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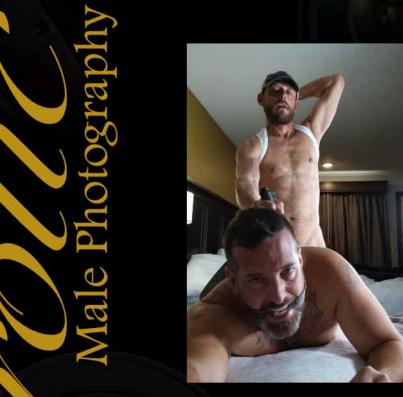
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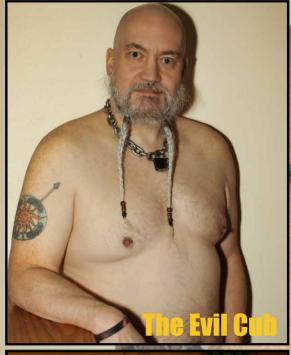
























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Landlings from the Editor

Well shit, a couple days late but it's worth the wait!! I apologize for the late release of the Issue. I was down at the Twin Cities Pride a couple weekends ago and picked up a damned bug that just won't let go of my chest. I tried, guys, I really tried but I couldn't sit up straight long enough to get the Issue out. Normally I would say that being on my back in bed for 5 days should include some fun with it, but not this time. But hey, it's out now and you are gonna want to get the lube and sock, towel, or whatever is handy to clean up the mess! Trust me, these men will get you going!

On to a more serious point, no matter what side of the aisle, as the idiots in Washington like to say,

please send out your thoughts and prayers for the families affected by the flooding in Texas. Yeah, the idiot in charge defunding the National Weather Service didn't help, but it's not the fault of those innocent children that we have people in charge that can't see past the end of their greed. Those families need all those positive vibes they can get right now. Losing a child is nothing someone should have to go through in their lifetime. Send love, not hate. Or if you need to send hate send it

toward the ineffectual Government we currently have in the U.S.

On a less stressful note, the Twin Cities Pride rocked guys! Beautiful people, packed pack, packed streets, and lots of fun, really fun, times were had. The Eagle was standing room only (duh, it was Pride weekend) and didn't see much tension the whole weekend other than when the Tornado warning blasted everyone's phone with the alert. Early Sunday morning there were a ton of people partying like crazy on the patio at the bar when the alter came in. Everyone was told to seek shelter and hunker down for a potential tornado. So, what does our community do? Hoot and Holler and continue to party, of course! The lightening storm was fucking incredible. Yeah, I was a dumbass and stayed on the patio until the rain started coming down hard. But hell, I was staying in a nearby hotel near the top floor anyway. It wasn't like I could go back there and get to the room. They were probably hunkered down in the parking garage under the building NOT celebrating. Yeah, nobody said my momma raised a smart man here!

With Pride in mind, there are still going to be festivals going on all over the world. I'd love to include your images in upcoming issues if you want to submit them. And don't worry if you're not a professional photographer. We want to see your perspective of your Pride event. So come on men, share your memories with the rest of us! No judgement. Well, not outward judgement anyway. LOL



As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





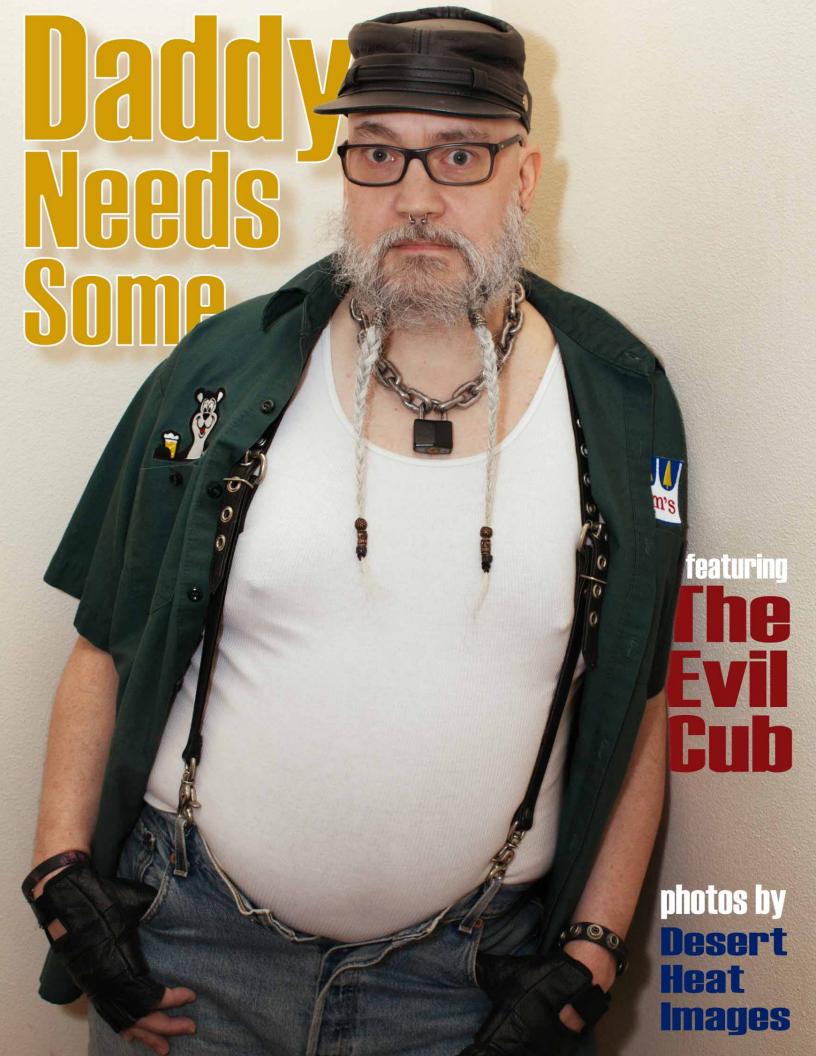
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hey didn't say much after. Nick slumped back on the couch, still catching his breath, head tipped toward the ceiling like he couldn't quite believe what just happened. Tony wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, stood slowly, and adjusted himself, his cock still rock hard in the tented front of his gym shorts.

