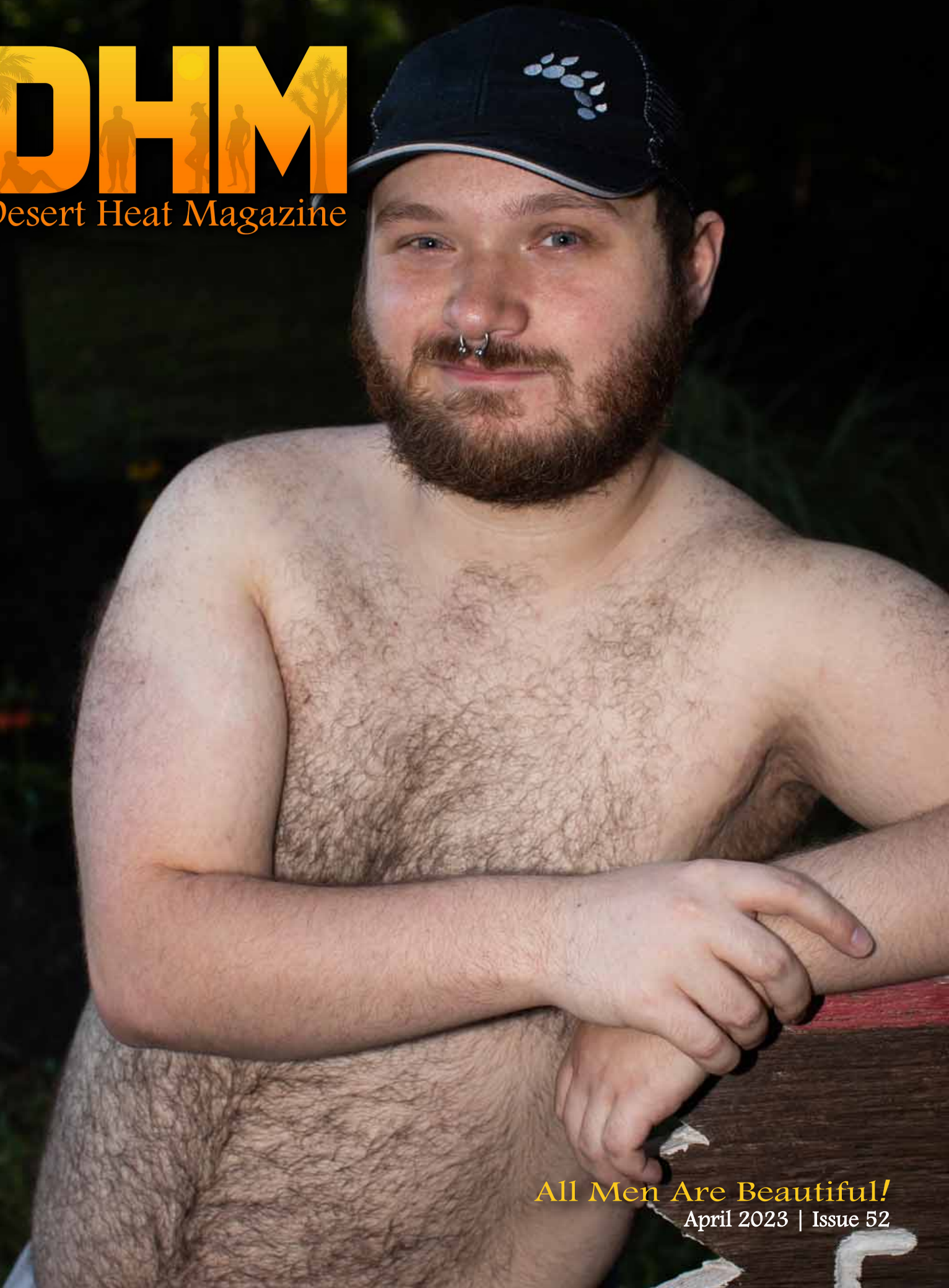


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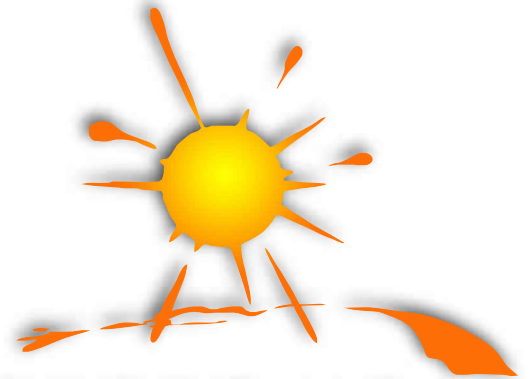
All Men Are Beautiful!
April 2023 | Issue 52

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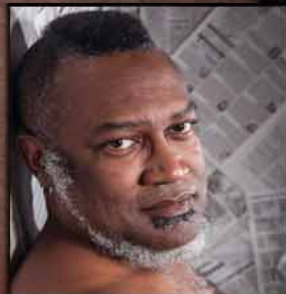
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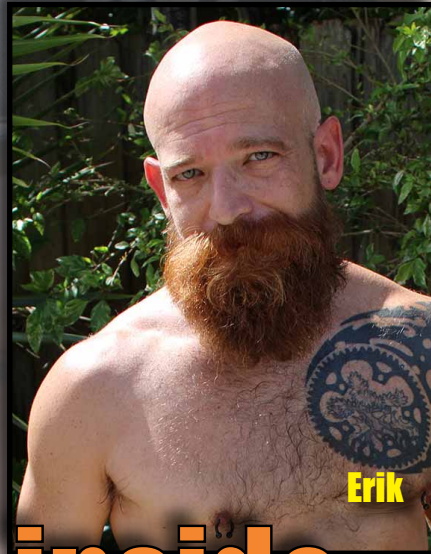
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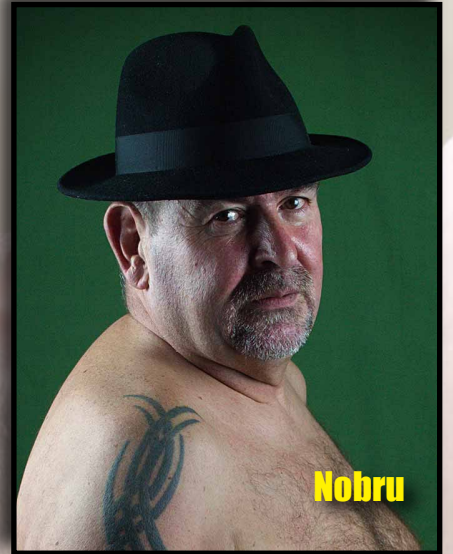
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Opposites



Erik



Nobru

who's inside...



