

*All Men Are Beautiful!*

May 2020 | Issue 17

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

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**Vulnerable  
Masculinity**

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*Wet furry sexy bear in a shower!*

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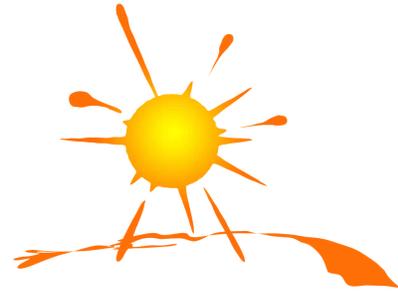
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# MODEL CALL

HAIRY MEN OF ALL SIZES

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# Ramblings From the Editor

*"We're all in this together!"*

Is anyone else sick and tired of corporations throwing this around like that give two shits about us? They take HUGE bailouts from the Government, which is giving away our tax dollars to Companies that mismanage their profits, while making sure the people that pay those taxes get a few crumbs and we are expected to be thankful for. The only reason a Corporation gives a shit about you is as a consumer, so that you can line someone else's pockets rather than your own. And our Government, if you can call it that, no matter which side of the aisle they sit on, signs away the money like it grows on trees. AND sits idly by as those "needy" Companies buy back their stock with the taxpayer dollar rather than help out the employees they are laying off. What a load of shit!

Anyway, enough of the soapbox regarding this. I had just heard 5 ads in a row all touting the same bullshit line to convince people why there are longer hold times because they laid people off to "ensure the safety of the employee".

Again, enough of all that. As you can see, we've been blessed with some incredible features in this month's Issue. Our contributors really pulled out the plug on their submissions and helped flesh out an incredible Issue during this incredulous time! I hope you show them some gratitude by visiting their various social media links and let them know that you saw their material(s) in the Magazine. And while you're adding it, make sure you say hi to the

Models too! They love the feedback, I mean who does not?

I hope you are all staying safe and sound out there and will not be affected by the crazy people that think it is time to go back into society without taking precautions.

Let's face it, we're all tired of being stuck in our homes, but it is a small price to pay for this shit to be nipped in the ass!!

I failed to mention in the last Issue of a good friend who happened to come to the States for TBRU when all this broke out. His vacation went to shit, as you can imagine, and he flew back home. When he got home he started getting sick so they had to give him a test to see if he had contracted COVID 19, which, thank goodness, it came back negative.

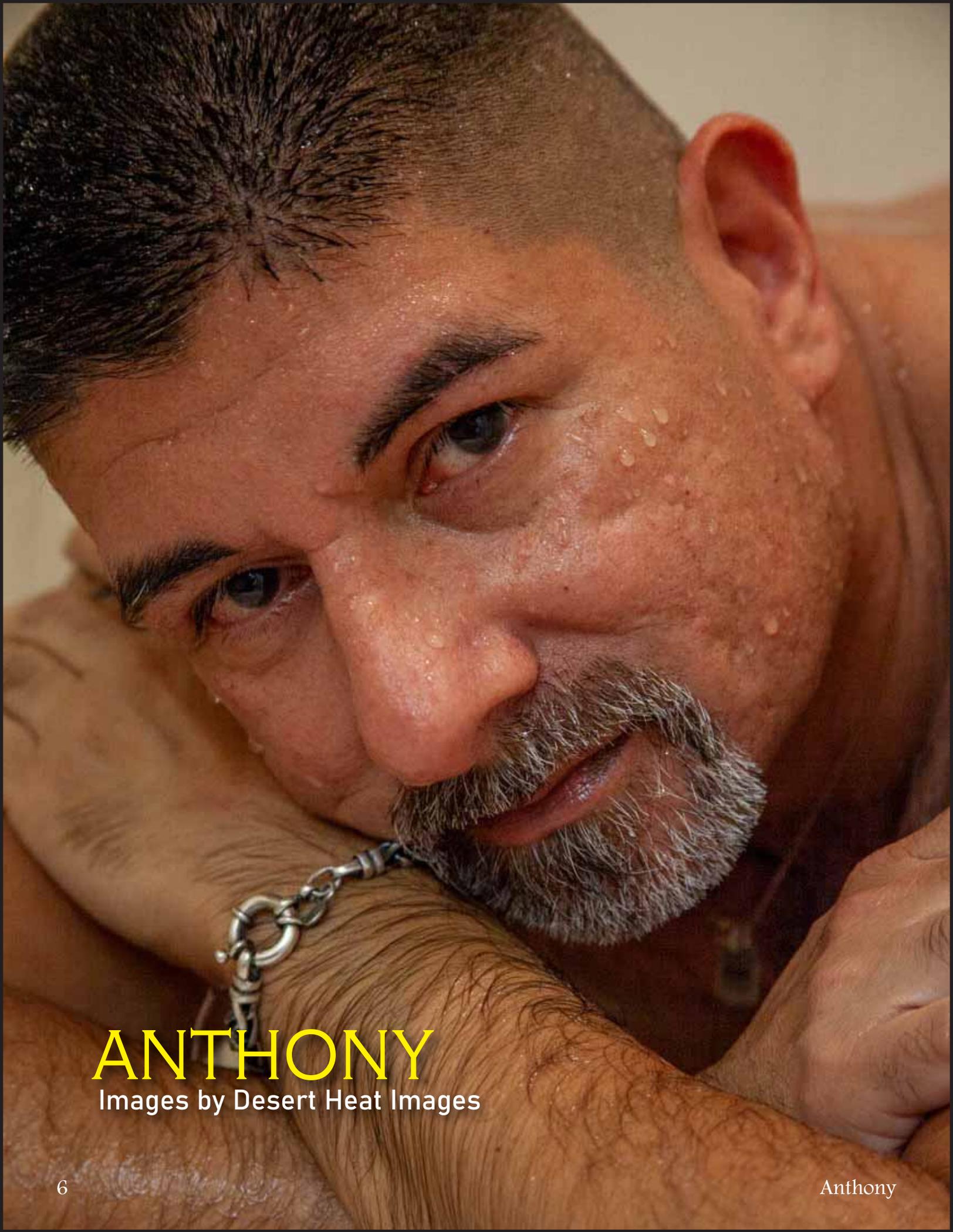
This shit can happen to anyone, anywhere, and it is all of our responsibilities to ensure the safety of everyone, our neighbors, our enemies, our loved ones, and our friends. Please practice social distancing; stay home and download all the past Issues of the Magazine. Share them with anyone you think will enjoy them. And when we finally do get through this, which we know we eventually will, maybe we can plan something to compare callouses! LOL

As always, happy reading and stay safe!

Thanks for your continued support!!

*John*





# ANTHONY

Images by Desert Heat Images







Anthony





Anthony



“Come on in!” shouted Zach. Zach peered around the shower curtain as Leroy opened the bathroom door. Leroy was naked apart from a small towel wrapped around his waist.

# Can I Call You UNCLE

Story by **Coyote Studios and Gareth Johnson**

## Chapter 9

“I thought you were going to give me a bit of competition this time?” grinned Zach, as he followed Brad off the racquetball court and back into the locker-room.

“I just seem to be really off my game at the moment...” shrugged Brad, disappointed that Zach had again beaten him. “I could give you some lessons if you like?” teased Zach, pulling his sweaty t-shirt up and off over his head.

“Fuck all the way off, you little smartass...” grinned Brad, throwing his sweaty t-shirt so that it hit Zach in the face. “Mmmm... Daddy sweat...” mocked Zach, deeply inhaling the funk of Brad’s t-shirt.

Brad couldn’t tear his eyes away from Zach’s lean body. He was regretting that he’d agreed to Zach’s suggestion of a racquetball rematch. He was already resigned to the fact of having to endure another cold shower in order to try and keep his cock under control.

“So, how’s the job going?” asked Brad, trying to change the subject, as he led the way through into the showers.

“Pretty good, actually!” replied Zach, hanging his towel onto one of the nearby hooks. “They’ve given me some regular shifts, and I’m pulling in some tips. I’m thinking that this could be my new career. Looks like my ass is finally going to earn me some money!”

“Well, it’s great that you’ve found something you enjoy doing...” said Brad, trying to sound adult, while avoiding looking at Zach’s smooth and sexy ass. “Fuck, that’s cold!” exclaimed

Brad, as he stepped under the cascading water of the shower. “So, does that mean that you’re going to start looking for your own place?”

“Oh, I hadn’t thought about that, to be honest...” replied Zach, his brow furrowed in confusion as he soaped up his body. “Did you want me to? You don’t want me to stay with you anymore?”

“No, no... Not at all!” reassured Brad, trying to focus on anything apart from Zach’s naked body, right next to him, all soaped-up and slippery and smooth. “I really like having you in the house. We both do. I guess I just thought that we might be cramping your style a bit. I don’t know, maybe it would be more fun living with guys your own age?”

“You’re not cramping my style at all...”

grinned Zach. "I think you're both really cool. It's like living with two sexy gay uncles..."

"If you call me uncle one more time..." growled Brad.

"You'll what?" taunted Zach, turning to face the shower wall and pushing his soapy ass in Brad's direction. "You'll put me over your knee and spank me?"

Something inside Brad snapped. All of the self-control that he'd been battling with suddenly dissolved, and without warning the flat palm of his hand landed sharply against the smooth white skin of Zach's ass.

"Fuck!" yelled Zach, the slap on the ass taking him by surprise.

"Shit! Sorry!" apologised Brad, mortified that he'd let himself cross the line, that he'd lost his self-restraint.

"Do it again..." urged Zach. "What?" said Brad.

"Do it again..." repeated Zach. "Do it again... Slap my ass, Uncle Brad... Come on, I know you want to..."

Brad drew his arm back and brought the flat palm of his hand sharply down onto Zach's ass, leaving a red handprint where he'd made contact.

"Like that?" growled Brad.

"Fuck yeah..." nodded Zach. "Just like that, Daddy... Do it again..." Brad slapped the kid's ass again, and again, and again. With his chest pressed against the shower wall, his back arched, and his ass presented perfectly, Zach continued to urge Brad on, his smooth ass cheeks soon glowing red with the spanking that Brad was delivering to him.

"Is that what you want, you little slut?" growled Brad.

"Fuck yeah, Uncle Brad..." grunted Zach. "You've warmed my ass up so good..."

Brad dropped to his knees and immediately brought his mouth to Zach's reddened ass, beginning by gentle kissing and nuzzling the freshly-spanked cheeks, but quickly spreading the boy's ass cheeks so that his mouth could make contact with Zach's smooth, hairless boy-hole.

"Oh, fuck yeah... That's it, Daddy..." moaned Zach, feeling the warmth of Brad's mouth. Brad was eagerly kissing and licking and slurping and biting and chewing on Zach's boy-hole. "That's it, Uncle Brad... That's it... Get my cunt nice and

wet... Fucking open me up, Daddy... Get it ready for your cock..."

Brad's cock was straining at full hardness, he was aching for release. He tested Zach's boy-hole with a finger and it slid in easily. He pushed a second finger in, and soon both fingers were easily sliding in and out of Zach's spit-slick fuck-hole. He added a third finger, and again Zach took it easily.

"Stop teasing me, Daddy..." urged Zach. "Give me that fucking Daddy dick..."

Brad spat a mouthful of saliva into the palm of his hand and smeared it over his cock-head and shaft. He lined himself up against Zach and pushed firmly forward.

"Fuck... Ungh!" grunted Zach, trying to relax his body as Brad pushed his thick cock inside. "That's a thick fucking cock, Uncle Brad... I bet you're making a lot of boys happy with this thick fuck-stick..."

Taking hold of Zach's shoulders, Brad began driving his cock in and out of Zach's tight boy-cunt, pulling backwards, withdrawing slightly, and then slamming forwards, driving his cock deep and hard into the boy's eager fuck-hole.

"You're a fucking whore for cock, aren't you, fucking little boy-slut..." growled Brad, pounding his cock into Zach's stretched and strained fuck-hole.

"Yeah, that's right, Daddy..." grunted Zach. "Fucking love being fucked hard by my sexy fucking uncles... Yeah... Slam that daddy dick into me... Fill me up Uncle Brad... Give me every inch of that thick daddy dick..."

Zach's slutty encouragement was pushing Brad over the edge. He'd wanted to fuck this kid for so long that he didn't want it to end, but he could feel the cum boiling up inside himself, he could feel himself quickly reaching the point of no return.

"Fuck... I'm going to cum..." warned Brad, continuing to drive his cock in and out of Zach's boy-cunt.

"Yeah... Give it to me, Daddy..." urged Zach. "Give me that load, Uncle Brad..."

"Fuck... Fuck... Fuck... Ungh! Ungh!" Brad held Zach firmly by the shoulders, closed his eyes, and drove his hips forwards as his cum began to flow deep inside Zach's fuck-hole. "Fuck! Take that fucking cum, you slut!"

Brad's chest was heaving and his head was spinning as he slowly came down off the intense

Can I Call You Uncle?

high of having shot his load in Zach's boy-hole.

"That was fucking amazing..." moaned Zach, grinding his cum-sloppy cunt backwards and forwards onto Brad's cock. "I've wanted that cock inside me for so long..."

"Really?" asked Brad, wrapping his arms around Zach and pulling their bodies closer together.

"Fuck yeah..." nodded Zach. "Since the first day I met you... When you took me to that donut place, I wanted to take you into the restroom so you could fuck me then. But you never made any move so I figured that you just weren't that into me."

"Are you kidding?" laughed Brad, as their bodies untangled and they helped each other clean up under the cascading water of the shower. "Why the fuck do you think I have to have cold showers every time I'm near you!"

"So, does that mean we can do it again?" suggested Zach, wrapping a soapy hand around Brad's cock-shaft.

"No, we definitely can't do it again..." said Brad, firmly. "I promised Leroy and the Big Brother Little Brother charity that I'd help look after you. It's totally against all the guidelines for there to be any sort of sexual contact between us. I'd get hauled over the coals if anyone found out about this!"

"Oh, sorry, I didn't realise..." apologised Zach. "I guess that goes for Uncle Blake, too?"

"Yes, totally. Both of us..." nodded Brad. "And stop calling us Uncle! Come on, we'd better get dressed, I've got to get back to class."

## Chapter 10

Brad and Blake drove over to Leroy's house to pick him up for a night on the town. The guys always looked forward to heading out to the bars, and this was their excuse to see Zach in his G-string.

"Come on, get in!" yelled Brad.

"Hey, guys!" greeted Leroy, hopping into the back seat. "Blake, great to see you - it's been a while!"

