

DHM

Desert Heat Magazine



Happy Pride

All Men Are Beautiful!

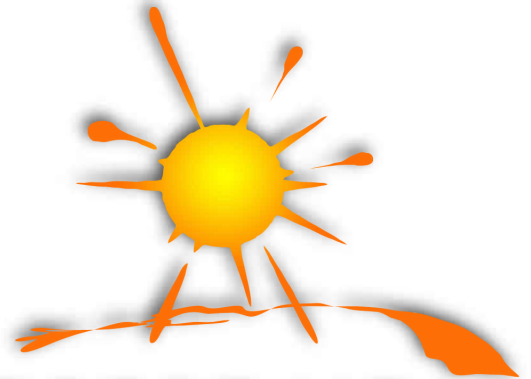
June 2024 | Issue 66

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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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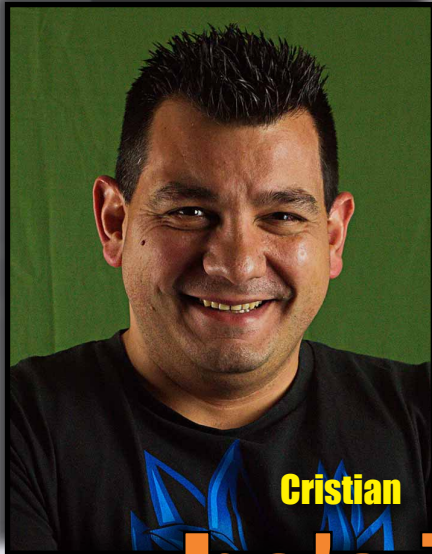
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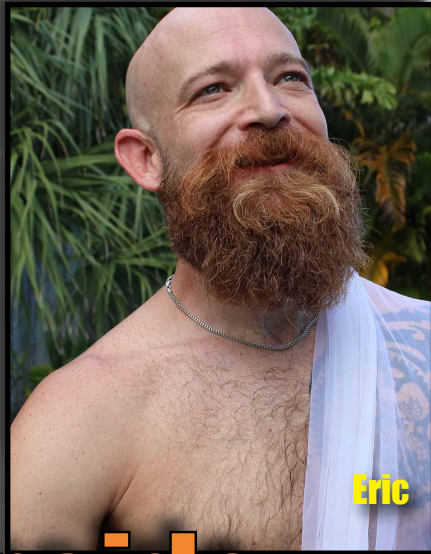
Erotic Male Photography



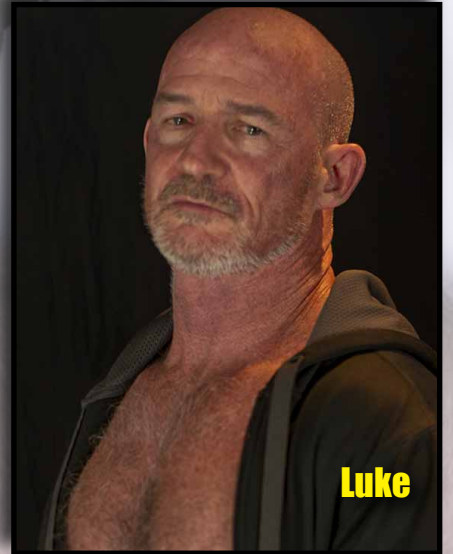
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Cristian



Eric



Luke

who's inside...



Beau



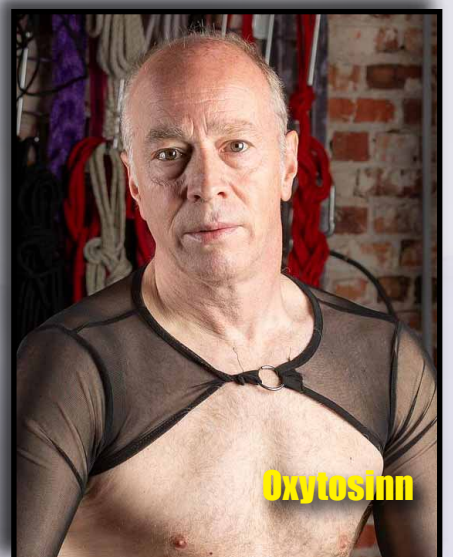
Eden



Nate



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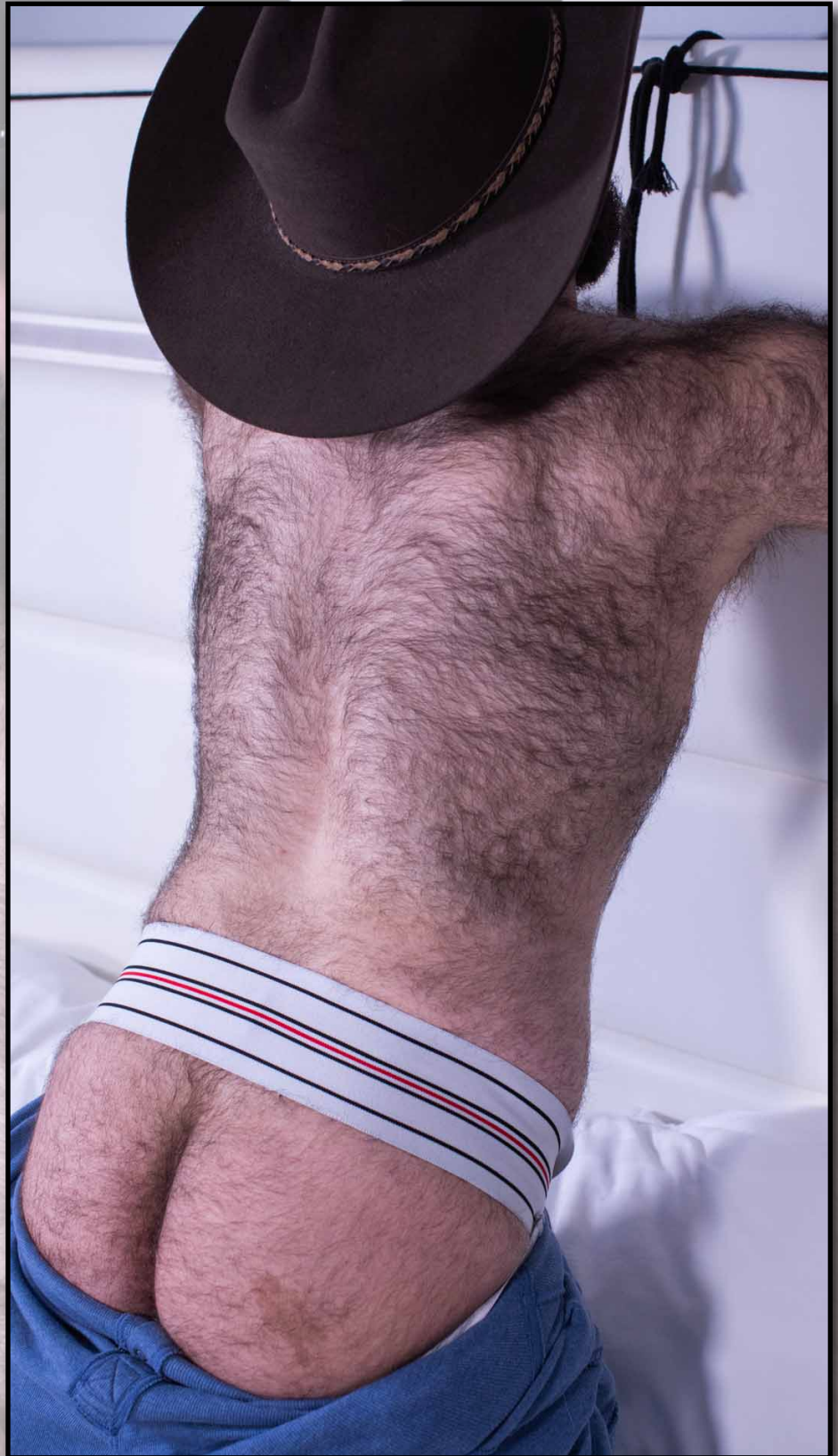
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Ramblings from the Editor

Happy Pride month, guys! Pride Month is an entire month we dedicate to uplifting LGBTQ voices, celebrate our culture, and support our rights!

Well, at least for some of us it is a festive month, right? Not everyone gets to feel that swell of pride. That angst is coming from not only external sources, but internal sources as well. And it is a fucking shame.

In 2024 there were 580 bills, in 42 States, put forth to block trans people from receiving basic healthcare, education, legal recognition and the right to publicly exist. And so far, 34 of those fucked up bills have been signed into law, with 6 others having passed but not yet signed into law. Alabama, Florida, Iowa, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, West Virginia, or Wyoming (so far), are the States looking to make it impossible for Trans people to live their lives to the fullest.

And it's not just the external threat that Trans men are facing. Trans men face bigotry and transphobia from members of the gay community. Gay men have been quoted as saying "First our acronym was hijacked, and then our flag. In 2018, our beautiful, simple rainbow flag was binned and replaced with the ugly "Progress Pride Flag", with added triangles signifying trans and nonbinary people. Apparently, a rainbow, the very definition of inclusion, is not inclusive enough for our queer new world".

So, the larger question we should be asking ourselves. Where will this end? If we separate, which a growing movement is happening to do just that, gays and lesbians, from the progressive movement where will that leave our community? Can we stand separate and not lose the rights that those before us fought so hard to get? And for what? Bigotry and transphobia?

And on that downer note, I truly hope you have a wonderful Pride Month! Reach out and hug a stranger at any event you go to. Show your Pride for ALL our community, not just the part that you belong to. And God damn it, stand up for your brothers and sisters! They are in this with you too!

Congratulations to Jamal Herrera-O'Malley for

taking home the title of IML 2024. He had a very tough competition with some pretty equally talented men, but ended up with the sash! He is going to be a very interesting representative for the title and I can't wait to see what he does with his year.

