

# DHM

Desert Heat Magazine



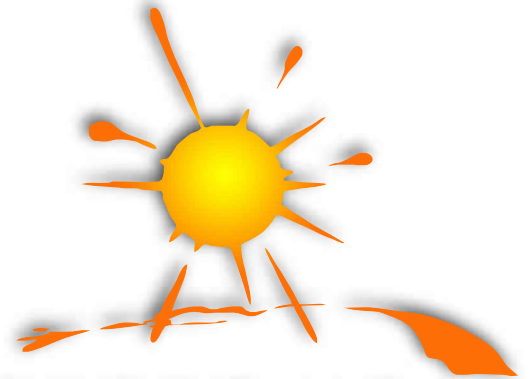
*All Men Are Beautiful!*  
August 2024 | Issue 68

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# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

**Cover Photo: King Dwarf**  
by Desert Heat Images  
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*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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# Erotic

Male Photography

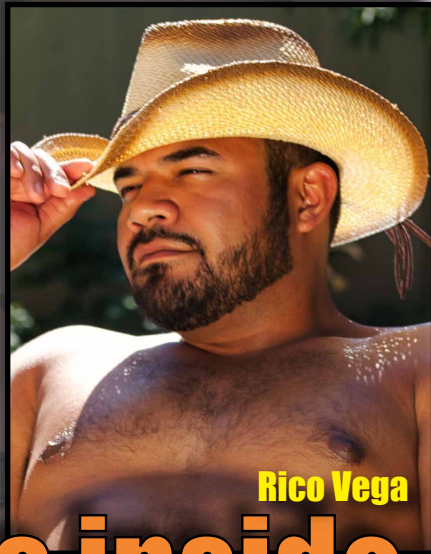


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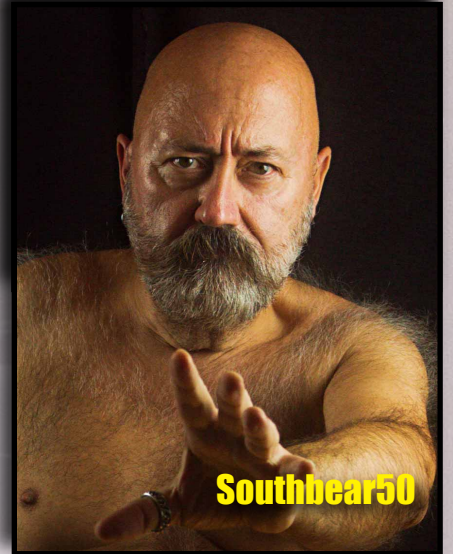




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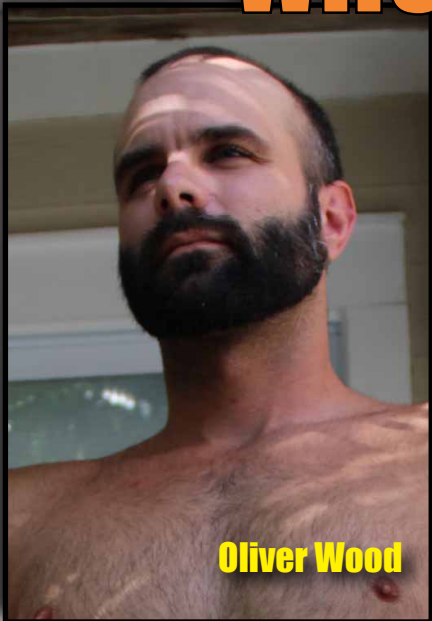


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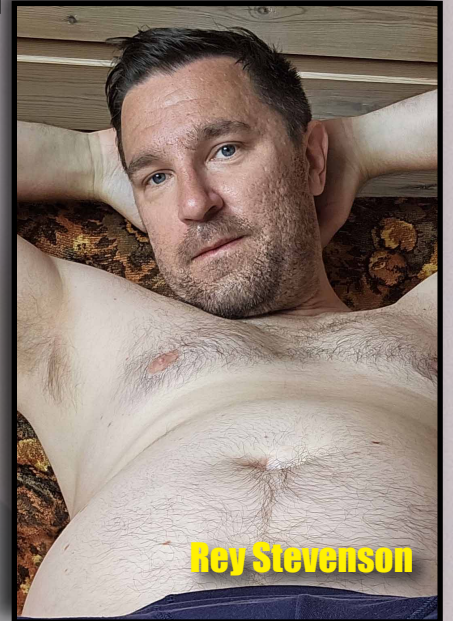
# who's inside...



**Oliver Wood**



**Jackson Howell**



**Rey Stevenson**

**All  
Men Are  
Beautiful**



# what's inside...

## The Men

- King Dwarf**..... 8  
Photos by Desert Heat Images
- Caged Boy**..... 18  
Photos by Javier A Lara
- Southbear50**..... 28  
Photos by GASQUE ph
- Action Jackson**..... 36  
Photos by Profiles by Sarge
- Cottage Erection**..... 47  
Photos by Rey Stevenson
- Lebanese Selfi-Project**..... 55  
A Javier A Lara Selfi Project
- Rico Vega**..... 62  
Photos by Desert Heat Images

## Articles/Art

- Dumb Horny Jock**..... 15  
Story by CJ SG
- The Bear Essentials**..... 26  
Thoughts by Todd Rumsey
- The Dad in the Grocery Store**..... 45  
Story by u/Luv2SuckD





# Ramblings from the Editor

Would this damn election just get over, please? I mean, I don't know about you, but I am constantly be bombarded with political this and political that not only through email, or television, but on all the social media sites too. I am an avid fan, which some of you know, of TikTok. I loved the comedy, the music, the thoughts and ideas that people were able to share on there. Now, my For You page is nothing but political clips about the "right" going unhinged over Kamala Harris soon to be nominated as the Democrat running for the Presidency. I appreciate some of the more humorous ones, but it all getting to be a bit too crazy. Over a black woman running for office.