"Great seeing you as well, Big Man!" grinned Blake. "Thanks for the recommendation regarding Zach, nice to have him around - he's

livened the place up a bit."

"Glad to help out any way I can, guys..." smiled Leroy. "I can't wait to see the boys in their G-strings tonight!"

"Zach, see that guy right there - the big muscle daddy?" said Steve, peeking through the back-stage curtain out into the bar. "That's the one that fucked me good a couple times at the gym."

"Damn, he is hot!" grinned Zach. "This is a bit of a coincidence, but that's actually one of the guys that I am staying with. Here's another funny coincidence... he fucked me hard the day after he fucked you."

"Dude, are you serious?" replied Steve in disbelief. "You know I've been looking for a muscle daddy of my own, why the fuck do you have to come and fuck around in my business?"

"Easy man, back off..." said Zach, surprised that Steve seemed to be upset by this revelation.

"Why don't you back off, you fucking asshole!" snapped Steve. "Fuck you, man..." retorted Zach, losing patience with Steve's drama. "You know what? All the time that muscle daddy was fucking you, you know that he was thinking about me!"

"Fuck you, Zach! I don't need this shit!" snarled Steve, storming off to have a cigarette out the back of the bar.

"Come on, Zach, you're up!" yelled the bar manager. Zach put his dramas with Steve to one side and hit the stage, making sure to give Brad, Blake, and Leroy plenty to look at.

"Damn, he is looking hot up there tonight!" admired Leroy, reaching into his pocket for some dollar bills.

"Yes he is..." nodded Blake, also searching his pockets for some tip money. "Look Brad, our little boy is a hottie!"

"Yes, sir!" agreed Brad. "Our boy sure does look hot up there." Zach finished his set and headed backstage. He saw

Steve checking his hair in the mirror. "Hey, Steve, can we talk?" asked Zach.

"I have nothing to say to you..." snarled Steve, not even looking up from the mirror.

"Well, I've got something to say to you, Steve..." insisted Zach. "Dude, I'm a fucking

*Continued on page 26*





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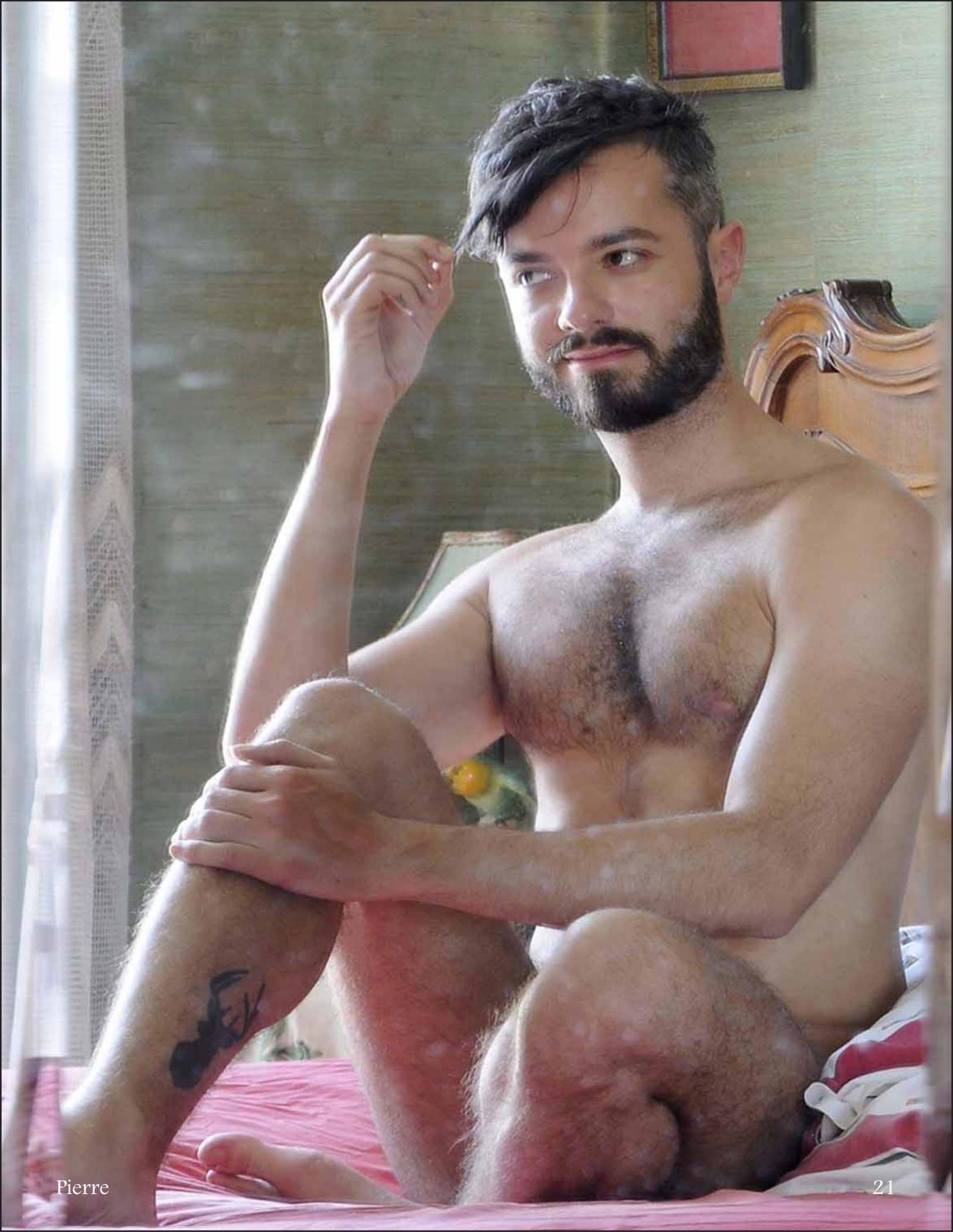


# PIERRE

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**Various Artists**







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CREATING THE PROFESSIONNEL



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asshole - I shouldn't have taunted you about my hook-up with Blake. I'm sorry."

"Yes, you are a fucking asshole, Zach..." agreed Steve, turning to face Zach. "You fucking pissed me off!"

"I know, man - I'm sorry for that..." apologised Zach. "I'm sorry for playing with your muscle daddy. But, you have to admit, if you were in my shoes you wouldn't have been able to say no..."

"You're probably right..." admitted Steve, almost smiling. "But you're still an asshole."

"While we're clearing the air..." continued Zach. "There's another piece to the puzzle. I also got fucked by your muscle daddy's husband, Brad, and neither of them know that both of them have fucked me."

"Holy shit, talk about drama, what are you going to do?" asked Steve.

"Well..." began Zach, before he was interrupted by the bar manager.

"You two - get your asses out here and get that money flowing!" instructed the manager.

"Follow my lead..." Zach said to Steve, leading the way out onto the stage where Brad, Blake, and Leroy were front and center, dollar bills in hand. "When I bend over, slap my ass."

On cue, Zach bent over and Steve slapped Zach's bare ass hard. Zach hoped this little tease would get the guys turned on, especially Blake. The two boys danced over to where the guys were seated. Zach sat down on Brad's lap, and Steve sat on Blake's lap. Both boys started grinding on the guys as Leroy watched.

"Um, we didn't pay for lap dances guys..." mumbled Blake. "This one's on us..." grinned Zach, switching across to also give Leroy some attention.

The three guys shoved dollar bills in the jocks of both Steve and Zach and the boys eventually went back up on stage and finished their set.

"Okay, I didn't think those two could get me going like this..." growled Leroy, adjusting his uncomfortably hard cock.

"That's what we have to live with all the time!" nodded Blake. "You have to admit, Zach is a hot little piece of ass..." added Brad, looking for

the bartender to order another drink.

"Just remember, he's off limits..." cautioned Leroy.

"Hey guys, I hope you enjoyed the show?" grinned Zach, emerging from backstage with Steve at his side. "I wanted to introduce Steve to everyone..."

"Nice to meet you all..." grinned Steve, shaking their hands as the introductions were made. When he shook Blake's hand, Steve locked eyes with him and took a little longer with the handshake than the other two. Blake saw out of the corner of his eye that Brad had noticed the long handshake between him and Steve. Blake quickly pulled his hand back.

"Do you guys know each other?" Brad asked.

"Steve works out at the same gym as I do..." shrugged Blake. "We have to get ready for our next set, guys..." said Zach. "You're sticking around for a bit?"

"We'll try..." nodded Blake. "If not, we'll see you at home." "I'm headed to the bar for another drink..." announced Brad "Does anyone want anything?"

While Brad was up at the bar he saw Zach grabbing some water.

"You're looking quite hot out there tonight, Zach..." smiled Brad, walking to the bar with Zach.

"Thanks, Brad, I'm glad that you guys are here to see me in action..." grinned Zach, wrapping his arms around Brad and giving him an affectionate hug.

"So, how much longer do you guys want to stay?" asked Brad, returning to the table where Blake and Leroy were sitting.

"Hey, Brad can I talk to you for a minute?" said Blake. Brad followed Blake to the back of the bar. "So, I saw you over there talking to Zach for a while, and then I saw him hugging you." "What are you getting at, Blake?" demanded Brad.

"It looked like you two were flirting?" suggested Blake. "Have you been fooling around with Zach?"

"Blake, you're making something out of nothing..." dismissed Brad.

"Nothing?" repeated Blake. "Brad, the kid's just wearing a g-string and you've got your hands

all over him!"

"What did you see?" demanded Brad. "Me hugging our roommate! What about your handshake with the slut from the gym? You can't tell me that you haven't been fucking around behind my back!"

"Hey, guys..." interrupted Leroy, seeing that the discussion between Brad and Blake was escalating into an argument. "Let's just head out and we can finish this conversation tomorrow, when everyone is thinking more clearly?"

"I'm done talking..." snapped Brad, grabbing his coat and the car keys. "You can be such a douche, Blake. Think about that while you're walking your ass home!" Brad turned around and walked out.

"Hey, Leroy, sorry about all of this..." apologised Blake. "Want to share a cab home?"

"Sure, mind if I finish my drink?" asked Leroy.

"Of course..." nodded Blake. "I'm going to go talk to Zach for a minute."

Blake saw Steve at the end of the bar, talking to a few other guys.

"Have you seen Zach around?" asked Blake.

"I haven't seen him in a while. Is everything ok?" asked Steve. "I might have fucked up big time..." admitted Blake. "I was fucking Zach on the side, while I was also fucking you. The problem is, Brad and I are supposed to be monogamous." "Blake, you didn't fuck up..." said Steve. "Zach seduced you - both you and Brad."

"What did you say?" asked Blake.

"Zach seduced both of you..." repeated Steve. "He told me. That's been his agenda all along."

Blake's head was spinning. He walked back to the table where Leroy was waiting for him.

"Leroy, can you find Zach and have him stay with you tonight?" asked Blake.

"Sure. Why?" asked Leroy.

"Because Brad and I have to talk some things out, and we don't need Zach there..." explained Blake, grabbing his coat and heading outside.

"Where did everyone go?" asked Zach, coming over to check why Leroy was by himself.

"Hey, buddy, how about you come home

and stay with me tonight?" suggested Leroy. "Brad and Blake have some things they need to work out, and it wouldn't be a good idea to go home tonight."

"What's going on?" asked Zach. "I hope I haven't fucked everything up between them?"

"Probably best if we just give them a bit of space..." advised Leroy. "Don't worry, plenty of room at my place for you."

Blake ended up walking so he could blow off some steam before he got home. He walked up the driveway, the house was dark, their car was in the driveway so he knew Brad had made it home.

Blake quietly unlocked and opened the front door, he switched on the living room light and collapsed down onto the sofa. He let out a big sigh and lay his head on the pillow to close his eyes for a few minutes.

"Oh, you're here..." said Brad, coming out of the bedroom. "I didn't hear you come in."

"Brad, we need to talk..." said Blake. Blake knew that he had to come clean if there was any chance of salvaging their relationship. "Brad, you know I care about you, and yes - I screwed up big time..." began Blake.

"I need to tell you some things too..." admitted Brad.

"I fucked Zach..." said Blake. "I also fucked Steve from the gym. I didn't mean for it to happen, but with all the sexual tension around here, it just happened - I'm sorry."

"Okay, my turn to come clean now..." said Brad. "I've also fucked Zach. I didn't mean to, I tried not to, it just kind of happened."

"Seems we both fell into lusting after what we wanted all along..." smiled Blake.

"Well, there's something else I have to tell you, since we're coming clean about everything..." continued Brad. "Leroy and I fucked around also."

"Okay..." nodded Blake, slowly processing that information. "First off, I think we need to sit down and have a conversation about where our relationship is going. Second, I like Leroy, and I've always thought there was something between you two, and I'm okay with that."

"Seriously?" asked Brad.

"Seriously..." repeated Blake. "However, we do need to talk about where our relationship is going."