And I would be remiss if I didn't congratulate the second runner up, El Bandido (a sexy Latin man that fills out a jock properly) and the first runner up, Steven Crespo (an equally sexy short furball, and we know I love my furballs, with a gorgeous beard). Yeah, I woke up horny, so sue me!

IML was a blast this year, guys. I didn't overbook my shoots. I met some incredible new friends. Ran into some friends that I have known so many years that I can't tell you how long. Yeah, I am that old LOL and just overall enjoyed the experience.

I can't thank Sarge enough for making that happen for me. His continued support of the Magazine allows me to bring you the Special Issue, coming out in a few weeks, filled with those hunky men from IML. You're aren't going to want to miss it!

Also, EVERYONE should be giving Bill, Roger, and Sarge a hearty thanks. They are the people behind that event and are fucking retiring this year! It sucks. Not only because of the change, and we all hate changes, but they were the backbone behind the incredible event IML has become. Their replacements have tough shoes to fill! And, btw, Sarge, that doesn't let you off the hook on being on time with your submissions!!!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



CONGRATULATIONS



16

53

45

JAMAL HERRERA-O'MALLEY

IML 2024

EL BANDIDO

IML Second Runner

STEVEN CRESPO

IML First Runner Up

Beau Maverick



Photography by
Desert Heat Images



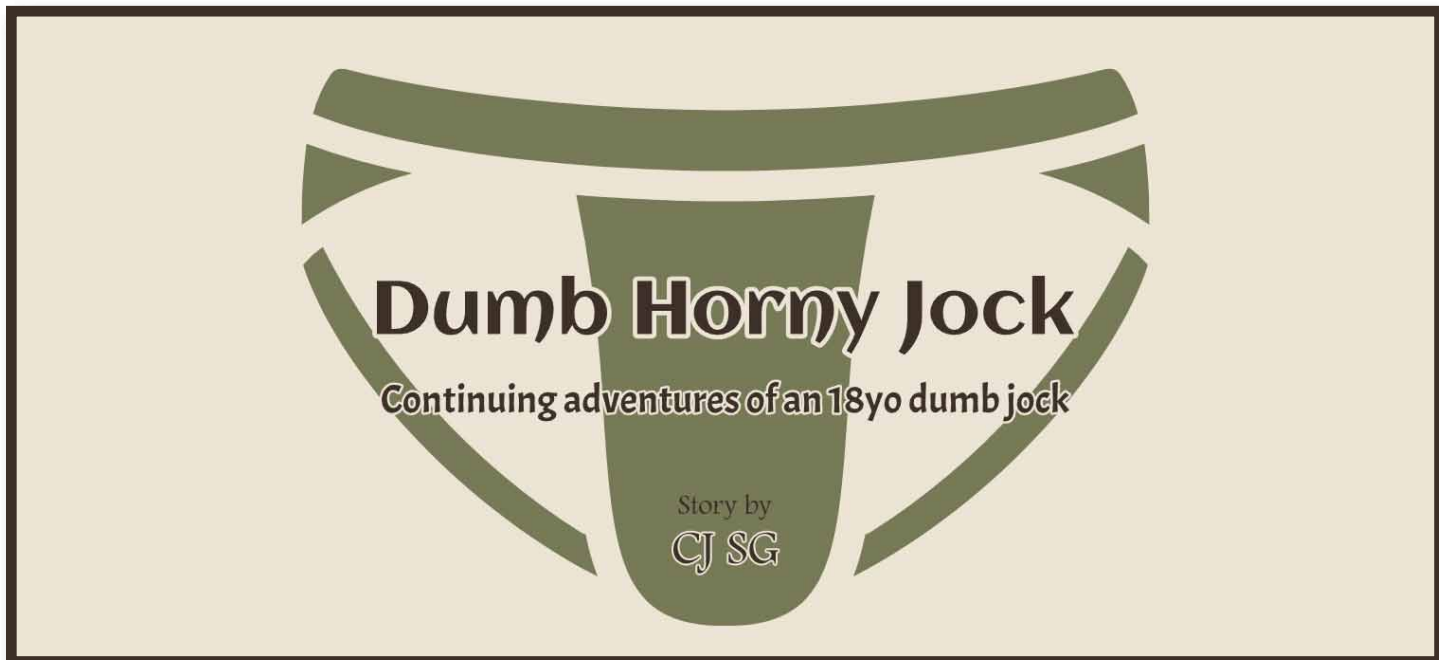












The Mechanic

Dad started driving me home from school more after that. Understandably, he wanted me at home studying instead of... well... getting into trouble. We're definitely a rich family - he works hard to make sure I have everything I need - and Dad drives a Lexus. I guess he has been so stressed with work lately that he hasn't always remember to fill up on gas. One afternoon I heard him groan that we didn't have enough gas to get home. Luckily there was a small auto shop up ahead and even though we were in a 'questionable' part of town, Dad reluctantly pulled in.

As we got out of the car, we were greeted by a 6'6 giant of a man. Black as night, I guessed that he was another African immigrant doing it tough in the wake of economic crisis. In blue overalls with a zipper all the way down the front and the name 'Leroy' embroidered on his left pec but I doubt that was his real name. He scowled at Dad's crisp suit and shining new Lexus but his face softened when he saw me in my wifebeater and loose running shorts with a hint of jockstrap showing. My bright puppy-dog grin has that effect on most people.

Dad gave 'Leroy' a limp, brief handshake and explained the problem. He could barely look this big bald lug in the eye. I don't know what Dad's problem is with people with colourful backgrounds... Maybe he feels guilty for being so successful and wishes he could give something back. The mechanic grunted that he'd take care of it, giving me a sidelong glance

when Dad wasn't looking, and we all walked inside.

The garage itself was beyond dirty - it was filthy! It stank of oil and something else... something spicy and salty that filled my nostrils and even made my pucker twitch under my shorts. There were piles of thick black tyres everywhere (most of them greasy), all kinds of stains on the floor and pin-up girl calendars on the walls. On closer inspection, they weren't just pin-up girls - they were hardcore porn pics! The place was practically wallpapered in spread smooth cunts and enormous tits. I shuffled my feet uncomfortably at the sight of all that flesh and hoped Dad didn't notice the pictures.

The black muscle god growled 'Coffee's in the back' and gestured with his thumb without taking his eyes off me. Dad shrugged his tense shoulders and stroked his moustache. He pointed a stern finger at me and told me not to get into any trouble as he slowly walked his tired body out back to grab a cup. 'Leroy' grinned for the first time and I couldn't help but grin back at his pearly white smile. Once Dad had left, he stretched and grunted, taking hold of his overalls zipper and tugging it down to his waist. This revealed his two broad slabs of sweaty black pec-meats and I figured he was trying to release some of the heat. He quickly and efficiently filled up the tank, almost like he had something more important to do and he wanted to do it in a hurry. I felt bad that we had disturbed his busy schedule.

Alone with this enormous man, I felt

uncomfortable. Mostly because of all the hardcore porn pics all around me. Don't get me wrong, I'm a normal hot-blooded straight jock but hardcore porn just isn't for me. Something about those huge cocks gagging teen sluts and jizzing on their stupid faces - it's degrading. Instead, I kept my eyes on the mechanic and waited for Dad to return. Soon, the tank was full and he turned slowly to face me as he stood beside a mound of black tyres.

I was not prepared for what I saw. Through the course of filling up Dad's car, his zipper must have lowered down past his waist to the very bottom of his overalls. A fat black snake had emerged, hanging low and shining black in the dim light. A gigantic set of African bullnuts hung even lower in his ebony sack. I gasped and my mouth spread into a wide 'O' as he stood there, not realising that his mammoth junk was on display. I took one step forward intending to warn him, but felt my sneaker slip on a fresh spot of grease on the asphalt floor and ended up on my knees in front of him. Worse than that, my open mouth connected with those nuts as big as tennis balls and not one but BOTH popped into my shocked straight teen mouth.

I looked up at him and found that all I could see was his hanging black floppy cock and glistening muscle bod. Pulling back to wrench myself free and apologise for the mishap, I felt my lips catch on his fuzzy sack and realised to my horror that his nuts were stuck - wedged firmly in my hot wet mouth. He must have been horrified at this turn of events as I heard him grunt in surprise. He was so surprised that he had to sit down, shuffling backwards to make himself comfortable on the pile of tyres as I was dragged forward with him. Now I'm not stupid - I knew that I could work this sack out of my mouth with my tongue and immediately began pushing at those black eggs with the tip. I whimpered with my mouth full of another dude's nuts as this just seemed to spread them apart, making my cheeks stretch and bloat with his full testicles.

The mechanic must have sensed my distress as soon one big black hand came crashing down on my head and gently stroked my blonde buzzcut to calm me. I looked up and received my second shock of the afternoon - while trying to push those nuts out of my mouth, that greasy African cock had become rock-hard, reaching its full 12 inches and oozing dick honey from the tip. 'Leroy' was doing his best to keep it out of my way by holding it at the thick base with his other hand... but it still managed to slap against my face a few times, splattering my forehead and my

hair with fresh precum. I prayed that we would both get out of this predicament soon.

On all fours in that nasty auto shop, I began breathing heavily through my nose so I didn't suffocate. That's when I recognised that spicy, salty stink - it was sweat. African muscle stud sweat. It was all I could sniff stuck down there like a dog and it soon dawned on me that his nuts must have been soaking in it all day in his overalls. My straight tongue was cleaning off this brute's sack! Attempting to pull back again and free this poor guy's balls from my mouth, I found my lips remained firmly glued to his junk. I swallowed in exasperation but this just seemed to bathe that sweaty sack in even more straight teen spit. 'Leroy' moaned in frustration, and his body jerked. One thick leg slid between my legs and roughly kicked my legs further apart (a reflex, no doubt). The toe of his boot caught on my shorts and dragged them down until my jockstrapped ass was exposed to the steamy air. I wiggled my butt at the new sensation and hoped that my creamy white glutes weren't bouncing too much.

