

DHMM

Desert Heat Magazine



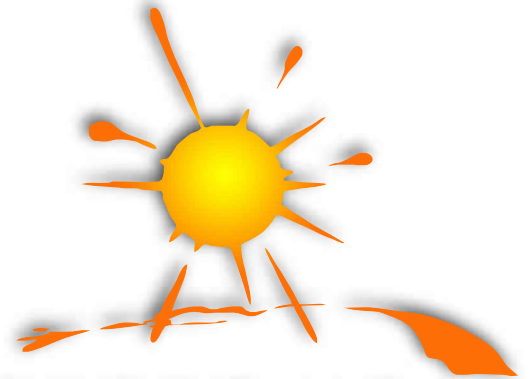
All Men Are Beautiful!
May 2023 | Issue 53

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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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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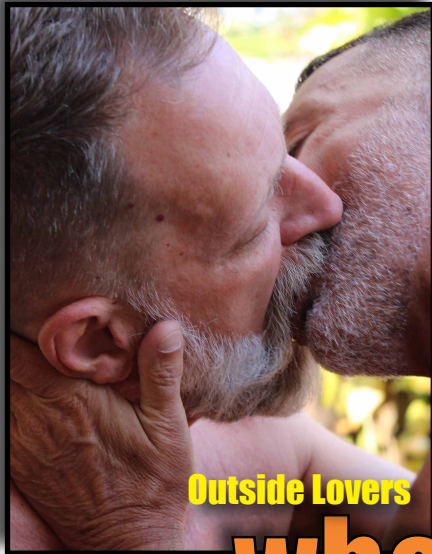


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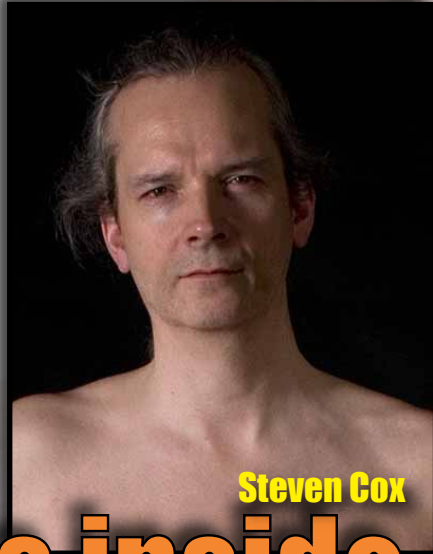
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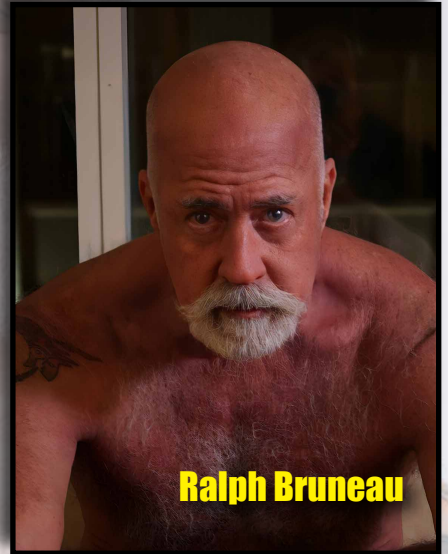




Outside Lovers



Steven Cox

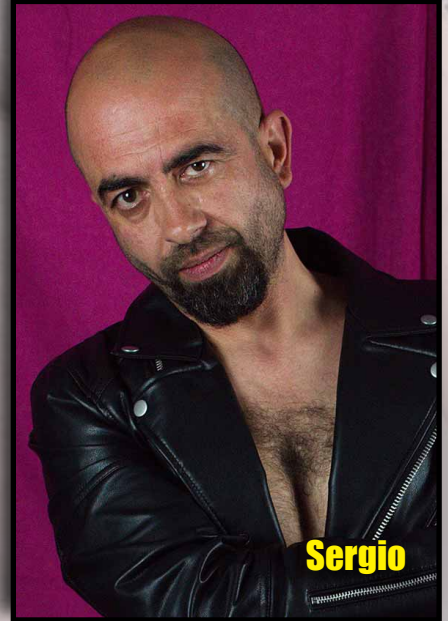


Ralph Bruneau

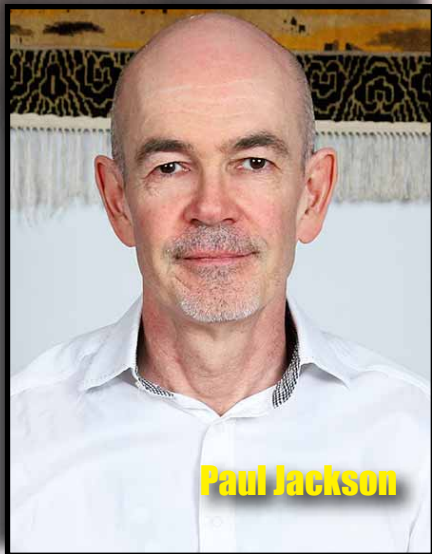
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Cliff Boyd



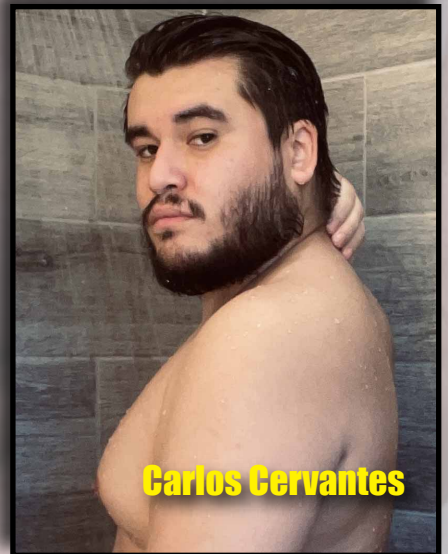
Sergio



Paul Jackson



Beyond Boundaries



Carlos Cervantes

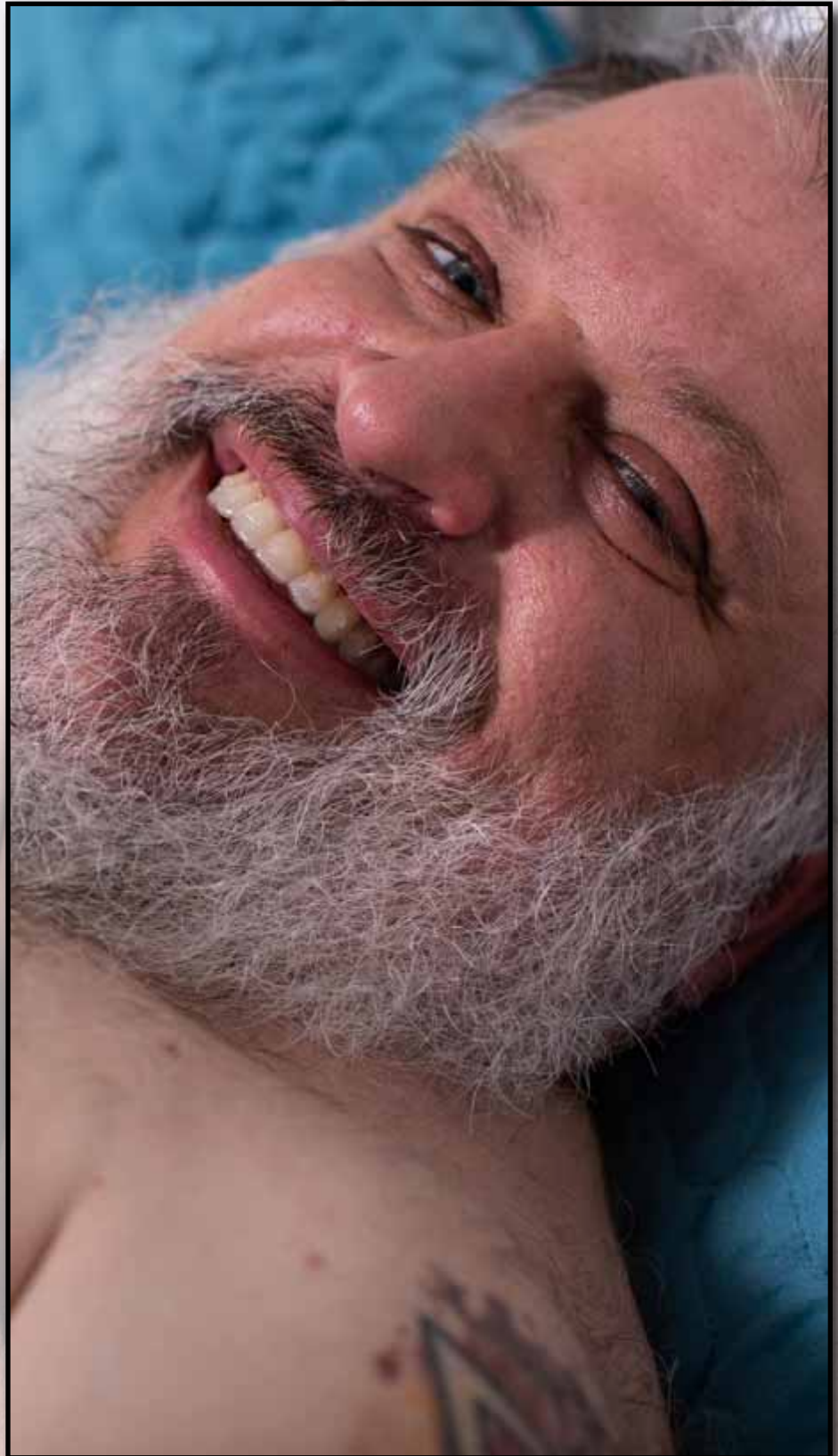
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Ramblings from the Editor

