

# DHM

DESERT HEAT MAG



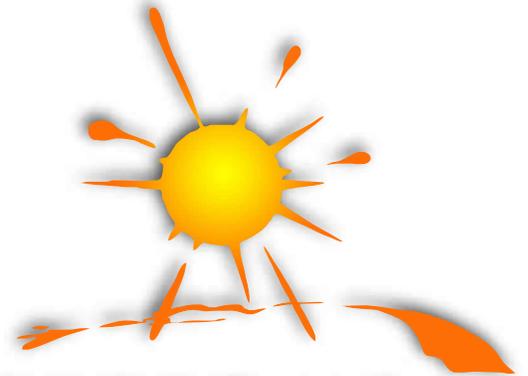
*All Men Are Beautiful!*  
August 2022 | Issue 44

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# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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

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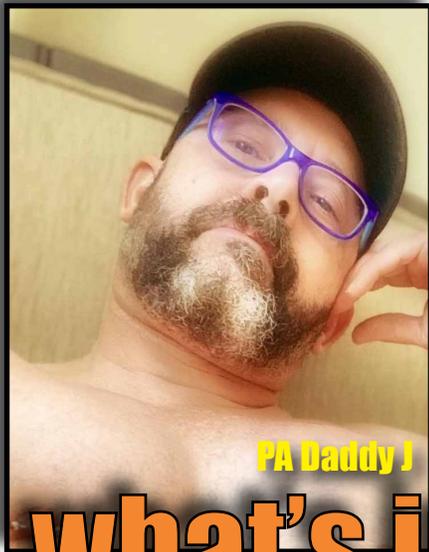
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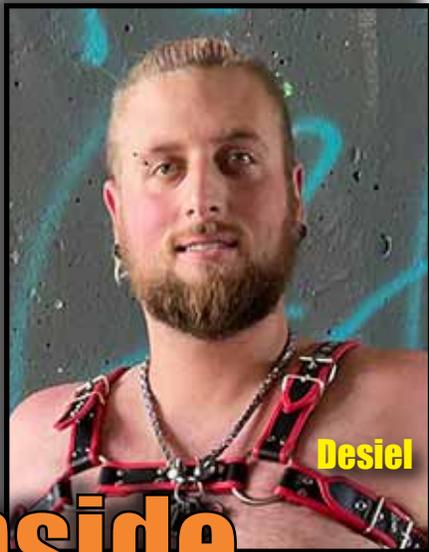
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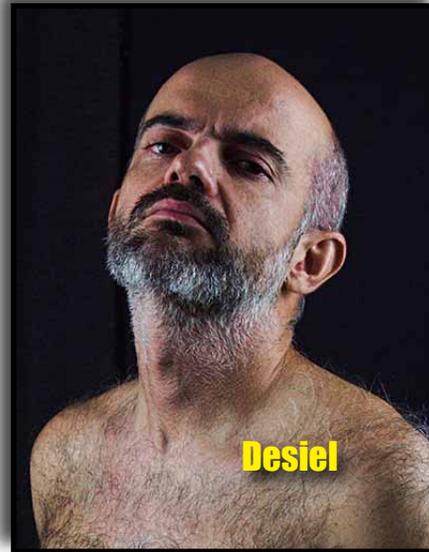
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PA Daddy J



Desiel

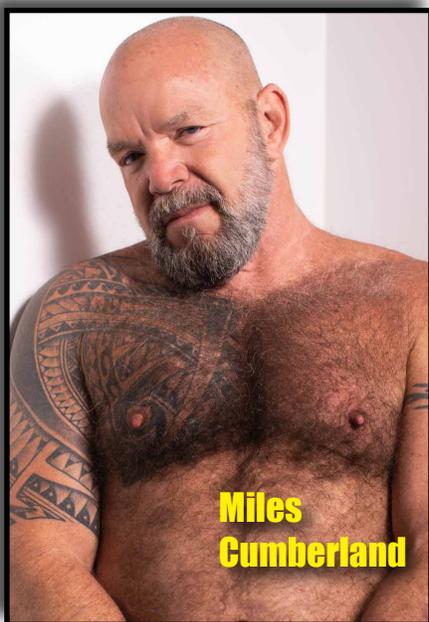


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Miles Cumberland

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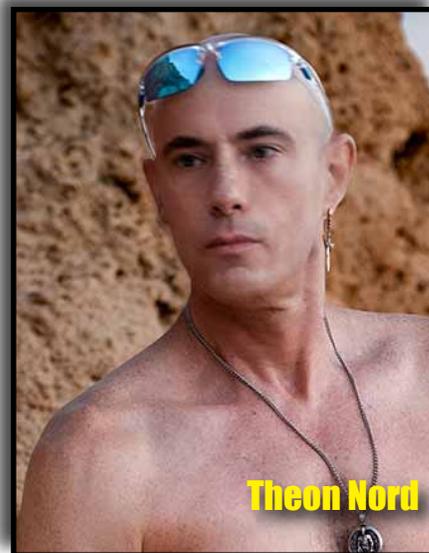
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Ryan St. Michael



Stetson Dixxon



Theon Nord



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# Ramblings from the Editor

Happy 5th Birthday to DHM!! Yup, we made it to our fifth year and I can't express just how excited I am! I've made some great connections with some incredible people, met some fantastic models, talented writers, out of this world artists and it is all become of this Magazine. You, the reader, contributor, collaborator, or supporter, have made this Magazine as great and accepted as it is. Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

As you might have noticed by now, or you will when you get into the Issue, there are some subtle changes to the layout. As with any great invasion, bodies included, it's all about nudging it, not ramming it in, so I am taking it slow with changes in the layout this year. You will notice, I hope, the Magazine will start to evolve into a more retro feeling than anything. I hope you'll continue along with adventure with me.

I want to call out Bearlust.com for being an incredible supporter of the Mag. With his continued support, the social media sites continue to grow and our downloads have increased quite a bit. There is an ad in this Issue for bearlust.com, which you can click, to check out the great products that brand offers. Make sure you check it out!!

This Issue has been blessed with the incredible Art by Ivor, which is scattered throughout the Issue. He is a great artist that deserves the recognition. If you like it, send him an email letting him know!

One other item I want to call out is The Personal Chaser story. It is brought to us by a continued supporter of the Magazine who

happens to have an incredible podcast, with an equally talented cohost, called the Big Gay Sex Show! If you have not checked out their podcast you are missing out. There is a link in the Magazine which will take you to all their episodes so you can give them a listen! It's definitely worth your time.

Desert Heat Magazine is going to be at the River Ridge Campground in Mt. Olivet, Kentucky at the beginning of September (over the holiday weekend). This campground is not far from Lexington so if there are any guys who would like to model for the Magazine, perhaps even get on the cover, hit me up and we'll try to schedule some time. The time slots are limited, after all this is MY vacation, but I'd love to get some of you guys in the Magazine!

I cannot express enough thanks to the continued supporters of the project. We have photographers that work tirelessly to bring you some incredible men for your viewing pleasure. I only ask that you click on their social media links, email links, or go to their websites and show your support. Without these talented people, we wouldn't be where we are today, growing each month.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*



# Miles

Cumberland



Images by Desert Heat Images







Miles Cumberland







# THE COP & EX CON

Story by **Dogbone421**

## Chapter 6

When I got home, I hit the sack and slept till around noon. I woke up refreshed and feeling good about things. I showered again and got motivated and headed out. It was a beautiful day, bright and sunny and I felt on top the world. I thought of Mark and realized I was starting to consider us in a relationship. I picked some groceries and ran some other errands. I went back out later to fill the truck up with gas when I thought I saw Dutch! I was stopped at a red light when I saw a him on his motorcycle a couple car links ahead. The more I looked the more I realized it was him. Even from the backside, I could identify him by his strong legs and solid back. The way the bike seat split his beefy ass, made it look so fucking nice in those tight jeans. I again remembered how fucking hot he looked on a bike!

The light changed and it took me a couple lane changes and speeding up to catch up to him. When I got beside him, I honked my horn and waved. He didn't look at first, but when I did it again, he looked my way. A quick hand in the air and a shit eating grin came from him. When we got to the next light he slowed and stopped a long distance from the vehicle in front of him to talk with me. I had the windows down already so it made it easier for us to chat. He yelled and asked how I was and then revved the cycle's engine. I told him

I was finished with my overtime hours and was feeling pretty good. He nodded and gave me the thumps up sign.

He then asked if I had seen Mark lately? I told him I had spent the night with him last night and noticed his expression change. He then smiled a real devilish grin as he gripped his crotch. He sat up off his cycle seat and grabbed his right ass cheek and crunched his face like it was sore.

"Have a good time," he asked as he grabbed for a cigarette?

I know I blushed when I answered I did! He wanted to know next why I hadn't called him lately?

"I've been thinking about it," I answered as he quickly threw back,

"I been thinking about you calling me!"

He revved the cycle again and asked if we could talk somewhere more private? I said sure where ever he wanted. He then told me to follow him as the light turned green!

We made our way down the road with me behind him. Again, his butt looked so fucking fine as I rode behind him!

He pulled off into the local mall parking lot and we parked near the rear of the lot. He killed his engine and got off his bike and came over to my truck. His junk looked huge as he walked with his jeans scrunched up into his crotch. Taking off his

sunglasses as he got close, he spoke.

"Hey Copper, fancy meeting you here!"

I opened my truck door and got out and we shook hands.

"Man, you're a horn dog," he yelled at me! "I saw you eyeing my crotch as I walked up," he said cocky!

I leaned against my truck and we shot the shit for a bit. We talked about the weather, his job and his girlfriend. He soon spoke up and asked how my relationship with Mark was going. I shyly told him I was seeing him more often and that things were good so far. I mentioned that our sex was more about Mark getting off, but that I was ok with that.

"Mark always gets what he wants," he said as he folded his arms!

"You haven't mentioned us hooking up to him, have you?"

"No way Dutch, that stuff is just between you and me, promise," I answered!

He seemed pleased to hear me say that. He then wanted to know if I had some extra time today for him and I to hook up again?

I kind of hesitated in answering him. He reassured me that he knew I was into Mark more but he and I were here and together right now.

"Aint no harm is us fucking around bro! As long as you keep quiet Mark will never know," he offered. "I like the idea of dicking his fuck hole without him knowing!"

I told him I wasn't sure if I should, that I felt like I was betraying Mark. He then moved close and leaned into me. He softly pleaded his case for needing sex off me. I stood and listened as my cock came to life hearing him proposition me. His masculine smell and his hunky presence didn't help my case much.

He reminded me that Mark had allowed him to fuck me before.

"He trusted me before to tag your ass. This aint any different in my book. A little nookie on the side for us both will be great, don't you think?"

I had to agree with that part as he carried on. "Come on bro! I want me some of that sweet stink hole you got! Don't let Mark hog it all up!"

I looked at the ground and played with my fingers nervously as I told him I really wanted to help him out! But still I wasn't sure if I should. He pretended he understood and backed off. I felt bad

when I saw how down he acted to me and started to reconsider his offer. He scratched his nuts and kicked the ground as we stood there in silence.

Suddenly he pulled his tee shirt off over his head, wiped his chest with it and tucked it in his back pocket. His great looking upper body was beautiful in the bright sun. He started to flex his arms and told me to feel how strong his bicep was. I stepped closer to him and felt his strong arm. I wasn't concerned if anybody saw me!

"Working construction all day makes a man hard," he bragged! "Hard in more ways than just his guns if you catch my drift!"

"Dutch, come on man, that's not far," I spoke softly as I looked him in the eyes! "You're not playing far showing off like that to me!"

"You sure you don't you want my cock parting your ass today," he asked? "Can't believe your kind would turn down sex with a guy like me!"

"Mark can never finds about us," I shook my finger at him! "I really want to get with you Dutch! I know it's wrong to fuck around behind his back, but I can't help myself with you!"

He leaned in close to my ear and swore he never would never find out!

"I can't get you pregnant," he said seriously! "So, we aint gotta worry about that! He never eats your ass before sex, does he? So, he'll never taste my loads up your shitter! So, were good to go in my book brother!"

I smiled shyly and gave my blessing. His demeanor instantly changed and he became even more cock sure of himself as we plotted our next move. He put his one arm against the cab of my truck and cupped his crotch and told me he couldn't wait to get me home.

"You know my nut sack by now bro! That sucker is drooping so low with a load that's got your name on it," he bragged! "My girl is at her mother's place all day! We can go to my house to fuck! You want ride over on the back of my bike," he asked?

Of course, I agreed! I'd never rode on the back of a bike and was really looking forward to doing so! He pulled out of the parking lot fast

and gunned the bike hard. I held on to his naked waist enjoying having my face against his sweaty back. I could smell the strong scent of a working man as I held on to him. His warm back felt good against my upper chest as we drove.

When I was sure no was around us, I would fondle his crotch and feel for his cock. My fingers traced the thick line of hair above his waistline that leads to his belly button.

We rode for about 10 minutes till we hit a more rural area. He turned off the main road and headed down a dirt road to a small house at the end of the lane. His place was small with a large garage next to it. There was an old truck parked in front of the open garage door. He parked the bike in the front yard and we both got off. I could hear his dog in the background barking at us. He headed for the front door, which surprised me at first. After he unlocked the door, he motioned for me to follow him in.

Once inside my eyes had to adjust to the darkness. I asked Dutch right off if we really should be having sex in his house? He assured me it was safe and that he preferred to fuck in his own bed.

"You want something to drink, take a piss," he asked?

When I answered no, he disappeared down the hall. I looked around the well-kept house and saw pictures of him and his girlfriend. One showed them hugging with Dutch's hand on the girl's swollen belly. He came back into the room with some water and saw me looking at them.

"She's quit a looker isn't she," he asked?

I told him she was beautiful and she was!

"Man, you two are going to have some beautiful kids together," I laughed!

He told me the bedroom was back this way as he moved away from me. I followed him down the hall past a small room they had turned into a nursery. I stopped and looked inside. It was painted bright blue and looked charming. Dutch came up behind me and said I could go on in if want. I walked in and checked out all the baby furniture. He leaned against the doorway and looked like a proud dad as I walked around.

"My boy's room," he smiled!

"You're having a boy," I asked up toned?

He nodded he was as I said without thinking "It figures, you're the type of male that would only shoot boy swimmers!"

