

DHM

Desert Heat Magazine



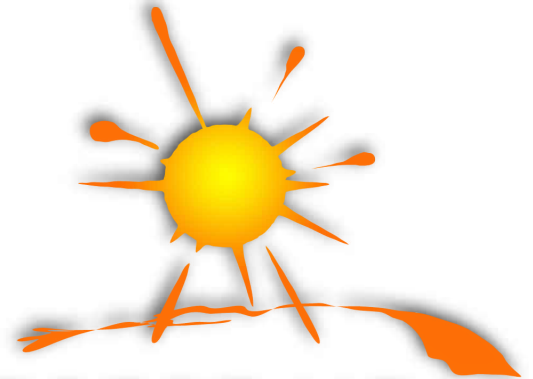
All Men Are Beautiful!
April 2026 | Issue 88

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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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

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All Men Are Beautiful

Erotic

Male Photography



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WHO'S INSIDE



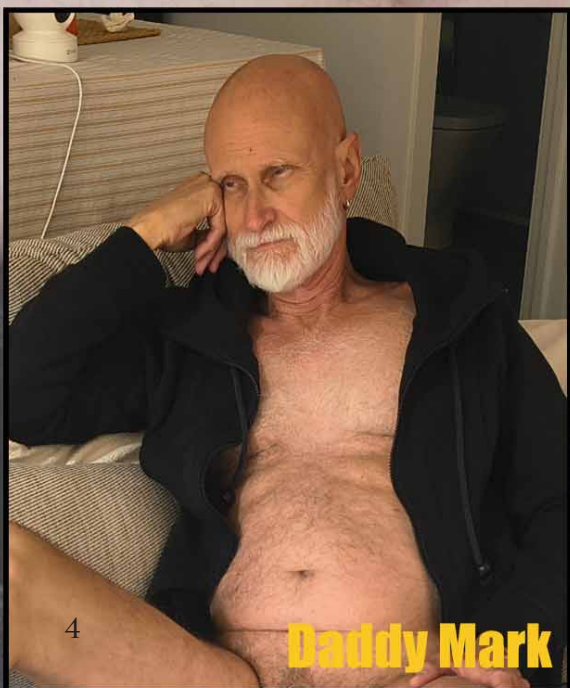
Mike



Mr. Ed



Josh & Stitch



Daddy Mark



Parker Flexes

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Ramblings from the Editor

Exhaustion! That's the word of the day, right? Is anyone else feeling it. You can wake up in the best fucking mood of your life and turn on the news, or check it out on social media, or hell, just chat with a buddy who ends up bringing it up. The endless exhaustion of the bullshit being spewed by an incompetent administration trying to, and succeeding unfortunately, in dismantling the democratic experiment called the United States.

I mean, how bad does it have to get in those files that the so-called President starts an illegal war with a nation that posed zero threat to the U.S.? And we have an inept complicit Congress that refuses to hold the fucktard accountable. In fact, they have their tongues so far up his ass that they are now blatantly lying to the public and the corrupt propaganda machine we call "news" in this Country are allowing it to happen without calling it out for what it is, a takeover!

And to make matters worse for our community, on March 31, the fucking bought off Supreme Court ruled that utilizing conversion therapy on minors is legal! So, it is ok to abuse children now with the higher court's blessing. Where does this end? Next are they going to say that people who believe in an imaginary sky daddy have the right to kill LGBTQ people because we are affront to their made up god? Show me fucking proof that a high power exists and I'll show you a delusional individual that is the reason we should bring back insane asylums. There is no proof, fuckers! There is only self-righteousness parading as faith. Yeah, I said it and don't give a fuck if you agree or not. It's my

opinion, plain and simple.

On the brighter side, at least Europe is working towards banning conversion therapy. Over a million Europeans signed a European Citizen's Initiative calling for an EU-wide ban on conversion practices. Who knows where it is going to go, as it's still got to go to the European Commission to be acted upon, but at least it is a positive thing.

Another bit of positive news, and god knows we need it, is the American Medical Association has reaffirmed it's supposed for gender-affirming care, despite the garbage human being, Dr. Oz, trying to sway them away from supporting it.

