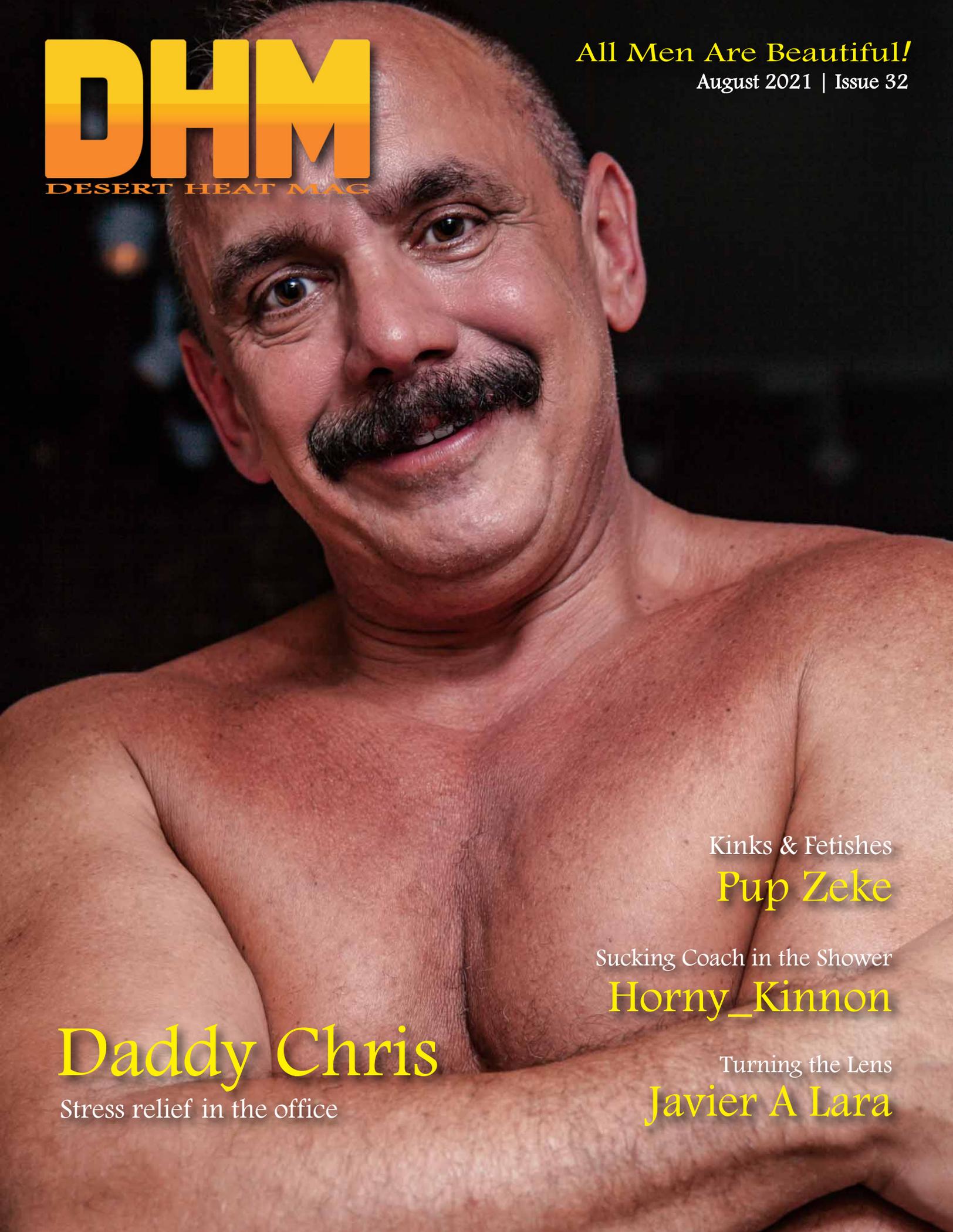


# DHM

DESERT HEAT MAG

All Men Are Beautiful!  
August 2021 | Issue 32



Kinks & Fetishes  
**Pup Zeke**

Sucking Coach in the Shower  
**Horny\_Kinnon**

**Daddy Chris**  
Stress relief in the office

Turning the Lens  
**Javier A Lara**

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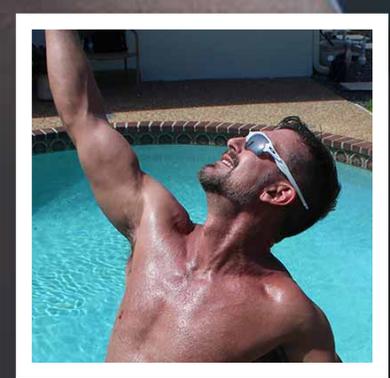
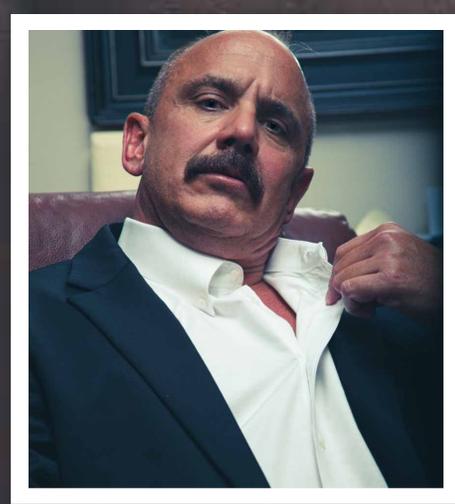
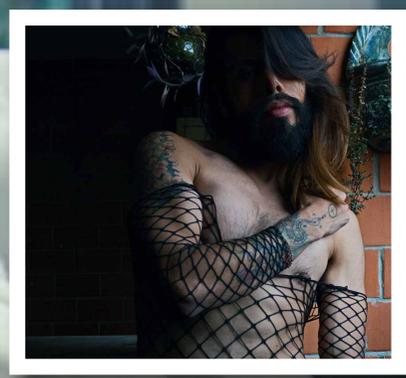
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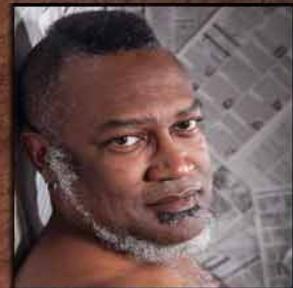


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# Ramblings from the Editor

We made it past our 3 year mark!! Happy Birthday to us! I am not sure how to celebrate so I added a new image of each of our covermen over the past 3 years. I'm sure you'll find something to enjoy in those images!

So, by now, obviously you've noticed that the Issue is out a bit late this month. Damned technology. They sold us, in yester year, how technology was suppose to make our life easier, simpler, less hassle. Well this month it was anything but that!

My damned computer is going through problems - I think it's the SSD drive going out - so I am looking to fix it myself. I just kind of rock that way.

It sounds easier than it is as I have to mirror the drive to get the data from the old drive to the new one, or I lose all I have worked on for the past year or so.

Before you send me hate mail, I know, I should have backed up a L O N G time ago, but hindsight and all that.

Regardless of that mess, this Issue is finally out and you're, by now, perusing it. I hope it meets to your satisfaction.

I need a big ask to all the readers: Please take a few moments out of your busy schedules and drop the artists, photorphers, writers, models, etc a quick not to tell them you saw them in the Magazine, and if so, that you enjoyed what

the put in here. Please don't do it if all you have is criticisms since we all get enough of that already, right?

I know they would appreciate a kind word or two and who knows, maybe you'll make a new friend along the way. If nothing else, you'll network with some great photographers probably not in your area.

And for a final rant, I hope you are all keeping safe!!

This new variant of this damned virus appears to be a real badass. From what they are surmising it is resistant to the vaccine so that means we are all back at risk.! Thanks, antivaxxers! You really dropped the ball on this one!

Just keep safe, folks. I want you around to read and peruse the magazine for many years to come.

If you have to go to the parties, events, whatever the fuck else you gotta do, please just keep yourself out of harms way. Mask up! Keep your distance. I

I know, we're all tired of this shit, but better to be tired than dead, right?

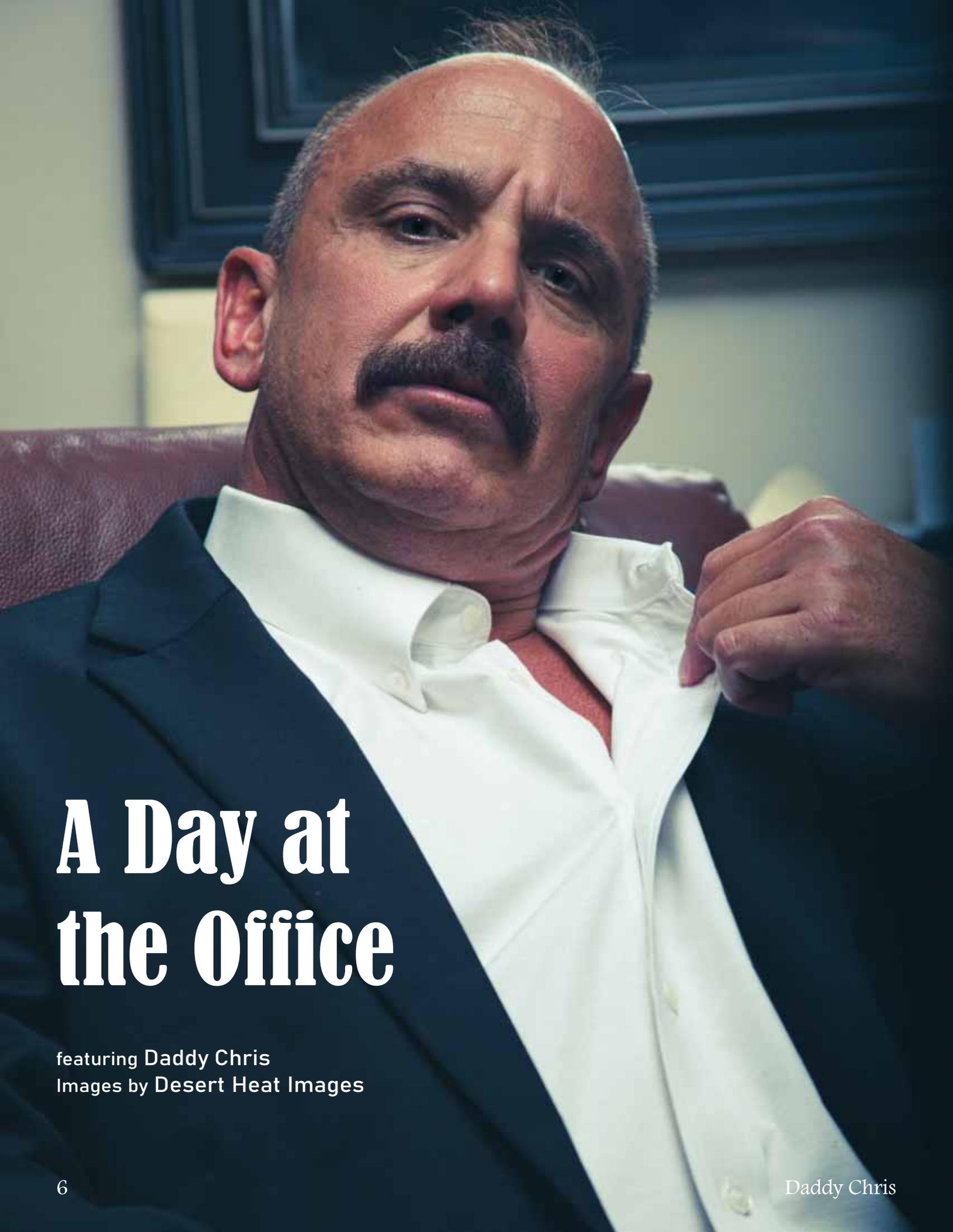
Here's hoping to an awesome end to the summer this month!

**STAY SAFE!**

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*





# A Day at the Office

featuring Daddy Chris  
Images by Desert Heat Images







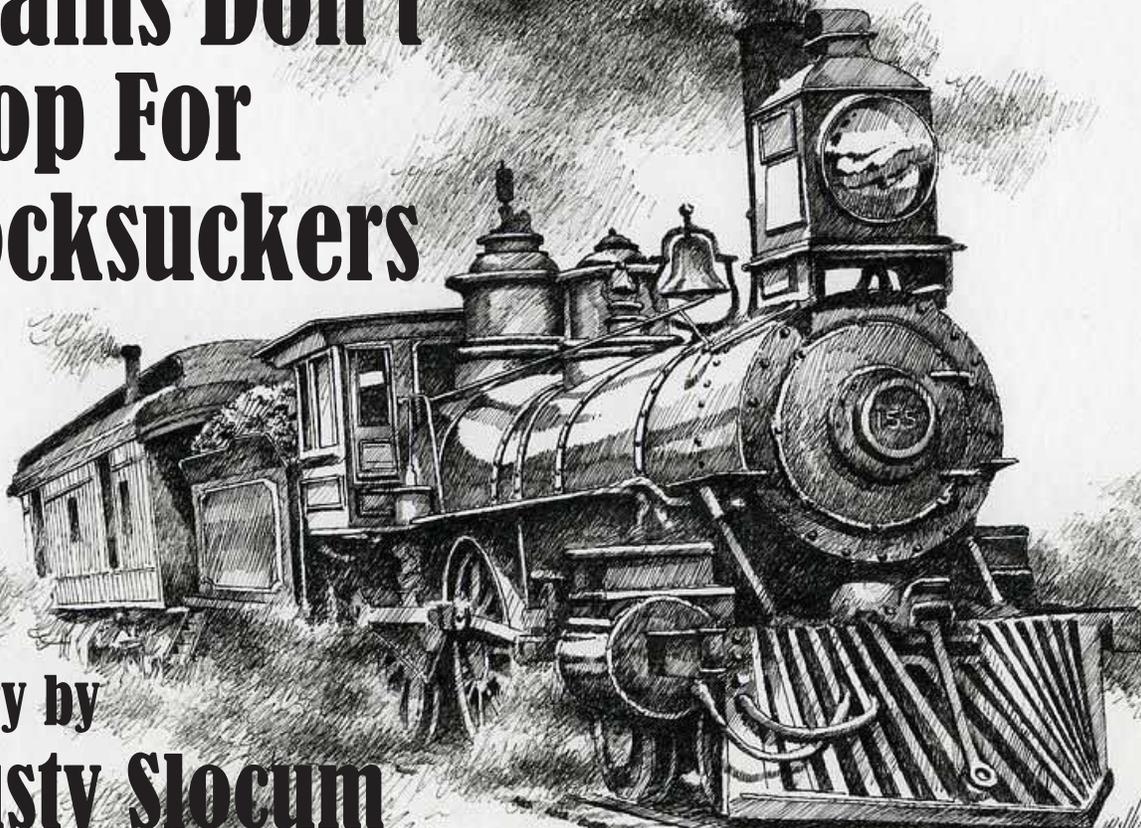






# Trains Don't Stop For Cocksuckers

Story by  
**Rusty Slocum**



When I was growing up, Chisaw County only had one whore, a chubby, bottle-blond floozie with tired eyes and a quick, proud scowl. She was nothing special, but she'd screw for three dollars or suck for two. I had no real interest in her woman part, no matter how many of my friends bragged (lied) about doing her, but over time I became more and more intrigued at the notion of getting sucked. I already knew how it felt, having traded with my cousin once when we were nine or so, but we were just brats playing around then, and he had no interest in repeating the experience now we were older. But I kept remembering the suction of his warm, wet mouth around me, the tickle of his tongue under my foreskin, the slight scrape of his teeth on my glans. He stopped when I thought he was going to make me pee, but now I knew what the sensation truly meant, and the whore was my only option if I wanted to feel it again. I figured I could close my eyes and imagine somebody else, anybody else, between my legs.

