

DHM

Desert Heat Magazine



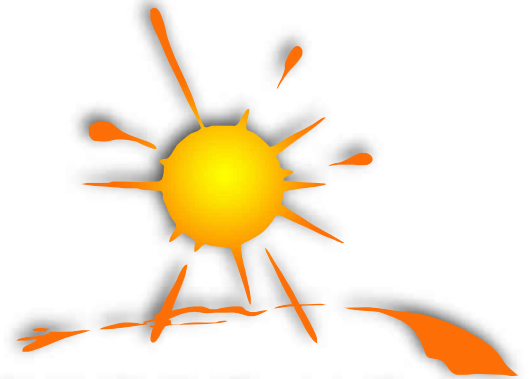
All Men Are Beautiful!
October 2023 | Issue 58

All of the material in the magazine, including the magazine, is protected by copyright. All rights are reserved. This magazine or parts of it may not be reproduced without prior written permission from the creator of Desert Heat Magazine, John Kranz, the photographers, artists, or the authors. The utmost care has been taken to present the information in Desert Heat Magazine as accurately as possible. Neither the creator, John Kranz, nor any of the contributors accept any responsibility for any damage that may result from the use of this magazine or any information contained within it. All efforts have been made to contact the copyright holders. No responsibility for the reproduction can be taken if the digital data of the images delivered is not accompanied by a high quality color proof. The views expressed in Desert Heat Magazine are not necessarily those of the Publisher or any of the contributors.

Editor/Layout
John Kranz
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Publisher
Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages@gmail.com

Submissions
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com



DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

Cover Photo: KratosOfPortugal
by Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages.com

For further information please
contact:
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:
@desertheatmag

Instagram:
www.instagram.com/desertheat-
mag/

Flickr
www.flickr.com/groups/dhmsub-
missions/

Facebook
https://www.facebook.com/dsrtht
mg

**Must be 18 years or older to
view**

Desert Heat Magazine
© 2023 Desert Heat Images

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!!

Contributors

Profiles by Sarge
(sarge@profilesbysarge.com)

Craig McManus
(sjginelli@icloud.com)

Todd Rumsey
(ttoddrum@aol.com)

slave Phil
(phil@masterslavelifestyle.com)

Robert Siegelman
(Robert.Siegelman@gmail.com)

Chota Akadi

Fuzzy Peach

Humble Photography
(humbletxphotography@gmail.com)

Tank's Takes
(Tank707@att.net)



MASTER SLAVE LIFESTYLE

ARTICLES | PODCAST | SUPPORT

FREE QUIZ

Take the Master/slave Quiz
and find **your** light and
shadow

masterslavelifestyle.com/quiz

COACHING

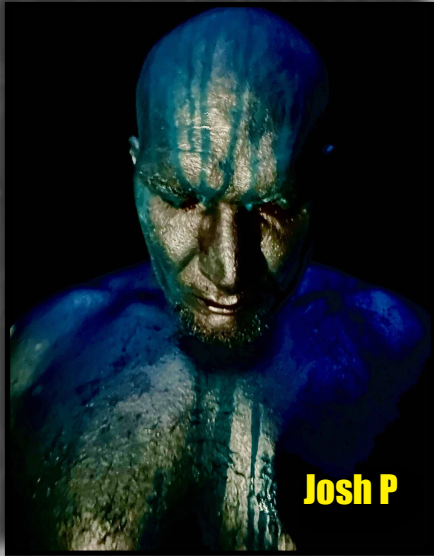
Discover your Master/slave soul

Go deeper than you
thought was possible

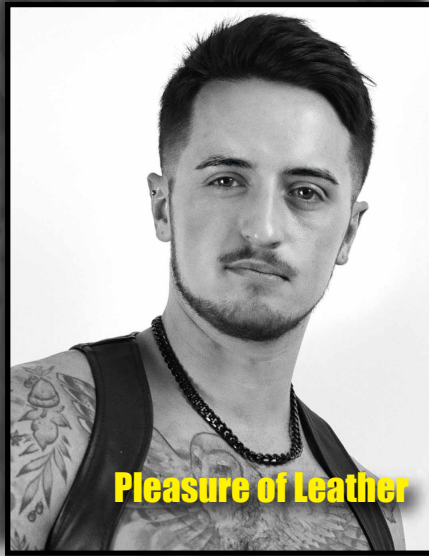
Transform yourself

Begin the journey

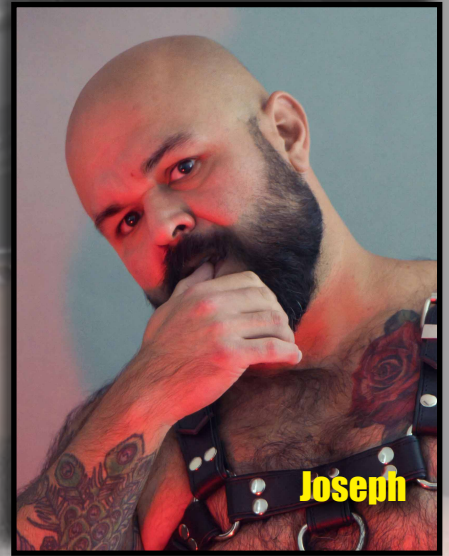
masterslavelifestyle.com/coaching



Josh P



Pleasure of Leather



Joseph



KratosOfPortugal

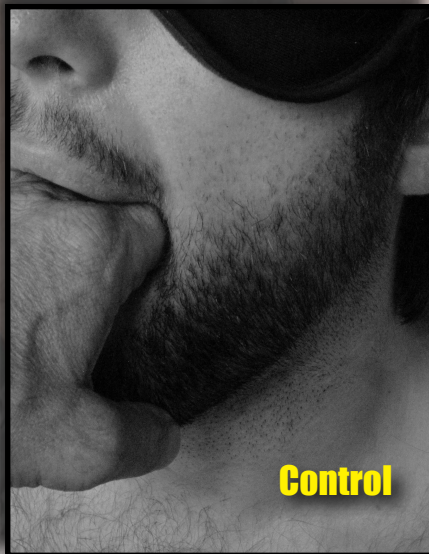
who's inside...

DHMM

Desert Heat Magazine



SexieHandyMan



Control



Tank's Men

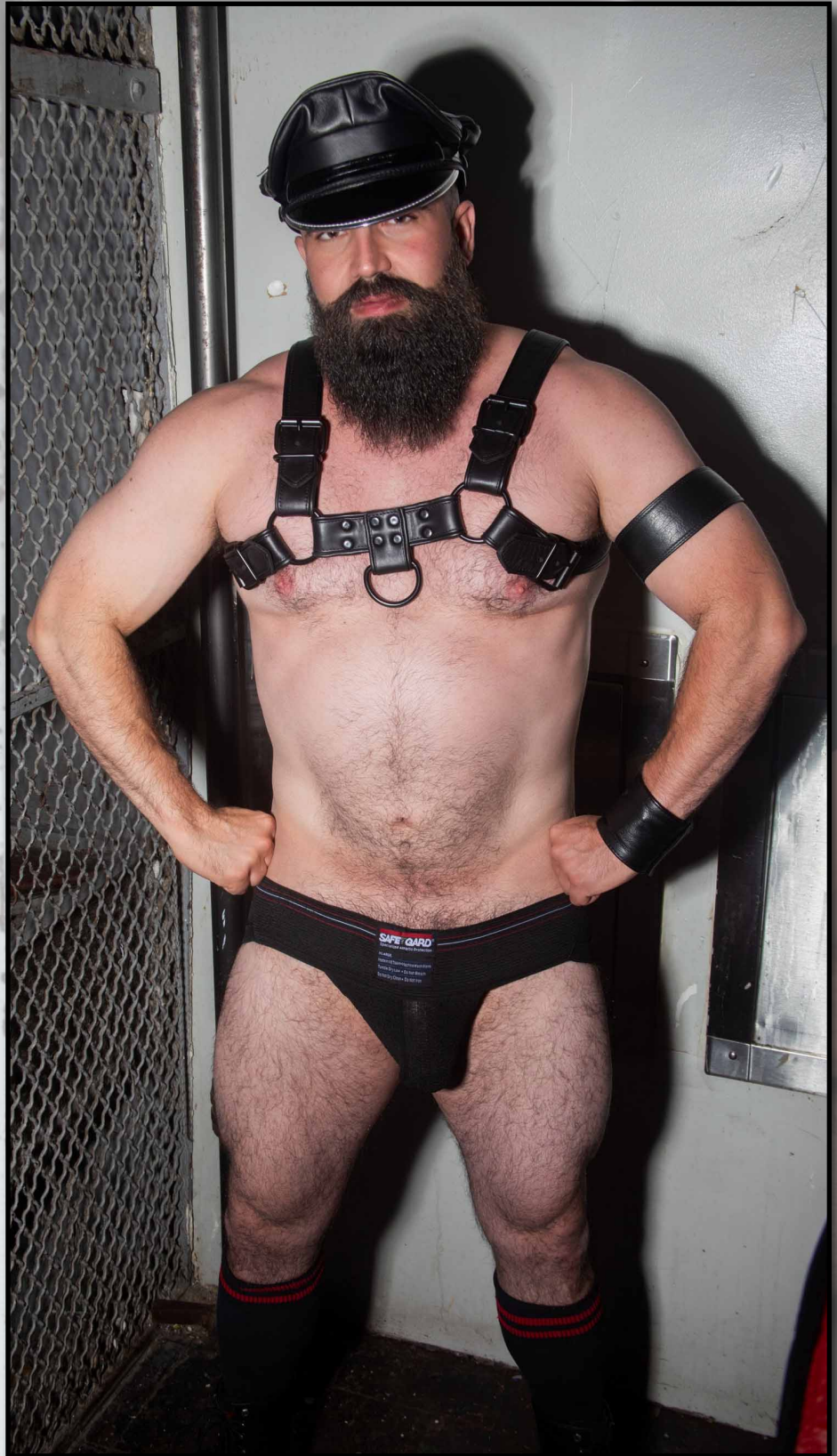
what's inside...

