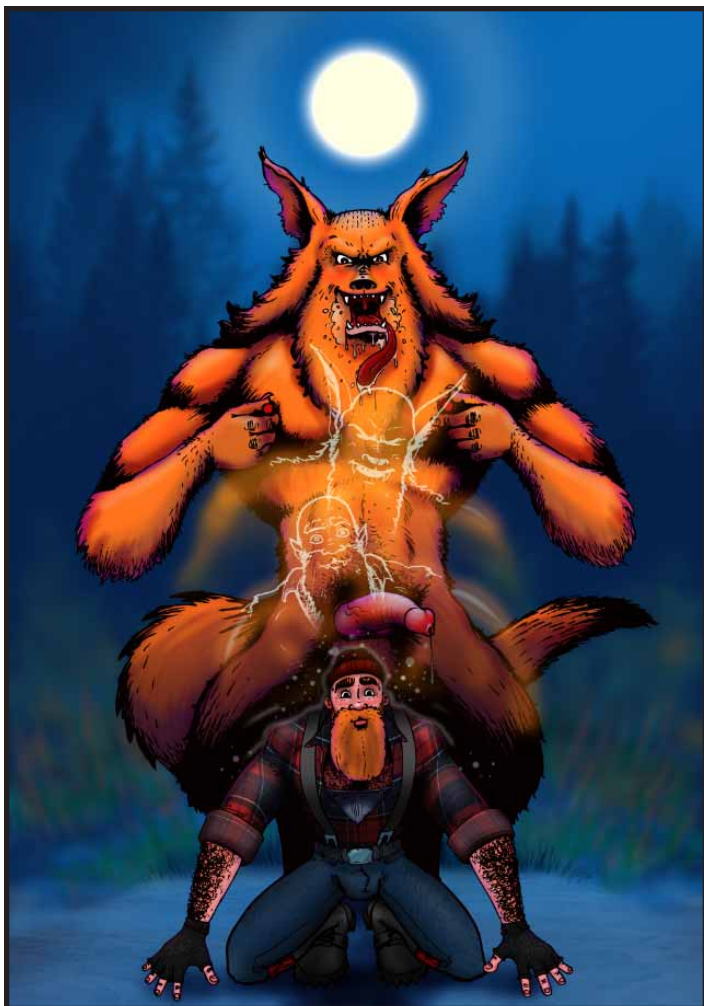
But I’m the kid who always liked to piss on virgin snow, so it’s not daunting to me like it is for some artists. I try to work out the composition depending on how many figures I have to work with

ALL THINGS DRUB

or the scene that’s taking place. Sometimes the muse is there and I bang something out in a night. Other times, I get lost in some fantasy or how best to illustrate a kink. I slow down to really enjoy places of tension or action. I tease out the lines and shapes, building the magic on the wireframe of the figures, kitting them out with boots or socks, uniforms, tight jeans, making sexy monsters, or pulling out a narrative from mythology or whatever is required.

There are rare times where I stumble and procrastinate. These usually happen when I feel so disconnected from what is being asked of me. When somebody can’t explain what they want it’s usually a red flag. I’ve told one client that I couldn’t make his idea sexy no matter what I tried. I’m honest and upfront. Somebody recently apologized to me for having too clear of an idea and worried they were smothering me with details. To the contrary, this client is perfect and a repeat customer. He even challenges me to do pieces that are outside of my comfort zone. I begged him to let





details. I guess that comes from years of being a dick tease and a need to show off a little. Ok. Sometimes a lot.

Once I have a solid inked in piece of work, I scan it in and clean up any stray marks I missed with the eraser. I do this at high resolution. Lately, I've been vectorizing the line art to really strengthen up the lines. Once it's ready, I paint with a tablet on my Mac and really bring it to life. I always enjoy when the client ooh and aaaahs over it. Probably as much as I enjoy seeing the art well hung in homes all over the world.

Once it's done, I settle up with the client and once payment is received, I carefully box up their joyful piece of art and add a couple of things to the box for surprise and delight with a personalized note of thanks. Then it's sent off. This is a high touch process and probably the closest I ever want to get to being a sex worker. It's probably why I sometimes go dormant now and then, retreating to recharge my batteries. Being an art whore is a labor of love and I don't plan on stopping anytime soon.

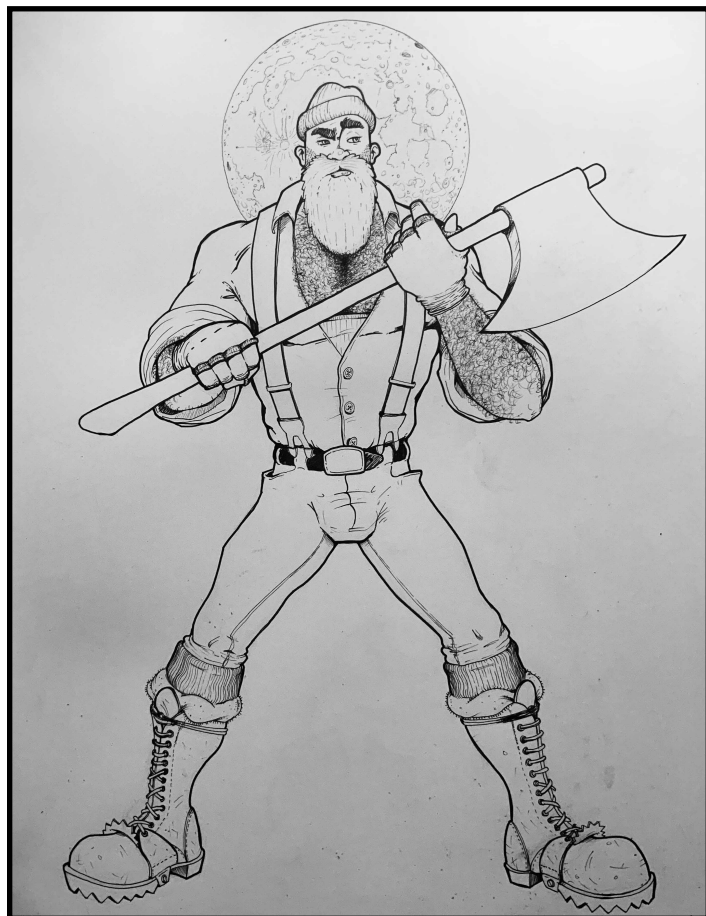
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me do over his latest piece from scratch as I had a better idea. He agreed and it all worked out.

I do like to take my time and I certainly like to come from a place of centered authenticity. I love all my filthy kinks and I pride myself on not shaming anyone for the things they enjoy. How could I? That safe space between me and the client is super important. A lot of times the back and forth confessional between me and the client gets horny and there's role play. Getting in another guy's brain and lighting up his imagination is a hot trip.

I've got a couple of new commissions lined up that are promising to be fun. Some bondage and soccer gear and there's another one that is a complex portrait of a man in 3 states ecstasy and power. For portraits, I always ask for good photo reference. The devil is in the details as they say. And once the details are fleshed out enough, I take the sketch to the client for approval or changes and additions. If all goes well, and it usually does, I ink the work in. I present it again so they can see the



Day at the Beach



images by

*Kirk Stephens
Studio*













Continued from pg 20

added, "Your license. Take your license out of the wallet, please."

"Oh, sure," I said, fumbling with my wallet but finally getting the license out of it.

"Nice picture," he observed casually.

"Thanks," I mumbled.

"I'll be right back," the policeman informed me before heading back to his motorcycle. I gulped at the sight of his firm ass in my mirror and then my eyes trailed down the backs of his thighs to his shiny black boots.

I adjusted my rigid cock and groaned. For a second, I debated the idea of just letting go and filling my underwear with cum, but for once, sanity got the better of me. I grabbed the wheel with both hands and breathed rapidly to get my hormones under control. "*Relax*," I said to myself. "*You can jerk off when you get home....and shoot your load all over that hot cop ass.*"

"Everything looks good," the cop growled in my ear, and I nearly jumped over into the passenger seat. "Do you know how fast you were going?" he asked.

"Um, no I don't, Officer..."

"Wright. Officer Wright. As in always right," he laughed.

"Officer Wright," I repeated, hoping he hadn't heard my fantasy ramblings. "I'm sorry. Like I said, I was distracted for a bit. I've been driving all day."

"And just want to get home and shoot a load," he continued for me.

"Uh, yes, sir," I replied, completely embarrassed with this cop appearing to mock me.

"Like I said, I know how that goes, Mr. Green."

"Thanks," I mumbled, taking back my documents. "So how much is it going to cost me?"

"Well, since you're clean, I think we'll let it go this time. Just keep your mind on your driving instead of on that cock of yours."

"No ticket?" I said, looking up at him with surprise.

"Not this time," he smiled. "But if I catch you again, you'll definitely pay."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again, Officer Wright."

"That's what I like to hear, Robert. Or do you

prefer to be called Bobby?"

"Um, either is fine, sir." No one had called me Bobby since before I hit puberty, but hearing this muscled god use the name on me sent an excited shiver through my body.

"Have a good evening, Bobby," Officer Wright growled as he gripped my shoulder firmly and actually winked at me.

"Yes, Officer Wright. You too."

"I guess that depends on my own Rosey Palm and her five helpful sisters," he laughed before turning away and walking back to his motorcycle.

"Oh yeah," I groaned as I looked in the mirror to watch Officer Wright swing his leg over the seat and put that powerful machine between his thighs. I gulped as he took up his helmet and put it on. I turned on my own engine as he revved his as well. I waited for him to roar past me, but he didn't move. Finally, I gave up, put the car in drive, and slowly pulled back onto the road.

I looked in the rearview mirror and saw Officer Wright pull onto the road behind me. Nerves began to overtake me, and I started glancing between the speedometer and the rearview mirror. I overcompensated by driving five miles an hour under the limit, thinking that he would pass me and move along. Instead, he followed right behind me, almost riding on my rear bumper.

As I approached the rest area just outside my town, I slowed even more and debated quickly whether I should just stop there and let him pass. When Officer Wright's lights started flashing in my rearview mirror, the decision was made for me and I just pulled into the deserted rest area and turned off my car.

"Is something wrong?" Officer Wright asked from his motorcycle after pulling up beside my car. "First you're zooming home to play, and now you're crawling like a snail."

"I just didn't want to do anything wrong to make you change your mind about a ticket, sir," I replied honestly.

"Okay, well quit the pussy-footing around and drive like a man," he growled at me.

"Yes, sir."

"Or else I might question whether you were on the up and up back there or if you were just spinning some crazy horny story to get out of a ticket."

"No, Officer Wright," I said quickly. "It's the truth. I was definitely in a hurry to get home and blow a load. Still am."

"Well, I would tell you to go inside here and take care of business," he chuckled, "but that probably wouldn't be the right precedent for an officer of the law to set."

"Probably not," I agreed.

"Well, then, get going," the policeman ordered. "I don't have all evening to baby-sit you."

"No, sir. Of course, sir. Right away, Officer Wright," I babbled.

"That's what I like to hear, Bobby," he replied as he revved his motor.

I started my car and pulled back out onto the highway. I expected Officer Wright to follow me at least for a little while, but to my complete surprise, he soon roared past me with a quick wave and disappeared into the early evening twilight. I breathed a deep sigh of relief, but there was definitely a degree of disappointment mingled in as well.

I clicked the garage door opener as I turned into my driveway, and then I slammed on the breaks. There, with the garage door opening behind him was Officer Wright. He had his motorcycle parked across the driveway, and he was leaning against it, perching slightly on the side of the seat of the cycle. His shiny black boots were crossed at the ankles. He had his helmet tucked under one arm, and he was swinging the other arm to slap his leather gloves against his bulging thighs.

The adrenaline started pumping through my body as I began to panic. I jumped out of my car and rushed toward the waiting officer. I glanced nervously around to see if any neighbors were witnessing this scene. "How did you know where I lived?" I asked.

"I saw your driver's license. Remember?" he said with a superior grin.

"Oh yeah," I replied lamely. "But what are you doing here?"

