



behind the scenes of an  
IML photoshoot

## Sub in Blue

A true story by Rob S.

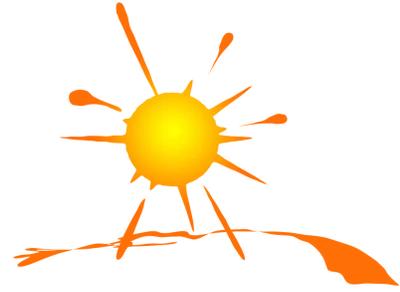
## Motorpool in Kuwait

Christian Bailly

## Galaxy

# Desert Oasis

featuring Scott



# DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

## **Editor/Layout**

John Kranz  
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

## **Publisher**

Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages@gmail.com

## **Submissions**

desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

## **Contributors**

Otero Fotografía  
Edward Murillo Moreno  
Christian Bailly  
Neill Highland  
Profiles by Sarge  
Photography by George!  
Alex Torres  
Paul  
TaylorImagined  
Malcolm Jon  
broinbriefs  
man2man  
Simon Hamilton  
Sufficient-Score-618  
Rob S.

**Cover Photo:** Redpaw  
by Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages.com

desertheatmag.com

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For further information please contact:  
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

MeWe:  
@desertheatmag

Instagram:  
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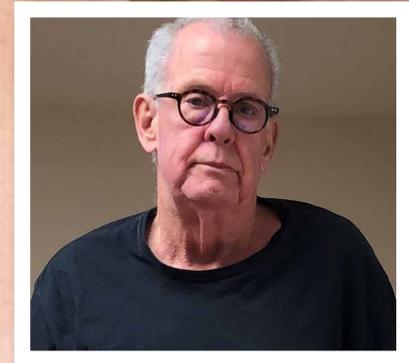
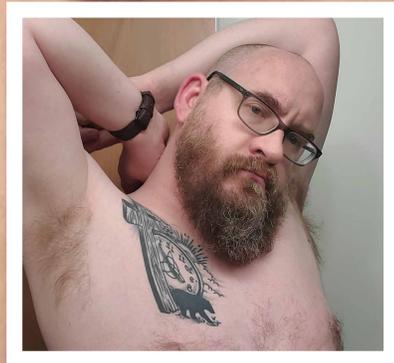
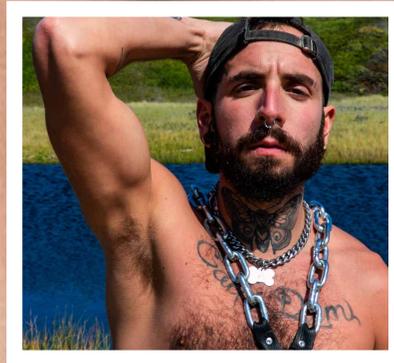
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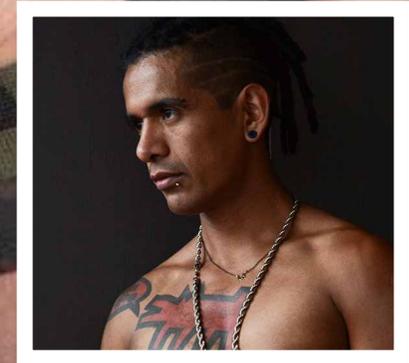
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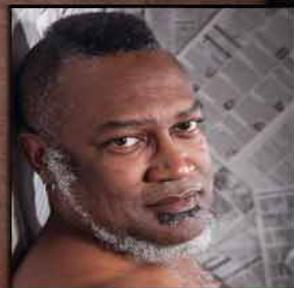
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# DE



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# Ramblings from the Editor

**NNN:** *No Nut November!* What the fuck concept is this? Did we suddenly go back in time where getting your nut is a bad thing? What fool came up with this “challenge” on the internet? Is it some repressed guy that is afraid to admit he loves touching his cock? I’m serious, readers, why would you deprive yourself of the immensely gratifying feeling of shooting that load!?!???

I say we should change the “challenge” to *NIN*, Nut in November! The challenge should be to see how many loads you can get out in November; celebrate our maleness by spurting spunk! What do you think? Up for the challenge? If you’re not nutting at least once a day, you’re out of the challenge!! Only dedicated guys should take this challenge in hand (or mouth)! LOL

Speaking of trends happening on the internet, so slut shaming, in the form of reporting videos, is not enough on TikTok, now people have taken to calling out “straight guys” for “queer baiting” by pretending to be gay in their videos to get likes and/or follows. Seriously? Who gives a fuck if they are pretending to be gay or not? If gay men are so taken with following a hot straight guy, why is it a bad thing? If you’re not into following straight guys who pretend, then don’t follow them, right?

I saw one gay guy who had the guts to admit what this is all about honestly and up front. He said he didn’t understand why the “pretend” gay guys (aka the straights pretending to be gay) were getting all the likes and follows but the “real” gay guys are not getting as many. He may not have realized by making that video that he brought the whole issue to the forefront.

