

DHIM

Desert Heat Magazine

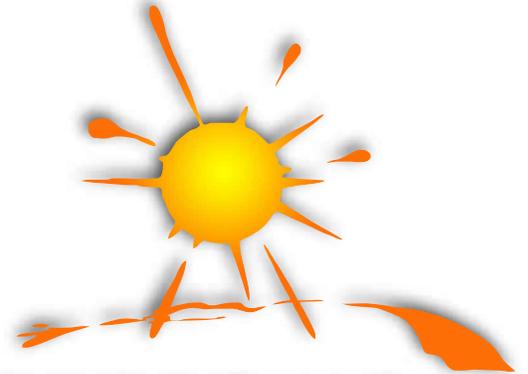
All Men Are Beautiful!
August 2023 | Issue 56

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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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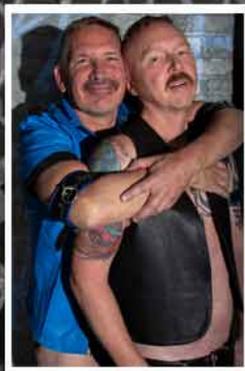
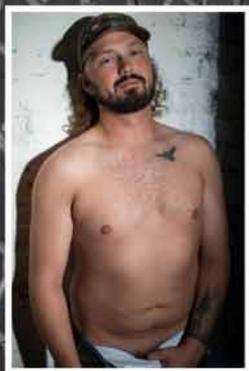
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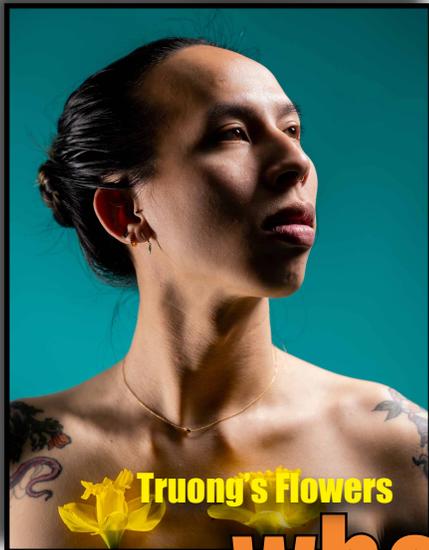
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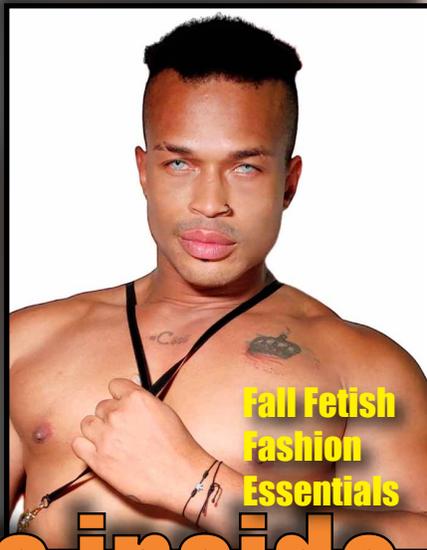
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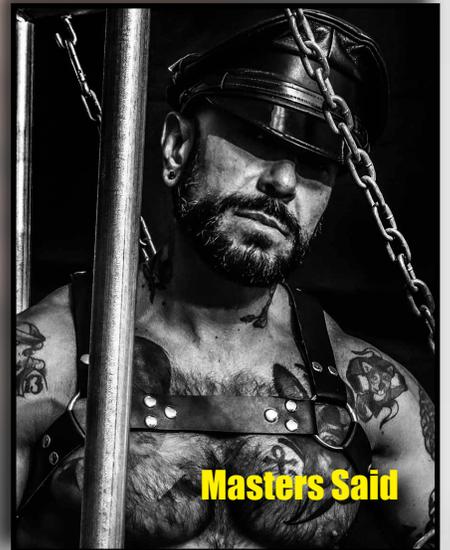




Truong's Flowers



**Fall Fetish
Fashion
Essentials**

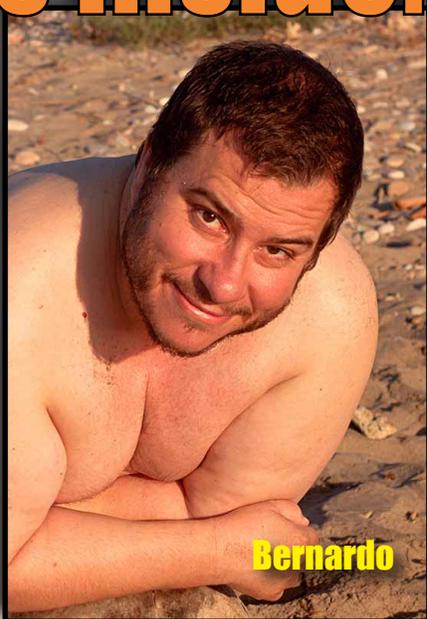


Masters Said

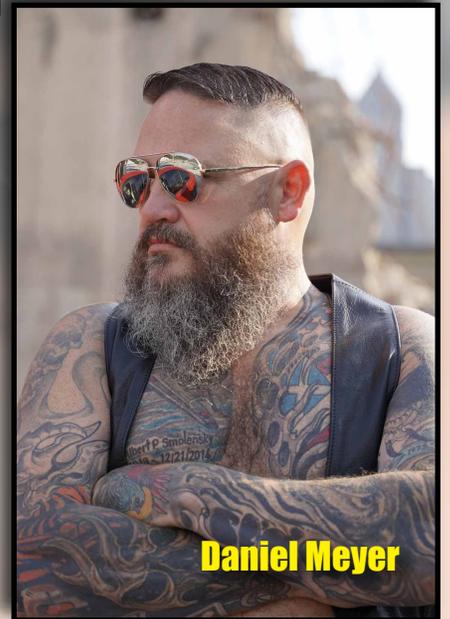
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BeardedCub



Bernardo



Daniel Meyer



Drew



Argos Dog



Igor Lucios

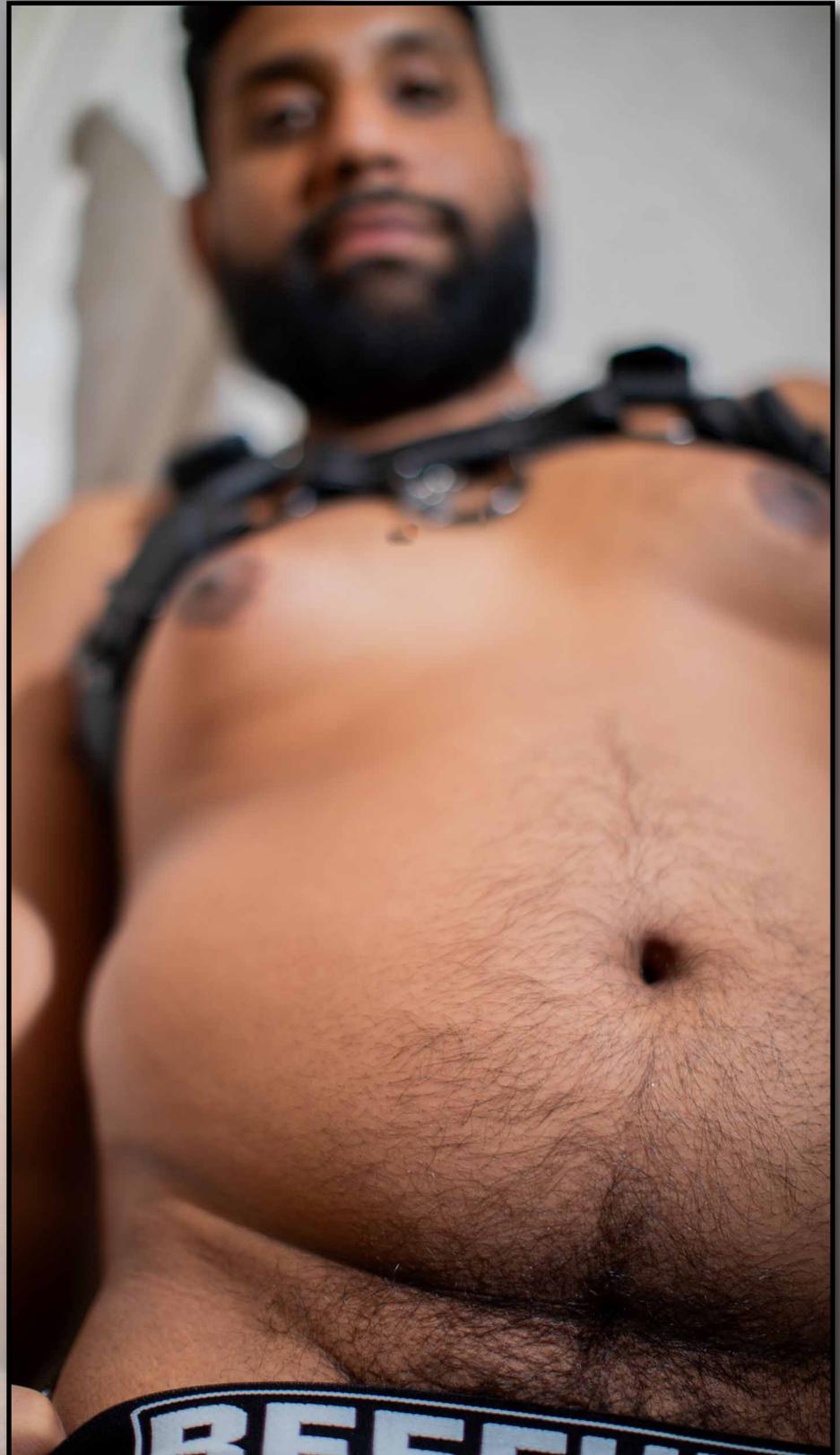
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Ramblings from the Editor

So we made it to our 6th year relatively unscathed. The readership has grown regularly; we've had great contributors to give our readers some incredible content to drool, and other things, over; and even with the madness that is now X, or Twitter, or whatever it will be called in the next few weeks, the Magazine has thrived on social media. In a couple words, THANK YOU to everyone who has made this labor of love the success it has become. Without you, this rag wouldn't exist. Also a BIG thank you to all the readers who continue to subject their brains, and other body parts, to reading the Issue each month.

With the readers in mind, I hope you all know I welcome your comments, suggestions, even critiques which I feel only help to improve the Magazine. I love to hear your ideas and I try to implement them if they will work for the publication. When I started asking for feedback I hadn't expected such a wonderful feedback along with those suggestions. And then there are those comments that still perplex me to no end.

