



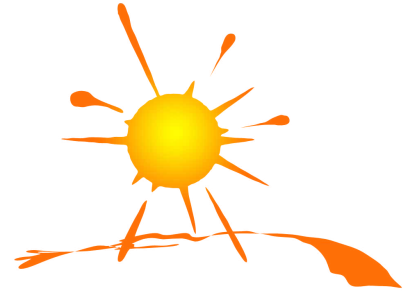
JPRuger

Mr. Rogers help JPRuger with his hot sweaty pre-birthday celebration

The incredible artwork of
Pig of Arabia

Coyote's interview
Danny Warhole

Continued adventures of
The Cop and Ex Con



DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

Editor/Layout

John Kranz
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Publisher

Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages@gmail.com

Submissions

desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Contributors

Drub
(drubskin@drubskin.com)
Dogbone421
(Dogbone421@aol.com)
dencumslut
River6969us
Anthony Michaels Photography
(tonydayton82@gmail.com)
Li Su Photography
(lisuphotography@gmail.com)
Dutch Leatherman
Malcolm Jon
(coyotestudiosnw@gmail.com)
GASQUE ph
(gasquephotography@gmail.com)
Matt Finish
(xomattfinish@gmail.com)
Pig of Arabia
(mohammedsobhetaha95@gmail.com)

Cover Photo: JPRuger
by Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages.com

desertheatmag.com

All of the material in the magazine, including the magazine, is protected by copyright. All rights are reserved. This magazine or parts of it may not be reproduced without prior written permission from the creator of Desert Heat Magazine, John Kranz, the photographers, artists, or the authors. The utmost care has been taken to present the information in Desert Heat Magazine as accurately as possible. Neither the creator, John Kranz, nor any of the contributors accept any responsibility for any damage that may result from the use of this magazine or any information contained within it. All efforts have been made to contact the copyright holders. No responsibility for the reproduction can be taken if the digital data of the images delivered is not accompanied by a high quality color proof. The views expressed in Desert Heat Magazine are not necessarily those of the Publisher or any of the contributors.

For further information please contact:
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:
@desertheatmag

Instagram:
www.instagram.com/desertheatmag/

Flickr
www.flickr.com/groups/dhmsubmissions/

Must be 18 years or older to view

Desert Heat Magazine
© 2018 Desert Heat Images

Table of Contents

Photography

JPRUGER 6

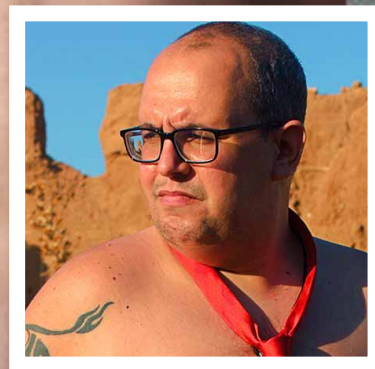
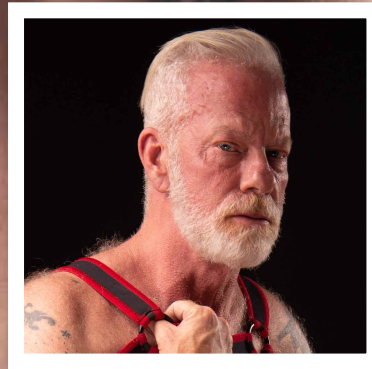
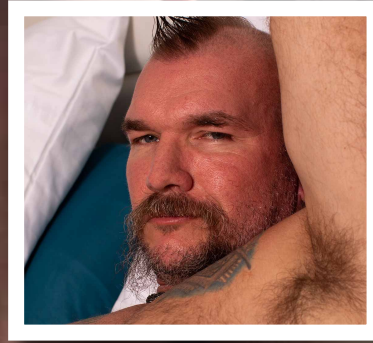
MATT FINISH 22

EFRAIM 42

CALEB RUFF 52

ROB ORTIZ 64

DUTCH LEATHERMAN 74



Articles

13 THE COP & THE EX CON

16 ALL THINGS DRUB

21 BLAKE'S POEM

32 PIG OF ARABIA

48 DANNY WARHOLE

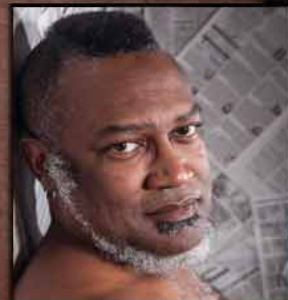
60 BLACK MAN IN THE HALLWAY

70 RAILED BY A MONSTER

DE



WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM



1977

Ramblings from the Editor

We're already in the middle of Summer! What the hell? How is the summer going by so quickly? Hopefully you are out enjoying the incredible weather, if you're not in the south that is!

Speaking of hot and sweaty, it's time to wish JPRuger a happy birthday! July is his month and of course I had to put him as a cover guy! The images selected here were to illicit a response, so if it does, make sure you let him know! He's a hot fucker, that's for sure, and loves to hear from his fans.

And while you're at it, check out Mr. Rogers twitter page too! He will be a cover model here at DHM soon, so you can get a pre-perv on him by checking out his twitter! And be sure to let him know you saw him in the Magazine! He loves his fans too!

And now that I am on that rant, be sure and thank everyone who contributes to the Magazine. If you enjoy something you see in past or current Issues, reach out to the content creators, the models, whoever else you can find a link for so that they will continue to support the Magazine with their great content in the future. If they don't know you enjoy it, what is the incentive to continue with us? So please take a few precious minutes and let them know what you feel about their work.

I've been trying to not take too political of a stance with the Magazine, but I'm going to please implore each and every one of you to get out vote this Fall. Our protections under law are being threatened by a Supreme Court that is blurring the lines between the separation of

Church and State. The four Catholics on that body have no clue how to keep their fucked-up religion out of laws that govern people that do not believe like they do. They have proven they cannot be trusted with the wellbeing and Constitutionality of this Country. Vote the Republicans out and let's get some justices who believe in this Nation first, not their religion.

On another rant, I am on a quest to find more photographers throughout the Country and world to add to our list of contributors. We have models all over that want to be photographed but finding a photog can be a challenge. If you know any budding photog or even one that is established that is looking for a big audience to show off their work, please have them get in touch. The only requirement is that the work must be male centered.

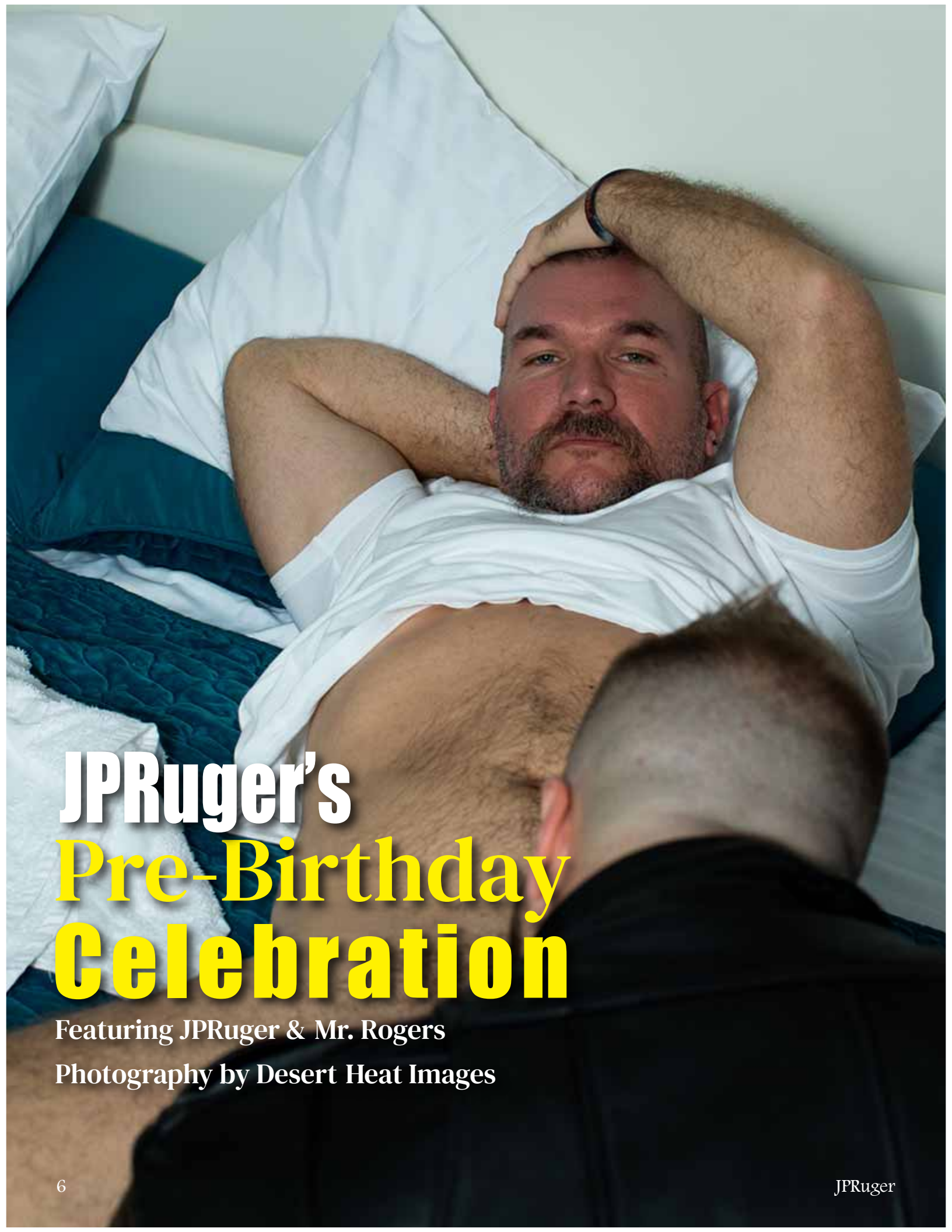
I hope everyone is staying safe out there. Upon the return from IML, found out there was a pretty good outbreak of COVID that can be backtracked to the event. Luckily everyone I've heard came down with it have recovered quickly. There was also, evidently, a few people who contracted Monkeypox. Remember, only you can keep yourself safe from this madness!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