That big gorilla hand kept stroking my head, soothing me so I didn't freak out. I held it together as best I could, despite the fact that I had a set of sperm-filled eggs crammed in my mouth. Not only that, but the more I tried to remove my mouth from his sack the more suction it seemed to cause, until all I could do was roll those black nuts around my mouth with my tongue. I tried again to see the mechanic's face but again his throbbing horsecock obstructed my view. His hand was travelling slowly up and down the veined shaft creating a wet, sticky slapping sound. I guessed it was the only way he could stop that footlong dong from rubbing against my face and was grateful for his kindness. At least I could get out of this situation with a little dignity left.

It felt like forever but it must have only been about ten minutes that we were stuck there - straight teen jock on his knees, cheeks bulging with shiny black nutsack and a grunting African giant reclining in his auto shop, completely relaxed, not making any sudden moves in case my teeth harmed his family jewels. I focused on pushing those balls out of my mouth at all costs, not even stopping when I realised that I could no longer taste that spicy sweat - I had accidentally cleaned off and swallowed every drop of bluecollar sweat that this stud had been working up all day long. The wet, sticky slapping sound seemed to get louder and faster but my concentration was broken when I heard a 'splash' to my left.

Glancing sideways, I saw a paper cup rolling

on the floor and a steaming hot puddle of coffee beside some expensive looking shoes. I gulped - incidentally applying some serious suction to the meaty black sack in my mouth - Dad was back. From where he stood, he would have had the perfect view of my quivering smooth muscle butt, my mouth stretched obscenely around two hairy African nuts and a 6'6 immigrant kicking back with his bigger-than-porn sized cock in his fist. The rough black hand stroking my hair firmly pushed against my forehead and suddenly - miraculously - those bullnuts escaped my mouth with a loud PLOP and a nasty slurp as 'Leroy' moaned in relief and growled out 'Fuck yeah!'

Finally free, I called out 'Dad!' twisting to look up at his shocked and disappointed face but quickly found my face turned right back to face 12 inches of black donkey dick. I tried to call out to Dad again but instead made a gurgling sound - caused by the thick rope of boiling hot sperm that had just shot out of that enormous firehose, hitting a bullseye at the back of my straight teen throat. My shoulders sagged; all that testicular stimulation had caused this poor hard-working immigrant to lose his load right in front of my rich white-collar dad. I couldn't even close my mouth.

My jaw was tired and slack from being stretched so hard, providing the perfect hole for this breeder to reluctantly deposit his babies. My eyes flicked up to 'Leroy' but he was lost in the moment, gritting his teeth and sneering as he busted his pent up wad. Squirt after squirt filled my mouth, painting my tongue white and shooting right down into my stomach. All I could do was moan and splutter, wagging my jockstrapped ass back and forth and grinding my tiny pink pucker back on that meathead's dirty boot.

Soon his gargantuan babymaker stopped squirting and instead dribbled out the last of his load down my chin. Dad was shaking with anger, his bushy moustache twitching and his hands curling into fists. But it was all a misunderstanding! Why on earth would 'Leroy' want a white teen jock to give him a tongue bath and clean the sweat off his nuts? I turned towards Dad with fresh African seed dripping down my chin to explain what happened but heard a cough from the spent mechanic. He pulled out a fat cigar from the top pocket of his overalls and noisily lit up, taking a few deep puffs. Shooting an embarrassed (but almost cocky) grin at my Dad, he grunted 'No charge for the gas'.

CELEBRATE PRIDE MONTH

with

Profiles by Sarge!



