

# DHMM

Desert Heat Magazine



HAPPY PRIDE



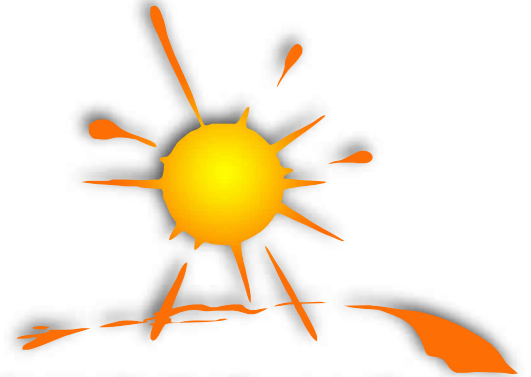
All Men Are Beautiful!  
June 2023 | Issue 54

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# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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

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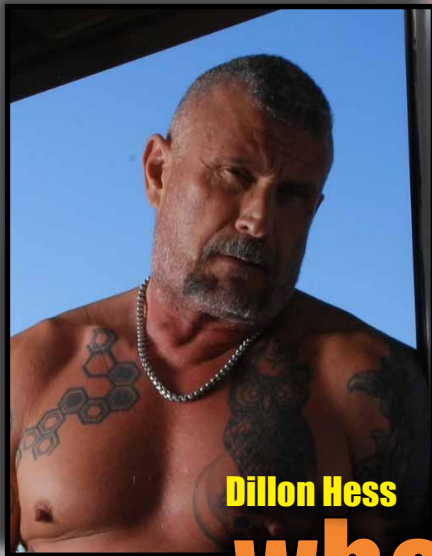
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CONGRATULATIONS

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International Mr. Leather 2023



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# who's inside...



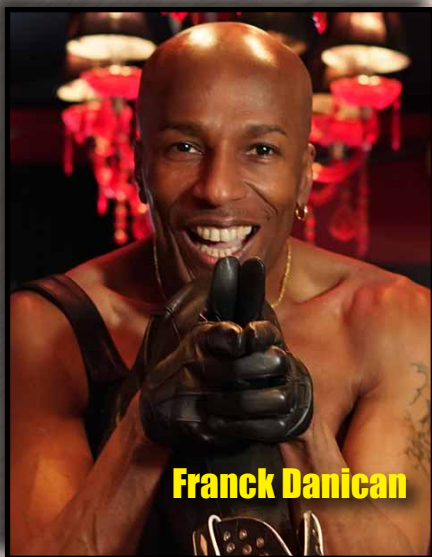
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**Roozbeh**



**Igor Lucios**



**Franck Danican**



**Mac Farlane**



**Sounding**

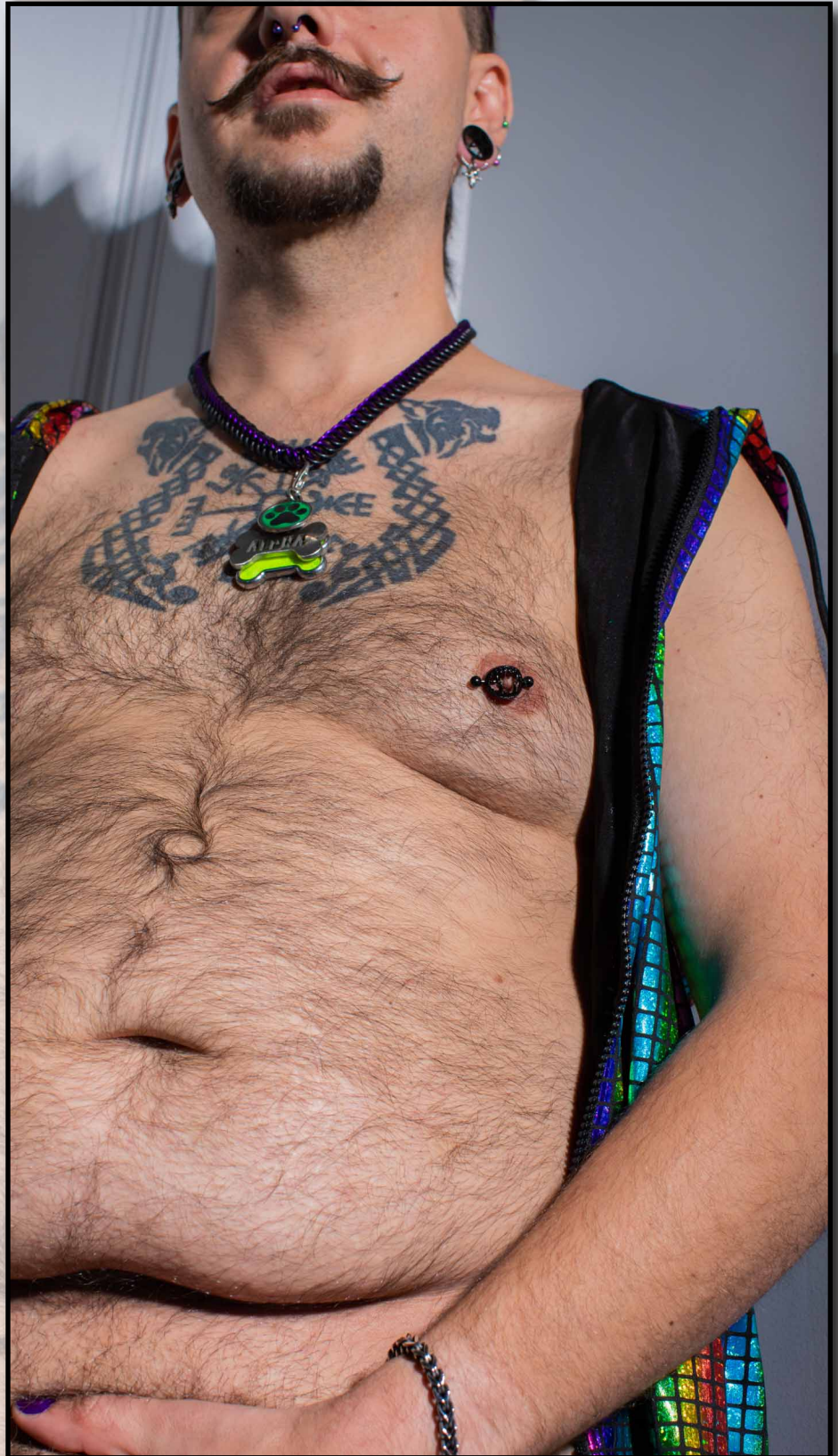
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# Ramblings from the Editor

Pride is under attack. Not from without but within our community. It's true. Those that have taken over Pride festivals around the country are doing their damndest to homogenize us; to make us "fit in" better with the straight society; to make us less offensive to the poor souls that can't handle that we have been suppressed for so long that we, as a community, have come up with diverse ways to accept our existence.

What I am talking about is those with the so-called community, and yes, we are fucking fractured beyond belief anymore so the so called is needed, that are working hard to push leather and fetish folks from the Pride events all in the name of making them family friendly. Guess what, fucker? Those events WERE NEVER family friendly events. They were events set aside to allow others to express themselves, not be put back in the damn closet because we made someone feel uncomfortable. You don't like a Leatherman in his leather, or a fetishist in their gear, then stop fucking looking at them. Don't want you kids seeing that stuff, then don't bring them to a Pride festival. Just because you choose to go the heteronormative way doesn't mean everyone in the community is. It is not the community's responsible to raise those kids, it is yours!! So, get over your fucking self and stop trying to do what the straight community has been trying to do to us for years. Stay home and raise your kids, fit in, and leave the rest of us alone.

With all that said, IML kicked ass, guys! Sweat, leather, musk, rubber, kink, fetish, it just

rocks! Ran into some old friends, made some incredible new ones (before Sarge can say it, I got Frenched (if you know you know!)). LOL But it was worth it. If you haven't attended one of these events, and you're into kink/fetish/leather/rubber/pup wear/etc. you are doing yourself a disservice. Get off your ass and book next year as soon as it comes available. The Mag will definitely let you know when it is time to schedule all that.

As I started out, welcome to Pride Month. It's a time to celebrate our diversity; to be yourself; celebrate your uniqueness in the world. Please don't let anyone tell you not to. Nobody has the right to shut that fucking closet on you again. And any person within the Community that has a problem with it, the Christian Nationalist would love you to join them to suppress us again! Raise your kids and let the rest of us be who we are.

Many thanks go out to the contributors this, and every month, for putting up with the tight deadlines and the back and forth emails. You know who you are. This Issue is meant to be a fun silly, almost campy, Issue, along with a few serious messages. If you get it, you get it.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

