



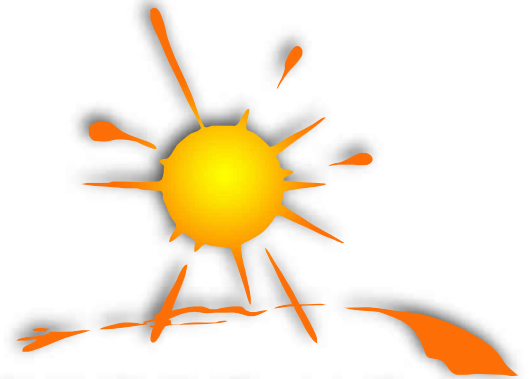
*All Men Are Beautiful!*  
October 2024 | Issue 70

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# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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*A very special thanks to all the contributors who make this Magazine possible. If you like what they are sharing with you, drop them a note on their social medias listed. They don't bite too hard!!*

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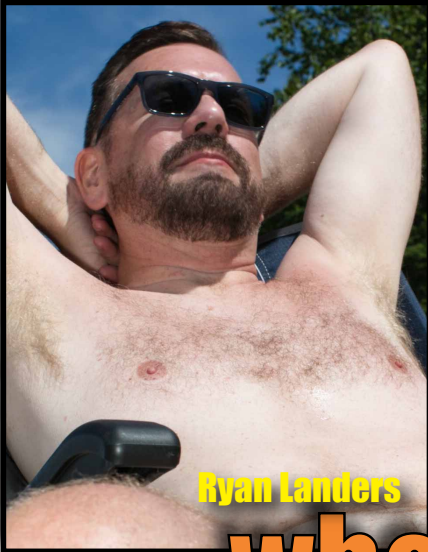


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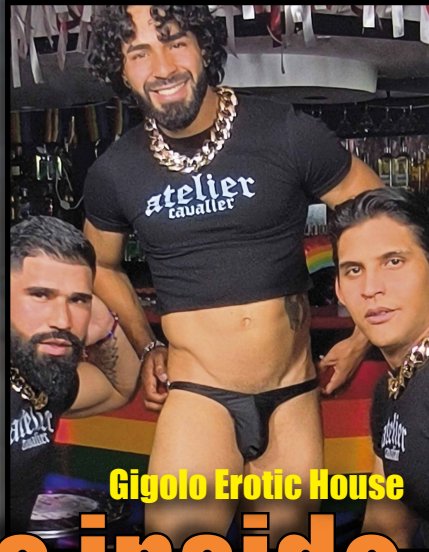
Male Photography



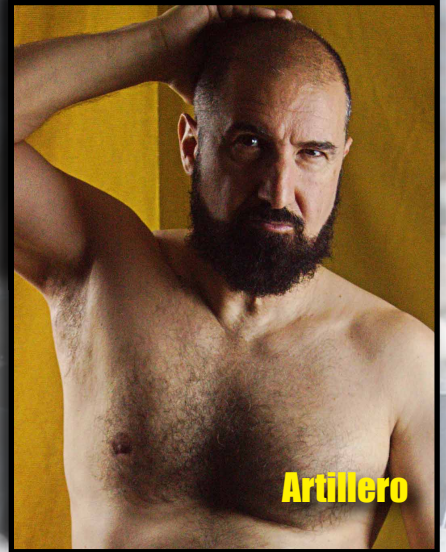
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Ryan Landers



Gigolo Erotic House



Artillero

who's inside...



Michael



Kyle



Dr. Nick

All Men Are Beautiful

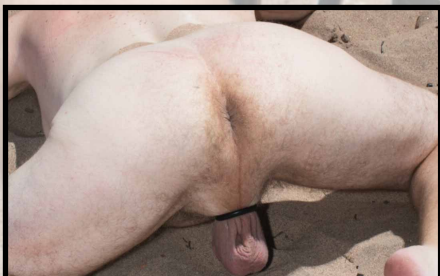
# what's inside...

## The Men

<b>Ryan Landers</b> .....	8
Photos by Desert Heat Images	
<b>Dr. Nick</b> .....	18
Photos by Profiles by Sarge	
<b>Gigolo Erotic House</b> .....	28
Photos by Eduard Morillo Moreno	
<b>Kyle</b> .....	49
Photos by Jkolephotography	
<b>Jorge Rueda</b> .....	58
A Javier A Lara Selfi Project	
<b>Artillero</b> .....	66
Photos by GASQUE ph	
<b>Michael</b> .....	79
Photos by Javier A Lara	

## Articles/Art

<b>Dumb Horny Jock</b> .....	15
Story by CJ SG	
<b>The Bear Essentials</b> .....	26
Thoughts by Todd Rumsey	
<b>Three Days in the Seuxal Life of Constans</b> .....	47
Story by Gary Rawnsley	
<b>Tasting my brother-in-law's MAGA meat</b> .....	77
Story by TheWaywardTrack	



# Ramblings from the Editor

The people were friendly, the beer was flowing, and good times were being had by all, as it should be when you are a bunch of horny middle-aged men flirting their asses off to get laid. Right?

My buddy moved over to a table next to the one we originally grabbed when we went out to the patio. There were a couple hot guys flirting with him, so how could he resist? Meanwhile, a handsome fucker walked up to me and started flirty so I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on at the table next to us.

As the night went on, with a couple more beers down our throats, a few more people coming and going to the table, things got kind of heated (in a good way). My buddy was making out with the two men at the other table while I had found a guy I couldn't keep my tongue out of his mouth. It was just calling mine and therefore they had to swap some spit.

As all of this was going on, evidently my buddy and his new acquaintances had gone inside to grab more to drink, or whatever, so the table next to us was free. A little while later my buddy walks out with a guy in a blue hoodie, he was one of the guys from earlier at the table next to me, but for some reason the guy lead my buddy away to a table across the patio from us. I thought it was a bit weird but then maybe they were just getting hot n heavy and wanted some space.

In a breath between kissing the man I couldn't keep body parts off, I noticed my buddy was groped by the blue hoodie guy and started to fall off the chair from pulling away from the groping. I jumped up and called my buddy back to the table we had originally sat at. I wanted to make sure he was ok, as he looked a bit uncomfortable. My buddy walked back over and hung with us while blue hoodie guy stood in the middle of the patio, kind of giving a weird look, when he walked through the door into the bar and eventually disappeared.

We made it back to the hotel, eventually, with little else happening anymore. The next morning was

going to be a bit different though, little did we know.

My buddy woke up with cold sweats and ran to the bathroom to blow his guts out in the toilet. He came back to his bed and got up again almost immediately to go back to throw up in the bathroom. I started to get a bit worried since my buddy and I had been out drinking before so I knew he could hold his liquor. And for a few hours he was in a bad way. Not able to even hold water down.

What the fuck? I kept thinking. Was he drugged at the bar? Did blue hoodie guy slip something into one of the drinks he bought my buddy? Does this shit still really happen in 2024? We are still not 100% sure of what happened but it seemed a bit out of character for him to be sick and have the cold sweats. Yeah, it could have been too much alcohol the night before, because sometimes any can be too much, but again this was not outside his tolerance level.

Anyway, I just wanted to tell you to be careful when you go out. If you accept a drink from a stranger and he got it for you out of your eyesight you just never know. Be safe. Be careful!

And I don't think I need to say this, but PLEASE support your local clubs. No matter what club that is. If you're a bear, find a bear club; if you're a gear head, there's clubs for you too! They can use your support and you might just find some new friends in the process. Find your tribe!

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*



# TWIN CITIES LEATHER WEEKEND

NOV 1-3  
2024

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THE SALOON



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A man with a beard and sunglasses is sitting in a black folding chair on a sandy beach. He is wearing a light grey t-shirt and green patterned shorts. To his right is a blue and white cooler with a dark beer bottle and a black speaker on top. The background shows a rocky shoreline and the ocean. The text 'DIRTY DAY on the Beach' is overlaid on the right side of the image.

**DIRTY DAY** on the Beach

featuring

**RYAN LANDERS**

Photography by

**DESERT HEAT IMAGES**

















# Dumb Horny Jock

Continuing adventures of an 18yo dumb jock

Story by  
CJ SG

## Wrestler

Our vacation away didn't seem to cheer Dad up. Returning home was a relief of sorts but I missed the way we used to be. Even though the construction work was finished on our house, Dad still seemed upset. He can be a hard man to please sometimes. He was very quiet around me and frowned a lot. It worried me... we had always had such a great relationship; what had changed? I secretly wore the pink bikini briefs every day as my own personal tribute to him. They had been such a thoughtful gift after all.

My buddies at my all-white school could tell something was bothering me. They tried to cheer me up during class and at lunch by telling me dirty jokes and passing me notes filled with nasty cartoon pictures they drew of mammoth-sized cocks blowing thick ropes or popping tiny little holes. Eddy always drew the biggest and nastiest looking dicks. It made me smile; I was lucky to have friends like them to take my mind off things at home. Sometimes though, those drawings just made me squirm as my pucker spazzed out and I spent more and more afternoons on my bed after school, stripped to my bikini briefs and snapping the thin strap against my jockhole again and again.

It was during one of these snapping-

sessions that my eyes drifted upwards above my head to the broken shelf and I finally realized why my Dad had been so upset lately. It was because all of my prized football trophies were broken (during that unfortunate incident with the Puerto Rican foreman)! Dad had always been so proud of my athletic accomplishments. I resolved then and there while firmly slapping my twitching straight teen asshole that I would take up a new sport and win some new trophies to win back my Dad's admiration.

The next day at school, I stopped Coach Celik in the hall and told him my plan. I even made sure no one nearby was listening in and detailed the whole story of how the trophies had become broken in the first place. I knew I could trust Coach. He stayed silent the entire time, comfortably leaning against my locker with that smirk on his face, adjusting his junk every now and then (another reason why he should wear underwear). When my tale was done he nodded and simply asked me if I was still wearing the pink jockstrap he had kindly given me. I grinned and hooked my thumbs into my shorts, tugging them down underneath my smooth glutes.

His eyes widened - he definitely wasn't

expecting to see me in a pair of pink bikini briefs! I explained that they had been a gift as he ran a thick finger up and down the strap, to see if the material really was as soft as it looked. At that moment my buddies walked past, joking and laughing and horsing around as usual. Eddy held out his arms to stop them all in their tracks when they saw me and Coach - eyes bugging out and jaws dropping. I guess they were just jealous that they didn't have loving fathers who would buy them such thoughtful gifts.

Coach smiled at them and growled 'What do ya think boys? Should our friend here join the wrestling team?' All they could do was nod dumbly as my exposed bubble butt bounced right there in the hall. And as quickly as that, I had found my new sport.

Dad was even more proud than I could have predicted. He smiled at me for the first time in weeks and ruffled my hair the way he used to when I was little. He instantly got on the phone to two of his colleagues at the office who were wrestling stars in their own right back in college. Dad assured me he would be front row, center for my first match and would even bring his two work buddies along for additional support. I couldn't wipe the smile off my face that night - finally I had the chance to get back into Dad's good books.

\*\*\*

Wrestling practice was even easier than I expected. Coach Celik said the best way for me to learn was to observe, so I spent most afternoons watching my muscled up buddies throwing and pinning each other on the mats. Coach sat beside me with a fatherly arm around my shoulders, his fingers dropping low every so often to give me a lower back massage at the top of my shorts. He would growl in my ear, asking me if I was wearing the pink thong or the pink jockstrap today.

After class when my friends had gone home, he would have me strip down to whatever I had on underneath (usually the jock, I didn't want to offend him by leaving it at home) and I would practice my one "special move". Coach would watch me work up a sweat for a good hour, on all fours while I arched my back, pumping my teen muscles as he sat shirtless nearby with both hands supporting his massive bulge. Every so often he

would absently shake it a little and I would blush, remembering my embarrassment at having that big Turkish schlong stuck in my mouth during the parent-teacher interview. Coach and I never talked about it - I guess it was too embarrassing for him to think about as well. After two short weeks of me practicing my "special move", Coach proudly told me it was time for my first meet.

Driving me home after our time in the gym, he excitedly explained that it would be an exhibition match with one of the local colleges. Cruising along the streets to my house, he flipped through songs on his iPod while driving. I squirmed and timidly told Coach Celik that I wasn't sure I was ready for a real public wrestling match after only two weeks.

'Nonsense, champ,' he grinned like a Cheshire cat, 'you'll give 'em something to remember for years to come. Hell, you might even end up with a scholarship out of it!'

Now THAT placated me. A college scholarship? A free ride where Dad didn't have to pay a cent? An exhibition match suddenly sounded like a great idea. I patted my hand on his thick, hairy thigh. 'OK Coach, I'll do it!'