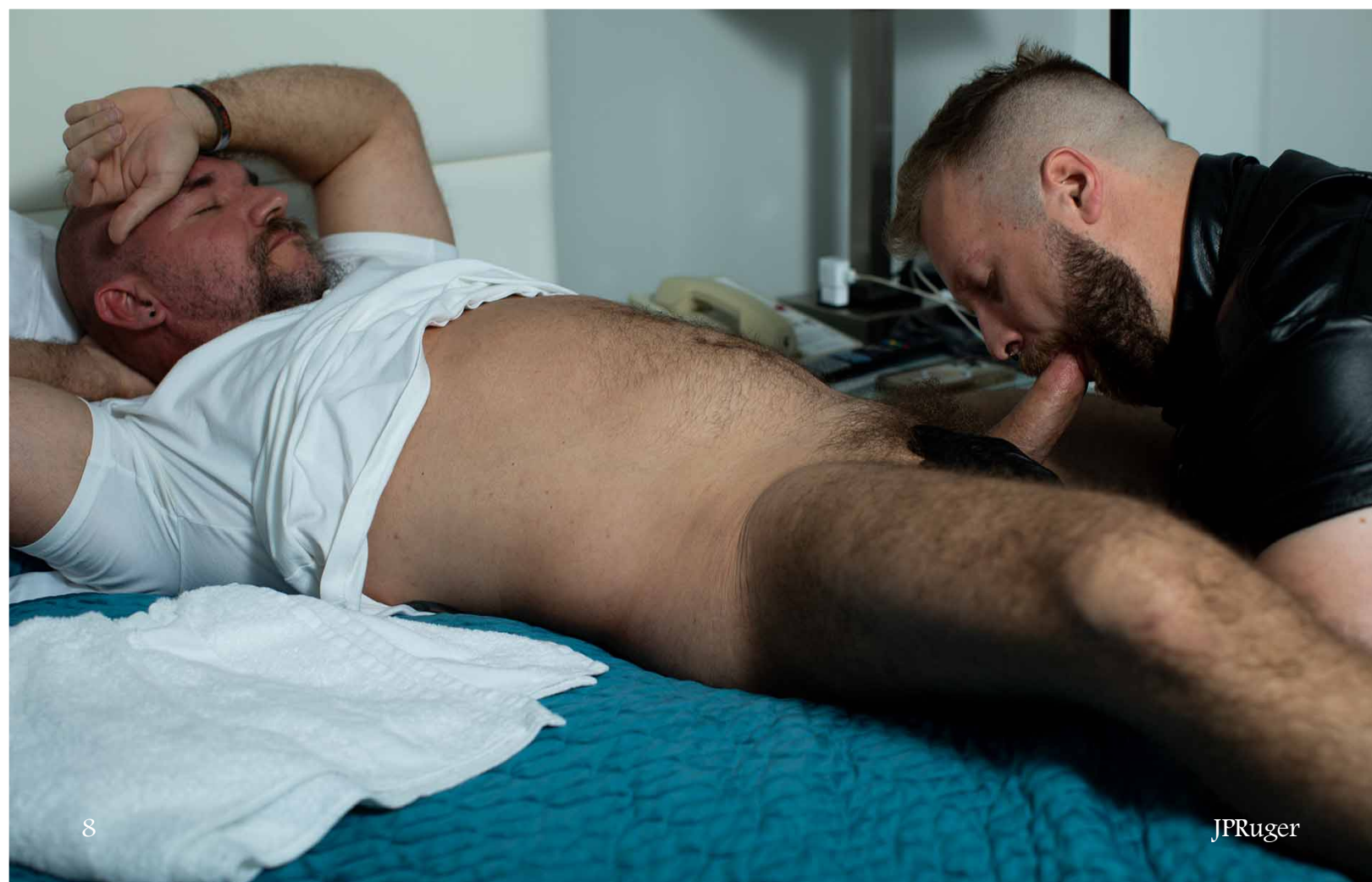


JPRuger's Pre-Birthday Celebration

Featuring JPRuger & Mr. Rogers

Photography by Desert Heat Images

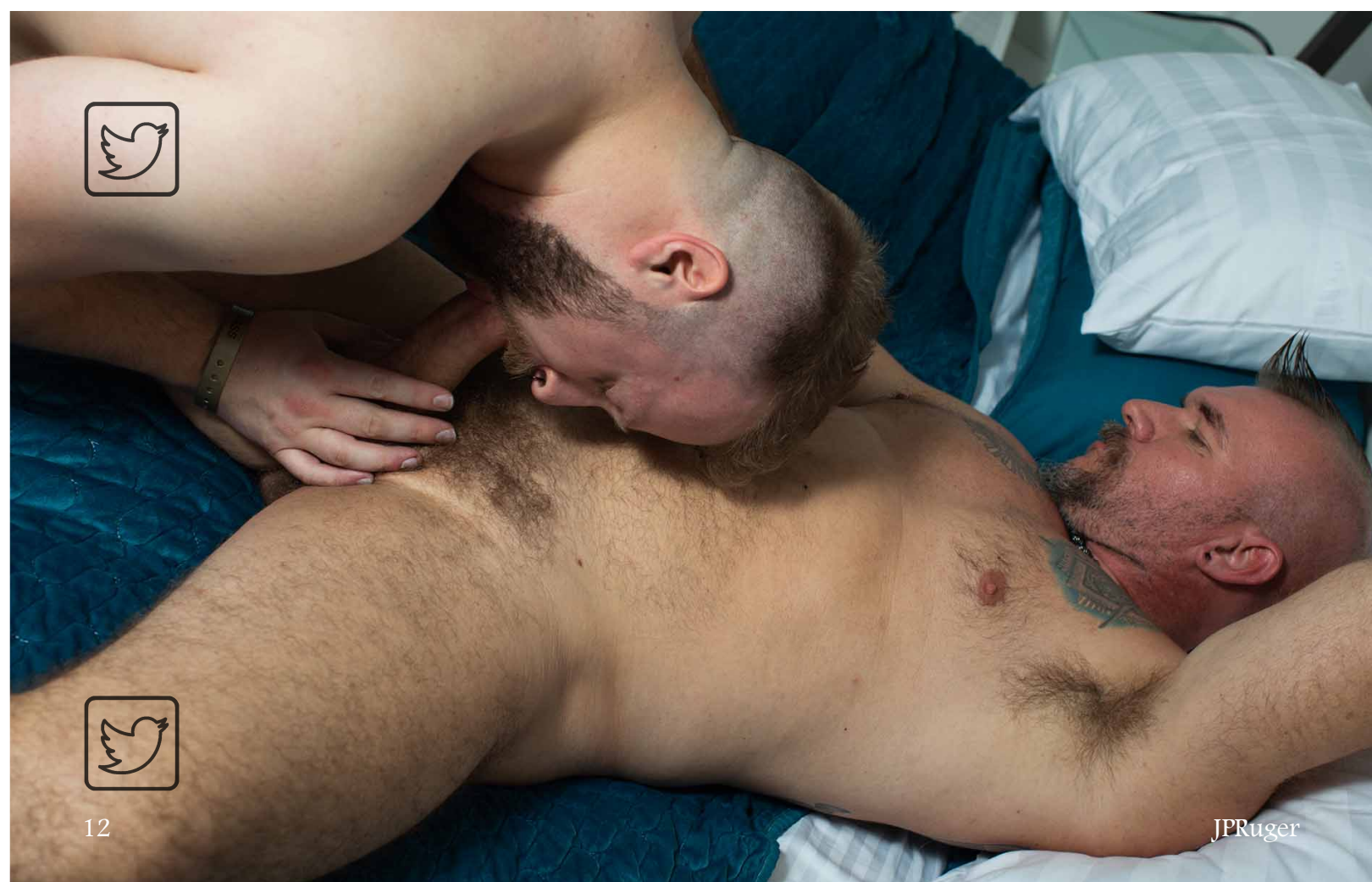












THE COP & EX CON

Story by **Dogbone421**

Chapter 5

When I made it to the end of Mark's lane, I hit the lights atop my car and floored it to the accident. My butt itched as I sat in the car seat, but in a good way! I could feel his load within me as I squirmed around in my seat.

When I pulled up on the accident, I could tell it wasn't too bad and that there wasn't any sever injuries. I parked and grabbed my hat as I got out to help in directing traffic. My brother office walked up on me and asked how I was hanging tonight. He explained the situation as we stood getting a feel for the way we would handle it. He asked why my shirt was so dam tonight, and I fabricated that my cars air wasn't working well.

He told me I needed to get that checked before I had a heat stroke or something! I laughed and agreed saying I had already spoke to someone about it. We divided up the paper work and got it all done together and we were out of there in about an hour. Before he left, he asked if I was dating anyone? Turns out his wife has a friend that would be perfect for me according to him! With my asshole still freshly coated with cum, I politely bowed out.

"Kinda seeing someone right now buddy," I offered. "If it doesn't go anywhere, maybe you could introduce me," I offered as a piece maker.

The rest of the workweek was long and tiring. I couldn't wait till Saturday got here and I

could sleep late and relax. Saturday was a blessing when it did finally come! I was really looking forward to relaxing and not thinking about work. Once I got in bed, I fell instantly to sleep. Around twelve noon I was awakened when I heard my cell phone ring. I didn't want to answer it but knew I should check who was calling. My phone indicated it was Mark. I took a few seconds to rub the sleepiness out of my eyes before I answered. When I said Hello, he heard the sleepiness in my voice.

"Yo bitch, you still sleeping," he asked?

I told him I was and that I didn't get into bed until 8 am. He actually apologized but continued talking asking when I was planning on getting over to his place today?

"Kinda wanted to catch a few more hours shut eye," I answered as I yawned. Plan on stopping over after that," I offered next.

He seemed content with that answer and said he couldn't wait! I hung up the phone and turned over and fall instantly back to sleep. I slept for another three hours and woke up feeling much better. I grabbed some instant coffee from the kitchen and walked out on my deck in my underwear. My afternoon/morning piss hard on tented the front of my jockeys as I leaned against the deck rail. I scratched my ass as I looked at the mountains at the back of my property. The late

afternoon sun was hot and I could feel it starting to bake my back and shoulders already. I walked over to the weight bench I had outside and laid back and pumped a few quick reps. Pumping iron when I got up always got my blood moving. Lying back on the bench resting between sets, I couldn't hide the tent in my jockeys my cock was making.

I squeezed my cock thru the material and felt the stiffness of my bone. My cock throbbed even worse when my mind drifted to Mark. I was beginning to have the yearning I had in high school for the construction workers I rode around looking for. That aching feeling a dude gets when he wants something so fucking bad. I had to learn to suppress them back then, now I didn't have to. This Mark dude held the key to what I knew was my fate. I sat up and held my head in my hands hoping I was following the right path. I knew I couldn't go back to who I was before this. The deck boards burned the bottom of my feet as I paced so I headed back inside.

I fixed myself some cereal, played with my phone and watched some quick TV. My stiff cock wouldn't leave me so I took a cold shower and shaved. I dressed in some old shorts and a raggedy tee and headed out the door. On the way over I passed a liquor store and decided to stop and get us a case of beer to enjoy. I was feeling really good and I wanted to celebrate the fact that my overtime was finished. I texted Mark as I left the store and told him I was on my way.

When I pulled down his lane, my balls drew up tight against my body as I thought of what was going to happen. I was really looking forward to some dick up my ass! I think I was finally beginning to accept the fact that I was a fucking bottom man in this gay world I was exploring. Not once did I even think about trying to throw the cock to Mark. That was evidence enough in the world I worked in!

I pulled in his parking space and got out. I had to adjust my cock in my shorts to point straight up to be able to walk without looking obscene. I grabbed the beer out of the truck bed and quickly walked to the door. Mark was already standing there as I walked up and opened the screen for me. He was extremely happy when he saw me with beer in hand. He cleared a place on his table for me to set it down.

"What's this all about," he asked? "I thought

I was supplying the beer today," he asked?

I told him I just wanted to bring more and asked if this brand was the kind he liked. He said it would do as he opened the fridge and we both started to put it away. He was looking extra sexy to me today. He had shaved his head and his face since last, we meet. He saw me looking at him and asked,

"You approve man?"

I quickly told him I liked it a lot as I rubbed the top of his smooth head! "Dude, you look handsome as hell," I bragged to him!

"Ah man you're my bitch, you got to say that about your man," came from him with a big toothy smile!

I smiled shaking my head back and forth.

"Guess your right about that! But honestly, you look good Mark," I bragged!"

Once the beer was put away, we sat at the table and started to get to know each other better. We had the sex part worked out, now we just needed to understand where each of us was coming from. The trailer was smoking hot and a fan in the living room just swirled the hot air around. I asked how his new job was going and how he liked it. He told me what he did over there and talked about the guys he worked with. It sounded like he was content with working there. While we were talking, he asked,

"Babe, I left my cigarettes in the bedroom, can you go get them for me?"

Hearing the word Babe, made my heart skip a beat as I got up and went to get them. His bedroom was still a mess and the cloths piled around his bed were still there from the first day I came over here. The room air was heavy and stifling. A small table fan rattled as it oscillated. I grabbed the cigarettes and the ashtray and quickly headed back. When I returned he thanked me.

I stood behind him and began to rub his shoulders as he lit one. He cooed and told me how great that felt. I leaned close and smelled him as I massaged his neck and shoulders. He smelled of "Old Spice" deodorant and it made him even more masculine appealing to me. He quickly pulled his tee shirt up and off as he sat there. I ran my hands over his strong pecs and his arms and admired his body. His short chest hair was thick and course and ran down to the top of his crotch. I couldn't get

enough of him today! When I licked the top of his shaved head he asked,

"You want some dick don't you bitch?"

"I'm really horny for you today," I whispered in his ear. "Nothing would be better than your cock in me right about now!"

He told me how good it made him feel when I said that.

"You have finally come around to accepting the fact that you're my bitch haven't you," he asked me?

I didn't have to answer because he already knew I had. He told me to go on back and get undressed and he would be there as soon as he finished his smoke. When I entered the bedroom, I started getting out of my cloths. When I pulled down my jockeys my cock was fully swollen and my balls were drawn up tight. I sat on the edge of the bed and patiently waited for him. He entered and was undoing the top of his pants as he walked. He stopped beside me on the bed and put his boot on the bed.

"Untie them for me," he commanded!

I loosened the strings of the construction boots and he held the boot before me so I could also pull it off. "Socks too," came from him. I did what he asked and he offered the other boot. Once his boots were off, he pulled his pants and underwear off. When he was fully nude, he lay back on the bed and folded his arms behind his head. His big soft cock lay atop his large nut sack before me.

"Get me hard bitch," he said as I moved to suck his cock.

I took him fully in my mouth and worked my tongue around his cock head. "Clean the head good," he said as I worked my tongue around the crown. He swelled fast and soon his cock head was deep in my throat.

"That's enough," he said. "Get the lube out."

I opened the small nightstand and fished around inside till I found it.

"Get my cock and yourself ready" I was commanded now!

I used a large amount to coat his shaft and the rest went between my cheeks to my hole. When that done, he turned on his side and climbed atop me. I pulled my legs back and opened myself up to him immediately. I felt his wet cock between my cheeks.

"Reach down there and guide me in."

I moved my right arm down between both our bodies and beneath my ball sack and gripped his cock. I moved it to my hole as he pushed into me. He moved slowly but fully into me. His sack was soon resting against my butt cheeks as water ran off my face already. I closed my eyes and tried to enjoyed the feeling.

"You are really coming around to excepting what you are," he breathed in my ear! "From now on, this is how we fuck. You get me and yourself ready and I climb on top you!"

He began with slow easy humps and soon we were on our way. I locked my arms around his back and held him tight as he moved in and out of me. My mouth slowly moved to his neck and I began to lightly kiss and suck him. I could taste the salt on his skin as I licked.

"Yeah baby, you're getting better and better," he whispered again!

My mouth found his large Adam's apple and began to suck it. I felt it move as he breathed and swallowed. It seemed to make him crazy as I did that and he fucked with strong thrusts that made the wind escape my lungs with each inward thrust. I had learned already to adjust the angle of my hips as he moved in me. To move just a little one, was enough to have him hit a spot within me that curled my toes! I wasn't a law officer here; I was a man with needs.

I was tired of being in control all the time, being the guy, everyone turned to for help. Today I wanted to forget all that. I gave myself fully to him. He was in charge!

I moved my one hand to the front of his cheat and I rubbed him as he made love to me. His chest hair was already damp with sweat. He rose up some so I could touch him easier. He looked down on me as I looked up at him. A drip of sweat hung off the tip of his nose. His eyebrows arched down as he concerted on his task. My hand moved between us to the place where we were joined. I could feel his shaft leave me and return. My fingers played in the thick crotch hair above his shaft and the thick line of hair from his belly button to his bush. His lower belly really was hard and tight. My hard cock was already leaking a puddle of pre cum in the hair I touched. Damp from the moisture of

Continued on page 20

The best laid plans... am I right, Robert Burns?

A simple trip to Los Angeles for the man in my life's birthday. A hotel stay. Some good food and a show. A wonderful musician named Orville

Peck. Now, mind you, this is one of my hubby's favorite musicians. He told me about the tickets and I bought them. \$180 a pop for general seating. Weird, but whatever. We're going to see Orville Peck. This was a couple weeks back and I felt like a rockstar snagging these tickets.

Fast forward to me printing out our tickets days before and that's where I started questioning reality. Has this country gotten so bad that we gaslight ourselves? Why did the tickets for Orville Peck have all this Tom of Finland stuff on it? My tickets also had somebody else's name on them even though I most certainly bought them. It didn't make sense but the ticket vendor assured me that it was fine. I blew those thoughts into space, packed the car and jumped in it to face the prerequisite traffic you must endure to venture close to LA. We listened to hours of Florence Welch to get us through.