He walked up behind me and started to rub my shoulders. His hands were big and it felt so good. He bear hugged me from behind and then kissed the side of my neck. I felt weak in the knees as I enjoyed the attention he was giving me. He

slowly grinded against my ass as we stood there. I could feel his cock getting hard threw the material.

"Sorry I can't give you a boy baby bro," he whispered. "I know you would make a great dad but your kind don't fuck females. But I got a hell of a load for you anyways! Do what you do best bro and I'll try my damndest to plant me seed deep as I can!"

He turned me around and walked me towards their bedroom. Once inside he closed the bedroom door and locked it. He sat on the edge of the bed and started to remove his construction boots. I walked over and got on my knees before him to take them off for him. He was taken back at first but allowed me to continue. I untied the large knots the strings had and pulled off each boot for him. Mud crumbled on the floor under them as I placed them next to the bed. I looked at him with lust as I took off his damp socks next. They were dingy and one had a large hole at the big toe.

"Never had anyone do that for me before bud," he said. "Kind of nice! It's too fucking bad you're a dude or I'd marry your ass right away!"

I stuffed his socks in the tops of his warm feeling boots and my hands then went to rubbing his moist feet. My eyes focused on the lump in his pants as I rubbed him. He enjoyed the attention for a bit and then told me he was too horny for anymore and moved to stand. He stood up and his hand went to the front of his pants, undoing the top. I watched mesmerized as he pulled his pants off one leg at a time. He threw them so they landed on top the boots. His likewise dingy white looking briefs were tented as he stood before me. I already knew what was behind that fabric and couldn't wait to see it again.

He moved close to my face and I could smell the musk of a man. He pushed his swelling cock against my lips as I sat on my knees in front of him. He grabbed my head and humped the underwear covered cock against me. I could see a small wet spot forming in the fabric at the tip of his cock.

"Time for you to get undressed," he said to me as he pulled away.

He turned and I watched him pull the bed

*Continued on page 22*

All I really want to do this time that I've got your eyes is talk about armpits, but our government has gone off full fascist. I constantly feel like a squirrel with my attention seemingly pulled in two distinct directions. I'm writing with the hopes that my ire or hackles settles down a bit so I can actually write about... hairy fucking armpits. Bare with me.

(Reaches in my shirt and scratches my pit. Sniffs fingers and bumps my own funk.)

Ooohhhh yeah. Where was I?

I'm extremely happy to see there are theme nights flourishing at gay bars in San Francisco and New York specifically for armpit aficionados. My hats off to all those pigs and boars out there. I can imagine being in a hot bar with all those manly pheromones.

Cue Joan Jett's "I Wanna Be Where The Boys Are".

You know what would get me there? Fast-forward me right into the thick of it? My face right in that hairy curve, no deodorant, my nostrils flared and surrounded by pit hair, damp and roiling with musk. No thoughts in my head except knowing THIS MAN. Brain-dumb. Intoxicated if the scent is right. Rampant sex-monkey fuck-toy. High on stink and calm as fuck. Fuck! There we go! Fuck me in the ass and stick your fingers in my mouth. Plow me while you make me suck your pal's dick, kind of funk. All expenses paid trip to Slutville.

All it takes is a glimpse. A curl of pit hair, escaping the warm embrace between the torso and the shoulder or peeking out of a sleeveless shirt. Close proximity and passing by somebody who is THAT funky, swamps the olfactory binding in the nose with an intoxicating scent. The musky aroma beckons and your eyes scan for who it might be. Damp to the touch, with the fingers first, holding up his arm to expose the prize. Your face hovering inches from it. Transfixed. Salivating. You bring those moist fingers to your lips and nose. These are the best thoughts you can muster right now, because you are entranced. You're becoming a beast.



As a friend of mine said, there has to be some sort of magic around armpits. He's right, I think. Probably big identity kinds of magic with all the pheromones in one delicious little place. It makes me excited and calm at the same time, while wiping my troubles away. The sight and the allure feeding into expectation. It goes right to your brain. Getting a man's stink on your facial hair and savoring it for hours later? Yes, I'm certainly that kind of pig.

I'm like this with all the stinky man-bits, but armpits are special. This isn't news but it sure is where all the information is. Whether you smoke or don't, eat well or don't, and if you like being touched there or not. And there's all that stink to savor that is unique to each guy. All that data processed in one whiff and soft smooch of my nose. It can be the difference between "Yeah. He's cute" and "Holy fuck! Take me home!"

There is nothing worse than thinking you're about to go whole hawg, face first into what you think is a good pit to munch on and you come back with a mouth full of deodorant drying out your mouth. BLEAAARGH! You have to have good discernment. It's a learned thing, usually from moments like these and learning the hard way. You get better in context and with your pit pig perseverance. Caution and hesitation before diving in is a good rule for all sorts of adventures. It probably goes without saying, a responsible stink pig should probably get his Monkeypox vaccine.

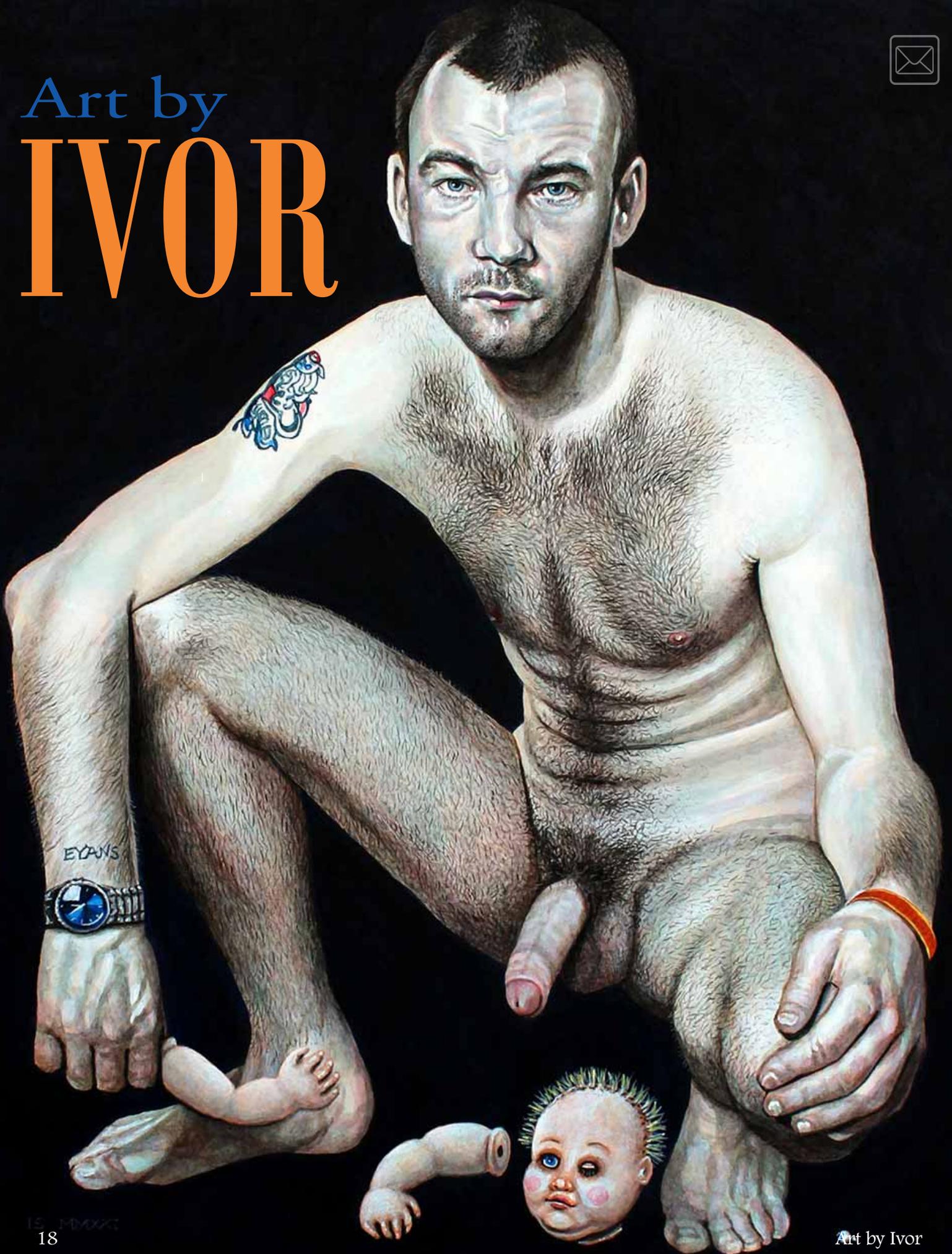
The best situation is having a go with a willing pit-muncher and you pick up on the vibe that you are both into it. Heavily. The kind of guy that will cradle the back of your head so you can get your fill. Breathe each other in. Lap up the beads of sweat. Will even growl in your ear and tell you what a pig you are while you work on that pit and make you work for that stink. Huff it. Show each other what filthy sluts you are. Suck that pit hair clean. Lap it up. Rub your face in the ripeness of it all. Look you right in the eyes and see you for what you are. Pig.

(Deep inhalation) Take me home.

Drub  
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Ko-fi.com/drubskin

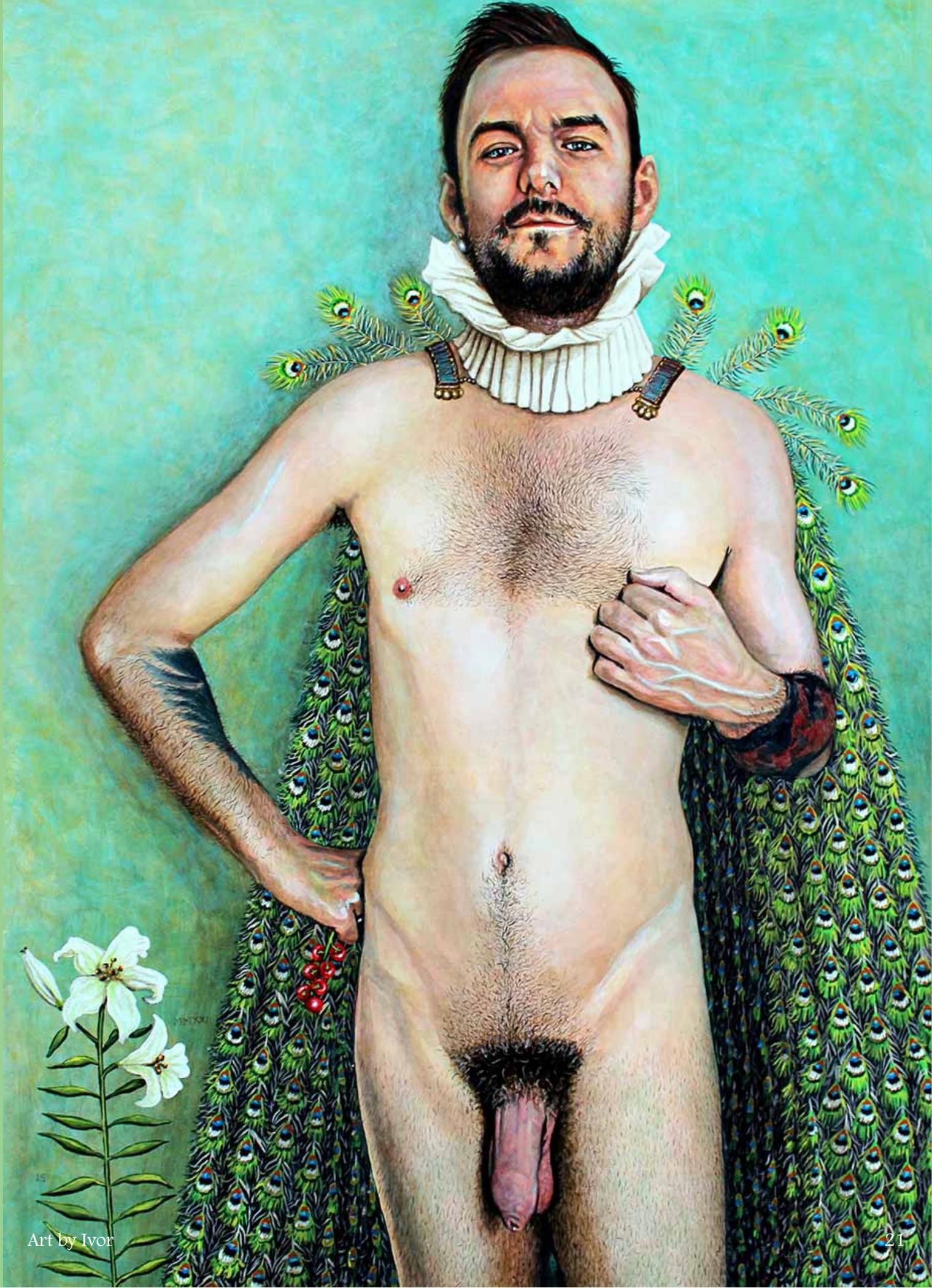


Art by  
**IVOR**









spread off the bed. It felt dishonest to me to be in their bedroom and know we were going to do it here.

"You sure its ok to fuck in your wife's bed Dutch," I asked?

"I'm sure," he said. "She'd never suspect I would fuck a dude. Honestly in my mind, I'm not cheating on her with you. Using a dude's ass to get off is different than fucking another chick! That's why I've been thinking you and I should set something up regular. I could use a couple days a week getting off if your pucker can handle Mark and I both? What's your thoughts on that he asked?"

He looked so perfect as he then walked over to the blinds and closed them. His hand was in the front of his jockeys slowly jerking on his cock as he walked.

"I guess that would work for me," I answered. "We'd need to have a place to hook up regular," I offered.

"I think I got that covered already," he answered as he walked back to the bed.

I sat on the edge of his bed and began to untie my boots. The bed really dipped when his big body got in beside me. He laid and watched me pull off my pants and them my underwear.

"Fuck man, you got a beautiful ass," came from him as I bent down to remove my underwear from my legs!

I know I blushed and wanted to say Thanks but didn't. As I crawled in bed beside him, he pulled me close to him and started to nuzzle my neck. My cock went full throbbing hard in a second. I moved my hand inside his underwear and gripped his hard shaft. His cock felt hot to my touch and he moaned in my ear as I began to pump his cock. His foreskin moved back and forth over his cock head as he let me do it. Dick slim formed at the tip and dripped down on my hand. He moaned ever so low in his throat as I worked his cock.

