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Editor/Layout
John Kranz
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Publisher
Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages@gmail.com

Submissions
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com



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by Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages.com

For further information please contact:
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:
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Contributors

Todd Rumsey
(ttoddrum@aol.com)
Gasque PH
(gasquephotography@gmail.com)
Javier A Lara
(jlhotman@gmail.com)
Profiles by Sarge
(sarge@profilesbySarge.com)
CJ SG
Shannon O'Feral
(sfarrellmodel@gmail.com)

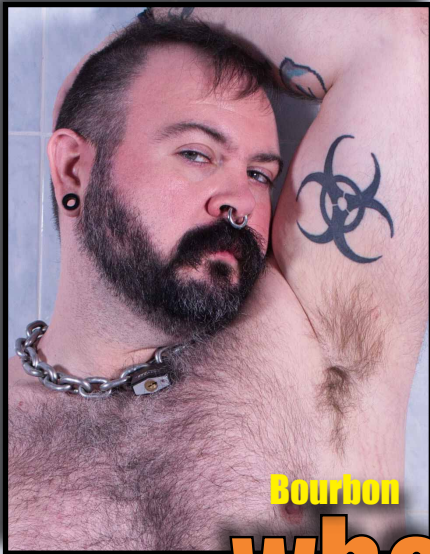


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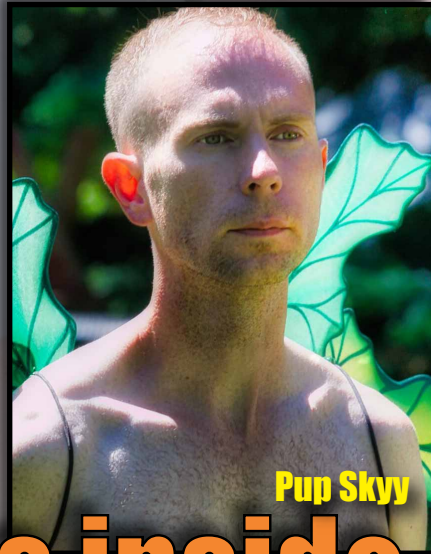
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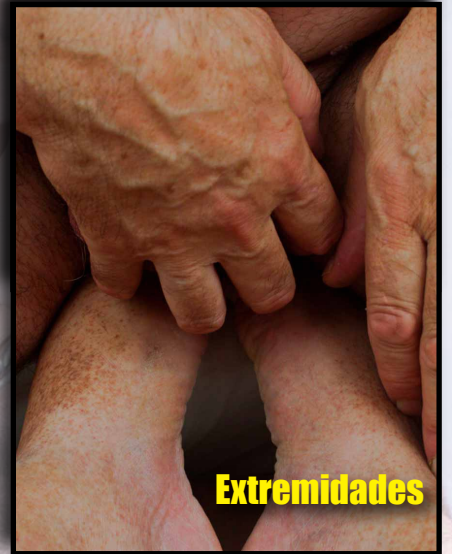
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Bourbon

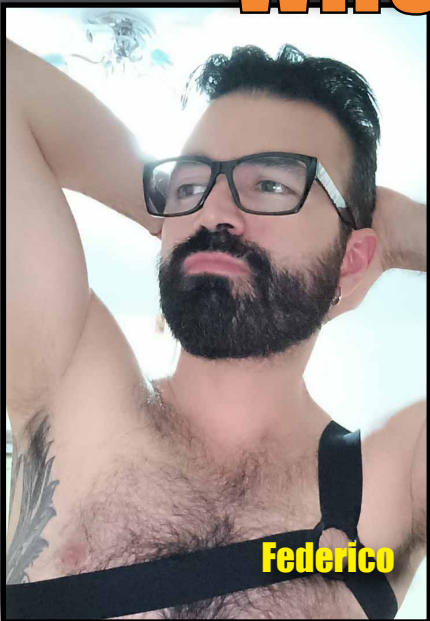


Pup Skyy



Extremidades

who's inside...



Federico



Erik Wolff



Mason & Stetson Dixxon

**All
Men Are
Beautiful**

what's inside...

The Men

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Ramblings from the Editor

I am not sure how it happened, I had just got to the Main Club with a buddy of mine, Tom, and we had just sat down at the bar to order our first beer. Yeah, I drink beer, get over it! LOL I am not sure who initiated the conversation, or how it even started anymore, but this “cute” redneck-ish guy sat to my left and ordered a beer himself. We started making idle chit chat and the vibe was cool. That kind of vibe you get when people are just our having a good time enjoying the start of a Pride weekend. Oh, I should have prefaced it, Pride weekend for the Twin Ports was just this past weekend.

Anyway, John (I found out his first name during our conversation) and I were having a great conversation when someone else mentioned the latest bullshit that the wanna be dictator had said in one of his many ramblings when I jokingly asked John if he was a Trump supporter to which he replied he was. I looked at him and laughed and he stated that he was serious. Right away he piped up that he didn't really want to talk about politics or any of that. Which made sense because I am sure he felt like he was one of the few, if not on the only, Trump supporter in that bar at the time.

Of course, his admission made me have to ask the question, “Are you gay, bi, straight, or what?” because I was floored to hear that he was in a gay bar and admitted to being a Trump supporter. Yeah, my ignorance was showing through. I had heard that there were Maga lovers in our community, but to be honest, I had never met one, or at least one that admitted to it, before. I felt like I might be being punked or something, to be honest. He let me know that he is gay, which kind of floored me. And that he doesn't normally discuss his political view with other gay men as it usually means they want nothing to do with him.

Politics aside, John was a lot of fun to hang out with. In fact, over the course of the holiday weekend, he hung out with my buddy and I to celebrate most of Pride with us. We didn't get into anything overly divisive, which is how it should remain, in my humble

opinion, but it DID start a friend group and I chatting regarding whether they could see themselves in any type of “relationship” with someone who votes for MAGA agenda. The majority could not imagine being with anyone who would vote for that side, much less hang out with someone all Pride weekend. But I let them know that John was a good guy regardless of his political views. And he has the right to vote the way he wants, regardless whether it is not in his best interest or not. That is the whole idea of this Country. It gives you the freedom to do just that.