And if you want to get serious about politics, have you noticed that NEITHER side is talking about policy at the moment? What do they stand for? What are they going to do for our Country if we elect either of them? Instead, it's all about getting those meme's out there (which by the way, they use to be called sound bites when they were on TV and Radio, for you younger readers). Unless, I guess technically you could say that "We Will Not Go Back" and "Make America Great Again" could be the only agenda either party is now giving us. That way they could just do whatever they want and they are not breaking any political promises, right? Or should I even give them enough credit for being intelligent enough to think that way?

Enough with the politics already!! I want to see those shirtless men dancing their asses off on TikTok. Or even more nudity on X, or Twitter, or whatever the hell Elon Musk wants to call it these days. But show us more male flesh and less political rhetoric, PLEASE!!!

Speaking of male flesh, I'm excited that I got the chance to shoot King Dwarf and bring him in all his glory, and a little leather, to you all. He was a blast to work with, had a hell of a sense of humor, and is a sexy fucker with a huge cock. You're sure to enjoy his images (I hope! LOL) And of course some other very talented photographers submitted images of some

incredibly sexy men that you won't want to stop gawking at. Just remember if you get off to them, drop them a DM on whatever social media platform and let them know you enjoyed seeing them. They need to love too!!

Who else gets into checking out the dad bods at a lake or pool during the summer? It's even more fun when you know the "dad" is getting off on being checked out. When they give those subtle hints, they want to shore more but they can't due to where you are or who they are with. Something like that happened at a recent music festival by the lake here.

A dad and his two kids decided to take a dip in the lake right near where a buddy and I were having a beer and just relaxing. The dad noticed us watching them and started showing off a bit. Later in the day we saw him at a vendor both that he and his wife were manning and when he noticed us, he kept staring. My buddy thinks it was a missed opportunity. What do you think?

I would be remiss if I didn't thank the many of you who have been providing positive feedback regarding the Magazine. Your kind words and constructive criticism is not going unnoticed. And I do try to respond to anyone that sends me a DM on any of the platforms. Keep them coming, guys! I love them. Also want to thank everyone on social media who reposts my posts, doesn't matter what platform. It helps get the word out and hopefully will see us grow. Speaking of which, the twitter followers finally passed 10K! Thank you, guys! You are helping me prove that all men are beautiful and more are seeing it each and every day.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*







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A man with dark hair and a goatee is wearing a black leather motorcycle jacket and a black leather choker. He is posing in front of a chain-link fence, with his right hand resting on it. The background is a plain wall. The text 'King Dwarf' is overlaid on the right side of the image in a large, gold, glittery font with a crown icon above the word 'King'.

