



Krenzen
DULUTH, MN

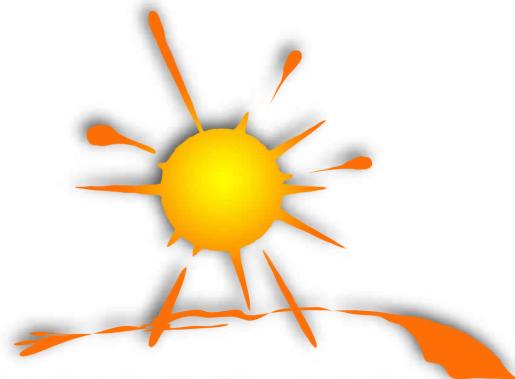
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DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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All Men Are Beautiful

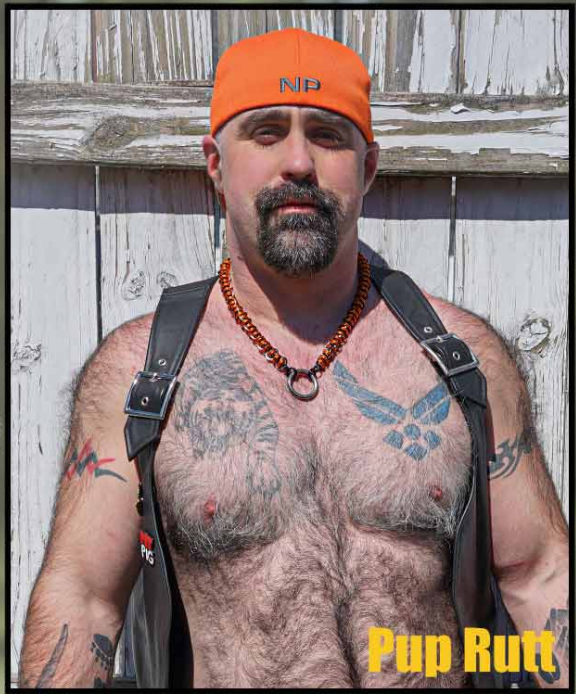
erotic Male Photography



desertheatimages.com



Porter Holden



Pup Rutt



Alfonso



Illinois Bear Contest

WHO'S INSIDE



**Kyle Hardwood
Porter Holden**

WHAT'S Inside

Stories /Events

Construction Boss

Story by Hm Gf

15

Cinematograph

Article by Roozbeh Ravar

17

Illinois Bear Contest

Photography by Joseph Stevens

24

Stamina Practice

Story by No_Egg3139

35

Dirty Road Diaries

Musings by Dillon Hess

49

The Men

Porter Holden

8

Photos by Desert Heat Images

Under the Hood

38

Featuring Pup Rutt

Photos by By Sarge Photography

Mason

48

A Javier A Lara Selfi Project

Alfonso

51

Photography by Gasque PH

Rub A Dub Dub

60

Featuring Porter Holden & Karl Hardwood

Photography by Desert Heat Images



Ramblings From the Editor

Maybe it's me, but what the hell is going on with all the online scammers these days? Particularly the guys that try to hook up with guys on different social media (not Grindr, or the like) apps and they think telling someone that they are instantly in love with the person by seeing one pic and reading a couple posts by them? Are they ignorant enough to think that guys will fall for that bullshit? Do they think that men are so desperate that they'll believe in love at first text? Some pixel going to make them instantly in love?

Personally, I love fucking with these guys. It is a nice distraction from a crazy fucked up world we are living in right now. And what makes them think they are learning the real me? Like I would share my deepest most personal information with someone who has fallen for everything I am about, which they know little, or the one image that may or may not be (which they always are) me? It is kind of funny, tragic, and hilarious all at the same time.

The men that I truly feel for are those that fall for that nonsense. Those men who have felt so lonely for so long that they thrive for any kind of attention, even if it is a scam. Those guys that have fallen through the cracks of our society that ignores them rather than makes them feel wanted and belonging to something they crave. It doesn't take much to make someone feel wanted but it seems easier for some to ignore those men, not show them a shred of decency. Gone are the days that someone can feel they belong to something special like the gay community unless they are ready to bend over, take it up the ass, and be forgotten the next day. Or on the flip side, getting a hole presented to

them to ride like a cheap whore only to be blocked the next day by that same cheap whore hole guy. It's fucking amazing, right?

We gay men need to stick together. It doesn't matter you shape, size, sexuality, which way you lean in sex, or any of those "qualifiers". We need to form our tribe again and get rid of the toxic shit that has permeated it. We need to feel that sense of community, if there ever really was that sense anyway, so that there aren't outcasts, outliers, whatever the fuck you call them. So next time you are out and about, try being nice instead of bitchy. Try being accepting instead of judging. Try just being a good fucking gay guy instead of bitchy queen. I know, I know, that's a major ask, but can you at least try? Shouldn't you at least try?