*Continued on page 43*

Barclay

LEATHER  
DREAMS

Images by  
**Kirk Stephens Studio**





Byron

Jon



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# Blade ONYX





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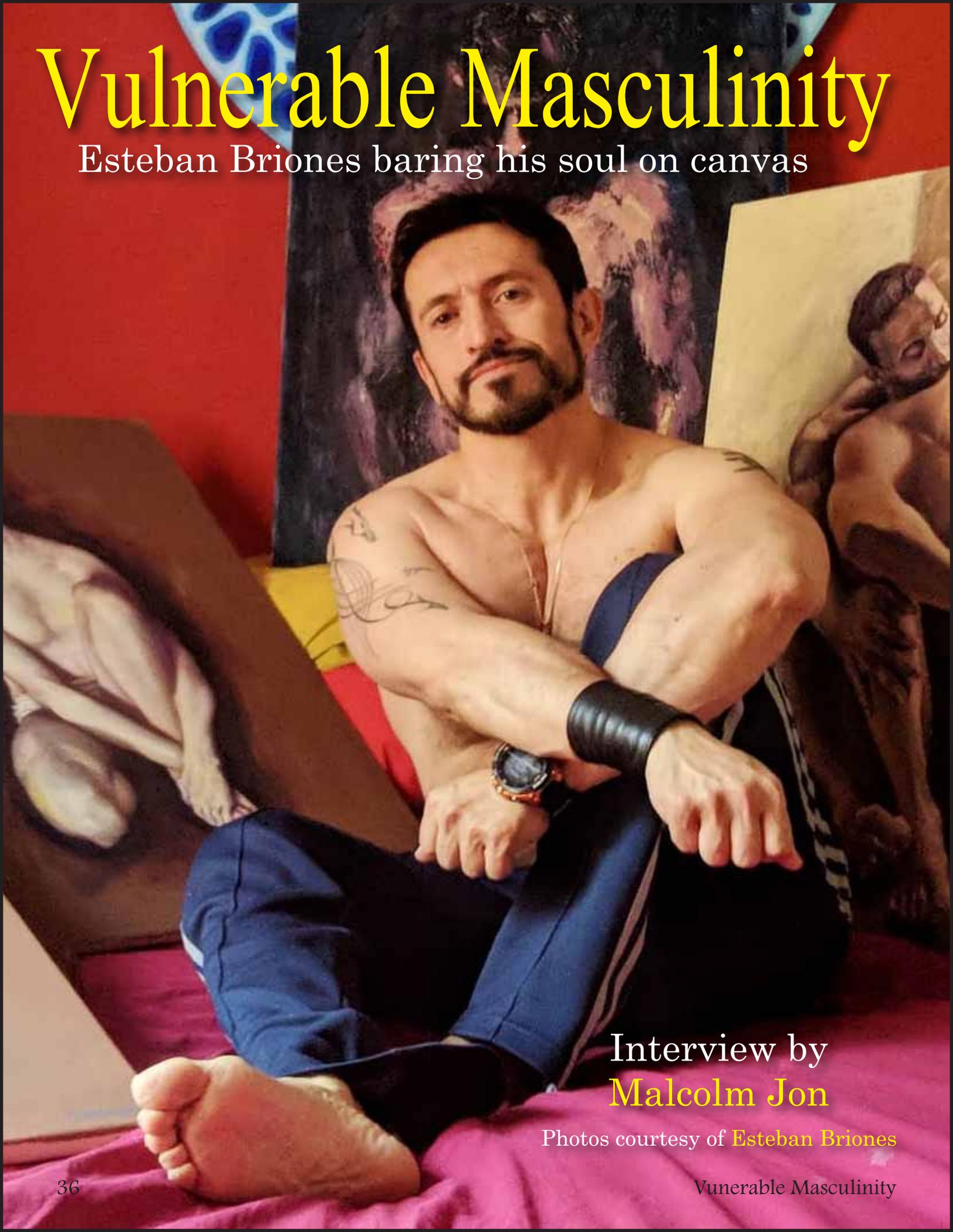
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# Vulnerable Masculinity

Esteban Briones baring his soul on canvas



Interview by  
**Malcolm Jon**

Photos courtesy of **Esteban Briones**

I love art, especially art that come from the soul. One day I came across Esteban's paintings and fell in love. I got a chance to sit down and talk with Esteban about where his inspiration comes from for his paintings.

***Can you tell us a little about Esteban Briones?***

I think you can sum me up as a really strange human. I am in my forties, I started my professional life as a software and telecommunication engineer. However, the career I love started 8 years ago at the Fine Arts Faculty of Valencia, Spain.

I have traveled all over the world, and I still feel like there are more crazy things ahead to do. I also believe that magic, unicorns, and technology can live together with all the kindness of human beings.

***Where do you get your inspiration for your art?***

I know it may sound typical, but my inspiration comes from life and personal experiences. People, situations, and emotions can trigger something



within me that tries to get out in the shape of something. These ideas sometimes become an obsession, I can't stop thinking about them at all until I find a way to express them.

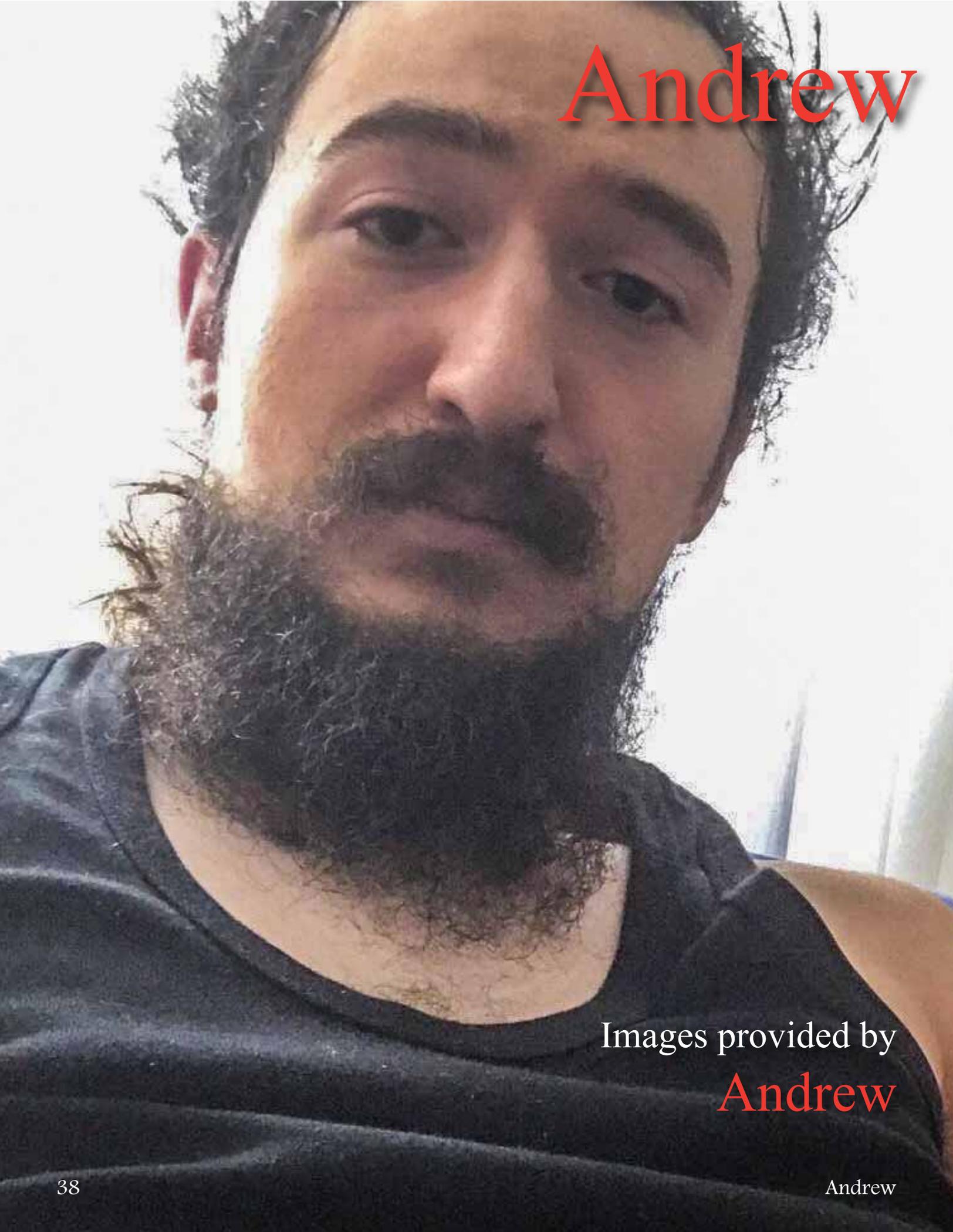


I use the body of a man as a support to express something related to male emotions. I believe that today we can express and talk about anything. We're not ashamed of talking about sex, for example, but we're embarrassed if we talk about feelings. We don't want to show ourselves so vulnerable and opposite to the traditional masculinity concept.

***Can you tell us a little about your first solo exhibition "Diluting Masculinity in Emotions?"***

My first solo exhibition means a lot to me, not just professionally but also personally. When I started painting, I just did what I felt like, without any real purpose. Teachers and colleagues at the Fine Arts Faculty didn't really like what I did, but I didn't care because it was just a way to express myself. But last year I met several new friends that helped me to

*Continued on page 62*



Andrew

Images provided by  
Andrew









Andrew

"I totally agree with you..." nodded Brad. "But what are we going to do about Zach? We can't have him causing all this sexual tension."

"Let's call Leroy tomorrow and tell him that the kid needs to stay with him for a little bit..." suggested Blake. "Do you want to tell me a little more about this sexual tension?"

"You mean the tension I'm feeling in my underwear right now?" grinned Brad wrapping his arms around Blake and kissing him with fiery passion.

Blake pushed Brad down on the sofa, got on his knees and ripped off Brad's briefs to reveal a nicely swollen cock with a head that was already leaking pre-cum. Blake grabbed a tight hold around the base of Brad's cock while he licked the precum from the piss slit.

"Damn you taste good!" growled Blake. "I wish I could have tasted that cock after you fucked Zach's little cunt."

"I bet you would have cleaned his cunt juice off my cock real good..." grunted Brad.

Blake slowly slid Brad's swollen cock into his mouth, burying his face in Brad's crotch.

"Suck that cock, fucker!" Brad moaned, as his hand guided Blake's head up and down on his cock. While Blake worked Brad's cock over, he spread Brad's legs so he could access Brad's fuck-hole. Blake's attention went from Brad's cock to that pink man-cunt. Brad positioned himself on the sofa so Blake had better access and could get to work on his ass. Blake teased Brad's fuck-hole with the head of his cock. He could see the sweet hole puckering, waiting to be forced open.

"You ready?" asked Blake, not waiting for a response before slamming his cock into Brad's ass with one powerful thrust.

"Is this how you fucked that slut at the gym?" grunted Brad, as Blake began to drive his cock in and out of Brad's stretched fuck-hole, pounding him like a piston, almost punishing him for fucking around behind Blake's back.

"Yeah... exactly like this..." growled Blake. "That little cock-slut was begging for my daddy-cock... He was begging for me to seed his tight little boy-cunt and I bred him with a huge fucking load..."

"Fuck yeah..." grunted Brad. "Fuck that's hot..."

"You know what's hotter?" said Blake, holding Brad by the ankles and deep-dicking him with long, powerful strokes. "After I fucked Steve at the gym, he went to work and hooked up with Zach at the bar... Zach felched my cum from Steve's cunt without even knowing it was mine..."

"Ah, fuck!" Brad moaned, pushed over the edge by the thought of Zach felching Blake's cum from Steve's ruined cunt. Unable to hold it back any longer, his cock shot off like a cannon on his chest with a beautiful stream of hot jizz. Pumping load after load out from the swollen cock-head.

"I'm going to flood your man cunt!" yelled Blake, pushed past the point of no return by the thrill of having fucked the cum out of Brad.

Slowly catching his breath, Blake scooped up some of Brad's jizz with one of his fingers and stuck it in Brad's mouth. "Tastes like pineapple..." grinned Brad, slurping his tongue over Blake's finger, eager to lap up every drop.

"Bullshit..." laughed Blake, kissing Brad deeply, sharing the salty taste between them.

## Chapter 11

The Uber pulled up in front of Leroy's place, Zach and Leroy get out and walked toward the house.

"Hey, Leroy, thanks for letting me stay here tonight, but I don't have any clothes to change into..." said Zach. "Do you have any I can borrow?"

"Sure, kid..." smiled Leroy, opening the door and leading the way inside. "Go grab a shower and I'll round up some of my old clothes for you."

"Thanks, Leroy, I really appreciate all you've done for me..." said Zach. "Not many guys would do for me what you three have."

"It's the least we can do..." winked Leroy. "The bathroom is down the hall on the right, you'll find towels in the cupboard and a new toothbrush in there also. I'm going to shower off also. When I get out I'll make us something to eat."

Zach headed into the bathroom and closed the door. He looked at himself in the mirror, wondering if he'd fucked up everything by seducing both Blake and Brad, wishing he'd been able to

listen to his head instead of thinking with his cock. "Hey, Zach, I have some clothes for you here..." shouted Leroy, while Zach was still in the shower.

"Come on in!" shouted Zach. Zach peered around the shower curtain as Leroy opened the bathroom door. Leroy was naked apart from a small towel wrapped around his waist.

"I'll just leave the clothes here by the basin..." said Leroy. "Catch you in the kitchen, I'll throw in a pizza." Leroy went to the kitchen and threw a frozen pizza in the oven and opened a bottle of wine for him and Zach to share. After what had happened he guessed Zach could probably do with a drink. "Hey there, is that second glass for me?" asked Zach as he walked into the kitchen. "The pizza smells good, I'm starving!" "Pizza will be ready in a few. Do you want to talk about what happened with Brad and Blake, or would you prefer not to?"

"I didn't set out to ruin anyone's relationship..." sighed Zach. "How have you ruined their relationship?" asked Leroy.

"When I moved in with the guys, I set out to seduce them both. They were so hot I couldn't help it..." confessed Zach. "You know what, kid, what's done is done..." shrugged Leroy, taking the pizza out of the oven and slicing it up. "Don't worry about the guys, they'll work things out. Until then you can stay here as long as you need."

"Thanks, Leroy..." smiled Zach, munching into a slice of pizza. "Can I ask you a personal question?" asked Leroy, opening another bottle of wine and topping up their glasses. "What is it about Brad and Blake that you found so irresistible?"

"Um... I'm not really sure..." shrugged Zach. "It's always been guys that have been a bit older that have caught my attention."

"In what way?" asked Leroy.

"I knew I was gay when I was five, but I couldn't talk about it to anyone in my family. I came out at 16 and that's when I got kicked out." explained Zach. "I went and stayed with my uncle for a while. He's my Dad's younger brother - tall, dark hair, muscular..."

"He sounds dreamy..." winked Leroy.

"Exactly..." nodded Zach. "He was the first guy that I ever seduced."

"Your Uncle?" asked Leroy. "Uh huh..." nodded Zach.

"What do you mean that you seduced him?"

asked Leroy. "It must have been a two-way street?"

"I wanted him to want me..." shrugged Zach. "I'm pretty sure that if I hadn't put the moves on him, then the thought would never have crossed his mind. He's straight, married, got kids... Well, he was married."

"How did you go about seducing him?" asked Leroy.

"He worked from home a lot..." explained Zach. "Whenever he and I were alone in the house, I'd make sure I was wearing as little as possible - usually just a pair of running shorts, but as I got bolder I just started wearing a jockstrap."

"He didn't tell you to put some clothes on?" asked Leroy.

"He probably did..." shrugged Zach. "But I was determined to get what I wanted. They had a swimming pool in their backyard, and I'd always pester him to come and have a swim with me. Whenever I got him in the pool I'd jump on him and wrestle him, just doing anything to get as close to him as possible, to get him to notice me."

"I think that's pretty normal for teenagers?" suggested Leroy. "Things crossed a line one day when we were swimming..." continued Zach. "He was wearing a loose pair of shorts. While we were wrestling, I pulled his shorts off and threw them onto the side of the pool. He retaliated and did the same thing to me. I jumped on his back and wrapped my legs around his waist. My feet brushed against his hard cock - that's when I knew that I had him."