"Damn," Nick muttered, voice hoarse. "You swallowed?"

Tony smirked and sat down beside him, thighs spread wide, still breathing hard. "Wasn't gonna waste it."

Silence stretched. The only sound was the low hum of someone's playlist still looping through muffled beats and synths from a Bluetooth speaker on the kitchen counter.

Then Tony turned to Nick, cock still aching, lips swollen and slick. He licked them once—slow, teasing—and leaned back on his elbows.

"Truth or dare?" he asked, casual.

Nick blinked. "What?"

Tony grinned. "Come on. Don't be a bitch now. Truth or dare?"

Nick hesitated, then scoffed. "Dare."

Tony's grin turned feral.

"I dare you to let me fuck you."

Nick stared like he didn't hear it right.

Tony leaned in, voice lower now. "Yeah, bro. You heard me."

Nick sat up, suddenly alert. "Wait, seriously?"

"You picked dare," Tony said, with that same

cocky smirk Nick had worn earlier. "What, you scared of a little cock?"

Nick's mouth opened and closed, searching for words. Tony could see it—the twitch in his jaw, the flush rising on his neck. He was nervous. Turned on. And way too proud to admit either.

Tony's grin widened. "It's cool, man. I'll just tell the house you bitched out. Couldn't take what you dished."

Nick's eyes narrowed. "You wouldn't." "Try me."

Nick stared for a second longer. Then—without saying a word—he stood up, grabbed the hem of his shirt, and yanked it off.

Tony's breath caught.

Nick was built like a wide receiver—broad chest, tight abs, a faint dusting of hair down his stomach leading right to his waistband. His cock had softened a bit, but not much. Still thick, still wet at the tip from being drained minutes earlier.

Tony stood too, peeling his own hoodie off. The overhead light hit his skin and Nick finally got a full look.

Tony was shorter, stockier. Thick arms, veiny forearms, a torso built from manual labor not a gym—strong and solid with a trail of dark hair running down from his pecs, across a taut stomach, and disappearing into the waistband of his shorts. His thighs were muscular, covered in light hair, and his cock—now freed from his shorts—was uncut, heavy, and flushed dark with need. At least eight inches and pulsing with every

heartbeat.

Nick's eyes widened. "Jesus." Tony smirked. "Still wanna back out?" Nick swallowed. "Hell no."

The bedroom was barely lit, just the glow of a desk lamp casting shadows on the wall. Tony kicked the door shut behind them and shoved Nick against it, their mouths crashing together—tongues wrestling, teeth clashing, raw with heat. Tony's cock rubbed against Nick's hip as their bodies ground together.

"You ever done this before?" Tony asked between kisses.

Nick panted. "No. You?"

Tony bit his lower lip, then tugged it. "Once. But not like this."

He shoved Nick toward the bed, watching him fall back onto the mattress, flushed and hard and sprawled open like a dare himself. Tony fished a condom and a packet of lube out of his wallet on the nightstand and crawled over him.

Nick's breath hitched. "You're really gonna—"

"Gonna fuck you, yeah," Tony said, voice thick with lust. "Gonna take my time with it, too."

He tore open the lube, slicked his fingers, and slid them slowly down between Nick's cheeks. Nick jerked a little at the first touch.

"Relax," Tony murmured. "I got you."

He circled the tight ring of muscle, teasing until Nick moaned without meaning to. Then the first finger pushed in—slow and gentle. Nick's hands gripped the sheets.

"Shit—fuck—"

"You're doing good," Tony whispered, leaning down to suck a nipple into his mouth while working the finger in deeper. "Taking me so fucking good."

When he added a second finger, Nick arched off the bed with a moan. Tony grinned, grinding his cock against the mattress for relief.

"Feels weird," Nick breathed.

"Gonna feel better in a second," Tony promised.

He worked him open, patient but firm. When he finally rolled the condom on and lubed himself up, he paused at Nick's entrance, cock throbbing and glistening in the low light.

"Last chance," Tony said. "You sure?"

Nick looked up at him, wide-eyed and wrecked already. "Do it."

Tony pressed in.