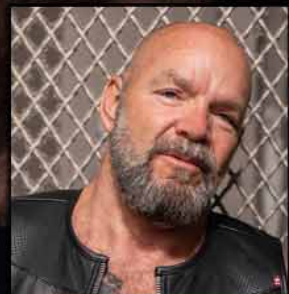
*John*



# DH

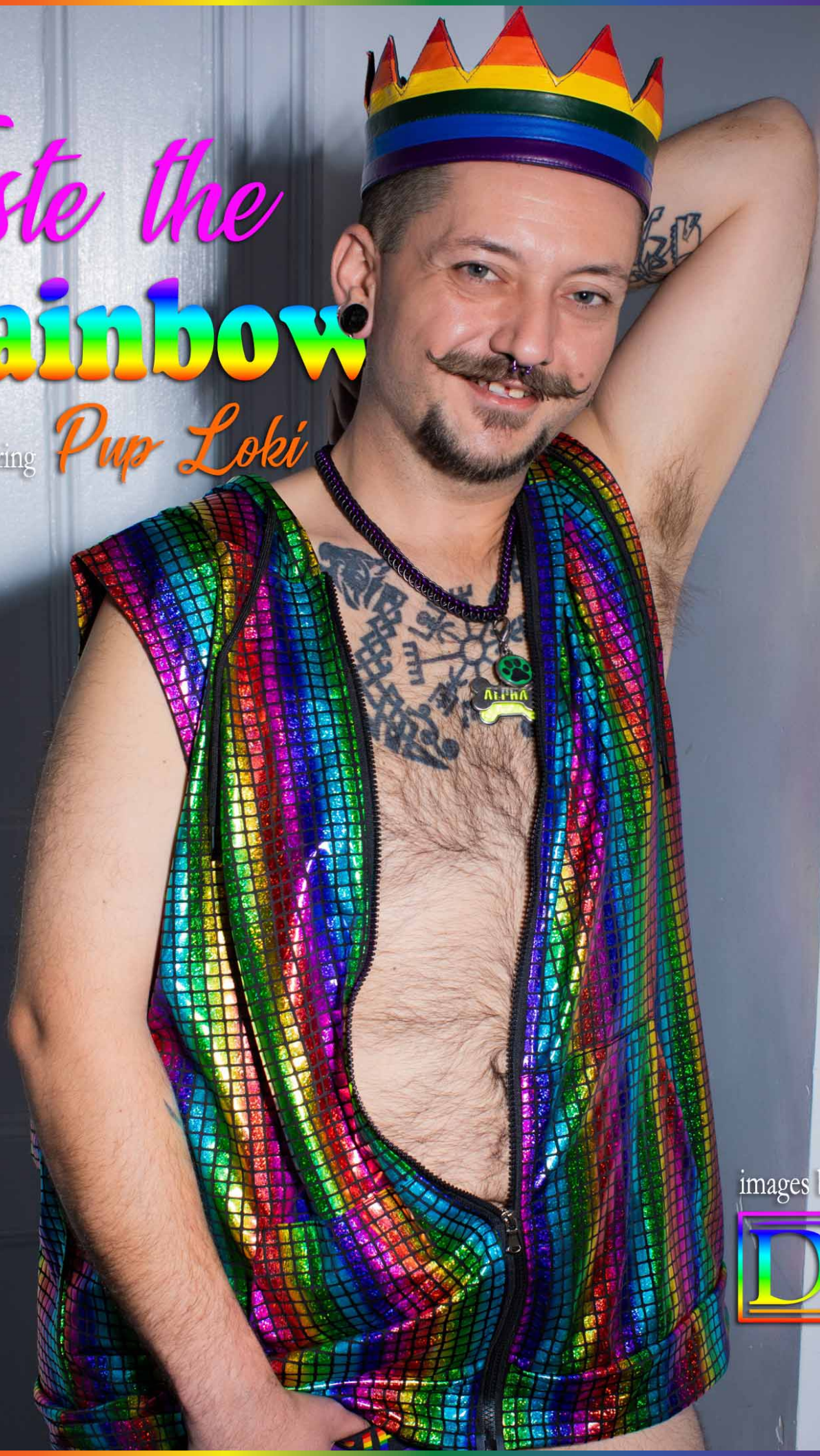


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# Taste the Rainbow

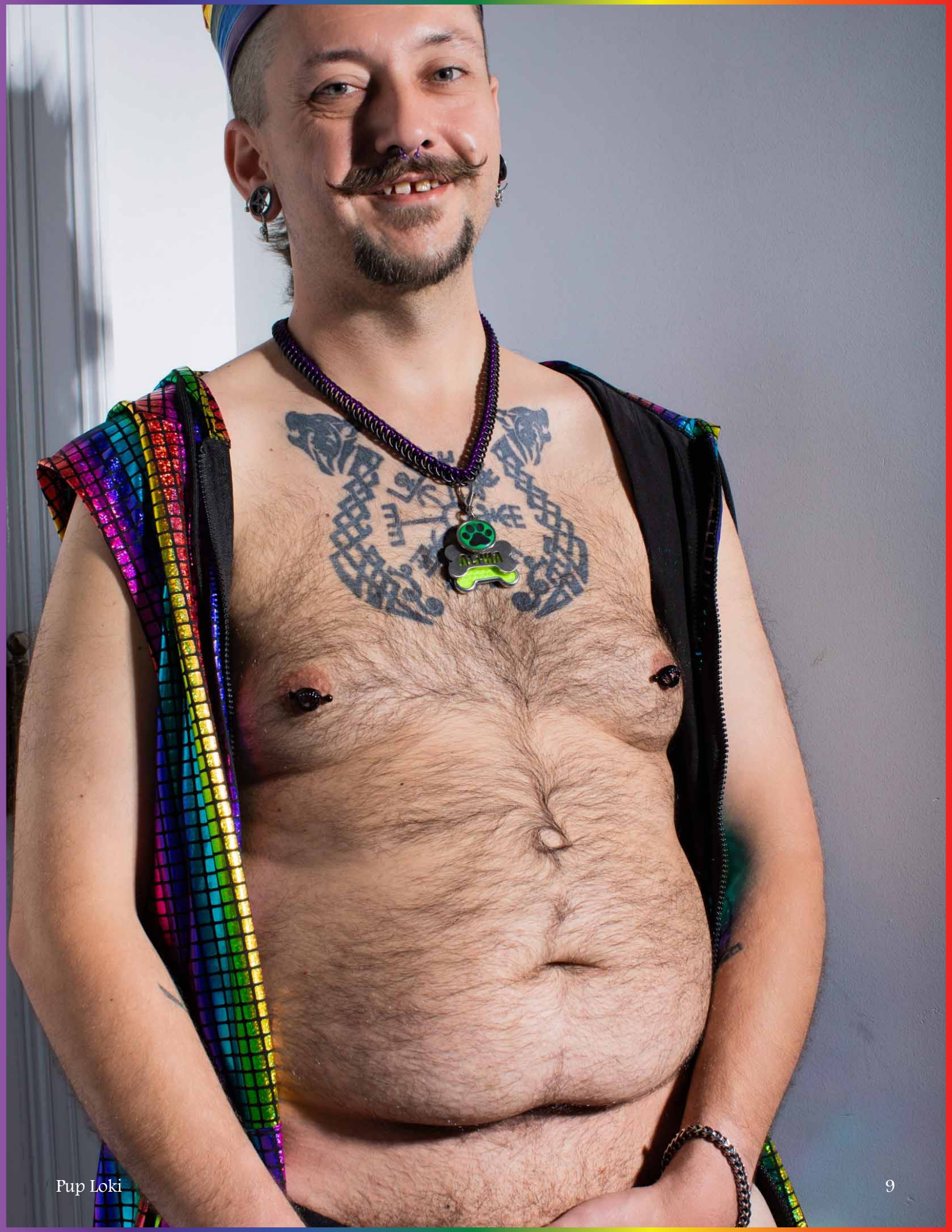
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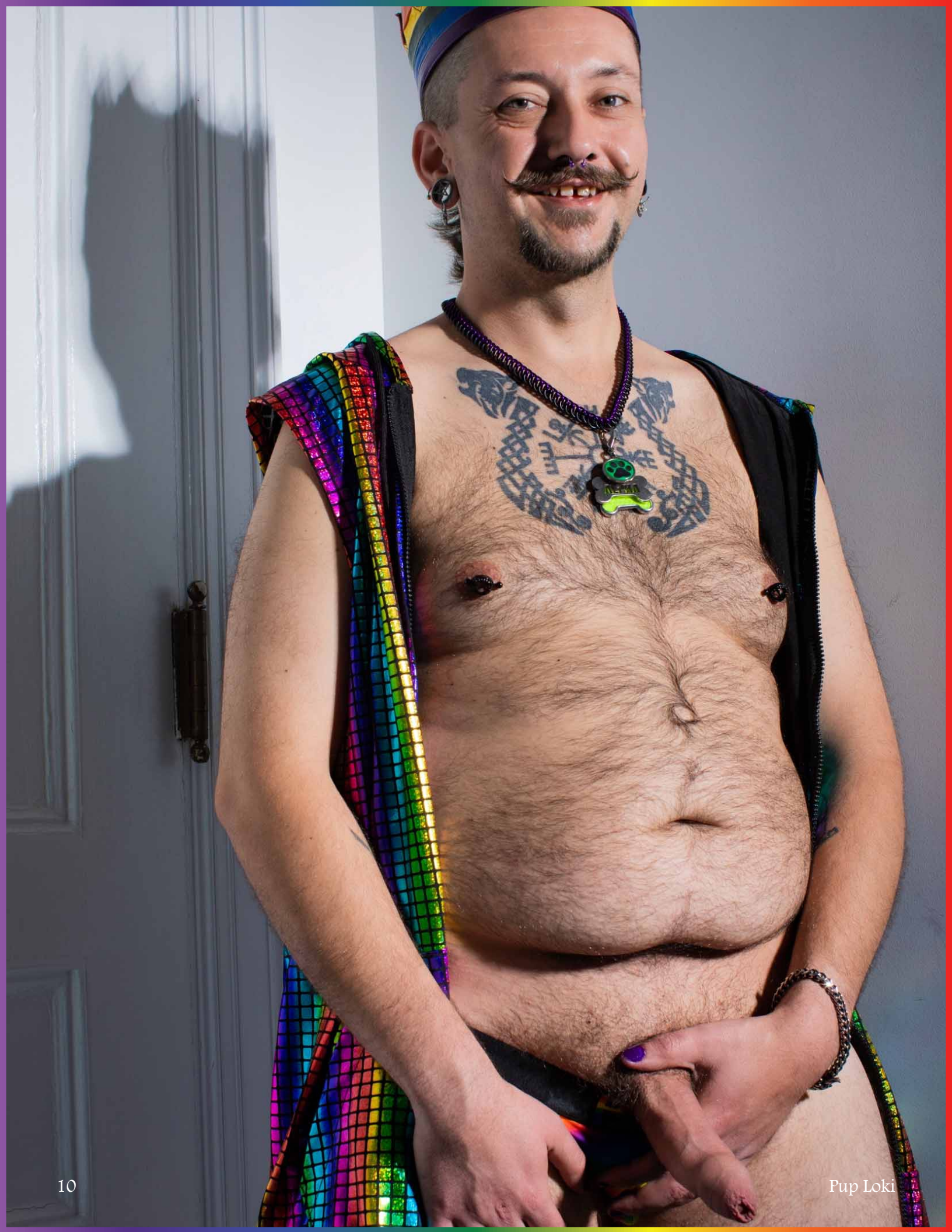


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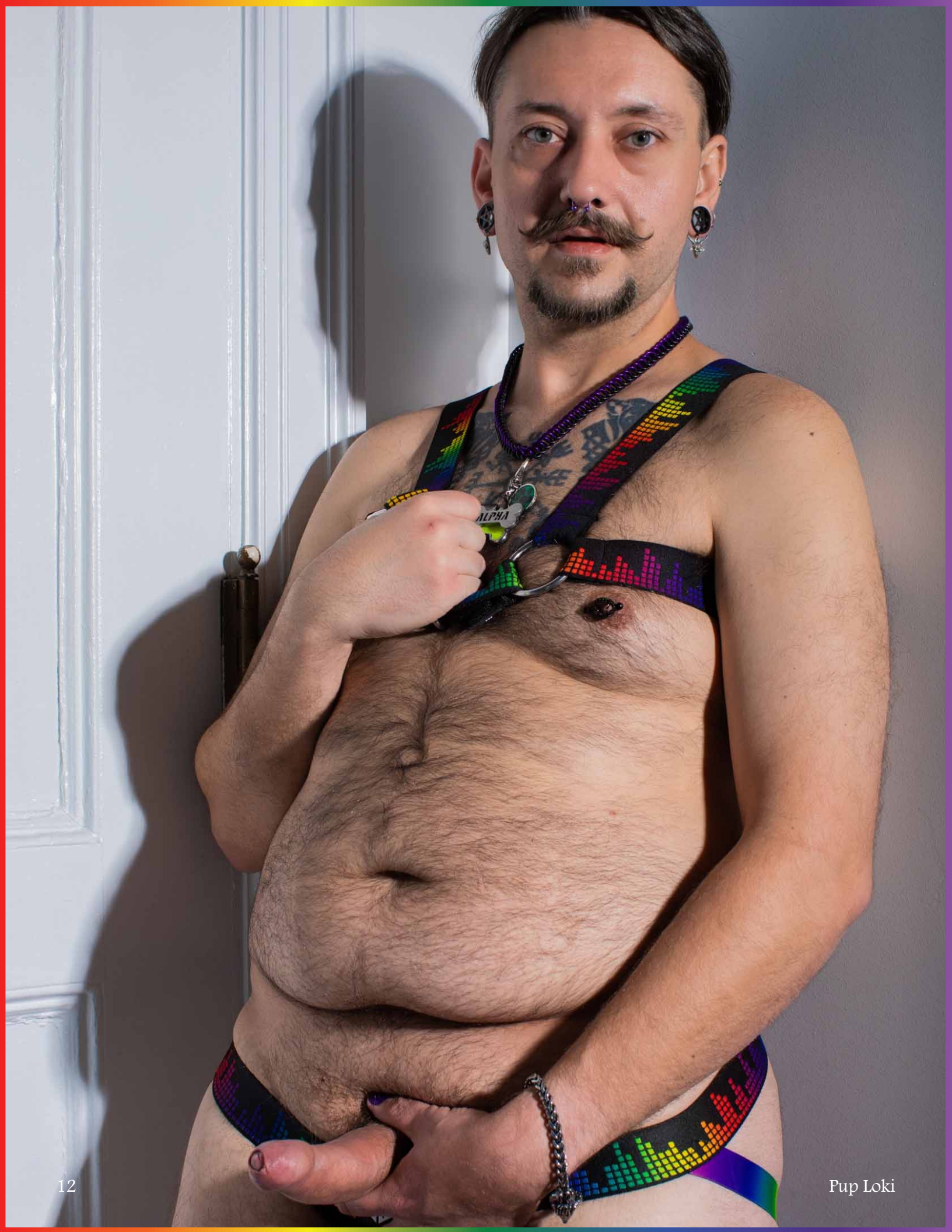