We found the hotel, which was blocks from the Avalon, where we thought we'd be seeing Orville Peck. I turned Matt on to Orville a couple years ago and he instantly loved the music and the persona. I related to the masked image he put out as I feel like we all have these public facing personas we present to people. It's not like having your guard down with your inner circle. I dig that. We have Mr. Peck's albums on vinyl. The richness of tone is exquisite. We hang on to every honeyed syllable as we sing along with in our living room. The joy of harmonizing with an artist we enjoy so much is something I find I like doing because I don't have people telling me that I can't sing. Quite the opposite, when I'm around Matt, I sing beautifully. I get that the mask for Orville must be

ALL THINGS DRUB

rather freeing and a way of retaining your power. But now, I thought, we'll soon be singing songs back to him that we've learned since falling for that voice and all that comes with it. We settled into the Kimpton Everly Hotel, a spacious and clean hotel right in the heart of Hollywood.

The food was good, yet pricey. I always laugh when people who live in LA ask when I'm going to move there. I prefer the space I have in San Diego. The cost of living in Los Angeles is too high for my liking. It's bad in all major Californian cities, but I'll stick to the devil I know. L.A. will never happen for me. I'm close enough, thank you.

In the morning, we got dressed up as "gear was encouraged". How strange of a request? It still hadn't hit me yet, or rather I was unwilling to believe this was anything but an Orville Peck show. It was billed that way through the ticket venues out there.



We said good-bye to the hotel and I worked up the courage to be in public, putting on the invisible armor I have created over the years (similar to Orville Peck's mask) so I can endure interacting with people, especially unpleasant ones. Bleachers tucked in, socks up over the top of the boots, my Plaque Blague shirt, red braces, my tight haircut and supple leather gloves. Matt leathered himself up nicely, with an understated biker look. Walking from the parking lot, I had this horrible feeling come over me. One I've felt before, like walking into a room in a building and having everyone scream "Happy Birthday" when you've expressed how much you dislike that or that you were about to be pranked hard. Uneasiness mixed with disappointment and a general whaaaaaathefuuuuuuuck?

We got in to the Avalon and it hit me. We weren't at a Orville Peck show at all, but the reopening for Tom's Bar. I looked at the line up, which I didn't find online or while booking my tickets for an Orville Peck show. DJs, vendors, and Orville coming on for 15 minutes to sing a song and accept an award? I'm sure it was a mistake but felt hood-winked!

We decided to stay and enjoy the afternoon, which we did! While I would have preferred better publicity for this event to be up front and not pull a shell game with the promise of a musician, we settled in to the surprise. We mingled with strangers, people I knew and people I've only spoken to online, but mostly I went into people watching mode and cruised. I haven't been able to do that in so long. We managed to do this until 6 pm rolled around and we noticed a giant surge in the crowd. Rick Castro informed me they sold 900 tickets. We started to panic. The thoughts of a superspreader event danced in our heads.

There was a dark dance floor in a room that emanated heat and sweat. We both stared into the shadows and fled the draw. We'd been so careful for so long, we wanted nothing more than to lose ourselves in the dark mass of undulating, hot men. There was that moment. That moment where we both almost threw caution to the wind and jumped in. We turned from the dark room of hot bodies and we both said to ourselves like inoculating ourselves from a curse, "Monkey Pox!"

This raised so many questions that we had to now face. How do we as gay men, happy and All Things Drub



healthy horny sluts, navigate these waters now? I'm reminded of what gay men asked themselves during the height of the AIDS crisis. Our past should impart wisdom in these situations where we weigh the joy of glee and abandon against what we're willing to do to survive. I'm here by the grace of science in the first place and how far am I willing to push it in these COVID times? Sure, it would have been great to get sweaty and writhe and grind all over bare chested man my size with a sizable chest pelt, but at what cost? I don't have an answer for that and I hate it. I salute those of you who brave these situations like breathing or walking, but I am not ready. It's ok if you are not ready too. I hope this empowers you to make the right decision for you and yours.

Down the steps from the dark dance floor, we propped ourselves up on a wall where not many were gathered. We watched dozens of new faces pour in to the venue's second floor. Matt watched my face wrinkle up and asked if I wanted to leave. At this same moment, I was hearing an older woman's voice scold me in my head.

"She's in the building. Escape, you fool!"

15 minutes of Orville Peck couldn't get us to stick it out, so we fled back to San Diego with an adventure story to tell and the mystery of Orville Peck eluding us for the time being...

--

www.drubskin.com





Continued from pg 15

his body, my ball sack stuck to him. I could feel his body quiver and I knew he was close. He hugged me real tight and began to pump him load deep in me. I whispered in his ear how great a fuck he was and did not believe what I was hearing my own self saying. He instantly sucked my neck hard and bit it lightly. My hands now moved to his wet back and rubbed him as he relaxed.

"Man, if we were able, this would have been the fuck that knocked you up," he said ever so softly as he looked me in the eyes.

We held each other till his cock went soft and slipped from me. He then rolled off me onto his back. We both lay together quietly and enjoyed the moment.

Soon, "Can you get me a towel so I can dry myself off," came from him?

I eased myself up and went to the bathroom and got the towel that was hanging there. I felt some of his load run down my inner thigh as I walked back. I tossed it to him and he dried his chest, cock and balls. When he was done, he handed it to me next and I dried myself. He eased himself up and pulled his underwear back on. I followed his lead and did the same.

He left before me and I followed him out into the dining room area. We again sat at the table and both looked at each other. We smelled of sex and sweat as we sat there. He spoke first and told me how fucking great I was in bed today! I told him I was trying to relax and not over think things. He said he wanted to see more of that from me from now on.

He asked if I was off tomorrow and I told him I was. He smiled and announced I was spending the night with him! I was a bit caught off guard but I said I would. He leaned in closer and grabbed my arm in a tight grip.

"It's my privilege to keep you well fucked this weekend," he bragged! "That asshole of yours is going to be so stretched open by the time we're done making love bro!"

I looked him in dead in the eyes and answered, "I sure hope so!" He ruffled my hair stubble atop my head like my dad used to do and said we needed to go out and celebrate!

We got dressed without showering and took a piss together. When we headed out the door, he

wanted to drive so I gave him the keys to my truck. He put his arm around me as we walked the short distance and told me,

"God dam you're a hot bitch, my fucking bitch! And don't you forget it!"

He smacked my ass as we separated to get in. Before he got in, he pulled off his tee shirt. "Take yours off too man," he yelled to me!

I pulled mine off also and we got in together. I wasn't used to going without a shirt on, but it felt liberating doing it with him. We hit the road and stopped at a lot of places that night. Along the way we happened to pass the local ballpark. There was a game going on so we hung out drinking beer and eating hotdogs. It was great to watch the guys play ball and him slapping me on the back once in a while when someone hit a homerun. With my ass full of his cum mixed with the camaraderie we were experiencing, man it couldn't get any better for me!

I felt amazing being around him and we got along great. We drove to the local farmers market and walked around like two farm boys. I usually didn't like the place because it was full of low life's but with him, I fit right in.

We rode around in the cool night air and then got on the interstate.

"Where we headed," I asked him as I rubbed his thigh?

He answered, "just up the road!"

Before long we pulled off at an exit and drove till, he stopped at a redneck bar. The place sit off the road and you could hear the country music playing as you pulled into the parking lot. There was a row of bikes parked together and most of the vehicles there were pickup trucks. I pulled on my ball cap as he parked the truck. I was praying I would not run into any of the guys I work with or have arrested! He suggested we both put our tee shirts back on before entering.

We walked in together and he got us both a beer as the loud music roared. Cigarette smoke was thick in the air and hung like clouds over tables. He maneuvered me towards the pool tables and there was one that was not being used. The neon lights on the wall made the pool tables look pink and green. He took us both down pool sticks and we began to play. He was much better than I ever was and he let me know it. He kept saying,

Continued from pg 29

The Cop and Ex Con

*Him,
Tone, tight,
Flirty at work.*

*Me,
Interested, day
dreaming.*

His lips...

Knock! Knock!

Hello?

*Embrace,
His lips!*

*Shock
His lips!*

*Passion, heart race,
Clothes off.*

His lips!

*Intense.
Primal.
Sweat.*

His lips!

*The sofa,
His lips!*

*Skin,
His lips!!*

*Taste,
His lips!!!*

*Feeling...every...
inch,
His lips!!!!*

*Hearts race,
His lips!!!!!*

*Faster!!!!!
His lips!!!!!*

Enter!!!!!!

*Aww!!!!!!
His lips.*

*Slower breathing,
Holding,
Heart rate slowing.
Holding.*

Him

Matt Finish

Images by Matt Finish















Continued from pg 20

"Fucking bitches can't play pool anyway!" We both would laugh and he would look at me with hunger in his eyes and adjust his crotch at the same time.

"Dam, your so fucking cute in this light," he complimented me! "You fucking make my cock itchy for some pussy man!"

My asshole clinched tighter and I know I blushed at his words. Thank god the music was so loud no one else could hear him! We had a few more beers as we played more games and enjoyed the music. I started to notice a guy watching Mark and I as I waited for my turn. He would take a drink of beer and dead stare at me. He was leaning against the bar facing us with his thumb hooked in his right pocket. He was a tall skinny dude in dirty blue jeans and a leather vest. His biker boots were big and black as was his face from lack of shaving for a couple days. I couldn't help but notice a sizable lump in his jeans either! He had a ruff look about him that made him desirable.

He caught me looking back at him and I nodded to acknowledge him. Within seconds he walked over to the both of us and leaned into Mark, as he was about to shoot.

"How's it going Mark," came from him?

Mark looked up and quickly recognized whom it was. They both gave a "high five" hand slap and began to talk. I stood aside and let them have their moment together. Soon the other guy was talking like he was pissed about something. I couldn't hear what there were talking about for the loud music. Mark kept nodding his head and concentrating on what the guy was saying. Then he walked away from him and came over to me. He said they both had something to talk about in private and were going to take a piss. He told me to hang tight and that he would be back soon.

I watched them both walk away wondering what was up? I hung out for about 10 minutes tapping my foot to the music before I saw them both reappear. The other guy stopped at the bar as Mark walked over to me. I knew something wasn't right the way Mark looked at me. He then leaned into me and spoke in my ear.

"Listen bro, I need another favor from you," he said as he leaned back and looked at me seriously.

"Sure Mark, anything. What is it?"

He began by tell me how he owed the dude at the bar some money that he had borrowed a while back and he wants payment tonight. I nodded as I listened intently.

"He's really pissed off at me and wants to settle up tonight!"

I reached into my back pocket and pulled out my wallet and asked, "how much you owe him?"

"It's gone way past him wanting money," he answered as he fidgeted before me.

"So, what's he want for payment," I then asked?

He looked me in the eye and said, "He wants you! He thinks your sexy as hell and wants a blow job from you for payment!"

I was stunned beyond belief as he went on to tell me how it was going to play out. I stopped him mid-sentence said, "Fuck no asshole!"

He started right away telling me he needed me to take care of this for him. I again said, "No, please no, Mark!" Then he started telling me that if I didn't do this for him that we couldn't fuck around anymore.

"Don't you care about me asshole," he barked loudly! "This fucker is part of a large motorcycle gang and he's threatened my life if you don't follow thru on this! How could I keep fucking a bitch like you if you aren't willing to cover for me when I need you too!"

I told him that wasn't true and that I did care for him. "Then prove it," came from his mouth! "Do this for me babe," he said as he put his arm around my neck and led me out the front door.

I thought we were going to leave and all this was just talk. But we didn't head for the truck. I heard the bar's door slam again behind us as we walked. The crunch of he gravel parking lot indicated someone was walking behind us.

Mark walked me past the edge of the building into the blackness of the night. I pleaded to Mark as we walked, I wasn't sure this was safe. He reassured me I was always safe with him. He wouldn't let anything happen to his boy!

We made our way into some tall weeds of a field that was behind the bar. Mark stopped me and we both turned around to see the guy from the bar standing in front of us.

"He ok with this, right," the guy asked?

Mark answered quickly for me, "He's ready and willing! He's a good cock sucker I can attest to that! Fuckers been chowing down on my pecker all day," Mark bragged!

The guy before us began to undo his belt as Mark removed his arm from my neck. Mark took my hat off and turned the brim backwards for me. He took a few steps away from me as the guy walked closed. He had his cock out and was rubbing the tip as he stopped in front of me. He looked at me in the darkness and motioned for me to drop to my knees. I eased myself down in the weeds almost crying at this point. He took a half step and I was at eye level of his cock. I couldn't see it very well in the moon lit darkness but I could smell his musk in the air. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth as I felt the guy's fingers searching my face for my mouth. When he found it he guided his cock towards it. I sucked him in and began to wetting his shaft with my spit. I could hear the roar of the interstate behind us as I explored his shaft. His cock head was large and his shaft narrow. The guy quickly started to hump my face as he held my head in place. I adjusted my head to give the dude better access to my mouth wanting this to be over as soon as possible!

His balls tapped right up against my chin as I sucked him. I breathed through my nose as Dutch had taught me. His breathing increased and he stood on his tiptoes as he held my head tight against his groin. Within seconds, three big shots hit the back of my throat as he fired off in me. I swallowed fast and took it all in. As he eased back some from my head, I heard him brag to Mark,

"Your right dude, he aint half bad sucking a man's pecker! Hot looking little cocksucker for sure also!"

As he went soft, I licked his cock head clean. When he removed his cock he walked a few steps from me and I heard him taking a piss as I wiped my mouth. Mark broke the awkward silence when he asked,

"We cool now guy? This settle our little disagreement?"

I listened as the heavy piss hit the hard ground for the dude's answer.

