



# DHMM

DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!  
June 2022 | Issue 42



## G Bear

Handsome,  
shy, and full  
of life!

PADaddyJ takes us to  
**Puerto Vallarta's  
Zona Romántica**

Bernardo Gasque's  
**David & Mario**

Profiles by Sarge's  
**StoneColdKY93**

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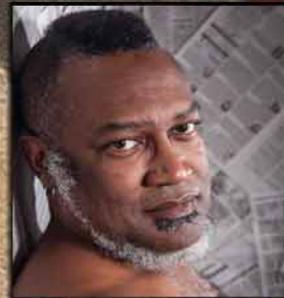
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Happy PRIDE Month

DEH



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# Ramblings from the Editor

**Happy Pride!!!!**

Happy Pride month, where you're free to be what you want to be, unless you're Trans; where a small section of the LGBT community think you should not be part of that community any longer. Where you're free to live your "true self" unless you're a sexually active bottom; where the "higher moral" part of the community will slut shame you until you almost have a nervous breakdown or worse. Where you can enjoy the freedoms of being "different"; unless think differently than the general "masses" you will be ostracized or cancelled by the same "community" who strives for inclusiveness.

What the fuck is happening to our "community"? Did we somehow "forget" that drag queens, men in all forms of dresses and makeup, rioted in Stonewall to ensure that we all have our rights to be our true selves? It wasn't the regular men and women, not the "higher moral" men and women, who stood up for us when those same people were cowering away. No, it was the drag queens; the people who lived "their true selves" showing the straight community that we were here and we have the right to exist.

So I ask, who the fuck do we think we are, as a community, to ostracize people that are "different" from us? What is with the small section of this so-called community that is trying to take the T out of LGBTQ? When did Trans become a bad thing? Is it since the "straight" world decided to target them so it is just easier to join that misinformed segment of society? Is it just easier to jump on that ship rather than take the mantel from the drag queens and fight for everyone's right to exist as they want to?

A few months ago, @TaylorImagined submitted images of an incredible Trans boy to the Magazine. He is sexy, beautiful, and made for quite the feature. Some of the so called "informed" decided to send me hate mail stating "that is not a man" and various other ignorant rants concerning a trans man being in the Magazine. I pose the question to you, what makes a man a man? Is it his penis? Well, I submit to you that the boy had more balls than a lot of the men who read this Magazine just by allowing us to feature his images within the publication.

With all that rant being said, I do hope you have a wonderful Pride Month. I hope you get to go to the festivals and enjoy yourself. Make sure you reach out to strangers, those that are different from you, and embrace them for their uniqueness and for them living who they are; their true selves!

One other thing I need to bring up is the borders on all the images in this Issue of the Magazine. I wouldn't want anyone to get their shorts in a bunch over which border got added to their feature, so let me say this: "The "flag" colors of the borders do not necessarily represent the sexual orientation of the featured model. There were chosen for aesthetics and inclusivity. There, enough said about that!

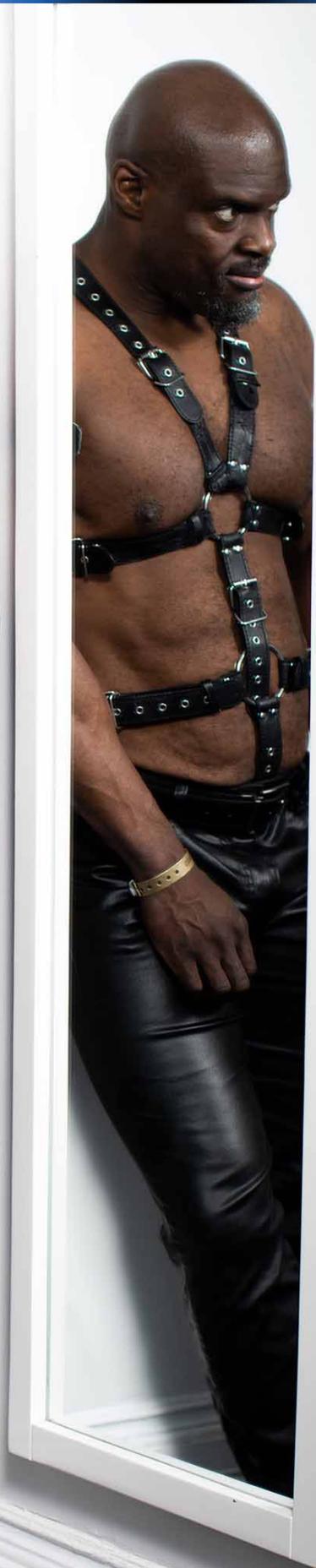
**STAY SAFE!**

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*



# Gbear



Photography by  
**D**esert  
**H**eat  
**I**mages



G Bear











# THE COP & EX CON

Story by **Dogbone421**

## Chapter 4

When I went on shift Monday night, I got a call from my dispatch officer. I was told that a concerned citizen had some information on a case I was working on and wanted me to contact them. Trooper's phone numbers are never given out to the public. When dispatch read the number to me, I knew instantly it was Mark's. I told my dispatch officer I would take care of it as my nerves kicked in. My heart started to beat fast and I couldn't believe Mark had called the station. I got my temper under control and used my cell to quickly call him. I pulled over to the side of the road set a good example to others as I used my phone. He answered amazingly on the first ring. As soon as I heard that voice, I lost some of my anger. He started telling me how much he was missing me before I could even get a word in edgewise. He then asked if I was pissed at him for calling the station house? Quickly adding I never gave him a number to call me at.

I told him to never do that again as now I had to make up a big story to cover it. The conversation quickly turned to him wanting to know when I was going to be coming back over? He said he was horny as fuck tonight and needed relief badly. I explained I was still on heavy overtime and didn't know when I could make it back over to his place. He then asked if I had a lunch break or something where I could stop over for a bit tonight.

"Just for a short time bro," he asked of me. "I just want to talk and see that sweet looking ass of yours again," he snickered into the phone! "Especially when you're wearing your uniform pants! Maybe I can talk you into pulling them down for me and tapping that tight hole of yours!"

I told him how crazy that sounded and said it was impossible. He asked again almost begging me to come over on my lunch break. I didn't lie and said I could maybe, but I had to think this thru.

"Don't you want to see this big cock of mine again officer," he cooed into the phone? "Feel that fucker side you into you again!"

I finally gave in to my growing lust and told him I couldn't take break till at least 1 am. He said he would wait up if I promised I'd stop by. Against my better judgment I said I would try.

"I'm going to sleep so good after I blow this wad in you man," he bragged!

I hung up and plotted my next move. Could I actually stop by his place in my patrol car and not be seen? It would be about 6 hours before I could take lunch, so I had time to work this all out in my head before I acted.

I was hoping I would be busy on a call around 1 am but it didn't work out that way. It was late at night and I had to admit a quick session with Mark sounded better and better. My asshole squeezed tighter every time I thought of doing a

quickie with him. Never had I done anything like this before and it violated everything I stood for. Despite all that, I called in and asked if I could take my lunch break now. I was surprised I was granted permission without any hassle. I quickly called Mark again and told him I was on my way.

I drove the patrol car ever so slowly down his lane trying not to make much noise. I turned out my lights, as I got close moving like a thief in the night. I parked the car along the gravel road a few spaces down from his trailer. Turning off the car, I checked my looks in my mirror before I got out. Closing the car door as quietly as I could, I then popped my trunk and locked my gun away.

Mark was outside sitting on his doorstep smoking as I approached. A dim light next to the door barely lighted the area. He was bare foot and in his tee shirt and underwear. All the lights in his trailer were out except for the range hood light. He stood and threw his lit cigarette aside as I approached. We shook hands as he sized me up and then opened the squeaky screen door.

"God dam you look fucking hot in uniform fucker," he bragged to me as we slipped inside! "This is going to be epic for me fucking a cop in uniform!"

Once inside, he hugged me tight and ran his hand down over my butt.

"This is like the first time we met," he said to me! "I wanted you just as bad that day!"

I felt good listening to him brag on me! Soon he ran his hands all over my upper body and said how badly he had missed me. He grabbed my name tag pinned to my shirt and began removing it.

"This is mine now," he spoke as he fumbled to remove it! "Proof I nailed a cop in uniform!"

I didn't bark or complain because I had another in the car. Once removed, he tossed it on the kitchen table beside us. Moving a hand down to my crotch, he checked out my balls and cock area.

"You're hanging pretty big down their tonight fellow," he said!

"You must be thinking ahead about me throwing the cock to you!"

I can honestly say I never had anyone feel me up like this before in uniform. The smell of cigarettes on his breath as he talked, reminds me of our past sex. His hands quickly moved up to the

front of my trooper pants and he began to undo my belt.

Mark, I said, "I don't think I have time for this."

"Dude, there's no way you're getting out of here dressed in that tight uniform without my load up your ass! How much time you got for lunch," he asked as he continued to undo my belt?"

I quickly responded about 30 minutes.

"Come on man, we got time for a quickie," he pleaded as he pulled his tee shirt off over his head. "Drop your uniform pants and underwear while I grab us some lube," he barked as he headed for the bedroom.

I slowly open my utility belt and take it off as I watched his firm ass disappear behind the blanket. I undone the top of my pants as he returned in record time.

"Come on over to the couch, I'll throw the cock to you there!"

"I can't talk you out of this tonight, can I," I pleaded?

He shook his head no and said he would coat my insides fast and get me back on the road quick. I walked over as he stepped out of his underwear. His cock had already swelled and looked ready for action.

"Come on sweetheart, let's get those pants and panties down, I'm ready to ride me some ass!"

I did as he asked and slowly pulled them down together. Bunched down at my ankles, I stood waiting for instructions from him. Mark stood in front of me showing off his hard cock. He jerked it some to make it harder as I watched. He held his hand in the air and indicated he wanted me to turn around. As I did, he commented on how beautiful an ass I have again. I stumble over to the sofa taking baby steps to lie down on the cushions and he's on my heels.

He begins to rubs my ass cheeks as I get into position. "Hold on a second," he says to me. As I pause, one of his arms goes around to the front of my chest to hold me in place. The fingers of his other hand quickly divide my crack as he goes right for my pucker. Two fingers part my hole and slip inside me aa he tells me I'm still as tight as ever.

He pulls away and then and I feel his fingers return with the coolness of the lube on them. He coats my hole and as far in as his finger will go.

Then he smacked my right cheek lightly and I know it's time to lie down. I lie face down with my head hanging over the arm of the couch. The rest of my body is on the couch cushions with my legs spread as wide as I can.

Quickly he climbs on my back and I feel his hard cock slip between my cheeks.

"Up Simba," he barks behind me! "Get that ass higher!"

He stabs my balls sack before he realizes he's too low. Gripping his cock, he places it low between my cheeks and finds my pucker. Quickly he pushes against it as I grit my teeth and slips in me. It really hurts to feel his big cock stretch me open again. I thought maybe after two fucks I'd be better prepared to take him, but that wasn't the case!

He took me slow at first before forcing his whole length into me. I gasped for air and threw my head back as his balls moved up against my butt cheeks. I felt the hair from his crotch against my cheeks as his head moved along side of mine. He held still and let me adjust to his size before we started. He asked if I was all right and I told him to give me a minute. He adjusted his mount on my back as I waited. As we waited, he reached his arms under my body and started to unbutton my police shirt. After he fully opened it, he moved his hands to my vest.

As he checked out my vest, he spoke low to me. "Brother, do you know how amazing this is to me? I never dreamed I'd fuck a cop hole especially one with full armor on!"

I felt his cock pulse in me as he moved it a little. As he started to drill my hole, he asked if I had ever been shot or fucked before with it on?

"Hell, no dude," I answered thru gritted teeth! "Aint no guy ever fucked me in uniform before! You're the first and only to ever get that honor! And no, thank god I've never been shot before!"

"Well, now at least you can say you got fucked with it on," he bragged! And you can brag also you got shot in your vest now dude! Because I'm definitely shooting my wad in you here in a few minutes!"

Then he purposely pulled his shaft almost fully out of me and then back in. I moaned out loud as he did it.

"Yeah baby, you missed that didn't you," he

said as he kissed the side of my forehead.

He lightly bit my right ear and then began to tongue it. He dug his tongue tip deep in my ear, loading it with his spit. He moved one of his hands from under my body and rubbed my already damp forehead.

"You get your haircut today," he asked as he fucked me slowly? "Because your hair is really sharp feeling."

I told him I did and that it was required to be kept short. He said he could smell the tonic the barber put on me. He rubbed it some more and said he liked the feel of it. The same hand then moved down to my ass cheek and he pulled my cheeks apart wider as he dug deeper into me.

"There's another inch for you," he bragged as I grunted!

We waited a few seconds before he asked if I was "Good to go?" I nodded yeah, and he began his assault on my hole. Slow strokes at first but within 5 or 6 strokes he was in full hump action. We moved together, as he breathed faster in my ear. His hot breath was right up against my ear and face as we fucked. I could feel my pen and notebook in my shirt pocket fall out as I was jerked back and forth. I worked up a fast sweat with my vest on and it made my tee shirt clung to me. I moaned and gasped with lust as he hit different spots deep in me. In the quiet of the room I could hear my asshole making a suction sound once in a while as he thrust back into me. We were moving and grunting together for about 5 minutes when he begged, "Squeeze your asshole tighter and help get me off!"

I knew then he was close to his climax. I clamped down on his cock and he groaned with pleasure! He held me tighter around my lower waist and snorted in my ear as I felt his first shot of cum work its way up his piss tube. Four or five more quick pluses were felt by me from his shaft. He slowed his movement as he squirted over and over into me. He then collapsed his full weight on my back as we fell into afterglow.

"Man, that's some tight pussy on you," he bragged in my ear. "You feel that big load your puss worked out of me bro," he asked?

I sighed a big "fuck yeah," because I did feel his load coating my guts inside! He rubbed my

*Continued on page 20*

What makes a person an artist? It certainly isn't the recognition as a lot of us would be left wanting. We've certainly done a lot for that elusive "exposure". It's that thing people say who don't like to pay for our services seem to always fall back to as if it were currency to pay our bills. There's a drive within each of us, as creators, to make something from nothing. Sometimes we're moved by spirit to express and recreate our inner thoughts in some sort of act of conjuration or exorcism.

The images bouncing around in our heads like a rubber ball until we put pen to paper, paint on brush, or clay to roller. Some images are louder than others, some effortless and others more complex and harder to manifest. There are the false starts, disappointments, revelations, and the incredibly hard distractions between our legs when we make something just right and rouse ourselves into heat so humid and undeniable. That compulsion to bring something to life, to breathe it into existence, is a force of nature we've learned to work with. The voices in our heads are constantly pushing us further. The muses we repeatedly answer to or are moved by. That must appear chaotic and insane to some.

Did I ever mention the voices? (Nervously sliding that topic under the rug while I put on some Cocteau Twins.) Sometimes, it starts with a music choice that helps creativity flow. I'll tell you about that in a second.

For every success, there are failures, but we're doing it to get something OUT of ourselves. Good or bad. It makes no difference. I've got a flat file full of drawings I've never done anything with. Are they failures? Maybe. But sometimes it takes time to sort that out and make something truly worthwhile. Sharing with the general public is a gamble for artists. You're immediately vulnerable, and for me, some of my subject matter can really upset people and (as we well know) this opens you up to criticism, derision - or worse, censorship. Never mistake an artist's vulnerability for a free license to run roughshod all over them.