'Attaboy!' He grinned again and ruffled my hair, cursing as the iPod slipped out of his hands and fell to the floor between the pedals. Coach Celik simply pointed downwards and raised his eyebrows. I got the hint and leaned over his lap to stretch down and reach it. This mashed my face against his floppy bulge while his big sneakered feet knocked the iPod around as I tried to grab it, the clumsy oaf. That's how I spent the rest of the drive home - grinding my flushed cheeks and mouth against his covered junk while he laughed and sang along to the music, honking and waving at all the cars that passed us by.

\*\*\*

When the big day finally arrived, I was nervous to say the least! Dad couldn't have been more excited. Over a "champion's breakfast" of sausages and eggs, he told me again about his own glory days wrestling in high school and in college. Checking his watch, he hurried me along - I barely had time to change into my pink jockstrap, shorts and a tee before we were out the door and on our way to school. Dad walked me



down the hallway to the boys' locker room where a crude handwritten sign that said 'Competitors only' was taped to the door. I was about to tell him I was sure it would be OK for him to come in with me - besides, I needed the support - when his phone rang.

Dad answered and whispered to me, 'It's Christos. Must be out in the parking lot with Janos.' Excitedly giving me a pat on the back and a thumbs up sign, Dad walked back down the hallway to meet his colleagues, already talking about making sure they all got front row seats. I had never met anyone from his office but I knew that Christos and Janos went by the collective nickname 'the Big D boys', I guess because they were both divorced. For some reason, Dad hated the nickname and only ever called them by their first names.

Taking a deep breath to steel my nerves, I pushed open the locker room door and stepped inside. I was met with an unfamiliar face, framed by some tightly braided dreadlocks that I found fascinating. Next to my locker stood a man putting on a green wrestling singlet with a yellow cross on the front and black trim at the sides, with skin the color of dark chocolate! He definitely wasn't a student at my school - standing at 6'4, surely I would have noticed him before! He had to be one of the visiting college wrestlers. Tentatively, I walked over to him and put my bag down on the bench as he continued adjusting his singlet and what appeared to be a sizeable bulge in front. Turning towards me, he gave me a dazzling white smile and held out his hand to shake. This forced me to face him and I blushed as I realized his singlet was a little small. The thick tube of still-soft black meat at his crotch was lying across his thigh, angled downwards, and was dangerously close to popping out the leg of the stretched spandex. I felt a sharp twitch as my pucker spasmed and I had to focus to keep it under control.

'H-hi,' I stammered, 'I'm Tommy. Nice to meet you!'

'Darius,' he offered in a surprisingly deep voice for a college student. 'I gotta say, I've been looking forward to this!'

As we shook hands, Coach Celik burst through the door, rubbing his hands together eagerly. He walked up behind me and slapped one of his large hands against my ass, firmly squeezing

the pliable flesh through my shorts like he always did. 'Ah, I see you two have met! Great, great... Tommy, this is Darius. He's known as "Driller" around campus because... well I guess you'll find out. He'll be your collegiate opponent for the match today. As you probably guessed, he hails from Jamaica and he's very proud of his heritage!'

I gave Coach a blank look. Coach rolled his eyes. 'His singlet, Tommy... it's the Jamaican flag!' I just shrugged - geography had never been my thing. I guess none of my subjects were really my thing. I gulped audibly at the sudden realization that Darius - or Driller - was the guy I was supposed to beat today in front of EVERYONE. The doubts were creeping in.

Resting a hand on Coach's burly chest I whispered 'Um Coach? Could I talk to you... in private?' Coach rolled his eyes for a second time and looked to Driller, cocking his head towards the door. The muscular Jamaican frat boy took the hint.

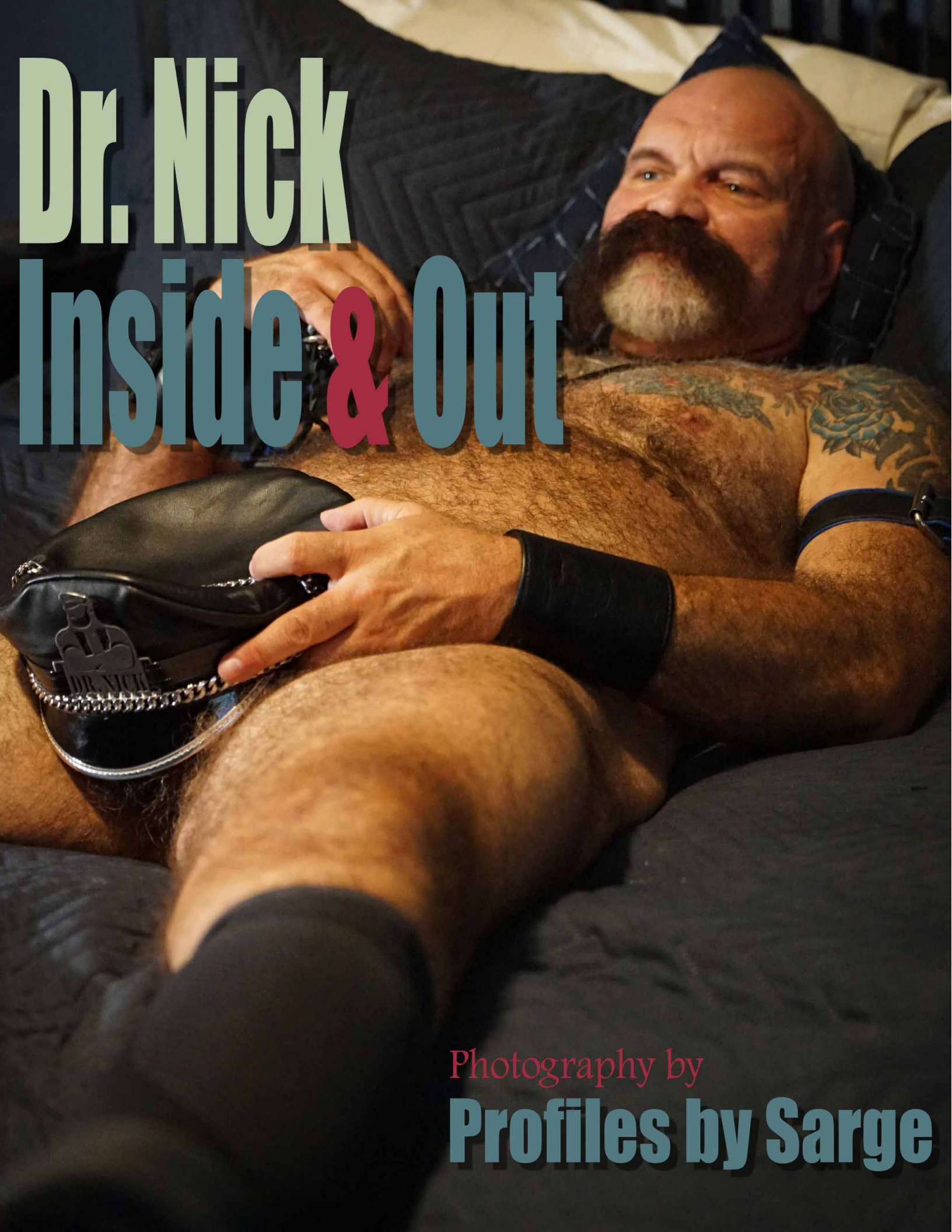
'Good to meet you. See you on the mat!' Driller adjusted his junk again and then patted my cheek before leaving the locker room. I sniffed - his fingers had smelled like a salty old sneaker. When we were alone, Coach Celik took his hand off my ass - only to slide both hands down the back of my shorts and grip my bubble butt. He leaned in close, the way a mentor does, and maneuvered me until my back was against the lockers with his lips right against my ear.

'What is it champ? Go on, talk to me.' His deep voice sent shivers through me, giving me the strange sensation that he was casually jiggling my teen muscle butt in his paws. In this position, I had nowhere to rest my hands except against Coach's pecs.

'Coach,' I sighed, absently clutching his impressive chest through his red polo shirt, 'Don't you think Driller... I mean Darius... is a little... you know... BIG?'

Coach chuckled deeply, his lips barely grazing my earlobe. This time it really felt like he was kneading my ass, as if my buttocks were ripe fruit. I let out a quiet moan. 'Tommy... listen very carefully, champ. I'm not gonna lie - size matters. Don't ever forget that. But if you start by taking on a BIG one, it will make all the rest seem easy. You're gonna make us all so proud.' I knew better

*Continued on pg 25*



# Dr. Nick Inside & Out

Photography by  
**Profiles by Sarge**

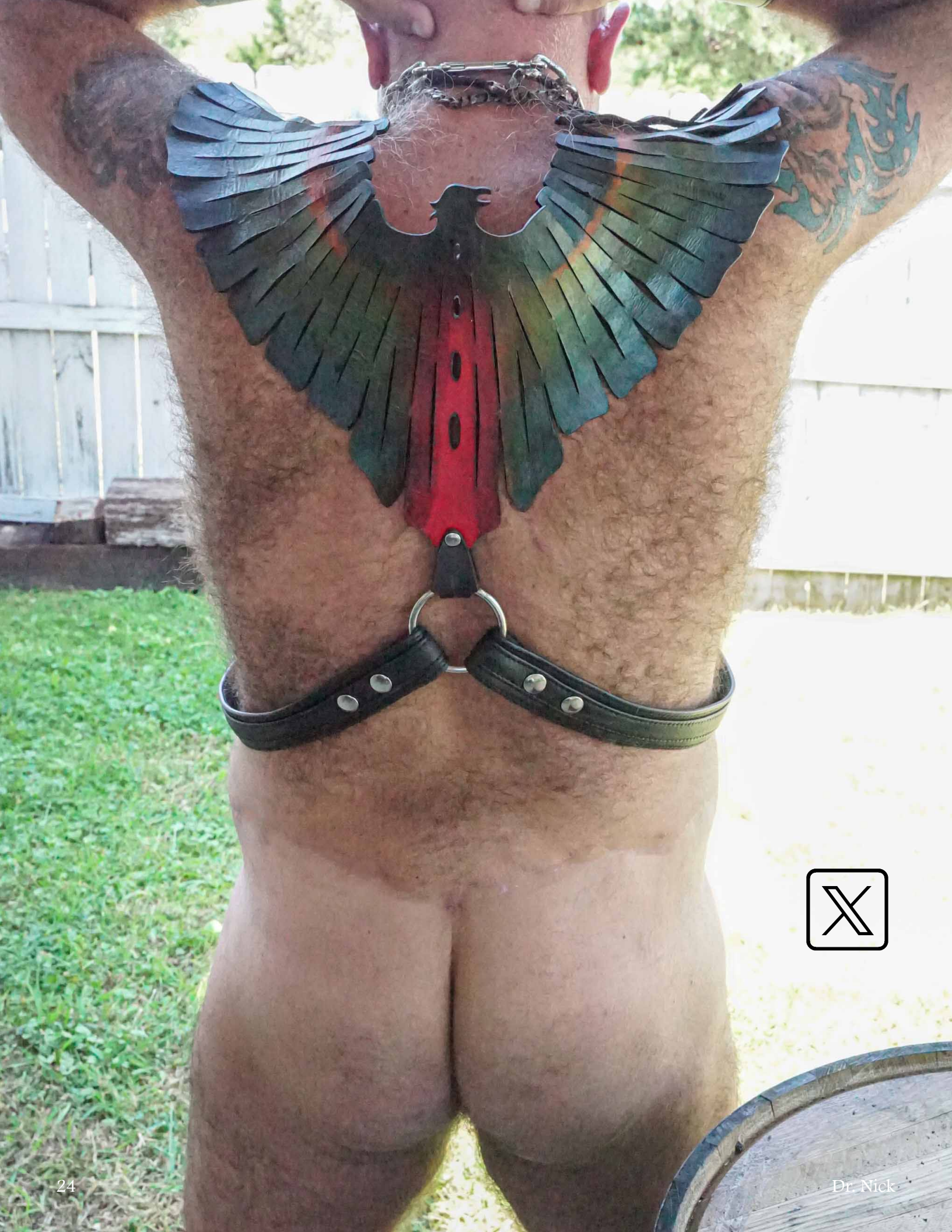














*Continued from pg 17*

than to argue with Coach, but before I could even try I felt his fingertip rapidly flick across my hairless hole. It made my knees weak and I squealed as a series of electric shocks made my puck palpitate. Coach hadn't even noticed though - he withdrew his hands from my shorts, pushed himself away from the lockers and began walking towards the door. He turned and pointed at my locker as I quickly sat my cushiony ass on the bench to hide my wobbly legs.

'You're gonna be great,' he grunted, his voice a lot huskier than it was a minute ago. 'I got you a present - it's in your locker. It may not look like much but it was lucky for me and I'm sure it'll be lucky for you. Don't forget to wear your jockstrap underneath, and don't forget that special move. You'll know when to use it.' With a wink and a smirk he was out the door, leaving me - with a supercharged twitching jockhole - to collect my thoughts and prepare.

