



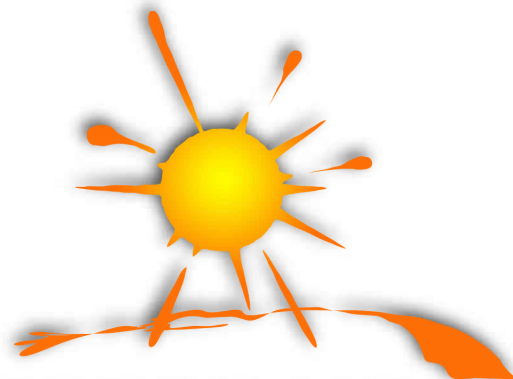
All Men Are Beautiful!
May 2025 | Issue 77

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

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All Men Are Beautiful

erotic

Male Photography



desertheatimages.com



Switchy cub



DoctorNick



JD



Dane Hardon



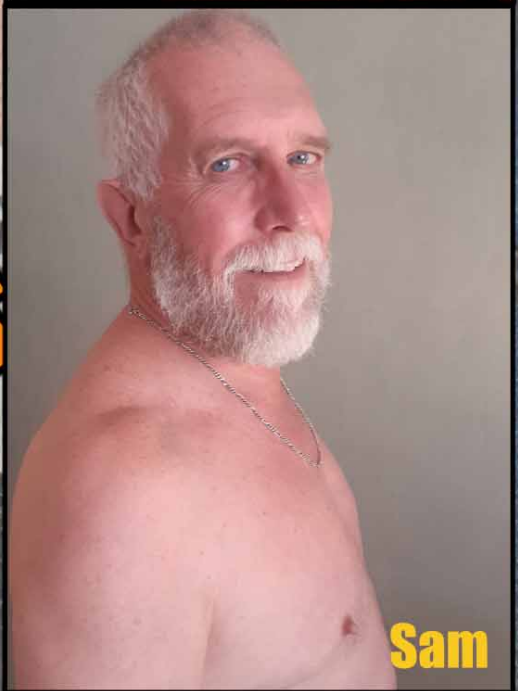
Eduardo



AJ



Ralph



Sam

The Men

Switchy Cub

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JD's Night In

Photos by Humble Photography

Spring '25

Featuring Ralph

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Featuring DoctorNick & AJ

Photos by ytetic.com

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WHAT'S INSIDE

Ramblings From the Editor

I just returned from the Cities today, after an incredible weekend spending time with friends and new friends, while primarily there to attend Hump! Film Festival. If you've not heard of it, Dan Savage has put together some incredible talent from all over the globe. They produce 5 min or shorter videos which are eventually edited into a feature movie that encompasses all sexualities, exploring fetishes, and some zany comedy from some very talented artists. If you've never had the pleasure, you can find the info at <https://www.humpfilmfest.com/>.

This year's Spring Edition featured videos from comedy (imagine Little Shop of Horrors reimagined to Little Sock of Whores – yeah, I promise if you watch this one, you'll never look at a sock on the floor the same way every again LOL) to some pretty heavy BDSM (The Architect had some turning their heads when the stapler started being used) to some pretty intense fantasies (Criminal Cravings will blow you away!) Not all things will ring with all watchers, but that's the coolness of it. It's about viewing things that can, or probably will, push some of your boundaries of what eroticism is. If it's piqued your interest, check out the site above and see if it's coming to your city. Get out there and support it if it is.

Also during that visit, I had the unfortunate meeting of a young pup at the Eagle who loved to spout right leaning nonsense but acted like a spoiled fucking rich kid when asked to provide his sources for the nonsense he was spewing. Of course, like most that lean that way, they love to talk but can't back up what they are saying. Not in a fighting way, although I think I made him piddle a little when I barked at him, but in an intellectual way. The real sad part, he was supposedly educated, but then he just proved something I've always believed, money can't buy you and education if all you do is pay for it and not have to learn anything. Overall, he just proved last night that critical thinking isn't important as long as he can shout out Fox News talking points. Sound familiar? LOL

And on the flip side of that, a handsome

bearded guy that I love to stalk...err, follow online had a bit of wisdom today that I want to share with you. And it goes for everyone, right, left, stuck in between. It's as simple as "If it doesn't fuck, feed, or finance you, it's opinion doesn't matter." It may sound harsh but use it when you are feeling someone is judging you. Use it when you need to feel good about yourself. Don't let the assholes bring you down! Right? Cause damn it, you are just how you are suppose to be and only answer to yourself in regards to that. You'll always be someone's heartthrob!

Speaking of heartthrobs, has anyone seen MudMuscle's mud pit videos? Even if mud wrestling, or mud fucking, isn't your thing, you might do yourself the pleasure of checking them out. Damn, if you don't pop a boner watching them, you are probably in need of ED meds! Just kidding! But seriously, give them a view if you can find them online and you can thank me later.

Another random thought, in this fucking wild political climate we are all enduring, we need to be there for each other. Now, more than ever, depression is on the rise and that's a fucked up thing. You don't always have to be there to talk with someone but just be there, let them know you're there for them. And if you don't have anyone you feel comfortable confiding in, PLEASE reach out to 988 and get some help. No judgement. No rhetoric. Just great people who are there to listen and to help, if needed. Just remember that you are loved by man, even if you may not realize it at the time or feel differently.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





DURTY BEAR

Linktree <https://linktr.ee/dirtybear>



Switchy Cub

A portrait of a man with a teal mohawk, wearing a black leather jacket and a chest harness, smiling against a window background.

Photography by

Desert Heat Images















DIRTY Road Diaries

Unabashed musings, ramblings, and sometimes crazy stories

by **DILLON HESS**

Coming Home

When I was younger man, I just loved to learn my lessons the hard fucking way. Through the school of hard knocks. What is the meaning of the school of hard knocks? If you learn something in the school of hard knocks, you learn it as a result of difficult or unpleasant experiences. It is a phrase which is most typically used by a person to claim a level of wisdom imparted by life experience, which should be considered at least equal in merit to academic knowledge.

And thank (GOD) for lack of a better word, that I had the opportunity to get both.

However, in the school of hard knocks, don't ask me why? I'd had to try to figure out ways to get out of whatever mischief it was, I created over and over again. I didn't do it just one or two times, mind you. I did it several times before I learned it, and that takes up a lot of energy. I found out much later in life, what the definition of insanity is; doing the same things over, and over again expecting different results. Generally, they're not gonna be any fuck'n different they are only going to get worse. At least that's been my experience and stories I've heard from countless others throughout my decades of learning to live life on life's terms, one day at a time.

I also found and realized that there's good and bad in all of us, yin and Yang. In spiritual contexts, "darkening light in energy" refers to the idea that negative or dark energies can suppress or diminish the positive, bright energy of others. This can be

seen as a form of psychic attack or negative influence that impacts someone's aura or overall energy. It's also related to the concept of "like attracts like," where positive energy may attract dark energies that seek to diminish it. Dark energies can be seen as trying to restore a perceived imbalance by suppressing high-vibrational energy, which can destabilize low-vibrational environments. It's a fact, and it is true.

Negative forces can draw energy from individuals with brighter or more positive vibrations, essentially draining them. So be careful who you decide you want to hang out with, and be friendly with yourself, remember; "birds of a feather flock together". If you are uncomfortable and it doesn't feel right, listen to your gut reactions and honor them. Your gut reactions will never lie to you. Then remove yourself from the uncomfortability into something that is more fitting for you in the moment. Even if that means taking a timeout to just with yourself. Be gentle with yourself and remember that your words are very powerful.