He reached down and lifted his hips to remove his briefs. I continued to slowly work his shaft as his hand went between my legs. His fingers explored behind my ball sack and ventured towards my pucker. I couldn't help but moan as his fingers entered me.

"Let's do this, bro" came from him as he

moved to get on top of me.

He began to hump my hand as I still held his shaft tight. Before I could even react, he placed his mouth against mine and parted my lips with his tongue. I opened up and allowed him to explore my mouth. I had never kissed a guy before and I was shocked at how much I enjoyed it. I began to suck his tongue and enjoy the feel of it. Instantly I tasted his spit and enjoyed the fact that we were sharing body fluids other than sperm.

It was kind of weird at first to feel razor stubble around his lips but I soon learned to enjoy it. In fact, it has become over time one of the best things I enjoy about sex! My cock was leaking snot like crazy at this point!

He raised up from me and looked me right in the eyes.

"You OK" he asked? "That's not your first time kissing a dude, is it," he then asked?

I didn't answer but he figured it out. He gripped my hard cock and squeezed my shaft tight and moved his hand up and down on mine now. I arched my back up to him because it felt so intense. He then reached for and opened the nightstand.

"Mark still fucking you without protection," he asked as he greased his shaft?

With a nod yes of my head, he shook his sideways no.

"I'd prefer it would only be me getting at you raw," he answered as he dried his hand on the blanket. "Any chance you can talk Mark into bagging it from now on," he said as he turned and crawled atop me again?

"Not likely," I answered as he got into position.

"Guess your right! I'll just have to live with that," he sighed as he pushed against my asshole! "It'd be nice if I had honor for myself!"

He slowly rubbed his cock head around my pucker before he worked it in. I felt the whole shaft slide into me as he let his weight down on me.

"Your still tight! Mark hasn't damaged that part of you yet" he sighed.

He kissed me some more as he slowly began to move his hips. He rose up from me and stared down at me before we started to move together. His crotch hair and balls slowly moved deeper into me with every inward thrust. His cock wasn't quite as long as Mark's, but he had a much

fatter shaft. As he started to fuck me, we both began to moan. I whispered low in his ear to fuck me good as he made the bed begin to squeak.

"Fucking seven-day load backed up in me bro," he grunted in my ear as he made love to me!"

I had learned quickly from Mark to know when a guy was getting close to a nut and Dutch was there already. I held him tight and sucked his neck. I was instantly rewarded with a salty taste. I felt him start to twitch and thrust harder against me. When he stopped suddenly, I knew his balls were about to blast my insides!

I could literally feel his cock pulse inside me and dump squirt after squirt. He had two long strong squirts and a series of smaller ones. This was the most indimint moment you can have with another man and I savored every second of it. I excepted his life-giving ball juice with honor!

As we lay together in afterglow, I could feel the excess sperm leak down my ass crack.

As he pulled his cock from me, I heard a "squish" sound and he rolled off me. He laid back on the bed and put his arms behind his head. I dropped my legs back down and rested my back as we lay together. After a few minutes of heavy breathing on both our parts, I turned on my side and slowly moved closer to him.

I ran my fingers through his damp chest hair and made my way down to his soft cock. His ball sack hung low between his thighs and his cock head had retraced back into his foreskin. My finger played with the rosebud tip of his cock head and felt the slimy remnants of sperm. I laid my head on his chest and quietly listened to his heartbeat. His arm then came down and rubbed me back. To top it all off, he kissed the top of my crew cut head and hugged me tight.

"This can't be the kind of fuck you give Mark, is it," he asked? "You getting into fucking around with me dude?"

"You're a great fuck Dutch, that's the best I ever had," I told him.

He seemed proud and satisfied with me saying that and I could feel it run thru him. I felt bad inside saying that knowing I was with Mark.

"You ever get scared out on patrol," he asked out of the blue?

I answered that I had good training and most times knew how to handle things. He hugged me again to his side and then patted my ass and

The Cop and Ex Con

said it was time we get moving. I rolled off him and he sat up and headed for the bedroom door. His body shimmered as he walked from the light sweat that covered him. With those beautiful globs of ass cheeks shifting from side to side as he moved.

He opened the door and turned and looked back at me.

"You can jack yourself off if you want. There are tissues in the nightstand. I'm going to take a piss and hit the shower really quick."

He left the room and made his way towards the bathroom. I eased myself up and started to pull on my underwear. I couldn't help but noticed the wet spots on the sheets we had made. I also noticed his underwear lying at the foot of the bed and I reached for them. The cloth was damp in the crotch area as I examined them. I pulled them to my face and smelled his strong manhood smell. I held the shorts up and the large area where his cock and balls laid was stretched and still took the shape of them. I wanted so bad to take them home with me so I laid them with my pants.

As I walked down the hall in my underwear towards the bathroom, I could hear his piss stream tapering off. Dutch had started the shower and was just about to step in when he saw me.

"Want to join me," he asked with the shower curtain pulled open?

I said no thanks and motioned him to go on in. I pissed in the yellow toilet water as I listened to him start to sing!

"There once was from cop from Nantucket, who had such a sweet ass that I would fuck it! He slept around on the one he was with because he always wanted my dick! Down his throat or up his shitter, he always made room for my spitter!"

He looked out the curtain with his head-dripping wet and we both busted out laughing as he pretended to hump the plastic curtain.

"It's amazing how great a guy can feel when his balls are emptied," Dutch announced as he got back under the showerhead!

I shook off the last drops of piss and slowly walked out. I explored their house as I waited for him to finish. I soon heard the water being turned off and headed back for the bathroom. He was drying himself as I stood at the doorway. His soft cock was shriveled up and his two big nuts hung

*Continued from pg 31*

# Stetson Dixxon



Photos by  
Sarge















Continued from pg 23

low in their sack.

"I really need to thank you again for helping me out," Dutch said as he continued to dry himself. "Certainly, this won't be our last time fucking. I got a lot of fucking to catch up on with you! But here and now, I guess I better be getting you back to your truck," came from him as he dried his face.

I walked back to his bedroom and Dutch was behind me. I went over to pull on my pants as Dutch went to his dresser and got clean underwear out. I watched him pull them on and looked down and saw the other pair he had been wearing on top my pants.

"Dutch, can I ask you for something you might think is really weird," I asked him?

He turned and looked at me funny and said sure. I kind of choked on my words as I tried to ask. I looked at the floor before I spoke.,

"Can I have the underwear you were wearing," I asked as I held them out for him to see? "kind of as a souvenir for me."

He didn't say anything at first so I went into defense mode. I started saying I wasn't a freak or anything, just wanted to have something of his. He stopped me mid-sentence by saying,

"Sure, guess the old lady wouldn't miss one

pair! You really want those dirty ones? I'll give you a fresh pair right now if you want those," he offered?

I was relieved and embarrassed at the same time. He saw how I was reacting and walked over to me. Putting his arm around my shoulders and calmed me down.

"It's cool man, don't worry, I just figured out why you want those dirty ones. You guys like that kind of shit from straight guys, don't you?"

You sure Dutch," came from me quickly. "I don't want you thinking I'm weird!"

"There yours man, don't sweat it. Matter of fact I'm kinda flattered you want mine!"

I held them up for him to see and he shook his head with amazement. He finished getting dressing beside me, and we both got ready to leave. I stuffed his underwear in my front pants pocket like I had won a huge prize! My pocket bulged large and I was glad I asked for them now. There was no way I could sneak them home without him noticing was up. He patted the bulge and laughed and told me to use them when I jerk off!

I followed him outside as he closed and locked the door. He got on his motorcycle and I climbed on behind him. I was in some ways sad when I saw my truck come into view.

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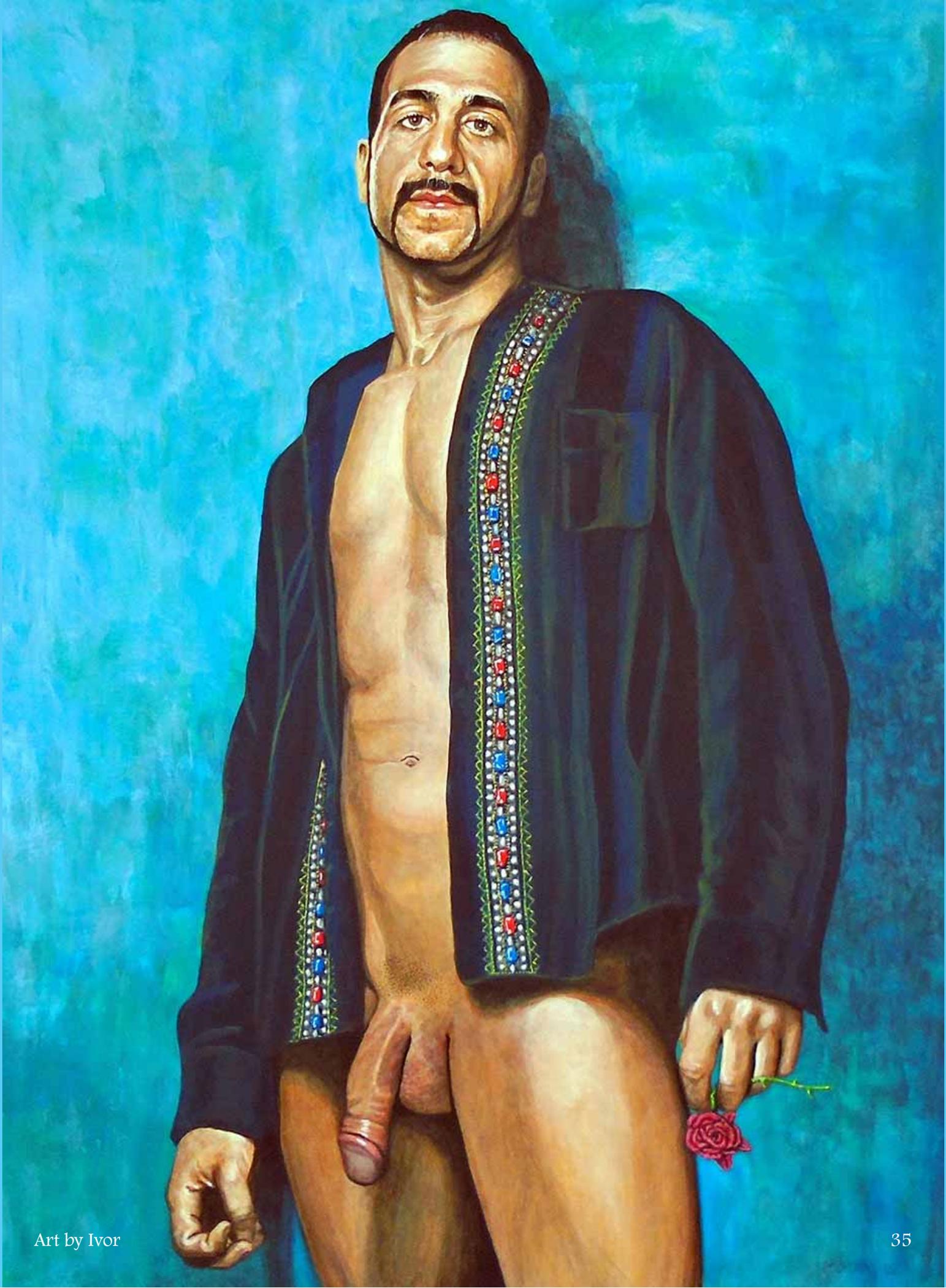
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DHM Fan ~ Nudie Swinger49









# GETTING RAW

with PA DADDY J



## All About Prince Albert Piercing... and other Male Genital Piercings.

Welcome back, y'all. Good to see you again. Today's topic is one near and dear — and very close to my heart. Well... my dick more than my heart if we are to be honest. We are going to be discussing Prince Albert Piercings and a few other types of male genital piercings.

There is not one day that goes by without me having to answer a plethora of questions regarding my Prince Albert Piercing, "PA" for short, and other male genital piercings. It comes with the territory when one is called "PA Daddy J". So, to help others looking into getting a genital piercing, I have decided to focus this month's column on this topic.

I got my PA piercing done about 15 months ago and I love everything about it. I toyed with

the idea of getting one for almost 2 years before pulling the trigger. It was not something I rushed into. I researched everything I could about PAs and spent some time looking for the right experienced individual to do it. Once I had properly educated myself on everything about the piercing, I felt very comfortable about getting it done. And I did. So now, let me share what I learned with you.

### What is a Prince Albert Piercing?

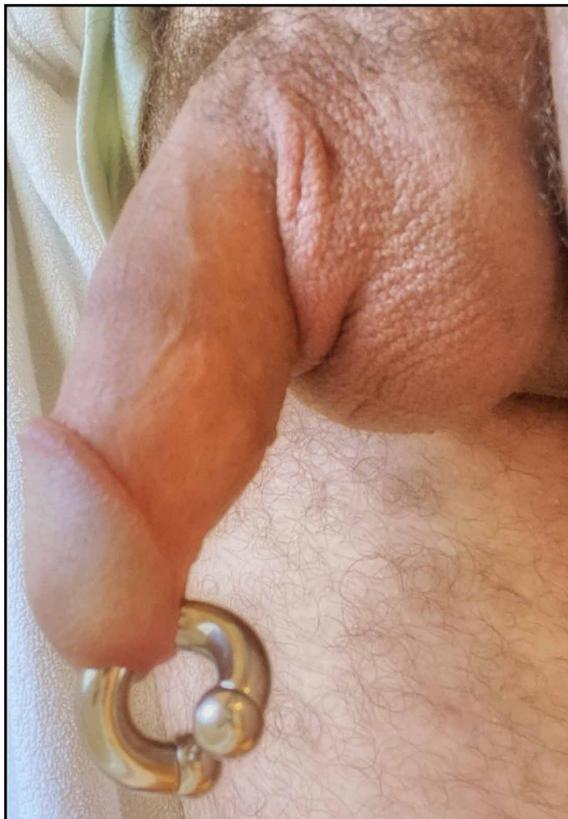
A Prince Albert is a type of male genital piercing that is placed below the glans of the penis as an entry point and exits through the urethra. It has a quick healing time and very desirable results. There are variations to this type of piercing that will be discussed in more detail on this article. But before we do that, we need some history on the piercing.