  
**King  
Dwarf**

Photography by  
Desert Heat Images

















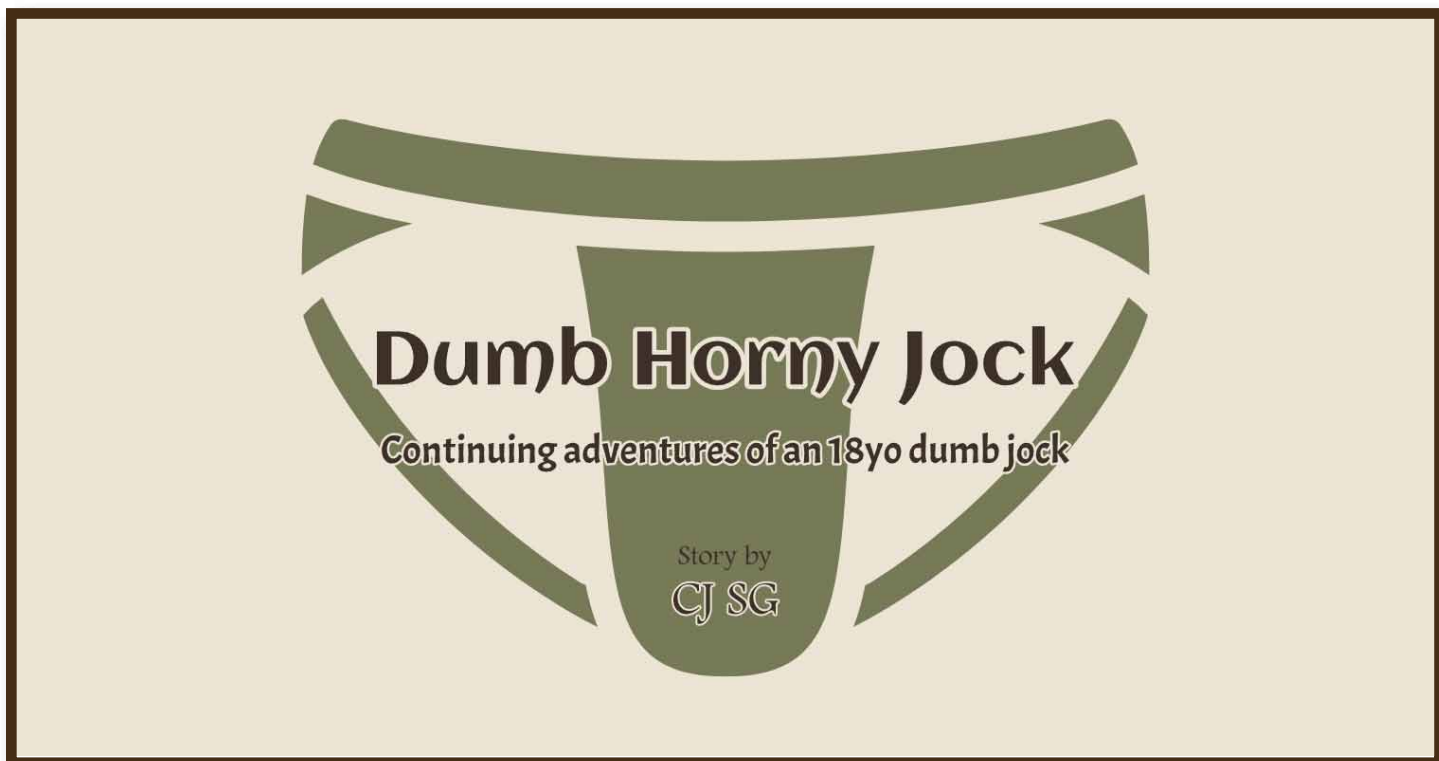












## Xmas

"So are you wearing it?" His three buds grinned and looked around the table at each other. Tommy smiled wide.

"Of course I am guys; it was such a thoughtful gift. Thanks for the early Christmas present..."

Eduardo 'Eddy' D'Angelo spoke first "No really man, come on, are you wearing it? We had to pool our money together just to buy it for ya and we wanna make sure you uh... you like it". Tommy rolled his eyes and stood, turning to his side and lifting his t-shirt. His sagging shorts confirmed it – there, underneath, was the waistband of a brand new jockstrap. It was Christmas themed, with candy canes and sprigs of holly all over it... and it was extra tight.

"I really love it guys, I just think... maybe it's a little small?" Turning away from them completely, Tommy emphasised just how tight it was by bending at the knees, making those big round asscheeks bounce under his loose shorts. Again Eddy spoke for the group "Nah man, it looks good to us... enjoy it!" The three other boys shared high-fives and finished their juices. "You ready to go get that photo now Tom?"

Tommy smiled even wider than before. Dad

was a hard-ass, banning one of their most treasured Christmas traditions claiming that Tommy was too old. Lucky Tommy had such kind and considerate buddies, encouraging him, even insisting that he continue his annual visit to the mall. While Dad was off buying last minute presents, Tommy would get what he really wanted – a picture with Santa!

\*\*\*

The four jocks tossed their empty juice cups into the trash and began walking towards Santa's Christmas Grotto. They grinned and jostled each other as they walked, four sets of teen shorts sagging, but Tommy's sagged the lowest. He didn't realise how quickly parents rushed their kids along at the mere sight of the tops of his smooth melons poking out behind him. The sound of carols and the sparkle of bright blinking lights let them know when they had reached the Grotto. Eddy smiled and shoved Tommy forward, until he almost crashed into a bored looking elf. The college-aged elf looked him up and down.

"Aren't you a little old for a pic with Santa, dude?" Tommy blushed; he wasn't expecting to



meet resistance from an elf who would rather be at home banging his girlfriend. "Um... I... um... I thought... cos well..." Eddy jumped to his defence.

"Chill out dude, our buddy here just wants one photo, come on, let him through!" Tommy's three friends nodded vigorously at the elf, and even slipped him a twenty.

"Fine, what do I care... you're the last one for the day anyway, go nuts..." Tommy sharply drew in a breath – it was happening! Dad would be so surprised to see the photo! Tommy profusely thanked the elf and turned the corner, leaving his buds behind him... and gasped!

Santa looked different. Sure, he was surrounded by plastic candy canes and fake snow sprayed all over the place. And yeah, there was a red cap on his head, and he was wearing a velvety red suit with white trim where it should be. The thick black belt and black boots were also pretty standard. But... well... it wasn't just the belt and boots that were black. This mall Santa was black as night! Clearly with an African background, Tommy had never seen skin so dark. 'Santa' sat there with the same bored expression as the elf, one hand propping up his half-asleep head and the other lazily groping his red-covered crotch. Tommy quickly turned back to his buds – the elf was gone, and Eddy was behind the camera, giving him a thumbs up and gesturing for him to get in there. 'Oh well,' thought Tommy, 'one photo and then we can go home'. Mouthing 'thanks' to Eddy, he shuffled forward and cleared his throat.

Santa began speaking before looking up. "Ho ho ho, and what do you want for Christmas little..." He raised his eyes and found himself looking at a jockboy. At least a high school senior, the kid had a boyish smile and those wide eyes of someone who still really needed to believe in Santa. He looked behind the teen – yep, as expected there were his buds. Horsing around and goofing off with the camera. Probably dared the jockboy to do it. 'Ah, fuck it... a buck's a buck!' The black stud sighed and loudly clapped both hands down onto his thighs. "Come on then, let's get this over with."

Tommy could barely contain his excitement! Walking over to the mall Santa, he stepped up to the throne and considered logistics. Little kids would fit on that lap with no trouble, but for him? It would definitely be a little trickier. As Santa

watched with an amused smirk, Tommy gingerly lowered himself down onto one of those thighs, swinging both legs over the other side of the throne. He slid one arm around Santa's shoulders, turned and grinned at the camera. Santa roughly stuffed a candy cane in his mouth!