"I decided I needed some proof that you weren't lying to me back there. I would hate to think that I had been conned out of giving a ticket."

"What do you want?" I asked nervously.
Yes, Officer Wright

"Why don't we go inside and discuss it, Bobby?"

"Oh, okay, sure. Yeah, go inside. Just let me put my car away," I said. Officer Wright nodded his agreement, and I returned to my car. As I got in the driver's seat and slammed the door closed, I looked up to see Officer Wright wheeling his motorcycle into the garage. I hesitated for a moment and then pulled in beside him. I clicked the control to close the garage door and got out of the car.

"Nice place you got here," Officer Wright said, again slapping his gloves against his thigh.

"Thanks. Nice thighs you got there," I said and froze.

"Yeah, lots of power in these babies," he chuckled.

"I bet," I said, passing the officer and leading the way into the house.

"Would you like something to drink?" I asked, stepping to the refrigerator and turning slightly to see Officer Wright entering the kitchen behind me.

"Seeing as I went off duty about fifteen minutes ago, I wouldn't mind a cold beer. You've got beer, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said without thinking. "Coming right up."

"I hope so," he chuckled. I popped the tops on a couple bottles of beer and handed one to Officer Wright. "Thanks," he said. I watched in silence as he tipped up the bottle and chugged the entire contents. "That hit the spot," he finally said, holding the empty bottle out to me.

"Another?" I asked, taking the empty and holding out the other bottle that I'd intended for myself.

"Don't mind if I do," Officer Wright said, taking the bottle and chugging it almost as fast as he had the first one. "Now, are we going to get down to business or what?" he asked, handing the second empty bottle to me.

"I don't..." I started to protest.

"Cut the crap. You've been drooling over this ever since I walked up to your car door," he

Continued on pg 48



MODEL CALL

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Honcho Dude

Images by Honchodude













First Time

Depthroating a stranger's huge cock on my birthday

Story by
u/gagtears

This was back when craigslist was a thing and I was 22 at the time.

I remember it being my birthday. I had already celebrated with friends the weekend prior and had the night to my self and posted an ad, "Looking to suck".

After a few responses I find one that looks... actually decent. Tall-looking black guy, and his cock looked pretty decent from the fairly low quality pic he sent. He was ready to meet up tonight. I decided to give it a shot.

I lived in a house with a couple of roommates, and it was not really a welcome environment for gay craigslist hookups lol.

Neither of us really knew what to do about a place to hook up but we decided to meet up near my place. He was parked by the school and we

First Time Depthroating

were gonna walk around a bit and get to know each other first, we were both a bit nervous about the whole thing.

I see his Mustang and approach, he rolls down the window, "Are you...?" "Yep" He gets out. He is tall. Probably 6'2", not particularly handsome but that wasn't something I was concerned with.

We walked around the neighborhood talking about ourselves, interests, essentially trying to hastily get to know each other while I was lowkey scoping for a decent spot thats tucked enough away for us to do it.

The conversation was pretty PG until I just up and said something like "so you want me to suck your cock?" He obviously said yes.

I decided we should just go back to my place as my roommates had to be asleep. Well, they weren't, I saw from outside that the TV was still on in the living room. I asked if he was comfortable going to the backyard and he was. Once we got to the back we stood really close face to face and I started rubbing his cock through his basketball shorts. Our faces were almost touching

and part of me wanted to lean in and just start making out with him, but I wasn't fully ready to kiss a dude and still havent to this day.

I gave him a smirk and slowly dropped to my knees while pulling his shorts down to reveal his dick.

The craigslist pic really did not do this man justice. His dick was huge. 9 inches easily and it had this incredible curve to the left (my right). It looked so amazing flopping out of his shorts. I started slow, stroking it with two hands, kissing it, letting it rest rest on my face while licking his balls. I remember commenting on the size and the curve in between sucking and how it was so perfect.

After awhile and a little but of spit buildup, i figure its time to start taking him deep. I'm so fucking horny at this point, I take my shirt off. On my first attempt to get him down, it doesn't go all the way, but it does help me generate a TON of spit. It also felt so amazing gasping for air after having it in my throat.

I could not believe where I was in the moment. In my backyard, on my knees with my ass poked out, spit running down my chin and chest with this monster cock hitting the back of my throat while this guy is grabbing on my ass. On the second attempt I take him all the way. I swear I could feel the curve of his dick down my throat. The sight of it wagging around after i pulled it out with my spit strings still connecting it to my mouth was truly beautiful.

I try to do it a couple times in fast succession and I let out an audible gag and I remember him telling me to take it easy. Haha

I'm now completely cock drunk at this point. There's spit everywhere, I'm pulling his dick out of my mouth and rubbing it all over my face. I'm jacking him off with both hands and giving him a little eye contact, then just swallowing him whole every few seconds.

He then starts reaching for MY cock and asks if he could suck it. Of course.

He lays down and we decide to do the 69 thing. From this position its so much easier for me to deepthroat so I'm legit fucking his dick with my mouth while he's sucking me off.

The situation proves to be too much because I end up busting after like 2 minutes of the 69 and I honestly don't know if he took it in his mouth or face or what I was just so lost in this

massive cock I could not give a fuck about what mine was up to.

Naturally, after nutting, I'm starting to lose steam, but I keep at it because I need to finish this right. I'm still sucking him from a 69 position so I look down and tell him I want him to cum on my face. He gets up off his back and on his knees, and I'm laying on my stomach tiredly sucking and stroking just praying for his cum at this point. Eventually he takes over and starts jerking his dick and I'm just kissing and licking it giving little anticipatory moans. Finally it comes, he starts to moan and dick is pulsing like crazy. I open my mouth by the head and he shoots some in, and then I close it and let the rest just shoot on my face and lips. Honestly, since I had already cum, I could've gagged from the experience but I took it like a champ. I cherish the memory now despite wanting it to be over with in the moment. It really was an amazing experience.



A day in the life of a Nudist



featuring
Lars

image provided by
Lars





Lars







DHM FAN ~ Tom Riddle



said, grabbing his crotch and giving his junk a significant adjustment. "Well, haven't you?" he growled.

"Yes, sir," I admitted nervously. For all I knew he was getting ready to beat the shit out of me. I relaxed a little when I saw that his cock was unmistakably growing and fighting to get out of that tight uniform.

"Well, then get on your knees and get busy," he ordered, leaning back against the counter.

"Yes, sir." I put the two empty bottles on the counter and knelt down in front of Officer Wright.

"That's better," he chuckled.

"Damn, it's big," I muttered as I reached out tentatively to trace the distinct outline of his cock pressing against the crotch of his uniform.

"Think you can handle it, Bobby?" he asked.

"I'll sure try," I said before leaning in to rub my cheek along the hidden, rock-hard flesh.

"I thought so. Well, better get started," he said.

I looked up and saw him starting to unbuckle his belt. Without thinking, I grabbed his hands and said, "No, please." I looked up into his eyes and added, "I want you in full uniform for this, sir."

"Whatever you want," he said as he fastened his belt firmly again. "For now."

I ignored the implication of those last two words and worked my finger into the front of his trousers to grab the zipper. I bit my lip as I slowly lowered the zipper to provide entry to the promised land. I idiotically waited for the cock to pop free of its own accord. It pulsed several times, but the trousers held it firmly in place.

Officer Wright laughed and said, "If you want it, you'll have to go get it."

"Yes, sir," I muttered before slowly working my hand through the zipper opening and into the darkness where I discovered the officer was commando. My hand quickly encountered the firm cock, which was both rigid and velvety and was giving off an amazing amount of heat. I slid my hand along the shaft until I discovered the head, or what should have been the head. In fact, I could feel the head, but it was still encased in foreskin. "Nice," I sighed, fingering the fleshy covering.

"I thought you might enjoy having a little

extra flesh to chew on," Officer Wright growled.

"Oh, yes, sir," I said eagerly. "I love foreskin. The more, the better."

"I think you'll enjoy what's at the other end of the shaft as well," he replied with a raised eyebrow.

"I'm sure I will," I laughed as I worked my hand back down his warm, pulsing shaft. I could feel the veins bulging as my fingers traced over them. Just as I expected to glide from the shaft onto his balls, I felt something else. I stopped and looked up.

"Get it out and have a look," Officer Wright instructed me. I slid my hand back up his cock shaft and tried to pull it out gently, but it was too big and too firmly held in place by his trousers. "I guess we'd better undo this after all," he replied as he began to unbuckle his belt.

I was disappointed but knew it was necessary. I pulled my hand back out of the way and watched as he undid his trousers and opened them wide for me. I quickly reached inside and pulled his huge cock free. I was not disappointed. It looked exactly as I had pictured it, and there was even a small amount of precum escaping from the foreskin. I leaned in quickly to lap up the precum and stick my tongue inside for more.

"Don't forget the rest," Officer Wright laughed.

I was ready to pull back the foreskin and devour his cock, but the reminder made me pull off. I reached into his trousers to free his balls and again felt something strange. Without stopping to think any more, I pulled them free. I was shocked and thrilled by the sight. Not only was Officer Wright riding around commando on duty, he was wearing a leather cockring. And not just any cockring. It was studded with silver disks around the base of his cock, but there was also a ball stretcher snapped around the top of his ballsac with another leather strap secured in place as a ball separator to spread his ball. "Wow," I said, both at the sight of the surprising leather apparatus and at the amazing display it made of Officer Wright's balls.

"I'm glad you approve," he replied as he pulled his trousers closed around his exposed cock and balls so he could refasten his belt. "Now, show me some appreciation."

"Yes, sir," I said eagerly. One hand quickly

Yes, Officer Wright

grabbed the officer by the ball stretcher, and the other hand grabbed the head of his shaft to pull back the foreskin and reveal the drooling head. I stuck out my tongue and rapidly lapped at the sweet precum oozing out of the dick. The more I tasted, the more I wanted. I licked forcefully as I squeezed the shaft to try to force more of the precious liquid out and then I flicked my tongue at the piss slit before trying to drive my tongue into Officer Wright's cock.

"Suck the fucker and you'll soon get more than you can handle," he growled as he thrust his cock against my tongue.

"I can handle everything you have to give, sir," I bragged. Secretly, I hoped he would shoot a load that proved me wrong.

"We'll see about that," he replied, slamming his leather gloves firmly down on my shoulder. The move surprised me, and my mouth dropped open, allowing Officer Wright to shove his fat cock into my mouth.

"Mmmmmph," I groaned with surprise quickly replaced by pleasure as my tongue flicked around the invading flesh that Officer Wright began pounding into my throat. I tightened my grip on the ball stretcher and pulled eagerly as the officer used my mouth.

"Yeah, that's it, Bobby. Swallow my meat, you cocksucker!"

I just moaned my appreciation and tried to relax my throat in spite of the onslaught. My efforts paid off as the thrusting cock drove past my mouth and down into my throat.

"Shit yeah," Officer Wright groaned when he realized I could swallow his fat cock. He stopped the shallow face-fucking movements and instead slowly pressed his cock deeper and deeper into my throat. I groaned around the invading meat and tried to breath through my nose to stay alive. "Damn, fucker, I'm impressed," the officer growled as he continued to fill me with more and more cock until the ball stretcher and his balls were resting on my chin. "Oh yeah, fuck, yeah," he yelled. "You've taken the whole fucking thing. I've never found many suckers who could do that. I'm impressed."

I didn't want to disappoint him, but I needed a break. I slapped Officer Wright's thigh, and he slowly pulled his cock back out of my throat. I breathed quickly to replenish my lungs while the cock head drooled onto my tongue. "Again," I
Yes, Officer Wright

moaned when I was ready.

"Shit, I'm glad I pulled you over," he laughed.

"So am I," I moaned right before he began to fill my throat with his cock again. I finally released my grip on the ball stretcher and reached around to grab his ass with both hands and pull him forward, driving his dick deeper and deeper into my throat.