The heat was unreal—tight, hot, sucking him in inch by inch. Nick winced, then groaned as Tony bottomed out, hips pressed flush to ass, balls heavy and tight against him.

"F-fuck," Nick gasped.

Tony stayed still, hands gripping Nick's hips. "Breathe."

Nick adjusted fast. Too fast.

"Move," he said, voice ragged.

Tony started to thrust—slow, long strokes, grinding his hips with every pull. Nick's eyes fluttered shut, mouth open, moaning like he'd just found religion.

"You're so fucking tight," Tony growled. "God, you feel good."

He leaned over, driving deeper, their skin slapping with every thrust now. Sweat dripped from Tony's back as he pounded harder, every inch of him buried in Nick's tight, clenching heat.

"You wanted a dare?" Tony snarled. "Here's your fucking dare."

Nick clawed at his back, body trembling, cock hard again and leaking between them.

Tony reached between their bodies and jerked him fast, in time with every thrust. "You gonna cum again, bro? From getting fucked like a bitch?"

Nick gasped, helpless. "Tony—fuck—I'm—

He exploded, thick ropes splashing across his chest, his body tensing and jerking. His hole clenched down hard around Tony's cock, and Tony lost it—slamming in one last time and groaning through his orgasm, cock throbbing deep inside the condom.

They collapsed together, sweaty and breathless.

For a minute, neither spoke.

Then Nick laughed, broken and dazed. "Guess I'm not the only one who needs to up their dares."

Tony kissed his neck. "We're just getting started."









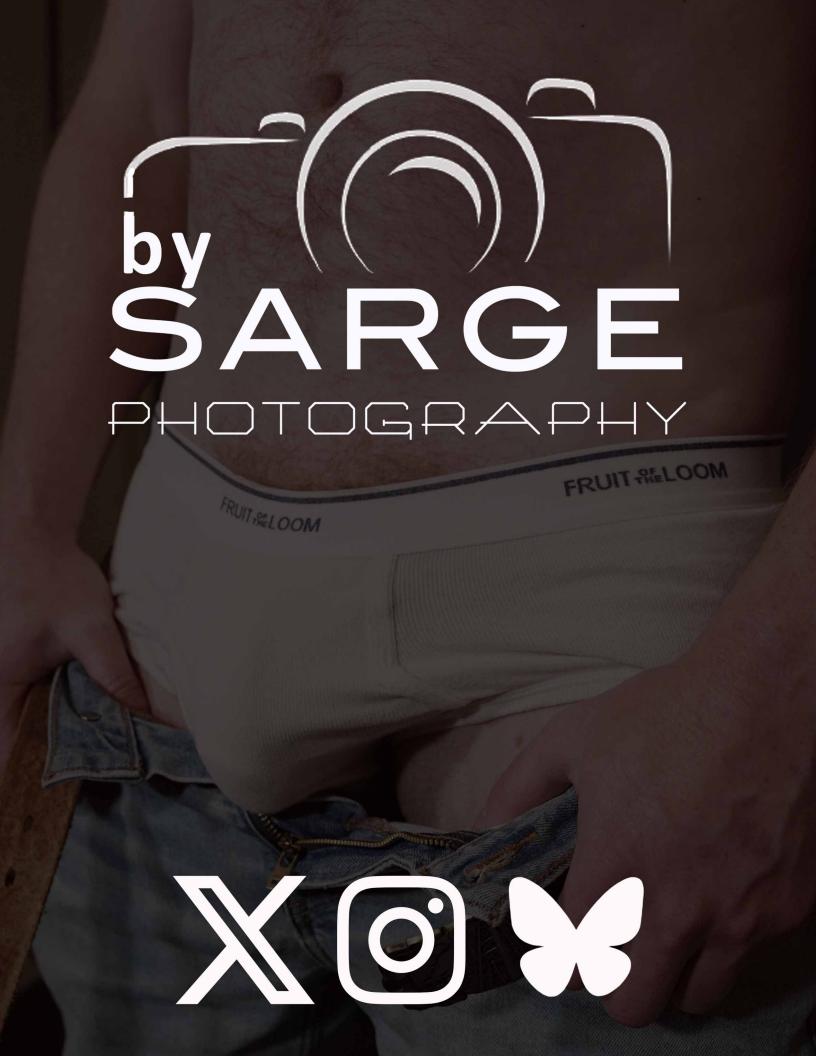


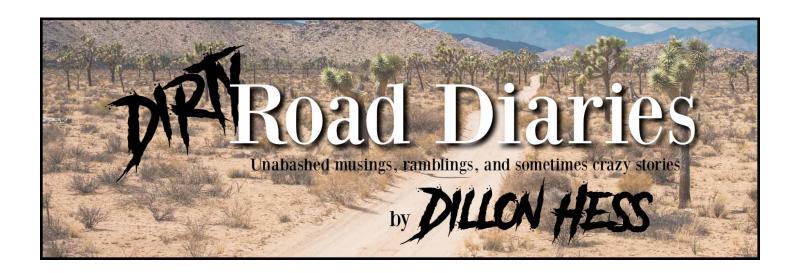
Who's Going to Save Us











In slang, "out of sight" generally means "fantastic," "great," or "marvelous." It's used to

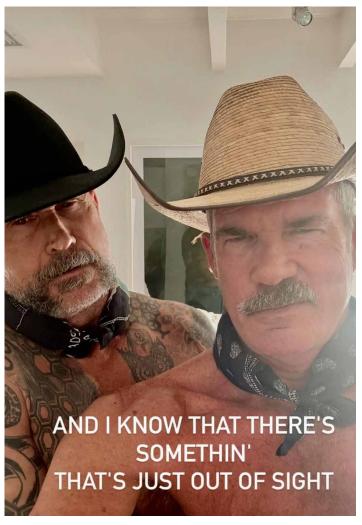
DILLONS DIRTY ROAD DIARIES describe something that is extremely good or impressive.