No organization has given me a hand up and I do what I do because I have a passion for it. I'm being vulnerable by putting my erotic art out there for everyone to see. It's not 'airing dirty laundry' — it's authenticity and a declaration of all that comes with that. I'm just another hedonistic faggot who relishes kinks and fetishes openly. I'm a proud owner of a fuck-ton of them and I'll defend your right to enjoy any of those activities until the cows come home, no matter how filthy or mundane. Period. This is my bread and butter and I respect what side my bread is buttered on. I love playing here and I feel like I need to constantly protect this... space... like it's a wildlife reserve. It's a precious resource.



What I enjoy most is the process. I'm in love with the paper I use, the pencils I wear down to nubs, the stretchy, shapeable erasers, my many ink pens, and the invisible, intangible thing that happens in the making. The gestural scribbles, free and messy, blocking out shapes and composition to create a roadmap to a final piece is the first step in bringing an idea into reality. I build right on top of that with a heavier, darker pencil to flesh out the drawing in the way I do. This can be a really lengthy

process, with all the details and line work. When it's finally to a place where I'm really happy with the results, I'll either save it for another time or start inking it all in, subsequently destroying the pencil layer. Inking is where I can get really confident in my quality of line. Once I think I'm all set with the final inking, I'll scan it in at high resolution for digital painting. Cleaning up a drawing's faint, missed pencil lines and strengthening the black line can sometimes be laborious. I have a tablet and pen which makes it all happen on my aging desktop. The layers, the learned technique and ability to work the tools acquired, the versions saved to save myself after a crash or accident, are all very close to actual painting without any of the mess - this is what 30+ years of practicing my process will bring. If I'm really motivated, I can knock out a piece in a week. Others take years to accomplish. You can't rush the creative process as it drives.

Since most creators are not going to be standing next to our work to explain the nonsense we were thinking when we gave birth to it in the first place — it needs to stand on its own. This can be tricky for me, with all the projection people do and because my work can be so insanely personal. At the end of the day, my work is what it is - a gateway to all your sexual thoughts and fantasies and reinterpreted sieved through my brain. I try to approach each piece with joy, passion, horniness and humanity that in some way makes you feel less marginalized or weird for loving what you do. It's my prime directive. I think it's really energizing to see some people really get into the dazzling aspects of the creation process. The energy that goes into a work that becomes somebody's 'favorite' because it captivates another man's soul and imagination is the coolest thing to witness. I feel like the luckiest slut in the world when guys want to possess my work.

Do I love all the bonus stuff that comes with being an erotic artist? Fuck yes. Everything I commit to paper is authentically me as an erotic artist and a notorious dick tease responsible for so many throbbing boners. What about the attention? Shit. Yes, but only the salacious and pornographic, fun attention. It's the closest I'll get to being a rock star.

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head again and said I had worked up a good sweat in a short time.

He was right, I was soaking from the waist up. He kissed my right cheek and said thank you as he eased himself.

The cooler air in the room felt good on my hot damp back. I rolled myself over on my back and rested for a minute. My hard cock was pointing up at my belly button.

"I can tell your pecker sure did enjoy himself," Mark bellowed as he looked down at me! "Dudes like you really get off on having a dick up your ass, that's for sure! I aint hating on you bro! Fuck, just the opposite! I'm glad dudes like you are around to take care of the needs of real men like myself," he bragged! "At least dudes like you can't get knocked up and that's a big plus to guys like me who don't wear rubbers!"

Then leaning down till his head was beside my ear, he spoke more nonsense.

"You especially bro. You really like getting down with low life's like me. You want a bad boy riding your pussy doesn't you. Ex con cock up your law enforcement ass makes your pecker extra hard doesn't it? I understand that! The prison guards I fucked were the saw way! That's why you choose me to be squirting my nuts in your pristine butt. Hell bro, I'll use you to get off, no problem! I know you want that!"

I cursed myself inside because I lay there submissive as hell listening to him. But with my ass slick with his load, there wasn't much I could argue about at this point.

"Guess your right about that," I answered as he leaned back up. I couldn't help but admire the soft cock that was just inside me.

"Dam right I am," he answered as I watched him grab his underwear and start pulling them on! "Long as you know that, we're good. You're the bitch here bro! When I want pussy, you oblige your man!"

As he bent over, I saw his big nut sack hanging low from behind. It swung back and forth impressively as I watched. I pondered the fact that I now had their contents swimming inside me. He then searches and finds his tee shirt and pulls it on also. After he adjusted his crotch, he grabbed his cigarettes.

"I'm going outside to take a smoke and cool down a little dude," he announced! "Take your time getting dressed if you want," he said as he cupped his junk and grinned! "But don't take too long or I'll have you bent over something else bitch! And hey bro, I didn't mean to be so harsh. It just needed to be said."

I heard the screen door slam shut as I struggled to get up. I wanted so badly to drop off to sleep but knew I couldn't. Guess that's why I allowed him to get away with all the shit he just spewed. I forced myself up and sat on the edge of the sofa. I yawned like three times before I stood and pulled my underwear up and tucked my cock in place. He was already half soft from lack of attention knowing I wasn't going to jerk myself off. My pants followed as I pulled my zipper back up. My shirt hung open with dark sweat circles under my arm pits. Buttoning up my shirt, the wetness in my ass crack was a mixture of sweat and his large load.

After tucking in my shirt tail, I dug my crack thru my pants. The urge to piss hit me as I finished adjusting my uniform. I figured a quick pit stop was needed before I left. When I turned on the bathroom light, I caught my reflection in the mirror. It shocked me to see myself in full uniform here in Marks bathroom. In my mind, I'd had gone all the way now, with no turning back!

I pissed a heavy stream in the bowl while taking in my surroundings. Was this what I wanted? Could I shack up with him here if our rendezvous turned more serious? I ran some water in the sink and splashed it over my face as I daydreamed. In the mirror as I turned around to check myself, I saw a sweat pattern on the back of my blue shirt. It appeared to be the outline of Mark's upper body! With a smile of my face, I headed down the hall and out the door.

I didn't see Mark anywhere at first. The moon wasn't out tonight so the area was extra dark. As I stepped off the small porch, I saw the reflective tape marking on the side of police car. Even a couple trailers down, State trooper reflected like a neon sign on the cars side.

I slowly walked to my patrol car and saw Mark leaning against the front of the car. He spoke loudly and his voice seemed to carry in the quiet of night.

"How's your ass feeling? Did I take you too

ruff?"

I instantly told him to lower his voice. He laughed and said no one could hear us this late at night! He asked again but with a softer tone in his voice this time. I told him I was doing better with each time we get together.

"It gets much easier every time I stretch you open," he Bragged! "Before long I'll make you a pro at taking dudes cocks!"

He then quickly changed the subject and wanted to know about my patrol car. He asked stupid questions like how fast it would go and about some of the computer equipment I had on board. Where do I turn on the flashing lights? You know, shit like that.

We walked together to the cars door as he continued to ask questions. To be honest, they were the kind of questions I get from young kids when I stop everywhere. I told him what he wanted to know but also said I was over due to check back in and needed to get going. He then asked if he could someday take my car for a spin?

I told him instantly that was against the rules and he knew it.

"Aint getting hammered up the ass by an ex con against the rules also," he threw back at me? You're letting me fuck you and your telling me about rules," he quickly said with an anger tone in his voice?

I was at a loss for words hearing him say that. I looked at the ground and tried to find words to defend myself. He eased out of the conflict by putting his hand on my shoulder and rubbing it. He then just asked me to think about it sometime.

"What dude doesn't want to drive a cop car bro," he said! "Just a few blocks and I could go with him," he offered. "After that, well work on me throwing the dick to you in the back seat," he snickered as he punched my shoulder!

To get going I said I would think about it. He patted me on the back and ran his hand to the seat of my pants. He closed the car door after I got in and started the engine.

I then saw him doing something out of the corner of my eye before I drove away. He had pulled down the front of his underwear and was pissing on my back door. He smiled when he saw me looking and made a big piss arch just so I could see it. I rolled down my window and told him he couldn't do that in public with me around!

The Cop and Ex Con

He slowly finished his piss, shook his hose off and stepped to my window with his cock still hanging out. He leaned on my car windowsill so I had a direct view of his cock.

"You arrest me for something that man and you'll never get my cock in you again! "I know you don't want that to happen! The way I see this officer, I got a `get out of jail free card' with me riding your ass regular like now!"

I looked down at his limp cock as he stepped closer to the window. He asked me to put my hand in his shorts. I moved my left arm down and out the window and kept it against the car door. He moved even closer to the door. He pulled his shorts open at the waistband and I reached in and cupped his balls.

"Those nuts are yours man as long as you want them," he offered. "I can keep you happy for a long time pumping you full of my juice. You want that, don't you?"

I spoke up as I rolled his two nuts around in their loose sack. "I'm not being forced to come here Mark. I want this with you or I wouldn't be coming back for more! I mean, I'm not too happy about you riding me without a rubber on. But I guess you're right about the damage already being done, so I let you."

"We can't go back now dude," he answered. "I'll never wear a rubber and I already been pumping you full of seed. I won't stop now! And admit it, you love carrying my load around in you! I mean if you really want, I'll try again to pull out before I nut you. But we already know how that goes," he laughed!

"Nah, that aint going to work," I agreed with him laughing also!

"Its cool Mark. And your right, I do like you emptying your balls in me. Honestly, it's the natural way it should be anyways!"

He placed his hand over mine outside his briefs as we both cupped his cock and balls. I continued to play with his big nuts as he stood there with his legs spread and his hands on his hips. His balls appeared to be the size of walnuts. They were way larger than mine were but I expected that from a guy like him. I continued to judge their size and weight and the large loose sack that housed them.

*Continued on pg 29*



David  
and Mario

Photography by

*Bernardo Gasque*

Assistance by

*Pedro Gonzalez*



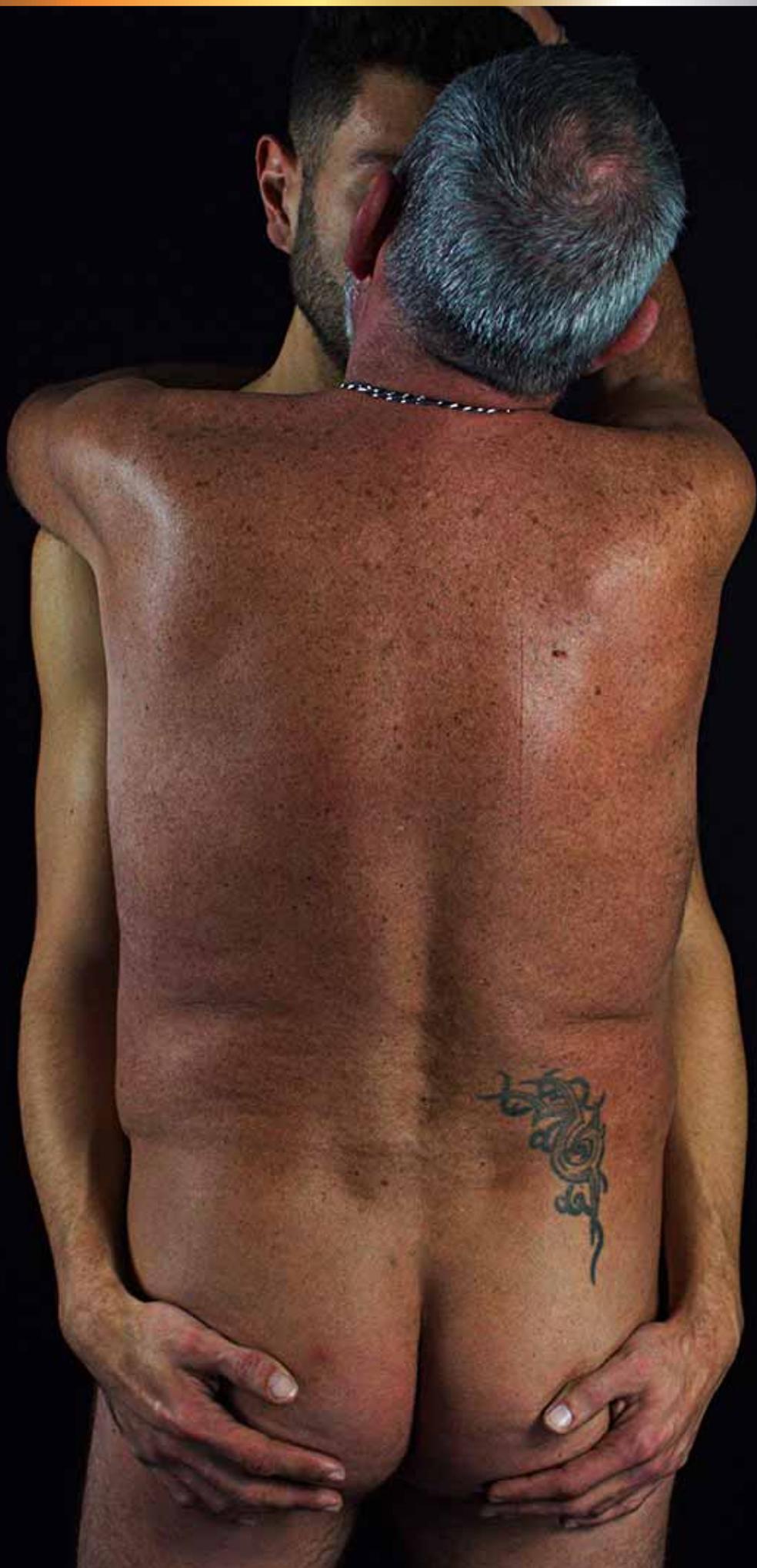












Continued from pg 21

"I feel like the prized bull at the county fair officer," he offered as he smiled at me! "Wanta try out that backseat tonight," he asked extra sexy? "Give me a few more minutes and I'll be ready to rock this car back and forth!"

At that moment my radio called for me. I had to removed my hand from his shorts to respond. I could saw his cock head laying to the right in his shorts as he pulled them back up. I answered the call as he moved next to the car and started rubbing the back of my neck. I was needed to respond to a backup call for a car accident.

I told him I needed to leave now after I replaced my mike. He reminded me that I had off Saturday and that he wanted us to hookup again. I told him I would like that also.

"We can spend all day fucking bro! I'll grab a few beers and some sandwiches for us. I'll keep you in your jockeys when I'm not pumping your ass full of nut! Hell, maybe Dutch will show up again!"

He asked for my phone number and I jotted down my cell number and gave it to him. As I put the car in gear, he backed away from the car and grabbed his crotch. I had to laugh at him as I drove away!



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# GETTING RAW

with PA DADDY J



## Puerto Vallarta's Zona Romántica

Welcome back guys! Hope you all enjoy this amazing issue John has put together for the month of June. After tackling some thought provoking subjects in the last few months I thought it would be fun to try something new and talk about fun gay friendly travel destinations. So, without further ado, let's talk about what has become my favorite place to let it all hang out: Puerto Vallarta's Zona Romántica, in Jalisco, Mexico.

I recently spent eight amazing days in Zona Romántica, having the time of my life. But to be honest, when my friends first told me about "PV" (as it is known by many), I was highly skeptical. It never even crossed my mind to visit there. Listening to their suggestion my initial reaction was "Why would I go to Mexico when I could go to San Francisco, Barcelona, Mykonos, or Toronto?" — which are places I considered to be more gay friendly than "traditional" Mexico. Boy, was I wrong! I was so wrong about PV and I am not afraid to admit it. I fell in love with that place and the people — and it turned out to be one of the top 5 best vacations I've taken in my life.

## Puerto Vallarta

Nestled in Mexico's largest natural bay, Bahía de Banderas (Banderas Bay), Puerto Vallarta is actually a city and its surrounding areas, overlapping two bordering states (Nayarit and Jalisco). They are all promoted as one major tourist destination — which, if you are planning to go there, you must know their locations and the specific group of people they cater to.