"Oh yeah," Officer Wright sighed when his cock was fully inside my throat again. "That feels fucking good," he groaned as he began a shallow fucking motion. I tried to work my throat muscles on the shaft and tease the under-side of the cock with my tongue, but there was so much flesh filling my mouth and throat that I finally had to give up and just let the officer fuck my throat however he wanted and could. "Damn, you're the best cocksucker I've ever had," he praised, "but I gotta pound this fucker now."

I moaned my consent as best I could with a mouth full of cock, and he grabbed my head firmly between his hands. He pulled his cock out slowly and then shoved it back in a little faster. Pulled out faster. Shoved in faster. Pulled out even faster. Shoved back in even faster. In no time, he was fucking my throat fast and hard, occasionally pulling out far enough for me to gulp more air before he continued using my throat.

"You like my ass, do you?" he laughed when he realized that I was working the firm flesh of his flexing buttocks.

"Mmmmmm," I confirmed.

"You keep sucking my cock like this, and I'm gonna shoot a huge load right into your stomach pretty soon," Officer Wright groaned.

I quickly moved my hands to the front of the officer's thighs and shoved him back against the counter. The quick movement took him by surprised and dislodged his cock from my throat.

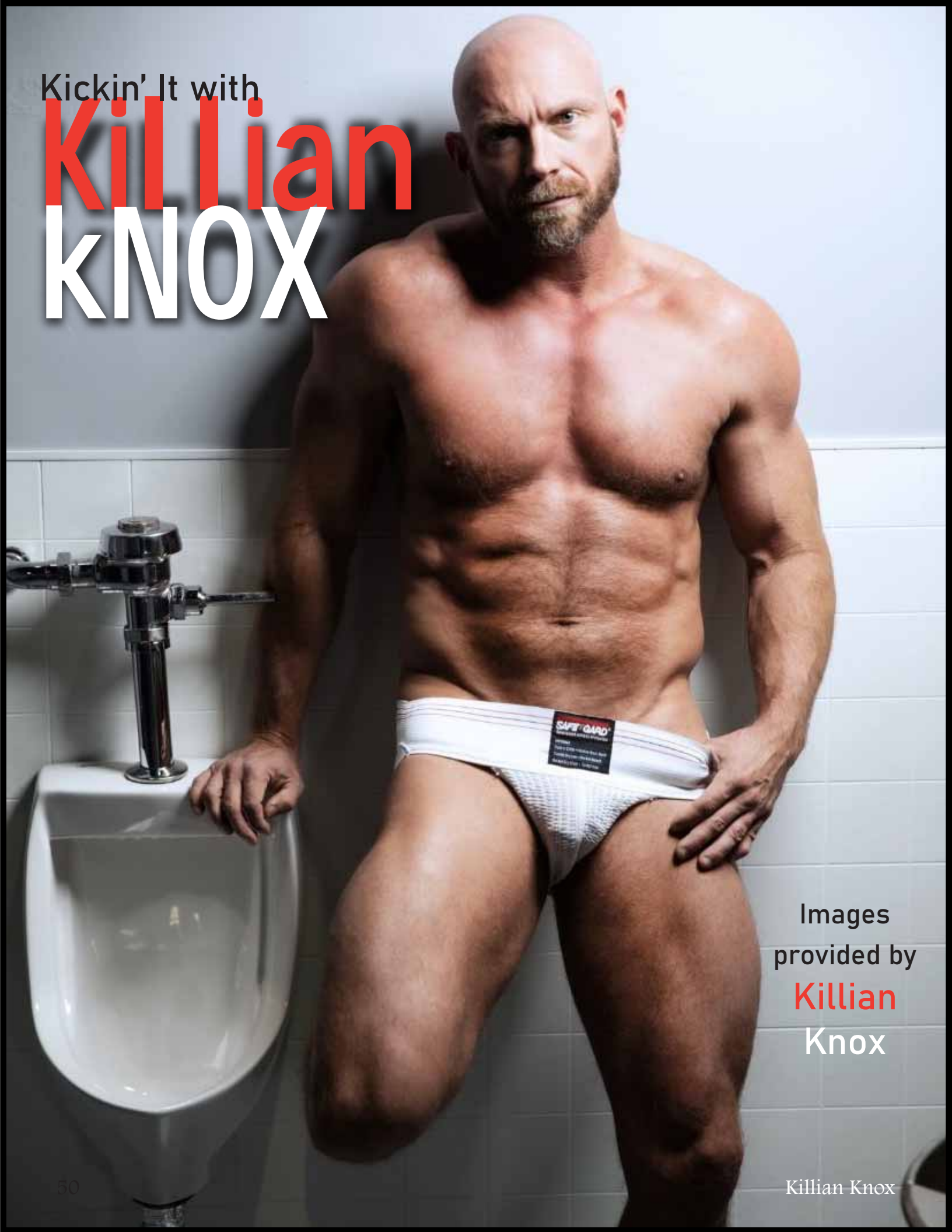
"Cover me in cum, sir," I begged eagerly as I took a firm grip on his ball stretcher and pulled down as my other hand proceeded to fly up and down his thick shaft. I flicked my tongue at his cock head every time it emerged from the foreskin that was gliding back and forth over it.

"I'm gonna have to give you a speeding ticket if you keep that up," Officer Wright laughed.

Continued on pg 110

Kickin' It with

Killian KNOX



Images
provided by
Killian
Knox

Killian Knox. To the majority of men who know that name, it screams “daddy”. In the few shorts years he’s been part of the porn scene he has taken it by storm. From Pride Studios, Thunderhead productions, Raging Stallion to mybestfriendsfeet and hotoldermale, just to name a few studios he’s worked with, Killian is everywhere. And the porn world is the better for it!

His images on his twitter account invoke whimsy, sexuality, beauty, and definitely are eye catching. But behind that beauty is a very interesting guy that we think you’ll enjoy getting to know a bit more.

We are very honored that he has taken some time out of his very busy schedule to answer a few questions, which we know we aren’t the only fans who want the answers to.

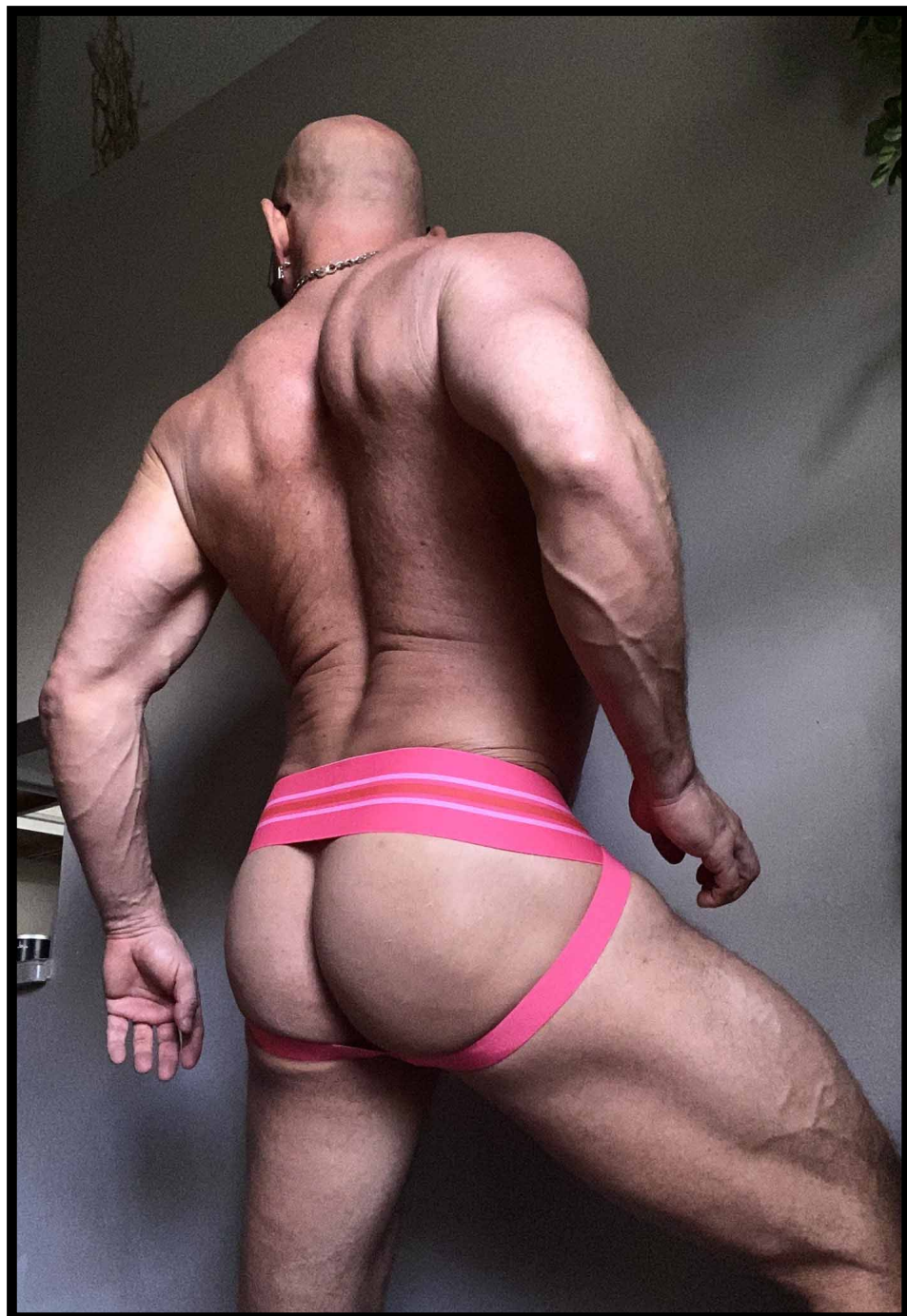
Killian, tell us a little about yourself.

Well, I was born and raised in East Tennessee. I don’t do a lot of speaking in my videos so I think it comes as a bit of surprise to find out that I have strong southern accent. I sound like a hick! Of course, some fella find it charming. I have two degrees – one in Fine Art and one in Accounting. For 10 years, I ran movie theaters – and was married to a woman the whole time. No, we never had kids. For another 10 years I was an accountant and now I configure software. I currently have a husband who I just celebrated my 13th year with. I was late bloomer when it came to Porn – but it has become a true passion of mine.

What were you like as a kid?

I grew up with two sisters – one Killian Knox

older and one younger. Although I didn’t realize it at the time, we were very poor... never went out to eat or took vacations... We just playing in the yard. We lived very rural and hatched and raised chickens that we would then sell at a local flea market. I was very athletic and played several sports – basketball, baseball, soccer, and tennis. We were ALWAYS outdoors. My dad was adamant that while the sun was up, we were out of the house. He didn’t care what we did so long as we were outside. We never had video games, many board games, or watched much tv. We were outside.





Tell us a about when you came out. How did it happen? Was your family supportive?

I got married to a woman right out of college. I was married throughout my 20s. I guess you could say we were conservative. We absolutely never

went to bars. If we drank anything, it was at dinner and infrequently. My wife's mother had a high position in the executive board of the Southern Baptist Convention...so we walked a pretty straight and narrow path. I was actually very happy in the marriage – except for the sex. It was great when I was younger. I had only had sex with one other person when I got married – and it was a girl. So when I got married, the fact that I was having sex at all was incredible.

It was after 5 years or so, when I couldn't hold back my gay desire anymore. At that time, personal computers became affordable and websites like manhunt and gay.com and adam4adam were coming around. Once I discovered that outlet, it was like a new world opened upand before long, I was meeting guys. After a while, my desire to hide it dwindled....until one night, we were driving back from a casino when she point blank

asked me if I was gay. I said yes. She then asked me if I had ever acted on it with other people, I said that I had. Strangely, we did not split up at the time. We tried to make it work...and did for a few years before we decided we weren't really being honest with ourselves and split.



Killian Knox



How did you become Killian Knox? And where does the name come from?

About 3 years ago, a good friend of mine got me into Instagram. He knew I had fetish for underwear of all shapes and sizes – and told me to start posting them. I did....but cautiously. One pair a day every day. After a few months, it really took off and I gained thousands of followers.