And something I am so damn proud of that I have to call it out here, my governor, Tony Evers (yeah, the Mag is based out of Wisconsin), on Transgender Day of Visibility, has rejected five bills which would have instituted anti-trans sports bans, required schools to out trans and nonbinary kids, and impacted Wisconsin's doctors the ability to provide gender-affirming care to minors. Way to go, Mr. Evers! We need more leaders like you!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

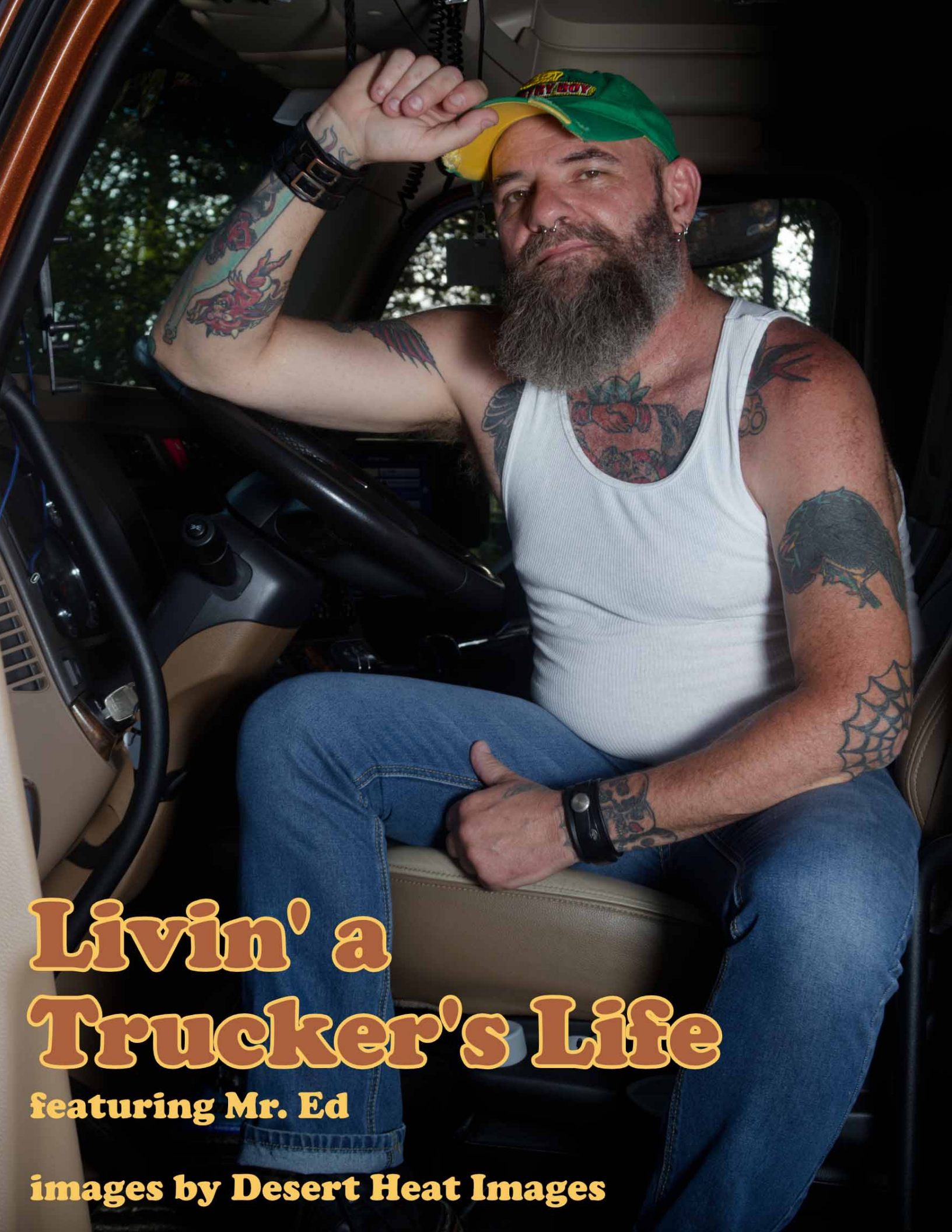
John



A group of diverse men of various ages and ethnicities are gathered on a beach at sunset. They are holding up a large, textured brown banner with white text. The men are smiling and laughing, creating a joyful and inclusive atmosphere. The background shows the ocean waves and the golden light of the setting sun.