There are six distinctive areas that tend to cater to tourism: Zona Norte (North Zone), Nuevo Vallarta (New Vallarta), Marina Vallarta, La Zona Hotelera (Hotel Zone), El Centro (Downtown Puerto Vallarta), and Zona Romántica (Old Town or Romantic Zone). All of these are connected by Carretera 200 (Highway 200) which stretches from Punta Mita at the northwest end of the bay to just passing Mismaloya, about 20 minutes south of la Zona Romantica. Because their close proximity, I have taken the liberty to combine Marina Vallarta and La Zona Hotelera into one zone. Below is a breakdown of each zone and gayness levels:

- 1. Zona Norte (North Zone).** Located in Nayarit. A few resorts which tend to be high-end and pricey. Caters to a more mature population. Definitely straight.
- 2. Nuevo Vallarta (New Vallarta).** Located in Nayarit. All-inclusive resorts. People with children, honeymooners, or large families vacation here. Not much gayness there.
- 3. Marina Vallarta y La Zona Hotelera (Marina Vallarta and the Hotel Zone).** Located in Jalisco. All-inclusive resorts and Hotels, Marina, and Cruise Terminal. Shops, restaurants, malls, bars, entertainment, and services. Caters to assorted tourists and Spring Breakers. Still not that gay.
- 4. El Centro (Downtown Puerto Vallarta).** No large hotels or resorts. Churches, Gringo Gulch neighborhood (where Liz Taylor's house is located), and El Malecón (Boardwalk). Homes or local businesses for the area's residents. Starting to get gay.
- 5. Zona Romantica (Old Town/Romantic Zone).** The gay micro-universe of Puerto Vallarta. Gay... as... fuck.



4x4 Photography

## Zona Romántica (Romantic Zone)

Rio Cuale separates El Centro from Zona Romántica, the gay epicenter of PV. It is considered the “San Francisco of Mexico” and exactly where you want to stay and play. It is vibrant, full of life, and fun! Everything you need is there: beaches, restaurants, bistros, cafes, shops, lodging, bathhouses, bars, nightclubs, and entertainment venues showcasing live music, drag shows, vocal performances, and cabaret shows — all catering to our community. So much to do in what it seems to be a large area. But don’t let your eyes fool you. Due to the hilly and mountainous topography, Zona Romántica looks bigger than what actually is. In reality, it’s quite small. You can traverse it by foot in less than 20 minutes, depending where you are headed.

One of the area’s draw — aside from the rainbow flags everywhere, cobblestone streets, white sand beaches, and lots and lots scanty clothed beautiful men — is the striking combination of Mexican, Spanish, and modern architectural styles found all across the neighborhood. It truly compliments and enhances the natural surroundings, like nature and city are one, creating one of the most spectacular urban skylines in North America. This is, without doubt, “Gay Nirvana”.

Staying in Zona Romántica is pretty easy. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of AirBnBs available in the area (condos, apartments, villas, houses, rooms). You can also stay at one of the many hotels, hostels, Bed & Breakfast, and “posadas” found within its boundaries. It shouldn’t be difficult to find whatever meets your budget and needs. Just remember a few things before booking your trip there:

- 1 High and Low tourist seasons. If it is cold up north, it is high season in PV. Lots of people fly south to escape the cold. That influx of tourists will affect availability and prices. I went at the end of April and stayed through the first week of May. It was perfect weather — and the right amount of people.
- 2 Seasonal weather and climate. There are dry and rainy seasons and hot and cold seasons in PV. The rainy season is from June through September, pushing sometimes into October, but the rest of the year it stays pretty dry. June is the hottest month in PV with an average temperature of 27° C (81°F), while January is the coldest with an average temperature of 22° C (72°F).
- 3 Gay Pride. May is Pride month in PV and it can get very crowded for the celebratory events at the end of the month. Almost 200,000 people from all over the world gather in PV to celebrate Pride. So if you are thinking about attending, you better plan ahead! For more information about PV’s Gay Pride, visit [vallartapride.org](http://vallartapride.org)

There is a number of hotels and hostels that cater to our community in Zona Romántica and in the nearby El Centro:

- Jet’s Gay Youth Hostel. Ages 18-35 only. ([jetsgayyouthhostel.com](http://jetsgayyouthhostel.com))
- Hotel & Suites Pilitas LGBT ([hotelpilitas.com](http://hotelpilitas.com))
- Almar Resort Puerto Vallarta LGBT Luxury Resort ([almarresort.com](http://almarresort.com))
- Los Muertos Hostal (Manuel M. Diéguez 138-D)
- Zonaz Boutique Hotel ([zonazhotel.com](http://zonazhotel.com))
- Hotel Mercurio ([hotel-mercurio.com](http://hotel-mercurio.com))
- Casa Cúpula Gay Hotel ([casacupula.com](http://casacupula.com))
- Hacienda Escondida ([haciendaescondidapv.com/en](http://haciendaescondidapv.com/en))
- Villa Mercedes Petit Hotel ([hotelvillamercedes.com](http://hotelvillamercedes.com))
- Blue Chairs Resort By The Sea (<https://bluechairs.com/en>)
- Piñata PV Gay Hotel and Bar ([pinatapv.com](http://pinatapv.com))

## Daddy’s “Must Do” in Zona Romántica

Now that you know when to go and where to stay at, let’s talk about my top 10 recommendations of things to do while vacationing in Zona Romántica.

### 1. “Naked Beach Trip for Men Only” with Jet’s Private Boat Tours

Ranked Traveller’s Choice “Best of the Best” in 2021, Jet’s Private Boat Tours is the #1 2SLGBTQIA+ boat tour company in PV — and their “Naked Beach Trip For Men Only” is the original and the best! I know... I experienced it firsthand.

Jet De La Isla started Jet’s Private Boat Tours after moving to Puerto Vallarta in 2016. In only six years he has become a force to reckon with in the local tourism industry and a strong voice in PV’s 2SLGBTQIA+ community. He has an adventurous spirit and travelled all over the world, before making PV his home. Jet, a nudist himself, has personally designed the Naked Beach Trip, and found the perfect location for it: a beautiful white sand beach located miles away from civilization and only accessible by boat.

On the day of your scheduled tour you will depart at 11:00 am from Muelle De Playa Los Muertos (Los Muertos Beach Pier) in Zona Romántica. Keep in mind that you will need to access and disembark a boat pounded by the waves, so if you have some accessibility or mobility issues, please contact the tour company for advice and suggestions. If you are prone to motion sickness, I recommend you get some motion sickness patches or the boat ride will be more than what you bargained for. Once the boat has cleared the pier, a 60-minute long boat ride will transport you to a secluded private beach for hours of relaxation, unlimited cocktails, snacks, music, and beautiful surroundings with other likeminded naked guys. It is truly spectacular.





For this tour all you need is some sun lotion (or if you are like me: sunblock. I burn, not tan), a towel, and comfortable beach shoes. The rest is provided by the tour. You are welcome to bring a cellphone or a camera but you will be asked to refrain taking pictures of the other guests in the tour to respect their privacy. If you bring your own snacks, please make sure you collect any waste you brought with you, thus ensuring the natural environment is kept unspoiled and free of garbage.

I could not recommend this more, guys. It was such an amazing experience. Not only the guests are welcome to bare it all (Duh... the name of the tour, right?!?), but the staff is all naked as well...and they are not bad to look at, if I might add! They are fun and keep everyone entertained throughout the duration of the tour.

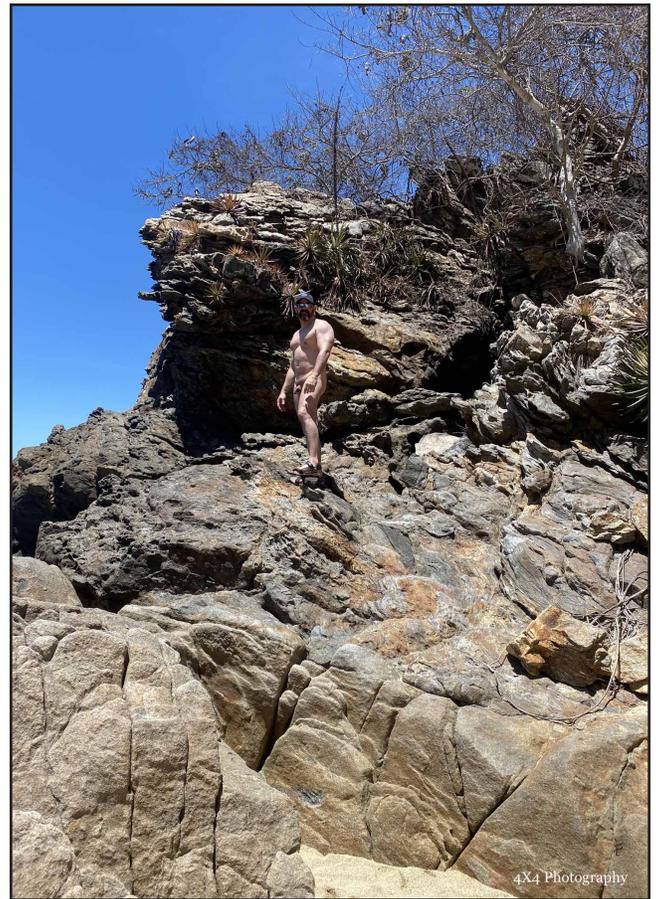
This tour is 6 hours long and it's only offered on Fridays and Saturdays, weather permitting. So book ahead of time to reserve your spot! However, If being naked on the beach is not your thing (gay gasp!)... don't worry! Jet's Private Boat Tours offers 13 other tours to explore the beaches, islands, and natural attractions in the bay area. For more information about everything Jet's Private Boat Tours has to offer, and other fun "To Do" options in the area, please visit their website at [jetsprivateboattours.com](http://jetsprivateboattours.com)

## 2. Dinner with Private Chef Roman Ventura

Imagine spending a whole day exploring what Zona Romántica has to offer and then coming back to your AirBnB or rental to a wonderful 5-star dinner prepared with top fresh quality ingredients by a handsome talented chef — and all you have to do is sit at your dining room table and let the food come to you. Imagine that. Well... that can be a reality by booking the services of Roman Ventura, an up-and-coming local private chef that is creating waves in PV with his modern take on traditional Mexican dishes infused with non traditional ingredients and styles. The man is on demand for a reason: he is good at what he does and is very professional. His understanding of how flavors work and how to pair culinary elements from different cultures is superb! His food is a gastronomic experience I highly recommend.

I booked him twice while in town and he prepared a preselected 4-course dinner for each occasion. He did not disappoint. He arrived on time with everything needed to prepare an unforgettable meal. All I had to do was sit down at the table and enjoy the experience. He had printed menus with the pre-selected choices for the evening, set up the table for fine dining, and even did the dishes afterwards — so I had nothing else to do but drink cocktails on the wraparound balcony of my AirBnB, overlooking the city and sunset.

You'd think this would cost an arm and a leg, but... not really! The total for a 4-course dinner for two was about



US\$120.00 plus tip. You can select ahead of time the type of service you want (3, 4 or 5 courses) and every item you wish to have prepared for you from a list he will provide. Please note that in order for him to provide this service, he will need access to a full equipped kitchen (stovetop, microwave, cooking ware, etc). If you are planning to stay at an AirBnB, you should have no issues as most places offer fully functional kitchens. For more information about Roman Ventura and his services, please visit his website at [venturachefservices.com](http://venturachefservices.com)

## 3. Playa De Los Muertos (Los Muertos Beach) and Blue Chairs Beach Bar

One visits Puerto Vallarta's Zona Romántica for two reasons: (1) is a gay haven and (2) the beach! And although there are many beaches in the bay area there is one that stands above them all: Playa De Los Muertos

### Playa De Los Muertos (Los Muertos Beach)

The official gay beach in Puerto Vallarta and where you will find men from all over the world mingling, checking each other out — and parading in the most tiny bathing suits possible without being accused of being naked. It is fun, festive, and entertaining — the perfect place to make new friends and get a good tan. Just get there early and find a place to park your ass for the day. Multiple businesses are providing spaces for you to relax for a small fee or at no cost to you. One of the latter is



Blue Chairs.

### **Blue Chairs**

Both a Hotel and beach lounge area, Blue Chairs is located in Playa De Los Muertos (Los Muertos Beach), just south of Los Muertos Beach Pier. Now, when I say “Blue Chairs” I am referring to the area on the beach (Beach Bar) where you can get an umbrella, provided at no cost, and spend the day having cocktails and food delivered to you by their amazing staff. If you don’t know where you are going just ask anyone on the beach where “Blue Chairs” is, they will tell you. Everybody knows.

Once you find Blue Chairs the process is simple: you must consume cocktails and/or food sold in their Beach bar to get a spot. Trust me, the cocktails are a bit watered down but still refreshing and the food is actually good — and it is not expensive at all. You can be there as long as you want and the staff will routinely check on you to refill your drinks and ensure you are enjoying yourself. Tip those guys. They really work hard.

Make sure you get there early because it gets packed after 11:00 am — with beautiful men of all ages wearing almost next to nothing. While you are there: talk to people and make new friends! People are very friendly and outgoing. It’s a pretty happening place.

Now...it would be unfair if I didn’t warn you: you will be dealing with beach vendors, tour promoters, and masseuses all day long. If you are not interested in what they have to offer, just politely say “Gracias”. No need to be rude. These are hardworking people trying to make a living and they’re licensed to be on the beach and sell their trinkets or offer their services. There’s one more thing. Vendors will offer to sell you “molly”, “cocaine”, and “pot”. If you are not interested, don’t react to it and just say “Gracias”. They will move along. If you are interested, I want you to ponder the risk of getting illegal recreational substances off... a... beach... vendor. It could be very dangerous. I am not going to tell you what to do but I hope you will use some common sense. For more information about Blue Chairs Resort By the Sea Puerto Vallarta, please visit their website at <https://bluechairs.com/en>

### **4. The Pool Club at Casa Cúpula Boutique Hotel**

The Pool Club is located in Casa Cúpula Boutique Hotel. The hotel is built onto the hillside overlooking the Zona Romántica and offers unparalleled views of the bay — and the views are spectacular. It’s worth the hike to get there. It took me around 20 minutes to walk from my AirBnb to Casa Cúpula. If you are not the “walking type”, just take an Uber or taxi.

Now, what makes the Pool Club at Casa Cúpula so special? Two things: (1) its location on the hills overlooking the city, and (2) the fact that you can go there and spend a whole day sunbathing naked in the clothing optional pool, at not cost to you. Just like at Blue Chairs, all you have to do is consume a set minimum amount in

cocktails and/or food. They provide the towels, lounge chairs, umbrellas, and unparalleled service by a very friendly and attentive staff. There is a bar/dinning room where you can chill and relax naked while enjoying some wonderful meals prepared in the hotel’s restaurant.

Here’s another reason why you should visit The Pool Club at Casa Cúpula: is a refuge from the hustle and bustle you normally find at the beach. There are no vendors trying to sell, promote or provide services to you every time you blink. It is peaceful and quiet — unless you are there on the weekends when it becomes a raging party with multiple themed events. On the weekends is when they host the infamous “Secret Garden”, and from what I’ve heard, it can get pretty intense and wild. Bathhouse wild. But I digress.

My friends and I visited the Pool Club twice: on Tuesday and then Thursday. We got to enjoy this oasis almost all by ourselves — with no more than 15 people at a time. Made great friends there too. So don’t be shy and talk to the other guys letting it all hangout.