The Men

KratosOf Portugal.....	8
Photos by Desert Heat Images	
Control.....	19
Photos by Robert Siegelman	
Josh P - Painted Man.....	30
Photos by Fuzzy Peach	
The Pleasure of Leather.....	40
Photos by Humble Photography	
SexieHandyMan.....	53
Photos by Profiles by Sarge	
Joseph.....	62
Photos by Humble Photography	
Tank's Men.....	72
Photos by Tank's Takes	

Articles/Art

Find a real Master/slave.....	15
insights by slave Phil	
El Hombre de Piel.....	26
Story by Chota Akadi	
Tales from the Darkroom....	37
Story by Craig McManus	
The Bear Essentials.....	38
Thoughts by Todd Rumsey	



Ramblings from the Editor

Finally, back from the hiatus! What a wild ride it was!!! In case you didn't know, which means you probably haven't been following the Magazine for long, I decided to take a break from photography and go to Berlin to enjoy Folsom Europe along with a sexy boy I met at IML this year. What can I say, the boy caught my attention, as I did his, and we decided we needed some more time together. It went so well that the boy is now here in the States visiting for a month. Of course, this has taken up a bit more time than I usually have free, so the Magazine is a bit late. But hell, I can't imagine any of you forsaking chasing matters of the heart (and other body parts), and you finally get this Issue, albeit a week, or so, late!

And to answer questions ahead of time, yes, it was worth it! And yes, I had one hell of a great time in Berlin. No, I did not take images while there. (I know, right!?!?! I left my camera and equipment home and barely picked up a cell while there). Maybe next time, you deviants!

Now on to the Issue. I wanted to do a themed Issue this time and the contributors did not fail to deliver. If you haven't figured it out, it's a leather/fetish Issue. There is just something about exploring your leather/fetish/kink side to help a man grab life by the balls and enjoy every fucking minute. If you haven't tried, I strongly suggest giving it a go. And if you can't figure out where you want to go with it, hit up slave Phil (you can find his ad in this and other Issues of the Mag) for some guidance. He has a solid head on his shoulders and can get you on the right path.

If you don't want to go that route, at least check out your local clubs, events, etc and give it a go. No need to be fearful, most local leather clubs are happy to help men learn, grow, and enjoy the lifestyle. And that lifestyle is endless in the things it offers. Trust me, if you have a kink that you think is strictly yours, there are a ton of men out there probably sharing the same if not kinkier version of it. Grasp that fear hard and ride it out!

Anyone else not so enthused that Winter is coming? And no, I'm not referencing that damned HBO show! Summer is a blast because it brings out all the men in less clothes. Autumn is cool because it is the start of Leather season due to the cooler weather. But Winter, while it is still Leather weather, is just a pain in the ass if you live in the north, which I do. But hopefully those of you that are in the more temperate areas will take

advantage and get your leathers out and on your body! We'd love to see some images of you in your best leather/fetish attire! In fact, send in some images to be shown off in the next Issue.

Don't be shy! You know that every man has followers and those that are into him. Time to come out of the proverbial closet and find your tribe!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

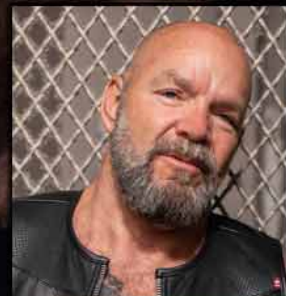
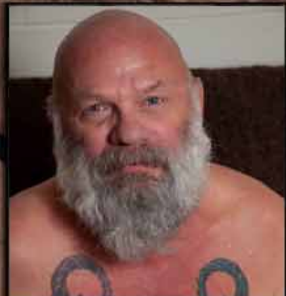
John



DH



WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM



IMAGES BY Desert Heat Images

KRATOS

Of Portugal

SAFE GARD
Specialized Antimicrobial Protection
XLARGE
Machine Washable
Tumble Dry Low • Do Not Bleach
Do Not Dry Clean • Do Not Iron













Find a real Master/slave by showing you are the real deal

Insights by slave Phil

Let's face it - meeting the Master or slave of our dreams is hard. In fact, just meeting up with a serious candidate can be challenging.

This leads to the experiences of a Master being very different to slaves when trying to find someone. A Master typically has many people contacting him, and he needs to filter through many people to find a real slave - let alone someone he might be interested in. This can cause frustration of spending so much time on a candidate to find out they are a time-waster.

Whereas a slave tends to contact a Master and get no response at all. So a slave needs to keep going despite getting no contact or feedback from most people he contacts.

What sort of people can you find?

You can organise people you will interact with on online platforms, such as Recon, into different categories.

Find a real Master/slave

Two examples are:

- Fantasist or "The Time Waster."
- The Psychopath or "The Charmer."

Both Masters and slaves can fall into these categories.

Fantasist or "The Time Waster"

This is most people you will come across - especially if searching for 24/7. This person gets our hopes up and consumes much of our time, but then we realize there is nothing real about this person.

Often their online profile disappears, or they stop answering messages. Or if things have progressed further, they never reach the arranged meet-up.

The Psychopath or "The Charmer"

They come across as charming. And often, you will feel entranced by them. But then, over time, you will notice that they change.

The personality, stories, and facts they tell you will change over time. You will also find that their actions/behaviours do not match what they say.

However, you will find they are very good at manipulating you to get what they want, and you will ignore the discrepancy as you are starting to like this person so much.

Often they will keep you on the back foot, and you will never have the complete picture.

The Real Deal

Finally, there is the real deal (which we hope is people such as yourself.) People might not know precisely what they want yet, but they do know they want a Master/slave relationship of some sort and are actively working to find that relationship.

The contradiction

This leads to a contradiction. Both Masters and slaves need to filter to find the Real Deal. But this manifests in different ways.

A Master has many more messages and requests sent to Him by slaves than a slave receiving messages from Masters. This is not always the case, but in general, it is the slave who reaches out.

Therefore a slave can find a Master might be impatient as they are dealing with so many time wasters, and a slave asking questions can be a sign of yet another Fantasist wasting their time.

Yet a potential slave asking questions is trying to find out if a Master is The Psychopath or the Real Deal.

How do we solve this contradiction?

By showing you are the Real Deal through CARTA.

Show you are the Real Deal through CARTA

Masters and slaves must show they are The Real Deal and can do this using CARTA.

- Credible
- Aware
- Respect
- Trustworthy
- Action

Let's look at these in more detail.

Credible

Make sure you present yourself as a credible Master or slave. Show clearly that you are the real deal instead of one of the above types.

As Master:

- Be clear on what experience you have. Do you know how to do bondage? If you want to do BDSM, have you been taught to use a flogger correctly?
- And what don't you know and what do you want to learn - a Master who can share this and their limitations become much more credible.

As a slave

- Do NOT Say things such as: "I have no interest in serving" or "I have no limits." We all typically have limits.
- What are your limits? We all have them, be honest and open about them.

Aware

Be aware of the other categorisations of people and why someone might be asking questions. They are trying to figure out if you are the real deal.

As a Master:

- Give a clear idea of what being your slave is like - what is your philosophy?
- What are you still trying to figure out? Where do you need more experience?

As a slave:

- Every Master is different, and articulating what you want increases your credibility as a Real Deal slave.
- What are you still trying to figure out? Where do you need more experience?

Respect

Be respectful of the other person. Do not presume or make assumptions. Masters respect the slave and the fact that you know nothing about them. Slaves respect the Master's time and what he needs and wants.

Once, I was speaking with a Master, and it was reaching my bedtime. I told the Master I would need to disappear in about 10 minutes, and he told me I would stay on for as long as he would like and if I did not, it showed I was not serious.

The next day I was doing two intense, serious workshops on opposite sides of Berlin. Consequently, I needed to head to bed soon, as the next day would be hard.

But the Master made assumptions about my time and availability, creating a situation that would only fail.

Slaves can also assume the Master is available to answer questions instantly and become impatient when they do not hear something quickly.

For example:

- As a slave, avoid making the Master an extra in your fantasy. Instead listen to what they want and need.

Trustworthy

Make sure your actions and behaviours build trust. It is not what we say that builds trust. But whether our actions and behaviours align with what we say and stay consistent.

When you say you will do something, make sure you do it. This helps build credibility as well as trust.

Be consistent. If someone keeps changing their story or the facts keep changing, this comes across as inconsistent and untrustworthy.

For example:

- What equipment do you have? Do NOT say you want a 24/7 muscled stay-at-home slave if you have no gym equipment. Or do you want a caged slave when you have no cage?
- If you have little experience, be open and share this rather than pretend.

Action

Show credibility through action. A good Master will often test the slave by asking them to complete simple actions. This can be as simple as asking the slave to report back with good questions. Or to provide a choice of coffee spots to meet up. You will be surprised at how many slaves cannot do these things. And a Master should also hold up to his actions and what he says to be a man of integrity that can be trusted.