Men are just as obsessed as women in basing their “value” on how many followers or likes they get. They have to be as good as the other guy getting all those, right?

My whole take on this, and it’s just my

opinion, is who gives a shit? If you find a guy hot, follow him. See what dumb shit he will actually post to the net, which we all know will be there for eternity, and enjoy it. So, it’s a “straight” guy who is posting to attract gays? Does that mean because he is straight, he can’t be as hot and have good jerk off material?

If anyone can explain the problem with a straight guy pretending to be gay for likes is bad, please let me know. My DMs are always open for discussion.

Enough ranting, I have an ask from all the readers. I want to do a big push to get more readers by the end of the year. I want to see our readership grow by at least 10%, at least that is my goal this year. Full disclosure, the readership has only grown by about 2% so far this year. So why am I telling you this?

I want to ask that each of you reading this share the link to the Magazine with at least 1 friend this month. If everyone were to do that, we’d easily make the 10% rise in readership. Think you can help me out with that?

And on the final note, the individuals who contribute to the Magazine, whether it is photographers, artists, writers, models, or even our fans who submit their own images, they all do it out of the goodness of their hearts.

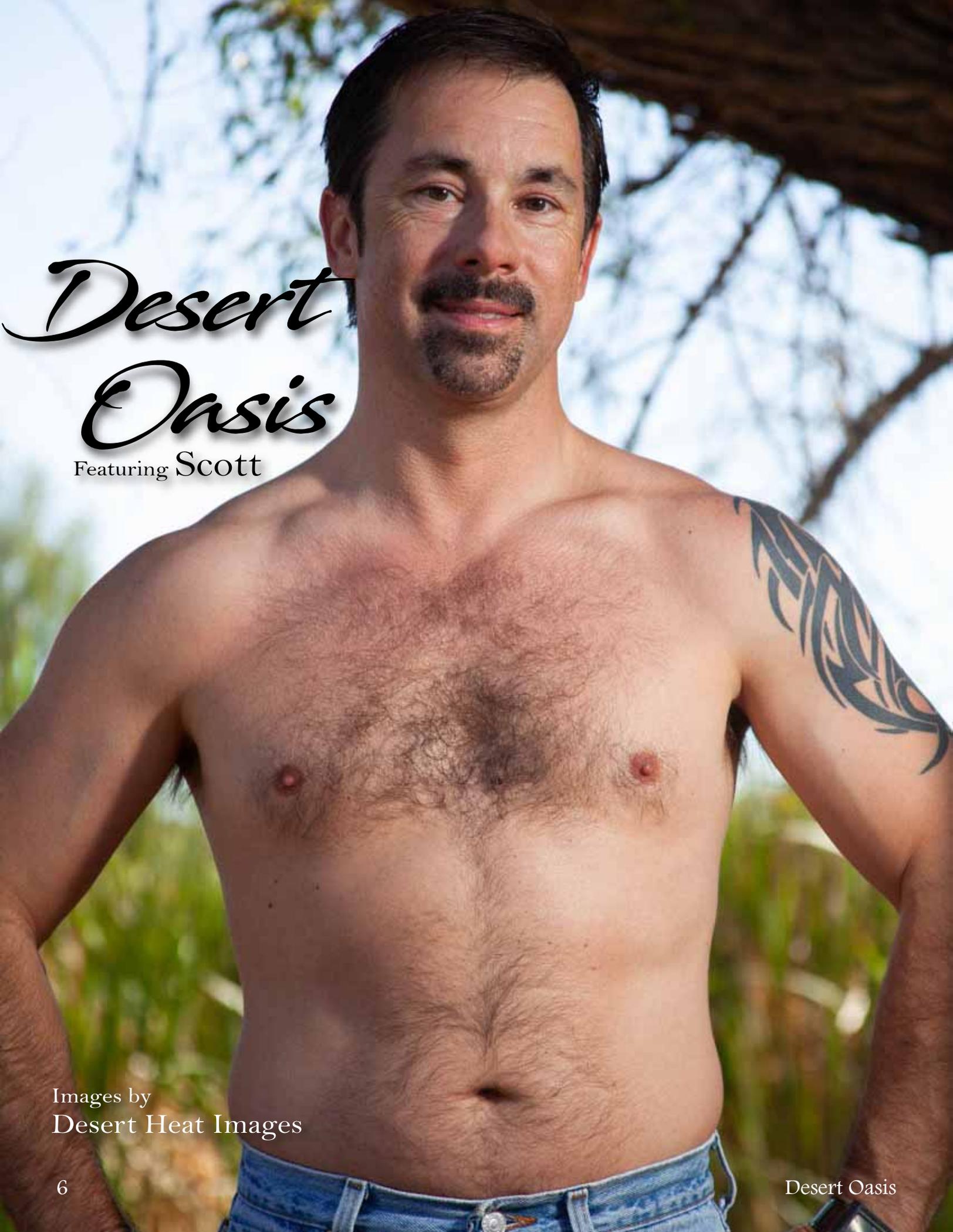
**PLEASE TAKE A MOMENT TO SAY HI OR SOMETHING, VIA ONE OF THE MEDIA LINKS, TO LET THEM KNOW YOU ENJOYED THEIR WORK**

Stay safe!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*





# *Desert Oasis*

Featuring Scott

Images by  
Desert Heat Images













# Treated Like His Cocksucker

Story by broinbriefs

He told me he just wanted his cock sucked, but I showed up with my ass prepped in a jockstrap anyway. We didn't waste time with small talk. He put my head on his cock and told me to get to sucking.