Many times, guys would ask if I did porn. My answer was always “No”. One day, a follower didn’t ask if I did porn, instead, he told me I should do porn. He gave me two phone numbers to call. Almost as a joke, I called thinking nothing would come of it. They called back. Three weeks later, I did my first shoot.

Of course, I needed a stage name. I’m from Knoxville, TN. My Instagram and onlyfans were knox1knox so I knew I wanted Knox in the name. I figured that making the move into

When we divorced, I had to fess up to my family as to why. Being from a religious background everyone wasn’t sure how to reconcile how they could still believe what they had been told and still be ok with me being gay. My close family came around quickly – but some extended family never did.

the adult industry was either going to be fun and successful, or it was absolutely going to kill my reputation: hence “Kill” Knox. I thought that was maybe a little too obvious, so I went with Killian Knox. Honestly, I thought I was only going to use it a few times....but here I am...years later!

Your images on Twitter are sometimes "over-the-top", very zany and fun. How much of what your fans see on there is really you and how much is the persona you've created?

Well in "real life", I'm an absolute goofball. Constantly making jokes – and not taking myself too seriously. Now when I'm in the bedroom, it's another story. I'm intense and sometimes very intense. I think my images pop back and forth between those two sides of me.

So, tell us about your feet and sock fetish. How did you get into it? What turns you on about it?

I discovered this one very early. I can remember at a very early age being at friends' houses they would take off their sneakers when we got there, and I would instantly get turned on. I could just look at the empty shoes and their socked feet and get aroused. Everything in me wanted to smell them and feel them on me.

As I've grown older, I've found that I'm most turned on by bare feet. I love looking at them...and really enjoy having them on my face.

When I'm topping I love to hold one foot out to the side so that I can glance over at it. When I'm watching porn, I have to find something with feet – best if the feet are in the air. Drives me wild.

Time to put you on the spot a bit. Who is your favorite porn star to work with and why?

There are so so many incredible guys that I've had the opportunity to work with. I could easily list a dozen who I'd look forward to working with again – but if I've got to pick one, I have to go with Sean Duran. He's very well known...and when we had our solo scene together, I was very, very new. He had every reason to just go through the motions, and honestly, I expected that to be the case – but it wasn't.

Once the scene started, he just seemed so into it. I felt very connected...and we move through the scene quickly and easily because of it. Very professional – but it still felt very "real"...and the final output is so much better for it.

Killian Knox

Nowadays, I'm by no means nearly as famous as Sean, but I do have a ton more experience than I did at that time...so when I'm paired with someone new, I try to put my partner at ease and bring that same realness and energy.

If you could work with anyone, who would it be? Why? And what would you like that "scene" to be?

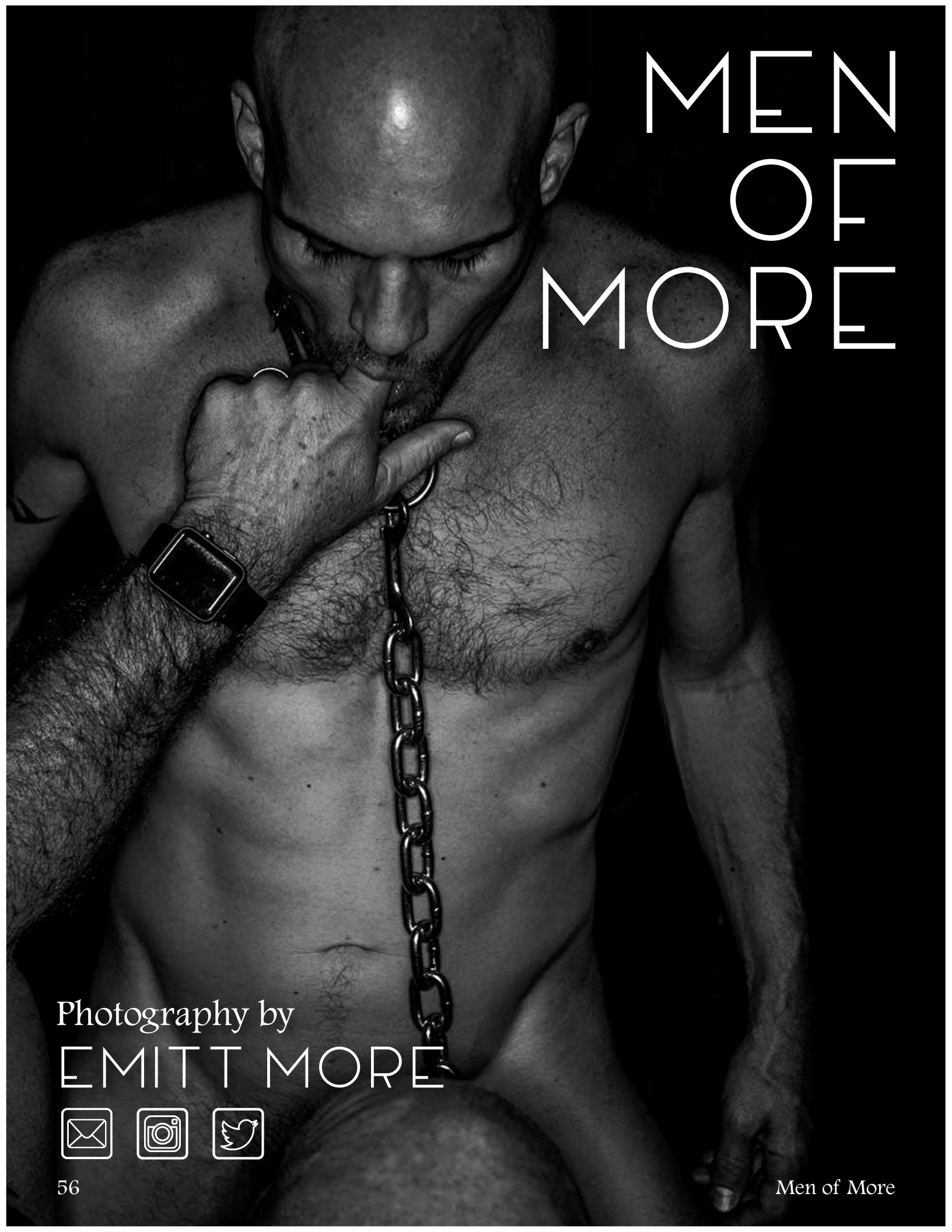
At this moment, Shawn Maygers is at the very top of my list. I was just out for a shoot in Vegas and he was on the set. I felt an instant connection and attraction to him. I'd love to do a flip scene with him.

What is next on the horizon for Killian Knox? Any new projects your fans should be keeping their eye out for?

My movie with Raging Stallions just came out. I have a couple scenes I filmed with the absolutely incredible team at Twink Top. The very fun part 2 of my "Who's your Daddy" with Nick Milani with Maskulin. For my leather/feet fans, I have a scene with Natural Born Breeders coming up... where a macho cop orders me to do all kinds of fun leather stuff. Of course, you never know what I'll come up with for my onlyfans. I'm always meeting new and interesting people.

Thank you for taking the time to do this interview and sharing some of your personal information, Killian. You're a true inspiration that if you want something, just go for it! We wish you much success in your future projects and look forward to seeing more of your incredibly hot work!





MEN OF MORE

Photography by
EMITT MORE















SOMETHING'S AFOOT

Story by Simon Hamilton

Luc Gretzky was younger than the rest of us dads on the trip, yet his status as alpha male within our little group was soon settled.

Luukas Miika Gretzky. Of Finnish extraction, apparently, despite the surname. Charisma he had, certainly. One of those men who exuded, not arrogance exactly, but supreme self-confidence. When he entered a room, people took note. Women noticed, that's for sure; but then, so did the men. With them it was subtler maybe, but they too were very aware of his presence. It was his physicality, partly: slightly taller than me, so six two or three, powerful build, darkish blond hair, closely cropped. To describe him merely as "handsome" does not do him justice. I knew he surfed, but he obviously put in gym time too. But it was more than his physique and good looks: his presence commanded attention, and he got it. All this, and a ready wit and charm, backed up by that killer boyish smile. Yet his almost cocky self-assurance never seemed to spark animosity or resentment. He was always and everywhere liked.

We were on the school sports trip, the six of us dads supervising an excited group of 35 or so young girls, the Under-9s and Under-10s, away on their first soccer tour. I say "supervising". That really was the job of the four female teachers, all somewhat older, take-no-nonsense schoolmarms. It was funny the way it had worked out. Six dads, that is, no moms. Nevertheless, it was useful having us around. We drove the bus and three minivans, refereed the matches, saw to the barbeques when we had them.

None said as much, but I suspect my fellow dads were relishing being away from married life for a while. I was the only one single—widowed, six years before. Chrissie, my daughter, had just turned 8, and so was about a year younger than

most of the others. She was in the team as the feisty centre forward in the Under-9B's. Her twin brother Michael had been packed off to stay with his mom's parents. He didn't mind—he had a special relationship with them, 'specially his Gramps. Michael and I spoke on the phone every day. Still, I missed him though.

I'd only known Luc Gretzky by reputation, but having met him, his easy charm made it feel like we were old acquaintances. He had that effect on everyone. He looked to be mid-20s at the most, which means he would have been, what, 17 when he'd had Emily? That seemed very young though, surely?

Businesswise, he was doing very nicely, thank you. IT security, or some such. He and his wife Yvonne had a rather grand home in the best part of town, and I saw her dropping him off for the trip in a Porsche 911 GT3. They were the reigning "golden couple" of the valley. Now she, I had seen around. Stunning good looks, but, for me anyway, in an over-obvious sort of way. Tall, slim, blonde, and with certain other, well, attributes, shall we say? But a bit too much makeup and overlong eyelashes, to my way of thinking, anyway. I wasn't sure, but she appeared slightly older than him. She was the daughter of the local patriarch, himself scion of old money that had lived in and dominated the valley for generations.

The trip was turning out to be fun. There were to be three round-robin tournaments, each over two or three days, with usually a couple of days travelling between. Actually, that was the reason the school had agreed to the tour: there had to be an educational component included. And as our journey took us through a region of both historical and geographical interest, various educational excursions were arranged for the girls.

The dads were welcome to tag along, though we weren't obliged to.

I found I enjoyed them. For instance, there was the visit to the Petrified Forest, where we learnt not only about fossilization during the Carboniferous, but also about geological timescales and how epochs, eras, ages and the like related to each other. These outings also gave me a chance to see a bit more of Chrissie. It was ironic: here we were on a fourteen-day trip together, but I seemed to have less contact with her than I had with Michael through our daily phone calls. She wasn't assigned to the bus, of which I was the main driver. She and the other younger girls travelled on one of the minivans. During meals, she was shepherded into line with the other girls and then ate with her friends. But every now and again we'd catch each other's eye. She'd smile in that way that reminded me so much of her mother. It was then I'd feel a lump in my throat. And the one time she mouthed, "I love you, Daddy," across the room, well ...

The sleeping arrangements were as you'd expect. We dads were put up in cheap motels, while generally the girls were accommodated in three or four dormitories at the hosting schools, accompanied by the four teachers. It hadn't been explicitly stated, but it was understood that the dads weren't to go into the dorms. It's sad that it had to be like that, but that's the reality these days.

So in the evenings, once the girls were settled, we dads would congregate, have a beer, and then, if we hadn't eaten with the girls, head out to a steakhouse or similar.

It was at these times that Luc would come into his own. I wondered if he was aware of the effect he had. He must have. There was a subtle, sometimes not so subtle, competition between the others, vying for his attention. When we were in a bar, or even sometimes at dinner, other guys, and even women occasionally, would join our circle. They'd enter into our discussions and banter, usually about sport, or even more serious topics occasionally. Mostly I tended not to compete. I'm more of a looker, a listener, and would watch how he, Luc, would become the focal point, yet seemingly never provoking any resentment or animosity. Funnily enough, I sensed that we had more of a connection than he had with the others, despite us not often chatting directly when we were

Something's Afoot

in the group. After all, he was too busy as the focus of attention. But occasionally we'd found ourselves alone, and our conversations had transcended the mere mundane. I discovered he had a contemplative side, slightly at odds with his public machismo. Not that we ever got into anything particularly intimate or deep. But maybe because I was good at listening he sensed I tried to understand what he was really saying, rather than merely hanging on his every word simply because it was he who uttered them. Surprisingly, he turned out to be a good listener too. If he asked my opinion, he would genuinely do that—listen, that is. So, without there being any overt friendship, there was a connection beyond the superficial. And, of course, I liked him. No surprise there—we all did.