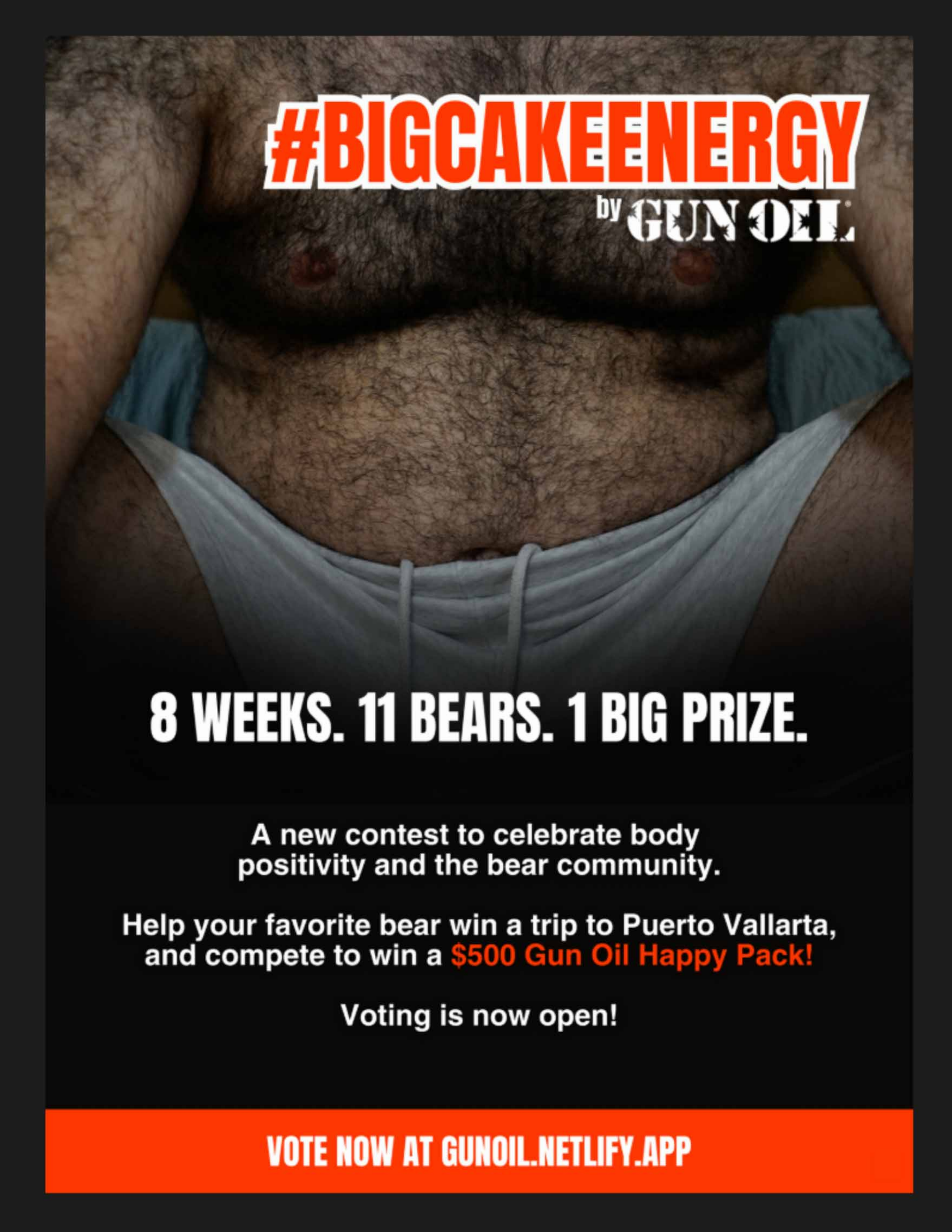
Enough ranting. Next month's Issue is beefing up to be a nice Halloween type themed Issue. I'd love to have your image(s) in it. You don't have to have professional shots. Just send over selfies of you in your best Halloween vibe! Share it with the readers. Speaking of which, the Mag has been seeing a steady 150,000 downloads a month. Thank you to everyone that reads it, shares it, and contributes to it. You all are rock stars!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





#BIGCAKEENERGY

by GUN OIL

8 WEEKS. 11 BEARS. 1 BIG PRIZE.

A new contest to celebrate body positivity and the bear community.

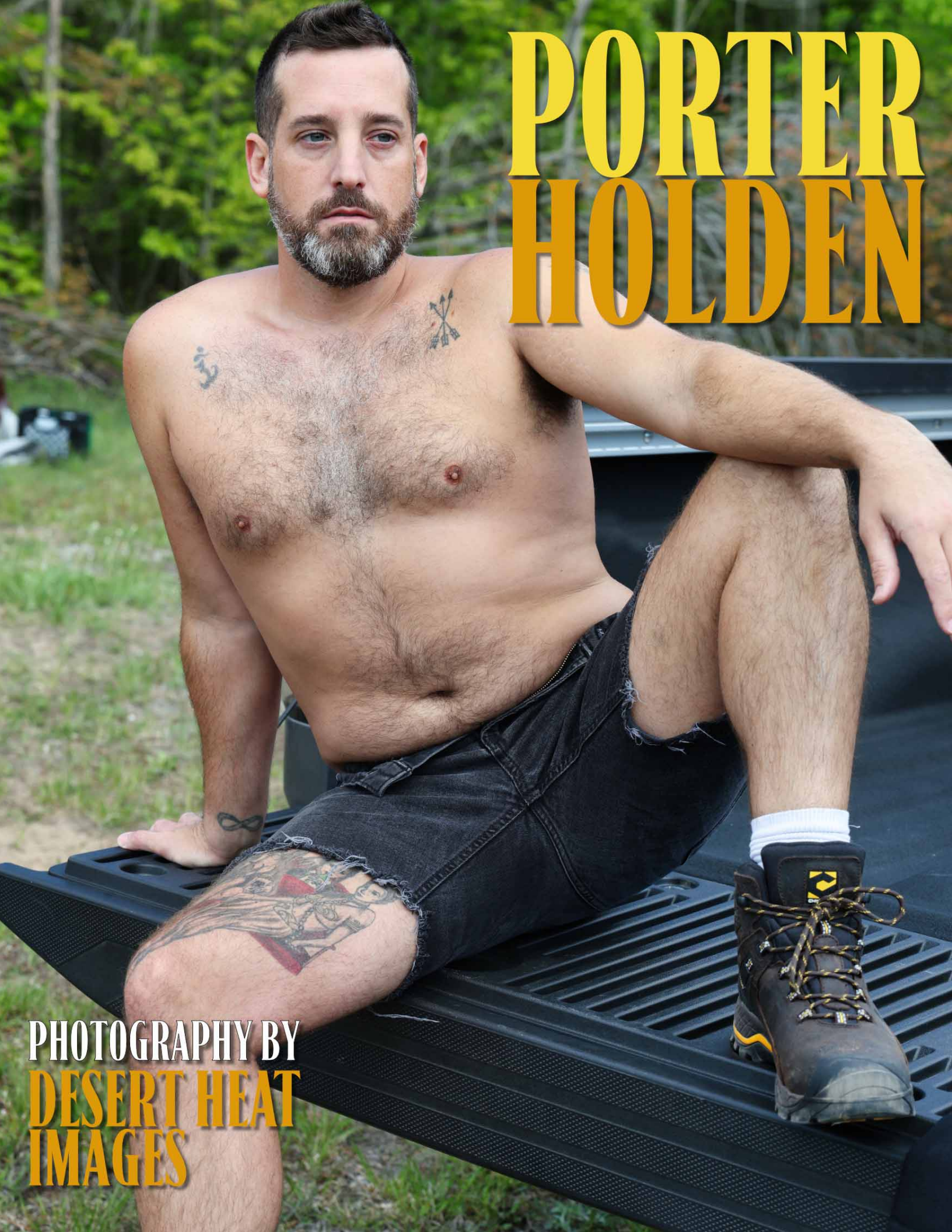
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PORTER HOLDEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DESERT HEAT
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Construction Boss