Just a few more weeks! The smell of leather, musk, sweat! All those handsome fuckers in their leather, rubber, kink gear, or, hopefully more will be just in jockstraps and boots! What is not to love about an event like that? Yeah, I'm talking about IML 2023! This year is going to rock too since it is their 45th anniversary!

The contest alone makes it worth going to the event. It is the best of the best competing for a prestigious title. Some call it a beauty pageant, but in reality, it is a much more than that. It is about acceptance and a bond of brotherhood. And I am proud that the Magazine is part of this event, part of the tradition, that I have come to personally love and respect. It's about camaraderie. It's about finding a tribe that you can fit into no matter what walk of life you are in, what you look like, or what your personal kinks are or who the hell you are.

And as usual, I am going to be looking like a madman running around trying to attend the events and get all the photoshoots I scheduled completed. On top of that, I need to get in some event time, rather than just work time. So, if you see me around, stop me and say hi. Let me know what you like, or don't like, about the Magazine. I have thick skin, I can take it. I love to meet the men who have been in the Magazine, who want to be in the Magazine, or those that just enjoy the Magazine.

A special thanks goes out to Sarge, a very good brother, that rekindled my interest in IML last year and has helped fan those flames.

Not only is he a regular contributor but he is a friend too. If you don't know him, he is one of the men behind IML that doesn't get nearly the recognition he should! So yeah, Sarge, I'm calling you out!!! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! For all the hard work you put into that production and for being a friend.

So now onto other shit, totally unrelated, I need to rant about. What the fuck is wrong with the Right in this country? This anti-trans shit needs to stop!! You say you don't want a trans man using a woman's restroom yet you pass laws that say that a biological female has to use the restroom based on her birth gender. And then you threaten those trans men with violence if they use the women's restroom. Are you fucking nuts? You want them to pull it out and piss all over you? Or are you telling us, in a round about way, that you are into watersports, but are afraid to just come out and say it? Seriously, make up your fucking minds!

And what is with this bullshit that certain States are trying to force the 10 commandments in classrooms? They claim that LGBTQ people are trying to indoctrinate kids, who are the real threat to our kids now? Wake up America!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