With Coach's encouraging words repeating in my head, I opened my locker. Inside was the gift Coach Celik has left for me, bunched up and looking slightly unwashed. It was a wrestling singlet, obviously his own from his glory days, covered in stars and stripes. I held it up and sniffed it - it smelled decidedly like Coach, musky and manly. But it definitely looked a little small. Testing the stretch of the spandex, I figured it would bring me good luck like it had Coach, and begin stripping down to try it on.

Sliding on my pink jockstrap, the locker room door creaked open and a familiar face peered inside. 'Tommy... yo, Tommy, you in here?' It was Eddy - coming by to wish me luck no doubt before my first big match. His eyes popped open when he saw me adjusting my straps, my ass jiggling as he walked over, dropped his backpack and gave me a hug. Like Coach, his hands automatically went to my bubble butt... but I was used to that from Eddy. He was always so concerned with how my itching, twitching jockbutt was doing. I hugged him back. 'Where have you been bro?' I questioned him, 'I've barely seen you since the class trip!'

Eddy sighed against my neck and flicked his fingertips against the bottom of my phat asscheeks. 'I've been busy, bud... sorry for

neglecting you... I've been hanging with my new friends, the guys from the AV team!'

I wrinkled my nose. 'The nerds? But you've never liked them...' Eddy shrugged and started fishing around in his bag. 'Yeah I know... I was kind of a jerk to them... but I found out we have a lot in common... and they needed a volunteer to help with the AV today!'

I gulped. 'AV? For the match, you mean?' Eddy nodded excitedly, pulling a small tub out of his backpack. 'Oh yeah, we're broadcasting the match onto a big screen TV in the gym. Don't stress bud, I'll make sure we get all your best angles. Anyway, I've got you a present... and I've been meaning to ask, how's your puck?' Eddy handed me the tub of jelly, the same I had been using for a few weeks to soothe my hole whenever it started spasming. The mere mention of my pucker made my hole begin to twitch violently, remembering the way Coach's finger had accidentally rubbed against it only minutes before.

Gratefully, I took the tub from him and sat on the bench behind me. 'It's awful bro... I haven't twitched this bad since... well, ever!' Eddy nodded and smiled, kneeling in front of me. He gently took hold of my ankles. 'Well what you need to do bud...' He lifted and spread my legs, slowly, exposing my tiny pink knothole, 'is try and soothe it a little...' With his arms stretched out wide, he had me splayed out like I was doing the splits, 'before you go out there and take on that BIG brute! Go on, don't be shy!' I didn't know why I felt weird in this position, it was just my best buddy Eddy after all, so I scooped out a little of the jelly and began applying it to my hairless hole.

'Oh so you met Driller... I mean, Darius?' Eddy nodded, watching my spread the stuff all around my pink pucker. 'Hell yeah I did, I helped Coach choose him as your opponent! Had to give you a challenge for your first time, right?' Eddy grunted and licked his lips. 'Use more.'

Nodding, I gathered more of the jelly on my finger and slapped in against my asshole. This time a finger slipped in due to the amount of lubrication now coating my hole. It slowly slipped in as I moaned from the sensation, as Eddy groaned along with me in sympathy.

Eddy continued. 'Sure he's big, but you can

*Continued on pg 44*

# The **Bear** Essentials

Thoughts and Insights by  
**Todd Rumsey**



## **Realizing 50 is a Reality**

At some point in time, we all come to a point where we realize 50 is a reality. For me that happened at the end of August, and I thought I had escaped it relatively uneventful. A nice dinner out, some time with family, and seeing some friends for fun. I had covered everyone and spent time with each. It's not easy keeping different aspects of our lives separate.

Then my partner of 20 plus years surprised me with a birthday party. The surprise went off well, the guest list was well thought out. 50 people filled my living room on a Saturday afternoon without me realizing it. I did not have to clean, or cook, or set up. All I did was show up and the party was already underway.

Therein lies the reason for this article. Suddenly, 50 people were involved in one common goal.

Making me feel important. To look at the group it was a fun-loving group of people from 8 to 80, enjoying some good food and drink, and each other's company. A beautiful mural of the country we live in, and what is possible. Obviously, I knew everyone in the room and that's when the idea struck me.

On the outside this was just a group of people gathering in any other space – some may have known each other, others not. A general mix you'd expect to see at a concert or a restaurant.

From the inside – there was family, neighbors, friends and intimates all in the same space. Did I need to run around and separate people, so nothing got weird or awkward? It was a clash of several areas of my life that very rarely encounter each other. Family I'm very close with

and neighbors that have gotten to know us well. Mixed around the edges, were friends that have different lifestyles than most of the other guests at my birthday, including some I know VERY well.

My entire life was on display in front of me, and it was actually, a beautiful thing. Friends and family got along great, conversations and connections were made, and the party was a happy few hours of many aspects of my life. Many facets of my life could coincide without being political, or sexual, or confrontational in any way.

This is not to say that lots of people are not this lucky. I do not take it for granted. This is just to remind us all that some times things just have a way of working out. I would have never thought of having that mix of people in one place and yet it was out of my control and so it could happen. I was the barrier keeping this mix from happening, and even though I knew why, my fears were un-realized.

Major milestones like turning 50, can make you take a new perspective on things. While I didn't go out and buy a new car, or find a 20 some thing

boyfriend, I did have a bit of a mid-life-crisis.

My life had become one giant mixing bowl at this gathering, and the longer they were together (stirred), the less lumps and the less un-melded parts could be seen. The mixture of my life became a great tool for me to use going into my 50s and taking my writing career on a new path. I look forward to sharing snippets of that path with all of you over the next several months.

Some of you I know, some I've never met. Some of you have reached out on social media or through email. I look forward to that expanding as well over the next months and years, and wish you all a wonderful journey where ever on the path you happen to be.

Essentially yours –

*Todd*

**THE DADDY YEARS**

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Body & Age Positive  
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2008  
Parker Paulie

# ATELIER CAVALIER MEETS GIGOLO EROTIC HOUSE

Atelier Cavalier ignited the stage at Gigolo Bogotá on September 20 and 21, showcasing a bold collection inspired by 1980s New York gay sauna culture. Featuring 15 models in a very sexy stage show, the event highlighted elastic harnesses and stylish cotton sets, offering attendees exclusive gifts and a chance to win pieces from the new line.

**MODELS.**

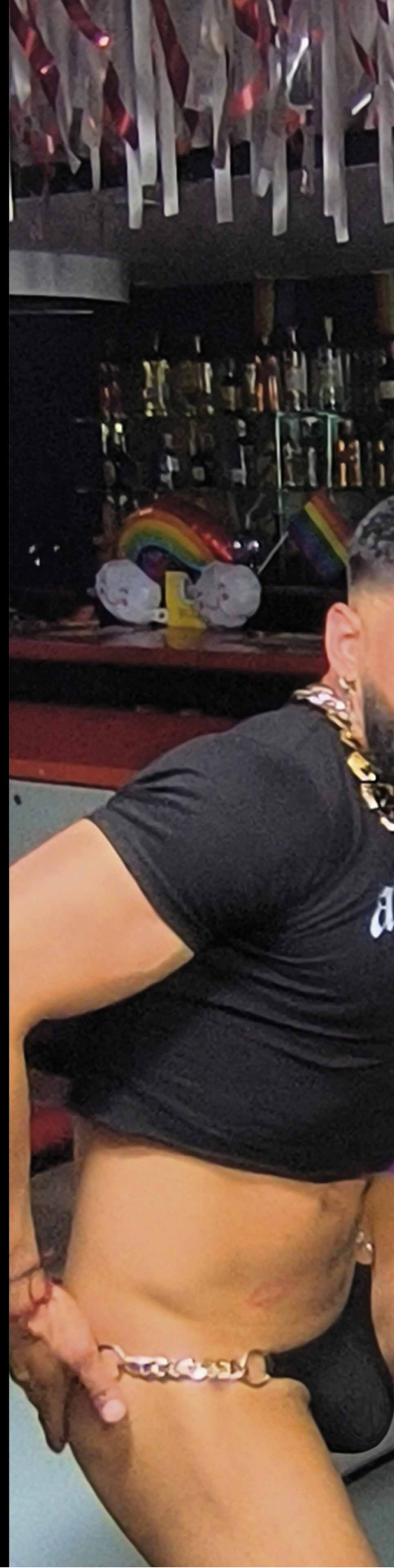
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**PHOTOS:**

Edward Murillo Moreno

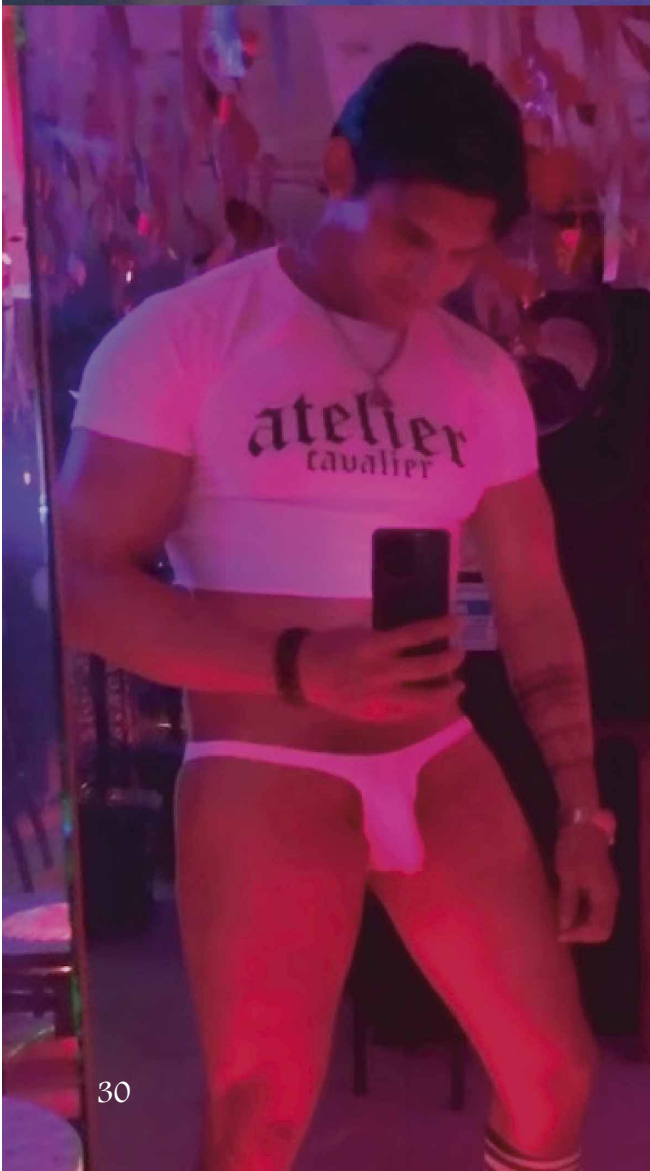
**FASHION**

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ATELIER  
CAVALIER  
MEETS  
GIGOLO  
EROTIC  
HOUSE





**Bogotá — Fashion and sensuality took center stage for two unforgettable nights at the exclusive venue Gigolo Bogotá, as Atelier Cavalier hosted a men's erotic runway event that left everyone in awe. Held on Friday, September 20, and Saturday, September 21, the two-day fashion extravaganza featured 15 striking models who showcased the latest collection from the brand, an innovative line of men's underwear inspired by 1980s New York gay sauna culture.**

**T**he event, which took place at one of Bogotá's premier spots for nightlife and male entertainment, brought together fashion enthusiasts, influencers, and industry insiders to witness a unique blend of eroticism and high fashion. The runway, illuminated by soft lighting, was set in the intimate and luxurious ambiance of Gigolo Bogotá, perfectly complementing the daring designs on display over the course of both nights. >>>

MEET THE DANCERS

# LEONIDAS

**Edward (EMM):** Can you tell us about your journey as a dancer and how you came to perform at "Gigolo Bogotá"?

**Leonidas (L):** I'm not a professional dancer, but thanks for the compliment. I just needed a job to give me extra money and I came here (laughs) Performing at **Gigolo Bogotá** was a natural step for me; I like to train a lot at the gym and be seen by everyone. **Gigolo Bogotá** it's a well-known venue that celebrates sensuality and artistic expression and I enjoy being part of it.

**EMM:** As a performer, what do you enjoy most about working in an environment like "Gigolo Bogotá"?

**L:** I love the energy of the crowd and the atmosphere of the venue. The audience is here to enjoy themselves, and that passion is infectious. It creates a dynamic environment where I can express myself freely and connect with others through my dance.

**EMM:** How did you feel wearing the pieces from Atelier Cavalier during the runway show? Did they enhance your performance in any way?

**L:** Wearing the **Atelier Cavalier** pieces felt empowering. The elastic harnesses

and cotton sets not only fit well but also allowed for freedom of movement.