Tommy squeaked. "Relax," explained Santa, "it comes free with the photo. Just suck it." Tommy nodded, Santa's big black paw still holding the candy cane in his mouth as he gently began sucking.

The camera flashed.

Tommy's eyes flew to Eddy's. Again, all he got was a smile and a thumbs up from his photographer friend. He rejoiced - it was done! He finally had his photo with Santa, to bring back memories of his youth and for Dad to place on the mantelpiece on Christmas Eve. Still, now that it was done he DID feel a little silly sitting on this black stranger's lap. He squirmed – climbing up onto this lap was the easy part; getting down would be decidedly harder. The red velvet was slippery and his sagging shorts didn't help. He squirmed again... and again... something felt odd underneath his bouncing boy butt... kinda felt like...

His eyes got wide – Santa was going commando! And... it was growing! Tommy looked at the stud and the mall Santa stared back with equally wide eyes. "OK kid, that's enough, you got your pic now get outta here..." Santa used both hands to gently shove Tommy off his lap... but Tommy didn't budge. They both looked down and groaned – they were faced with the reality of the situation. The crotch of Tommy's sagging shorts was snagged in that big, shiny, silver belt buckle. Santa grunted, "Come on kid, you gotta get off, seriously!" panicking as his strong hands manipulated the jockboy, trying to wrench them apart without ruining his rented Santa suit.

He spat out the sweet peppermint candy cane. "I'm trying..." squealed Tommy, but it was no use. The more he squirmed, the larger Santa's bulge grew, until a python of epic proportions was (thankfully) contained in those soft red pants. And the more tangled those shorts got - sagging and bunching, bunching and sagging, until two enormous smooth cakes of boy butt were exposed for all to see, framed in a Christmas-themed jockstrap. His pucker twitched.

Santa growled again "Don't move left to



right, you gotta move forward and back, like this!" Grabbing Tommy's hips and roughly shoving him back and forth on his broad lap, the young jockboy ended up straddling the black stud, facing him. Santa sure was strong! Not wanting to fall off, Tommy wrapped his arms around Santa's thick neck and held on tight. Ass on display. Two big black hands on his hips, fingertips clutching his glutes. Obvious bulge under him. Smooth asshole itching without relief. Hugging his beloved Santa.

The camera flashed.

Tommy turned his head sharply – there it was, another thumbs up from Eddy. 'Well... maybe the photo doesn't look too bad... it might even be OK on a family Christmas card!' Tommy's thoughts were cut short as those hands continued pushing and pulling, Santa grunting, desperate to get this boy off his lap! Santa had problems of his own... his horsedick needed attention. LOTS of attention. And this holiday mall job left him with barely any time to 'release the pressure'. As it was, it had been five days since he last emptied his sack and to put it mildly, Santa's sack was FULL.

"Don't worry Santa – I have an idea!" The shy boy smiled, raising his hips until he was poised on that lap supported by his knees. Santa sighed. The kid was going to stretch up as far as he could to get free, even if that meant ripping his shorts. Good. He needed to get to the mens room and jack off before he creamed this suit and lost his rental deposit. But Tommy had another idea... Santa had said that left to right wouldn't work, and back and forth didn't seem to make a difference – what about up and down? With a forceful movement, Tommy slammed his exposed teen ass down on Santa's crotch and began grinding in a circular motion. The whites of Santa's eyes became visible and a long, low groan escaped his throat. Strong black fingers dug even harder into the jockboy's perfect pillow ass as the suited muscle stud began to sweat. Over and over the teen bounced, making his smooth globes jiggle like bowls full of jelly. Tommy grabbed tightly on to Santa's tunic and threw his head back for extra momentum. Besides, the velvet DID feel kind of good on his itchy cherry.

The camera flashed.

Santa decided enough was enough. What was this anyway, some kind of prank? A joke for these rich white boys to come and prick tease a poor mall Santa, just trying to make an extra buck

Dumb Horny Jock: Xmas

to buy his own kids something good this year? 'Fuck it, I don't deserve this' he thought, 'and besides, with that ass riding my bulge and the velvet rubbing on my swollen knob, this aint gonna end well.' No longer caring if he got fired or not, Santa shoved the bouncing jock off his lap and onto the floor in front of him. Time slowed down. Tommy's eyes grew wide as he was launched backwards by the disgruntled mall worker. His shorts however were still firmly lodged in that mechanical buckle. His arms and hands flailed, his life flashed before his eyes – he was going to die by falling off Santa's lap and cracking his skull in Santa's Christmas Grotto!

Ever the lifesaver, Eddy's voice boomed loudly and as always, helpfully – "Grab on dude!" Tommy nodded in mid-air and grabbed the first thing he could – which just happened to be the thick black prop belt of Santa's velvet pants. As he fell, his shorts and the belt were dragged with him, until he crash landed on his wide-apart knees and his back arched (thank God for those gymnastics classes) at Santa's feet. His head was nestled between two incredibly rock hard thighs and something thick and rubbery was pushed right up against his face. Ever the polite young man, Tommy opened his mouth to apologise and found his mouth immediately filled with the strange fleshy tube.

Looking up, his eyes grew wider still.

By dragging down those velvet pants as he fell, he had unwittingly unleashed a beast. Pointing straight down towards his throat in a sinister downwards curve was the biggest, blackest, veiniest piece of meat Tommy had ever seen in his life! Above it was a sweating black Santa who looked just as shocked as him – it had all happened so fast! And now the poor guy's leaking uncut hog was in some teen's mouth right in the middle of the fucking mall!