He was hung. Nine and a half inches, thick enough to barely fit my whole hand around, and perfectly straight when rock hard. It was only a few minutes before my jaw started to ache from the sheer effort of stretching my mouth around his cock. When his dick head hit the back of my throat, I still had a few inches to go before he'd be balls deep in my mouth.

Fortunately, I'm a natural cocksucker, and I adjusted my position to slide the rest of his meaty shaft all the way into my throat. A few hits of poppers helped me relax too, and his hands on the back of my head.

"You like sucking that cock?" I mumbled something like a yes, my mouth totally stuffed.

"I know you like sucking that cock. I could tell when you walked in, you're just a cocksucker. That's it. Up and down. Suck that big dick. Like you need it. Atta boy."

Every word he said just made me go faster and deeper on his cock, getting it rock solid in my mouth.

"Fuck your own face with it, boy."

I slid his cock in and out of my mouth as fast as I could, going deep with each stroke, pushing myself past the point of not being able to breathe, of my nose filling up with my own spit, of my eyes clenching shut feeling the stretch of my throat and my lips.

Treated Like His Cocksucker

He held my face down and started going to town with his cock. He thrust his hips up and down on the soft bed. His balls slapped against my chin. I held my mouth wide open, tilting my neck to give him the best angle to fuck in and out of my throat without any trouble. He slapped his flat hand against the side of my face, making my head ache momentarily as he fucked my mouth harder.

"Your pussy clean?"

I told him I had douched before coming over.

"You want to get fucked?"

"I do. Please."

He told me to get on all fours on his couch, and he lubed up my hole. He pressed his thumb into my hole as I pressed my face between two couch cushions. He lined his cock up with my hole and slowly worked his way in. I impressed myself with how easily I took him, and he quickly moved up to thrusting me fast.

He pulled out and told me to get on the bed on all fours, and pushed into me again. I grasped the sheets tight with both hands, and bit down on them with my teeth. I felt the full force of his thick, long cock fucking me, and started to moan with every deep stroke.

"Shut the fuck up."

I bit down on the sheets some more, quieting my moans.

"This pussy needed cock, I can tell."

"Damn, you're taking it like a champ, cocksucker."

"Shh, don't move. Stay there. You can take it, boy."

I steadied my breathing and tried to hold still and quiet as the fucking continued. What started as long, deep strokes became fast, powerful thrusts, hitting my insides with each push, and stretching my hole with every pull. I hit his poppers, which helped my hole relax a little bit, then I started to feel the burning sensation of needing more lube.

I felt my hole start to give out. He spanked my cheeks, his balls slapped against mine with every thrust, and my hole was getting wetter, redder, and sloppier each time he bucked his hips in and out.

“You feeling it, boy? You getting what you wanted?”

I turned my head to the side and looked back at him with watery eyes, nodding yes. Yes, I was getting exactly what I wanted.

He fucked a couple more strokes at full power, as deep as he could. He pulled out suddenly and flipped me over. He straddled my chest and put his cock on top of my face. I stuck out my tongue to lick his shaft and balls while he finished stroking himself.

He unloaded ropes of thick, creamy cum all over my face, squeezing the last drop into my mouth. He wiped the cum off from different parts of my face, and had me suck it off his fingers.

He asked if I wanted to cum, and I told him I didn't have to. He told me I could leave.

I washed up in his bathroom, went back to my place, and sat my used hole on my dildo. I stroked myself until I came, staring at a picture of his cock. After I busted, I fell asleep covered in my own cum, lube dripping from my once-tight hole.





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# Alfonso

the Spanish  
Teddy Bear

Images by *Otero Fotografia*















# SARGE

Story by **man2man**

Thank God! Peace and quiet. One week to go and then basic training would be over. That didn't break my heart. I somehow did not take to this military life. But it would be only for a short while -- a very long 24 months, and no amount of rationalization could possibly make it "shorter."

This was the last weekend before "graduation." Everyone had been given a weekend pass -- that is, everyone except me. I had to stay around this hole. The sergeant put the nix on my pass; said I had to be disciplined (whatever the hell that meant).