"How did that play out?" asked Leroy.

"Once I realised that he was hard, I wrapped my legs tighter around his waist and used the insoles of my feet to grab onto his cock, I was jacking his cock with my feet while we were still in the water..." continued Zach. "He said something like - Have you found what you were looking for, you little slut..."

"He called you a slut?" asked Leroy.

"Yeah..." nodded Zach. "It turned me on so much hearing him say it, that he knew what I was, what I wanted... He carried me over to the edge of the pool. He lay down on one of the sun-lounges and told me to show him what I could do. I'd never touched another guy before, but I knew exactly what I wanted to do..."

"He let you do anything you wanted?" asked Leroy.

"Yeah..." nodded Zach. "I started off by sucking his thick cock. He was rock hard, I could hardly wrap my mouth around it. He was the one that told me to suck on his nipples - I hadn't thought of that, but as I was lying on top of him, sucking and chewing on his nipples, I could feel his thick cock resting against my ass... I was sliding my ass up and down the shaft, pushing back towards it. He asked me if I thought I could take his cock in my cunt..."

"He called your ass a cunt?" asked Leroy.

"Yeah..." nodded Zach. "I had no idea if I was going to be able to take it, but I was determined to try. That first time really stretched me to the limit, but every time he fucked me it got easier..."

"He fucked you a lot?" asked Leroy.

"He was fucking insatiable..." grinned Zach. "Every morning, as soon as the kids had gone to school and his wife had gone to work, he was straight into my room slamming his thick cock into my cunt. Sometimes he'd come into my room in the middle of the night to fuck me."

"Jesus..." nodded Leroy. "So, what went wrong?"

"His wife came back home one morning..." shrugged Zach. "She'd left something behind that she needed for the office. She found her husband balls deep in the gay nephew. Obviously, I needed somewhere else to stay - that's when I found Big Brother, Little Brother."

"It doesn't sound like you were completely at fault in that scenario..." observed Leroy.

"I guess not..." shrugged Zach. "But I knew that I was fucking around with other people's lives but I went ahead and did it anyway, because I was thinking with my cock. Have you ever done something like that?"

"Um... maybe..." admitted Leroy. "Spill it!" insisted Zach.

"Well, some things happened between Brad and me that really shouldn't have happened..." began Leroy. "But, like you, I was thinking with my cock and not with my head."

"You and Brad?" said Zach. "Fuck, that's hot! Tell me what happened?"

"It was after the first time that he'd played racquetball against you..." explained Leroy. "He

was so turned-on and horned-up that he came into my office needing to let off steam. So I... helped him to let off some steam..."

"It was because of me?" asked Zach. "Is it wrong if that makes me feel good?"

"Possibly..." grinned Leroy. "But I know what you mean. When it happened, I knew that I was kind of taking advantage of Brad, but I really wanted it to happen so I just went with it. Come on, it's getting late. I'll tell you the rest of that story some other time."

"Leroy, can I sleep with you tonight?" asked Zach.

"I was hoping you were going to say that..." winked Leroy. "Another example of when I'm thinking with my cock and not my head."

## Chapter 12

"What time is it?" Brad said lifting his head off of Blake's chest, slowly waking up the next morning.

"Looks like 10 AM..." confirmed Blake, checking his watch.

"Oh man, we need to call Leroy and figure out the Zach situation..." groaned Brad. "But first I need a shower. Who shot all this cum on me?"

"That was all you!" laughed Blake. "Let me check out that cunt of yours, I need to inspect it." Brad rolled over and spread his ass for Blake. "Aw, nice - look at that wrecked cunt... What's this? Some of my man-juice is leaking out..."

"Nice..." grinned Brad, slurping up the strands of cum that Blake was feeding him.

"I talked to Leroy..." said Brad, sticking his head into the bathroom to update Blake who was still in the shower. "Zach's on his way over to pick up his stuff, he's moving out for now." "Is that really what we want?" asked Blake. "Let's talk to the kid and tell him that he fucked up along with us. However, we need to tell him that having him around did spice up our sex life. So the answer might be to explore that a bit further... Would you be up for that?"

"Maybe..." shrugged Brad. "I'm just not sure how that's going to work out."

"Let's just test the waters, talk to Zach and

*Continued on page 52*

The Male Toy Project

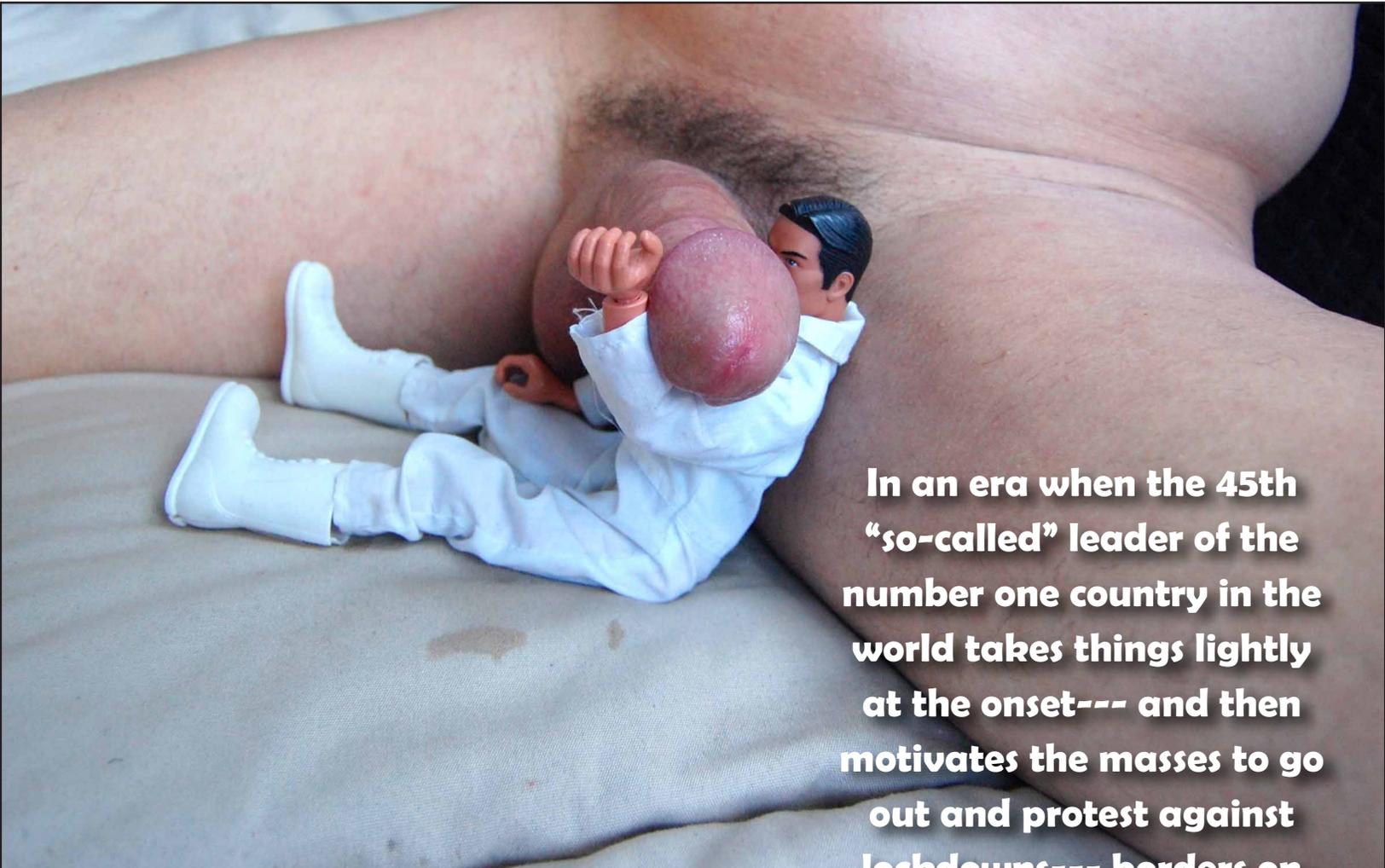
Living in a

Pandemic Era...



Images by **Javier Lara**





**In an era when the 45th “so-called” leader of the number one country in the world takes things lightly at the onset--- and then motivates the masses to go out and protest against lockdowns--- borders on the absurd, which is further underscored with the bizarre suggestion that people inject disinfectants.**





**Should one take Lysol,  
Clorox, and other  
cleansing chemicals to  
prevent or cure Covid-19?**





**I feel motivated to bring laughter with this artistic photoshoot; that more importantly perhaps asks the viewer to reflect and remember when casting VOTES in November all the innocent lives that could have been saved IF we had a real national leader: one that gave the proper information to the nation and that could act accordingly to bring the nation together in one cohesive effort...**

**BECAUSE  
WE  
MATTER.**





**Thanks so much! This is a really important work for me...and thanks for allowing me to show my political ideology and heartfelt commitment to what I stand for through my art.**

see how the conversation goes. That's all I'm asking...." urged Blake.

While Blake was in the kitchen throwing together breakfast he heard the front door open.

"Hey, guys, can I come in?" asked Zach. "I'm just here to pick up my stuff?"

"Sure, kid, come on in..." replied Blake. "Brad and I were just talking."

"Hey, Zach!" smiled Brad, emerging from the bathroom. "Sit down, we want to talk to you..."

"Okay, guys, I just want to say that I'm sorry..." began Zach. "Things got out of hand and I should have respected your boundaries and..."

"Yes we know, you fucked up big time, kid, and it almost costs us our relationship..." interrupted Blake.

"I'm just going to go get my things and I'll be out of here..." said Zach.

"Wait, kid, we aren't done with you yet, now sit down..." added Brad..

"We wanted to let you know that what you did was wrong..." explained Blake. "But we also wanted to let you know that we really like having you here in the house, you brought a lot of life into this place and... you spiced up Blake and my relationship."

"Really?" replied Zach.

"Well, we both find you hot as hell, and you have a great personality and sexual energy about you. We've had some hot intense sex with each other since you moved in..." grinned Blake.

"Also, with all that sexual energy you have, we couldn't resist fucking you too..." shrugged Brad.

"So, how would you feel about staying here with us and building on the relationship Brad and I have?" asked Blake. "We'd need to take this slow and do a lot of talking..." cautioned Brad. "We don't want anyone getting hurt in this."

"I have always wanted two daddies..." grinned Zach.

"Oh, now we've graduated from uncles to daddies!" laughed Brad.

"Good boy..." winked Blake, ruffling his fingers affectionately through Zach's hair.

Blake came in behind Zach and started to rub his arms and back, reaching down grabbing his

ass. Brad came in and started to make out with Zach.

"Blake needs some attention too, boy..." suggested Brad, turning Zach around to face Blake. While Zach and Blake were kissing hungrily, Brad ripped off Zach's gym shorts and got down on his knees and spread Zach's ass cheeks apart and started eating Zach's boy-cunt.

Blake unzipped his shorts, grabbed Zach's head and guided him down on his shaft. Pushing down till his cock-head hit the back of Zach's throat, making him gag.

"Take it!" Blake commanded, as he held Zach's head down to teach him how to take a real man's cock. Brad spat on his hard cock and positioned his cock-head to the opening of Zach's cunt, then he thrust in full force.

"Ah, fuck, yes, fuck me, Uncle Brad!" Zach yelled.

"Get that boy's cunt nice and opened up for my cock..." Blake barked at Brad. Brad pulled out and Blake slid in, giving Zach only seconds to recoup from the pounding that he was getting from Brad.

"Awww fuck yes!" yelled Zach. Brad decided to get on top of Zach and lower his ass down in Zach's face. Zach immediately started eating Brad's juicy cunt.

Brad reached up and started to play with Blake's nipples while he fucked Zach. At this point, Blake grabbed a hold of Zach's cock and started stroking it.

"Oh shit, I'm close, Uncle Blake!" yelled Zach. Brad was so turned on he grabbed his cock and was ready to blow also. Zach was the first to shoot, tensing up he shot some nice thick ropes all over his chest hitting Brad's hand. Brad couldn't hold back he let loose a huge load, his load hitting Blake in the Belly.

"Clean it up good, boy..." instructed Brad, pushing his cock into Zach's mouth. Blake couldn't hold back anymore. He picked up his intensity and grabbed Zach's legs tight.

"I'm going to breed you, boy! Ah yeah fuck!" grunted Blake as he drained his huge nut sack, filling up Zach's ass. Blake left his cock in Zach, as he scooped up the cum on Zach's chest he smeared it all over the boy's mouth. Blake pulled out and went down and started kissing Zach, Brad followed. The taste of Brad and Zach's load mixed

with sweat tasted so amazing. “Welcome to the family, kid...” grinned Blake. “Welcome to the family.”

## The End

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## About Coyote Tales

This is a series of gay erotic fiction about encounters between guys.

The stories are fictional, and any resemblance to people or events is coincidental. Scenarios depicted in the stories represent erotic fantasy. All characters depicted in the stories are above the relevant age of consent, and acts between characters are consensual.

The stories are a collaboration between Coyote and Gareth Johnson.

## About The Authors

### Coyote

Coyote came out to the world at 39 as a gay man. He left all the baggage that came with living in a conservative town behind, and threw himself into photography and writing. This is Coyote’s first work of erotic gay fiction, but there’s a lot more stories to be told.

Follow Coyote @CoyoteStudiosNW

### Gareth Johnson

Gareth is an Australian, living in London. A writer and journalist, much of his work focuses on the world of gay men. Gareth spends too much time on Twitter @gtvlondon

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Suicide  
Prevention  
Hotline  
866-488-7386

Research has found that attempted suicide rates and suicidal ideation among lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, etc. youth is significantly higher than among the general population. LGBT youth have the highest rate of suicide attempts.