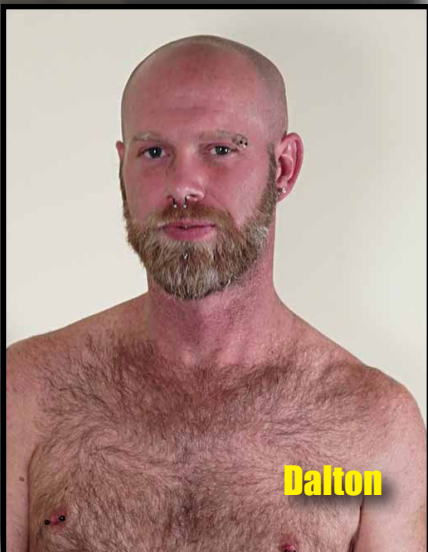
Trey



Zen



Robert & Tobbe



Dalton



Shaun



Zealeo

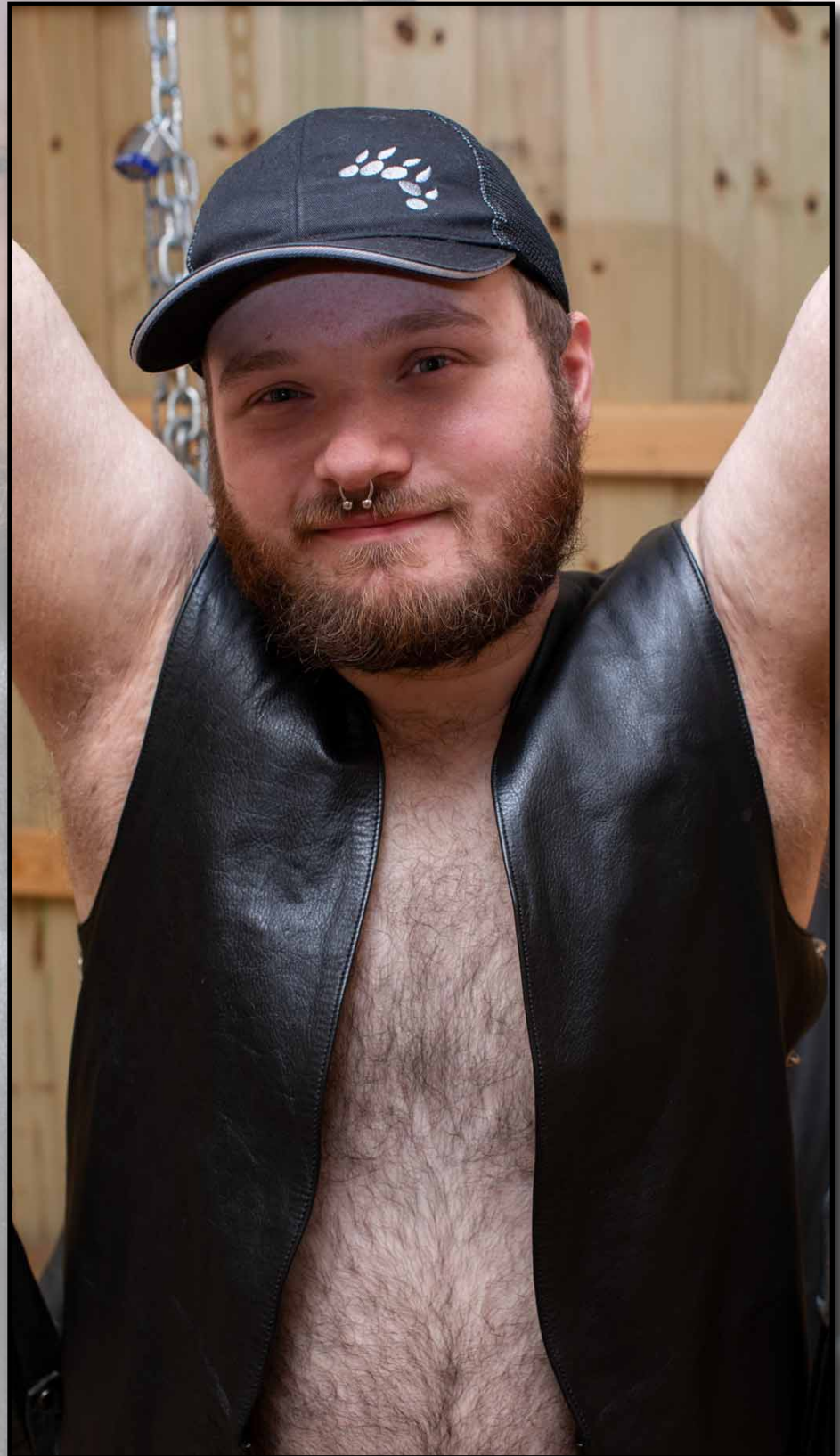
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Ramblings from the Editor

So, I have a question for the readers! It's a serious question that I would love for someone to hit me up on social media, doesn't matter which platform, and discuss. And don't worry, I don't drag people for opposing opinions or ideas. I am not a cancel culture kind of person. I believe we all have a right to our free expression of ideas as long as they are not expressions that hurt, degrade, or demoralize other people. Hell, I have enough of my own opinions on things and I am definitely not afraid to share them, but they will never take someone down while lifting me up.

So, the question is, why are so many people up in everyone else's sex life? What I mean by this, why are people so involved with what people do behind closed doors or even private spaces designed for those type of encounters? Why do people feel the need to express their opinion on what type of sex someone should have or who they should have it with?

It is becoming ever more prevalent with this Christian Right bullshit you see all over the television and news. Christian's, think they have the morality over women, gays, trans, black, brown, or anyone else that are different than them. Their so-called "moral superiority" leads them to tell people who and what they can do behind closed doors.

And then this bleeds out into the LGBTQ community (God only knows why or how) with members of our community telling people that bisexuality isn't real, or that a trans man is not a man, or that this or that kink is disgusting, or

even complaining about the age of someone having sex with someone else.

What the fuck is this all about? When did the LGBTQ community start having so much in common with the so-called moral Christians? And why the fuck are we not doing something to shoot this shit down? Whatever happened to fighting for the right to be and express yourself how you want to? What is happening to our freedoms? And throw in these fucking nutjob politicians and the mess becomes even deeper!

Come on people! We are better than this. While someone's kink or fun might not be your definition of fun, why do you have to bag on it, or for that matter even talk about it? If it isn't your thing, then just don't do it, but don't tell others they are disgusting or try to take away that person's rights or feelings to enjoy themselves!! We should and

can do better!

And on a different front, I started a FB page due to quite a few people on other social media sites asking for it. Not a big FB person here, but I try to do what I can for the readers. If you are on FB, click the link on the ad in the Issue and give the page a follow!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



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Trey Taylor















SARGE'S QUARTERS

Insights into the world of leather by **Sarge**

One of my favorite things about the leather/fetish/kink community is the sheer diversity in our sexual interests. I have long been a supporter of the idea that when it's between two consensual adults (or more, or solo) then that is up to them to decide. My favorite way to describe this is "don't yuck anyone else's yum".

There is very little sexually that I have not seen or experienced, but that doesn't mean I am shocked or even mildly surprised when I hear of a new interest that was not on my radar. That also doesn't mean that because there is a new fad fetish that I must be immediately interested in partaking. It also doesn't mean that anyone with a lack of interest should be given the right to tell anyone their interests are gross or wrong.

One of these growing trends is autonepiophilia or more commonly known as Adult Baby Syndrome. This particular fetish has been gaining attention and followers over the last several years with more and more people publicly declaring their love of age play. Now mind you, not all diaper wearers are into age play, some just like the feel and convenience of the diaper itself. Others will dive in deep and role-play the full baby scene with rattles and

bottles. There are varying degrees of involvement from simply wanting to wear them for comfort, to being sexually aroused, to being turned on by the sound the diaper makes when you walk in them. It may go without saying, but diapers also take watersports and scat play to a different place than we may already be familiar with. Being a subset of the yellow and brown hanky crowd is one of the reasons so many people take the yuck mindset right away. They will immediately dismiss, avoid, or whisper behind the back of someone that could be interested in these activities for no other reason than they cannot picture themselves enjoying it.

Aside from fetishes being yucked in the public eye, there are also lifestyles that are often whispered about. Polyamory being one that has been around for centuries that some people still refuse to try and understand or relate to. For those that may be a new term for, it is the practice of, or desire for, romantic relationships with more than one person at the same time. In layman's terms open relationships. In the history of words this one is relatively new only coming into existence in the early 90's and not embraced by Oxford until 2006. This does not mean it is a new practice, but it does give a more precise adjective for unmarried partners that are polyamorous.

There are many that still believe in the traditional one on one relationship and anything else would be considered cheating or infidelity. However, in our culture we have widely accepted threesomes and extra-curricular sex partners for a long time and it is quite commonplace. Despite it being a regular part of our society there are still those whispers in the hallway when they see a man and his two, or three or four boys. Honestly, I think a lot of the chatter stems from jealousy, as it is mostly young, single idealists that “would never be involved in a relationship where I wasn’t the most important”. They often are heard saying things like “ I can’t get one decent man, how does he get two”. Those are the attitudes of people that seem to imitate their heteronormative upbringings over truly seeking what they desire.

Humans are animals, we have instincts and often act on them. Personally I do not believe any person is fully capable of monogamy; since it is simply not the way we are designed. Being gay or bi doesn’t change that we are hardwired to breed and procreate, those men in the queer community still have the same animal instincts to spread their seed in the pursuit of pleasure. It has only been the last 1,000 years or so that monogamy has been idealized and a social design as acceptable. That leads me to explain there are lots of different types of relationships for people. Almost as many as their are genders and sexualities. Finding a person that fits into your idea of love and partnering.

Just from being in the community over 30 years the people I have encountered that are in open relationships are emotionally monogamous, but sexually poly. I’m guessing at this, mostly because there does not seem to be any hardline data, but this would seem to be the most common based on my own history. This simply means they separate sex from love. These types of relationships usually consist of rules of engagement that the couple determines when, who, and even sometimes how you can relate to bringing in a temporary sex partner. Let’s be

clear though, this is not polyamorous since there is no emotional attachment, just physical.

In total contrast we also have folks that do love others in their relationships, cohabit and thrive. In recent years the term throuple has been tossed around for relationships of three. Threesomes, triads, ménage à trois, trio, troilism is definitely not a dirty little secret any longer and has become widely accepted. Some folks don’t stop there. They have successful long term committed relationships with several people all living communally and enjoying extra-curricular sex with folks outside of their group and of course together.

What all this has to do with yuck and yum is that not every person, whether they are straight, gay, bi, non-binary, trans, or any label at all, should be expected to have the same taste that you have. If you are a serial monogamist that craves all the attention from one person and one person only there is nothing wrong with that. If you are a person that wants a harem full of puppies, boys, furies or whatever subset works for you, then there is also nothing wrong with that.

My perspective is to let people love who they want, and have sex with who they want in the manner that is right for them. Be happy that others have found their niche, or were at least willing to try. There is no need to constantly “yuck” on folks that have in many cases found the joy and key to their existence. If you open your mind your heart will follow, so when you have friends that invite you to brunch and introduce you to their new partner you are not as quick to judge them. Ask the questions without malice. Are you happy? Does this work for you? That is all you need to know, but if you have other concerns or feelings about it communicate that with the people you call your friends. Learn the dynamic and appreciate they have what they desire even if it doesn’t fit into your plans of relationships. The very same goes with fetishes, kinks, subsets of leather and life in general. The more we communicate and learn rather than

snub and walk away the more in-tune we are as a collective. The more we have each others backs and support the tighter we become. There is no much negativity in the world already, we are constantly bombarded with sound bites of people telling us how we are supposed to feel and how we are supposed to act, love, exist. If we show them that we respect our history, the people that have paved our roads to allow us the ability to be ourselves without shame and we show them we respect each other for our differences in the way we love, play and gather whether it is in diapers or leather or rubber or puppy hoods, single, monogamous, in a group whatever the differences are, then we will be happier than the people using their precious time

to belittle others. You don't have to yum what anyone else does, but you can coexist without being negative.