So I scrimped and I scratched until I

managed to save up the required funds which, trust me, in those days was no easy task. The last three pennies came from my granny, who told me to keep the change after I ran to the store for her snuff. When I returned home I poured out all the coins from my bank and counted to make sure. My dick roared up at the tally but I manfully resisted jerking off, as I determined I'd go that very night and wanted to save my load, a decision I regretted when Mom snapped at me during dinner for squirming in my seat. Soon as I swallowed the last bite I made a beeline for the bathroom and manfully gave in to my urges, barely pulling my dick out of my pants before spurting all over my hand.

Didn't help much. I was in a constant state of arousal the rest of the evening, and when Mom snapped at me again I decided to go to bed early. I didn't bother to remove my clothes, just pulled the covers up to my chin in case my parents poked their heads in. It seemed like hours before they retired, and hours more as they performed their

marital duties, which I tried to ignore the same way I tried to ignore the tree limb in my trousers. At last, though, they settled into snores, and I crept out the window and into the glow of the full moon.

I set a fast pace through town, both enjoying and cursing the friction of my aching erection against my drawers. The whore lived with her bastard kid down t'other side of the railroad tracks, in a three-room shotgun shack she'd inherited when her mean-drunk father passed on a few months back. He was odd-looking, almost pretty (the kid, not the old man), with pale pink skin and watery blue eyes and wispy white hair which stirred and floated at the merest suggestion of a breeze. A year or so younger than me, but he didn't come to school much, not that anyone seemed to care. I reckon I'd stay away too if people stared and speculated and commented loud enough to be heard about my freakish appearance, wouldn't you? My mom said he was an albino, it happened now and again among country folk and was a natural condition, but everybody else in town said he'd been marked by sin, because he'd been pitched on his mother by her own father; I didn't know about that, however I did hear she spit in the old man's face before she let them close the coffin for his funeral.

The whore's shack sat at the end of the street, bounded on two sides by thick copses of trees and on the third by the railroad tracks. No lights shone inside but she kept hours on the back porch and preferred anyone requesting her professional services to come around, so I trudged down the side of the house alongside the ties, wondering how on earth anyone managed to sleep here. Very few trains came to Chisaw County, but when they did they always blew through at night. Due to my mission my words tickled me, and I started to chuckle as I stepped into the backyard.

Started to chuckle, and choked.

Rather than the whore I expected, her kid lay on his belly on the back porch, scribbling in the moonlight on the sheet of paper in front of him with a concentration so fierce he failed to notice me. I thought he was naked then saw he wore a pair of underwear almost the same shade as his skin. As I hesitated, wondering if I should retreat, he jumped to his feet, like he'd seen me, but instead of issuing a challenge he stood at the edge of the porch and unbuttoned his drawers, letting his pecker hang

free to drain there rather than hike to the outhouse at the rear of the yard. He was shorter than me, thin as a rail, and though his balls had dropped and his pecker seemed a decent enough size his crotch was bereft of pubes. As the piss arched out in front of him he threw his head back, enjoying the release, and his shaggy white hair, kissed golden by the moonlight, tickled the tops of his shoulders. I drew in a sharp gasp at the sight, and his head snapped down, catching me in the act of backing away.

"Who's there?" he demanded, his voice a deep rasp of country honey. "What you want?" Even as he asked the questions his flow began to abate into intermittent spurts.

"Suh-sorry," I stammered. "I didn't mean to, uh, interrupt."

He shrugged, shaking off his prick and buttoning up again. "We all gotta piss, I reckon. I asked what you wanted?" A dribble he'd missed bloomed on the material of his drawers.

The blatant throb of my aching cock reminded me of my business and, forcing my gaze to his face, I stepped closer to the back porch. "Is, uh, is your mom around?"

He peered at me with his eyes squinted, his white bangs falling into his face and covering the pale, translucent hairs of his brow and lashes. "I done see'd you before," he said at my approach. "We go to school t'gether."

"When you're there," I joked nervously.

He gave me a quick flash of a smile, here and then gone. "You're nice. You never whisper about me."

"The Bible says we shouldn't judge," I replied, not piously or anything but because I had to say something.

He seemed amused by my answer but refrained from comment, only smirked. My dick throbbed again, reminding me of my business here, and I could have sworn his lightning quick gaze noticed. Determined to get the conversation back to the important topic of my orgasm, I asked again, "Uh, is your mom around?"

He glanced around the backyard, going so far as to twist his torso and peer through the open but darkened doorway into the kitchen. The heavy weight of his equipment swung in his drawers at the movement, and again my pecker throbbed. "Do you see her?" His tone flippant but teasing, not

Trains Don't Stop for Cocksuckers

offensive.

"Uh, no," I admitted, adding weakly, "Is she, uh, maybe asleep or something?"

He finally took pity on me and shook his head. "Naw, she ain't here. She gets arrested on Mondays."

My balls moaned in disappointment, and my pecker drooped. Some. "Oh."

"She'll spend the night in jail and be back in the mornin'," he continued, "carryin' a week's worth of grub and walking all spraddled." He bent and spread his knees and bounced on the balls of his feet in imitation, his stuff wobbling along merrily in his drawers. "Good thing, too, we're almost out of canned beans."

"Oh," I said again, stupidly. I considered leaving, but I'd spent so much time saving my money and screwing up my courage I needed to nail down when I could make my obsession happen. "Do you, uh, do you think she'll be around tomorrow?" It would be risky to sneak out two nights in a row, but I was desperate enough to take the chance.

His watery blue eyes, so pale they seemed to shine with moonlight too, regarded me thoughtfully. "Yeah, proly," he said at last. "You might need to wait in line though, Tuesdays is busy for her."

I stared at him for a long moment, bemused at the casual way he spoke of his mother's business. "Uh, sure, thanks." I turned to leave, my dick still throbbing in my pants, and I knew I'd soon be darting into the nearest shadow to relieve myself. "Sorry to have bothered you, I'll --"

"Wait," he called, and I stopped, reluctantly turned back to face him. He hesitated before speaking again, and I took the time to surreptitiously study him, all lines and angles, dressed in nothing but drawers as shadeless as his skin and a golden wash of moonlight. His wispy hair danced in the slight breeze, tickling the tips of his ears and falling down to hang in his face; his skinny torso adorned with tiny nipples on a flat chest and an outie bellybutton on his thin, concave belly. He looked impossibly young, prepubescent even, but for the aged squint of his eyes. "How much money you got?"

"Huh?" I asked, jarred from my thoughts with a thud. "Huh?"

He smirked again. "I asked how much  
Trains Don't Stop for Cocksuckers

money you got. You come to the back door and asked for my maw, means you got cash. How much?"

Startled at being asked so baldly, I blurted, "Two dollars. I got two dollars."

"You wanted a suck-job then," he said, and although his tone was nothing but matter of fact my dick throbbed again at the blunt statement. This time he did see it, and he kept his gaze glued to the log in my trousers as he asked, "Want me to do it?"

"Huh?" I asked again, not sure I'd heard him right.

He blew an impatient sigh as he nodded at the lump of my crotch. "I asked if you wanted me to do it. Suck you off." I noticed a growing bulge in his own underwear as he offered.

"Uh . . ." My balls thrummed, and I felt a spreading splotch of moisture in my drawers. I couldn't do that. Could I? Boys didn't do those things with other boys, it was more sinful than visiting a whore. Even messing around with my own cousin was wrong, though we didn't know it then. That was playing, this would be . . . something else. Actual sex.

"I could use the money myself," he continued, oblivious to my struggle. "I need me some eyeglasses." His gaze wandered to the sheet of paper and pencil on the porch at his feet.

"You like to draw?" I asked, putting off the moment of decision.

He squinted at me again, this time in abashed irritation, as if I'd caught him in a secret and shameful act. "Sometimes," he admitted, grudgingly.

"Why don't you draw inside," I asked, suddenly needing to know, "in the light?"

"Some folks just like drawin' in the moonshine," he retorted, and I felt properly rebuked. "So do you want a suck-job or don't you? I'm real good at it, I swear," he added in defiance, as if I'd questioned his expertise. "Ain't I the son of a whore and a natural? Well? Ain't I?" His foot tapping nervously on the porch floor, his arms crossed defensively across his narrow chest.

"I'm, uh, I'm sure you, uh," I floundered. How did you answer a question like that? I had no idea.

*Continued on pg 36*



# Models Wanted

Men of ALL  
sizes

# DHM

is looking  
for guys  
that like  
to show  
off!

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DHM Fan ~ Wes





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IMAGES OF THE COVERMEN

OF THE PAST 3 YEARS!!











I'm in that new, tender side of just coming out of a short stint in therapy. I'm feeling open and eager to chat about all sorts of things. It's a curiously vulnerable headspace I'm in or it could be this really good pot I have. Or maybe it's a horny aspect or byproduct of late spring and talking out some heavy shit with a full understanding of who I am. Whatever the case, I'm stepping into it with open eyes and a warm heart. I am grateful for everything.

In the course of my fair-to-middling rise to the humblest of spots as an erotic artist of some note, I get wonderful letters from time to time. Mostly these letters come from people who've had trouble dealing with a kink or feeling alone because of a fetish as they felt shame. At a pivotal moment, they came across my work. And because of something I created that spoke to them on some deeper level, it made them feel human. Connected. These always stick with me and whenever I'm doing an inventory of my blessings or feeling down, all I have to do is think of these times I've helped somebody by speaking my truth through art.

These are blessings. Every single one of those letters and notes. A fucking blessing.

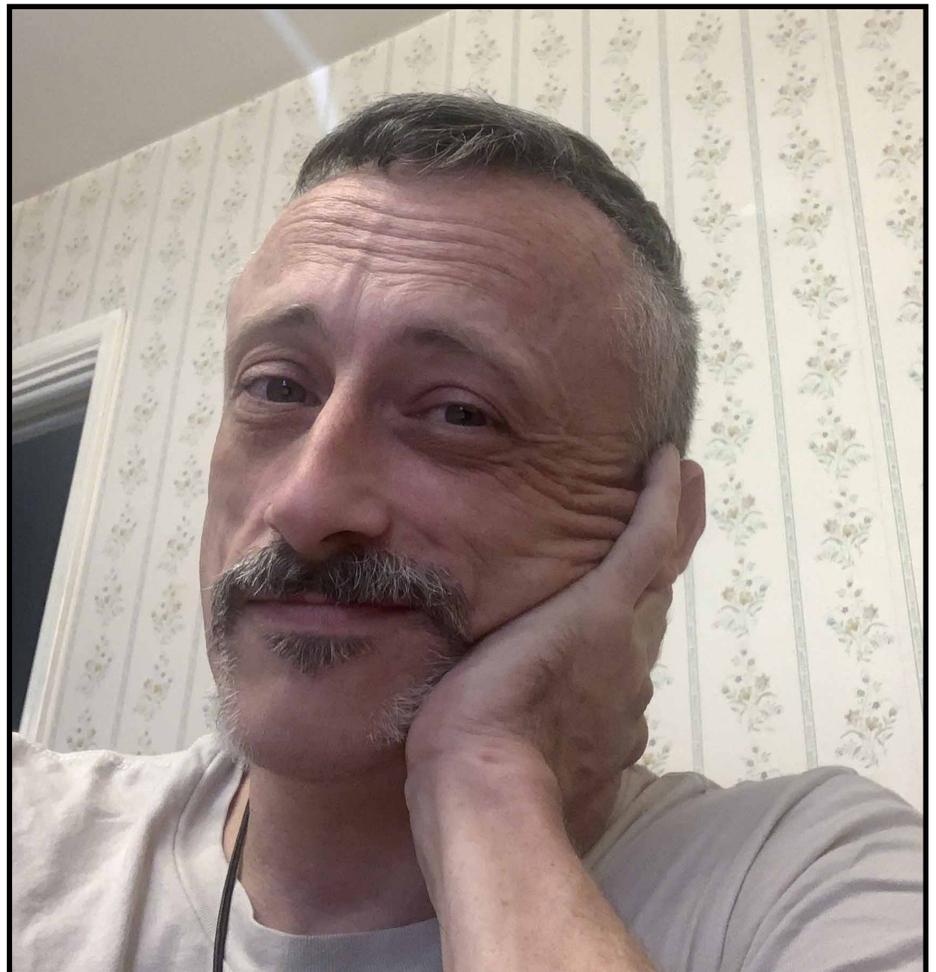
This may not seem like anything huge, and it might not be to you, but it certainly means a great deal to me. For me, these letters are about the intimacy I share with my fans and clients, either as priest or confessor and sometimes both. I'm happy to

# ALL THINGS EROTIC DRUB

hold space for guys who think about why they love something so much and how that kink or fetish makes them feel. As an inveterate people watcher, being able to extend my voyeurism and get glimpses into what makes people tick is a fantastic gift.