The importance of taking action to show credibility

It is hard to underestimate the importance of taking action to show credibility.

And the actions can be very small. Examples include:

- Asking a slave to use a scheduling link to find a time with you

- Ask some serious questions about what they need to know for a first visit to serve you
- To give more than a sentence explaining who they are and what they are looking for

You would be amazed at how many people will not do these things. It makes it very easy to filter them out so you can focus more time on the real deal.

- As slave, Be able to follow simple instructions. If a Master asks you to choose options for a place to meet, do this.

Become good at Filtering

Finally, both Masters and slaves need to be good at filtering between all the different sorts of people they meet so they can focus on the Real Deal.

It can be straightforward to focus on the people that turn you on. But these people can sometimes be Time Wasters. And although it can be fun to talk and have online sex with them, it will not find you the real relationship you want. We can also inadvertently train ourselves to find the people that turn us on but will never be the Real Deal.

Instead, we must focus on identifying the Real Deal and invest our energy with these people. We must also make sure we come across as the Real Deal.

How can we do this?

- Look for well-written profiles with proper images instead of profiles with almost no text and fake images.
- Make sure your own profile stands out as credible as well.
- Have good first messages explaining who you are, what you are looking for, and what you like about the other person (or people if it is a polyamorous family). Do not send a message that only says "hi," or "hi there."
- As a Master, give the slave small tasks such as a small piece of research or where to meet for coffee.
- Be open to the slave asking questions
- As a slave, focus on asking the questions that show you are the real deal. For example, questions on what the Master is looking for and

how the Master would like you to serve him and better than asking if you will eat from a dog bowl. It might be an essential question to ask you, but maybe not straight away.

- As a slave, accept these tasks as a way of building credibility and trust

ACTIONS

- Look through contacts with previous Masters and slaves you know or think were real people. What did their profiles and messages have in common?
- Rewrite your profile to show you are credible -

check out this article for help. MSL also can do a profile review for you.

- Create a good first message - check out this article here on how to do that
- Remember the different sorts of people you can find on online platforms such as Recon, and make sure you go after the real deal
- Use and be CARTA:
 - Credible
 - Aware
 - Respect
 - Trustworthy
 - Action

slave phil is a BDSM Coach and Educator. His journey as a slave has led to a global exploration of the Master/slave scene, serving Masters long-term from East Coast Australia to the West Coast of the USA and South Africa to Finland.

He writes content and publishes a podcast on Master/slave relationships at <https://masterslavelifestyle.com>.

He also works as a coach helping people to take that step in their Master/slave journey, helping people find the right career for them, and also consulting companies and startups on effective company culture.

QUEER PHOTO ALBUM

"If a picture is worth 1000 words, LGBTQ+ stories are definitely worth more than 1000 pictures."

The Family LGBTQ+ is one big family. Happy and sad. Fun and dysfunctional. Like any "real" family.

Growing up, the Artists & Designers of Collide Press dreamed of having a "family" photo album. Of people who were like us, who shared the same family secret.

Queer Photo Album is that dream come true.

Queer Photo Album = LGBTQ+ Culture & Family
 = Imagined, Real & Re-Imagined = Art + Design + Photography
 = Available as Wall Art, Apparel, Home Decor & More on Society6
 = QueerPhotoAlbum.CollidePress.com



CONTROL

Images by **Robert Siegelman**













The photographer would like to thank
the models who participate in my work.
They are most very appreciated.



El Hombre de Piel

Story by **Chota Akadi**

My husband and I are average middle-class, white, suburban gays. Just pushing 40, and working middle-management desk jobs, we have settled into a comfortable routine of streaming movie Fridays, home-improvement Saturdays, and gardening Sundays. It works for us... mostly.

You couldn't tell from looking at us now, but in our twenties we were both party boys, living lives of bars, booze and debauchery—hopping from bar to bar and bed to bed. Then one summer day I was slamming my cock into the ass of a muscle bear who was strapped into a sling when someone placed a bottle of poppers to one side of my nose, and with his other hand pushed my open nostril shut. I took a deep hit and when I turned to nod a thanks at the guy, I saw Joey's face for the first time. I couldn't take my eyes off of him, and as I plowed the large, round ass of the hairy man hanging helplessly in front of me, Joey took a step forward, wrapped one hand around the back of my head, and pulled me into a deep kiss. His other hand sent two spit-covered fingers straight into my asshole. As he pushed downward, putting pressure on my prostate, I came so hard I thought I would never stop. After he took my place and also dumped a load into the bear, we ended up going to a 24-hour donut shop and talked all night. That's where we tell people we met, as telling them it was at an orgy in someone's basement sex playroom would just be awkward.

For over a decade we were held up by

friends and family, coworkers and community, as being a model gay couple—whatever that's supposed to be. To me we have simply become... well... our parents. Not that there's anything wrong with that. Neither of us would trade our quiet, routine married life to the man we love to go back to our old party days. The topic of opening our relationship sexually has come up several times over the past year—usually after being propositioned by other open couples while on vacation. But nothing has come of it. We've also discussed trying a three way, but whenever we talk about it, we get so turned on, we just end up banging the hell out of each other and the topic gets shelved.

One early spring evening we attended a fundraiser for a local charity that was held in a leather bar the next town over. Not only did we not know anyone there, but we stood out like a sore thumb. We were dressed in practically matching khaki shorts and polo shirts while others were wearing everything from leather collars and puppy play masks to latex jockstraps and nothing else. We were getting stares and smirks from folks as we made our way to the bar. We ordered two beers, bought our raffle tickets and made a donation to the cause, then found a corner to hide in.

We were there for about 30 minutes when we noticed a rough-trade looking Latino leatherman watching us. He was unshaven with a

head of thick black hair, rock hard abs, and long tight legs with bulging calves. His leather vest was so tight it was pulling at the snaps and was specially made to emphasize his large hair covered pecs were almost completely on display. Heavy leather boots capped off tight filling chaps surrounding a leather jockstrap that highlighted a very large package which drew our eyes back to it again and again. The man looked like he had walked right out of a vintage 1970s porn movie. His brown eyes moved from one of us, to the other, scanning us up and down with an unreadable expression on his face. We tried to act as if we didn't notice his continuous stare and hoped it wasn't because he was ready to beat us up and toss us out of the bar.

After a second round of beers we decided to leave, but both of us had to pee. We made our way through the length of the dimly lit bar to the bathroom where we found one locking stall and a long trough that ran along the length of one of the walls. There were several men loitering around the room, leaning against the back wall, as if waiting for the stall which was occupied. Joey motioned me with his eyes to the bottom of the stall where we saw the knees of one man facing the feet of another.

"Hot," I whispered jokingly to him as we approached the trough.

Standing only a few feet apart, we both unzipped and began to pee. Midstream, we heard the men on the back wall greet someone coming into the room behind us. There was no reply, just the sound of deliberate, echoing footsteps that ended when the newcomer planted himself directly between myself and my husband. He was so close I could feel the heat from his body. At first I was afraid to even acknowledge whoever it was, but after a few seconds I looked down to see the man's pee begin spraying into the trough. My eyes discreetly worked their way up the clear piss stream to a dark, uncut cock.

I looked up to see the Latino who had been watching us, now standing between us, so close that the smattering of hair on my arms caused my skin to tingle as it brushed against his thick black fur. I looked up at him and found his gaze fixed directly on me. His expression, though intense, was completely unreadable. I felt my heartbeat quicken and had to will myself to not look away,

feeling as though I was in a National Geographic doco about alpha predators! When he looked away from me, he turned to look directly at Joey with the same unflinching, completely mesmerizing stare. My gaze went back to his thick brown cock which was no longer peeing, but standing at full mast and his foreskin pulled back enough to see his large red cockhead. Eight inches of thick, hard, Latino cock was throbbing and pulsing just inches away from my own now thickening dick.

Joey and I were both as average in the dick department as we were in life. I was six and a half inches and Joey was seven, both slightly above average in thickness, and both cut. To see a hard, eight inch, uncut, dark-colored dick only inches away (and not on a display screen) was both a shock and a massive turn-on!

Neither of us moved, nor were we sure what to do. Was he just doing this to show off? Was he trying to intimidate us (because it was working). Did he want to have sex? And were we both okay with it if he did?