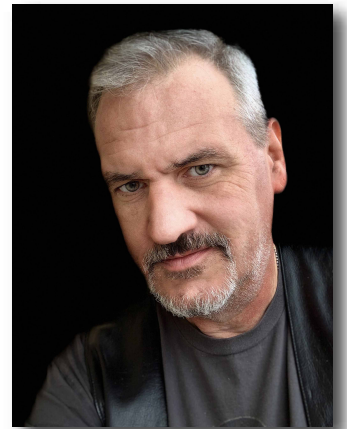
If you have a local leather event that you would like mentioned, or questions regarding the Leather/BDSM community, please feel free to email me. sarge@profilesbySarge.com

In Leather,

Sarge!

Sarge is best known as a contributor in DHM for his incredible eye in capturing the beauty of the men he photographs. His unique vision and passion for male erotic photography has made him one of the most viewed photographers in the Magazine.

He is the Executive Project Manager of International Mr. Leather held over Memorial Day weekend in Chicago. He works diligently to ensure that the competition is a great success each year. This insight, along with his longevity within the leather community, give a unique insight into the world of leather. I am excited to have him not only photographing for the Magazine but now writing for it too!



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Yesterday was a sunny day, in the 70s, which was a nice change with all the rain southern California has gotten recently this rainy winter and spring. I also decided it was a good time to take a trip.

A mushroom trip.

I've done these from time to time, usually to change my point of view on my life and to examine where I think it's headed. The medical community and others have been making some strides in getting this and other psychedelics reclassified. I like psilocybin a lot as it relieves anxiety and leaves me with a sense of connected wellbeing. It's like spring cleaning for the mind.

Before my trip, I came to the realization that I'm still reeling from the events of late last year with my family. I've swept all the abusive "friendships" I've had directly out the front door. I've been through a lot in the past year and what I needed most was clarity. It was time for a reset of sorts. Most of all, it was to get my head on straight and to rescue myself from my own trauma from family and friends who have been... well, less than.

A note: I don't think everyone is capable of the same level of introspection. I don't think that's a brag of any sort. I just know myself and my emotional states. I could sit in my own pity and wallow in that, or I could see past all the nonsense, forgive, and move on to the next chapter of my life. If you're struggling, seek professional help. I've also done so in the recent past. There is absolutely nothing wrong with asking for help. And I hope that's loud enough for all the men cowering in fear in the back.

I came to a realization, after a nice nap on a blanket under my orange tree and watching the bees and birds loving the garden, that one-night stands, cruising, and the sex that happens through all these gay experiences are incredibly sacred and healthy - and most of all, healing. Whether you have a friend with benefits, are part of a polycule or you're on your knees in a truck stop bathroom stall servicing



strangers, you're actively healing all those involved. And yes, faggot - you're healing yourself!

Every act of sharing is a blow to fascism, a shout for gay or trans rights, and a declaration of our sacred light as gay or trans men. With all these hateful bills that are coming to red state halls of politics telling us how to be, live and exist, our love for one another should get stronger and consolidate to defeat this evil of our time.

Please, understand that too much of a "good thing" isn't good for you either. I've learned that I must use discernment and clarify my intent for better results in my magic. The same goes for sex. Are there times I've regretted having sex? You betcha! I'm not telling you to go out and be careless or to put anyone at risk (emotionally, spiritually or physically). Rather, what I'm saying is open yourself up to the possibility of experiencing healing and spiritual connection in the places that we've been conditioned to fear.

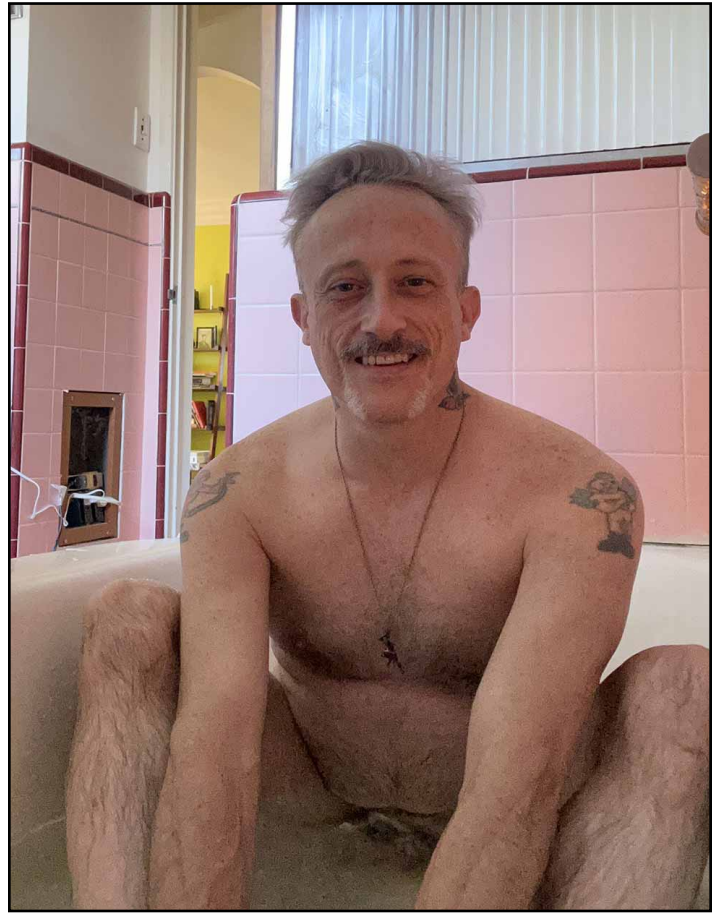
Sex is a tool. Like any tool, it can be used to harm or to heal. What I'm saying is that because sex opens us up to ecstatic states, it can be used as a tool to connect us with the spiritual dimension of life. It can connect us spiritually to one another, it can heal, and it can connect us to God/Goddess/Spirit. I have had



deep meaningful spiritual experiences with a one-night-stand and even in the back room of the Eagle. God/Goddess/Spirit is everywhere - even in the places we have been conditioned to perceive as dirty and bad and a part of our healing is to undo that programming and recognize that He/She/They are with us - loving us and inspiring us to love one another - everywhere.

The love you give to somebody else, is also love you give yourself. Get your STI screenings regularly, but give yourself over to the healing power of gay sex, incorporate your kinks, and communicate with that mouth of yours in whatever form that takes. There is nothing like the crisp, clear honesty of what you are doing and sharing your unique capacity for love that only a gay man can give.

My hope, like a Kinks song, is that love will open the door. Find that space for you to give head, be that fisting top, the foot pig who can't get enough of those sweaty feet, that human urinal, the rope bunny who loves suspension and restraint, that unadulterated cum-dump, or the millions of other things that normies try to shame you for. Embrace who you are with conviction and nothing can stand in your way if you do



it honestly and without unpleasant self-conscious emotion often associated with negative self-evaluation. And for the love of the goddess, STOP KINK SHAMING PEOPLE!

The first step to freedom is unshackling yourself from shame. And you do this by facing what makes you uncomfortable about yourself so you can set it free. Don't bypass what is painful. Face it head on.

I challenge you to have open, frank conversations with your partner(s). I encourage you to go to that Body Electric event to get some human contact or that shibari class to learn about the magic of bondage. But most of all, love yourself and the ones you're with.

Live a magical, sexy life.

See you next month!

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DHM Fan ~ Pierre Aubin

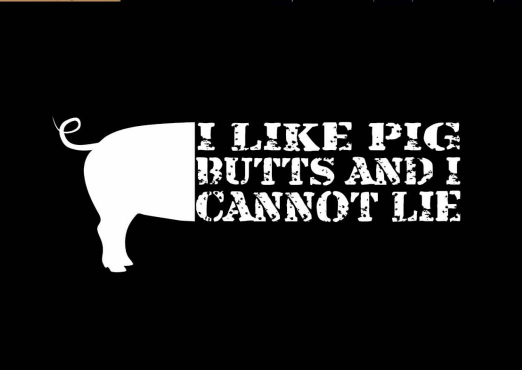
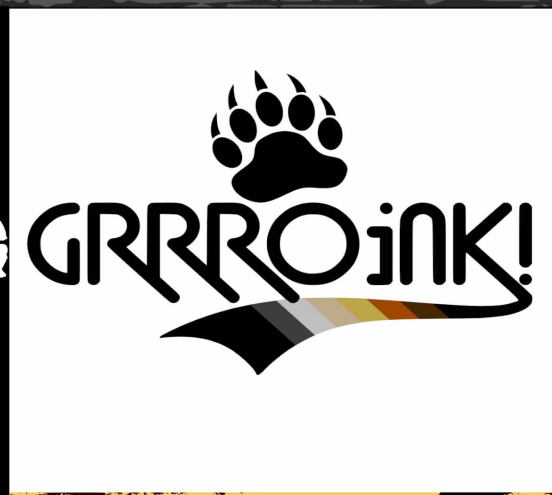




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The Memoirs of Superman's Greatest Fan

Story by R. Jason Collett

Chapter 15

We had arrived at the Fortress about thirty minutes after leaving The Daily Planet. We went right to work on figuring out a way to scan for Jonathan's life signs. We knew that it would be challenging, if at all possible. It was the proverbial hunt for a needle in a haystack.