Santa gritted his teeth and stared down at his own impressive prick, the first few inches now invisible, buried in a hot wet mouth. The soft flowing red velvet felt great on his junk all through the day, but when a jockboy was grinding down on top of it? It felt delicious. Add to that the sensation of fuzzy material stroking over his sensitive knob as the kid fell and Santa was trying hard just to

*Continued on pg 54*





# Caged Boy

Featuring Oliver Wood

Photography Javier A Lara



























# The Bear Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by  
**Todd Rumsey**



## So you want to host a summer get together?

### Are you sure?

What does hosting entail, what are the expectations, what will the costs be of time and money. The basics are the same for many diverse types of get togethers. Here is a list of things to consider.

What type of event are you hosting? A summer BBQ, a pool party, a sit-down dinner, just a few friends over for a beer. These are just some of the possibilities that will entail some work on your part.

Meals – especially important to know what the needs will be of the guests. Will they be there over mealtime, or for a long enough period to warrant a meal? Potluck – grilling – buffet / are just some of the ways to incorporate a meal into an event. Who's providing food, and where will you eat?

Entertainment – will there be games, a pool, sex, a movie. Keeping any number of guests entertained for more than a few minutes takes planning. Be clear about what the purpose of the event is. Movie night setup or a play space for fun (with easy cleanup).

Location – will the event take place outside, or inside, at your home, or elsewhere. A pool party obviously needs a place where all guests will feel comfortable partaking in the swim, change, and restroom aspects of a dip in the pool. A BBQ allows people to know the type of food, most likely location, and outdoor dining is expected.

Time – this may seem simple, but it needs careful consideration. How long do you want people in your home or in your pool, is there an open end and people can leave when they need to? Will the time include enough time to prepare food and eat,

or time to swim and eat after? Does the time allotment need to consider a movie, games, socialization, sex?

The purpose of all this is to make things as clear as possible. The clearer things are to your guests, and you, the smoother the event will run. Hosting an event is fun and an important thing to do to help a community of people join and grow their bonds. The more that can be done ahead of time, planned for, and shared by others, the easier the event becomes.

Communicating to your guests, co-hosts, and anyone involved in all the details makes for a smooth operation. Will the pool party have changing rooms, and restrooms available where people don't need to go through your home? Are you providing all the food for the BBQ, or just the meat, and guests bring the sides? If you're hosting beers with the buds at the campfire, do they provide snacks, or is it just a firepit and brews?

Some of these may seem like simple questions or thoughts, but they can quickly ruin a fun event. Take the time to think through what you want the event to look like and include. What are you willing to provide, and what do you expect the guests to bring?

Hosting an event can be a fun experience. A great way to make new friends, connect with old friends, and increase your social standing. A good host is remembered, and people look forward to being invited back. It's not the perfect food, the temperature of the pool water, or the corn-hole game that is remembered. It's the hosts that are the real stars of good events.

Hosting a successful event can be a big undertaking and can also be very rewarding. Doing your homework, knowing your guest list, and making the expectations known, will help the event go off without a hitch.

Be prepared to hear, "I can't wait to come back", as people leave.

Have fun and enjoy your event –

Essentially yours –

Todd

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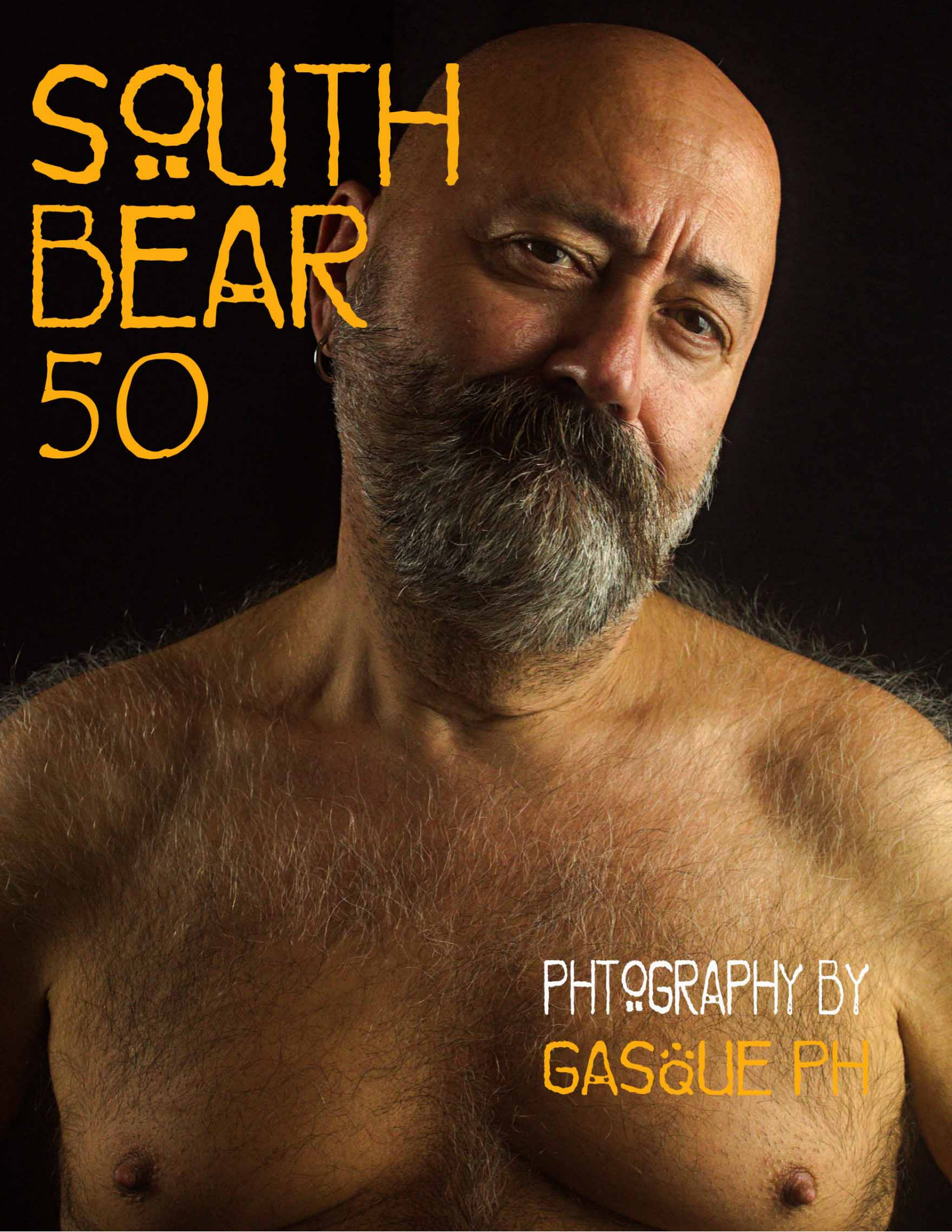
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# **ACTION JACKSON**