Story by Hm Gf

One evening as I was driving home from work I encountered a traffic jam due to a multiple car pileup. I didn't want to sit idly in traffic so I turned off into a residential area figuring I could find my way home. It might have taken longer than waiting in the traffic, but at least I would be moving.

Winding through the residential streets I saw a new house under construction. I slowed down to see if there might be any hot construction guys around. Most of them were younger slim guys, pretty good looking but not especially my type. Then I saw, whom I assumed to be the boss of the operation. A tall, heavy set man with flat top hair and a two or three day growth of beard. From the quick glance I got he looked like one of those men who had been very muscular in the past and was going a little bit to seed. Damn I was interested. That night I jacked off in the shower thinking of him.

The next couple of days I continued to drive this route home to check out the progress of the construction (right!) and to see if I could get a glimpse of the boss man (absolutely correct!). Both days the crew was packing up to leave but I still got a good look at boss man.

On the 3rd day I had to work a little later than usual but still took the chance to drive by. On this day, the crew was gone and boss man was walking towards his truck. I parked the car a distance away and started walking toward the

house as if I lived in the neighborhood and was out for a stroll.

When I reached the lot, boss man was leaning up against his truck smoking a cigarette and drinking a beer. I said hello, he nodded back and I struck up a conversation about how good the construction was coming along. He was amiable for small talk and he offered me a beer. We stood and enjoyed the beer and he told me about the construction.

He was wearing overalls and the zipper was open all the way down to his navel. I got a good look at his body and I confirmed that he had been muscular but starting to fade. He turned to point out something on the house and I got a good view of his chest and one of his nipples. It protruded out a little and I could just imagine chewing and sucking on that. My cock was stirring actively in my pants.

He asked if I wanted a smoke and I accepted. It turned out that he rolls his own cigarettes. I asked him if he could teach me how to roll one and he agreed. He was trying to teach me standing in front of me but that was not working well. He then moved behind me, his arms around mine and steered my fingers to roll the cigarette. While he was behind me, I could feel his crotch against my ass and while he was not hard, I could tell he was packing.

We smoked the cigarette, drank another

beer and then he asked if I wanted to roll another one. I sure did! This time when he was behind me, I could feel his hard cock on my ass. He said "you're pretty good at rolling things with your fingers". I replied that that was not the only thing I was good at and I copped his package. I could feel his rock hard cock and the heat through the thick coveralls.

He did not reply but told me that this house had a spectacular master bedroom if I was interested in seeing it. I followed him into the house and up the stairs and on the way up his big beefy ass was in my face. I could feel I was leaking precum.

The bedroom had a magnificent sliding door and balcony looking out over a pond. I stood admiring the view when I felt his hand on my ass. I turned around and he was taking his boots and coveralls off. He came over and pulled my polo shirt over my head, and pinched my nipples.

I fell on my knees and sniffed his cock and balls through his underwear. His dick was tenting the material and I started sucking him through the musky cotton. He shed his underwear and I swallowed his cock directly down my throat. It was a nice 10 pounder and filled my mouth nicely. His balls and cock were both smooth and I licked and sucked greedily.

There was a temporary work bench in the bedroom where he had discarded his clothes. I led him back over and asked him to bend over. I got behind him and started to sniff and lick at his big meaty ass. First around the buttocks, then up and down the crack. I gently opened his ass and saw his rising sun. My tongue licked all over his musky, tangy hole and I tongue fucked him gently at first and then with vigor. He was moaning his approval and reached around and mashed my head deep in his beefy ass. The dual aroma and taste sensation was driving me wild and I dived deeper into his muscular but sensuous hole.

I removed the rest of my clothes and my cock was dripping precum over the floor. He picked me up and set me on the table. He sucked me cock, tea-bagged my balls and then licked my ass with his thick wide tongue. Fuck I was in heaven! I laid down on the table and he pushed his middle finger in my ass and started to finger fuck. He pressed harder, now two fingers in and found my prostate. I had reached the second plateau in

heaven and he continued to massage my prostate until I was bucking up and down on the table. His 10 pounder was at full mast and he teased my hole until I begged him to fuck me. He leaned over me continuing to tease my hole and I was able to finally suck and munch on his protruding nipples.