"Yeah, were cool thanks to your man there on his knees. Wouldn't mind spending some time in bed with him if your whoring him out any? "I'll pay good money to tap that fucker's ass," came

from him as I heard his zipper being pulled up. "You guys want a beer, I'll buy," came next from him?

Mark had lit one up and was smoking when I stood up. Mark spoke up quick, walking over and putting his arm back around my neck.

"Thanks, but another time! I'm taking my boy home and nailing his ass good after this! If he wants, we'll take you up on that offer to hire him out sometime," he laughed!

"You know where to find me," he answered as he turned and headed back to the bar. I pulled from Mark's head hold and looked at him with anger! I swatted a mosquito on my arm as I cleaned the dirt from my knees. I wiped some of the guys load from the corner of my mouth as Mark spoke.

"I'm proud of you! You did good babe," he said to me as he patted my ass. See it wasn't that bad. I'm settled up with that debt now, Thanks to you. And if you want to make some extra money, we found out that sweet ass of yours is worth something! Let's get home bro!"

We again walked with his arm around my neck back to my truck. When we got in the truck I told him I would never do that again. He said this was a one-time deal. He started the truck and we headed back to his trailer. It was really getting late. We both hit the sofa and watched TV, drinking some more beer before bed. He could tell I was still pissed at him. I couldn't understand how he could use me the way he does and I'm still sitting here? I knew I was in deep with him and just couldn't walk away yet. I focused on how much I enjoyed being with him and tried to forget what had happened earlier.

I started to get over my madness as the night wore on and as we got drunk. Finally, he looked at me with puppy dog eyes and asked, "Don't be mad at me all night bro."

I broke down and told him I was over it as he put his hand on my cheek and told me again how sorry he was. I gave in to my own lust and started to curl up to him. I rubbed his chest hair and lay my head in the cliff of his neck. I slowly undid the top of his jeans and ran my hand inside his underwear searching for his cock and balls.

"There, that's more like it," he said as he clicked off the TV with the remote. "Let's go do some make up sex bro!"

He hugged me tight and kissed the sides of my temple before we got up together. Heading for the bedroom, I stopped off at the bathroom as he continued on. I could barely piss as my excitement for what we were about to do stiffened my cock already!

He fucked me long and hard before we both drifted off to sleep! I slept like a baby, even snoring according to him. I jumped awake when the alarm went off. He had to get up at 6 am for work, and the effects of drinking most of the night reflected on both of us.

We both woke up with a hardon, pointing at laughing at each other's crotches and laughing! It was good for me to see another dude was just as horny in the morning as I usually was. I watched his baggy underwear try to hold his big cock back as he walked. Swinging from side to side, I stretched to the ceiling knowing I was taking that pole up my ass!

He made us both some coffee and we sat at the table complaining about how much we partied last night. Then out of the blue, he asked.

"You know a good way to make a hardon go down," he asked kind of serious?

I smiled a wicked smile as I grabbed his hand and pulled him up with me. He banged off a quick piece of ass and he got in the shower as I lay there enjoying myself. I almost fell back to sleep but knew I had to get up and shower. His smell was all over me and the sheets I noticed as I sat up in bed.

When he came back in the room drying himself, he asked if I could drop him off at work? I agreed and jumped out of bed. I took a much-needed dump as he finished getting dressed. He looked so hot in his coveralls that were unzipped to his waist. The long zippers framed his hairy chest perfectly. I showered quickly and slipped the cloths I wore yesterday back on. We both went out in the cool morning air and got in my truck. He bragged how good he felt this morning as he yawned and stretched loudly!

"Feels good to start the day with an empty nut sack fucker," came from him as he punched my shoulder!

I dropped him off at the junkyard and watched that sexy ass move from side to side in those loose coveralls as he walked in the building!

THE DADDY YEARS

A Non-Judgemental
Non-Slut Shaming
Body & Age Positive
HotAF Dirty Talkin'
Podcast Reboot

BIGGAYSEXSHOW.COM
Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Gay Sex...
And Everything You Didn't.

f t i

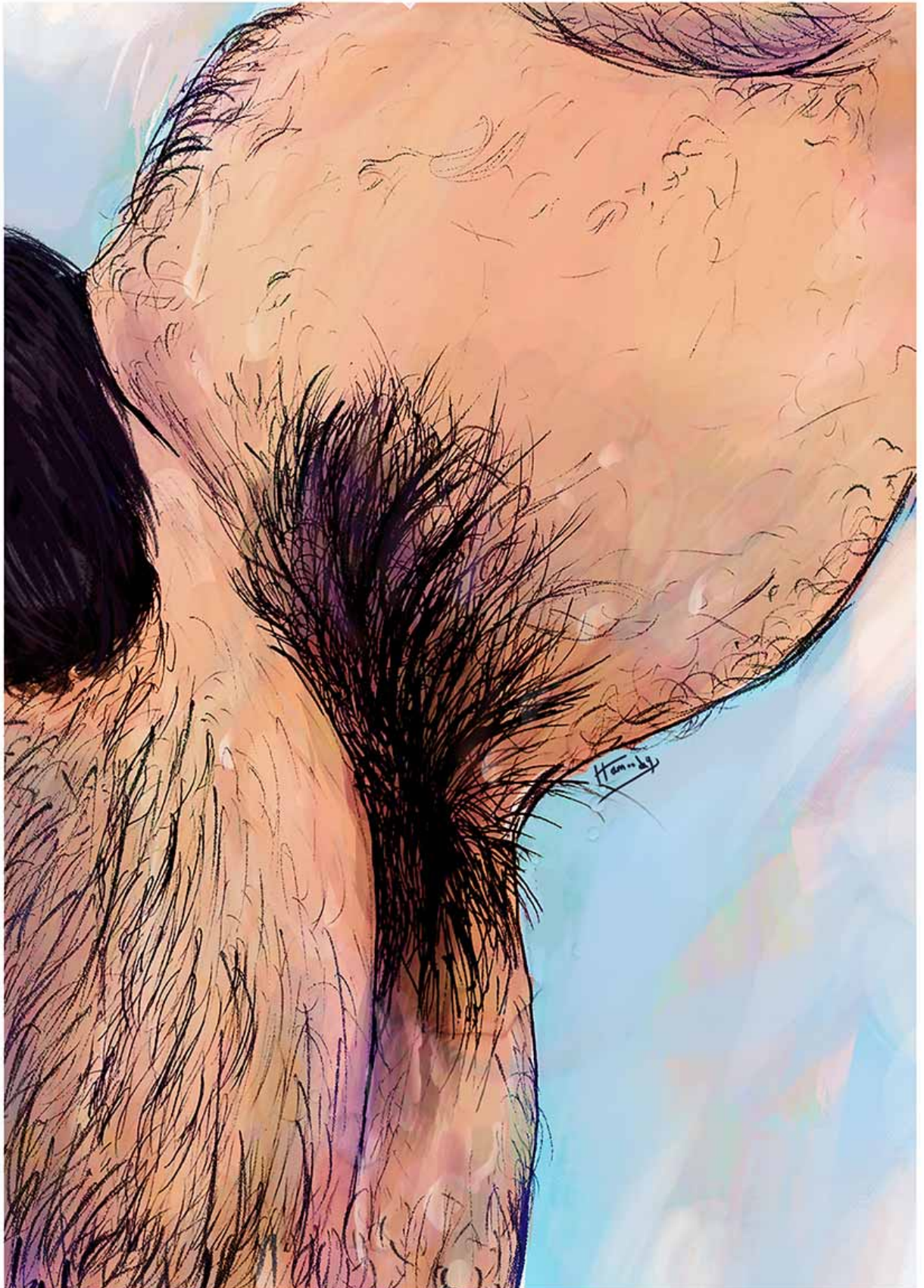
BIG GAY SEX SHOW

2008
Pauline Pauline

Artwork by
Pig of Arabia







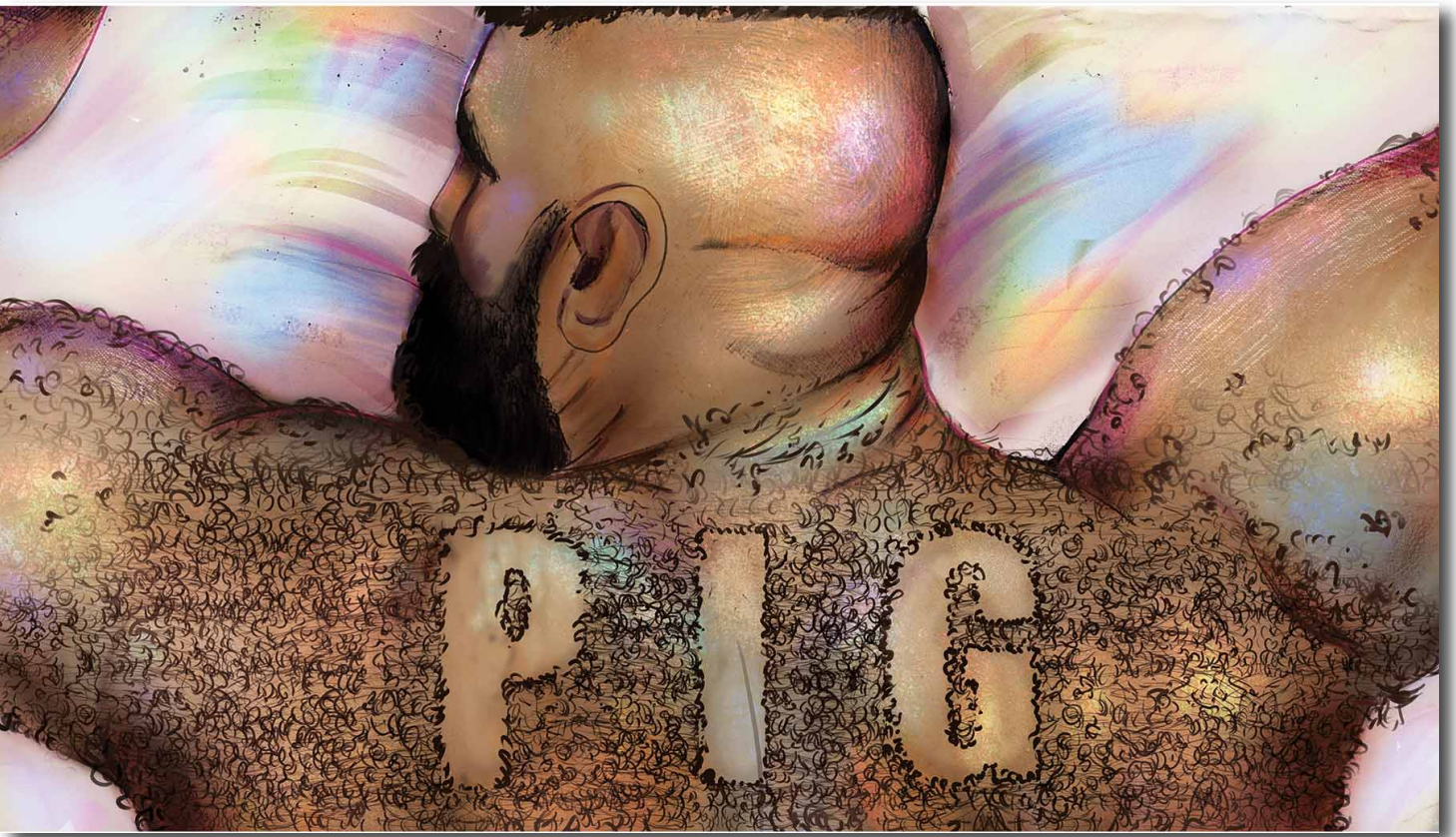
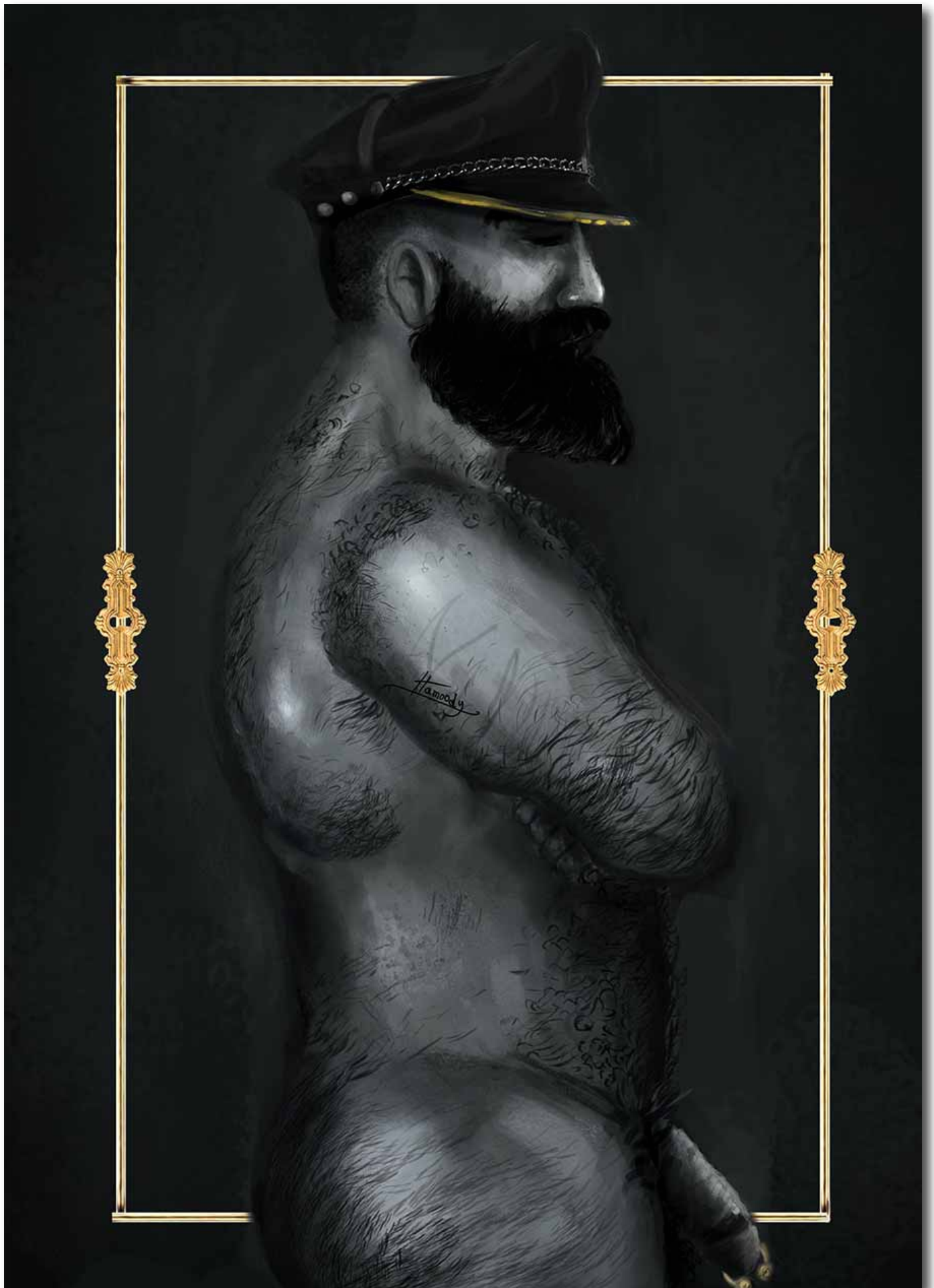