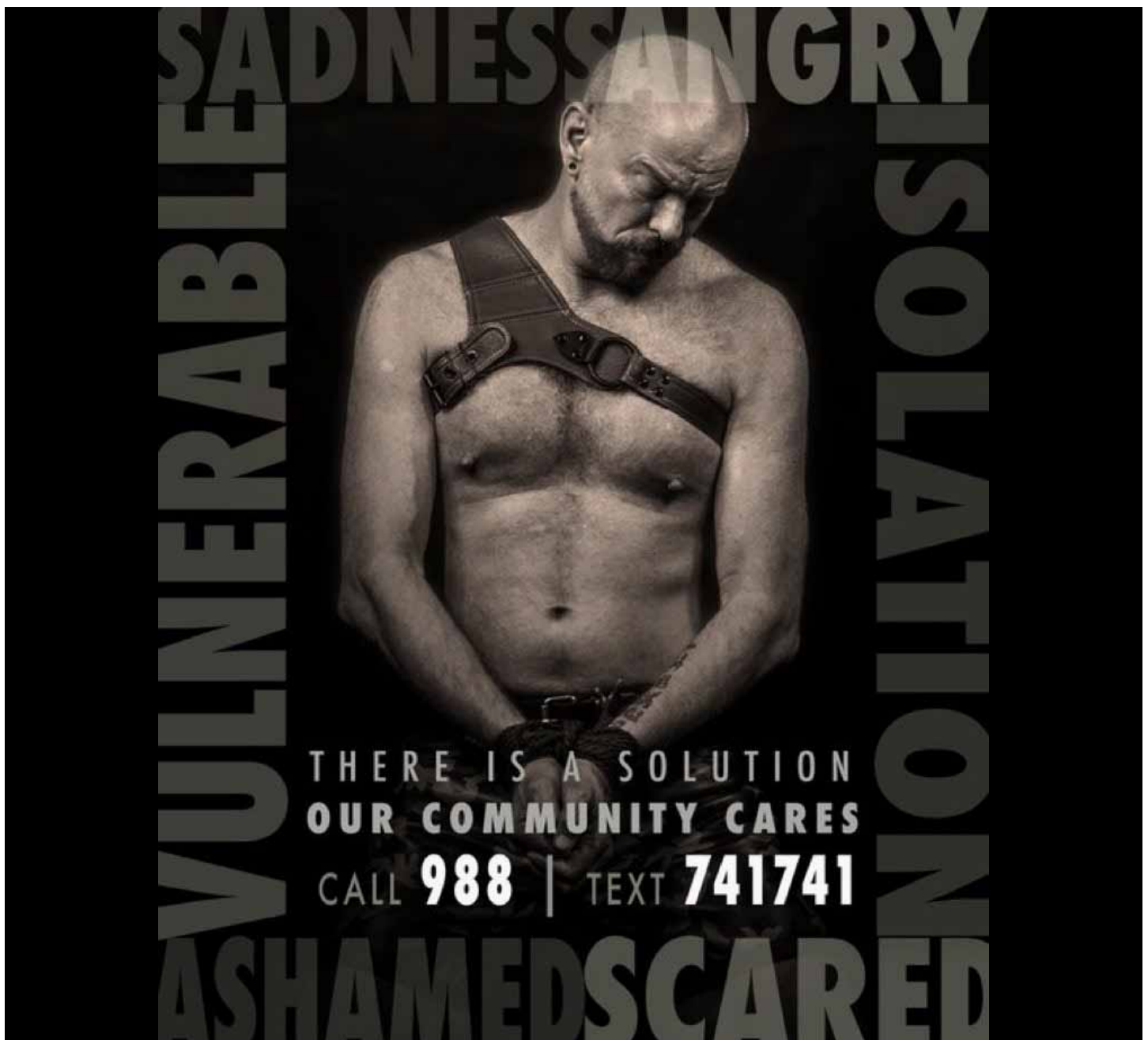
And language is brilliant, it is funny, and it's tricky, however, used correctly it is the powerful tool you have at your disposal. Your word is your bond and it is powerful, no other man on the planet has the same frequency and tone that you do, just like your DNA, and the universe is listening. Your words are extremely powerful, and the (powers that be) do not want you to realize that for many reasons. Use them impeccably for it defiance who you are as a

man. For man only has his word, if he doesn't have that, he has nothing. Coming home for me does not necessarily mean coming to a certain, physically existing place, however, your energy with the feelings that flows through your body at certain moments is.

Rather, it is the feeling that all is well, peaceful, but also deep contentment, being ensouled.

Words have the power to build men up and/or bring them terribly down. They may be uplift and enlighten, or depress and destroy. We all have complete control over the words we use, so we really must choose them carefully and wisely. The

first step is awareness. Why are words very powerful? Words are powerful because they affect men emotionally, intellectually, and physically. They can have a lasting impact on a man's self-esteem, confidence, and overall well-being. How we speak to ourselves, and others can influence our thoughts, beliefs, and actions and even shape our perception of the world. Please be kind to yourself and with others today as we all move beautifully forward together. You all deserve nothing but the very the best in this life, with what it has to offer and you will achieve it and have it. All your dreams may and will come true as you create the world you want to live in, or you must do is; your very best one day at a time.



Dane Hardon

CA



by
SARGE
PHOTOGRAPHY















The International Pup & Trainer Contest (IPTC) took place April 3-6 at the Center On Halsted, 3656 N. Halsted Street. The event was emceed by Pup Figaro. The IPTC Meet and Greet took place at Jackhammer, 6406 N. Clark Street. The Previous year's winners, Pup Jaxx and Trainer Chipper gave their step aside speeches, and Pup Star Orion from California took home the title of International Puppy 2025, while Pup Brewer Canis from Oklahoma was runner up. There was no title awarded for Trainer this year and said title will be retired. The IPTC After Party also took place at Jackhammer, closing out the weekend.

Photography by Joseph Stevens



Meet & Greet

Photography by
Joseph Stevens



IPTC 2025 Meet & Greet



IPTC 2025 Meet & Greet
GLE LEATHER



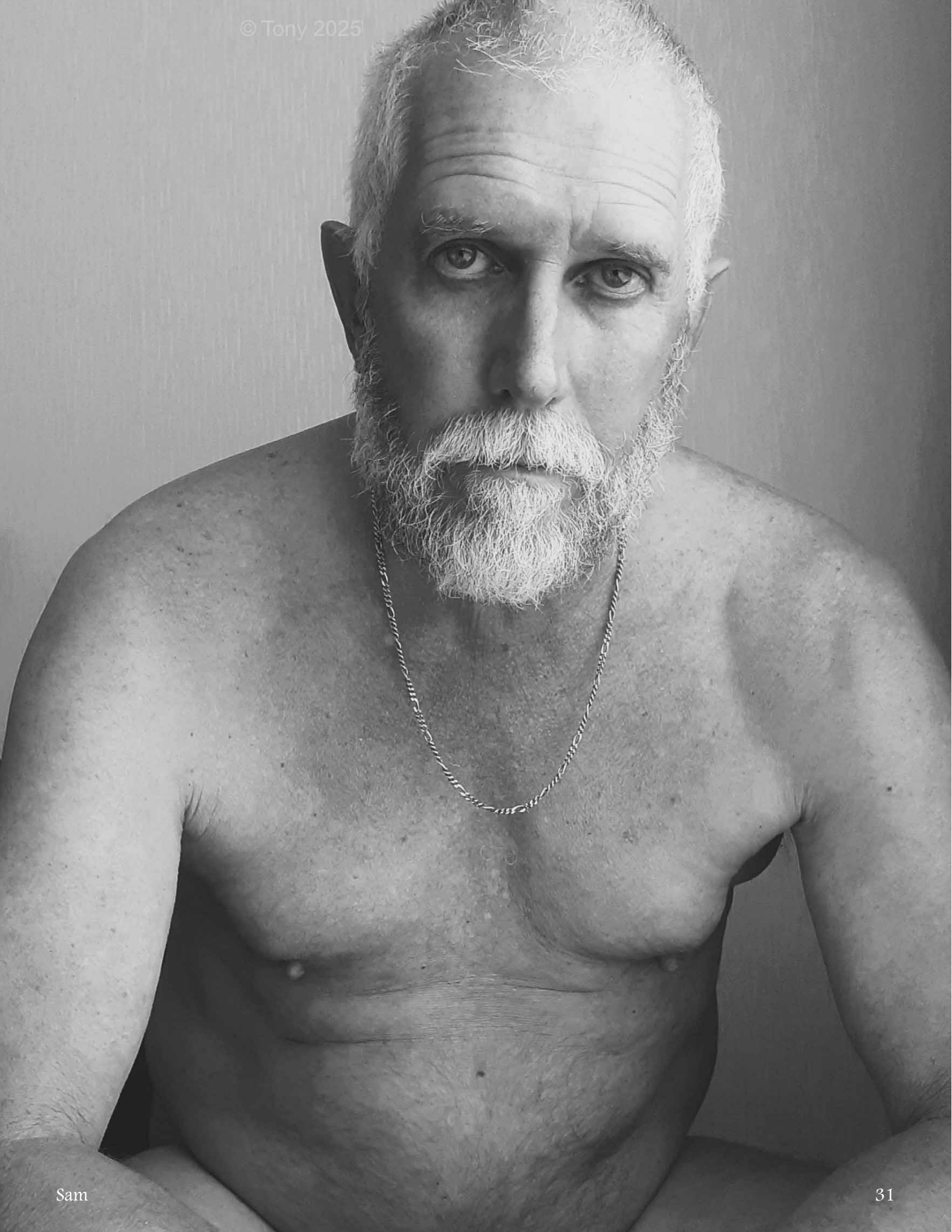


A photograph of a man with a grey beard and blue eyes, sitting on the floor and holding a colorful striped sock. The man is shirtless and wearing a thin chain necklace. He is looking directly at the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Sam