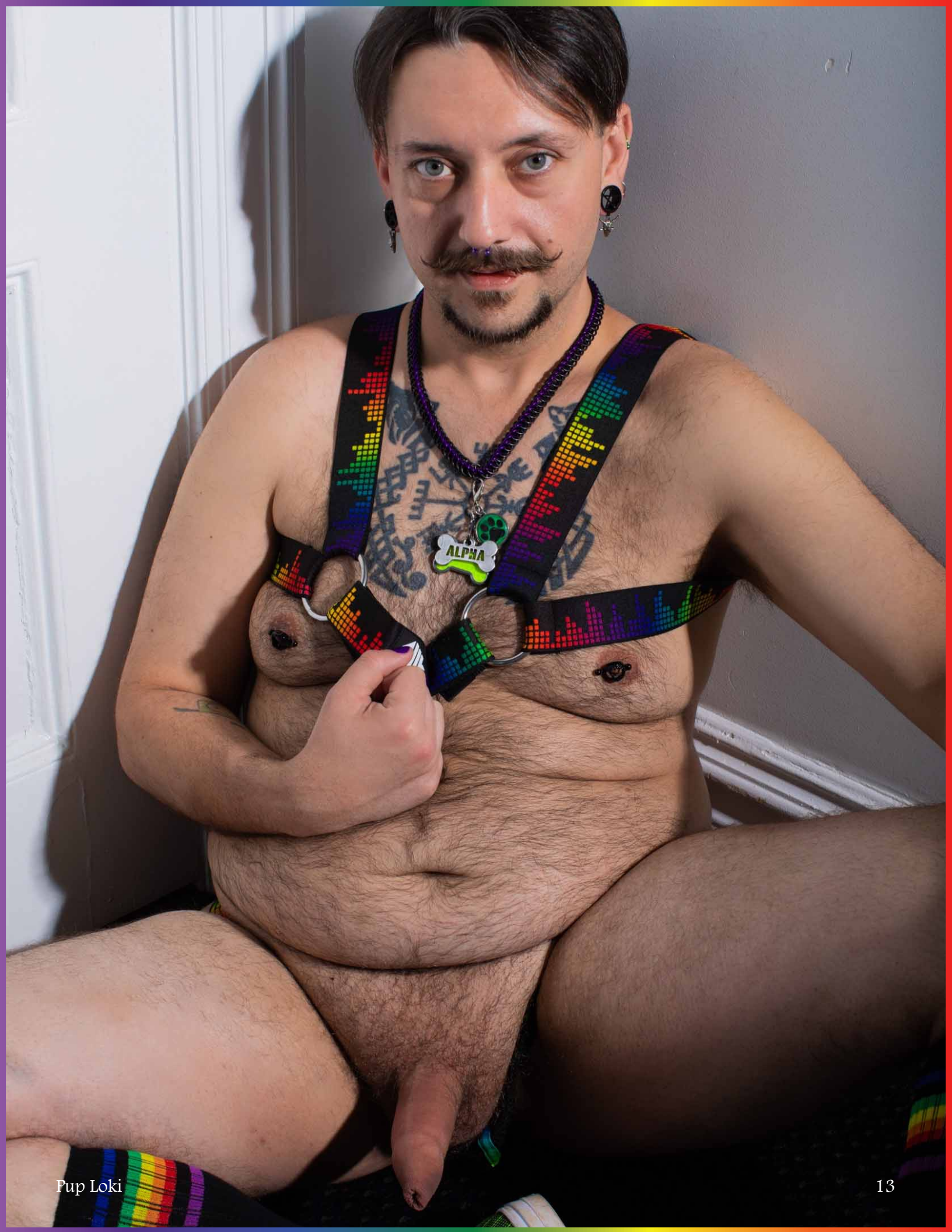
















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# SARGE'S QUARTERS

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

It's June, so right off the bat let me say Happy Pride to all those that celebrate, especially those of us that are proud to be leathermen in this world full of subcultures. I want to take a second to talk about my photo pictorial this month. It was a true pleasure for me to get the opportunity to do a photoshoot upstairs at the Stonewall Inn, and one that I know not a lot of people get the chance to enjoy. Luckily for me, one of the owners of this historical landmark, and the center of everything gay pride related, is a dear friend of mine for the last 25 years or so. Even though I have been in the bar 100's of times it was truly a special day for me to get to create there with Franck Danican who is a pretty well-known fashion personality in NYC. Not my average model by any means as he has been featured in way more couture than erotica.

A little history of me, because I seem to end up doing this every month, but when I lived in NYC at the turn of the century, Gay Pride was something we looked forward to all year long. There were many times that I had the opportunity to march in the parade with various leather organizations and even before I moved to the city was able to walk side-by-side with my friend Joe Gallagher who had just won International Mr. Leather in 1996. Basically, Pride was a part of my life without much thought to the history of why we gathered or the people that paved those roads for us to walk around in full leather on a sweltering Sunday afternoon in Sarge's Quarters

June. We were not a small subset, there were hundreds of leathermen and women with us, people didn't gasp or run away from our presence, quite the opposite. We were welcomed with open arms, stopping for photographs and hugs for the entire route.

In recent years there have been screams from "activists" within the LGBT community to not allow leather folks into their parades. The reasons are trite, and they vary. I have heard excuses such as "pride should be more family friendly" or that leather attire is too "sexual" for public consumption. People believe this garbage and have in many larger cities denied leather groups the ability to be represented, and every year there are groups trying to sanitize other parades nationwide of "less desirable" gay elements.

Jumping up on my soapbox, grab a cigar and a beer, I'm about to rant from a very high horse. The LGBT people that want to heteronormalize gay pride for the sake of being accepted by our straight counterparts have lost the very meaning of Pride. Their own internalized homophobia brought on by the same society they are trying to assimilate into has created a culture clash between different types of queer people. You DO NOT get to tell me how to act, what to wear and when I can participate in Gay Pride when the only pre-requisite is to be a member of the LGBTQ+ or an ally. We all belong

there equally and just as proudly.

Know your history, young gays. Stop trying to dismantle the foundation of the house we built and died for to create. Back to the Stonewall. In 1968 everyone is familiar with the key players at the start of the rebellion when 9 armed police officers came into the Stonewall Inn where they arrested bartenders, beat up some patrons for sport and arrested anyone not wearing at least three articles of gender appropriate clothing. This is not the end of the story even though that is usually where the short version ends. In the past these raids would cause everyone to run away in shame and/or fear they would be arrested or labeled by NYPD, but not this time. People stuck around outside of the bar and they were mad, rightfully raged. The officers were not expecting any retaliation as they believed our folks were weak and passive. But the crowd grew and so did the anger as other people emptied out onto Christopher Street from other nearby bars. Soon they were throwing bottles and anything they could find at the officers attempting to make their arrests. It didn't take long for over 400 people to be in the street shouting down the cops to the point they needed to go back into the bar and barricaded themselves in before calling for reinforcements. The crowd outside full of every type of LGBTQ+ person imaginable including many leathermen and

leather-women raged for hours outside. Eventually they were able to break past the barricades several times and they set fire to the bar. Reinforcements finally arrived, the blaze was extinguished, and the crowd dissipated, but that still was not the end. We had enough of police harassment and social discrimination and this protest continued in and around Christopher Park for the next five days. Acceptance and respect were being strongly and loudly demanded by drag queens, transsexuals, twinkies, preppies, frat boys, chorus nerds and yes, people in leather. This one event was the catalyst of new political activism giving marginalized groups of people a voice that eventually led to the nondiscriminatory legislation and started the education of society which has led to broad acceptance. That acceptance does not mean we have to be like our straight neighbors to fit in to their society. It means we are a part of it already and deserve to be recognized as ourselves and not a mirror image of what they view as normal. The people rioting in NYC back in June of 1968 were not setting bars on fire for the right to make straight people happy, and Pride is not about making straight people comfortable and happy either. We are not the same, nor do we need to be, and we should celebrate as one, inclusively.

Now, back in the bar on a pretty chilly January afternoon with Franck upstairs were celebrating our pride. Pride in our sexualities, pride in our genders, pride in the people that came before us that opened the doors to us being able to be there without fear, and Franck wearing a see-through gown or less. I was amped beyond belief leading up to the shoot, it was a moment for me. It wasn't the first time I felt the presence of the past there, but it was deeper than that and I wanted to do it justice. I wanted the history to shine through, I wanted the gender non-conformity to shine through, and thankfully with the amazing talents of my model believe we did that.





After it was over, we went outside and I snapped a cellphone selfie with Franck. I hugged him goodbye, thanked him for his hard work and stood there as he walked away with tears rolling down my face in disbelief at what I had accomplished. I went back upstairs, grabbed my bags of equipment and went downstairs to sit and contemplate what had happened and two very sweet guys rolled in and sat down next to me. Normally in a bar I am not very outgoing, but that day I talked and talked to the point of embarrassment with my two new friends Sal and James. Shared my stories of the photoshoot and we talked photography and they both pulled out their phones and followed me. I realized after I left the bar, that was all the people wanted back in 1968. A place to gather, to share a drink with people that were like them and share stories freely without fear. There we were; a young

sweet couple and a leather man making friendships over drinks in the very spot that allowed us to be friends publicly. We were not ashamed of ourselves and we really took the time together for granted the way it should be. Then I went back to my hotel room contemplating everything Stonewall means and how much it is a part of the life of every facet and niche group in the LGBTQ+ rainbow. Once inside my space with nothing but the sound of the city outside I sat down on the bed, and I cried again. Not because I was sad it was over, but because I was proud.

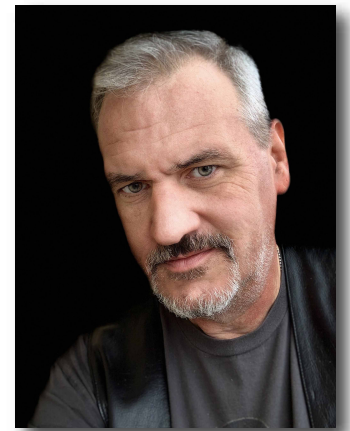
### Sarge!