ALL MEN
ARE
BEAUTIFUL

CELEBRATE YOURSELF.



Livin' a Trucker's Life

featuring Mr. Ed

images by Desert Heat Images











**It Ain't
Gonna
Suck
Itself!**



My Best Friend's Dad

Story by
The_tip69



After watching my best friend's dad do pull ups in the basement gym with his thick bulge swinging right in front of my face and his sweaty hairy body getting me so hard I could barely think, I followed Jack into the bathroom, my heart hammering so hard I could feel it in my throat. The room was already thick with steam, the mirror completely fogged over, the air heavy and warm. Water pounded against the tile in a steady rhythm. Jack stood under the spray, his back to me at first. Broad shoulders rolled as he soaped his chest.

Water streamed down in rivulets over the thick slabs of his pecs, through the dark mat of hair, along the ridges of his abs, and finally down the deep cleft of his ass. His thick cock hung half-hard between his thighs, swinging slightly with every shift of his weight. Soap bubbles clung to the shaft and slid slowly off the flushed head in white trails.

He turned when he heard my footsteps. Water beaded on his beard and ran in slow lines down his neck. His blue eyes caught the dim light and darkened as they locked on mine. A slow smirk spread across his face.

"I told you it is big enough," he said, his voice low and easy over the rush of water. "Get in. Save water."

My hands shook as I stripped. I pulled off my T-shirt first, then shoved my shorts down. My cock sprang free, already hard and leaking at the tip. I stepped under the spray. The hot water hit my skin like a shock, but then Jack's body hit me harder. We collided chest to chest. His hairy pecs pressed against my smooth skin. Our cocks

brushed together, hot and slick under the water. His thick length nudged my stomach. Mine twitched hard against his thigh.

He grabbed some soap and lathered his big hands until they were covered in thick white foam. He turned me around gently but firmly. His palms started at my shoulders and slid down my spine in long, deliberate strokes. They moved over my shoulder blades, lower, over the curve of my ass. His fingers dipped between my cheeks. He circled my hole slowly with soapy fingertips. The pressure was slippery and teasing. One fingertip pushed just inside, shallow and testing.

"Feels good, huh?" he murmured against my ear. His beard scratched the sensitive skin of my neck. His breath was hot and close.

I whimpered and nodded. My hips pushed back without thinking, chasing more of that touch.

He chuckled low in his throat, the sound vibrating through me. He turned me again and pulled me close. Our mouths met in a deep, hungry kiss. This was the first real one. His tongue pushed in thick and possessive, claiming every inch of my mouth. His beard scraped my cheeks, my chin, my lips until they felt swollen and raw. His hands gripped my ass hard, kneaded the flesh, spread me slightly. His soapy fingers kept teasing that same spot, circling, pressing, making me tremble.

The kiss broke. We both breathed hard. Water pounded around us. Jack's cock was fully hard now, pressing thick and insistent against my stomach. Veins stood out along the shaft. The head flushed dark and shiny. Pre-cum mixed with

the water and dripped in slow strings.

He wrapped a fist around his shaft and stroked himself slowly. His eyes stayed locked on mine the entire time. His cock thickened even more in his grip. The head swelled. Pre-cum oozed steadily from the slit.

“On your knees, kid,” he said. His voice came out rough and commanding. “Show me what that mouth can do.”

I dropped to my knees without hesitation. Water pounded against my back and shoulders. My face was level with his cock. Thick. Heavy. Musky. The scent hit me hard—clean sweat, soap, pure man. I wrapped my hand around the base. My fingers did not meet all the way around. The skin felt hot and smooth. I leaned in and licked the head slowly. Salty pre-cum coated my tongue, mixed with the water. I swirled around the slit, tasted more, then opened my mouth and took him in.