I felt confident and sexy, which translated into my performance. The right outfit can make all the difference on stage.

**4. "Can you share your thoughts on the designs and styles of the Atelier Cavalier collection? What stood out to you?"**

**L:** The designs are not just stylish; they tell a story. I loved the mix of classic and modern elements. The attention to detail, like the logo on the harnesses, added a unique touch. What stood out the most was how the collection celebrates the male form in a way that feels both artistic and erotic.

"I LIKE TO TRAIN A LOT AT THE GYM AND BE SEEN BY EVERYONE."

**5. What message or feeling do you hope to convey to the audience during your performances?**

**L:** I want to convey a sense of freedom. My performances are about celebrating sex, masculinity and encouraging the audience to embrace their desires without shame. I aim to create an environment where everyone feels liberated to express themselves. ●

Gigolo Erotic House



ATELIER  
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EROTIC  
HOUSE**

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## >>> THE COLLECTION: A TRIBUTE TO 1980S NEW YORK SAUNA CULTURE

Inspired by the bold and unapologetic atmosphere of New York's gay sauna culture in the 1980s, this collection transported the audience back to a time when fashion, identity, and sensuality collided in thrilling ways. Each piece in the collection was designed to evoke the freedom, confidence, and expression of the era, while embracing modern aesthetics and premium materials.

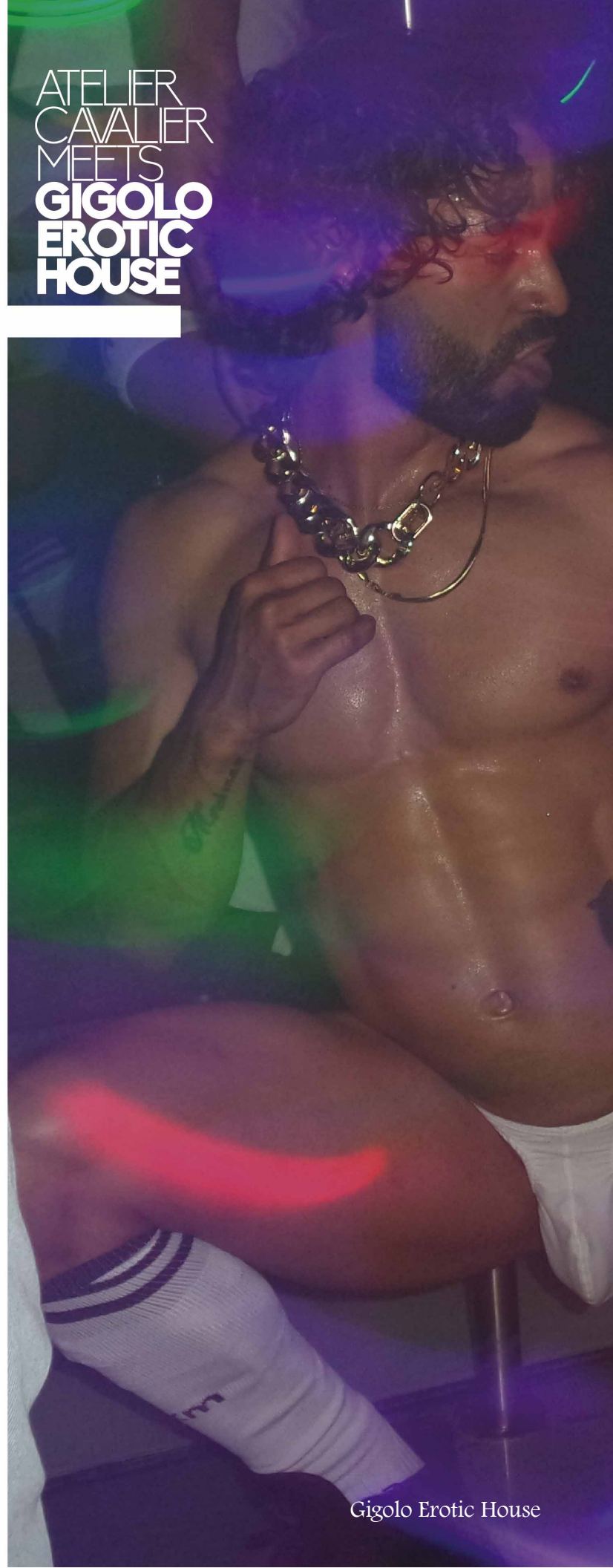
### THE STANDOUT PIECES INCLUDED:

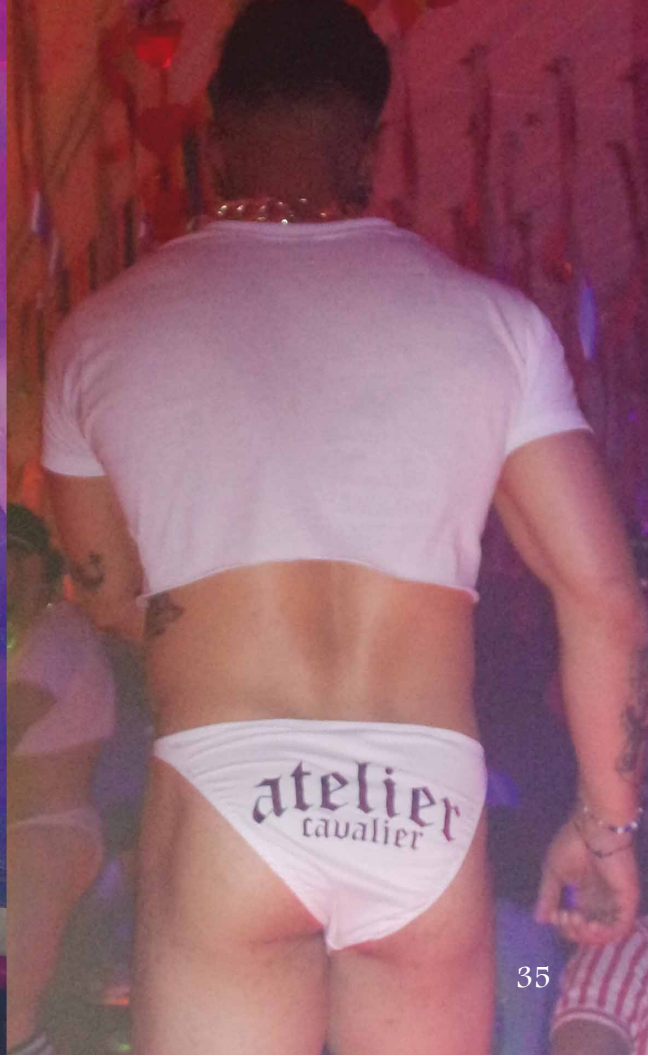
**Elastic Harnesses:** The central feature of the collection, these harnesses took center stage, combining functionality with bold erotic appeal. Adorned with the Atelier Cavalier logo, the harnesses captured the spirit of underground fashion, offering a striking visual that balanced between restraint and freedom. Each harness was meticulously crafted to showcase the male physique, giving a nod to the iconic looks of the 1980s.

**Cotton Crop Top and Bikini Sets:** Another highlight of the collection was the introduction of the cotton crop tops paired with matching bikini bottoms. These sets embodied comfort and allure, merging street style with an erotic edge. The cropped tops, snug yet breathable, featured soft cotton fabric, while the matching bikinis completed the look, offering a sleek silhouette that evoked both nostalgia and modern sensuality.

The collection not only honored the past but reimagined it for today's fashion-forward men, giving them the opportunity to explore their identity with confidence and flair. >>>

ATELIER  
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EROTIC  
HOUSE





# MEET THE DANCERS

# JESUS

**Edward (EMM):** Can you tell us about your journey as a dancer and how you came to perform at "Gigolo Bogotá"?

**Jesus (J):** I've always had an interest in dance and movement, but I was really shy about performing in front of others. When I first heard about the opportunity at Gigolo Bogotá, I was hesitant. But after some encouragement from friends and seeing how supportive the community is, I decided to take the leap.

**EMM:** As a performer, what do you enjoy most about working in an environment like 'Gigolo Bogotá'?

**J:** I love the thrill of being on stage and the connection with the audience. Initially, I was nervous, but now I enjoy the attention and the positive energy from the men. It's a rewarding experience to see people enjoying themselves, also the tips (laughs).

**EMM:** What was your initial reaction when you saw the collection from Atelier Cavalier?

**J:** I was blown away by the creativity and boldness of the designs from you (points at the interviewer). They felt fresh and exciting, which made me even more eager to wear them on stage. I

appreciated how the collection catered to a variety of styles. Also I love it when you dance, it make your bulge looks so huge, perfect to put in anyone's face.

**EMM:** Can you share your thoughts on the designs and styles of the Atelier Cavalier collection? What stood out to you?

**J:** I loved the unique blend of sensuality and comfort in the designs. The colors and materials were eye-catching, and the attention to detail was impressive. The harnesses were particularly striking; they added an edge to the overall aesthetic.\*

"EMBRACING WHO YOU ARE CAN BE INCREDIBLY FREEING."

**EMM:** What message or feeling do you hope to convey to the audience during your performances?

**J:** I want to convey that it's okay to be yourself, even if it feels scary at first. Embracing who you are can be incredibly freeing. I hope my performances inspire others to step out of their comfort zones and enjoy life. ●

ATELIER  
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MEETS  
**GIGOLO  
EROTIC  
HOUSE**

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## >>> GIGOLO BOGOTÁ: THE PERFECT BACKDROP

Hosting the event at Gigolo Bogotá was a stroke of genius. Known for its sophisticated yet sensual atmosphere, the venue added a layer of exclusivity and intimacy to both evenings. Located at Calle 65 # 13-30 Piso 3, Gigolo Bogotá is renowned for its elite and erotic entertainment, making it the ideal backdrop for this daring fashion show.

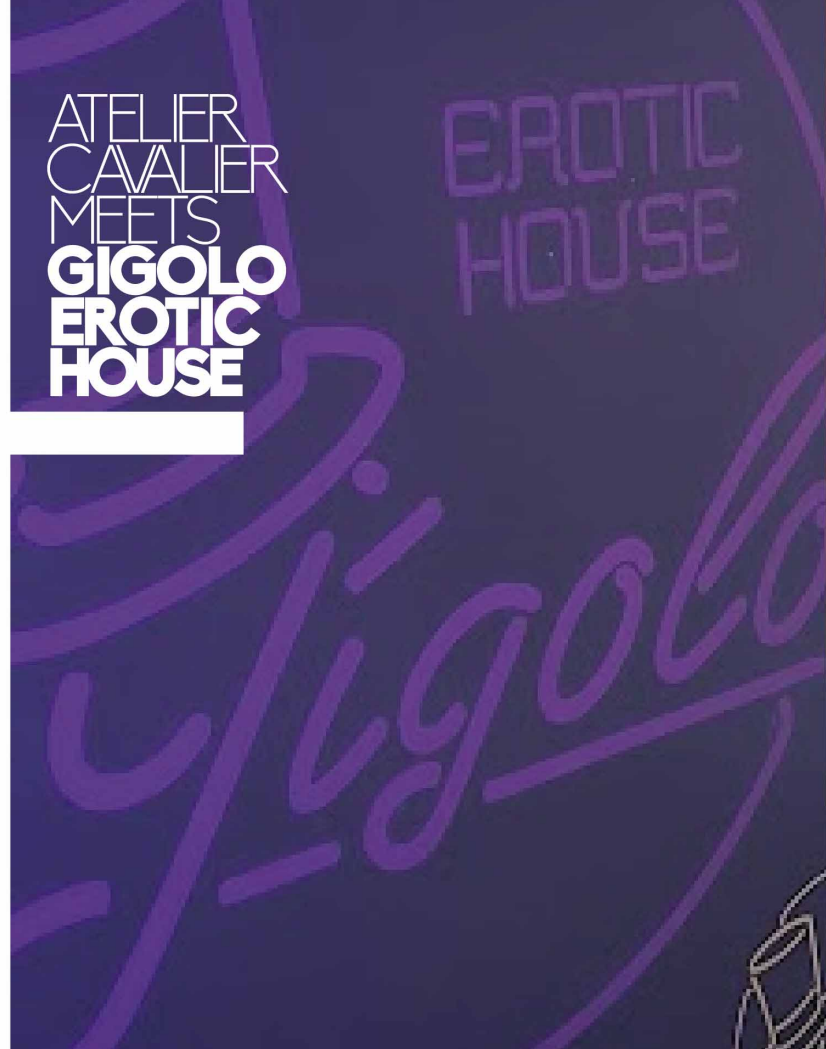
The audience had a perfect view of the stage, that for a moment turned into a runway as the models interacted playfully and sensually with the crowd, creating an immersive and exciting experience.