As I lay there, staring up at the springs on the bunk above me. I wondered what I was going to do on a nearly empty base for three days. Little did I know what was in store for me; my time (and other things, for that matter) would be well filled, as I found out later. I pulled the T & A magazine that I'd stuck under the pillow out and began once more to thumb through it. I fantasized about the overly large boobs, what they would feel like in my hands. A few of the pix showed guys shoving it to some babe strapped down or tied up. Not much of their tools showed, though. It was already in. I was only mildly curious about that, though. I'd wondered how big they were;

and was it really hard. The pix didn't look like the guys really had a hardon.

My own dong was large. Even when it just hung there doing nothing, it was large. Sometimes it embarrassed me. It showed through my uniform. No matter what I tried to do with it, it showed. The other guys didn't seem to have that trouble. But, then, they didn't have the equipment, either! Monday, I suppose I'd have to listen to all the guys telling me about their exploits -- how they screwed the whole weekend long. It was the same old bull shit every time after a weekend pass!

Sure is warm. Gotta take a piss. As I got up, I took off the tee shirt I was wearing; wiped the sweat off my face and chest with it. Threw it on the bunk. I headed for the latrine. My hollow footsteps echoed throughout the barracks as I made my way to the urinal. I pulled out my prick, let it hang there as I stretched. A steady golden stream splashed on the white porcelain surface. It felt good!

The other door opened. Footsteps approached. I could see without turning. It was the Sarge. He didn't say anything. He just walked over to the long trough, stood next to me, pulled out his pisser. Damned if I was going to turn my head; but my eyes did wander down. I wondered what size prick the prick had! He held it in his fingers. Gently he milked it back showing a large round head. It was a big piece of meat! I must have reacted (I think my cock lurched upwards -- I don't know).

"What's the matter, Recruit? See something you like?" he growled at me.

"No, Sir."

"You don't like it, huh?" he said as he turned towards me, holding his limp cock up and pointing it at me. I could feel my prick doing funny things -- why was it beginning to swell and stand up? "You don't like it, huh," he repeated as he opened his fist and just let it lay across the palm of his hand, the head dangling way over the edge.

Looking at it, I mumbled, "I guess its fine, Sir." Boy, it was fine -- and as I looked, it seem to grow longer in his hand. Nervously, I started to stuff my tool back into my pants. It was too stiff now, and the pants were too tight.

"Tenshun," he barked.

There I stood, at attention with my dong pointing straight out at the Sarge.

"What's this?" he mockingly asked as he took my excited cock in his other hand. Automatically I looked down.

"Head and eyes forward, Recruit. You're at attention," he growled.

I could feel his hand closing around my cock; I could feel it getting hotter and hotter as it pressed against his firm grasp. He pulled it towards him. I moved, like a toy pulled by a string. I could feel something touching the head of it. Looking at him, his eyes were lowered.

I figured he couldn't see mine if I looked down too. He was rubbing the two cockheads against each other. Mine was large and swollen; bigger than his, though he was no slouch when it came to being well hung! Grasping both cocks in one hand, he took the other and ran it over my bare chest.

"You're in good shape, boy. Work out in your spare time?"

"Yes, Sir. Lift weights, Sir," I lied. It had been some time since I had been to the gym. But I used to work out all the time and I did have a damned good build, if I do say so myself.

He pinched a nipple. It made my cock jump.

"You like that, huh." he half grinned. His rough touch on my tool made my balls swing back and forth, hitting his cockhead which was under mine, and then bouncing off again.

"Like I said, you need some discipline," he said as he let go of me and stepped back. "About face." I hesitated.

"About face, Recruit," he repeated. I turned 180, still at attention, still with my tool sticking out like a big weathervane. "Parade rest," he growled.

Automatically my feet were spread the prescribed distance and my hands placed one over the other behind my butt. I could feel his cock! He was poking it into my hand. I slowly closed my fingers around the large round knob thrust in my palm. It throbbed. It felt wet, sticky. He wasn't going to jack off in my hand, was he? No, he wasn't. He sure as hell, wasn't!

I could feel his chest against my back, the muscles in his chest rippled as he tightened them. His arms were about my waist, unbuckling my belt; undoing the snap that was the only thing holing up my pants. They started to drop; they were half way to my knees! My boxer shorts were the only thing I had on above my ankles, now, and my roaring hardon made it impossible for anyone to get them off. Wrong. He succeeded. Gripping the opening to

Sarge

either side of the base of my cock, he spread his hands. With one quick motion, they tore open and fell to my feet. His hot cock now throbbed against the cleft of my ass. He had taken my wrists in his strong grasp and spread my arms to either side of me.

"Grab you ankles," he ordered. I must not have moved fast enough. There was a loud slap: My butt stung.

"Grab your ankles. Assume the position," he added. I did.