DURTY BEAR

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



LEATHER NATE



IMAGES BY
JOHN MAR
PHOTO











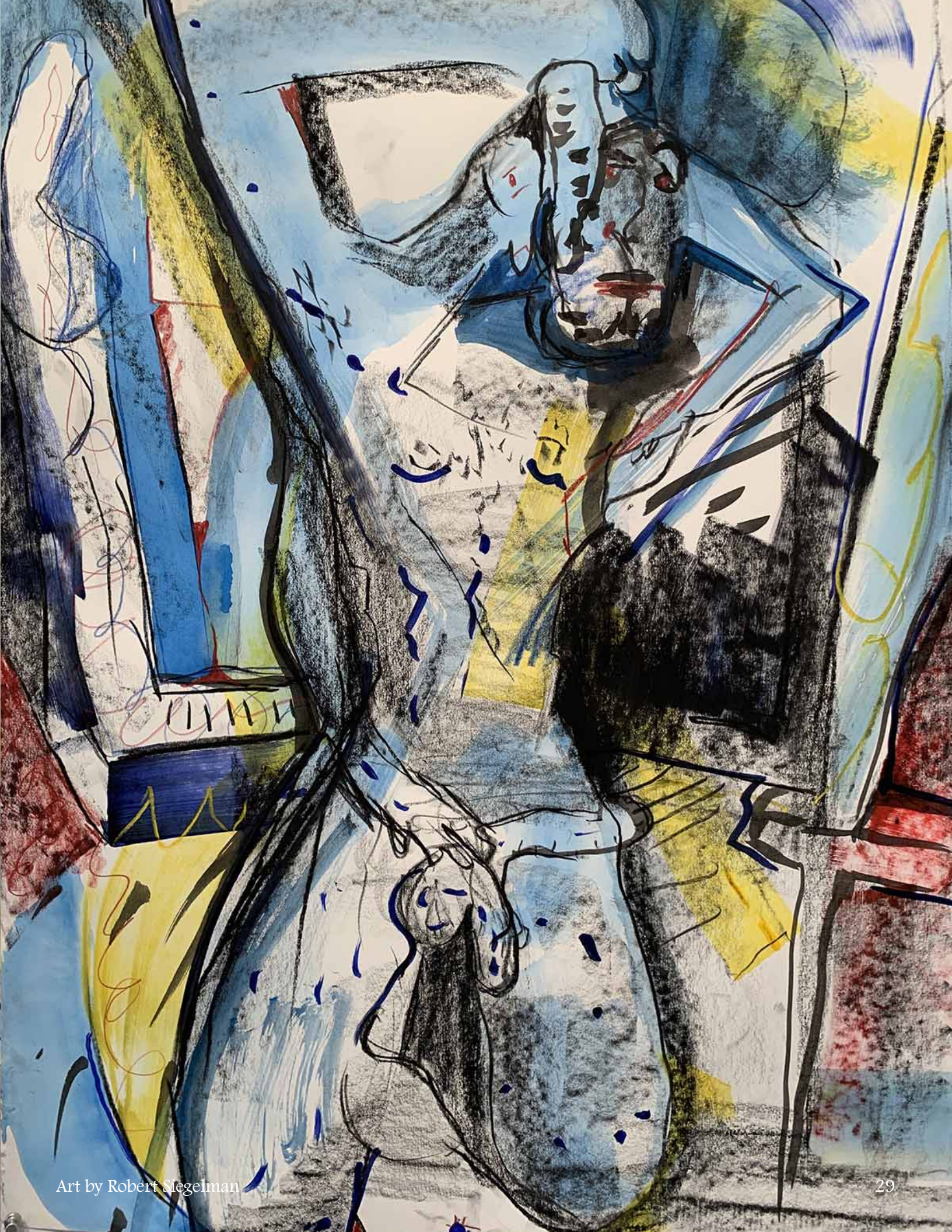


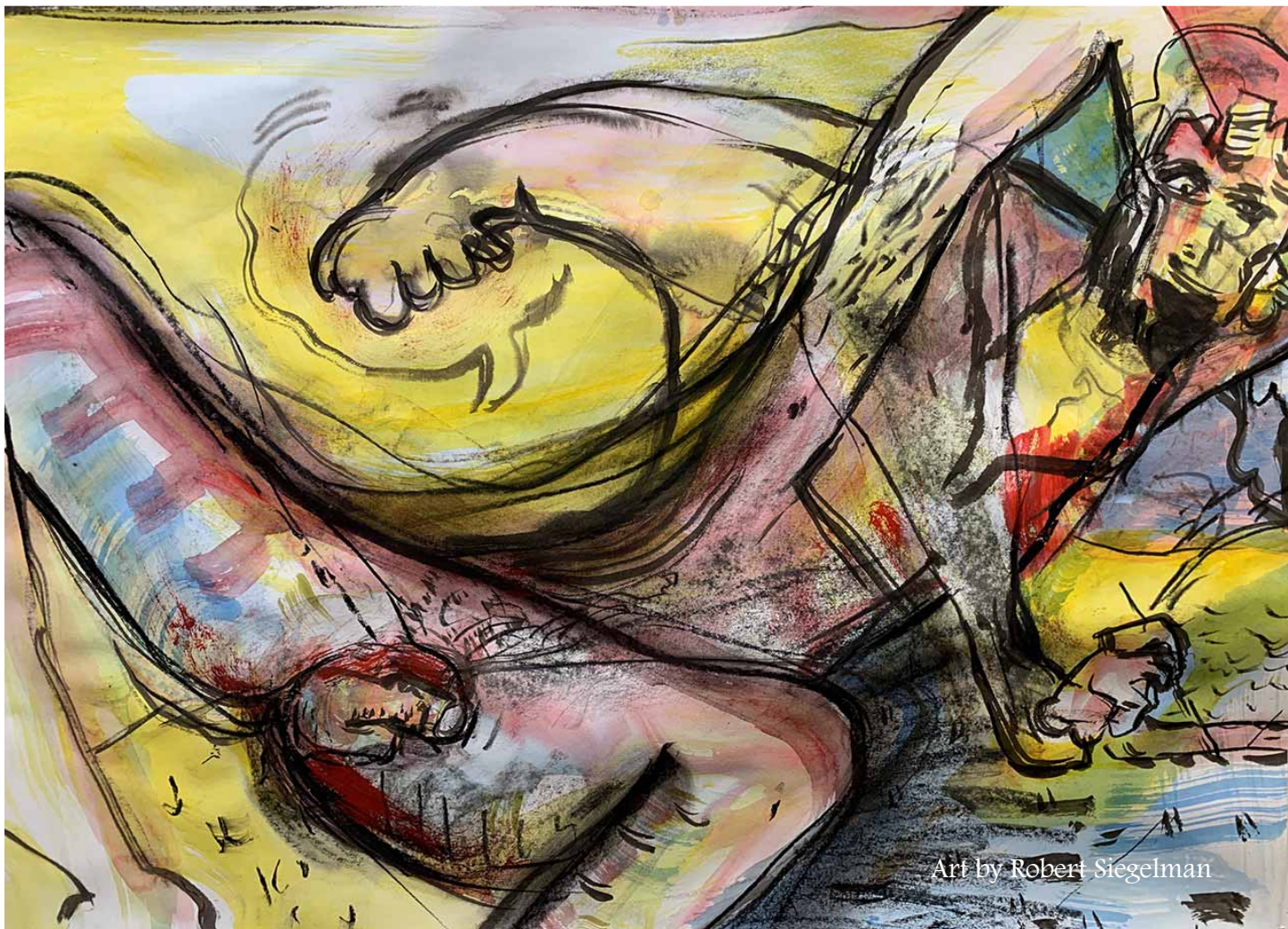




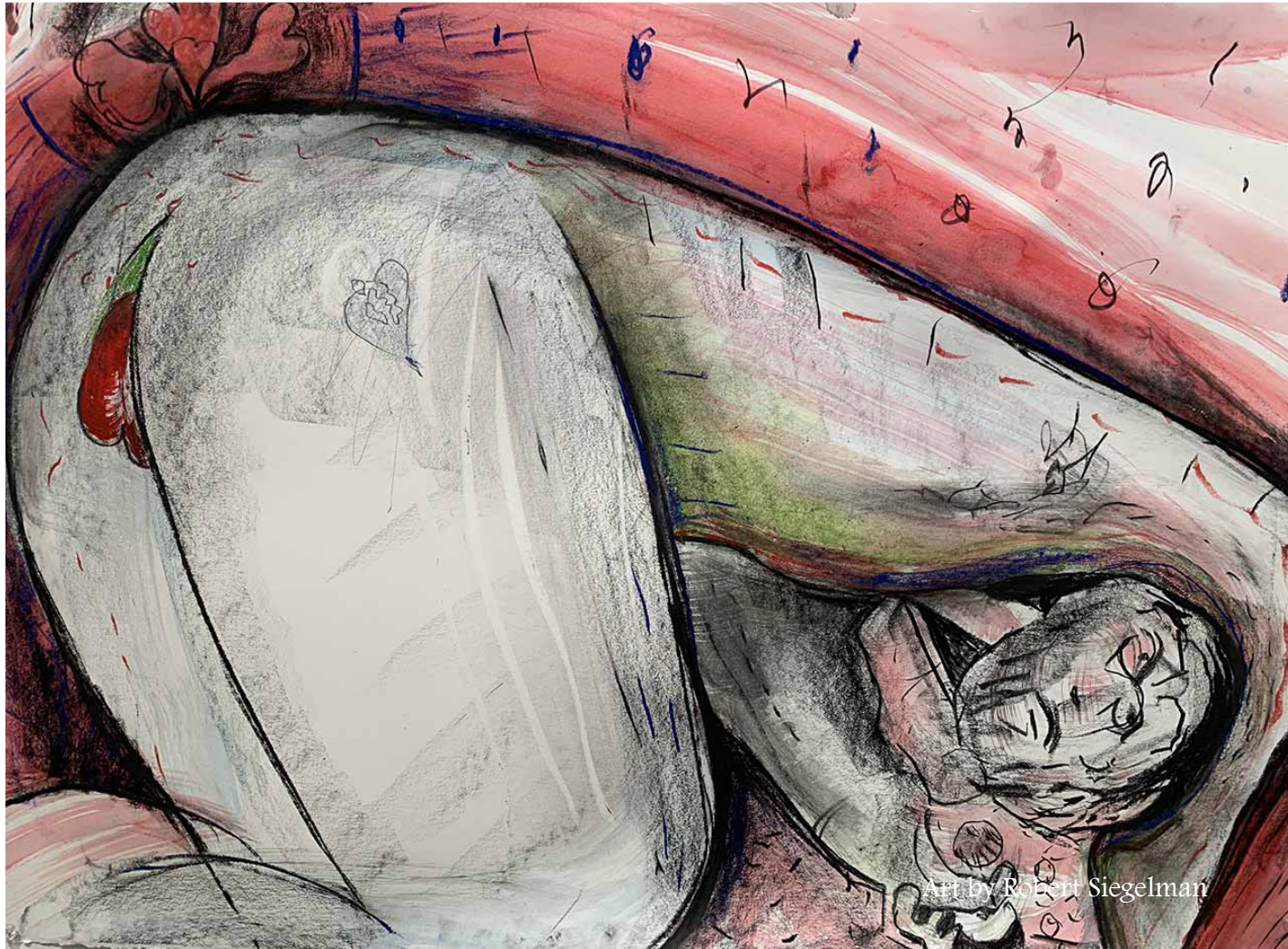
Art by *Robert Siegelman*











Art by Robert Siegelman

Part 1

Best Mate & His Wife

Story by
Accomplished_Bag_13

So, my mate John and I were best mates for over 15 years. We have known each other forever. I was his best man when he married Mandy, and she became a great friend too. There was never any thought of sex between us, as they were both straight and no one knew I was bi. I had work hard to keep that part of me discreet, by only ever meeting married men or men from out of town. I had played with a handful of couples, but nothing serious, or long term, and that is what I was searching for.

It wasn't uncommon for us to stay over at each other's house, if we were out drinking. This Friday night we had caught up in town and we're having a great night drinking and talking shit. As normal, they asked about my love life and why I was still single. Mandy made a joke about my balls must be blue as hell by now! I just changed the subject, like normal. Around 11, Mandy told me we were all going back to their place to keep drinking. The group of our normal friends had grown to 10, all us managed to fit into two taxis. It was a great night lots of alcohol was drunk. After 1 am, the group started to thin out. Around 3 am I came back from the bathroom and all the people were gone. It was John and Mandy; they were both sitting at the table looking at Mandy's phone. She had a huge smile on her face and he looked excited!

I joined them at the table and said I was thinking of hitting the bed.

That's when Mandy looked up from her phone, looked me straight in the eyes, and said they had something they wanted to share with me. I had to keep it a secret, not to tell anyone ever! She went on to tell me about this guy they had been talking to online.

was a little bit confused and ask her what she was on about. Mandy then explains that John and her had decided to start experimenting in the bedroom, to mix it up a little bit, and that they had been talking to a bi guy and plans were in place to meet him, very soon.

Now I was thinking to myself, why on earth are you telling me this, but I also thought maybe it's all the alcohol that's making her talk.

I looked at John and said, "Why a bi guy? You're not bi, are you?" Deep down, I was so hoping he would say yes! And then maybe I could tell my best friends about me.

John just laughed and said that he wasn't bi and that he was doing this for Mandy. "It's not gay unless you're the one taking the cock! He really emphasizes the word cock! Mandy has been going on to me about seeing if a man can handle my cock. See Mandy is scared to try anal with me and says if I can find a guy that will take it then she will try again."

Mandy jumped in saying "It's to bloody big to fit in anyone's arse."

I'm thinking how big is this cock of his? Maybe I could try it.

They then went quiet and were just looking at me.

"Ok, so why are you telling me all this?"

"Well, that's the interesting part you see, Mike." Mandy was talking. "You see, the guy we have been chatting to, the guy that has said he will be more than willing to suck John's cock and would love to be the first man for John to fuck, says he would so enjoy feeling John stretch his throat open, and will put on a hell of a show for me to watch as he rides my husband cock."

Oh shit! Was all I could think, there's no way! Those are the last words I said to the couple I have been talking to for the last two months online. I was now having a little bit of trouble breathing and had this sudden urge to run!

"This guy has told us he really enjoys it when a man cums in his throat and will do just about anything to get a hard cock to fill his arse with cum!" They way Mandy was saying it, it sounded so sexy. I was frozen. Mandy went on to tell me about how that they had shown the guy a photo of John's cock and he has fallen in love with it and keeps asking as if he can borrow it for a night! He says he is desperate to feel a cock that size inside of himself, as it's been so long since he has had a really cock to enjoy being used by."

Mandy kept talking. "So, we made the guy send us photos of himself and that's when we started to think something's up with the photos. You see, Mike, we started to realize that this stranger, that we were talking to, was in fact you, dear!!!"

She then leaned towards me and showed me the screen of her phone. It was a photo that I had sent the couple I was talking to. It's me on my knees, wearing a mask, sucking on a nice hard cock. She then swiped the page and there's another one of me wearing a mask with a guy cumming over my face.

"I'm just about to try and claim my innocence when Mandy's says," Look at the carpet. That's the same carpet in your place and the wall paint it's the same as yours. The book case really gave you away. You see, what are the odds of you having the same books, in the same place, as the guy in this photo."

Now Mandy started to come across as angry. She yelled at me next. "It's your fucken place, Mike. Once we worked that out, we started going back over the other photos you sent us! You see this one, Mike? It's you on all fours getting fucked from behind! And this one, you on your knees again, but this time you're sucking two cocks. What? One not enough for you? Then there's all these photos of men cumming over your chest, face, and hair. It seems you really do enjoy being used. Don't you Mike? But, it's not just your face that you like covered, is it, Mike? What about these ones of men cumming over my arse. What? Do you have standards and don't let them cum in

your arse?" John and her had a little laugh.?

"Oh, Mike, I saved the best for last. What about the video you sent?" Fuck! I had forgotten I sent them a video. "Here, let me turn the volume up so we can all hear how much you really do enjoy having your arse fucked!!" The video has me on my back getting fucked hard from this guy with a large cock.