He inserted his cock slowly and fucked me at a very slow rhythm and he did not speed up. I am used to a hard pounding so I was confused by his gentle fucking. He kept the slow steady pace but did finally reach my prostate. He was like a grandfather clock, in-out, in-out at a painfully slow speed. The slow steady pace and the regular stimulation of my prostate started to kick in and I started to enjoy this method of fucking. This slow on-off stimulation of the prostate had a resonance effect and soon I was flying high. My cock was throbbing and I thought I would cum without even touching it.

The sweaty odor of his body was also having a stimulating effect on me. I wanted to smell more. I saw his discarded underwear lying on the table beside me and I took it and inhaled deeply. The manly mixture of piss and ass residue filled my nostrils and I was now entering the third plateau of heaven. I stuffed the underpants in my mouth and tried to extract his scent. He pushed the underwear deeper in my mouth until I couldn't breathe through my mouth and then he pinched my nose and held my head down on the table.

Fuck! I thought he was trying to kill me. With the lack of oxygen, the blood pounded in my head. I started squirming and wriggling, but he held me down on the table. He then started to fuck me harder and to wank my cock. He had timed the entire operation perfectly. Just as he and I both started to ejaculate, he released my nose and pulled the underwear out of my mouth. I gasped in air and exhaled immediately. As I exhaled, I experienced another orgasm even stronger than the first.

We cleaned up, got dressed and I thanked him for the experience. He told me that he had played around with breath control and could teach me a lot more if I was interested. I was and we agreed to meet again.

When I left he told me that I pretty much sucked at rolling cigarettes but he agreed I was good at other things.



CINEMATO PHOTOGRAPHY

BY ROOZBEH RAVAR

man, it is an expression including me, I, we, and full of distinctiveness from your omies society inside your flames that is the first word of everything starting your days, decades, centuries, and more than a .long, long time ago

The human being gets irritated with himself sometimes. It decides between the word of man (I) and your own person; the concept of man is brutal, but you are the person who makes the follow your own path. You are the passengers on the roads, hills, highways, and deserts. The reality of place and location it does not matter I mean the place you were born, you grew up, you are the walker through your past of .background, and indeed you are the future, they are all you interacting, dynamic, acting, and casting The collection of cinematophotography





LOCATIONS

cinematography is the package of your casting in front of the camera, barely without the visual effect in your life, living clearly with a bunch of issues involving your acting as an actor, decoration in a space you are not freely. it is something obsession about those people who are comforted in front of lenz of a million eyes I am an actor in cinematography I would like to lead you in terms of my experiences of relevance with the camera, I fighting, harmony of colors and the pose which makes you upset or happy, make you cry or due to have a bitter smile on your face, the beauty of your mimical face or a uglies face who seems so frightening to the other guys. cast the shadow coz it repeats your movements .even when you're moving your lips and trying to say something

I will guide you in a form of architecture places where the angle of your camera affect on your nude body, the form of the edge of every iron profiles the too many garbage and useless stuff you are sticking in them and you realize the attraction the lines who drawing you in a outside of your study. They are leading you to study more to be an actor whenever you wanna try out a little bit of formalization of your move, Cinematography is an invention of humans and those curious people in the world of cinema, and the audience and fans of movies. It is only a small part of your current time, but it is truly the meaning of life whenever you wake up and say something, and whenever you take a quick look in the mirror to see how much you can do more than your capabilities. The scene is just a theatre saloon, you try to jump up .from the frames of the magical camera capturing





CINEMATO PHOTOGRAPHY BOOK

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there is always a question. Why are we trying to be distinct from other nationalities when we are all humankind? we are no discuss about the other issues in the adults but we all know this book will be more accepted between the adult and it is egzagrator of a way to gather your mind into the one word . every person that starting his everyday life by using word of (I) and (we) still can not understand the team work perfectly. It is all our busy mind with a constructive future for our view to look back and a similarity to look forward to the future. The top of your head is you. I am trying to tell you something. You are positively making new solutions, not your boss or your director, although he wants more and more of you to do the best in your life, but impossible is always impossible, and simple possible things are a .beauty of your mind and your body, and your professional acting