And then there are those that throw me for a loop and defy all reason.

The random stranger who practically does a drive-by, flicking pictures of his dick at you through social media. No talking, no much needed preamble, just pictures of his pecker! Call me old fashioned, but I don't even know if I'm going to like what that's attached to, much less where you are from or who are your favorite X-men and why? If there's no connection, there's nothing worth spending the energy on.



I mean, we count our blessings. Right? I guess as a man about to turn 48 this coming August, I should be happy men want to show me their cocks or their buttoles. Or anything for that matter. It's so fucking competitive, getting old. Staying in shape is harder. Trying to eat right. Moisturizing. Drinking water. Haircuts. And that's on top of all the important things.

Me and my husband spent the Juneteenth weekend in the high desert. As soon as we knew we were getting the extra day off in observance, we began our search for a place out of town on short notice. We took advantage of a modern house with AC on a bit of mountain overlooking the arid Morongo Valley — which turned out to be perfect. Neither of us had been out of the house more than a handful of times in controlled environments and we certainly haven't had a vacation. It was a tiny weekender on planet Mars and all for the glory of the Horned God. It was connection. Not just to each other, but feeling like we were part of something, even if it felt alien to us.

I brought a pad & pencils and my partner brought books and coffee. We both packed minimal costume changes: jeans, couple T shirts, our sarongs, two pairs of socks, one well-worn jock, my boots, sneakers, dress shoes, some rubber, edibles, lube, snacks, and bubbly. It was to be a restorative weekend with trips to dinner, but mostly meant to be a quick fix for being absolutely stir crazy. I think we drank most of what's left of California's water while we there. Even when we ventured out to a couple bars, unmasked for the first time in over a year and a half, we continued drinking water. You had to. Hydration was constant.

On our last night, in Palm Springs we picked up a handsome guy. Or he came over and sat with us and chatted us up. Things progressed and he asked me what I was into while he pulled out my dick and stroked me to full firmness. Right there in public with a couple people watching. Without missing a beat, I told him I don't fuck Republicans, don't do anything illegal, and no permanent damage, and with him deftly teasing my dick to throb and the funk kicking up from my well-worn jockstrap. Things worked out well, as my husband came back with waters for all of us. This hunky man would later follow us back to our mountain lair to be one very lucky bottom covered in sweat.

All Things Drub

Between all the silly, sexy and sinfully indulgent interludes there was silent solitude. Quail, coyote and somebody's distant rooster filled the early mountain sunrises, followed by an ever-present, waxing, unforgiving heat. Clothing optional, like all clever desert dwellers, we scuttled off to an interior space where it was cooler. Both of us made sure our bodies and souls left the desert nourished. Me with my comic book story project I'm penciling in and him with his books, playing Peter Murphy or The Clash in the background. We came home with a sense of peace and appreciation for our environment and began to count our blessings once again.

--

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

[society6.com/Drubskin](https://www.society6.com/Drubskin)





# ARKTOS PHOTOGRAPHY

*images of the male physique*

[www.arktos-photography.com](http://www.arktos-photography.com)





# Joan

Images by

**Alex  
Torres**

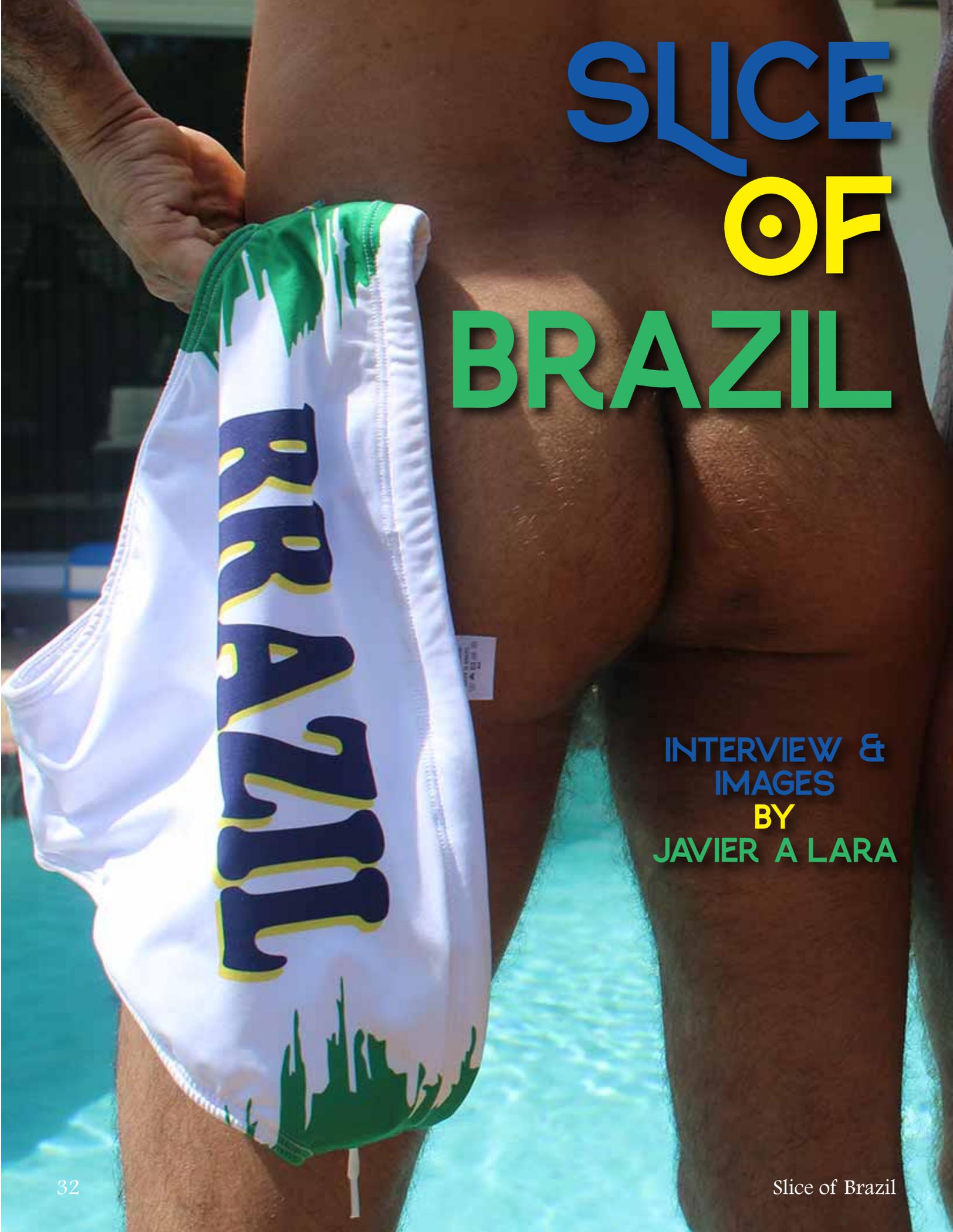












# SLICE OF BRAZIL

INTERVIEW &  
IMAGES  
BY  
JAVIER A LARA



Pablo Brazil, the latest incredible clothing designer out of Brazil, has a great eye for what excentuates the male form. His clothes snugly fit in all the right places to make a man feel empowered and sexy. He designs for everyone, regardless of size or shape and loves when his work is noticed by others.

Pablo took some time out of his busy schedule to answer a few question to provide an insight into his brand as well as himself.

***What's your name and the name of your brand?***

Pablo Brazil and my brand is Slice of Brazil.

***Where are you from and how many years has your brand been in the market?***

Brazil and the brand has been going 6 months.

***What is the focus of your brand design?***

As of now, the focus of the designs are comfortable swimwear with 100% materials from Brazil (inclusive of custom-made catalog design and custom made orders). My main focus is creating designs with quality that customers will feel proud to wear and proud to recommend my brand.

***What is your demographic target?***

My goal is to reach out to all male demographics (body types, ethnicities, ages, sizes and all sexual orientations)

***What sparked your interest in design?***

The male body is beautiful, and meant to be celebrated. I believe I was inspired to design swimwear





My current projects are swimwear that reflect different cuts & sizes, flags, sarongs. I am working hard in developing a sensual/erotic collection, as well as a collection to reach the underserved bear, cub, otter, & mature male communities.

***Are you self taught or did you study fashion design?***

My schooling is actually in the medical field, and I did not study design formally at all. But I believe that my calling in life involves the pursuit of great designs, and turning them into items that everyone can enjoy.

***Where do you see your collection 10 years from now?***

I want my collection to be widely recognized and appreciated worldwide with great pride in the materials, my designs, and the make of products coming from Brazil.

that amplifies men's natural beauty.

***What do men and their bodies represent to you?***

Exuberance , Energy and power . A special bond that cannot be found elsewhere.

***How do you want men to feel when they are wearing your designs?***

At their most beautiful, confident, and sexiest.

***What is your inspiration? Or where do you get your inspiration from?***

Everything inspires me; nature, friends, family, the beach. Especially a day at the beach; I usually come back home with a headful of new swimwear design ideas to pursue.

***What are your current or new projects?***



**What is your favorite part about designing your line?**

Feedback from other people. I encourage input from other people regarding a design that is being pursued. Some of the designs have me going back to the drawing board, but I'm fine with this. But when I see one of my designs being displayed and enjoyed on a male model, that is all the reward that I need. That fulfills me like nothing else can.

**Are you superstitious or do you have any rules you live by?**

Well, I suppose that we are all just a little bit superstitious, even if we don't admit it. I do believe that things happen for a reason in the right time they suppose to.

**Anything else you'd like to add?**

I'd love to invite all your readers to contact me and try out my collection! A collection that will make them feel comfortable and sexy in their own skin,

finding their beauty within. Same as your magazine, I wish to show all male demographics how to feel proud themselves!

See my Instagram: @slice\_of\_brazil



For special custom made orders:

sliceofbrazil@yahoo.com



*Because of Covid all orders take between 35 to 45 days for delivery*

Thanks for taking the time to answer these questions for us, Pablo. Your work is great and I am very excited to see what you come up with in the future. The best of luck to you and your brand.

If you would like to view more of Pablo's work, or inquire about placing an order with Slice of Brazil, use the links above to get in contact with him.

*(all images and interview by Javier A Lara)*



He seemed to deflate suddenly, and the defiance melted from his face. "Look, I'm sorry, I know I'm all sorts of weird lookin'. I didn't --"

"You can do it!" I blurted out before I'd quite decided. Aw heck, who am I kidding? The decision was made the instant he offered. "Suck me, I mean," I added in case he misunderstood, and my dick throbbed in approval.

Then throbbed again when he grinned, a bright and shiny thing that threatened to outglow the moon. Catching himself, he pulled back his reaction and said, "Neat." His voice dry, scratchy. He cleared his throat and added, "I, uh, I need them eyeglasses."

"Eyeglasses," I repeated, like an idiot. "Eyeglasses, sure."

He peered at me as if suspecting I mocked him, but rather than comment he asked, "You got the money? Pay first."

"Huh? Oh, yeah." I dug the change out of my pocket and handed it over.

He poked a finger through the pile, counting. Satisfied with the total, he hefted it in his hand, the coins clinking, and squinted at me again. "I'll go put this inside," he said. "Ain't got no pockets." He made no move to turn away.

"Sure, no pockets," I agreed, staring at the ridge in his drawers. He was hard as I was, and when he saw I'd noticed he flushed, the bright red color making his heart-shaped face resemble an embarrassed tomato. He mumbled something I didn't catch and fled into the darkened house. I wondered for a minute if I'd been had, if he intended to slam the door in my face and leave me conned and blue-balled, but he reappeared soon enough, his complexion once again pale and normal, his erection rearranged into the fold of his drawers.

"You ready?" he asked, his tone faintly belligerent, as if he expected I'd changed my mind. "Ain't got all night."

"Uh, out here? Can't we go inside?"

He shook his head, drew in a deep breath, muttered, "They done cut off the 'lectric and we ain't got no oil for the lamps neither. We'd be sittin' in the dark with me suckin' on your big toe." His words surprised a laugh out of me, and he shot me his quick on/off grin again. "Ain't nobody gonna

catch us, I swear," he cajoled at my continued hesitation. "Maw don't never get no business on Monday night, even most horny high school kids know she ain't here, 's why you startled me when you come up. It's about time for the 10:20 to roll through, but trains don't stop for cocksuckers, do they?" A sudden venom colored the phrase, as if it had originated with someone else and he hoped to sicken it with repetition. Realizing, he stopped, and when he resumed his voice had regained its faint wheedle. "It's hot in there and stuffy and smells like bean farts, it'll be better out here. Unless --" he flushed and looked away. "Unless you don't wanna watch me do it. Y'know what, you're right, would be better in the dark since I'm so weird-lookin', like a big ol' trout, I'll just go inside and clear --"

"I don't think you look like a trout." My words sliced through his babble and he gawped at me. "Maybe you do look a little . . . a little weird, but I . . . I think you're right pretty. Not like girl-pretty," I hastened to tack on, "but pretty like a picture in a catalog, something odd and fancy, unlike anything else you've ever seen and you can't afford it but you want it anyhow." I felt my own cheeks heat at the admission, but I didn't take back the words, figuring he needed to hear them as much as I needed to say them.

He continued gawping, his mouth opening and closing soundlessly like the aforementioned trout, his entire body not pink but a deep and rich red. After a long minute he muttered, "I think you're right pretty too" before snapping, "You ain't gotta say things like that, I'm bought and paid for, remember?"