Fig Of Arabia



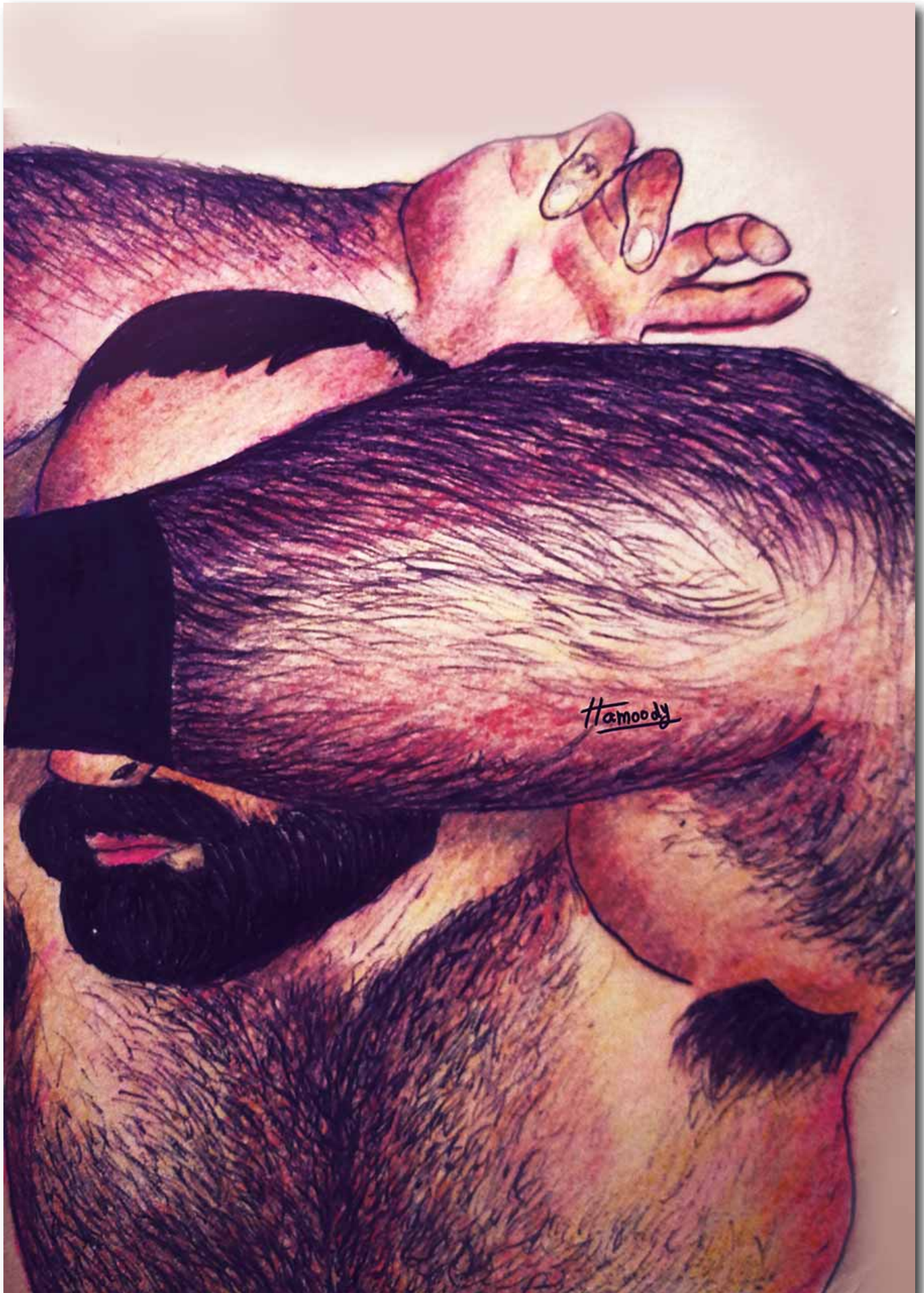
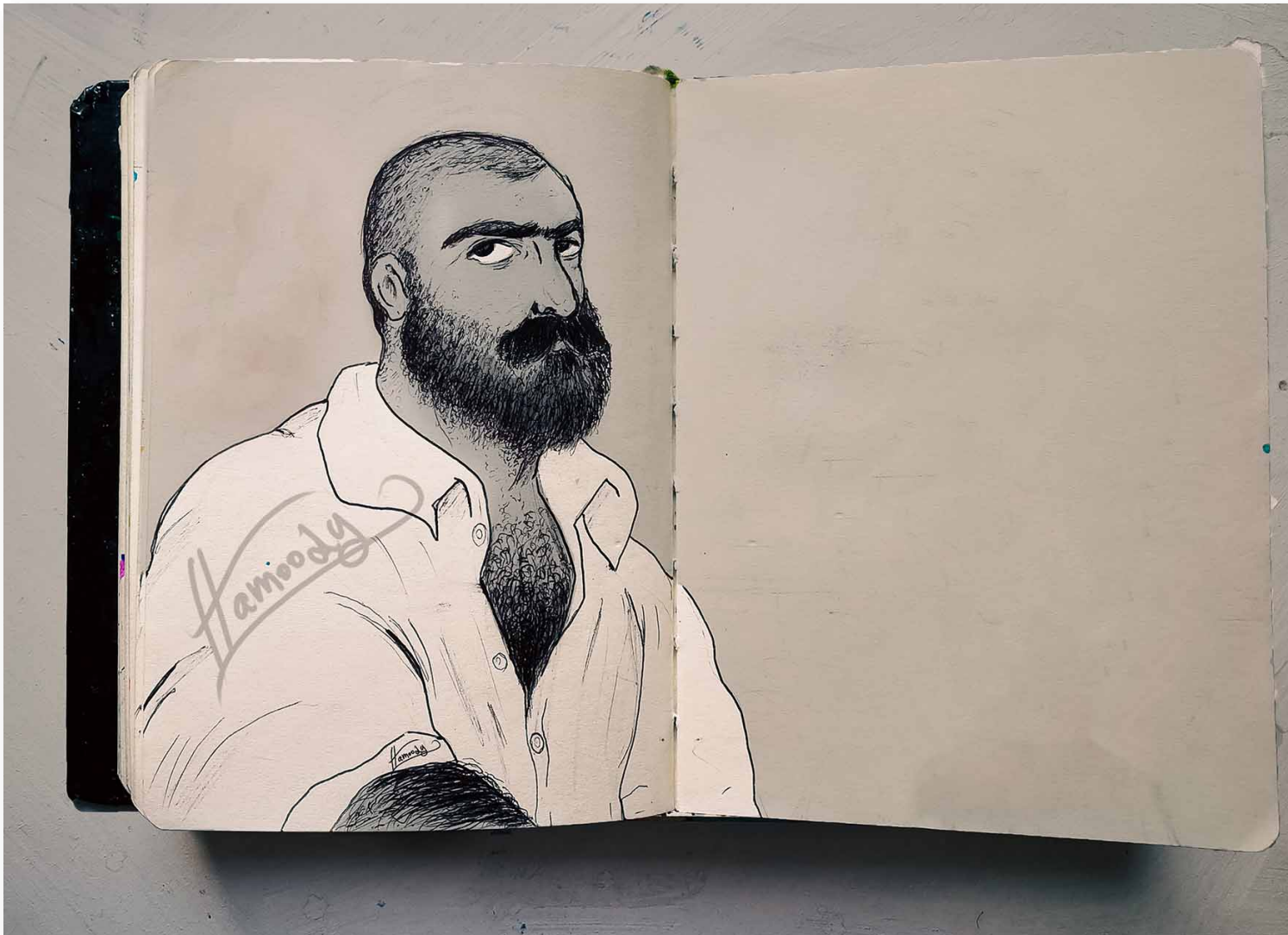
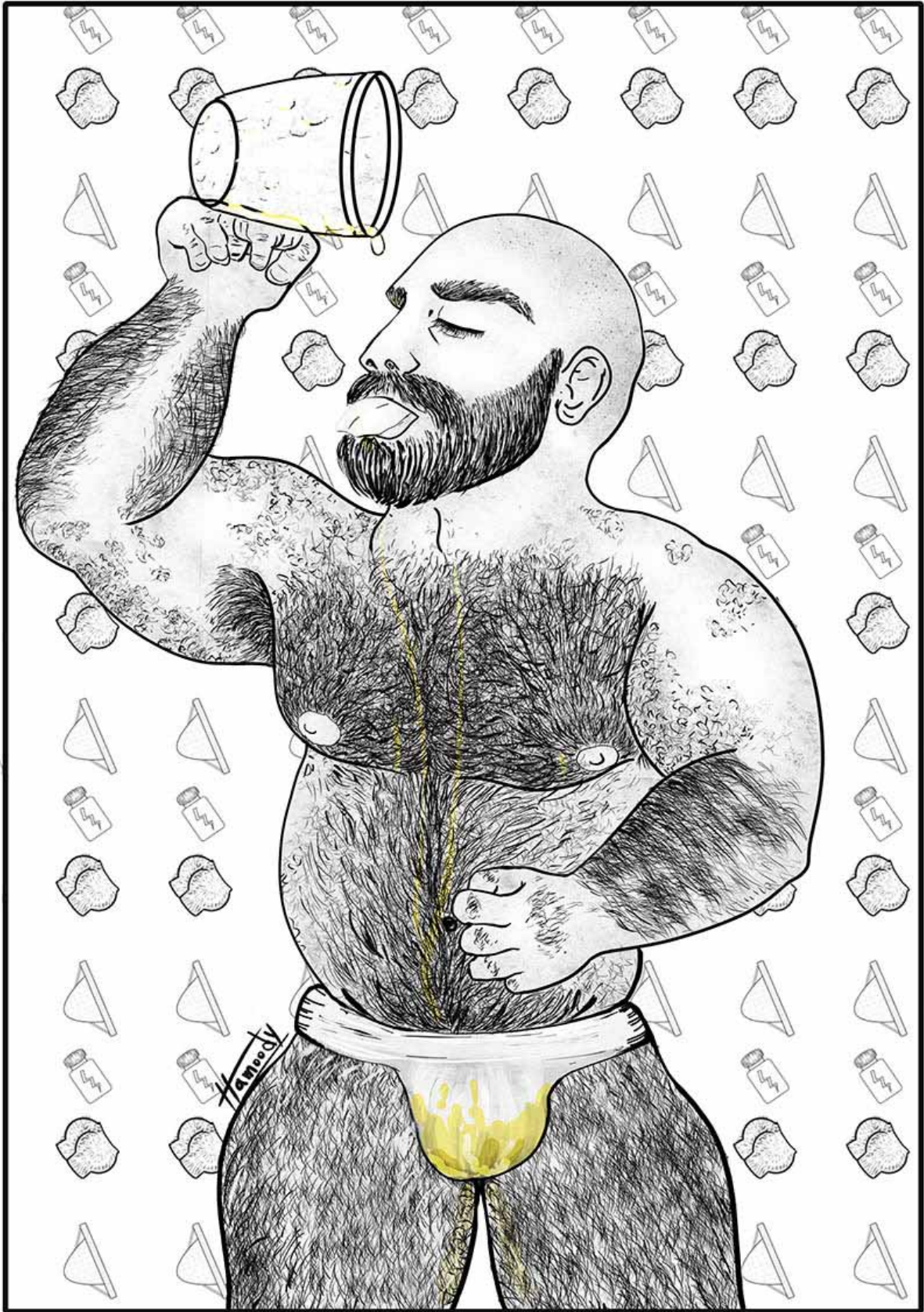
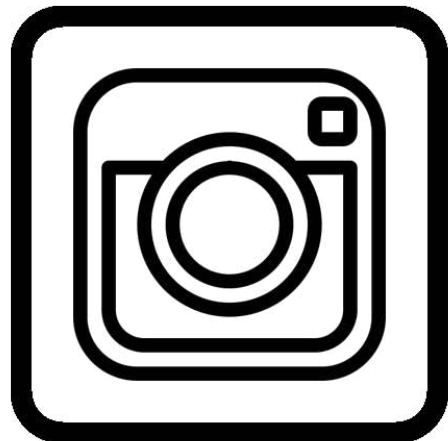
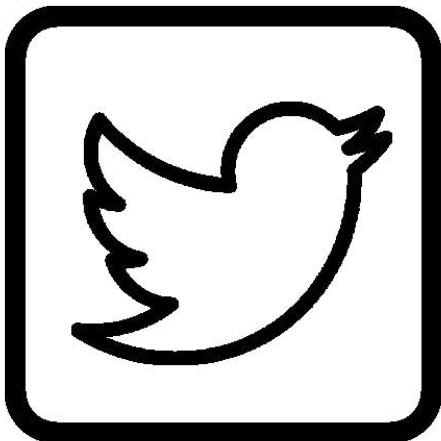
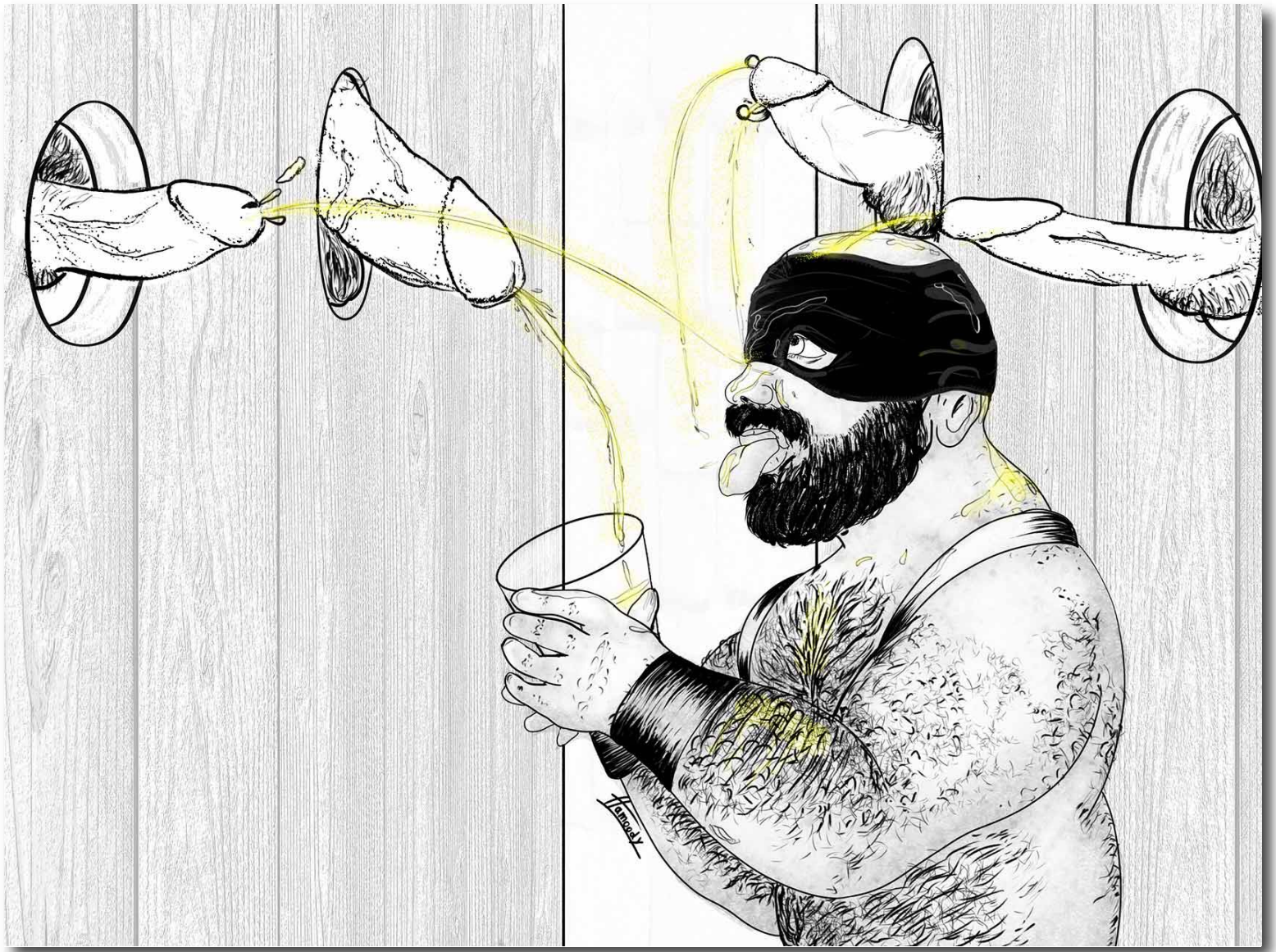