Images by
Tony





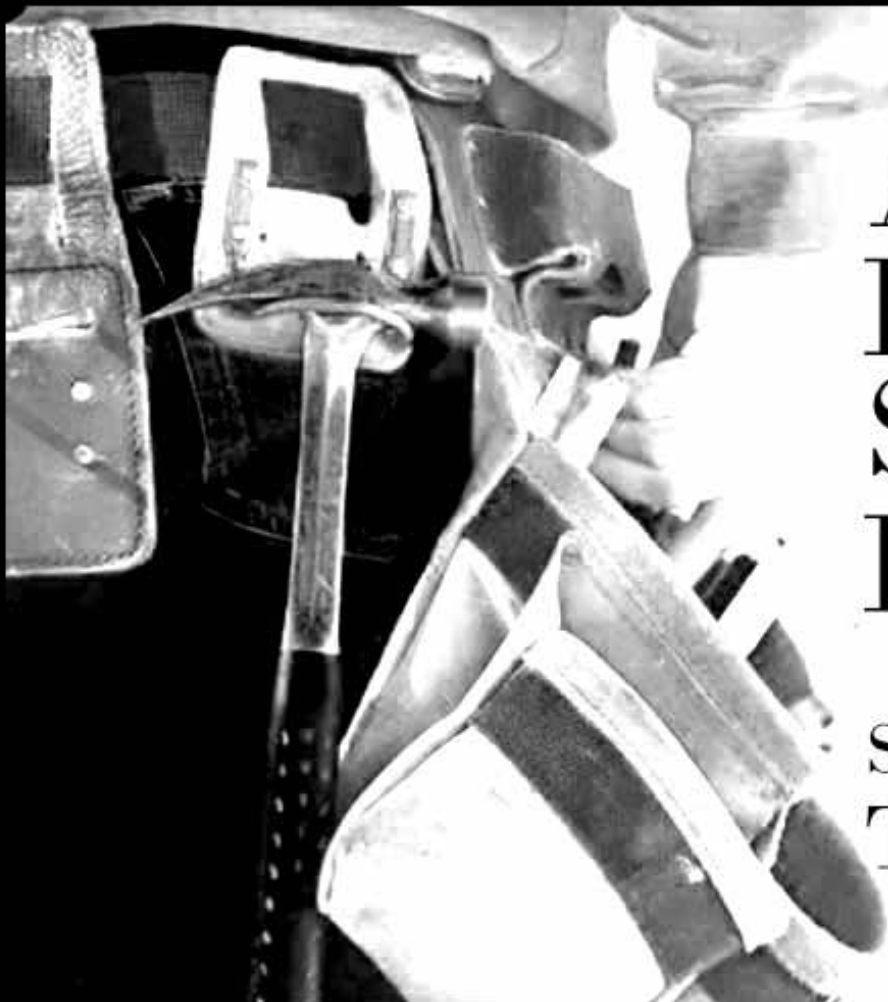




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A Husband's Sexuality Remodeled

Story by
The Tallest Sub

You don't buy a house, you actually buy a series of ticking time bombs you will be paying someone else to fix. One day stepping out of the shower, I felt the floor give way under my foot and barely caught myself before falling. I got down on my hands and knees, and was able to pick up the tile revealing spongy soft wood underneath I poked it with my finger and it went right through. I pulled up some more tiles and found more and more soft floor and realized this was a bigger problem than I was equipped to solve. My wife and I discussed it, and given how much rot there was, and how out of date everything was, we decided to take out a loan and hire someone to remodel the room as cheaply as possible.

My wife's friend Kate had recommended a general contractor she used all the time and everything in her house was gorgeous. "He can do anything, plumbing, electrical, tile, hardwood, he's great. No permits, no fuss, it's all under the table, and he is always like half the price of every other quote," she said.

"That's too good to be true, what's the catch?" I said.

"He doesn't speak a word of English. I think he's polish maybe? Hid name is Anton, I'll get his number."

"That's kind of a problem. How did you, like, tell him what you want?" "

His cousin came the first day and translated pretty much everything. We made due the rest of the time, just pointing to things and he seems to figure it out. I get it's not ideal, but hell save you thousands of dollars. Look at this kitchen," she gestured around the room. It was immaculate. I was sold.

We called the number and setup an appointment. Two men arrived in a van at the agreed time, both in there late thirties to early forties. Anton was the slightly taller one at about 5'10, he had silvery gray hair and short rough stubble of a beard. He had the natural muscles of a guy who lifts bags of mortar and boxes of tile on a daily basis. He was wearing paint stained jeans

and a T-shirt. His cousin introduced us, asked to see the space and we led them inside. He measured the walls, the shower, the counter, the gaps between them. Then he playfully pretended he was measuring me, and he we all had a good laugh. I'm a tall guy, about 6'5.

"What were you thinking?" Asked the cousin.

"Nothing fancy, probably keeping the layout the same, just modernizing everything, get rid of the green countertops and maybe doing something cost effective, like Formica?" The cousins began conversing in a language neither of us understood, going back and forth a few times.

"Anton says he'll do quartz, same price. He says this bathroom is a small job, some bigger kitchen jobs, and they buy huge pieces to do the counters. After they cut, there is enough leftover to do this room, but the price is low because it's only for small jobs." We both nodded and grinned. By the time we were done and had his quote, there was no reason to meet with anyone else. He was less than half what we had hoped to pay, and was giving us some smart upgrades we hadn't thought of.

Anton returned a week late solo and the demo started immediately. He had taken the door off and hung plastic sheeting over the gap to contain the dust. He began tearing the room down to the studs. Anton came to get me after all the tile was removed, and gestured for my to follow him. He pointed to a piece of pipe proceeded to turn the shutoff valve beneath it on and off. When it was on, you could see a tiny pin hole in the pipe start to spray an almost mist like stream before he turned the valve back off. "Damn it" I muttered. "Can you fix it?" I said before realizing it was a pretty stupid question. He pointed to some fresh copper pipe and valves and held his hands about a foot apart above and below the hole. "Ah, ok, you're going to replace that section. Great." I smiled and stood there and he just kind of stared me in the eyes for a moment before giving me a thumbs up, and I took that as my queue to leave.

I tried to give him space to do his work and went back to my desk. I worked from home during the days while my wife went to her office job. I found myself peeking in frequently, watching Anton do his work, learning how things were done. Occasionally he'd have me follow him in so he could try and explain something that needed to

change or adjust based on what he'd find behind the walls. It wasn't always easy to understand him, but we worked through it. Today he was tiling the floor, and I could hear him carrying tile and heavy bags of mortar into the room. After a few trips, he was dripping in sweat. The next time he came back, he had removed his shirt. Something inside me stirred. A feeling I'd never felt from a man before. Something about his hairy, muscular chest, small dark nipples, the sweat dripping down his forehead, the grunts he was making when he shifted the heavy load. I started to feel my pants tightening and I had to turn away and try to ignore the sights and sounds.

When my wife was home, Anton showed us both to the bathroom, he had made a lot of progress. He gestured to the back wall and put a piece of quartz that had been cut off the countertop about two feet off the ground. "A shower bench?" My wife said. "Oh my God, yes, great idea. Super convenient when I'm shaving." As we he left he pulled my arm slightly. My wife exited, and I stayed behind for a moment. He gestured toward the bench, and then mimicked getting a blowjob with a huge grin on his face.

"A sex bench?" I said, feeling my face begin to flush. I smiled and gave him the thumbs up, too embarrassed to do anything else. He patted me on the back and then began packing up for the day.

I really struggled the next few days. I found myself thinking about Anton during work and at night, and soon I was peaking in on him every few minutes. He had stopped wearing a shirt entirely and I found myself staring at him every chance I got. He had finished the bench and the floor and was just starting on the wall. The next morning, when he gestured me to follow him that to the bathroom my heart rate picked up. He pointed with his tape measure, and he was holding a short length of pipe. I couldn't figure this one out, he kept gesturing as I stared at him blankly missing the obvious. He grew a bit frustrated with me.

Then he put the pipe down, grasped me firmly by both shoulders, gripping me with his strong hands, and pushed me gently but insistently up against the wall. He motioned for me to stay, but it didn't matter, I was already frozen in place. My heart was racing, and I could feel my cock growing. He took a wooden pencil and marked off my height. Then he grabbed my shoulders again and

moved me back to the side like I was an object. He took a shower head out of a box, screwed it into the pipe and held it up where he had marked the wall. "Oooohhh, yea, I always hate shower heads because they're too short for me. Great idea." I felt so stupid. I reached up and took his hand in mine, moving it a little higher to account for the curve, and he marked the wall again. Just this small amount of physical touch sent a spark through my groin.

This man who had never spoken a word to me was somehow more aware of my own needs than I was. I let go of his hand and slowly brushed down his chest. He was staring at me with the same confused look I had given him. I had never done this before, but I knew I had to take my shot or I'd regret it forever. I couldn't just ask for what I want, so instead I sat down on the shower bench. He turned to face me looking a little amused. "Sex bench," I said, and reached up to fumble with his belt. He began to grin, and I felt warmth spread through my whole body.

I unzipped his pants and pulled them to the floor and slid my fingers behind the band of his black boxer briefs and began to slowly pull them down. He had an uncircumcised penis surrounded by a thick bush of the same silvery gray colored hair he had on his head only much thicker. I reached out and took his soft cock in my hands, feeling his warmth on my skin. I began to stroke it gently as it hardened to my touch. My other hand instinctively went to his chest, just sliding through his body hair, appreciating the toned muscles underneath. He took my hand with his, brought it to his mouth, and sucked on my index finger before releasing it. "That one I understood," I said, grinning like an idiot. I pulled back his foreskin with my hand and leaned forward, licking the underside of his firm cock from just above the hair to the tip. I flicked my tongue along the bottom of his cock head, and heard him let loose a deep low moan. I felt a swell of pride inside me for pleasing this man.