**FEATURING JACKSON HOWELL**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY PROFILES BY SARGE**









*Profiles by  
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# Profiles by Sarge!

Okay, so I'm in the grocery store when this hottie in his late 20s pushes a cart with 2 little boys in it. I should say, I find fathers of young children to be so hot, especially when they look like this fuckin stud.

I should say, he wore a pro-guns shirt, a blue lives matter hat, cowboy boots, and wore tight blue jeans, which distracted me from his shirt and hat by staring at his ass and bulge. I figured this guy was a dominant alpha. My mind immediately went to blowing him after the kids go

me a grossed out look.

I said, "2 days" and walked away.

I left the grocery store, heart racing. Of course, I never expected him to text, but just working up the courage to do that had me excited.

Then, later on, out of nowhere, a random number hits my phone. It just says "hey." Hmm. Then the 3 dots show more is coming. It reads: "I'm not no faggot, but my wife died and I'm raising these 2 boys alone, and I haven't had a blowjob since she passed. Umm. Will you?"

Whoa. That's a pretty crazy message to receive.

I didn't write back immediately. I let it linger, but I knew he probably felt awkward in sending it so I didn't want him to wait too long. I tried to be genuine, respectful, and enthusiastic in my response, "Hey man! Good to hear from you. I'm really sorry to hear that, but yeah, I'd be happy to help you out. Let me know where and when works for you and I'm there."

He wrote back, "How about now? I just put my kids down. Been thinking about your offer. Wanna come by?"

Just reading that, my dick got hard and my mouth started salivating. Not a second later, another text came through with the address. I was really close. I could walk there in just a few minutes. I wrote back, "Sure. I'm actually near to there. I'll head out shortly."

I was nervous but excited. I didn't expect this to happen when I was staring at his bulge earlier in the day. I practiced throat opening exercises on my walk to his place.

I texted that I had arrived. He buzzed me up. I entered the complex and followed his directions to the 4th floor. The complex was nice. He had his door open for when I arrived. The place was so chill and mellow. He had Bob Marley playing on the speakers. It was clean and seemed like a nice environment for his 2 sons. Part of me worried that they'd wake up, but I couldn't worry. I was here for 2 reasons: this stud needed his dick sucked and I was ready to worship him unlike any cocksucker ever has.

# THE DAD IN THE GROCERY STORE

WRITTEN BY LUV2SUCKD

to bed.

I decided to take a big risk. I grabbed a receipt paper from the deli and put my number on it. I saw him shopping for cereal and no one else in the aisle. His kids were distracted in the cart while he was alone, a few steps away. It was my chance. My heart beat faster as I approached. I acted like I was looking at cereal too. I said, "hey man, take this, if you need help, I'll be in town another 2 days. Hit me up."

He gave me a strange look, "what would I need your help with?"

I looked him dead in the eye, then down at his cock, then licked my lips, and made a bj impersonation with my mouth and hand. He gave



He welcomed me in. Offered me water or “something stronger if you want it. I have beer, whiskey, there’s weed on the balcony. Sorry man, I’m nervous.”

“Don’t be nervous. You’re doing great. Just treat me like a buddy you invited over to hang.” That calmed him. He liked that. Then I broke the tension, “And then that buddy is going to throat your cock for you.”

He was jolted. No one has ever talked to him like that. I could see his dick start to press against his jeans. I suggested, “Come on. Let’s sit.”

I did take him up on a glass of whiskey. We had a cheers and talked on the couch. He told me about his wife. I listened. He was sad. I told him, “Listen, no one will ever replace her, but...when I saw you in the grocery store today reaching up at cereal, I thought to myself, ‘hot daddy!’” That comment clearly made him uncomfortable. I continued, “I’m sorry. I’m just kidding. But my point is, plenty of women will agree with me. Men certainly will too but they won’t know how to approach you.”

“You approached me.”

“I figured you’d brush me off and I’d never see you again. I decided to take the risk. And it worked. I’m glad you reached out.”

He asked, “Have you done this before?”

“Approached guys in the grocery store, no. You’re my first.”

“But you’ve sucked dick before.”

I didn’t want him to know I’m a total slut that has sucked off well over 100 men in my life so I casually said, “I’ve experimented with a few guys.”