Holding my ankles, I could see between my legs. I could see his boots standing close and inside mine. Looking upwards, I could see him massaging his now giant pole as he lubricated it with spit. I felt a finger reach between the cheeks of my ass, probe my ass hole, slip inside and lubricate that, too. Then there were two fingers. I knew I should be scarred. No, what I should be is mad! But, somehow, I liked this. I got a strange excitement out of what was happening. That was no finger -- my God, that's his cock. It feels enormous. There was some pain as he first shoved it in, but then there was only pleasure.

The well developed tool slid further and further into me. I found I was straining backwards to take even more. Hell, I was enjoying this! I was getting fucked; and I liked it! His hands reached around my waist; one took my balls and massaged them as the other gripped my rigid nine inch protrusion and began pumping it. I could feel that cockhead inside me growing longer and harder with each thrust. We'd both move together, ramming that hot shaft further and further up my ass. My movements forced my anxious spear back and forth through his clenched fist; my cockhead ached. God, he's coming! I could feel his load shoot deep in my guts. I could feel my own load almost ready for that long journey up my now giant prick. I loved that feeling as the juices moved upwards the length of it and then exploded out that little slit at the end.

"Oh God, Sarge. I'm going to cum!" I screamed as I rammed back as hard as I could on that still draining dick stuck deep up my convulsing ass. I was going to get every last drop out of that bastard. My cock spit. I could feel load after load starting up that long cock still stroked by his tightly clenched fist. The explosions of cum brought no relief. More. I wanted more! White juice splashed all over my face, in my eyes, in my open mouth (it

*Continued on pg 32*

BEHIND THE SCENES OF AN IML PHOTOSHOOT

# SUB IN BLUE Unlocked

Featuring

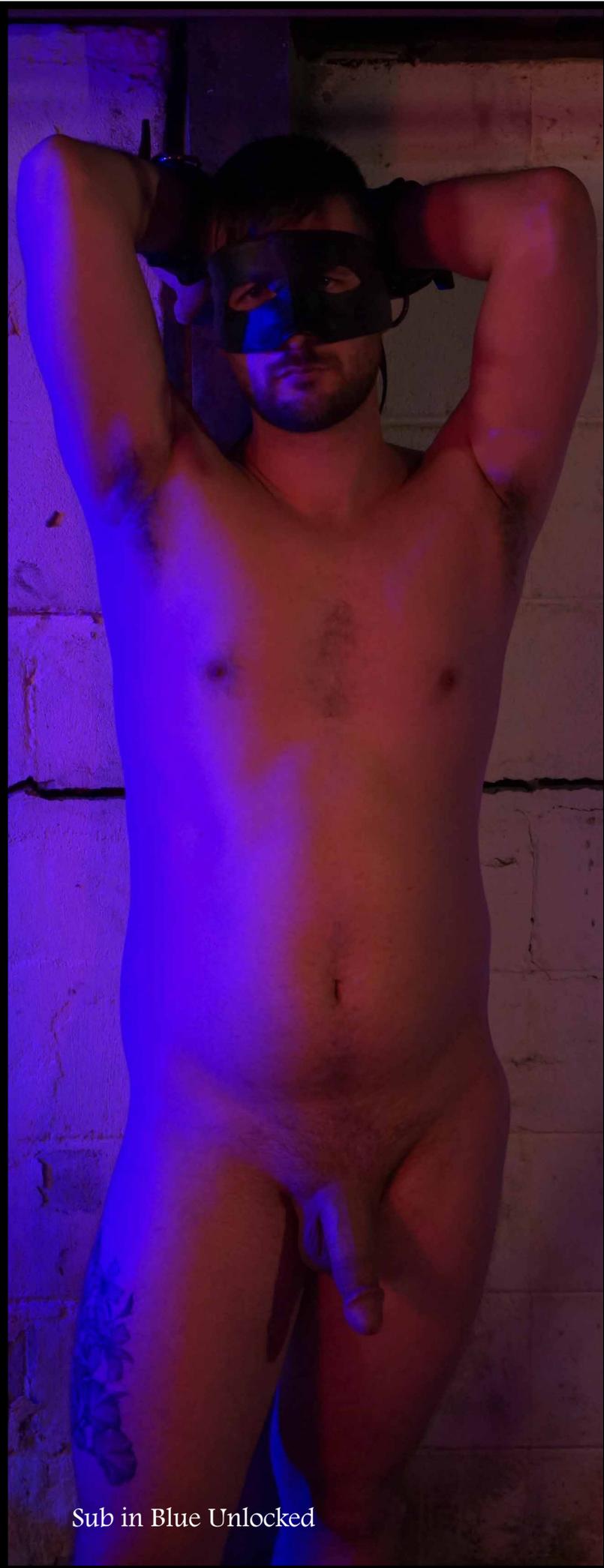
**SUB IN BLUE  
CHICAGO LTHR BIKER**

Photography by

**PROFILES BY SARGE**

Shot on location

**TOUCHE' CHICAGO**













SUB IN BLUE



TOUCHE' CHICAGO

CHGO LTHR BIKER



PROFILES BY SARGE



tasted good!). I licked my lips, gathering up as much of the white, sticky stuff as I could.