The girth stretched my jaw immediately. I gagged softly on the first push forward. My throat tightened. My eyes watered. Jack groaned deep in his chest. His hand slid into my wet hair. He did not force me. He guided me gently.

“Easy,” he murmured. “Breathe through your nose. Good boy.”

I tried. I relaxed my throat and took more. When I took the last inch, my nose brushed against wet pubes. The musk overwhelmed me, filled my head completely. I bobbed slowly. My tongue stayed flat along the underside. My cheeks hollowed as I sucked hard on the upstroke. I gagged again when the head hit the back of my throat. Jack’s hips flexed. A low grunt escaped him.

“Fuck yeah... deeper... just like that.”

I worked him steadily.

Up and down.

Water pounded my shoulders. Saliva mixed with pre-cum and dripped down my chin. Jack’s hand tightened in my hair. He guided the rhythm. Not rough. Controlled. Manly. His breathing grew heavier. His thighs tensed. His balls drew up tight against my chin.

“Gonna feed you, kid,” he growled. “Swallow it all.”

His cock swelled thicker in my mouth. It throbbed hard on my tongue. Then he came.

Thick ropes shot down my throat. Hot. Salty. Heavy. The first pulse hit the back hard. I swallowed fast. Gulped. More followed. Thick

sprits filled my mouth and overflowed from the corners of my lips. Jack held my head steady. He grunted low with each pulse. “That is it... drink it down... good fucking boy.”

He pulled out slowly. His cock still twitched. The last drops strung between the head and my lower lip. Jack wiped it with his thumb and pushed it back into my mouth.

“Don’t waste it.”

I did not waste it. I swallowed every last drop that remained on his thumb. The taste lingered thick and salty on my tongue. Jack looked down at me with heavy-lidded eyes. His chest still rose and fell fast from the orgasm. Water continued to pound against my back and shoulders. Steam swirled around us like smoke.

He reached down and pulled me to my feet. His big hands wrapped around my arms. Steady. Firm. He pulled me close again. Our mouths met in another deep kiss. This time I could taste him on my own tongue. Salty. Thick. Mixed with the faint soap and water. Jack groaned into the kiss. Low and satisfied. His beard scratched my chin raw. His tongue pushed in possessively and slowly. Claiming what he had just fed me.

The kiss broke. He rested his forehead against mine for a second. Water dripped from his beard onto my lips. He smiled. Small. Dangerous.

“Fair is fair,” he murmured.

He sank to his knees in front of me. The water hit his broad back and ran in streams down his spine. Over the powerful muscles of his shoulders. Down to the deep cleft of his ass. His hands gripped my hips. Thumbs pressed into the hollows above my pelvis. He looked up at me once. Blue eyes dark and intent. Then he leaned in.

His mouth closed around my cock. Hot. Wet. Perfect. His tongue swirled around the head first. Slow circles. Lapping up the pre-cum that had been leaking steadily since the garage. I gasped. My hands flew to his wet hair. Fingers tangled in the thick strands. He sucked gently at first. Then deeper. Took me to the back of his throat without effort. No gag. Just smooth heat and suction.

He pulled off with a wet pop. Moved lower. His tongue dragged slowly across my balls. One at a time. Sucking each into his mouth. Rolling

Continued on pg 24

Don't Get Caught Lookin'

featuring
Parker Flexes

images by
Humble Photography





UNDER ARMOUR



UNDER ARMOUR



UNDER ARMOUR







UNDER ARMOUR



Continued from pg 16

them gently. The beard scratched the sensitive skin of my inner thighs. I moaned louder than I meant to. The sound echoed off the tile.

Jack reached up fast. Pressed a soapy finger to my lips. Shushed me. "Quiet, kid. Travis is upstairs."

I nodded. Bit down on my own lip instead. Tried to stay silent.