"Fucken listen to yourself! Moaning like a bitch on heat. Was it that good? Was it? Did he fuck you good? Good and hard? Nice and deep? Listen to yourself being fucked. You must have been enjoying that. Oh wait, watch this part. Here we go. He is really slamming it into you now, must be close to cumming, what goes through your mind when this is happening? Oh, that's it, there, that when he starts to cum! There must have been a lot he holds it deep inside you for ages! What was it like feeling his cock explode all that sperm so deep! Did you feel him cumming? Oh, then this part, here watch as his cock slips out after having cum deep inside you. There's must have been a large load of it, as here you can see, his cum starting to dripping out of that whore of an arse hole! Well, are you going to say anything? Mike?"

I start to talk to them and apologize. But Mandy cut me off. "No, Mike, answer my questions!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I just yelled at her. To which she just slapped me hard across that face, it just about knocked me off the chair. I froze and looked at them both.

That wanker was just smiling and she just said, "Well?"

"Sorry, Mandy. Yes, I did enjoy it and yes, I could feel every inch of him inside me and when he cum, I felt it all as he filled me up. I fucken loved it! And miss it. I haven't felt that good in a long time. I'm sorry that I have made you this angry but I didn't know it was you guys I was talking to. I'm so sorry. I would never have kept talking and sending you this stuff if I knew. Please don't tell anyone and I'll leave. I'll go home now and let's pretend this never happened. Please, I don't want our friendship to end this way."

Mandy spoke, with a little laugh, "Oh no, you're not going anywhere. Not until you do what you have promised to do! You are going to take John's cum in both your mouth and arse and maybe more than once in each. You've been

talking yourself up a lot. Your photos have my man hard and I'm not going to help him. That's now your job, bitch. So, get to work."

John then stood up, moved to the side of me and Mandy just sat there smiling. I turn and can see the bulge in John's pants. He's hard, very hard. "I'm not sure about this, guys. I think it would be best if I just leave."

John tells me that if I'm as good as I say I am, then we are about to become even better friends, Friends with benefits even.

Before I can move, he takes a hold of my head and rubs his crotch into my face. Oh, fuck, that cock is big. I can feel it rubbing over my face. I just close my eyes and try to get my breathing under control. Now I notice how hard my cock is. It's hurting as it pushes against my pants. I can't believe I'm hard!

Mandy, in a strong voice, says, "Well, hurry the fuck up, Mike, take his cock out and put it in your fucken mouth. NOW bitch!"

I reach up, my hands are shaking, and my breathing is so heavy. I start to undo his belt and pull it out, dropping it to the floor. I take the zipper and slowly pull it down. I reach in and slip my thumbs into his jeans, pushing them open and slide them down over his butt. I can see the outline of his cock in his underpants and it is big. This is when I start to change. I'm looking straight at it and now I want that massive monster in between my lips. I have pretty much forgotten who it belongs to and I want to feel it open my throat up. This may be my best mate's cock, inches from my mouth, but I don't care anymore. I'm just going to take it.

I hear Mandy starting to yell at me, but I'm lost in what's in front of me. I pull down his underwear and here it is. Fuck, it must be 9" long and it's fat! He's cut and that head looks so nicely shaped. I know I'm going to enjoy the feeling of it stretching my throat open. I tilt my head down and lick my lips as I get closer and closer. Mmm, his smell is intense. He smells like cock in heat. As my lips touch the head of that beautiful cock, my mouth opens and I start the long journey down to the base of his cock.

I just suck the head in and pause as I run my tongue around it inside my mouth. There's not a lot of room left in my mouth. You could say my mouth was built just for this cock. It's the perfect fit. I take a hold of the base of his cock and grip. This

Best Mate and His Wife (Part 1)

is when I hear his first deep moan and feel his hand run through my hair and over my head.

I start to slide my lips down around his cock, as I take two more inches slowly into my mouth. I can feel the head running along the roof of my mouth. And Mandy has finally stopped yelling. I can just see her out of the corner of my eye. She is just staring straight at me, as I suck your husband's cock. I reach for his balls with my other hand and give them a gentle rub. They are nicely shaved. In fact, he's nice and shaved everywhere. His balls are perfectly shaped and I'm enjoying massaging them.

I start to use my mouth to fuck the first three inches of his cock and jack the rest of him with my hand. I'm in heaven and really start to get into to swing of things. I start going further down each time until I feel the head at the back of my mouth. I lean in and open my throat for the rest of his cock.

Now, I have sucked a number of cocks in my years and some have been close to this size. So, I know how best to take him. I know I need to build up a good amount of saliva first.

Fuck, I can feel my own cock begging to be touched and get some release, but I hold off from touching myself and just focus on his cock. I'm already longing to feel his cock explode in my mouth. For his cum to fill me and run down my throat. So, I speed up actions and then I go for it. I push hard down onto his cock and I feel it push into my throat. But I now freeze as it's so fucken big. I'm not sure I can take it much further.

I feel his fingers dig into my skull. He just starts to pull my head down further and further along his cock. There's only two more inches and I'll have him all the way down. But he stops and moves his hands. He now has a hold of my head on the side and I know exactly what's coming now. I don't even have time to think. He slowly starts to pull his cock back out of my throat.

Breathe, I think to myself, remember as soon as you can take a deep breath. Just as the head leaves my throat, I get the chance and take a deep long hard breath of air. I only just managed it before he forcefully pushed his huge cock back into my throat. This time he had control and pushed hard until all but an inch of his cock was inside me. Then, he pulled back until his cock left my mouth completely.

Continued on pg 74



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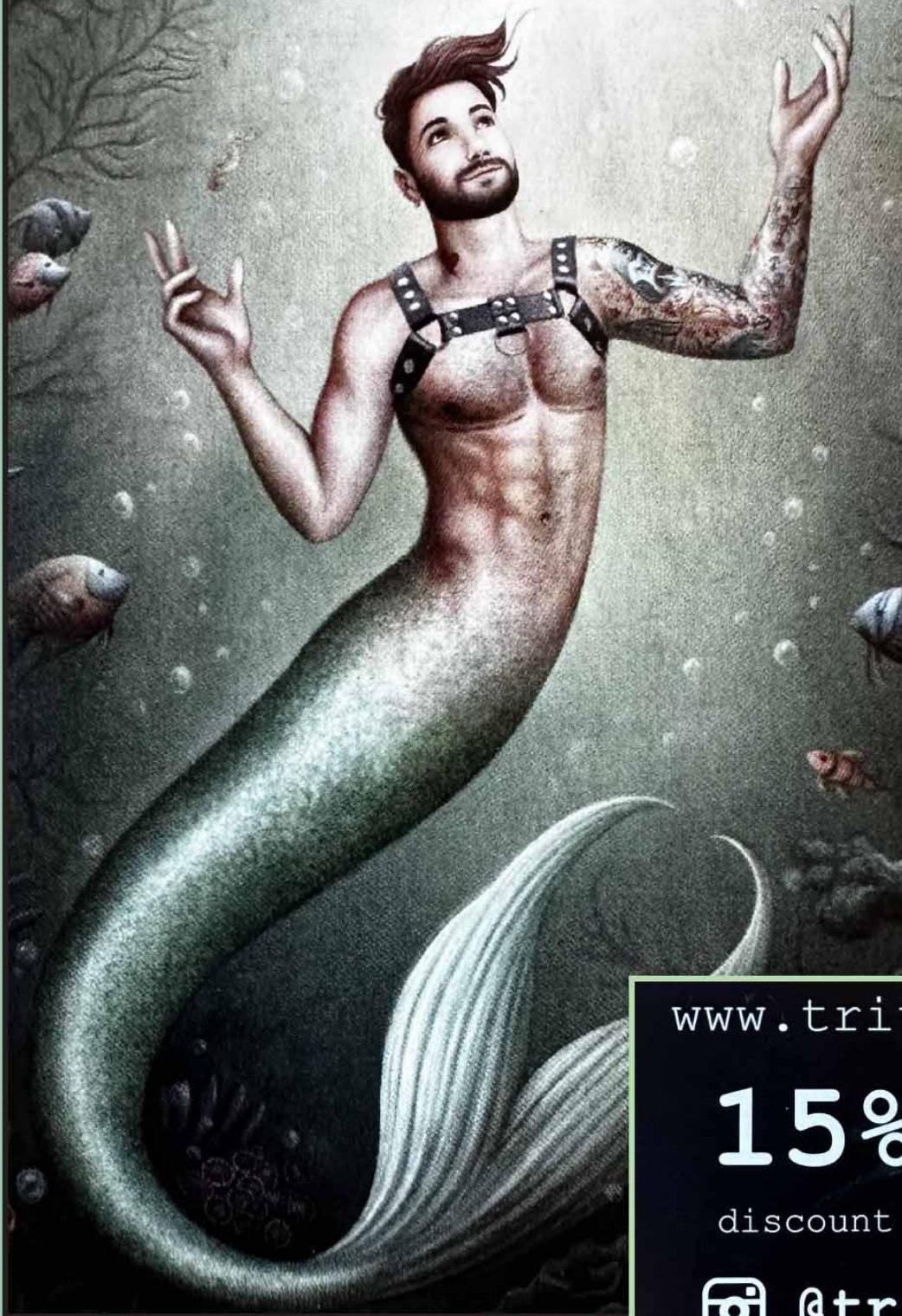






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DELUXE PRIDE LOOKS FOR YOU

Join us in a glamorous photo shoot featuring the latest luxury looks for Pride 2024 in men's fetish underwear, modeled by Cristian Suarez: a latino twink content creator. Bold, expressive, and unapologetically proud, Suarez brings his signature style and confidence to showcase these provocative and empowering designs.

Fashion:

@ateliercavalier.co

model:

@__csuarez

Photos & Interview:

@edwardmurillomoreno



Edward Murillo Moreno: Cristian, you look absolutely stunning in the latest designs from ATELIER CAVALIER for Pride 2024. Can you share with us your thoughts on these pieces and how they make you feel?