After a couple of hours, Kelex and Kal had built this device that could scan for Kryptonian life signs and calibrated it not to detect Kal's life signs. I couldn't believe that they were able to build it based on my hair-brained idea. How it worked, I had no idea. Kal would fly over the city with it and scan as he went. I stayed back at the Fortress to monitor his progress. We had modified a two-way handheld radio onto the device so we could be in contact with him as he searched.

I couldn't believe that we had been able to create this scanning device from technology from

the eighties. We just hoped that it would work. There was a little boy out there depending on it.

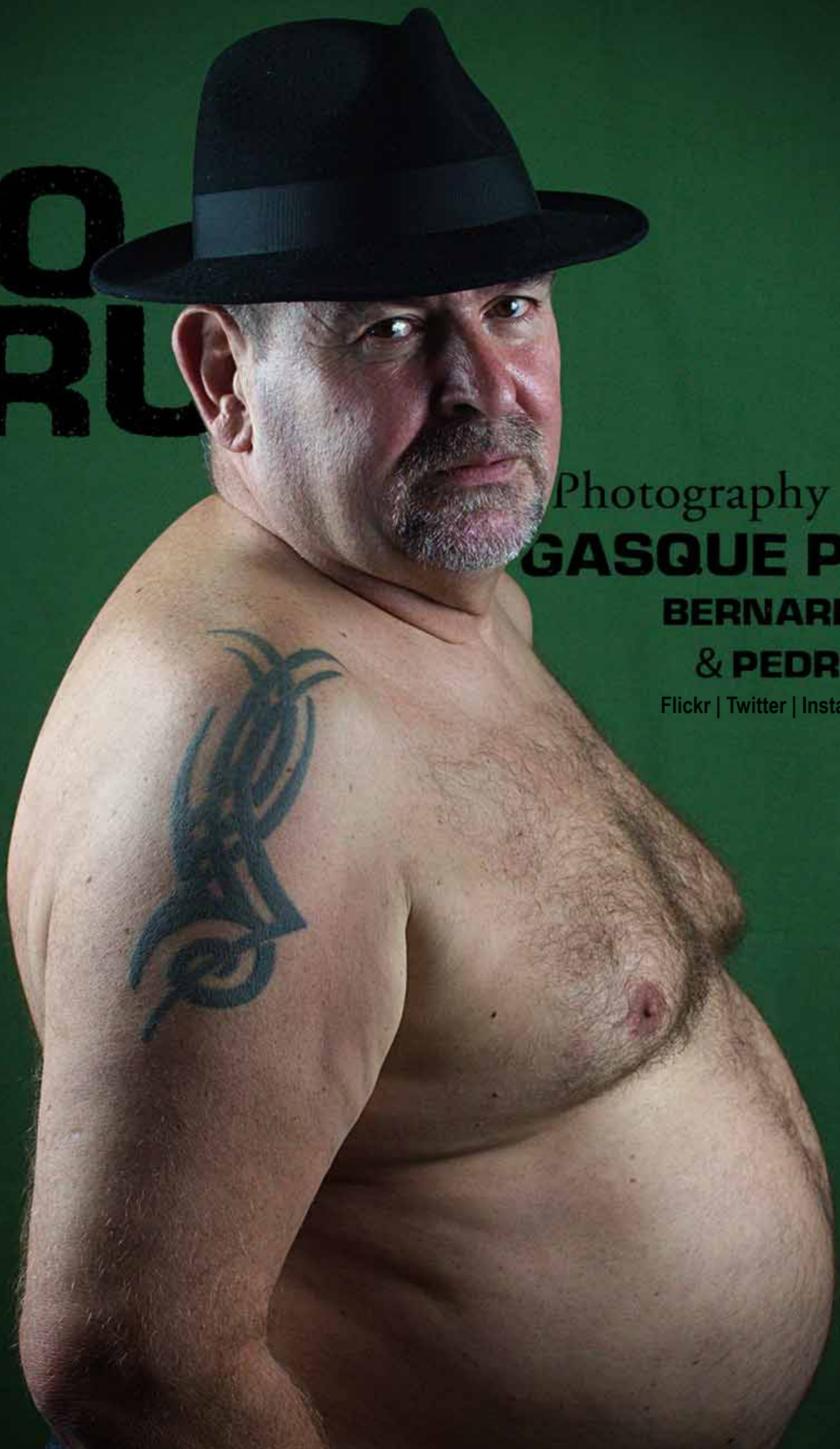
WE DECIDED TO wait till it was dark so that it wouldn't attract attention that Superman was flying around the city. We had laid out a search pattern, with the mall as the starting point. He would start there and work his way around to the edge of the city.

An hour in and he had scanned five square miles and nothing. He would stop searching to help someone and even interrupted a robbery in progress. It was fascinating to hear him as he did.

Close to midnight and after three more hours of searching and saving people, he decided to call it a night and headed back to the Fortress for rest. Even superheroes need to sleep. Since my apartment wasn't safe, we decided to sleep there that night.

Continued on pg 49

**NO
BRU**



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The Bear Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by
Todd Rumsey



BBM – Bears Bikers, and Mayhem (Oh MY!)

You may or may not have heard of BBM – now you can say you have.

Bears Bikers and Mayhem (BBM) is a socially conscious fund-raising event that takes place every May in The Eisenhower Hotel, nestled in the heart of Gettysburg, PA.

Spring has sprung and the Bears are yawning out of hibernation, and the bikers are tuning the hogs. What could immerse but a little bit of Mayhem?

To start any weekend of socialization in one or several forms takes some preparation (no this is not an article on what to eat, and how to douche!) This is about handling the mundane stuff ahead of time, so the fun time can be just that.

Knowing what to expect, dates times places, can be daunting and something as multifaceted as BBM is no different. Thanks to the amazing host Chuck King – there is a plan for that and the website and app development are fantastic. Website can be found at the bottom of the article. On the website you will find banners across the top with all the information you could possibly want.

Home page has all the basics of time and place. About tells you about the not-for-profit charity holding the event, it also explains BBM and its founding and goals.

The Weekend is the schedule, registration, and hotel information including a map for those geographically challenged like myself.

Tickets allows you to purchase run passes, make donations, read the fine print, etc.

Mayhem Contests gives you all the information needed for the run contests such as Mr. Mayhem

Bear, and Mr. Mayhem Leather. Participation is not necessary but makes the event a lot of fun and you never know – you could be wearing the next crown.

Vendors tab is for those wishing to partake in the selling of wares to the registered guests with fees, set up, fine print, etc.

Supporters – is just what you'd expect. Not a look at the newest jockstraps and harnesses, but a place for the volunteers, sponsors, and friends to do what they need to do.

So, now that you're registered, have mapped out the path and arrived at the Eisenhower Hotel in Gettysburg, what's next? I'm glad you asked.

Attending an event like this can be unnerving when you consider the idea of being in a hotel with hundreds of other men, with the same thoughts going through their head (yes both!)

Will anyone notice me, did I brush my teeth, will I get laid, did I pack my poppers? Have no fear-well maybe no big fears anyway. The event is friendly laid back and welcoming to the newbie.

Upon entering for the first time, you check in with the front desk and confirm your room, make payment, and retrieve keys. Its best if everyone staying in the room arrives at the same time if possible. The hotel is very gay friendly and loves this group every year. Have no fear of your privacy, people thinking it's strange for 4 men to use 2 beds, or why they can see your harness sticking out of your button down.

Registering for the event, which was done on the website now also needs to be confirmed. There is a super friendly staff of volunteers and board members to make sure that part goes relatively smooth. You'll offer name and ID and receive, run pass, a packet of information, any appropriate tickets, badges, t shirts, that may be part of your registration. This varies by participant.

Once all the paperwork is done, you are relatively free to participate in as much or as little as you wish. Some first timers tend to hide in their rooms, until they have had a drink, taken a nap, or just tell someone at home they are still alive. All perfectly normal, we have all been there.

Included on the website, and the Yapp app (ask me for an invite, or anyone else once you get there) is a detailed map, schedule, some attendees have posted pix (that means friendly, and you can say hi!) Rest assured, the guys all want everyone to have a good time and the more we all enjoy it, the better it is.

As for the weekend itself, you'll find a little bit of everything.

Pool Parties

Cigar Lounge

Play Spaces

Dance spaces with DJs

Some meals included – some are pay separate.

The Leather and Bear contest- feel free to participate – applaud – encourage – plan for next year.