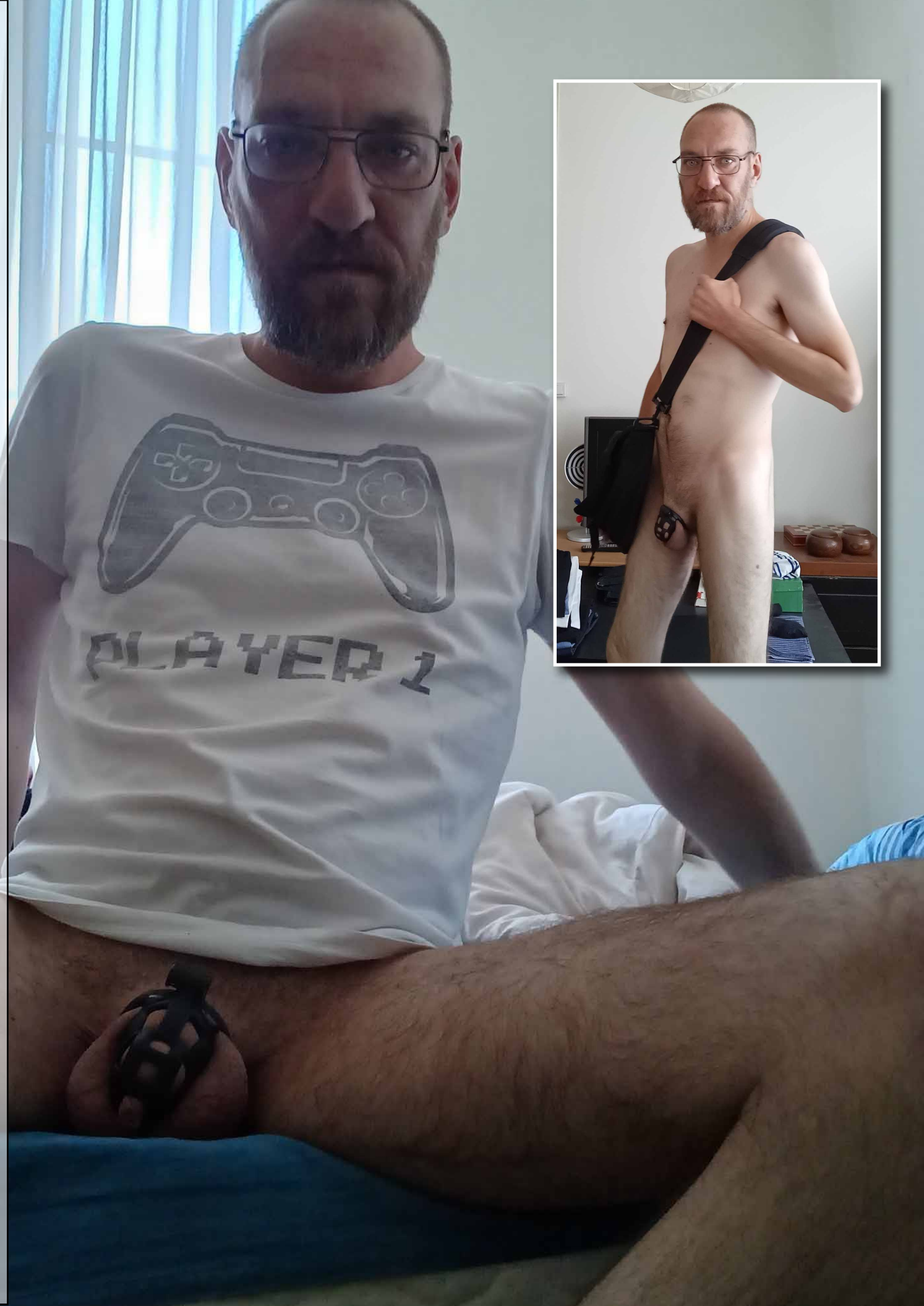
Finally, the man between us reached out, took my right hand and Joey's left, and placed them on his warm, hard cock. Our hands began exploring his dick—the first, besides one another's, that we'd touched in over a decade. Joey's hand was squeezing his meat as I kept gently skinning his large foreskin back to reveal the full size of his large rounded head that was now beginning to leak small drops of precum.

He kept looking from one to the other, now grinning a smile that told us he—and his cock—had complete control over us. And they did! He took a step back and in one motion, with no resistance, he placed his hands behind our heads and pushed us to our knees in front of him. As he pushed us forward, our eyes met and for a split second we both seemed to be asking the other's permission to let this happen... to be okay with servicing the precum-dripping monster cock in front of us. Our eyes were still locked with each other's, as our mouths opened and our tongues began to lick the salty sweat-covered tool in front of us.

It was awkward at first. Both of us kept stealing glances at the other, trying to assure ourselves the other was fine with this and it was okay to let go of our inhibitions and enjoy servicing

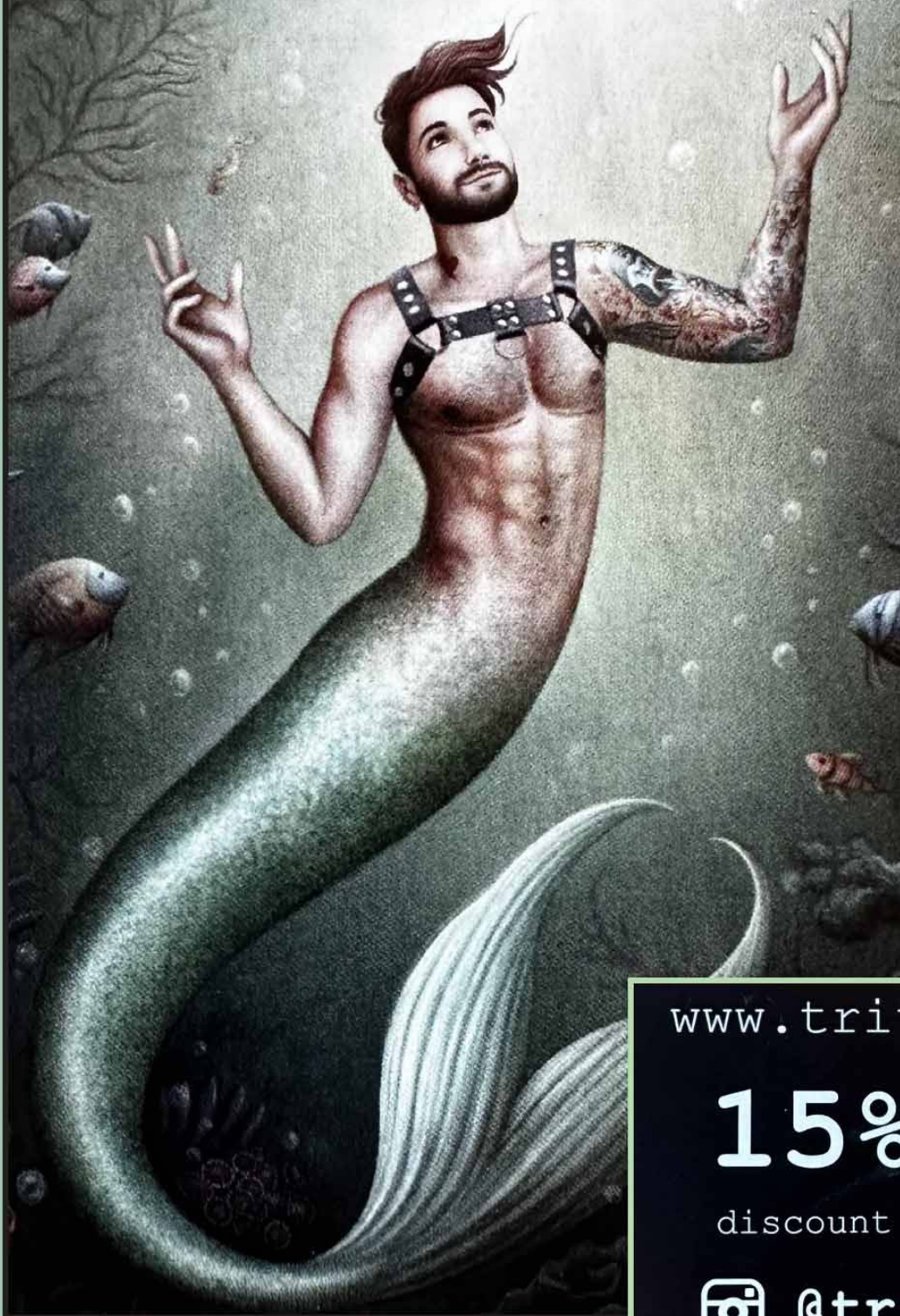
Continued on pg 50

DHM Fan ~ Lavier Burger



TRITON

SOAP & SKINCARE



Hand Made

Plant Based
Ingredients

Custom Blended
Fragrances

Check out the-
custom leather
lover's favorite
"leather scent"