The other day I received a comment that suggested that the Magazine is "geared toward gay men" with the commentor getting upset over one of the contributors discussing his bisexuality. The commentor went so far as to say that because the Magazine is geared toward gay men, which by the way it is not geared toward any specific sexuality, that the bisexual men should find "their own place" for that kind of talk. Well, of course those of you who know me, I can't let this go. I did respond to the commentor to advise him that this publication is geared toward all men, hence the byline "All Men Are Beautiful" and that bisexual men have a place here as much as gay men do. And I encourage men of all sexualities to enjoy the publication and express yourself in it. Of course, and I have to put this out there, I do reserve the right to reject publicizing something as this is ultimately my baby. But I am pretty liberal, again those of you that know me know this to be true, so it would be hard to find something I would not publish.

So with all that being said, I thought I would share with you what I did with the commentor concerning all of this. There have been a couple straight men who have modeled for me over the years and have actually been on the cover of the Magazine. I task anyone who has a problem with straight or bi men being represented here to figure out who the couple of straight guys are that have graced the cover of the Magazine. Like I told the commentor, I bet you cannot.

Our sexuality is not something most of us wear on our sleeves to be consumed by the world. Who the fuck we sleep with is nobody's fucking business. It is quite that simple. And whatever the sexuality of the man, if he is hot we will all eventually lose a load over him. Again, another plain and simple fact.

A case in point, the commentor mentioned how he gets disappointed after he finds out a "gay" porn star is actually gay for pay. But I wonder how many loads the commentor lost to the gay for pay actor before he realized that he doesn't just chase dick? And does it really matter in the end?

So let's end it this way, if you don't like bisexual men, don't have sex with bisexual men, although you will be missing out on some hot sex because of your ignorance, but it is your ignorance to embrace. If you don't like gay for pay men in pornos, then don't watch the porno with them in it. But don't think that your dislike is a driving force in what I do or do not publish in this publication. It's a simple as a swipe right if you don't like what you are seeing!!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



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BEARDED CUB

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SARGE'S QUARTERS

Insights into the world of leather by **Sarge**

Today I am sitting in my home office for what feels like and could be the 14th day in row. The blinds are closed, I haven't opened them in weeks except to peek outside when I feel the need to see what the weather is like or to contemplate mowing my lawn. I think this is my 4th or 5th day (maybe longer) since I have taken a shower or shaved. Sitting here my heart is racing and my anxiety levels are about a 9 out of 10 even debating this conversation with my readers about mental health. It's personal, yes. It is also more common than most people talk about and it's just another form of stigma that we toss onto people, or worse, it's something we ignore in those around us.

It is important to note that this is about me, but the truth of the matter is that none of us are alone in our head, and we all need to do a better job in seeing when people are slipping into a depression or experiencing anxiety more often than average. This holds true with BDSM and the Leather community especially. Often mental health can and will turn kinky hardcore sex from consensual to abusive as people are willing to not care for themselves or others to the extent they should.

I have been slowly spiraling for months by constantly questioning my sense of self, my purpose in this world, basically drifting off and ignoring the things that used to make me happy and disregarding the consequences of sometimes just being a responsible adult. I have minimized my contact with the outside world, but maintained just enough so people wouldn't question my existence. This year has been more tough than the isolation of covid because it has been self-imposed, and I have never felt so constantly trapped in my own brain without a direction. Just so you know it has gone down a dark path more than once and I have contemplated the worst thoughts imaginable and recognized that suicide would only create more problems for the people I care about than solve for myself. Without a doubt, being an empath is killing me and saving me at the same time, but not fixing me. What on the outside I try to appear all sunshine and lollipops the truth is inside I have been giving in to every struggle and not only putting my entire focus on the negative in my life, but I have even gone so far as to create negative in my life. I have several projects that could have been finished weeks ago that I know I should work on, but instead I push them away

because I doubt myself and my ability to complete them. Luckily, the people I owe these projects to chalk it up to me being super busy in life and enjoying my time behind the camera juggling so many things they are willing to wait. This alone has created a strain and now they have piled to the point that I am physically sick from being overwhelmed at the work I have to do and mentally paralyzed unable to know where to start.

Several times the world comes crashing in an uncontrollable wave of emotions and it is not unusual for me to dwell on one negative thing and ignore the 30 amazing things that are happening around me. I broke my favorite lens during a photoshoot and right in front of the three friends I was shooting I had a two minute mental breakdown that I pushed aside to finish the job, but after they left I started to cry like an infant and it felt like my heart would pump right out of my chest knowing that I would have to spend the money to buy this lens. But, it wasn't only about the money. There was so much anxiety just in the thought of having to pick a lens, shop for it, get it here before my next shoot which at the time was two weeks away. Everything sat on my shoulders and I thought for sure I was going to have a heart attack which thankfully never manifested, but the panic attack lasted well over 4 hours and was probably the longest that I am aware of.

In my life I have always been super adventurous and willing to head out into strange cities without a care in the world and here I am after my 56th birthday afraid to even get in the car to head to the convenience store to buy cigarettes. Everything has changed, from my sleeping and eating habits to not wanting to talk to the people I care about most because I am extra fearful that they will know something is wrong with me and not have any desire to help. It is so easy for people to walk away these days when people need you the

most, but it isn't worth the energy for the vast majority of people to help their friends, so they end up feeling more alone, more insignificant and less mentally healthy.

I am so tired of everything feeling catastrophic. I am so tired of worrying constantly if I am accepted by the world for my art. I am so careful with how I treat the few close friends that I have because I am more scared of losing those connections than I am losing my sense of self. I let these friends take advantage of my empathy and talents to feel worthy, productive and a part of an active society that I only witness from the confines of my brain, sitting here still in my home office with the blinds drawn and the outside world being too scary it makes my breath stop.

We need to find a way to recognize these signs in our friends and to learn to stick with them instead of walking away and adding abandonment to the list of core reasons for depression and anxiety. We need to also know when it is time to walk away from toxic situations that do nothing for you except create unnecessary stress. If we are not taking care of each other, then nobody is being taken care of.

So, what am I doing about it? Well writing this article is the first step in me helping me. This admission, public display of realness, of my mental health is going to force me to be held accountable for the destruction I am causing in my life by not getting the help I need to be better. I am going to take charge again and that means having to step away from a few things I am passionate about because my passions have come to the point of unhealthy when I do not get the desired outcomes and every criticism feels like I've been stabbed through the heart, even if that is not the intent of the criticism. I am also getting myself into a therapy program, discussing the paralyzing anxiety with my doctor this week and removing

myself from IML until I feel like I can return as a stable member of the team instead of constantly in fear of rejection, criticisms, and failure to meet other people's expectations over my own. I will also be slowing down the photography/video projects to a more manageable pace where they do not take over and give me room to experience some pleasures outside my home. Today, I might even open the blinds.

For anyone that is experiencing debilitating anxiety, depression or having thoughts of harming yourself there is immediate help available 24 hours a day via The Trevor Project. You can chat with them live online at

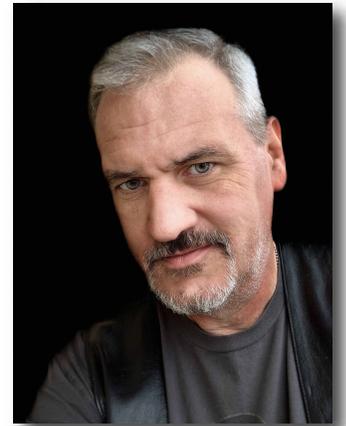
<https://www.thetrevorproject.org/> you can call them and speak to a trained counselor at 1-866-488-7386 and texting is also an option at 678-678. Please take care of yourself first.

Sarge!

Questions, comments, concerns, or suggestions, , you can contact Sarge at sarge@profilesbySarge.com.

Sarge is best known as a contributor in DHM for his incredible eye in capturing the beauty of the men he photographs. His unique vision and passion for male erotic photography has made him one of the most viewed photographers in the Magazine.

He is the Executive Project Manager of International Mr. Leather held over Memorial Day weekend in Chicago. He works diligently to ensure that the competition is a great success each year. This insight, along with his longevity within the leather community, give a unique insight into the world of leather. I am excited to have him not only photographing for the Magazine but now writing for it too!





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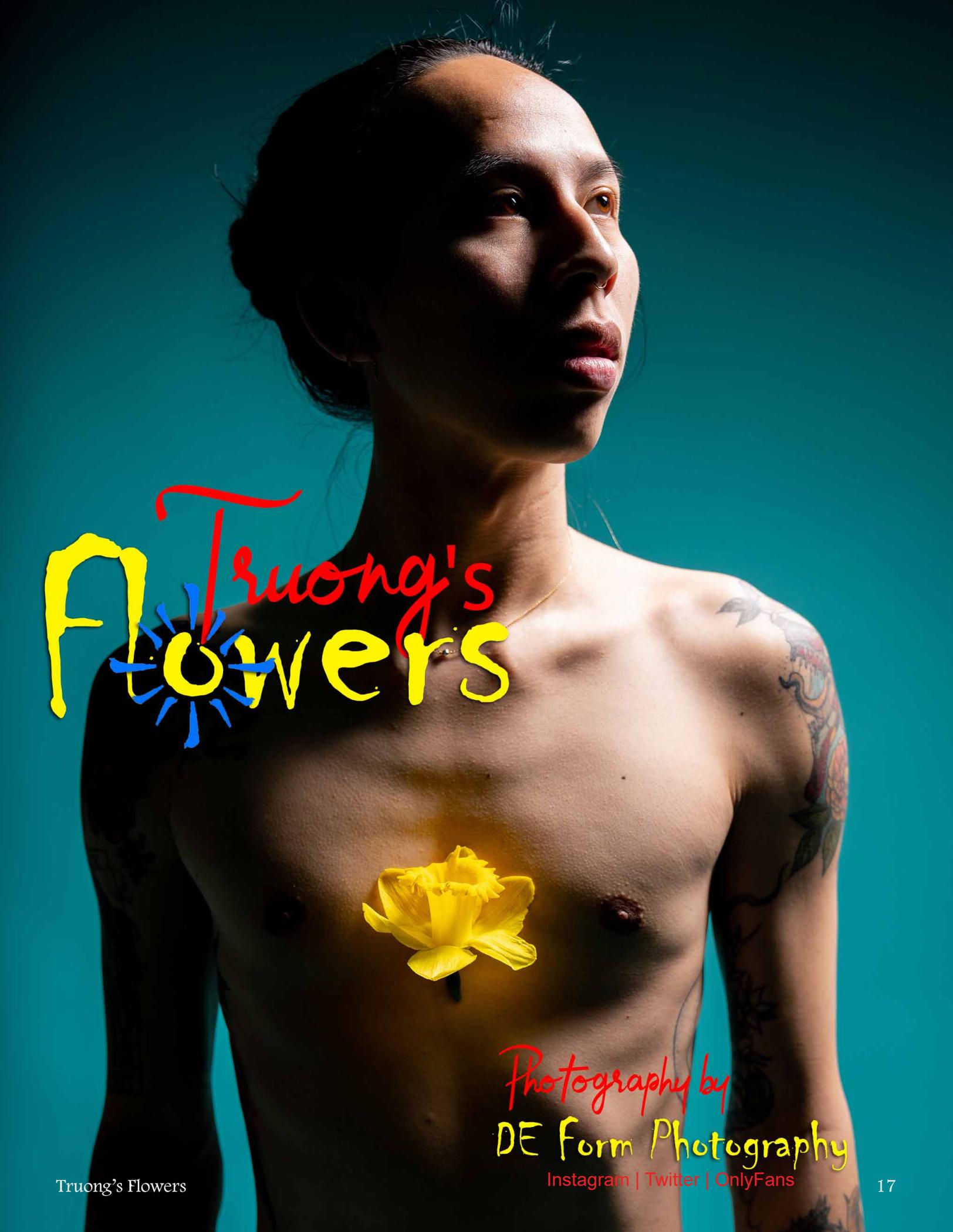
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PLUMBER

Story by **Mister J**

“BABE, are you at the house?” my wife asked.