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by
SARGE

PHOTOGRAPHY





**Be the Reason
Someone Feels
Welcomed,
Seen,
Heard,
Valued,
Loved,
Safe,
and Supported**



Illinois Bear Contest

Photography by Joseph Stevens





IBC: Meet n Greet

8-1-25 @ The North End









IBC: Contest Night

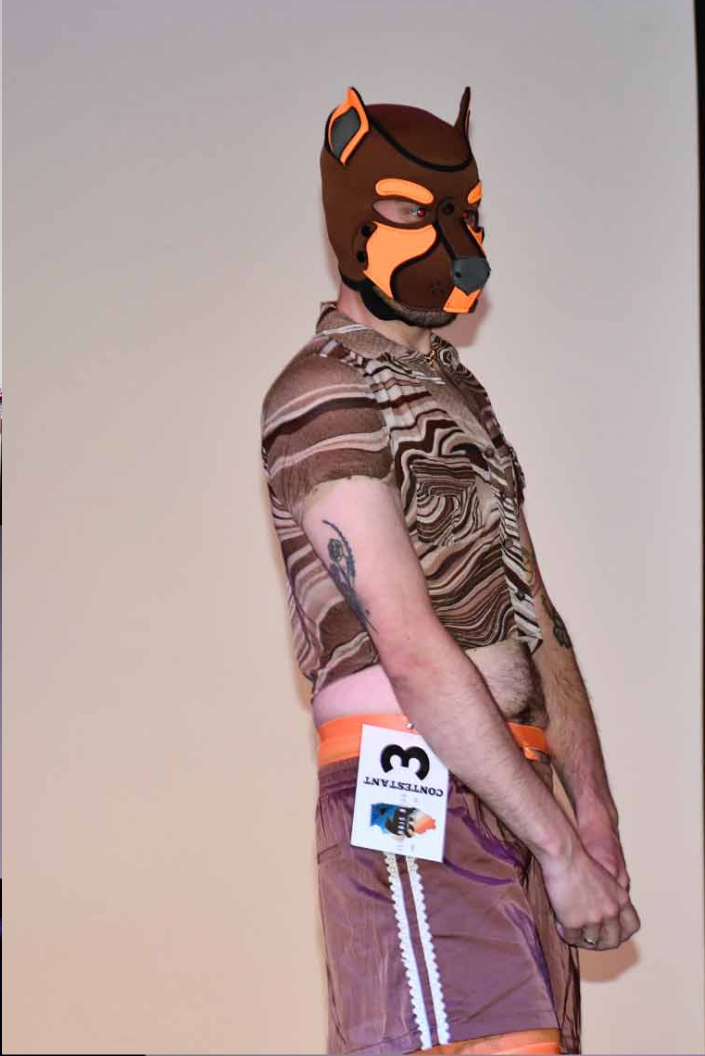
8-2-25 @ LA&M





Trig













My Straight Roommate Needed "Stamina Practice"

Story by No_Egg3139

The clock on my desk read 11:47 PM. I heard his key scrape the inside of our dorm room lock. I stopped breathing. My eyes stayed locked on my textbook, but I wasn't reading the words. My entire body focused on the door.

The lock clicked. The door opened. Ben stepped inside.

He shut the door hard. The cheap poster on the back of it rattled against the wood. The air in the room felt heavy, charged with his anger. He didn't look at me. He walked straight to his desk and threw his keys down. They made a sharp, metallic clatter on the fake wood surface. I heard him take a deep, shaky breath. I could see the muscles in his neck, tight and bunched up under his skin. He stood there for a long moment, just his back to me, his shoulders stiff.

For the last two days, that was all I got. Silence. The only sounds were the ones he couldn't control. The frustrated sighs. The way he tapped his pen too hard against his desk. The quiet, angry clicks of his mouse as he stared at his laptop screen late into the night. I tried to talk to him once.

"Hey man, want to grab food?" I had asked.

"No," he said, and did not look up.

So I waited. I knew something had happened with Jessica. I knew it was bad. I felt a sick, hot feeling in my stomach every time I saw his frustration. I wanted it. I hated that I wanted it.

Tonight, the quiet broke.

He slammed his laptop shut. The crack of the plastic was like a gunshot in the dead-silent room. I flinched. My heart started pounding, a hard, fast rhythm against my ribs.

He stood up. He started pacing. Three steps to the door, three steps back to his bed. A caged

animal. I kept my head down, pretending to read. I could feel his eyes on me. I felt the heat of his stare on the side of my face.

Finally, he stopped.

"It's Jessica," he said. His voice was rough, scraped raw.

I looked up. His face was a mask of anger and shame. His jaw was tight.

"I keep fucking it up," he bit out the words. "I cum too fast. Every fucking time. I get inside her and it's over." He shook his head, looking at the floor. "It's a physical thing. It's like a muscle I haven't trained. I just need... practice. I need to get used to the feeling. I need to build stamina."

He looked straight at me then. His eyes were dark, intense. He wasn't looking at me like a friend. He was looking at me like a piece of equipment.

"You're into guys," he stated. It wasn't a question. "You bottom, right?"

My throat went dry. The blood rushed to my face, hot and prickly. I couldn't speak. I just stared at him.

"Let me use you," he said. The words were quiet, but they hit me like a physical blow. "For practice."

I felt the world tilt. My brain stuttered. "What? No. What the fuck, Ben?" The words came out weak, breathless.

"Come on, man," he stepped closer. He lowered his voice. "It's not a gay thing. It's just mechanics. It's like a workout. I'm just trying to fix a problem. I'm desperate here."

"That's insane," I managed, shaking my head. But my body was already betraying me. I felt a deep, pulsing heat start in my gut. My dick, shielded by my jeans on my lap, was starting to get

thick. He knew. Of course he knew. He was counting on it.

"Look at me," he said, his voice dropping even lower. It was a command. "I'm not asking you to like it. I'm asking you to help me. As a friend. I just need a body. Just to be inside someone, to learn control. Ten minutes. That's all. Then we never talk about it again."

A friend. He said it like a weapon. Every moment I'd spent watching him, wanting him, wanting this, flashed through my mind. The shame of it fought with the raw, undeniable need. He was offering me my ultimate fantasy, gift-wrapped in humiliation. The thought of him using my body, clinical and detached, was the hottest thing I had ever imagined. My denial was a thin, crumbling wall.

He saw the change in my face. He saw me losing the fight.

"Please," he whispered.

I swallowed hard. I couldn't look him in the eye. I stared at the wall behind him, at a crack in the paint. I gave a single, jerky nod.

He didn't smile. He just nodded back, a flicker of something dark and triumphant in his eyes. The transaction was complete.

"Okay," he said. "Take your pants off. Get on the bed."