Five days into the trip, there was a cockup with our reservations at the hotel. We'd arrived in Salisbury, and found the great Mrs Brandon had booked five rooms for us, not six. "Impossible," she thundered at the receptionist, accustomed never to being wrong. "I've got the confirmation right here," said she, shuffling through her sheaves of paper. Finding out that she in fact had made a mistake was worth it, just to watch her, the formidable Mrs Brandon, well, not actually grovel, but having to admit she had made a mistake, and then, horror of horrors, have to apologize.

"Look, here's the list. You see? Five rooms! "What's that? Oh, my hat and coat! You're right. There're six of you, not five. How could that have happened?" She looked around accusingly at us, counting. "That's five of you, but of course there's still Mr Gretzky, isn't there? That makes, um, six. And you say you only have five rooms available? Surely you must have another somewhere?"

"Oh yes, I understand, the festival and the tournament." She looked around at us desperately. I almost felt sorry for her. She spoke again to the receptionist, then reported back sheepishly.

"It seems I, um, made a mistake with the booking. There're only four single rooms available, and one double. Would any of you gentlemen mind, um, uh, sharing?" She looked at us helplessly. We all averted their eyes. "They did say it's an upgrade," trying to entice us. "The luxury

Continued on pg 82

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#AllMenAreBeautiful #desertheatmag #bears #twink #hairy #smooth #naked #nude





Marcel

Bietau

Images provided by
Marcel Bietau











Effusions

by Christian Bailly

In the spring of our pleasure,
On your barely blooming flower,
Under a ray bursting with desire,
A dew pearl waters it.

Delicately, it blossoms,
Testify of your intimate emotions,
Tempt my happy taste buds,
Instantly, I forget my dismay.



© Hongtao Huang

To this copious flow of love,
I come and I quench my thirst.
This liqueur has velvet
Of our adulterous communion.

At the surge of your pleasure,
The foam of my enjoyment
Mingles, in a final sigh,
To crown your deliverance.



© Hongtao Huang

To see this virile effusion,
Here I am immediately seized with vertigo.
In this nectar, my contentment,
Picked from the end of your stem.

I want from these emanations
Knowing the intense drunkenness.
I resign myself to this addiction,
My love has its weaknesses.



Image from Net

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Christian Bailly



Turning the Lens

Photographer Interview

Meet the creative genius Edward Murillo Moreno

Edward Murillo Moreno, a force to be reckoned with in the photography and fashion industries. He takes provocative images of gorgeous men wearing his fashion designs that turn heads all over the interivew.

As a long time supporter of the Magazine, we were honored to get some of his time, from his busy

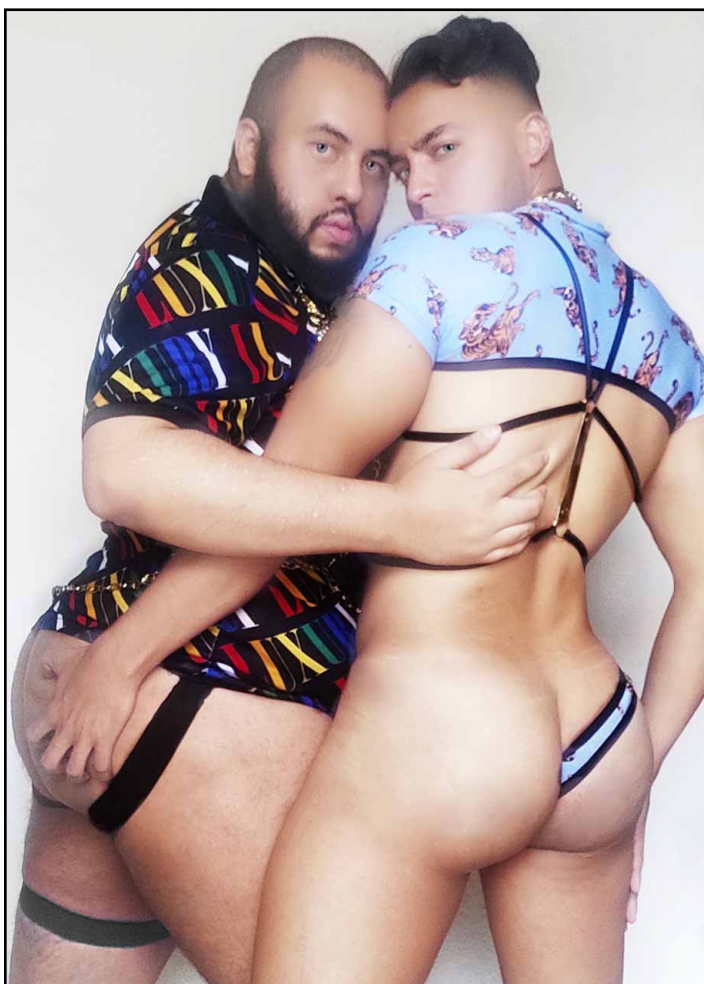
schedule, to answer some much sought after questions of this multi-talented man.

Edward, please, tell us a bit about your personal life.

Well first of all: very glad to meet you, finally! well, what can I tell you about myself and my personal life? I'm a 33 years old man who likes to hang around, have fun, and live a simple life. You know, I got a 9 to 5 job from Monday to Friday, but on weekends I focus on my brand Atelier Cavalier (www.ateliercavalier.co/en-us/) designing and doing photoshoots, but sometimes I direct and tape gay porn for my models and friends. Maybe I don't have much free time, but when I do: I like to collect vinyl records from the 70s, I love Disco, fashion books, and magazines that inspire me for my work, publications such as American Playboy or Penthouse and French Vogue magazine to name a few.

Do you have any formal training in photography?

I did! Of course. I took some photography courses back in college, but you know, even though I respect people who study a bachelor in Photography, I think that taking photographs is the best course that you can get. You can learn a few techniques in a course or online, but the best training is to do it: Grab the camera and take photographs of yourself or anything. Like



everything in life practice is the best formal training you can have.

How did you develop an interest in photographing men or photography in general?

Well I'm a millennial gay dude, you know I'm a 30 something man who grew up with a cell phone with a camera on his hand, so getting the ability to capture any moment in my phone was or is still a fantastic thing, but when I was a child my mom used to be a seamstress and she had these amazing fashion magazines you know like Vogue and Harper's Bazaar, or for men like GQ and L'Uomo Vogue and I loved those photographs so much. I think I discovered my gayness watching all those hotties wearing Armani suits or Skimpy Versace swimsuits (laughs) and you know, even my dream was to be a fashion designer, I said to myself: "maybe someday, I can be on the credits of those magazines as a photographer"

In my late teens when I was starting my graphic design bachelor in the United States, I went to Los Angeles for a weekend and I took one of those signs from the streets in West Hollywood that read "photographer needed" I called them, they told me that it was for a gay porn company, so I said yes. The guy asked me what camera do I have, I told him and he said: "cool, come around and help us with the pictures" and I spent

Turning the Lens

almost 2 years taking photos of gay and straight male porn stars. One day I let that work away to finish my college degree and I came back to my native country Colombia to work in a gay luxury magazine as editor in chief.

When I started my men's fetish brand Atelier Cavalier (www.ateliercavalier.co/en-us/) 3 years ago, it was very hard to find a photographer who wanted to portrait my outfits; so I took back my camera and I started to photograph my designs. I am proud of the way I can take pictures to show



my clothes to the people and at the same time to give a positive message where every man is beautiful on his own terms.

What, in your opinion, is most important to

consider while shooting images of men?

The most important thing to consider when you're shooting a man is this: to let him know that he is part of a scene and not just a piece of meat. He



needs to release the tension of being seen in front of the camera; I try to speak to my model or models before the photoshoot starts to build a trust and friendship bond to let them explore their sensuality and personality to create amazing pictures.

Describe a typical photoshoot for you.

A typical photo shoot for me is a 5 steps program:

1. look for images in my library or through the internet to know what kind of pictures to get from my model.
2. Set up all the garments such as accessories, underwear, and harnesses that the model or I will wear during the photoshoot.
3. I set up my camera and lights to work.
4. I have a 5 or 10 minutes pep talk with the model or models and explain to them the images I want, or, I show them the clothes and accessories to let them express their ideas and take the best pictures.
5. I start to shoot!

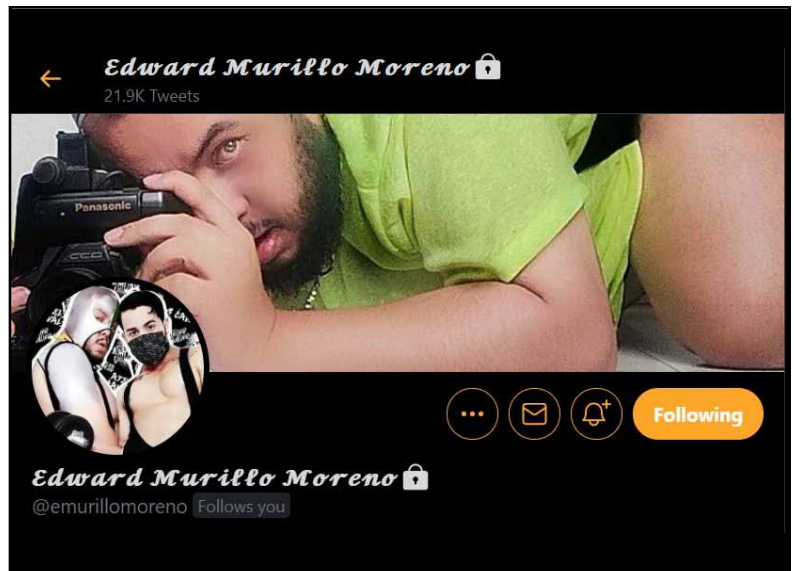
What advice, if any, would you give an aspiring model?

It's going to sound cliché, but the best advice that I can give to any aspiring male model is this: confidence in you is the best asset you can have to get any gig, with no confidence you are just another handsome person around. Knowing what makes you different will be the best formula to get any job and take good pictures. Just don't be cocky, wear your confident attitude to work with the photographer or client, not to show who you are to him or her.

Who are you most interested in working with?

Well you know, at this moment I'm so grateful to count on diverse male personalities to work with; but there's one special person that I would like to photograph more often and that's myself. I'm very

Turning the Lens



shy and I try to take good photographs with my models, but I still feel insecure. So, taking good photographs of me will improve my self-esteem and my photography skills.

Do you have any upcoming projects?

Oh, baby you know I do have many projects on my plate! one of them is the catalogs and press materials of my brand Atelier Cavalier (www.ateliercavalier.co/en-us/) for this season.

I want to do more photos for my Onlyfans account (www.onlyfans.com/chubbochulo) and shoot more porn :) I just love to hang around with my camera.

If you want to know more about my brand you can visit Atelier Cavalier's website www.ateliercavalier.co/en-us/, Also you can find it on social media as @ateliercavalier (instagram and twitter) and myself on instagram as @edwardmurillomoreno or on twitter as @emurillomoreno, on there I post many porn content of me, so feel free to enjoy and have fun.

We'd like to thank you, my friend, for taking the time to give us and our readers a partial insight into you and your brand.

I'd also like to thank you for your continued support of the Magazine with your stunning images and provactive stylings of thos models. I am sure that they have garnered quite a bit of attention from our readers.

Laurenz Baars



Images Provided by

Laurenz
Baars











suite?" But we were having none of that.