“Yeah, I just got here.” I switched my phone to the other ear and closed the front door.

“I’m sorry for making you leave the store in the middle of the day. I forgot a patient had an appointment this morning.”

“It’s okay, babe. My employees can handle the hardware store for a couple of hours without me.” I went into the kitchen to check the broken sink.

“Has the plumber arrived?”

“Not yet. What time was he supposed to be here?” I leaned my butt against the kitchen island and crossed my legs.

“Ten-thirty.”

I checked my wristwatch. “It’s already eleven.”

“Maybe he got caught in traffic or something.”

The doorbell chimed.

“That must be him.” I pushed off and started walking toward the front door.

“Don’t worry about things here. I’ll take care of the plumber.”

“Yeah, I got to go. My next patient is here.

Thanks, babe.”

“See you later.”

The line disconnected.

I shoved the phone inside my pants pocket and opened the door.

A big bear of a man, a couple inches taller, stood outside. His barrel chest and belly filled the navy overalls. The sleeves of his tight white shirt underneath threatened to rip from his massive arms.

Damn, this plumber is fucking hot.

“Good morning.” He put the huge-ass toolbox down on the floor and flipped through the pages on his clipboard. “I’m here to fix Lori Chavez’s sink.”

“She’s my wife.” I extended my hand. “I’m Miguel Chavez.”

“Jason Walker.” A smile showed on his brown and gray stubbled face.

“Come in.” I stepped aside to let him through.

He picked up his toolbox and entered. “Where’s the sink?”

“In the kitchen.” I shut the door and led the way.

The plumber looked around as he followed.

"Nice house."

"Thanks."

We got to the kitchen, and I directed him to the sink on the granite island.

Jason set the toolbox down on the floor and tinkered with the sink. He opened and closed the faucet and peeked in the drain with a pen flashlight.

"Do you need help with anything?"

"It's okay. I can manage." Jason got on all fours to check the pipes underneath, giving me a view of the plump ass in his overalls.

Blood rushed into my dick, tightening my underwear.

I squeezed my erection through my black pants while the plumber can't see me.

Jason came out from under the sink, took some tools from the toolbox, and lay on his back. His open legs showed off a big mound in the crotch of his coveralls.

Another rush of blood went into my erection, making standing uncomfortable.

I turned around and went to the fridge to get ingredients for a sandwich before he noticed my hard-on. "Do you mind if I have my lunch while you work?"

"Go ahead."

"Do you want one?"

"No, it's okay. I ate before going here." His voice mixed with the clang of tools and pipes.

"How long have you been a plumber?" I placed bread slices on a plate and assembled my lunch.

"Twenty years. My dad owned the business. But he left it to me two years ago after he passed away."

"I'm sorry about your dad. It's the same with my old man. I inherited my hardware store from him."

"And what does the missus do?"

"She's a psychiatrist." I finished assembling the sandwich and hopped on the counter across from him before taking a bite. "How about you? Do you have a wife?"

"Divorced. We have a teenage son, but she has custody." Jason scratched his bulge.

My dick twitched.

I stared at the big mound as I took another bite, imagining myself between his I stared at the big mound as I took another bite, imagining myself between his tree-trunk thighs with my face pressed

against his bulge.

"Miguel?"

"Huh?" I snapped out of my fantasy and glanced at him peeking from under the sink. "I'm sorry, what?"

"You have mayonnaise on your beard." He gestured on his facial hair.

"Oops. Thanks, man." I wiped my face with a paper towel.

He went back to work.

As I ate the last bite, water burst from under the sink.

"Fuck!" Jason yelled as he tried to plug the pipe with his hands.

The torrent of water stopped, but some still escaped, drenching his clothes and flooding the floor. "Quick! Shut the water main."

I jumped off the counter in a panic and bolted out the back door to close the valve.

"Has it stopped?"

"It stopped," his faint voice reached me outside.

When I returned, Jason stood next to the island, unfastening his coveralls. His soaked white shirt clung to his pale skin.

"Let me get you a towel." I hurried to the bathroom, grabbed a couple, and went back.

The huge plumber stripped down to only a pair of wet white briefs. His fat, cut dick showed through the almost transparent fabric.

My dick shot back to hardness and pressed against the zipper of my pants.

I tore my stare away before he caught me looking and handed him the towels.

"What happened?"

He thanked me and started drying himself.

The soft meat dangling inside the wet pouch swung as he wiped the water off his skin. "The shut-off valve broke. I'm not surprised. Whoever did your piping used plastic instead of metal. I have one in the toolbox and replace it later."

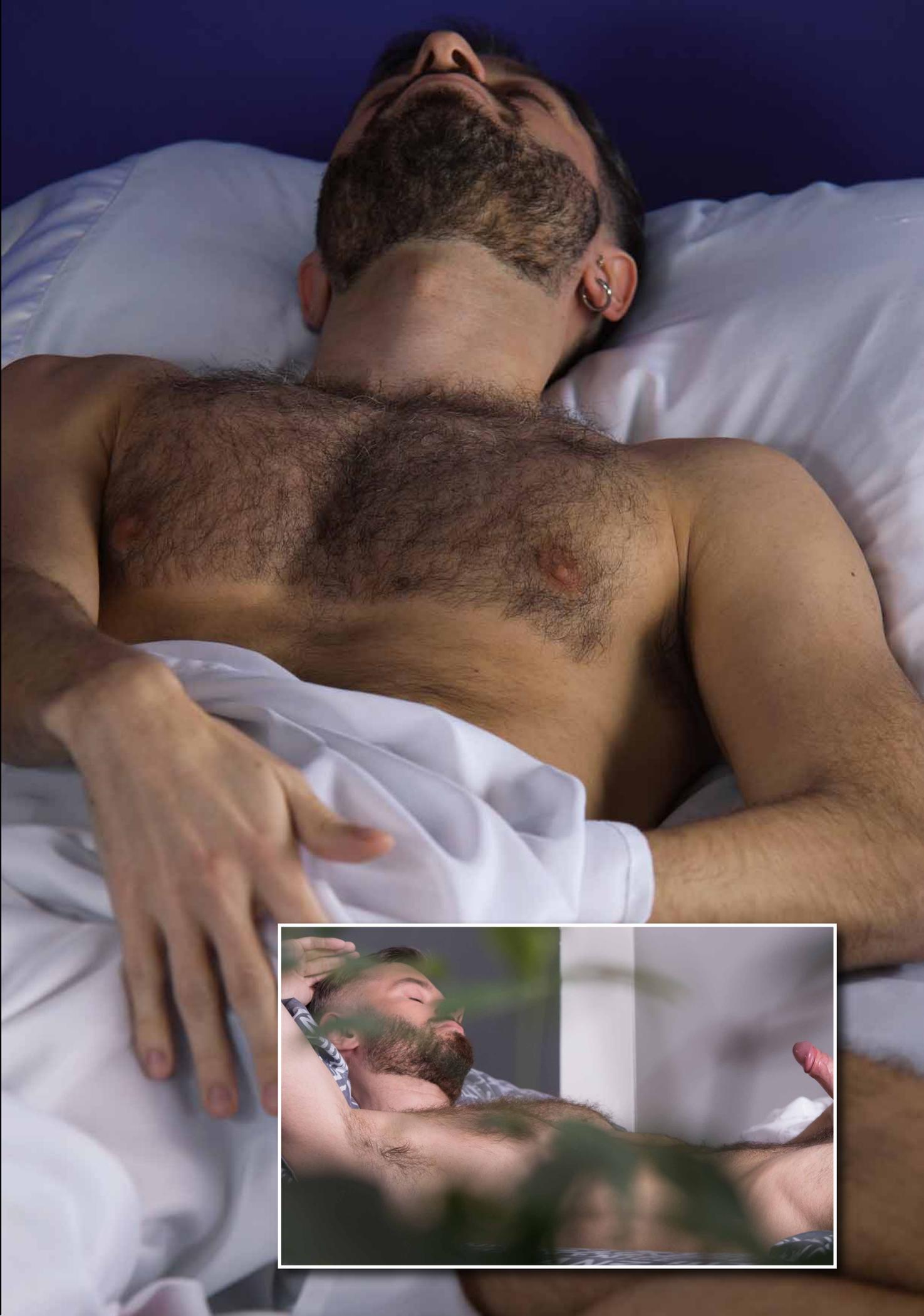
I left again and returned with cleaning stuff to get rid of the pool of water in my kitchen.

The almost naked plumber took the mop and worked on the floor. His dick passed in front of me while I was crouched down using rags and wringing them out in a bucket.

It took all my will to keep myself from

Continued on pg 54

DHM Fan ~ Pierre Aubin





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MINDFOXXX HYPNO PARADISE

Eyes on the watch, with eyes open trance; as his voice makes me fall into deep sexual oblivion. By the time a few minutes goes by; there's nothing else in the world but him. All I want to do; is mentally absorb every muscle and makes me want to taste every chest and body hair and lick and worship him all over.