While I could have been a dick to him all weekend, I chose a different path. One to get to know him and figure out where his head is at when voting for Trump. I really wanted to know why he would do so. And I think I helped enlighten him in a few key issues that he really hadn't thought about. We didn't get into arguments over who we are for or what policies we believe in. I mean, why they hell should we? It is his right to vote the way he wants to. I don't control that. I shouldn't control that. And his heart was/is not filled with hate or loathing. And overall, it did help lighten up my stance regarding all of that myself.

It is so easy to get all caught up in the bullshit the media spins to where we forget that there are living breathing people behind that side too. Yeah, sometimes it doesn't seem like it but there are. And sometimes, we can reach out and help spread a positive spin on things rather than hate filled rhetoric.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John



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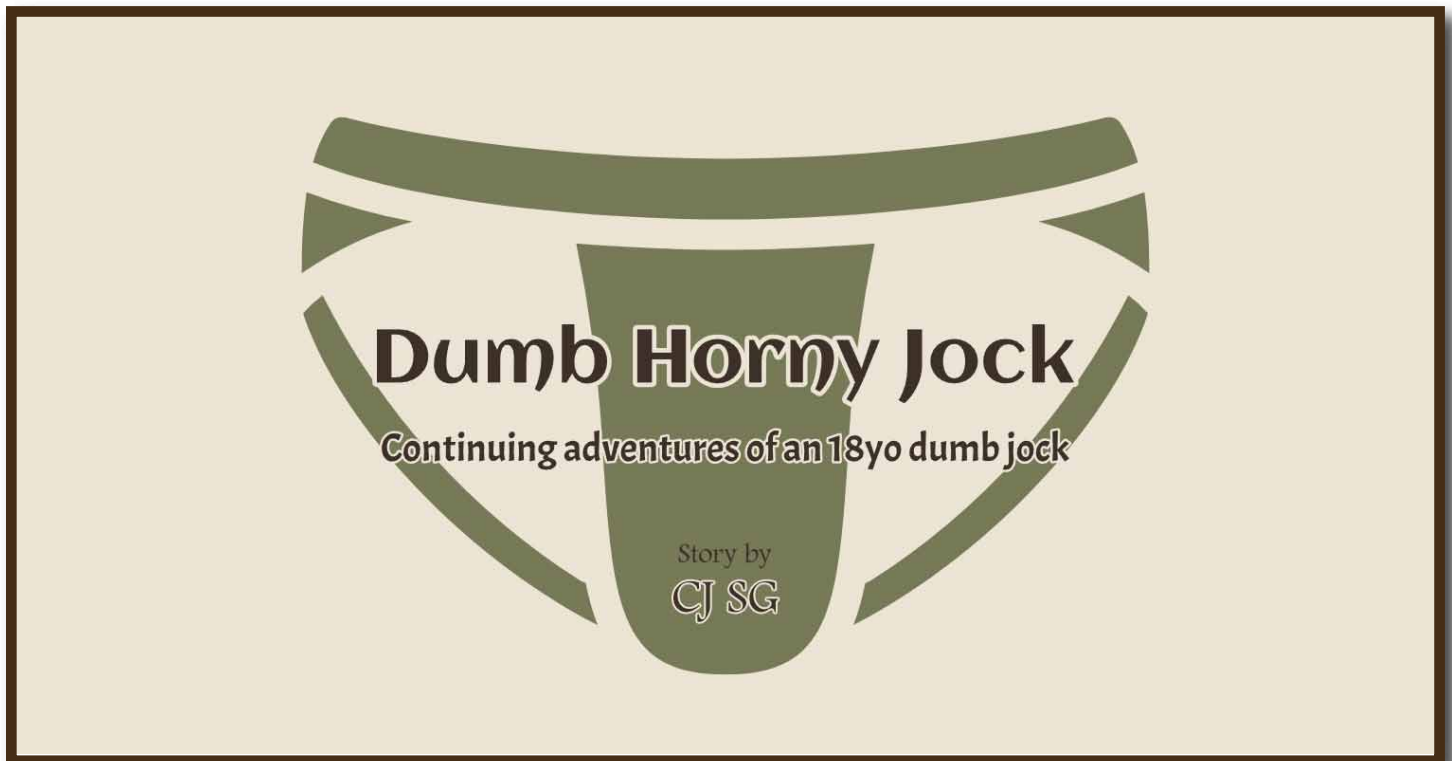












Mile High

Christmas was a disaster. We didn't even send out a family Christmas card this year! And the presents I got from Dad were so boring... I mean, who needs twenty pairs of boring tighty whities? I'm a man! But the last thing I wanted was to seem ungrateful. So I kept wearing the awesome pink bikini briefs he got me a few months back, and every day I'd rub a pair of those tighty whities under my armpits and toss it in the laundry basket. Dad was happy, and my bouncy ass could breathe in the tiny pink underwear I secretly wore under my jeans. Win/win situation.

On New Year's Eve, Dad sat me down for a 'serious talk'. He told me he was concerned that I only ever spent time with my jock buddies, and urged me to make new friends. Dad admitted that he knew my Christmas present wasn't the greatest this year and to make up for it he had signed me up for the cross-country school trip! The idea was for me to meet students who *weren't* on sports teams, and spend less time with my Italian pal Eddy. I was a little reluctant to agree until Dad told me he had volunteered as a chaperone and would be coming along too! Leaving Eddy and the guys behind to spend quality time with my Dad didn't sound so bad. Hugging him, and despite his mild

fear of flying, I knew it would be a trip we'd never forget.

Back in my room, I called Eddy immediately to tell him what happened. He was really concerned we wouldn't be hanging out for a few weeks, and listened quietly while I told him the flight details and exactly which day we were leaving. He made me repeat them and then hung up in a hurry to go talk to his Dad. Weird... but I started packing anyway. My first plane ride ever was only a week away – so cool! I briefly worried about privacy on the plane... you know, to deal with my twitching puck... so I filled my suitcase with easy-access jockstraps just in case.

The airport was crowded but the buzz was exciting. Boarding took longer than I expected – Dad and I got separated at the last checkpoint, and the full body scanner wasn't working properly. I had to yank my shorts down under my glutes for a pat-down with the Latino security officer. His rough paws dug into my jiggling butt – 'standard security protocol' - and I had to lean up against his pecs to keep my balance. He raised his eyebrows at my

pink bikini briefs but I explained, whispering into his ear so no one else could hear, that they were the only thing that satisfied my itching asshole. As I tugged my shorts back up he smirked and handed me a card with his phone number on it 'for when I got back'. I grinned – you never hear about airport security staff being so friendly! I told him I'd definitely call, that my Dad was encouraging me to make new friends, and with a firm slap on my butt from him I was on my way to join up with Dad and catch that plane!