His tool wasn't stiff anymore. It sure was big, though. It filled me and it felt good. My prick wasn't as hard now. I watched the long shaft dangle from Sarge's clenched fist as he continued to milk yet another load out of it. I prayed it would never stop. Now it just dripped. Oh God, Sarge was taking that wonderful thing out. I could feel the swollen head as it retreated, sending new thrills shuddering through my almost spent balls and cock. Slowly he extracted it inch by inch. I'm going to cum again! He could feel the juices rising in my cock and pointed it square at my yearning mouth. White cum exploded from the round, firm cockhead past my open lips and into my throat, almost gagging me. It tasted good. It tasted great. This is what I need -- discipline!

"Oh, did I tell you, Recruit -- Stand at attention when I'm talking to you." I snapped to, trousers around my ankles, shorts torn off, a tired warrior looking less like a weathervane now, than as an airport sleeve and no wind. My face splotched with my own juices. Yes, I stood at rigid attention.

"The Lieutenant wants to see you at 1700 hours. In his quarters."

"Yes, Sir," and then I tactfully added. "Do you know what for, Sir?"

"Discipline, Recruit. Discipline," he winked.

-----

I couldn't get it out of my mind. Looking at the T & A magazine I had picked up, I thumbed through one set of boobs after another. And yet, all I saw was Sarge's hard cock; or my own gun creaming all over my face. Yeah! This discipline stuff may not be too bad at that! I looked down at my crotch; it was bulging out to its full size just thinking about it!

The pants were strangling my peter. I reached under the waist band to straighten it out. Boy, that felt good! Just the touch of my own hand on it added another full inch. Now it was hard as a rock. It sure felt good in my hand. Enough of this shit; gotta get going. Sarge said 1700.

Smoothing my pants downward, the outline of my cock still showed. It felt like a cocked pistol. Straightening up, I threw my shoulders back. The

open collar uniform shirt strained across my chest. I knocked.

"Enter," came the voice through the closed door. I did. Reporting, I saluted and then stood at attention. Although seated, the Lieutenant motioned acknowledgement. For a moment, he just looked me up and down, not saying a word. Leaning back in the swivel chair, he finally said, "I've had my eye on you, Recruit."

His gaze had stopped scanning and had fixed on my crotch. It was like I had no clothes on and he was staring at my tool!

"From what the Sergeant says, you're shaping up nicely (if he didn't stop starrng at it, it was going to shape up like he wouldn't believe!). "At rest." His right hand dropped to his crotch. The son of a bitch is feeling himself up! My rod stiffened. He didn't flinch, just kept staring at it.

He stood up, came around the desk, and leaned on it facing me. Although he still had his hand partially covering it, I could see that he was well hung and getting ready for action.

"Sarge has mentioned your achievements," as he looked squarely at me. His free hand moved forward, firmly gripping my crotch. My prick must have jumped a mile. "Yes, I would say you're shaping up fine, Recruit."

The door opened and closed behind me; and then I heard the bolt turn. "

Yes, sergeant, the Recruit here will fit nicely into our operation." The Lieutenant had released his grip on me and was leaning against the desk his hands to either side.

"On your knees, Recruit," the voice behind me commanded.

I complied. I wasn't sure what was going on, but Sarge's cock, the feel of it inside me, flashed across my mind.

"Open the Lieutenant's fly." The Lieutenant just sat there. From what I could see through the denim cloth, his prick sure was large -- and ready! I reached up, fumbled with the belt and buckle, undid the waist band, and pulled down the zipper. He wasn't wearing any shorts. I could see the curly hair poking out.

The fly fell open in a "V". I could see the thick base of his cock, but the rest was hidden down his pants leg.

"Get that cock out of there," the Sarge's voice instructed. I reached inside of the pants leg and, with some difficulty, freed the Lieutenant's growing shaft from its restraints.

"Now get those balls out of there, too." I lifted the sac underneath the arched tool so it hung loosely.

"What do you think of it, Recruit?" Sarge asked. Looked up briefly at the Lieutenant.

"Keep your eyes on the piece," he ordered. "Sight right down my gun." My eyes went back to it, and stayed glued on it. I could not believe them -- it was growing, pointing straight at me.

"Describe the target, Recruit. Tell us what you see," the Lieutenant added.

"I see a big one, Sir," I blurted. "I see the biggest cock I've ever seen, Sir."

"Keep talking. Tell the Lieutenant all about it," the voice from behind me commanded.

"Its big, Sir. Its got a big head, Sir. Its got a god damned big head, round, hard, Sir. And the slit at the end is wet, Sir!" I was beginning to enjoy what was happening to me. I started to reach for it, but my arms were restrained from behind.

"Uh, uh; don't touch. Just look. Tell us about it," Sarge's gruff voice said. "Tell us how you'd attack that installation."