Sensing the compliment pleased but confounded him I let it go. "Yeah, I remember." I reached down and grabbed the lump of my dick through my pants, squeezing and sending spasms of heat throughout my body, while he watched, his gaze hungry underneath the cool exterior. I popped open the first button of my fly, saying, "We can do it out here, I guess." Again, who was I kidding? I was horny enough to do it on the square at lunchtime! I popped open the second. "You want to come down here or want me to come up there?"

"Stop!" he said, and flushed again. "I mean, you have to be buck naked, not just undo your pants."

"Huh?" Dang, I really needed to find a vocabulary.

"You gotta take all your clothes off for a suck-job," he explained as if to a doofus who didn't know the meaning of the word naked.

"You do?" I asked, dubious. Seemed to me merely pulling my dick out through the fly would work for what we had in mind. "Who says?"

"Why, ever'body!" he exclaimed as if my doofus-ness were more than any rational individual might tolerate.

"Everybody, huh?"

He nodded vigorously. "Ever'body," he assured me.

I glanced around at the silent moonlit night, so lonely, with only the spark of gold off the railroad tracks hinting at life in other places, then back to the whore's bastard albino kid, so excited and aroused and trying desperately to hide it. I remembered how he'd whispered he thought I was right pretty too, and the memory tipped my decision. Nodding my head as if I'd considered and adopted "ever'body's" sage advice, I slipped out of my clothes. Nobody had ever called me "right pretty" before, even if the original words had been my own, but I sure felt it standing naked in the moonlight and his starving gaze. He looked me up and down, concentrating on my body the way he'd been concentrating on his drawing when I arrived, examining not only the jutting bellwether of my aching, proud dick and the low hang of my balls but also tracing upwards from the bushy tangle of my pubes to the rising swell of my soft, smooth belly to my fleshy chest and the sprinkles of hair sprouting around the hard tips of my nipples. Further up, to study my face, then back down, examining the whole of me, top to bottom. The same faint breeze stirring his white mess of hair tickled the tip of my exposed glans, and a long string of precum dripped from the slit. I let him look, enjoying his scrutiny, until he suddenly started and flushed yet again, as if becoming aware he'd stared too long for indifference.

Choosing not to voice his obvious admiration, he said gruffly, "See, don't that feel better?" Without giving me time to answer, he continued, "Come sit here on the edge of the porch and I'll --"

"No," I said, interrupting his flow and startling him into squinting silence. "The one doing the sucking has to be naked too."

"They do?" he asked, frank and unbelieving.

Trains Don't Stop for Cocksuckers

"Who says?"

I shrugged. "Why, everybody."

He snorted. "Ever'body's full of shit of sometimes, too." He hesitated a moment then, a clear "what the hell" in his eyes, he shoved his drawers down his narrow hips and skinny legs without bothering to unbutton, kicked them free, stood on the porch as if it were a stage, as naked and hard as me. Without thinking about it I took a step forward and he took a step back. Both of us froze, our gazes smoldering between us, then I took another, more hesitant step. I thought for a moment he'd flee like a wild animal at the approach of a predator, but he stayed put, although the effort obviously cost him. Confident he wouldn't bolt, I returned my gaze to his crotch. I'd jerked off with other guys before but other than the brief incident with my cousin when we were young I'd never really examined another hard-on. Like most every other guy I knew, like me, his glans was hooded. He was near as long as I was and almost as thick, though his curved upward to tap at his smooth belly. Looking closer I saw his abdomen wasn't smooth as I first thought but was instead sparsely carpeted with pubes so thin and translucent they appeared a mirage of grasses hidden in a pale pink desert. His hand strayed towards his dick then stopped. To encourage him I grabbed my own, giving it a few good strokes and humming at the sensation. He hesitated then mirrored me, tugging on himself and shivering. We watched each other jack for a long minute, then he flushed.

"Nuff lookin'," he said, dropping his erection, which twitched in disappointment. "Let's get this show on the road. Ain't, uh, ain't got all night."

"So you said earlier," I joked.

Ignoring my gentle ribbing the same way he ignored the porch steps, he jumped down to the ground so his bone and balls bounced. He approached me tentatively, a feral thing unsure of a kindness, and I stayed very still so as to not startle him into flight. I took in a deep breath of his scent, cooked up of wildness and sweat and something that smelled like bacon blended with the moon. He extended a hand, a slow and cautious movement, reaching out to stroke my chest, then drew back as if afraid of being bitten. I waited him

*Continued on pg 80*













# Turning the Lens

## Photographer Interview

### Meet the talented photographer

# Javier A Lara

Javier A Lara has a provocative take on his “projects”. His photography, as of late, is political in nature, wanting to make sure that society “wakes up” to the challenges we are all facing every day.

From the corrupt administration prior to racial tensions within the United States, Javier is not afraid to express his opinion through his art.

***Please, tell us a bit about your personal life.***

I was born in Colombia, raised in Venezuela, and have lived most of my adult life in the USA, where I have pursued my higher education and have adopted it as my nation.

Education played an important role throughout my life. I received a BFA from Rhode Island College in 1992. I was part of a national exchange program at San Bernardino California State College. That interesting opportunity exposed me to the West Coast. Where I later moved and pursued a Pre-master program at Santa Monica College. I integrated with a real anti-academic individual that was in charge of the program, but I am grateful for the experience that prepared me to deal with a similar group of faculties and female peers which I encountered while pursuing my MFA at the School

of the Art Institute of Chicago.

As I am answering your question, I now wonder if part of the issue of the individual was because of the sexual and sensual charged nature of my work. Since the erotic influence of my culture has been always present in my work by the use of material, color, language, and exquisite images. I think that even when images are as erotic as they are they call for attention to social and political issues, particularly after this detrimental 4 years of poor administration.

***Do you have any formal training in photography?***

I had formal schooled training in the principles of design that I try to apply in my photography but I never took photography classes.

***How did you develop an interest in photographing men or photography in general?***

I picked up a 35mm camera, the old film cameras... maybe I am letting you know how old I am....Ja Ja JA ....after leaving school it was