### What is it called a Prince Albert?

To be honest, the name of such piercing has more to do with speculations than reality. Many attribute the piercing to be named after Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort. According to folklore, Albert either had one to keep his penis in place to make it more aesthetically appealing when wearing trousers or he suffered from what is now known as Peyronie's Disease and sought to treat it by pulling his penis straight with the aid of a circular ring that had been inserted in his penis. None of these of course have been verified by historians. So... as far as we know, there are no clear answers as to the origins of the name or why Prince Albert has been chosen to be the poster child for this type of piercing.

### Origins of Prince Albert Piercing

Unknown origin. However... The art of genital piercing has been documented as early as the first century AD by Vatsyayana in the Kama Sutra. In Borneo, The Dayaks tribe





have also been known to pierce their glans using shards of bone. This is a practice that has been around at least for two thousand years. Jim Ward, an influential body piercer in Los Angeles, help to popularize the PA in the underground piercing scene of the United States of America the 1970s.

### Popularity of Prince Albert Piercing

Considered one of the most popular male genital piercings, the Prince Albert is more common than people think. Men from all walks of life do this sometimes considered “extreme” genital modification. But in reality, it is not as extreme as some believe. I’ve seen genital piercings that would make you clutch your pearls and have you experience sympathy pains. However, having your meatwad adorned with some jewelry, in my humble opinion, is sexy and very enticing. It adds an extra level of “you are my kind of kinky guy” aura to a man.

### Is getting a Prince Albert a painful experience?

This is a hard one for me. When I got my PA, I honestly didn’t think it was a painful experience. Uncomfortable? Maybe. Painful? not at all. I have had other body piercings done and I can tell you I

would take sitting through the PA piercing process over having my nipples pierced again.

I asked friends that sport PAs like myself how their piercing experience was. All agreed that there was some discomfort but not actual debilitating excruciating pain. But it all depends on the person.

### What is the piercing procedure like?

After you have researched for, and found a reputable licensed piercer with years of experience under his or her belt, you will set an appointment. Prior to your appointment, you will be given some instructions to follow before arriving to the piercing shop (shower, eat something, hydrate, etc). Follow those instructions to the letter, specially those regarding hygiene. Nobody wants to handle your stinky unwashed package at the shop. Trust me, piercers and tattoo artists will tell you to go shower if you don’t have the decency to do so before your appointment.

On the day of your appointment, eat something within two hours before your piercing time. This is to prevent sudden drops in your sugar levels caused by the anxiety you may experience. You can do what I do. I get a large lemonade and sip from it before and after the piercing is done. I have done this 8 times already so I got this down to a science.

Once at the piercing shop you will present your government issued identification card, fill out a form with your personal information, and then sign a release from liability form. The piercer will take you to a private room, get some gloves on, and do a physical exam of your penis to ensure you have the proper anatomy to support a PA — use this time to ask any questions you may have and share any medical conditions/medications that may affect healing or increase your risks of bleeding. The piercer will then explain to you how this is a life changing body modification to which you will have to change some of your normal habits to accommodate it — mostly urinating. If the piercer “okays” your petting zoo meat stick, the piercing can then proceed, but first you will be shown the jewelry available at the shop — most piercers start with a size12G Captive Ball Ring, so keep that in mind. You then pay for the piercing. The cost of the piercing should include both the jewelry and the procedure. Tip is an additional cost. Always tip your piercer. I normally tip them UD\$20.





After you have paid the piercer will get ready — everything will be layout on a sterilized tray and will be in sealed packages — and will tell you to lay on your back on the piercing table. You will be asked if you have any known allergies to iodine or whatever disinfectant they are using. If you don't any allergies, you are ready for your PA.

The process lasts less than 5 seconds. The piercer will insert a taper into your urethra, mark the point of exit below the glands, ask you to take a deep breath, you'll feel a small prick, and before you know it you have a PA. Pain, if any, only lasts a second and then it is all back to normal. Some people bleed little and some bleed like they are having a period, so make sure you bring something to absorb the blood — like depends or a sanitary napkin. I felt nothing but bled profusely, so the extra protection, as crazy as it sounds, was a plus. I didn't walk out of the place looking like I have been shot in the groin and was bleeding to death.

If you are one of those people that can't stand the sight of blood, then this is not for you. Last thing the piercer needs is a a grown ass man passing out at the shop.

## Aftercare and Recovery

Once you have joined the pierced cock club, you will have to adhere to some important instructions for aftercare and recovery. Depending on the piercer you will either will be given a saline solution to spray on the piercing twice a day or be told to dunk your pierced sausage in a salt water bath for 5 minutes once a day. If you experience bleeding just keep in mind that it is normal and it will stop after a couple of days. Your dick has been pierced with a sharp object so it will probably bleed some.

Recovery, unlike other piercings, it is quite fast and will take anywhere from 4 to 6 months. You will be given written information that will cover aftercare and recovery. If you feel you need more information, ask your piercer. Do not search for information online. Some of the stuff out there are more detrimental than beneficial. Your piercer is licensed and experienced for a reason. Do not hesitate asking questions.

The two questions I get the most are “When can I jerk off again after getting the PA?” and “How long before I can sex again?”. Well... I wish I could tell you there is a perfect answer to those questions but you better as your piercer. I am not going to

give you advice that could derail your recovery. Following the wrong aftercare or not following the guidelines for recovery may result in complications that will promote migration and/or rejection, which will be discussed below.

## Complications: Migration and Rejection

Two rather distinctive piercing complications are migration (the piercing moves from its initial placement, then settles and heals in a new location) and rejection (the jewelry is expelled completely from the body). The piercing is likely to migrate when unsuitable or insufficient tissue is pierced, or if your jewelry is too small in diameter, thin in gauge, or of poor quality. Inexperienced and untrained piercers often make these errors. Migration and rejection can also result from using a harsh aftercare product, following poor health habits, or experiencing excessive physical trauma or emotional stress during the healing period. And, unfortunately, sometimes even when everything is done properly, a piercing will migrate or reject for no known reason. This is simply a risk of placing a foreign object through your skin: it may not stay in the desired position.

Another complication is the risk of infection. Keep your penis clean while it heals. The last thing you need is getting a nasty infection that will force you to have to take the PA out. Make sure you treat that PA like a newborn child: with a lot of care. That will ensure a good and fast recovery. Following aftercare instructions will guarantee you have a nice pierce cock to play with and show the world.

## Other Male Genital Piercings

There are many types of male genital piercings out there. To be honest, you can pierce your dick (glands & shaft) and your scrotum in many different directions and ways. Some are more extreme than others and permanently alter the genitals' anatomy. Thus why they are called “modifications”. The most popular piercings and modifications are listed below:

- 1 Reverse Prince Albert.** The Reverse PA piercing is just the mirror opposite of the PA piercing: it starts in the urethra but it exits on the top of the glans. A Reverse PA requires a longer healing period due to the complexity of the the piercing and its location. It is also considered a painful piercing.

- 2 Apadravya.** A vertical glans piecing —  
Getting Raw





- 5 **Dydoe.** A type of male genital body piercing that passes through the ridge of the glans on the head of the penis. They are often done in pairs. This particular piercing is known for migrating. So consider that before getting it.
- 6 **King's Crown.** Several dydoes are placed around the head of the penis. The jewelry is usually a 14 gauge, curved barbell with a ball on either end, although a ring may be used at a higher chance of rejection. A deep dydoe (also known as "Zephyr") is one that uses a longer barbell and exits near the tip of the penis.
- 7 **Frenum.** A piercing that is done on the underside of the shaft of the penis where the head of the penis and the shaft of the penis come together. The piercing is done by pinching the loose skin in that area and marking the entrance and exit holes. After the holes have been marked forceps are applied and then (usually) a 12 gauge needle is used for the actual initial piercing. A barbell is then inserted. Most people use straight barbells but captive bead rings are suitable as well, but you have to be careful that they do not snag on clothing. Everyone's body is very different, healing time included. The penis is a very vascular organ and usually heals quite quickly. If the piercing was pierced correctly, kept clean and depending on the individual person the heal time can be anywhere from 5 weeks to 6 months. Because the penis is so vascular, the healing process is quick, and rejection rarely occurs. However, migration with this piercing is very likely. Having sex before the frenum piercing is completely healed can facilitate infections, tearing, or migration.
- 8 **Frenum Ladder/Jacob's Ladder.** Although the frenum piercing is generally done closer to the head of the penis, many men enjoy getting multiple barbells or rings put



meaning that a straight barbell pierces the head of the penis in a vertical axis. The barbell extends the width of the glans, passing through the urethra. It's a beautiful piercing when done right and enhances sexual pleasure. Definitely a painful piercing.

- 3 **Ampallang.** Just like an Apadravya but instead of the piercing being done on a vertical axis (from top to bottom), it is done on a horizontal axis (from side to side). Another painful piercing.
- 4 **Magic Cross.** The combination of an Apadravya and an Ampallang. Do I really need to say how painful this piercing probably is?

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- 8 **Frenum Ladder/Jacob's Ladder.** Although the frenum piercing is generally done closer to the head of the penis, many men enjoy getting multiple barbells or rings put

*Continued on pg 56*



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A Chubs Gone Wild Erotica

# The Personal Chaser

Story by Chota Akadi

There's nothing that tastes as good as skinny feels. Whoever first said that has never had a chubby man's dick in their mouth!

I was a classic nerd while growing up. I was into role-playing games, was awful at sports, and was scrawny as hell. I spent most of my teen years dodging bullies and hanging with my friends in my basement being the dungeon master for our epic weekend-long adventures.

In my junior year of high school I discovered something even better than RPGs. Mr. Bale. He was how I realized that I was attracted to heavysset men—the heavier the better. Mr. Bale, who the other kids often made fun of by calling him “Mr. Whale,” was a great big man—at least 375 pounds. I had always liked him and I would spend every one of his classes sitting in a desk up front and staring at him and his large round gut as it pushed at the buttons of his dress shirt straining to break free. I had often wished they would. One day he dropped some chalk and bent over with his ass to the class and his shirt rode up so we could see a large part of his butt crack. Time stood still for me at that moment and my dick stayed embarrassingly hard for the rest of that class.

Fast forward to my first year in college. I was still a virgin, wanking to magazines like Bulk Male and doing everything I could to meet hot chubby men! But I was consistently getting nowhere. One day I even hung outside a gay Overeaters Anonymous meeting in short shorts

and with a bag of donuts like some sort of predator or drug dealer.

While I pondered a sexless future of never knowing what it would really feel like to explore all the hidden nooks and crannies of a large juicy man, I took a mid-semester weight and strength training class as a physical education requirement. It was the only class with vacancies, and being over a foot taller but not weighing much more than I did when I was younger, I figured it wouldn't hurt to try to bulk up a little.

Imagine my reaction walking into a fitness class where half the students looked like me and the other half were students who were there trying to lose weight. Lots of weight! Boner alert! Thank God I had baggy shorts and tight undies on to contain everything! As soon as class was over, I found the closest bathroom and, with visions of large men in tank tops, their fat bouncing and shaking with every warm-up exercise and weight lifted, I shot a load of college cum all over the inside of the stall door.

That class was a life-changing experience for me. Not just because it started me on the path of shedding my nerdy, scrawny look and transforming into a rock hard muscle stud that makes guys of all types drool over me, but because I finally figured out how to meet the kinds of guys that make my dick leak! I became a fitness nutritionist and personal trainer specializing in super obese men. Which means I spend most of

my time at work with a half-hard cock leaking in my jockstrap. And when I come across the rare gay chubby who is in need of some extra special care or motivation, my private workout room is the perfect place to give them a personalized session...with my dick!

Okay, that's only happened a few times. And it was massively hot! But despite being attracted to many of my clients, I do my best to provide a safe space for them. That includes keeping my lust for their large girth a secret from them and most of the people I work with. But keeping that secret means I spend a lot of my professional and personal time fending off advances from the other trainers. It's awesome that they find me smokin' hot—especially after spending so much of my life being ignored— but unless they're at least 350 pounds, I'm not interested.

One warm spring day a man named Trevor, who had been referred to me by his doctor, came to meet me in my office. He was one of the biggest men I had ever worked with. He had just turned 30 years old, weighed 650 pounds, and walked with a cane. Despite his struggles he had a cheerful attitude and, like most of my clients, he was there to start putting in the work to turn his life around. I did my best to stay engaged as he told me his story, but my thoughts kept drifting back to how fucking hot he was! I swear in my entire life to that point I had never seen someone I was as fucking attracted to as the gigantic man sitting on my reinforced office bench just a few feet from me!

His cheeks were swollen with fat, making his eyes look like he was squinting and his lips pressed into a permanent duck face pose—like a cherubic hentai drawing. He had a few days of beard growth and no visible neckline, just fat arms stuck onto a giant mound of blubber and the largest, perkier man boobs I had ever seen up close. His legs, most of which were obscured under the overhang of his belly, were so big he could barely bend his knees. It was everything I could do to not climb up on his massive body and tit fuck those giant moobs until I shot a load all over his round, beautiful face!

Our first meeting was pretty typical. I went over a nutrition plan with him, led him through

using some of the equipment, and set up a schedule. I then asked to take photos of him shirtless for before and after comparisons. At first he was hesitant, but when I told him to trust me that he'd want them after losing several hundred pounds, he took off his shirt and I snapped pics with my phone.

I have to admit even though taking shirtless photos of my clients is legit, they also make great jack-off material for me when I get home. But that fat fucker was so damn sexy I didn't wait to get home. I locked my office door as soon as he left, took out my thick seven-inch uncut monster, and as I looked at the image of a 650-pound mountain of man, my cum flew across the room landing on the wall, a plant, and the bench where his big beautiful ass had sat. I was still breathing hard from coming as I tried to clean up and prepare for the next client.

The next couple days were pretty routine, but I had Trevor stuck in my mind. A little jolt of excitement ran through me when I saw him coming down the hall towards the workout room. He was wearing a tank top and shorts that showed off an abundance of furry brown chest and leg hair. His giant stomach shifted from side to side with each step he took. He saw me and gave a shy wave, making me immediately start to grin from ear to ear. Luckily trainers are supposed to be upbeat!

"How ya been?" I asked. "You ready for your first workout?"

"As ready as I can be," he answered, his voice soft and deep. "I'm kinda nervous about working out in front of other people."