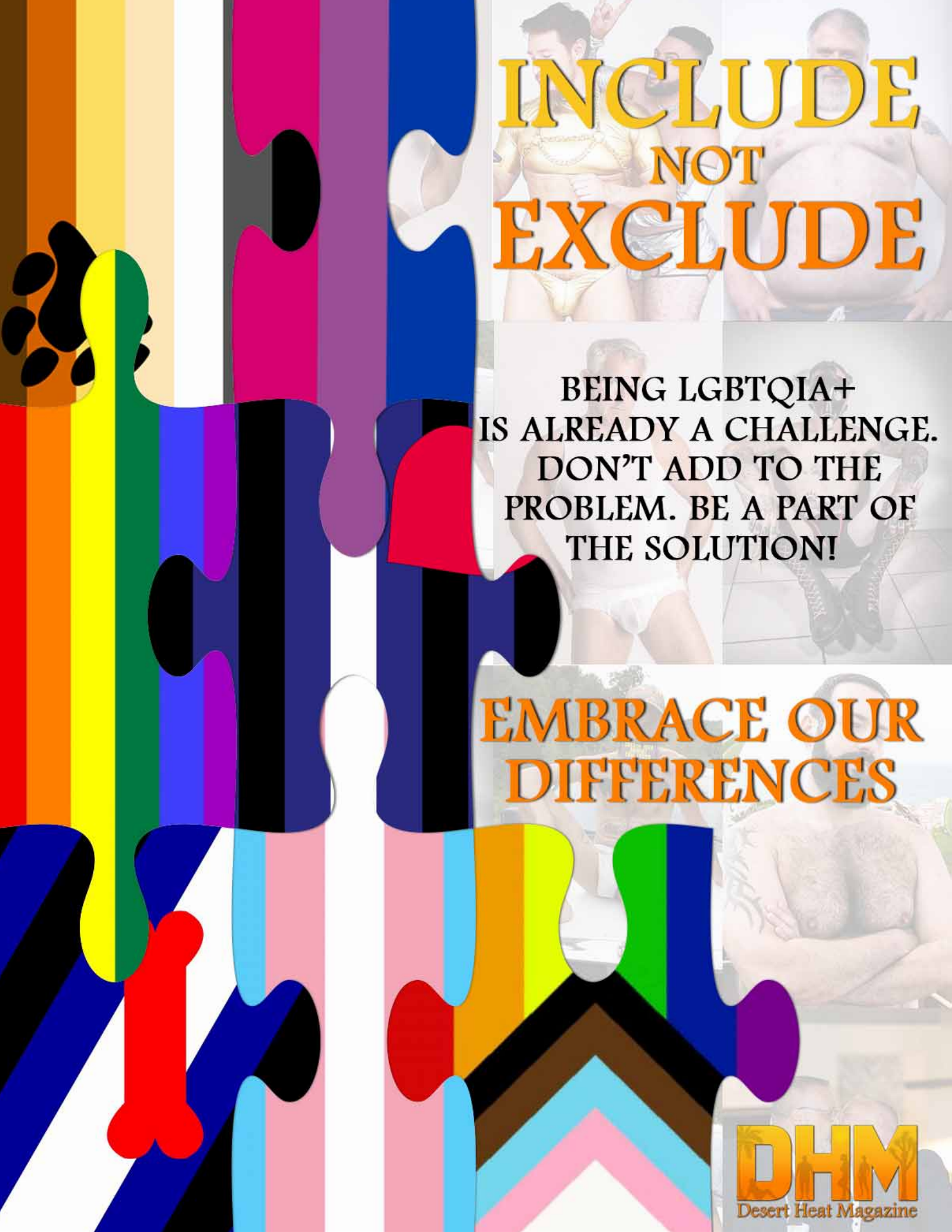
Questions, comments, concerns, suggestions, , you can contact Sarge at [sarge@profilesbySarge.com](mailto:sarge@profilesbySarge.com).

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

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



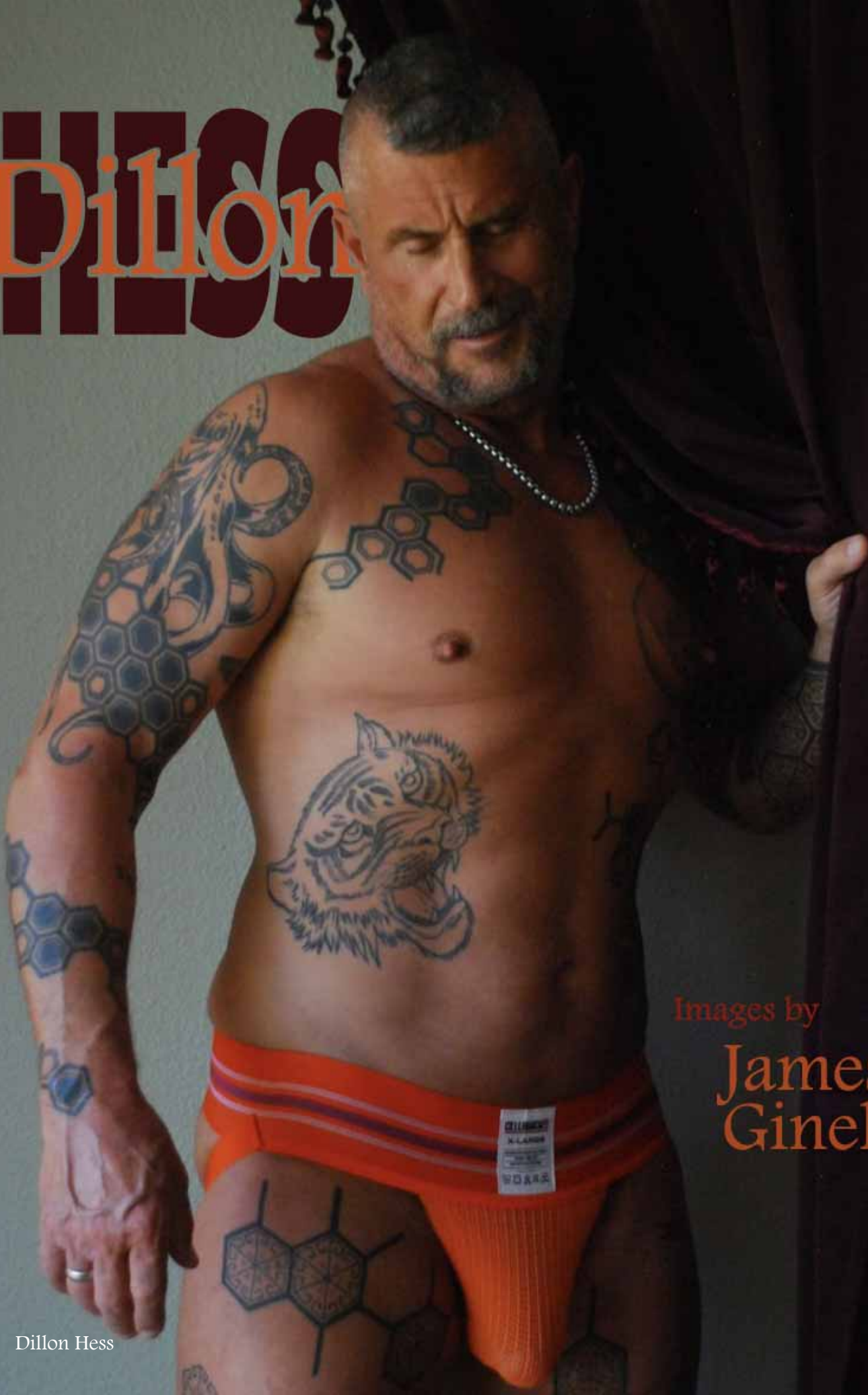


**INCLUDE  
NOT  
EXCLUDE**

**BEING LGBTQIA+  
IS ALREADY A CHALLENGE.  
DON'T ADD TO THE  
PROBLEM. BE A PART OF  
THE SOLUTION!**

**EMBRACE OUR  
DIFFERENCES**

# Dillon Hess



Images by  
**James  
Ginelli**











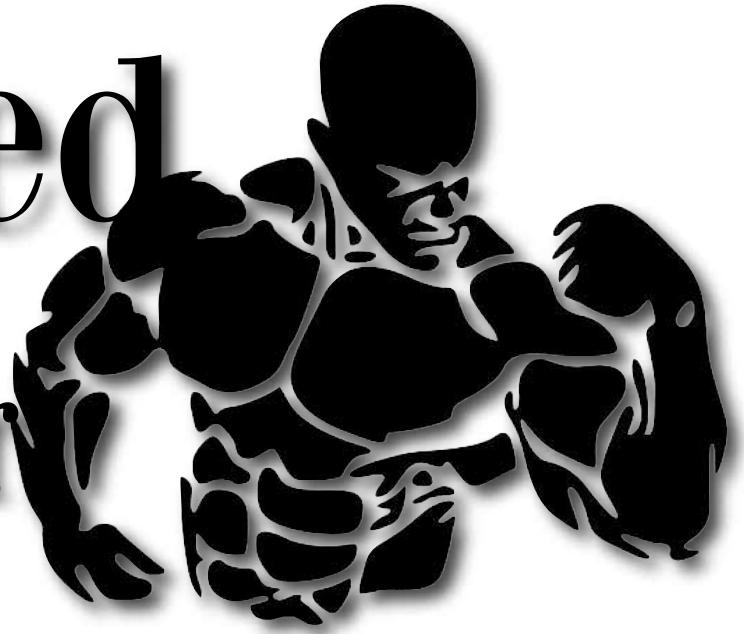




# Pounded

by the

# Bodybuilder



Story by Mister J

“CHRIS, can you cover for me?” Simon asked.

The locker room buzzed with men in different stages of undress, while my coworker and I stood in our maintenance uniforms.

Some came in from the gym’s exercise area, removing their shirts, drenched in sweat, on the way to their lockers.

Some came in from the showers with towels wrapped around their waists, water droplets sliding down their torsos.

“The gym’s closing. You’re leaving me alone to clean by myself?”

“I’m sorry. I know it’s short notice, but I forgot it’s my wife’s birthday. It’s already late for dinner, so I need to figure something out to celebrate.”

“How can you forget your wife’s birthday?” I crossed my arms in front of my chest and stared at him.

He pressed his palms together in prayer. “Please, bro. My wife’s gonna kill me if she finds out I forgot again this year.”

“On one condition.”

“Name it.”

How about you let me suck your dick? Of

course, I can’t ask that out loud. I’m not stupid.

“I want one of those ube cheesecakes your wife made before.”

“I’ll even give you two.”

“Done.” I offered my hand.

After we shook, Simon walked away backward and pointed at me. “Thanks, bro. I owe you big time.”

“Look out.” I tried to warn him, but he crashed into Derek.

Simon apologized to the large man with a buzz cut and exited the locker room.

“Chris.” The six-foot bodybuilder walked toward me. His massive chest and arms bulged in his navy dress shirt.

One of his workout buddies in black briefs intercepted him, but he resumed his way after a quick greeting.

“Good, you’re here. I’ve been looking for you.” He adjusted the gym bag’s strap on his shoulder.

“Sir, the gym’s about to close.”

“Yeah, about that. Would it be okay to squeeze in a quick workout? Reception said it’s okay if you’re okay with it.”

“I don’t know. I’m the only one cleaning

tonight. So I need to start right away if I want to finish before midnight.”