Finally I slid his manhood past my lips, and took him as deep as I could without gagging. I started to blow him with an eagerness I'd never felt before. Working up and down as my hands explored his thighs and ass cheeks. I began to get used to him hitting the back of my throat and was able to take him a little deeper with each thrust, as I started to feel his hair against my nose. My hand was

exploring his well toned stomach when he took my wrist and guided it to his left nipple. I began to play with it, rolling my finger tips across it and tweaking it slightly. My pace picked up and I began to feel him bucking his hips in rhythm with my blowjob. His hand was running through the hair on my head and he was grunting with each thrust. I could sense he was getting close. I began to tweak his nipples more forcefully, pinching and twisting in time with my head bobs. His grunt turned into a deep moan and I felt his cock stiffen even more. I felt the pressure of his first shot against the back of my throat, as his hand gripped my hair and held me in place. He kept shooting rope after rope into my eager mouth. I tried to swallow it all, but it was impossible with the size of his cock in me. I felt some leaking out the corner of my mouth, dripping down my chin. When he finally stopped, he let go of my head and withdrew his sizeable manhood.

I sat there, uncertain of what to do, my own dick aching to be released. He took me under the arms and helped lift me to my feet. Put his hands on either side of my head and pulled me down to him, kissing me deeply on the mouth. I felt his tongue pressed passed my lips, exploring my cum coated mouth. I felt his hands let me go but I kept making out with him. Soon he was fumbling at my pants, pulling them down just enough to release my cock. He gripped it firmly between us and he started to stroke. I moaned directly into his mouth and he pulled back a little breaking our kiss. I was so overloaded, I had my eyes closed and my mouth open about to collapse from the incredible sensation of his hands on my dick. If I said it was 10 strokes, that would be generous. I couldn't contain myself, and when he rolled his hand across the tip of my cock, I began to shoot all over this leg. He continued until the cum stopped and then released me, I realized I was still humping slightly, not wanting the sensation to stop.

He stepped back and grabbed a shop towel from his bag for me, then grabbed one for himself and began to clean up the cum on his leg and dripping from his retreating cock. I wiped my mouth and then cleaned up the last drops from my own. I stared at him, uncertain what to do next as he put on his pants. He picked up his tools and started to go back to work as if nothing had happened. I sat there catching my breath wondering what the fuck just happened. He stopped, looked at me, then

gave me a thumbs up, and gestured to the door. I walked out and went back to my desk, sitting numbly trying to process.

He didn't say anything, well he never said anything, but we didn't interact the rest of the day. My mind was racing and I was struggling with what this meant for me, for my marriage, for my life. I heard him packing up his tools, and he gave me a thumbs up with a bit smile as he left. I gave an awkward half smile and waved. After he was gone I peaked in and the room looked finished. More than finished, it was absolutely flawless work. My

heart dropped a little when I realized this meant he might not be coming back.

I was so absorbed in my own thoughts I didn't even noticed my wife was on the phone until she hung up and turned to me. "That was the cousin, Anton needs to come back tomorrow, apparently there is a little more pipe work to be done before he finishes."

I felt my cock twitch. I tried to steady my voice and hide my excitement. "You know, we saved so much money, maybe we should update the kitchen too..."



Eduardo

A portrait of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a blue denim shirt that is open, revealing his hairy chest. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is dark.

Photography by
GASQUE ph















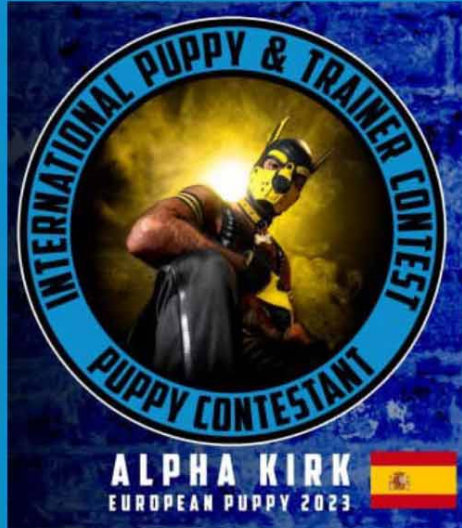
Contest Night 1

Photography by
Joseph Stevens

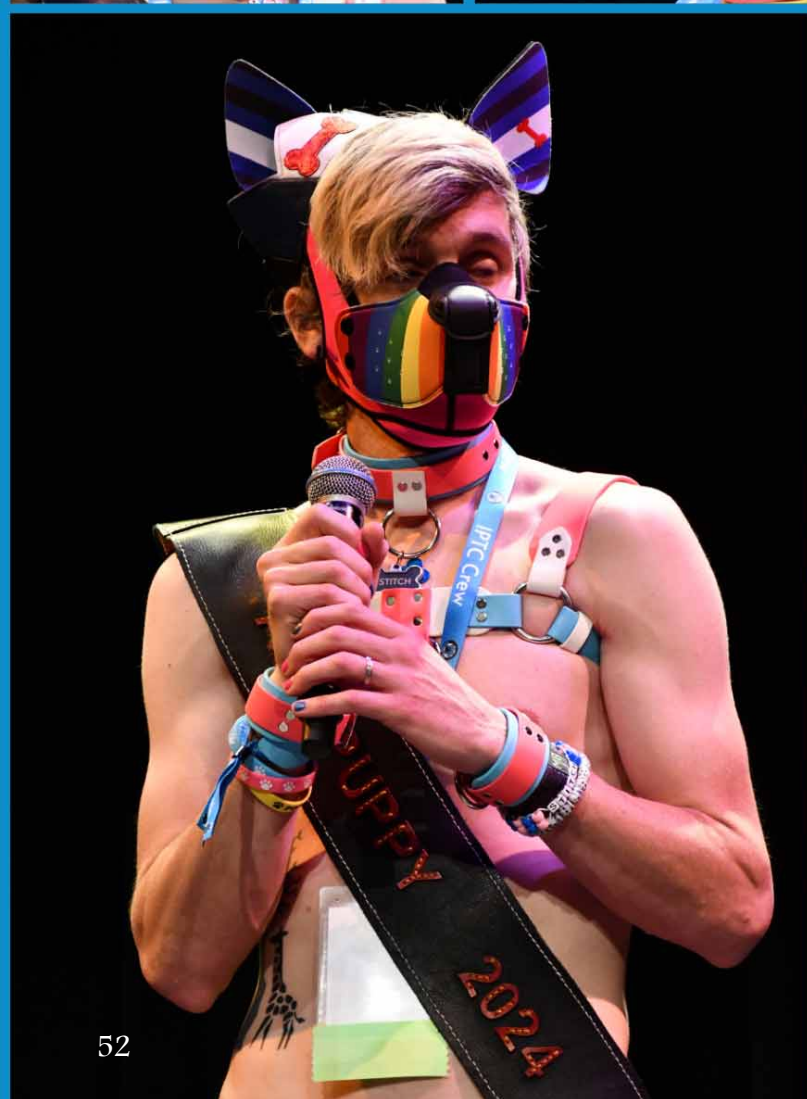
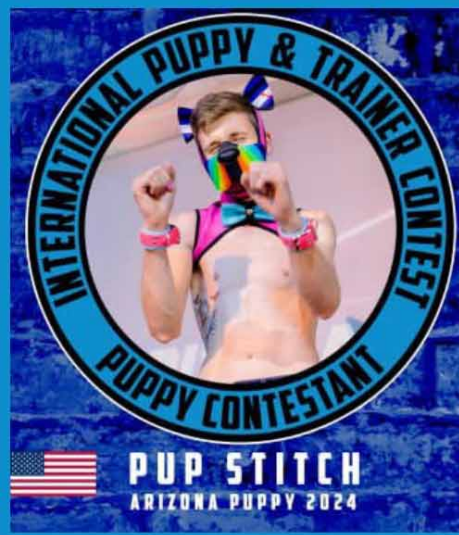