That was something I heard a lot, so I wanted to reassure him he was in a safe space. "We're going to start you out back here in the little private gym where we can work one on one. But even when you're working in the main gym, we have a strict nondiscrimination policy. And remember most of the people working out there—no matter what their size now—started out overweight. So think of them as allies, not adversaries. Okay?"

He smiled and gave a quick nod. "Okay, doc."

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The Personal Chaser



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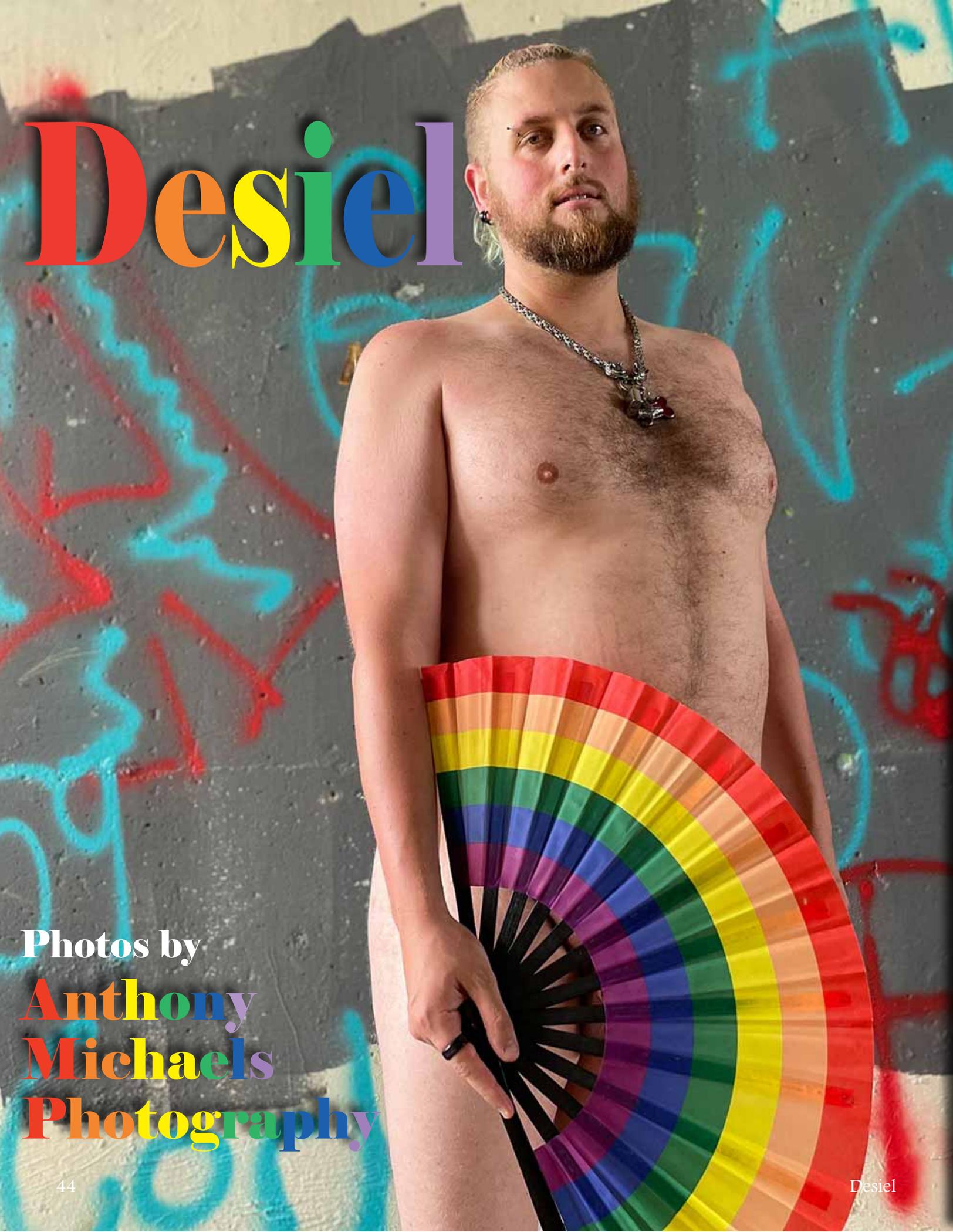
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# Fun In the Gym Shower

Story by **R. Jason Collett**

*DISCLAIMER: Warning: The following story has homosexual content. This story is fictional or not real. If you are offended or made uncomfortable by material concerning sexual relations between consenting adult men, then don't read. If it is in any way illegal for you to be reading this, then don't. Otherwise please continue reading and send ANY comments to [ncboy1982@juno.com](mailto:ncboy1982@juno.com) or [@r\\_jason\\_collett](https://twitter.com/r_jason_collett) on Twitter. Enjoy!! :)*

I was in the middle of my workout, running on the treadmill when I saw him walk up to a treadmill in the row ahead of me. He was a sexy, dark skinned man who was looking good in his white tank top and black gym shorts. Then I recognized him. He was a Grindr hook up from two weeks ago. I quickly pulled my hat down so I wouldn't be recognized and slowed my treadmill down to a brisk walk. I didn't know if it would be awkward so I didn't want to be recognized.

He started right into a jog and his shorts were so tight they showed off his ass and I had a hard time not looking. I shook my head and looked away.

My phone went off and I saw it was a Grindr message from him. I opened my phone and read the message.

"Hey handsome, hope you are having a good workout. You look sexy on that treadmill." I could feel my cheeks turn red.

"Thanks. You look good too." I typed back. I placed my phone down and focused on what was left of my walk on the treadmill.

After a few minutes, I finished my walk and cleaned down the machine and then proceeded to a different machine. I stole a few glances at him while I worked out.

I don't know how much time had passed before my phone went off again. It was another message from him on Grindr.

"Meet you in shower stall number two, five minutes." It read. Instantly I felt a rush of heat to my dick. I'd never had a hookup in the gym locker room's shower and the thought of it turned me on.

Fun in the Gym Shower

I glanced over at where he had been and he was no longer there. I glanced back at my phone and it had been three minutes since he sent the message. I quickly grabbed my stuff, cleaned the machine and made my way to the locker room.

I opened my locker and put my stuff in there and grabbed the towel I kept in my gym bag. I took my clothes off and wrapped the towel around my waist and took a deep breath and made my way towards the showers.

I heard the shower running in stall two. Suddenly I was nervous and excited at the same time. Taking another deep breath, I took off my towel and hung it on the hook, beside another towel that was hanging there, I assumed it was his.

I opened the curtain and stepped in. He was standing there, the water running over his well-defined body, his brown hair flat on his head from the water. He looked so sexy and I felt all the blood rush to my dick. I glanced at his and it was already hard.

“Hi.” He said.

“Hi.” I replied. Without another word, he leaned in and started kissing me and I returned the kiss. He pushed me against the wall of the shower and deepened his kiss, his hands exploring my chest and stomach and then my dick, which had gotten hard as a rock.

I started exploring his body, starting with his chest and then his back until my hands found his dick, his huge, nine inch, uncut dick. It was so thick and felt so good in my hands and I wanted to feel it in my mouth, but he was kissing me so intently and I didn't want him to stop.

After a few moments of kissing, he stopped and started kissing me along my cheek to my ear and licked it, causing me to shudder in ecstasy. He didn't stop and kept teasing my ear before slowly making his way to my other ear and doing the same thing. I was doing my best not to moan and get us caught.

He started trailing his way down my neck and to my chest and then to my right nipple. He lightly licked and sucked and then moved to the other and did the same thing before he went down my stomach and stopped.

I looked down to see him admiring my cock. It was nice, don't get me wrong, but nothing compared to what he was packing. He then started to lick the area right around my junk and then lightly licked around my balls, driving me insane with Fun in the Gym Shower

pleasure.

He started sucking on my balls and pulled one of them into his mouth while licking it and my knees almost gave out on me from it.

He moved to the other one and did the same and then let go and pulled back and started licking up the side of my dick and then moved over to the other side and then in one fell swoop, took my entire dick in his mouth and sucked me like I was going out of style. It was amazing and I had to bite my finger so I didn't yell out.

I lost track of time and was about to cum so I reached down and pulled him up and pulled him in for a kiss. The passion between us was more than anything I had ever experienced and better than the first time we were together.

I twisted around and pushed him against the wall and kissed deeper, eventually moving to his ears and going down his chest, just like he did to me. I wanted to tease him and drive him crazy as he did me and judging by the way he was squirming fighting back some moans, I was doing the job.

I stopped and looked at his throbbing cock, the anticipation of having that in my mouth was high but it was such a beauty. His foreskin was loose and just covered the head, which was glistening in the warm water running down his body. His pubic hair was dark against his tan skin, that matched the hair on his chest and stomach. I could literally just look and admire it all day, but I wanted more.

Without teasing him like he did me by licking the sides, I opened wide and took all of him in my mouth. I could feel him tense as his knees buckled. I pulled out all my tricks, licked him as I sucked, toyed with his foreskin with my tongue and used a hand to jerk him off as I went. I had never been so hungry to suck a dick before that moment and I was sucking like there was no tomorrow.

The next part happened so fast I barely registered what was happening. He pulled me away from him and lifted me up with his strong arms. He turned me towards the wall and bent me over and shoved his tongue in my ass and started licking. It felt so good with the water from the shower streaming in as well. He knew what he was doing and what he was going to do and I was ready and willing.

He didn't make me wait either. He ate my ass for just a few moments before I felt him stand

*Continued on pg 64*

# 4x4 Photography

by PA Daddy J



# DHM Fan ~ Dan D







in on the underside of the shaft of the penis. Another name for multiple piercings on the underside of the penis is called frenum ladder or Jacob's ladder.

- 9 **Lorum (Low Frenum).** The Lorum is nothing other than a Hafada (I'm getting to that shortly) which is placed directly at the point where the penis shaft meets the scrotum. In other words it lies directly in the fold where the scrotum begins. The Lorum and Frenum piercing are commonly combined with a lock in SM games, in order to prevent the man from getting an erection.
- 10 **Guiche.** A piercing of the perineum, the Guiche piercing is one of the most common and suggested piercing options for men. Many hesitate getting this piercing because of the prolonged healing time. This piercing itself is located under your ball sac, near the anus. The lack of ventilation, perspiration, and high temperature extends the healing process time and there is also a significant risk of jewelry migration or rejection due to the location.
- 11 **Guiche Ladder.** A series of Guiche piercings in parallel to the penis's direction.
- 12 **Hafada and Scrotal Ladder.** The Hafada piercing, also known as a scrotal piercing, is a genital piercing of the scrotum. The Hafada can be placed anywhere in the area and combined with other piercings, thereby creating a Scrotal Ladder Piercing. The Hafada is usually not very deep, and although it is technically a surface piercing, thanks to the flexibility of the scrotum skin, the risk of it growing out is very minimal. Piercers generally use rings for this procedure, which can later be replaced by barbells. The Hafada piercing can also be stretched. The initial healing time of this piercing is 3-12 weeks.
- 13 **Transscrotal-Piercing.** A piercing which goes in the front end of the scrotum and comes out the back is called a Transscrotal piercing, given that it traverses the scrotum (but not the testes).
- 14 **Scrotal Ladder Piercings.** In many cases, more than one Hafada piercings are created consecutively or configured symmetrically in a creative manner. And when several piercings are arranged in this fashion, like the rungs of a ladder, it is known as a Scrotal Ladder.
- 15 **Pubic Piercing.** A piercing done right at the base of the penis where it connects to the

pelvis, in the pubic area.

**16 Foreskin Piercing.** As the name implies, the foreskin is pierced either on top (reverse foreskin piercing) or right below the tip of the glands.

**17 Shaft Piercing.** This is a horizontal piercing that is done across the width of the shaft.

## Things to Consider Before Getting A Male Genital Piercing

There are many things to consider about getting a PA or any other genital piercing. Here's Daddy J's list:

- **Type of Piercing.** You need to figure out what you want, how many, and where.
- **Aftercare and Recovery Time.** These type of piercings can take anywhere from 4 weeks to 6 months to fully heal. In some cases, up to a year (Dydoe and King's Crown).
- **Finding an Experienced Piercer.** Do not just walk into a shop and ask to get a piercing done without researching the establishment first. Talk to other guys that have genital piercings and get some feedback from them regarding their experiences. Genital piercings require individuals that have a lot of experience under their belt to ensure that you do not have complications.
- **Cost.** Getting a genital piercing is more expensive than other piercings. So keep that in mind. My PA was US\$120 plus taxes. I am thinking about getting a Scrotal Ladder and that will probably cost me about US\$450 for 4 barbells.
- **Cost of Jewelry.** Jewelry can be as cheap as you want or as expensive as you want to pay for. Good quality jewelry will minimize the risks of migration and rejection. You can find cheap jewelry online or go to a piercing shop to get some good quality stuff. Cheap jewelry is prone to cause allergic reactions because of the poor quality of metals used. Surgical Grade Steel or Titanium are preferred.
- **Sex Life.** Depending how active you are, you need to understand that an abstinence period is necessary to promote good healing. No hanky panky while your piercing heal. Follow the advice given to you by your professional experienced piercer. Once the piercing has healed, do not assume that it is safe for you to stick your dick in any hole that is presented to you. You will have to relearn how to fuck without injuring yourself or your sex partners.



There is always the risk of getting the piercing ripped or tore. My suggestion is this: always go slow and easy until you know how to properly perform without risking an injury. I normally take my PA out before fucking. In the past, I encountered a couple of eager bottoms that almost ripped my PA out. One more thing. Oral sex is fun and all that but when you have a big piece of jewelry on your dick it could become a hazardous situation. Make sure no pieces could become loose (choking hazard) or that your jewelry does chip/break any teeth.

- **Using the Bathroom.** Let's face... once you get a piercing like a PA, Reverse PA, or any other piercing that perforates the urethra, you will have to relearn how to pee without making a mess. It is bound to happen. You have put one or more holes on your meatwad. So, until you find ways to not splash everything in sight with you pierced cock: sit down to pee.
- **Sizing Up.** Most guys that get a genital piercing like a PA or reverse PA start thinking about sizing up as as soon as possible. Guys, take your time sizing up. Do not rush it. Let the piercing heal at least 4 to 6 months before trying a larger size jewelry. If you size up too fast, you risk stretching the skin and thinning will occur. Thinning of the skin will facilitate migration and the possibility of ending with an unintended subincision. So slow down and take it easy.
- **Understand how sizes work.** This the the thing that confuses newbies the most. The bigger the number the smaller the size. The smaller the number the bigger the size. A 12g is smaller than a 0g, whereas a 00g is multiple times bigger than a 12g. When you go down in numbers you are going up in sizes.
- **Clothing.** You will notice that some clothes — underwear and gym shorts mostly — will feel different now that you have one or various genital piercings. You will have to find the clothes that work for you. In my case, I can't wear anything tight at the gym because it irritates my PA, so I go commando. It will be a trial and error experience until you find clothing that feel comfortable.