**For more information and table reservations, Gigolo Bogotá can be contacted at +57 (601) 2111739.**

## THE EVENT: A TWO-NIGHT SPECTACLE TO REMEMBER

The two-day event was not only about fashion but also about creating an experience that would linger in the minds of attendees. Upon arrival, each guest was greeted with a special ticket that entered them into a raffle to win pieces from the new Atelier Cavalier collection. This touch added a layer of excitement and anticipation to the night, as attendees eagerly awaited the chance to take home a part of the exclusive collection.

As the runway shows concluded, the models returned to the stage for a final walk, showcasing the full breadth of the collection. The evening ended with an after-party on both nights, where guests had the opportunity to meet the models and explore the designs up close. >>>  
38





# MEET THE DANCERS

# MALUMA

**Edward (EMM):** What does your artistic name "Maluma" represent for you in your performances?

**Maluma (M):** My stage name reflects a connection to the famous singer, which has been both a blessing and a fun coincidence. It symbolizes charisma, charm, and passion, all of which I aim to bring to my performances. I want to leave a lasting impression, just like the artist I resemble.

**EMM:** How do you prepare mentally and physically for a performance, especially in such a vibrant and sensual setting?

**M:** Preparation is key for me. I spend time warming up physically to ensure I'm ready to move. Mentally, I focus on staying positive and visualizing my performance. I remind myself to enjoy the moment and engage with the audience, which helps alleviate any nerves.

**EMM:** What was your initial reaction when you saw the collection from Atelier Cavalier?"

**M:** I was immediately impressed! The collection has a fantastic blend of style and comfort. The designs felt both bold

and wearable, which is essential for performers like us who need to move freely on stage.

**EMM:** How did you feel wearing the pieces from Atelier Cavalier during the show? Did they enhance your performance in any way?

**M:** Wearing Atelier Cavalier made me feel confident and stylish. The clothing was designed to accentuate our bodies while allowing freedom of movement. I truly felt like I could express myself fully on stage, which elevated my performance.

**EMM:** In your opinion, how does fashion influence the experience of performing in a space like "Gigolos Bogotá"?

**M:** Fashion is integral to the performance experience. The right outfit not only enhances our appearance but also boosts our confidence. Atelier Cavalier allows us to embody our characters and connect with the audience, making the whole experience more immersive and enjoyable. ●

"I WANT TO  
LEAVE A  
LASTING  
IMPRESSION."



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EROTIC  
HOUSE**

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# MEET THE NEWBIE: **FREDDIE**

**You resemble Freddie Mercury!  
How does that influence your stage  
persona?**

It's a huge inspiration! I channel Freddie's charisma and confidence during my performances, aiming to captivate the audience just like he did. His energy motivates me to bring my best to the stage.\*

**Your Japanese tattoos are impressive!  
Does it hurt?**

Definitely! Each tattoo tells a story of strength and resilience, that pain makes me stronger and ready for a new one. They also add a unique visual flair that resonates with the ladies (and men).

**How do you balance your work in here  
and your personal life?**

Embracing sensuality is part of who I am, both on and off stage. While it can blur the lines, I make it a point to find moments of privacy to recharge and maintain my authenticity.

**What do you want your audience to  
feel during your performances?**

I want them to feel exhilarated and empowered. It's all about creating a connection, and I strive to make that happen with every performance. Edward Murillo did an amazing job with these garments, I feel so hot and horny, I could dance and fuck all night long. ●



## >>> THE MODELS: A CELEBRATION OF DIVERSITY

The 15 models, who were also the dancers of Gigolo Bogotá, were handpicked for their charisma and diverse body types, taking the audience on a visual journey of sensuality and self-expression. Their sculpted physiques and confident strides exuded an irresistible allure, captivating everyone in attendance.

Each model showcased a range of body types, from chiseled abs and well-defined arms to more natural, athletic builds, embodying a celebration of masculinity in all its forms. The sultry lighting accentuated their toned bodies, highlighting every curve and contour as they moved with grace and fluidity. Their presence on the runway embodied strength and confidence, representing a refreshing departure from traditional standards of beauty, and perfectly capturing the essence of the Atelier Cavalier brand.

The models' electrifying presence was complemented by the pulsating music of Gigolo Erotic House

and carefully curated choreography that allowed them to flaunt their energy and confidence. As they strutted down the runway in the statement underwear pieces, the audience was captivated by the seamless combination of style and eroticism.

## A NEW ERA IN MEN'S FASHION

The event at Gigolo Bogotá proved that Atelier Cavalier is at the forefront of redefining men's fashion with an erotic edge. By combining sensuality with high-quality craftsmanship, the brand is setting new standards in the industry. These two nights were more than just a runway show—they were a kinky celebration of boldness, diversity, and the freedom to express oneself without limits.

With its memorable designs and unique approach to men's fashion, Atelier Cavalier is sure to continue making waves in the fashion world, and the audience in Bogota at Gigolo Bogotá got an exclusive first look at the future of men's underwear. ●

take all he's got. Everything's been leading up to this moment, little dude. Don't let his size freak you out. I hate to say it, don't wanna embarrass you, but did you see his package? Man, his front bump was bouncing like crazy when I passed him in the hall just now.' Eddy grunted, 'Now use two fingers.'

Thinking about Driller's bulge, or at least what I had briefly seen before Coach had arrived, I shivered. On autopilot, I dug out even more of the slimy goo and stuffed two fingers into my slowly stretching jockhole. Eddy exhaled sharply and wouldn't shut up about the college boy's junk. 'Yeah... he was big... huge even... I can't imagine... having a dick that big... and his skin is so dark... he must have a BBC... hmm, what's that stand for again?'

My fingers slowly worked in and out of my increasingly spasming boyhole, twisting them as Eddy made sure my toned legs stayed spread as far as possible. 'It's a... big black cock...', I groaned, corkscrewing my fingers in my butt, feeling my tight assring clamp and clench but then begin to relax just a little. I couldn't remember exactly where I'd heard the term... but I knew it was right.

Eddy rolled his eyes and grinned. 'That's right, how could I forget? A big black cock... remember that for me, yeah? I don't want to forget it again.' I nodded and moaned as my two slick fingers bottomed out in my hole, making my whole body buck. The smile momentarily fell from Eddy's face. 'Say it,' he grunted.

Say what, I thought. Oh right. 'Big black cock,' I repeated back to him.

Eddy nodded once, placing my feet on his shoulders and leaning over me. His hands rested against my smooth pecs, by chance ending up with his thumbs barely brushing my rock hard nipples. 'Say it again. This time say "Driller has a big black cock"...'

I whimpered, fingerbanging my teen pucker a little more hurriedly. My body was on fire, sweating, cheeks flushed, my hole going into overdrive. Panting, I squeaked out, 'Driller... has a big black cock! Fuck Eddy, I think I'm gonna...!'

Suddenly there was a knock at the door and Coach's familiar voice boomed out, 'You finished gettin' him ready, Eddy? 5 minutes until match time!' Eddy grabbed my wrist and yanked my

fingers from my slick, spasming pucker, leaving it wet, winking and untouched in the cool air. The electric sensations were still flowing through me but they seemed to be subsiding. Letting my wobbly legs fall back to the floor, my best bud stood and called back, 'Oh yeah, he's ready Coach. It's go time!' Turning back to me, he pointed at the singlet Coach had left for me. 'Get that thing on and get your ass out there, little dude. This is gonna be epic!'

Lying flat on the bench in my pink jockstrap, I realized how close I had come to embarrassing myself in front of my best bro. With nothing but my own fingers in my juicy jockhole, I had almost experienced what felt like an orgasm... only different. The strange sensations had begun building from deep within me, pulsing and radiating out until my entire body had nearly been overwhelmed. I shook my head to gain some clarity - I would try my hardest not to lose control like that ever again. Even though it felt good, starting to enjoy a feeling like that could only lead to trouble.

Standing, I began to pull on Coach's old wrestling singlet over my jock. It was difficult to stretch the thing apart enough for me to slide on. While it smelled decidedly like Coach Celik, it seemed so small that I wondered how he ever even stuffed his huge, brutish body into it. There were a few crunchy stains on it, those were the hardest to un-bunch, but despite being a little dirty I was excited to wear the 'lucky' spandex. I struggled to fit my wobbling, muscled asscheeks into it and admired my stars-and-stripes covered butt in a nearby mirror. Hopefully it would bring me luck too.

Walking out into the hall and towards the gym, I realized my puckering asshole was still squelching with the slime I had used to satiate it earlier. It was another odd feeling, and one that made my legs shake a little as I tried to keep my composure. I couldn't deny that I was excited about my first REAL wrestling match, even if my opponent was an enormous black frat. My jaw dropped as I pushed open the gym doors and took in the sight before me. The bleachers were PACKED with other wrestling jocks, from my high school and other nearby schools and colleges, and their fathers. I didn't notice any women in the crowd - they probably had better things to do on their Saturday anyway. Seeing Dad made me smile -

there he was, front row and center, flanked on either side by 'the Big D boys'. Christos was on his right and Janos on his left - the former was Greek or at least Mediterranean, maybe Maltese, while the latter was from Eastern Europe. They both spoke in heavily accented English but Dad seemed to enjoy their company; I sadly knew it was because they were "white enough", at least by his standards. They were in deep conversation as I entered, glutes bouncing wildly in the tight singlet, but Dad's eyes lit up with pride and he gave me a double thumbs-up. Christos and Janos both turned to look at me - their eyes wide and mouths opened with the same pride. 'The Big D boys' each had an elbow resting on one of Dad's shoulders, and they took a moment to sneak a look of slack-jawed admiration at each other behind Dad's back. I guess it's not every day you see a young jock like me pursuing a new athletic interest.

I waved back, before catching sight of Eddy at the side of the gym. He had been telling the truth - there he was, behind an expensive looking video camera, swinging it left and right on its tripod with a bored look on his face alongside the AV geeks. The geeks looked a little uncomfortable with him there but they were probably just jealous that he got to work the camera instead of taking the still photos they were left to snap of the auditorium. Eddy waved when he saw me and I waved back. He pointed behind me and as I turned, I noticed the HUGE projector screen hanging from the rafters. On it was the display of the camera Eddy manned, currently switching between a view of the pumped up crowd and the wrestling mat, situated below the screen in the middle of the gym. I gulped - my first wrestling match was daunting enough but having it enlarged to fit an entire wall was another thing entirely. Nervously, my slick puck twitched underneath my singlet.

I walked towards where Coach Celik, Driller and a burly black man who must have been Driller's Coach stood beside the mat. Coach rapidly raised his eyebrows at me while Driller just grinned and licked his lips. The black Coach had his beefy arms folded across his chest and didn't speak. I didn't even notice the microphone in Coach Celik's hand until his deep, booming voice began echoing throughout the auditorium.

'And now... the exhibition wrestling match you've all been waiting for... our collegiate Dumb Horny Jock: Wrestler

competitor from Benjamin Brown College, better known as BBC - Darius "Driller" Jordan!' The crowd clapped and chants of 'BBC! BBC!' were heard across the bleachers. Even Eddy was excitedly shouting 'BBC!' right along with them. I couldn't help but grin - didn't they realize that stood for "big black cock"? Dad frowned as Christos and Janos, although looking slightly bemused, picked up the chant. It took all my willpower not to embarrass Darius by sneaking another look at his ridiculously bulging crotch-fruit.

Coach chuckled. 'And his opponent... representing all high school jocks... our very own... blonde-haired, blue-eyed virgin... virgin to wrestling that is... hungry for attention... ready for anything... he's a newcomer, and yes he's 18 folks... Tommy Hardwick!' I clasped my hands together and raised them above my head, jumping up and down to psych myself up. This made my too-tight singlet even more snug on my bubble butt and I could feel my asscheeks jiggling outrageously. 'Smile for the wrestling scouts,' Coach hissed, although I couldn't see any officials in the crowd. The fathers, sons, coaches, students and fans from both BBC and my own high school roared my name. There were even random shouts of 'You can do it!', 'Put on a good show!' and a slightly confusing whoop of 'What? Not gonna buy him dinner first?'

A grunt from Coach Celik signaled that it was time. Glancing to the side, Dad looked a little conflicted, like he wanted to run over and give me a last piece of advice. The Big D boys kept him firmly in his seat though, practically holding him down, knowing the match was about to begin and talking to distract him from his obvious nerves on my behalf.

'Shake and get on the mat, gentlemen.' Driller's big black paw engulfed my hand and shook it firmly, pulling me in closer. He whispered, 'You sure you're ready for all this?' and actually looked a little concerned for me. Even if I wasn't, it was too late to back out now. I couldn't crush Dad by giving up on something he was so excited about, could I? 'I'm ready... don't hold back, OK big guy?'

Darius exhaled. 'Good. Cos I've been on edge for 'bout two weeks now, and Imma 'bout ready to explode.' I could sympathize with him. The

*Continued on pg 56*



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# Profiles by Sarge!