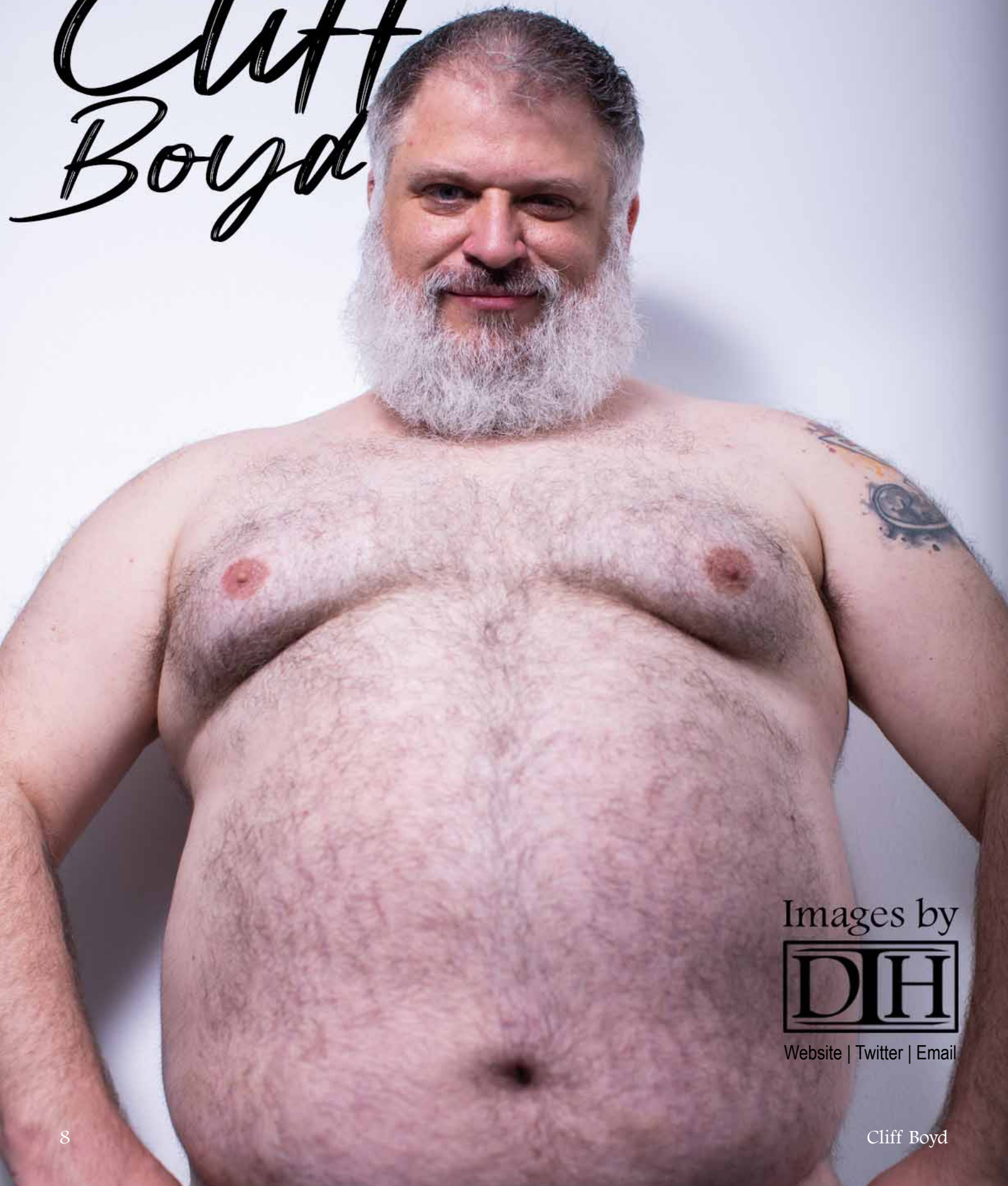


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Cliff
Boyd

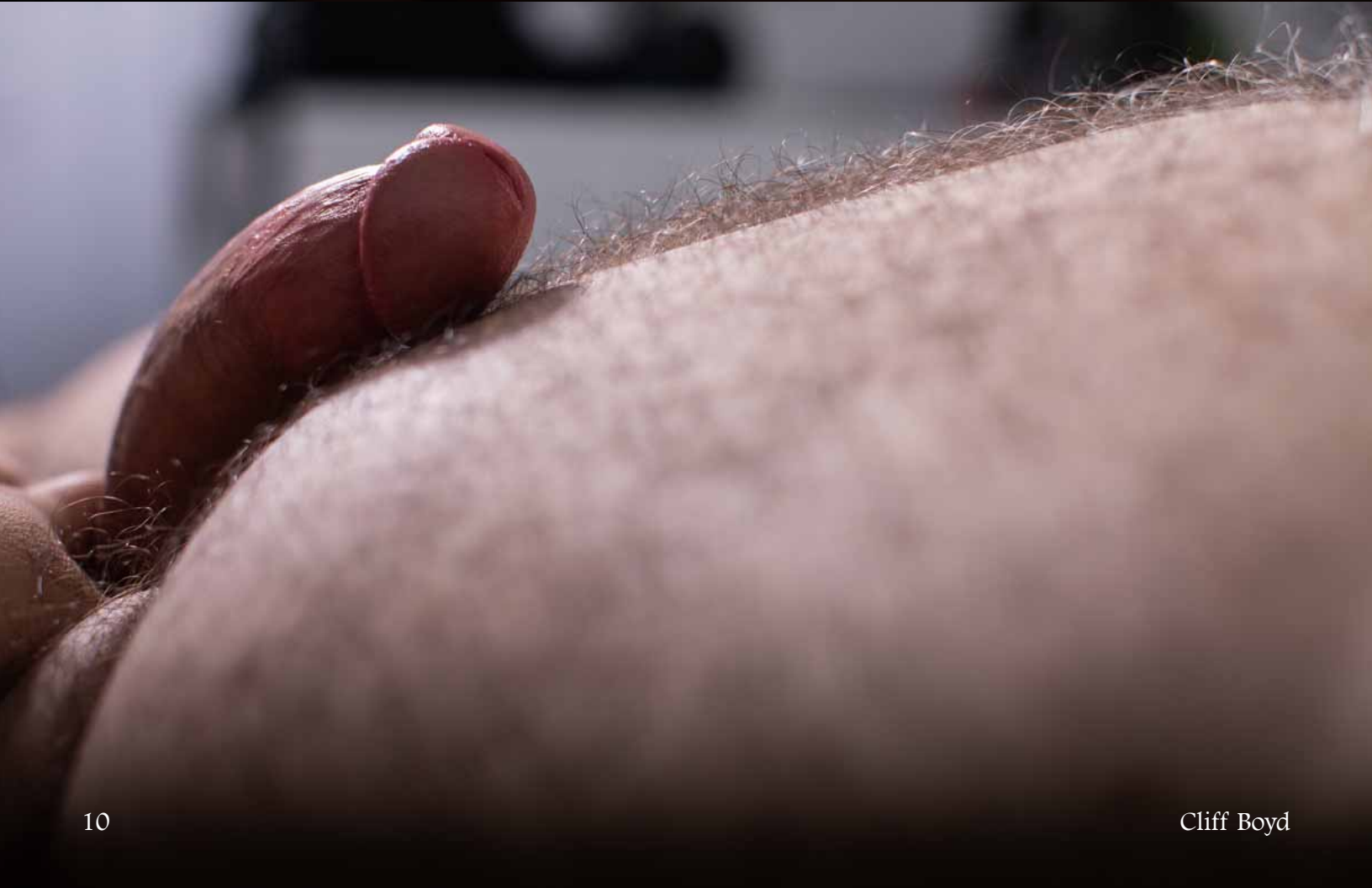


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SARGE'S QUARTERS

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

As I sit down with the realization that when this article goes live, we will be less than 3 weeks away from the opening ceremonies of International Mr. Leather 2023. It's an exciting time for most, and those of us involved in the planning are smack in the busiest time of our preparations. Hard to believe that soon we will be packing our gear for the trip to the Congress Hotel and Convention Center.

You will notice some big changes this year in several main areas from the Opening Ceremony to wristbands and our Saturday night dance party and with the unfortunate lack of IMBB this year an exciting prospect for bootblacks. Of course, we will still have many of the traditional offerings such as the Leather Market and our House of Blues dance parties hosted by the incomparable Circuit Mom. There will also be plenty of opportunities to meet other leather, fetish, kink folks as we once again take over the city.

The first big win this year is that we have changed our security protocol with the hotel and there will not be a need for hotel wristbands! They are not gone entirely, our Premier Package Holders will all receive wristbands to be able to enter the market and certain events like the Winners Meet & Greet. Our non-package holder guests will still need to purchase wristbands to enter the Leather Market

and they will have the option to choose between a daily or weekend

Secondly, we are still in the midst of finalizing a Code of Conduct which will be available for everyone soon on the website and banners will be in various locations throughout the hotel. We believe everyone should be entitled to enjoy our unique gathering and feel safe in the environment we build. Even though I believe many of the items included are common sense, it seems there are some among us that need to be reminded. Consent is key in our tribe, wearing leather, jockstraps, rubber or diapers, has never insinuated consent for people to touch or grab or bully. Firearms are not allowed. Ask before taking pictures, it is just common courtesy. Most importantly no bullying, we accept all walks of life to our event and everyone deserves the same respect. If you remember my last article to sum it all up is don't yuck someone else's yum.

We have moved our Opening Ceremonies this year to the Florentine Room of the Congress Hotel, and we are hoping to fill the room for support of our contestants. Traditionally we know that many people are just arriving and have needed to rush to the theater and many just skip it because of that. We hope that by moving into a hotel venue and being a more casual environment+ we can have a

grand start to all of the festivities the weekend holds.

Another noteworthy event change is our dance party on Saturday night for the last several years will be changing. We are sad to say goodbye to Leather Bear Stampede, but at the same time excited that what started as a small group meeting in the lobby has grown into a full-on nighttime spectacular. Pow: The Superhero Fetish Party will be taking place Saturday night and so far, I hear rumors of live music, dj, and of course many hot men dressed as their favorite hero. The dance itself is not an official IML ticketed event and details are still being worked out, my assumption at this time is tickets will be available at the door. Stay tuned to social media for more information as it becomes available.

Our last major change for this year is in lieu of the International Mr. Bootblack contest. As many folks are aware we will not be hosting IMBB this year as we reorganize, restaff, and rebrand the title to better serve the Bootblack Community as a whole. Our friend Leslie Anderson and their Team Shine has stepped up and offered to spearhead "Open Shine" so that we will still have representation of this vital part of our entire leather community. By the time this goes to print the application process will be closed, but I am very hopeful that working with the folks that get chosen will also open conversations of how they feel we should move forward with the restructure; since these could be potential contestants their thoughts and insights will be invaluable to the future of IMBB. We are not dwelling on our past, but moving forward and I am excited to see what comes from special addition to our weekend.

There is certainly going to be a lot of things throughout the weekend that people always look forward to. Friday we are bringing back Off Leash, the puppy romp. Another small niche of our community that has expanded the minds and hearts of many. Of course, Gear Blast, the Victory Party and the grand finale Black and Blue Ball are always crowd favorites.

Our contest this year for both Pecs and Personality and the Sunday main event are thankfully back at

the Auditorium Theatre. I always prefer to move forward and not dwell on the past, but if you recall last year the traffic made for less than pleasurable travel times to and from the venue. I know that I am not alone in being thrilled that we are within walking distance once more.

I also want to make sure you all know the new brands to add to the sponsors, these are the folks that generously support IML, which we are eternally grateful for their contributions. I won't go into a whole lot of detail about each of them, but on the website, you can find links that will lead you straight to their information. Without them we certainly wouldn't be able to put this weekend together.

Platinum Sponsors are ViiV Healthcare and Swiss Navy Lube. ViiV Healthcare is the pharmaceutical company that has been at the forefront of HIV care and treatment as well as prevention with and injectable form of PrEP. Swiss Navy Lube is a returning sponsor and let's face it, they have been an essential part of good sex in our community for a long time.

Silver Sponsors are ABUniverse and Fisting Inferno. If fisting is something you enjoy, this new sponsor encourages you to join their site and stretch your fetish to its limits. ABUniverse is returning for their 2nd year in sponsorship and bringing the ADBL folks out with a force, diapers are the new jockstrap!

Bronze Sponsors are Wolf Stryker Leather and Desert Heat Magazine. My friends Todd and Mason are returning, and they have always been so giving to our community with their wonderful crew and fantastic leather. Desert Heat Magazine, I can't say enough about this rag. I am so proud to be a contributor of my photography and these articles, but having John believe in what I do so strongly strengthens our bond as brothers. His willingness to support IML at every turn is appreciated more than any words I could type here.

Wingman Sponsors are Chicago Solvents, Rearz and the Aids Health Foundation. These folks are all new sponsors and we are happy to include

Sarge's Quarters

them. From poppers, diapers and Aids awareness they round out an impressive amount of generosity that makes IML happen every year.

Now, this should go without saying, but my opinions are my own and not necessarily that of IML or the Chuck Renslow Foundation. Behind the scenes of this fantastic weekend get together of our leather tribe gives me some unique insight to this weekend. I haven't forgotten about all the crazy sex that happens, the making of new friends, the connections with old ones. That is what IML is at its core is a gathering of like-minded people sharing an experience. It has been said that the weekend is about a pageant, a circuit party, some people think it's just an orgy. Here's the thing, it's all of those things and more. What makes it special are our guests from around the world all

being a part of something special on a larger scale than they can find in their own city. Some of us take that for granted, while people like me who live in a rural area without much access to play spaces or kink events thrive on the experience and being able to see all different types of people and learn about their fetishes. None of us are more important than the others, so let's all be kind to each other and make this our favorite IML ever.