Photo courtesy of: MINDFOXXX MUSCLE
<https://justfor.fans/MindF0xxx>

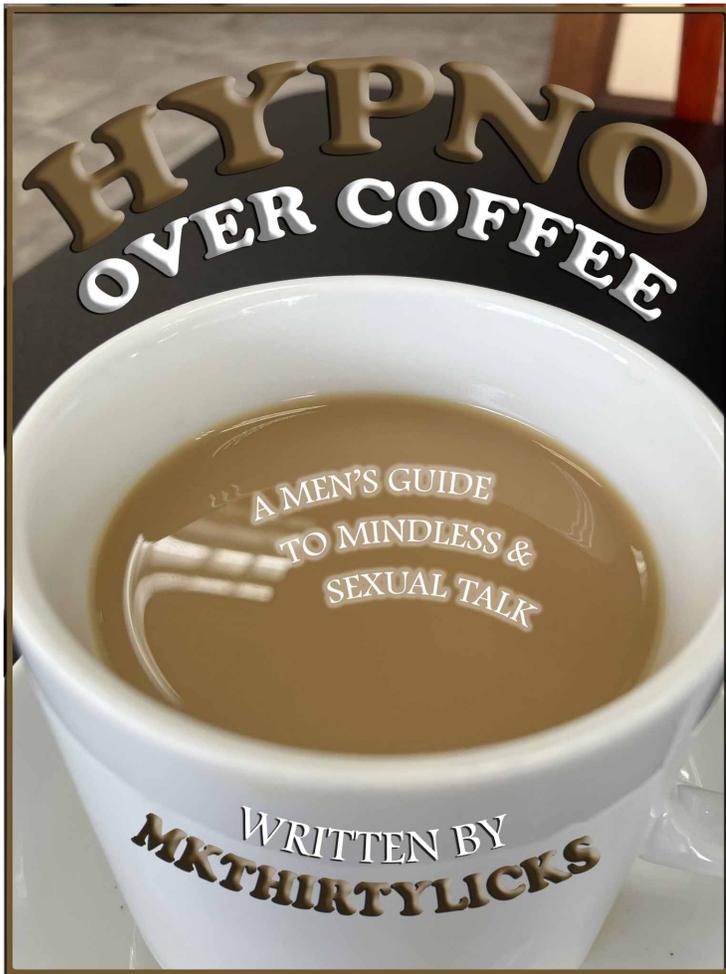


Photo by MACKSTURGIS.COM

However, the moment my mind dangles to his finger snaps, pocketwatch dangling, and whenever I feel my mind begin to float into his world; I am no longer in control. And, that is perfectly okay to me. After following him on his Just For Fans, and Twitter page; it's been a good few years that I've grown accustomed to his finger snaps. He takes my mind into a whirlwind so deep.

In my recent time of living in San Francisco for two and a half years, we got to say hi in 2021 at a HypnoCon event. This gay men's erotic Hypno convention has been going on throughout North America for over 20 years. Usually, every

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Hypno Over Coffee



Bernardo

By Pedro

Photography by
GASQUE ph
(Bernardo and Pedro)

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The Bear Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by
Todd Rumsey



Bryan Knight is a well-known porn star and sex worker, and all-around cool guy. I had the great pleasure of meeting Bryan and thought his sexy brain may be some thing you guys wanted to see a bit of.

I asked Bryan if he'd like to be interviewed and he immediately responded with, yes! Here are a few of the questions I asked him and his very human – non porn star responses!

Todd: How did you get in the business?

Bryan: I was invited when I was advertising on rentboy.com. I wanted a new couch, so the job was going to cover that, and my boyfriend at the time wanted to film with me.

Todd: When was 1st time you saw porn?

Bryan: I was twelve when I saw the penultimate scene of the movie Caligula. That was wild!

Todd: What do friends / family think?





Bryan: Yes. He was ignorant and jealous and expected me to change my life for him instead of supporting my agency. I dumped him.

Todd: Are there things you'll do at home and not on film?

Bryan: Oh, for sure. Can't share all my secrets!

Todd: Ever fallen for a co-star?

Bryan: A couple. But the glamour wears off.

Todd: Is it all acting - or is the pleasure real for you?

Bryan: Only the experts watching can tell the difference. It's all the same to most paying viewers.

Todd: Is porn unrealistic for other men to expect or try to mimic?

Bryan: The amateur and homemade stuff is better

Bryan: My mother wishes that the promise of America was fulfilled, and I would be recognized and supported for my science skills. She appreciates that the work has given me material support to live my best life. My dad about the same. My siblings don't ask, but they know to help me when I ask, after paying their way through college.

Todd: Does sex work make you more aware of your own health?

Bryan: All the time.

You don't get paid when you are sick.

Very few of my fans helped me while I was recovering from cancer.

Most only sent money if they got new content.

Todd: Ever had a partner not able to handle what you do?



Continued from pg 47

DREW



Photography by
**Profiles
by Sarge**
Twitter













Continued from pg 28

October, the committee picks a theme. This coming year in 2023; it will be held in Palm Springs in October. Go to HypnoCon.com for more details.



Photo courtesy of: HypnoCon.com. Palm Springs October 6th–8th, 2023.

Anyways; I was eager to hear his presentation and got to talk to him afterwards. And, outside of online cyber land; found him to be a real genuine nice guy. Since then; we've talked off and on about the growing hypno community. And, this year; while I was petsitting and visiting in San Francisco, we actually met for Espresso. And talked about life, some bit of Hypno, and got to know each other as friends in our community.

As someone like myself that has explored the gay erotic hypno world for over 20 years; it's a very unique community. The first time I went to HypnoCon in 2019; I finally felt like I found my tribe. Guys that were into what I was into. That year, during the very first presentation; the first speaker asked for a volunteer. Likes fireball, I stood up and never raised my hand so fast in a room. I only knew a few people in this crowded meeting room. That weekend; I had so much fun bonding with other people. It was a great feeling finding my tribe.

Anyways, during our meet up; MINDFOXXX and I talked about the community and it was really fun getting to know him more. With the erotic feelings online; I've found it nice to find a friendship balance through it all. And, someone to connect

Hypno Over Coffee

with. Despite my every mind attempt at wanting to drop to my knees and do more; but I also study spirituality and energy. Think we're meant to be hypno buds today.

He has such a unique variety in his videos. He has the artistry within him to be creative with audio and visuals. That each one takes you on a hypno rollercoaster. I always feel safe and feel at ease to just submit, surrender, and let go to him. The imagery of his cock and body and all the sexual imagery just puts me in sexual overload. For me; I also tend to indulge into being a Hypno obsessed popper pig. For me, something about the combo of the fumes and online hypno just sends me into mind sub space. With a huge sexual adrenaline rush. Once, years ago; I asked if he'd like to pick two numbers that I would huff and worship freely to him. For me it's 9 huffs and another 4 in the other horny nostril! Oink 🐷!