# Three Days in the Sexual Life of Constans

Story by Gary Rawnsley

## DAY ONE

The summer of AD 340 found Constans, the twenty-year-old son of Constantine the great, sole ruler of the Western Roman empire after vanquishing his older brother. Residing in north Italy at the time, he received a delegation from Rome led by Fabius Titianus, the city prefect. His conversation with the prefect quickly turned from congratulations on Constans' victory to sex.

"Do you have any young men in your personal guard for me to fuck?" Constans asked.

"Nearly all," Titianus replied. "They turn to each other for sexual gratification."

"How do you figure that?"

"Back in Rome their barracks has a spy hole. I had it installed during the building phase."

"Clever."

"I just love to watch a pair of nude young rookies with toned, glabrous bodies, magnificent upward jutting cocks and compact muscular bums, copulate with one another."

"Must be a sight for sore eyes."

"Each tier of the bunk beds accommodates two oversexed post adolescents, who hit the hay naked with stiff or rapidly stiffening cocks. One night I saw six pairs banging hard, one pair on the top tier, one on the lower, on three separate bunks."

"Bet that made your tunic tent out."

"The couple who took turns sitting on each

other's cock certainly did."

"Send me the most handsome."

"I'll send you Ascaricus. He's an enlistee of Frankish descent."

"Ascaricus?" Constans asked, suspicious.

"Same name but no relation to the Frankish war leader executed by your father."

"Franks have big cocks."

"He's young and hung."

"How old?"

"Nineteen."

"Is he good-looking?"

"Short reddish hair, blue eyes, straight nose, rosy cheeks and full fiery lips."

"Bearded?"

Titianus, aware that Constans kept his own face and body as smooth as the day he was born, confidently informed him, "Clean shaven with a body plucked hairless in the style of Julius Caesar. As for his torso, he has a narrow waist, a flat rippled stomach, and broad chest and shoulders."

"What about his buttocks?"

"Round, firm, well-separated."

"Send him to my bedchamber. Nude."

\*

Constans heard the curtain across his bedroom doorway rustle. He drew the drape back.

"Greetings," he said. "Come in."

Ascaricus entered naked. Constans took

one look at his eminently fuckable body and achieved a powerful erection. He pulled off his tunic and stood in front of the Frank bareass. Instantly, Ascaricus was fully hard. Constans smirked.

"Does the sight of a man in the nude always turn you on?" he asked.

"Yes Lord,"

"With his cock stiff or flaccid?"

"Preferably stiff, Lord."

"Are you sexually active?"

"Very much so."

"Do you copulate with females."

"Only with males."

"So you have no sexual interest in women."

"Only men make me hard."

Constans took both their cocks in his hand and squeezed.

"Have you fucked a man before."

"No Lord."

"But you're sexually active."

"I prefer to be penetrated by other males. I'm a cockchafer, uh, cock chaser."

"Then turn around and place your palms on the wall," Constans enjoined, releasing his grip.

Before Ascaricus had completely turned, he felt the mushroom of Constans' cock between his nether cheeks. By the time he'd planted his palms on the wall the cock was fully inside his breech, pumping at breakneck speed.

Ascaricus wanted to cry out. But all he could think of was Oh yeah, fuck me or some other trite remark. So he remained silent.

Constans slowed to delay climax and fornicated with just the head. But the urge to use his entire cock overwhelmed him. He began to stroke deep and fast, jerking Ascaricus at the same time.

Ascaricus grunted out his pleasure. "I'm almost there!" he called out.

Constans zipped his fist up and down his shaft in response, still maintaining full-fledged thrusts. The intense double pleasure pushed Ascaricus past the point of no return. His cock achieved final stiffness and pulsed out viscous creamy fluid that splattered the wall. Seconds later, Constans' cock grew from hard to rigid and spurted ropes of warm male seed inside Ascaricus' tight

ass. He removed his other hand wrapped around Ascaricus' waist and pulled out.

Ascaricus spun round to face Constans.

"You had a heavy load," Constans said, eyeing the copious scatter of whitish semen on the wall.

"I felt your cock twitch as you released your sperm inside my rear," Ascaricus replied.

"Your robust rear is eye-catching."

"Does it turn you on?"

"When one sees an ass like yours, one wants to fuck it. You say you prefer to be penetrated by other males. One at a time?"

"You could say that. I participated in an orgy once where eight men did me. But one after the other."

"Have you ever considered taking two cocks in your ass at the same time?"

"I've dreamt about it."

"Then lets make your dream come true. I know two foot soldiers in their mid-twenties whose cocks were standing bolt upright while they bathed together. Fabius Titianus tells me that ultra-stiffness makes for easier penetration. He's a consummate voyeur. I'll tell them to show up."

"Where? When?"

"The bathhouse at noon tomorrow. I'll reserve one of the cubicles off from the hot room. They have beds and, of course, since it's a bathhouse, you three will be clothes free."

"What role will you play?"

"Spectator. When you arrive the keeper will give you directions."

## DAY TWO

Constans entered the cubicle ten minutes late with nothing on above his sandals secured by red thongs. His attention immediately turned to the three naked males. Indus, the younger of the two soldiers, was on his back with his hard cock up inside the hind end of a comely youth, none other than Ascaricus who was crouched over him on all fours. Avitus, a corporal, was also on the bed, his feet astride Indus' thighs, sporting a massive hard-on.

*Continued on pg 62*





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build-up and tension of the last few weeks had been almost unbearable. We took our starting stances on the mat and waited. My pucker twitched, thankfully hidden behind the tight spandex.

Coach Celik blew his whistle - it was ON! All that training leading up to this moment... actually come to think of it there wasn't much training at all. Before the shrill sound had even stopped, Darius was behind me. He was fast - really fast - with the moves of a jungle cat. With one arm wrapped across my pecs, one around my waist and one of his strong legs hooked around mine, we both crashed to the ground. This put us both on all fours - I had been well and truly pinned by this black college musclejock in under three seconds. Squirming, I felt a semi-hard, thinly covered fratboy dick grinding against my buns. Panting, I mumbled, 'Big black cock.'

Our fans were going absolutely crazy - I'd never heard a group MAKE so much noise! Their eyes were glued either to the big-screen projection provided by Eddy's camera skills or the live-action unfolding on the mat. Darius' black, muscled arm wrapped around my pecs held my chest down to the floor, his forearm crushed against my perky jocktits. His other arm at my waist briefly let go, and I must have imagined what felt like a sharp tug at my wrestling singlet before it returned. His feet kicked mine out wider and it felt like my thighs were almost at a 180-degree angle.

Suddenly I heard a sharp cracking noise, similar to opening a potato chip packet or when you rip open a velcro strap, and my pre-lubed asshole winked as I felt a cool breeze. Cool breeze? My mouth fell open and I gasped - just like the entire crowd did - as I realized the unthinkable had happened. Coach's old raggedy singlet, the one that seemed overly well-worn and far too small for a big stud like him, had given way! The lycra had torn completely down the center and snapped to the sides, exposing the entirety of my smooth, beach ball ass and moist rosebud! I squirmed and craned my head upwards, catching sight of the screen hanging above us. There, in all its glory, for the entire audience to see, was my bubble butt. For some reason Eddy had zoomed in on it at what was without a doubt the worst possible moment. If

I hadn't been so humiliated, I would have found it funny how quiet the room got as they were forced to stare at my jiggling ass-globes and tight cherry hole.

Whipping my head to the left, I saw Coach Celik casually talking with the Coach from Benjamin Brown College. They hadn't even noticed! Turning my head even further back, as much as I could in Darius' strong embrace, I locked eyes with Dad. He looked angry - angry with himself that he hadn't thought to purchase a singlet that would actually fit me. He looked like he wanted to launch off the bleachers and protect my modesty, but the Big D boys were quick to act. Christos and Janos each slapped a hand down on one of Dad's thighs, and with their other arms pushing down on his shoulders, they kept him in place. They knew that having Dad stop the match would only embarrass me more and I was grateful that they had come along to support me.

Groaning, I realized I had to do SOMETHING if I wanted any chance of winning against Darius. Coach hadn't even started counting us out so there was still time. The thought struck me like lightning - my special move! The move Coach Celik had been forcing me to practice, day in and day out, for the last two weeks! I could have kicked myself! It was time to unleash... "the booty dance".

It was called "the booty dance" and wasn't very well known because, as Coach had explained time and time again, it was a very technical move that not every wrestler had the capability to execute. The only way I was able to master it was with his diligent guidance and mentoring... gee, Coach really was the best. I humped my hips upwards, arching my back until my spread, naked boybutt briefly began to grind against Darius' fratboy bulge. The Jamaican jock groaned huskily in my ear and I thought maybe, with a little luck from Coach's lucky singlet, I could buck him off and regain the advantage. Lowering my hips again quickly, my glutes wobbled and bounced on the downstroke before rising up again. Lifting and dropping my ass in rapid succession, I channeled every ounce of strength into my special move, while Eddy conscientiously made sure not a moment of my efforts was missed by the camera. There were legitimate groans of incredulity from the men witnessing it - obviously they had never



seen an athlete successfully administer this move in their entire lives!

Darius was clearly as surprised as them since his own deep rumbling hadn't stopped since I first began the move. Up and down, up and down, up, down, up, down - my thick thighs powered my glutes to bounce at maximum speed in my attempt to throw him off me. He leaned in too close and his full lips brushed my earlobe. 'Shit... you want it that bad, huh white boy? You think you've got what it takes to take on BBC?' I could only pant from the exertion and nod - of course I wanted to win - finding it hard to believe that even Darius didn't understand the rude nickname for his school. 'Big black cock!', I whined.

His hand slid from around my waist and there was another loud SNAP, quickly followed by a second collective gasp from the wrestling fans. This time I felt something thick and hot slap between my naked ass-cakes. I continued twerking on it and shot a look over to Coach to gauge how I was doing. He was staring at the screen, holding his hand over his mouth as if to hide smile, casually groping himself with his other hand as he always does. Following his gaze I briefly wondered if the camera broadcast had somehow switched to an X-rated interracial movie - a HUGE black cock was sandwiched between a delicious looking ass, grinding and rubbing as if it was trying to burrow inside. My jaw dropped - that was MY ass! Which meant... Darius' insanely huge fratboy dong had slipped free from his own ill-fitting singlet, and was now being firmly hot-dogged by my buns! The AV geeks looked like they were trying to intervene and take over Eddy's camera duties, but the stern look on his face convinced them that he had it all under control. They backed away from him, cowering - Eddy was clearly taking his new hobby very seriously. Still, I groaned - shouldn't wardrobe malfunctions be reason enough to halt a match?

I think the technical term for his cock was "fucking enormous". From the bulge I saw earlier in the locker room, it didn't come as a surprise, but still... feeling the pulsing rod of flesh as I humped my rear end against it sure was a new sensation. I'm no expert but calling it a "foot long" may not have done his pole justice. My greased-up cherry puck pulsed each time his oozing knob poked against it... but it felt good. After months of trying to tame my twitching hole, I finally had someone

doing it for me, even if it was the result of an unfortunate (and very public) mishap. The pink button nestled between my musclebutt seemed to appreciate the attention... so I kept hunching my rump against his throbbing BBC. A little relief couldn't hurt, right?

But I'd forgotten about Dad! This was exactly the kind of accident he probably had nightmares about. I looked back to see him blinking back tears, muscles pumped, tapping his foot and wrenching his body forward in sharp jerky motions. The Big D boys were still there, holding him back, using all their strength to keep him seated. My assing puckered and relaxed, still slippery from the goo Eddy had provided me with before the match. When the crown of his beautiful (did I say beautiful? I guess it was an impressive looking piece, especially when blown up on the big screen) ebony schlong began nudging at my hungry hole, I panicked and froze. It felt like everything was happening in slow motion. On the screen, I watched as the tip of his meatstick inevitably slid inside, busting open my straight-but-needy jockboy sphincter. My fears of any pain were allayed by the fact I had stretched and lubed my ass under Eddy's guidance only minutes before the match - a lucky coincidence. The entire auditorium was stunned into inaction - not a single viewer could bring himself to move (let alone stop this clear disaster from occurring), although the intermittent grunts and groans from the crowd continued.

All thoughts of wrestling exited my head as for the first time in my young life, a ridiculously fat donkey dick began stuffing inside me. My poor pink puck had never faced such an intruder but I had to admit, it didn't feel entirely bad... actually, it felt good. The stretch Darius' prick gave me was what I'd been needing all along. My blue eyes rolled back and my tongue lolled out of my mouth. 'Big black cock!', I whimpered again. Darius himself seemed shocked at how quickly his tool was disappearing into my tight teen ass. 'So deep,' he rumbled, burying his face in the nape of my neck. When two sweaty, fuzzy grapefruit-sized orbs smooshed against my buttocks, I realised the inconvenient truth. I had a Jamaican fratboy's horsecock balls deep in my lily-white ass!