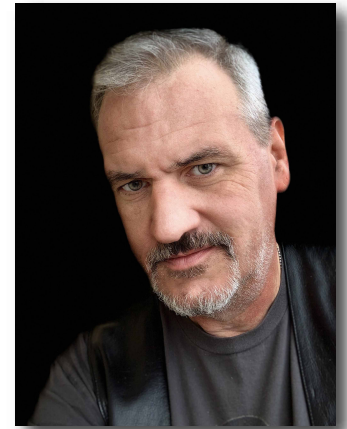
Sarge!

For official listings of events, schedules, ticket prices please visit www.imrl.com

Please note at this time the host hotel is currently sold out, but packages and tickets are still available.

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

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



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Sergio

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Happy Birthday To Me

Story by *Craig McManus*

Copy, paste, autosum. Copy, paste, autosum. Copy, paste, autosum.

Andrew stared into the computer screen. Legions of numbers seemed to be marching across the spreadsheet. He screwed up his eyes and the figures came back into focus. It was after nine, and the office was empty. Even the cleaners had gone home. So why was he still here, on this night of all nights?

Crap, that was why. Cleaning up the crap, because his so-called manager couldn't manage. He hadn't been able to complete the sales figures in time for tomorrow's audit, so he'd dumped the job on Andrew. Delegation, he'd called it. "Andrew, delegation is one of the prime functions of

management. If you want to get ahead you need to learn that." Idiot.

And this wasn't the first time he'd had to work late. Carla, his only friend in the job, kept nagging him to tell his boss to shove his spreadsheets where the sun didn't shine. But the rent was due, his car was in the shop and that new phone wouldn't pay for itself.

He should have been out celebrating, or at least enjoying dinner and drinks. But Carla was out of town, and his other so-called friends had found other things to do. As for his father... Not even a card. Not even a text.

He returned his attention to the screen. Copy, paste, autosum. Copy, paste, autosum. Et

cetera, et fucking cetera.

A noise on the far side of the office startled him. Carla had recently told him she'd seen a rat scuttling out of the building. Great. So now he'd have to add pest control to his duties.

But then the office door swung open, and a man strode in. Without looking around, he immediately headed for the copy machine. From this distance, Andrew could see the guy was built: a stocky frame and a broad head, covered by a black baseball cap. He'd also caught a glimpse of a full, salt and pepper beard.

He was just about to ask the man what the fuck he thought he was doing when he remembered the e-mail advising everyone that someone would be coming in to test the office electrics.

Oh well, thought Andrew, I'll just let him get on with it. Copy, paste, autosum, copy, paste...

"Excuse me?" The voice startled Andrew, and when he looked up, the big man was standing right beside him. His size was even more pronounced, now that he was so close, and Andrew could see that this was clearly someone who enjoyed his dinner. His belly was straining through his denim shirt, and Andrew was sure he could see tiny gray hairs trying to escape between the button holes.

He quickly remembered where he was, and looked up at the man.

"How can I help, you?"

When the man smiled back, it was like the sun bursting through a black cloud.

"I'm really sorry to bother you..." His voice was deep and mellow; Andrew's ears felt like they were like being bathed in warm honey.

"I was just wondering if you could direct me to the rest room?"

Andrew started to give the man directions, then realised his throat had suddenly dried up. His attempt to clear it triggered a coughing fit. The man reached down and placed a hand on Andrew's shoulder.

"You ok, son?" He seemed genuinely concerned.

Andrew recovered his composure, but noticed that the man did not immediately remove his hand. Finally, though, he listened to Andrew's directions and headed for the bathroom.

Andrew returned to his spreadsheets. But
Happy Birthday to Me

now he had trouble concentrating. He pictured the big man standing at the urinal. He'd be unzipping his jeans and then struggling to release what was surely a massive dick from his underwear. There would be a pause and then he'd let a stream of warm amber piss flow into the white porcelain.

Andrew felt a hardening in his pants.

After shaking off any remaining drips, the man would continue to hold his cock. He'd start massaging it, kneading it, gently coaxing it to hardness.

Jesus, thought Andrew. Where was this coming from? He'd split with Paul over a year ago and had hardly thought about sex. These days, the nearest he got was when he woke up covered in sticky spunk after an erotic dream. Carla kept telling him to get out and start dating again, but he'd lost his groove. And anyway, work was taking up all his time.

Copy, paste, autosum. Copy, paste...

He's been an awfully long time in there, thought Andrew. Perhaps he's taking a dump. Or, maybe he's unwell. Last week, Carla had told him about a guy in HR who was found dead in the toilet. An hour after he'd left his desk, no-one had even missed him. So much for the caring, sharing company.

So, maybe he should go check on the guy. And maybe he might catch a glimpse of that massive dick.

He was about to get out of his chair when the door swung open again. The man gave him a thumbs up and returned to testing one of the printers.

Oh well, thought Andrew, at least he's not dead. Copy, paste, autosum. Copy, paste, autosum.

When he next looked up from the screen, Andrew was expecting to see the big man still working on the office equipment. But he was gone. Andrew yawned again. He was so tired. He'd been working late most nights since the breakup. Work took his mind off things. Weekends he spent mostly sleeping or at the gym. He looked again towards the door. For those few moments in the presence of this big, handsome stranger he'd felt strangely energised.

Oh well.

Continued on pg 50

DHM Fan ~ James Reid

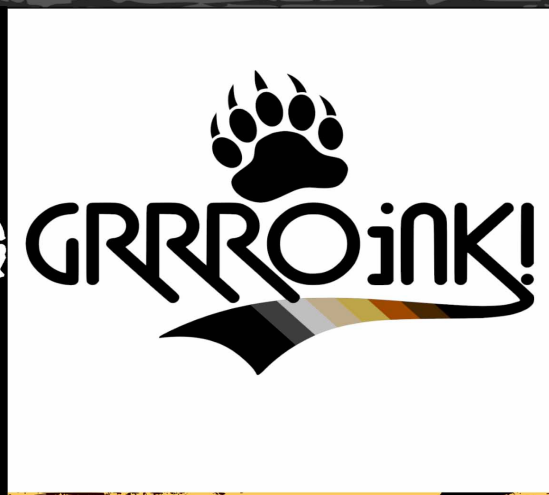




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The Memoirs of Superman's Greatest Fan

Story by R. Jason Collett

Chapter 18

I left LexCorp with an assortment of weapons including an armor suit that was a prototype being built for military purposes. It was pretty awesome though and even had flight capabilities. Perfect for what I would need it for. It didn't take me long to master the controls of it and soon I was flying off towards the ship.

I landed at the spot where I had left earlier but didn't see Superman, Supergirl or Superboy anywhere. Under the assumption that they were on the ship, I took off towards it.

A flash of blue flew passed to my left and I turned to see Superman falling towards the ground. I flew as fast as the suit would go and was able to catch him before he hit the ground.

"How does it feel to be saved for once?" I asked with a smile as I lowered him to his feet. The mechanical sound of my voice from the exterior speakers sounded weird.

"Where did you get this suit?" Superman

asked, his face still registering shock.

"You won't like the answer and I'll tell you when this is over. Doesn't look like it is going too good for you." I said as I looked him over. His suit was torn and his hair was all over the place.

"What gave you that idea?" He asked. I was glad to see there was some sense of humor left in him. I ran my gloved fingers through his hair.

"Where is Supergirl and Superboy?"

"Up there." He said and pointed towards the ship. As we looked up, Zod was headed our way with Supergirl and Superboy in pursuit.

Zod landed in front of Superman and I and Supergirl and Superboy landed beside us. I looked at both of them and they looked as rough as Superman but Superboy looked worse, well his clothes did. Superman and Supergirl's suit was made out of a nearly indestructible material but his "suit" was made out of regular street clothes and they were torn to pieces. But he was just as

Continued on pg 47

Carlos Cervantes

Images provided by

Carlos Cervantes

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The Bear Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by
Todd Rumsey



Howdy Gents –

Todd here. The author of the new Bear Essentials Column. Writing today to give you a little insight into who I am and why I decided to start writing this article. Offering you the opportunity to read some cool info on the bear community, I have only one reason for the words.

As a 48 yo bear, partner, father, grandfather, and horny homo, I have a lot to say on the subject.

Let's start with what the bear community means. To be a bear, or part of the bear community, is about more than the physicality of your body. As with many subcultures there are many sub-categories, within that subculture. For example, there are polar bears, cubs, grizzly bears, chasers, and muscle bears. Some of these categories may be somewhat self-explanatory, and others take some conversations to fully understand.

This is a relatively fun culture to be part of. The tenor of get togethers is predominantly upbeat and the men enjoy being with each other. The events

that will be discussed, are not exclusive to the bear community as many are open to men self-describing as men. The bear community is a fun and relaxed group of men enjoying the company of likeminded people.