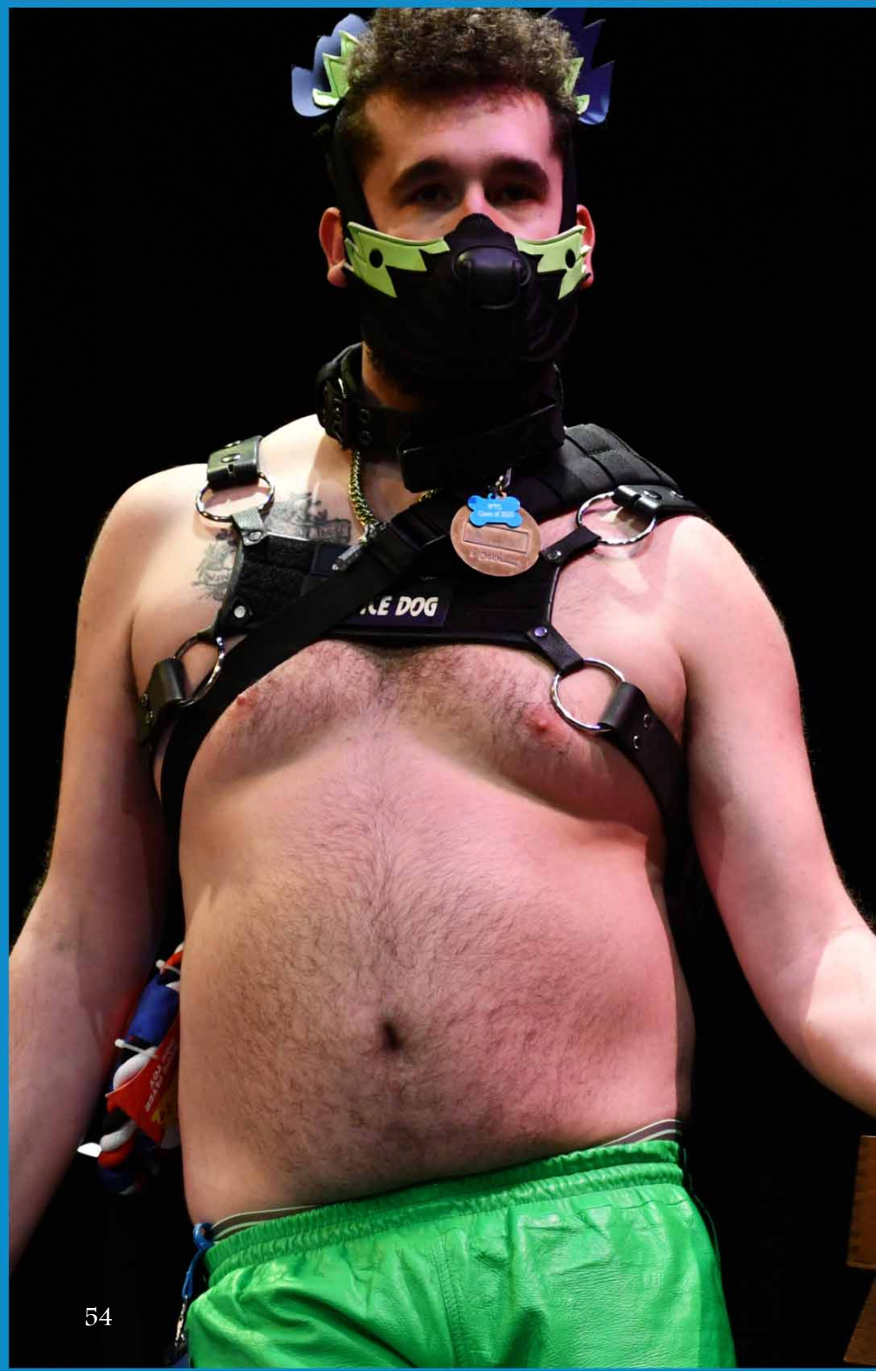






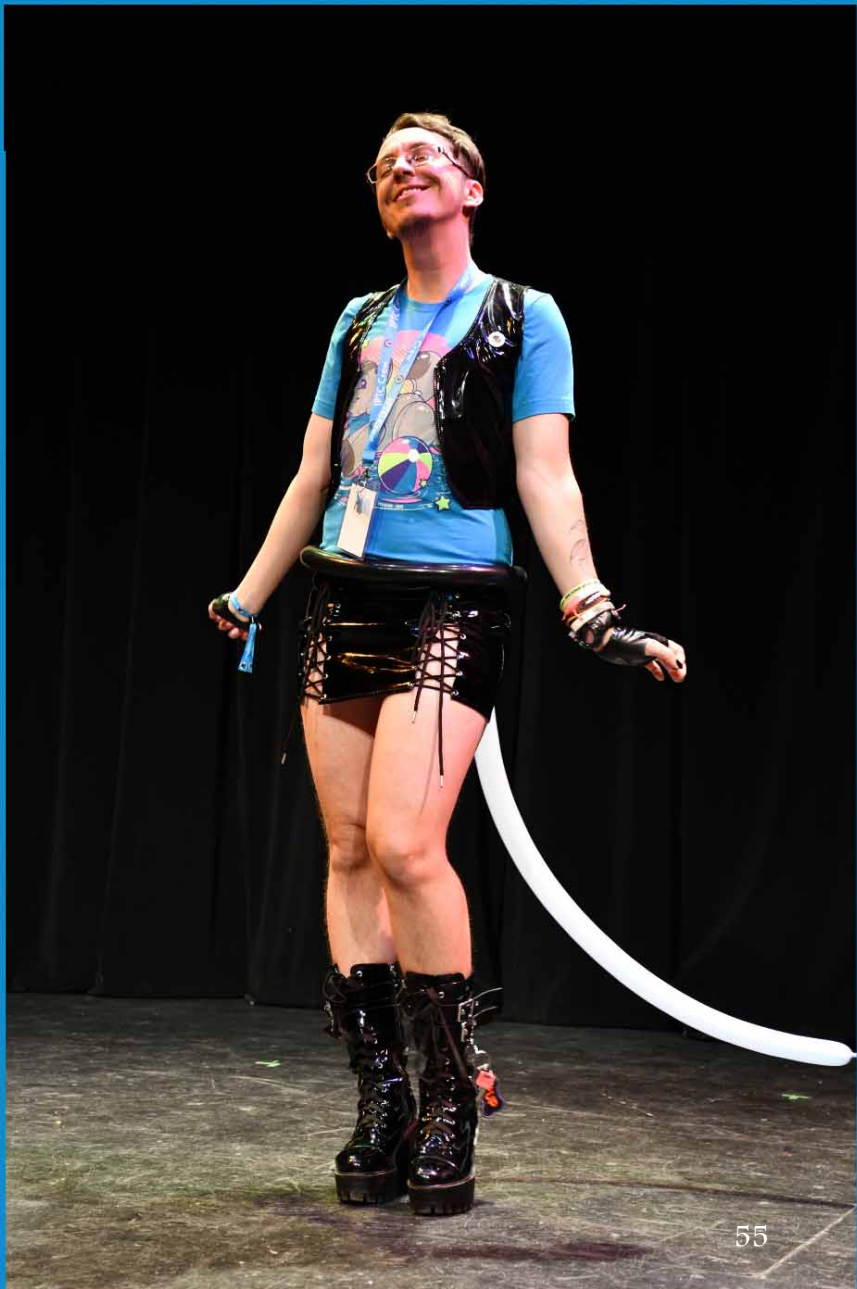


BREWER
ROUTE 66 PUP 2023





HANDLER RICK
TEXAS PUP 2024 RUNNER-UP







BUNKING WITH MY GF'S OLDER BROTHER

DURING CAMPING TRIP WITH HER FAMILY

STORY BY NO_RISE_4574

So I'm bi and very dl, from a small rural town with <5k people, actual country boy with a religious family, the works lol very stereotypical.

Our options are limited but we get down. One time I was camping with my girlfriend's family. It was her parents, uncles, cousins, and brother, who was sharing a tent with me. I'd briefly known him from when I played football, he was the varsity quarterback when I was starting out but I hadn't seen him since he went to college and he didn't even remember me lol. He was acting like a typical older brother of a girl you're dating, polite but keeping his distance and at times assertive/alpha af lol. I had already lost my v, story for another time, so I knew I liked getting railed by older guys even though I liked fucking my gf, so bottom line I knew I was bi lol and he was hot af. Almost a foot taller than me, fit af w insane muscles and definition, hairy but not too hairy, bearded, and I could tell from his gym shorts: hung lol.

So the first night we arrived late after driving all day so we set up camp and went straight to sleep, he was next to me in our own tent, and it was the first time we were alone. He softened up a bit but still had this dom energy that made me weak around him lol. The first two nights his legs kept "accidentally" rubbing mine. At first I thought it was just him moving asleep but the second night it was more deliberate and I started getting a vibe. I got hard af thinking about it and felt electricity all over my body every time our legs touched a bit. The last day he was actually being very commanding and ordering me around during our hikes and stuff, it was lowkey humiliating in front of my gf and her

family but whatever. I thought he was feeling regret for rubbing up against me the night before idk. The last night it got really cold tho, so when it was lights out they told us to push up against our sleeping partners to preserve warmth lol I thought it was a joke at first but no we were basically ordered to spoon Imfao. We laid there awkwardly but feeling his body against mine got my heart racing and my cock hard lol but I was tired at so i started dozing off while still hard. But suddenly when I was mostly asleep I wake up to his hand in my pants.

His hand was on my leg, next to my crotch, without moving. I got hard af immediately and I could tell he noticed when my pants tightened lol. He slowly pulled down the back of my pants with his wrist already inside them, til I felt my ass cheeks exposed pressing up against the fabric of his pantd.... until I felt the wet tip of his cock creeping inside my asscrack and rubbing up against my hole. It was so full of precum he just kept rubbing it and with a bit of pressure the head slid in. I let out a gasp but covered my own mouth with my hands. His hands were busy: one spreading open my asscheeks, the other creeping up my stomach to my nipple. He squeezed real hard it actually hurt and I let out a bit of a whimper but as soon as he squeezed hard he had also slid half his cock in me and then covered my mouth with his free hand. It suddenly felt fucking incredible, his cock was thick af and halfway inside my hole rubbing up against my prostate in a way it felt like I was about to burst with every little bit he pushed in. He kept pushing in slowly while I kept leaking til it was all the way in.

I had precum everywhere, he uncovered my mouth and grabbed my cock a bit, jerked it and scooped up a bunch of my precum with two fingers. Then he slid his cock out from inside me, it hurt a bit when the head popped out but he immediately slid in his two fingers full of my precum and started fingering me really fast but gentle, idk what he was doing but it felt incredible, not a drop of pain while he pounded my hole with two fingers, then I felt his fat cock slide in again, which was 2-3 times wider than his fingers. Except this time it barely hurt when he started fucking my brains out. He put his hand over my mouth but pressed up the two fingers that had been fucking my ass against my lips forcing my mouth open, and he started making me suck on the two dirty fingers in and out my mouth while I felt his balls slapping against mine with his cock destroying my insides.