“Promise, it’ll only take thirty minutes, tops. And I’ll keep out of your way.”

His proposal sounded reasonable. I can work with it.

“Please.”

How can I say no to this hot as fuck man?

“Okay. Go ahead.”

“Thanks, man.” He squeezed my arm with a huge hand. “I really need to de-stress after the day I had with a difficult client.”

The sensation from the unexpected gesture went straight to my dick. As Derek took an available locker, I hurried to the restroom to hide my growing hard-on.

The bustle of the gym turned to calm. Only a few people remained. Myself, Derek, and a few members showering before going home. And I turned off half of the lights.

I pulled out a small spray bottle from my utility belt and started disinfecting the equipment.

Halfway through the routine, Derek came out of the locker room only in skimpy gray sweat shorts.

His shirtless upper body bared blond fur trailing down his v-cut abs, disappearing into the waistband.

Fuck. How am I supposed to finish with this gorgeous man distracting me?

“I’m sorry I don’t have a workout shirt. I really thought I packed one earlier. Don’t worry. I’ll wipe down the equipment myself after I use them.”

I nodded and went back to disinfecting. Making sure he stayed out of my sight line to keep me undistracted.

Weights clinked behind me.

A quick peek in the mirror showed him loading the bar on the bench press.

Moments passed, and guttural grunts cut through the silence.

Jeez, is he working out or having sex?

I turned to look at him as he sat up after finishing the set.

He removed one wireless earbud. “Did you say something?”

I shook my head.

Derek smiled and turned away.

Does he realize what he’s been doing?

I imagined him making the same noise while

having sex with his wife. Will he do the same grunts if he fucks me? Shit, that would be hot.

He prepped for another set.

To help clear my head of dirty thoughts about the man, I decided to start cleaning the mirrors. But the decision complicated my situation.

The mirrors reflected Derek doing bench presses. His wide-open legs tightened the sweat shorts on his bulge.

Blood surged through my dick as I imagined the outline of his fat meat through the material.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

I adjusted the utility belt so one of the pouches covered my erection and looked in the mirror.

If Derek looked with intent, he could see the obvious tent in my pants.

Not good.

He finished his set and flexed the pumped chest in front of the mirror. The sheen from sweat defined every curve of muscle on his upper body.

Before he witnessed the effect of his manliness inside my pants, I abandoned the mirrors and transferred to the members’ lounge.

I can stay here. At least until my hard-on subsides.

But as I wiped down tables, Derek’s grunts—although lower in volume—continued.

Shit. I will be here a while.

The supply closet door squeaked as I pushed it closed with my hip. It echoed in the empty shower area.

With paper towel and liquid soap refills on hand, I headed for the restroom.

On the way, I passed by Derek bent over the drinking fountain in only a classic white jockstrap. He groaned and flagged me down with an arm holding a protein shaker bottle.

I stopped.

But while waiting for him to finish drinking, my eyes zoned in on his jockstrap bulge. The loose weaving of the pouch material made it translucent.

Fuck. This time I’m not imagining it. I could make out the shaft and the fat dick head.

I shifted my arms and positioned the items I carried over my crotch. When the liquid soap container pressed into my hard-on, the pressure elicited a small whimper out of me.

*Continued on pg 54*

DHM Fan ~ John Baldwin

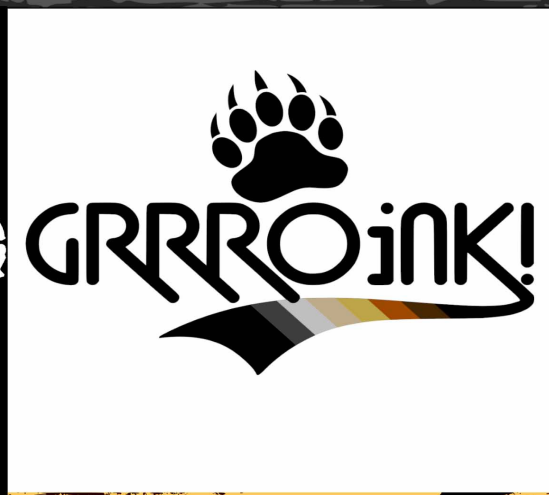


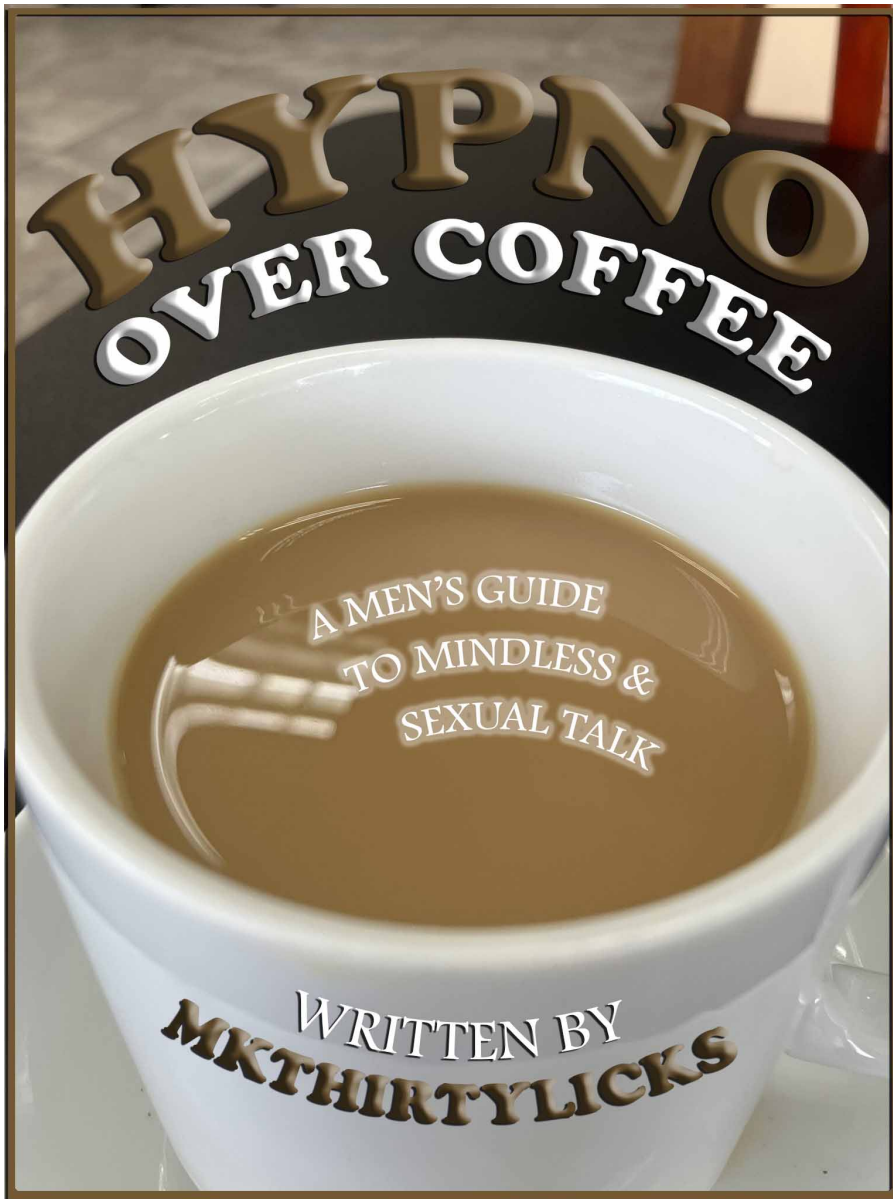


# BEARLUST

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When the lust takes over; and control is surrendered to that hypno MASTER before him; the moment the subject let's go and feels itself floating in its mind....is one of the most erotic pleasures in life. A lot of people don't understand the real world of hypno. And it's many misconceptions. When you fully experience it; there's a wave you feel and a sense that you're in a good space. As long as the Hypno dominant is trustworthy and cares and protects its subject; there is no reason to fear the erotic world of gay hypno.

Good afternoon; as I'm writing this....I am enjoying a Frappuccino from Starbucks. Peppermint flavored. And thinking about how to write an article about a subject that literally makes

me weak in submission at just the thought. For me, I need my Hypno like water or coffee. Online, I put myself in a hypnotic bubble almost every day and night. Through the many tists online nowadays. Happy to know there's such a great big evolving community. But, we don't have one particular place. A lot of fetish sites ban the use of just the word, Hypno. Outside of the erotic part of it; I wish people that were afraid of it...can realize. That Hypno can help us all in stressful healing times. There's self videos on YouTube that have scenery mixed in with healing binaurals that help you feel the waves of an ocean during a sunset. You can almost feel that sun in the mind. The stress from just a few minutes ago is gone. Recently, after I went through a very bitter and ugly breakup with an ex. I found myself so down and depressed. The hypno world saved me. I found a space to really let go after exploring off and on for twenty plus years. I found how evolved this community has become with online technology. And, just how many aspects of Hypno there are. I can honestly say, the bubble I feel through hypno has always been a

safe space in my mind. Never felt endangered by it. Have felt danger from the wrong people. But, luckily I knew how to turn my real mind off. And, got myself out of a nasty situation. It was the person that was bad. They use their abilities in negative ways. And, it's a shame because; this person did not honor my boundaries. But, luckily I was Hypno smart.

I first explored the world of erotic hypno when I was in my early '20s. My actual cyber erotic internet days began when I read stories about erotic tickling. For months; I was printing out the stories...because I was being a bad boy at night while still living with my folks. And, using the

*Continued on pg 47*

# Igor Lucios



Photography by  
**Javier A Lara**











Igor Lucios





# The Bear Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by  
**Todd Rumsey**



Dear Friends -

June is pride month across most of the nation – and many major cities across the country have a celebration to allow LGBTQIA+ individuals to celebrate them self in grandeur, color, and fanfare. Being part of these groups means you are part of a culture, a union, a family.

Inside this family of LGBTQIA + individuals is a group of us that self-identify as Bears or Bear admirers. This can include polar bears, brown or black bears, muscle bears, chasers, and others, just to give you an idea of the diversity. As I have mentioned in previous articles, the group is self-loving and inclusive of many.

Events such as BBM, TBRU, TIDAL WAVE, MWBF, and BOI just to name a few gives opportunity for bears and their friends to culminate and enjoy time and place together. For more details about those events, or to learn what they are, reach out to myself, a bear you may know, a previous article, or a few strokes (online) will get you to them as well.

One glowing spot this self-love and identification is lacking is at the above-mentioned Pride festivals and parades. Often there may be a bear group marching, or a table set up under a tent in a park, though for many of the events, the sub-culture is nonexistent or blending in at best.

Bear Pride is as important to the culture and the political – social standing as any other group, and to get attention, the wheel needs to squeak. As a large portion of the readership, viewership, and content of this publication, I know I’m speaking to many of you. The bear groups close to you are looking for members, support, advocacy, and love. What makes someone most fitting to the bear community is personality. A fun-loving self-loving member of society, that happens to like other like-minded men. There are a few token female bears, though for the most part this is a male (self-described) community full of all shapes and sizes colors and desires.

Many of us have witnessed bears in the wild, or in a zoo, and there is little they all have in common. Most have hair, most walk on the ground, most eat similar diets, and love their friends, and their family.

The same holds true of the human bear community. We love a guy that has a great personality, generally does not place a huge importance on body type, may have some hair some where other than their head, and generally likes to be around men that like the same things. Being a bear or admirer does not require chest hair or back hair to fit in.