On board, well... imagine our surprise when on the way to our seats, Dad and I walked straight past Eddy and his Dad in the fifth row! Dad frowned and shook hands with Mr. D'Angelo as Eddy waved with a huge grin on his face. Turns out *his* Dad had been considering a vacation, and Eddy convinced him to sign up for the school trip too! Mr D'Angelo was a powerhouse of Italian muscle. He ran a hardware store on the outskirts of town and was known as the 'Italian Stallion' – I guess he used to raise horses? Today his dark beard was trimmed and tufts of dark hair sprouted out the top of his unbuttoned polo shirt. The same thick fur coated his legs from where his cargo shorts ended down to his sneakers. A sizeable bulge ran down the left leg of his shorts... but I quickly realized it must be his phone. Mr. D'Angelo seemed just as surprised to see us, casting a sidelong glance at his son as he and my Dad made small talk. Eddy just shrugged and gave me a bro hug, whispering "how's your puck today bro? Have you stuck a finger or two in there yet, like I suggested?"

I felt it spasm, practically chewing on the thin pink strip of material. "It was fine until you mentioned it, bro... and no I haven't, you perv!" I blushed, but Dad had already grabbed my wrist and was dragging me towards our seats at the back of the plane. "Don't worry Dad," I told him, "I promise I'll make some new friends too! Like that Latino security officer!" Dad rubbed his forehead, asking what security officer, when, how? I told him we would talk about it later and encouraged him to take his seat and knock back a sleeping pill (his nervousness about flying was clearly getting to him). He initially refused, demanding that I stay in my seat the whole flight (except to use the bathroom) and only washed a pill down with scotch when I agreed. Great, I was stuck next to my sleeping father for the next few hours... and my

pucker had started its all-too-familiar twitching. The bikini briefs barely made a difference today! Squirmying my booty against the vinyl plane seat, I put on my headphones and settled in to watch a movie with the faint sound of Dad's snores right beside me.

About two hours after take-off, I slipped off my headphones and surveyed the cabin. Mostly nerds from school – I recognized some from the chess club who always hold bake sales (why do chess nerds need to raise money?) and the audio visual geeks who film our home games. Strangely, Eddy was deep in conversation with the AV geeks, making himself comfortable in one of the spare seats next to them and showing off some pictures on his phone. Every so often they would all snigger and glance over at me – each time I waved with a confused look on my face – but at least Eddy was *trying* to make new friends. Making sure Dad was asleep, I unbuckled my seatbelt and stood up, intending to join them and see what was so funny... but then I realized, with Eddy having switched seats, that left Mr. D'Angelo all alone! Hiking up my underwear under my running shorts and adjusting the strap against my puck (still twitching), I walked towards the fifth row.

Mr D'Angelo grunted as I approached. "Eddy's over there," he pointed with his thumb. "I know, Mr D'Angelo... I came to talk to you for a while!" Grinning, I gestured to the empty seat next to him and he shuffled his knees in to let me squeeze through.

"At least call me Vinny..." the words kind of stuck in his throat as I shuffled through the small gap left between his knees and the seat in front, my teen ass pointed towards him. I hoped the pink waistband wasn't showing too much above the elastic of my shorts as my ass bounced in his face. Blushing, I quickly took a seat and grinned at him.

"OK Vinny... so... going on vacation, huh?" If Dad wanted me to make new friends, I'd start with Eddy's Dad. He eyed me almost suspiciously and took a sip of his complimentary beer. "Yeah, well... Eddy and I could use a break. He practically begged me to sign up for this crap. But we haven't had a proper vacation since his Mom left and I uh... well, let's just say I really need to let off some

steam... you know... relax." He smirked conspiratorially and tapped his fingers against the thick phone-bulge in his shorts.

I vaguely remembered when my Mom packed her bags a left (I was very young) so I knew that Vinny and Eddy must have been doing it tough. Especially Vinny. Making new friends at that age, plus learning to run a household – I helped out by cooking and doing laundry when I could, just to give my Dad a break, but Vinny had to handle it all, and so suddenly! I felt really bad for him. Resting my hand on his thigh in a display of sympathy, I squeezed the fat bulge to provide some sort of comfort.

"It must be really hard, Vinny..." I squeezed again – it sure was a big phone, must be one of those giant old school ones – I realized maybe I could help them out a little, at least until they figured out how to use the stove and washing machine for themselves. Eddy knew all about my domestic skills. "Maybe there's something I can do to help?" Mr. D'Angelo's eyes widened and he grunted. He seemed genuinely shocked that his son's teenaged best friend would make such a generous offer. "Are you serious, Tommy? I mean Eddy told me about... but I didn't really believe it..."

"I'm dead serious Mr. D'Ang... I mean, Vinny. I'd be more than happy to." I squirmed in my seat – the twitch was back in full force. Vinny turned his head to glance a few rows back at Dad, snoring and drooling against the window. Next he looked over at Eddy, who was still deep in conversation with the AV geeks - geez, how many hilarious pics did he have on his phone anyway? They were STILL laughing!. Finally he looked down at my fingertips curiously tracing the massive outline in his shorts, beginning near his hip and ending almost at his furry knee. I giggled a little at the ridiculous size of this phone from the 1990s. I smirked at him, "I didn't even know they made them this big!"

Vinny stared at me and slowly raised a hand to stroke his stubbled jaw. I tried to hold his gaze... but the more he stared, the more my itchy jockhole tightened and relaxed in waves. I bit my lip. "Um... I need to use the restroom... excuse me Vinny," and before it got any worse, I lifted my hand from his thigh and shuffled my way past him into the aisle. This time I was sure my glutes wobbled in his face because I heard him inhale sharply. Passing

Dumb Horny Jock: Mile High

Dad in his seat, I hightailed it to the back of the plane. Luckily there was no line. Slipping inside, I slammed the door shut and jiggled the lock – great, just what I needed, a faulty lock – but I had a worse problem that needed attention.