He returned to my cock. Sucked slow and deliberate. Edged me hard. Every time my thighs tensed and my balls drew up tight he pulled off. Left me throbbing. Leaking. Desperate. His hands stayed on my ass. Soapy fingers circled my hole again. One slipped inside. Shallow at first. Then deeper. Crooked just right to brush that spot inside me. I whimpered around my bitten lip. Hips jerked forward into his mouth.

He built me up again. Sucked harder. Tongue flicking the slit. Finger pressing deeper. I was right there. So close. Legs shaking. Breath ragged.

Then he stopped. Pulled off completely. Stood up. Kissed me hard. Let me taste myself on his tongue. One hand wrapped around my cock. Stroked slow and firm. The other hand stayed at my hole. Middle finger sliding in and out. Soapy. Slippery. Teasing.

I moaned into his mouth. Loud again. Could not help it.

Jack pulled back just enough to speak against my lips. Voice low and rough.

"Turn around."

I did. Faced the tile wall. Hands braced against it. Water pounded my back.

Jack spread my cheeks with both hands. Kneaded the flesh. Then he dropped to his knees again behind me. His beard scraped the sensitive skin as he leaned in. Tongue circled my hole slowly. Teasing the rim. Then pushed inside. Hot. Wet. Deep. He ate me like he was starving. Tongue fucking in and out. Beard scratching my inner thighs. Hands gripping my hips to hold me open.

I moaned again. I tried to muffle it against my arm. My cock throbbed untouched. Leaked steady streams onto the tile floor. Jack's tongue worked deeper. Pressed against that spot inside. Over and over.

I came hard. Without warning. Without a hand on me. Ropes shot out. Splashed against the tile. My hole clenched around his tongue. Legs buckled. Jack held me up. Kept licking through it. Slow. Gentle. Until I was spent and trembling.

He stood behind me. Pressed his chest to my back. Cock semi-hard. Thick. Nudged between my cheeks. Not pushing in. Just resting there. Hot and heavy.

He kissed the side of my neck. Beard scratching. Voice low in my ear.

"Now that you know what a real man's cock tastes like... I want to show you what it feels like inside you. Deep. Stretching you open. Filling you up until you cannot think straight. Gonna make you mine, Caleb."

I shivered. Whispered back. Voice wrecked and needy.

"Please... fuck... I need it."

Jack groaned against my skin. His cock throbbed between my cheeks.

He pulled back slowly. Let the water rinse us both clean.

"Tonight," he said. Voice thick with promise. "After Travis crashes. I am going to fuck you properly."

We finished showering in silence. Jack toweled off casually. Still naked. Cock heavy between his thighs. I wrapped a towel around my waist. Legs shaky. Mouth still tasting him. Cock twitching at the thought of tonight.

I headed upstairs to the guest room. Smiling like an idiot. Utterly turned on. The memory of sucking off my best friend's dad burned through me. Hot and filthy and perfect.

A little later in the afternoon I heard Travis come downstairs. Footsteps heavy and uneven on the stairs. He grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge. Twisted the cap off with a lazy pop.

His voice floated up from the kitchen. Slurred. Stoned as hell.

"Yo...Caleb... we are playing COD. Come join us, man."

I went up with him. Sat on the couch between them. Controller in hand. Mind miles away. Waiting for the night. For Jack's promise to fuck me. For the moment Travis finally crashed and the house went quiet. For Jack's bedroom door to open and pull me inside. My cock stayed half-hard the whole time. Counting the hours.