Fig Of Arabia







4x4 Photography

by PA Daddy J



Coming Soon!



EFRAIM

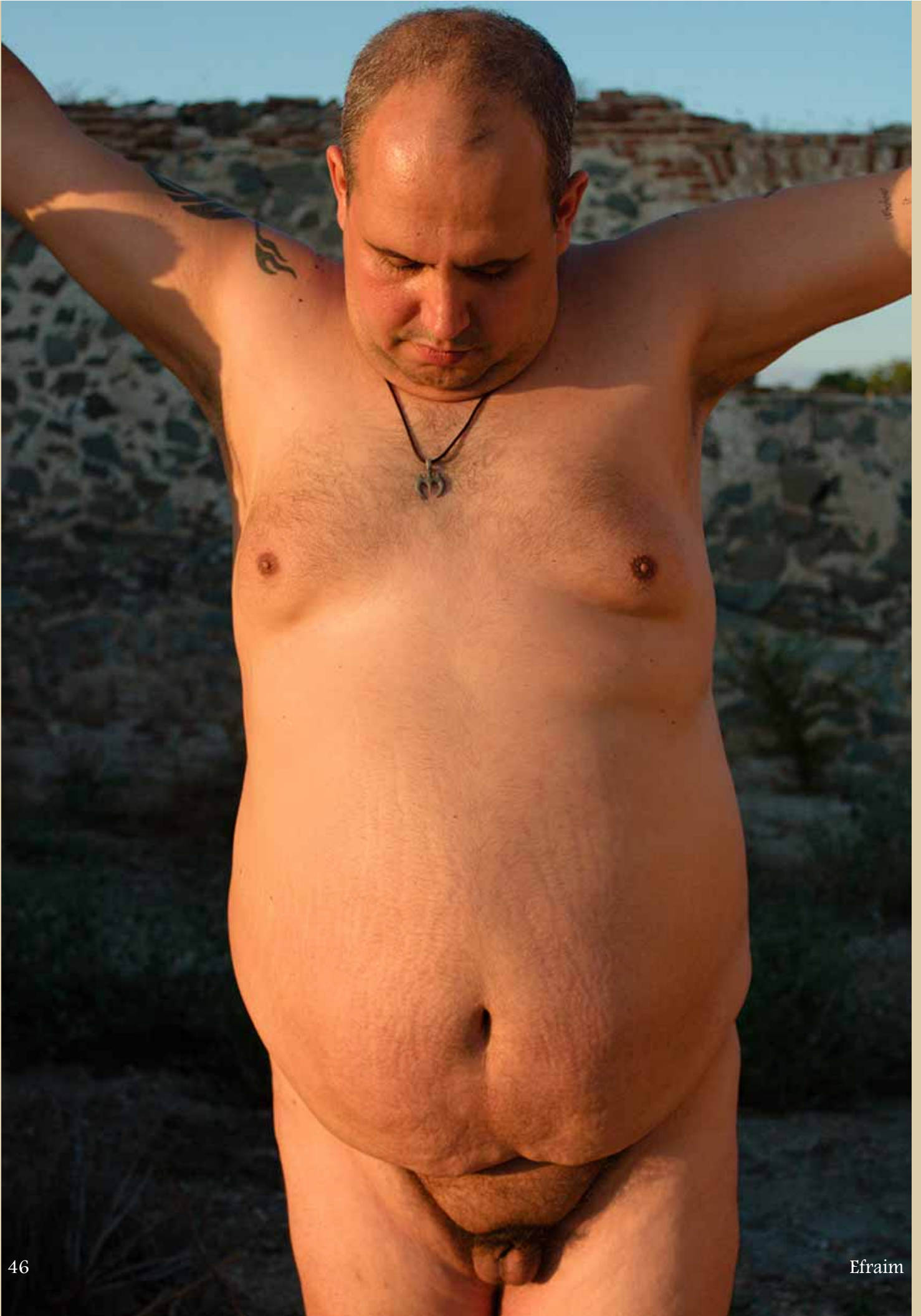
Photography by GASQUE ph (Bernardo and Pedro)



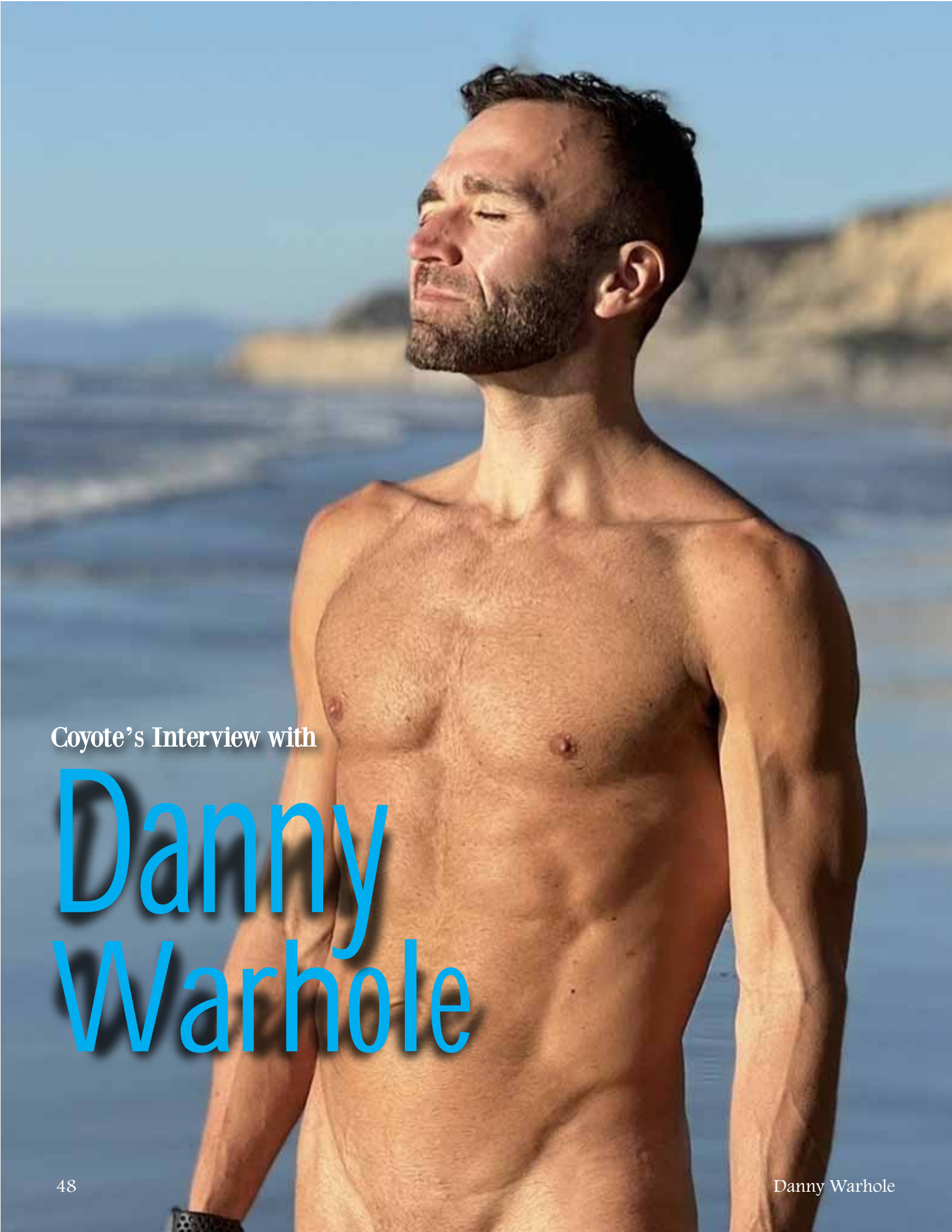












Coyote's Interview with

Danny Warhole

I was doing what I normally do on a rainy gloomy day in the Pacific North West, I scroll Instagram. When I did, I came across some amazing artwork by Danny Warhole. Danny was awesome to sit down and answer a few questions about himself and his art.

Can you tell us a little about yourself?

My name is Danny Warhole and I am a pop artist. Through my art, I try to pay homage to pop artists of the past, taking queues from their subjects and styles, and combining them with new techniques (e.g., digital media) and twenty-first-century gay iconography. I like to describe my subject matter as part autobiography, part travel log, part drag, part love letter to my husband, and part tribute to the history and evolution of gay culture.

Where did the name Danny Warhole come from?

I was originally going to go with Andy Warhol, but I found out that was already taken. So alas, I settled on Danny Warhole after Instagram suggested it to me when I was creating my username. It was either Danny Warhole or AndyWarhol_12345. I



think that I made the right choice, but sometimes I still wonder. Also, Warhol is really the undisputed king of repurposing household names, and now that Warhol itself is a household name, it only seemed appropriate for someone to repurpose it in a way. I think it makes some people uncomfortable, because of the similarities between the name Danny Warhole and Andy Warhol, which was an unintended bonus in choosing my name.

Where does your inspiration to create art come from?

I'm inspired by money. Throw me the right amount of money and I'll be inspired to draw whatever you want.

But when no one's feeling generous, I'd say my art is inspired by what I feel is missing in the world. I'll flip through a magazine or walk through an art museum, and I'll think to myself, "This is all beautiful, but I don't feel represented here." I'll go home, and an idea will fester in my brain about what I wish that I had seen or maybe what would have made me feel seen. Eventually, I'll decide to do something about it and then I make the art that I want to see. Those are usually my best pieces.



Danny Warhole



I also try to take inspiration from art history. I was watching this interview with David LaChapelle, and he talked about the importance of art history in creating art. That struck a chord with me. Whether it's art or music or technology, we're all building off of what existed before us. So, I'm trying to learn more about art history and let that inspire me. Hopefully, when I do that, I bring something new to the table.