My feet felt glued to the floor. My brain registered the command, but my body refused to obey. The silence in the room stretched, thick and heavy. I could hear him breathing, slow and steady. He was waiting. He wasn't going to repeat himself. The power in that silence was absolute. He had given an order, and the world was paused until I followed it.

My own breath hitched. I forced my legs to move. It felt like walking through water. My hands shook as I reached for the button on my jeans. My fingers were clumsy, stupid. I couldn't work the small piece of metal. Ben said nothing. He just watched my failure. The humiliation was a hot flush that crawled up my neck. Finally, the button popped free. The sound of my zipper was a loud rasp that tore through the quiet.

I pushed my jeans down my legs. They caught on my shoes. I had to bend over and kick them off, one foot at a time. Then I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my boxers and pulled them down. The cool air of the room hit my bare skin. I felt completely exposed. My cock was already half-hard, twitching with a mix of fear and need. I

didn't dare look at him. I kept my eyes on my bed, on the rumpled blue comforter.

"On the bed," he repeated. His voice was flat, impatient.

I moved. I put one knee on the mattress, then the other. The springs groaned under my weight. I stayed there for a second, on all fours, my head bowed. This was it. This was the point of no return.

"Ass up," he said.

I obeyed. I pushed my hips into the air, presenting myself to him. I squeezed my eyes shut. I felt like a piece of meat on a counter. The thought should have disgusted me. Instead, a deep, shuddering tremor of excitement went through my whole body. I wanted this. I wanted him to see me like this. I wanted him to take what he wanted.

The mattress dipped behind me. His weight was solid, immense. I felt the heat coming off his body. It was a physical presence at my back. I could smell the faint scent of his soap. He was so close I could feel the air move as he shifted. I heard the rasp of his zipper and the soft thud of his jeans hitting the floor behind me. My heart hammered. I braced myself. Then I felt the thick, blunt pressure of his cockhead against the crack of my ass. It was dry. The friction sent a jolt of alarm through me.

"Wait," I gasped, the word ripped out of me. "Lube. You need lube."

He didn't answer. I felt him shift away. I heard the click of the cap on the lube bottle. For a single, insane second, I thought he was listening to me. I thought I had a piece of control.

He proved me wrong.

A huge, cold glob of lube landed directly on my hole. I yelped, my whole body clenching at the shock of it. Before I could even process the feeling, his hand was there. His whole palm pressed flat against my lower back, holding me down. His fingers, slick and cold, started to spread the lube. He wasn't gentle. He was efficient, clinical. He smeared it over my cheeks, between them, his middle finger circling that tight, clenched ring of muscle.

He found the exact spot. He knew. He had to know.

His thumb replaced his finger. It pressed firmly against my entrance. He didn't push. He just held the pressure there, a solid, insistent weight. My body wanted to yield. It wanted to open for him.

"You're tight," he grunted, his voice a low

vibration right behind me. It wasn't a compliment. It was an observation. A problem to be solved.

He pushed the tip of his thumb inside me.

A sound tore out of my throat, a high, strangled whimper. My hips jerked back against his hand, chasing the feeling. All my resistance, all my fear, incinerated in that single moment of contact. There was no more 'practice.' There was no 'friend.' There was only him, and the desperate, aching need to be filled.

"Fuck," I breathed, the word muffled by the pillow. "Please."

He let out a low, rough sound. It was the sound of discovery. He pulled his thumb out, and I whimpered again at the loss. I felt him shift, positioning himself. The broad, wet head of his cock replaced his thumb. It was bigger. Wider. It stretched me just by pressing against me. He pushed, a slow, steady, merciless pressure. I felt my body trying to resist, to stay tight, but he was stronger.

He pushed harder. I felt a sharp, stretching burn. I cried out.

"Shut up," he commanded, his voice a harsh rasp by my ear. His free hand clamped down on my hip, anchoring me in place. He was going to take me whether my body was ready or not. He gave one final, brutal thrust.

He broke through. He was inside. Just the head. But he was so thick. I was stretched to my absolute limit. I couldn't breathe. My vision swam with black spots. He was going to rip me in half. He stayed there, buried just inside me, letting me feel every millimeter of his thickness. He let me feel him pulse.

"You feel that?" he whispered, his breath hot on my neck. "That's what I need to get used to."

He gripped my hip tighter, and then he began to push the rest of his length into me.

He drove himself into me inch by agonizing inch. My muscles screamed. The burning feeling intensified, a white-hot fire spreading from my center through my whole body. I felt my skin stretch, my insides yielding to a size they were never meant to take. I bit down hard on my own hand to keep from screaming. Tears welled in my eyes, hot and sharp. He didn't stop. He didn't slow down. He just kept pushing, a steady, relentless force, until his hips hit the back of my thighs with a wet, solid smack.

He was all the way in. He filled me completely. I felt impaled, pinned to the mattress by his cock and his weight. Every nerve ending was on fire. I couldn't move. I couldn't think. I could only feel the massive, unyielding thickness of him buried deep inside me.

He stayed there, perfectly still. I felt the slow, heavy pulse of his blood inside me. I heard his breath, ragged and deep, right next to my ear. He was listening to my body. He was feeling my muscles try to clench around him, to push him out. He was learning. This was the practice. My body was the classroom. The thought sent another wave of sick, electric heat through me. I was just a tight space for him to occupy, to test himself against.

After a long moment, he pulled back. He moved slowly, deliberately. He drew himself almost all the way out, until just the wide crown of his cock was still inside me, stretching my entrance. My body clenched, trying to hold onto him. He grunted, a low sound of effort. Then he pushed back in, just as slowly, filling me up again. He did it again. And again. A slow, punishing rhythm. It wasn't fucking. It was a repetition. A workout.