He said, “Man, I’ve never even thought about a guy blowing me. I’ve never even known a gay guy. It’s all about fucking chicks where I come from.”

“Yeah same for me. I didn’t tell anyone until a few years ago. I only allowed myself pussy just so I’d fit in. Then I’d play sports and watch everyone change in the locker room. They’d talk about girls and who was getting blowjobs. That’s when I started thinking about sucking dick. Years later, I finally did and loved it.”

I transitioned, “Now let me suck yours. Do

you need the bathroom or anything before I start?”

“Yeah, let me go make sure the boys are asleep.” Again, fathers, especially young fathers, turn me on so much. They’re so caring and cute and this man was soooo handsome!

He came back to the living room couch and sat down. He seemed relaxed with me. The boys were out, his bladder was empty, and my task was about to begin. I looked him in the eyes. I touched his knee and got onto my knees. I could see him tense up a bit as he sat back. I asked, “You still want this?” He smiled, but I could see nerves. I positioned myself between his legs and began undoing his belt and pants. Together, we maneuvered his pants down to his ankles. His dick flopped around. It was about 5 inches flaccid, my goodness.

I wanted to crack a joke about his next child is going down my throat, but in situations like this, the wrong comment could ruin it. I just grabbed it and said, “Woah dude, you’re really big.” He looked back, wanting confirmation. “Of all the white guys I’ve blown, you’re one of the biggest.”

“Have you sucked black dick?”

I smiled up at my master for the night. Without answering, I wrapped my lips around his gorgeous cock. He gasped and thrusting in response. I felt so lucky to be the mouth that he chose to break his draught with.

Of course, I give maximum effort in all of my blowjobs, but this one felt like an extra special moment. I performed all my tricks, “the deep throat ball lick,” “the pinball twist,” and “the thumb pressure.” He moaned in satisfaction at each, clearly having never felt them before. I wanted this young daddy to have the best special treatment any first-time-bj-from-a-guy guy deserves.

I licked him up and down. I performed my hand & mouth combo. I edged him. I put his hand on my head, giving him permission to guide me at his own pace.

Finally, before I knew...one of the kids woke up.

Nope, just kidding. He busted a nut in my mouth!!



# Cottage Erection

A photograph of a man lying on a patterned rug, shirtless and wearing blue briefs, with his arms raised behind his head. The background is a wooden wall.

Photography by  
Rey Stevenson



























keep his stud sauce safely in his tanks. Now... now what? The kid wanted to give him a blowjob for Christmas? No fucking way! Santa grabbed the little jerk's blonde head in both hands to push him off.

The camera flashed.

Drool was already spilling out of Tommy's mouth and beginning to coat the ebony monster half lodged in his mouth. His sticky pink lips were glued to this new 'candy cane' and precum was already starting to spread over his broad tongue. Tommy took a deep breath through his nose and gulped – inadvertently inviting a mouthful of cocksnot to slide down into his stomach. He groaned softly at the disgusting feeling of the slimy texture travelling downwards and raised his eyes again to a very stunned, very pissed off Santa Claus.

Using every ounce of strength, Santa shoved him again – so hard this time that the tight-lipped vacuum seal broke and the unwelcome slab of black beef popped free from his mouth. The shove sent Tommy reeling backwards, his shoulders hitting the floor and his feet slipping out from under him, legs wide apart. The black god exhaled sharply in relief and choked his bloated donkey dong around the base with one fist – a foolproof way to ensure his sperm would stay inside, at least until he got home... but then... he looked down.

On the floor... completely spread... framed by a very tiny, very skimpy candy cane covered jockstrap... was a naturally smooth ass. Not just any ass, but the kind of ass you wanna slamfuck all night just to see it bounce. The kind that looks better when it's pink from repeated spanking. The kind you want to bite and lick and munch on until it is begging to be plowed. The kind with a perfect little cherry pucker nestled in between, a hole that you know would be impossibly tight, a hole that wants... no, NEEDS black dick. The kind of ass that makes you spew your load even when your cock has been barely touched.

And that's exactly what happened. With a defeated roar and his eyes glued on that winking, twitching pucker, stud Santa grabbed his dripping black boner with both hands in a futile attempt to slow down the impending storm. But a hose like

that can't be controlled. All Tommy could do was lie there in shock, sneakered feet splayed way out to either side, as the first boiling hot jet of Santa sperm shot out of that black babymaker and painted a thick white line from his right temple to halfway down his t-shirt. Frozen in embarrassment and a little bit of awe, the onslaught continued with twenty additional shots of salty jizz, splattering his hair, his face, his eyes and (almost as if Santa was aiming) a shot or two directly in his slack open mouth.

The camera flashed. And flashed. And flashed.

The final rope, milked out by two slick black paws, hung in a silver strand from the tip of that awesome fuckstick until the strand snapped and fell directly downwards, hitting its target of that pulsing teen pucker. Santa groaned. Tommy whimpered. The camera flashed a final time.

Suddenly fearing the retribution for his actions (he DID need this job after all!) Santa yanked his pants out of the stunned jockboy's hands, hoisted them up and bolted towards the staff change rooms. The three boys ran forward, with the most concerned looks ever plastered on their faces.

"Damn that was wild man, you OK? In a million years, I never would have thought that would happen..." Eddy stared down at his cum-covered friend.

"It's cool," began Tommy, "accidents happen you know... I hope that guy is OK though... was pretty embarrassing for him to shoot his load like that".

Eddy helped the sperm-soaked teen to his feet. "Yeah, that guy must feel pretty foolish... hey Tom, just so you know, he ran off with your shorts."