Events throughout the entire year – are well spaced out in time frame and space across the country. Major cities and smaller country towns host some amazing events welcoming to all. Mid-west bear fest in Indianapolis in December - to International Bear Convergence in Palm Springs Ca.

As you can tell it goes from hot to cold – minor to major and everything in between. Finding your people can be difficult with the internet, online dating, and the anonymity of it all. These events become a haven to go outside your comfort zone and find new friends, get laid, and even find a life partner.

Events can be a-la-carte like Bears on Ice in Gettysburg PA, where you pay for what you want to do – to all inclusive events like North American

Bear weekend in Lexington KY – pay as a registered attendee and all the events are available to you. Knowing your budget both financially and physically will go a long way to knowing what events are best for you.

Throughout the year I will discuss some of these events in full detail, as we did last month with BBM (Bears Bikers, and Mayhem) Feel free to Google them, ask friends, chat on the Apps, or just get involved. Many of the events are volunteer run, and that may help alleviate some of the cost for you, by offering a few hours or a weekend to help. This also allows you to get to know a core group of people before throwing yourself to the bears (pun intended!)

Having attended many of these events myself, and having friends that have attended the others will give me the material to showcase the best each of

them has to offer. I will also gently make known things to watch out for or at least be aware of. We all know there is no reward – without risk, so take the chance. Feel free to find me on social media - or contact me through Desert Heat with any specific questions.

Below are some generic sites where information on some of the events can be found. I will try to post current websites for each event as I chat about it.

- www.bear411.com
- www.bearforest.com
- www.bearworldmag.com

Growlr, Scruff, Grindr apps have event pages.

Essentially yours - Todd

The advertisement is set against a blue background. On the left, two smartphones are shown. The first smartphone displays a photo of two shirtless men on a wooden pier, with a bear logo and the text 'bearslooking.com' overlaid. The second smartphone displays a photo of a man wearing a red fur coat and sunglasses. To the right of the smartphones, the word 'SCAN' is written in large white letters, followed by 'Download. Cum.' in smaller white letters. Below this text is a large QR code with a small bear logo in the center. At the bottom of the advertisement, the text 'CHAT - DATES - FRIENDS - LOVE - SEX - EVENTS - CONNECTION' is written in a light blue font. There are also small bear logos in the top right and bottom center of the advertisement.

A man with a white beard and glasses, wearing a black leather uniform consisting of a cap, a short-sleeved shirt with a gold medal, a vest with 'IML 39' on the side, and pants. He is sitting on a black leather office chair. He has a tattoo on his left forearm and is wearing a watch on his left wrist. The background is a textured, metallic-looking wall.

RALPH BRUNEAU IML 2017

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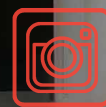












Continued from pg 30

determined nonetheless. They both looked at me with surprise on their faces but Superboy's turned into a smile.

"Nice suit Josey." He said. I winked at him through the clear dome that protected my head. Josey was what he called me as a kid since he couldn't pronounce my name and he's called me that ever since.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?" Zod asked. "You think that tin suit is going to defeat me? Come get me Tin Man."

"Stand behind me guys." I said. I took a defensive stance in the suit and prepared myself for what Zod was going to throw at me, ready to use the weapons in this suit. I was going to keep the Kryptonite weapons a secret for a moment but wanted to make sure the "SuperTrio", as I would nickname them later, remained safe.

Zod started with his heat vision but I was ready. The suit had a shield generator and it reflected the beams. I returned fire with the built in machine gun. It didn't penetrate him but the force was enough to surprise him and push him back.

We advanced towards him. The SuperTrio hit him back with their heat vision and I hit him with the guns. He flew off before we could do much damage and we took off after him.

He flew erratically over the city but we kept on his tail. I fired on him with guns and the trio used their heat vision but it wasn't slowing him down.

I scanned the weaponry and picked my next weapon. I yelled at the Trio to fall back and hit the booster to overtake Zod.

Once I was in front of him, I pushed another button and a focused, high pitch sound was emitted through an amplified speaker in the suit that was aimed right towards Zod. The sound disoriented him and caused him to lose control of his flight and fall towards the ground. I followed him and kept blaring the sound on him until he landed on a rooftop.

I landed in front of him and a few seconds later, the SuperTrio landed behind me and assumed a defensive stance behind me.

"This ends here Zod. You are not going to destroy this planet like you did Krypton." I said. His eyebrows shot up in surprise.

"Who are you to tell me what to do and how

dare you accuse me of destroying Krypton."

"Oh come on, I read the files. Your military mined the core until you killed it. You only survived cause you were exiled to the Phantom Zone. You should have died on the planet with Kal's family and all the others. You don't deserve to live."

"You know a lot about my world, but the history is wrong. I wanted to save the planet and my people and I could have until I was exiled into that dimensional hell, which by the way, no longer exists. Every prisoner has escaped to other worlds." By this time we were circling each other like boxers in a boxing match, waiting for the other to throw the first punch.

"You realize if you create New Krypton on Earth, you are killing billions of people and species. We deserve to live here, not you. Your planet had its chance and it's sad that it ended the way it did, but genocide is not the answer."

"It is the answer!" He shouted back. My people will continue to live as they deserve. Your puny existence will mean nothing once our superior race is thriving."

"They're not your people. I know what the Codex is. It is a list of people that haven't even existed yet. You don't know who they are or what they would become. It won't bring back the people you or Kal loved. It won't bring back your brother."

Bingo. I had struck the nerve I was looking for. He charged at me but I was ready. I pushed a button and a green gas came out at a high velocity right at his head. Once he breathed it in, I yelled to the SuperTrio to hold their breath and not breath in the gas.

Zod dropped to his knees, gasping for breath, the kryptonite gas doing exactly what it was supposed to. I retrieved a syringe from a compartment in the suit and injected him with a serum that replicates the effects of the red sun, temporarily blocking the ability to absorb the rays from the yellow sun and neutralizing powers from Kryptonians without injury.

I retrieved some zip ties and tied up his hands.

"I told you, this ended here." I said as I walked towards the trio, all who were staring at me in disbelief. I pushed a button and the helmet retracted. Superman and Superboy immediately

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He grabbed his phone from the desk. No messages, not even a happy birthday from, well, from anybody. He clicked on the camera app, switching the screen to show his face. He looked exhausted. His dark hair was showing flecks of gray, and his usually lively eyes were bleary. He zoomed the camera out. At least his body was in shape. All those hours at the gym had...

"Jesus!"

When a figure came into view behind him, Andrew nearly jumped out of his skin.

When he spun round in his chair, he saw the big man was right behind him, grinning, and with two mugs in his hand.

"I figured we could both use a break."

The wink he gave nearly made Andrew cream his pants.

In the empty staff room, they sat on the threadbare sofa, Andrew trying not to let his eyes be drawn to the man's tree trunk thighs.

"I'm Richard, by the way."

Andrew nodded. "Thanks for the coffee, Richard."

"No problem," said Richard, and then grinned again. "I made the assumption that you like milk."

For a long moment, Andrew looked into Richard's eyes, trying to work out if this was an offhand remark or had a deeper meaning.

Andrew had to keep stopping himself from reaching just the few inches across the sofa to touch Richard's bare arm. It was covered in gray hair, and Andrew was sure it would be silky soft. He tried to put it out of his mind. He'd misread signals before, causing instant embarrassment and usually a walk of shame in the opposite direction.

He was still thinking of this when he realised Richard was looking quizzically at him, clearly waiting for the answer to a question that Andrew hadn't even heard.

Andrew rubbed his eyes. "I'm so sorry, it's been a long day. What was it you asked?"

"It's ok," said Richard, "I was just making stupid small talk. It looks like you've been overdoing it."

Andrew nodded. "I never thought I'd be spending my thirtieth birthday..." He looked round

the featureless staff room. "...here."

Richard frowned and shook his head. "Son, take it from an old man: no job is worth missing out on the good things in life. He placed a meaty hand on Andrew's arm. "I don't want you getting to my age and regretting all the things you didn't do."

Andrew almost felt like crying. It had been so long since anyone had shown any concern about his well-being. Even Carla had given up trying to persuade him to look after himself.

When Richard took his hand away, it was like a sudden winter chill replacing the heat of a summer's day. But then suddenly Richard had both his hands on Andrew's shoulders.

"Turn around, son."

Before Andrew could respond, Richard was using his bulk to manoeuvre Andrew so that he now had his back to Richard.

"Now, let me know if I'm crossing a line here," said Richard, "But I think I know exactly what you need."

Richard began massaging Andrew's shoulders. "Wow, some tension here, son!"

It was true. But it was only when Richard had started kneading Andrew's back that he realised just how much stress was embedded in his muscles. With every stroke, the tension fell away, and when Richard turned his attention to Andrew's neck, he couldn't help releasing a moan.