Cristian Suarez: Thank you so much! These designs are truly next-level. ATELIER CAVALIER has managed to merge luxury with the spirit of Pride in such a unique way. Wearing these pieces, I feel empowered, confident, and incredibly sexy. The attention to detail, from the fabrics to the intricate designs, is outstanding. Also the thongs are so comfy, I feel almost naked.

EMM: That's wonderful to hear. How do these pieces inspire you in your adult content creation on platforms like OnlyFans?

CS: Oh, they're a total game-changer for me. When I'm creating content, it's all about authenticity and connection. These designs help me embody that authenticity. They allow me to express myself fully and make a bold statement about who I am and what I stand for. And let's face it, feeling sexy in what you're wearing definitely translates into the content you create. It helps me to create diverse personalities for my videos and my shows, and my fans love it. ▶▶▶

Deluxe Pride Looks For You











▶▶▶ **EMM:** Absolutely. What do you think sets ATELIER CAVALIER apart from other brands, especially when it comes to celebrating Pride?

CS: ATELIER CAVALIER understands that Pride isn't just about wearing rainbow colors; it's about celebrating diversity, inclusivity, and self-expression.

What sets them apart is their commitment to these values. Their designs reflect not only a celebration of LGBTQ+ identity but also a celebration of individuality. They're not afraid to push boundaries and challenge norms, and that's something I deeply respect. It's a parade of looks that fits any kind of body or fetish. ▶▶▶







▶▶▶ **EMM:** It's clear that these designs hold a special place for you. How do you envision these pieces being received by your audience on OnlyFans?

CS: I think my audience will love them. My subscribers on OnlyFans appreciate when I bring something new and exciting to the table, and these designs definitely deliver on that. I can't wait to share them and see the positive response. Plus, knowing that I'm representing a brand that stands for something meaningful adds

another layer of significance to the content I create. You (Edward) know how to make men look super hot.

EMM: You're so sweet. Thank you, Cristian, for sharing your insights with us. It's been a pleasure speaking with you.

CS: Thank you for having me. It's been my pleasure! Please keep designing hot looks for any season, you know I am your biggest fan and when you call me to model i feel just like home. Also don't forget to subscribe to my OF!







The Bear Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by
Todd Rumsey



Happy Pride Month Gents –

This is going to be a very cliché article, but it must be said. Pride month is the time for us all to be proud of ourselves, our friends and family, and for those we do not know walking the walk! This is the time to put differences aside for a while and work towards that common goal.

What do I mean? Here are some examples from the LGBTQIA advancement movements that have happened in the recent past.

Huge changes for The United Methodist Church, eliminating harmful language from their Book of Discipline that made it illegal for homosexual marriages to be performed. Language was removed that stopped homosexuals from being ordained or serving in The UMC. These changes did not happen overnight. This was a fifty plus year battle that deserves to be celebrated.

Kansas has seen rethinking Trans rights on a statewide basis, when Anti Trans care bills were

vetoed and overturned by Republicans. For the first time offering the room for an actual conversation about what is best for all the residents of the state. This is due to compassionate people wanting to put the health of vulnerable children ahead of a personal belief of needing to understand or thinking one can understand all facets of a decision. This momentous conversation needs to be celebrated.

Pride parties, parades, and festivals are hugely important to the moving forward of these movements as they help people gain insight into politicians that support us, services available to us, and how many of us are around. Usually, these festivities include people from within an hour or two of the location. This generally means that all these people are walking alongside me and you on a daily basis. We are not alone, we have power, and we are seen, and that deserves to be celebrated.

For those still feeling alone, or that may be still unseen, all the more important to attend these events, parades, festivals, get-togethers, no matter how big or small. My partner and I were a small

The Bear Essentials

part of the beginning of a pride celebration in a very small conservative town where we lived at the time. That first year was a bit chaotic, exciting, scary, and hope filled. 150 people showed up to support, be seen and to see. Year two had over 400 attendees, which is more than double in one year. Small towns in America and rural or conservative areas have residents that need to be seen and heard. Doing so in a safe environment with hundreds of your neighbors and supporters, is the entire reason for things like Pride Festivals.

Perhaps you have a great support system, a family that loves you, a decent job with insurance – you know what I am going to say. Even more reason for you to be at these events, supporting those that may not have what you have. Someone out there needs to know that it is ok to love someone because your heart jumps for joy over them, not because of their gender. Many people need to know that the resources being offered are safe, that the politicians there can be believed. Perhaps your job is to let it be known, that as a doctor you can also be gay, or as a lawn maintenance person

of any gender, you have worth. People have a basic human need to feel important. This can be done in the smallest of tasks.

Share time with your community, see some friends, meet someone new, discover services and businesses in your neighborhoods that support you, and do the same. Many of these festivals last for several days and offer different opportunities to support them, smaller areas may only provide one day of celebration, find what works, and what you have to offer, then offer it! Be proud of you, because some one else needs to see that it is ok.

If any of you have difficulty locating a pride festivity or event near you, please feel free to reach out to the resources of the magazine or myself. My contact information is in the list of contributors, and I am happy to help.

Essentially yours –

Todd

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He turned my head so I was looking straight at her and she asked, "So, Mike, you can go now. Get up and walk out the door. We won't stop you, but know you will never ever get this chance again. What do you choose?"

I know what I should do and that was leave. But here I am, mouth wide open, saliva hanging from my chin, my eyes starting to water. I did the only thing I should do.

I just turned and pushed my mouth back over that head and straight down his shaft as far as I could. I reached out and grabbed his hands and place them back on my head. He knew what I needed. And went straight back to throat fucking me. This time I was able to get all the way down his rock-hard cock. As my nose touched his skin, I knew that this was exactly where I needed to be and that I would be doing this whenever I was needed. I run my hands up the outside of his legs and reach around a grabbed his arse cheeks for support. I really start to get my throat fucked. Oh god, it feels so good. I can feel his head stretch my throat each time it goes in. He is getting strong on each thrust with his cock down my throat. I hear his moaning start to pick up.

And for the first time, I hear Mandy being happy. I hear her saying how hot this is and how sexy John looks fucking my mouth. She tells him that his new fuck toy needs his cum.

He picks up the place and then takes his cock, just about out, only the head is resting on my tongue. Head tilts my head up and looks at me. "Take a really deep breath now, Mike."

I do as I'm told and suck in as much air as I can in one go, as I know what's coming next. He smiles.

That massive cock goes straight down my throat and he starts to slam his body into my face. He keeps the head of his cock firmly in my throat the whole time and is just using the top 5 inches to fuck my throat. It's fast and hard as he just face fucks his best mate.

Then, he stops and I feel his hands pushing the back of my head hard against his body. He holds me there. I feel the pressure building in his cock and then the flooding starts. Wave after wave of warm fresh sperm erupts out of his cock. I'm not even swallowing it. I don't even have the chance

to swallow it. It's just forcing it way down inside of me. This is when I start to realize that I need to breathe and I try to push myself of his cock. But he holds me firmly onto his cock.

He starts to ease off and I can slowly pull my throat back off his cock. As the head gets back up to my mouth, it's still leaking cum down my throat. I can feel it lining my insides. His cock finally leaves my mouth and I can breathe. I look at that head and can't stop myself, I just have to suck the last drop of cum out of it. He steps back and drops into his chair.

I look at the both of them and I know I must look like a wreck, face covered in saliva, cum is running down my cheeks. There must be some cum somewhere I can't have taken in all down.

Mandy speaks first. "WOW! THAT WAS FUCKEN HOT! I videoed the whole thing, and I can't wait to watch it with you, John. You will give me a running commentary on how it all felt."

"Right, Mike, time for round two. Stand up. We are not done with you just yet. From here you will go to the spare room, remove all your clothes, and lay face down on the bed. On the bed side table there is lube. Use as much, or little, as you want. John will be in there very soon. He is going to be fucking you before we all go to bed. Don't worry, I have some little blue pills that are going to make him very hard. Seeing as you just made him cum, I'm thinking he will be fucking that arse of yours for a good two hours before you get your second load of the night."

"Off you go." As I walked off to the bedroom, I was in a daze and loving it. I could hear them talking and Mandy sounded so excited and happy. I could hear her saying how wet she got watching that and during the next part, she didn't think she would be able to stop herself from touching her wet cunt!

I got the room, removed my clothes, reached for the lube and, for a second, thought about not using any! But then I remembered the size of that cock. So, I emptied half the bottle in my arse and over my fingers. I figured I had a couple of minutes, at least, so I went straight in with two fingers and start coating the inside of my ass. I pushed my fingers as far as I could and made sure I got myself ready. I hoped and prayed that what was to come would be with the same force he used on my throat!!