The Pool Club at Casa Cúpula is open daily to hotel guests and the general public alike. For hours of operations and more information about Casa Cupula, visit their website at [casacupula.com](http://casacupula.com)

### **5. Act2PV, The Palm Cabaret, Live Entertainment, and Drag Shows**

There is so much nightlife in Zona Romántica that unless you plan ahead, you won’t be able to do or see everything you want.

#### **Act2PV.**

An unexpected yet surprising find! Act2PV is an award winning theater complex at the heart of Zona Romántica. Three performing venues (Main Stage Theater, Red Room: The Cabaret, and Starlight Cabaret: Terrace Cabaret) make this spectacular complex the perfect place to enjoy live music, Broadway-style shows, and intimate cabaret productions. I got tickets for Diana Villamonte’s Whitney Houston Tribute, and I was blown away! Sister can sing, people! Sister... can... sing! Act2PV has multiple productions going on at the same time and adhere to season-long productions like theaters in the USA. Shows are nightly and start at 7:00 pm. Prices start at US\$29.00 and there is a full bar offering cocktails throughout the performances. [act2pv.com](http://act2pv.com)

#### **The Palm Cabaret**

A one-stage live-music performing venue located a short walk from the beach. It features comedians, drag



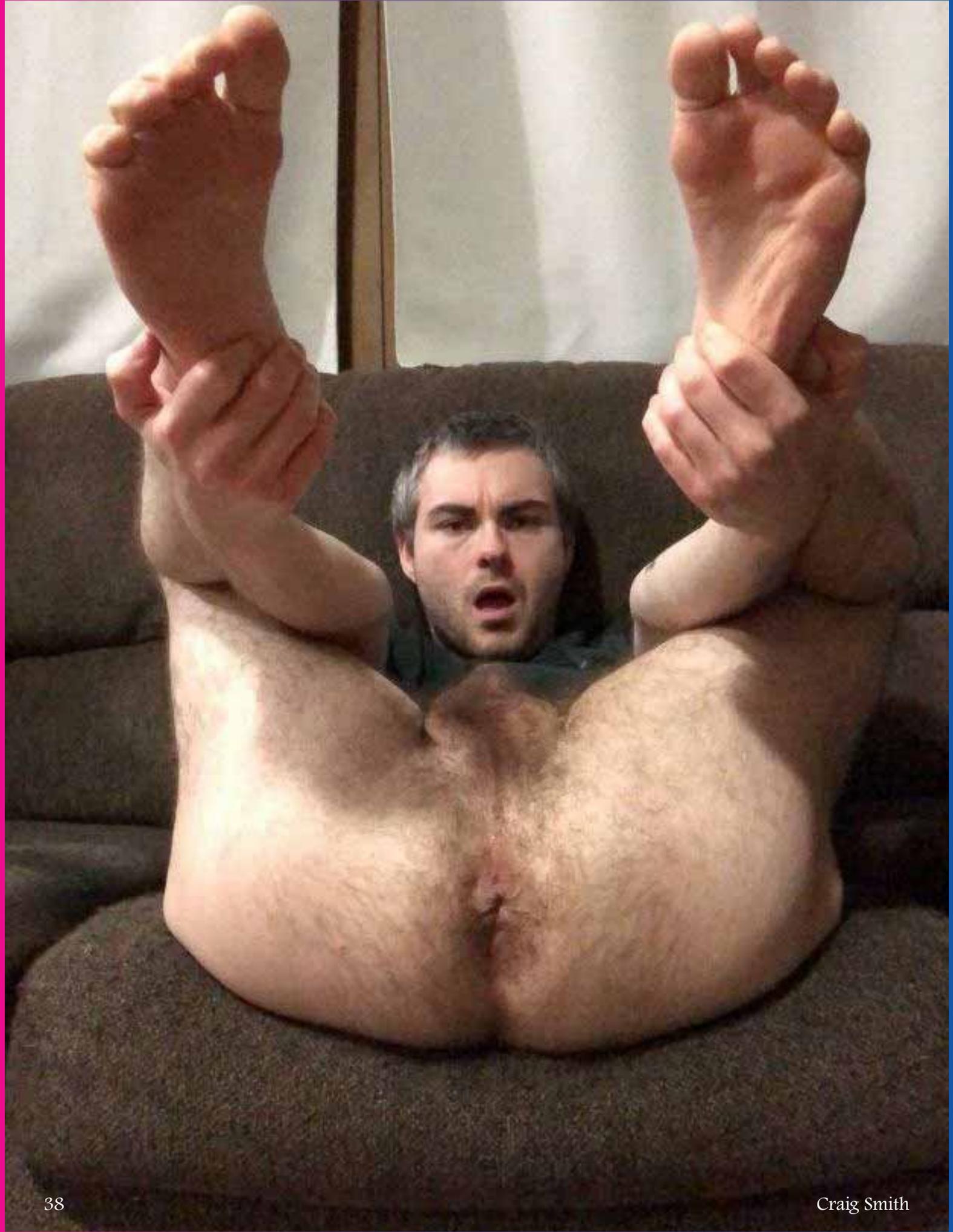
*Continued on pg 42*

# Craig Smith



Images provided by Craig Smith







# Overnight Construction Worked

story by Brad Swallows

I was living in Silverlake, in LA, just above Sunset by the old Conquistador restaurant if you know it. The neighborhood was still pretty mixed in '07: working class Latino families, hipsters, gay folk, but you could see the changes coming. I was in my early 30s and had developed a solid gym routine; I was 5'11 and 155, lean and cut, short dark blond military haircut in those years and I kept my chest and balls shaved. I have a 7.5 uncut cock but I'm definitely a grower - soft I'm not that impressive. I'm a huge exhibitionist and love to show my cock any chance I'd get -- laundromats, driving on the 101 or the 5 or Santa Monica Blvd, to the meter guy (that story later) at the bar (fuck I miss Le Barcito) -- and on hot summer nights I'd put on a pair of mesh basketball shorts with the liner cut out and tennis shoes and go for a run around my neighborhood.

It was a weeknight, in late May, and hotter than hell. My 2nd floor walk-up only had a small window AC that couldn't keep up. I was lying in bed, sweating, horny as fuck. Tossing and turning, finally at about 2:00 AM I thought "Fuck it!" and got up and got dressed to cruise: light, white drawstring cotton briefs (speedo style - Rips brand if you're an underwear perv like me) so I had someplace to stuff my cock but that I could pull down under my sack later, light grey shorts with no liner, and black tank that would get tucked into the waistband. I went out to my front stoop to put my shoes on, and though it

was a little cooler outside than my heat-sink of a flat, it was still in the upper 80s.

On a serious run I'd go uphill to Effie and Micheltorena, but fitness was a distant 2nd to horniness tonight -- I wanted to suck or at least show -- and I knew I'd have better luck on a busier street so I went downhill, took a left at Sunset and headed towards Echo Park. After about 10 minutes of a moderate jog without seeing anyone I passed a taqueria in a small strip mall on the south side of the boulevard that had just closed a couple of weeks before. I'd noticed previously that there had been some work done off and on for a couple of weeks -- it had been gutted and it looked like they were ready to start building out whatever was going in there -- and tonight it was crazy bright with all of the lights on, like someone had either left them on or they were doing overnight work but I didn't see anyone inside.

I continued down to the Brite Spot, figuring a 24-hour Diner might have people coming and going after bar time, but there was no one so I headed back up the Blvd, very sweaty and horned, feeling my cock rub against the damp underwear with each step.

I slowed down as I approached the former taqueria to see what they were putting in, and as I passed I noticed a man working inside. And what a fuckin' man! He was shirtless and looked a little

shorter than me, probably 5'9", Latino, short black hair - and dude was fuckin' yoked! This stud had huge pecs, thick thighs showing below his shorts, and big arms that were over his head as he held something (a light fixture?) on the ceiling from the 2nd-to-top step of an 8-foot ladder.

I took in all of this in the three seconds it took to run by, but my dick instantly started getting hard. Without thinking I broke my stride to a walk, feeling - almost hearing - that light-headed buzz I always get when I show off. On auto-pilot I reached in my shorts to yank my underwear down off my ass and below my sack to give a clear cock print in my mesh shorts, and I walked back in front of patch of light coming through the huge windows facing the Boulevard. He still had those massive arms above his head from his perch on the ladder, though, and wasn't looking. I quickly took in that there was a heavy chain on the front doors and there were storefronts that shared a wall on either side, so there was no quick way for him to come outside. I figured I could give him a show and if he wasn't interested I'd go home and jackoff thinking about it, and if he wanted to kick my ass I'd be long gone before he could get outside. There was a parking meter right in front so I put a hand on it, faced the storefront and pulled my right ankle to my ass -- stretching, yeah, but also pushing my cock print out more and giving me the chance to stare at the flare of his lats and the taper of his chest, and again those thick-ass thighs below shorts. Fuck! My dick started to drool.

He finished (or gave up? He looked annoyed), dropped his arms and started climbing down the ladder, and that motion snapped my eyes back to his face. He saw me, made eye contact, and didn't look away. I didn't either. He had a sexy face with dark brown eyes, light stubble and a great smile which he flashed at me, all annoyance leaving his expression.

For a few seconds we eyed each other up and down - me pausing on his small brown nipples and smooth chest, him looking down my abs to my dickprint which was clearly visible. I dropped my right leg, smiled at him, and pulled my left ankle to my ass, one hand on the meter again, facing him. I flexed my cock and he def noticed; his hands dropped to his sagging shorts and he groped a big dickprint -- down and to the left. Fuck! He was so hot and I was so goddamn horny, but... he was inside a brightly lit box of a storefront with a huge Overnight Construction Worked

chain around the front door. Hmm. I up-nodded and smiled and turned around to face the street and touched my toes to show him my tight ass. I held the stretch for a 20-count and when I stood up and turned around he'd moved a little back in the shop so he was less visible from the street and kept staring at me and massaging that huge bulge in his shorts. I looked around. There was no place I could show from that side of Sunset - no parked cars to get between - but almost directly across the street there was a storefront with a deep alcove. Bingo. I looked back at him, gave him another up-nod and smile, then turned to jog across the street. Once on the sidewalk I turn around and thankfully he's still watching, so I take a step back into the storefront so I'm out of the line of sight of anyone coming down the street, and I drop the front of my shorts and take my dick out and start stroking. He's definitely watching me. I'm doing one of my favorite things - jackin in public - for a crazy hot Latino stud contractor on Sunset in the middle of a hot SoCal night. I was fully hard in about 3 strokes.

He adjusted his package and gave a big upward nod of his head, so I knew he liked what he was watching, and I was so horny I decided to go for it. I took my shorts and underwear all the way down and off and threw them over my shoulder; I pulled the tank I had out of the waistband of my underwear and rolled it up, put it on the sidewalk, and knelt down on it. There was enough ambient light he could see me, and he was definitely watching. He adjusted his dick again but didn't take it out -- the storefront was really bright so I get it, and honestly as much as I wanted to see and taste that meat I was happy for the moment just to be stroking for him. He walked to the wall and leaned against it, and made an obvious show of reaching into his shorts and adjusting his dick. He put his left hand on his head and flexed his bicep, and grabbed his dick through his shorts with his right. I nodded and made the universal signal for blow job -- I was on my knees already -- and then bingo: he pointed to his left, my right, and made a motion like, "come around back."

I didn't need to be told twice - I couldn't wait to taste this fucker! I stood up and stepped into my shorts and started to pull them up, and he flashed me an evil grin and shook his head "no". Fuck! I was nervous but I was also loving it and down to do what

*Continued on pg 50*



**Continued from pg 35**

shows, vocalists, and great productions geared towards the 2SLGBTQIA+ community. You can catch a campy drag show (Mama Tits), a male burlesque cabaret, tribute performances (Eddie Mercury, Janet Jackson, Elton John, Abba, Lady GaGa, etc), vocal performances (Brian Justin Crum, Mikalah Gordon, Nacho Granados, Kim Kuzma, etc), and so much more — and the productions are spectacular! Shows are daily and change every season, so you must check their calendar ahead of time to see what is showing during your visit. [thepalmcabaret.com](http://thepalmcabaret.com)

Other live entertainment venues found in Zona Romántica are:

- La Cantina Catrina (Lázaro Cárdenas 315)
- The Butterfly Cabaret Blue Chairs ([bluechairs.com](http://bluechairs.com))
- Nacho Daddy ([nachodaddy.mx](http://nachodaddy.mx))
- Incanto Vallarta ([incantovallarta.com](http://incantovallarta.com))

### Drag Shows.

Can't be in Zona Romántica and not check out the drag scene, right? There are some great places to get a cocktail and an enjoy some great drag performers. I checked out a couple and was pretty impressed with the talent. Drag, no matter the country, should be supported, celebrated, and above all: respected. Make sure you tip the performers. They work hard to put together a good show and sadly, it is not part of the Mexican culture to tip them. So you better get some dollars out and make those girls happy, ok? Here are the some of the places where you can catch a good drag show:

- La Catrina Cantina (Lázaro Cárdena 315)
- Paco's Ranch ([pacosranchpv.com](http://pacosranchpv.com))

- Blue Chairs Rooftop Bar ([bluechairs.com](http://bluechairs.com).)
- El Secreto de la Muxe (Morelos 685, El Centro)
- The Palm Cabaret and Bar ([thepalmcabaret.com](http://thepalmcabaret.com))
- Act2PV ([act2pv.com](http://act2pv.com))

### 6. Dine at “Los Toneles”, Di Vino Dante”, and “La Palapa”

There are hundreds of restaurants, bistros, cafés, food stalls, and eateries in Zona Romántica. It is impossible to list them all but I will highlight my top three choices.

#### Los Toneles

My #1 top choice for fine dining in la Zona Romántica is Los Toneles Puerto Vallarta. This place is not only beautifully designed but also serves delicious Mexican culinary masterpieces with a modern twist. All created by Chez Fabiola Meraz. The menu features grilled seafood, meats, and vegetables and can accommodate vegans, vegetarians, and those with gluten allergies or celiac disease (that'd be me). I recommend you stop by and make you dinner reservations in advance. [lostoneles.mx](http://lostoneles.mx)

#### Di Vino Dante

Another great find. On the night I booked tickets for the Whitney Houston Tribute at Act2PV, I was looking for a place to eat before the show. As I walked down the street from the theater I came across this place — very unassuming from the outside but incredibly beautiful in the inside. It is a restaurant/wine & tapas bar/art gallery combo that spreads over two stories, boasts a beautiful courtyard in its center, and a rooftop where you can admire the mountains that surround Zona Romántica.