**A Javier A Lara Selfie Project**

# Ethnic Erotica

Project by

**Javier A Lara**

Images provided by

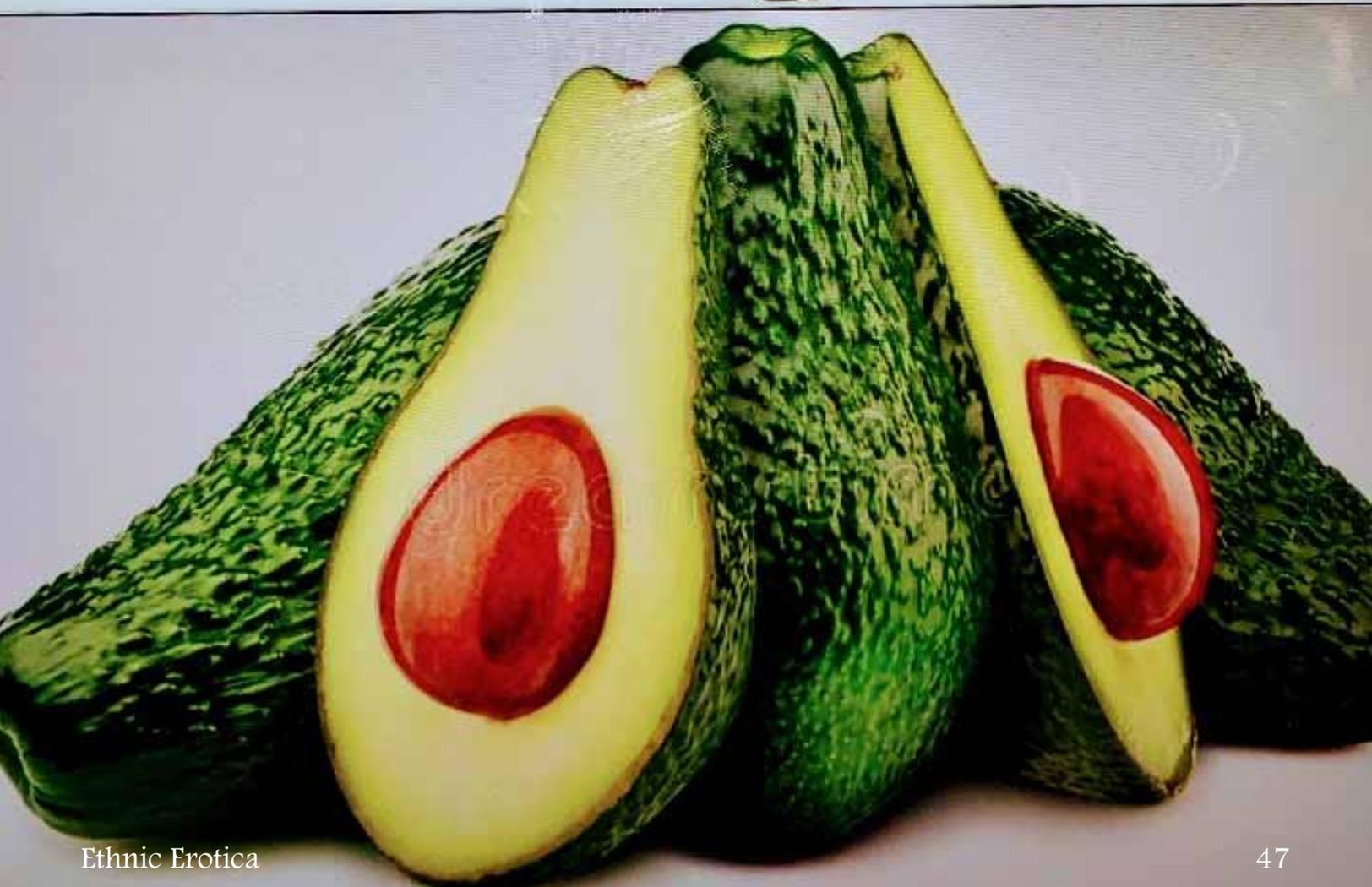
**Steven Anthony**

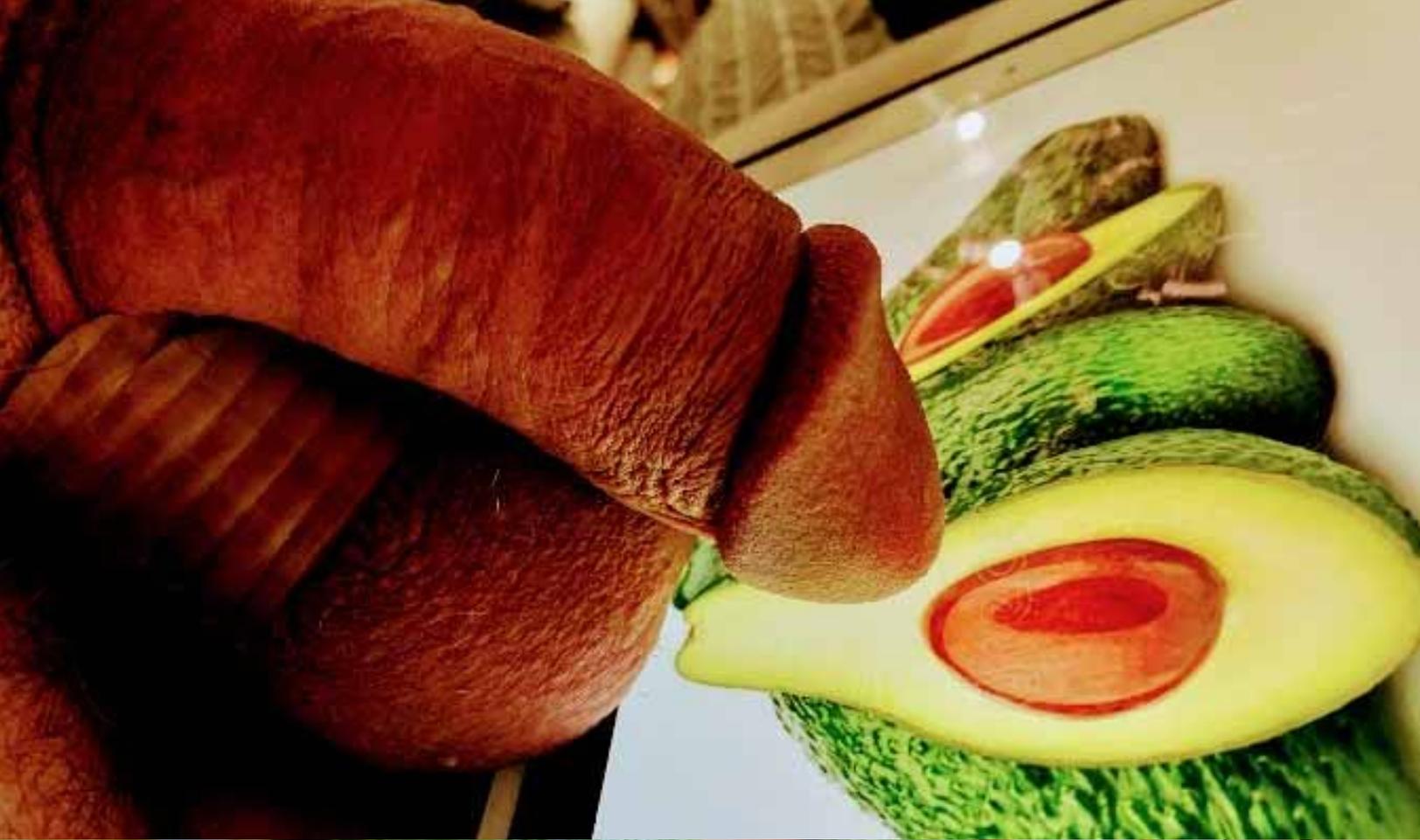


**"Examining the  
racial-ethnic-  
camouflage  
concept"**

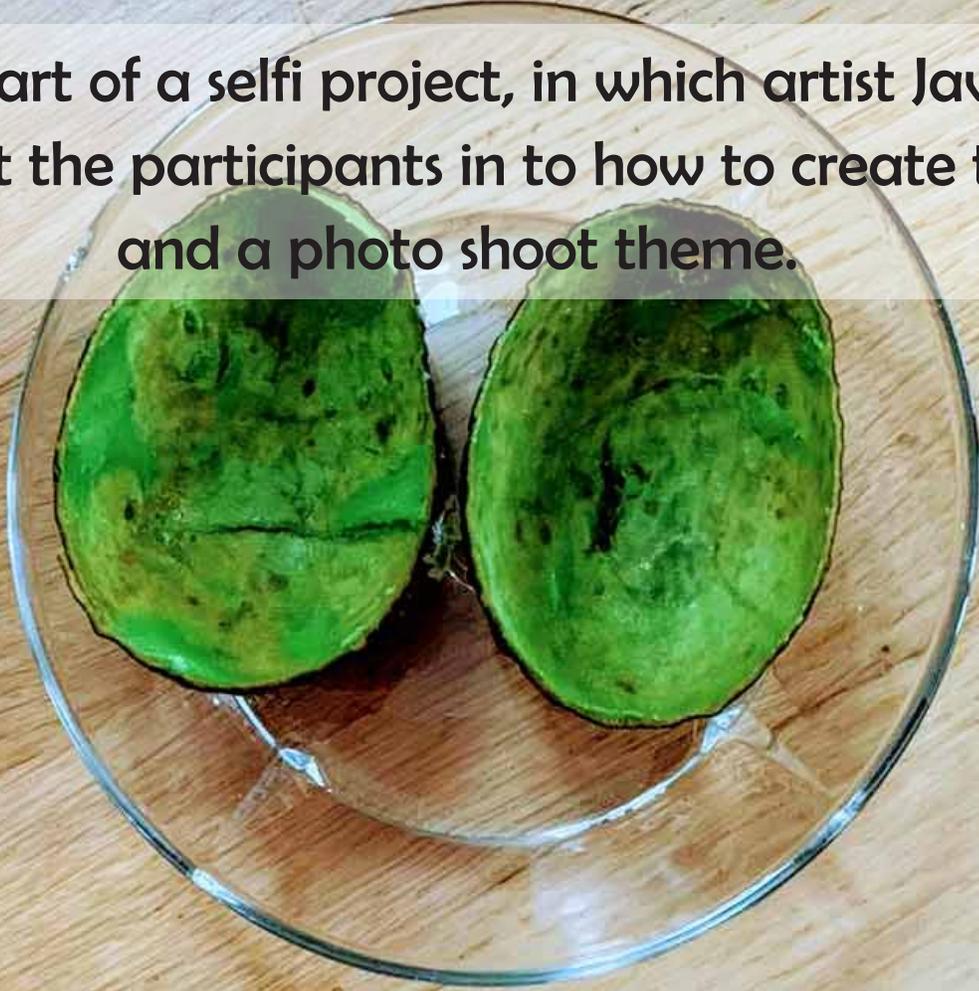


This work, from my  
fan's selfies projects,  
draws attention to  
that once  
considered "ethnic  
food"... does not  
make this person  
less racist.





This is part of a selfi project, in which artist Javier A Lara,direct the participants in to how to create the selfis and a photo shoot theme.



If interested in the project  
contact the artist at  
[jlhotman@gmail.com](mailto:jlhotman@gmail.com)

*Continued from pg 31*

expensive to have an art studio living in the expensive, but beautiful, city of Boston. But with amazing memories and experiences, I started to ask friends and guys at the gym if they would model for me and I started to experiment with black and white photography and play with light and shadows.

***How would you describe your visual style?***

I am very drawn to the male & female body. My intention is to create seductive, sensual, erotic work; but as I said earlier the work is combined with language. When the viewer takes time to analyze this, they find the social & political messages. The idea is that these messages evoke emotions, conversations, anger, and, why not, subconscious and conscious thoughts. As well, a call for action.

***What are 3 tips you have for aspiring photographers?***

- 1 - Pick up a camera
- 2 - Start photographing anything; in this era of digital work it is easier, and inexpensive, to shoot as much as you can. The more you shoot the faster you will learn.
- 3 - Move the model around and shoot different angles, particularly if you have an aspiring model.

***What advice, if any, would you give an aspiring model?***

Ask about the nature of the project:

Is their nudity involve? erections? where will the work be exhibit? compensation or exchange of photo work for your modeling time? time place of photoshoot (as it is very important to show on time, in my case I use natural light, and the sunlight is crucial depending on the work I am doing)?

These are crucial questions that can think of right now and that will avoided issues between the model and photographer. Both of you will not be surprised once you show up to the photoshoot.

A lot of preparation goes into the photoshoot and there is nothing more irritating than, at the last minute, a model decides not to do a project.

I actually like to work with aspiring models. They are the easiest to work with but I have to ask all these questions, and even more, before setting photoshoots.

***How do you find your inspiration?***

The social & political events that transpired this past four years have given me plenty of inspiration and material to work with.

***Who was the most unforgettable model you've ever met?***

Huuuuuuuummmmmmm....My Str8 boys...ja ja ja ..they know who they are. No , no, no. I am kidding. This is a compromising question.

No for real, I had have many incredible models, gay, str8 all ages, ( I wish I could find more Latinos, middle eastern, and black models, but that is a demographic that I have a hard time convincing to be part of my work).

To me, all of my models are incredible because they are willing to model for photo exchange or for a lot of them, just to have the experience.

***Tell us about when you found out your work was being published for the first time.***

During the pandemic a lot of my traveling got shutdown. I was approached by John to show my work in the magazine. After approaching so many galleries in the USA; after getting surprising criticism by faculty in important school positions; it made me think how sad it is that our culture is so afraid of sexuality. Or perhaps chooses to see the human body, a male erection, in such a perverted way. While other cultures see it as the most natural thing. Regardless of my work being shocking, I love when I get reactions of people such as "right on", "beautiful work", "challenging".

Must recently someone said "perversion is in the eyes of the beholder, the content of your work shakes people that is why they can't see past the

erections or the male organ."

Oopps I think I diverted from the questions. So the first publishing this time of the work has been here in the Magazine, I am waiting for the pandemic to end to travel back to Europe and look for venues to show this work.

***Do you have any upcoming projects?***

Yes I do, and I got to go run to the studio, I have work waiting. Oh, thanks so much for the opportunity of showing my work and believing in

what I am doing, you are the best.

Javier, thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to answer some questions for our readers.

I know your work has not only started many a conversation but has inspired many up and coming artists to express themselves more thoroughly and freely.

We look forward to seeing more of your work in the future.















DHM Fan ~ Alexander





# SWALLOWING COACH'S COCK IN THE LOCKER ROOM SHOWER

Story by Horny \_Kinnon

This is a 100% true story of my first time with a real man! (Before it had just been handjobs and circle jerks with buddies my own age.)

Coach Kennedy was my high school football coach and was constantly pushing me to do more. I was a senior and had just turned 18. One day at practice he was riding my ass over a dropped pass. He told me to start running laps and not stop until he told me to stop. When practice was over, I was still running. My teammates hit the locker room and I was still running. I asked Coach could I stop and go to the locker room. Coach Kennedy said "Did I say stop running?" I kept running laps. I was worn out and about to pass out. Finally Coach said I could stop running.

As I entered the locker room, my teammates had already showered and were leaving for the day. I entered the locker room and told my last teammates bye. I was hot, tired, and worn out. Coach Kennedy yelled and told me to come to his office. He told me the only reason he was so tough on me was I had the potential to be the best on the team. As I moaned, Coach told me to lay down on the massage table and he would give me a quick rubdown. Coach said to take off my pads and stripped down to my jockstrap. Coach

grabbed some oil and rubbed my shoulders, chest, back, and legs. His strong muscular hands felt great as he moved across my sweaty body. My muscles eased up and felt relief. I could feel my cock starting to stir in my jockstrap as Coach Kennedy's hands approached my inner thighs. I quickly told Coach that felt great and I better hit the showers. I didn't want him to see me get a hard-on. Coach told me OK and to hit the showers.

Whew! I made it back into the locker room and took off my jockstrap as my rock hard cock slapped against my stomach. I don't think Coach noticed. I grabbed my towel and went to the showers. As I was soaping up my body and cleaning my cock, I turned around to see Coach Kennedy walk into the players' community shower room. "Mind if I join you? The coach's shower room doesn't have hot water." "Not at all" I said as I tried to hide my hard-on even more now. Coach took off his t-shirt and I saw his six-pack and rock hard pecs. Coach Kennedy was only a few years older than us. He came to the high school to coach straight after college. He removed his coaching shorts and boxer briefs. His uncut cock was thick and probably 4" soft. He had a short patch of pubes and a clear V. His "happy trail" led your eye straight

to his cock. He was super hot!

My uncut cock was now rock hard! There was no denying or hiding it now! Coach grabbed his cock to wash it and pulled his foreskin back to wash it good. He knew he was driving me crazy and making me super horny. Coach Kennedy smiled and moved to the shower head next to me. He said "Like what you see?" "Uuuggghhh yes sir" I mumbled. "It looks like you love what you see!" pointing to my rock hard cock. As he was talking he pulled on his cock and it grew and grew and grew reaching a full 9"!

Coach pulled again on his cock and told me to take care of him. I quickly dropped to my knees and took his 9" in my mouth. He grabbed the back of my head and shoved his tool all the way in my mouth causing me to choke! I gagged on his cock and told him I couldn't take it all. Coach told me I was going to take it all as he pushed himself deep in my mouth again. His pubes tickled my nose as I felt his rock hard cock swelling in my mouth. He face fucked my mouth hard. I could feel his hung sweaty balls slapping my chin. He yelled at me to "suck me cocksucker" as he again made me choke. I could feel his balls and cock tighten up. Then I felt shot after shot of hot cum hit the back of my throat! He shot load after load filling my mouth with jizz. I swallowed as much as I could.

Coach grabbed my rock hard cock squeezing my balls and causing me to scream in pain. Coach Kennedy started jerking my rod back and forth. Making my foreskin stretch back and forth until I yelled I was about to blow my load. Coach dropped down and had me blow my load all over his face! His face was dripping with thick jizz. Coach told me to lick him clean. I began kissing him and eating my own jizz off his chiseled jaw and face. By this time, I was exhausted and worn out. Coach soaped up and showered. He told me hurry up and clean up he needed to leave.

I cleaned up and got dressed. As I was leaving the locker room, I saw Coach's girlfriend pull up. I overheard Coach Kennedy tell her he was going to rock her world tonight. I wondered if she would realize his load wasn't as big as usual since I had already drained his cock once today! As I was getting into my truck, Coach walked over to me and said "be prepared to run late again tomorrow night after practice..."

- - - - -

Coach Kennedy had truly rocked my world by having me swallow his cock and hot load. I had no clue that he was interested in guys at all. I had always had a crush on him but never ever imagined it would be anything more than just a fantasy.

After our shower encounter, I cleaned up and got dressed. As I was leaving the locker room, I saw Coach's girlfriend pull up. I overheard Coach Kennedy tell her he was going to rock her world tonight. I wondered if she would realize his load wasn't as big as usual since I had already drained his cock once today! As I was getting into my truck, Coach walked over to me and said "be prepared to run late again tomorrow night after practice..."

The next day at practice I tried to catch Coach's eye as we were getting changed and ready for practice but he was acting like nothing happened. I wanted to tell some of the guys on the team but was afraid that it would come back to bite me so I kept quiet. Coach acted normal during practice. Nothing at all out of the ordinary. There was no running, no staying after practice, nothing. I began to think I had made coach mad or scared him off somehow.

As my teammates were getting showered and changed to go home, I knocked on coach's door.

"Come on in Sam. Close the door. What can I do for you?" Coach said.

"Coach, did I upset you or make you mad at me yesterday?" I asked as I closed the door to the office behind me.

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?" Coach questioned.

"You know Coach...in the shower after practice..." I said.

Coach Kennedy turned red and I could quickly tell he was upset. He grabbed me and threw me up against the wall. "Don't you EVER talk to me or anyone else about what happened yesterday between us. Do I make myself clear?"

Coach was actually scaring me with his behavior. "Yes, sir! I would never tell anyone. I haven't and won't say a word. I promise!" I mumbled--scared now more than ever.

Coach told me to hit the showers and leave. I did just that. Well I guess it was a one time thing- I admitted to myself. Wishing that more would follow, but I realized it was still my first time with a

Coach's Cock

real man and my best fantasy come true.

The season went on and the team did awesome. We were winning game after game. We qualified for the playoffs for the first time in many years. Our entire town was on fire and excited for Friday night football. We won our first play off game. And our second. And our third. We had qualified for the state championship and would be playing next Saturday for the state title.

That week at practice the team and coaching staff were fired up. We ran play after play--watched game films of our opponent--we were ready. Saturday came and we were ready to win it all. The game started pretty slow for both teams. The players were nervous playing in such a huge stadium but finally we calmed down and got into our rhythm. Touchdown. Touchdown. Touchdown. There was no stopping us. When the final buzzer sounded--the score showed we won! 45 to 14!

The guys hit the locker room and were super pumped up! We couldn't believe it. State Champs! Coach Kennedy stood up and told us all he was super proud of all of us. He meant it too! As we began to strip down to our jockstraps and hit the showers, Coach called me over to the side.

"When we get back to the school, I want to talk to you before you leave." Coach said.

"Yes sir" I told him.

I showered up with my teammates and wondered what that was all about. What did coach want? The bus ride home seemed like it took forever. When we pulled into the school, the cheerleaders had covered the field house in a huge banner that said "STATE CHAMPS!" It was awesome.

The guys got off the bus and put their gear away. Some hit the showers again (some for the first time because there wasn't enough time for everyone to shower before we left). I had to go see Coach...

"Coach--you wanted to see me???" I said as I knocked on Coach Kennedy's door.

"Yeah Sam--I'm busy right now. Do you mind sticking around so I can talk to you after everyone leaves? You can actually help me out by sorting the gear so I can get it washed before I leave tonight."