by
SARGE
PHOTOGRAPHY



Daddy Mark



images by **Javier A Lara**





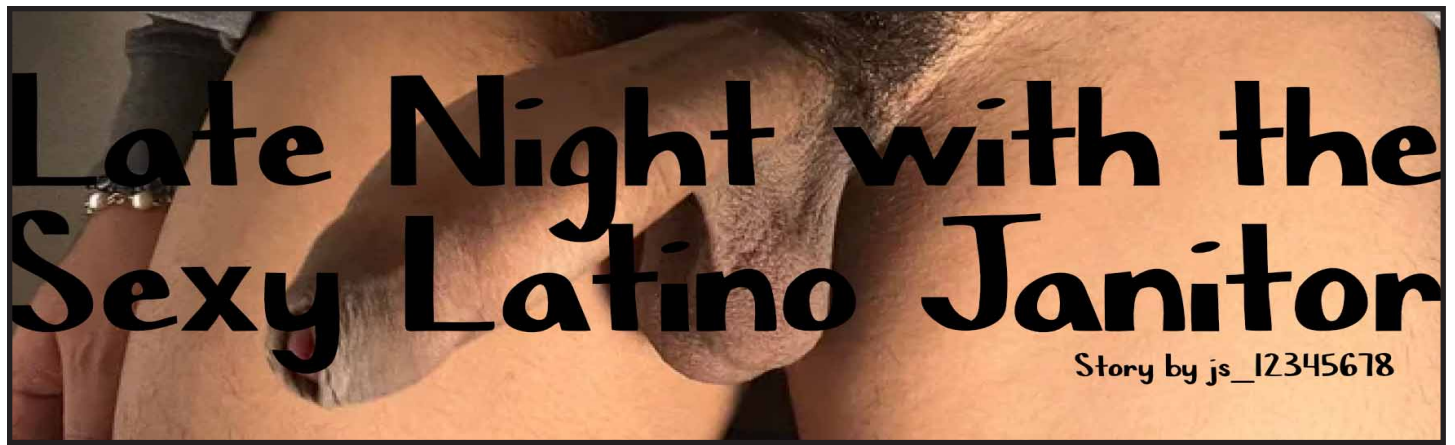






Daddy Mark





There is a really hot janitor, who we will call Daniel (28m), who works at my job part-time, and we've always flirted back and forth. He's Latino with dark hair/facial hair, and he's about 6'2". He also works as a personal trainer at the gym, so his body is hot as fuck. His pecs and biceps be popping in his uniform, and I follow him on Insta and see his typical shirtless gym bro posts (which I'm never mad about).

At my job, I have a private office and tend to stay late because it's hard to get paperwork done during the workday in my profession. Daniel will usually come in at the end of the workday to start cleaning, and that's when we have our little conversations. It started as just friendly chatting to avoid awkward silence, things like, "any plans for the weekend?" or "how was your day?"

As we got more comfortable, he started asking me if I worked out because he could tell I had "a nice body." I told him I work out, and that's how I found out he also works part-time as a personal trainer. Then he told me I should come work out with him sometime. I told him I usually just work out at home, and he said, "Well, I have no problem going to your place and working out," with a smirk. I replied, "Don't tempt me with a good time, Daniel," and we both laughed. These were the typical types of interactions we would have, briefly, every couple of days.

One evening, I was working particularly late, and Daniel had already come in, and we had our little chat. He asks, "Anything exciting happen today?" I say, "Unfortunately, no, just another day in corporate hell," to which he replied, "Well, we could always make something exciting happen." I looked up from my paperwork, and he winked and gave me a sexy smile. I said, "You'd better get back

to work before I take you up on your offer." We laughed, and he left the office to resume cleaning.

I finally decided to call it quits for the day at 8 pm. I started putting away and packing up my stuff when Daniel walked into my office again, leaned against the doorframe with his arms crossed, and asked if I was heading out. I looked, and he had taken off his uniform top, so he was just wearing a wife-beater. I told him, "Yeah, unless you want me to stay," and he responded, "I can definitely make it worth your while."

I smirked at Daniel, who was still standing casually at my door, and asked: "What are you saying, Daniel?" He said, "I think you know what I'm saying," to which I said, "I don't know, you might have to show me." He smiled and asked, "You want me to come over there and show you?" I nodded my head and said, "Yes, I do."

Daniel pushed off the door and closed it behind him. He walked up to my desk and told me to "come over here." I got up and walked around my desk so we were standing face to face. Daniel then grabbed my face and started making out with me. It was smooth, laid back, and unhurried. We were casually feeling each other up as we had our tongues in each other's mouths. His body was hard and rigid due to his defined muscles.