Founded by Gena Guarniere in 2013, the restaurant showcases Mexican wines, Italian dishes, and Spanish-style tapas. The restaurant architectural style is traditional Mexican Villa with a central courtyard which



4x4 Photography

Getting Raw



is filled with museum quality art pieces, manicured flowering plants that seem to cascade effortlessly from the rooftop to the courtyard below, and a three-story high water feature that takes an entire wall. It is romantic and serene. If you are looking for a quiet place to have a wonderful dinner, you must try it out. [divinodante.com](http://divinodante.com)

### La Palapa.

Last but not least is La Palapa. This open-air seaside restaurant is located in Playa De Los Muertos. It is the perfect place to watch the sunset in Puerto Vallarta while enjoying a cocktail and a wonderful dinner. It is quite romantic and popular. At night they expand their dining room onto the beach and diners can enjoy a delicious meal under the stars, surrounded by tiki torches while being serenaded by the sound of the crashing waves and the occasional Mariachi. The food is Mexican Tropical Cuisine, which is an assortment of grilled meats, poultry, and seafood. [lapalapapv.com](http://lapalapapv.com)

### 7. Bars, Clubs, and Male Strip Clubs

There is what it seems an endless number of bars and clubs in Zona Romántica. Most of them are gay friendly or cater to the 2SLGBTQIA+ community. The majority are located on or near “the gay strip”, which is Calle Lázaro Cardenas (Lazaro Cardenas Street), but you can find many more on Las Olas Boulevard, Amapas Street, and Basilio Badillo Street. The good thing is that they are all within walking distance of each other. You can’t walk more than half a block in Zona Romántica without finding some sort of gay bar or club. It would be impossible to give you a description of every single bar and club so here is a list of ones I checked out while in town:

- **Gay Bars and Clubs:** STUDS Bear & Leather Bar, The Corner, Nox Bar, Elixir Mixology Bar, One Six One PV, Desmadre Bar, Paco’s Ranch, Industry Brewing Co., Blondies Loft & Slushbar, Los Otros Blondies, Industry Night club, The Top Sky Bar & Restaurant, Garbo Bar, La ChaChaLaCa, Los Amigos, Bar Frida Cantina, La Cantina Margarita, Hotel Mercurio Bar, Blue Chairs Rooftop Bar, Apaches Martini Bar, Reinas Bar, La Noche, La Cueva Cantina, CC Slaughters PV, and Anónimo.
- **Gay Friendly Bars** (I didn’t check these out but researched them): El Patio, View Resto & Deck Puerto Vallarta, Twisted Palms Rooftop Lounge, Kooky Karaoke & Drinks, Chictini By Pinnacle, Signature Lounge Bar, and Residences Skybar.

### Male Strip Clubs.

If you are in need of getting your blood pressure up, you can hit some of the All Male Strip Clubs in Zona Romántica. Your choices are:

- Pervert (Lázaro Cárdena 328,)
- 69 Sixty Nine Strip Club (Lázaro Cárdenas 216)
- Wet Dreams (Lázaro Cárdena 312)
- Antropology (Morelos 101, El Centro)

### 8. Spartacus Sauna for Men

Spartacus is a big bathhouse smack right in the center of the “gayhood” at the heart of Zona Romántica. My AirBnB was based right across the street from it and I had a partial view of their rooftop pool. I couldn’t visit Zona Romántica without paying this institution a visit. So on a Tuesday sleepless night, I grabbed my lube, a couple of friends, and ventured across the street to check it out.

The entrance is very easy to miss if you’re not paying attention. There are two signs that denote the location of the place: one on the building facade and another on a tree — yes... you read right: a tree! Once you have located the entrance, you will go up a flight of steep and narrow stairs. At the top of the stairs you proceed to formally enter Spartacus and pay the fee for either a locker or a private room — both are priced at US\$ 17. If you pay in dollars, your change will be given to you in Mexican pesos, so keep that in mind. You will get a key, sandals, and a towel... and you are free to go in. You have now entered the bathhouse. The place has three levels:

- First Floor: locker rooms, the indoor jacuzzi and pool, the steam rooms and cold room.
- Second Floor: private rooms arranged in maze style like in other bathhouses, the dark “dungeon” area with slings, cages, glory holes, and the Cinema Lounge — broadcasting assorted gay adult films.
- Rooftop: rooftop bar, pool, lounging area, and jacuzzi.

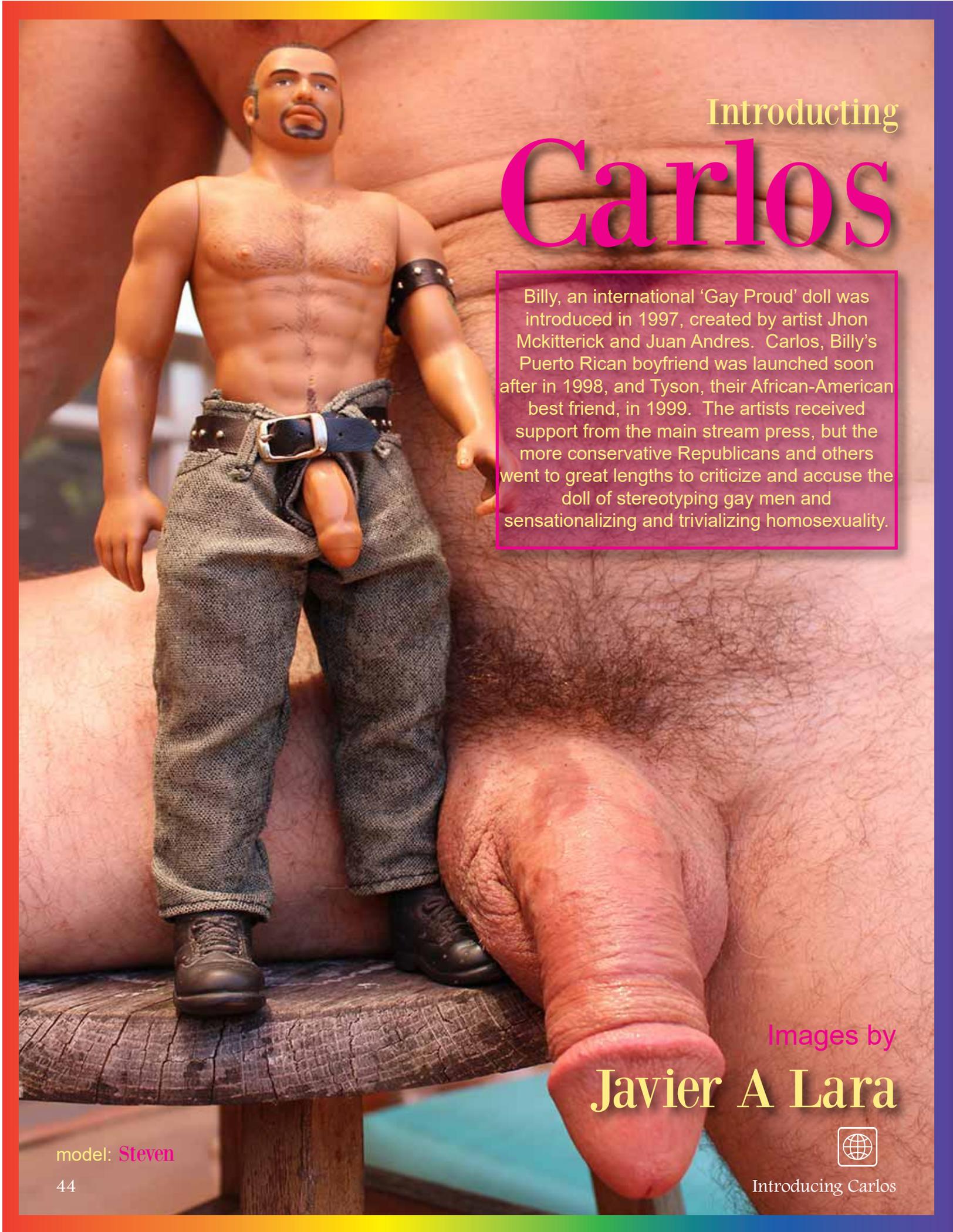
Familiarize yourself with the layout before you start hunting for fun because it gets pretty confusing the first couple of times you walk around — and some areas are almost pitch black at night. I can tell you I walked into a couple of walls in the dark and found myself at dead ends multiple times.

Like any other bathhouse the action varies from day to day depending on the crowd and day of the week. I had a good time but found the place to be a little warm. Spartacus recently had a fire that took out the air conditioning system. So the place felt a bit “stuffy” — but they are working on fixing that situation. Aside from that, it is a pretty good place to get some good relaxing time with locals and foreigners alike before or after hitting the bars. Unlike bathhouses in the US, Spartacus is not open 24 hours. The spa’s operating hours are Mon-Thu from 2:00 pm to 3:00 am and Fri-Sun from 2:00 pm to 8:00 am.

There is another bathhouse in Zona Romántica — Papi Chulo — but it is temporarily closed. You can find

*Continued on pg 56*





Introducing  
**Carlos**

Billy, an international 'Gay Proud' doll was introduced in 1997, created by artist Jhon Mckitterick and Juan Andres. Carlos, Billy's Puerto Rican boyfriend was launched soon after in 1998, and Tyson, their African-American best friend, in 1999. The artists received support from the main stream press, but the more conservative Republicans and others went to great lengths to criticize and accuse the doll of stereotyping gay men and sensationalizing and trivializing homosexuality.

Images by

**Javier A Lara**

model: **Steven**





model: TJ



model: William

Introducing Carlos



model: II

Introducing Carlos

model: Mike



Introducing Carlos



model: H

Introducing Carlos



Introducing Carlos

model: TJ

the stud wanted, so I pulled up just my sweat-damp white underwear (which showed everything), pulled my cock to the right so it was barely covered with head inside the fabric but bulging out and above the drawstring, grabbed my t-shirt and shorts and jogged back across Sunset in my speedo briefs. At the end of the building there was a narrow driveway to a parking lot in back, and I jogged down it and turned back towards his store. When I rounded the corner I saw him leaning against a red Toyota pickup. I was no longer feeling anything but lust and the closer I got to him the hornier I got, so when I was about 10 feet away from him and he motioned me to drop my underwear, I stopped and immediately slid them down and off, not thinking how compromised I was, how fucked in a bad way I'd be if there was a security camera in the lot, how vulnerable I was to this stud who coulda beat my ass easily -- I stood in front of him naked and hard, looking like what I was: a cockwhore desperate for a dick to suck.

He knew it too. He smirked and motioned me closer, and as I walked towards him, shaking from the air on my near naked, sweaty body and the thrill of the scene, he finally started undoing his shorts, popping the top button and then lowering the zipper and pushing them down those massive thighs. He wasn't wearing underwear and I saw the top of the uncut shaft pointing up, first, and then finally as he pushed his shorts down I saw it all. It was beautiful -- uncut, about the same length as mine (7.5") but about an inch thicker around, and in the low light it looked like there was a patch of pubes above it and a smooth shaft and sack. When I was close enough to touch him I stopped, knowing he was in charge and waiting for permission and instruction. He nodded again so I reached out a slightly trembling hand and started feeling up his impossibly hot pecs and then moved my hands to his lats (a huge turn on for me) while I leaned down to lick his nipple, but I only got one flick of the tongue before he pushed me to my knees. I knew what he wanted -- and he knew what I wanted. I put my rolled up t-shirt down on the dirty parking lot pavement, knelt on it and looked up at him. His fat Latino cock brushed my forehead. I stared at it, and then up into his eyes, begging for permission, and he smirked again and nodded and put his hands on the back of my head.

Keeping my eyes locked on his I pulled back his foreskin and took him into my mouth. He leaned back, closed his eyes and let me get to work. I tugged on his shaved, smooth sack with one hand and felt those massive thighs with the other, keeping up a steady suck on his cock. He smelled like clean sweat and Mexican laundry soap, if you know that smell, and I was in heaven as I closed my eyes and worked my mouth lower and lower on his piece, trying to take him all in. He kept one hand on the back of my head but seemed content to let me set the pace, not pulling me onto his perfect cock, but then I felt him lean forward over me and place his palm flat on my back, moving down toward my ass.

I didn't stop working his amazing cock with my tongue, loving the feel and taste of his silky foreskin and the weight and heat of him as he filled my mouth, even as he moved his hand to my hip and pulled up -- gently, encouraging me to (or exploring to see if he could get me to ) stand up. Decision time. As much as I'd hoped for cock and cum tonight, I'd only planned on giving head. This was way before PrEP and I had no supplies -- and as much as I wanted this stud's load since I first saw him, I'd planned on swallowing it. I looked up at him and he did that sexy upward head nod and looked a little pleading (and a lot gorgeous) -- and I gave in. With one final deep bob on his cock I got up off my knees, stood and looked at him. He looked right into my eyes and smiled and nodded slowly, stroking his still-wet dick with his right hand while he started kneading my ass with his left. I wondered how I was gonna take that much dick, but he reached into his truck and after digging around the glove box for a second he pulled out a bottle of poppers and one of those free packets of lube from the bars. He handed me the poppers, opened the lube with his teeth and dribbled some on his leaking cock and put what was left on his index finger and started to probe my hole with it. I was tight - I sucked a lot of dick then but didn't get fucked much, and I was nervous how this was gonna go but now that I'd decided I wanted that gorgeous cock inside me. Bad. I hit the poppers and was putting the lid back on when he let go of his cock and with the back of his hand pushed the poppers back towards me. I took another deep hit, both nostrils, and again started to lower the bottle and again he nudged it back towards me. So, I hit it again -- two more deep hits, both sides -- and by then it had hit and I was

almost whimpering for that dick.

He had kept fingering my hole with his left hand and we both could feel me open up with each hit. After the last one he gave me that devilish smirk, spun me around and lined up that fat uncut brown cock with my hole. I was flying -- that was the most poppers I'd ever done, and I could almost see my ass ring twitching and opening for him. With his big left arm across my bare chest holding me in place, he put his raw cockhead against my ass and pushed. My hole resisted a little but then he was in, first his head and then more of his perfect hard raw cock sliding into me. A few strokes in he bottomed out, paused, said the first word either of us had spoken: "Good?" he asked. I nodded. He wrapped both arms around my torso, and started the fuck.

It was almost an out of body experience for me -- the taboo and risk of it all, how fuckin hot I found him, the poppers, the visualizing of how hot his cock must have looked sliding raw into my guts, the FEELING of his thick raw hot cock sliding raw into my guts, I was blissed out. His pace was steady, strong and deep, and he paused just enough to push my right foot out a little so he could get a better angle and then he went at it again, faster, steady, stretching my hole with a steady rhythm with the occasional thrust at an angle to open me further. We both knew who was in charge and we were both great with it. I had my eyes closed and hands behind me, grasping whatever part of his hot body I could reach. I could feel his muscles under the sheen of sweat on his torso, a sheen that I wiped with my palm and licked. The friction and tension on my hole while he stretched me had me quietly moaning and disembodied with pleasure -- I'd never had a fuck like this. I had enough presence of mind to push back and meet his thrusts and I could tell from his grunts that that he liked it -- that and the occasional tighter grasp of his arms around my torso. He started to pick up his pace, more frequently punching his cock to the side, and after a few minutes -- or 30? I had no idea -- he leaned close into my ear and between clenched teeth said: "Want it?"

It was half a question and half a statement; for half a second I had half an answer, but despite the rational part of my brain saying, "tell him no - tell him to pull out!", I was too far gone and too into this stud. I just nodded. That was all he needed. He slid both hands down to my hips, his fingers tightened, and a few more pumps into my hole and he began

Overnight Construction Worked

to cum. A lot. He wasn't loud but he gripped my hips more tightly (so tightly that I had small bruises later); he hissed through his tightly clenched teeth but didn't yell or moan, and he sank that perfect uncut cock into my ass to the root and let the force of his orgasm wash over him, and into me. He emptied his balls, shooting deep in my guts, shooting hard, and we both shuddered and clawed at each other, grabbing at whatever we could like drowning men, while his dick pulsed inside me.

Finally it was over, and we slowly came down from the high of the fuck, back to the small parking lot, to the red Toyota, to the alley, to the slowly lightening SoCal sky. He gently kissed the back of my sweaty neck for a bit while his breath modulated towards normal and his cock grew slightly less huge inside me. We both giggled as he pulled his dick out with a sloppy, sucking sound. My hole hurt and we were a sweaty mess - and me more than sweaty as I felt cum and lube leaking down my leg as I bent down to pick up my underwear and shorts. He stopped me and grabbed my dick and I said my first words: "It's okay, stud, I'm good." I hadn't cum but it really was okay -- it always takes me a while and we'd pushed our luck far enough and I was more than satisfied. I pulled up my dirty, sweaty underwear and tied the drawstring, pulled up my shorts, and slapped my shirt against my hand a few times to get the gravel and dust off of it. He had reached back into the truck and was wiping his softening dick off on what I guessed was his shirt -- it was the first time I'd seen it. I found the poppers bottle and handed it to him, and he chucked it in the truck bed.