Queer owned
and operated

www.tritonsoap.com

15% OFF

discount code: LEATHER

 @triton_soap



Josh P

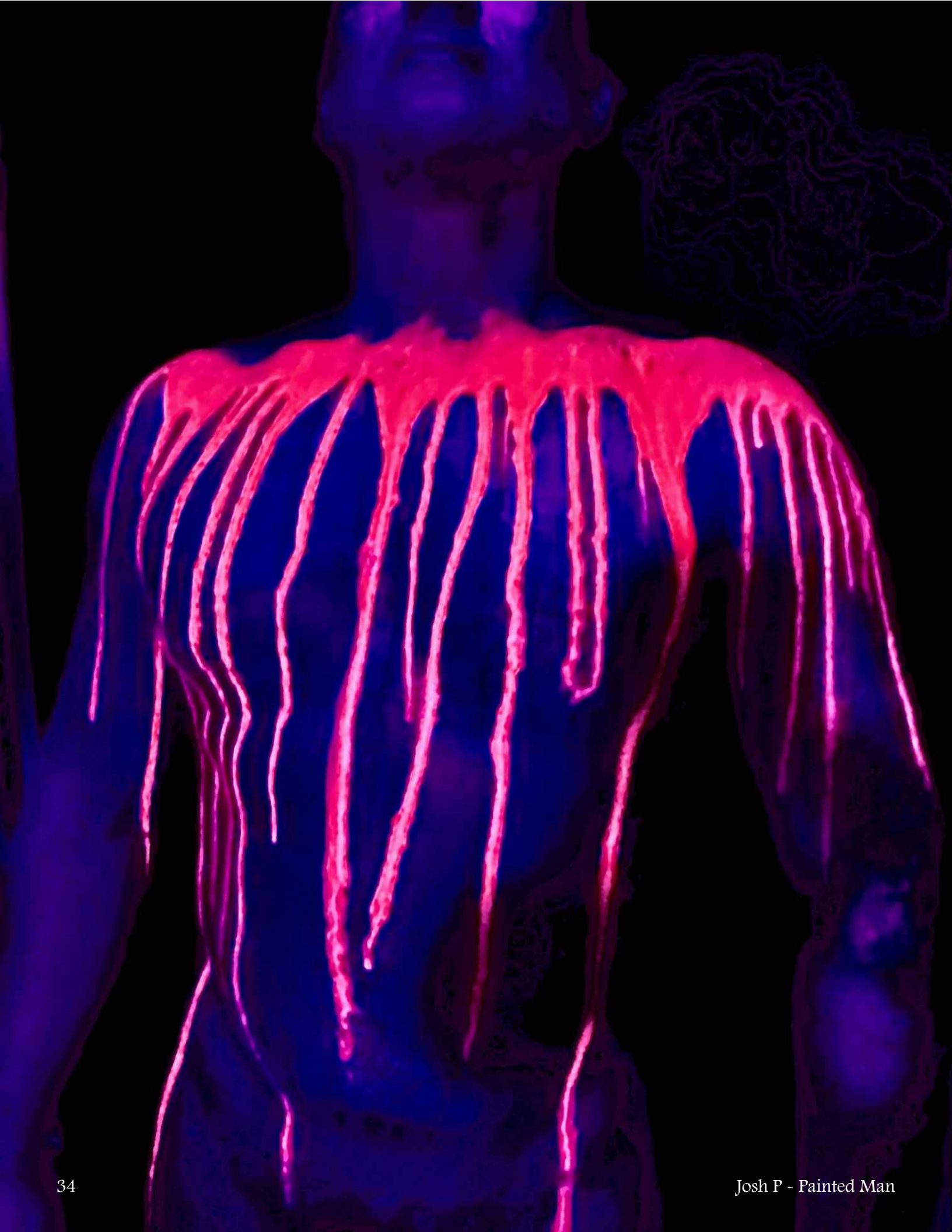
Painted Man

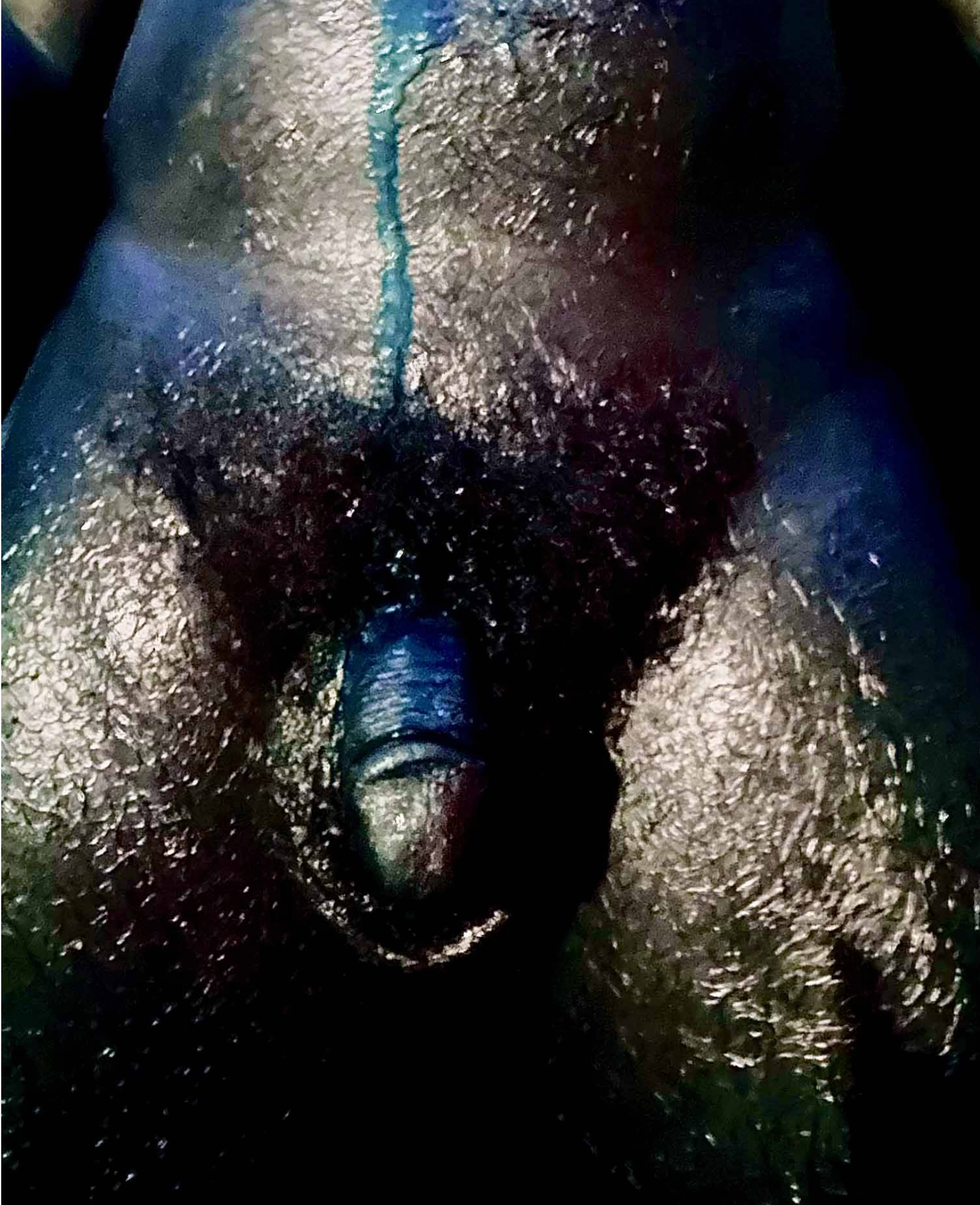
Images by **Fuzzy Peach**













TALES FROM THE DARKROOM

STORY BY *Craig McManus*

This is my funfair. My playground. My pleasure dome. From this spot, I can watch the whole scene unfold: the choreography, the comedy, the ecstasy, the kisses and the kiss-offs. It's pure theater. And let me tell you, guys, if you've never been here before, there's no show on Broadway like the theater of a darkroom.

But I'm forgetting my manners.

Hello. I'm Brad. Bradley, actually, but only Mom calls me that.

The light's a little low down here, so let me give you a quick description: I'm 38 years-old, 6'1, 240 pounds. Yeah, I'm a big boy with a big, hairy belly to match. My facial hair comes and goes, but tonight I'm rocking a salt and pepper mustache, with a three day stubble. Black T, blue jeans. Guys tell me I could pass for 30. Good genes, I guess (thanks Mom. But, you know what, Mom, I don't think this is your kind of place, so kindly butt out).

Started off as a dentistry student in Portland, Oregon. I was all set for a life of extractions and root canal treatment when a cute German cub stole my heart. I followed him to Hamburg, but we soon split up because of religious differences (he thought he was God's gift, and I didn't). I got a job that paid the rent, and pretty soon my cute grin and silver tongue helped me work my way up the management tree. Now I'm travelling all over Europe, which is how I got to be

such a connoisseur of darkrooms. And, believe me, guys, I've seen them all. Amsterdam, Berlin, Paris, Madrid...

So maybe you're thinking if you've seen one darkroom you've seen them all. But no. Some are tiny. There's one in Seville – a blink of a place – not much more than a strip of hardboard and a glory hole. Others have more room to roam, with labyrinths and slings and cages, piss baths and... well, you get the idea. But regardless of size or facilities, I've learned how to work with what I've got.

The one we're in now is one of my favourites. You were lucky to find it – even guys who've lived in this city for years don't always know about it. It's a subterranean space, deep enough to be out of earshot of the disco beats from the bar above. Dark enough to create the right atmosphere, but there's enough light to find your way around (trust me, men, there's nothing sexy about crashing into a wall). It has lots of concealed corners for intimate mischief-making. And it has that heady aroma of sweat and stale piss and poppers that I fucking love.

I mentioned choreography, which might require some explanation. First and foremost, timing is everything. Enter the darkroom too early

Continued on pg 52

The **Bear** Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by
Todd Rumsey



Powerful, graceful, and enduring.... Oh wait! This is a leather issue – not a bear issue. Huh, some similarities exist. The Leather community and Bear community in the gay male sense of the words, has become difficult to find the differences in. A few of the reasons bear and leather communities are often one in the same is power, grace, and endurance. The need to be seen and heard lead to the need for the feeling of importance and inclusion. This holds true as a young man sprouts his first chest hairs, or a first time feeling the tingle of leather caressing a new part of skin.

Leather provides power to the wearer to embrace their need, desire, role, expectation. The strap of the harness allows one to tighten the feel when necessary. The bear able to adapt himself to seasons and be a powerful source when the need arises – hunting, prowling, capturing, seducing. The often-unspoken rules of leather provide a power of communicating without others knowing. The smell of leather attracts men from afar to a sense of want, belonging, and knowing. The bear uses the same scent tactics to attract, find, and

know where the want or desire can be met.