"I'd put my hand around it, Sir, close my fingers over the barrel to get the calibre of the gun. I'd slide my closed fist up and down the barrel to get the length, Sir," I replied.

I watched it standing straight out, taking deadly aim at my waiting lips. During my description, the Lieutenant's gun control maintained azimuth, but steadily increased elevation until it found the range.

Sarge had now moved around just into the edge of my vision. Manipulating his enormous glistening cock I could see that all he had on were his boots, his dress cap, and a black leather glove on the deftly working filled hand.

"Go on. How are you going to keep that gun from spraying the troops?" the Lieutenant said.

"I guess I'd have to take it myself, Sir."

"You guess? You guess you'd take it, Recruit. Don't you know?" the sergeant bellowed.

"Yes, Sir. I know, Sir. I would take it. I would put my lips around the thick head at the end and take it all, Sir," I answered. Watching that giant cockhead staring at me, I could see the blood pulsing through its swollen tissues. I wanted to soothe that angry knob with my moist mouth. More than anything, I wanted to get that thing in my mouth and suck it! I didn't need any more orders. I wanted to tell them what I would do to that roaring hard on. The hell with telling them, I wanted to do it! As I leaned forward to put my mouth over the end of the barrel, Sarge

moved his booted foot between my legs, placed his knee in my chest and stopped me.

"What do you think you're doing, Recruit?" That gloved beauty of his was almost in my face as I looked up at him.

"I was just going to lubricate his gun, Sir," I meekly answered.

"I don't think a little lubrication would hurt, Sergeant."

"If you say so, Sir," Sarge replied. Was this the permission so desperately wanted; could I taste that cockhead now?

"OK Recruit. Run your tongue up and down that shaft. Start under the head and clean that barrel up." The order was barely out of the Sarge's mouth before mine was on the Lieutenant's prick. I wanted to close my lips over it, but thought it better to do as I was told. I flicked my tongue around the rim of the head, ran it down the long shaft trying to wrap it around the circumference. "Suck those balls!" I put my parted lips on the pouch at the base, softly sucked in. Both balls plopped into my anxious mouth; I rolled them about on my tongue gently breathing moist warm air on them. The long shaft against my cheek shuddered.

"Now I've really got the Lieutenant hot," I thought.

"Take that gun right down to its mount, Recruit!" Sarge ordered. The ball sack slipped from my mouth. I grabbed the waiting cockhead impatiently with my lips and did as I was told. I slid all the way to the base. My tongue swirled around this gorgeous mouthful, paying particular attention to the throat and the rim of the head. I wanted to suck him off right now.

"Tenshun!" Sarge, still stroking his swollen meat with a gloved fist watched me struggle to my feet. I stood at attention. "What's that?" he demanded. I looked down to where he was pointing. "Eyes forward, Recruit," he barked. "What's that?" he repeated. This time I knew what he meant, because I had seen where he was looking.

"Its a hardon, Sir." I answered.

"Why do you have a hardon?"

"Sucking the Lieutenant's cock makes me hot, Sir."

"Let's see what that bulge really looks like," the Lieutenant said as he unbuckled my pants, opened the fly. "Get that uniform off," he ordered. I guess I didn't move fast enough. The sergeant

*Continued on pg 94*

# MODELS WANTED

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# An Afternoon in Venice Beach

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# MY COUSIN JAMES

by Simon Hamilton 

One of my earliest memories was of a night when I was about 4. For some reason, my cousin James was sleeping over at our house. We are maternal cousins. He and his identical twin brother, Peter, were—are—about nine years older than me, so at the time James would have been just past puberty.

I can recall little of the context: no idea why he was staying over, nor why Peter wasn't with him. All I do remember is that James slept over in the spare bed in my room.

Naturally, I would have gone to bed much earlier, but I woke when James came into the room to go to bed. What I do remember vividly was seeing him getting undressed in front of me. I was spellbound, especially by his penis. (Mine was always called “penny whistle”, or just “penny”. But I wouldn't have referred to his as that. Nor did I know words like “cock” or “dick” back then.) His can't have been the first fully grown one I'd ever seen—I must surely have seen my dad's in the bath before—so I don't know why James's fascinated me so. But I remember vividly what it looked like. It was completely flaccid, but long and fat, the foreskin one third the way down the head. At the base, it was surrounded by a dark bush of hair. His balls hung low. I experienced a deep longing—to do what with it, I am not sure. But it was a deep yearning for something for which I had no words: how could I, I was so young? But the memory of it stayed with me for a long, long time.

I attribute it to that experience, but to this day, I have a thing for un-erect penises. It's something of a disappointment for me if a guy is already aroused when I see him naked for the first time. Much rather take a big, soft, fleshy dick, fondle it, squeeze it, put it in my mouth, and only then let it grow from its natural state.