POST MATCH STRIP

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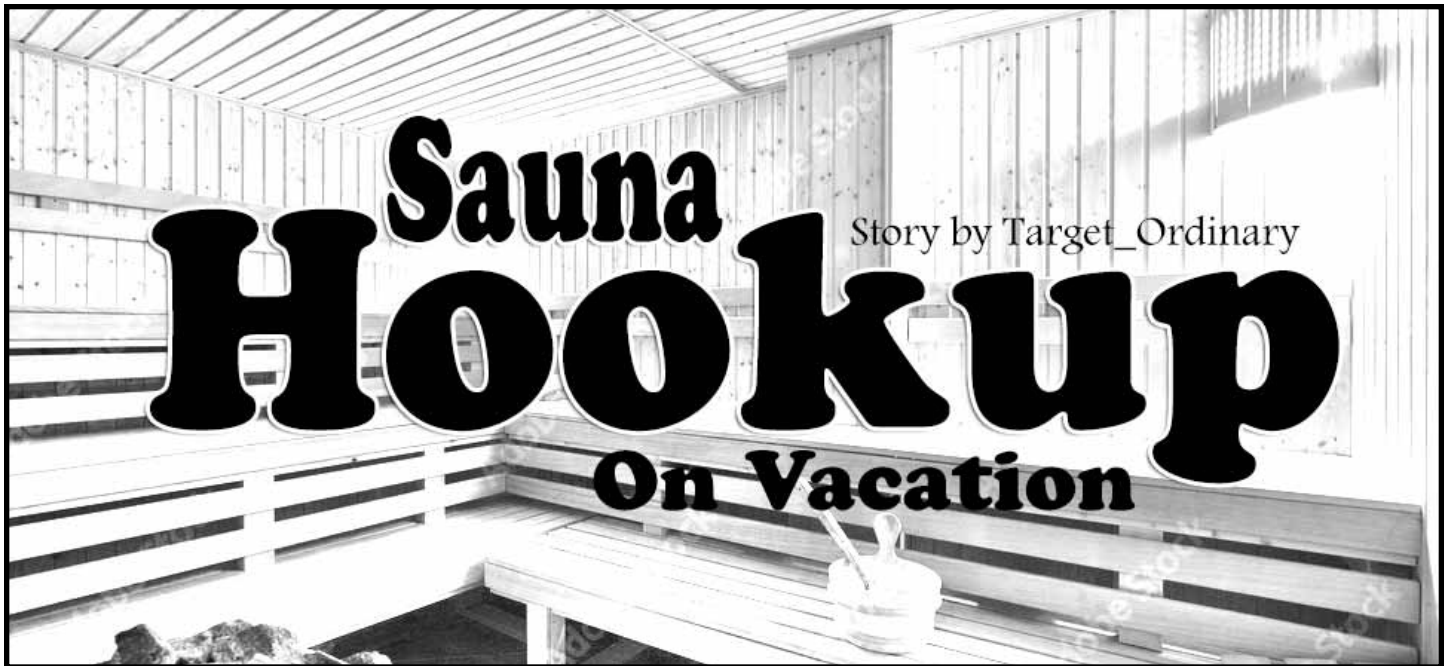




MASTURBATION

Just feels better!





Last year I went on a solo vacation to NYC to visit some friends. I was there for a week, couch surfing and going to different gyms during my trip. I'm lean, new to working out but putting on muscle quickly. This particular day after my workout I'm exhausted and decide I want to try out the sauna. I head to the locker room and strip to just my underwear- Calvin Klein boxer briefs. They're already sweaty from my workout but I figure nobody here is gonna care.

At the end of the hallway is the sauna. I walk down barefoot on the cold tile, open the door, and feel the thick heat envelop me. There's only two guys sitting on the benches- a thick/hairy man and a man a little older than me, probably in his thirties, with a decent physique and trimmed hair. Both are covering themselves with small towels making me the only one in just my underwear. I take a seat on the bench next to the thick man. It's adjacent to the bench the other man is on. Both guys are very cute and I'm putting my hands over my lap trying to hide my growing hardon.

I don't look at either one of the guys for too long because I'm trying to pass as straight. After a few minutes I'm sweating like crazy and eventually the thick guy next to me leaves. Now it's just me and the trimmed brown haired man. I notice immediately he's looking at me out of the corner of my eye and I sneak a quick glance at him.

When I do that he spreads his legs a little wider and leans his head back. I see the tip of his

dick fall down in his lap as his towel rides up a little. It looks about average size but it's still flaccid. The boner in my underwear is getting harder and harder to hide. The guy definitely notices because I can see his dick starting to grow as well. I finally get the courage to maintain his eye contact and in response he grabs his cock with one hand and starts rubbing it. I tentatively start to do the same over my underwear.

"Is this really happening?" I think to myself. I've never really cruised before especially in a gym, although I had always fantasized about it. He gets up and sits next to me, confirming that it's real.

"Can I?" He asks and the look in my eyes is enough for him to know he definitely can. He puts his hand over my boxers, already completely soaked with sweat and precum, and rubs it in a circular motion.

I look down and realize that they're almost completely see through now, my mushroom head on full display through the thin wet fabric. Why did I even think I could go into a sauna in white boxer briefs?? How long could everyone see my cock for? My thick dark pube hair stood out obviously through the wet cotton.

"Watch the door," he warns me before he bends his head down into my lap and starts sucking me through my underwear. I feel his tongue sliding across the length of my cock and swirling at the tip. I moan freely because we're the

only ones here. He takes that as a sign to pull the waistband down and tuck them under my balls. He grabs my shaft with one hand and squeezes my balls with his other. While I'm still getting used to that sensation, he wraps his lips around the head of my dick and looks up at me. The wetness of my sweat makes it so easy for him to tilt his head down and take me all the way to the base...then back up again. All the while he holds my eye contact. I look back and forth between this hot man worshipping my cock and the door, making sure no one comes in. It's like he truly doesn't care if we get caught and it's slightly stressing me out.

I can smell my musky scent I caused by my workout and I regret now showering before I came in here now. But he doesn't seem like he minds it. I actually think it's making him hornier and he quickens his pace going up and down on my cock-deepthroating me- until I feel like I'm getting too close to cuming.

"Woah hold on" I say pushing his shoulders back.

"No give me that cum, man, I want it" he begs trying to push back onto my cock, his lips swollen and begging.

My 6inch cock is standing straight up. One big vein pulsating from the tip to the base. It's not huge but it is thicker than most. It's twitching missing the warmth of his mouth, but I manage to hold back finishing.

"Hold on I don't wanna cum yet." I say, "let's take a break."

He sits back against the sauna, taking a breather and I see his towel's fully dropped, unveiling his 7inch dick fully hard. His pubes are trimmed too along with all his other body hair, but that dick is beautiful. It curves slightly to the right, towards me and I can see some precum beginning to drip through the air towards his thighs. Fuck this man is hot. He reaches his hand up pushing his sweat off his forehead and back into his hair. This leaves his armpit exposed, turning me on even more. This time it's my turn to lean over him, my hand gripping on his thigh, my mouth and tongue lapping up his sweaty hairy pits- the only hair on his body that isn't trimmed. The scent is so manly and strong I can't stop and start grinding into the handjob he started giving me.

"Uhh fuck man" he says, surprised as I keep at it.

I start to get nervous about somebody coming in so I decide to switch plans.

"Get up." I tell him. "Stand in front of me and make sure no ones coming down the hall. I'm gunna eat you out."

"Yessir"

I sit on a higher row in the sauna so his ass is level with my face and I bend forward to kiss his cheeks. When he feels my breath, he pulls his cheeks apart with both his hands for me. It's completely hairless. He must have just waxed recently. I see his pink hole immediately. It looks so soft. I slide my tongue between his crack and over his hole tasting the salty sweat from the Sauna. I wonder how long he's been in here for waiting for somebody. I wonder if he was hooking up with someone else before I got here. I feel his hole start to pulse and open as my tongue brushes over it- so I press in slightly. He backs up into me even more. He wants this bad.

"Fuckk u taste so good" I say as my lips are still pressed against his hole and start tongue fucking him. I reach my other hand around and grab his dick stroking it downward. I love how hot it is in here. I love how sweaty we both are. It's making everything so much easier. I get my tongue thrusts as deep as I can. My nose is shoved hard into his crack.

After a while he reaches back and starts stroking my dick while my tongue penetrates him. then he pulls away goes up a step and starts lining up his ass with my dick. I wasn't anticipating fucking him. I didn't bring any protection. But then again he isn't asking me for any either. I know we should use a condom but I'm so hard and I can't think of anything right now but feeling the inside of his hole.

He doesn't ask my permission but he doesn't need to because it's obvious what's happening. His hole finds the head of my raw dick and he pushes it. Before I know it he slides all the way down to the base taking me completely in one go.

"Ooooh fuckkk" I half whisper

"Damnnn bro you're thick as fuck" he moans back

He sits like that for a second or two, my pubes creating a nest for his hairless ass. I can feel

Continued on pg 96

Sauna Hookup on Vacation

LUKE STONE

Photography by

MR. FRANKENFIELD



















Continued from pg 86

him squeezing and releasing the walls of his hole for me, milking the precum out. Knowing there's nothing between my cock and his hole is getting me throbbing. Once he feels that, he starts to ride me reverse cowgirl. I'm hoping he's still watching the door as he's bouncing on my cock because I'm sure not. There's beads of sweat dripping down my forehead. The whole room smells like our thick sex musk.

The sounds of his cheeks hitting my thighs echos softly. Thank god I came at an off hour and nobody's here. My forehead is resting on his back & my arms are wrapped around him in a bear hug. My slick wet chest hair is rubbing against his back as he goes up and down, stimulating my nipples. I'm pushing him down hard onto me and pulling him back off, using him like a soaking wet fleshlight. I've never fucked on just precum and sweat but the sauna heat lets him take it so well.

"Fuck," he says, "I'm getting close" I look over his shoulder and see that he's been stroking his dick this whole time. His hand from the tip to the base of his 7 inches. I see his balls swaying around under him fly up and smacking back down. I feel his ass clench up around me and I know he's telling the truth- he's not gonna last much longer.

"Don't stop man.. uhhh" he moans.

I wrap one of my hands around his neck and pull him back against me, my tongue kissing the spot just under his jawline.

"Bro ohh fuuuuuuuuck" this seems to send him over the edge and cum shoots out of his dick, flying around the room. One rope on his chest, one along the floor, one on the wall. Until he finally relaxes into me.

I'm not finished yet though. He stops riding me but now I'm holding him up and thrusting into him.

"Fuck bro fuck, someone's coming," he warns, jumping off my dick.

The second he thrusts out of me, my climax hits and I shoot straight up my stomach and onto my arm.

I don't even have time to revel in this experience and take a breather, I'm not sure how close the person he sees is down the hall, or if we're about to get busted.

He's wrapping his towel around himself and sitting back down and I'm frantically pulling my underwear back up when the door opens. Cool air comes flooding in. It feels amazing after getting so worked up. Some random guy walks in and sits down on the other bench. He seems to have not noticed the odd tension and doesn't seem to notice we're both out of breath and trying to cover ourselves. That or he just doesn't care. I slowly wipe the cum off my hairy stomach and try to rub it into the sweat already on my underwear.