Events for bears like those listed above generally include food, dancing, pool parties, sex, community, camaraderie, shopping, and sex. Forgive me if I may have repeated myself. All these things are the same things you'll find at any other subculture event in increased or decreased amounts. The difference is we have forgotten to celebrate ourselves for a larger audience to witness.

Sub-culture like the drag queen and leather communities do a fabulous job of making

themselves seen and heard. The Bear community can take a few pointers from these leaders. To shine more of a light on acceptance of a lifestyle and a love for those likeminded. We are professionals, humans, fathers and brothers, sons, and uncles. Marching in parades, presence at pride events, and a growing desire to celebrate self and brothers is needed in these challenging times. I urge you all to celebrate yourself, your friends, and family in loving manners that allow everyone to feel included, safe, and loved. Bear Hugs, have a warm embracing welcome connotation for a reason – they freaking Rock!!! They cost nothing and pay both parties huge dividends. If you're a bear, or love a bear, give a hug, and see how much you receive!

Essentially yours –

Todd

The advertisement is set against a bright blue background. On the left, two smartphones are displayed. The first smartphone shows a photo of two shirtless men on a wooden pier; one is embracing the other from behind. The second smartphone shows a man wearing a red fur coat and sunglasses. Below the first smartphone is a circular logo featuring a bear's face with rainbow-colored eyes and the text 'bearslooking.com' underneath. To the right of the smartphones, the word 'SCAN' is written in large, white, bold letters. Below it, the text 'Download. Cum.' is written in a smaller, white font. A large QR code is positioned below the text, with a small bear logo centered within it. At the bottom of the advertisement, the text 'CHAT - DATES - FRIENDS - LOVE - SEX - EVENTS - CONNECTION' is written in a light blue, sans-serif font. A small bear logo is also visible in the bottom right corner of the blue background.

# Juanan

Photography

by

Gasque PH





Juanan











*Continued from pg 30*

shared computer in another room. Ahh the memories of waiting for my cyber alone time to begin. Many guys would cyber one on one. I did that sometimes. But, inside...I needed more than just the conversation. I needed to disappear in my mind.

The tickling stories were on a site called Ropejock.com. My addiction to the stories began in late '90s/Early 2000's. Then, I discovered more erotic story sites. The tickling stories just got me imagining being the tickled subject. I could feel what I was reading. Squirming and moaning; just as I was reading. Looking back, perhaps the stories entranced me. I never felt so much pleasure in my mind. And, in my body, I could feel the tickling effects. Then, one day I discovered some erotic hypno stories online. Within a few months of late night moaning and climaxing to the stories; found myself longing inside to experience this all for real. But, I had no idea how to find anyone. Did I really want it? The answer came when I came across an author. And, I saw his face pic. My mind and body responded so deeply to his stories. One day, I ended up sending a message. That, I really enjoyed his stories. We started talking back and forth. And, discovered we lived about an hour or so apart. So, he invited me one day to come sit and talk with him.

Our meeting began with an instant hot makeout session. Even before the hypno. I really liked him from the moment we started talking. He didn't hypnotize me yet. Just encouraged me to explore with him if I wanted.

The hypno began with a red candle lit. After his hands started massaging my shoulders; I was directed to stare at the candle. The heat of the candle got my body so hot. I found myself overwhelmed with horniness. But, that wasn't all. I really felt the candle and his touch romantic. Before I knew it; I watched the red candlestick float away in my mind. And, my mind fell into a pool of nothingness. Felt like I was swimming in a pool. Where the water was so perfect. It wasn't an actual pool. But, looking back...it's what it felt like. That feeling when you float in a pool. Except; I could feel myself like my energy was floating somewhere in the sky. It felt so soothing and incredible. Also, part of me found it to be therapeutic.

Especially, in my later years. When life puts us through so many whirlwinds. Hypno has a very healing side to it. And it's used in many forms. Erotic is just one multi-aspect. The fact, that all it takes is for one sexy hot bear to give you that grin and snap his fingers and the subject finds itself in his total control. To me, is such a rush. And, it opens up the mind to so many kinks and possibilities.

Always recommend; for someone experiencing it for the first time. Take your time to explore the world. Do not rush it. Let go, and let your hypno fantasies guide you. And, especially online; be patient with hypnotists out there. They are artists in many ways and very powerful. But, it takes one of the highest levels of concentration and a lot of mind and body energy gets used up.

And, it's always safer to know how long the "Tist" has studied hypno. Like every meet up and every fetish out there; there are risks. The Hypno itself is not dangerous. And, it can only happen if you are fully willing. And, hypno can't make you do anything against your inner will. But, there are hypnotists that like to manipulate the wills and try; but if the subject is really not into something...in our community; most hypnotists know to stop. Like leather and the fetish community; there's some that do not respect the sub and manipulate them in negative ways. The more you learn about yourself and the ways Hypno effects you; you can learn how to break someone's pattern. Just, like any normal meet up or hook up; take caution with any stranger. Hopefully the hypnotist will honor your trust and submission and aim to protect and make you feel as safe as possible.

And, I suggest really getting to know them prior to visiting. Luckily, I got lucky and met a sweetheart for my first time. And, we became happy partners for a good while. And, I still say hi; after he moved and got married. I ended up meeting someone that was very caring and a total sweetheart!

These days in the online world; the Hypno world is growing more and more. And the visual spirals and visual effects; have become quite stronger and more powerful. But, all in all; it is meant to be fun and a positive experience. Especially for those that like to submit to the power

*Continued on pg 57*

# FORT PITT BEARS PRESENT:



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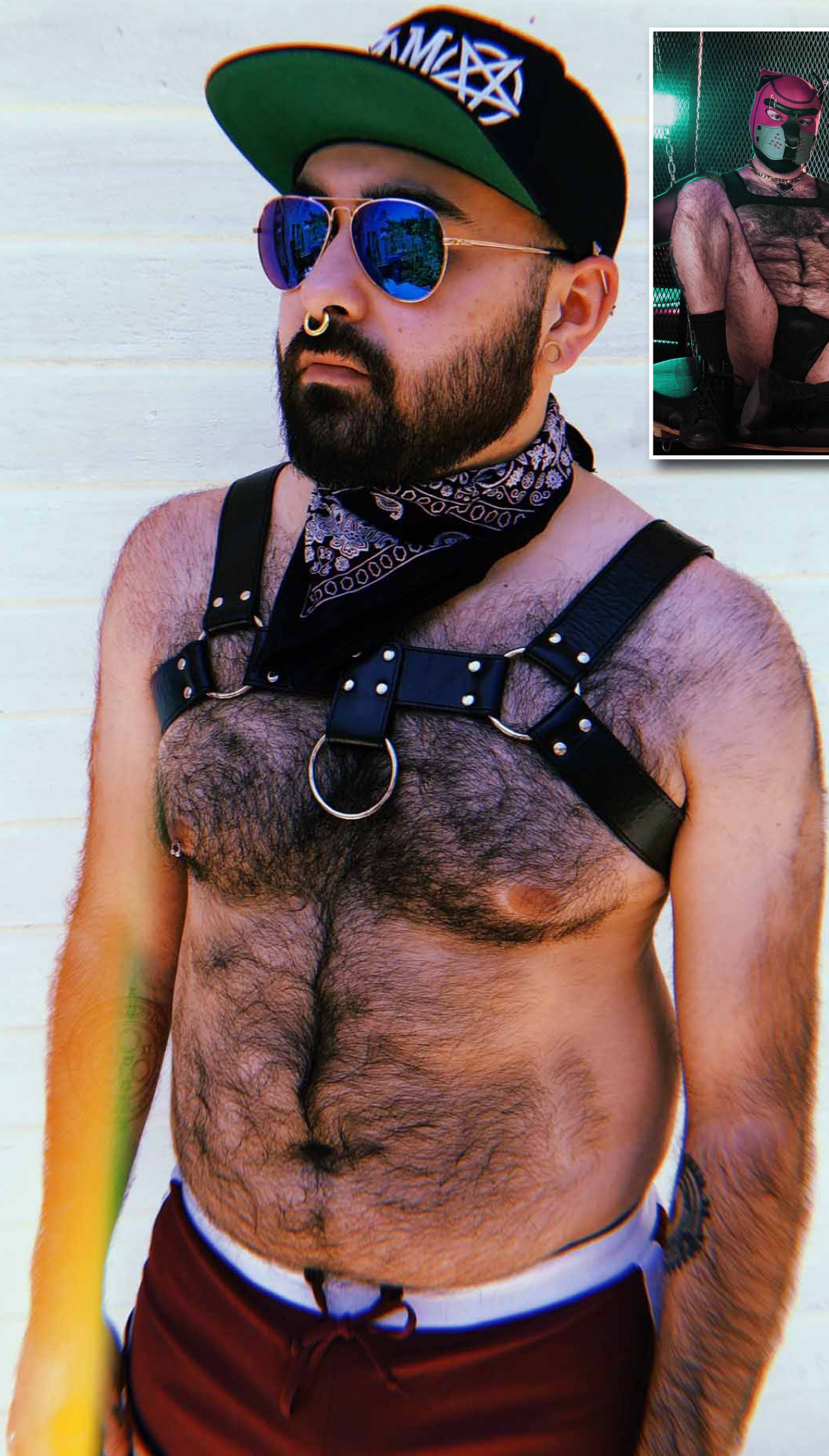
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[www.geniusgay.com](http://www.geniusgay.com)

# ROOZBEH



Images provided by

**ROOZBEH**





Derek stood up and wiped his mouth with a forearm. "Chris, are you okay?"

"Anything I can help you with?" I asked, tearing my gaze away from his dick.

"No, I'm good. Actually, I just wanted to ask if you want to have my other banana."

"I...I'm sorry?"

"Because I have a big one in my pouch. If you want it, you can have it."

"Pouch?" I furrowed my eyebrows.

He showed me the banana in his hand. "I have another one of this in a pouch in my bag. Are you sure you're okay? Maybe you should eat my banana."

Did all the blood in my brain go to my dick? The man meant an actual banana, stupid.

"Sure. I'll eat it later. I have my hands full right now." I gave him a weak smile.

"No problem." Derek turned around and walked away, giving me a full view of his plump, round ass.

I bit my lip and grumbled before proceeding to the men's restroom.

Once inside, I started with the paper towels. The image of Derek's ass lingered in my head while I loaded the dispenser.

What would it be like to kneel behind him and shove my tongue into his pink hole as he braced himself on his locker?

I adjusted my dick.

"You dropped some." Derek, still in his jockstrap, bent down and picked up the paper towels from the floor.

I caught a glimpse of his hole. "Sorry, I was a little distracted."

He handed me the paper towels and stood in front of a urinal. His hand pulled the jockstrap pouch to the side and aimed his dick at the ceramic.

As I moved on to refill the liquid soap dispensers, I angled myself to get a better view in the mirror of Derek peeing without getting caught.

"By the way," He turned to look at me in the mirror.

I shifted my eyes away from his dick. In my hurry, some of the liquid soap spilled.

"Shit."

"Everything okay?"

"Yeah." I used the paper towels from the floor earlier and wiped away the blue liquid. "Just on a clumsy streak tonight."