We made out for a while until he pulled away and walked over to the couch in my office. He stopped in front of it, pulled off his pants, and sat down, with his hairy legs spread wide. He now just had his wife beater and a pair of plaid boxers on, which were doing a poor job of hiding his growing hard-on. He smiled and told me to "take your clothes off and get on your knees." I stripped down to my underwear, walked over, and got on my knees. I had my face in front of his crotch, and

I could smell his must from the couple of hours of work he had put in. I looked up, and he was staring at me with his hands on the back of the couch and said, "Don't be shy, play with it." I grabbed his boxers at the waistband, and he lifted himself so I could pull them off. When his boxers were discarded, I looked up, and a thick, hairy, brown cock was looking very happy to see me.

I started with some slow strokes with my hand and massaging of the balls. When Daniel was good and hard, I licked his dick from his hairy, saggy ballsack to the tip of his cock. I spit on his dick and got it good and wet and started going to town. Before I knew it, he had one hand in my hair, holding me down as he pumped his 7in cock down my throat. Then he let go of my hair, stood up, and told me to lie down on the couch. I took off my underwear, so I was naked and laid on my back on the couch. He looked down at me, with his cock dripping with precum and my spit, and said, "You're going to suck my cock while I eat your ass." I almost came right then and there.

He got on top of me and lined his dick up to my mouth, and I started going hard on his dick again, this time with my face in his hairy balls and taint. As I was gagging on his cock I felt his rough facial hair, smooth lips, and wet tongue start making out with my asshole. He would switch from tonguing my asshole, to sucking my dick, to fucking my face, and watching me choke on his shaft. I could barely breathe as he had his cock stuffed all the way down my throat, and that's when I felt his thick, rough fingers start to penetrate my hole. He had drool running down the side of my face, me moaning, and my eyes rolling to the back of my

head.

He finally pulled his dick out of my mouth and told me to "get up." It took me a second to comprehend his command. Once I got a hold of my senses, I got up, and he pushed me down and grabbed my legs, so I was on my back, and my legs were on his shoulders as he was kneeling. He started rubbing his cock and pressing it against my hole, looked me in the eyes, and said, "I'm going to ruin this little hole."

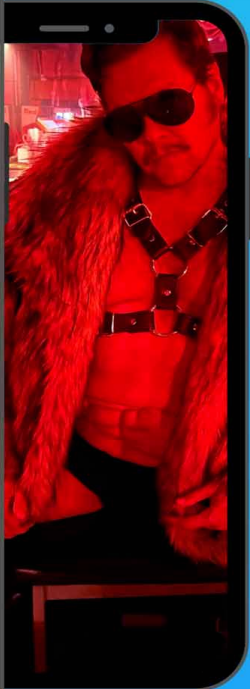
He took his wet cock and pushed it into my ass, slowly working the girth in deep. Once he got all the way in, he started thrusting slowly, building up speed and force. Soon I was moaning as he was plowing into my ass with his balls slapping my against my body. He started jerking me off as he was fucking me rough and told me to "cum for me, baby." It didn't take long before I was shooting cum all over my stomach. Once I was drained, he told me, "damn that was sexy as fuck, baby. You ready to take my nut?" I nodded yes and moaned.

I could feel his thick, dark pubes and happy trail brush against my balls as he pumped in and out of my asshole. He had one arm behind his head, so his bicep was bulging, and his hairy, musty pit was on full display. Soon, he threw his head back and became increasingly vigorous with each thrust to the point I almost couldn't take it. He made a loud groan and made a couple more forceful pumps and shot his warm seed deep in my ass.

We both got dressed, cleaned up, and went about our night. However, since then, we have had a couple of different meetings ups... in and out of the office.

More to cum..