The phrase also has a literal meaning of being beyond one's range of vision, but in slang, it's more commonly used to express enthusiasm or admiration for something, it may also be used to describe something as extremely expensive or beyond reason.

When stormy weather the stars are out of sight, they are concealed, hidden, invisible, unseeable. I've been called many things over my lifetime. And quite frankly it doesn't much matter to me either way. What matters to me is the way that I think, feel, and do. Just because somebody's field of frequency doesn't match mine, doesn't mean that I have to dislike the person. What it means for me is growth understanding unconditional loving, with empathy and caring.

In the evening, I look for ways to go over the day and see what I may have done better. I aim high and design the life that I want to live in. Setting goals with my intention to be objectified. I realize that I don't have all the answers however, collectively we do. By allowing things to happen organically, I find myself more settled as the days rolled by. And in the morning, I get down on my knees again and express my gratitude for all that is.

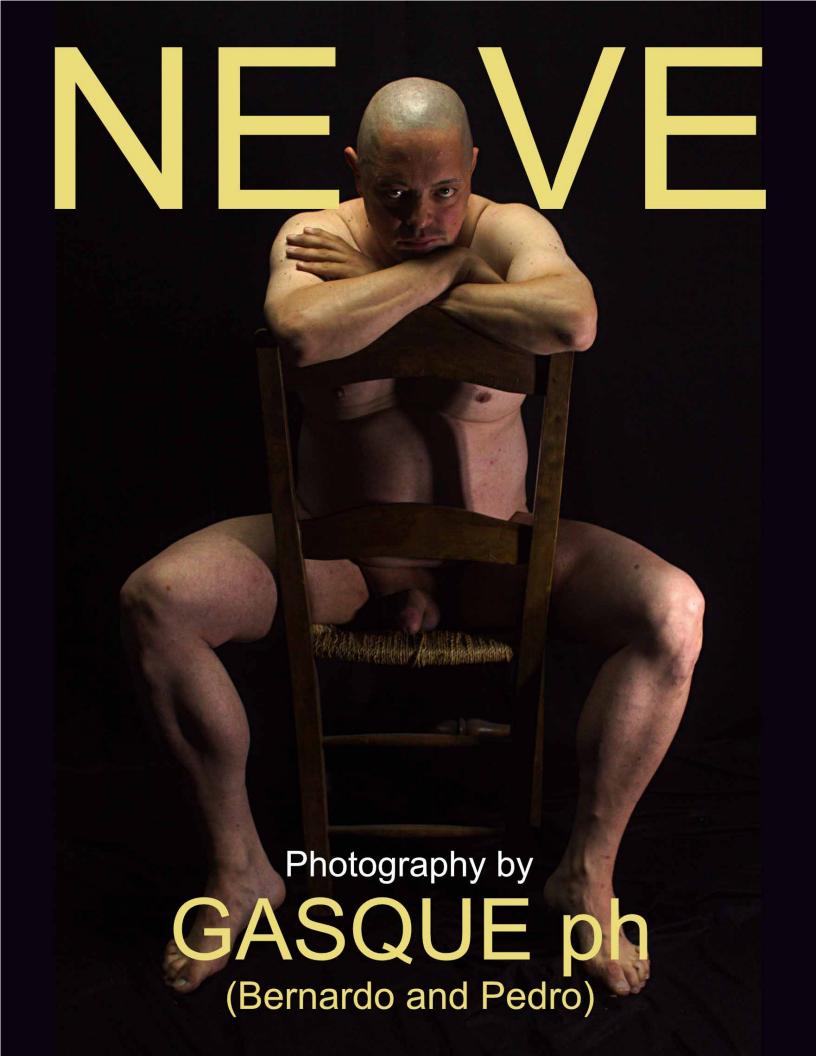
I am Blessed Beyond Reason is an idiom expressing a state of being profoundly and inexplicably fortunate or happy. It suggests a level of good fortune that is beyond what can be logically explained or understood. The phrase can also be used in a spiritual context, referring to divine favor or grace that surpasses human comprehension.



24 Dirty Road Diaries



STAY STRONG AMERICA!
THE ORANGE BUFFOON
WILL BE GONE SON!















Blowjob After Story by Bottom Throat Goat Being Pulled Over For Speeding

My names Brantley. I'm 5'7" and 150 pounds. I have lighter brown eyes and dark brown soft curls that fall over one side of my face but I keep my hair tight on the sides. I've always been thin because I love to run. I'm toned everywhere but wouldn't call myself muscular. I guess the only other thing I would say about myself is that I have fair skin that contrasts against my lips, which are a deep red.