# GIANLUCA

IMAGES BY JP







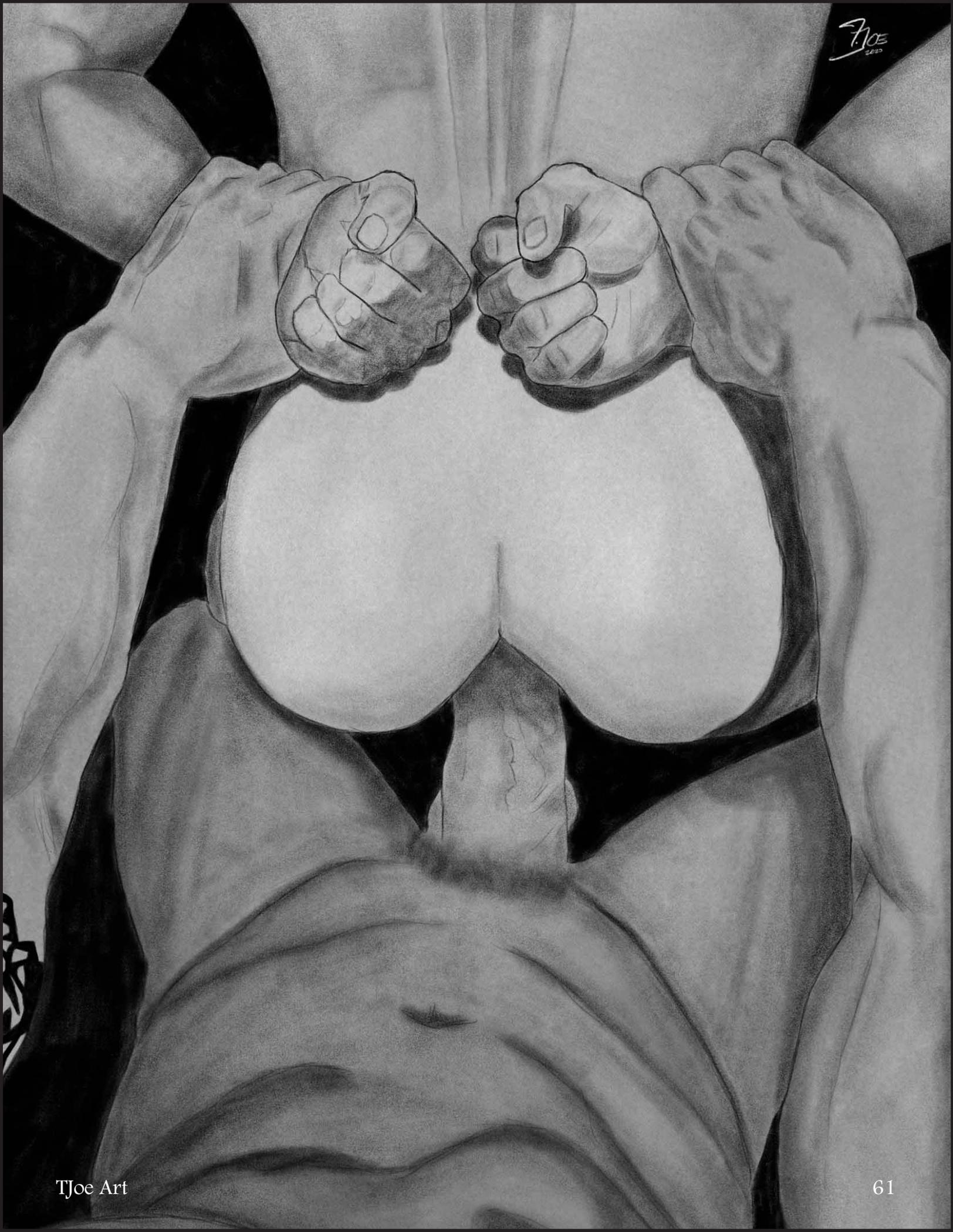






Gianluca







believe in myself and once I collected all my pieces together I realized that I was talking about emotions, from the pain or loneliness or other angles. Zygmunt Bauman said that we don't really have solid concepts in our society, everything has been liquefied and a wide range of meanings can be used for the same concept. Masculinity is one of them, but I feel that if we add emotions to this equation, we still try to think of it as a dual concept. So my first solo exhibition is like a big first step for me, saying "I'm here to stay. I'm here, expressing the emotions that you probably don't want to see in public." I'm aware that I could be more popular if I show more nudity or romantic themes, but there's already enough artists that do that.

**Is the artwork in your exhibit an inner expression of you?**

All of them, even if I start something not related to myself. For example 'Inner world/outer world' started as a project for a friend of mine. He's Gemini and I tried to express his duality through this work, an inner soft delicate soul and outer happy and strong social body. But I'm also Gemini, so at the end, I felt that I was painting both of us. One of the things that I realized over the years is that if I know the man I'm painting and have any personal relationship with him, I not only paint him faster and better, but I also enjoy it more and it's like my (happy/sad) feelings move my brushes. My first works, such as 'Absence' shows the pain and

loneliness that I felt years ago and even now that makes them so special and still a part of me.

**What was one of your biggest obstacles in life?**

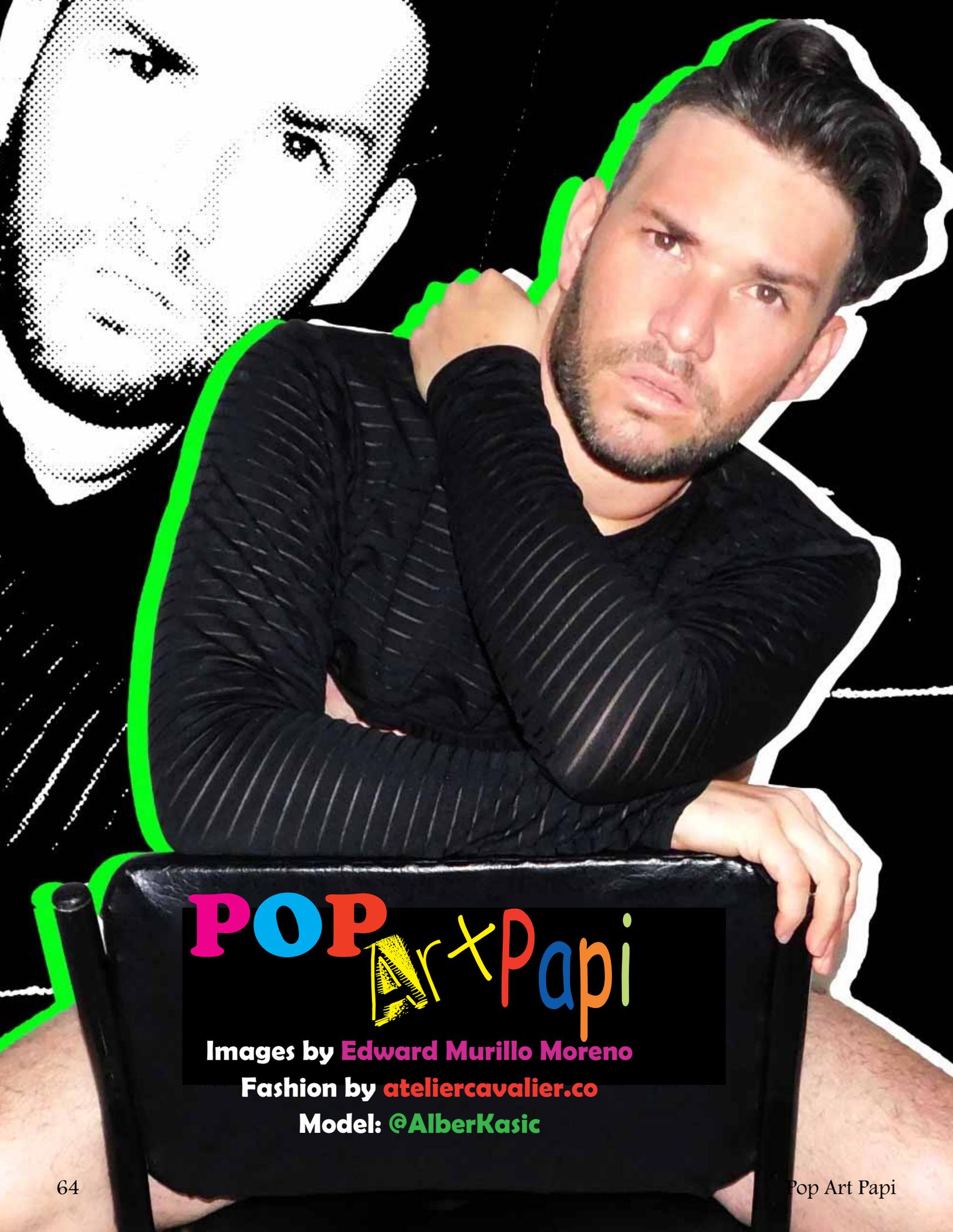
My biggest obstacle in life is myself. I'm my worst critic. Just like Peter Pan, a simple happy feeling can make me fly. But I'm the first one to think too much and make it difficult. I have to say that during the last year I found a way to let myself go, enjoy myself through my paintings, and really experience life.

**Are you working on any projects currently?**

Yes! I should live in several dimensions at the same time to develop all the ideas that come to my mind. I'm working on a new set of paintings based on couples. Limbic Resonance is the first one, but I have two more I'm about to finish soon. I'm also trying to start a new set of sculptures based on my painting 'Inner World, Outer World'. And I'm finally preparing my third solo exhibition for October. Thank you so much for taking the time to chat with me Esteban.

If you want to keep up with Esteban you can follow him on Instagram @stephanelf.