"Distracted, huh?" His body's angle revealed more of his soft, fat dick. "It's my fault. Don't worry. I'll just shower and then leave without getting in your way anymore. I'm sure you're sick and tired of seeing my almost naked ass all night."

Oh, Derek. If you only knew how bad I wanted to see your naked body. And being so close to it all night but not being able to do anything about it, it's torture.

After shaking his dick and tucking it back inside, he flushed and went to wash in the sink next to me. His body emitted a strong masculine scent.

The desire to lick and sniff his sweaty armpit stirred in me.

"I really appreciate you letting me work out late. Promise, I'll make it up to you."

"You don't have to do anything. Actually, I'm grateful for the company. It's nice to at least not be alone. Especially after my co-worker bailed on me."

"No, I want to. Just let me know what you want. I'll see what I can do." He winked at me in the mirror. "I'll go take a shower now."

His wink caught me off guard. But I'm sure it's nothing but an innocent gesture of gratitude. My horny, pervy mind is misinterpreting the words of a straight, married man. Right?

It took a while for my erection to subside after the encounter in the restroom.

But once my dick calmed down, I walked back to store the half-full liquid soap container.

Steam rose and water splashed inside one of the shower cubicles.

As I made my way to the supply closet, the translucent door's gap showed Derek under the spray, leaning on the tiled wall with both hands.

I did a double take.

Water cascaded down his wide-muscled back until it curved on the plump ass.

Shit. Look at that ass. My hand tightened around the container's handle.

Derek shifted.

Before I get caught, I proceeded to the closet and put what I came in there to store.

But the temptation to watch Derek lingered. Desire overcame my resistance.

I transferred to a better location where he

wouldn't see me but I could see him through the gap.

Derek turned around, his front in full view.

What it would be like to have that dick in my mouth? The whole thing choking me, as he shoved it down my throat.

He lathered soap into foam over his chest and abs until he moved onto his dick.

As I watched him rub soapy froth around the shaft, my hand made its way to the tent in my pants. I pressed the palm on my hard-on.

Derek worked his cock lubricated by soap until it doubled in size. He added the other hand to stroke the entire length.

I pulled my pants zipper open and fished out my angry dick, careful not to alert him of my presence. Once out, my hand matched his strokes. A bead of precum formed at the slit.

He leaned on the wall, tilted his head up, and closed his eyes. One hand moved up to play with his nipple.

A whimper threatened to escape from me, but I bit my lip to suppress it.

A loud ringtone interrupted the silence.

Shit. In a panic, I bolted toward the lockers area without tucking my dick back in.

The water turned off. "Chris, is that mine?"

"Yeah, I think it is." I managed to pull the zipper up without my dick getting caught.

With only a towel draped over one shoulder, Derek scampered in.

A trail of water droplets followed behind him.

"I'm so sorry about the floor."

"Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it."

He mouthed 'thank you' before answering the phone. "Yes, hon."

I retrieved the mop and worked on every inch of floor around the long padded bench.

"No, I'm still at the gym. But I just finished showering. I'll be home soon." He leaned back on the locker next to his. His dick in full view.

I kept my head down, but my eyes drank in Derek's meat.

His voice raised. "Why don't you believe me?"

I stopped and turned to him.

He pointed a finger at his phone while looking at me. "She thinks I'm with another woman."

A woman's mumble came from the phone.

"It's not another woman. It's Chris. You know, the maintenance guy? He's here cleaning the gym." He rolled his eyes and faced the phone toward me. "Could you please tell my wife I'm not with another woman."

I leaned in. "Ma'am, you don't have to worry. Your husband will not cheat with another woman while I'm here."

"You heard that, hon? I already told you."

I left him to store the mop away. And when I returned, I started picking up the discarded towels.

"Don't worry. I'll be home soon." He ended the call before digging inside his gym bag on the bench.

His used jockstrap next to the bag caught my eye. I wanted to sniff his ball sweat from it.

"Thanks again, man. My wife gets really jealous sometimes." He took out clothes from inside. "The list of things I owe you is getting longer, huh?"

I dumped the towels in the corner bin for washing. "It really is okay, sir. You don't have to worry about it."

"Oh, I almost forgot." He took the towel from his shoulder and handed it over.

As I reached for it, it fell to the floor.

"Sorry."

I bent down to pick it up, but the sound of fabric tearing stopped me from pulling.

"Shit."

Derek stepped closer, his naked body almost pressed into me. "Maybe it snagged on something on the bench's leg. A nail or whatever."

I knelt on the floor, felt for what caught the towel, and released it. When I looked up, Derek stood in front of me. His dick inches from my face.

We both looked at each other. No one moved.

My eyes went to his perfect specimen of manhood. The pubic hair around it was trimmed short.

"You like what you see?" His voice was gruff.

I looked at him but remained silent.

"Answer."

"Y...yes."

"You want it?"

*Continued on pg 70*

# SOUNDING

A JAVIER A LARA SELF PROJECT

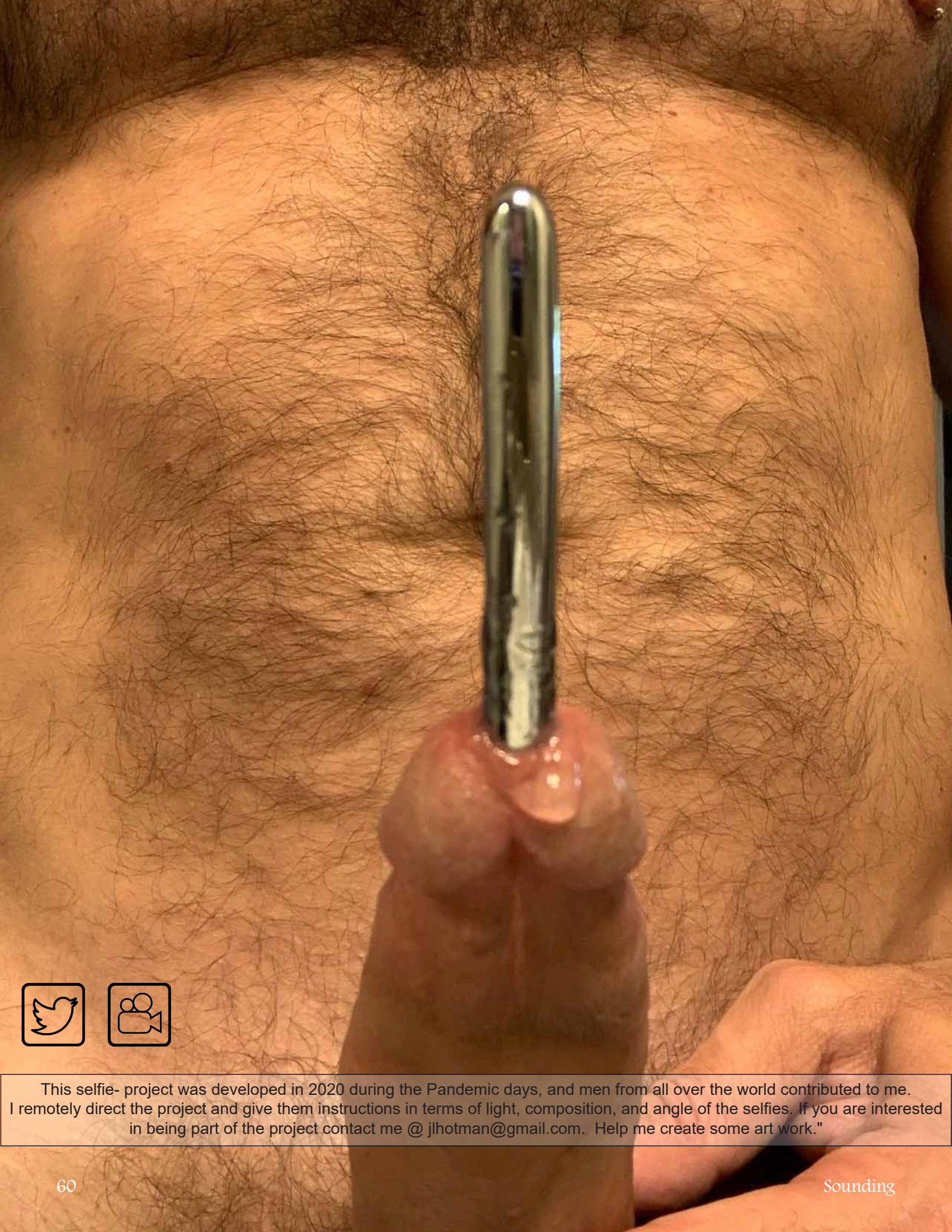
Featuring  
**RICK WALT**











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

Continued from pg 47

of an erotic hypnosis dominant. Let yourself go; be mindful and build your trust with the right Master. Take caution like any meet up. Be safe. And just have fun. When someone asks me how to start, I usually tell them to start google searching, "Gay Erotic Hypno." There are files on YouTube. There's free stories. There's an entire community. But, it's kind of hidden until you explore the world more. Watch videos and read stories. And educate yourself about it first. And look online for authors/creators emails if you can. And just talk about it. Don't expect a dom to take you under right away. Take your time. And, just ask questions first. And make friends in the community. Best way to start!

Thank you for your time in reading!

MKTHIRTYLICKS, Ventura, CA.



MK has been part of the bear scene in Ventura and Los Angeles for a batch of years. And, has taken part in leather events. Competed in a Mr. Cub LA back in 2018. And, on the music side, is known as DJ KOHLI ROCKS. Band promoter and entertainment booking for LGBT events in Ventura. Loves music,, bears, and submissive in the hypno & leather community. Currently, residing in So. Cal after living in San Francisco for a couple of years.

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**PRIDE**



# Franck Danican

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at the Stonewall Inn







# The Stonewall







The  
onewall  
Inn



I nodded slowly.

"I know you do. You think I didn't know you've been looking at my cock all night, faggot?"

"N..."

"Shh." He put a finger in front of his lips. "You think I didn't see you playing with yourself while spying on me in the shower?"

Shit. He saw me.

"Why do you think I put up a show? I knew fags like you would enjoy it."

There's no point in denying anything now. I looked at the fat dick in front of me again.

"Go ahead." He cocked his head. "Touch it."

My pulse quickened as my hand inched its way closer. But before it reached Derek's soft meat, I looked back up at his face.

"You earned touching my dick tonight."

I pressed my palm over the head and shaft. He took a deep breath. "Fuck."

My fingers wrapped around the semi-hard flesh.

"How do you like my dick?"

I started stroking him. "You have a big dick, sir. One of the biggest I've ever touched."

"Keep doing what you're doing, and you'll see how big it really gets."

No doubt he's telling the truth. I switched up my grasp and used my thumb to stimulate the underside.

He looked up and hissed. "The rough skin on your hand feels so fucking good."

I continued stroking the now fully hard cut dick. Adding my other hand, I used both hands to pleasure his entire length.

Precum collected at the piss slit. The clear liquid tempting me.

I stared at the erotic nectar as my tongue wet my lips.

"Taste it."

We locked eyes as my body leaned in closer. I flicked my tongue and a rope of sticky liquid trailed from the piss slit.

"Fuck."

I closed my eyes and savored the salty taste. "Hmm."

"You fags really like a real man's juice."

I smirked before flicking my tongue on the underside. Teasing the sensitive ridge for Derek's

pleasure.

He put a hand behind my head. "More. Use more of that tongue."

Lifting his dick, I went under to lick from the base all the way to the head.