Greg got in first. "Not me, Mrs B," he said, receiving a withering look in return. Chastened, he continued. "Sorry. I, um, can't sleep with anyone else in the room. So, if you don't mind ..." (Maybe it wasn't only me who was wondering at the sleeping arrangements back home.)

"I snore, fellas," Rubin chimed in, before adding, "Loudly. Allergies, you know."

And so it went on.

I decided to put Mrs Brandon out of her misery. "What about the bus? I'm sure we can find a mattress somewhere, and it's only for three nights. I'll doss down there." But she shook her head, so I continued,

"Otherwise if someone else doesn't mind, I'll share." The look she gave me was pure gratitude. "Chrissie," I thought, "I've just bought you a heapful of credit for the coming year."

"Mr Hamilton, I'm so grateful to you," she replied. "But it'll have to be sharing, I'm afraid. Health and Safety doesn't permit anyone to sleep on the bus." Reasserting herself, she gave a scornful look at the others. The dragon lady was back.

Just then Luc came in. Mrs Brandon looked at him pointedly, daring him to challenge her authority. She explained the situation to him, more or less instructing him that he would be "it". He would have to share. Then, in that way of his, Luc flashed her his most radiant smile, "Of course, Mrs Brandon. No problem, no problem at all. Any way that I can help. I don't mind a bit."

That unexpected largesse took the wind out of her sails again. "Oh thank you, Mr Gretzky," she enthused. "It is a double room, I'm assured. Two big beds, so I'm sure you'll be very comfortable. So kind of you," bestowing her gratitude on him, ignoring me now.

I smiled inwardly to myself, "So much for all those house points, Chrissie".

Turning to the rest of the assembled crew, Luc said, "So, who'll be the poor bastard, oh, pardon, Mrs Brandon, who has to put up with my snoring and smelly feet?"

"That would be me," I said. In typical Luc fashion, he grinned broadly, put his arm around my shoulders, took the key from the receptionist, and

started us off towards Room 301.

And that is how it came to pass that I shared a hotel room with Luukas Gretzky.

The room was spacious, and indeed very luxurious—way better than the others we'd been put up in so far. Two double beds, sitting area, spacious balcony, and lots of extras. The bathroom had a double shower with laid-in seat, the bathtub looked more like a jacuzzi than a bath. This definitely was an upgrade, albeit that we were having to share. But there was no time to savour it just then. We fetched our luggage from the buses, then each went to check on our daughters.

As it was our first evening in Salisbury, we'd been invited to the host school for a welcoming barbeque. We were soon herding 35 excited girls into the bus and vans, and drove them across town.

The spread laid out was impressive, the more welcome because for once we were to be free of barbequing duties. There was a mountain of food, and a seemingly unlimited supply of alcohol for the adults. Which was too bad—as one of the designated drivers, I was stuck sipping fruit juice and Diet Coke for the evening.

As we'd come to expect, Luc was soon the centre of a lively group, all joshing and chaffing about the tournament the next day. The girls themselves were finding new friends among their hosts and from the other schools in the tournament. I sat somewhat away, chatting to a couple whose daughter played for the host school. At one stage Chrissie ran over and introduced me to new best friend, Cella, from Hartley, a charming and polite young lass. Then they went skipping off together, but moments later Chrissie ran back, and gave me a hug. "Love you, Daddy."

It don't get much better than that. Immediately thinking of Michael, I gave him a call. It was good to know he was having a fine old time at Gran and Gramps, but also, too, that he was missing me.

The function ended early. The girls needed to get to bed: a big day in the morning—three group matches in the round robin, and possibly another for those teams winning their sections. We dropped the girls off, and after making sure they were safely in, we parked the buses at the hotel, which was adjacent to the hostel. I picked up the room key, and went to the room.

Luc wasn't in yet. As it was such a hot night, I headed down to the pool. The water was cool, surprisingly, given how hot it had been, and indeed still was. I returned to the room, had a quick shower to rinse off the chlorine, and changed into shorts and a T-shirt. I sat up on the bed, reading, the TV on in the background, on a music station.

Luc came in about an hour later. I hadn't expected him just yet, assuming he'd stay drinking in the bar, since he like me, had had to abstain at the barbeque. "Kinda zonked tonight," he said, loosening his shirt, obviously heading for the shower. "The drive and this heat can take it out of you," he drawled.

"I had a swim when we got back. Why don't you go down? The water was quite, um, invigorating."

"Nah, I'll just take a shower." He paused. "I met a, uh, lady at the bar. She was quite, um, enthusiastic, shall we say? She intimated she'd be going for a dip. Right about now," and he tapped his watch. "She was hoping I'd join her." Then he added, "But I don't believe swimming was exactly what she had in mind," said with what amounted almost to a self-satisfied smirk.

I smiled back, and joked, "Y'think? You do kinda have that effect! It's those killer looks and charm."

He smiled cherubically at me, turned away and started undressing.

It was probably then those feelings first surfaced. Doubtless they'd been there all along; but at that moment I was aware, if only vaguely, that I was curious, more than curious, to see this hunk of a man naked. I watched as he undressed. Shirtless, he first sat on the bed to remove his socks, his back towards me. He was soon down just to his briefs. I wondered if he would take them off in view of me. Instead, he left them on as he went into the bathroom, though he didn't close the door behind him. The shower came on, and I suppose if I'd lent over I'd have been able to get a full view of him naked in the shower. But that felt kinda pervy, so I didn't. But even at that early stage it had occurred to me that feelings were surfacing that I'd long been suppressing. Or if not suppressing, then neglecting.

Hearing the shower stop brought me back to reality. I heard him lift the toilet seat and unleash a loud stream. He seemed a bit embarrassed at Something's Afoot

that, because he mumbled, "Sorry," and pushed the door half closed. He emerged a few seconds later in a T-shirt and a towel around his waist. Maybe still a bit embarrassed about his noisy pee, he grinned sheepishly, "Fuck a duck—I needed that!"

That caught me off guard. For one thing, it was the first time I'd heard him using any real strong language. For although we were a group of adult men on a jaunt, we dads were all on our best behaviour: we were, after all, surrounded by nine-year girls. And of course, no one wanted to incur Mrs Brandon's disapprobation. But I was also surprised that I found myself slightly aroused by his vulgarity. Even more surprised, however, that I, in fact, was feeling aroused by Luc himself. Because, while he was showering, I was facing, for the first time in a long time, certain thoughts. Thoughts long since suppressed. Thoughts from before Liz. Thoughts from back in high school. Luc returned to the bathroom, and I heard him brushing his teeth. The thoughts returned.

"I'm a 33-year old widower. I like women, don't I? It's only because I've been so caught up with the twins that I haven't dated since Liz ... That's it, isn't it?" Sure, at college I had been drawn to a few guys, mostly other jocks in my team. But not actually attracted to them. Or had I been? "Anyway, that's just normal, isn't it—for kids?" I thought about it: since Liz, there'd been no one. "It's 'cos I've been concerned for the twins, trying to shield them from their loss. How would they have felt if I'd gone out with someone else? It'd be like me replacing their mother." Or was that just an excuse? (Because, actually, I don't think they would mind. They didn't remember her. I did. They had even suggested it a few times, me going on a date, that is.) So maybe it was the other, that little spark that had ignited when I'd seen this man undressing. But it had been there, in the back of my mind, just waiting to catch flame.

Water was still running from the tap. I got up, and assessed myself in the mirror. Not bad, for mid-30s; maybe not a Nordic god, like my roomie, but not unhandsome. I took stock: six foot one, 230 pounds, mostly muscle. I noticed a slight greying of the dark hair near my temples. "Next they'll tell me I'm distinguished," I smiled to myself. I turned to look at myself in profile, trying to be objective. "Not too bad, old man. Maybe it is time to put

yourself back on the market.”

Luc was rinsing. I heard him gargle. I sat back up on the bed and returned to my book. The wind had picked up, and the curtains billowed in gently. Luc stepped out the bathroom, still with the towel around his waist. He went to the cupboard and took out shorts. He had his back to me as he let the towel drop and pulled them on. I'd decided not to look anyway, and focused steadfastly on my book.

He potted around for a few minutes, asking me what I was reading. I flashed the cover to him, but he said, “It’s a beautiful evening, and there’s a storm brewing. Gonna sit on the balcony. Join me for a cold one?”

“Sure,” as I wasn’t driving now. He went to the courtesy bar, took two beers out the fridge and cracked them open. He handed one to me. He led the way outside and sat on a chair with his legs up on the railing. His shorts were loose, and I felt sure there’d be a glimpse awaiting, were I dare to stand over him and look down. I pushed that thought away, raised my bottle and said, “Cheers,” to the pleasant sound of clinking glass.

The balcony faced out across the countryside to the hills beyond. The wind was gusting, and lightening flickered in the gathering clouds. We drank our beers, comfortable in the silence. After a while, he spoke. “You’ve got the two kids?” he asked, and I nodded. “Twins.”

“And you’re a widower,” which came out more a question than a statement from him.

“Yes. Six years ago.”

“I’m sorry,” he said, sounding genuinely felicitous. “Must have been a helluva thing with the young ones ...” his voice trailed off.

“And you, just the one?” I asked in turn.

“Yes, Emily. A bit of thing really. Shit, I wasn’t yet 17 when I knocked Yvonne up. Fuck, what did I know back then?”

“And her,” I asked.

“Oh, about 23. Her toy boy!” he added with smirk, though there didn’t seem much mirth behind the banter. “She seduced me, of course. Though to be honest, I didn’t need much seducing.”

I smiled. “You were very young.” After a while, I added, “That must have been really tough, becoming teenage parents. Or you a teenage father, at any rate.” I paused. “Did you ever, uh, consider not getting married? Or exploring other

options? Like adoption,” I added quickly, not wanting him to think I meant abortion.

His answer was surprisingly frank. “Didn’t have an option. Her father—you know, the senator, Yates?—threatened to shoot me if I didn’t marry her. God, the old man wanted to shoot me anyway.” He smiled, but was in deadly earnest. “So it was a shotgun wedding. Literally.” He grimaced at his little joke.

“It’s not that long ago,” I said, mentally counting backwards. “Emily is what, in the Under-9s too? You’re still very young,” I whistled softly.

He nodded, more pensive than I’d seen him up till then.

Trying to lighten the mood and to relieve any discomfort, I added, “But look at you both now. You’re obviously doing great, work-wise. And you and Yvonne are quite the couple in the Three Falls community. Belle and beau of the ball. Or of Three Falls anyway,” I added with a laugh. “Though that doesn’t alliterate as well.”

Although he answered light-heartedly, I sensed he didn’t see it quite that way. “I guess so,” he said. “Sometimes there’s more that goes on than what meets the eye.” He broke off. I waited.

“Go on,” I said, sensing he wanted to open up.

“Maybe they see as ‘the perfect couple’.” The sarcasm was clear, before he added flatly, “In fact, we’re not.” He paused. “We are most definitely not.”

He got up and fetched another two beers. When he returned, he resumed, still serious, “We’ve grown apart. No, that isn’t quite right. We grew apart a long time ago, right from the start. But because of Emily, we’ve stayed married.” He was almost whispering, “Maybe you were right. Maybe we should have given Emily up for adoption, like you said.”

I tried to correct him, that I’d only asked, hadn’t recommended. But he went on,

“Don’t get me wrong, I love Emily with all my heart. There’d be a huge void were Yvonne to take her and emigrate. Not sure how I’d cope with that.”

“Is that something that’s on the cards? I mean, is that a possibility?” I asked.

“It’s been threatened. Or alluded to, at any rate.

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and still going!



*An homage
to an
iconic
American
symbol*

Photography by *Javier A Lara*



Model:











CERF

Photography

"The marriage—well, you can't call it a relationship anymore—is dead." His voice was flat, no longer the gung-ho Luukas Gretzky, life-and-soul of the party. "We haven't had physical contact since, oh, six months back, and even longer before that." I sensed him turning to me, gauging my reaction.

"I see," was the best I could come up with just then.