"I gotta get back to work," he said.

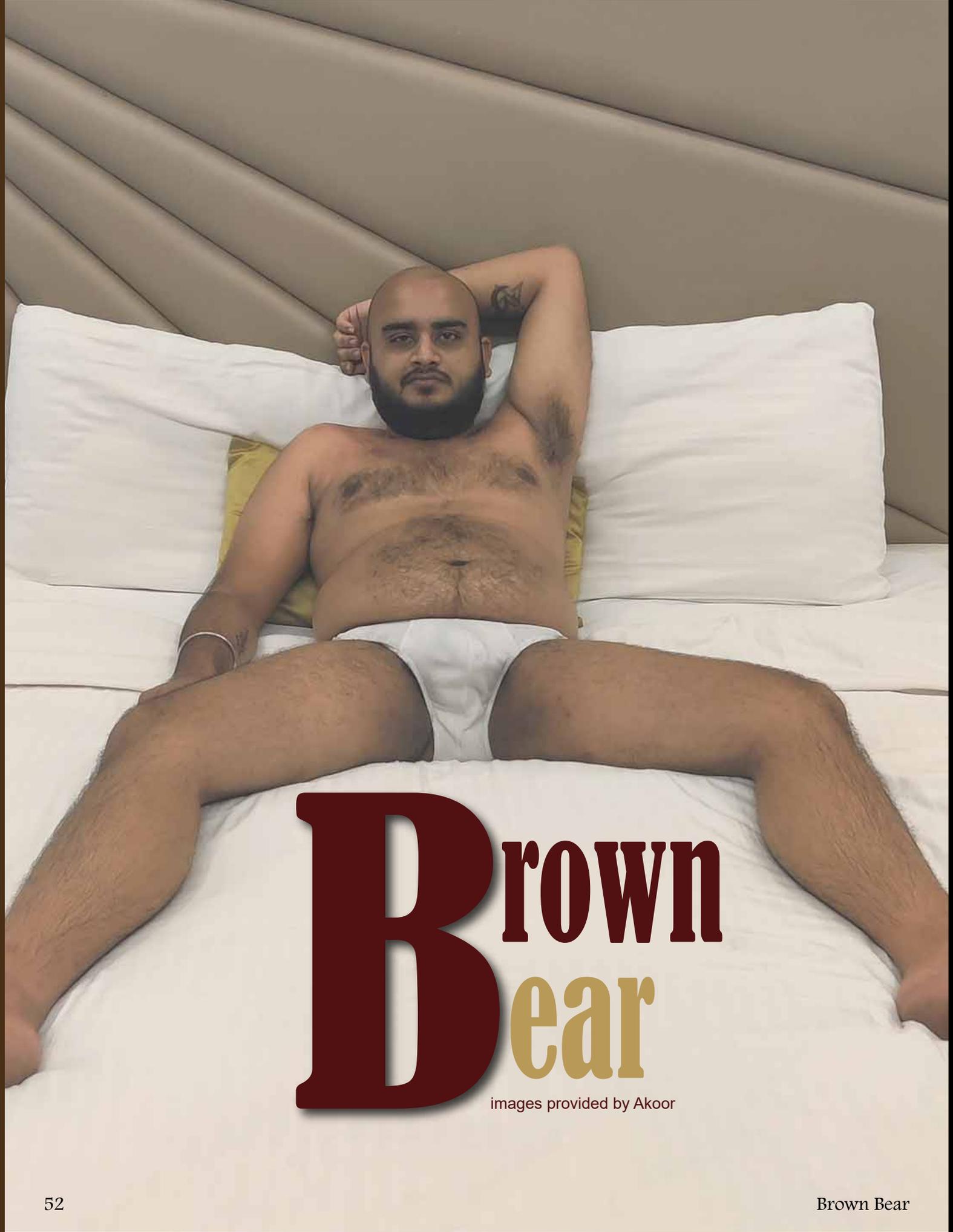
"I gotta run home -- I work in a few hours."

"Oh shit, for real? Want a ride?" he asked.

And like a dumbass I didn't say: "Yeah, that'd be great, that way you'll know where I live and you can come by anytime!" I said: "Nah, thanks, I'm good man. Appreciate it."

We kissed, deeply, for the first time. We thanked each other, told each other we were negative, and kissed again, for the last time. I never saw him again -- not on that job site, not around the neighborhood, not his truck anywhere. I don't have many regrets but that's one. I'd've loved to have swallowed his load sometime.

As I said, this is a true story as I remember it. Get at me with feedback if you want -- hope you enjoyed.

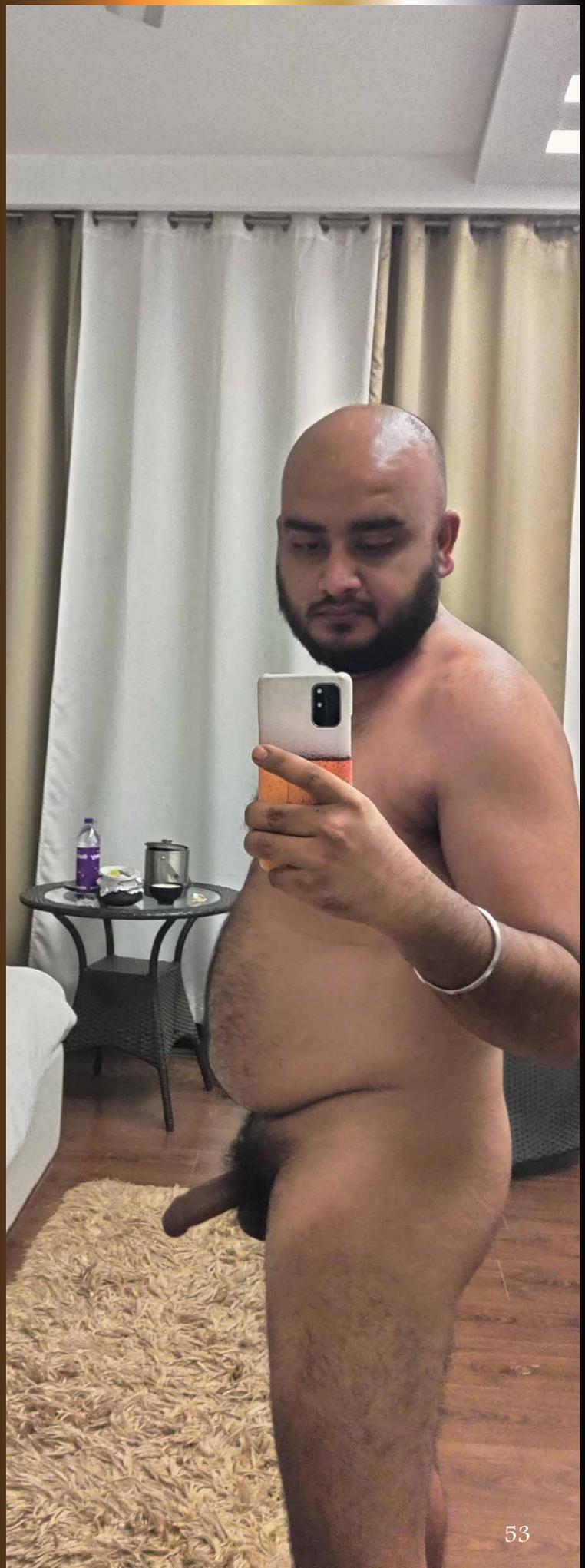


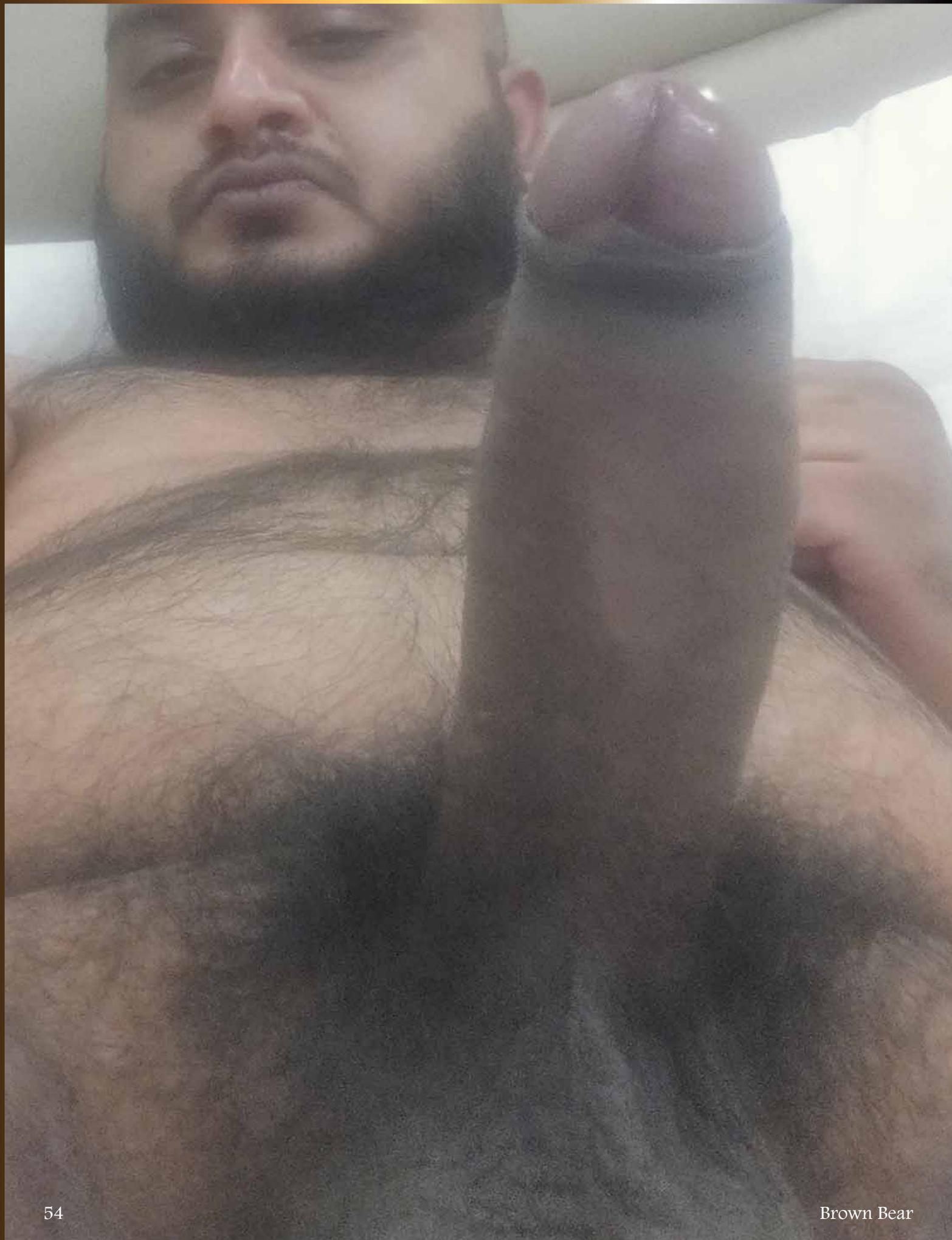
# Brown Bear

images provided by Akoor



Brown Bear





“I loved David’s journey to zero shame about his body, his sexuality and himself.”

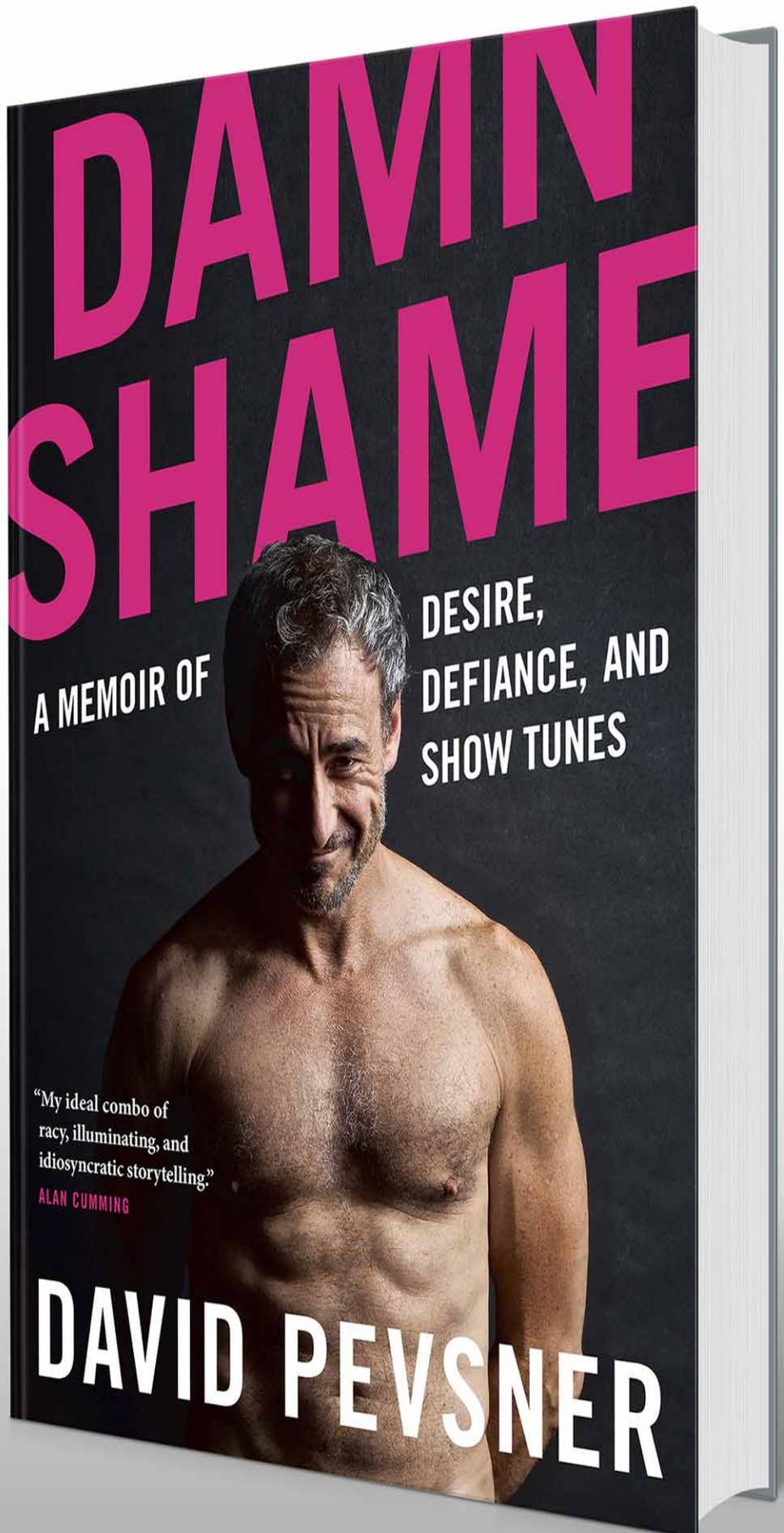
— **Alan Cumming**, actor and author of *Baggage: Tales from a Fully Packed Life*

AUDIO,  
PAPERBACK,  
EBOOK

GET  
YOUR  
COPY  
TODAY!

(Click the image to get it!)