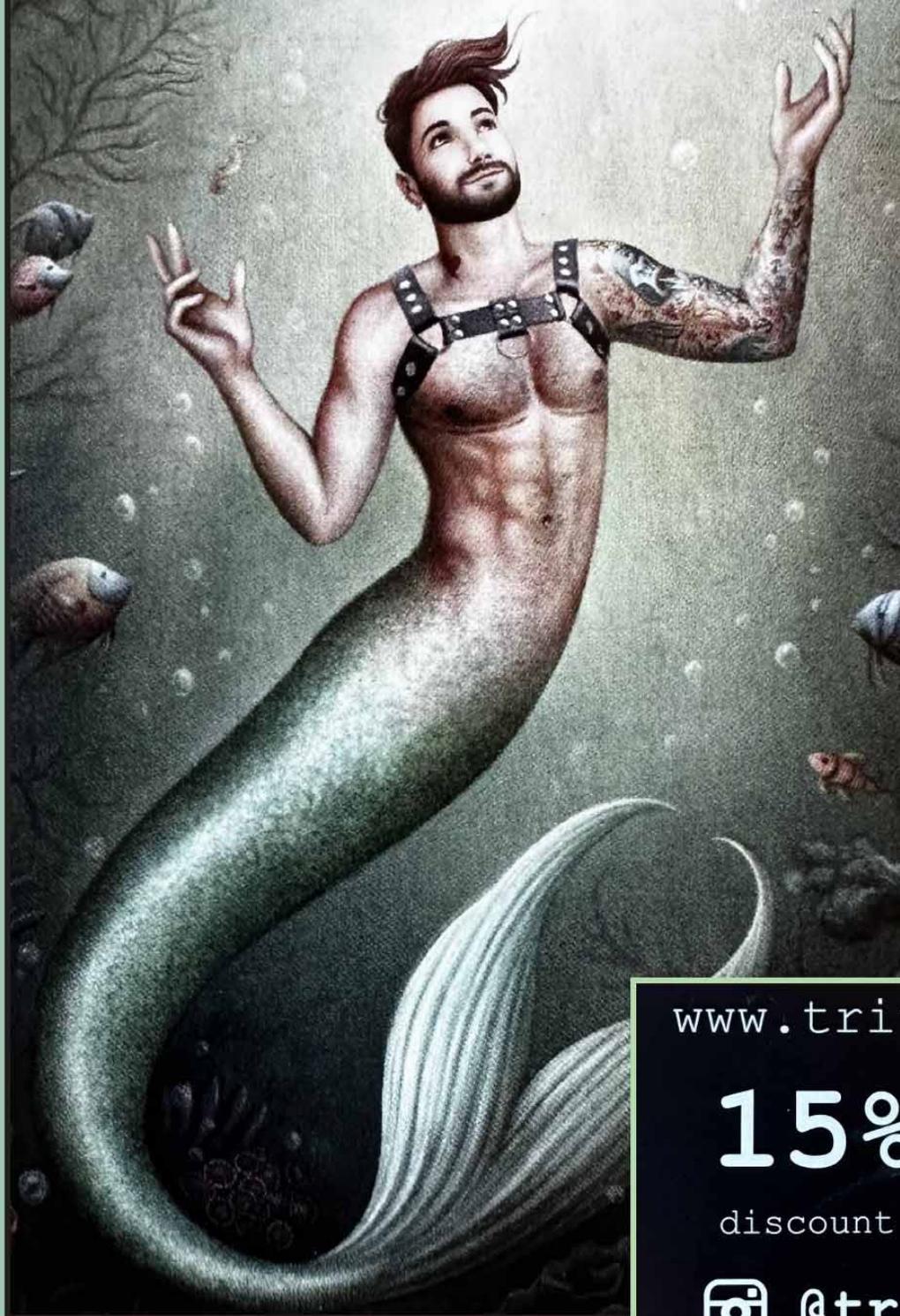


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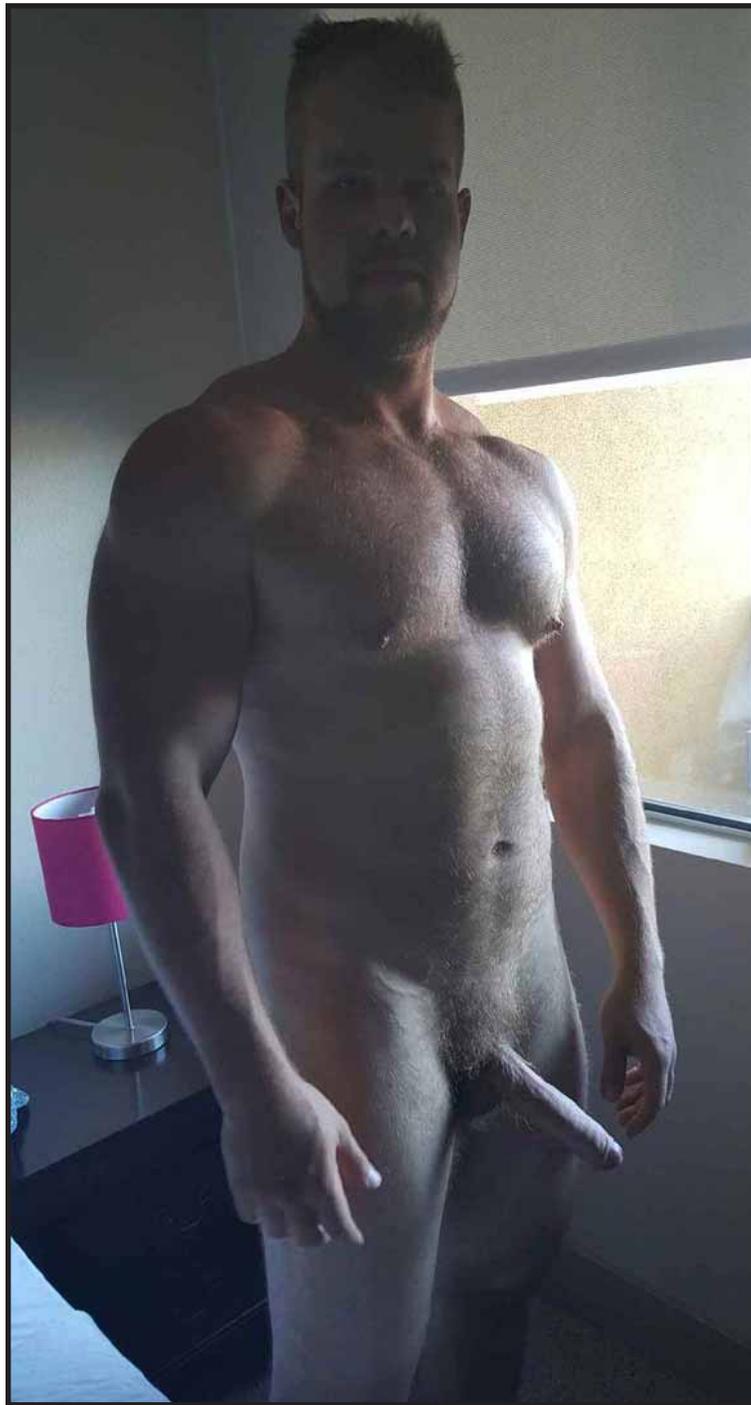
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Bryan: Travel and experience all the wonders of the world.

Todd: Any awkward moments?

Bryan: So very very many.

You just roll with them and get through them as best as you can. You learn and hopefully make more good choices than awkward ones.

Todd: What do you feel are misconceptions about porn?

Bryan: That the performers are financially or socially stable. There are high rewards for some, with high risks and society stigma, that viewers take for granted. If viewers want porn to continue, they need to seek out education from the people involved.

Todd: If you were deciding again what career to choose, would you choose porn?

Bryan: Yes, with a more deliberate branding.

Some interesting thoughts for sure. Most important to take away Bryan like all other porn actors and sex workers, is a human, with feelings wants and desires. These become clear when you ask the questions and wait for the answers!

Stay tuned for more interviews with sex workers, porn stars, creators, and other like-minded people. Each wanting to educate the world, or at least this small part of it, about what they do.

Essentially yours –

Todd

All images provided kindly by Bryan Knight from his Twitter account. Follow him on Twitter and Instagram by clicking the links here:

for that. I'd make teaching videos if enough people wanted to support them. But we don't want to talk openly most of the time because we are conditioned to embarrassment or religious/dogma propaganda. That needs to go away for people to learn.

Todd: What else would you do / or what else do you do?





Meyer
DANIEL

Gilbert P. Smolensky
12/21/2014

Photography by
Jeremy Burnworth

Facebook











reaching out and grabbing the straight man's sausage.

My hard-on kept throbbing in my pants.

It's a good thing my pants were black. The tent won't be noticeable unless one looks for it.

After we got rid of the flood, I asked, "If you want, you can borrow one of my boxers while I toss your clothes in the dryer."

"That would be great, man. It would be nice not to work in wet underwear."

I returned with a pair from my dresser. "I hope this fits. You're bulkier than I am."

"No problem. It's only temporary until my clothes dry up." Jason inserted his fingers in the waistband of his briefs and pushed them down, not caring if I was standing in front of him.

His fat dick dangled between his legs over balls surrounded by a full bush of brown and white.

I wanted to reach in my pants to adjust myself because the uncomfortable tightness returned.

"Thanks, man." He faced me in all his manly glory with a smile and gave the wet briefs with the other wet clothes.

To keep my voice from cracking, I nodded in reply and took them.

Jason put my boxers on.

My eyes zoned in on the sizeable package bulging in front.

He cupped his crotch and looked at me. "You're right. It's a little snug. It feels like my dick will burst out of your underwear."

"I could grab something else from my dresser if you want."

"Nah, it's perfectly okay. Don't worry about it, man."

"Okay. I'll be right back." I left him alone, but once I was out of sight, I shifted my dick to give it room to breathe.

After tossing his clothes in the machine, I returned to the kitchen.

Jason was on his back under the sink.

"Everything okay here? Do you need anything else?"

"Actually, could you hand me my other wrench?" He pointed to the toolbox between his bent open legs.

I dropped to my knees and grabbed the tool requested while secretly staring at the big mound on display inside his borrowed boxers.

"You got it?" He lifted his head to look at me.

"Here."

"Could you stay there just in case I need something else?" Jason reached for the wrench.

"Uh, sure."

He went back to work on the sink.

I resumed staring at his crotch, licking my lips in wishful thinking I could run my tongue on the straight man's meat.

Jason cleared his throat.

I snapped my gaze to his face.

"You like what you see between my legs?"

He asked with his head lifted, flashing his pearly whites.

"No, man." I shook my head with my hands in front of me. "I was not looking. I promise."

He put the tools down to one side and grabbed his crotch. "How about you come over here and suck this for me?"

"Seriously, man. I'm not gay."

"Stop pretending you don't want to. You've been checking out my cock this entire time. Did you think I wouldn't notice?"

"I'm not pretending."

"Bullshit. Come on. Wrap those fag lips around my dick. I haven't had sex for at least a week. My balls are full of cum just for you."

I swallowed and imagined the sensation of his load sliding down my throat.

The thumping in my chest got harder.

"Man, I have a wife and son."

"So? It doesn't change the fact you want to suck my cock."

Should I give in and do it? I can't risk people finding out my secret because of a quick blowjob on some guy—a hot straight random guy.

"Don't worry about people finding out. I'm not going to tell anyone. It will be our little secret."

I stared at him in silence, trying to decide what to do.

"Go ahead. Suck it." Jason removed the hand on his bulge.

My throbbing hard-on made the decision for me.

Slowly, I slid the toolbox out of the way and crawled closer to his crotch.

His lips lifted into a cocky smirk.

I reached for the meaty bulge and massaged it through the boxers.

“See? I knew you were a fag.” Jason shoved his thumbs through the underwear’s waistband and pushed them down.

Grabbing the hem, I helped him and tossed them to the side.

His dick shifted to the side like a wordless invitation when he opened his legs wider.

I wrapped my fingers around the soft shaft and dove down, putting it in my mouth.

“Fuck, yeah. Suck my dick.”

Adding suction, I produced more spit and sucked.

The straight plumber’s dick started growing.

He put a hand behind my head and moaned. “Your mouth feels so good on my cock. Keep going.”

“You like it?” I asked while stroking him.

“Yeah.” Jason stood up and held the hard dick at the base.

I knelt in front of him and lined up my lips near the head.

He pulled me on his crotch. “Get back to work.”

After taking the man’s meat back in my mouth, I bobbed without holding onto any part of him.

The head hit the back of my throat, making me gag.

But instead of pulling away, I kept going.

“Damn, this is not your first time sucking cock. You’re better than my ex-wife.”

His compliment made me hornier.

I opened my pants, took my dick out, and stroked myself.

“Look at you, pleasuring yourself with my cock in your mouth. I knew you were a cocksucker when I caught you checking out my crotch working on the sink.” He slid his hand through my black slicked back hair.

I matched my hand with the speed of my bobbing.

Jason pulled out and slapped it against my face. “You want this big dick, fag?”

“Yes,” I nodded. “I wanted it ever since you set foot in the house.”

“That’s right. I fucking knew it.” He stabbed his dick into my mouth and pulled my head harder, burying it deep. “Fags like you marry women to

pretend you’re my head harder, burying it deep. “Fags like you marry women to pretend you’re straight. But once real men like me show up, you drop to your knees and take our cocks.”

I kept sucking.

He pulled me off his dick by my hair. “Am I right? Answer me.”

“Yes, I’ll suck any straight man who wants their dick sucked.”

Jason held both sides of my head and fucked my mouth. “Fucking slut for cock.”

Without complaint, I let the beefy plumber use me like his personal sex toy.

He directed me toward his hairy balls. “How about you work on those for a while?”

I alternated licking and playing each testicle with my tongue and occasionally sucked on it.

The plumber knocked his head back. “Fuck, yeah!”

I continued working on his balls while he jacked off.

He pulled me back on his dick, shoving it in one go, making me choke.

But once I recovered, I sucked and stroked his dick at the same time while stroking my own.

“Look at me while you service my cock.”

I pulled his dick out and slapped it on my face while looking up at him.

“If only your wife could see you now, thinking she married a real man, but in truth, he’s on his knees worshipping another man’s cock. What a fucking liar?”

Ignoring his humiliating comments, I devoured the plumber’s dick again, making sure he saw the head bulging out of my cheeks with each suck.

“Get up.” He yanked me by my polo shirt and bent over the kitchen island. “Take those off. I need to fuck that pussy.”

I pushed my pants and boxers to my ankles and kicked them to the side.

“Nice ass.” He slapped and squeezed my ass cheek. “Has anyone told you your ass is like a woman’s?”

“Yes,” I said, looking back over my shoulder. “My buddies at the gym.”