In the privacy of that bathroom, I was able to completely shuck my tank and shorts and hang them on the handy hook at the back of the door. Taking a seat, I was able to recline just enough in the small space to spread my legs (propping one foot up on the metal basin) and slap my hand down on the pucker that gave me so much grief. Aaaahhh... relief. A few more spanks and I almost felt normal. But the itch was worse today. Yanking the thin pink strap of material from between my smooth buns, I applied more and more force in my puck-slaps. Each time my fingertip made contact with my tight winking asshole, it relaxed a little. Remembering what Eddy had said, I licked my index finger and held it poised over my exposed ass. 'Well, here goes nothing!' I thought as I braced myself, shut my eyes tight and jammed it inside.

To say the least, I wasn't expecting my pucker to clamp down on my finger like it was hungry or something. The twitching hadn't stopped – if anything it had gotten worse – and I moaned, wondering if Eddy's advice wasn't exactly sound. 'He did say a finger or two...' I mused, 'maybe if...'. Slowly removing my wet finger, I licked a second digit and roughly jammed both in place of the first. This time I squealed! Like a reflex, my strong legs started quivering even as my pucker slurped those fingers in, swallowing my knuckles until they could get no deeper. Leaning my head back, I sighed. 'So THIS is what Eddy was talking about!' Despite my best judgment, I closed my eyes and began pumping my fingers in and out of my tiny, spit-lubed puck.

Honestly, I only closed my eyes for what felt like seconds... but when I opened them, the doorway of that modest space was filled with the hulking frame of Mr. D'Angelo! His eyes were wild and he quickly stepped inside the restroom and slammed the flimsy door behind him, not caring that (once again) it didn't seem to lock. I considered how it must have looked - my tank top and shorts hanging from a hook, one leg extended

Continued on pg 54

Erik

IMAGES BY
JAVIER A LARA













The **Bear** Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by
Todd Rumsey



Do I have to get naked?

If you have ever been invited to, or thought about attending, a clothing optional resort, party, or event, the 1st question many ask is – Do I have to get naked?

This can really make or break someone's decision whether to attend or sit that one out. For many the thought of being naked is freeing, a delight, and balls out – the best way to be! For others there is more hesitation and questions can arise by the dozens.

What do I look like naked – believe it or not most of us look relatively the same naked as we do draped in clothes. Some may be more form fitting than others, but the basic size and design of your body is not something you can hide 24 hours a day 7 days a week.

Am I clean enough to be naked – this sounds different than it is intended. For many the thought of sitting on someone's furniture and leaving behind any type of bodily fluid would be a complete embarrassment failure. Uncut men must consider the amount they leak, bottoms have often prepared ahead of time, and sometimes some water is still leaking out. I do not say these things to be gross, or to tell you how to behave in these settings. This is more of an eye opener for the different thoughts that may go through people's minds at one of these types of events.

Is nudity mandatory or is it clothing optional – clothing optional means just that. For some not quite so ready to lose it all, the idea of warming up to nudity can be more appealing. Often house parties or resorts will state clothing

optional giving everyone a chance to get comfortable before the clothes come off. Perhaps after mingling for a few minutes, a shy person might feel comfortable stripping down to hop in the pool. Since clothing is optional there may be people there naked from the beginning, to allow for those less shy to see some different body types without clothes.

Sex – wait sex? – of course, right? – not necessarily. Make sure you are aware of the type of party, event, or resort you are attending. Sometimes these parties turn sexual, and the play and full-on sex are ok, and even supported, and most partake. Sometimes, however, the party may have a space for more intimate hanging, like a private bedroom or playroom downstairs, allowing for the majority of the guests to remain in the more social areas and remain social. Sometimes these events are just to be comfortable and proud of being naked. A little counter to understanding of the words, the naked parties and events are more likely to be just that, naked with no sexual activity. Often naked events, and parties are because the host and those invited like being naked. Perhaps it is in a public space and the sex is illegal, but nudity

is fine since it's a private event. Know before you go. This will ensure you have a good time, are comfortable being in the know, and can make a wise informed decision.

Knowing what is expected, knowing your own comfort level, and knowing whether pushing the limits on those is ok, will go a long way to ensuring you and the other guests have a good time. Granted as a guest, it is not your job to make sure other guests have a good time, it is also not your job to be the one that made it uncomfortable. Sometimes what started out as a social engagement may turn sexual after a stated time, or a party where sexual activity was allowed may not turn sexual at all. Be comfortable in your own skin (especially naked), and what you are ok being part of. Your body is yours and yours alone, take care of it, and those coming in to contact with, or view of it.

Essentially yours –

Todd

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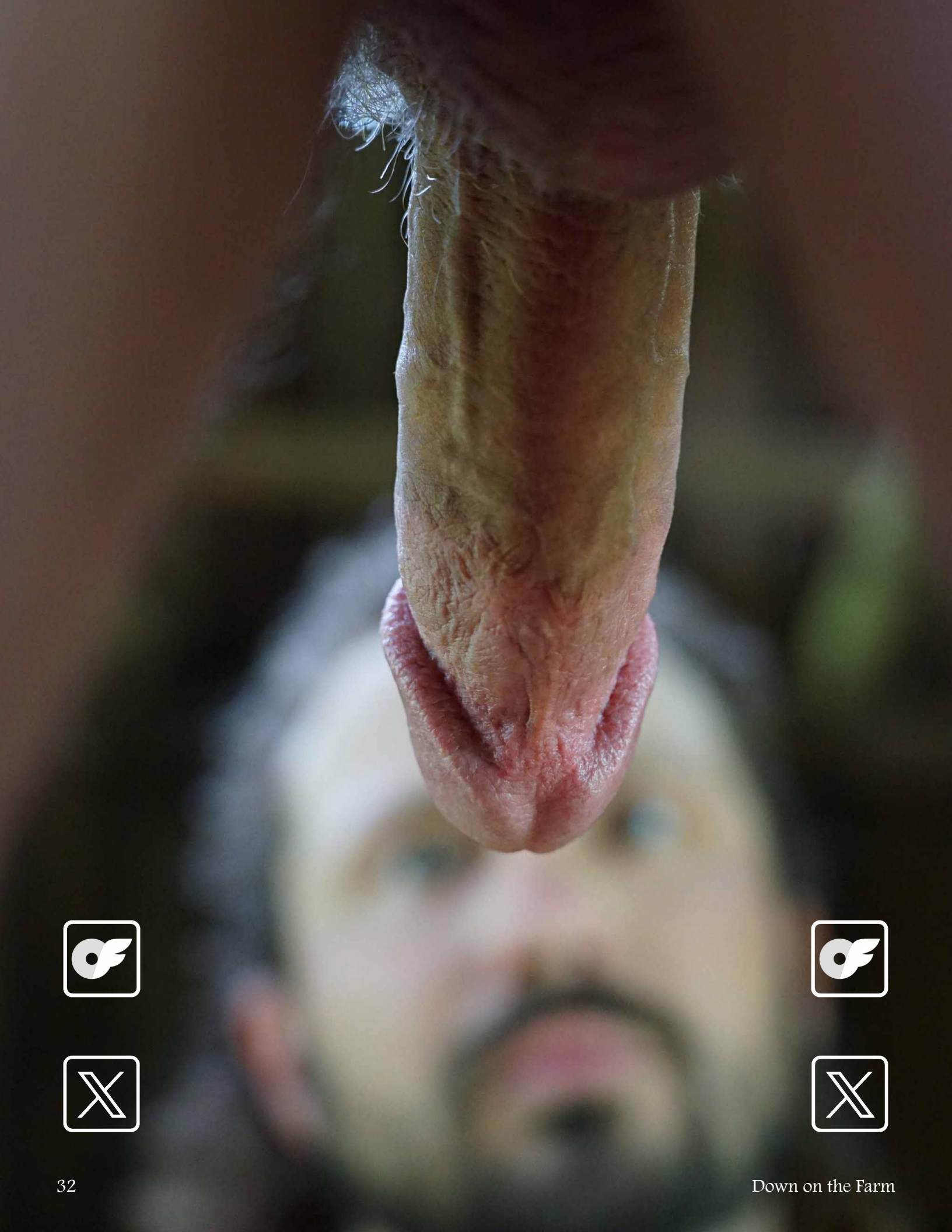