“Who could imagine that a book which deals unapologetically with exhibitionism, LGBT ageism and sex work could be so filled with charm and self-deprecating good humour?” — **Charles Busch**, actor and author of *The Tale of the Allergist’s Wife*





**Continued from pg 43**

more about Spartacus and Papi Chulo in the link below.  
gaysaunaspv.com

**9. Explore the Shops and Art Galleries.**

There are hundreds of shops, art galleries, and specialty boutiques in the Zona Romántica. You can spend days browsing through what they all have to offer. Some offer specialty products while other just push mass produced merchandise and trinkets to the tourists. You can find anything from a g-string bikini to wear at the beach, cigars, stuffed animals, blankets, Mezcal shops, etc. Trust me...the sky is the limit as to what you can find — and I am not even going to address the unholy number of pharmacies on every city block. They were everywhere — and I mean... everywhere!

But do not despair, I have some suggestions for you. If you are in need of clothing, swimwear, jockstraps, and some leatherwear, you can visit Amsterdam, Paris, Barcelona, Toronto, Londres, and AOB. These stores are all interconnected and are found in Zona Romántica. My favorites, to be honest, are Barcelona, Paris, and Toronto — offering upscale clothing, beautiful swimwear, and other accessories. But these are not the only stores you can spend some good cash at. As I said before, there are many many shops and you can spend days just shopping.

Art Galleries are also found everywhere. If you are into art and wish to purchase some to bring home with you, most galleries ship abroad. That comes really handy when you really don't want to carry your purchased art on a plane with you.

**10. El Malecón and El Muelle De Playa Los Muertos**

There are two popular landmarks that have become symbols of pride for the city and are beloved tourist destinations for foreigners and Mexican nationals alike: El Malecón and El Muelle De Playa De Los Muertos (Los Muertos Beach Pier).

**El Malecón (Boardwalk)**

A 1.6 kilometer long walkway that stars by Hotel Rosita (near the Millenia Statue) and ends at the Amphitheater at the Aquiles Serdán Plaza near the Plaza de Armas (city square). It's located in El Centro (Downtown Puerto Vallarta) but it is accessible from Lázaro Cardenas Park in Zona Romántica. It's about 11 city blocks and it is lined up with beautiful sculptures, bars, shops, restaurants, street vendors, and daily street performers. El Malecón offers a good sense of how and where the locals live and play in PV.

El Malecón is always busy and it can be very crowded and noisy at night. Specially on the weekends. Some of the largest nightclubs I've ever seen in my life are

found there... and they are loud! There is a lot to do, see, and eat there. You can either walk its length or just find a place to sit down to watch the sunset or watch the free nightly fireworks display.

**Muelle De Playa De Los Muertos (Los Muertos Beach Pier)**

Opened in 2013, this new iteration of the pier is truly iconic — its design resembles a sail in the wind. This modern lookout is found at the end of Francisca Rodríguez Street in Zona Romántica. It stretches 335 feet out into the bay and offers great views of the city from an oceanside perspective. Beautifully lighted at night it seems to float above the waves in a display of ever-changing rainbow colors. This is the place where you can sit and enjoy the cool ocean breeze, watch the parasailing tourists fly high and above Los Muertos Beach, or catch one of the many Pangas (water taxis) that are stationed there —waiting to take locals and tourists alike to destinations across the bay, such as Mismaloya or any of the beaches south of Zona Romántica.

**Daddy J's Recommendations Prior to your trip**

Now that you have learned about what Puerto Vallarta's Zona Romántica has to offer, let's talk about things you can do in preparation for your upcoming trip — because after reading all this you are certainly ready to get to PV as soon as possible, right? So what are the things I recommend you do before your trip?

**1. Find the place that works the best for your budget and needs**

I discussed plenty of options available in Zona Romántica. When you research those options, check the following: location, availability, prices, reviews, cancellation policies, what's included, and check-in/check-out times. I recommend getting an AirBnB. They seem to be the best option for the price.

**2. Travel on a weekday for cheaper airfares**

By booking your flights on weekdays, you could save a lot of money. I flew in on a Friday and saved around \$400. People travel for vacations on Saturdays or Sundays, creating demand — which raises tickets prices. Be smart and travel on weekdays. Your wallet will thank you.

**3. Hire a transportation company to take you from and to the airport**

Getting from and to the airport can be a hustle and a source of stress. Taxis are everywhere in the area but seem to disagree on how much to charge for their fare. Go online and find an airport shuttle service that can pick you up upon arrival and take you to the airport when it's time to travel back home.

**4. Make a plan of what you want to do and see**

Getting Raw



There is so much to see and do in PV's Zona Romántica that I recommend you make a tentative plan with things you would like to do and see. By doing this you will have an idea how much time you will spend doing certain activities — like tours and excursions — and how much time you will spend doing absolutely nothing, but hang naked or semi naked at your preferred relaxing spot.

#### **5. Book your tours, shows and other services before arrival**

Don't wait until the last minute to find "the best deals". Unlike airlines tickets, the prices for tours, excursions, activities, and shows do not change at the last minute. Get it done earlier and don't worry about it anymore. If you are thinking about hiring a chef, do it at least 30 days in advance. The chef will have to check schedules, product availability, and work around your food allergies and dietary restrictions. That can take weeks. So don't leave it to the last minute.

#### **6. Find what the Covid-19 Travel restrictions in your country are**

Canada does not require Covid-19 testing prior to boarding your flight back home, but the USA does. Check your country's regulations before booking your trip. Here are a few things you need to be aware of:

- Although masks are not longer required at US airports and onboard of US flights (domestic or international), in Mexico it is mandatory that you wear a mask while at the airport. No "buts" or "ifs." You don't get to fuss about it or throw fits like a whiny anti-vaxxer bitch. You ain't in Kansas anymore, Dorothy. So I suggest you comply with the laws of the land. Bring a mask with you to wear once you arrive there and on your departure day.
- In order to return to the US you must test for Covid-19 within 24 hours of your departure flight and have a negative test result. There are multiple testing facilities in Zona Romántica that can provide this service. Just locate one upon your arrival and plan accordingly.
- If you test positive before you flight home, you will not be allowed to return to the US until after you are treated and test negative again. You will remain in Mexico and will have to pay for your prolonged stay out of pocket. It will be your responsibility.

#### **7. Get Mexican Pesos from you banking institution**

It is easier to get Mexican currency from you baking institution if you request it ahead of time. Once you know your budget, have your bank make the currency exchange for you. Do not wait to do that until you arrive in Mexico. You will get a horrible exchange rate. Banks take only a couple of days to get the amount you request — and the service is provided at not charge. You might pay exchange fees at currency exchange stalls if you wait to do it until you arrive to Mexico.

#### **8. Do not bring vaping devices with you**

If you vape I got bad news for you: If customs finds your vape while searching your baggage you will pay up to US200 in fines. Leave your vaping devices at home and buy yourself a new one once you get there. There are places in town you can do so. Even the beach vendors can sell you one.

#### **9. Print your Mexican Tourist Card prior to traveling**

Got everything planned? Good. Before you jump on the plane to PV make sure you print ahead of time your Mexican Tourist Card. It is free and it will save you a lot to time when going through customs at the airport. Read the instructions carefully after you print your card. Sign it in the right places. Dates on the card are done following the following format Day/Month/Year. It is different that in the US.

There are two cards in one: your Entry Card (presented when you arrive), and your Exit Card (presented on you departure day). Keep you Exit card in a secure safe place. If you lose the Exit Card you will have to deal with immigration at the airport and could miss your flight.

You can get your free Mexican Tourist Card by visiting [mexicotouristcard.com](http://mexicotouristcard.com)

#### **10. Don't overpack**

Listen, I get it... we are gay and need to pack like we are going on a climbing expedition to the Himalayas — even when we are just traveling overnight. But for the love of Cher, Mother Saint of all gays: you don't need all your leatherwear or jockstrap collection when going to PV! You seriously don't need to overpack for this trip. I packed so much shit I never got to use because in the end, I only wore shorts (swimsuits), t-shirts, and sandals wherever I went — when I wasn't hanging out naked on the beach or at The Pool Club at Casa Cúpula.

Pack one pair of nice slacks or jeans and a shirt or polo shirt for those nights you are going out to Los Toneles, Di Vino Dante, La Palapa, or Act2PV. The rest of the time you are fine wearing a bathing suit or shorts and a t-shirt or tank top. I honestly didn't wear underwear or socks from the moment I arrived to PV to the moment I got home. Just pack the essentials: toiletries, medications, sunblock, lube, cockrings, and minimal clothing. The rest you can get there if you need to. Leave room in the luggage for all that Mezcal you'll be bringing back home with you.

That's it from me this month, guys. I hope all this has been helpful and you are able to plan your next vacation to one of the most beautiful gay havens on earth: PV's Zona Romántica.

Until next time,

PA Daddy J



DHM Fan ~ J D Willy



# MODELS WANTED

MEN OF ALL SIZES

## DHM

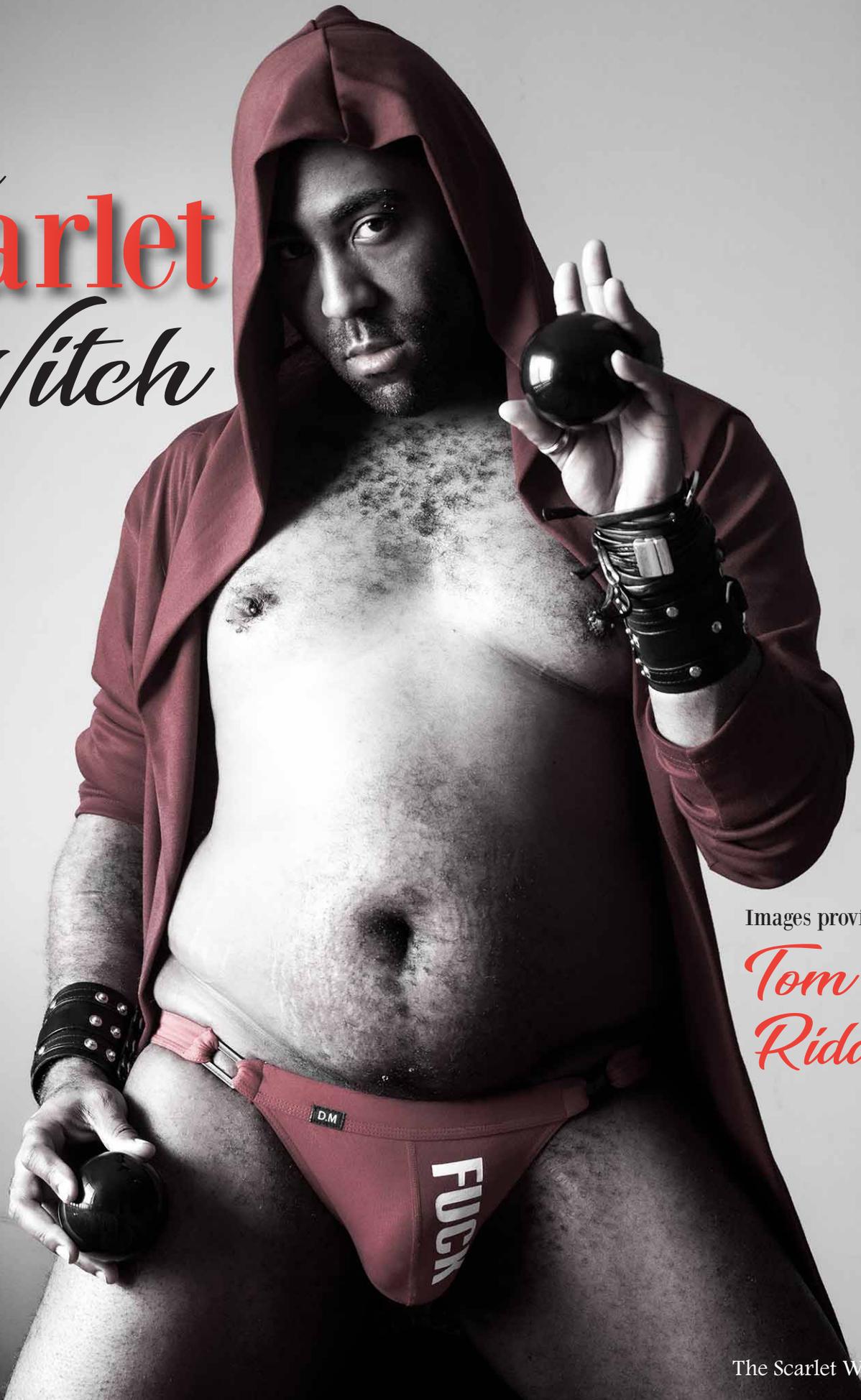
IS LOOKING FOR  
MEN WHO WANT  
TO SHOW OFF!!

GOT WHAT  
IT TAKES?

CLICK THIS IMAGE!



# *The* **Scarlet** *Witch*



Images provided by

*Tom  
Riddle*

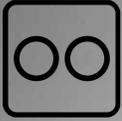














# A Rainy Crash

Story by Jason Collett

It was a busy Friday night and I was heading home after work. Traffic was heavy and it was pouring down rain, making it really hard to see. The loud thunder and bright flashes of light wasn't helping either.

And then the worst thing happened. The car in front of me slammed on their brakes. I hit my brakes but unfortunately wasn't able to stop in time before I slammed into the back of a sedan. I couldn't believe it. I was less than a mile from my apartment and got into a car accident.

Sighing, I put the transmission in Park and got out of the car. The rain felt like tiny razor blades as it hit my face and arms. I looked at my car and the car I'd hit and it didn't look like there was much damage considering how hard it felt when we hit.

There went any broken lights or parts that had popped off and for that I was thankful. Hearing a car door shut I looked up.

And my jaw dropped, literally. Before me stood the most handsome man I'd ever seen.

He was about 5'5, muscular, clean shaven with the darkest black hair I'd ever seen. The glow from my headlights reflected off his darker skin,

telling me he was Latino or middle eastern.

"Are you okay? He asked me, in a thick Spanish accent. I'd guess from the accent that he was Mexican.

I just stared at him, unable to speak, in awe of his sexiness. Even in the low light I could see his dark brown eyes and he looked at me and then our cars and back at me.

"Ye...yes." I stammered as I shook my head, trying to clear the lustful thoughts going through my head.

"Good." He said as he pulled out an iPhone and started dialing a number. I just stared at him he talked on the phone and I realized he'd called the police to report the accident. After giving them our location, he hung up and started taking pictures of the cars.

"I...I...I'm so sorry." I stammered. "I didn't have enough time to stop." I mumbled.

"It's ok, accidents happen. That's why they're called accidents." He said with a smile. "I'm Miguel." He said as he extended his hand.

I stared at his hand before reaching out and taking it. It was so soft and warm.

"I'm Michael. That's ironic; we have the

same name, just in a different language." I noted, immediately embarrassed. Was I trying to flirt? If I was, I was failing miserably. Or so I thought.

"Well, it is a good name." Miguel said as he smiled and dropping my hand. I swear I saw a twinkle in the corner of his mouth like you see in the cartoons. Must have been the reflection of a passing car's headlights I thought.

By now, his slicked back hair was falling into his face from the rain. When he wiped it away from his face, it was like in slow motion and incredibly sexy. I couldn't believe that I was standing here in from of this handsome guy, only because I had ran into the back of his car.

Within minutes, a policeman arrived. It didn't take long for him to take our statements and give us the necessary information. Obviously, he determined that I was at fault for the accident and I dreading filing it on my insurance.

After the police officer left, who was mostly dry thanks to his poncho, Miguel started to walk back towards his car. Before I even knew what I was saying, I said;

"Hey, I just live around the corner. At least

let me wash and dry clothes and make you some coffee." I was thankful for the darkness so he couldn't see the panic on my face as I waited for his answer.