Looking down Tommy realised Eddy was right – he was left with just his new jockstrap (so thoughtfully purchased by his best buds) and a t-shirt which looked absolutely drenched and smelled like a locker room. "Go and get him cleaned up guys, I'll wait here..." Eddy ushered the three of them towards the public toilets.

Tommy grinned and called back – "Don't forget the photos bud! That first one will be perfect but don't bother with the rest!"



A Javier A Lara Sefli Project

# LEBANESE SELF-PROJECT

featuring **Ramid Hass**





















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Once the others were out of sight, Eddy smirked and slipped the memory card out of the camera. He hadn't lied – never in a million years would he have thought it could go so well! Once their principal saw the photos, Tommy would be off the team and he'd be their new star player, for sure. 'Sorry bud,' he thought, 'but it was totally worth it'.

A strong hand clamped down on Eddy's shoulder, interrupting his thoughts. "Hey Eduardo, did you boys get all your shopping done? Where's my son anyway?" Eddy turned, smiling nervously at Tommy's Dad. "Um... Mr Hardwick... we didn't actually get any shopping done... we um..."

Tommy's Dad cut him off. "It's OK Eddy; I know what you were doing." Eddy's jaw dropped. Did he? Could he?

Mr Hardwick continued, "I knew Tommy couldn't go a year without a photo with Santa. I guess I was being too harsh on the boy... but I do need a photo for the family Christmas card, and you know how I hate being in photographs myself..." Before Eddy could react, Mr Hardwick had snatched the memory card out of his hand and was grinning proudly. "One of these will do nicely."

Eddy made a split decision. He could either protect his buddy or...

"Use the last photo Mr Hardwick, it's the best. Oh, and merry Christmas."



**Profiles by Sarge!**

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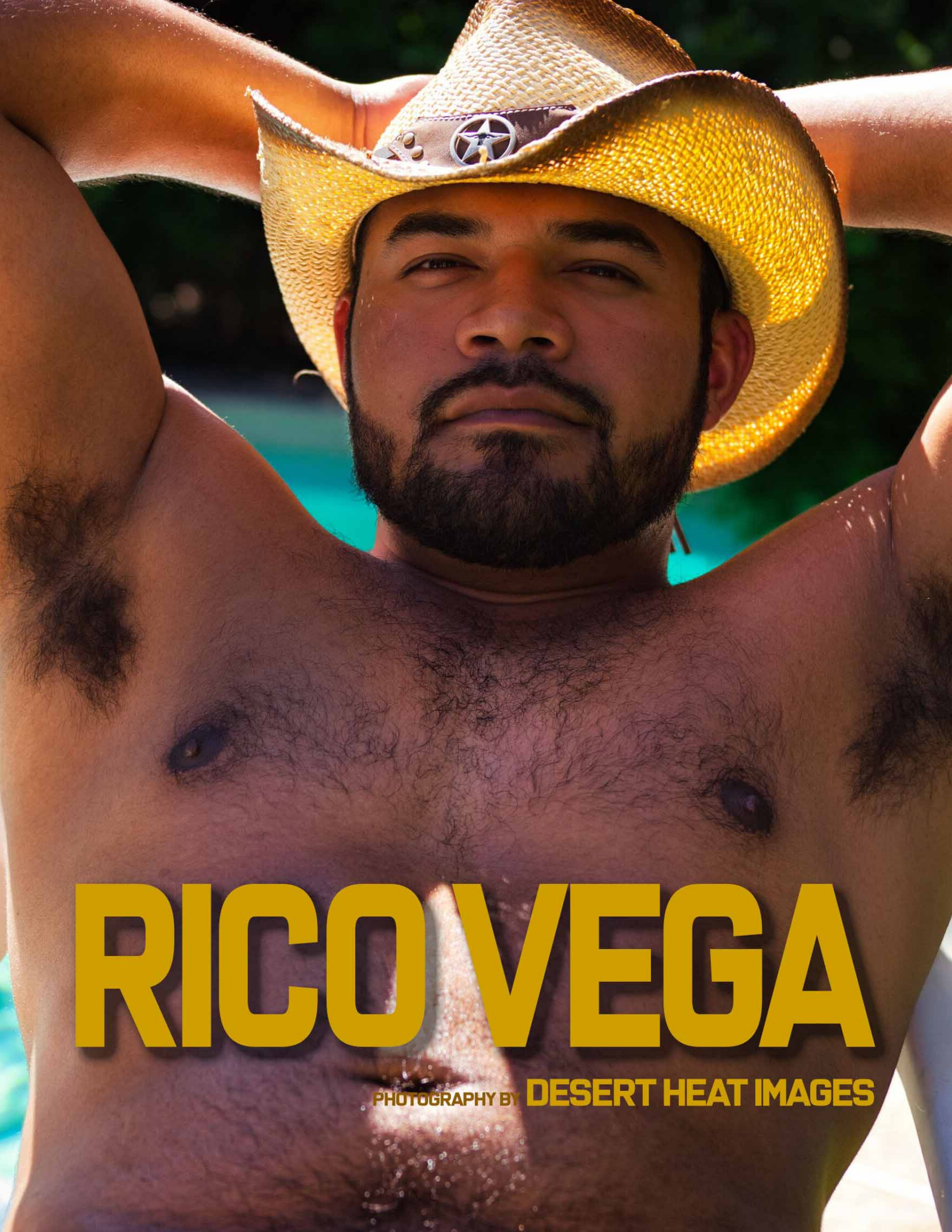
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