Graceful amongst the gathering is the one wrapped in leather. Knowing the exact end of extremity, the closeness of the fabric to one's own skin, and the touch that needs to be intentional to be intimate. The perfectly laced boot gives substance to every step, and grace to the calf and shin. Graceful is the well-placed bear paw on the lower back of the partner, warmth flowing to ensure safety and comfort to the protected.

Bears have endured through trials of ostracization and moments of reverence for a man's ability to feed himself so well. Endurance of the gay man through history has been enhanced by the leather he has wrapped him in. In every aspect of human expression – leather plays an integral part. The endurance of the LGBTQIA+ communities have all been enhanced by the presence of leather to protect them like armor against the foe.

Leather has become as much a part of our communities as bars, bathhouses, and bookstores.

There is a communication unspoken, a sense of knowledge of the expectation. The wearing of leather is a communication, pure and simple. This may be to self, to others, or to a potential mate. Common worn leather is all around us and has become a social norm as a well-established, long-lasting, high-quality source to make things.

Belts, bags, and boots have long been accepted pieces of leather garb in the mainstream community. The rest of the garb is following close behind. A leather vest is worn by many in many different avenues. Laced up leather corsets have shown themselves across all genres and class systems. Leather gloves are worn by all, and even chaps have become a mainstay for many across the country, whether they ride horses or not! (No, I don't mean the well-hung stud you picked up Friday night)

Throughout all of this, the common thread has been any time 2 groups are compared, it is much easier and more enjoyable to find the commonalities, than the differences. The leather and bear communities live in harmony, because they have witnessed, they are the same. A man trying to fill the need to feel important or included, the most basic of human psychological need. This little blurb in the world is always to say the same thing – be kind, be accepting, be loving. Do your part to make the next person you encounter feel more important than they did before you encountered them. You'll be amazed how good it makes you feel.

Essentially yours -

Todd

SCAN
Download. Cum.

bearslooking.com

CHAT - DATES - FRIENDS - LOVE - SEX - EVENTS - CONNECTION

The Pleasures of

Leather

images by
**Humble
Photography**















www.profilesbysarge.com



www.instagram.com/profilesbysarge



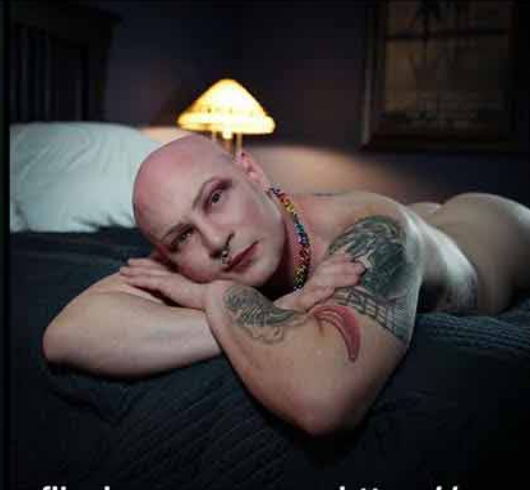
https://twitter.com/by_sarge



<https://bsky.app/profile/bysarge.bsky.social>



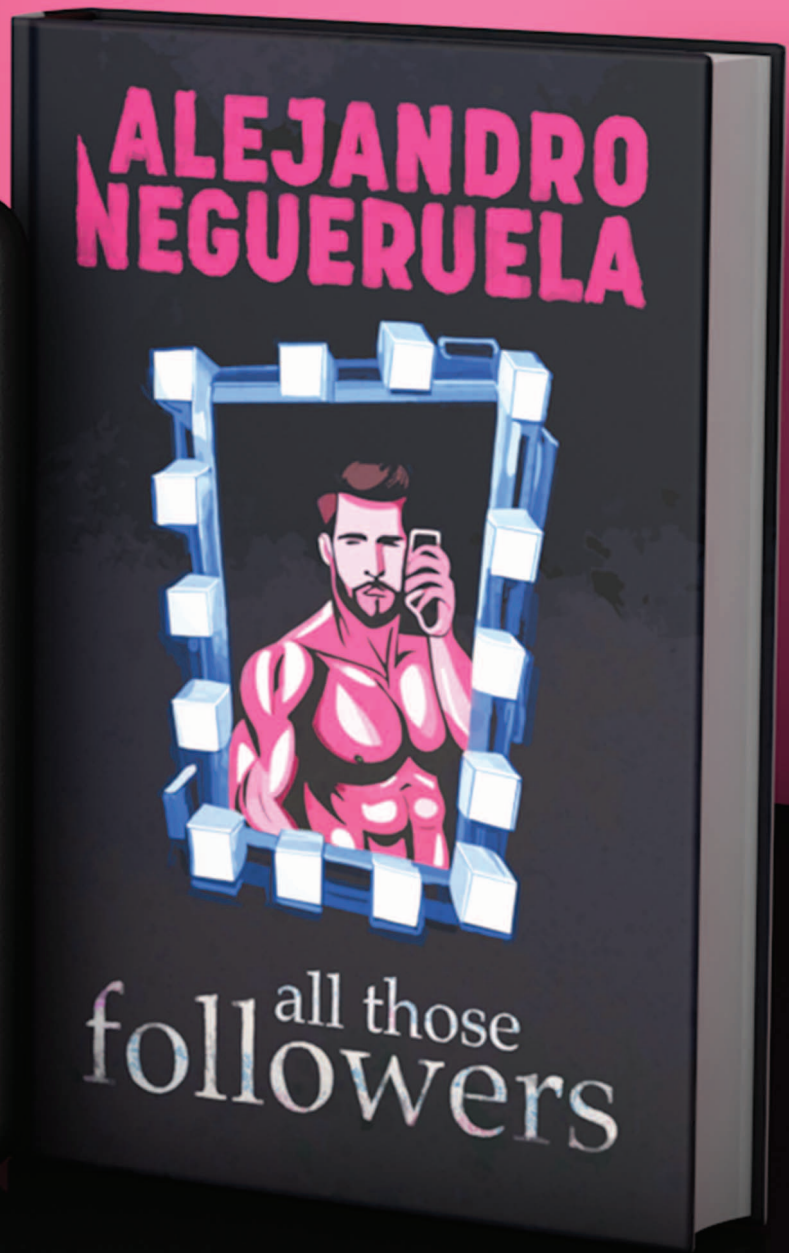
<https://onlyfans.com/profilesbysarge>



<https://www.tiktok.com/@pbsarge>



Profiles by Sarge!



all those followers

A Gay Murder Mystery

Available on Amazon
Kindle and Paperback

Get yours now!



DHM Fan ~ Otter Baron



the leatherman's musky tool. But finally our desire for his cock won out over our apprehension and we took turns going down as far as we could on his plump, dark shaft, as the other serviced his large hairy nuts. Each time we switched positions, we would take a moment to let our tongues find each other's, as if our kiss was reassurance to the other that our commitment was still intact even while servicing this Barrio stud. The Latino man just stood there, however, allowing the two of us to worship him and occasionally muttering a word or two in Spanish that neither of us understood.

Men had been coming in, peeing and leaving. Some stayed to watch, standing off to the side and stroking their cocks. One tried to join in, but the Leatherman wasn't having it and ushered the man away with a few terse words. He made sure everyone in the room knew that we were HIS score—we were his bitches—and we were loving it.

The man took a half-step back. Looking between us, he pointed at my husband and, in a heavy accent, asked, "bottom?" If not for the intensity of the situation, I would have laughed. Joey nodded hesitantly and the Leatherman pulled him up by his elbow and quickly bent him over the long urinal trough. Joey gripped the top of it so as not to end up being bent over into it. He looked at me, eyes wide, obviously not sure what to do. I just stared back at him blankly, my cock getting even harder thinking about seeing my husband getting fucked over the piss-ripe urinal of a seedy leather bar by this Latino god. Joey's shorts were pushed to the floor, his bright white ass almost glowing in the dimly lit room. It was like watching a virtual reality porn movie as the Leatherman emptied the contents of a small lube packet into the crack of Joey's ass—the surprise of it making him clench tightly and let out a sudden gasp.

It was then that I realized the bearded man was handing something to me. I reached out, still on my knees and took it. Opening my hand I found a second lube packet. I looked up quizzically. He said something in Spanish and seeing I didn't understand, he slapped his own ass and motioned from me to his exposed buttcheeks. He wanted me to mount him as he fucked my husband.

A smile crossed my face which he returned with a wink. Suddenly I heard Joey yell out, "Fuck! Oh, fuckin' Hell!" I watched as the hairy fucker drove his cock into his smooth, beautiful pale ass. Once in, he wasn't stopping for anyone. His thrusts were relentless, and the moans and whines from my husband made it evident the Leatherman was very skilled at using his monster dick. The men watching were murmuring encouragement and most of them were fapping their cocks while others were trading handjobs with the men next to them.

Sex-drunk, and my own cock leaking like mad over seeing Joey being mounted by the leather-wearing lothario, I stood and unzipped my shorts letting them drop. I moved in behind him and ran my hand over his hairy, plump ass. Though the man was mostly solid muscle, his ample ass jiggled and rippled with each of his thrusts. I couldn't take it any longer. The movement and feel of his ass, the loud moaning of my husband, and the guttural grunts of the man between us had me so worked up, I was ready to spontaneously but a nut on the concrete floor if I didn't fuck this guy already!

I ran several lubed fingers between his ass cheeks, dumped the rest over the head of my prick, and then pushing close, moved my cock easily into him. He stopped thrusting, his ass moving side to side slightly as if trying to allow me in as far as possible, then in an almost fluid motion, he backed up his hairy Latino ass until every bit of my cock was inside of him!