Jason scoffed and whispered in my ear. “I bet you always wanted them to fuck your pussy in

Continued on pg 68

U.K.

Coffee & Cock

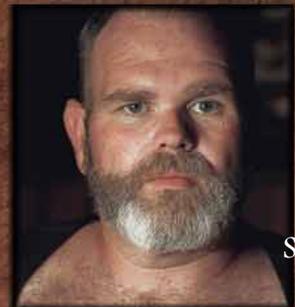
Featuring **Richard**





DE

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But, back to the Hypno. Often, MINDFOXXX also switches roles and goes sub and dom. And, plays with others and explores a good variety of hot sexual hypno porn. Lots of bodies and sweat. You also see him play Dad roles. Often, find myself worshipping his pits, his cock, and his feet. And every time he wears gold, I must obey. However, my favorite show off all, is The Cock & Watch Show. It's my favorite show of all time.



Photo Courtesy of MINDFOXXX: <https://twitter.com/mindfoxxx>

In a recent discussion online. I got to interview MINDFOXXX and get to know him more:

MK: hello, BOSS. how are you?

MF: Doing great Mikey. Very glad to hear about this project and help get the word out about hypno kink in general.

MK: How are you? What is your Go-To coffee drink?

MF: Right now I'm in LA seeing the

boyfriend, enjoying the time even though it's a little June gloom. Coffee-wise, I love a nitro cold brew in the morning (something about that foam is so satisfying) and a macchiato in the afternoon.



Photo courtesy of: MINDFOXXX MUSCLE / <https://justforfans.com/mindfoxxx>

MK: Tonight, I have been watching The Cock & Watch Show. It is so addicting and mesmerizing. I have to say, The Cock & Watch Show is my favorite show! How many do you have in that series?

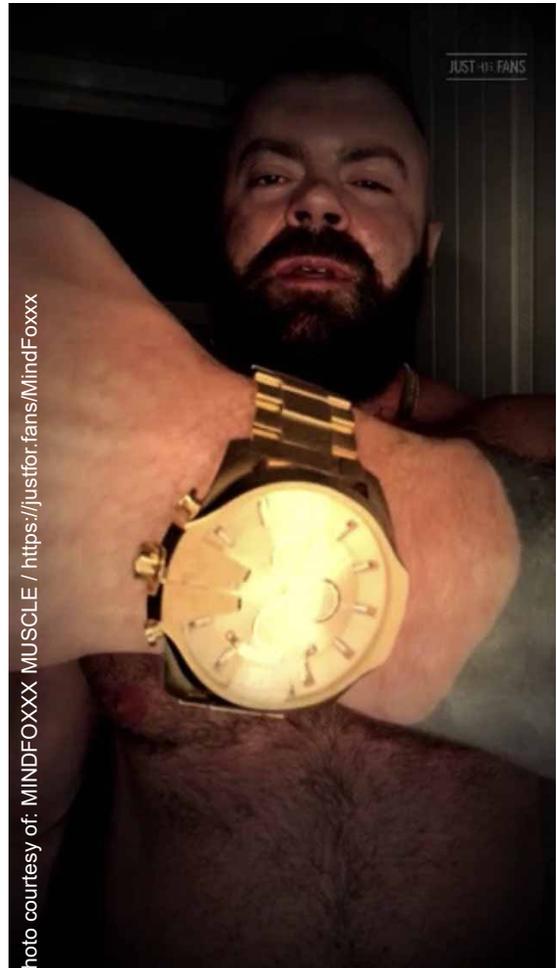
MF: I have that language thematically through a number of files, but I think I have 3-4 files that are specific to that theme. The idea is more or less a show that you found in the static, but that only lets you remember a bit of it and keeps you coming back for more pleasure and conditioning.

It's been a good outlet for my watch fetish too, which has always connected with hypnosis in my mind.



having erotic feelings around hypnosis.

Even with the erotic stories though, my hypnosis fetish remained a bit of a second closet until I was with a boyfriend who had some hypnosis training and in a bold moment mentioned that I thought it'd be exciting to experiment with that.



MK: What has been your favorite theme so far?

MF: I love the Master Coach themed file, and I'm working on another. It makes me think of some hypno erotica I discovered many years ago by an author called Wrestlr. Can't recommend his stories enough; major impact on my kink. Check him out on <https://www.asstr.org/~wrestlr/>

That said, I think the Cock and Watch Show stuff is probably the horniest stuff for me, if I can say that about my own work ;-)

MK: How long have you discovered the erotic hypno world? What got you interested in it?

MF: As a kink I have had it pretty much my whole life; very early memories were seeing depictions of hypnosis in cartoons or shows and having... that feeling.

In highschool I discovered erotic fiction sites (particularly <http://mc-stories.com> at the time) and this opened an entire world to me, not least because I then understood that I wasn't alone in
60

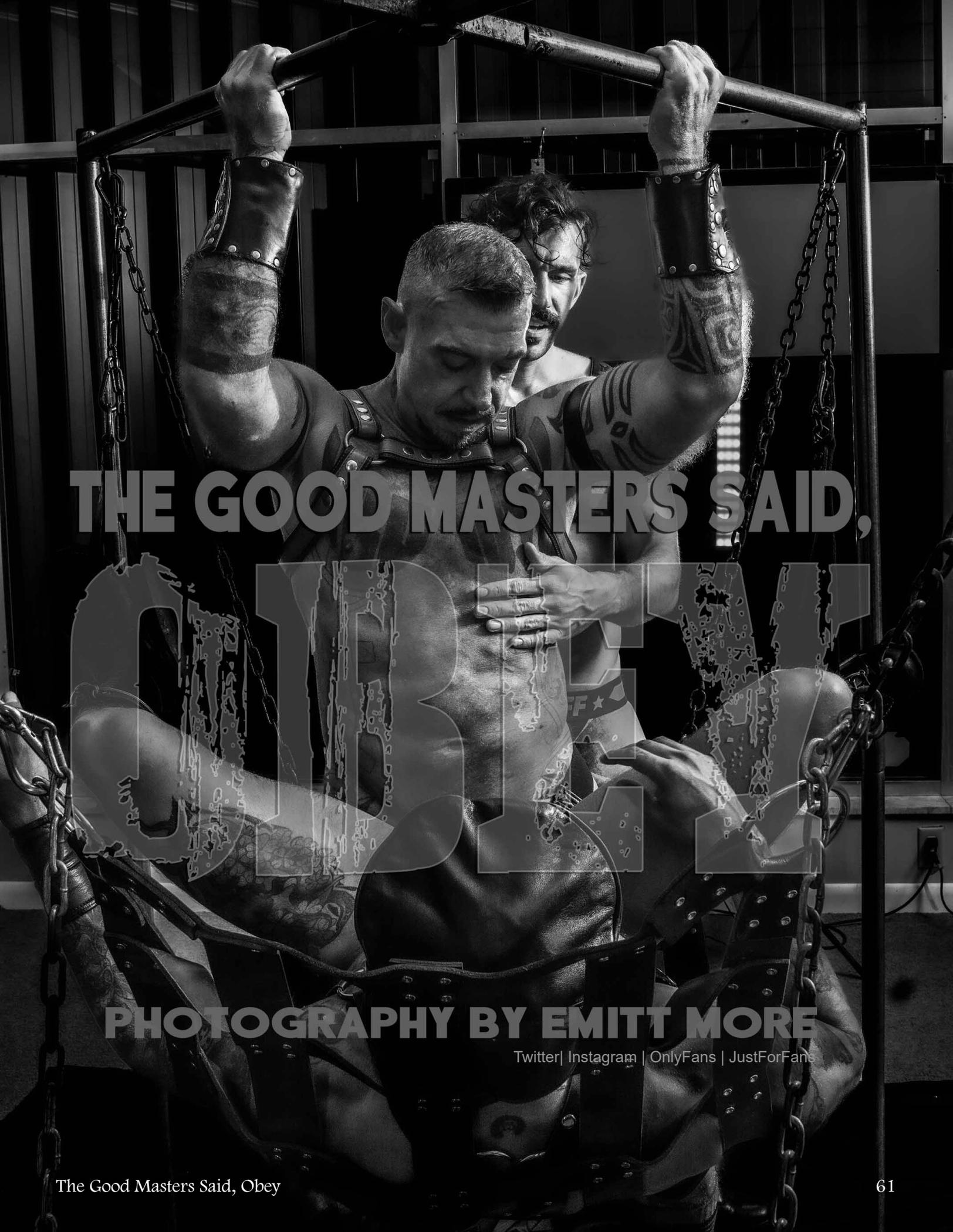
MK: What can you tell people that don't really know about it yet, but might be curious?

MF: Hypnosis is an incredibly versatile kink tool. It easily connects with Dom/sub play, bondage, and other fetishes. When you are hypnotized, you don't have the experience of "losing agency" as much as it just becomes very easy and relaxing to do as you're instructed, and to feel what you're told you feel. I think a lot of folks fear the loss of control, but losing control is really much more a fantasy than the real experience.

MK: Sometimes when you sub in your videos; do you find the Hypno state to be a sort of mind escape?