*Continued on pg 74*

A black and white photograph showing a man's hands resting on a woman's back. The man's face is partially visible in the upper left, looking towards the camera. The woman's back is the central focus, with her hands resting on her own back. The lighting is soft, highlighting the textures of their skin and clothing.

**FEATURING**

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**JORGE  
RUEDA**







Constans sat on the foldable seat facing the front of the bed to obtain a ringside view of the copulatory action. In the interim Avitus had inserted his cock inside the young Frank on top of Indus' and with legs spread wide, knees bent, and hands gripping Ascaricus' flanks, had got down to business. His own cock lengthened and thickened, then arced up and pointed to the skylight above his head.

As Constans looked on, his gaze flitted back and forth from the corporal's gaping anus freshly fucked by his captain to the two fat military cocks sawing in and well-nigh out of Ascaricus' anal hole. For their part, the enlistees were mute, immersed in the pleasure of their cocks rubbing together until, caught in the throes of orgasm, Avitus emitted a guttural cry.

The sensation of Avitus' cock pulsing against his own, pushed Indus over the edge. Semen spurted from both their cocks inside Ascaricus' accepting ass.

Their cocks softened and dropped out. Avitus vacated the bed, and when Ascaricus dismounted, Indus had streaks of whitish fluid all over his chest and belly.

"How was it?" Constans asked after the soldiers had left.

"I came twice," Ascaricus revealed.

On the way to the changing room to retrieve their clothes, Constans, his still stiff cock bobbing as he walked, gave Ascaricus a butt pat.

"Why don't your buttocks, I mean you, spend the night with me?" Constans asked.

Ascaricus' eyes sparkled with lust.

\*

Barefoot, Constans and Ascaricus shared the same couch for dinner, Constans dressed in a purple tunic, Ascaricus in an off-white tunic scrunched up to his waist to show off the smooth rounded cheeks of his provocative rump. Attended by male servants dressed in silver-threaded tunics, they partook of a pricey meal of fried mullet and, to stimulate overwhelming sexual desire, an arugula salad and red wine.

While they supped, Constans pontificated on the fate of Aeneas after the Greeks sacked and burned Troy.

"Aeneas set sail," Constans said, after swallowing a chunk of fish, "with his family and friends."

Constans then, between sips of wine, recounted in grueling detail Aeneas' voyage to the West Coast of Italy where he became the fountainhead of the Roman race.

"After Aeneas died," Constans continued, rubbing his fuckmate's bare behind, "and I quote Ovid: the river god, Numicius, cleansed Aeneas of all that was mortal, leaving his best part. Venus, his mother, then anointed him with divine perfume, touched his lips with ambrosia and nectar, and so made him a god."

Ascaricus, who by this time had finished his salad, added that the Gauls were also descended from the Trojans.

"After the destruction of Troy," he said, "a few Trojans, fleeing from the Greeks, occupied the regions of the Gauls, which at that time were deserted."

After gulping down his last drop of wine, Constans ran a finger up the crevice of Ascaricus' posterior to signal he was ready for sex.

\*

On his way to his guest room, Titianus noticed that the curtain at the doorway of Constans' bedchamber was only half closed. He popped his head around and saw Constans and Ascaricus stark naked, Constans supine on the bed, Ascaricus lying face up over him, supporting himself on straight arms and feet flat on the bed straddling the imperial thighs. His back entrance was halfway down Constans' iron-stiff cock.

Titianus gaped in astonishment. Ascaricus' cock was unbelievably hard, the head pressing against his belly after eating arugula.

As he watched, his eyes nearly popped out of his head: on full display, the youth's rear hole sliding up and down Constans' shaft from base to neck; Constans' hand fumbling for his straight teen cock. The prefect heard footsteps outside and left off until the steps faded. When he popped his head

back in, he saw Ascaricus' cock, angry red, explode in Constans' rubbing fist, and when he heard Constans shriek in orgasmic ecstasy, he lowered his gaze. Ascaricus had stilled, and Constans' cock was deep inside his ass.

He hightailed it to his room.

### DAY THREE

"I've decided to appoint you praetorian prefect of Gaul starting next year," Constans said.

"Much appreciated, lord," Titianus replied as he accompanied Constans along the porch supported by columns that surrounded the inner courtyard.

They spotted Ascaricus outside. Still naked after last night's sexual encounter, he was appraising a nude statue of Priapus standing between two cypress trees with an oversized phallus pointing straight out from his groin. Ascaricus was sporting a full erection.

"I'd give my right arm to have my cock inside his bottom while I fuck myself on that marble cock," Titianus let on.

"Why not on a real cock?" Constans asked.

"Whose?"

"Mine. Wait for me in your bedchamber."

"Disrobed?"

"Of course. I'll send Ascaricus in directly and you can expect me after I've stripped."

Titianus scurried off and Constans stepped through the columns into the garden.

"Your cock is stiffer than Priapus'," he gibed.

Ascaricus blushed.

"Titianus and I want to have sex with you. Are you up for it?"

"Lets do it," Ascaricus said without hesitation.

"Then present yourself at Titianus' guestroom. I'll be along shortly."

\*

Constans entered Titianus' guestroom unclothed and saw two nude figures: Ascaricus on the bed on his knees and elbows with Titianus over him on hands and toes, his hips rising and plummeting over and over. Constans, his cock

Three Days in the Sexual Life of Constans

hard in a flash, stepped around to the end of the bed. Ascaricus' knees were spread and he observed Titianus' turgid shaft moving rhythmically in and all but out of Ascaricus' puckered bud.

Titianus felt the mattress crunch and paused expectantly. He felt Constans' strong cock push up inside his back passage and resumed intercourse.

With his rear orifice sliding up and down Constans' rigid rod as he thrust inward and outward inside Ascaricus', Titianus promptly reached climax. He rammed his cock inside Ascaricus up to his balls and filled his inner ass to capacity with thick male cream.

Constans, his larger frame crouched over Titianus with knees bent and upper body supported on longer arms, dismounted.

Titianus followed."Do you want him?" he asked.

Without a word, Constans replaced Titianus and, penetrating Ascaricus' anal cavity, slick with Titianus' discharge, fucked him so vigorously that he ejaculated in less than a minute. He rolled off.

Titianus winked at Constans as Ascaricus flipped over onto his back.

Constans stared with bulging eyes. "His cock is as stiff as Antinous' when he had Hadrian's male tool inside him."

"Stiffer," Titianus ribbed, taking the youth's raging erection in his fist.

He lowered his mouth and suctioned the tip while running his clenched hand up and down the shaft.

Ascaricus emitted a cry of pleasure. Encouraged, Titianus persisted until suddenly, without warning, Ascaricus shot a huge load down his throat. He swallowed, then sucked him dry and freed his softening penis.

"I've seldom had an orgasm that intense," Ascaricus admitted as they drank wine post sex.

"I loved the way you raised your ass," Titianus said. "It made screwing you all the more enjoyable."

"Bottoms up," Constans quipped.

### AFTERWORD

At the end of February the following year,

Titianus took up the position of praetorian prefect of Gaul. Ascaricus had his pay doubled and resumed having anal intercourse with his fellow guardsmen in every submissive position imaginable.

Constans continued to indulge his homosexual tastes. In the winter of AD 343 he sojourned in Britain with an entourage of a hundred men. Each night he chose from their number an outstandingly handsome greenhorn who had barely reached manhood and, casting an arm across his chest, took his ass from behind.

## CITATIONS

### DAY ONE

The summer of AD 340...Titianus, the city prefect  
Hunt, D. [6], Jones, A. H. M. et al. [220 (Constans born 320)].

young men in your personal guard for me to fuck  
(homosexuality of Constans)

Harries, J. [190]

Woudhuysen, G. [160]

Zonaras. [XIII.6]

\*

Cantarella, E. [175-176, details a pronouncement coauthored by Constans and Constantius II in AD 342 condemning passive homosexuality and proclaiming that passive homosexuals must be subjected to specially prescribed penalties. That there appears to be no case of anybody punished pursuant to this provision suggests that it was promulgated to conciliate particular interest groups with no intention of enforcement.]

an enlistee of Frankish descent

Ammianus Marcellinus. [XV 5.11 (around the mid-4th century Franks were numerous among palace guards)]

Franks have big cocks

Sidonius Apollinaris. [Letters Book VIII, 238-250]

Frankish war leader executed by your father

Long, J. [91-92]

in the style of Julius Caesar

Suetonius. [Divus Julius 45]

The bathhouse...cubicles off from the hot room  
Ager, A. A. [146]

### DAY TWO

to stimulate overwhelming sexual desire, an arugula salad  
Pliny the Elder. [X.LXIII.182 I (translated as rocket)]

\*

Morgan, L. [66 (arugula also called rocket)]

fountainhead of the Roman race  
Dio. [Bk. 1 VII.1 (frag. 1, pp. 69-70)]

After Aeneas died...and so made him a god  
Ovid. [Metamorphoses 14. 687-698 (Lombardo)]

Gauls were also descended from the Trojans  
Ammianus Marcellinus. [XV 9.5]

### DAY THREE

praetorian prefect of Gaul  
Hunt, D. [6]

### AFTERWORD

At the end of February...prefect of Gaul  
Lewis, W. [85 n. 9]

winter of AD 343 he sojourned in Britain...hundred men  
Hunt, D. [6]

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Three Days in the Sexual Life of Constans

# Artillero



Images by

**GASQUE**  
ph

















# DURTY BEAR

Linktree <https://linktr.ee/dirtybear>



Now, this is the embarrassing part so brace yourselves. I quickly found out how Darius got his nickname... whether it was the embarrassment of being in a public forum, or the uncontrollable libido of a college athlete, or even

my fault for inadvertently squeezing my puck and milking his thick veiny monster... Darius' hips began to roll. Arching a little, then firmly pushing forward again, my lubricated jockbutt provided only minimal resistance. Basically what I'm saying is... "Driller" began to drill me, right there on the mat. With all the energy you'd expect from a young frat, his hips began furiously pumping all on their own. Each time his dark tubesteak was completely buried in my ass, it hit a sensitive spot deep inside that made my body tremble and my pucker clench around his hairy dick root. He huffed as he drilled away at my tight but pliable tunnel, clearly disappointed that he couldn't control his urges. The slapping sound of his sticky bullnuts striking my glutes echoed throughout the assembly hall.

I shivered as his dong continued to expertly pummel my joy-button, sparing a thought for my battered, widening anus. 'Fuck...', I managed to squeak out, 'My hole!' Whether Driller heard my cry or not, it did nothing to stop the frantic stabbing of his drooling black snake... in fact, it felt like

his movements became faster and even more erratic. I mustered up my courage and took one final glance up at the screen - the image before me, enlarged to make sure everyone in the gym could see it, was downright pornographic. If you hadn't witnessed this series of unfortunate events in succession, you'd think you were watching a hardcore motion picture of a black stud desperately trying to breed a white teen bubble butt - MY white teen bubble butt!

Ever heard of muscle memory? That must be what kicked in the moment his cock pierced my cherry and carved out a new home inside me. I felt sorry for the cheerleaders at Benjamin Brown College who had most likely been in my position, albeit probably in a more romantic setting. Every nerve, every sensation in my body was focused on the tugging and pulling of his engorged penis at my stretched out rosebud. His tight embrace was oddly comforting considering the circumstances. If

he hadn't been holding me so firmly, the force of his onslaught would have pushed me forward and off his relentless manhood, where I'd surely smash my face into the mat and potentially break my nose.

The fucking - for lack of a better word - persisted. The foreign but undeniable pleasure experienced by my sensitive boyhole kept me stock-still, pinned on all fours with my ass angled up to accept every thrust of that veiny pipe. The strong hand at the end of the sinewy arm across my chest gropes my left, tugging at my sensitive nipple. Suddenly, the pleasure began to build further. On every downstroke, Driller's cockhead was incidentally bludgeoning my sweet-spot, reminding me of the similar sensation experienced during my solo asshole-soothing sessions. My eyes bugged - if he didn't stop, I feared Driller's BBC was going to make me cum in front of everyone! Unfortunately, I didn't have long to worry about it. It only took a few more deep-digging jabs before a surprising and exasperated high-pitched squeal emitted from my mouth. Without even having an erection (why would I? This was a fluke, not something to be aroused about) my toned body began to convulse in a mind-blowing, core-shaking orgasm originating from my almost-stuffed-to-breaking-point butt. I prayed no one would notice... but today my prayers went unanswered. I heard cheers from some of the men in the crowd - either they REALLY hadn't noticed what was going on right in front of them or they were confused about what they were seeing.