## Types of Jewelry

There is a plethora of jewelry styles available for male genital piercings. Finding the style that works for you the best is imperative for your comfort and aesthetics. It might take you a while to figure out which style is your favorite but that is part of the adventure the having a genital piercing.

The most common are:

- Captive Ball Rings (Captive Bead Rings)
- Straight Barbells
- Twists with Balls
- Curved Barbells
- Horseshoe Circular Barbells
- Segment Rings
- Wands
- Custom Pieces

I prefer internally threaded pieces. There are more comfortable. I have Twists with Balls, Captive Ball Rings, Segment Rings, and Curved Barbells and. I like to change the jewelry depending on my mood for that day. If you have questions about jewelry, ask your licensed experienced piercer.

Well guys, that is all I can think of regarding PAs and other male genital piercings. I hope it is enough to help you make a decision if you are considering getting one... or more.

From my personal experience I can tell you I have never regretted getting my PA nor any other of my piercings (nipples, nose, ears). I am planning to get more — specially in my nut sack. I love my PA and it shows. It has enhanced my sex life and confidence. But above all, it has made me a proud member of a club of men that share genital piercings as a common bond.

Until next time, fellas!

PA Daddy J.



Antonio



Photography by

Gasque PH



Antonio









*Continued from pg 51*

against me and heard the soap dispenser being used and then felt it at my ass. He fingered me just enough to lube me up as much as he could with the soap.

His fingers felt good as they explored my opening and prepared me for what was next. Within seconds, I could feel the head of his dick poking in, slowly at first as he was just testing the waters.

After a few moments of that, he started to push in some and then pull out, and then pushing back in, waiting for a few moments before pushing with more pressure to get himself in further.

I bit my lip to not moan with pleasure. I don't know how long it took for him to get all the way inside me. I could feel every inch of him in me as he didn't move, allowing me to adjust, but he didn't stay that way for long.

He slowly started thrusting himself in me, slowly, picking up speed but I wasn't having any of this slow nonsense. I wanted him and I wanted it hard so I thrust myself against him and he got the message and started thrusting harder and faster.

I could tell he was hitting my g-spot as I felt like I was going to pee while he was inside me. I refrained from touching myself cause I knew I would cum as soon as I did.

He caressed my back as he thrust himself so deep I thought he would rip me open but I didn't care. I was on cloud nine with this nine incher inside me.

He leaned in and rubbed his hands over my chest and stomach and eventually reached for my dick, which I swatted his hands away. He chuckled at that and went faster. I think he remembered from the last time that I cum easily.

His hands grabbed my hips as he thrust harder. He was pulling me into him as he was thrusting and I knew he was getting close. He was moaning slightly and I prayed that no one could hear him or his balls flapping against me as he fucked me.

His nails dug into my skin and I could swear he broke the skin as his movements became wild and out of control and I knew the moment was coming, so to speak.

With one last thrust, he came inside me. I could feel his dick spasm a few times inside me and his grip on my hips loosened up. He thrust a few times more and leaned on my back and was kissing

my neck, still keeping his dick inside me as he came down off his orgasm high.

Finally pulling himself out of me, he turned me around and kissed me, long and hard before spinning around and putting my dick inside him and started to thrust against me. I was stunned for a second; this was not something we had done last time but I was not complaining. He was tight and it felt good but I was not going to last long.

I grabbed his hips like he did me and thrust myself in him until I exploded everything I had inside him. I pumped what felt like gallons and gallons of cum in him, probably one of the biggest orgasms I had ever had. Hell, this was the hottest sex I had ever had.

He pulled away from me and turned around and looked into my eyes. Lust and passion were all I saw before he started kissing me.

He broke the kiss and then pulled me into him. I rested my head on his shoulder and basked in the afterglow of the moment.

After what felt like an eternity, he pulled away and smiled.

"That was the hottest thing ever." He said. All I could do was nod in agreement. We washed each other off in the shower and then he turned off the water. He stepped out of the curtain first and grabbed his towel and looked around and then motioned for me to come out as no one else was in the shower room.

I dried off and wrapped the towel around my waist and walked to my locker. He was soon to follow. We chatted as we got dressed and gathered our stuff and left. He walked me to my car where he opened the door for me and gave me a kiss before I got in and he shut the door for me.

I started the engine and watched him walk away until I couldn't see him anymore. I shifted in my seat and winced as a painful but pleasurable reminder shot through my ass from the hot encounter. I smiled as I put the car in Park and drove off.

WE HAD QUITE a few more encounters in the shower over the next few weeks and they were so hot. Not too long after that, he asked me out on a date and we've been together ever since. The sex is still hot no matter where we have it, but it will always be hotter in the gym's shower stall number two.







*Ryan*

*St. Michael*



*Photos by  
Humble Photography*













I chuckled. "Just call me Daniel."

For the next hour we went through warm-ups, stretches, and I got him started on a treadmill. He was nervous about breaking it, but I assured him it was a special one. Holding onto the handles to steady himself, I set it at a low speed to start and soon he was going at a steady pace that both raised his heart rate and gave me a chance to stand back and watch the hypnotic way his mounds of body mass swung and jiggled. There was something so fucking sexy to me about the quivering flesh of a beautiful fat man! I don't know what it was or why it affected me the way it did, but seeing Trevor's pendulous arm fat move back and forth and his belly twist and jiggle each time his thick thighs bumped it forward as he walked was like watching live porn!

Fuck! I was close to nutting in my jock and after a good ten minutes of walking, I gave him a five-minute break. I helped him down off the machine, and could have melted as his hand squeezed mine as he stepped down. Our fingers remained intertwined for a moment longer, then fell away, but the feel of his soft, sweaty skin lingered in my memory as I went into the employee bathroom to pee. I pulled out my half-hard dick to find it was covered with precum. I grabbed several paper towels from the wall rack and went into a stall where I dried myself as best I could and then tried to pee. But it was clear after about 20 seconds that my dick was more interested in action than it was in emptying my bladder.

I put my fingers at the base of my shaft and pushed upward, making a long thick strand of precum ooze out and hang lower and lower until the weight of it made it break and drop into the toilet below. I gave in! I sat on the toilet, took out my phone, pulled up Trevor's photos from the other day, and within 60 seconds was blasting a load of jizz into the toilet. I came so hard my balls ached afterward.

I was better able to focus for the rest of the session and was amazed at the stamina he showed despite his weight. After we were done I walked him out and then stood just inside the building watching discreetly through the large windows as he got into his truck and drove away.

"Just breaks my heart," Cynthia, a sports

injury therapy specialist, said as she came up next to me.

"What's that?" I asked, turning my attention from the window.

"Trevor Ferguson." She made a motion to the truck just driving out of sight. She saw my confused expression and leaned in closer. "He's such a sweet guy. Used to be a local football hero until he was in an accident. Broke his arm, leg—ended his career. I heard his husband left him a few months ago over his weight."

"Did you say husband?" My heart started to beat faster with the revelation that Trevor was gay. But I also suddenly felt like shit for drooling over a guy who was probably still suffering the loss of his relationship. Gay or not, that's not cool.

"Yeah. Well, whatever his motivation, if anyone can help him, you can," she said, clapping me on the back and heading to her office.

Two days later I was in my office on the phone with an equipment repair company, and had lost track of time when Trevor walked through my office door. I motioned for him to sit and ended my call as quickly as possible. I rolled my chair around to the other side of my desk, shutting the office door, and apologized to him for my call cutting into our session time.

"So, I wanted to take a few minutes before our workout to check in and see how you're doing with your eating."

He looked away and shifted on the bench. "Not great. I was ne until night before last. I was cleaning out the freezer like we had talked about—ya know, starting fresh. And I told myself I just didn't want things to be wasted. So I had a couple frozen pizzas."

"Well, that's—"

"And a half gallon of ice cream."

"Ah. Well—"

"And a pound cake. And orange soda."

I had to chuckle. "Okay. So, first thing, let's recommit to the plan I gave you." He nodded. "Second, you can't expect yourself to undo years of eating and food issues overnight. Sometimes slips happen. But here's a card with my personal cell number. The next time you feel yourself going off the rails, you text or call me, and I'll try to help you through it."

"Thanks, doc."

"I'm not a doctor," I said, chuckling. "And I told you, call me Daniel." I took a deep breath as I tried to make sure my next words were as delicate as possible. "So, I hear you used to play football?"

Trevor smiled and nodded as he looked at me. "Yeah, I was pretty big locally—pun intended." He took out his phone and opened the picture app, then held it toward me. "That was me." The photo was of him on the field in his football gear. He looked about 20 years old, chunky, but not a big guy and he held himself with confidence.

"Pretty impressive."

"Thanks. You follow sports?"

"Nah. I mean, Olympic stuff—skating, diving, gymnastics. Typical gay guy stuff." And there it was. I said it as casually as I could, hoping he wouldn't think I was purposefully letting him know I was gay, too. Even though that's exactly what I was doing!

His smile seemed to fade a bit and he put his phone away. "I guess we should work out, huh?" he said quietly as he stood up and started toward the door.

Aww, shit! Either he wasn't gay after all or I

hella put my foot in my mouth. Fuck, fuck, FUCK! Why the fuck did I do that? I tried to convince myself I was trying to strengthen our connection so he'd trust me more, but I knew that was a lie... mostly.

We did his normal warm-ups, then the treadmill and a little weightlifting. But no matter what I said or did to try to get our rapport going again, he seemed to just stay shut down. When the workout was done he uttered a quick "bye" as he shoved his towel in his bag and went for the exit as fast as he could. So fast I would later find he had left his cane.

What the fuck did I do? Shit, did he pick up on my attraction to him? Did I give off a creepy predator vibe that clued him in to how hard he made my dick just thinking about him? Or was it...

"Are you sure he's not straight?" I asked Cynthia a few minutes later.

"Dan, my cousin was at his wedding. He's a Kinsey six." She looked at me, her expression suddenly concerned. "Why? You look upset."

"Well... I sort of made an o□-the-cu□ comment alluding to me being gay, too, and he

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completely shut down on me.”

“What’d you do that for?”

I shrugged, feeling my face flush. “I—thought it might help him trust me more. Ya know, maybe he’d be more open with me.”

She shrugged. “Remember, dude, most of their reactions to things we say, or the workouts, the plans we do for them—it’s rarely about us. Who knows what triggered him. But chances are it wasn’t you being a pole smoker.” She pushed her tongue inside her cheek several times making it look like the head of a cock during a blow job.

I chuckled. She was probably right. But I still felt like I had just fucked up big time. And worse than that, I may have fucked up a client’s personal journey.

Trevor missed his next appointment. No call, no email. I sent him a text asking if he was okay, but got no response. I followed up with a call that went to voicemail. I ended my message with, “Remember, I’m always on your side. No setback is too big that we can’t get back on track.” As soon as I hung up, I rolled my eyes at how cheesy that had sounded.

At the next scheduled appointment he again didn’t show and I still hadn’t heard from him. Seeing his cane in the corner, I looked up his address in his file, grabbed the cane, and I headed toward the front of the facility. I saw Cynthia and told her I’d be back after lunch. She glanced at the cane and made an “okay” face. “Don’t do anything stupid,” was all she said to me as I headed out the doors.

Thank the stars for smartphone directions, otherwise I would never have found the house where Trevor lived. It was a large piece of property with lots of palm trees, a beautifully manicured front yard and a house with large red wooden double doors. Cane in hand, I rang the doorbell. When it opened, there was Trevor wearing nothing but a supersized towel around his waist, which he held together on the side with his meaty hand. His stomach hung so low over the top of the towel, if he together on the side with his meaty hand. His stomach hung so low over the top of the towel, if he dropped it I still wouldn’t have seen his best bits.

His expression went from inquisitive to confused. “Hey doc—uh, Daniel. What’s up?”

I was lucky my mouth had not dropped

open with drool pouring down my chin. I had been momentarily caught up in the fantasy of pressing his massive man boobs together so I could suck both his nipples at the same time.

“Uh, I brought you your cane,” I said, feeling like a kid with his face pressed to the window of a candy shop and no money to buy anything.

“Oh... uh, thanks.” He reached out for the cane, but I hesitated giving it to him.

“Can we talk for a few minutes?”

“Look, man, I know you’re just trying to do your job, but—”

“No, this isn’t about that,” I explained. “I mean, in a way it is, but just a few minutes and then I’ll go if you want me to.”

He sighed and then stood back so I could come in. His living room was amazing and tastefully decorated—far more tasteful than anything I could ever do. I gave him his cane but he left it by the front door, then led me through his house. On the way out back, we passed the doorway to the kitchen. As I glanced inside, I saw it had a counter piled high with junk food of all sorts. Food like that was always an odd paradox for me. On one hand, it was something I rarely ate and was always discouraging my clients from consuming as well. On the other hand, it was what gave men the type of bodies that made my cock leak.

Stepping out on his deck, I looked out into his backyard which was a gorgeous garden of flowers and various trees, fenced in by a high brick wall. In the center of it was a pool and to the side a hot tub. Once outside we sat on two hefty wrought iron chairs and he took a long drink from a water bottle. “So what’s on your mind?” he asked, his voice low and guarded.

“Trevor, I wanted to apologize for the other day. If my comments or something I did upset you it was completely unintentional.”

Trevor set his bottle down and leaned forward in his chair. “Upset me?”

“Yeah, I mean after I made that stupid comment about me being gay—” He looked down at the ground and I could sense him again closing up. “I didn’t mean to—”

“You’re fine, man. It’s me.”

Cynthia had been right. “You? How?” He

*Continued on pg 84*

# PA DADDY J



Photos by [4x4 Photography](#)











was silent. "Talk to me, Trevor. I promise, there's no judgment. I wanna help you, but I can't if we don't start building trust."