This experience, my first experience, occurred on a beautiful April day, a couple months after I turned 18. I knew I was gay but wasn't "out". I wasn't hiding or anything, I was just scared. I had spent my entire life in a small southern town where loud homophobia was heard often and more often than not, it was directed at me. I don't miss that town. I always felt like I had a neon sign on my forehead that blinked the word "GAY" 24hrs a day and I felt that sign was going to get me in trouble. I guess it kinda did.

On this day, a few of my friends had stayed late at school to prep for some spirit event. I don't remember what the event was but we were decorating lockers. We finished around 5pm and I agreed to take a friend home because she didn't have a ride. It was a small town, but she lived on the opposite side of town from me, probably 15 minutes from the school. Because it was such a beautiful day, my friend and I decided to lower the windows, open the sunroof, and listen to few of our

favorite songs.

A new elementary had opened that year, and the speed limit had been lowered on the street. It wasn't school zone speed limit related, it was basically just a speed trap. Because I was rarely in this side of town, I had forgotten and was speeding.

I saw the red and blue flashing lights before I heard the sirens. I looked at my friend and said "shit" as I slowed down and pulled to the shoulder. I had never been pulled over before, but was weirdly calm. I asked my friend to grab the insurance and registration from my glovebox, as I got out my drivers license and turned off the radio.

I saw the officer get out of his SUV in my side mirror and was struck by how attractive he was. He looked to be well over 6ft and his uniform was tight on his muscular frame. I noticed his confident stride as he walked up to my window. His crotch was eye level and I involuntarily looked at it before I craned my head up toward his face. His eyebrows went up and we stared at each other for a few seconds before he cleared his throat and said "license and registration". His voice was deep, authoritative and left goosebumps on my body. I handed over the documents. "Do you know why I pulled you over?"

Now, I'm an incredibly honest person, so I

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didn't try to play dumb and just said "Yes sir, I was speeding but not intentionally. I forgot the speed limit changed on this street. I'm sorry". He got an odd look on face. "That's correct, you were going 36 in a 25". Then he looked at my radio and added "and your music was too loud".

He stood for a few moments and seemed to be contemplating something before turning to me. "You seem sweet kid, but it's disrespectful to drive around like you did, especially by a school. Please step out of the car. I think we should have a quick chat in my car".

My heart started to thud as alarm bells went off in my head. Him calling me sweet replayed in my thoughts, which I knew was weird but all I could to do was comply. I said okay, and started to open my door. I was surprised as he held my door open as I got out. He shut my car door and leaned into the open window to talk to my friend. "No reason to alarmed, he's not in any real trouble. I just want to get a couple things sorted. He'll be back in a moment".

I was now out of car and could assess this man. This guy towered over me. He was at least 6'2" but maybe taller and had to have more than 50 pounds on me. He was muscular but in general, he was just big in a way that made me feel tiny. After he finished talking to my friend, he turn to me and put a hand on the small of my back as he ushered me to the passenger side of his SUV.

His touch set my skin on fire and made me tingle in a way I had never experienced. As we reached the vehicle this giant man opened the door for me and I noticed there were folders and binders stacked in the seat. I thought that this must not be something he does regularly. He confirmed this when he said "sorry" and moved the items before telling me to climb in. I did as I was told, and he shut the door before walking around the car and taking his place in the drivers seat.

This was the first time I had gotten a good look at the officers face. He was beautiful. He had river blue eyes and short dark hair that was swept to the side. He looked to be about 30 and had tiny lines that were just starting to form at his eyes. His skin was golden from the sun and he had a jawline that still makes me shiver. On top of all that, he smelled incredible. He was wearing my favorite

cologne, which I'm embarrassed to now say was Acqua di Gio. There's was also something deeper that was just him. I can only inadequately describe this as sun, fresh sweat and dark vanilla. I was entranced drinking him in, and he knew it.

He cleared his throat, ripping me back to reality. "I brought you back here so I wouldn't embarrass you in front of that girl. Now, you were speeding, being reckless and blasting Britney Spears. Do you agree with that statement?" I agreed and apologized again. He nodded as he said "I just don't know what to do about this. What you do think? Is there anything you can do to get out of this?"

It was like a bad line in a porno but instead of me responding back "please officer, I'll do ANYTHING" before licking my lips dramatically and diving straight down on this man's dick; my cheeks went hot, I could hear my heartbeat in my ears and I started to word vomit.

I don't remember what I said, but it was something about this just being an accident and I'd be more careful in the future, blah-blah-blah. I heard the officer let out a long low sigh before he cut off my rambling. "Okay listen. I'm going to write you ticket but I'm gonna make it for 5 over instead of 11, which will make the ticket cheaper. I'm gonna ignore the music volume because I know boys like you love Britney". Then he winked at me.