I thought about my gf two tents over and her parents next door lol I was leaking so much precum it would've been impossible to hide if I had to suddenly get up for some reason. But he just kept pounding away at my hole until I started to feel something mounting like never before. It kept building up, I thought I had to pee and started to try to say I needed to stop to pee but before I got the words out from under his mouth/fingers, it turned into a different feeling and he kept pounding and pounding away at my ass and it kept mounting and mounting... until, I my half hard dick exploded literally shooting cum everywhere... that's how I learned about prostate milking... and it was the most intense thing I ever felt. My whole body was paralyzed and trembling with aftershocks while cum kept pouring out my cock with every thrust of his cock still going at it pounding my hole.

Dude milked everything I had til I almost couldn't take it anymore but it felt amazing so I kept bouncing against him telling him to fuck me harder that I loved being his slut lol he told me to "shut the fuck up whore" turned me on my belly put his head over my head pressing down against the sleeping bag while he fucked me harder and faster than ever before. My limp cock and balls were deep in the puddle of now-cold cum and precum I had been shooting out. Then I felt him going faster and faster until thrusting in all the way and giving out a loud grunt, so loud I got lowkey scared someone heard us, but was too distracted feeling the bursts of warm cum hitting my insides lol. He took it out

and almost immediately fell asleep without saying a word. I pulled up my pants, now soaked in everyone's cum and precum, and tried to go to sleep but I was still trembling from getting milked.

The next morning breakfast was at 7, the parents and my gf had been going on a morning swim at 6. They accidentally woke us when getting ready for the hike, so we were both lying there wide awake at 5:45ish, both lying in a pool of dried up cum, and felt everyone around us leave. I shuffled in place and noticed he never pulled his pants up lol. We were both lying on the side, almost spooning as originally instructed. Without turning around or saying anything I lowered my pants and rubbed up my ass through my undies against his bare crotch. ISTG from the moment my ass touched him it took like 5 seconds tops to him to:

- turn me around and pin me down against the sleeping bag with his right hand holding both my arms down over my head

- pull down my briefs with his left hand

- spit on the same left hand

- spread open my asscheeks and rub the spit on my hole

- thrust his cock in me again...

Only this time it hurt way more because it was a lot less precum/spit and he hadn't even opened me up with his fingers. My almost virgin hole was taking its first seriously rough pounding and it actually hurt but it also felt amazing to feel helpless like that, bursts of pleasure shooting through me in between the painful thrusts. When he started going faster like he was close to cuming, he leaned in my ear and whispered "nobody's around to hear you taking cock like a cheap whore" and I was able to get out a "it hurts" but he just replied "good" and pounded me harder like 5 more times before I felt the warm cum inside me again. It actually felt really good when he pulled out I got a little jolt for some reason lol.

He got up and out the tent to the showers while I laid there full of two loads worth of cum and a bucket of precum lol. Everyone got back before he was done, so I had to discreetly put a towel around my cum/precum shorts and give a kiss to my gf/say hi to her parents with my asshole literally full of her bro's cum.

And everyone acted like nothing happened the whole way back.

A shirtless man with a short, buzzed haircut is posing against a plain white background. His arms are raised, with his hands clasped behind his head. He is wearing black leather cuffs on both wrists. The lighting is soft and even, highlighting the texture of his skin and the details of the cuffs. The overall mood is calm and focused.

AJ

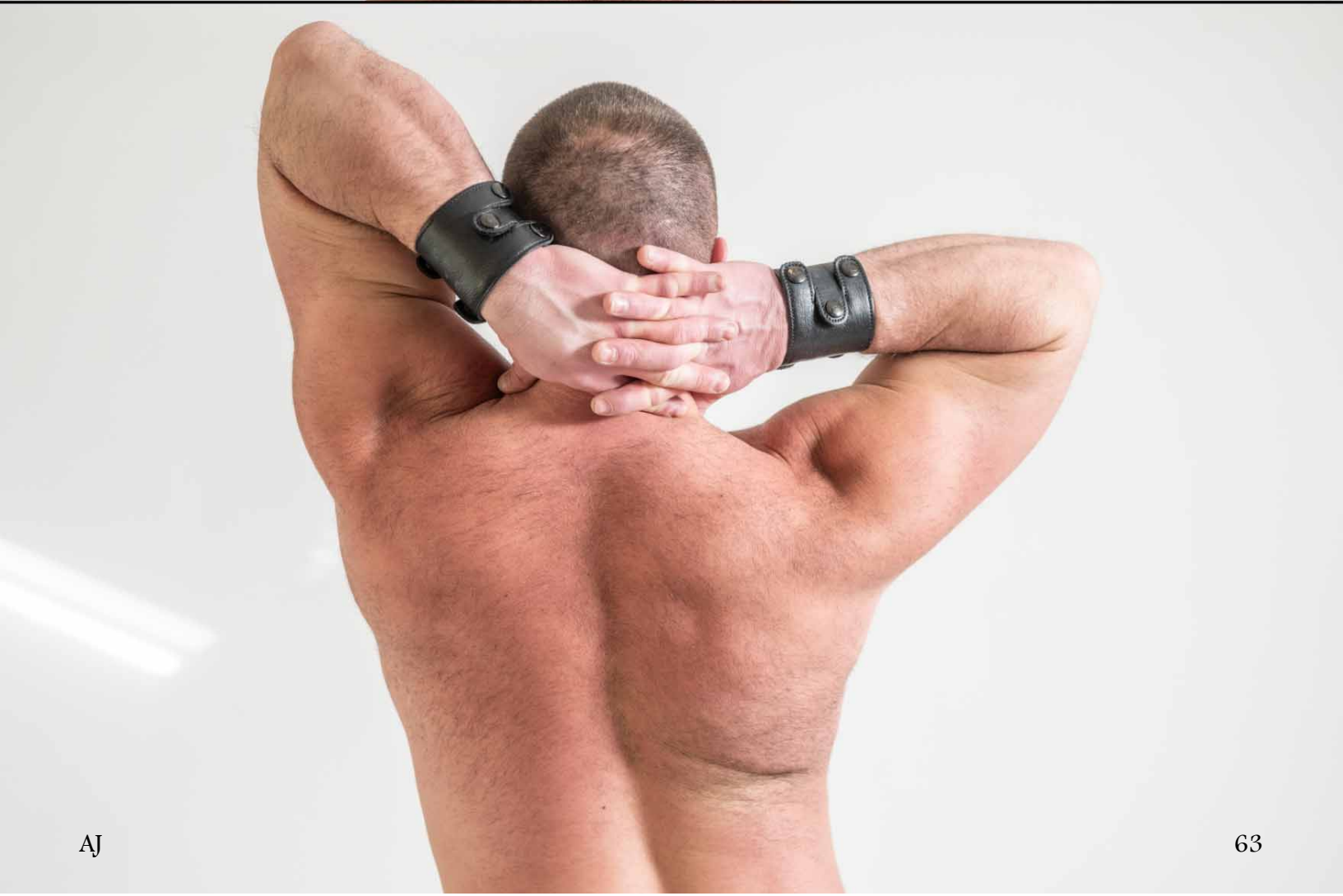
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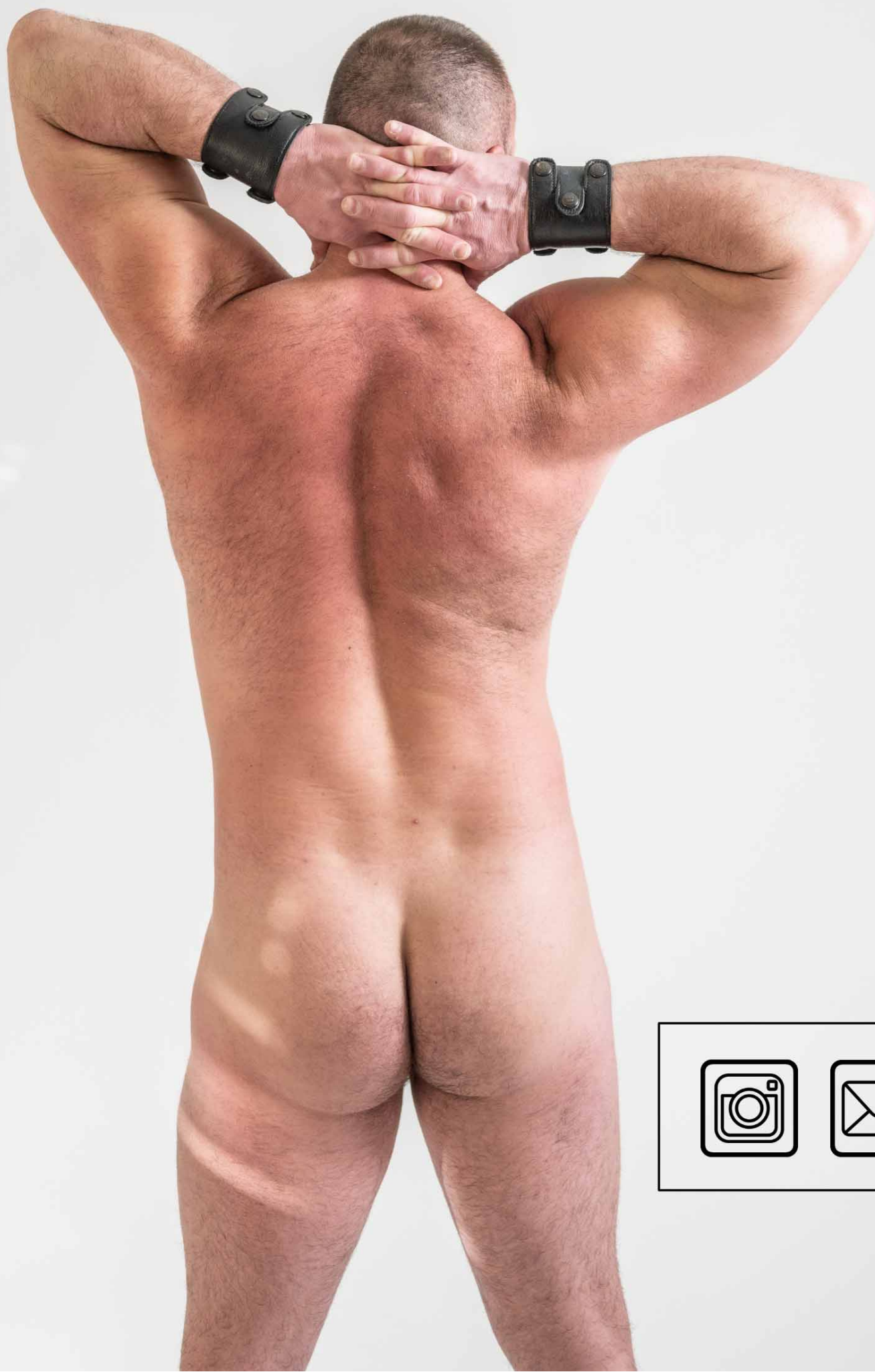
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JD's Night IN