Despite the public humiliation, and despite having my cherry popped by someone I had met only fifteen minutes earlier... the orgasm was extreme. I almost blacked out from the intensity of it all, the thought barely registering in my mind that a big black cock had made me cum. Raising up slightly, I shot a look down and back between my spread legs - Dad was right in my line of sight, looking completely conquered and supremely disappointed that I was clearly losing my first wrestling match. He was slumped over, dejected... and obviously full of compassion for the unlucky misadventure that had befallen me. Christos and Janos had finally managed to subdue him, which in hindsight was the quick-thinking and considerate act of two good friends - surely if they had let Dad go, he would have MURDERED Driller (I mean,

Darius) even though none of this was his fault.

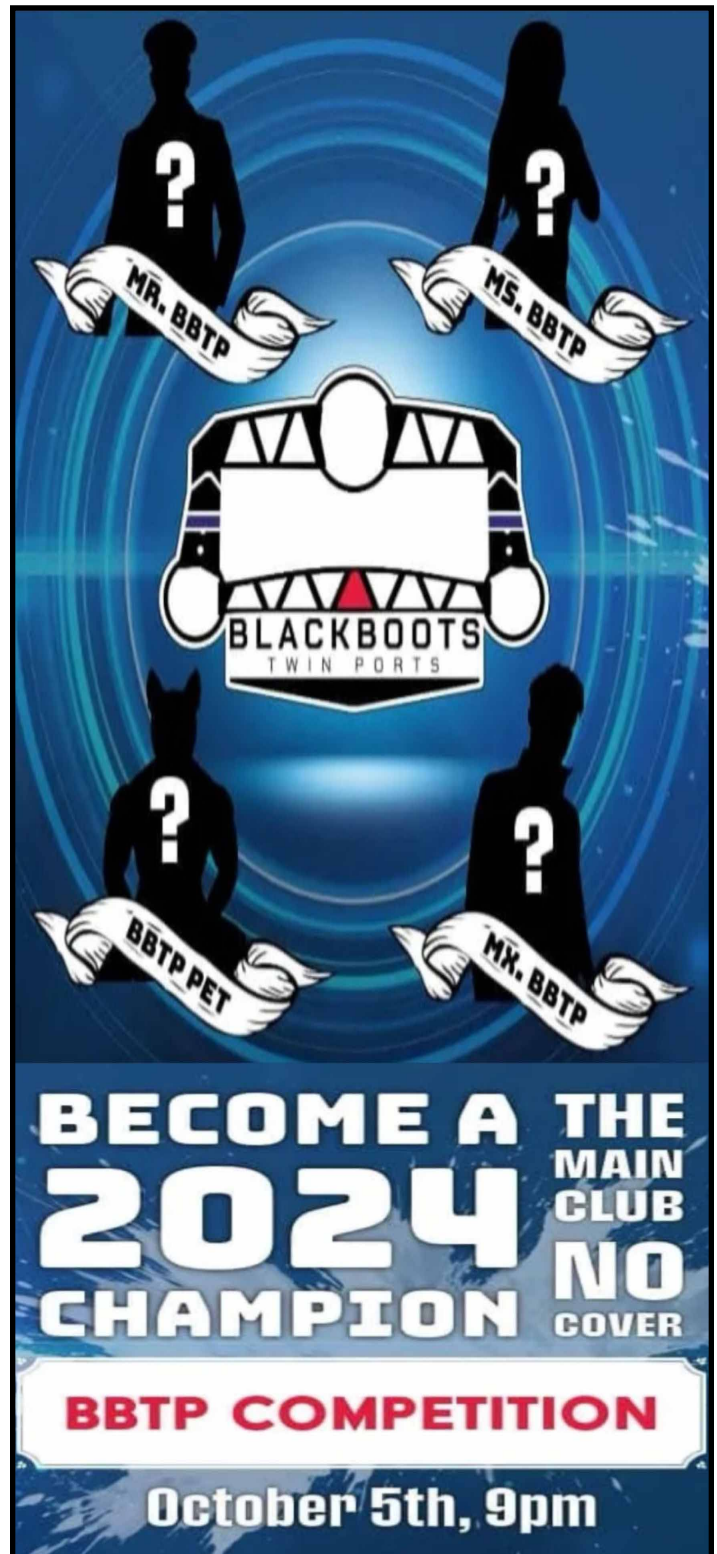
Driller's deep voice brought me back to reality. He looked over at Coach Celik and his own Coach and nodded, before turning his head towards Eddy. 'Gonna cum', he grumbled, in a surprisingly calm voice. My body tensed in panic - we were well beyond simple wrestling now, but having this black stranger empty his nuts in my ass was unacceptable. But... how could I judge the poor guy, when I myself had unintentionally and irrepressibly climaxed only moments before! I resigned myself to the fact that his cock was clearly too big to pull out in time. After about ten long, deep strokes he instinctively sank his teeth into my neck and reached his peak. I hope you haven't, but have you ever had a black college stud unload inside you? Let me try to describe it.

I had heard rumours of a "no masturbation before a match" policy from the other athletes at my school. Obviously the same rule was enforced at Benjamin Brown College. What can only be described as a cumload big enough to choke a horse began to coat my insides. Like a super soaker set to maximum drenching capability, Driller's nuts were sucked way up inside his loose sack (suddenly not so loose) as his love gun fired all of his pent-up stress into my no-longer-virgin ass. The force of these thick, gooey cum-ropes splattering against my prostate was enough to dismally make me orgasm once again. Shaking from the acute and long-overdue gratification, my anal orifice seemed to welcome each blast of Jamaican baby batter dumped inside it. In a way, it was fortunate that he was emptying his black balls inside me and not one of the cheerleaders - they'd be pregnant without a doubt.

With a heart-wrenching moan at having shared my humiliation in front of so many people, Driller slid his deflating (but still huge) dong from my hole and stood. Fist-pumping the air in triumph - I guess he had won after keeping me pinned for so long - Driller gave me a sympathetic slap on one exposed asscheek and left the mat. I later learned from Eddy, when we repeatedly watched the tape together on his phone during lunch, that the sight of my gaping, pink boyhole, already beginning to ooze the fratboy's copious load, had finally stupefied the audience into a near-catatonic state. Coach Celik finally rushed over, resting his hand on the back of my neck with genuine concern,

Dumb Horny Jock: Wrestler

keeping my head down and ass raised in the process. 'Why didn't you tap out, Tommy?' he asked, brows furrowed. How stupid of me? All I had to do was tap out earlier and I could have spared both Driller and I (and the entire crowd) the shame of what had occurred. The only person to blame was me. The only consolation was maybe... just maybe... I'd impressed the wrestling scouts enough to earn a scholarship!





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# TASTING MY BROTHER IN LAW'S



# MAGA MEAT AT THE GLORYHOLE

Story by **THEWAYWARDTRACK**

Ever fantasize about worshipping someone who secretly hates you? Well, here's how it went...

My sister has always had a thing for bad boys, and she sure married one. Keegan, my brother-in-law, is a rough and tough, motorcycle riding, blue collar type. He's tatted up with a pretty long ginger beard and two beady blue eyes. Whether he's smoking a cigarette, stomping around in his boots, spitting tobacco in the street, or rolling up his sleeves to show off his big arms, he carries himself with a pretty menacing arrogance. My whole family hates him. Despite his own flaws, like catcalling other women right in front of my sister, he's constantly harping on how other people are "ass backwards these days." Fortunately, he lives states away and drives a truck for a living, so we don't see him too often. But when we do, he's always eager to bring up his closed-minded politics. We couldn't be more opposed—he's firmly far right while my family leans left, though he wears his MAGA hat to every gathering anyway.

Being that I'm openly gay he doesn't talk to

me much, but I've been talking to him on Adult Friend Finder lately, and he has no idea it's me.

I noticed Keegan's profile when he was in town. He didn't have a face pic posted, but I recognized the tattoos on his torso and got to chatting from a fake profile of a steamy brunette. He was just as much of a dick on the app as he is in real life, so I wasn't surprised to find out he cheats on my sister. I tried to get a nude out of him, but he wouldn't send it. Being that he was so often away from home, he was looking for some out of state booty calls. Lucky for him, I'm rather good at providing oral relief to long distance truckers I'd met on the app. I know I shouldn't admit this, but I host a private glory hole where I shave my face and apply fake nails to trick straight men into thinking a girl is on the other side of the wall.

I couldn't host him at my place, so I arranged a hotel room and set up a makeshift glory hole. He sent a message that he was heading over. I was pretty terrified of things going wrong and him finding me out. He's a hot head, always looking to pick a fight and never shying away from

confrontation. Nevertheless, I was willing to risk it because as much as I hate my brother-in-law and everything he stands for, I can't deny how fucking sexy he is. I sat behind that wall with a lump in my throat when the door cracked open.

"Yo," I heard him grunt like a caveman. "Hi," I whispered in my girlish voice. I was trembling, as just on the other side was my brother-in-law stripping and getting ready to thrust his dick in my face. I heard his belt buckle rattle as he dropped his jeans to the floor. The heavy thuds of his boot echoed throughout the silent room as he approached the glory hole. However, what burst through wasn't his boner, but his hand with three fingers extended. He beckoned me with them, "Suck on these." I obliged, putting my brother-in-law's fingers in my mouth. They tasted like diesel, and the cold steel of his wedding ring tasted like a coin. I slurped on them, proving my ability to take care of his cock. And he seemed to trust that I would be able to handle him, because he quickly pulled his fingers out and pushed that heavy prick through.

It's kind of funny, because his cock looked just like him. Short, stout, and angry. It was bright pink with thick veins coursing through it. Like him, it seemed primed to explode. Rounded and bulky, engorged and twitching—it looked like it wanted to hurt me. What it didn't have in length, it made up for in girth, resembling the beer cans he was always chugging. And yet despite how tempting it was, I was afraid to touch it. That is, until I heard him demand, "Suck it, bitch," and I followed his order. All those days of lusting after his body while being repulsed by his personality had come to a head when his dick head finally met my tongue. I'd officially tasted my brother-in-law.

There was no going back, so I dove further in, swallowing up his entire cock. I applied a few techniques to read his body language. He responded well to the deep throating, so I tried to hold my breath for as long as I could while I let Keegan's MAGA rod gag me. He became pretty verbal, shouting commands at me. I followed his step-by-step guide to giving him the perfect blowjob, which included sucking on his tight balls. He even wanted me to spit on them. They smelled like most of the other trucker nuts that came through. A sort of stale, sweaty odor wafted off of his junk, but that didn't stop me from fitting as much

of it in my mouth as I could at once.

He had a botched circumcision that left a big bundle of skin behind, so I savored it as I sucked the pre-cum out of his arrow-shaped tip. The ordeal was both terrifying and arousing, and my heart rate was only increasing. I was torn between spending as much time with his dick as I could and getting it over with to send him out of the room. He gripped the wall and trembled, causing it to shake. It had only been about 5 minutes, but I could tell Keegan was getting close to busting. I guess my sister never sucked him like I did. I took a breather, hoping to make him last longer, but he didn't like that. "Suck it, suck it, SUCK IT!" he shouted. I quickly went back to work, drooling over every inch of my brother-in-law's fat hoagie.

I thought about all the times he'd probably called me a f\*ggot behind my back, and I channeled that energy into the most incredible sloppy top I could give him. Even if he didn't really know it, I was eagerly proving that this f\*ggot could make his homophobic dick rock hard. Knowing a guy had been latched onto his cock would probably send him into a violent rage, and it turned me on to think that my oral skills were pushing him over the edge. I was so eager to milk him, and he was so eager to blow. I was about to find out if he screams, "AMERICA" when he cums. Instead, he called me a "filthy slut" over and over as he smacked the wall with his palm. With a big roar, he shot several thick ropes of cum all over my forehead and tongue like a Fourth of July firecracker. Right after busting he pulled out, got dressed, and dipped without a word, leaving me on my knees with his sperm dripping down my face.

I laid back, applying some of his cum as lube to stroke myself while slowly feeding myself the rest. I scooped a big creamy load off my lips and used it to finger myself. Without knowing it, Keegan had practically impregnated me with his spunk. I worked more of it into my ass, fantasizing about him breeding me, and shot a big load all over my chest. When I checked the app again, I found that he'd blocked me, but I carried his cum in my hole for the rest of the day. Now when I see him, it's no longer a chore. Because for all the snarling faces and dirty looks he pulls, I can confidently reminisce about the time I drained his balls and made his cock pump harder than it had in years. God Bless America!

A photograph of a muscular man from the back, with his arms raised and hands pressed against a wall with peeling white paint. The man is shirtless and wearing a thin gold chain. The background is a weathered wall with horizontal wooden planks and peeling white paint. The text is overlaid on the upper part of the image.

# Venice California Dream

featuring Michael

Images by Javier A Lara















A photograph of a middle-aged man with a full, grey beard and mustache, wearing black-rimmed glasses. He is shirtless and has his arms crossed over his chest. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a bright, indoor setting with a window and a door with white shutters.

Coming November 2nd

*All Men Are Beautiful!*  
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