"Too hard?" said Richard. "I don't want to hurt you, son."

"Don't worry, Daddy." The words were out of Andrew's mouth before he realised what he was saying. "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

Richard chuckled, a deep, manly laugh.

"It's fine, son." He tugged at Andrew's shirt. "how about we lose this?"

Andrew didn't need to be asked twice, and soon he was half naked, revelling in the warmth of Richard's magical fingers on his neck and back and arms. As Richard massaged his biceps, Andrew sent a silent thank you to the universe that he'd been working out. But there was another muscle that was begging for attention.

When Richard wrapped his big arms around Andrew's torso, and started massaging his belly, he felt his cock straining hard to escape the confines of his underwear. He was certain he'd already released bucket-loads of pre-cum. Richard's powerful hands made sweeping round

motions that were somehow both powerful and tender. He moved up Andrew's chest, and started massaging his pecs. Andrew could feel Richard's hot breath on his neck, the bristles of his beard brushing against his skin.

The feeling of Richard's fingers on his firm nipples sent Andrew onto a new level of ecstasy. Richard sensed his arousal, and moved his pudgy fingers around each nipple, caressing, then tugging, then pinching.

"Stop, stop!"

Richard withdrew his hands, and when Andrew looked round, he saw the big man was shocked, unsure of what he'd done wrong.

"No, no," explained Andrew. "I mean, I just need to get more comfortable." Richard looked down at the tent-like bulge in Andrew's pants. He smiled and nodded.

Andrew knew his throbbing dick could no longer be contained. He stood and quickly removed his trousers and boxers. Sure enough, his underwear was damp with precum. He was about to throw them aside when Richard held out his hand.

"Please," said Richard softly, "May I?"

Richard took the underwear from Andrew's outstretched hand and jammed the shorts into his face, letting out moans of deep satisfaction. Andrew was astonished. Paul had been a clean freak, and couldn't bear any natural body smells. He'd doused himself in deodorants and insisted that Andrew always showered before sex.

But Richard seemed intoxicated as he took in the shorts' musky smells, closing his eyes as he breathed in the essence of Andrew.

"Now that's the smell of a man!" said Richard, and grinned. That smile did something to Andrew, and he moved in to kiss Richard's handsome face. It didn't surprise Andrew that Richard was a fantastic kisser. As Andrew pressed his lips against Richard's, the big man reciprocated with deep, wet, kisses, his agile tongue exploring Andrew's mouth, probing and surging as if trying to reach the very recesses of his throat.

"Fuck, Daddy," gasped Andrew, reluctantly breaking for air. He'd never called anyone Daddy before. Certainly not his own drunken waster of a father. But this man was worthy of the title: strong, gentle, attentive, responsive. Daddy.

When Richard removed his shirt, Andrew's Happy Birthday to Me

mouth fell open. Richard's huge chest was a mass of silver fur, with a dark-coloured treasure trail teasing its way down that magnificent belly. His pecs were fat and bulbous. Andrew couldn't contain himself, and lunged forward to consume one of Richard's tits. He rolled his tongue around it, further aroused by it and by Richard's moans of appreciation

Andrew started to explore Richard's body. It seemed as if there wasn't a part of him not covered in soft fur. And his smell! Andrew was so unused to the natural odour of a real man that he was overwhelmed by the smell of stale sweat. He wanted more.

"Take off your pants, please, Daddy."

Richard stood up, unbuckled his leather belt, unzipped his jeans and stepped out of them. Through Richard's white underpants, Andrew could already see the form of a huge dick. His imaginings had been no mere fantasy. The magnificent bulge in Richard's underwear made his mouth water, and he was instantly on his knees, thrusting his face into Richard's crotch. The masculine smell was incredible, and Andrew rubbed his nose into the soft cotton, as if marking himself as Richard's property. It was clear Richard hadn't changed his underpants in a while. The smell of piss and spunk and sweat was driving him crazy in a way he hadn't ever known. Andrew pushed his head further between Richard's legs.

Richard gave a little laugh. "Go easy there, son, just take the time to enjoy your Daddy."

Andrew took the hint, and gently tugged at the waistband of Richard's underpants with his teeth. Gradually, Richard's cock emerged from beneath the white cotton, until the entire majestic shaft was freed from its constraints. Andrew paused to admire the bulbous head, the throbbing veins, the substantial balls. Gently, he licked one of them.

"Daddy taste good?" said Richard, who was playing with his own nipples, and clearly enjoying Andrew's attention.

"So good, Daddy."

Andrew, opened his mouth wide to consume the perfect testicle. He rolled it round in his mouth and let his senses embrace its odours and tastes and textures. Full of Daddy cream,

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A Javier A Lara Selfi Project

Ball Busting

Featuring **Rick Walt**









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

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ran to me and hugged me. Supergirl joined right behind them.

"That was so cool!" Superboy said.

"You're still telling me where you got this suit." Superman said.

"You still won't like the answer." I replied. I looked up at the ship. "We've got work to do still. Shall we?" I pushed the button that closed my helmet as the four of us headed up towards the ship to capture the rest of Zod's army.

HIS ARMY CONSISTED of about twenty other Kryptonians. They were surprised when the four of us landed on the ship. Superman took the lead and dropped Zod's restrained body on the floor of the ship.

"Zod's mission is over." He said. "Surrender now." Unfortunately, his army didn't surrender easily and put up quite the fight but eventually we were able to subdue them.

It took us about three hours to transport all the subdued members of the army to a temporary jail cell with lamps installed that replicated the effects of a red sun that the Metropolis Police Department had built.

They would also receive daily injections of the serum that Luthor had created to keep their powers at bay until Superman could come up with a more permanent solution.

Kal took the ship to the Fortress for safe keeping.

After everything had been settled, we returned to our apartment with Supergirl joining us for a celebration.

But the truth was, we were all beyond exhausted and sore and weren't up for much celebrating so we decided to order a pizza for delivery.

We watched the news while we waited. The city was in shambles but was out of immediate danger, thanks to the four of us. After seeing footage of us flying around that had been captured by a news van, Kal turned to me. Here it came.

"So...that suit came from Lex Luthor didn't it?" He asked.

"Yes." I simply answered.

"What in the world made you think of HIM, of all people?" Kal asked. I could detect some

anger in his voice as did Kara. She took Jonathan out to the balcony.

"I was trying to think of a way that I could help. I was afraid the three of you would be outmatched and I wanted to get something to help level the playing field. I remembered how Kryptonite affected you, I remembered that Lex Luthor had some and went to talk to him." I said.

"How did you talk him into giving you Kryptonite?"

"I told him that the world was going to be destroyed if he didn't help and that Superman would talk to a judge about reducing his sentence. Before you say anything, I know how you feel. I feel the same way but he helped us save the world. That...and he knows."

"Knows what?"

"About us. I didn't tell him, he figured it out. He promised to keep it a secret and that he 'believes in love.'"

"You told my worst enemy about us?" Kal said, his anger rising.

"I didn't tell him, he figured it out and I was in too much of a hurry to fight him on it. We needed his help." Kal's face was still contorted in anger but he let that part of the conversation go.

"And the suit?" He asked.

"That was a bonus. I just went to get some weaponized Kryptonite, I didn't expect the suit but I surely liked it." I could tell that he was still bothered by me going to Lex for help.

I moved so that I could straddle his lap and face him. I took his face into my hands.

"I know I made a deal with the devil today and I can tell your disappointed that I did and I am sorry." He started to say something but I covered his mouth. "But I won't apologize for my actions. I don't have super powers like you, Jon and Kara and I couldn't sit back while my planet was being threatened. I needed to do something to protect my family, my home. I made a deal with the devil to save you and that precious ten year old boy out there--"

"And Kara?" He said, muffled through my hand.

"Yes, and Kara." I said. "Truth is, I was terrified of losing you and Jon. Terrified that my home would no longer exist if you all failed. I

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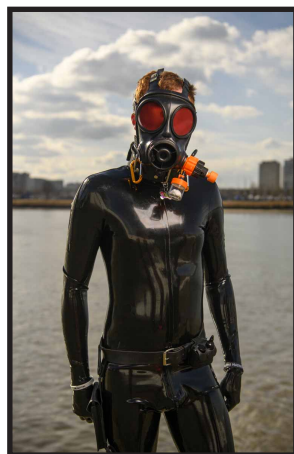
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thought Andrew, as he let his tongue enjoy Richard's sac.

And then it was time to address Richard's cock. Andrew enjoyed the little jerks it made when he stroked it with his fingers. A tiny goblet of precum was leaking from the head. Andrew moved in and let it drip onto his tongue. Fuck, it tasted so good. But now he wanted more. He looked up at this magnificent man.