I was puzzled, but he started scribbling on his pad. After a couple excoriating minutes, he ripped the ticket out and handed it to me along with my other documents. His hand lingered on mine before he spoke. "You can go back to your car but there is something you can do to make this ticket go away. Are you interested?" I stayed silent but slowly nodded. A lopsided smirk came across his face. "I thought you might be. See that building over there?" He pointed to an odd windowless brick building. "That's a religious building thats never occupied during the week and there's a parking lot in back that's always empty".

His words hung in the air as his smirk turned into a grin. "Why don't you meet me there after you drop your friend off and we'll see what those lips can do to this". He then reached down and groped himself and I watched his package grew in his pants. His cock head pressed along his leg,

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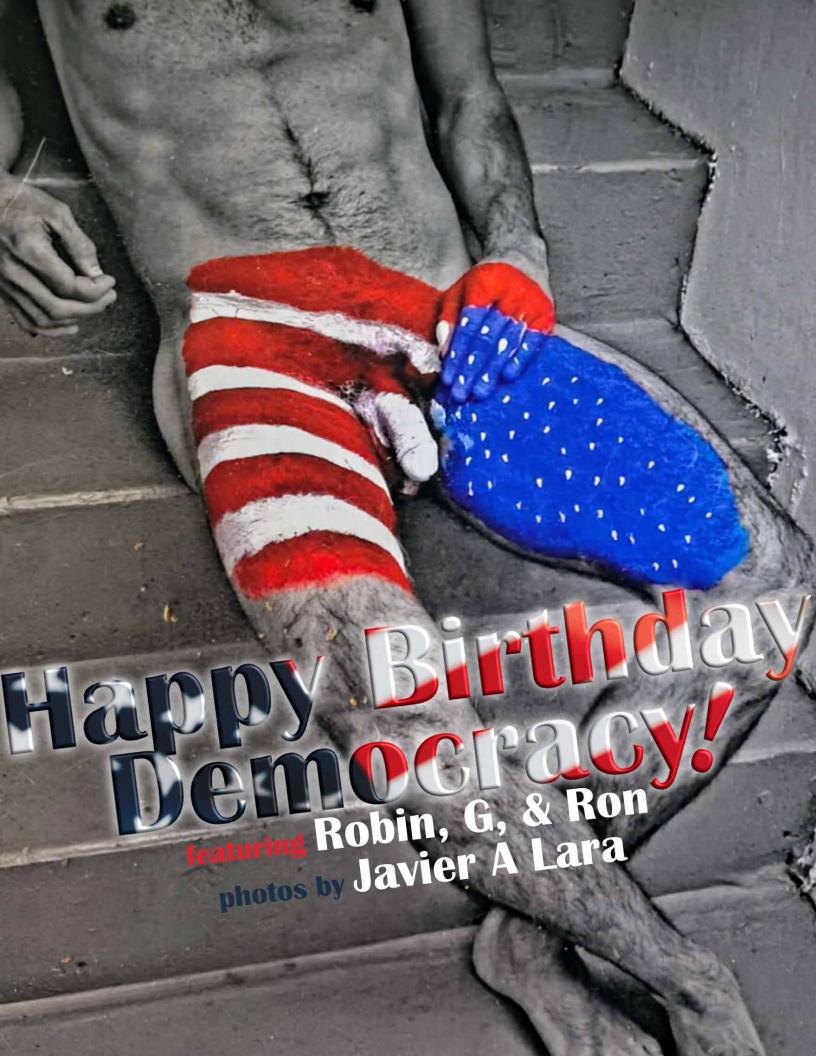
























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stretching the already tight fabric. "You don't have to do anything but if you like, I'm sure we can make this ticket go way" He flicked the head and I salivated as his cock jumped in his pants. "Now get out of here pretty boy. The decisions yours but I'll be in that parking lot for the next twenty minutes or so".

Leaving his vehicle and going back to my friends house is a complete blur. I don't remember anything because all my brain could focus on was the image of his harding dick in his tight pants. I wanted that dick. I wanted it to be my first dick. I wanted to see it, touch it and taste it. It wanted to know what that man sounded like when he came.

I know I told my friend that everything was fine but other than that the trip home was silent. I didn't snap out of my stupor until I was pulling into her driveway. My friend thanked me and apologized for the trouble. I told her not worry about it and that I'd see her tomorrow at school. We waved at each other as I pulled away.

When her house was out of site, I pulled over to collect my thoughts. It's funny what mental gymnastic a person can do to justify a bad decision. I knew I was going to suck this officer's dick, but I also knew the situation was fucked up and the power dynamic was completely inappropriate. But I wanted to feel that man in my mouth and I used the idea of getting out of a ticket to justify it, just like the officer wanted. I put the car in drive headed toward my first dick.

Again, time seemed to blur as made way toward the parking lot. My pants were tight as my erection was straining against the fabric of my jeans as I drove. I wondered if the officer would even be there. My heart was thudding hard as pulled into the parking lot. I saw the SUV and the stunning officer strode my way with a huge smile on his face and noticeable bulge in his pants.

He opened my door. "I didn't think you'd show but I'm glad you did pretty boy". He helped me out of my car in a strangely gentleman like fashion and led me back to his SUV.