"Sure coach." So off I went and started sorting the gear. Jerseys over here. Pants over Coach's Cock

there. Jockstraps in this pile. Man there were some guys that had huge jocks. Huge sweaty jocks!

Everyone slowly left the field house and I had just finished sorting everything. I went back to the office. Coach had stripped down to just his coaching shorts but was taking them off as I walked into the office.

He saw me and laughed. "I love winning don't get me wrong but I HATE being doused in Gatorade!" Coach said as he took off his wet shorts revealing just his boxer briefs.

I laughed and agreed. Coach began to tell me that he was sorry for the way he had been acting. Our shower adventure was the first time he had ever done anything with a guy too and it scared him. However, he said that I was the only thing he had been thinking about since it happened. Coach said every time he fucked his girlfriend it was my face and cock that he was picturing. He actually couldn't even stay hard by focusing on pussy anymore--he had to think about his cock in my mouth. As he was talking, I could see his cock growing in his briefs.

I asked if he minded giving me another quick rubdown because my back and legs were really hurting. He told me to jump up non the massage table. I quickly stripped down to my briefs and got up on the table. As Coach Kennedy began rubbing those muscular hands across my body, my own cock began to grow. Laying on my stomach with my hands to my side, I made sure my hands were right were his cock slid past my hands. I reached out and felt his hard cock through his briefs.

I told him my neck was hurting too. He moved to the top of the table where his cock was right at my head. I positioned my hands so that I began to slide his briefs down. His rock hard cock was inches from my waiting mouth. I slid his pulsating cock down my wet throat. Oooohhhh he tasted so good. His precum was already dripping from his cock and tasted so sweet. He moaned in ecstasy. He asked me to turn over as he slid my briefs off my body freeing my hard cock.

He climbed up on the table and we started sucking each other as we 69'd each other. We were both rock hard and super horny. It didn't take long before I was ready to burst. I told Coach I was

*Continued on pg 101*

# DOG DAYS of Summer

Featuring

PUP SPIKE

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Dog Days of Summer





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# AUSSIE FOOTBALLER ADVENTURES

## Feeding Time in the Country

Story by Bomber Powell

James was a customer of mine. I used to fly up to see him and a few other guys as part of planning their installs. I usually spent a couple of nights away on a trip, and also often had dinner with one of them. This time round I had organised to have a couple of beers and a steak with him.

Generally speaking, it's always a dangerous game playing around with customers and I had a rule of "don't shit where you eat". James was so fucking hot though, and from the first day I laid eyes on him, I had a hard on for him. He's a big beefy boy, about 6 foot and weighed about 90kgs I reckon. The nicest bum, and big solid chest and shoulders. He had auburn/reddish hair and blue eyes. Really sexy.

James picked me up from my hotel and we headed down the esplanade to a favourite dig of his. We had sat down and had ordered a couple of beers and started to shoot the breeze.

"You up here for long mate?"

"Just a couple of nights James. Seen everyone I need to. Head home tomorrow. How's everything going with you?"

"Ah, still sorting out the breakup and all. I get the kids every two weeks now for the week. It's ok. We don't hate each other as much anymore".

Him and his wife had split about 6 months before and the dust was settling still.

"Still hitting the gym hard brother?" James and I always compared gym stories.

"Yeah. I'm up to 45kg on the overheads now. What about you?"

"I'm up to 65 so still beating ya!"

"I'd have to see it to believe it".

We both chuckled and kept talking life and a bit of business. Dinner showed up and so did a third round of beers.

"You still playing footy mate?" He asked

"Yeah, when I can. What about you?"

"Nah, with the kids and that I had to chuck it in. Couldn't stick to training and all. You got a Mrs?"

"Nah James. Go a couple of regulars though"

"True" He said. "Good looking sorts?"

I always kept my private life private when it come to work stuff. But, for some reason I dropped this big fish on the table. I guess I was hoping that a bigger fish would bite.

"Yeah they are. Couple of blokes I hang out with. Friends with benefits and all"

James stop eating for a second and looked up at me.

"Blokes? Did you say blokes? Like, you're gay? Are you gay??"

"Ah James, jury is still out on that"

"Righto. My ex had heaps of gay friends, so I'm all good if ya are"

We had a chat about all that stuff, and the usual "I never would have picked it ay" comments. At that point we had both finished our food and we're finishing up. After 3 beers I needed a slash so headed off to the mens.

"Be back in a sec James"

“Yeah righto”.

I stood at the stainless steel wall and was half way through when I heard the door open and thought nothing of it.

“Hey Brother”

It was James, standing about 2 feet away from me. I heard the velcro from his boardies rip open and then out of my left eye could see him haul something out. At this point, I'm torn. Do I look, or do the polite thing and just keep my eyes front.

“You're uncut too hey? Not a bad size man” I looked and he was looking straight at my dick. I had a quick glance down and saw his briefly and then chuckled nervously. But I felt my dick jump, and was trying my hardest not to crack on in front of my customer.

“Get your balls out. Let me have a decent look”. Fuck me. This is just surreal now.

“Ah nah, it's ok James” in my most professional tone.

“It's ok mate. I won't tell anyone. We can keep this all on the downlow. Look, I've got mine out. Have a look”

At that point I looked at him, and then looked down at his junk. He'd opened his boardies right up, pulled the front of his jocks down with his left hand, and was holding his cock with his right.

“Move you hand mate. I can't quite see... ..” I said

James moves his right hand and just let everything hang. Grabbed his tank top and lifted it up so I have a good look at everything, and it was fucken nice. Just like most straight boys in the country, He had a decent bush and balls covered in red hair. It trailed up all over his belly and I imagine up to his chest. His dick was about 6.5 on the slack, uncut and he had pulled the skin back to pee. His knob was very pink and fat and he had the biggest veins running down his shaft, with a couple of big balls sitting underneath. Now I could feel my dick beginning to grow, and as it turns out, he was too. His eyes were fixed on my cock, and the longer he looked, the more blood went into it.

“Have a good look mate. I don't mind. Yours is nice. Your balls are big like mine. You shave em yeah?”

“Yeah mate. Makes lickin em easier”.

James had finished his piss and was shaking it when it began to really grow. He started to slide the forey back and forth ever so slowly,

while looking at my dick. I copied him and did the same. We were both standing at the urinal at this point slowly wanking in front of each other at three quarter mast.

“Mate, we can't stand here doing this ay. Somone will come in looking for us because they will think we skipped the bill” I said to him.

“Yeah alright. Wanna continue this back at your place then?”

He didn't have to ask twice. We stuffed our semi hard dicks in our jocks and took our times washing our hands so it would go down a bit. Paid the bill, then headed to my place.

The minute the door was closed he dropped his boardies and jocks on the ground and was walking around in just a t-shirt looking around the apartment. Guys that walk around with no pants and a t-shirt drive me nuts for some reason, and today was no exception.

“What do you wanna do James?”

“How about we have a few wank sessions. Nothing too heavy. Just watch each other jerk off”

“Yeah alright. I'm up for that”

We both jumped on the bed, completely naked and started to work on our cocks while watching the other one.

“Can I touch yours mate?” James asked

“yeah sure”

He reached over and took my dick in his hand and started to jerk it off. I sat with my hands behind my head enjoying the attention.

“Nice” Is all he said. He didn't offer for me to jerk his so I just let it slide. I didn't want to make him feel awkward, even though his eyes were fixed on my cock as he slowly yanked on his dick. It was oozing pre-cum and his knob was super pink and hard.

“You nearly there” He said as he got faster.

“Yeah. Not long now” I was actually holding back, because for me, this was so hot, jerking off with this straight guy.

After about another two minutes, his balls got really tight and his breathing was really loud and he pounding furiously on his dick.

“You want it” James asked me, his face and chest flushed red

“Your load? Yeah James. I'd love it”

“Get ready. I'm close”

I positioned myself close to his dick as he gave it the last few gravy strokes

“Now now” He said, and I positioned my

mouth close to his knob to catch it, but he had other ideas. He grabbed the back of my head and pushed it over his cock so I swallowed it half way down as he unloaded and said "Keep still keep still. Ah fuck. Ah. Yes" I blew my load the minute his first lot of straight man juice hit my tongue. I kept my mouth around his dick as it finished pulsating, and milked out the last few drops.

We sat back breathing heavy and laughed a bit.

"Sorry mate. I was trying not to give you a gobby and make you feel weird ay" I said to him, trying to make things cool.

"All good. Be a shame to waste it"

"Very true. I love a good feed" I said and we both giggled.

"Yeah, I picked you for a cum pig for sure" James said, and we laughed again.

About 30 minutes later after lying there naked and just chatting about shit, James turned

to me and said:

"Want another feed bro?"

"Fuck yes!"

4 more times we did that, and the only time I didn't get a feed was when we both stood at the end of the bed and shot all over it. We did that just before he left. I slept in those sheets for the night Surrounded by the smell, which was awesome.

He texted me when he got home and said "Thanks for a good night. Looking forward to the next time"

Unfortunately, our company banned all flights for 3 months unless they were deemed "operationally necessary" which didn't include my trips, and then I left that particular company. So, I never did get a next time. Still, I'm happy it happened. While I broke my own rule about not fooling around with work mates and or customers, I have no regrets about the good time I had with James.

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# BIG GAY SEX SHOW















out, letting him touch me again in his own good time. He ran a finger down the line of my breastbone, and I tried not to squirm as it continued a ticklish course across my belly to the top of my treasure trail. I heard his heartbeat, strong and rabbit-quick and loud in a silence broken only by our panting breaths. His touch dropped lower, his fingers skimming through the thick tangle of my pubic hair, stroking through the tufts as if intrigued by its density, then his fingers wrapped around the base of my shaft, surprisingly strong in grip for one so wary, his ragged, dirty fingernails alien to my clean flesh. I moaned and almost shot as he tugged the skin up and down in a slow frig.

“You got a decent pecker,” he said as he watched himself jerk and I tried to hold back to my climax to ensure I got my two dollars’ worth. “Not huge, but it’s respectable, and proly cleaner’n some.”

I appreciated the compliment, but I suffered a surge of irrational jealousy as being compared to anyone else, and my urge to orgasm retreated to a dull throb. “Seen a lot of dicks, have you?” I asked coolly.

He glanced up to look me dead in the eye, smirking as if he’d read my mind. “My maw’s a whore,” he reminded me, snickering. “I’ve saw more dicks than ticks on a duck’s back, most of ‘em goin’ into her. I only ever see’d one other ‘sides yours up close and personal-like, and it weren’t by choice.” He resumed stroking me and, mollified, I whimpered and melted, watching his small, pale hand slide up and down my rod. His own stood out from his belly, wavering in the night breeze, the secret garden of translucent grass at its base a hidden prize you might find only if you already knew it was there. Unable to resist I reached out a hand to touch him, wrap my fingers around him and offer the same pleasure he gave me, but I felt no more than heat and a slash of sleek skin before he shook his head and twisted away.

“You ain’t paid for that,” he said, frigging on me and driving me crazy, “so don’t be touchin’. Let’s get you what you bought afore you get any more foolish notions.” So saying he pushed me backwards until my bare upper thighs hit cool wood. “Sit right there, lemme slide in ‘twixt your knees.”

I settled my behind on the edge of the porch, waist high on him, and he suited his words with action by squatting between my legs, still tugging. His tongue snaked out to lick his colorless but plump lips, and I throbbed in his hand. “You, uh, you said you’ve done this before, right?” I asked, suddenly nervous about teeth.

In response he smirked and opened his mouth and swallowed me down to the root, burying his nose in my bush. I gasped and jumped and would have shot down his throat from sensory overload but for the shock. He came up off me and smirked again. “I mighta only been up close to one other dick before but I spent a lot of time suckin’ on it. Guess it was good for somethin’, huh?” Without waiting for a reply (not that I could’ve managed one) he licked up the seam of my undershaft and swallowed me whole again, reducing me to a blabbering, quivering mess. He set up a smooth and easy rhythm, sliding up and down, using his tongue on the bottom of the shaft and underneath the hood. It felt much as I remembered, but better, hotter; my cousin’s mouth had been hesitant, curious but slightly disgusted, while this one moved with a breathtaking assurance. He kept his eyes closed while he suckled, savoring and moaning deep in his throat. One hand stole up to cradle my balls, while the other jiggled madly at his waist. I couldn’t watch him jerk, couldn’t see so much as his lower belly due to the angle, but then I hadn’t paid for it, had I? I wished I’d brought enough money to do whatever I wanted with him, take him in ways I didn’t even fully understand, and I wouldn’t have cared if it cost me two dollars or three or a hundred or a thousand. He revved up the speed a bare mile a minute, sucking on me with greater and greater fervor, the shaggy bangs of his white hair falling over his face and tickling my belly. I hadn’t paid for it but I wanted to touch him anyway, so I reached out a careful hand, slid my fingers through his locks. He tensed but when I didn’t abuse my touch to force him down he relaxed, allowing me to gently trawl and tangle. His hair was fine, wispy, seemingly fragile but resilient as the kid himself. He shuddered at my caress and upped his game, rotating his head around and around as he suckled, his fingers kneading my balls just enough to hurt. The pressure in my lower belly built, my sack drawing up, and I sighed, rubbing his scalp as he pleased me. Sensing my

approaching orgasm he tightened his lips, bobbing up and down, taking me whole and coming up long enough to lick dribbles of precum from my slit before swallowing again.

“Getting close,” I warned him, combing my fingers through his hair. “Better come off, better take your, I’m about to, here it --” and howled, electricity running through me, electricity mixed with fire and storms and other powerful destroyers. Heedless of my incoherent warnings, he kept his mouth on me, kept up his intractable rhythm, and unable to stop myself I spurted in his throat, wailing as the orgasm obliterated reason. His breath caught around my creaming dick, and he groaned, spilling his own seed on the ground in front of him, and I wanted to see, wanted to watch, but was denied by the angle and lack of coin. He gulped every drop of my spunk while I flopped around on the porch, helpless, all but broken. As my streams ebbed into spurts and, finally, drips, he released my balls and fisted my shaft, milking the last drops, and I wondered if he enjoyed the taste; I’d sampled it once and not been impressed, but he seemed to like it, his tongue probing at my slit until the overstimulation made me want to jump out of my skin.