Finally, I'd have to say that I'm inspired by my life. We go to Palm Springs a lot, and I just love it there. Maybe it's the lack of distraction, but I always come back from those trips very inspired by the sun and the desert.

How did it feel to have your artwork featured in Circus of Books?

When Circus of Books first reached out, I thought that I was being scammed, and someone was trying to steal my identity. So I did what any logical person would do. I sent them a copy of my driver's license, my social security number, and the answers to a list of questions like "What's your

mother's maiden name" and "Where did you meet your spouse," and then I just sat back to see what would happen. Well, it ends up that they did not want to scam me or steal my identity. The offer was legit, at which point I was equal parts relieved and ecstatic. I find LGBT history fascinating, so to have



my art in this LGBT institution is beyond crazy. Everyone at Circus of Books has been amazing, and I love that they've taken on this crusade of creating a space for LGBT voices that don't fit into traditional art galleries. Sometimes I'm shocked by how prude the art world can be, especially about male nudity, whereas no one bats an eye about female nudity. I'm also humbled by the response my art has received at Circus of Books. I actually just sent a third shipment of prints to them this week.

Has there been anyone that has been a big influence on your life?

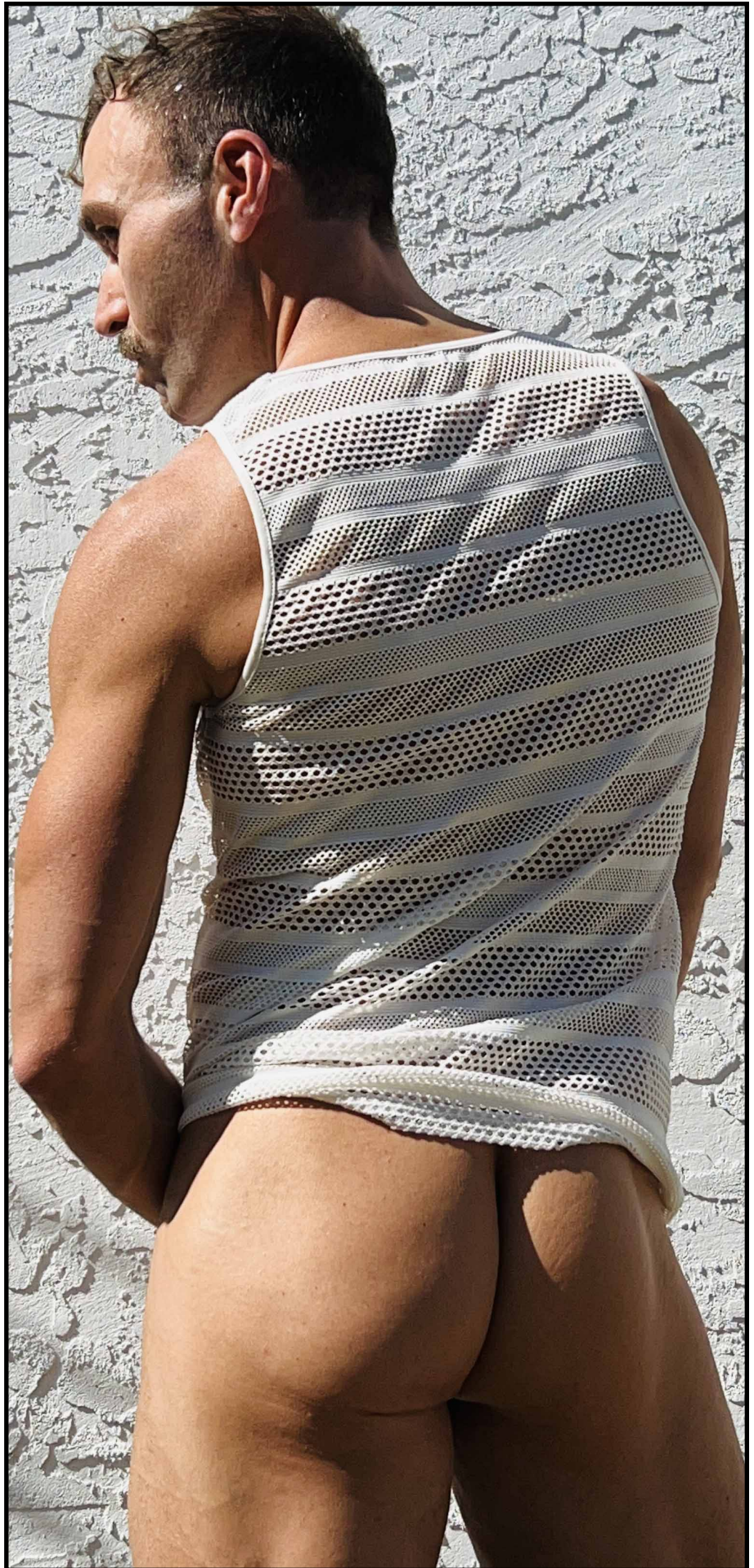
Martha Stewart. In 1994, Martha Stewart did this American Express commercial where she tiled the bottom of her pool with old credit cards in a mosaic that looked like "Birth of Venus." I was twelve years old, and I thought it was amazing. I have saved every credit card, gift card, hotel keycard, etc. that has come into my life for the past twenty-eight years with the idea of one day using them to make artwork like the bottom of Martha Stewart's imaginary pool.

Also, the women in my life. They instilled a sense of perseverance in me. If you fall, you get back up, and you keep going.

Aside from art, what other passions are in the soul of Danny Warhole?

I was very passionate about drinking a lot of Sauvignon Blanc for years, but I've been trying to cut back. I'm passionate about working

Continued on pg 62



Caleb ruff



Images by

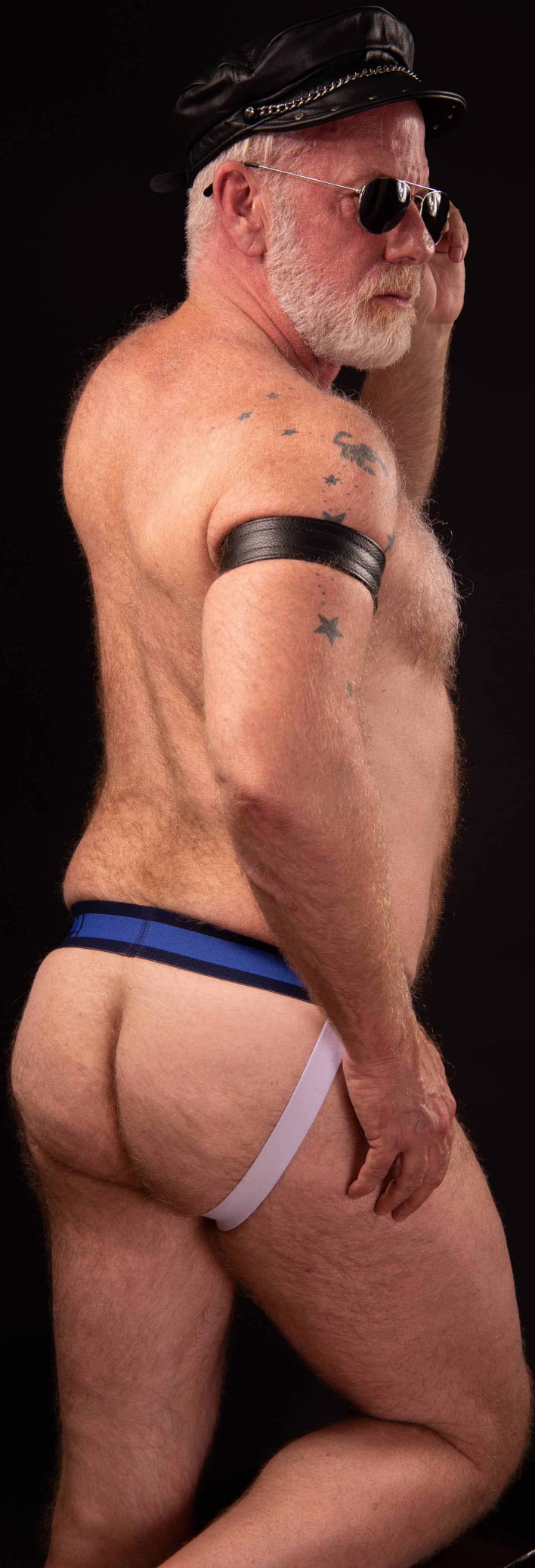
Li Su Photography












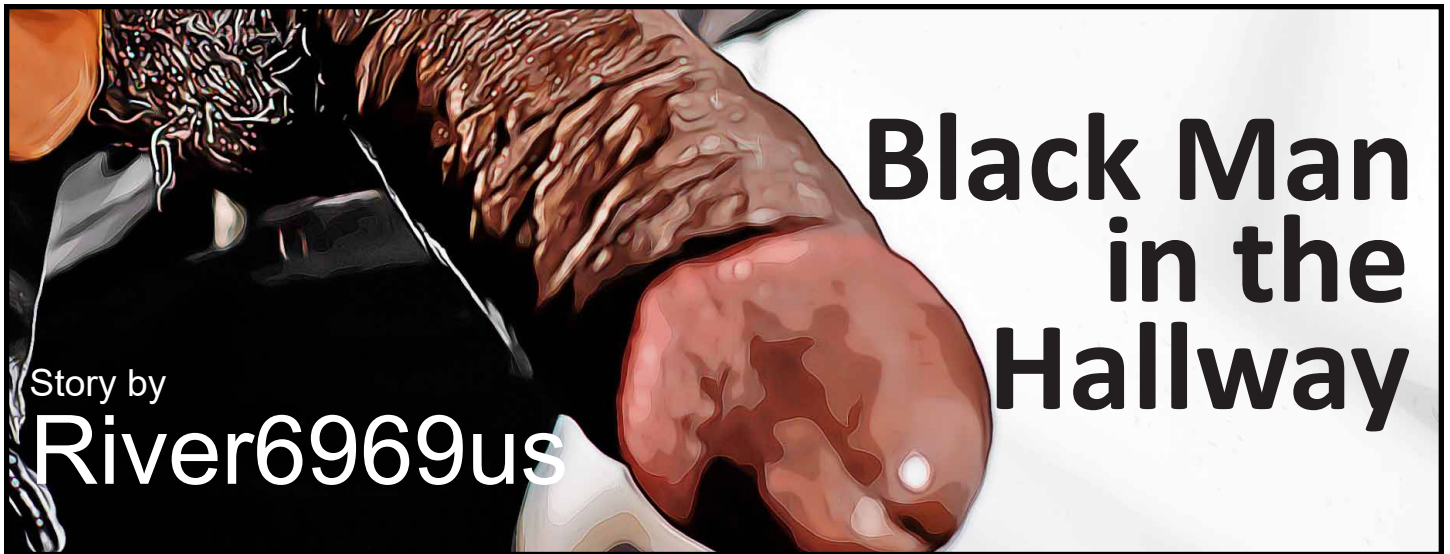




**MODELS
WANTED**
MEN OF ALL SIZES

DHM
IS LOOKING FOR
MEN WHO WANT
TO SHOW OFF!!

**GOT WHAT
IT TAKES?
MESSAGE HERE
AND WE WILL
GET BACK TO
YOU!**



Story by
River6969us

Black Man in the Hallway

So I'm over at my dealer's apartment. His name is Jason and he and I blew some clouds. As I am leaving and walking down the long hallway to the elevator, I hear behind me a door closing and then the sound of boots. I turn and it's this Black man; our eyes meet. I slowed down to let him catch up to me.

I have seen this guy before. And our eyes had made contact those times too, but nothing came of it. He looked like he was about thirty, average height and had dreadlocks. He was wearing a jacket, timberlands and a face mask so I couldn't see his face very well. Even so, I was sure it was the same Black Man as before because I recognized the dreadlocks.

He comes up besides me and he says "Yo, you want to smoke me up?"

I'm feeling pretty freaked out but turned on.

He says, "I get my shit from Jason sometimes."

I turn and say softly "Yeah man I'll smoke you up."

"Wait 2 minutes then come go to 312. Take the stairs, the door be open. Lock it, be quiet as you can."

I wait 2 minutes like he says, take the stairs up to the third floor, find apartment 312 and quietly open the DOOR then close it silently behind me. I take off my jacket shoes, pants and shirt - all I'm wearing is this g-string underwear that I had put on that morning. I find his bedroom. He's shirtless and wearing a pair of basketball shorts. He's stroking his dick through his shorts. On the TV he's watching some interracial porn.

I didn't need to be told what to do. I fill up the bubble, take one hit and then pass it to him. I pull back his basketball shorts revealing his hairy dick and balls. He looks like he's about eight and a half maybe nine inches, nice and thick, uncircumcised. I start sucking his dick while this black stud is taking hits off the bubble. It is so goddamn sexy.

I sucked his dick for probably a good 10 minutes; ten minutes of pure Black Cock worship. I really do worship Black Dick cuz I believe GOD is BLACK.

Then he grabs ahold of the hair on the back of my head, pulls me off his dick and flips me over onto my knees. He says "Bend down." So I'm now down on my knees and my elbows with my ass sticking in the air. Then he starts going to town on my ass, rimming me like crazy. He's sticking his tongue down my pink hole and fingering me.

After a few minutes I hear the sound of lube being squirted out of a bottle and the sound of his hand oiling up his fuck stick. I feel his cock slowly sink into my hole. He goes in just one long slow stroke. When he reached bottom I let out a gasp. Then he slowly pulls his dick out and pushes it back in. This time he doesn't pull out, he just starts stroking. I don't know how long he fucked me for, it felt like a long time.

After fucking me like this for a while he pulls out and flips me over onto my back. In one swift move he pulls my ankles back to my head and plunges his beautiful black dick into my hole, hard and fast. He starts fucking me like a bull. I'm looking up at him as he fucks me and he is so hot. He is the epitome of Black Swagger. And he knows it; he's

used to getting what he wants.