"To be honest, that's not something I can easily deal with. Doing without 'it', I mean," said with heavy emphasis on the word. "I'm very highly sexed." He paused, then sniggered mirthlessly, "Ha! That's what got me into this jam in the first place. With Yvonne and me, that is. Getting her pregnant," he added, in case I didn't understand. "Horny little bugger back then."

"So have you, um, been looking elsewhere?" I asked tentatively, but trying to sound neutral.

"Here's the thing, I haven't!" he said vehemently. "No, not looking. Avoiding, actually. Like tonight," he said, and I inferred he meant the woman at the pool. "I've been tempted. God, I have been tempted. But so far I've been strictly on the straight and narrow." Then after a pause, "Though Yvonne sure don't believe me.

"Celibate as a judge," he said. "Ha-ha, that should be 'sober as a judge'. Well, celibate as a what, monk?" A slight pause, again to sense my reaction, I think. "Celibate," he repeated, "except for jacking off." He glanced furtively at me.

"We all do that!" I said laughingly, trying to sound sympathetic.

"Really?" There was an uncertainty in this reply. "Do you? I mean, I suppose you're single, so ..." He stopped himself, but then asked, sounding genuinely concerned, "It's been what, five, six years since your wife—er, Elizabeth, isn't it—um, passed on?" I nodded.

"You seen anyone since then?"

I told him I hadn't, but as he had been so open with me, I felt the need to reassure him. "Well I do, um, well, um, jerk off. But not very often. Have to be careful, with the kids n'all. I sleep with the door open; they sometimes come wandering through at night. So the opportunities are rare. Anyway, as someone said, 'Sex is bad for one, but

oh so good for two.'"

He laughed at my quip, and the mood lightened. At that there was a huge flash of lightening, very close by, and the storm that had been building up, suddenly vented itself on the town. We grabbed our bottles and scampered inside, laughing, breaking the sombre mood.

Luc fetched another two beers from the fridge. I motioned, "Not for me," but he looked disappointed, so I said, "Ok, what the hell. We've not starting early tomorrow, are we?"

He shook his head. We chatted for a while about our kids: his pride in Emily's achievements; my concern about how their mother's death might have affected my two. I sat up on my bed; he lounged on the sofa, with his feet up. We were more or less facing each other.

After a while, the conversation lapsed. I was contemplating taking up my book again, when he began hesitantly. "Matt, you had much sexual experience?" I explained that apart from Liz, there'd only been a few prior girlfriends, mostly just youthful dabbling.

I sensed there was something more, that he wanted to say something, something there behind the question, so I didn't elaborate. "You?" I asked him instead. "Your words, you were a 'horny little bugger'. But you were quite young, so you couldn't have had too much experience before then, surely? Before Yvonne, I mean. And since, well you said, you and Yvonne haven't ..."

"As I said, no sex for six months now," he replied, before adding with a wry smile, "Well, other than the frequent, uh, wanking." He paused.

"A while back, Yvonne and I had one God Almighty fight, you see. About sex. Partly." Again a pause. "She accused me of having the affair. But as I said, actually I haven't. Pretty damn sure she has, though. Actually, I told her what I knew, or surmised. She denied it. It got ugly. We said some pretty nasty things to each other. Well really, she did, more than me. She used stuff against me. Things I'd told her, private things." Then he added, bitterly, "My 'proclivities'." He gestured the quotations marks with his fingers.

I sensed a turmoil, as though he was trying to decide. "She told me I'm perverted."

"Oh?" Not wanting to sound judgemental, I continued, "Listen, Luc, I don't want to pry. But if you need to talk, you can. What's said in this room

stays in this room.”

“Thanks.”

I got up, and turned the TV volume down. It was only music, not loud, but I sensed it was distracting.

“Go on,” I said.

“I, uh, had tried something. With her, Yvonne. Something that has always turned me on, but had never got a chance to, uh, do. Anyway, now she throws it in my face. Constantly. And shit, did she do that that night.

“It’s something that’s always turned me on though. Since before I knew her. But fuck, how I wish I’d never mentioned it to her!” His spoke barely above a whisper. But his voice had a sharp edge.

I sensed his anger, but behind that, a vulnerability. I waited.

“It was before things had gotten really bad with us. No, actually, that was what fucked things up good ‘n solid. Before then, things were bad, but there was still a relationship of sorts. After I mentioned “that”, it was dead. And shit, does she like to rub my nose in it now.” He had finished.

“What, I mean, uh, what did you want to ...”

He interrupted me, and his voice was intense, though he still spoke quietly. “I tried to lick her feet.” He said it almost like a challenge.

I had to swallow a laugh. Obviously this was a big deal for him. But I’d been expecting something really kinky, like, uh, I’m not sure. But certainly not that.

“You tried to lick her feet? And you’re turned on by that?”

His voice softened. “I had an experience as a kid. My first time, actually. I was young. Since then, it’s something I’ve always fantasized about. Feet! That doesn’t make me depraved.” It was much more a question than a declaration. And he was now really speaking in a whisper. “Does it?”

“Feet?” I asked, trying to sound as neutral as possible. I wasn’t judging him, but it wasn’t something I’d ever thought about before.

“Yeah,” he said flatly. “You think it weird?”

My tone was measured, “Weird? Well, uh, no.” Then I added, “No, I’ve heard of it. Never occurred to me to try it, though.” Then to reassure him, “But there’s nothing wrong with it, per se. I certainly wouldn’t judge you for it.” I paused again.

Something’s Afoot

“What made Yvonne go off pop about it? I mean, it’s not as though ...”

“I know. You’d think I’d asked her to ram a fucking donkey’s dick up her cunt or somethin’.” I was taken aback by his vehemence, and his voice was bitter. Then it softened, “So you don’t think I’m twisted?”

“Twisted? No, absolutely not,” I replied, almost laughing. Then, to reassure him further, “Tell me about it. Explain it to me.”

“Yeah? You sure?”

I nodded, though I knew he was looking down and not at me.

“I kinda got seduced by my cousin. When I was 11, about, maybe 12. My first experience. She was older, 16 or so. She, um, got me to, um, start on her toes, and work my way up. All the way up. But I enjoyed the feet part the most.”

We both smiled, me to reassure him that I wasn’t judging him, and he at the relief of sharing, or maybe at the memory.

“And then?” I asked.

“Well, we only ever did it once, Debbie ‘n me. But then it became a fantasy for me. Still, only ever a fantasy, until I tried it with Yvonne that night.” Again, I sensed his vulnerability.

“But since that big fight, it’s got stronger, the urge. Licking feet, sucking toes. Worshipping feet.” Then in the quietest of whispers, so much so that I really did have to strain to hear him, “It’s more or less all I think about when I, ah, you know, jack off. It’s almost an obsession now. I get so turned on by the thought of licking feet and friggin’ sucking toes.”

Not wanting to seem judgemental, but also because this was somewhat intriguing, I asked, “But what is it about that that turns you on?”

“Dunno,” he said, pausing. “Must be my twisted little mind,” he said, using that word again, trying to lighten the mood, though I sensed he felt emotionally exposed. “Maybe it was ‘cos it was my first time.”

“You mean with your cousin?”

“Yeah, with anyone. You know, ‘the first cut is the deepest’, ‘n all that.”

“S’pose,” I replied. “But it doesn’t necessarily have to go that way.” But concerned he would take that for disapproval, I added, “What makes it such a, um ... How exactly does the

Continued on pg 102

DHM Fan ~ Andrew Apollon



Tom

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Tom





Tom





**MODELS
WANTED**
MEN OF ALL SIZES

DHM
IS LOOKING FOR
MEN WHO WANT
TO SHOW OFF!!

**GOT WHAT
IT TAKES?
MESSAGE HERE
AND WE WILL
GET BACK TO
YOU!**

fantasy play out?”

“Oh, you know.” He stopped. But I think sensing I would be ok with it, he began, “Uh, I guess I start with the feet, slowly. The tops first. Then work my way around to the bottoms, then on to the toes.” He went on, haltingly at first, then warming to it, explaining his feet worship. “But it don’t end there,” he said, looking up at me directly for the first time. “I do move on, up the legs, then, um, onto the pathway to heaven.”

We both smiled at that, before he added, “Oh, shit! You’re getting me riled up now, just thinking about it.” I think he blushed. But he continued, “It’s just something about feet. God alone knows why, but they sure are a turn-on for me. Perhaps I should’ve gone down to the pool for that swim. Maybe I could’ve played with her toes under the water. Shit, feet, ah!” Again he smiled, though I sensed he was feeling vulnerable at having revealed so much.

I’m not sure why I said it; partly, but only partly, because I was intrigued by the whole thing. But there was more, much more, behind my offer. “Well here’s a pair for you,” I said, uncrossing my feet. “If you want.”

“Yeah, right!” He said, sceptical. But when I remained silent, he said tentatively, “You serious? You’d let me?”

“Sure, if you want. Here they are.”

“But, dude, you’re a, er, a dude.”

“So I’m led to believe,” it was my turn to tease. “But if you want to have a go, help yourself,” I said, flexing my toes.

He still didn’t quite seem to believe it, his good fortune, so I motioned him over.

We looked at each other. Long and hard. Still incredulous, he said, “For real? You’d let me?”

In dead earnest now, I simply said, “No, I’d like it. Go for it.”

We both did and said nothing for a few moments. The mist in my mind was clearing: those thoughts from high school, long since banished, were resurfacing. I suspected his mind was abuzz—his fantasy about to come true, but probably not unfolding as he’d imagined it. I was, after all, a man.

Very hesitantly, he got up from the chair, and knelt at the foot of my bed. He reached out and

touched my foot, cautiously. When I didn’t retract it, he held it more firmly, before bringing his face close to it. He inhaled deeply.

I was going to joke that it was lucky for him that I was fresh out the shower, but then was glad I remained silent so that I didn’t destroy the mood for him.

More confidently now, he caressed both my feet. He massaged them gently, then hesitantly kissed them. He seemed mesmerized, and he began licking them, top and bottom, then he sucked my toes, sometimes individually, sometimes in pairs or threes. For me, at first, it was merely fascinating, but then I began to find it arousing. Here was this gorgeous guy—a guy, I reminded myself—sucking my toes, and clearly in ecstasy about it. I sat up in bed and took my T-shirt off. He seemed barely to notice. He was moaning softly as he lapped at my heels and gulped on my toes.

I started rubbing my nipples, circling them, pinching them gently till they stood firmly erect. I leant forward and ran my fingers across his head. He didn’t move away, but he continued his attentions to my feet.

By now my cock was completely hard, and I slid my hand inside my shorts. “Ah,” I sighed, still not sure how far this would go. I started rubbing it, not sure if he was aware of what I was doing. Eventually, I took it out, massaging it rhythmically. I leant forward and whispered to him to take his shirt off. He paused from working on my feet, looked up at me, and maybe for the first time, noticed that my dick was out. He winked, giving me that impish smile I’d seen so often the last few days.

“Mmm,” was all he said. He reached down and took off his shirt. Now my hands reached hungrily towards his body. He had a tattoo arching above his bellybutton, something written in Sanskrit—लूक बेयोन्द् वहत योउ सी. (Later I found out it meant. “Look beyond what you can see”.) I cautiously touched his nipples; when he didn’t move away, I pinched them gently. He reacted with a sharp intake of breath, followed by a sigh of contentment. Still he focussed his mouth on my feet.

I could feel my cock straining for release, so I said, “You ok if I take these off,” as I started to ease my shorts down. He didn’t reply. Instead he

pulled his shorts off too, revealing what I can only describe as a stupendous cock. Fat, rather than particularly long, it was surrounded at the base by a bush of dark hair. Still not completely hard, it was uncut, with the foreskin halfway down the head. I reached across to hold it, the first adult penis I'd ever touched—'cept mine, of course. Now it was my turn to gasp, "Fuuuck!" Again, he looked up at me and smiled.

"Take me," he said.

Both of us now fully naked, I held his cock, even more impressive as it swelled to full tumescence. Hesitantly, I brought my face towards it. "So this is what I've been yearning for all these years," I realized.