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Misadventures

IN

GAY PORN

BY

*Shannon
O'Feral*

Ask any group of men who their favourite porn stars are, and Shannon O'Feral will not be on anyone's lips, even with some prompting. I flew under the radar during my short (but somehow long) journey in the industry, and I'd like to share a few of those experiences.

This story doesn't begin in our present day, but eleven years ago. In 2013, I was at the point in my music career where I thought I was really at the peak of it. I was working as a church choir director in a small town in Illinois, and was frequently the accompanist for Sunday services. I made a wage that seems like a real pittance nowadays, but in those days, it was all the world to me. I returned from Chicago Market Days to find that this was at an

abrupt and painful end. A woman with Empty Nest Syndrome decided she had the right to my choir by dint of her longevity with the church and a bachelor's degree in music - I had neither, though I had been a solid force for the church's music programs since 2009. A stranger told me over the phone that I was no longer choir director, and this woman was not only taking my choir but my accompanist work as well. It wrecked me, and I found myself looking for other work. What made this doubly unfortunate was the discovery that I was never an employee of the church, but a vendor, and the demotion rendered my years of work irrelevant. They made me a ghost because I had virtually no work history, and almost no means of sustaining myself. I couldn't even collect unemployment because of this

Misadventures in Gay Porn

revelation. Life would never be the same. My lips were frozen in a perpetual snarl, and the line in my forehead seemed to deepen with each passing Sunday.

After riding the endless merry-go-round of the job search in the autumn of the year, I stopped trying. I finally said, "Fuck it, I'm going to be a porn star." I adopted the name Tommy Momenteller, and started my career as a cam boy on Randy Blue. That began in January 2014, and continued for the next nine months. In the summer, I worked as a Rentboy, and became quite popular in my area. I was unknown, so I had the benefit that I could be a draw: the clients did not have the money for Chicago-based models, who could command higher prices, and so they gave my friendly rates a go. I made no studio films, and though I had the ambition to get there, my prospects weren't great, and no serious offers to film anything materialised. I was willing to pay my dues, and see where I end up. I did some test shots for a popular underwear company once my figure slimmed down, but they decided I was too old for it (I was 33), and they wanted men who were 20-something to promote the brand. I also did other modeling for a variety of people who were building their folios, and I didn't mind the work. I thought of it as practice for the day when I could model for adult companies.

This was not to be. Another church picked me up in the autumn of 2014, and I was back to work. Life was amazing at this point, and not just because of that. I also fell in love for the first time. My boyfriend

was not keen on my naughty ambitions, but I pursued them anyway. In my mind, I could have both him AND the performing career. I certainly wouldn't be the first who attempted this. I made one independent film with Michael Phoenixxx in March 2015 - something that we would now think of as OnlyFans or JustforFans in the days before those existed - but it blew up in my face. What little critique there was of it had nothing flattering to say when it released that summer, and I was at a point where I said, "I don't need this anymore." It was no longer serving me, so I gave it up. And that was where the matter was expected to rest. I got engaged at the end of 2016, and porn was just a small part of my past, but was definitely not my present. I had no intention to return to it, and I wasn't calling myself "a porn star" to boost my ego.

Then, after all the good fortune I experienced, life took a left turn into a hellish reality that I would never escape. My fiance (Mark) dropped dead on April 2nd 2018 - an extraordinary sequence of events triggered this outcome. Much later we figured out how and why it happened. The short version is a mix of Viagra and Maximum Impact caused a heart attack, and though he survived it, he pushed himself too hard to return to normal life. He fell down the stairs, lost his job due to "negligence", and his health insurance was revoked. Mark had DVT, and because of the lost insurance, he couldn't afford the blood thinners, so he wasn't taking them. The fall caused a blood clot, and he was dead a week later. I spent the remainder of 2018 in mourning. Then I decided what to do next: before Mark and I get to be together again, I needed to go chasing some of the rainbows in case my life ended prematurely, too. So I got back to doing porn. I hadn't achieved any of my goals from the earlier attempt, but things had changed, so I saw a rebirth as a distinct possibility. I couldn't continue as "Tommy", so I selected a more suitable name, and relaunched my performing career.

I made my first video, a JFF video, with HungerFF. I fisted him deeply in his hotel when he visited Chicago for New Years Eve in 2018. I dug through my old contacts, and asked AlternaDudes if they would still like a video from me. At the time, I had a killer red mohawk, and was building a flame sleeve tattoo, so my look worked for them. They agreed to receive a vid, and I selected my buddy Ryden Coxwell to be my scene partner. We filmed our scene

over two days during Mr Chicago Leather Weekend in 2019, and since we were filming remotely, we had to do all the work ourselves. Neither of us had much experience with a camera, so we just did whatever and had fun with it. You might say this was one step above a PornHub vid, and you'd probably be right, but we didn't care. AlternaDudes accepted it, paid us for it, and the film was out by the end of spring. As 2019 progressed, I made a variety of JFF vids with friends, fans, and a known performer or two. Some of them were not issued, as I wasn't satisfied with them, but I began to get a following and built a rapport with other performers within the industry. Some of the people who blocked me in the previous cycle were no longer active themselves, and many new ones had appeared, so I was counted among the newcomers. Almost no one ever talks about Tommy whats-his-nuts, and rightly so. I certainly wasn't going to remind them.