BBM University – learn some thing new or brush up on a certain kink or some thing you want to explore.

Cuddle rooms – for non-sexual contact

Separate excursions like bowling or a motorcycle ride

BBM is a weekend of fun and frolic for all men that are comfortable in the leather or bear community. This does not exclude anyone because they are not a hairy chested man, don't have leather harnesses and chaps, or have never driven a motorcycle. Come with an open mind and a comfort to hang out with some of the coolest people I have ever met. Details can be found for the event at the below listed website.

www.bearsbikersandmayhem.com

Hope to see you there **May 4-7, 2023**

Essentially yours, Todd

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Continued from pg 30

We were snuggled together in the bed in silence, both of us lost in our thoughts. We were both disappointed that we didn't find Jonathan that night. It made me doubt that the device we built wasn't working even though I kept telling myself that we just hadn't found him yet.

I could tell that Kal was restless and that he wanted to get back out there and continue searching and honestly, I wasn't that tired either.

"Come on." I said as I jumped out of bed. Kal looked at me strangely. "Neither one of us is sleepy and I can tell you want to get back out there so let's do it." He didn't say a word but got out of bed. He was putting on his suit as I headed to the control room (as I called it) and prepared the device.

When he came in, I showed him on a map the last place he searched so he could start from there. He took the device, kissed me and left. All I could do is wait and hope that we found him.

THREE HOURS LATER and still no sign of Jonathan. I was getting tired and Kelex had come to help me track Kal's progress on the map. I knew that Kal had to be tired but we were determined to find his son.

I could feel myself dozing off when I heard a beep come through the radio that meant that it was detecting Kryptonian life signs.

"Kal, did you hear that?"

"Yes. I am trying to locate it now." His voice crackled back over the radio. I could hear the beeping getting louder. "I think I found him. I can see him in an abandoned warehouse with my X-Ray vision." Kal said. "Kelex, call in an anonymous tip to the police about his whereabouts. Joseph, be ready, I am coming back to get you."

Kelex did as instructed and I went to get dressed. Kal was back by the time I got dressed and we went back to the apartment, landing on the balcony. This was the first time I was seeing the place after they had been there. Thankfully everything was fine and the landlord had already replaced the front door that had been broken by my attackers when they broke in looking for me.

Kal had changed clothes and we waited for the phone to ring.

IT RANG THIRTY minutes later. We had both dozed off on the couch. I answered it and it was the detective, telling us that they had found Jonathan and arrested the guys that had kidnapped him. He gave us the address, which we already knew, and called for a taxi.

We were there within twenty minutes and there were several police cars with flashing lights and the area was roped off. They let us through when we walked up and we were quickly taken to an ambulance where paramedics were looking over Jonathan. He was crying as we walked over. Kal picked him up immediately and held him.

The paramedic told us he looked fine other than needing a bath and looked to be a bit malnourished but didn't appear to be in any distress. He advised that we take him to the hospital for further examination but said that we could also take him to Jonathan's doctor if we preferred. We chose the latter.

After about thirty minutes that seemed like an eternity, we were able to go home. My car had been located in the warehouse but since it was evidence, I wasn't able to drive it home so a police officer drove us home.

After we bathed and fed Jonathan, we laid down in the bed with him. We were both so relieved to have him back and that he was okay. He was all smiles and giggles as we laid beside him. Exhaustion took over as Kal and I both fell asleep.

We took Jonathan to his doctor the next day for a checkup and was told that he was okay. Kal went to work afterwards and I took Jonathan home. It was great to have everything back to normal.

Chapter 16

1997

The past ten years were uneventful for the most part. I had fully healed from my mugging

Continued on pg 61

MODELS WANTED

MEN OF ALL SIZES



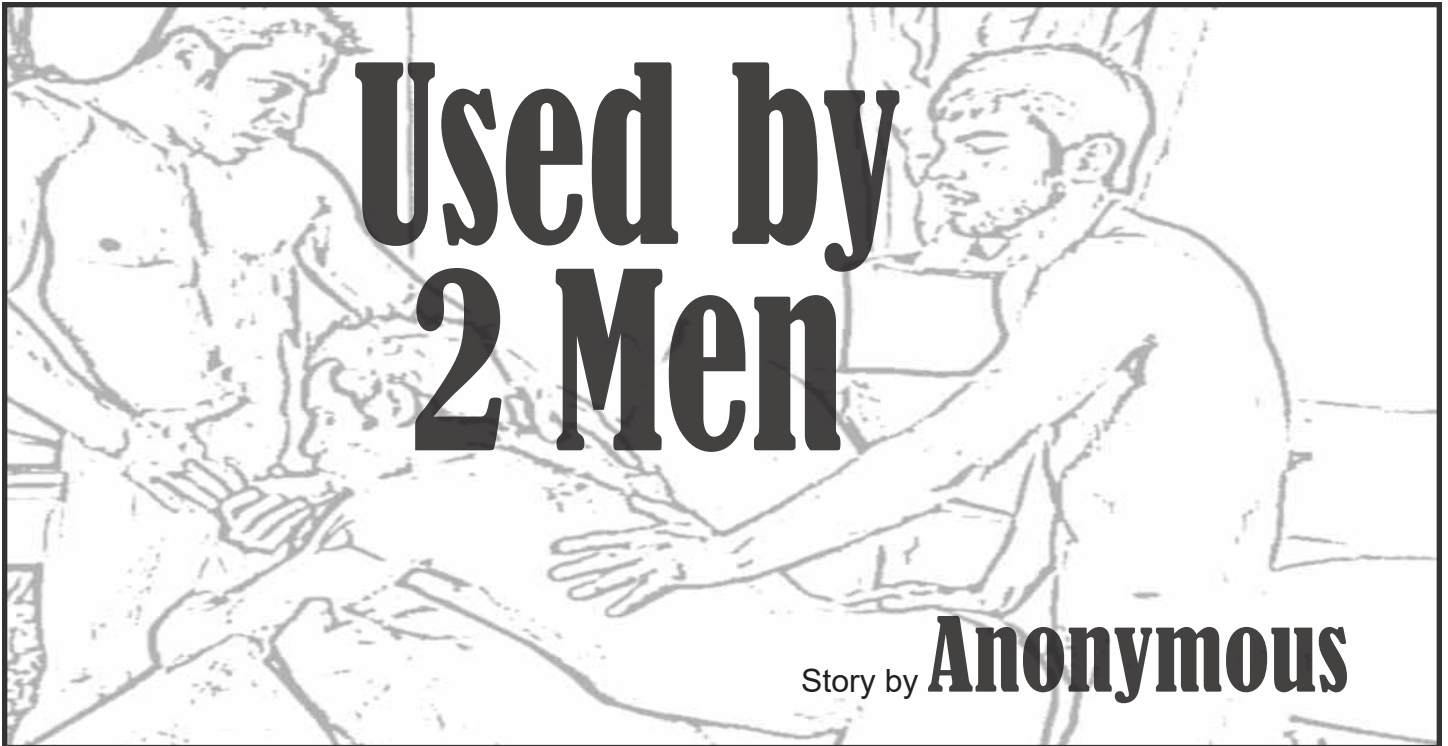
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Used by 2 Men

Story by **Anonymous**

I was out of town a couple of days for a conference from work. On Friday night I was drinking with these two dudes I met there. I think they were cousins. By the end of the night and we being completely drunk, I invited them to go to my hotel room. There the chat continued and we slowly went into horny topics. One of the guys was bi like me. The other one was straight. At least until that day.

We started talking about our sexual accomplishments and the talk got so horny and we were so drunk we ended up jerking off. I couldn't take my eyes out of their cocks, and they noticed, one of them joked asking me if I wanted them to fuck me, and even though I knew it was a joke and I laughed, I actually said yes. That's how drunk I was, and that's how drunk they were because after a little discursion we were all set on doing it.

Before I knew it we were all nude. The queer cousin already rock hard with one of the condoms I brought to the trip just in case. And with me applying some of the lube I brought to the trip just in case. And the straight cousin, the most hesitant watching us from a chair also rock hard stroking his cock.

I couldn't believe, but there I was over the bed on my knees and spreading my butt cheeks while the queer cousin was finding his way inside me. Then I'm on all fours taking him in slowly, moaning a bit, with my cock rock hard between my

legs as the straight cousin watches. He was blushing, he couldn't believe it either. Especially when the other cousin started to invite him to join, soon him and I would form a choir telling him to get into it with us.

After that he got on the bed on his knees with his cock in front of my face. I was so into the whole thing I took his cock in my mouth without thinking. Now with my mouth busy, silence filled the room, leaving space only for the sounds of fucking, sucking and moaning.

Then I had time to think. I couldn't believe it, I was being fucked by two men. There I was on all fours being invaded by both guys manhood, I was being rocked back and forth by their movements, feeling them go in and out of me.

I had never felt more used. And I was loving it.

My cock was so hard it couldn't even swing with their thrusts. I could feel the queer cousin's hands on my hips holding me, and the straight cousin's hand holding my head guiding it. I didn't have to do anything. I could very well be a thing they were fucking. Just staying there and let them use me.