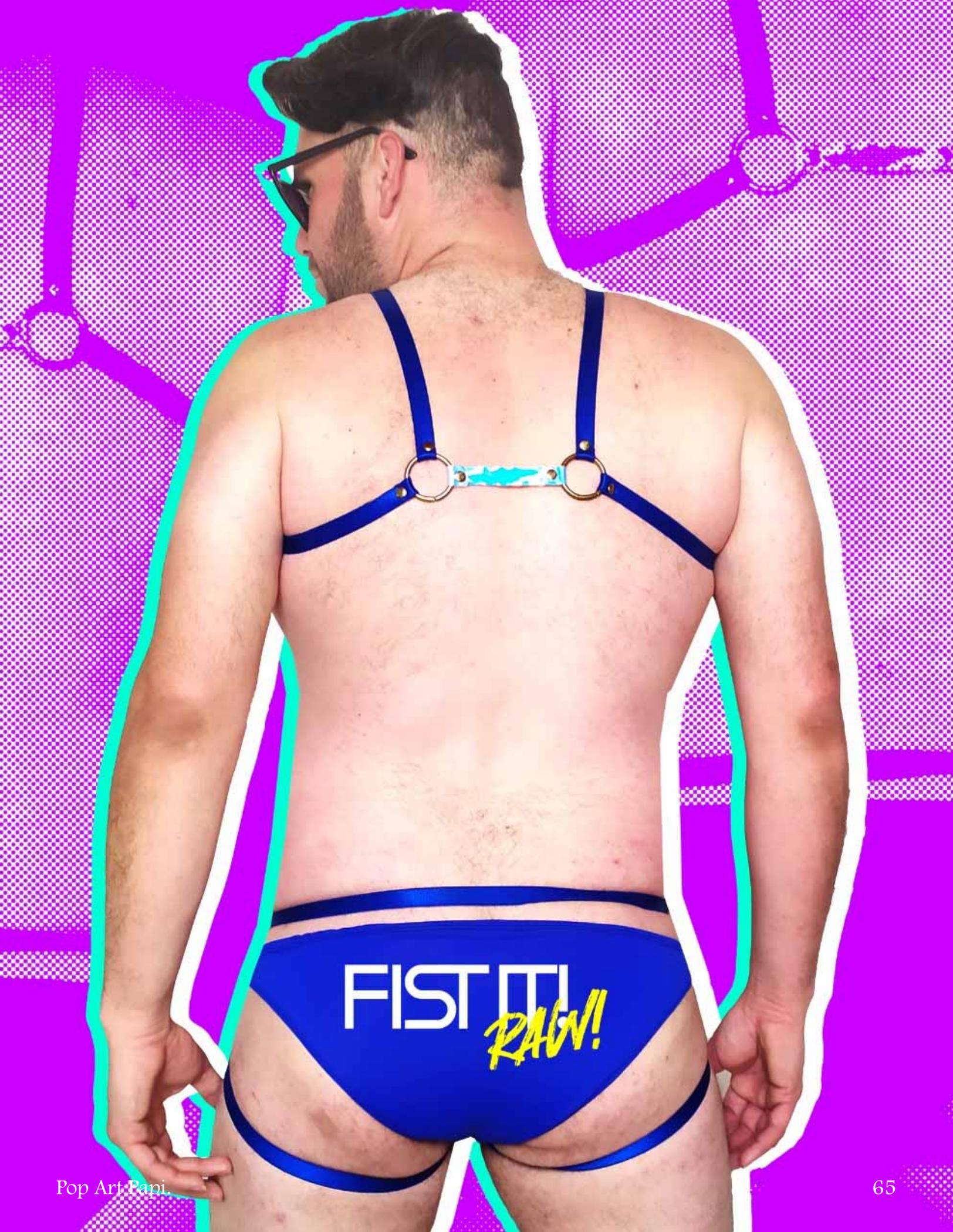


**POP** Art x Papi

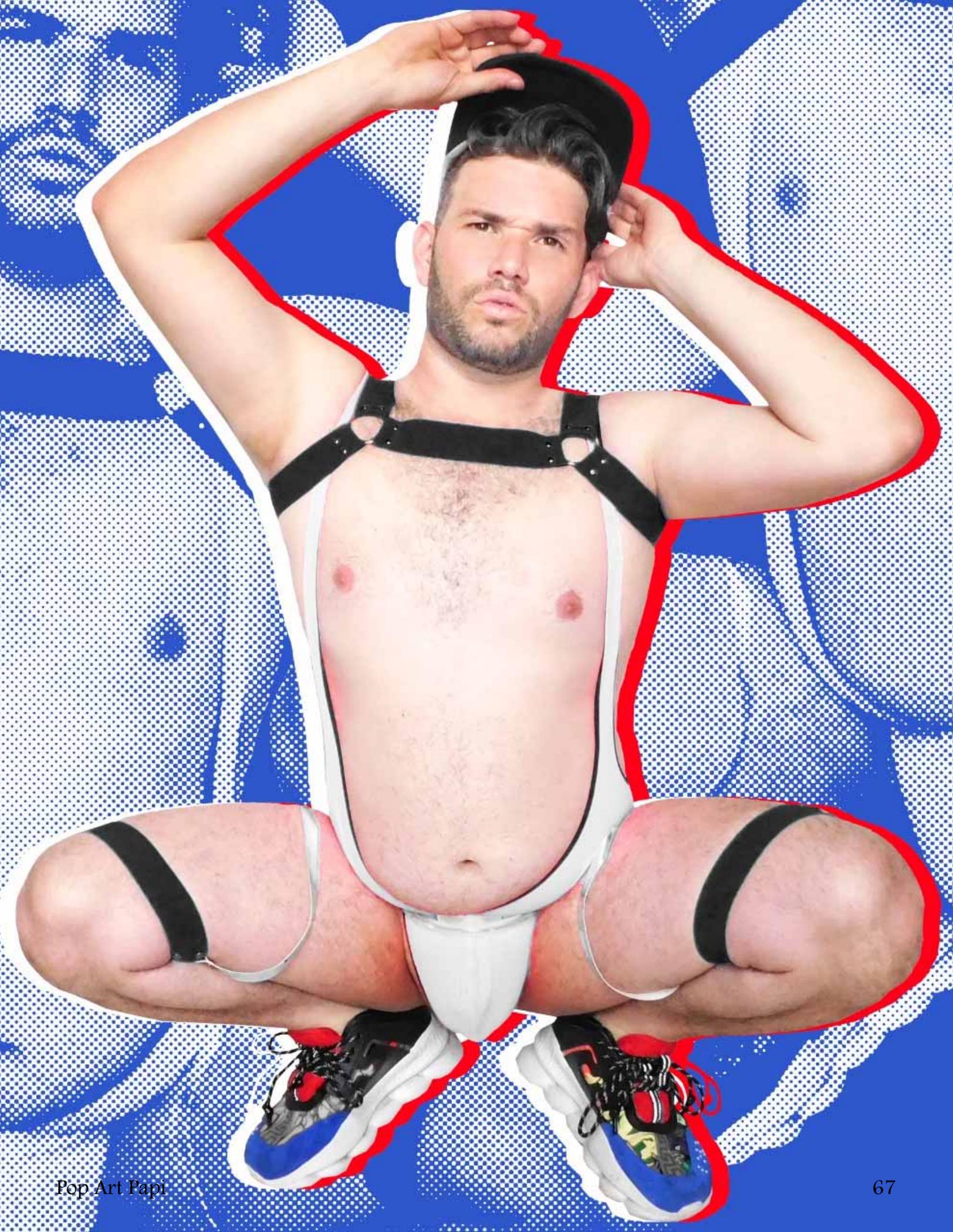
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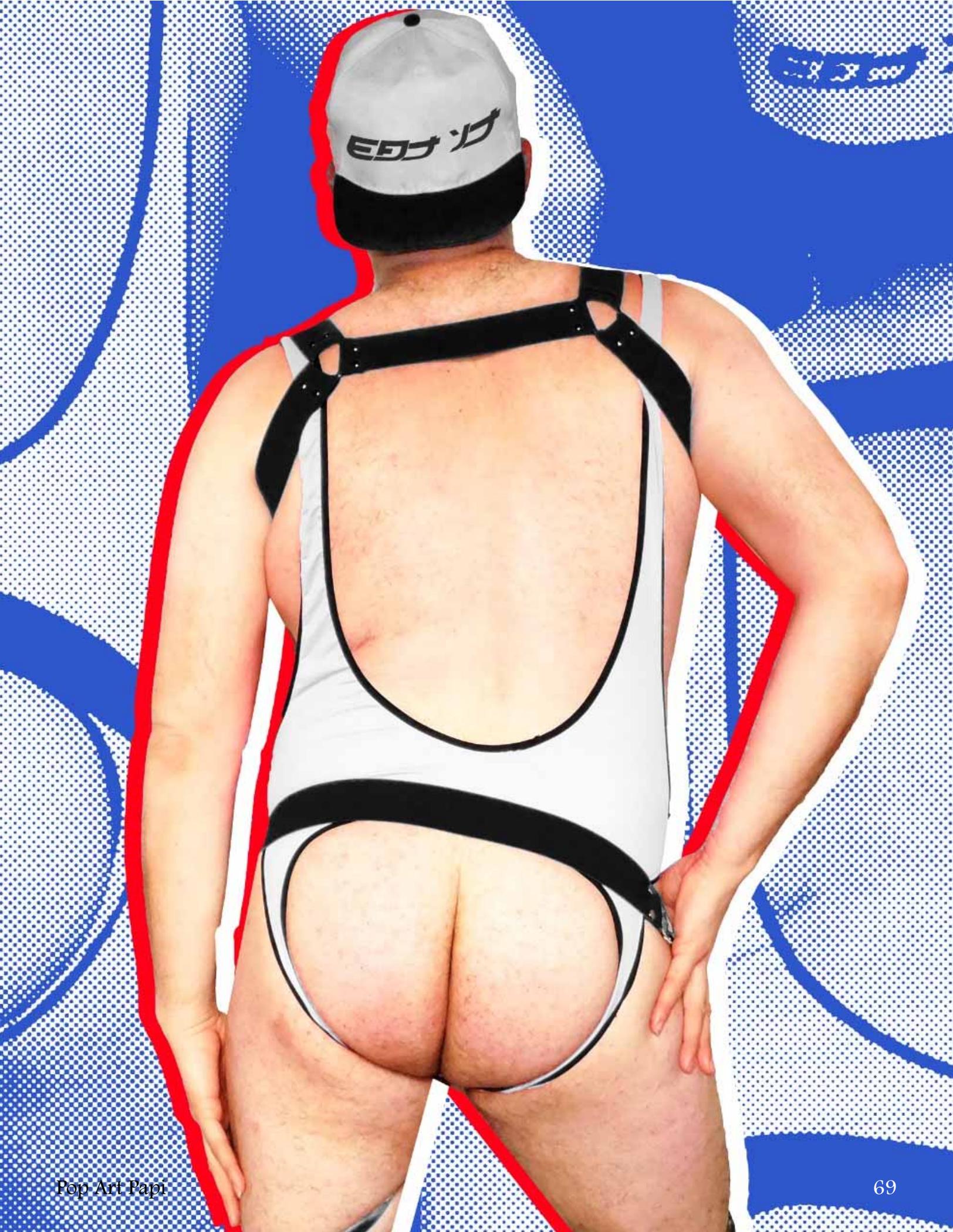
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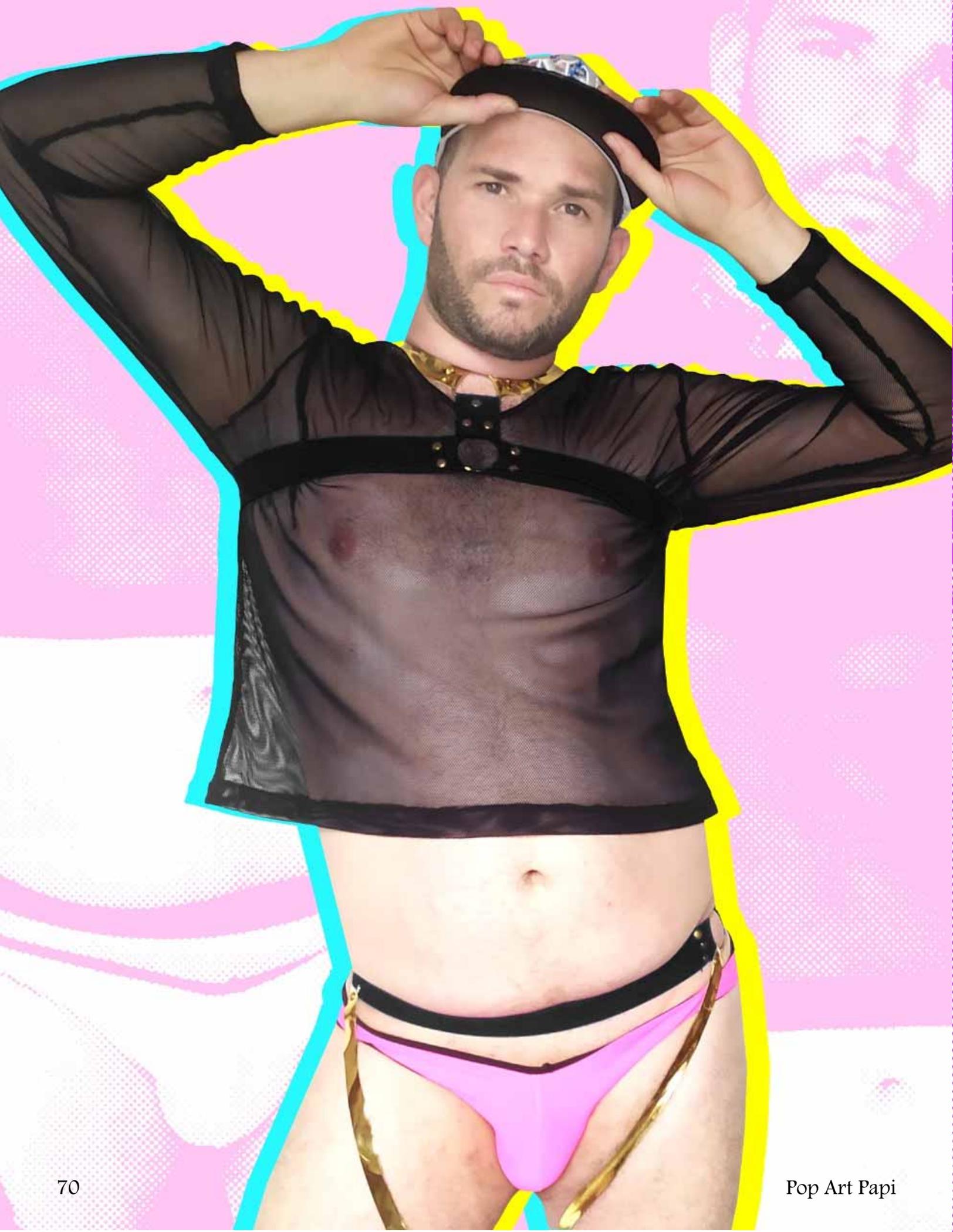










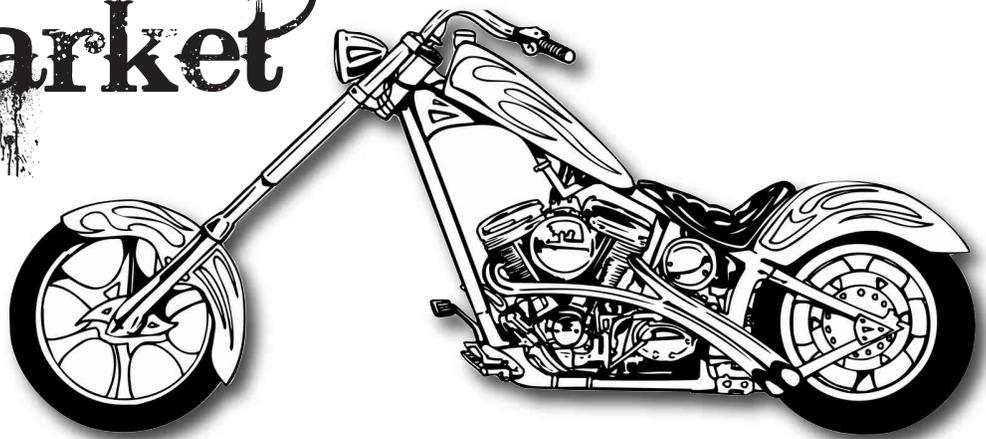




# Flea Market

## Biker

Story by Chadd Lusst



The August Alabama sun was absolutely grueling. The crowds were ridiculously huge at the Red Dragon Flea Market. There must have been a three or four thousand people meandering through the open car trunks and mis-matched trailers and vans on the dusty hillsides on that memorable Saturday afternoon.

I had been casually looking for more belt buckles for my growing collection and had thought to spend an hour or so searching for a few much-admired pewter treasures; but the sun was so hot that I had spent much of the time hovering in the shadiest spots I could find. That allowed me to drink a softdrink and watch the people.

People watching has always been fun at flea markets.

Men and women alike go crazy in these places and act like they would no where else in the world. You just have to be there - at least in Alabama rural country - to know what I mean.

But, on this day, it was I who would wind up acting up myself.

Although I did not know it as I stood beneath an enclosed area to rest from the sun, I was about to have a sexual encounter which would forever change my life. Not that I had been innocent or any such thing, but it had been some time since I had had a sexual encounter and only two other times with another male - and then, admittedly, as a sex-curious teen!

Anyway, the walking around that I did manage to do took me to the back area of the flea market where there were three rather grungey-looking tents sprawled. Circling the area was one

of the hottest looking hawgs (motorcycles) I had ever seen; and I was sure that there would be something for my buckle collection in the crude goodies which someone had spread out on a few buckboards.

I was toying with some of the leather goods they had on display when a rough voice asked me if I needed some help. I shrugged and smiled and placed the belt back down and looked at the speaker.

Sitting spraddle-legged on the back of a pickup truck was a bearded, rather nice looking man in his mid-30's who peered at me over sunglasses as if he were waiting to see if would skip with something.

My eyes caught his and I smiled and nodded. He pushed his glasses up and shifted his stance somewhat. He was shirtless and his hairy chest was glistening with sweat, making every muscle come alive in the sunlight. He was very well built, with broad shoulders, iron-looking pecs and arms that would put a seasoned pro-wrestler to shame.

As he gazed at me, I found my eyes eagerly moving over his upper torso.

God, he had a great body. His taunt belly was rigid with muscle and the ever-famed "washboard" effect was very much intact. Thick black hair coated his upper chest and then trailed down the middle of his belly to his navel where it flaired out again and disappeared into his faded, torn jeans.

He wore a silver belt buckle with a motorcycle and a flag on it.

There was no one around him at all. I noticed he had a table before him and I could see that there were several lines of shiney belt buckles thereon.

I moved around the buckboard, then walked a few hundred yards to where he had been relaxing in the the shade of a truck cover.

I looked over the dozen or so buckles which were displayed. Nice specimens. Mostly biker subjects; but one was rather risque with a massive brass penis and silver set of testicles straddle a black bike seat. The penis seemed to be smiling!

Without thinking of anything other than the fact that it was a funny and somewhat offbeat belt buckle, I picked it up and ran my thumb over it, feeling the slick, shiny surface.

"Ya like the feel of that one, huh, dude?"

His voice was low, almost sensuous.

I looked up, a little embarrassed by the fact that I had that particular buckle in my hand. He was again peering over the sunglasses and his eyes were steel gray in color and piercing. He had a kerchief around his forehead to keep the sweat from his eyes. He showed a handsome, white-toothed smile as he chewed on an unlit cigarette.

"Well, I..." I looked down at the buckle and chuckled nervously, "I must admit, it is a bit ... er ... different."

"Yeah, reckon so. I made it myself..."

Then, his hand went to his crotch and he shifted an obvious bulging specimen from one side to the other.

"Used this here for a model."

I suddenly felt a streak of heat go through my body as I watched him make the shift. The thick denim-covered shaft seemed to roll over and once in place the ridge of an enormous cockhead was more than a little evident.