To my great surprise, someone nominated me for a porn award! In March 2020, the news came via Twitter that I had been selected as "Best Newcummer 2020" for the Ravens Eden Award, and in a tie with Archer Croft. But the global pandemic made performing almost impossible, and so I (along with countless others) was forced to make solo videos. I had to do a variety of things to draw interest: I showed vids of myself playing the piano, or the church organ, or cooking stuff. I also made a journal type of vid, "The Tale of a Gape", where I worked my asshole open all through May with the view to inserting the Alien Tail I bought from OxBalls. I had bought it in 2018 on a whim, but I was far too tight to work it in. When I tried it that May, the wiggly sucker slid right in.

But I had to leave Illinois. I wasn't going to get to keep that house, and I had no reason to stay, either. I said goodbye to my church, my friends, and my shitty family, packed my car, and drove to Seattle, Washington. While on the road, I got an unexpected offer: Treasure Island Media messaged me, asking for a solo video when I arrived in the city! I accepted it, and four days after arriving, I was making my second studio film. A man named Vincent gave me the best handjob I ever received for their KOJO [Knocked Out Jerked Off] line of vids. The film

A Javier A Lara Sefli Project



Featuring **Federico Molina**













and resting on the edge of the metal sink so I had unhindered access to my bright pink jockhole. Worst of all was that not one but TWO of my fingers were slicked up with spit and twisting themselves in a circular motion in my slowly-stretching puck. I had a flashback to an old porn video Eddy had shown me once, back before the most innocent of searches would return about a million hardcore XXX results on the net. It was one of his Dad's VHS tapes and had a scene scarily similar to my current position - a nymphomaniac spread and playing with her pussy, until some guido discovered her and proceeded to throat-bang her. At the time I had begged Eddy to turn it off (it was way too nasty for me) but he insisted on watching the whole scene. I guess Eddy had the same tastes in porn as his Dad.

My current contortionist act didn't seem to faze him – he must have needed to take a leak real bad! As if reading my mind, he growled "Haven't

got much time," and deftly unbuttoned and unzipped, shoving his cargo shorts to his knees. What greeted my eyes was a solid 11 inch cylinder of prime Italian beef. The hairiest dick I had ever seen sprouted from an unkempt garden of bushy brown pubes and extended outwards in a nasty curve to a dark purple head in a generous hood of skin. It wagged in the air between us and I briefly wondered how the hell he was planning to piss with a vicious boner like that? A quick glance at his shorts confirmed my fear – there was no cellphone in his pocket at all.

Up until now, the flight had been smooth. But the force at which he half-lumbered, half-crashed towards me told me that we must have hit some extremely rough turbulence. Displaying a distinct lack of finesse, his hands slammed against the wall above my head and his surprisingly gooey knob rammed against my mouth, my lips unintentionally peeling back that foreskin until the plum-sized cockhead filled my oral cavity. Pinned by his weight and still fingering my fluttering pucker, his curved hog began its accidental and unfortunate descent down my straight throat. I gurgled my disappointment but Vinny's feet were fixed to the floor – no doubt in an attempt to brace himself against the back-and-forth rocking of the

plane that I couldn't seem to feel. I could barely make out his sack through all that pubic fur, but I couldn't deny that two nuts as large as billiard balls were getting dangerously close to my chin.

My throat fought the invading member but my gag reflex was no match for such a beastly cock with all that muscle propelling it forward. There was no use fighting it. And like a hot knife through butter, 11 inches of dong meat bottomed out balls deep. Mr. D'Angelo expressed his own disbelief and horror by pounding his fist against the wall. With one hand frigging my increasingly pliable asshole on auto-pilot, I raised my free hand to squeeze his furry buttock to let him know I was just as disappointed with this series of unfortunate events. I could only imagine what was running through his head – with his Italian sausage stuffed entirely inside his son's straight best friend. But what could he do? The turbulence was too much for his solid weight and each time he retreated, to where his cockhead pulled back to pause at the opening of my throat, he would lose control and I'd end up with my nose deep in his pubes once again. He grunted, "Fuck that's deep" and I patted his muscled ass to calm him, nodding in assent. Well, I tried to nod. All I really achieved was nuzzling my face into his groin.

After a few minutes of this, my brain ticked (the wheels turned slowly but I never said I was the brightest spark) to find a way out of this. I remembered all the times before... how the 'danger zone' was only reached when a set of nuts pulled up and... that was it! If I could stop his big balls from rising, I would save us both the embarrassment of Vinny emptying his baby batter into my mouth! Moving quickly, I let go of his flexing asscheek and surrounded his nutsack with my fingers, tugging downwards. He exhaled deeply, curling his lip as he stared down at me, and this time he managed to withdraw his throbbing member until it had almost fully exited my mouth. My tongue stabbed into his foreskin and swirled, sucking a deep breath in. But my relief was short lived. I cursed the bumpy plane ride and yanked harder on his balls as his donkey dick buried itself in my neck, once again cutting off my air supply. Vinny was clearly upset – he even rested his forehead against the wall above my head in

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EXTREMIDADES 3

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GASQUE PH









description is ridiculous and overgenerous, but the film credit still counts.

As I started settling into my new habitation, I started making vids with the locals, most notably Wolfie Braden Shaw, and continuing to build my reputation. I connected with Steve Ellis of CockEye Kink, and we slowly began plans to have me model some of their creations. And then another award from Ravens Eden appeared in 2021 - this time for "Underrated Performer", and again in a tie, this time with Avatar Akyia. I wore my full leathers and smoked a fat cigar for the online broadcast that year. I had decided my contribution to the industry would be the gunge fetish, something most performers outside of the U.K. don't do. For those who don't know of it, "gunge" is messy play. Those of you who watched Nickelodeon or Fun House in the 1980s may recognise the green slime, or the mud, and it's one of the safest forms of kink because it doesn't have to involve penetration or a partner. One can do it by themselves, and get all sloppy and destroyed with a messy substance (shaving cream, mud, pie, peanut butter, etc.), and have a great time doing it. Sure, there's the mess part that's an unavoidable factor, but it's more sensory than anything. Even those who indulge in piss play, or covering themselves in Crisco, may enjoy a similar sensation.