“Not bad for my first trick, huh?” he drawled, looking up at me with his colorless lips all puffy and his watery eyes glowing. Still pulling leisurely on my dick, which showed no signs of softening. “Pap always said I’s a natural, maybe the old fuck was right.”

I flinched at the obscenity, a word rarely heard in Chisaw County in those times. “It was . . .” Squirming under his relentless tug, I tried to think of a description. “It was right nice.”

“Right nice,” he repeated, smirking, but didn’t tease. A horn honked nearby, the sound of an engine approaching. I tensed, once again aware of our open surroundings, but he kept ahold of my dick, apparently unconcerned. The vehicle turned into a gravel driveway up the street. “Ain’t nobody but the Pattons,” he said. “They’re trash.” His tone dismissive. The engine shut off, and a man and a woman yelled at each other, voices drunken and slurred. I relaxed as the screaming faded and a front door slammed. All the time he kept up his slow, steady stroking, and steam again began building in my balls. “Looks like you might go again, huh?”

I squirmed. “I, uh, I didn’t bring any more  
Trains Don’t Stop for Cocksuckers

money.”

“You didn’t bring any more money.” Up, down, up, down, rubbing his thumb at the glans with each pass. I reached out to again run my fingers through his wispy white hair, but he pulled away. “What if I made you a deal?”

“Whuh, what kind of a, a deal?”

“I’ll give you a freebie, but you have to do what I want. And you can’t tell nobody.”

“I, I won’t tell anybody what we do. I promise!”

He considered. “Don’t care if you blab what we do. Whores depend on word of mouth. Just don’t want it known I worked for free.” His grip on me slow, teasing. “Ain’t good business.”

I didn’t plan on blabbing anything, freebie or not. “Oh-okay, I won’t say a word.”

“Swear?”

“I swear!” He smiled, leaned forward, licked the head of my dick. “You going to . . . you going to suck me again?”

“Naw.” I would’ve been disappointed but his tone promised something more. Something darker. He licked me again. “I want you to, uh . . .”

Anything, I’d do anything. “Whuh, what?”

“I want you to brown me.”

“You want me to what?”

He sighed, the gust of warm air on my glans pure glorious torture. “Brown me. You know, fuck me.”

I flinched again. “How? Boys don’t have opposite equipment, they can’t do that to each other.”

He studied me, still tugging, enjoying how I writhed under his touch. “Sure they can. You put your dick in my bottom and slide it in and out. ‘S why they call it brownin’, and if it ain’t fuckin’ I don’t know what is.”

I gawped at him, appalled. And maybe a little intrigued. I’d heard of it before, knew the proper name was sodomy after the sinful city wiped out for the act, but I’d never really believed. It wasn’t possible something so big could fit in something so tiny. Not without – “Ow! That would hurt!”

He shrugged, his feigned indifference not fooling me. “Maybe a little, at first, then it gets better. ‘Sides, whores have to learn how, three dollars is better’n two, and I wanna make sure I can take it.” He licked my dick again. “So what say,

wanna brown me?”

I thought about it with what small amount of coherence his touch left me. I wondered how we'd do it, if he'd have to bend over, show me his . . . his asshole. Thought about pressing my dick inside. I wasn't sure how it might happen, how something so small might open up and swallow me, but suddenly I needed to know, needed with the same fervor drove me to a whore for a suck-job. “Yuh, yeah, I'll buh-brown you.”

He squinted and grinned and rewarded me with a full-on swallow, kneading my dick with the muscles in his throat and slithering his tongue against the underside. Letting me go with a pop, he stood, his own erection bobbing in front of him like a merry punctuation mark. I fell back onto the porch, body shivering, bone quivering, trying to catch my breath, blessing the full moon I'd dared sneak out tonight. He moved around inside the house, muttering to himself, and I heard the irritated skritch of a struck lucifer. Sitting up, I spotted his drawing and, curious, pulled it over. It looked at first like a series of small, random doodles, but upon closer examination I discovered they were spaced and framed like pictures on a wall. Each appeared to be a scribble of lines denoting nothing specific, but as I studied I realized they were all connected. He'd drawn a nude man, small portions of his body divided into separate sketches and shuffled in proportion. It was unsettling, especially illuminated by moonlight, but eerily beautiful.

“Pap said a boy whore's gotta be careful, especially 'round here, somebody might use 'em then beat 'em up and not even pay, but I reckon I can take care of myself and what else am I gonna do? I need me some eyeglasses! I just hope Maw don't get mad like she did when Pap – what you lookin' at?” He stopped above me, still naked, still hard, a small glass jar in one hand.

“This.” I help up the drawing. “This is . . . this is really good.”

His jaw dropped, much like when I told him I thought he was right pretty. “That's . . . that's just doodles. Don't mean nothin', can't make no money scribblin'.”

“Well, I like it.”

He blushed, another whole body one with a soundless gape that made him look, God forgive me, like a big ol' trout, and once again I sensed I'd

pleased him but he didn't know how to react. Snatching the paper from my hand, he carried it into the house, and when he reappeared without it he resumed talking about how his grandfather (father?) had turned him into a whore. “Pap said I probably wouldn't make much money 'round here, people think I'm too freaky-lookin', might be bad luck to fuck. Get up, let me sit down . . . thanks.” He took my spot on the edge of the porch, laying back to raise and spread his legs, the small glass jar in his hand. His erection jutted up from his belly, a tower to his arousal, but he tried to play it off with nervous chatter. “Pap said he'd knew a place up the city where they'd call me exotic instead of oh my hell WHAT THE--” and the porch boards rattled as the back of his head thumped them.

My cousin's dick had tasted like soap and little pee, very clean. This one tasted of nothing so innocent. Salt, and sweat, and urine, the kind of funk a couple days without a bath might leave, and spunk, tiny dabs of it lodged under the foreskin, bacon blended with moonlight. I went down far as I could, the head popping into my throat, and I gagged. Coming back up I took a huge gulp of air and buried his bone again, repressing the urge to choke, pressing my nose into the translucent hairs sparkling at the base of his shaft. Tears dripped from my eyes and snot from my nose from the effort, but every drop was worth the way his head rolled back and forth on the porch floor, babbling incoherently, the way his legs spasmed and jerked on either side of my bobbing head. I fondled his smooth balls, rolling them around in my fingers, used my other hand to tickle the seam of his taint and dip into the crack between his narrow, flexing butt-cheeks, aiming for the tiny hole he intended me to “brown”. He groaned and wrapped his fingers in my hair and spread his legs wider and hunched up into my mouth as I sucked and caressed and dandled my finger at the entrance to his skinny body. I probed, gingerly, and though it gave under pressure the resistance increased the further I pushed. I came up off his pecker long enough to spit, and he gasped again when I returned and bottomed out in the secret garden of his pubes while my finger breached his tightness. “Oh . . . oh . . . oh . . .” He writhed under me while I bobbed and inserted my finger to the first knuckle, frigging him with short, steady strokes which promised more than invaded. Sweet liquid dribbled

into my mouth in steadily increasing amounts, and his ballsack drew up in my clutch as he neared climax. Just as he gasped again and went rigid, I stopped, pulling my mouth and my hands back, and watched as his denied orgasm drained away.

"You . . . I can't believe you . . ." he panted, his eyes wide and legs and bone still quivering, "Pap said only cocksuckers and whores give suck-jobs."

Thus confirming my theory he'd never had one, despite how many he'd performed. Knowing better than to remark I only replied, "Then maybe I'm a cocksucker." He gawped at me and I nodded at the glass jar yet clutched in his hand; I suppose we were lucky it didn't shatter in his grip. "That slick you got there?"

"Uh, yeah." He offered me the container. "Put some on your --"

"I think I can figure it out," I said, brusquely but not unkindly. I'd sensed a shift in the balance of power while I sucked him, and I wanted to hold it in my favor. He was still the pro and I was still the amateur, but I was invested in the job same as he, and meant to advertise the fact. "Show me your bottom. Go on, spread your legs and show me."

He hesitated; he'd sensed the shift in power too, and I saw the notion of escape flicker in his pale eyes before he gave in and trusted. He lifted and widened his thighs, hunching up his hips and spreading his narrow cheeks with his small hands, framing the tiny indentation I'd stroked and strummed minutes before. By the glow of the moon I spotted glitters of my spittle decorating the tiny lips, the opening a touch distended from my frig, and I was amazed and delighted to spot the fringe of hair as translucent as his pubes encircling it. I had doubts something the size of my dick might fit inside, but remembering how the hole gave with a little lubrication to ease the way heartened me.

He gasped, holding his head to one side and watching my face as I poured a stream of the oil down his crack, rubbed it around the lips of his ring. I poured a little more and penetrated him, sinking inside as far as the first knuckle, like before, only this time it was smoother, slicker. He sighed as I probed deeper, the edges of his hole gripping my finger the way I hoped they'd soon be gripping my dick. I sank my digit further, all the way, and he sighed again, but harder, half-strangled. I froze, wondering if he'd order me to stop; he didn't, just

waited and breathed, and after a moment I felt him relax enough for me to continue. Setting the jar on the porch, I grabbed his pecker, expecting him to protest, but he allowed the liberty. I tugged with a slow, gentle stroke while diddling him in the same rhythm, moving only a fraction at first but gradually lengthening until he sighed again and relaxed some more and my finger slid in and out easily. Dribs of precum pearled on his glans and he squirmed and giggled as I leaned in and licked them up. Without warning I slid a second finger inside, and he gasped, and tightened, and only after several deep breaths did he relax again. He whimpered deep in his throat, then when my knuckles grazed a small spongy mass in the roof of his tunnel he groaned, long and low and vibrating on my fingers, and sprinkles of goosebumps rose in blotches on the pale skin of his buttocks and upper thighs.

"Do it," he grunted, wriggling on my fingers. "Stick it in me, I'm slick enough, I can take it, I'm a good whore. Do it!"

Accepting his word, I pulled out and let go his bone, prompting him to whine. I ignored him and, grabbing the jar, used enough oil to slick my dick as I would've to coat my entire body, but I was determined to get inside him. "Hurry, hurry," he murmured, not wanting me to hear, and I grabbed his ankles to pull his hips closer in answer, his soiled grassy feet no deterrent to my desire. The level of my achingly hard cock stood well above the lip of the porch, and I shoved his legs back towards his chest, raising his hips until the heat of his crack warmed me. I pushed my glans against his slick, distended hole, and he whimpered, pleading with those pale eyes. I pushed harder and much to my astonishment the hole widened until the tip slipped in, then the entire head, his ring popping over the exposed ridge of my glans. He hissed, long and loud, his hands scrabbling at the boards he lay on, and I stopped, but he wiggled his hips, imploring me to continue, so I sank further into him, glorying in his grip, so tight and hot and welcoming. He grimaced as I passed the halfway mark, his eyes squinting and his legs tensing, and I paused, not moving forward but not pulling back either. "You all right?"

"I'm . . . I'm . . . okay, I'm fuh-fine," he huffed.

*Continued on pg 90*

# Pup Zeke

images by Pup Zeke













"Keep goin'."

"You sure? I can stop if it hurts too much."

At least I hoped I could stop; his grasp was too seductive for me to resist for long.

"I can take it, I'm a good whore!" he insisted. "It always hurts at first then it starts to feel nice! Pap never lasted long but OOF!"

Tired of hearing about whores and Pap I'd shoved the rest of the way in him, wincing in sympathy with his contorted face and loss of breath but afire to drive away every thought in his head except those of me and my dick. He growled and groaned as I pressed into him, rubbing my pubes on his upturned crack and slapping my balls underneath, while between us his hard pecker danced and drooled onto his heaving lower belly. He grunted as I pulled back, not going far before I pushed in again, rounding out his grip and wrenching another grunt from him. Somewhere in the distance a train sang in the night, its plaintive whistle almost but not quite inaudible.

"C'mon, do it," he whined, wriggling against me. "Fuck me, c'mon."

Never one to refuse so blatant a need, I fucked him, the obscenity sweet and naughty and grown-up. Dirty in my mouth, dirty in my mind. I started off with shallow thrusts, moving him more than myself. Though I could tell he was still in some pain I trusted his assurances it'd get better, and I damn sure intended to last longer than Pap and afford whatever pleasure the old fuck had denied him. Gaining confidence not only in his ability to receive but my talent to give, I gradually lengthened my strokes and, remembering his reaction when I stroked the spongy mass in his tunnel, I adjusted my angle, was rewarded when he gasped and his watery eyes flew open, pupils blown, and more splotches of goosebumps pebbled the skin of his entire body. He babbled and rolled his white head on the floor and reached for me, patting my chest and my belly and my arms, not in an attempt to stop me but to find a way to hold on. As I watched him fall apart and the train whistle blew again, this time a little closer, it occurred to me he was born for moonlight. The sun would always be an enemy to a complexion so frail, so fair; it could bake and crack it, disfigure it, even to his scalp, as his fine and wispy white hair,

however beautiful, was too thin and fragile to withstand sustained assault. But in the moonglow, oh! In the moonglow he glistened like a pale pink phantasm of some past romance, some long ago moment so fond and profound it would always light the blackest nights of a future gone dark. I wanted to repel all thoughts of whoring from his head, wanted to buy him eyeglasses and pencils and paper to draw with and canned beans or better to put some meat on his stringy frame. I wanted him to be mine, and despaired, for he belonged to the moon.

"What?" he bullied, reddening under my scrutiny and squinting up at me. "What?"

In answer I leaned forward, shoring his legs against my chest and wrapping an arm behind his head. He realized my intention and, as expected, balked.

"Whores . . . whores don't kiss!" he insisted as I bottomed out inside him and brought my mouth within an inch of his. The cheeks of his narrow butt rested against my pelvis, and he throbbled around me.