My eyes immediately climbed up his taunt belly to his well-chiseled chest and into his face again, trying to calm an uncomfortable feeling which had sprung into my loins. The feeling took me back to those teen encounters...and made me a bit nervous inside.

"You...er...actually made...er...this yourself?" I stammered, trying not to look back down at where his hand now lay coiled around the thick hidden python.

"Yep," he took the cigarette from his lips, "...made it outa some brass I found out in Nevada Flea Market Biker

last summer...and a little silver from Texas. It's hard ... and smooth... and warm ... and, as you can see, it feels real good to the touch...."

As he said the last words, he let his hand slide up and down the shaft of his sleeping cock slowly. I stared wantonly as he then moved his hand upward over the motorcycle and flag buckle on his belt. Then, he spread his fingers and slid his hand into the hair on his belly and ran it upward over his belly and pecs. The hair on his chest matted with the sweat as his hand travelled slowly over his muscled torso.

"Damn if it ain't a hot one today, huh, dude?"

I nodded and put the rather risque buckle back down on the table and nervously picked up another.

"You just go ahead and look at the buckles ... I'm gonna just go back over here a sec and cool off a little."

He backed away and moved to one side the truck bed. Leaning back against the side, he unzipped his jeans and tugged at the tool hidden inside. As I watched sheepishly from the table - trying to look as though I was interested in the buckles - he unbuckled his belt and then unsnapped the waist of the jeans.

"Yeah, dude... you just look `em over real good now..." he said. "If you see anything you like...or anything you want...just let me know."

Then, he pulled his zipper open slowly to reveal coarse dark hair.

He ran his hand down into the open jeans and again shifted his manhood, revealing a part of the upper shaft as he did so. It looked like a well-tanned coke bottle!

Then, he took a cup of water and poured it down his chest. He moaned as the water cascaded through the thick, black curls of his chest and swam down into his jeans.

I circled the table slowly, turning away from him, fondling a few of the buckles, pretending to examine them. I had the oddest feeling in my guts. It was as if I was being drawn to this stud horse of a biker as he put on his almost overly-obvious show for me.

I wanted to turn and run.

But...I was glued in place by the desire to see what more he would display.

*Continued on page 94*



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*images of the male physique*

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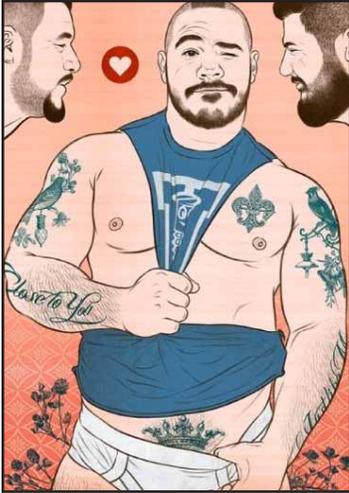
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DHMM FAN ~ George

# Man's sun is man

CHRISTIAN BAILLY



You shine in my already autumn sky.

You make the fortuitous spring in my garden.  
The summer of your passion warms my flesh,  
Repels the coldness that awaits me

Your magnificent auroras make me happy,  
Take my desires out of the torpor of sleep,  
Revive my appetite for your tasty fruits,  
Splash all my kingdom with its dew.

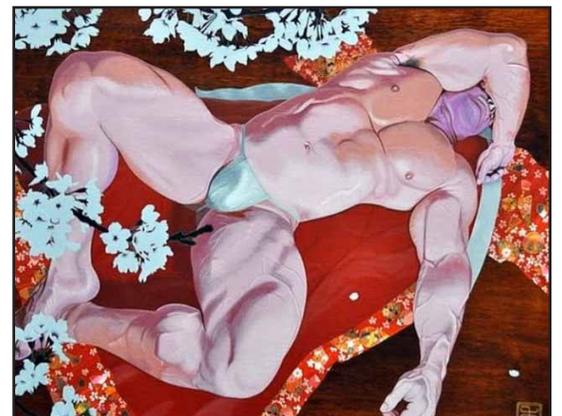
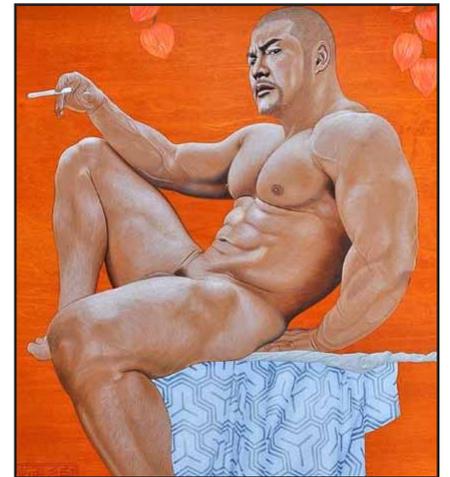
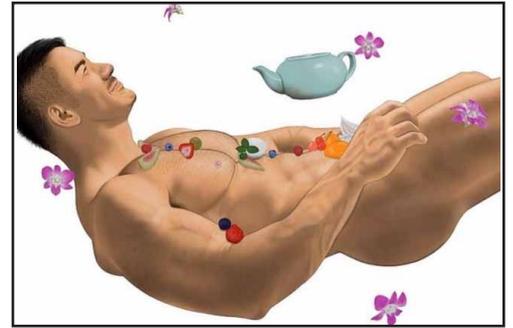
To the caresses of your burning rays of desire,  
I leave my body, he is begging  
The incendiary heat of enjoyment,  
The delicious numbness of the little death.

You my man, my adored, you are my sun.

You shine in my azure and serene sky.  
You guide each of my steps towards the future.  
Thanks to you, I'm no longer afraid of my hombre.

You my man, my adored, you are my sun,  
And I praise your blessings on my destiny.  
You made me, the slave of my appetites,  
But a man free to love at his convenience.

You my man, you are my sun ...



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CAURO HIGE

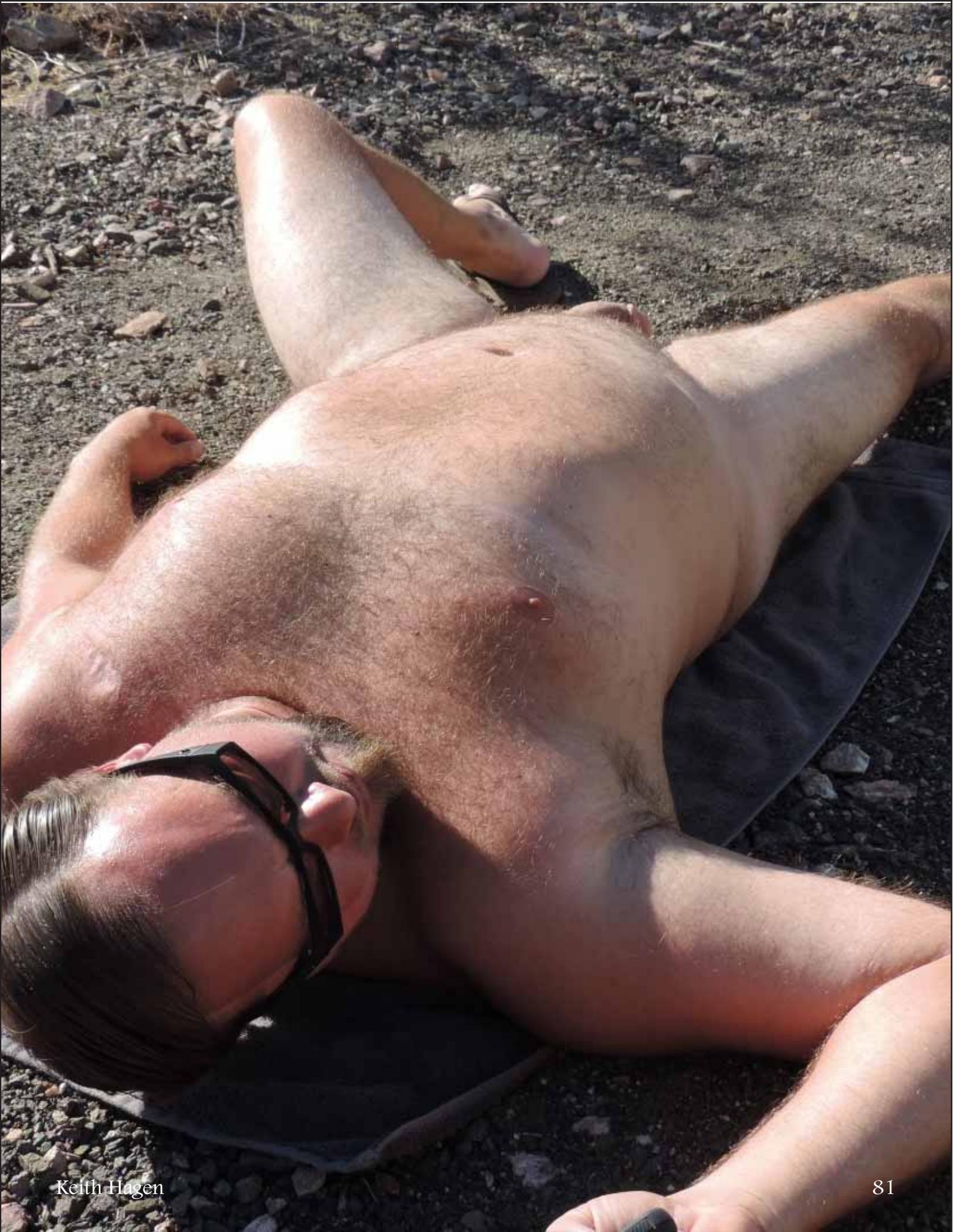
# Keith Hagen

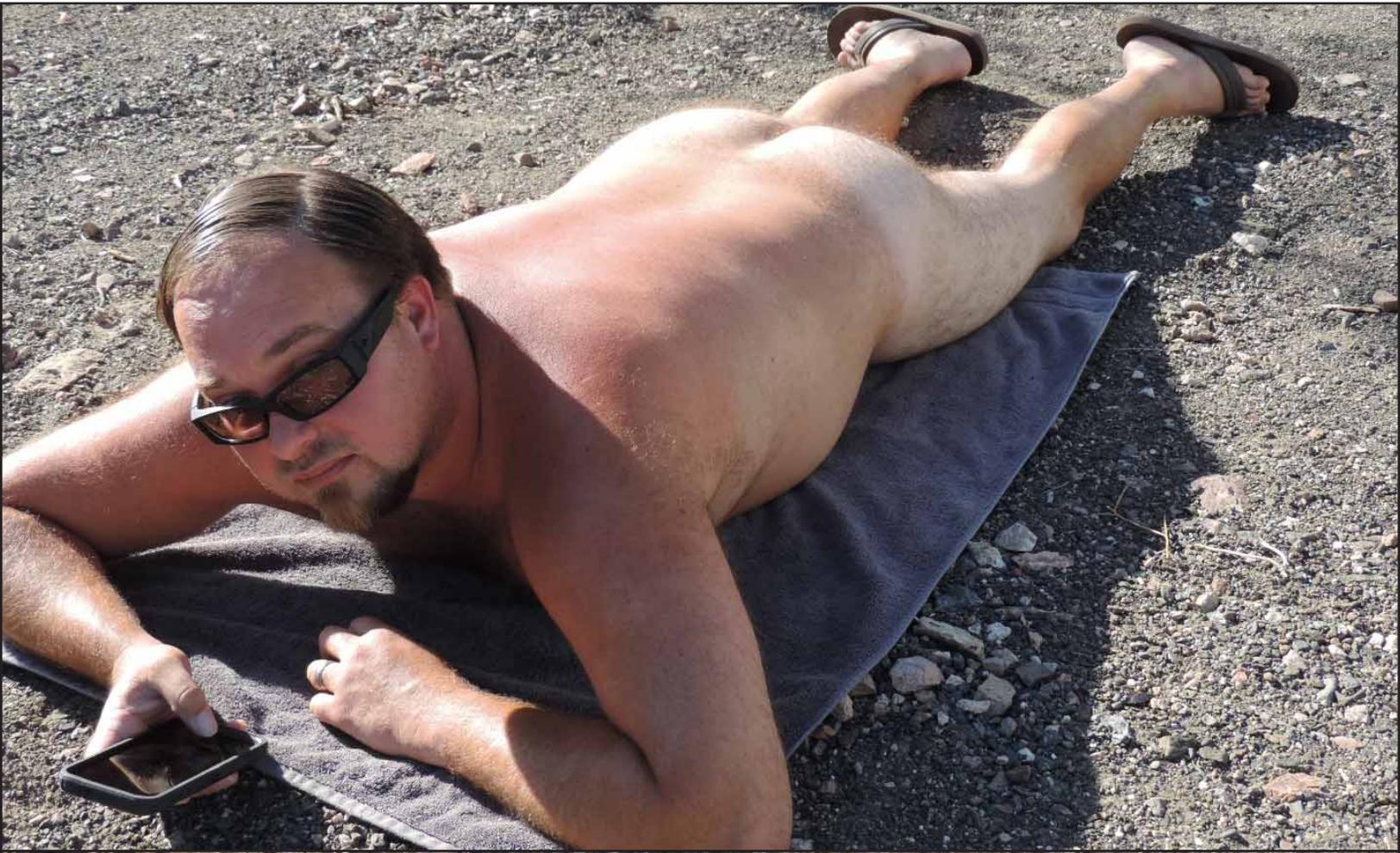
Images provided by  
**Keith Hagen**















# At the Beach

Story by Robert MacNeil

The days are longer, and the forecast for today's good. It's warm already. The sky's blue and cloudless, so I'll have a day at the beach.

I'm in a T shirt and shorts, I've got my towel and trunks in my backpack, along with water and cereal bars. I walk a bit along the beach, enjoying the gentle splash of the waves, and the view sometimes when there's a fit dad playing football, or watching some of the young guys with their tops off, bantering.

Further along, it starts to get quieter. There's a broad sandy area up ahead with a grassy verge behind it. At one end of it, there's a tanned guy; he looks Mediterranean. He's lying on his towel. He's in red Speedos which look really good on him. There's a guy sitting about thirty feet away from him; he's younger, in white shorts, and a white T shirt, tattooed arms, sitting clasping his knees with one hand, mucking about with his phone with the other.

So of course I sit in between them. I get my trainers off, and peel off my T shirt. The sun feels good. I take a swig of water, and lie down. I've put my towel far enough back so that I can see them both. After about five minutes I see the younger guy slip his T shirt off. The other guy seems to be dozing, but occasionally he'll rub himself, his hand grazing his nipples, or rearranging his dick in his Speedos. I wonder if his dick and balls are really sweaty, and I wonder if all of this is for effect, to see if I'm watching.