Suddenly I taste a shot of cum on my mouth. The straight cousin was cumming and he didn't even warn me. To be fair he could have done it and I just didn't notice it. I was that lost on the whole thing. Then I feel the other cousin

thrusting hard against me as he cums, making the other one's cock go deeper into my mouth with cum and Everything. It's too much for me, and I end up cumming in the bed. The three of us cumming at the same time.

They get out of me and sit on the edge of the bed while I lie there catching my breath, feeling exited from the whole thing, Even now wanting to keep pleasing them I offer them a beer, they say yes and I walk towards the minibar in the room , I take two and give them to them.

I sit between them and we start talking about the whole thing. The queer cousin teases the straight one about him letting me sucking his cock, and he says that that doesn't make him gay.

After a couple of minutes the queer cousin's cock starts getting hard again, and I very emboldened go for it with my hand, I start stroking it. Then he notices mine getting hard too and he starts stroking me too. The straight cousin watches this and as soon as his cock start to go hard I reach it and stroke it with my other hand.

Suddenly I'm jerking off both of them. And of course I ended up in my knees, sucking one's cock while jerking off the other, and the changing.

I was loving my role as a servant for them. Getting to know how their cocks felt different in my mouth. And hearing them moan.

After a couple of minutes the queer cousin warns me he's about to cum, so I decide to jerk him off until I feel him cumming all over me. And now I focus on blowing the straight cousin. Then suddenly I feel a mouth on my cock. The queer cousin is there lying on the floor below me sucking me off. I start moaning while jerking the other cousin off until he also cums all over me.

Finally I explode on the queer cousin mouth, and he takes it all.

I get up, and fall on the bed exhausted. As I watch them catching their breath and then dressing up getting ready to go. By this point I'm so emboldened get get up and accompanied them towards the elevator thought the hallway completely nude and with my face and chest covered in cum. It was very late and there was no one there. But I didn't knew that when walking out the door.

Finally I get back into my room, take a shower and lie in the dry part of the bed. I fell asleep immediately.



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Come check out these three handsome cover men, @reubenfoxxx, @jpruger, and

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a hand with fingers spread, touching a hairy chest. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the skin and the coarse hair. The background is dark and out of focus.

A Javier A Lara Selfi Project

**BLACK
WHITE
EROTICA**

Featuring Robert Henderson & Tobbe Lopez













This selfie- project was developed in 2020 during the Pandemic days, and men from all over the world contributed to me. I remotely direct the project and give them instructions in terms of light, composition, and angle of the selfies. If you are interested in being part of the project contact me @ jlhotman@gmail.com. Help me create some art work."

Continued from pg 49

and went back to work. I had gotten promoted to operations manager about five years ago. I pretty much managed the entire janitorial operation for the company. I loved it. It was a lot of work but the money was good as was the schedule. When I started with this company in 1978, I never expected to be there as long as I had.

Kal had also gotten some sort of promotion. Lead Journalist or something, I don't remember but he was happy when he got it.

Jonathan was growing up so fast. He would be ten that year and he was starting to exhibit super powers like his dad. He couldn't fly yet but he had super speed and X-Ray vision. We decided to sit him down and tell him that his father was Superman.

Kal lead the conversation and his little face lit up when Kal told him that he was Superman. It was the most adorable thing to watch. Kal explained to Jonathan that he had to manage his powers and keep them a secret from everyone else, especially about the fact that his dad was Superman. Kal said that he would help train him on using the powers that he had and the powers that he would gain as he got older.

The guys that had mugged me and kidnapped Jonathan had been sentenced to life in prison. The judge was hard on them since they had kidnapped an infant and put his life in danger.

The LGBT community was becoming more and more accepted. Ellen DeGeneres had just announced she was gay. We had decided that if anyone asked, we would be honest. No one ever did. Either they didn't care or just believed that we were two men raising a child together. I had a feeling people knew and just didn't care.

Life was great. We had an amazing circle of friends. I even got to meet Kal's cousin, Kara Zor-El, who was also from Krypton and had been sent to protect Kal but got lost in space in suspended animation and arrived on Earth well into Kal's adulthood.

She too had been adopted by a family when she arrived and went by the name Kara

Danvers. She was also a reporter, like Kal and had the same level of powers as Superman.

While she had been on Earth for a long time, it wasn't until recently that she started protecting National City as Supergirl. Ironically, a plane that was about to crash caused her to reveal her powers as Supergirl. There were several times where they worked together to save the world and I think Kal was happy to have someone else like him to relate to. She really made me feel like family and she adored Jonathan.

But there would soon be a family reunion that would change our lives forever.

IT WAS THE FALL of 2000. The weather was cooling off. Jonathan was back in school from summer break. Kal and I were at work.

I was sitting in my office listening to the radio when the power went out and a mysterious voice came through the speaker.

"Hello people of Earth. My name is General Zod and I come from a distant planet called Krypton --" As soon as he said Krypton, I jumped up and made my way to the stairs to get to the fifth floor. I noticed that there were images on the TVs in the lobby of a shadowed figure even though the lights and everything else didn't have power.

I ran into the office of The Daily Planet and found Kal standing at his desk, watching the image on the TVs that surrounded their office. Usually they monitored different news stations but they were all showing the same image as were all the computer monitors on everyone's desk.

"-- in search of 'The Lost Son of Krypton.' He lives among you and works among you in disguise. But he is not part of this world and I have come to retrieve him to rebuild Krypton. Surrender him, and this planet will be spared. Protect him, and this world shall perish and Krypton will rise from the ashes in its place. You have twenty-four of your earth hours."

As soon as he was done speaking, the lights and power came back on and the TVs and

Continued on pg 70



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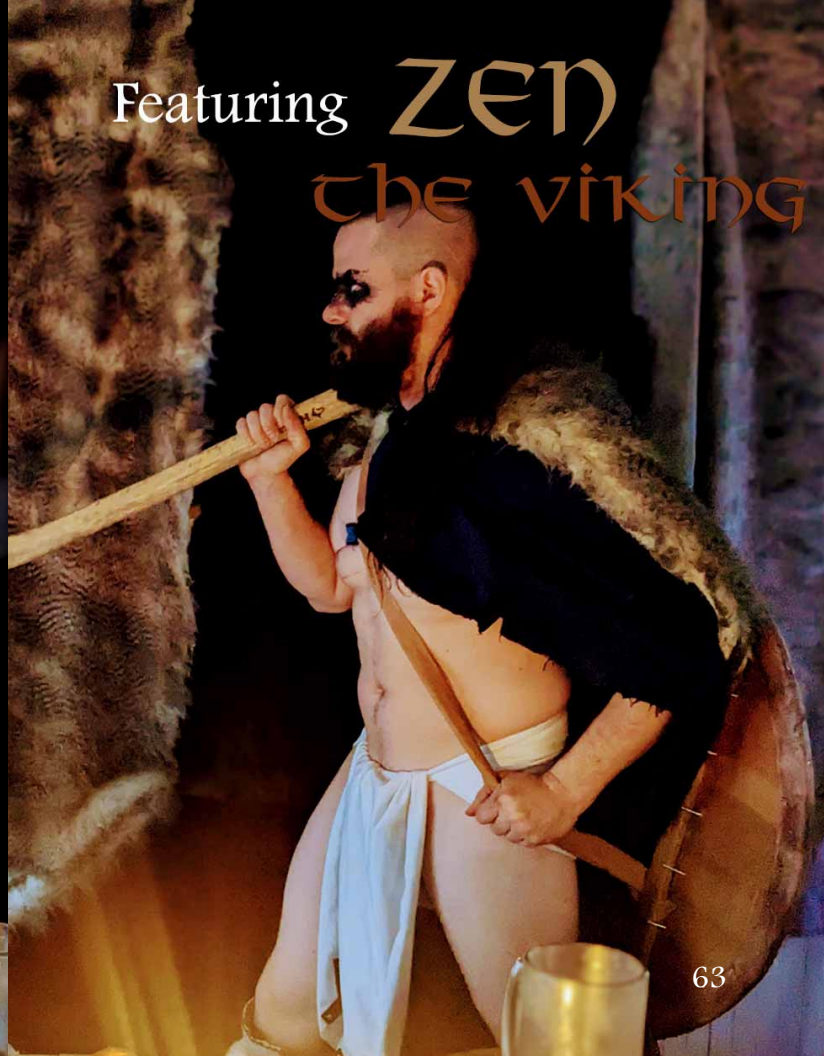
the hedonistic satyr



Featuring

Zealeo

the Hedonistic Satyr



Featuring

ZEN

the viking

63



the Hedonistic Satyr











Continued from pg 61

computer screens went back to normal. Everyone in the office was as quiet as a mouse, processing what they had just heard and seen.

I looked to Kal who was still staring at the TV. I knew that this General Zod was referring to him but I had no idea who that was but I could tell that Kal did.

Kal looked at me, his beautiful blue eyes dark behind his glasses and then walked away. I followed him as he walked out of the offices.

“Clark! Where are you going?” I said as I tried to keep up. He stopped in his tracks and turned towards me. I had never seen the look on his face that I saw in that moment. It looked like...fear.