My body started to betray me. With every slow withdrawal, my hips pushed back, trying to keep him inside. With every slow thrust, I met him, my body arching into the pressure. I couldn't stop it. My body wanted him. It didn't care about the pain or the humiliation. It only cared about being filled.

He felt the change. He felt my hips meet his last thrust. He stopped moving.

"There," he growled, the sound a low vibration that traveled from his chest, down his cock, and into my guts. "You feel that? You like it."

His hand moved from my hip to the small of my back, pressing down hard, arching me further, tilting my ass up at a higher angle. He shifted his own hips. He was no longer centered. He was aiming.

He thrust forward.

The head of his cock slammed into a place deep inside me I didn't know I had.

My vision went white. A sound ripped out of my throat, a sound I had never made before—a high, sharp cry of pure, system-shocking overload. My back bowed violently. My toes curled. My entire body went rigid, seized by a pleasure so intense it was indistinguishable from pain.

Continued on pg 58

UNDER THE HOOD

Featuring
PUP RUTT
Photography by
BY SARGE















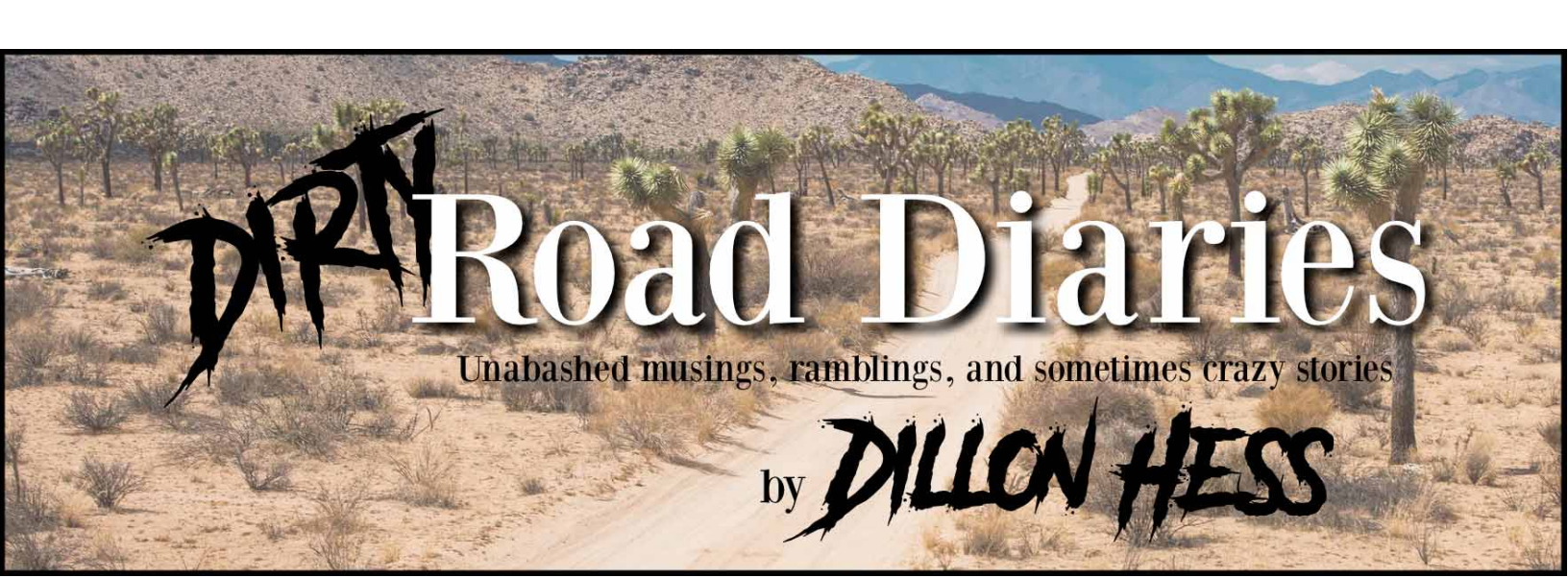








A Javier A Lara Selfi Project



DIRTY Road Diaries

Unabashed musings, ramblings, and sometimes crazy stories

by **DILLON HESS**

Do our cells respond to our thoughts? Yes. Our thoughts and emotions can directly influence the health of our cells. Positive thinking—hope, gratitude, optimism—doesn't just make us feel better mentally; it can help the body thrive physically.

Our words are powerful, and so are the seeds of wisdom we plant to each-other And when DNA is used with intention—whether in knowledge, creation, or the giving of a man's puckering, wanting, beautiful, hot fuck hole—it becomes a gift. That I freely give.

Humans can't literally read minds, however we can create mental models that let us intuit the thoughts and feelings of others. This is called empathic accuracy—"reading" the cues hidden in words, emotions, and body language.

May anyone know what I'm thinking? Maybe. Some people are intuitive enough to catch the flicker of a thought in the shift of an eye, the curl of a lip, the tilt of a head. I know I do—when I connect with you, I want to feel you, all of you to make you vibrate, to take you beyond this system, into other dimensions... and bring you back again.

Of course, it's still an assumption—unless you make it obvious. I'll know you by your actions in split seconds. And just like human connection, chemistry has its own beauty. Take the benzene molecule—six carbon, six hydrogen, bound in a perfect hexagon—one of the most elegant structures in organic chemistry. Not all molecules "communicate" in the same way, but they all interact through forces and mechanisms, each exchange altering the other, forever. I have a magical way of doing that, making it far better than the day before it.



All Men



Are Beautiful

ALFONSO



Photography by
GASQUE PH













A harsh, guttural sound tore from Ben's chest. The sound of a predator that has just tasted blood. The practice was over. The experiment was done.