He still had ahold of my hand when he leaned against the side of his vehicle. Just his shoulders and upper back were touching the SUV. His legs were spread with his hips tilted forward away from vehicle and his hard dick was fully

outlined in his pants. "Let's see what you can do baby boy". He looked at his crotch and at my mouth. I stayed completely silent not sure how to begin and it was awkward for a few seconds until he brought the back of my hand to his lips and lightly kissed my skin. He made direct eye contact as he painfully turned my wrist back. I yelped as my legs buckled and I fell to my knees in front of him.

"This is where you belong baby. On your knees in front of a man. Look at me". I tilted my head back looked him in the eyes. "This is where you belong isn't it". I nodded my head silently. "Fuck, you're beautiful". He took my hand and kissed it again before placing it on his crotch. "Is this what you want?" He asked, his tone darkening. My heart was racing, but I was stunned into silence and could only nod my head again. "Oh, that's not gonna work. I need to hear you say it. I need to hear you say "I want your cock officer Daniels". Let me hear it baby boy."

My voice trembled as I said in a whisper "I want your cock officer Daniel's". He grinned and unbuttoned his pants and slowly pulled his zipper down. He was wearing black Calvin briefs and he was so hard, the tight underwear must have painful.

This was it. I was nervous and thought my heart might beat of chest but a sense of determination came over me. I slide his briefs and pants down to his upper thighs. His dick sprang forward. It was about 6 inches, maybe slightly longer and thick. It was veiny and pointed up with a slight curve towards his stomach. He was trimmed very neatly and his balls were silky smooth. I remember thinking his balls were much bigger than mine. I reached out cupped his them, they felt heavy and firm in my hand

I buried my nose into the side of his sac and kiss along his groin as I took in his scent. He smelled clean but not shower fresh. There was the scent of fading soap, Irish Spring, and his light musk which was woody and slightly earthy. It was intoxicating. I heard a quick inhale of breath and soft guttural moan from my officer.

I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock. He was so thick my fingers and thumb couldn't touch and I was surprised by how warm he was. I lightly pulled my hand to the tip of his cock and bead of precum formed. I swiped it with

my thumb and without thinking put my thumb to my tongue. He was salty sweet but when I realized what I had done, I looked up at him. His eyebrows were raised. "Do you like the way I taste?" I nodded sheepishly. "I bet you do. Such a good boy. You'll get more of that if you're good."

That phrase "good boy" broke me. My whole body tingled and all I wanted was to be this man's good boy. I just wanted to please him, be used by him, to be owned entirely.

His hands slipped into my curls as I felt him pull me towards his cock. I opened my mouth and sunk down onto him. His cock was velvety and soft. I could taste more precum spill into mouth as a I started to bob my head. "Holy fuck" my officer hissed. "You're an eager little cocksucker aren't you? You must have wanted this fat cock bad. Am I right? Did you want this big dick in your pretty mouth baby?"

I went pull off his dick to say yes when I felt him painfully grip into my hair. "Don't pull off my dick. I don't need to hear you speak. You can just just nod while you keep those pretty lips wrapped around my cock. Understand?" His tone was stern and commanding.

I nodded while working my tongue along his shaft, keeping my lips tight on cock. His hand relaxed in my hair. "Good boy. You like this thick fucking dick don't you?" I nodded slowly while looking into his eyes. "Such a good boy. Go as deep as you can baby, let me feel that throat." He shifted his position so his cock aligned better with my throat. I think we were both surprised when he pushed into my throat and I didn't gag. I didn't know then but I have very little natural gag reflex. "Fuuuck baby, throat that fucking dick. Jesus! Fucking hold it there." He had his hand on the back of head pushing down and I watched him go on his tiptoes as he tried to get a deep in my throat as he could. "Yeah bitch, wrap your throat around me". He lost his balance and stepped back pulling out of me. His pants and Calvin's slid down further exposing his thick muscled thighs.

I sat back on my heels and gasped for air. I looked at his wet, glistening cock and inadvertently pouted like a kid whose toy had been taken away. My officer noticed. "You miss this?" He grabbed his shaft and lightly stroked himself. "You want this back inside you don't you?" I nodded while I

continued to pout. "You think you deserve this?" He said, stepping forward and slapping my face with his cock. "I don't know. Why don't you show me you deserve this dick while you suck on on my balls". He unbutton his shirt and pulled up his undershirt, showing his 6 pack, and stepped closer to me.