His breathing becomes a little more loud and shallow and the expression on his face changes. He tips his head back and let's out a muffled grunt. I can feel his dick pumping his load into me.

He pulls off me and lays beside me. I flip over onto my back and look at his still semi hard dick dripping cum onto his belly. I lean down onto his dick and finish sucking out the last few drops of cum.

When I finish he says "Fill da bubble." So I do what he says and pass it to him. He takes the first long hit. He's puffing on the bubble really getting it blazing. And then I hear him inhale sharply, hold it and then blow out the biggest fucking cloud I ever seen. He passes the the bubble to me and I take a hit. On the next go-round he takes a hit and then pulled my chin toward him. He blew his smoke into my mouth. It was so goddamn sexy. It felt like he was penetrating me again, just in a different way. I take a hit and I was going to blow it into his mouth but he had turned his head away and so it was like I shouldn't presume to do that to him. All this time I'm still wearing my jockstrap and have not touched

my dick once nor has he. He's not at all interested in my dick and neither am I right now to tell the truth.

He flips me over on my belly, pulls my legs apart, grabs hold of my cheeks then pulls them apart. He slides his dick in, in one fast hard stroke. When he hit bottom I let out a big yelp. He tells me to be quiet. He starts fucking me good and fast and hard. I'm really feeling like I need to yell so I put my head down into the pillow and scream into that.

Then I hear his breathing get loud and shallow again and then with one strong stroke he plunges down inside my guts and blows another load.

He stays laying on top of me, his legs on top of mine, his arms holding my arms down. Occasionally his hand runs through my hair. Finally he rolls off me and says, "You got to go."

I quickly get dressed and meanwhile this black man is texting. He looks up as I'm leaving and gives me a nod. I left the apartment as quietly as I came in.

And as I'm walking down the hall to the elevator, it occurs to me that I never got his name.

The advertisement is set against a blue background. On the left, two smartphones are displayed. The first smartphone shows a photo of two shirtless men on a wooden pier; one has his arm around the other's shoulder. 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". To the right of the smartphones, the word "SCAN" is written in large, bold, white letters. Below it, the text "Download. Cum." is written in a smaller, bold, white font. A large QR code is positioned below the text, with the 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.



out - usually six days per week. It's a nice, natural high. Speaking of natural highs, I have become pretty passionate about edibles now that I'm not drinking much wine. I'm also pretty passionate about the other arts. I love music. All types of music. There's always music playing in our house. Oh, and musicals... Broadway, Disney, movies, I'll take it all.

Do you have any projects that are up and coming?

I have a list of pieces that I want to do, and I have a couple of pieces in the works, but I always get sidetracked. No one tells you this, but the business side of being an artist is incredibly time-consuming. I find that the most difficult thing about being an artist is finding time to create art. Isn't that weird? But, for real. Here's an example. I could have been creating art, but instead, I decided to do this interview. It's always something, but it's fun. I enjoy it all, and maybe the lack of time forces me to think things out before I go about creating them. I like

thinking things out. Like, sometimes I can see the art so clearly in my head that it's like it already exists before I make it.

Is there anything else you would like the readers to know about you or your art?

Not really. I like to keep myself and my art open to interpretation. I would like to say thank you to anyone who reads this or who has taken an interest in my art. I don't take it for granted.

Where can people keep up with your work?

DannyWarhold.com
Instagram: @DannyWarhole
Etsy Store: [Link Here](#)
Twitter: @Danny_Warhole
OpenSea: [Link Here](#)
Facebook: @DannyWarhole

Danny, thank you so much for your time and I can't wait to see more of your work.

Photos Courtesy of Danny Warhole



Danny Warhole



Rob Ortiz

Photography by
**Anthony
Michaels**
Photography







Rob Ortiz





Railed



by a Monster

story by **dencumslut**

So at the time of this story I was 24 and (reluctantly) taking a family vacation to a small tourist town known for its water and amusement parks. After a few days I was bored and horny and hopped on Grindr and got a message.

He was Hispanic, shaggy black hair and cute as shit. He didn't send a nude but just a friendly hello. We started chatting but it became very apparent we didn't speak the same language. He spoke Spanish and for as much Spanish as I took in high school, I never learned how to say "I need your big uncut cock fucking me til I bust!" (Weird, I know.)

We were both obviously interested and in the end we're able to brokenly communicate what we wanted. I sent ass and cock pics. He sent some back. And fucking lord... Colombian men are PACKING. The cock looked monster and immediately my ass started aching for it.

I told him to message me on my last day and we could try and work it out to fuck after the rest of the family left and before I checked out of the condo.

Final day arrives and nothing. I figure I've been forgotten about and fine whatever, no big deal. I figured I could just log on back home or even stop and a rest stop/truck stop if I get desperate.

But then right as I'm leaving town he messages me that he just got off work and wanted

to meet up. Unfortunately I had vacated the condo and checked out so that was no longer an option and he lived with roommates and couldn't host. But he said he knew a place. So I drove to where he was and picked him up.

And I must tell you, adorable doesn't even cut it. He was just too freakin cute. Just a little Pocket Gay. Toned and a bit on the skinny side. Where I'm toned but on the thicc side. 5'5" to my 5'11". And after he jumps in I realize he doesn't speak even a little English. It's about as good as my high school Spanish. He can't pronounce my name, I can't seem to get his right with the rolling R's. But really, at this point, neither of us care, neither of us are going to be talking much.

He starts giving me directions to wherever our destination is and I start to drive out of town. Eventually we are on some random county highway and he motions to pull over in this little alcove. I suddenly realize this is where we're gonna fuck. I look around it's a fucking police alcove. One that's tucked away a bit off the highway but still enough to catch speeding vehicles. Mind you, I haven't mentioned it's 12:30 in the afternoon on a bright sunny summer day with not a cloud in the sky.

I park. And we both crawl into the back of the SUV. I'm already hard. He's a beautiful Colombian and I have no idea what he's saying but

every time he speaks, my cock throbs. I start to unbutton and pull his shorts down and...

Dear Reader, when I tell you the sheer beauty and magnitude of the beast that hung between this man's legs was literal PERFECTION, you must believe me. It was a minimum of 12 inches, thick, lightly veined and uncut with a gorgeous set of full balls hanging below it.

I was in absolute heaven. I had never seen such a beautiful cock in my whole life. I looked up from it at his face and he knew it too. He could see the need and slight fear in my eyes. But I slid down and started to take him in my mouth. There was no way in hell I'd be able to take the whole thing but I was sure as hell going to try my damndest. As soon as I started to bob up and down on his cock a flurry of Spanish swear words came pouring out of him and he took me by the back of the head and forced himself deeper down my throat. I started to gag and tear up but he didn't relent. I loved it.

Finally he pulled back and let me breathe a bit only to repeat the process. After a few minutes of my first monster-cock-throat-fucking I needed a break and my legs were cramped from being pinned in between the seats. I was so full of lust I was out of my mind and said "Get up, we're too big for this shit." And opened the door. He looked at me funny cuz he had no idea what I was saying so I just got out of the car and started to strip. Noon. Daytime. Cop alcove. Only to find me stripping butt ass naked in front of a man who can't even say my name.

But he gets the idea. He get out of the car and strips too. Then he turns me around and bends me over and buries his tongue in my hole. It's heavenly. His talented tongue is doing things to my hole I've never felt and when he pulls back for a breath, I can feel the breeze brush across it, cooling the wet on it and sending a shiver up my spine.

Finally, he finishes eating me out. My ass is wet and ready. I turn around and hop up onto the hood of the car, lift my legs and pull my knees back exposing myself fully to him. He mimes a condom and lube and in my complete excitement in all of this I had completely forgotten to pick some up. When I tell him so, he just looks at me and hold out his hand in front of my mouth. I spit into his hand and he rubs it in his cock.

His slick cock head touches my wet hole
Railed by a Monster

and he starts to push. It's by some heavenly miracle that I simply open for him. I've never had a cock that big before. We had no lube. But I was so horny and I NEEDED him in me, my body simply opened for him. He pushed deeper and deeper. And when I thought there was no way there could be any more to push into me, he kept pushing. The pain and stretching was glorious. Finally I took him all. The tears in my eyes were back but it felt amazing at the same time. Slowly he started to withdraw, then push back forward, then withdraw again. Over and over he slow fucked my ass on top of that car hood in that cop alcove under the noon sun until I was legitimately moaning like a bitch in heat.

Spanish was flowing out of him like the "oh my god"s and the "don't stop"s we're coming out of me and he picks up speed and power and just starts to rail me like never before.

Finally, we lock eyes and I can see it in his face that he's about to cum. I just nod my head and grab my own throbbing, leaking cock and start to pump it. He thrust once, twice and on the third he thrusts and stays and let's put a feral groan that I swear I can feel it in my teeth. His groan of relief hits me in the center of my body (though more likely it was his cock) and I'm wracked with my own waves of pleasure as my own cock starts to spew its load. Hitting me in the chest and face and landing on the hood of the car.

We ride the wave of ecstasy together for what feels like hours, and yet only seconds at the same time until he slowly starts to pull out of me. I can feel every inch leave my body and I hate it. Finally the head stretches me one last time and he leaves me gaping. My legs drop and I'm boneless as I slide off the hood. Immediately dropping to my knees in front of him. I stare at his used cock, still half hard, glistening from my ass and his cum and before I even register it, he is in my mouth and down my throat fully as I clean him off, covered in my own cum as his load leaks out of my used and wrecked hole.

In the end, I dropped him back off and drove the few hours home with what was left of his load inside me and my ass still sloppy from him. Part way home I was thinking about it so much I reached in my pants and fingered my loose hole playing with his cum while I drove. Then licked my fingers cleaned as I finished the ride home.



Got What It Takes?

MODELS WANTED

**Desert Heat Magazine
is Looking for Men of
All Sizes.**

[Click Here for More Information](#)

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

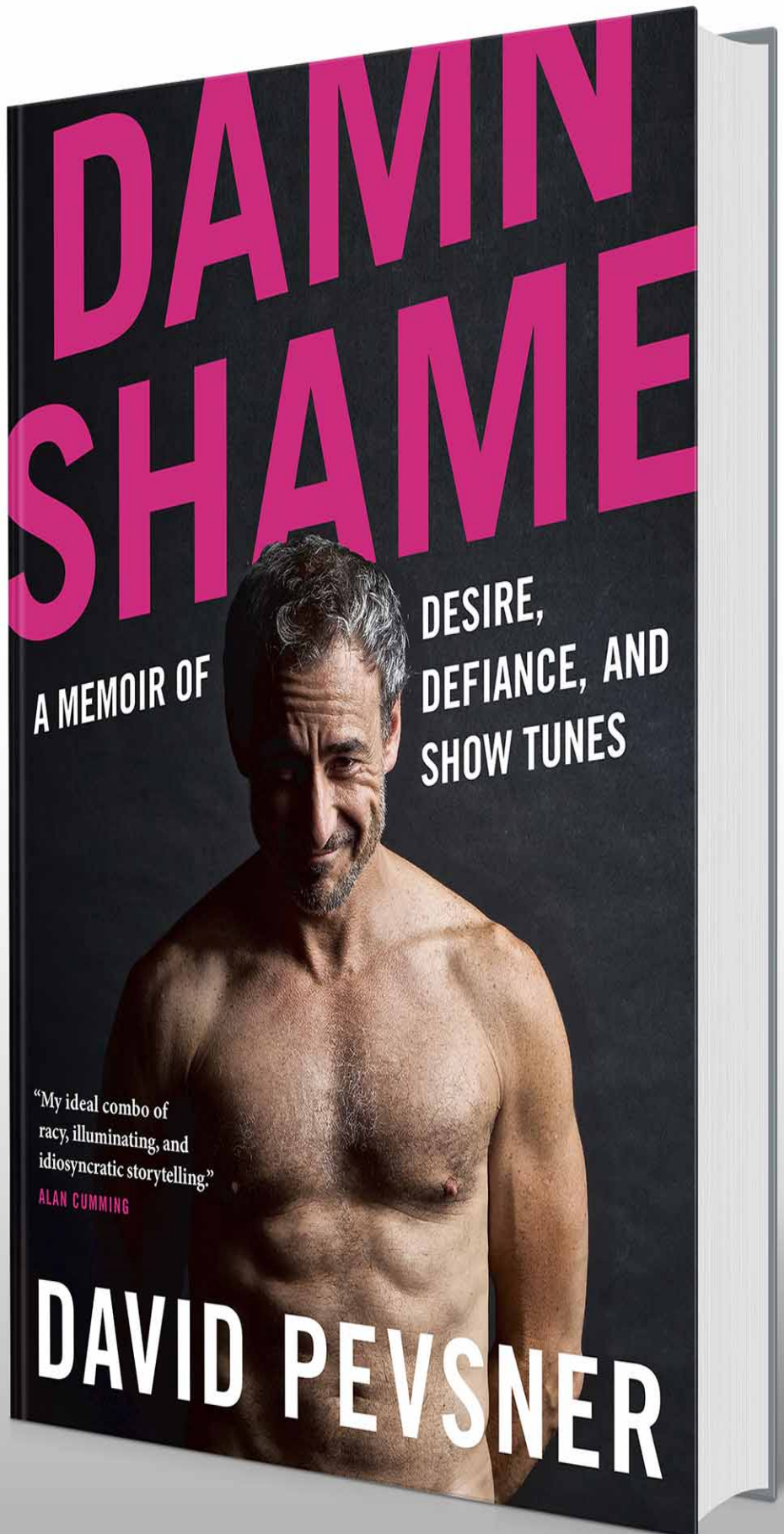
— **Alan Cumming**, actor and author of *Baggage: Tales from a Fully Packed Life*

AUDIO,
PAPERBACK,
EBOOK

GET
YOUR
COPY
TODAY!

(Click the image to get it!)

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



DUTCH LEATHERMAN



Image provided by

Dutch Leatherman











DHIM

DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!

August 2022 | Issue 44

Coming August 6th