He started to fuck me.

There was nothing slow or clinical about it now. He pounded into me, his thrusts deep and brutal. He used his hand on my back to hold me in place as he hammered that same spot again and again. The bed frame slammed against the wall with every punishing impact. My head bounced against the mattress. My own broken moans mixed with the wet, slapping sound of his body hitting mine. He wasn't practicing stamina anymore. He was trying to break me. He was trying to fuck me apart.

My mind shattered. There was no thought left. There was no Ben, no Jessica, no dorm room. There was only the thick, hot length of him filling me, the relentless impact against that raw, overloaded nerve, and the animal sounds coming out of my own mouth. I heard my own voice, distant and strange, crying his name.

"Ben... fuck... oh god, Ben..."

He leaned down, his mouth right next to my ear, his own breaths coming in ragged, harsh gasps.

"That's right," he panted, his voice a vicious, triumphant whisper. "Fucking scream my name. Tell me how good it feels to be my practice dummy."

His words hit me harder than any physical blow. He knew exactly what this was doing to me. He knew I was falling apart. He grabbed my hair, pulling my head back, forcing me to feel the full, savage force of his hips as he drove into me without mercy. I was close. So close. The feeling was building, a tidal wave of pressure that was about to crest. I was going to cum. I was going to lose everything.

"I'm gonna... fuck... I'm gonna cum," I sobbed.

"No," he commanded, his voice pure steel. "Not yet."

That hit me like a splash of ice water. He stopped moving. Completely. The sudden, absolute stillness was a thousand times more torturous than the pounding. He stayed buried deep inside me, a hot, thick, immovable rod. I was impaled, trembling on the absolute edge of release, my body screaming for friction, for a final push. But there was

nothing. Only the crushing weight of his body and the thick presence of him filling me.

I whimpered, a pathetic, broken sound. My hips tried to move, to rock back against him, to get anything. His hand on my back pressed down harder, pinning me flat. I was helpless.

He leaned down, his lips brushing against my ear. His voice was a low, cruel murmur. "Look at you. Shaking. Your hole is so tight around my cock. You're begging for it, aren't you?"

I couldn't answer. A choked sob was my only reply.

"You're not going to cum until I tell you to," he whispered. "You cum when I'm done with you. You understand?"

I nodded frantically, my face buried in the sweat-damp pillow. "Yes," I choked out. "Please."

His hand left my back. I felt his fingers wrap around the base of my own shaft, slick with my precum. His grip was tight, possessive. He started to stroke me, his rhythm slow and steady, mirroring the slow, torturous pace he'd used at the beginning. He was taking control of my orgasm itself. He owned it. He owned my release. The feeling of his hand on my cock while his was still buried deep inside me broke the last piece of my sanity. The pressure built again, unbearable, a white-hot nova about to explode in my gut.

"That's it," he grunted, feeling me about to lose control. "Now." His voice was a raw command. "Cum for me now."

The word "now" shattered me. My back arched off the bed. My body convulsed violently around him. My vision went black as I erupted, a helpless, choked cry tearing from my throat as I shot my load over my stomach and the sheets. Spasm after spasm wracked my body, my muscles clenching and unclenching around his cock in tight, desperate waves.

My orgasm was the only trigger he needed.

A deep, animalistic groan ripped from his chest. He drove into me one last time, a final, claiming thrust that felt like it touched my soul. He held himself there, deep inside me, as his own release pulsed out of him, flooding my insides with thick, hot spurts. He pumped his load into me until he was completely empty.

His full weight crashed down on me. He didn't pull out. He just collapsed, his slick, sweaty body pinning me to the mattress, his ragged breaths hot on my neck. I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe.

I could only lie there, broken and filled, his cock still lodged deep inside me.

We stayed like that for a long time. The only sounds were our harsh breaths slowly evening out. I could feel his heart hammering against my back. My mind was a blank, static-filled void. I felt him finally soften inside me. He slowly pulled out. The feeling of being empty was so sudden, so cold, it made me let out a small, involuntary whimper of loss.

He heard it.

He shifted, not to get off me, but to wrap an arm around my chest, pulling me tight against him. He held me there, his captive. He reached over me, his arm brushing my face, and grabbed my water bottle from the nightstand. He put it to my lips.

"Drink," he commanded.

I drank, my hand too shaky to hold the bottle myself.

He put the water back. His hand went to my hair, stroking it. The gesture was so gentle, so completely at odds with the brutality of what he had just done, that it terrified me more than anything else.

He let the silence hang for a moment longer. Then he spoke, his voice a quiet, casual whisper against my skin.

"Jessica broke up with me last week."

My blood ran cold. The words didn't register at first. Then they slammed into me. The lie. The whole thing was a lie. The shame, the frustration, the "practice"—all of it was a calculated performance. He hadn't needed help. He had seen my desire, my weakness, and he had orchestrated this entire thing to get exactly what he wanted. He didn't want practice. He wanted me. Like this. Broken.

He must have felt the change in my breathing. He must have felt the shudder that went through me. He kissed the sensitive spot just behind my ear.

"Anyway," he said, the word dismissing everything. "Get some sleep."

He settled his weight more comfortably against me, his arm a possessive bar across my chest.

"We're doing this again in the morning."

THE DADDY YEARS

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A high-angle photograph of two men in a white bathtub. The man at the top is sitting up, looking down at the other man. The man at the bottom is lying down, with his head near the faucet. Both men are shirtless and have tattoos. The bathtub is filled with water, and the background shows a wooden floor and a grey rug.

Rub A Dub Dub

**Two Sexy Men
In A Tub**

Featuring
Porter Holden
Karl Hardwood















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