The younger guy calls over to me. "Going for a pee, mate. Keep an eye...?" I call back "Sure!" He gets his trainers on, takes his phone with him, leaves everything else and heads off.

I stare at the waves, but Mr Speedos distracts me. He's rubbing his hand over the front of his trunks, and his bulge seems to be getting

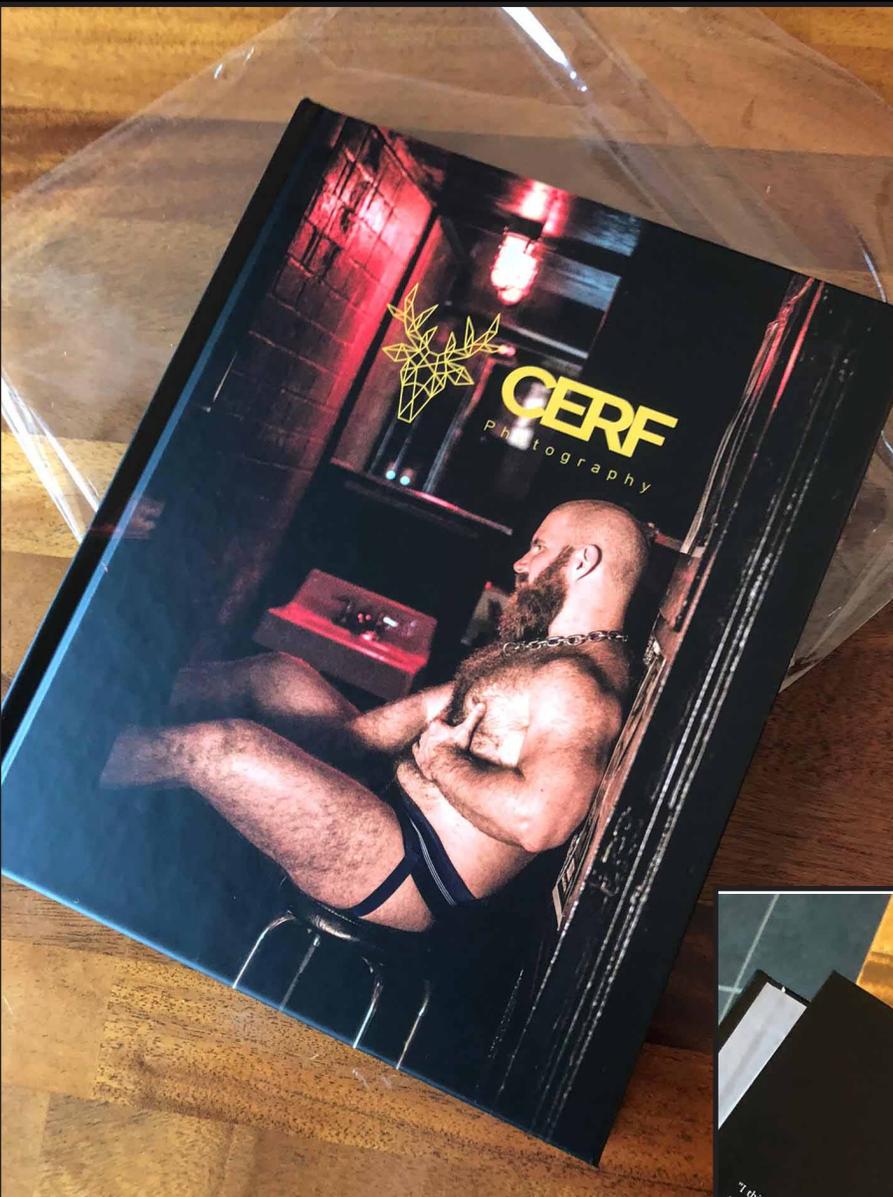
bigger. It's now or never. I go over to him. "Any suntan lotion, mate? It's hotter than I thought."

He nods towards it. "Sure, as long as you do me, too." I decide it'll be better manners to do him first so put some on my hand and start rubbing it into his chest. He gets hold of his Speedos and pulls them down. His half erect cock swings free. I rub my hand over his stomach to get the last of the suntan lotion off it and get that hand round his balls. I get my mouth round his dick. It tastes horny as hell after being cooped up in his Speedos. Before long I'm getting it as far into my mouth as I can manage.

Mr Younger appears and sits down, watching us. After a minute, he gets his cock out and starts stroking it. Mr Speedos nods him over. While I'm blowing Mr Speedos, Mr Younger kneels down in the sand beside him, and I see Mr Speedos move his mouth greedily towards the hard on.

I get one of Mr Speedos' hips and pull it towards me; he gets the message and gets onto all fours, still blowing the other guy. I get my tongue in about his musky, sweaty ass, rimming him. Then I slip my own shorts off, get a good lick of spit on the end of my dick, and get it onto his ass hole. He's a skilled bottom, this guy, because he's soon squeezing my cock further and further into his ass. I get a good rhythm going, and I think this'll be it, this'll be how I'll cum, but the younger guy pulls his wet dick out, and gets round behind me. I feel him lube my ass up, then his dick is in me, as I'm fucking the other man. This is fucking magic, and all too soon it's too much for me, and I shoot my load. I feel the younger guy behind me shoot his load, too, and Mr Speedos gets a hand onto his dick, jerks himself off with a few quick tugs.

I love the beach.



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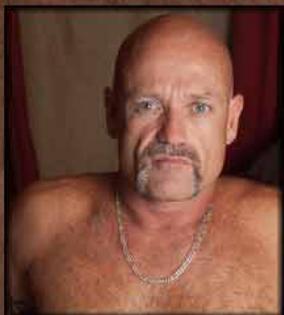






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"You need a cool drink, dude?"

His voice broke my nervous thoughts.

When I looked up at him, he had a cup of water in his hand and poured it over his belly, allowing more cool water to bathe his privates.

My eyes swam downward with the spiraling water. My tongue ran around my lips as I looked at his near nude body, wet with the refreshing water he was offering me.

"Yeah...I could do with some...er...a drink ... how much?"

He looked from one side to the other, then smiled at me and, in that low voice, said, "About nine inches.....but it ain't near cooled yet."

That said, he pulled his now semi-erect cock from the confines of the jeans and began to stroke it slowly.

What was happening? I was being very-effectively hustled by this powerfully built biker.

I smiled nervously.

Trying to make a joke of it all, I chimed in.

"Yeah, I can definitely see it's not...ah... anywhere near cool..." I glanced at the rising muscle in his hand then back to his face.

"But..er..I thought ya meant you had something for me...to drink..."

The third time he poured a cup of water over his chest and we both watched it move downward until it pooled in the tight hair surrounding his cock. His jeans were soaked at waist level.

"Mmmmm...that feels so damned good....makes a deep well kinda in my navel. Man could just about drink his way down to that well...ya know?"

He groaned softly and ran his tongue around his lips. He sucked in his breath and shoved out his chest and he looked like some Greek God out of a muscle magazine as he literally posed for me.

Then, he ran his hand down into his jeans, releasing the "well" of water, and let it soak his cock.

"Fuck, that feels good....cools that thing down some. Know what I mean?"

The water cascaded over his protruding love stick with its oversized one-eyed head.

I knew what was coming.

That was the gnawing I was feeling in my

gut. In the hot sun, with the sensuous voice, the muscled body, the hairy chest and the suggestiveness of this watered-down beefy biker, I was feeling a need... a desire that was not really all that new to me.

I wanted to touch his powerful body.

I wanted to run my hands over his pecs and feel his strength.

I wanted my hands in that thick mass of wet, curly hair.

I wanted...I wanted to feel for myself that which was growing inch by delicious inch from the crotch of those tight-assed jeans he was wearing.

I looked around us and there was no one even close, though we could see the crowds as they punctuated the hillside, unaware of our little charade.

"Ain't nobody around here gives a shit what we do," he said. "...if you want it, you want it. Just come here and take it."

I stared wide-eyed.

He laughed and handed me a cup of water.

I put it to my lips and took a swallow.

"Good stuff, huh, dude?"

I nodded affirmatively. I knew he was talking about more than the water. At this point. So was I.

"You can pour the rest right here," he pointed to his navel.

Yes, it seemed foolish, but I moved to where he was leaning back, knelt before him and let the coolness flow onto his belly.

"Ohhhhh, yeaaahh...dude... that feels nice...."

I started to rise, but he looked down at me and spoke.

"Why dontcha lick it ... off ... my belly?"

He laced his fingers around the growing power tool as he spoke.

Then...

He wiped some of the water from his cockshaft and suddenly put his wet finger to my lips.

"I saw how ya rubbed that cock buckle of mine...."

I was on fire inside. I suddenly cast all repose to the wind.

"Peered to me ya' might like the real thing," he looked around the area quickly, then down at me again.

I opened my mouth and sucked on his finger wantonly, then when he pulled it away, I just leaned into his thighs. My tongue touched his lower belly just below his navel and I heard him grunt in approval. His moan spurred me on and I dipped my tongue into his gaping navel and sipped the now warm water away.

"Damn, that feels good...like I said...man could drink from this well real easy..."

Then, as he said "this", he reached down and tugged his cock upward. I could hear my own breath catch. Though semi-erect, the thickly veined cock was perfectly proportioned, firm, round and wet from the waterfall experienced over and over.

"Course... you might like the big spout better..."

He had not exaggerated about the size of his cock either for, even though it was still growing it looked a foot long as he stroked it gently in front of my face. His hips pushed forward and he drug the spongy head across my cheek and teased at my bottom lip with its warmth.

"My balls are soaking wet, dude," he hinted and pulled his prodder back against his belly. "soaking...wet..."

He pulled his prick upward more and drug the massive brown wrinkled sac from the confines of the torn jeans. They fell like two flesh-encased boiled eggs onto my chin. They were hot to the touch; hairy and hot and, as he said, wet.

I didn't know how he knew what was in my mind from the start, but it mattered not now for I was lost in the immense, disarming desire for his body.

I gently tugged at the waist of his jeans until they slid halfway down his muscular legs. Looking upward, his body - wet from a mingling of sweat and water - was Adonis-like. His breathing was getting heavier and as his chest rose and fell, my mind went wild with the intoxication of what was about to happen at the flea market!

Forgetting any concept of where we were, I simply ran my hands up the side of his legs and cupped his firm ass. Then, I dipped between his legs and ran my tongue along the engorged vein which strutted the full length of his now fully-erect cock. The flesh was warm against my tongue.

He moaned as I ran my hungry tongue back down from the underside of the over-sized head to the sweaty sac of hairy nuts. Then, I licked the twin

globes profusely, taking first one then the other into my mouth to relish the feel of this stud's balls playing leap-frog against my spiraling tongue.

I had become a shameless whore in definite heat!

He must have really liked that action, for his strong hands were on the back of my head in seconds and he was thrusting his hips forward, grinding his balls deeper. His prick was pushing against my nose so hard I could scarcely breath; but I simply swallowed and allowed my tongue the freedom of licking his balls over and over until he eased up on my head.

His spittle-soaked nuts fell from my lips with a popping sound and I again ran my tongue up the wide blue vein. He took his cock in hand and pushed the shaft downward so that he could fit the lemon-sized head between my waiting lips.

Then, he just closed his eyes, breathed deep and pushed forward and down. The head of his cock slipped smoothly across my bottom lip and over my slurping tongue, pushing its way to the back of my throat - then back up to my eager lips and down again.

His strong, tightly muscled ass began pumping slowly as my hands roamed upwards and over his back and came around to his terrific chest. I pushed my fingers into the hairy pecs and squeezed gently, tweaking the erect brown nipples with my fingers. He grunted and shoved his cock deeper into my throat, almost gagging me several times.

When he had pumped slowly for a few moments, his legs began to tremble and I knew he was near explosion. His hips moved faster and his grunts became louder; so I eased off some and returned to his balls for a minute, stroking the catapulting prick with one hand as I licked and sucked the fleshy sac.

"Damn if you ain't good at this shit..."

His language left a bit to be desired, but his body was all-man and fulfilling my every mounting desire.

Then, he shoved his cock back into my mouth and really began a dance of lust, rocking his hips back and forth with mounting passion. Suddenly, I was being rewarded as he jolted home a thick load of jism deep into my throat.

I was lost in this biker stud's handsome, muscular, hairy body. His jism was salty-sweet and

his powerful eruption just kept filling my mouth.

I swallowed several times to keep up with the catapulting love muscle, but finally hot cum spilled down my chin. The throbbing vein of lust seemed to be pumping overtime as my hairy hunk of a biker leaned back against the truckbed and allowed me full sway.

I kneaded his balls in one hand, ran the other over his sweaty upper torso and deep throated his thick, hard cock several times. Alternating between deep-throating that wonderful meatloaf and licking and sucking his steamy balls, I was again lost in the wonder of the encounter.

"Damn if that don't look good!"

I almost filled my pants right there at the flea market!

I pushed backwards on my newly found lust-buddy's thighs, letting the still-oozing prick slide from my lips reluctantly. It stood straight up and bucked like a bronco as he laced his fingers around the base and continued a stroking movement.

Towering over me was another biker! A black man with shoulders so wide they blocked the sun!

I started to stutter out something stupid in explanation, I suppose, when I looked right into the eye of his fistful of black, beautifully thick-veined cock! He had already bared his sleek, lengthy and beefy prick and was ready for action.

I nervously ran my tongue over my lips and tasted the remains of the first biker's lovemilk.

"You ever suck a black cock that big, dude?"

My former partner was serious looking as he pulled at his now slackening peter, squeezing the head to allow a final creamy dew drop to appear. Then, he ran his thumb over it, slickening the cumdrop over the spongy cone.

"No...no...I never...."

I was trying to say I had never sucked a black cock at all; but they both just grinned down at me. I was still kneeling before these two horny bikers and dared not move.

Actually I didn't really want to move.

If the truth be known, sucking a black cock had long been a fantasy of mine ... unspoken of course; but nonetheless, very real.

This black stud biker was built like a REAL Greek God. He wore blue jeans as well, but also had on a black leather vest which was unable to

cover more than his pecs for the great space of powerful chest!

The sweaty bronzed body took on enormous proportions in the heat of the sun - and the heat of the moment. The well-defined ribcage carressed washboard stomach muscles. I swallowed hard and touched his upper leg.

As I stared up at him, he skinned back his cock to reveal a large, brown, shiney head which looked like a juicy purple plum plucked from a tree in my grandparent's yard!

"You gonna like this...a lot!"

And I did, but then...that's another story!

\* \* \* \* \*



Flea Market Biker



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# Desert Heat

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