Time around me slowed down like a scene from a movie. I felt like I could reach out and touch the rain drops as they fell. Then everything went to normal when I heard:

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely." I said, quickly gaining my composure. "It's the least I can do since I rear-ended you."

"Then lead the way." He said and turned towards his car. I walked to mine and climbed in as the biggest smile spread across my face.

I maneuvered my car around his as he followed me to my apartment. Within two minutes we were parking in front of my building.

"Welcome to my home." I said as I unlocked the door. My cat greeted us as we walked in. "This is KC." I said as KC weaved in and out of my legs and Miguel's. Miguel reached down to pet him and I could hear KC's purr get louder and louder.

"I'll be right back with some clothes for you

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The advertisement features a blue background. On the left, two smartphones are shown. The left phone displays a photo of two shirtless men on a wooden pier, with a bear logo and the text 'bearslooking.com' overlaid. The right phone displays a photo of a man in a red fur coat and sunglasses. To the right of the phones is a large QR code with a bear logo in the center. Above the QR code, the text 'SCAN Download. Cum.' is written in white. At the bottom, the text 'CHAT - DATES - FRIENDS - LOVE - SEX - EVENTS - CONNECTION' is written in white.

to change into. Just make yourself at home." I said as I motioned towards the couch and walked to my room. Miguel continued to pet KC who was now laying on his back loving the attention from Miguel.

As I was searching through my drawers for some gym shorts and a t-shirt, Miguel appeared at the door.

"Would it be too much of a hassle if I took a shower?" He asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Not at all. Let me get you a towel." I replied as I got a towel from the closet. "Let me show you where the bathroom is." I led him to the bathroom and put the towel, shorts and shirt on the lid of the toilet.

When I turned to leave the bathroom, there he was, standing in nothing but his red, Papi brand boxer briefs, my favorite color. He was holding his shirt and jeans that were still wet from the rain. I quickly turned away from him, doing my best not to gawk.

"Here." He said.

I turned to look at him holding his red underwear towards me to take with me.

I froze as I took in all his nakedness. He was beautiful. Flat stomach with a hint of some abs, a nice happy trail of hair that led to his soft, thick, uncut penis.

I took the underwear and turned again, covering my eyes, my face turning the color of his underwear now in my hand.

"Oh my God, you're naked." I said, realizing how stupid that sounded as it came out.

"I know, and you're not. Why don't you get naked with me?" He asked.

Before I could answer, he knocked his clothes out of my hand, pushed me against the wall, cupped my face with his hands and kissed me.

I was stunned, but quickly returned the kiss. It was gentle at first as he slowly explored my mouth before he sped up, the need and desire clearly evident.

My hands started roaming over his back, feeling the taught muscles flex as his arms and hands caressed my back and chest through my shirt, which he then grabbed and pulled over my head. I heard it drop to the ground by my feet.

He continued the kiss while he worked on unbuttoning my jeans and slid them down my legs. With his help I was able to step out of them and

A Rainy Crash

kick them aside. I could now feel his hardness pressing against mine, still trapped in my briefs.

Before I could pull them off, he had already reached under the waistband and yanked them down in one swoop. He stepped back to give me a look over.

And that's when the years of body issues and insecurities came flooding to my mind. I am not the skinniest of guys, definitely not if you compared me to Miguel, but I had worked hard to get to where I was with my body and I was happy with it, mostly.

"Now that's better." Miguel said. Before I could speak, his lips were back on mine with more passion than ever before. Any thoughts I had about him not liking what he saw quickly vanished.

After a few moments of the most intense kissing I'd ever experienced in my life, he started to kiss around my neck and moved to my left ear where he started sucking on it, making me moan in pleasure.

He started moving lower again, licking and kissing as he went, stopping at both of my nipples, making me moan again.

He continued his exploration down to my stomach and I rubbed my hands through his thick black hair, still wet from the rain but I could still feel that it was soft. He clearly used the really good shampoo and conditioner.

When he got eye level with my waist, he stopped and leaned back, staring right at my fully hard dick. He just starred at it for a few moments. Again the insecurities came back. I know that my dick isn't the biggest or thickest, but it gets the job done and never had any complaints on it before.

Finally he leaned in and started sucking and licking my balls. He licked around them and up the side of my leg towards my pubic area.

Then he stopped again and started staring at my junk again, this time I could see a grin on his face as he grabbed my cock, angling it towards his mouth. He glanced up at me, which just drove my anticipation even higher. He looked back down and engulfed my entire dick with one swoop, all the way down to the base, making me gasp out loud.

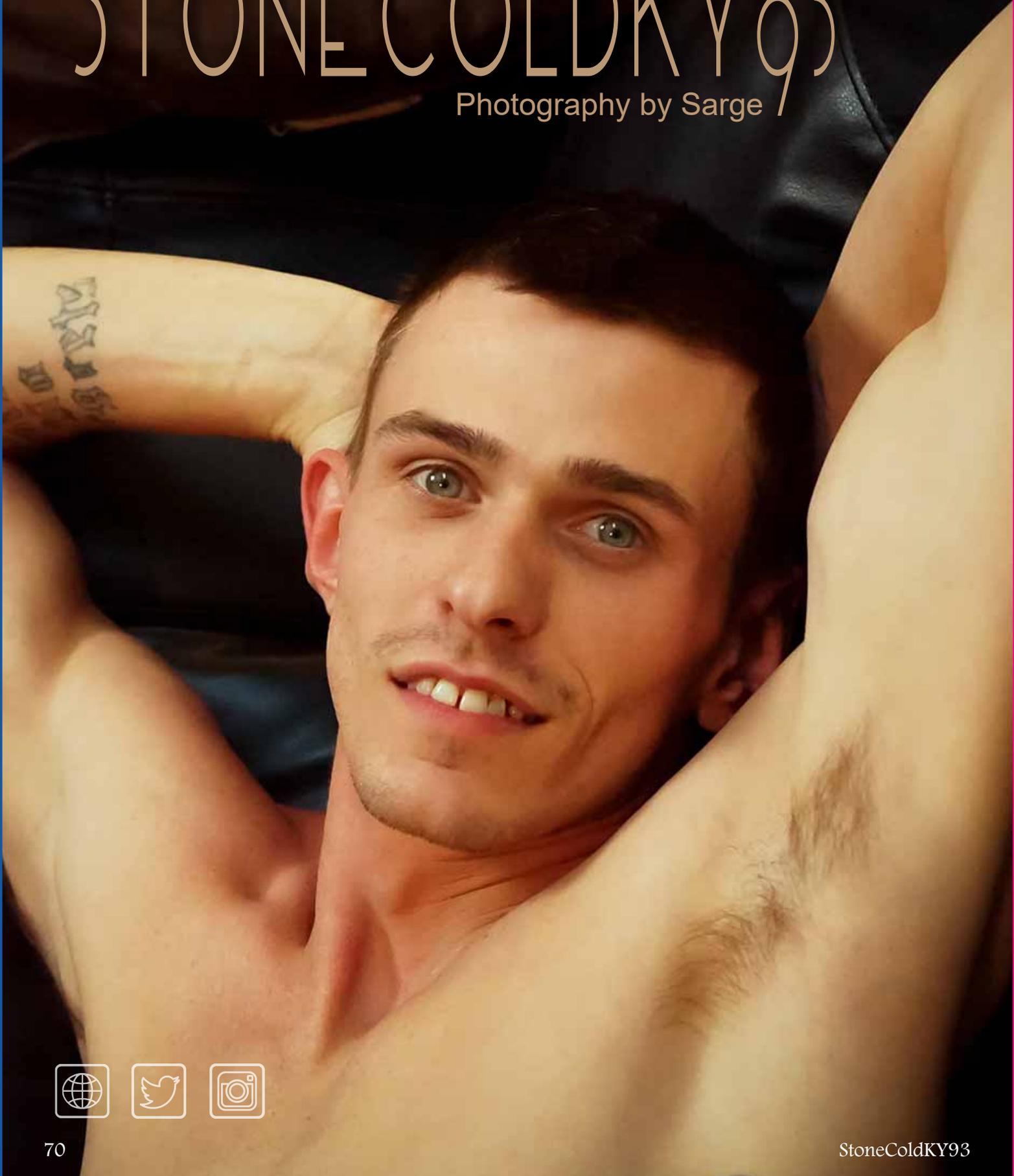
He proceeded to continue to suck harder and faster, making me moan even louder as he continued.

It wasn't until he stuck his tongue out and

*Continued on pg 77*

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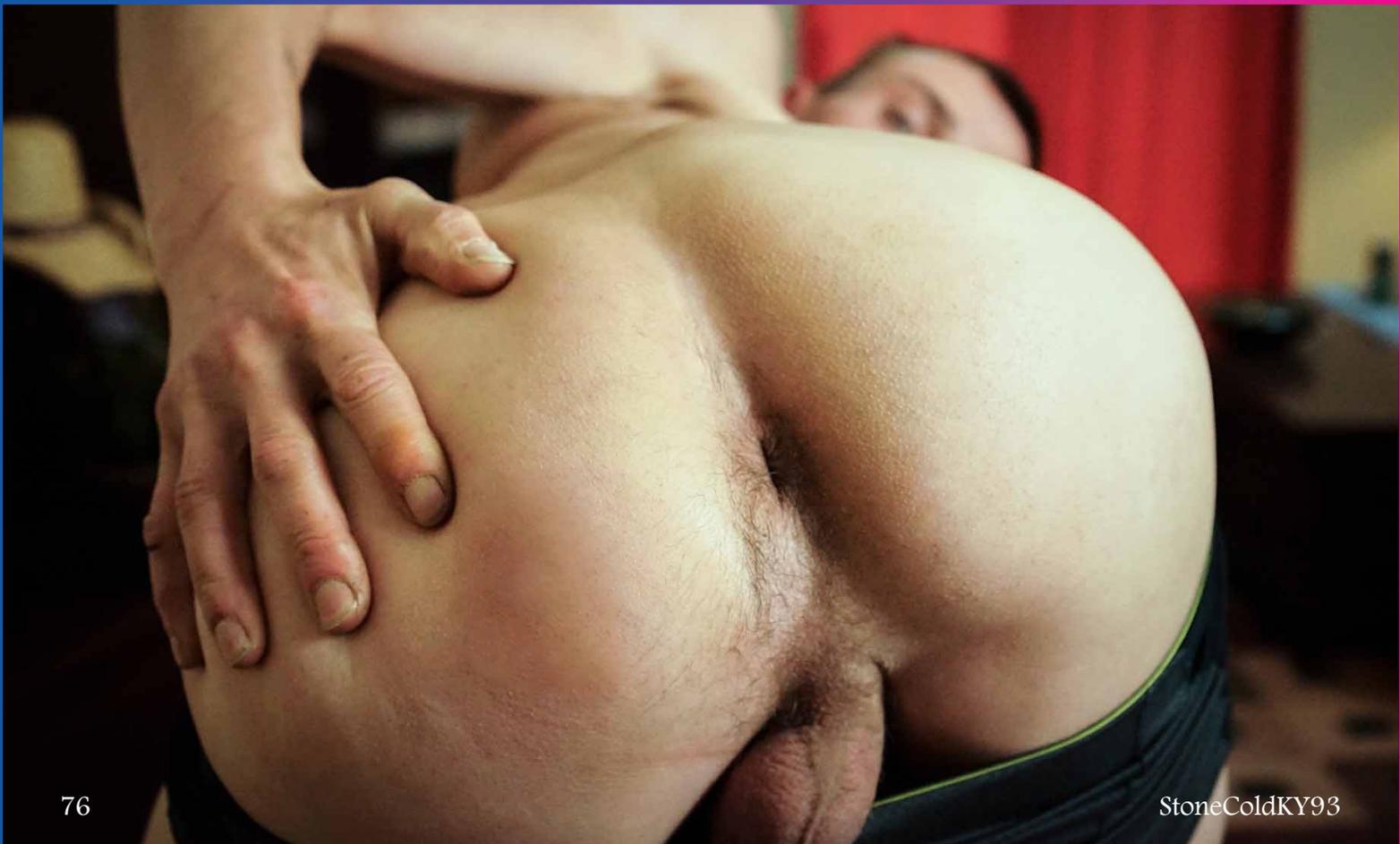












licked the space between my dick and balls WHILE he had my dick in his mouth that I knew what true ecstasy was and I am sure that my moan let him know that.

The harder he worked his tongue, the louder I moaned. I didn't know how much longer I could last like this. So I let him know.

"If...you...keep on like...that...I'm....gonna cum." I said in between panted breaths. The only response I got from him was a moan and faster motion from his tongue and mouth.

Suddenly I saw blackness and stars as what felt like white lightning shot from my penis. Never had I ever felt such an intense orgasm like that.

Miguel stood up, wiped his mouth, kissed me long and hard, looked me dead in the eyes and said:

"Now, about that shower."

NOW IT'S TWO years later. Miguel and I are still together. We're now engaged and shopping for a home of our own. He moved into my apartment about 3 months after we met. Oh, he proposed to me on the same day, one year later, that I rear-ended him.

He'd gotten up to use the bathroom. While he was gone, some of the wait staff started walking towards the table. One of them had a violin and started playing this soft tune that I started to recognize. It was one of my most favorite songs from my favorite artist.

I looked around, confused and trying to figure out what is going on. And that is when I saw Miguel. He motioned for me to stand and as I did, he dropped to one knee, a ring box in his hand.

"A year ago today, you rear-ended into the back of my car." He chuckled as some of the patrons that could hear us laughed.

"But that day changed my life. I've never told you this, but I was in a deep depression. I was being laid off from my job, still hurting from my ex and I never thought I would find love again. I was even thinking about ending my life that night." He paused and looked down at the floor. I was frozen in place. He wiped at a tear that was running down his cheek before he looked back at me and continued.

"But you asked me if I wanted to follow you

home for coffee and some dry clothes. I could see the fear in your eyes as you waited for me to answer. I knew that it took a lot of guts for you to ask me that and I thought that it was so adorable. I knew in that moment I wanted to get to know you. That is something that I have never regretted.

"You've changed my life more than you will ever know. And because of that, I want to spend the rest of my life with you. ¿Te casarias conmigo?" That means 'will you marry me' in Spanish.

I just looked at him, I knew what I wanted to say but I couldn't get the words out. I looked at his face, those stunning brown eyes looking at me, the bottom of them wet from his tears. I looked up and around and could see the other customers watching, the wait staff watching, the music still playing.

I reached for his hand to pull him to his feet, his face showing confusion. I looked at the black ring box in his hand and saw this silver band in it. I reached for his hands and in doing so, closed the ring box. He looked down at it with my hands on his. Even with him looking down I could see tears coming down his face.

"Papi, it is you that changed my life." He still hadn't looked up yet so I reached with my hand to raise his face to mine. There was hurt in his eyes that he would later tell me was there cause he thought I was about to tell him no. "You showed me what it was to love again, that someone could love me for me. I never thought that could happen ever again. You are so amazing, thoughtful and just...I don't know, you leave me at a loss for words." I stopped and gave him a long kiss. I could feel his smile fade and then he pulled away. He looked at me, stared right into my eyes and then there was the twinkle, the same twinkle I saw a year ago I'd mistaken for passing headlights.

"So...is that a yes?" He asked his voice low and shaky but with a hint of laughter.

"¡Sí! ¡Sí! ¡Sí!" I exclaimed. His smile returned as he pulled me in for a kiss. Applause exploded from the restaurant but I barely heard it. What I heard was our two heartbeats turning into one. The man of my dreams asked me to marry him and that had been the best day of my life, well, until our wedding day.

Oh, and the date? Well, we set it for the same day that changed our lives, the two year anniversary of the day I rammed my car into his.

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