The guy who almost took my load stands up, winks at me, and walks out of the sauna. I didn't wanna seem to suspicious so I wait a little bit before I follow him. But by the time I get out to the showers he's nowhere to be seen.





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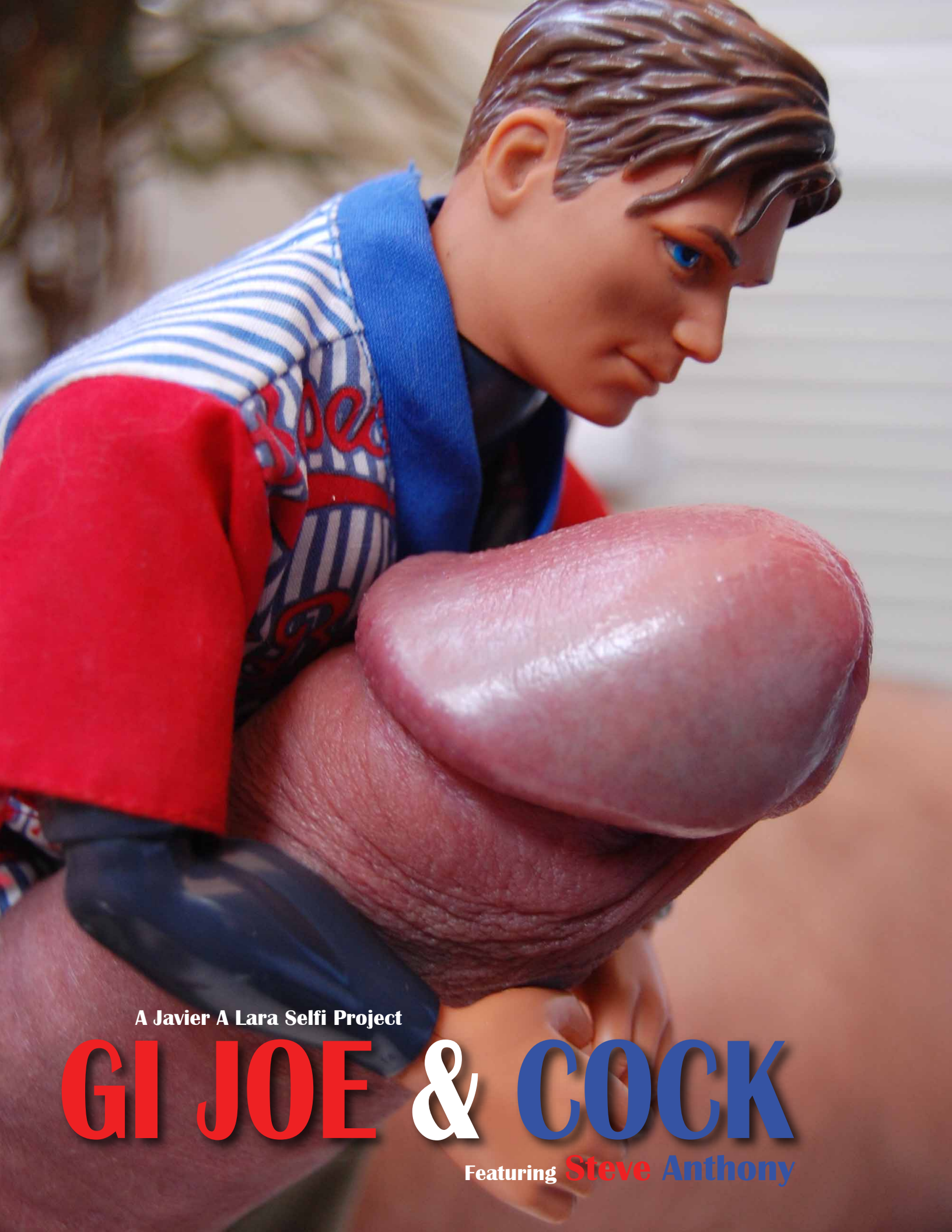
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Story by Final_Juggernaut_572

Losing My Virginity

Shortly after I turned 18, I installed Grindr to see what I could find. I named my account 'test account' just to see how many people were in my area without having any personal info on there.

That same night, someone messages me asking what my name meant. I told him that it was just to test the waters and not really anything serious. He then recommends that we meet up, butterflies immediately entered my stomach. I still lived with my parents and told him so, but then he said that he'll pick me up and go somewhere private. My hands were shaking at the prospect and every part of me wanted to say no, but he managed to convince me anyway.

I stood out in my driveway, shaking and shivering in fear and anticipation, for him to show up. I see his headlights and I walk up to his car and hop in. He starts to rub his hand on my thigh and rubs against my cock. This was the first time another person had ever touched me there and I started breathing heavily as he drove me to a secluded spot. The spot ended up being an empty church parking lot.

Once we stopped, he pulled his pants down and let his cock flop out. I stared in awe before reaching over and groping it. While I touched his, he pulled open my pants and started rubbing mine, before leaning down to suck it. My legs were twitching and jittering like crazy until he leaned back and gestured for me to suck him.

I leaned down and let it sit in front of my face for a few seconds before I gave it a lick and then put the tip in my mouth. He was already dripping with salty precum that coated my tongue and I pushed my head down further till I started to gag. I started bobbing like I had seen in videos before

and I was enjoying it, until I noticed his hand squeezing my ass cheek and a finger slowly creeping towards my hole.

I moaned over his cock, as his finger pushed in, and that's when he pulled my head off him and told me to get in the backseat.

All he said was "hands and knees".

I knew immediately what to do. My heart was beating out of my chest. I jumped, as I felt him spit on my hole, and then rubbing cold lube against it. He lined his cock up and slowly pushed into me. It obviously hurt a bit at first but, and after some moments, it started to hurt less. he began to move back and forth at a slow pace.

After a couple of minutes, he started moving quickly, pounding his thighs against mine, and then he grabbed my hair and said "call me daddy, bitch," smacking my ass hard.

Now, I've never really had a thing for calling people "Daddy", but at that moment it was just so hot that I started screaming daddy like it was my number one fetish. He continued pulling my hair to hold my head back,

I reached down to stroke myself but he smacked my hand away and said, "You only cum when Daddy makes you!"

My dick throbbed harder than it ever had. A few minutes later he shot his load inside me and then he started jerking me off himself until I shot my load onto his seats.

After that, we cleaned up and he dropped me back off at my house.

We had a few more meetups after that with a couple other things that I never expected to turn me on, but that is a story for another time.

A middle-aged man with a serious expression is sitting on a piece of gym equipment in a studio with a brick wall. He is wearing a black mesh long-sleeved bodysuit with a small ring detail at the chest and black leather briefs. His legs are crossed, and he is looking directly at the camera.

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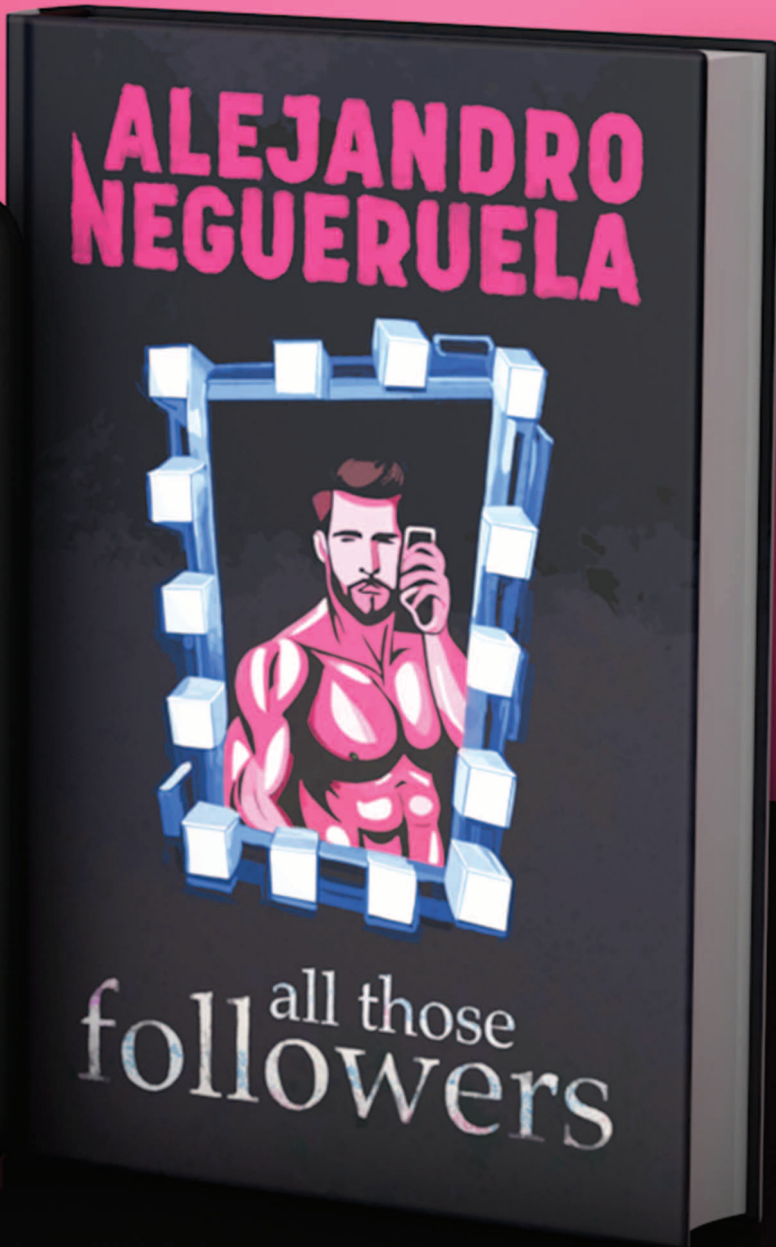




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