2021 saw my options really start to open up. That July, I was invited to make a film for the Say Uncle network. I would film it in Seattle without a crew, and could select any partner I like. I couldn't find a suitable scene partner for it straight away, so it was delayed until the autumn. Ellis and I had our long-awaited modelling shoot that September, and the photos captured me at my leanest. My fitness coach and I had been busting ass since February in preparation for my career, and now we were seeing its results. I had visible abs for the first time in my life, and the photos were popular on Twitter for a few days. So popular, in fact, that I was nominated yet again for "Hottest Leather Daddy" on the Ravens Eden ballot of 2022. I selected Jason Ryder as my partner for the Say Uncle film, and our assignment was to create something for the series, "Stay Home, Bro", in relation to the pandemic.

Between Jason and me, we created a story

where he and I were old college chums. He met me at my hotel room where I had been down on my luck, and seeking a safe place to wait out the pandemic. We had a roll in the hay, and Ryder gave me one of the best fucks of my life. The man is a beast of a guy, and I felt every inch of him. We shot our video over two days in November 2021, and the vid saw issue by the spring of 2022 under the title "Meeting Halfway". Porn still had more for me - I was asked to give over a second film for Say Uncle, and the great Lance Charger was to be my scene partner.

Before that, I had to be a juice pig. A studio that was interested in me put me on a hefty cycle of anabolic steroids so I could be beefy enough to fit in with my peers. I hungrily accepted them, and grew like a weed. Thirty pounds were gained within ten weeks, and I felt so radioactive. I had the look I desired throughout 2022, and some were sure this was just the start of a great career path for me. But, as expected, the resulting acne destroyed my back, chest, and arms, and if I were to continue performing, a solution for covering it up would have to be devised. As it turns out, that problem solved itself.

In March 2022, Charger came up to Seattle, and in him I found the perfect partner. Not only was he well into his own meteoric rise, but he also showed himself to be quite competent with the technical needs of a studio scene. He prepared a playscript for it, focused on the lighting and sound issues, and showed evidence for true capability in matters I hadn't even considered previously. We made our film on March 19th, and its plot ran thus: Charger saw me in the hotel lobby, and pursued me with a roll of toilet paper. He knocked on my door while I was showering, and pretended to be part of the hotel staff to get into my room. Expecting a gratuity, I went to pay him for the kind delivery of the TP, but thought better of it, and asked him for a romp instead. Of course, he eagerly provided one. At the close of the scene, he admits his falsehood, and I ad-libbed the line at the end, "Meh, all in a day."

And what a passionate guy! Seldom before have I experienced such a thrashing of my

hole, and Charger read my body's needs exactly. It was surely the best scene of my career. An amusing incident happened in connection with the scene. I met Charger at his hotel the night before, and when we finished, I walked back home. It had

been a wet March, and the property owners where I lived had been resurfacing the pavement that week. So it was quite slick, and the rain was totally not helpful. I was in a good mood on my walk, and I had a song in my head. The song was "Pain, Redefined" by Disturbed, and I got to the refrain as I approached the complex. In the middle of the lines "I have fallen again/ This is it, then/ Pain redefined", I fell on my ass into a huge puddle. As I pushed myself back up to seated, I laughed hugely and sang the last bit of the song out loud. The landing hurt, and I was soaked, but it all fit perfectly. The ironic situation was not lost on me, and it was probably the funniest thing that happened in connection with one of my films.

On the 20th, Lance and I made a gunge video for our JFF. It was his first time doing it, and he was quite receptive to the fetish. "Like oatmeal" was his apt description of the red mixture. And he screwed me again in that film. It was a truly wonderful time, and I was totally in my element with it.

Two months later, I was on a plane to Chicago for IML. Leatherwerks hired me to work their booth at the event that week, and I had a blast. I met so many great people, and I was finally "one of those porn stars" who works a booth or dances at IML. Elbows were rubbed at the Grabby Awards, and Cockeye Kink made a special harness for me to wear at the event. I was not nominated for a Grabby, but people sure knew who I was in the business, and the attention throughout the weekend was nice. But most astoundingly, I came home with no new JFF vids. All my plans to make them fell through, but I think that because we had all missed two years of the event, many of us overscheduled ourselves to make up for it, and everyone was just tired before the end. I came back to Seattle a depressed man. Event drop hit me like a ton of bricks.

The summer of 2022 was one of the worst I'd had since Mark died, and I nearly gave up everything porn by its conclusion. I lost a job I loved, my car was wrecked, I got sick, and I was made to move my home unexpectedly. But the porn journey wasn't ended - two more things had to happen first.

The local Steamworks wanted to make a vid they could show in-house, and local guys were asked to be the stars. Naturally, I jumped at the opportunity, and Steamworks let me be part of what was called "Rompus Room Romp".

We made this one in the first week of December, and got some great footage. No script, no definite plan, just guys having fun. The vid still plays on the TVs at the Seattle location. One week later, I received a message from Elliott at Treasure Island Media. He asked me to do another solo for them for the TIMJack line of films, and on December 17th, we made what would turn out to be my last film. Just a solo jerkoff with no plot or other actors, and it was done in an hour. We made a decent film, they gave me a cheque, and that was that. I never really returned to porn after that. The studio that juiced me up never followed up, and that offer evaporated without any fanfare.

Life had taken me elsewhere. The steroids had completely left my body, and took my libido and physique with it. I had lost my passion for making porn, but that's not necessarily "giving up". It's more like, "I achieved my goal - to chase those rainbows - I caught some of them, and now it's over." I made only one more vid for issue on JFF, and that was my scene with Scruffy Lobo at IML 2023. A modest film, but in playback, I could see that something was lost. My heart just wasn't in it anymore, and I knew it was time to move on. So I left the industry quietly, and didn't make a scene about it. There was no final argument, or slammed door, or something overdramatic. Just the plain vanilla announcement that I wasn't doing it anymore. No one argued back that I should stay, or whether I needed to go. I've always done it on my time, not just for a career or a paycheque, and now it's time for new things and different rainbows to chase.