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Hypno Over Coffee



THE GOOD MASTERS SAID,

OBEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EMITT MORE

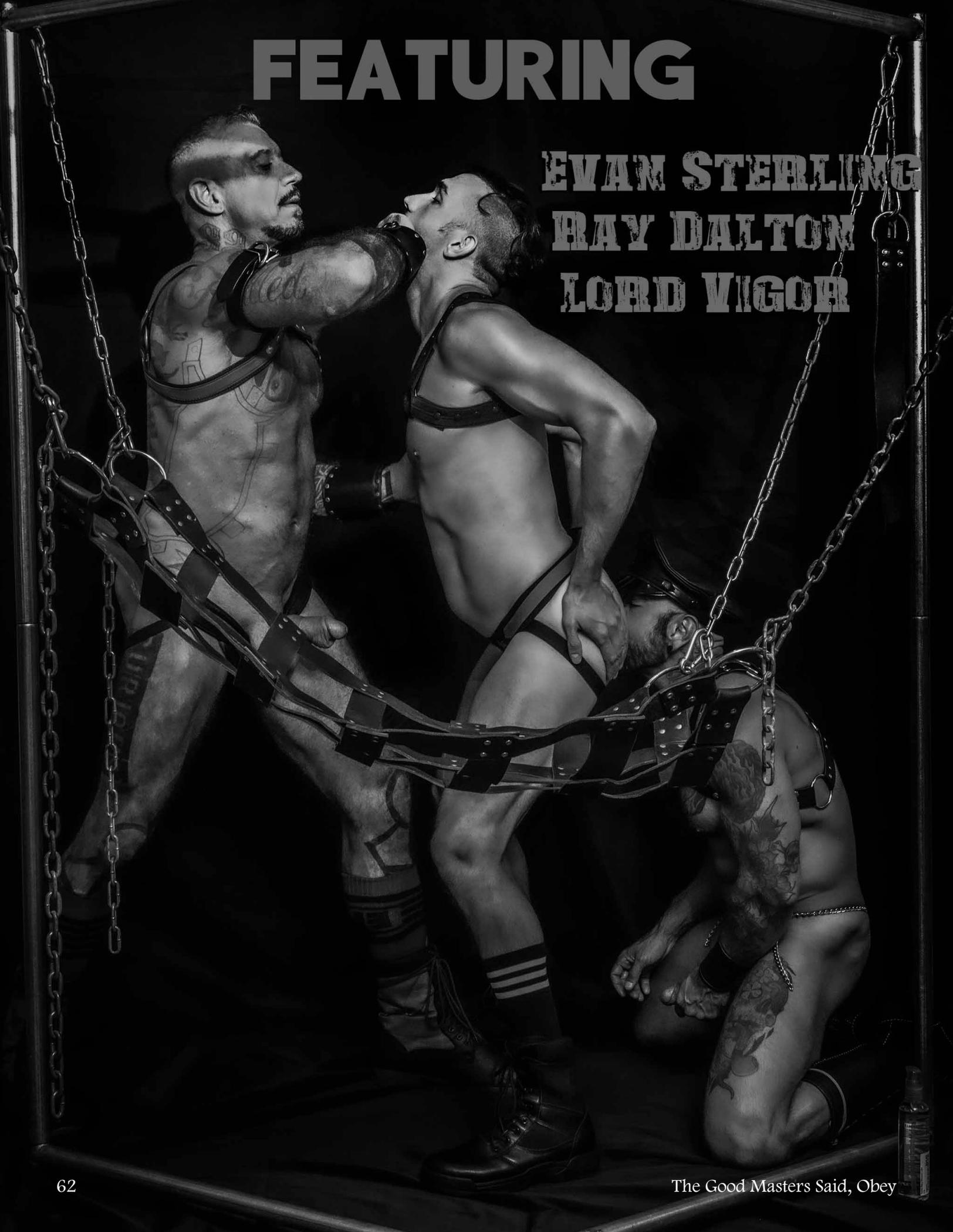
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the locker room. Or maybe one of them beat me to it already. Hell, I wouldn't be surprised if all of them had been inside your pussy. You're a fucking slut, after all."

I stayed silent because he was right. I've jacked off to that fantasy. All four of my I stayed silent because he was right. I've jacked off to that fantasy. All four of my buddies gangbang me in the middle of the locker room while other gym patrons watch.

He opened my ass cheeks and inspected my hole using his thumb.

It winked at him.

"Got lube?"

"Use the olive oil in there." I pointed to the cupboard behind us.

The plumber grabbed the bottle, poured some on my crack, and pushed his middle finger in.

I reached back with one hand, spread my cheek apart, and relaxed.

"You're tight," he said as it went in further.

"It's been a long time since I got fucked.," I said with my eyes closed.

"We need to loosen you up for my dick." The fat digit moved in and out.

"Please, be gentle."

"I can't promise that," Jason added a second finger. "Once I get inside a pussy, I fuck it hard. You're just another hole for me to use."

A whimper came out of me.

"Better think of an excuse to tell your wife when she sees you walking funny later."

I gripped the edge of the island when a third finger went in.

His finger sawed into me until he said, "I think you're ready. Want my dick inside your pussy?"

"Oh, god, yes."

Jason chuckled, poured olive oil on his dick, and aimed it at my hole.

My eyes clenched tight as the invading head met resistance from my anal ring.

"Shit, you're so fucking big."

"Come on. Let me in. I'm gonna fuck you good like you've never been fucked before."

After taking a few deep breaths, I opened

up.

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The head breached.

He slapped my ass. "There you go. I'm in."

"Wait." I reached back for his belly to keep him from moving. "Let me get used to it for a second."

Minutes passed.

"Go ahead."

Jason put a hand on my lower back and started slowly fucking into me.

I bent over until my chest pressed against the island's cold granite surface to make his dick go in easier.

"Your pussy feels so fucking good, just like a woman's, but tighter. I'm gonna have to fuck this again soon." The straight plumber fucked faster.

"Come back and fuck me anytime you want."

"Oh, I'll definitely come back." He pulled out and circled the head at my hole before stabbing it inside again. "We'll pretend there's something wrong with the shower, and I'm gonna fuck you in the bathroom while your wife is somewhere in the house."

Fuck!

"Do you want that, huh?" He pushed his whole dick inside me. "Me, fucking you behind your wife's back?"

"Mm-hmm. We have to be careful. She can't know."

"We'll make sure we won't get caught." He held my hips and pulled me, slapping my ass into his crotch.

I moaned in pleasure.

One hand pushed me down while the other held onto my shoulder as he pounded me into the kitchen island.

Moan, whimpers, and the slapping of flesh filled the room.

Jason lifted one of my legs and put my feet on the edge of the island, opening me up more for him.

"Give it to me, man. I need your big dick inside me. Use me to get yourself off."

Holding his dick at the base, he kept pulling out and stabbing it back in. "Does it feel good to have me inside you?"

"Fuck, yes! I miss having a big dick inside me."

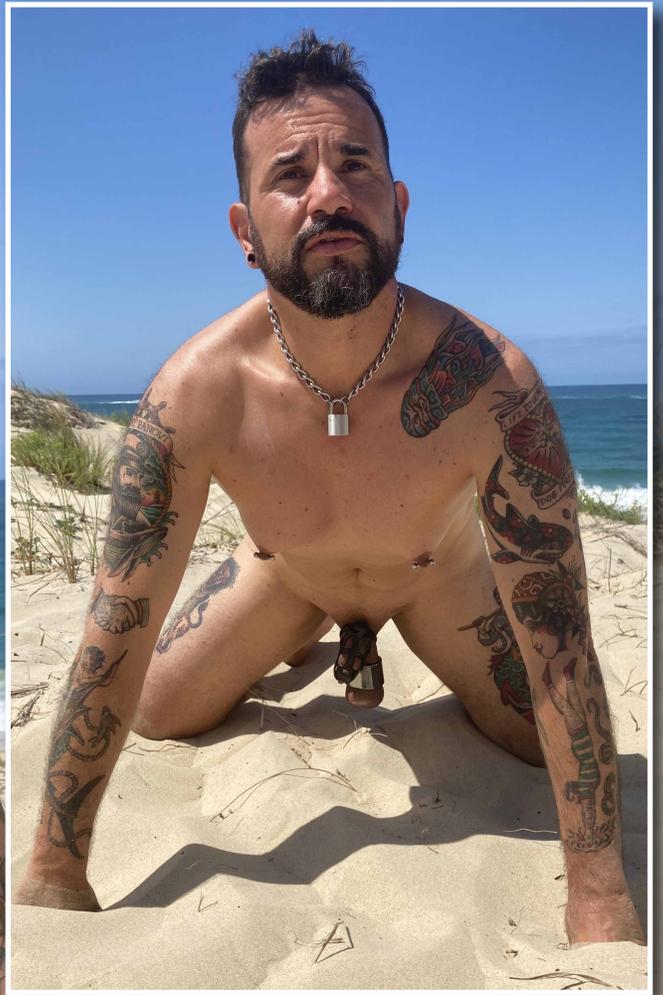
A close-up, profile photograph of a man with a dark beard and mustache, looking out towards the ocean. He has a black earring in his left ear and is wearing a silver chain necklace with a padlock. He has a large, colorful tattoo on his right shoulder. The background is a sandy beach with a wooden post and a blue sky with light clouds.

ARGOS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JULIEN PG.













Continued from pg 68

He pulled out and slapped my ass. "On your back and get that pussy over the edge."

I removed my polo shirt and climbed up the granite island.

Jason held one of my legs by the ankle and punched his dick back inside my hole.

"Ugh!"

He draped my leg over his shoulder and started plowing into me. "I'm not going to get tired of fucking this pussy."

I grabbed the edge over my head and braced myself for the assault.

"Good thing I took this call myself instead of delegating it to one of my guys. He would've been the one enjoying this prime pussy." Jason shifted positions to fuck from a different angle.

His dick rubbed against my prostate.

"Shit! Right there. Keep fucking me right there."

"Like this?" Jason piston in and out of me like a machine.

"Oh, god. I'm going to cum." I held the back of my knees and pulled my legs to my chest.

He kept hitting my pleasure button.

"Ah!"

I exploded without touching myself.

Shot after shot, my load hit me on the face, the chest, and the abs until nothing else came out.

"Your pussy is squeezing my dick! I'm going to cum, too."

"Don't pull out. I want it inside me."

Jason slammed into me harder, making my body shake with each fuck. "Here it comes."

"Breed me, man. I want your baby."

"I'm going to knock you up!"

Warm cum hosed my insides until he unloaded every drop of his baby batter and collapsed on top of me.

We panted heavily on top of each other, glistening with sweat.

After we recovered, Jason finished fixing the sink, showered, and dressed in his dry clothes.

I gave him a check for his services.

"Just give me a call when you need me to work on your pipes again." The plumber gave a smug grin and winked.

Miguel's encounters will continue...

About the Author

I'm a Straight-to-Gay erotic fiction writer.

I write short stories and novelettes about straight alpha males getting it on with other guys.

Mister J's Profiles

Amazon:

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Smashwords:

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Tumblr:

<https://tumblr.com/misterjauthor>



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<https://misterjstories.blogspot.com/2023/03/late-night-snack.html> or

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/1370472>

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MF: Oh god yeah, it's one of the most perfect ways to go inside, relax, and really enjoy an experience that someone is creating for you. I think that many well-constructed kink scenes that aren't explicitly hypno play still incorporate hypnotic elements and trancelike experiences.

MK: What is the hottest or most erotic aspect about hypno to you?

MF: The seduction. Many other aspects of hypnosis carry erotic charge for me, but I can't think of anything hornier than coaxing a submissive mind into a place of total surrender.

IMG_3920.jpeg

MK: Do you find some parts of hypno therapeutic in ways? Outside of the erotic side: do you turn to self hypno to relax in stressful times?

MF: Absolutely. Hypnosis has been a powerful therapeutic tool for me, both for relaxation and transformation. My earliest experiences as a hypnotic subject were in a therapeutic context, and the efficacy of hypnosis for my own challenges gave me a lot of confidence in its power overall.

MK: Do you find there to be healing aspects of Hypno in general ?

MF: The hypnotic modality is all about accessing our own internal resources and capacity for healing. I think even the sexual aspects of hypnokink can be extraordinarily healing when proper care is paid to a sub's inner world.