After that I didn't even have to move; I just held on to the man's hips to steady myself, and let him do all the work. Each thrust into Joey's ass turned into a long stroke on my cock and each time he pulled back my cock sunk into him. It was fucking heaven! He kept muttering in Spanish as he wildly see-sawed between us. I glanced at all the men who were now gathered, watching us and I couldn't have cared less. I was caught up in a frenzied lust that had taken control of both my mind and my body. I was only aware of two things: this hot bastard was fucking my husband, and I was fucking him. Nothing else mattered, nothing else existed.

My hands explored his rock hard, hairy chest and stomach as I watched my cock move in and out of his swiftly pumping ass. I was doing everything I could to stave off the mounting

explosion ready to erupt from my dick. But I couldn't hold back, it was all too much. I felt like I was in a dream and the lust of the situation was overpowering me, I couldn't stop myself from coming. My eyes rolled back in my head, my hands dug into his hips, and I was barely even thrusting as I let out a, "Holy fuck! I'm com—."

I felt my cum filling his ass and as I pulled out of him, he let out a string of what sounded like curse words as his thrusts into my husband became more frantic. I took a step to the side and watched the last few moments of Joey getting his ass rammed by that long, thick, Latino prick. Then the Leatherman thrust into my him and held him still as he spasmed, and cussed, and shook—unloading his jizz deep inside my husband's ass.

The tall stud stumbled back, pulling out of Joey who turned quickly, falling to his knees in front of us and began to suck the remaining seed from each of our still hard tools. After licking me clean, he did the same to the Leatherman, his tongue making sure to circle under the deep foreskin and clean out every last drop.

As he did this, Joey was jerking his cock as fast and hard as he could, moaning and

whimpering as he got closer. The man grabbed the back of Joey's head and pushed his half hard meat all the way down his throat. Joey gagged on the huge cock as his cum sprayed the man's black leather boots. His face turning red, his body rocking with the last spasms of his orgasm, I thought for a moment he was going to pass out.

As soon as his head was released Joey wasted no time falling to the man's boots and licking his own cum off them while still gasping for air. It made the Latino stud smile.

When he finished, Joey stood, reality set in for both of us. We quickly dressed and left the bar. Neither of us spoke the entire way home, but as soon as we were in bed, we fucked each other harder and with more passion than we had in years. We didn't need any toys or fantasies that night—just each other.

We never really talked about that night after that, nor did we ever stray from one another again (that I know of). But every time I drive past that bar or see a Latino Leatherman, I am instantly hard with the memories of that night and can't wait to get home to my husband.

THE DADDY YEARS

A Non-Judgemental
Non-Slut Shaming
Body & Age Positive
HotAF Dirty Talkin'
Podcast Reboot

BIG GAY SEX SHOW

BIGGAYSEXSHOW.COM
Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Gay Sex...
And Everything You Didn't.

Facebook, Twitter, Instagram icons

2008 Pauline Pauline

in the evening and you look desperate. Leave it too late and you might miss out on that hot guy you've been cruising at the bar. If you time it right, you'll come in just as things are warming up, Pick your spot and assess the situation.

For example, right next to me now two bears are getting it on. The bigger one is shirtless, built like a gorilla and just as hairy. He's on his knees, his big hands clinging on to the younger guy's king-sized naked thighs. The younger bear's eyes are rolling in ecstasy as he sinks his dick into the gorilla's hot, wet mouth. He's playing with his own nipples through a gray t-shirt that's already darkened with sweat patches.

Further back, in one of the more intimate corners, I can hear the grunts and moans of a threesome who arrived shortly after me. Two of them are locals, and they're kindly showing a big Greek daddy just how hospitable this town really can be.

And in one of the cages, a skinhead is suspended on a leather sling. He's being fucked by a muscular thug who's wearing nothing but a filthy grin. The skinhead is squealing like a piglet, his spasms of pleasure tells me he's enjoying every thrust of the big man's huge cock into his tight pink hole.

If I wasn't expecting company, I'd be joining the action: jamming my fist into the thug's stinky ass, or begging for my dripping cock to get some attention from the gorilla.

But I'm not here for a random hookup. No sir, I've had my eye on one particular man all evening. I noticed him as soon as he came into the bar and I've been keeping tabs on him all night.

Here's another tip for you, guys. The bartender is your best friend. Tip him generously and he'll keep you informed about any new arrivals: where they're from, and what they're looking for. The barman here is Markus; he and I go way back, pretty much to the time I first arrived in Europe. He's a big, muscular dad, with the cutest smile. And he knows all about my preferences.

Which is why he tipped me off about the chubby Portuguese cub who's in town for one night only and has a liking for older, dominant men. His name is Carlos, and when I checked him out, I could see why Markus recommended him. He's a

handsome young guy – I'd say late twenties – with the most amazing brown eyes and a well-trimmed dark beard. He's smaller than me, but what he lacks in height he makes up for in girth: he's got a large, very rubbable belly hanging over a thick, black leather belt that's holding up his jeans. His shirtsleeves are rolled up, revealing a mass of thick, dark hair on his forearms. Which means the rest of him is hairy as fuck. Did I mention his eyes? Like pools of melted chocolate.

So earlier tonight, I rested my big butt on a rickety bar stool and made sure I was in Carlos's line of sight. I like to play it cool. No hard stares or – God forbid – creepy winks. No sir, just a little glance now and again, just enough to let the man know I'm interested. If he signals that he's into me, that's the point I'll head for the dark room. And wait.

Sometimes I'll wait a long time. And sometimes they never follow. Which is fine. Darkrooms aren't for everyone. Some guys don't enjoy sex in public, and that's fair enough. If a guy I want doesn't feel comfortable here, he can always snare another cute guy to take back home.

But that ain't happening tonight. Because, right on cue, Carlos has made his way down the stone steps and is entering into the dark zone. He's taking his time to let his eyes adjust to the light, getting a sense of the space. And although the light is dim, there's just enough to let me get a closer look. He's really filling out that dark green shirt beautifully. The mounds of his man boobs are triggering something in my pants, and I can see those fucking gorgeous eyes sparkling in what little light there is. Plus he's got full lips and a wide jaw – perfect for what I have in mind.

But although I'm 99% sure he's into me, I need to be 100%. And that's another rule of darkroom etiquette. Even if you're horny as fuck, don't go in all guns blazing. Be patient, guys, read the room. One wrong move and you're doing the lone walk of shame back to the bar. And this is where that choreography I mentioned comes into its own.

He's standing not quite opposite me now, one of his soles propping up the wall behind him, which is giving me a great view of the bulge in his pants. His left hand is casually placed inside his pocket, with just the thumb showing. It's a pose

GETTING DIRTY

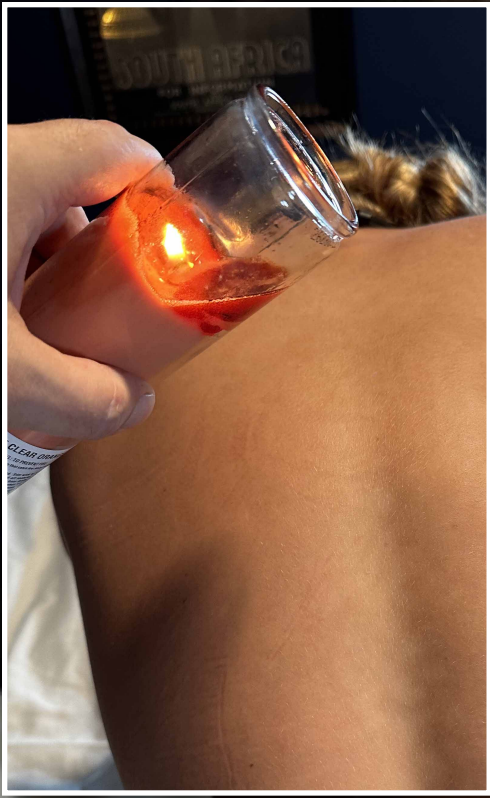
with the **SEXIEHANDYMAN**

Images by **PROFILES BY SARGE**













that never fails to get my dick drooling.

I take a step towards him, as if I'm leaving. As I pass Carlos, I casually let my fingers brush against his. I can feel the threads of hair on them. He tenses, then relaxes. I feel his eyes burning into my back as I relocate to a darker corner of the room. A moment later, Carlos takes up the dance, following me to the darker space, coming to rest just a few inches beside me. I don't need any further evidence. I'm about to turn and face him, but he's suddenly in front of me.

His hands are behind his back, and those incredible eyes are looking imploringly up at me. Damn, he's hot.

I bend down and take his chin in my hand. I move in for that all-important first kiss. A bad kisser can be a deal-breaker for me, but this guy is up there with the best. Time to test his limits. I let my the saliva pool in my mouth, then propel it into his. He moans with pleasure. Ok, Carlos, but how about this: I launch an explosion of spit into his face. He jerks back, but in a heartbeat he's back in front of me, those eyes pleading for more.

"Thank you, Sir."

My hand reaches down to his shirt, and I can feel his nipples are already like bullets. He lets out a small, breathless cry, and I know I've found one of his sweet spots. I play with both of his tits, then undo his buttons so I can get a better view of his physique. I was right. His torso is carpeted with dark hair. A hairy line is emerging from below his belt, trailing up that hot paunch like a river of fur. A spray of hair is fanning out across his chest, He's lifted my t-shirt now, and is consuming my mantits. It's amazing. But I want more.