His face reddened and from his silence I thought he might be about to cry. His voice was shaky as he answered, "I... I used to be a jock, ya know. Man, I used to make fun of people like me all the time when I was younger. And when my husband—ex-husband left me, part of it was because he was so embarrassed of me gettin' made fun of all the time. People starin', sayin' shit. It's karma—it's fuckin' karma! But the worst is from other gay guys. And you... when you said you were gay, I was just, like, thinkin' all this shit like you laughin' at me after I left and—I just got in my head and couldn't get thinkin' all this shit like you laughin' at me after I left and—I just got in my head and couldn't get out."

"I get it," I said reassuringly. "I've seen it. Over and over again. All of my clients have experiences like yours. And it's even worse when it's from others who have experienced discrimination. But I promise you, I'm not laughing at you. I got your back, Trevor. No bullshit. And I'd really like you to continue your workouts with me."

"I'd like that."

"Cool. I'm glad. So, I, uh, I did see a lot of junk food on your counter. You been—"

"Nah, man," he said emphatically. "That's all the stuff I pulled out of the cupboards for the trash. I've been stickin' to the damn plan." He smiled. "I've been coming out here swimming to get some exercise."

"Awesome!" Crisis averted, and knowing I hadn't done anything overtly to have caused Trevor's distancing himself from our sessions, my mind immediately shifted back to focusing on the mountain of perfection in front of me. "You wanna do some exercises in the pool while I'm here?"

"Yeah, sure, only... don't really have swim trunks that fit, so I usually just bare-ass it."

"That's cool," I said, trying to appear as nonchalant about it as possible. But on the inside, the thought of seeing him completely naked was actually making me feel dizzy. Was I really fucking swooning over this guy? Then I remembered, "I just got a jock on under these. That okay?"

He was standing at the edge of the pool, but looked back at me with a grin. "Yeah, not a problem." I smiled back at him, but here I was again crossing the line between being a professional trainer and being a professional perv. He dropped his towel, exposing his perfect ass to me, stepped into the pool and let his weight pull him in the rest of the way until he was fully immersed and moving toward the opposite side. Yeah, this was wrong—but as long as I acted professional and didn't try to use his face as a flotation device for my balls, it should be okay.

As I tossed my shirt onto the pool chair and dropped my shorts, I looked down to see my cock had been leaking precum the whole time. My wet jock was proof I was perving on the handsome super chub when I was supposed to have been gaining his trust! I hurried into the pool, trying to use the cool water to cover my growing erection. My cock was pretty thick when it was at full mast and looked like an energy drink can shoved in my underwear—not something I could easily hide. But under the water it was at least less conspicuous.

Standing a few feet apart, he showed me what exercises he had been doing. I led him through a few more that would give him more resistance, and as a bonus they gave me full view of his giant round ass. As he gripped the side of the pool with his hands and—face downward—kicked his legs up and down, the pale white skin of his ass cheeks rose above the water line and shook from side to side. I imagined myself with my face pushed deep between those huge fluffy ass cheeks and tongue fucking his sweet asshole!

No! I have to resist! What the fuck is wrong with me? This was torture! I'm inches away from the hottest fucking super chub that I've ever seen—he's literally naked—and I have to act like a the hottest fucking super chub that I've ever seen—he's literally naked—and I have to act like a professional instead of jumping on top of him and making him my pool flotation device! I swear my mouth was watering as his legs stopped kicking and he just floated in place, the waves he had caused from his movements giving way to smaller ripples. I moved in beside him, hearing his heavy breathing, and asked him how he was feeling.

"Good," he puffed. He lowered his legs and turned to face me. Still breathing hard, he asked me, "So why you doin' training like this, man? Were

you a fat kid or is it just good money?"

A lot of my clients ask me something like this. It's how they feel me out to see if I really give a shit about them. But floating less than two feet from this naked mass of perfection, I was content to engage with him however I could. "I was always underweight and kinda nerdy, used to get laughed at a lot. So I know how it feels being judged on my body—from the other end of the spectrum."

"I wouldn't mind being too thin," he said quietly.

"We all have our own journey, Trev. As corny as that may sound, I've learned it's the truth."

"I s'pose. You must meet a lot of other hot trainers."

Oh, fuck... he just called me "hot." In that moment I could feel his gaze on my large, hard pecs and my nipples which, hot or cold, were usually standing at attention. Normally a comment like that might make me more self-conscious, but in that moment it just made my dick harder. Please just take me and use me as your fuckin' cock sleeve! Damn it!

"Well, thank you for the compliment," I said, unable to stop my voice from dropping an octave from the lust circulating through me. "And, yeah, I think you'd find some of them 'hot.'"

He looked thoughtful for a moment and then seemed to catch on to the careful wording of my answer. "You don't?" he asked, almost confused. "What kinda guys you like?"

"Okay, we really should get back—"

"Ah, man! I'll do it if you answer my question," he bargained.

"How 'bout you do some laps with me and then I'll answer." I punted, needing more time to decide if I was going to tell him the truth or not. Do I risk fucking up his training for a chance to paint his face with my dick goo, or do I lie and break my main rule of honesty with my clients? Wait, what was I thinking? Why the fuck was I so certain he was even into me? Just because he said I was hot doesn't mean he's just going to throw himself on me and smother me under his huge beautiful furry belly!

We swam the length of the pool five times before he stopped and sat on one of the wide steps leading out of the pool. His stomach hung low and wide, pushing his legs apart, but still obscuring the sight of his privates. As I walked up to him, the

The Personal Chaser

waterline dropped to just below where the bottom of my jock was. Thankfully my cock had gone to half-mast and wasn't jutting out, or up, and putting everything on display.

Both of us breathing loudly, it didn't stop him from asking, "So, now, what kind of guys are you into?" He chuckled and then took in a deep breath.

In that moment—stark naked with beads of water dripping down his pale skin—the sunlight hit him from the side, lighting him up with an almost ethereal glow like something out of a priceless painting. I was so fucking turned on in that moment that my dick actually answered his question for me. Swollen to full mast, it pushed through the loose side of the jockstrap, and there I was fully exposed in my client's pool and at the mercy of his reaction.

"Yo—you're a ch—chaser?" he stammered as he stared down at my exposed prick. "A chubby chaser?"

I gave a slight nod as I grunted an affirmative and, I waited to see what he was going to do next. Now that he knew, was he gonna be okay with it? Throw me out for being a perv? Or—he reached out his plump hand and closed it around the shaft of my raging peen. As I let out my breath, not even aware I had been holding it, a guttural sound escaped my throat.

"Dan..." he started, then slid down to the next lowest step. His huge moobs were still above the waterline and I was done holding back. I reached for those hefty fuckers and cupped them in my hands, squeezing them gently. He pushed himself forward and I massaged them harder, his reaction growing as I did. I then pressed them together and as he leaned forward I slipped my now precum slick cock between them.

"Ah, yeah, Dan. Fuck those titties!"

It was too much! He was so fuckin' sexy and I was too overheated! My eyes literally rolled upward and my mouth fell open as without warning I started cumming! My first spray of spunk landed on his chin and each shot afterward hit all the chins below it. I grabbed onto his shoulders to stop myself from falling backward, and I watched as he wiped my cream from his face with his fingers and then shoved them into his mouth, sucking them clean.

My dick, pressed flat against his chest, was still hard and despite just blasting a load, I wanted more! I wanted him to—"Fuck me!" I said, my tone

almost begging.

“Really?” he asked, almost as if he needed me to assure him I was serious.

“Yes!” I then leaned down and my mouth finding his, I pressed my lips to his and pushed my tongue inside. I immediately tasted the faint bitterness of my cum in his mouth. Our tongues clashed and danced against one another as his thick, fatty arms encircled my tight muscular body and pulled me into him. I wrapped my arms and legs around his rotund gut and held on as tight as I could. I didn’t want to let go! This was everything I had always wanted! The only thing I wanted more was to be serviced by this behemoth! I needed it! I needed his dick inside of me!

When our lips finally parted I told him again, “Fuck me, Trevor!”

He stood up, causing me to slide off of him. He turned and grabbing the metal rail, lumbered his mass up the pool steps. His round ass in full view, I couldn’t help but stare at it as I followed him into his house and into the bedroom where he wasted no time taking a bottle of lube out of his bedside table.

Without hesitation I got onto my hands and knees on the edge of his low-rise bed. I wanted him inside of me so badly I was practically shaking! I lowered my chest to open my firm butt and give him inside of me so badly I was practically shaking! I lowered my chest to open my firm butt and give him access to my hole. The feeling of being exposed to him made my dick twitch and I eagerly anticipated the feeling of his cock stretching me open. I let out a gasp and pushed back as I felt his tongue begin to probe me! I couldn’t stop from letting out a lustful cry as he ate my ass with all the gusto that he might have tackled a freshly made cheesecake!

“Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck, Trev! Yeah!”

It was so fucking good I couldn’t stop myself from squirming. Finally he grabbed my thighs to hold me in place so he could manage to get his long wet tongue even deeper! I whimpered through clenched teeth. His chin pressed into my taint, his tongue probing and twisting inside of me. I felt like I could come again just from that!

“God—fuck—YES!”

Almost as quickly as he had started, he stopped, leaving me breathless and leaking dick drool on his bedspread. I closed my eyes and took

a deep calming breath, only to let out a yelp and buck forward as two slick meaty sausage fingers roughly pressed into me. Still holding me by my left hip, he stayed with it and pressed on until his digits were as far inside me as they could get.

“Ahh, you’re tight, man! Fuckin’ beautiful ass! I can’t believe you’re a chaser.” His fingers disappeared long enough for me to hear him spit and feel the warmth of his saliva hit my now well lubed hole. I let out a low whine of pleasure, which grew louder as he pushed his fingers back inside me. Only this time, he pushed in further and pressed downward hitting my prostate. He moved the tips of his slick fingers quickly from side to side. The pleasure was so intense I couldn’t move, or breathe, or make a single fucking sound! I just laid there with every muscle in my body tensed as I began to shake involuntarily until—I could feel my balls pull tight to my shaft, and fuckin’ hell—I was coming again!

“Shit, Daniel! You’re a horny sonofabitch!” He pulled his fingers out of me and with little effort again pulled me by the hips back to where my butt hovering over the edge of the bed. “I’m gonna screw you into the fuckin’ ground, man!”

I let out the breath I had been holding since I had started coming and lowered my chest to the bed so my ass was even more open to him. “Yes! Please!” I begged. “Fuck my ass, Trev! Fuckin’ nail me!” I didn’t even know what I was saying at that point as I was so lost in the anticipation of getting plowed by this super obese stud! I wanted all 600-plus pounds of him ramming me, encompassing me, smothering me as he used me as his personal fuck hole!

This wasn’t my first time in this position bottoming for a beautiful fat man. But it was the first time I had ever been with a guy as big as Trevor. I expected to feel the girth of his stomach as he dropped it on my back, allowing him to get his cock into me. But I hadn’t expected the mammoth girth of this stud’s gut as it spilled across my back and drooped low over my sides. Holy fuck! I was in muthafuckin’ heaven!

The heft of his enormous stomach was slick with lube and slid easily up my back as he leaned forward to grab my shoulders and use them to pull me backward onto his raging hard cock! He thrust forward to grab my shoulders and use them

to pull me backward onto his raging hard cock! He thrust forward several times, missing my hole each time, like a bull in the wild searching for the right angle when—

“FUCK!” I yelled through clenched teeth as his bulbous cockhead entered me and didn’t stop until it was all the way inside my freshly loosened hole.

“Oh, Jesus, Dan!” Trevor said with a long moan as he stayed motionless, his prick inside me and me shaking as my asshole kept spasming and tightening around his long shaft. “You like that dick, boy?”

Did I? I had come twice and my still rock hard cock was again drooling precum. “Fuck yeah, Trev! I love it!”

“You gettin’ bred, man? That what you’re doin’?”

His dirty talk was hitting all the right spots, but all I wanted was for him to start pounding me. Not willing to wait any longer, I moved forward a couple inches and then pushed my ass back on that stiff cock! I grunted loudly as I did it again and again. Trevor finally got the hint and started pushing forward as much as he could, making his cock go into me even deeper! As my muscular butt bounced off his soft, furry covered fupa, I didn’t know what was hotter—his long cock splitting me open, or the weight of his enormous stomach sliding around on my back weighing me down! As he leaned forward his massive bulk engulfed me even more. Son of a bitch, I couldn’t remember a time I had been so turned on!

I gasped loudly as he pulled out of me and his stomach slid off of my back, leaving me feeling momentarily weightless. Without missing a beat, he grabbed my calves and flipped me over onto my back. He jerked me toward him until my butt was just off the bed again. Being manhandled by this massive man and looking up into his round, determined face was so exciting it felt like my whole body was quaking with sexual energy.

He pulled my legs apart and moved between them, sliding them into the gutters of his body where his enormous stomach connected with his huge thighs. His entire stomach then shifted and, still lubed, slid over me like a weighted blanket. I had a vision of dying happy, drowning in his flab as he fucked me into oblivion. And he wasted no time shoving that long meat back into

my eagerly awaiting asshole!

I grabbed onto his bulbous gut with one hand and reached for one of his supersized manbreasts with the other. He was fucking me so hard I would have been bounced all over the bed if his weight hadn’t been holding me down, anchoring me so he could assault my clenching chute! I could feel my balls rubbing against his soft pubic hair and my hard precum-slicked tool was sliding against his stomach, jerking me off in time to each stroke, each push, until his rhythm quickened and I knew that I was indeed about to be bred by this massive bull!

Instinctively I pinched his nipple, rolling the tightened pink skin between my thumb and fingers, and delighting in the whiny grunt it caused him to make. His grip on my calves tightened and his thrusting got more intense.

“I’m gonna—” he gasped, not having the breath to finish.