“I don...don’t know.” He said.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“Not here. Your office.” He said as he headed for the elevator with me in pursuit. That is where we met when we needed to talk in privacy since it was always so busy at The Daily Planet and there was hardly any privacy. Once in my office, he sat on the edge of the desk as he usually did and I shut the door behind us.

“Who was that?” I asked.

“That is General Zod from Krypton...my...uncle. He was the leader of our military and was hell bent on overthrowing our government. It was he that over mined our planet and caused its death and destruction. He was banished to The Phantom Zone before the destruction of Krypton.” Kal said.

“Phantom Zone?”

“An inter-dimensional prison that was used to hold prisoners.”

“How do you know all of that if you were sent here as an infant?” I asked after a moment to process everything.

“My entire planet’s history files were sent with me in my ship. I read them when I got older.”

“What does he want with you though?”

“I don’t know. I need to review those files.”

He jumped up from the desk and headed towards the door.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

“To the Fortress.”

“Take me with you.”

“No! This is my fight, I don’t want you involved. It is my duty to protect this planet.” He moved to open the door and I jumped in front of him and shut it.

“This is MY planet and I will not just sit here while you try to save it on your own. I can help you and you know it.” I stared into his eyes, willing for him to dispute me and instead he stepped back from the door and reached for my desk phone and dialed a number.

“Kara, it’s Kal. Can you pick up Jon from school?...Just tell him that Joseph and I had to go take care of business and will be back shortly...Yes, I saw it too...I am working on it...I’ll be in touch, thanks.” Kal hung up the received and looked at me.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Get to the roof.” He said.

WE HAD BEEN at the Fortress for almost an hour, pouring through the data files from Krypton. Kal’s dad, Jor-El, was an aspiring scientist trying to find ways of saving the planet as the military, led by General Zod, had discovered a way to mine the geo-thermal energy of the planet and use it as an energy source. At first, it was successful and a cleaner way to provide power for homes and businesses for years.

But Jor-El was starting to realize that the core of Krypton was becoming unstable as a result and if they didn’t stop mining the core for its geo-thermal energy or find a way to stabilize the core, the planet would destroy itself.

Jor-El and other scientists took their findings to the council who agreed and ordered that the mining of the core be ended but General Zod revolted against the idea and planned a way to take over the council and take over control of Krypton.

Zod and members of his army stormed into the council chambers in an assassination attempt to kill all the members of the council but was unsuccessful. Some council members had been injured in the attack, but none were killed.

Zod and his army were exiled to the Phantom Zone, the dimensional prison used to

hold prisoners of Krypton. Ships would take prisoners to the Zone that had an entrance close to Krypton.

The core didn't stabilize after they stopped mining the energy and Jor-El determined there would not be a way to stabilize it; the damage was too extensive and time was running out.

About this time, Kal was born. Knowing of the impending doom of Krypton, Kal's parents went against tradition, where Kryptonians were engineering newborns for predetermined roles in society, and had Kal the natural way, similar to the way we are conceived and born on Earth. Kal would be the first natural born Kryptonian in centuries.

Before Krypton exploded, Kal and Kara were launched towards Earth in small scout ships and the rest is history as we know it.

As I continued to explore the archive, I noticed a file titled "Zod" that appeared to be encrypted or password protected. I tried to launch the program but it required a thumbprint scan. I called Kal over to my console and pointed it out to him.

"Strange, I never noticed that file before." He said.

"Well, scan your fingerprint and see what it is." I said. He shook his head in confusion and placed his thumb on the screen.

"DNA identification in progress. Identification complete. Identify confirmed of Kal-El. Access Granted." A computerized voice announced. Suddenly the lights dimmed and a figure of a man appeared on a platform behind us. Kal and I both turned towards it and gasped.

I immediately recognized him as Jor-El from pictures I had seen in the archive. Kal started walking towards his father and reached out for him, only to have his hands go through him. It was a holographic projection. Then it spoke:

"Kal-El, my son. It is my deepest regrets that your mother and I were not able to join you on this journey. We hope that Planet Earth and its people have treated you well.

"This holographic projection has been programmed to assist you in the event that General Zod posed a threat to this world. If you Superman's Greatest Fan

have launched this program, we can only assume that he has escaped the Phantom Zone and tracked you to Earth as he promised he would.

"Zod will try to turn this planet into a New Krypton. He more than likely has the technology, but my son, he will need you to complete the mission. Embedded in your DNA is a key called Codex. It contains a list holding the DNA pattern of everyone that was yet to be born on Krypton. He will use that to repopulate any planet with Kryptonians.

"Kal, you must know that the only way he can obtain the Codex is as a result of your death. If he is able to obtain the Codex, he will terra-form the planet. All life on that planet will cease to exist.

"He will have the same powers that the Earth's yellow sun provides to you Kal. He will be a formidable enemy and he will do whatever it takes to succeed. You have had years to master your powers; they will be new to him. Use this to your advantage. You must stop him at all costs. Zod must not be allowed to succeed in his mission."

And with that, the projection ended. Kal just stood there and I went to him and hugged him. He put his arms around me and I held him for a few minutes.

I kept thinking about what was about to happen. If Kal surrendered himself to Zod, he would be killed for the Codex. If he didn't, Zod would launch a war that this planet had never seen before and the entire future of civilization as we knew would be annihilated.

But even if Kal surrendered himself, who was to say that Zod would keep his word and leave Earth alone? If he killed Superman, got the Codex, there wouldn't be anyone left to save the world except for Supergirl and I had a feeling it was going to take both of them to stop him.

I broke away and looked into Kal's eyes. I saw the conflict and fear behind them, but I saw a resolution in them that scared me. I knew what he was thinking.

"Kal, you can't do it." I simply said.

Continued on pg 79

Shaun McMurtrie



Images provided by

Shaun McMurtrie













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"I have to. It is the only way to ensure the survival of the Earth."

"No you don't. You have a kid that needs you, I NEED YOU. There is another way and we will find it. We still have twenty-some hours to come up with a plan." I said, pleading with him with my eyes. He nodded and I pulled him back for a hug, this time I hugged tighter.

Chapter 17

Six hours later and we had yet to develop a plan. We were tired and hungry and decided to return home. Kara was still watching Jonathan for us and it was time to let her go home as well.

We walked in through the front door to see Jonathan lying with his head in Kara's lap, asleep. She gently moved him off of her and she met us on the balcony where we filled her in on everything that we had learned. She immediately offered her help and stayed with us to help devise a plan of attack.

We knew that Zod and his army had arrived here on a ship. It was still in orbit. We had scanned it from the Fortress and knew that it was well armed. I was pretty sure nothing the military had in its arsenal would protect us against it.

Kal was going to surrender as a distraction and Kara would sneak on board somehow and sabotage the ship. It wasn't very detailed and there was a lot of room for error but it was the only thing we could think of.

I was to take Jonathan out of the city until it was over. I didn't want to leave but Kal told me it was for the best. We were down to twelve hours and I decided that we would drive to Smallville and visit Martha and Jonathan Kent. They would be able to keep us both distracted from everything, hopefully. I packed our bags and loaded the car. I would pick him up after school while Kal and Kara initiated the plan.

WITH TWO HOURS left in the deadline, Zod decided he wasn't going to wait any longer and started attacking the city. He had moved his ship from space into the sky above Metropolis

and started firing some type of weapon at some of the skyscrapers, causing some of them to explode on impact.

I had already picked up Jonathan from school and was headed out of town when the attack started. I had to slam on the brakes as debris fell in front of the car. Jonathan yelled "look" and I looked up to see Superman and Supergirl flying towards the ship. We both got out of the car to get a better view.

One of the missiles was fired and hit Supergirl and knocked her to the ground, shaking the ground and tearing up the street as she fell. Jonathan started to run towards her but I was able to grab him first.

"Stay here!" I yelled to him.

"But I can help!" He yelled back. "I have powers too!"

"But you're not ready. Let Superman and Supergirl handle this!" He sighed and looked back at the ship to see Supergirl flying back towards it.

More missiles were coming from the ship and we needed to take cover. Buildings were crumbling down around us. People were in the streets in panic.

I looked up at the ship, its missiles flying, I looked at all the debris around me. The ground shook from the impact. This was not good and I was clueless as to where to go for safety as it seemed like nowhere was safe.

Suddenly there was a huge crash a few feet from us. I looked to see Superman laying on the ground in an impact crater. Zod was hovering above him.

"Dad!" Jonathan yelled. Superman looked at him then me, confused.

"Dad?" Zod said before anyone else could say anything. He landed on the ground and walked towards us. I stepped up and moved Jonathan behind me.

"Oh now, don't hide the boy from me." Zod said. "Let me see of the child of Krypton."

"I am not from Krypton." Jonathan said as he stepped in front of me. "And I am not scared of you!"

Continued on pg 87

A photograph of a man with a large, full red beard and a shaved head. He is shirtless and wearing blue and white checkered briefs. He has several tattoos: a large, intricate black tribal-style tattoo on his left chest and shoulder, and another large black tattoo on his right arm. He is standing on the edge of a swimming pool with clear blue water. The text 'Pool Project' is overlaid on the image in a stylized font.