I think I made Mark proud of me. He would always introduce me to new friends as his "porn star fiance" when I hadn't made more than one film, but I think it was a point of pride for him. And to make me feel good, too. I met many decent people on my porn journey, and I have but one regret [sic]: that I didn't get to do more while I still had my mojo. Alas, the day is gone, the curtain has fallen, and the lights have been extinguished. It happens to all performers sooner or later, and I am no exception.

See Shannon's films at justfor.fans/feral_o for only \$5.99 a month, or browse previews of his studio films by searching on Mansurfer.net. Follow him on Twitter at @Shannon_O_Feral.





despair. This continued for a few minutes; he would get so close to removing his drooling cock from my warm, wet mouth but couldn't quite manage it. He even whispered down to me, "So close..." and I yanked as roughly as I could on his hairy scrotum to try and pop that monster out.

Admittedly, with all the struggling and throat fucking, we both lost track of time. I was brought back to reality (and experienced a weird sense of déjà vu) when I heard a gentle knock on the toilet door and a very familiar voice asking "Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you in there?" We both froze – well, I froze while Mr D'Angelo continued to battle against his physical instability, his hips thrusting smoothly and rhythmically and maybe even a little faster in apparent panic. The door swung open – and there stood Eddy, alone (thank God) and from the contorted look on his face, clearly having trouble processing what he was seeing. It's not every day you see your best friend fingerbanging his own jockcunt and seemingly practicing a sword-swallowing act on your own father's hog. Eddy shook his head in disbelief and raised his cellphone to shield his eyes from the embarrassing sight in front of him.

Vinny didn't seem to hear his son, and certainly didn't even look back. It seemed that the shock of being caught had triggered his immense weapon's innate need to fire. Frantically and roughly pulling on his sack had no effect as his stallion meat (so THAT'S why people called him the Italian Stallion!) swelled and began to belch out a healthy dose of natural protein. He pounded his fists against the wall and snarled, obviously (like me) wishing that none of this had ever happened. A violent spray of man-milk squirted down my throat and I watched as his bullnuts shrank in my hand with each gush. They practically shriveled... while my abs pooched out with the copious load of fresh Italian sperm filling up my stomach. The scene was too much for Eddy, and I wondered if he would ever speak to me again as he quietly and calmly walked back to where the AV geeks sat. I whimpered, assuming that my hopes of ever having a sleepover at the D'Angelos' house again had been dashed.

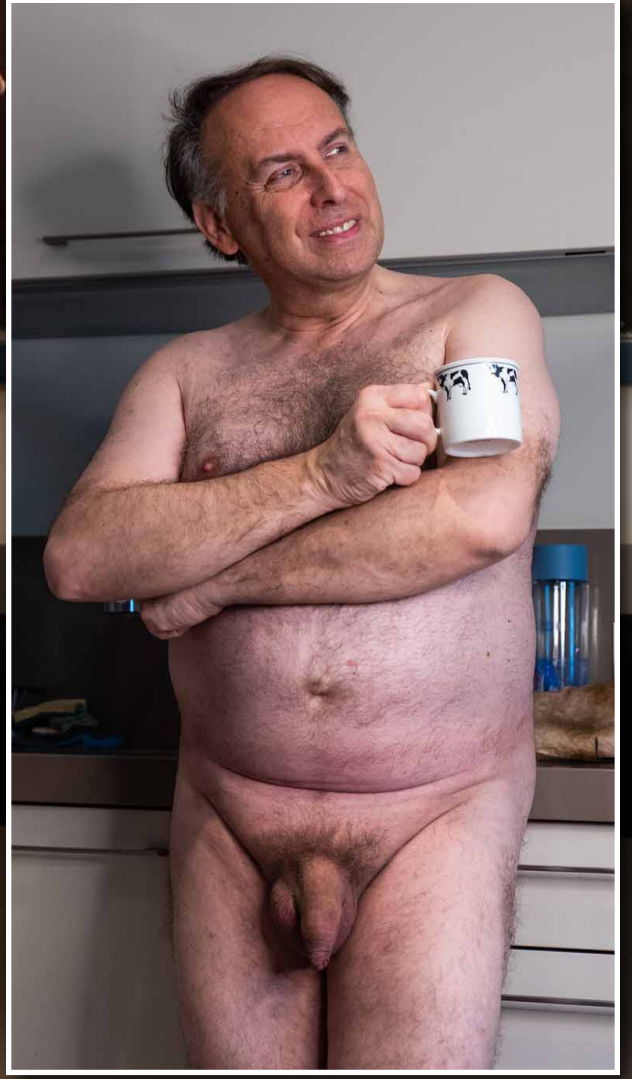
At least our audience was gone... and the balanced way Eddy walked to his seat told me that

the in-flight turbulence had stopped, at least for now. My suspicions were realized as truth when Vinny took a controlled step backwards and his low-hanging sack fell from my hand. He was panting heavily and his polo shirt showed two distinct wet patches where the pit sweat had soaked right through. More sweat splattered against the mirror as he flicked his head side to side like a dog and rolled his shoulders. I moaned to get his attention... and he looked down to realize that his knob was still in my mouth, no longer spewing jizz but simply resting on my tongue.

His gigantic cock seemed stuck. Vinny grabbed it at the base and squeezed inch by inch until his fingers met my lips. This unfortunately caused the last of his thick load to ooze out onto my tongue. Realizing that a little more force was needed, he gave the side of my face a few slaps to dislodge his prick, and with two steps backwards he was finally able to release his spent horsecock from between my lips. Showing incredible speed, he pulled up and refastened his shorts and winked at me. "Don't worry Tom, I won't tell your Dad about this one. Friends like us keep secrets," he said before turning to leave. In his post-cum haze he forgot to even try to close the cubicle door behind him, so I was left scrambling to get dressed before another passenger came by. I returned to my seat, passing the hushed tones of Eddy and his new friends. They glanced at me quickly and then turned away, but I knew that there was no way Eddy would tell them what he saw – it was too embarrassing for him, me AND his Dad! I resigned myself to the fact that if Eddy hated me now, at least in Vinny I had made a new friend – just like my Dad wanted!



DHM Fan ~ Christopher Zizi



A Fay Moment



Featuring
PupSkyy



be a mirror. You can
broken, but you can
the crack in that
your reflection.









A close-up photograph of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing dark sunglasses. He is shirtless and appears to be outdoors near a body of water, with a grey towel draped over his shoulder. The background shows a blue sky and water.

Coming October 5th

All Men Are Beautiful!
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