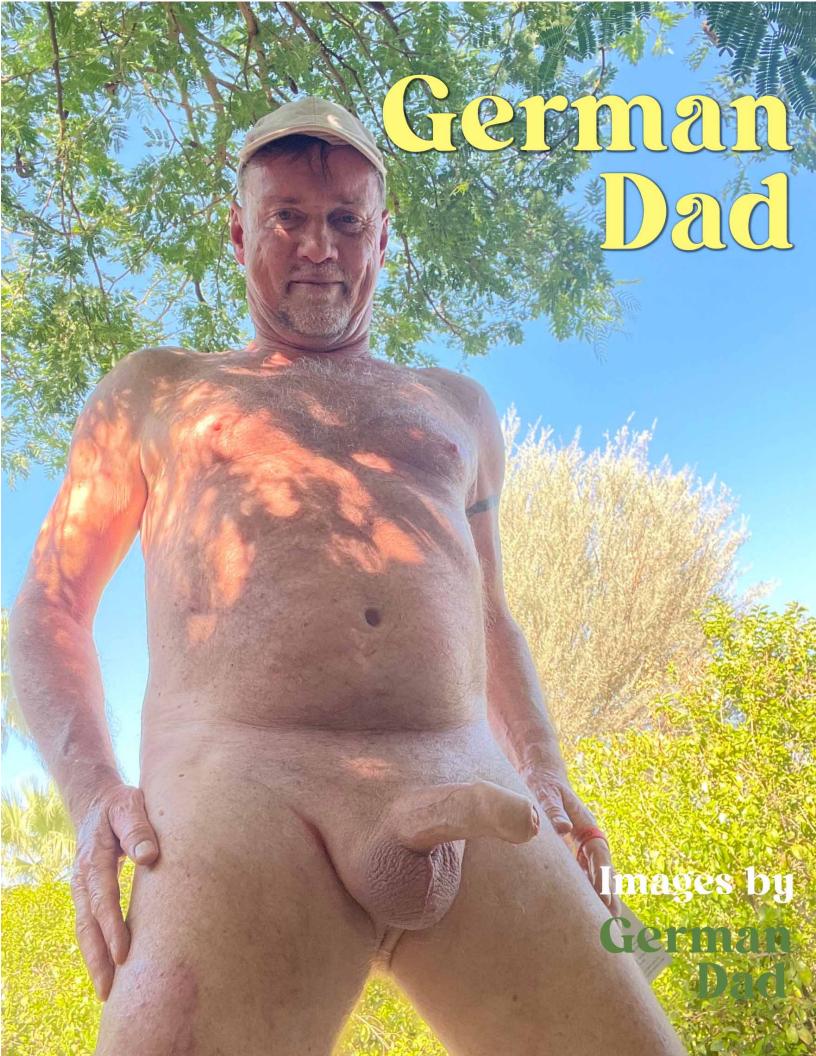
I smiled up at him and looked into his eyes as I licked his balls. I pulled one ball in my mouth and sucked. He threw his head back and let out low moan. "Jesus baby. Your mouth and tongue... .fuuuck." While I appreciated the compliment, I knew I wanted his dick back in my mouth. I ran my hand up his shaft and pulled his cock tip into my mouth. I felt my officer shiver and he let out a little laugh. "The little slut knows what he wants huh?" I nodded.

He smiled, leaned back against his vehicle and put his hands behind his head. "Get on it baby boy, show me you really want this". I sped up and started using my hands in tandem with my tongue. My jaw was tired and my lips were sore but I wanted my prize. I wanted this man's cum.

My officer let out loud moans and his speech became ragged "fu, fu, fuuuuck. Take that dick baby." His hands returned to my hair and his hips began to thrust unevenly. "Fuck I'm gonna cum. Where do you want it?" I just gripped his dick tighter and kept going. "Oh fuck, you want it in your mouth bitch?" I felt his cock swell and he pulled me all the way down onto dick as his body went ridged. He let out deep guttural roar as his body shook and I felt the first hot rope of his cum hit the back of my throat. "Fuuuuuck baby, take that cum!" He had my head in a vice grip. "Fucking swallow my babies bitch." Rope after rope filled my mouth. I was doing everything I could to swallow, but I knew some of his seed was spilling out the side of my mouth as I choked a little.

He started to relax his grip on me and I slowly worked his dick as he came down from his climax. "You love cum don't you baby boy?" I nodded even though I had never tasted anyone's cum before, I knew it was true. He smiled down at me. "You look good marked with my cum." He held me by my chin and pushed his cum that had spilled back toward my mouth. "Might as well eat it all. Wouldn't want to waste any." I opened my mouth

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and licked the his cum before sucking his thumb into my mouth and savoring his taste. He shook his head, "You're trouble, aren't you little slut".

He pulled his underwear and pants up before helping me to my feet. He cupped my face and asked "Can I kiss you?" I thought it was a weird question from someone who had just aggressively fucked my face but I leaned into him and placed my swollen lips on his. He kissed me tenderly with reserved passion. I ran my hands over his abs as he held my waist as our tongues explored each others mouths. A voice from his police radio broke the kiss. He looked at the radio and back to me "Sorry, that's my queue". Then he buttoned his shirt before straightening himself up.

I reached into my pocket and handed him his ticket. He looked at it and laughed "Shit. I'm sorry, I really didn't think you'd show but I can't do anything about this ticket. Once it's on the pad, there's nothing I can do". I was dumbfounded and took a moment before saying "wait..what?" That bastard grinned at me as he said "should have blown me in the car" and then he shrugged, leaned in and kissed my forehead. "Be good baby boy and no more speeding." With final statement, he got in his vehicle and drove away.

It took a second for me to come to my senses but I slowly walked to my car and headed home. Somewhere along the way, I realized how painfully hard I was. I couldn't wait to get to my room to do what I've done 100's of times since then; cum to the memory of officer Daniels.

Nothing every happened with Officer Daniel's again but I did see him once more. He was at my graduation a few weeks later, providing crowd control. We locked eyes and he did his little lopsided grin and winked at me.















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