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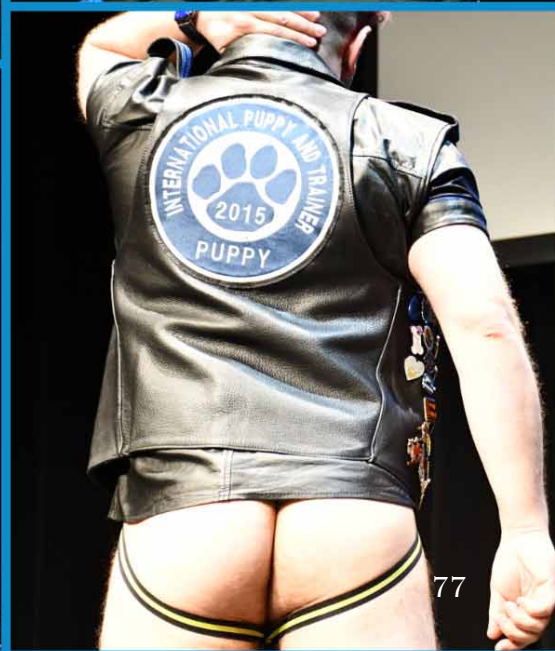
Contest Night 2

Photography by Joseph Stevens











Congratulations
Pup Star  **Champion**
International Puppy 2025

Spring '25

featuring

Ralph



photography by

Nudepics Drenthe











My HOLE was Secretly Used by Dad's Mate on Game's Night

Part 3

It was late—really late. The kind of late where everything feels quiet and heavy, the house was wrapped in a blanket of stillness and dark. I glanced at my phone. 3 a.m. My dad and his friends had been downstairs drinking for hours, the sound of their laughter and clinking bottles that had been drifting up to my room all night had quieted down, fading into the low murmur of voices, then to silence, interrupted by the occasional snore. I knew the guys had passed out by now, scattered across couches and chairs, surrounded by empty bottles, out cold after drinking way too much. I lay there in the dark, staring at the ceiling, listening to the occasional creak of the house settling, when I heard something—a soft shuffle from downstairs. Footsteps. Quiet, careful ones, heading up the stairs. The footsteps grew closer, closer. I knew it was him. It had to be Brett.

I heard the soft click of my bedroom door as it opened slowly, almost cautiously. My breath caught in my throat, and I stayed completely still, unsure of what to expect. The darkness was thick, but I could make out his strong silhouette as he quietly slipped inside, closing the door behind him with a soft thud. Brett's presence filled the room. He looked at me, hurriedly, and placed his finger over his mouth to signal quiet, before unbuckling his belt. Fuck, he was wasting no time this time. I jumped up and laid in front of him, on my back this time. The air between us was charged in a way that made my heart race. The pounding of my pulse quickly filled my ears as he approached. He stopped by the edge of the bed, his shadow looming over me in the dark. I heard his jeans drop to the floor. I could feel the warmth of his crotch in the darkness. I heard him spit, and the sound of him rubbing his thick manly gob up and down his shaft again. My asshole twitched with glee.

He pressed his glans into my anus again, this time I was already taking it with more confidence. He slid every inch inside me, until I felt the cushion of his pubes connect with my asshole. He began to slide it out, then inside me again. Fuck, I could feel pre seep from my cock. He fucked me slow and tenderly with a deliberate motion, gliding smoothly within my ass. With each pump of his thick cock, he moved with a gentle, rhythmic pace, almost methodical, like the calm before a storm.

Between the danger of being caught, and him filling my small bedroom, Brett began to sweat. It gleamed from his stomach in the low light, catching the faintest glint every time he worked me, back and forth, pushing with a steady force.

Gradually, the tempo increased. Brett's strokes became more pronounced, the rhythm picking up as he pumped faster and faster. The smooth, controlled movement gave way to something more forceful. Each push now came with a bit more power, he was like a piston driving harder with every thrust. My moans grew louder, he leaned in and placed a large manly hand over my mouth, the weight of this mass of muscle was unbearable, but I enjoyed it. In this new position, Brett continued to pick up speed. As he moved faster, his cock seemed to thicken, the tension in it growing. Brett was no longer smooth and gentle; he was now aggressive, slamming forward with heavy, powerful strokes. I was in ecstasy. My body shook with each rapid motion, the once-steady rhythm turning into a relentless, driving pace. I felt his balls slapping my tailbone as half of me hung off the bed. There was nothing I could do but enjoy this titanic ass feeding.

Not a word could be exchanged, but I could feel Brett's cock inside me thicken. I knew instinctively it was ready to explode. But before that, I felt my

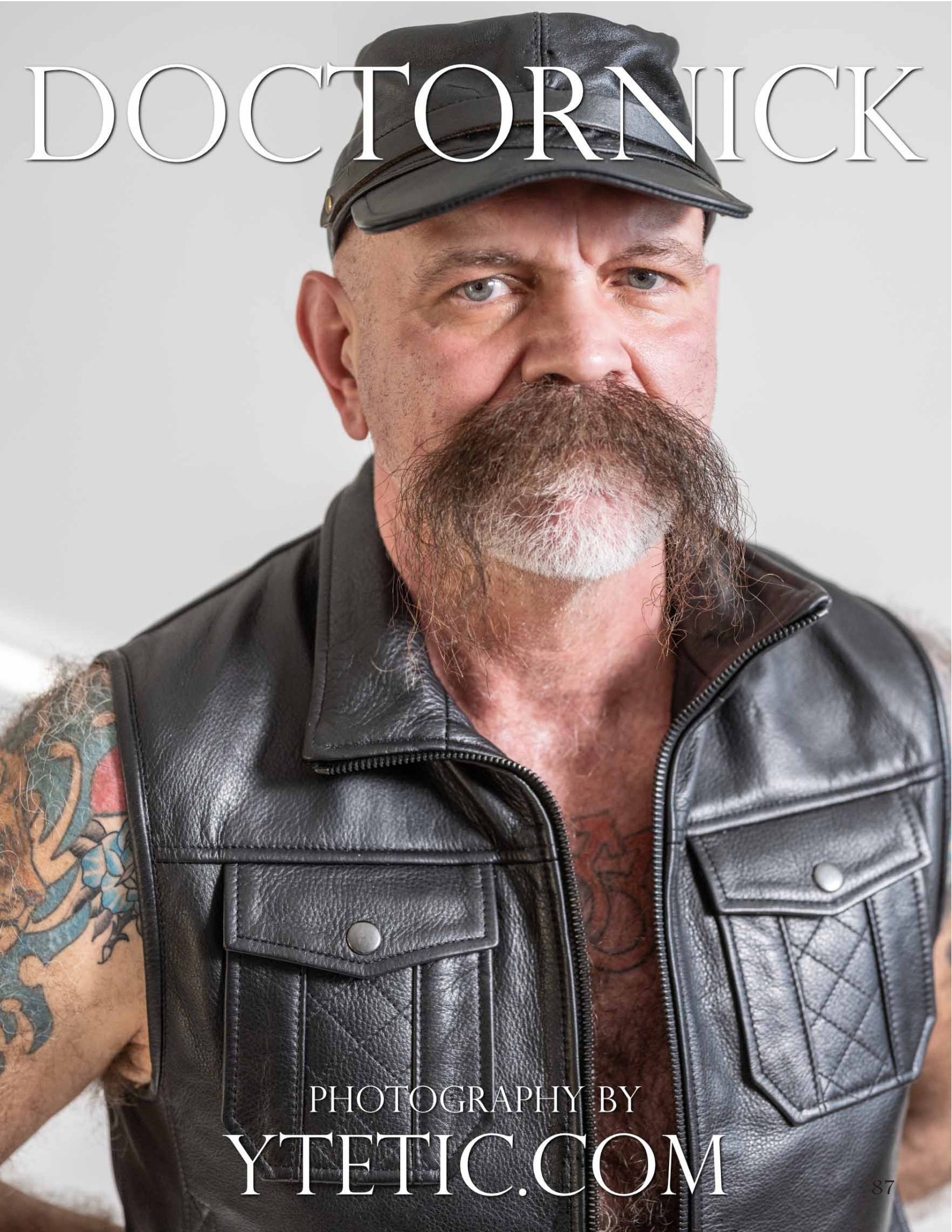
own cum shoot onto my stomach. Each shot timed perfectly with one of Brett's hard drives. Then, shortly after, with one final thrust ensuring he was as deep inside me as possible, a surge of cum erupted from Brett's cock. Thick, white liquid shot out, gathering momentum inside my ass. Shot after shot, in a thick, messy stream, filling me like a donut.