"Nobody's paying, it's a freebie, remember?" He attempted to object but I didn't allow him, choosing instead to lock my mouth to his. He struggled but, penetrated and subjugated, he had little choice but to give in, and after a long, dubious moment he relaxed, his lips parting for me, so I plundered his mouth, savoring the bacon and moonlight. I may have only made out with two girls in my life up to that point but even I could tell he'd never been kissed, this was a first for him as much as the suck-job, and the movements of his lips and tongue were awkward but willing. His skinny arms came up to wrap around my neck, and he shimmered his hips, rocking my dick inside of him and rubbing his own against my belly; I felt a spurt of moisture on my skin. The position was too cramped for much movement, but I made sly jabs and slow rolls from side to side, and he panted in my mouth. He hummed in my arms, around my tongue and torso and dick, and found an answering hum in me, building an orgasm from my balls to rattle my bones and shiver my flesh. The electricity kindled inside me, stronger and stronger volts racing through every nerve in my body but centering in my crotch, a sharp and spiky pressure sizzling in my balls and tightly sheathed dick. The humming grew louder, thrumming through our

teeth and tongues, shaking even the porch, and right as I wondered if we'd become an earthquake a train whistle screeched, blaring and close. I broke our kiss and grinned. "I thought it was us, but it was only a train."

"The 10:20," he panted. "I think it's late."

"Maybe it's right on time," I replied, but he didn't hear me; the approaching locomotive was too loud. Shaking my head to indicate it didn't matter, I raised my voice. "Should we stop, cover up?"

He laughed, a joyful and feral contrast to the growing volume and shaking ground. "If trains don't stop for cocksuckers, I bet they don't stop for buttfuckers neither!" he shouted.

I laughed along with him, wild and free. He smiled up at me and squeezed his tunnel, silently begging me to move. As the train arrived and the engine screamed by and the whistle shrilled again in hopeless protest of the loneliness of perpetual momentum, I laughed and browned him, wondering if any riders glanced out their lighted windows to catch a glimpse of two boys on a strange new journey of their own. Orgasm simmered in my balls as he clutched me and his hands rubbed my chest and my arms and his lovely white hair whipped around his face as he rolled his head and babbled, as I dug in, long-dicking him, almost withdrawing to plunge back deep. The train whistle died away but the cars kept passing, the lighted windows and the riders kept passing as I drank my fill and he offered his all. I grabbed his dick, intent on bringing him to the stars with me, and laughed again, because suddenly I knew why the thought of women's downstairs parts didn't titillate me, I understood why the thought of putting my dick inside something moist that bled and spat out the occasional baby gave my stomach a slight twist. I didn't want anything to do with a woman, I wanted a boy! A boy like this one, the one whose sugar melted under my heat, whose bottom gripped and twisted on my dick like a velvet glove, whose prick pulsed in my hand and whose balls drew up under my touch, seeking a release only I might permit! The long train rolled and the wheels clanked and the foundation of the world shook as if like to crumble, my ears rang with earthquake shakes and the fire in my balls blazed to lick my entire body, and I soared to climax, my seed spilling into the tight tunnel of darkness and

Trains Don't Stop for Cocksuckers

light underneath me. He yelped at my sudden, savage lunges and the thickening of my dick as I shot into him, then his yelps turned into yells as his own orgasm roared through him, his semen spurting out to coat my hand and both our bellies and chests, his balls bouncing against my abdomen. His yowls and my howls were absorbed by the rattle of the train, but they were there, if you knew how to listen. As our voices and bodies gave out, the last of the cars and lighted windows and finally the caboose clacked away, and the whistle blew again, further down the tracks, traveling on, traveling on.

We groaned as we separated, and I staggered around his legs to collapse on the porch beside him, both of us covered in sweat and spunk. "Whew," I said when I could breathe again, "I thought that was only a metaphor." He looked at me in confusion but I waved it away, concentrating instead on the glow of his moonlit, sex-sated face, and he didn't object when I grabbed his hand in mine, kissing it and holding it against my heart so he might feel the beat. I laughed again, exhilarated by my epiphany and basking in our sweet warmth. We lay together as the last noises of the train died away and the night renewed its notorious silence, not really thinking but content to live in the moment.

At last, however, he stirred beside me, and, not saying anything, he loosed his hand and climbed to his feet. He padded into the house while I continued to lay there, lacking energy to rise. He reappeared holding a clean and folded white cloth, one corner damp with rusty water. As he squatted and reached down to wipe his spunk from my belly, I stopped him, took the cloth for myself. His pale eyes glittered as I touched it to his own torso and gently wiped away the spatters. "Did, uh, did you enjoy that?" I asked. I knew he had but I wanted, needed to hear him say it. "Was it what you expected?"

His plump but colorless lips cracked into a grin. "Better. It was," he paused, searching for the correct phrase. "It was right nice." We both chuckled. "I always knowed it'd feel good if it lasted long enough, Pap never . . ." He trailed away as I stiffened. "I guess you liked it too?" he tried.

"I liked it fine," I replied, thinking, probably more than I could make you understand. Feeling the mood broken between us, he squatted silent beside me until I finished cleaning myself, then he

took back the cloth and wiped between his cheeks. I climbed to my feet and, as unwilling to walk to the outhouse as he'd been earlier, I let my dick hang free and pissed from the porch into the yard. He joined me and we stood side by side, crossing streams, something strange and undefined wending between us. When we finished he turned to face me.

"You better go home," he said, and though I expected them the words stung. "You got what you paid for and a freebie besides, and now I know I can take it like a good whore, even enjoy it." His voice deliberately rough. Pushing me away, negotiating defenses I'd didn't know I'd blown through until he began to rebuild them. "Go on."

I grabbed his arm, and he tensed. "You don't have to be a whore. I only saw one drawing, but you've got talent. You could be an artist!" His skeptical gaze spoke volumes. "I'm serious! Get an education, no matter what anybody says about you, go to college, art school, whatever. You don't have to be a whore!"

He gripped my hand, removed it from his person. "Tell me somethin'," he sneered, a tear of either rage or sorrow or something I did not wish to define dripping from one pale blue eye. "Forget art school and college, tell me how foolish dreams are gonna buy me some eyeglasses, or pay for the medicine my mother needs from time to time, bein' a whore herself." He wiped at his nose, anger twisting his heart-shaped face into an ugly mask. "Because I'll tell you in return the scribblin's of a weird-lookin', colorless trout who's prolly a git of Pap-on-daughter fuckin' don't amount to shit! Doodles don't buy eyeglasses or medicine, but suck-jobs and brownin's sure do! Even 'round here, even if I get beat up, I know what'll get me what I need, and it ain't artistic talent or no education!" His voice rising to a shout, louder than the train had been, and, realizing, he lowered it to a volume barely louder than a snarl. "So you go home, take your soft and well-fed belly and climb back through your window and lay your head and body down on your plump pillow and clean sheets, and next time you get two or three dollars, whichever you can spare, you come see me again, Mondays is best!" He grabbed my clothes and threw them so they fluttered around me back to the ground. Swiping

up his own drawers, he marched away, calling over his shoulder, "Go on now, afore your momma wakes up and realizes you ain't there! Bet she didn't get arrested tonight!" He stomped across the porch and slammed the door behind him.

Exhilaration vanished, joy wilted, I slipped back into my clothes. All I'd wanted to do was help! Why couldn't he see he was more than his whore mother, more than Pap? The good Lord knew it would be hard, but there were people who'd find the real him behind his washed-out appearance and forced, raunchy cheer, people who'd nurture the talent I'd only glimpsed in one moonlit sketch. What would it take to make him understand?

As I trudged toward the corner of the house a door creaked open behind me, and I heard the slap of his bare feet on creaky wood. "Uh, wait?"

I stopped and turned. "Yeah?"

He'd put his drawers back on, but he still looked oddly naked in the moonglow. Stepping off the porch, he held something out to me, a sheet of paper. The drawing he'd been working on when I arrived, of the nude man sketched out in pieces.

"You giving this to me?"

He nodded, but when he spoke, it wasn't of the drawing. "He, Pap I mean, he was goin' to take me up the city that day. The day he, uh, the day he died."

"You don't --"

"Pap said he knew this bar where the fruitflies would eat me like honey, and we'd make a fine bit o' coin on my bottom." I wanted to again try to stop him, but something in his watery eyes and pale face pleaded with me to let him talk, and his shaggy white, white hair stirred in a breeze I couldn't feel. "He laughed and told Maw to give him his whiskey. She already had a big ol' glass poured out and he drank it right down, smacked his lips." A pause, while the night silence swelled around us and the full moon glowed benign indifference. "He stopped laughin' and dropped the glass, his face gettin' redder and redder, and he gasped a couple times, then he just, I don't know, sagged and fell out of his chair." The kid's voice full of wonder.

I stared at him, horrified, not knowing what to say, if anything, but he didn't give me a chance to speak.

"Pap stopped breathin', and that's when Maw started laughing. 'He's dead, the old fuck is dead, like to see him take you up the city now!' she

yelled, and I thought she was gonna dance for joy. She hugged me and I wondered what I should feel. I didn't feel like laughin', like her, but I didn't feel like cryin' neither. All I felt was . . . relief, and I wasn't sure that was right. Pap was dead, and I felt relief I wouldn't have to go up the city and be exotic and spread my cheeks for drunk strangers my very first time. Do you think it's right I felt relief?"

I couldn't answer immediately. I wasn't sure what I'd been told. What I did know was he awaited my answer with desperate hope on his face. I couldn't give him or anyone absolution, but comfort was in my grasp. "I think it's okay, I think it's right," I said finally, and the tension drained from his small frame. "I think I would've been relieved too."

He smiled, taking my breath away. "That's why I wanted you to have the picture."

I said it again. "Huh?"

He rolled his eyes at my doofusness. "I didn't have to go up the city, which means you were my first john and you treated me nice, made sure I had a good time. You gave me somethin' and I wanted to give you somethin' back. You, um, you said you liked my doodle?" He broke his gaze, looking shyly at the ground.

"I like it," I assured him, and he beamed. "Thank you."

"I meant what I told you, even if I didn't say it so decent," he said. "You know, the part about comin' back to see me some Monday."

"When I got the money," I said without thinking, and winced.

If the words hurt him he failed to show it. "Well, I reckon I can give a discount, you being my first john and all," he said with a sly grin. "Or maybe even another freebie, if'n we need to."

I didn't want another freebie. I wanted to bring him money enough for eyeglasses and medicine, and whether he sucked me or I browned him didn't matter. I wanted to plead with him again, to force him to comprehend there were more choices in the world than the ones laid out by Pap or Maw, but I'd never make him understand any more than I could make myself understand him. The gulf between us was too wide. I was going home, and while we weren't rich by any stretch of the imagination food was always on the table, pillows always plump, sheets always clean. He was staying here, in a three-room shotgun shack with no electricity, and he needed eyeglasses. If I

needed eyeglasses my father might complain but would go without himself to make sure I got them. If my mother had her way and I improved my grades I'd be going to college in a couple years, while he might go up the city because it was too dangerous to be a boy whore around here. I'd visit again some Monday, and I'd bring all the change I might scrounge for his meager and pitiful dreams, and we'd savor a connection like a loud, brash train rolling by in the night, but we could never last together, could never help each other where it counted. At heart, I was a tourist who belonged to the sun, and he belonged to the moon. So all I said was, "Sure. I'd like that."

He beamed again, his white hair waving in a breeze I knew I'd never feel. "Neat." He paused, gave that quick on/off grin. "G'night."

"Night."

He went inside, walking all spraddled, and shut the door behind him. I wondered what he might do in a darkened house and realized I'd never understand and wasn't any of my business anyhow. So, gently clutching his gift in my hands and trying not to wrinkle it, I turned and trudged beside the railroad tracks towards the street and home. A train whistle sounded, someplace lonesome and far away, and I decided it was probably the 10:20 again, but whether it was late or right on time, tonight it was already gone.

















*Continued from pg 61*

about to cum but he didn't budge pulling off my cock. I shot wad after wad of cum down his throat. He swallowed every drop. I was in heaven.

I had been fantasizing about having Coach's huge cock up my ass more than anything. I also knew being a virgin (and the fact Coach's cock was huge) this was going to hurt bad. I told Coach I wanted him to fuck me. He climbed off the table and walked over to his desk. He grabbed a bottle of lube and slathered some on his fingers. He began by inserting one finger. Then two. Three. He worked my tight hole so it began to relax and open up. He took more lube and put on his dick as well as my ass. I told him I had never been fucked in the ass before and he told me he would be as gentle as possible.

He walked behind me and I could feel his wet cock next to my ass. I was so horny, nervous, and excited! I felt the tip of his pulsating cock on my virgin hole. As he began to slide in, I yelled in pain. It hurt so bad. I told Coach he had to go slow. He put some more lube on and slowly entered me. When the tip finally got swallowed up in my ass, the pain eventually turned to pleasure. I pushed my ass back on his rod and then I was loving it. He began thrusting his rod back and forth in me. Oooooohhhhhh FUCK! Coach was fucking me and it felt awesome! Fuck me coach! His cock was hitting my prostate and the sensation was nothing I had ever felt before. Oooooohhhhhh FUCK! Harder Coach! Faster! Fuck me Coach! Fuck me hard! Coach was now fucking me so hard I thought the massage table was going to collapse. I could feel his cock tighten and knew he was close! "Sssshhhiiiiitttttt!" Coach screamed as I felt shot after shot of warm cum fill my ass. It began to run outside my tight hole. Coach collapsed on top of me. His sweaty naked body felt amazing against mine. Slowly his cock began to go limp and fell out of my ass. The rush of his dick pulling out felt awesome too.

"Wow Coach. That was unbelievable." I told him.

"You can say that again Sam. That was the tightest and best fuck I've ever had. You were tighter than any pussy." Coach said.

"I agree with you there Coach. I totally agree!" I said as we just laid there holding each Coach's Cock

other.

"Guess we better hit the showers and clean up?" Coach said.

"Guess we better" I said.

"Of course, we probably need to blow each other again in the shower like last time." Coach said with a wink.

"Yeah, you're right coach. At least this time I don't have to run all the laps first!" I winked back!



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