"Can I drain you, Daddy? Can I?"

Richard looked down and smiled, nodded.

This was like a dream, thought Andrew. But no. Better than any wet dream he'd ever had. This transcended fantasy. It was real, and he was going to enjoy every golden moment.

Andrew licked the trembling uncut head, let his tongue savour the smooth texture, the tiny residue of cheese that had accumulated beneath the skin. Paul would have been disgusted. But Andrew was in heaven. He'd never realised what he'd been missing. Then he took the whole shaft in his mouth. In and in and in it went; it seemed to go in forever, until it reached the back of his mouth.

Richard was groaning in ecstasy. "Such a good boy to your Daddy! Such a good boy!"

Encouraged, Andrew started to suck on the big cock, making slow, regular motions, then increasing in intensity and speed. When he withdrew, long, sticky strands of saliva and precum were clinging to his tongue. His own dick was rock hard, and he knew he could not contain the load in his balls for much longer.

Andrew's head moved back and forward in a steady rhythm. Richard's precum was oozing into his mouth, heightening his excitement. Richard's hands were on Andrew's head now, guiding him, willing him to go deeper. Andrew pressed on, driving Richard's beautiful manhood further and deeper inside him. Both men were now moaning, aware that climax was exhilaratingly close.

Andrew stepped up his pace, sucking vigorously, at the same time tugging on his own cock. It was a sensation he'd almost forgotten, that unbeatable feeling of sex with a man.

Andrew sensed an unstoppable force surging from deep within his balls. Suddenly, there was an explosion of warmth and wetness inside Andrew's mouth. The salty spunk overwhelmed his

tongue and spurted onwards to hit the back of his throat. Simultaneously, Andrew shot a long and deeply satisfying load, like the bursting of a dam he'd been holding back for months. At that moment, both men let out roars that were almost primeval; loud, bellows that came from deep within them.

And then, apart from their deep breaths of recovery, there was silence.

Richard reached down, and wrapped Andrew in his strong arms. Andrew curled into Richard, his head on his Daddy's hairy pillow of a belly. For a while they said nothing. Andrew could only reflect on what had just happened, all the more amazing for its unexpectedness.

When Richard shifted his position, Andrew sighed. All good things come to an end. But let's face it, he couldn't ask for more.

"I guess we'd better get cleaned up."

Richard smiled down and nodded. "This has been so good." He bent down to place a gentle kiss on the top of Andrew's head. "Happy birthday, son."

They got dressed and Richard used a tissue to clean up the spunk Andrew had shot across the floor. Andrew noticed Richard folding the tissue and stuffing it inside his pocket.

Andrew looked back towards the office. He'd have to work all night to get through those figures. But it was worth it.

Finally, Andrew moved in for a bear hug. "Thank you so much, Daddy. You've given me the best birthday ever."

Richard hugged him tight. When he released Andrew, he looked down and smiled.

"Of course, it doesn't have to end here. I know an all-night diner where the burgers are just what you need after a workout like that. Would you do me the honour of letting me take you to dinner there? And then maybe I can take you back to my place for dessert.

He stroked Andrew's lips lightly. "I'd love to taste your boy cream"

The stupid part of Andrew thought about his spreadsheets. If he didn't finish the job he'd really be in the shit tomorrow. Then he smiled to himself. But so would his boss.

He looked up at Richard's twinkling chestnut eyes.

"I'd like nothing better, Daddy."



HARNESSEL & PIERCED

featuring Paul Jackson

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understand if you are upset and disappointed at my actions. Just know that I did it for you, Jon and this world. Whether you support--" I was interrupted when he kissed me.

"I am not disappointed with you. I don't like it but I understand why and I am thankful that you did. You proved to be quite the superhero today and I am so proud of you and Jon--"

"And Kara?" I asked with a smile.

"And Kara." He smiled back. "We did well as a team today."

"If I can keep the suit, can I be a permanent part of the team?"

"We'll see." He said with a kiss.

"Oh, and when you write the article about today, you have to give Lex credit for helping out." Before he could say anything, the doorbell rang, announcing the arrival of the pizza. Jonathan came running into the living room to the door. I laughed as Kal and I got off the couch to meet the delivery person and pay for it.

Once we had the pizza, we sat at the kitchen table and ate in silence.

Afterwards, we decided to take a flight around the city. I loaded up in the suit and the four of us flew around the city, surveying the damage from the battle in the night sky. After the hell from today, flying around with them was the best thing of the day. I loved the suit and hoped to never give it back.

SIX MONTHS HAD passed since the incident with Zod. The city was rebuilding nicely. Life had gone somewhat back to normal. I was able to keep the suit and would sometimes join Superman in helping out around the city. Lex had designed a helmet that I would wear that would hide my identity. Kal had surprised me by having Lex paint the suit painted blue with the familiar "S" painted on the chest and the media started calling me "Cyborg Superman," no doubt that Clark Kent had started that.

Jonathan had recreated his suit with the help from Kal and Kara. They used material similar to their suits to make it more indestructible. It was similar to what he had originally created, saying that he liked that look as it sets him apart from Superman and Supergirl but was similar enough to

recognized as part of the family.

Kal had yet to find a solution for Zod and his army. He checked on their temporary holding cells often to make sure they remained powerless and confined. There was always armed guards on duty with Kryptonized weapons just in case.

Kal talked to the judge and was able to get Lex released early. In an article that he had written about the incident, he made sure that Lex got credit for providing the weapons needed to save the world. It seemed that all the good publicity that Lex had changed him for the better. He resumed control of his company and started working with the city to rebuild it and designed defensive weapons instead of offensive ones, not to mention supporting and repairing the suit as needed.

Superboy was popular with the young kids and was on his way to becoming a role model. The city welcomed him as their newest superhero.

Kara had returned to her city and her duties kept her busy there but she stayed in touch and we kept up with her on the news.

It would only be a few more weeks of normalcy before Kal would change everything in our lives.

Chapter 19

A few weeks later, Kal and I were laying in bed and I could tell that there was something on his mind so I rolled to my side to face him as he did the same to face me.

"Everything okay?" I asked. "Seems like there is something on your mind."

"I just keep thinking about all the prisoners that have escaped from the Phantom Zone. I feel it is my responsibility to re-capture them."

"If the Zone was destroyed, where would you put them? You surely couldn't bring them to Earth with the yellow sun." I said.

"I am sure that we would be able to figure something out."

"We?"

"Supergirl, Superboy, and myself."

"What about me?"

"This isn't your fight. These are prisoners from my world."

"But I could help. I have the suit and I have proven myself in battle."

"That you have but this is something we

Superman's Greatest Fan

have to do, and besides, who is going to watch over Metropolis while we are gone?"

"You expect me to take your place while you are gone?"

"You are Cyborg Superman after all." He chuckled.

"I knew you were the one who created that nickname." He smiled. I was lost in thought before I spoke again.

"How long would you be gone?" I asked. He paused for a moment before answering.

"I don't know. However long it takes."

I got quite again as the sadness took over. He sensed it and reached his hand to my face to comfort me.

"This isn't goodbye and we will be back."

I tried to fight the tears that were threatening to fall but couldn't. He pulled me close to him and I cried into his shoulder. I can usually keep my emotions in check but for some reason, that night, I lost control of them and he held me until I just couldn't cry anymore and eventually fell asleep in the comfort of his arms.

TWO WEEKS LATER, the SuperTrio and I were at a press conference that Kal had arranged announcing their departure to chase down other prisoners. I was there in my suit as he announced that I would be watching over the city.

I won't lie, I was scared. I was fifty-two years old and was going to have the responsibility of protecting the world, by myself in an armored suit.

Thankfully, we had set it up so that Kelex could be in constant contact with me and would alert me to certain dangers in the city. With the suit, I could travel to the Fortress when needed and Kal arranged it so that I had access to it.

They were scheduled to depart the next day. We had spent time at the Fortress, preparing Zod's ship and making sure it had everything they needed for the journey.

So that they would maintain their super powers, we had installed several UV lamps in one of the rooms that would replicate the sun's rays and recharge their powers.

We also installed lamps that produced red sun rays to hold the prisoners as they apprehended them. The prisoners on Earth would be transferred there the day of departure so that they could be returned to whatever prison Kal was

Superman's Greatest Fan

going to figure out.

Once the ship was out of the range of our sun, the prisoners would be escorted to private rooms on the ship. They would still receive the serum injections to prevent them from absorbing yellow sun rays as a precaution.

After the ship was ready, the three of us returned to Metropolis and Kara to National City to enjoy our last night together with our loved ones.