I felt his cock throb in glee, for minutes after he had cum, and felt it soften inside me. Brett doubled over, breathing heavily next to me, still inside. He

slid out his cock slowly, it drooped down. He pulled up his trousers and whispered "see you around". I heard the door click close softly. He kept his promise too, this wasn't the first ass-fucking from Brett. This has merely opened the door to something.

I laid there for another hour, processing what had just happened. Feeling the sensation of my hole throb where he had just penetrated. Feeling his load still inside me. Fuck. I was already hard again.





DOCTORNICK

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A Javier A Lara Selfi Project

Pierre H













Dominant Frat Boy

Story by LeatherCollege2781

Sophomore year of college I decided to rush a fraternity because I felt like I wasn't good at making friends, and I wanted to be as far back in the closet as I could get without the fear of ever being accused of being gay, even though I had already hooked up with several guys my freshman year. Little did I know that what was ahead of me. After a few weird and humiliating nights of initiation, we finally were told we would get to be assigned a big brother. We were dragged out into the backyard and told to stand in a line and strip down naked. All of the available bigs stripped down naked and stood in a line opposite of us, something about solidarity, but I was too distracted to listen. Each big had a paddle, so we already knew what was going to happen. The president said we would be doing something different this year: the pledges get to pick their own big. Our names were drawn from a hat to decide the picking order. I would get to pick third. The first guy picked the scrawniest, weakest looking guy to be his big--I think he was hoping to get out of a hard paddling, but I knew he was going about it wrong. I needed to pick the most muscular one here. Even though it would hurt like hell, I'd be set up with a big who was probably popular and more social than the scrawny guy.

I picked Derek. He was tall, blonde, good-looking, and very muscular. His pecs and arms were huge, but he had a bit of a belly, so I knew he probably drank at a lot of parties--he was social. I leaned over the tree stump after making my selection, and Derek nearly broke my ass on the first swing. Everyone else gasped and groaned, but I tried not to make a sound or show any weakness. I gripped the edge of the tree stump and tried to keep my legs from wobbling as much as I could, ready for the next swing. After the third smack, I nearly broke down, but I knew that was the last one, so I stood up and fought with

everything I had to keep my hands from rubbing my very red ass. Derek pulled me his chest with the crook of one arm and rubbed my head, laughing. I felt good about myself, knowing he was proud of me.

Our next task was to have our first official beer with our new brother. The bigs were just handed bottles and given free rein to do whatever they felt like. Some guys poor the entire bottle on the ground and made the pledged lick it up. One guy threw the bottle across the yard and laughed as his pledge scurried through the dark, naked, to collect it. In the middle of all this chaos, Derek smirked at me and lowered the bottle, pressing the bottom against his bush right above his soft cock with two hands like it was his own dick. I'm not exactly sure what came over me, because usually I would refuse anything that could incriminate me as a closet case, but I think I was still high on that feeling of making Derek proud. I wanted him to like me so much, and that meant going along with this. I dropped to my knees, looked up at him and opened my mouth. Derek's smile grew as he tipped the bottle a little pouring a small stream into my mouth. I leaned forward and put my lips around the bottle, and slide the neck of the bottle into my mouth, letting the beer run down my open throat. Derek nearly lost it, and when the bottle was empty, I slid back off of it and wiped my mouth. Derek suddenly got a wild, dark look in his eyes, but then quickly looked around and resumed laughing.

I'm not sure what else happened with the hazing that night, because Derek motioned for me to follow him back to his room. Everyone was still running around, screaming and laughing, so I don't think anyone really noticed us slip away. Once we got into his room, he closed the door and leaned against it. We stared at each other for a minute. I

know I was scared, too scared to say or do anything out of fear of ruining this, making him change his mind, or pissing him off. I'm assuming he was scared too, either he'd never done this before, or he was worried I might tell someone what was about to happen, or maybe he was afraid of his own feelings, I'm not exactly sure. But this moment ended when he tilted his head and said, "Get to work."

I dropped down and grabbed his cock with my hand and started licking his hairy balls. His cock immediately started to swell in my hand, and I gently started stroking it back and forth, encouraging it to grow. I took one balls into my mouth and pulled on it slightly with my lips and he groaned at the pressure. I then dug my tongue into his groin so I could taste and smell his musky body. I tried to turn my mind off as much as I could, and focus only on making him feel good. When his cock felt rock hard, and leaned back and took it into my mouth, repeating the same scene with the beer bottle earlier. The sight of him looking down at my over his pecs made my own cock twitch. I worked his dick up and down with my cock, coating it in my spit. He put a hand on my head, and commanded me to go deeper, and I obeyed him. When I started to gag slightly, he pressed harder, holding me there until I relaxed. I swallowed, allowing his cock head to enter my throat, and he placed second hand on my head holding me in that deep throat position for a few seconds. He released me, and I slid back, spit drooling off his dick and my mouth. I took a few breaths and went back to work.

Derek started to get more into commanding me around. He directed me to lick his balls and when to work his shaft, telling me to go slower or faster, to open my mouth more, or to use my tongue more. I felt myself slip into this submissive role easily, following these commands made it easy to turn my mind off and stop overthinking this situation. He eventually told me to turn around and lay face down on his bed. He climbed over me and placed his hands on my ass, spreading them. I winced at the painful reminder of the paddling he gave me earlier, but when he started to gently rub my cheeks, I relaxed. He told me I had done a good job tonight, and I deserved a reward. He was going to give me his load, something he hasn't given to many people. I didn't care if this was true or not, but hearing it made my dick so hard it

ached.

He slid into me a lot more gentler than I expected. I was slightly worried he was just going to push into me and then start humping me like most straight guys tended to do, but he slowly edged himself into my hole, pumping only slightly deeper with each thrust. When he got too deep and felt me reflexively clench, he held his position and let my hole relax before continuing. I eagerly wanted his hole cock inside of me, so I tried to push against him, but he firmly pressed against the small of my back, forcing me back down. He told me to completely focus on relaxing my entire body, he would do all of the work. When he finally got all of his cock into my hole, he laid all of his weight on top of me and squeezed his arms under me. I felt more secure and safe than I've ever felt before, and that much more turned on by this. He held me like this for a bit, then said he was going to go wild on my ass, and I should keep myself relaxed. He built himself up to a rapid pace, and I can understand why he wanted me to relax into his rhythm. As long as I laid there motionless, he could plow into me without worrying about getting interrupted by his dick popping out. At one point I started to groan because the pressure on my hole was getting so intense that I could feel it through the tip of my dick, which was super sensitive from rubbing against his mattress. It was starting to get painful, but somehow pleasurable at the same time. I bet down on my lip as he pushed into me with one hard thrust and held himself there.

He quickly grabbed my hips and pulled me up off the bed slightly and into his own pelvis and then pushed me back down. Instead of fucking me, it honestly felt like he was using my ass as a sex toy to stroke his own dick, as odd as that sounds saying it now. After just a few thrusts like this, he released me and slid out of me, quickly collapsing beside me out of breath. I could feel his cum dripping out of my ass and across my leg when he rolled over. I looked down between my arms and sure enough, his cock was covered in his own mess. I caught a glimpse of my stomach beneath me, and when I raised myself off the bed realized I had shoot a load myself, but I honestly could not tell you when it happened. Derek looked over at me and saw the mess I made and started laughing, saying that it was a compliment to him that I could get off like that. I turned over slightly, and he

wrapped an arm around me, pulling me into his chest again. I pressed my sticky cock into his thigh and rested my hand on his crotch, while he slid his hand down my back and started gently fingering

my loose hole.

I wasn't sure what was going to happen next, but I finally felt like something I was holding back had been released, and I was happier for it.

ROOZBEH

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