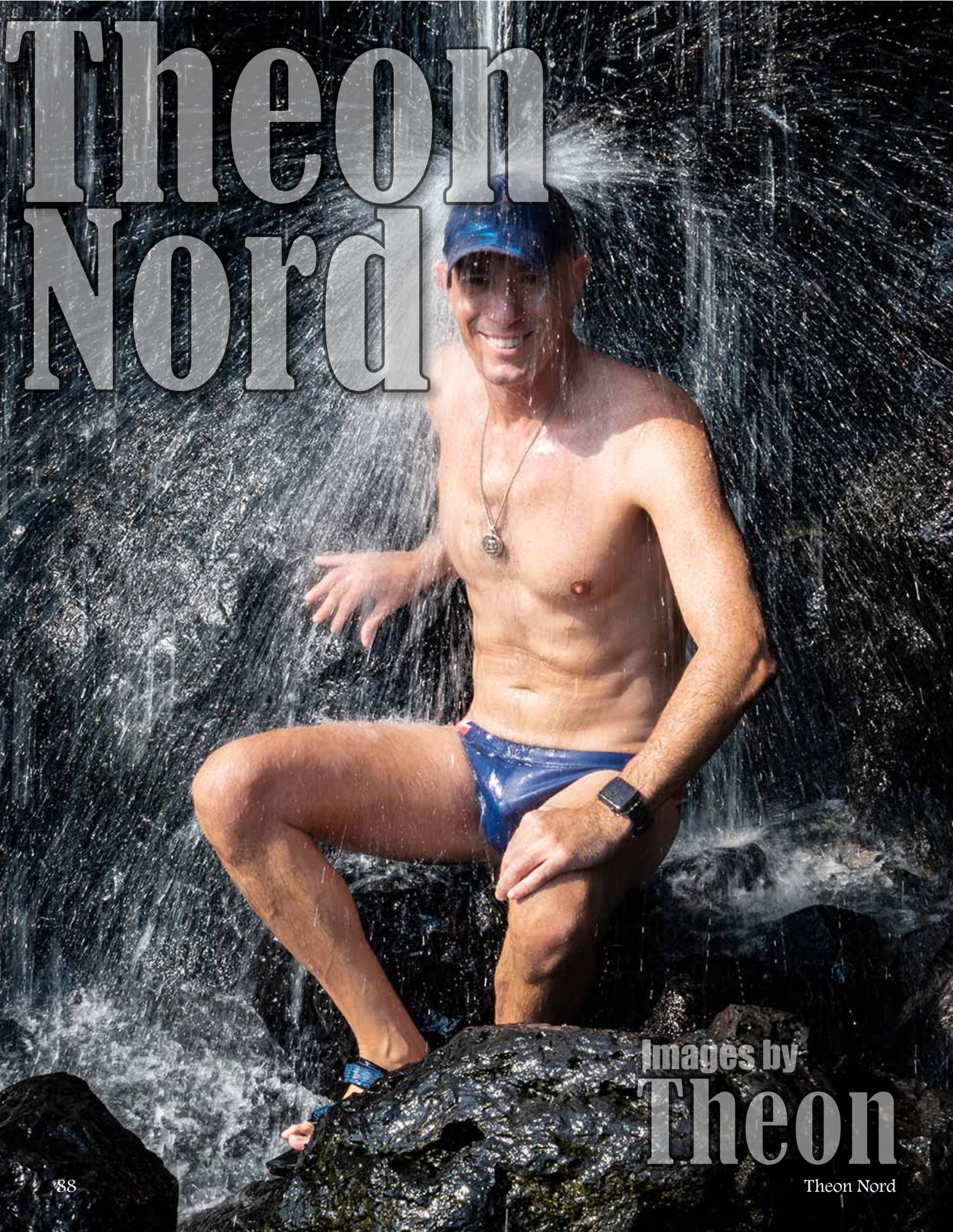
“Fuck, yeah, Trev! Come in me, stud! Breed me! I want it!”

And I got it! How he was able to shove that cock even deeper into me, I don’t know. And with all his weight behind it, he pressed down on me until my legs were practically in a perfectly parallel split and I felt his cum blast into me, flooding my insides! I clutched his moobs in both hands, and pushed my dick into his fat rolls. He was still caught up in his intense orgasm and once again my eyes rolled back in my head and I let out a loud “Oh, FUCK!” as I shot another wad of my cock snot into the folds of his underbelly.

I had never experienced sex this amazing—and I’ve had my fair share of superchubs. This beautiful chubby fucker had made me come multiple times! He stayed there, almost all 650 pounds of him laying on top of me and his prick, still hard, planted deep inside my still twitching assring. I knew that within minutes he was going to start rutting into me again, and even though I didn’t think I could get another drop of cum out of my own balls, I was gonna do whatever I needed to do to get more out of his!

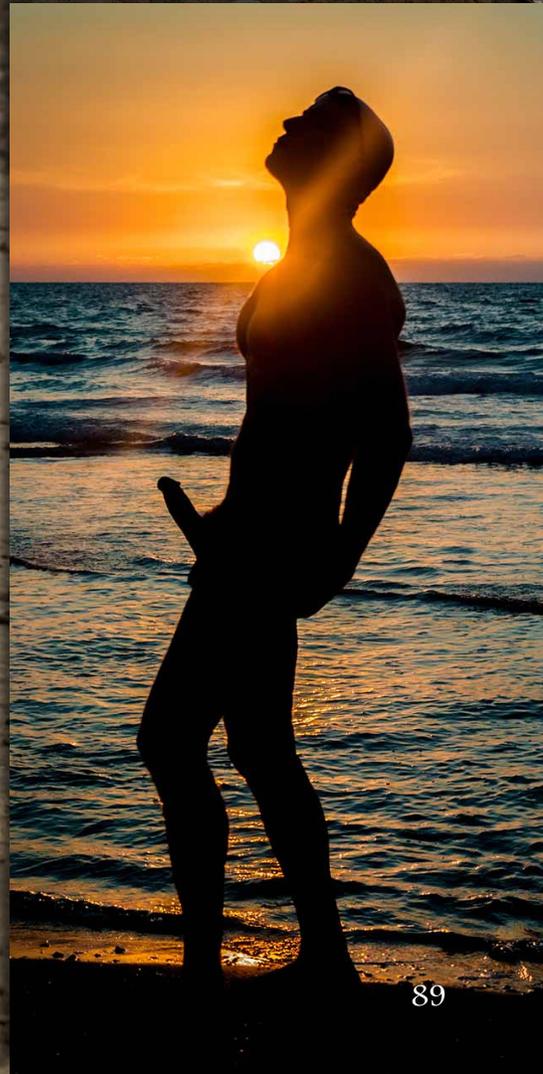
As he started slowly pumping that prick into me again, I was amazed at his stamina. Our eyes locked and I smiled up at him. He grinned back at me, winked and asked, “So does this count as cardio?”

# Theon Nord

A man with a muscular build is sitting on a dark, wet rock in front of a waterfall. He is wearing a blue cap, a necklace with a circular pendant, blue athletic shorts, and a black watch on his left wrist. He is smiling and looking towards the camera. The waterfall is cascading over dark rocks, creating a misty spray of water around him.

Images by  
**Theon**

Theon Nord

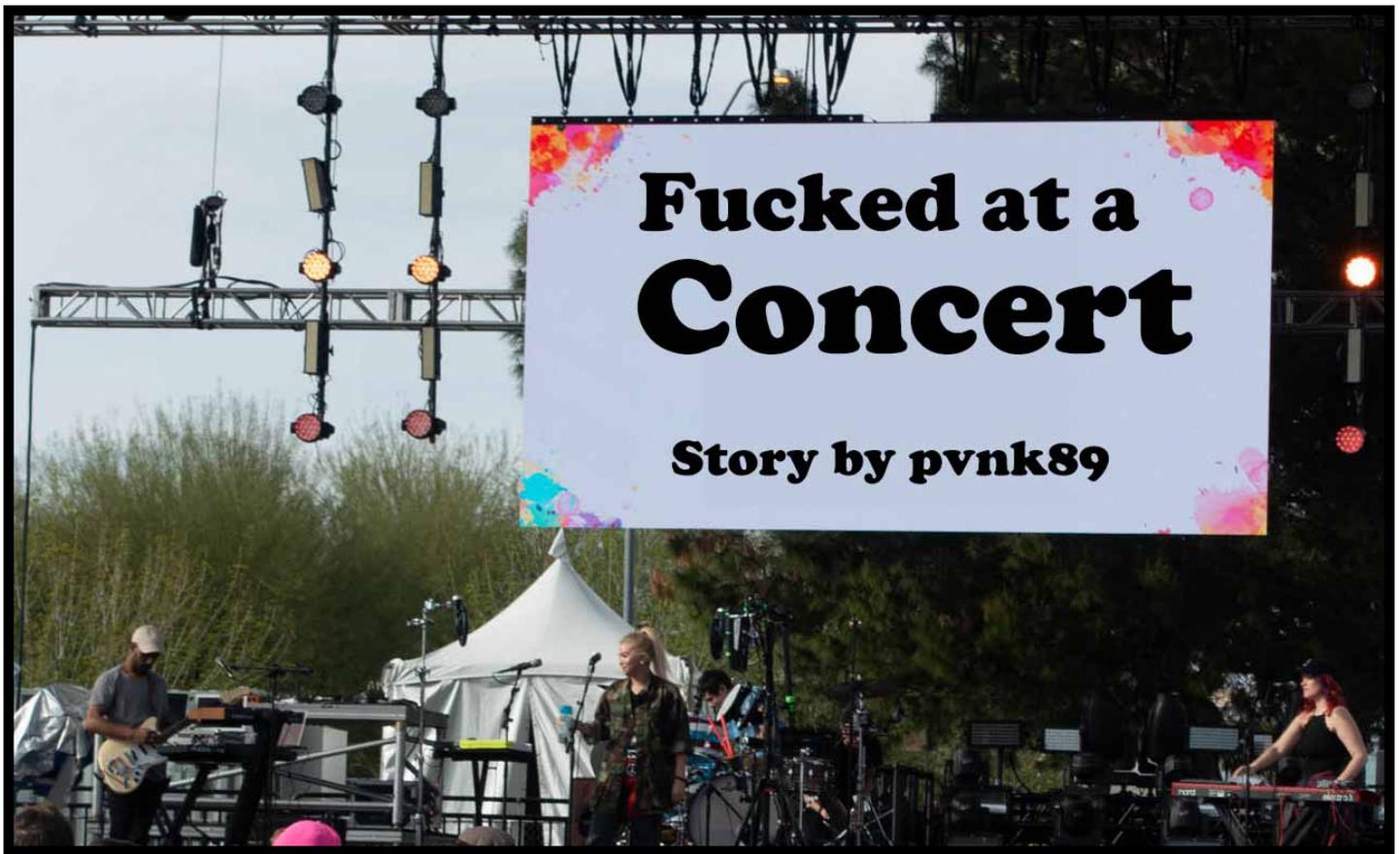












This happened to me when I was 18. I'd gone to an open air concert with two friends who were a couple. I wasn't even thirdwheeling for a full hour before they started getting on my nerves smooching and ignoring me. So I said I'm going to get a drink and I ditched them. While waiting in line for a drink, I started chatting to a random guy who had the same t-shirt as me. It was a pretty unknown band that he claimed his friends all liked, and he asked me to come join them because they'd be surprised to see he found someone else wearing the same t-shirt.

I joined his group of friends and we chatted and smoked pot until we were all pretty wasted. The concert started, it was great, and when it ended, they asked me to stay and have some more drinks with them. One of them, Nick, started talking to me 1 on 1 a little more, asking me how old I am, where I'm from, what else I listen to etc. Then he said "sorry, but my gaydar is screaming when I get close to you". I laughed at it so hard that I spilled my drink all over myself and him. I tried to wipe it off him with my sleeve and we both started having a laughing fit because I was only getting my sleeve wet. He told me I was adorable and asked if I wanted to get away from the rest of his friends and

hang out by ourselves.

The concert was taking place in a large field next to some woods and a beach with a bunch of huge rocks all over it. We climbed on one of the rocks and started making out almost immediately. He put his hand into my pants and started jerking me off, so I did the same to him. His dick was hard and really thick, and I could feel that he had a piercing on the tip and one just under his dick, between his dick and balls.

Too many couples were starting to gather there so we stopped and decided to try to find a more private place. We went down the path into the woods but then went off it into an area with no lamps, and we ended up in almost complete darkness. We could see where we were going thanks to the lights of the afterparty in the distance and a little bit of the moon above us. Nick found a relatively flat surface and sat down. I sat down on him and started kissing him and grinding on him. He put his hand in my pants from behind and started squeezing my ass and fingering my asshole. I told him I want him to fuck me, and he told me to be patient.

He gently pushed me down on the grass, unzipped my pants and started to suck me off. He

used one hand to jerk me off and the other to play with my asshole, and within 5 minutes, I was dripping wet with his saliva. He got up and took off his pants. I could faintly see he was covered in tattoos, and he was hard as a rock. He got back down, took off my clothes and spread my legs, and he put his dick into me slowly and carefully. I told him to put it all the way in, even though it hurt, the thought of being completely filled with his dick was unbelievably hot and I got insanely hard.

After testing the waters a little bit and checking if I can take it, he started fucking me like a beast. He turned me over and started ploughing me from behind while kissing and biting my neck and shoulders. He put one hand over my mouth and whispered into my ear to be as quiet as I can so as not to attract people. I pushed my hands to the back and spread my ass so that he can enter me more easily, and he fucked me so hard I could feel the vibrations of each thrust in my stomach and chest.

After a few minutes, he came inside me. He didn't even stop for a breath, though, he just turned me onto my back, started fingering me with three fingers, and sucking me off. Each time he took my dick out of his mouth to catch some breath, he would tell me how hot I am or how tight my asshole

is or how he loves sucking on my hard dick or how he wants my cum in his mouth... Nobody had ever sucked my dick that hard, it was fucking unbelievable. I started feeling faint from breathing and moaning too hard, when he said he was getting hard again. I told him to fuck me again, so he put my legs up, and he lay halfway down on me, and penetrated me all the way again. I was already close to cumming when he was sucking me off, but once he started to fuck me in that position, I felt I could cum just like that.

I sprayed cum all over myself and him and probably all the wildlife in the vicinity. My asshole was throbbing from pleasure, squeezing Nick's hard dick. He took it out and lay down next to me, started kissing me and caressing my sweaty body and licking my cum off of me. After a while, we got dressed and I found some tissues in my bag to clean myself up a little. We went back to the beach with the rocks and realized how messed up we look, we were both red in the face, my hair was full of dry leaves and he had scratches on his legs. We sat in the darkest place we could find and just made out the rest of the night. Around 4am, we both went home and I thought I would never see him again. But I ran into him again, a few years later, and I can write about that some other time.



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