Kal, Jonathan and I had pizza and watched a movie. We laid on the couch, Kal behind me and Jonathan laid in front of me. This would be the memory that would get me through some of the darkest days ahead.

THE FOUR OF us were back at the Fortress the next day for the launch. The prisoners had been transferred and were secured. All the supplies had been loaded and it was time for the launch and time to say goodbye.

I knelt to my knee as Jonathan came to hug me.

"You be a good boy, do what your dad and Kara says to do okay? I am going to miss you so much." I said, tears forming in my eyes. He mumbled a muffled yes against my chest and I could feel him crying which didn't help me hold back my tears.

He pulled away from me and I looked at his blue eyes, told him that I loved him and stood up. Kara came to hug me next. I told her to take care of herself and thanked her for her friendship. She tried to hide it, but I could tell her eyes were teary.

And there was Kal, Clark Kent, Superman standing before me. There were no holding back tears at this point. His arms were around me before a tear could cross my cheek. I held him as tight as I could. I hated this. I didn't want them to go but there was no turning back now. I pulled away and faced him.

"Are you sure about this?" I asked.

"As sure as I will ever be." He responded.

"Okay." I said.

"I have one more thing to do." He said. He held his hand out and Jonathan handed him something but I couldn't see what it was. "When I first met you on the floor of that plane twenty-two years ago, there was something about you that

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Outdoor Lovers

featuring **Trey Marceau**

Robert Henderson

photography by **Javier A Lara**

Website













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captured my attention. You stole a piece of my heart when I visited you in the hospital and eventually you became my Kryptonite. You've saved my life. You've stood by me at my worst time and never wavered in your support. I wouldn't be here without you.

"I don't know when I will be back, and I am not going to ask you to wait for me, but if you'll have me when I return, will you marry me?" He presented a silver band with the "S" shield on it in red that went around the ring.

"Yes, yes, yes." I said. He kissed me and before he put the ring on my finger, he showed me the inside where "To My Kryptonite" was inscribed on it. I was beyond words at this point. He pulled me into another hug and I cried more.

He broke the hug, put the ring on my left ring finger. I looked at them and without saying a word, left the ship.

I turned around when I was at a safe distance to watch them leave. I could hear the engines coming to life and see Jonathan watching me from a window before he disappeared.

The door flew open and Jonathan was flying towards me where he picked me off the ground in another hug. We were both crying as he lowered me back to the ground. Kal was there waiting for us. He pulled me and Jonathan into a hug for what seemed like an eternity.

We finally broke the hug, told each other that we loved each other and Kal and Jonathan made their way back to the ship. I could see Kal and Kara working the controls as Jonathan watch me from the window, waving at me. I waved back as the ship left the ground and eventually soared into the sky.

I stood there watching until I couldn't see them anymore. At that moment, everything I ever cared for, every piece of my heart flew into outer space.

I don't know how long I stood there afterwards before heading back into the Fortress. I felt lost for awhile. I moped around before deciding that it was time to head to my empty home.

I put on the suit and flew home. Shortly after, I landed on my balcony and took the suit off. My apartment was empty for the first time in years.

I grabbed a beer from the fridge and crashed on the couch and turned on the TV, where the news was playing bits of the news conference and talking about their departure.

I saw myself on TV in the suit and I suddenly felt very humble. Superman may be gone, but he chose me to take his place in the meantime. That meant he trusted me and had confidence in my abilities and I hadn't realized that until that moment.

I felt a huge smile stretch across my face as I fell asleep.

Chapter 20

2002

With great power, comes great responsibility. I learned that real quick being Cyborg Superman for the past two years.

It wasn't easy either. The suit was once piece and opened so that you stepped into or out of it. It couldn't be transported easily, really at all without wearing it. Compared to Superman, it was limited obviously. It didn't have heat vision, or ice breath. The hydraulics gave me super strength and it's built in propulsion system gave me sustained flight for over two hours before needing to be refueled. It was pretty remarkable for the time.

Every once in awhile I would take it to LexCorp for updates and repairs. It still surprised me how supportive Lex had become. I guess it showed that there was good in people when you thought that there wasn't.

I did break one rule of being a superhero and I revealed my identity to my boss. I did this so I could explain to him why I needed to leave during the day or was late. He was very supportive and kept it a secret.

Life without Kal and Jonathan was lonely. I stayed busy but there were moments where the loneliness was unbearable.

I'd go to local gay clubs and met some nice people and made friends and some of them wanted more but I told them that I wasn't looking for anything like that. At fifty-four years old, it was flattering to be wanted though.

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Steven Cox

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Even though Kal told me I didn't have to wait on him, I wanted to. I didn't want to be with anyone else. There was one person for me, and he was light years away.

At night, I would fly over the city, making sure that everything was okay. It was rewarding to help people. I stopped bank robberies, help the elderly across the street and even rescued a cat from a tree once.

The best part was just being able to fly. It was liberating and an experience like none-other. It was definitely the best perk of the job.

2005

ONE NIGHT WHILE on patrol, Kelex called over the com and told me that I was needed at the Fortress. I changed direction and headed there.

Once I arrived, Kelex greeted me at the door. I took the suit off as I usually did.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Please follow me." It said. I was confused but I followed it to the Operations Room. The door opened and my heart stopped.

"SURPRISE!" Yelled Kal, Kara, and Jonathan from the middle of the floor. My hands flew to my face and I started crying. Jonathan ran up to me and picked me up in a hug that lifted me off the ground. He had grown so much I barely recognized him. He was taller and his hair had gotten long and curly.

He lowered me to the ground and broke the hug. Kara came up and gave me a hug and a kiss on the cheek. When we broke the hug, there was Kal, standing in front of me. There were so many emotions running through my mind and I didn't know how to process them. I actually turned away from him for a moment to collect myself.

As soon as I turned back to face him, he pulled me in for a hug and I melted into his strong arms. Tears just streamed down my face. Five years of anguish, sadness, loneliness escaped me. My safety net was back, my family was back, my heart was back.

I broke the hug to face Jonathan when he spoke.

"So, did you like your surprise?" He asked. His voice had deepened and took me by surprise.

"Like it? I loved it." I said, trying to get my emotions in check. I looked to Kal.

"Are you guys back for good?" I asked. The smile fell from his face and I could feel the color leave mine.

"We are only back for a day." He said. I was speechless and then he smirked. "Just kidding, we are back for good." He said. I released the breath I was holding and playfully smacked him in the face.

"Don't do that to me. I said as he, Kara, and Jonathan laughed. "It's not funny." I said. I was trying to keep from laughing though.

"Your face was priceless." Kal said as he kissed me on the forehead.

"Guys, I hate to run but I got family I want to see." Kara said. We hugged her again and she was off.

"You're still wearing it." Kal said, referring to the ring he gave me before leaving.

"I am."

"Does this mean you..." He said, letting his voice trail off.

"Yes. I've waited five years for you to come back. There has been no one else, not for their lack of trying." I said with a laugh. "I couldn't imagine anyone else that could take your place." I could see Kal blush before he hugged me again. Jonathan joined in on the hug and I never felt as happy as I did in that moment.

Epilogue 2019

If you have read this far, I am glad that my life has been that interesting to you. I was just an ordinary guy who met an extraordinary guy who happened to be Superman.

The past fourteen years have been amazing. In 2015, when same-sex marriage became legal, Kal and I got married. We had a very simple ceremony with very close friends there. Kal's parents, Kara, Jonathan and some friends from both of our jobs.

I retired from my superhero duties shortly after the SuperTrio returned in 2005. I still have the suit and it is still operational. LexCorp has since designed and released a new model that is being used now when it is too dangerous for people, like bomb extractions and search and rescue

operations. I use mine to fly to and from the Fortress or whenever its needed.

Since Kryptonians don't age like humans, Kal might look ten to fifteen years older than when we met. Jonathan looks like he is in his twenties even though he's technically thirty-two. And while I am told I don't look my age, I am seventy-one years old. Kal says that he doesn't care about my age, I sometimes wonder how a man that looks as young as he does is still interested in an old man like me, but our love is just as strong as it has been.

I retired from my job a few years ago. I miss it sometimes, but I keep myself busy volunteering for various charities. The sales from this book go to some of the charities I volunteer for.

I decided to write this memoir after being diagnosed with stage four lung cancer last year. I wanted people to know the truth about my family. I discussed it with Kal in great detail and he supported me writing this book. We feel that our society is at a point where they are ready to accept a hero that is part of the LGBT community. Jonathan and Kara also support it as well.

This is my life from the moment I met Superman till now. It's been a rocky road at times but I wouldn't have had it any other way. I hope that you've enjoyed this part of my life as I have enjoyed living it.

Joseph Martinez-Kent

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