SCAN

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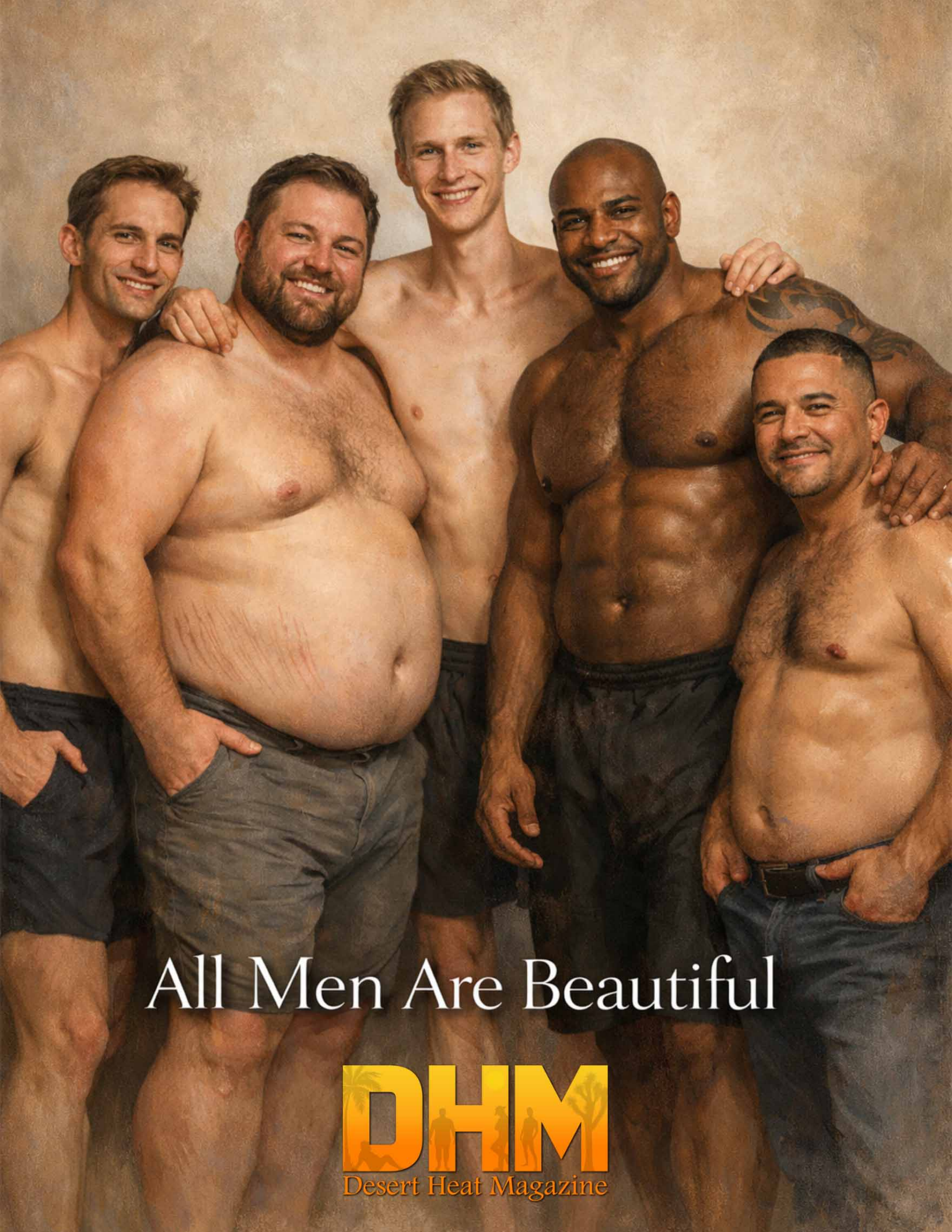
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All Men Are Beautiful

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Josh & Stitch



images By Sarge













The background is a blue-tinted collage of stills from the movie 'Mr. K'. It features a central vertical strip showing a close-up of a hand holding a gun, with other smaller, semi-transparent images of hands and objects scattered around it.

Mr.K **BLUE**

A Javier A Lara Stills Project



The background features a vibrant rainbow gradient. At the top, the colors transition from purple to blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. A large, white, downward-pointing chevron shape is centered at the top. Below this, a large, light gray rectangle with a thin black border contains the text. The text is in a bold, black, sans-serif font and is centered within the rectangle.

**Be the Reason
Someone Feels
Welcomed,
Seen,
Heard,
Valued,
Loved,
Safe,
and Supported**

Mike



Images by

Alex Torres















Coming May 3