Inexpertly, I opened my mouth to take him but he mouthed, "Slowly." He inserted the tip of my big toe in his mouth, and I understood. I mimicked his movements. He circled the tip of my big toe with his tongue. I did likewise with mine on his cock. There was a drop of pre-cum glistening on his hole. Gingerly I guided my tongue to it. Then slowly as he sucked my toe deeper, I let his cock slide deeper into my mouth. I knew my feet were clean, but from him there was the subtle man-smell from his glorious cock. I inhaled deeply. I pulled his foreskin down as his dick slid all the way into my mouth.

My own cock was hard, and I reached down to massage it. I was surprised as he gently pushed my hand away, and he gripped it instead. He didn't massage it, sensing that would take me over the edge, but held onto it tightly instead. "Oh, Matt, that feels amazing," he said, echoing my very thoughts. "Who'd have thought ..."

He started massaging my cock gently, still working on my toes with his tongue. I felt I was about to erupt. "Easy, easy," he whispered, slowing his movements. "Let's make this last." And with that he got onto the bed, crouching over me with his head at my feet. He continued to lap at my feet, but now I had a view of his big balls, hanging low, and of his magnificent, beautiful butt. It was covered in soft hair, almost invisible because it was so fair. While he worked my toes, I sat forward and caressed his big, low-hanging balls. "Mmmmm," was all he said.

He continued to lick my feet, balancing himself on one hand while he massaged my cock with his other. I wanted this to be a shared
Something's Afoot

experience, so gently I manoeuvred him onto his side, so that we were lying head to toe. Still squeezing his fat cock, I put his toes in my mouth. Initially, it wasn't particularly erotic for me, but his reaction made it worthwhile. "Oh fuck, oh fuck! Jesus!" he exclaimed over and over. Taking my cue from how he'd worked on mine, I sucked his toes and licked his feet. His moans of, "Christ! Oh yes, shit!" just added to my excitement.

Knowing I couldn't hold on much longer, and still sucking his toes, I increased the pace on his cock. He responded likewise on mine. There was now no stopping either of us. I felt his balls tighten, and then a huge spasm of jism shot into the air, with mine following a moment later. Five, six, seven spasms, then another, as we jerked each other's cocks wildly. I could feel cum spraying all over as our bodies convulsed in ecstasy. I collapsed back on the bed, gasping, too sated even to think about what would come next. Once I'd caught my breath, I leant over and licked his feet a last time, homage to his desire. But he, Luukas Gretzky, then turned himself fully around and propped himself on a pillow beside me. I lay back, spent, my thoughts swirling in confusion. I felt him rubbing our bellies, mixing our cum together. With that devilish smile only he possessed, he brought his finger to his lips and licked off the cum. "Wanna taste some honey, honey?" he then asked me, cheeky as ever. And in fact, I did want to. But instead of putting his finger in my mouth, he leant over and kissed me. Quite deeply. Another first. And I suppose that was also my first taste of cum. Our cum, mixed together, on this tongue.

He propped himself back on one arm, facing me and, smiled. "Who'd have thought? Where the fuuuck did that come from?"

Still breathless, all I could do was to reply honestly, "Was awesome." My mind was racing, though I was content.

He grinned, a real, happy smile. "Yeah! Say, you are one hot fuck. And your feet ..." And again, "Who would have thought? With a dude!" I laughed in reply, but he continued,

"Know what? I think, as they say in the classics, this could be the start of a beautiful, er, bromance. What say you, bro?"

And with that, he started rubbing my foot with his big toe.

Derrick

Photography
by

**Alex
Torres**









Derrick





"Just give me your cum. Shoot that shit all over me. I wanna be covered in cop cum!" I panted as I continued to work his cock for my reward.

"Damn, you're a persistent fucker," he replied. "Well, if you want it, get ready."

"Yes, yes, I'm ready," I confirmed eagerly. I pulled harder on his ball stretcher and frantically jacked away on his cock. "Shoot that cum in my face."

"Oh, you're gonna get the biggest load you ever had shot in that pretty face of yours," he grunted.

"Yes, sir. Please, sir."

"Oh fuck," he grunted as he finally began to fuck his cock through my flying fist instead of just letting me do all the work. "Gonna shoot a big load for you, boy."

"Give it to me!"

"I wanted to give it to you the moment I first saw you," he panted.

"I wish you would have."

"Wanted to whip out my cock and have you feed on it right there beside the road," he groaned.

"Oh fuck, I wish you had."

"Well, get ready for it now, Bobby," Officer Wright groaned.

"Yes, Officer Wright!"

"OH FUCK," he roared as he continued to fuck my fist. "HERE IT CUMS!"

"Yes, yes, yes," I moaned with every thrust. "Shoot that load all over me."

"I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SHOOT THIS LOAD ALL DAY!"

"Do it, Officer Wright. Shoot that cop cum all over me," I said, licking my lips.

"FUCK. SHIT. FUCK, YOU COCKSUCKER. YEEEEEEEEEEEEES!" he bellowed. His first load of cum erupted from his cock and smacked me right between the eyes. I felt it roll down over my nose as the next shot of cum flew over my shoulder.

"DON'T WASTE IT!" I yelled with disappointment. I stopped pumping his cock and just used my grip to guide the erupting missiles. Splat on my chin. Splat on my forehead. Splat on my nose. Splat on my cheek. Splat on my forehead again. He just kept cumming and cumming and cumming. I could feel my face becoming more and more covered by his thick, warm goo. When he

finally shot a load right on my upper lip, I eagerly stuck out my tongue and lapped up my first mouthful of his seed.

"I'M NOT FINISHED YET!" Officer Wright yelled when he saw me starting to sit back.

"Sorry, sir," I said, quickly sitting up again. The next load shot right into my mouth as I replied. I closed my lips and rolled the pungent fluid around inside my mouth as another load erupted with dwindling force and landed on my throat. I leaned in closer. Splat on my forehead. Splat on my nose.

"DAMN, BOY!" Officer Wright finally sighed as I watched one final glob of cum ooze out and hang tantalizingly on the end of his dick. I quickly leaned forward to lap up my final reward before it dripped to the floor. The officer laughed and said, "You're one cum-hungry fucker."

"Yes, Officer Wright, I am."

I heard a click and looked up from the dick in front of my face. I froze when I saw Officer Wright had his phone in his hand and was taking pictures of my cum-covered face. "The boys back at the station will never believe this without proof," he said.

"You wouldn't!" I objected as I let go of his cock and reflexively licked up cum that was beginning to run down over my lips.

"That depends."

"On what?" I asked.

"On whether your ass is as talented as your mouth. Is it?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh yes, Officer Wright!" I replied with a huge grin.

"Glad to hear it," he replied, stepping closer and rubbing his cock head in the cum on my face. "I think you're gonna turn out to be the best stop I ever made."

"I hope so, sir." That was all the response I could manage before Officer Wright began using his cock to wipe up his cum and push it into my hungry mouth. I eagerly swallowed every load he pushed into me, and then I sucked his cock into my mouth to lick it clean.

I heard another click and looked up to see Officer Wright using his phone again to take pictures of me with his cock in my mouth. "Just a little more insurance," he said with a wink.

I continued to suck innocently on the officer's spent cock as I casually reached into my pocket and pulled out my own phone. When I had

Yes, Officer Wright

it out and in hand, my phone, that is, I slipped off of Officer Wright's cock, flipped around quickly, and took a selfie with his cock against my cheek and his uniform and face clearly visible above me. I turned my head sideways and took more pictures as I licked his balls and the leather separator that still kept them nice and tight even though they were spent.

"You little shit," he said gruffly. I froze until he started to laugh.

"Just a little insurance of my own, Officer Wright," I smiled up at him.

"I don't think you'll be needing that," he replied with a wink. "Damn, look what you made me do." I felt him kick my thigh with the toe of his boot, so I looked down.

"Sorry, sir," I said when I saw splatters of cum on his shiny black boots.

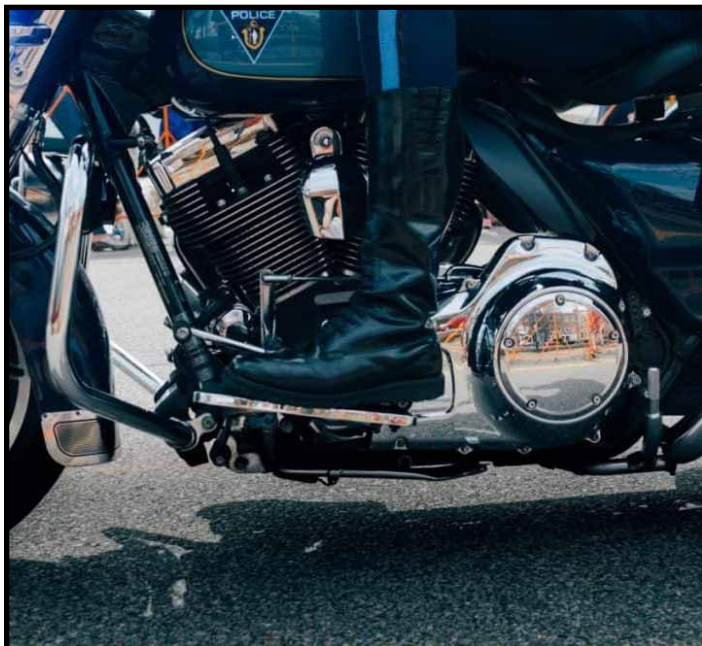
"Don't be fucking sorry. Just clean it up," he ordered. "Spit's the best polish in the world."

"Yes, sir," I replied eagerly. I leaned down and began to lick his boots clean, but as I did so, I felt my body loose control. "Oh shit," I groaned as I felt my balls being unloaded and my cock spasming to fill my underwear with cum.

"Am I gonna have to give you a ticket for unauthorized discharge?" he asked with a laugh.

"Yes, Officer Wright," I replied with a sheepish grin. "I'm afraid so."

To be continued....

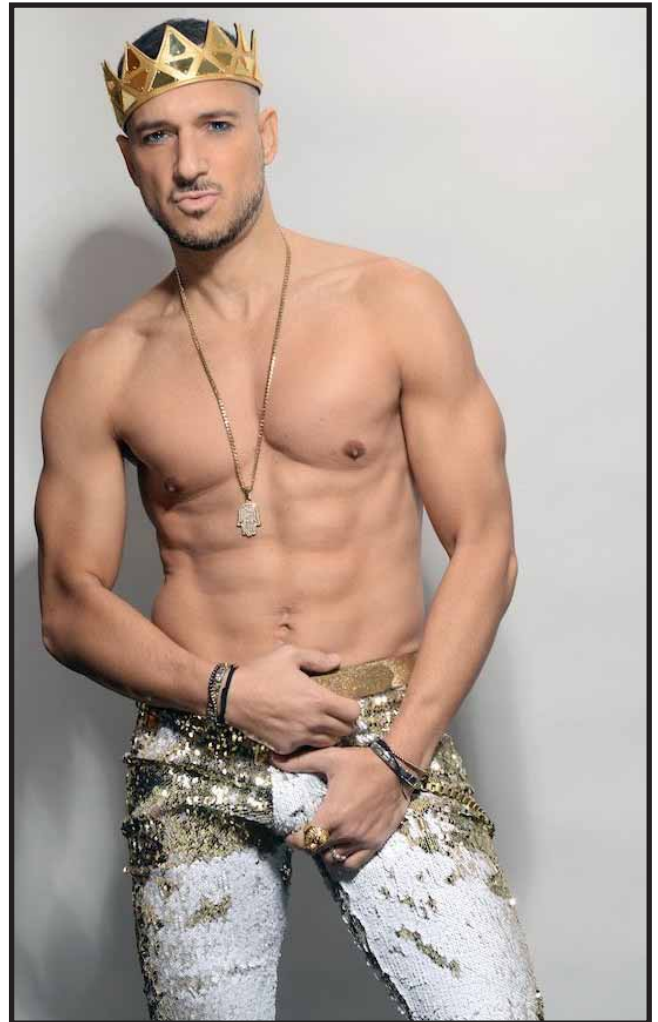


Yes, Officer Wright

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