Pool Project

Featuring *Erik Wolff*

Photography by *Javier A Lara*

Website | Email













“What a feisty little man you’ve raised.” He said, looking back towards Superman, who was still lying on the ground. “Little boy, little boy, you have so much to learn. You may not have been born on Krypton, but you are still Kryptonian, far superior than these measly humans. Join me and I will see that you are shown the respect you deserve.” Zod said.

“I am happy right where I am.” Jonathan said as he aimed his heat vision on Zod. Superman and I both gasped as Zod returned the gesture, the clash of the red beams fighting against each other. I’d seen Kal and Jonathan practice this a few times when we had visited the Kent farm but never expected to see it in battle.

Jonathan took a deep breath and blew frozen breath towards Zod, causing his beam to falter. Jonathan then flew as fast as he could into Zod, sending them about fifty feet until they crashed into a building. Zod was stunned but Jonathan flew back over to help his dad up from the ground.

“When did you master your ability to sustain flight?” Superman asked.

“A few weeks ago. I was going to surprise you at our next training session.” Jonathan said.

“Consider me surprised.” Superman said.

“Me too.” I added.

“I have another surprise.” Jonathan said and disappeared and quickly returned. He had lost his baseball hat and glasses and was wearing a blue hoodie with the red and yellow “S” logo on his chest, a short red cape on his back, tight blue jeans and red Converse shoes.

“What is this?” I asked.

“My costume. You can call me Superboy.” He said, all smiles. I smiled back. I thought it was cute. Superman, however, did not.

“No I won’t. You are too young for this. I will not let you risk your life trying to prove--” He wasn’t able to finish his statement as Zod had recovered and flew full strength into Jonathan.

Superman started to fly towards them but I stopped him. He looked at me angrily.

“Let him handle Zod for a moment and use this distraction to go disable the ship so that

it can’t be used for terra-forming. Jon wants to prove to you that he can do this and look at him--” I motioned towards Zod and Jonathan fighting about fifty feet in the air. “--Jon--Superboy is holding his own for the moment. Let him be the superhero you were training him for.”

Superman looked at me and then looked up and back at me and nodded.

“What about you?” He asked.

“I have an idea. I’ll be okay.” I said. “Go.” Superman leaned in and kissed me, not giving a damn who was around to see. I returned it, feeling more passion in this kiss than I had ever felt from him.

He broke the kiss, looked at me, his bright blue eyes swirling with emotions and then took off towards the ship.

I stood there and watched as he made it to the ship. Superboy continuing his fight with Zod. I noticed he was using his smaller size to his advantage and was out-maneuvering Zod as they chased each other in the air, Superboy flying in between buildings with Zod trying to keep up.

I ran to my car and got in. I had an idea to give the guys an upper hand but it was dangerous and a long shot. I took off towards Metropolis Prison.

“I NEED TO SPEAK to Lex Luthor now. It is an emergency.” I said to the guard in the front lobby.

“I am sorry sir, he is not allowed to have visitors.” He said.

“Listen, do you know what is going on outside? There is an epic war about to start and this world is facing annihilation. Luthor has the tools that can end this before more lives are lost and before this city, this planet is destroyed. You can come with me, nothing I have to say is a secret.” I pleaded with him. Apparently it worked cause he buzzed me in and escorted me to a cell where Luthor was and opened the door and walked in with me.

“Luthor, this gentleman wants to talk to you.” He said.

“Mr. Luthor, you don’t know who I am and we don’t have much time. My name is Joseph

Martinez. I am friends with Superman. I don't know if you know what is going on right now, but we are at the brink of war with a Kryptonian named General Zod who is going to kill us all and replace us with Kryptonians.

"I know that you hate Superman and everything he stands for but we need your help. I need access to Kryptonite and need to know what kind of weapons you've made with it. The survival of the planet may depend on you." I couldn't believe I was making a deal with the devil but this deal was needed.

"What's in it for me?" He asked.

"You get to live." I said back.

"I need more than that."

"I will have Superman talk to the judge about lowering your sentence."

"I need more than that. I want out of here."

"Look, here you sorry bastard. You almost killed the man with your implanted Krypton device. I can only ask him to do that, no promises. I wouldn't be here if I didn't need to."

"You love him don't you?" He asked.

"What?"

"You love him. You're too passionate to be just a friend. Does he know?"

"So maybe I do and yes he knows. He

loves me back. Has for over twenty years. We've raised his son together. No will you help me or not?" I couldn't believe I was telling Superman's arch enemy the secret that could destroy him, destroy us.

"I can be a reasonable man and I believe in love. Give me your phone." He said.

"On speaker." The guard said. I handed him the phone and he dialed a number.

"Hello, LexCorp, how may I direct your call?"

"This is Luthor, get me Sage."

"Mr. Luthor?"

"Sage, there is a Joseph Martinez that will coming to see you. Give him access to anything related to Kryptonite."

"Yes Boss." He hung up the phone and handed it back to me.

"Do me a favor. Make sure I get credit for helping out if we live. Oh and I will keep your secret about Superman."

"Will do. Thank you." The guard escorted me out and once I was at my car, I drove straight to LexCorp, avoiding falling debris and damage to the roads the best I could.

To be continued.....

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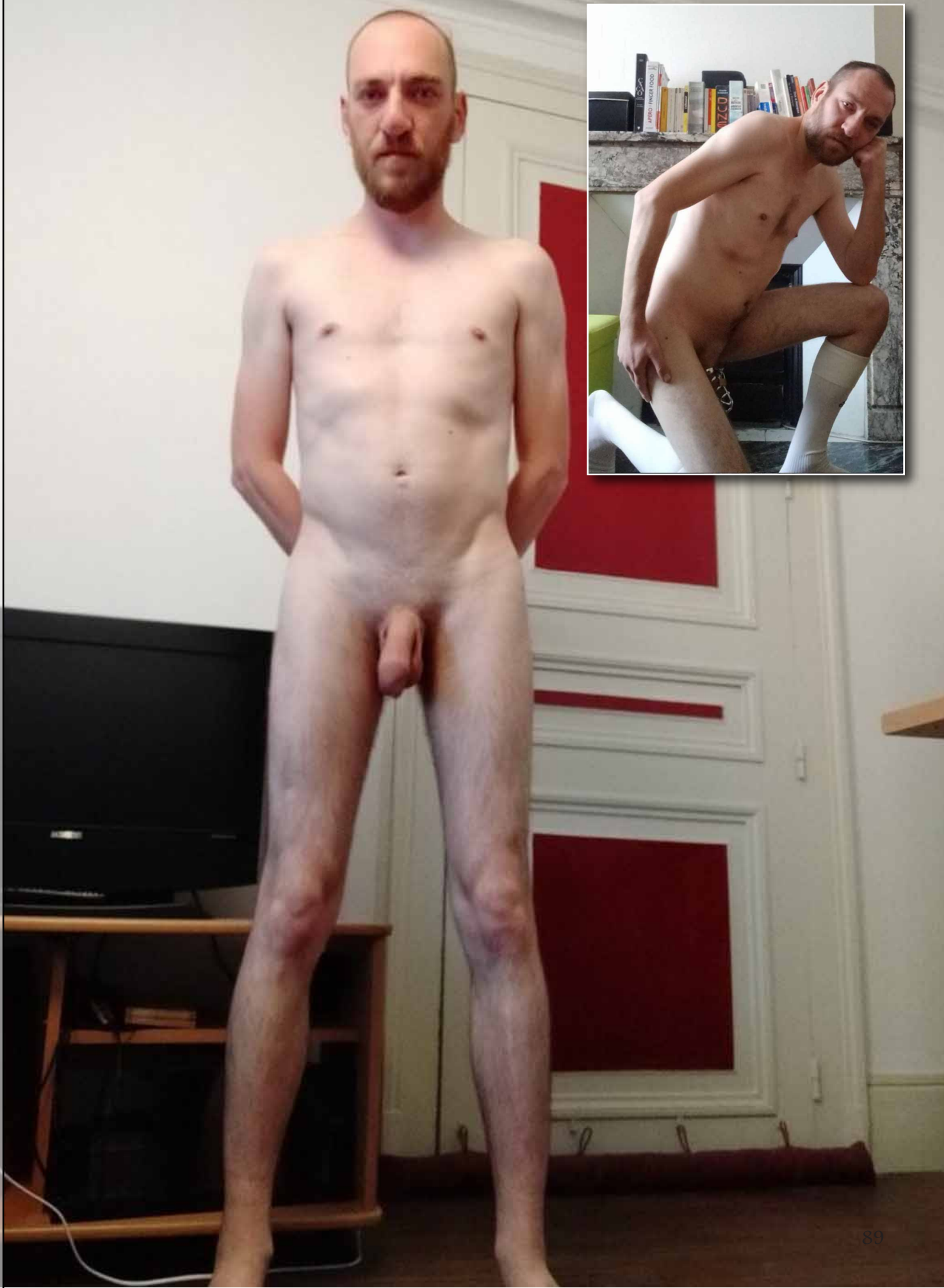


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