I push him down, down until he's on his knees. He quickly undoes the buttons on my jeans and pushes them and my boxers to the floor. I grab the back of his neck and urge his head forward. I slide my prick in until it reaches the back of his throat. He's moaning softly, seduced by the taste of salty drool bubbling from my cock head onto his tongue. I begin pumping him, slowly at first, letting him enjoy every inch of my uncut shaft. Carlos tongues my knobhead, greedily licking on my drool. Then he reaches up to play with my balls, caressing the low-hanging hairy nuts, gently massaging them with his stubby fingers. Fuck, but

he's good.

Now, guys, plenty of women have told me men can't multi-task. But they've never seen me at work in a darkroom (and they never will). Which is why I'm able to fully enjoy Carlos milking my dick while I play with my nips AND pay attention to what's going on around me.

The scene is almost industrial: men at work on men. The two bears have been joined by a chubby blond cub who has his head jammed into the crotch of the gorilla while the younger bear fucks his fat ass. The skinhead in the sling is now surrounded by a quintet of guys jacking off. As if instructed by an unseen director, they simultaneously release their loads, coating the skinhead's face and body with pearly white milk. The skinhead splutters and writhes in pleasure before he releases his own load into the face of the thug who's been fisting him. The place is caramel-thick with body heat as more and more guys arrive to try their luck.

I pull out of Carlos's mouth and drag him to his feet. He's clearly reluctant to abandon my prick. Only when I lead him to a bench in the far corner of the darkroom does he understand. With a puppy-like enthusiasm, in nimble, swift motions, he unbuckles his belt and drops his jeans and his white trunks to his ankles. Within seconds he's bending over the wooden bench. His ass is magnificent: the fleshy cheeks are sprayed with dark hair that seems to form an honour guard for his waiting hole.

I play a little with his soft, round cheeks, letting my fingers enjoy the furry butt. With my middle finger, I tease his hole, tickling and tapping it, sparking a deep, breathy response from Carlos. Then I drop to the concrete floor and push my tongue into his dark hairy hole. Carlos's body jerks in surprise, and he lets out a sound that leaves me in no doubt about his feelings. He moans helplessly as I let my tongue push further inside him, washing his butthole while breathing in his musky scent.

But now my dick is twitching inside my pants, demanding a piece of the action. What can I do but obey? My boxers are already soaked with precum. As I peel them off, yet more of my sticky juice leaks from my pisshole. Carlos is breathing heavily, anticipating my next move. Any second now he's expecting to be penetrated by a shaft

that's going to release a tsunami of hot spunk.

But then, I remember something else Markus told me about Carlos. I drop to my knees again and slide the leather belt from his jeans. From Carlos, there's a little whimper, and his head dips to bench. The thick, black belt is of the finest quality leather. The metal buckle is tarnished with wear and the underside shows signs that it has clearly answered the call of duty many times. I smile down at Carlos.

"You wore this for a reason."

He nods, eagerly, then braces for the first impact.

The crack of leather on his bare butt rings out, clear as a bell, across the darkroom. For a second the other guys in the room freeze. Some return to their work, but for others the sound is like a clarion call, and by the time I make the second strike, a small group of men have gathered behind us to watch the spectacle. Remember what I said about theater?

With each blow, Carlos's body jerks as if it's being shocked by ten thousand volts of electricity. I'm not holding back, bringing the full force of the belt down onto his reddening butt cheeks. He's clinging onto the bench, and although his cries are filling the darkroom, he's showing no sign that he wants this to end.

A glance behind, and I can see the guys are pawing at their crotches. Some already have their dicks out and are tugging at their meat in a frenzy to match the relentless beating I'm inflicting on Carlos. I continue delivering blow after blow, and find it's taking me to new dimensions of ecstasy. With every strike of the belt, my dick hardens, as if it's being constrained by a shrinking cock ring.

Finally, I slam the belt down on Carlos with one more brutal blow. He releases a primal bellow, like the cry of some ancient beast. Behind me two guys shoot their loads, their spunk landing in thick white pools at my feet.

I give Carlos a few seconds for his breathing to return to normal. Then I'm on my knees again, my tongue gently bathing his scorched ass with my tongue and lips. Even in this light, I can see his butt is an angry shade of red. I can taste the heat in his cheeks, can almost sense the stinging aftershocks of his beautiful pain.

My rock hard dick reminds me there's unfinished business to attend to. Carlos spasms

again as I enter him.

"Good boy," I tell him, "Such a good, obedient boy."

He nods, and in a barely audible, husky voice replies, "Thank you, Sir."

I'm building momentum, pumping his ass with ever more speed and force when I feel two massive hairy arms around me. For a moment I'm intoxicated by the stink of body odour. When I look round I'm surprised to see a familiar face.

"Even barmen deserve a break," Markus whispers in my ear, before biting softly on my earlobe. His strong, muscular body enfolds me, his meaty paws explore my butt, my legs, my balls, my nipples. As I continue plowing Carlos, Markus plants scorching kisses on my throat, grabbing my neck with one hand and covering my mouth with the other. I spit into his hand and he uses the juice to lubricate my hole. Within seconds his dick is inside me, and now Markus, Carlos and I have become a single fucking machine.

The spunk in my balls has almost reached boiling point. I know I'm close to blowing. In front of me, Carlos is strangely silent, and when I look closer I can see why. The gorilla is ramming his beer can dick into Carlos's mouth, while each of the other bears suck on the big man's strong tits.

Moments like this don't happen often, even to a darkroom regular. I take a second to savour the scene, the sensations, smells, the sounds, the fucking beauty of being alive.

And then, Markus shoots, spurting splashes of hot sticky man juice into my ass, I feel the warm milk filling my hole, then spilling down my ass cheeks, reaching my balls. Within seconds, I'm shooting my load into Carlos.

With his mouth still full of the gorilla's shaft, Carlos can only give out a muffled roar as my spunk explodes into his hole. At the same moment, the gorilla releases his load into Carlos's mouth, letting out a mighty bawl. He pulls out of Carlos, his dick still oozing cum.

Markus gives me a little peck on the lips before returning upstairs. Slowly, carefully, Carlos rises from the bench, and when he turns to face me I can see traces of creamy spunk in his beard. I kiss him, and consume the salty milk.

The crowd around us has dispersed, and

Continued on pg 70

jo seph

images by Humble Photography









Joseph





Joseph





QUEER PHOTO ALBUM

"If a picture is worth 1000 words, LGBTQ+ stories are definitely worth more than 1000 pictures."

The Family LGBTQ+ is one big family. Happy and sad. Fun and dysfunctional. Like any "real" family.

Growing up, the Artists & Designers of Collide Press dreamed of having a "family" photo album. Of people who were like us, who shared the same family secret.

Queer Photo Album is that dream come true.

Queer Photo Album = LGBTQ+ Culture & Family

= Imagined, Real & Re-Imagined = Art + Design + Photography
 = Available as Wall Art, Apparel, Home Decor & More on Society6
 = **QueerPhotoAlbum.CollidePress.com**

Continued from pg 61

things in the darkroom are winding down. From the fringes of the room, the grunts and moans and loud expressions of release are diminishing. After dressing, I take Carlos's hand and lead him back up to the bar.

Here too, the night is almost over. In the minutes before closing time, hasty couplings – some auspicious, others unwise – are being forged. The remaining singletons are doing a final circuit of the bar, their faces pictures of quiet desperation.

Over a final beer, I get to know Carlos. I'm sitting on the rickety bar stool where I started the evening. For obvious reasons, Carlos prefers to stand. Turns out he's a dentist from a small town in central Portugal. Married to his husband for five years, open for two. One daughter, three cats. We exchange numbers. Who knows, perhaps our paths will cross again.

So, guys, maybe now you can see why I'm so addicted to life on the dark side. Tonight was exceptional, but even if nothing like this happens, there's something about darkrooms that reminds

me of great experiences in the past, and holds the promise of even greater times to come.

Markus is saying good night to the final customers, and thanks the coat-check guy for his work tonight. Soon it's just the three of us in the otherwise empty bar. I'm still enchanted by Carlos's handsome face and those heart-melting eyes. I can feel my dick stirring again. But Carlos has an early flight and I've got a big meeting in just a few hours.

Markus has finished loading up the heavy crates of empty beer bottles behind the bar. He's taken his shirt off and is using it to wipe the sweat from his ripped torso. I know he works out every day, and boy does it show. He sees both Carlos and I shooting admiring glances at his broad shoulders, his beefy, tattooed guns, those incredible pecs.

As he heads back to the darkroom, Markus turns to us, a mischievous smirk on his face. He gestures us to follow him.

And with that, guys, I'll leave you with one final observation: just when you think the darkroom has given up all its secrets, it always has one more surprise in store.

ORGULLO / PRIDE 2024 calendar! photos by Gasque ph



ALREADY IN STOCK!

orders and contact:
gasquephotography@gmail.com

price
(shipping costs
included):
Spain - € 20,00
Europe - € 24,00
Rest of world - € 27,50

meditation + self care



ALL
GOOD





TANK'S MEN

Images by **TANK'S TAKES**













DHM Fan ~ nude pleasure



A photograph of a middle-aged man with a full, grey beard and mustache. He is shirtless and looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. He is wearing a dark belt with a buckle. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Coming November 4th

All Men Are Beautiful!
November 2023 | Issue 59