MK: what has been your most erotic experience with it?

MF :I really can't pick a single instant that was the most erotic for me, but when I'm playing with someone's identity and memory tends to be when I feel the most powerful erotic force. I was once hypnotizing a pup and changing his favorite color in the session, and I get hard even thinking about it.

MK: what might you say to those that have a fear about hypnosis in general?

MF: Many folks have fear come up around loss of control, or worries about what the hypnotic state will reveal in them. An important thing to keep in mind is that trance is not a binary: you are always moving into and out of trancelike states over the course of a normal day, and you are ultimately in the driver's seat of your own mind.

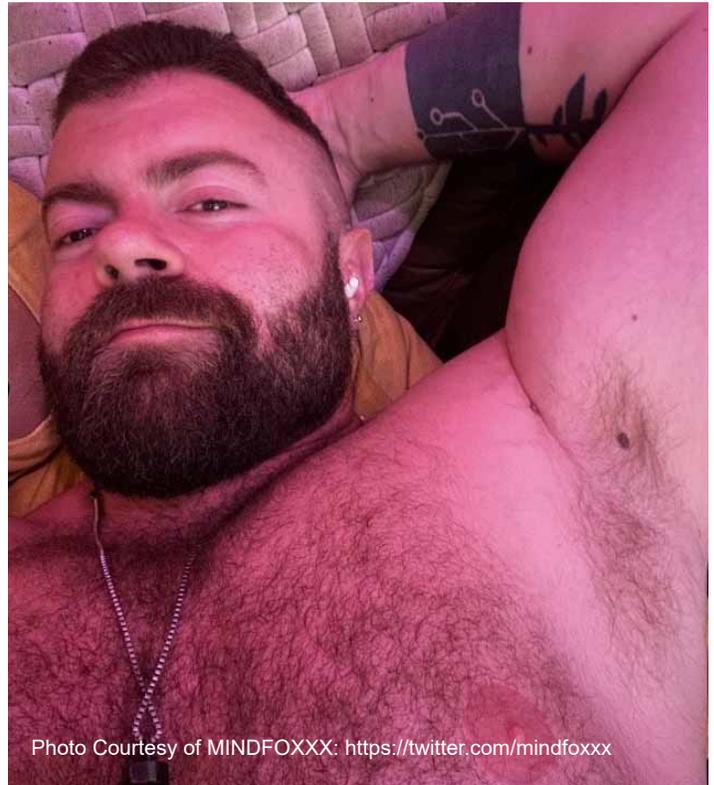


Photo Courtesy of MINDFOXXX: <https://twitter.com/mindfoxxx>



Photo taken at Neighbor's Corner in San Francisco, CA.
MKTHIRTYLICKS & MINDFOXXX April 2023

A muscular man with short dark hair and a nose ring is shown from the waist up, turned slightly to his left. He is wearing colorful, patterned briefs. The background is plain white.

Fall FETISH Fashion Essentials

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Special thanks to Desert Heat Magazine for letting me explore this writing adventure. Thank you all for reading! ;). Happy August to you all! Feel free to reach out: VenturaLiveWire@gmail.com



Photo courtesy of: MINDFOXXX MUSCLE / <https://justfor.fans/MindFoxxx>



MK has been part of the bear scene in Ventura and Los Angeles for a batch of years. And, has taken part in leather events. Competed in a Mr. Cub LA back in 2018. And, on the music side, is known as DJ KOHLI ROCKS. Band promoter and entertainment booking for LGBT events in Ventura. Loves music,, bears, and submissive in the hypno & leather community. Currently, residing in So. Cal after living in San Francisco for a couple of years.

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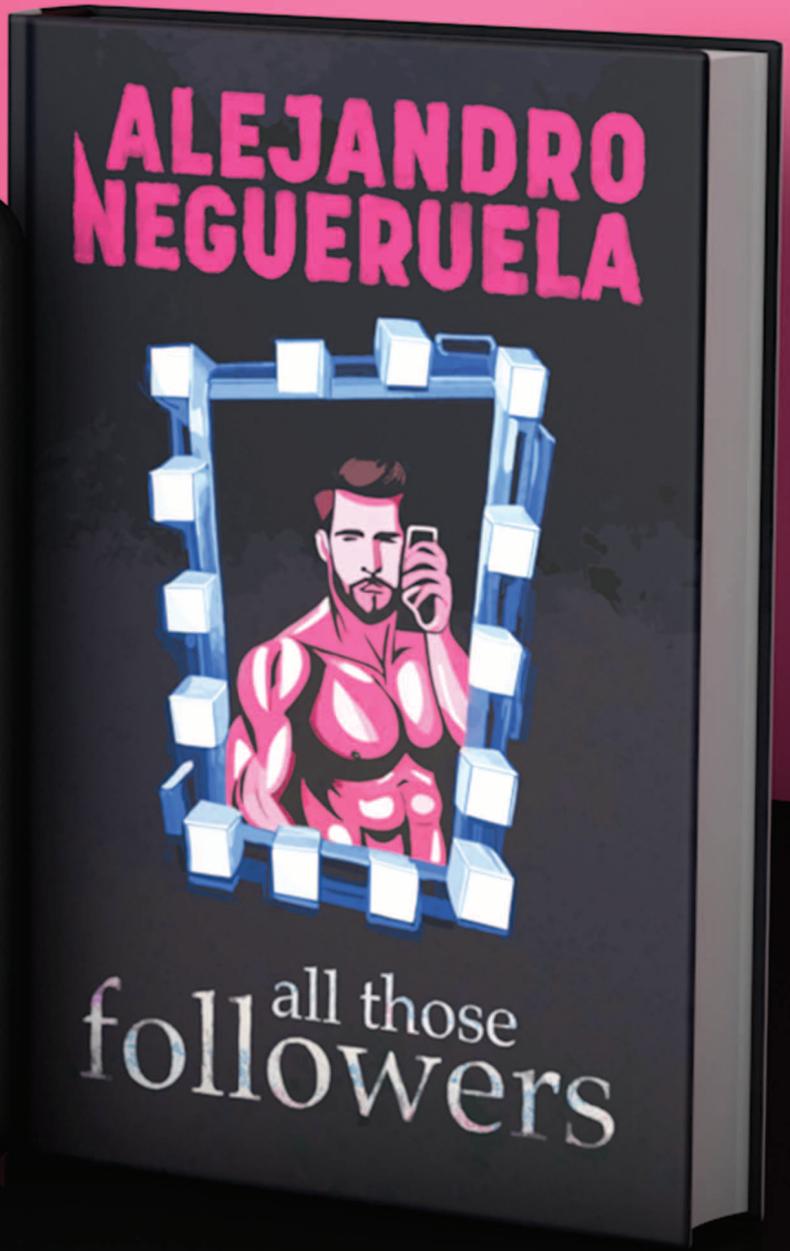


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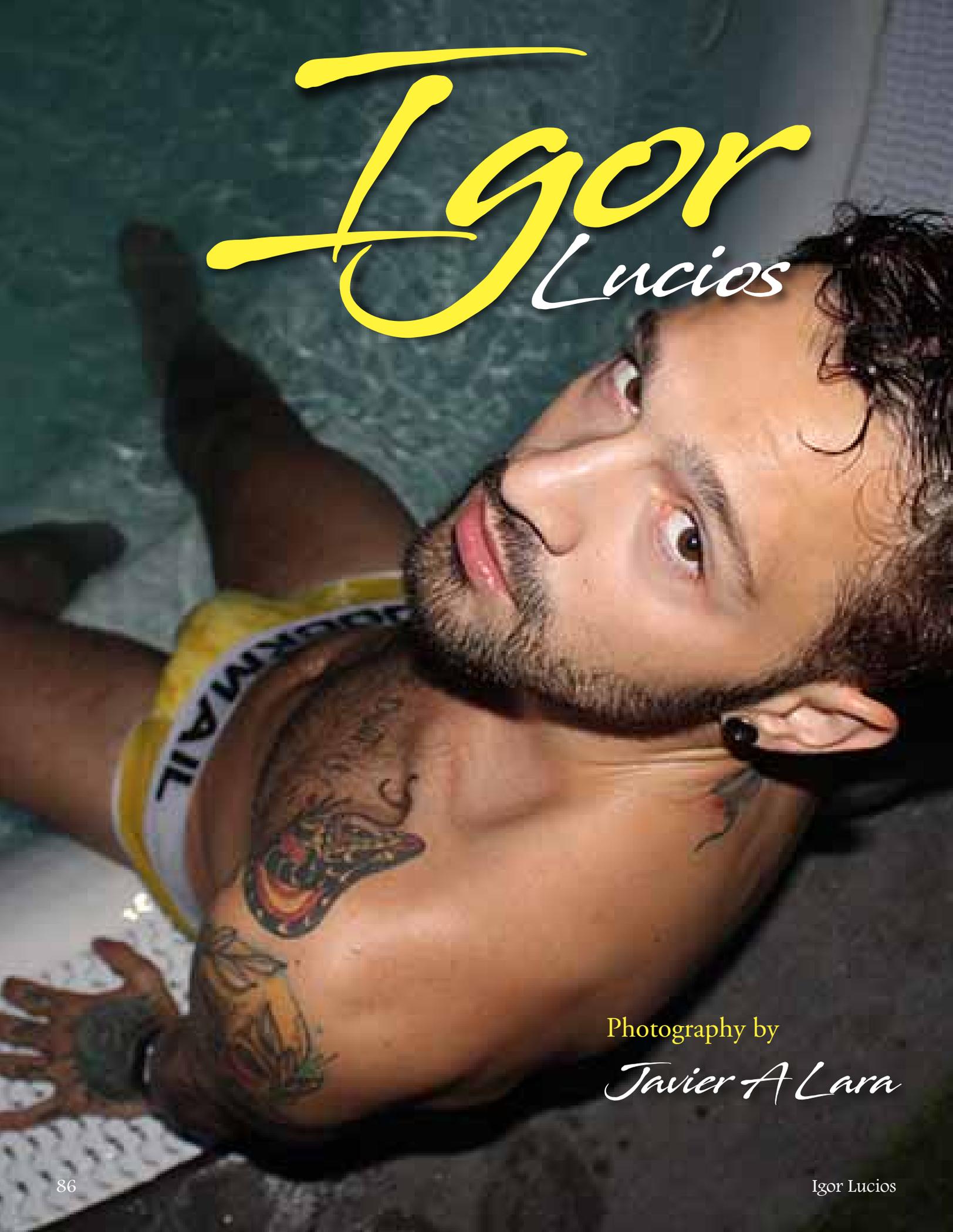
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