His dick twitched.

I did the same thing again. But this time, I made sure I enjoyed the look of pleasure on his face.

"With the way you use your tongue, I'm sure this is not your first dick."

"And not my first dick in the gym also."

"Good." He grinned. "I got myself a slut here."

I went down further and licked one of his balls.

"Damn. Too bad I already showered. I wanted to see you enjoy the taste of my sweaty balls."

"I want that too." I licked the other and alternated the two.

"Yeah? I knew you're one raunchy fag. Put my balls in your mouth."

My mouth took in the hefty balls sack. I moaned.

"I haven't fucked my wife in a few days. Those are full of cum just for you."

I switched to the other one and played it with my tongue. The thought of him not been able to shoot for a few days filled me with anticipation.

"Can't take it anymore. Suck my dick now."

I ignored him.

He grabbed my hair and directed me back to his dick. "Suck it, fag."

Without delay, I moistened my lips and wrapped it around the head.

"Shit." He pulled closer. "Your mouth feels good. So warm and wet."

I took the dick out and used my tongue to play around the head.

"My wife doesn't know how to do what you just did. You should teach her."

I put the dick back in my mouth. This time, I took more in and at the same time stroked the base with my hand.

Derek thrust his hips into my mouth.

He's getting impatient. It would be nice to enjoy this much longer, but I should give him what



JaxDude 76















he wants.

I made more spit and took him deeper. My mouth strained at his girth.

“Deeper.” Derek groaned. He added the other hand to pull my head.

His dick slid in as much as my mouth could accommodate. But when it hit the back of my throat, I gagged.

“Yeah. Choke on that big dick, cocksucker.”

I have sucked big cocks like this before. His won't be the first one I give up on. I receded and adjusted my mouth before burying him in my throat.

Derek pushed his hips. “Motherfucker. No one has ever taken my dick deeper than you just did.”

My hands grabbed his muscled butt and helped bury him deeper.

With both hands, he held the side of my head and fucked my throat. “That's what I'm talking about. I'm gonna wreck this throat of yours.”

Letting him do what he wanted, I held on to Derek's massive thighs and stayed still.

He showed no mercy as the throat-fucking sped up. Even when I gagged, he stopped but only until I recovered and then he resumed.

I watched him watch me as he violated my throat. Fucked it like a bitch's pussy.

He acted like he knew I would let him do whatever he wanted to me.

Derek's right. He can do whatever he wants and I wouldn't complain.

With both hands, he held my head still and kept his dick buried inside my throat.

My fingers squeezed hard on his thighs as I struggled to breathe. The tears ran down my face. I forced myself to push off from him or I will pass out.

He let me go.

I looked at him while I coughed and gasped for air.

A cocky smirk appeared on his face. “I like seeing your red face while choking on my cock. But enough of that, I'm going to fuck you now.”

“It's been a while since I've been fucked by a dick as big as yours. You're going to have to loosen me up first.”

Derek pushed his clothes and gym bag off

the bench.

I got up and removed my pants and underwear.

“Get on the bench.”

Facing away from him, I got on all fours and looked behind me.

He spit on my hole and used two fingers to spread it all over the sphincter.

“Prepare my hole for your big cock, sir.”

“This is not a hole. It is a pussy. Pussy made to be fucked by real men.”

“Please get my pussy ready to be fucked, sir.”

Derek pushed his middle finger in and started sawing in and out. Adding spit to make it more slippery.

As I loosened, I wanted more. “Another finger, sir.”

He added another and turned the fingers as if screwing it in.

The fingers slipped deeper inside. When he reached my prostate, I whimpered.

“Oh my god. Right there.”

“This one?” He rubbed the spot.

“Yes.” I closed my eyes, curled my toes and held on tighter on the bench. “Fuck.”

He added a third finger.

“Please, sir. I need your dick to fuck me.”

Derek got on the bench. As he aimed the head, he spit again on my gaping hole.

“Fuck me like you fuck your wife.”

“You want to be my wife tonight?”

“Oh god, yes.”

He pushed his hips and buried half of his dick in. “You're tighter than my wife's pussy. You need to be fucked regularly to loosen you up.”

“You can fuck me anytime you want.”

His hands grabbed a handful of my shirt uniform and started fucking me.

I grunted with each rough thrust. It's as if he didn't care if he hurt me.

“This is what you wanted, isn't it? Get used to it because I'll take you up on your offer. You're gonna be fucked whenever I get the chance to.”

“Make me your bitch.”

He bent over my body as he continued fucking me. “This is what you wanted all along. The reason you let me workout late. So you can get me

alone and I'll fuck you like a bitch. Huh, you slut?"

"I've been fantasizing about you fucking me for the longest time, sir."

Without pulling his dick out, he flipped me on my back and resumed fucking.

"This is no longer a fantasy. From now on, your ass is mine."

"Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck me."

He scoffed. "Who would've known that a manly guy like you will be begging to get fucked like a bitch."

"Deeper. I want all of your dick in me. Fuck me deeper."

Derek reached for his sweaty jockstrap from the floor and stuffed it inside my mouth. "Bitches shouldn't say anything while a real man fucks them. But what they can do is enjoy the taste of my ball sweat."

I moaned through the damp jockstrap.

Still inside me, he pulled me in a hug and got off the bench.

My arms and legs wrapped tight around his massive torso.

His hands grabbed my sides and made me bounce on his dick, fucking me upright.

I gripped him tighter.

After almost a minute, he brought me toward the mirror with the toiletries and resumed fucking me on the counter.

Precum soaked the belly of my shirt. I needed to get off. My hand moved to my hard dick.

"Uh uh." Derek knocked my hand away. "You don't need to do that. I'll fuck the cum out of you."

I believed him as I braced myself on the counter. My head kept banging on the mirror. The sweat from my hair smudged the glass. "Keep going. Don't stop." The jockstrap muffled my words.

The hair dryer and some toiletries got knocked off to the floor as Derek's fucking rocked the counter.

Fuck. I'm cumming. The pleasure short-circuited my brain as cum exploded on my uniform.

He kept pounding me.

Some hit me on my chin. The rest formed white ropes of liquid on my chest and abs.

"Get ready. I'm going to breed you. You want my seed?" He pulled his jockstrap out of my mouth.

"Yes. Knock me up. I want to have your babies."

Derek growled. His forceful thrusts pounded into me as he emptied his load.

"I can feel each spurt."

Once emptied, he fell on top of me while his dick remained inside me.

I let my cum and our sweat soak into my uniform as we both stayed still while catching our breaths.

Moments passed. "I think I went over the thirty minutes I promised earlier. But I hope the fucking made up for it."

"Oh yeah. Don't worry. Your dick more than made up for it."

We both laughed.

Derek pulled out of me. "I need another quick shower and then leave before my wife calls again."

"I'll get you another towel."

He helped me off the counter. As he started heading for the shower, he looked back at me. "That was the best late workout I've ever had."

"I was serious about what I said earlier. You can fuck me anytime you want."

"Maybe I'll even invite one of my buddies to experience how good it feels to work out late." He winked.

The End

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### About the Author

I'm a Straight-to-Gay erotic fiction writer.

I write short stories and novelettes about straight alpha males getting it on with other guys.

### Mister J's Profiles

Amazon:

<https://www.amazon.com/Mister-J/e/B08KFVTBLJ>

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# Mac Farlane

Images provided by Mac Farlane









# Blowing My Cop Coworker



Story by [u/Lkng4gys3xxxxx](#)

This is a true story that happened last summer... I am a dispatcher for a small police agency. During certain parts of the year, we are really slow and summer is one of those slow times. One way to pass the time is to go on a ride-along with one of our officers on nights that we have enough people in dispatch. This was one of those nights.

The particular officer that I was riding with started with the department around the same time as me and we became pretty close friends. He also was the same age as me. During this time, we were both 24 years old. He is about 6'2", and has an average body. He definitely has some muscle definition, but also likes to enjoy some sweets. He has short black hair, and the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen. I was crushing on him the moment he walked in the door, but sadly, he was engaged to his now wife.

About 2 hours in to the ride along, we were starting to get pretty bored. We had parked in a parking lot to an abandoned building and were just chatting. At the time, he and his fiance were working opposite shifts. He started to say how he felt so lonely in their house and didn't see her a lot and that it had been forever since he had gotten any action. Just then, we had to respond to a call.

Another couple hours go by and we are yet again bored and parked in a mostly isolated area. He mentions again that it had been so long since he saw his fiance, and I notice a pretty nice bulge in the front of his pants. I jokingly say, "you probably weren't giving it to her right," and he responded, "whatever, I know how to handle myself in the sack." We laughed and started talk

about something else, but I noticed his bulge never went down.

Then the fun began. We were talking shit to each other and he sarcastically said, "suck my dick" (classic straight boy phrase). I reply, "don't tempt me with a good time," to which he jokingly grabbed his still partially excited dick through his pants. Game on! I reached over the in-car laptop and grabbed his bulge. At first he tried to protest, but after a few tugs on his growing cock through his pants, he gave in. I walked around the patrol car to the driver's side and opened the door. He slid his legs out, and spread them, showing me his now tenting pants. Slowly, I undid his belt and slid down his pants. His gray boxer briefs already had a big wet spot of precum. It really had been a while for him.

I opened my mouth and sucked on the wet spot of his underwear. I deep moan slipped out of his mouth, and he practically started to beg me to suck him off. I quickly pulled down his boxer briefs to reveal one of the most gorgeous cocks I've seen. It had to be around 8 inches, thick and was uncut. It also was a darker color than the rest of his skin thanks to his Italian roots (also probably had something to do with his massive tool). After a couple minutes, I had adjusted to his size and was deep throating his huge member. The taste of precum was thick on my tongue. He was like a leaky faucet. After a few more minutes, he told me he was close. The next thing he did was something I never thought would happen. He pulled my face up to his and gave me the sloppiest, almost desperate kiss I ever had. We then were standing up, outside of his patrol car making out, his pants

around his ankles, and my hands feeling up his sexy bubble butt. His hands ran down to my ass, and I knew I would be in for it.

He then moved down to my own crotch and pulled out my 7 inch uncut cock. After a comment about how crazy it was that we both are uncut, we gave his first blow job everything he had. I still couldn't believe this was happening. After getting my dick sucked for a few minutes, he bent me over the driver's seat and began eating my ass. For a straight guy, he definitely knew what he was doing. After about 5 minutes, I heard him pull a bottle of lube out from his medical kit (they keep them for medical assistance calls). Next, I feel the cool lube cover my ready asshole and he guides his lubed up cock to my ass. Slowly, he starts to push in. I was so horny from our foreplay, I was ready for all of his cock. I gently pushed back and before I knew it, he had all 8 inches inside me.

"Fuck me," I told him. That was all he needed. He began thrusting his entire cock in and out of me. After about 5 minutes, he flipped me over so my back was on the driver's seat and my ass was out the door. Holding my ass with one hand and jacking me off with the other, he resumed pounding my ass. Instantly, he was hitting my sweet spot and I knew I wouldn't last long. After a couple more minutes I told him I was going to cum. He didn't let up fucking me, and after a few more thrusts, I blew my load all over my stomach and chest. Immediately after, he pulled out and blew his load all the way to my chin. We kissed a couple more times and then cleaned up and resumed patrolling the area.

We still work together today, and act completely normal around the rest of our coworkers. We've messed around a few other times.

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