James must soon have turned off the light  
My cousin James

and gone to sleep. Me too, no doubt. And that was the sum total of the “experience” that night. During the remainder of my prepubescent childhood, I had no overt sexual experience, and nothing similar ever occurred—I would have remembered. But for a long time afterwards there lingered a yearning, a craving, to touch, to fondle, to hold, possess what I'd seen that night.

Then I hit puberty.

My dad had died when I was 6, and I was shipped off to boarding school. So I learnt the facts of life early. The whole sex-thing was regarded with smutty fascination by my dormmates and me. By the time I was 12 there was a lot of surreptitious experimentation going on, and endless talk of “pulling your wire”. By the last year of primary school, this was pretty much a regular habit for me. Though once I was in high school, while everyone was doing it and it was constantly spoken about, the act itself was always furtive. To be caught actually “tonking” was a shame one was not easily allowed to live down. For all of us, sex itself was an obsession. Not that we were getting any “real sex” (which for us meant sex with someone else—a woman, I guess—rather than what we were doing nightly). But we talked about sex, and we thought about it. Oh, how we thought about it! Especially when wanking of course, which for me was at least twice a day, often more.

Once I'd started high school, I got to spend a lot of time with James and Peter during the holidays. (They were first students, then teachers, so our “off times” coincided.) By then, they were in their early twenties. Maybe they enjoyed being idolized by their younger cousin; perhaps I was drawn to them because of the absence of a male presence at home. They were both big strapping young bucks. I'm sure they were playing hide the sausage with available nubile lasses, but I'm now

convinced not with nearly the frequency they liked to boast. But I was a willing listener. No, I was more than willing. I was completely enthralled by their tales. I revelled in their purported exploits and asked them endlessly for details about their escapades. I could not get enough. Honestly, I must have spent hours and hours, amounting to days, talking to them about it, interrogating them about every detail, trying to find out more and more. But now I think back on it, those conversations were always between just one of them and me. We never discussed their sexual, uh, achievements, when all three of us were together.

But when I was alone with one of them, I'd badger them constantly. Who they'd done it with, how often, what female genitalia looked like, who was on top, was it easy to get their cock in, what was the sensation like once they did. It was probably gratifying for their egos to tell me what great studs they were. No doubt there was a great deal of exaggeration in it all, but I was hooked. I experienced real sex vicariously through them; this was so much more exciting than a solo hand job. However, immediately afterwards I would have to sneak away and jack off anyway. Surreptitiously, of course—though I'm sure now, but not then, that they knew.

From the age of about 14 I came to realize I liked guys, not women, and that made me "a queer". Not good, not good at all! In my family, including James and Peter, this was something looked down upon, and on which snide remarks were often passed. We were products of our times: it just wasn't something accepted back then. Even me. Because although I recognized "what I was" early, I had the sense at least to know it wouldn't do to let my feelings be discovered. The solitary masturbatory sessions continued, with my fantasies becoming ever more centred on things masculine. Peter once stayed over at our home for a week (sleeping in my room), and one night I hinted that maybe we could wank together. He didn't take me up on my offer, though I now think he may have considered it. But I did not pursue it.

When they were together they ragged me constantly, often ganging up on me, playfully mocking me, conspiring together to cheat me at cards, calling me funny names. "Little Cousin" was the one I used to object to most vociferously, as I was growing in stature and would soon match

them in height. But in fact, I didn't mind. Not really: I revelled in the attention I got from them.

When he was about 25, Peter got engaged, so there were to be no more lurid sex tales from him. (Typical male double standards—they wanted to marry virgins with no sexual history—and Peter's new blushing bride seemed innocence incarnate.) So I'd pester James instead, getting him to regale me about his sexual feats and conquests (whether real or made up).

Then finally, James also got engaged. I knew enough by then that I'd not be hearing more about his fucks. Apart from wanking, still as frequently as ever, I was sexually inexperienced. While I fully accepted that I was a "homo", I had learnt that to function in society this required discretion (well living a double life, really). But personally, I had come to terms with "me", except that I had no idea how I was supposed to find an outlet for my urges. It was just something not accepted in our circle, and certainly not by my family. What I did know is that I wanted cock. Well not so much cock only. I wanted physical intimacy. To hold a man in my arms, to be held, to feel a warm masculine body next to mine. The chances of me getting that seemed remote indeed.

Then, just after my 18th birthday, there was a family wedding on a farm. Many of us were to stay over, and though the farmhouse was large, it was would be a tight squeeze to find beds enough for everyone. There were the usual lame jokes about having to doss in the bath and who would have to kip in the car. Peter was married, so he and Trisha were given a small bedroom inside. James's fiancée was overseas for three weeks, so it seemed natural that we be assigned to share the outside room attached to the barn. Naturally, we were ribbed about there being no room in the inn and having to sleep in the stable. Would we use the manger? In fact, the room was comfortable enough. It had a small bath and toilet en suite. There were a couple of bunk beds. I put my clobber down on one, once James had chosen the other. There was also a staircase leading to a hayloft above.

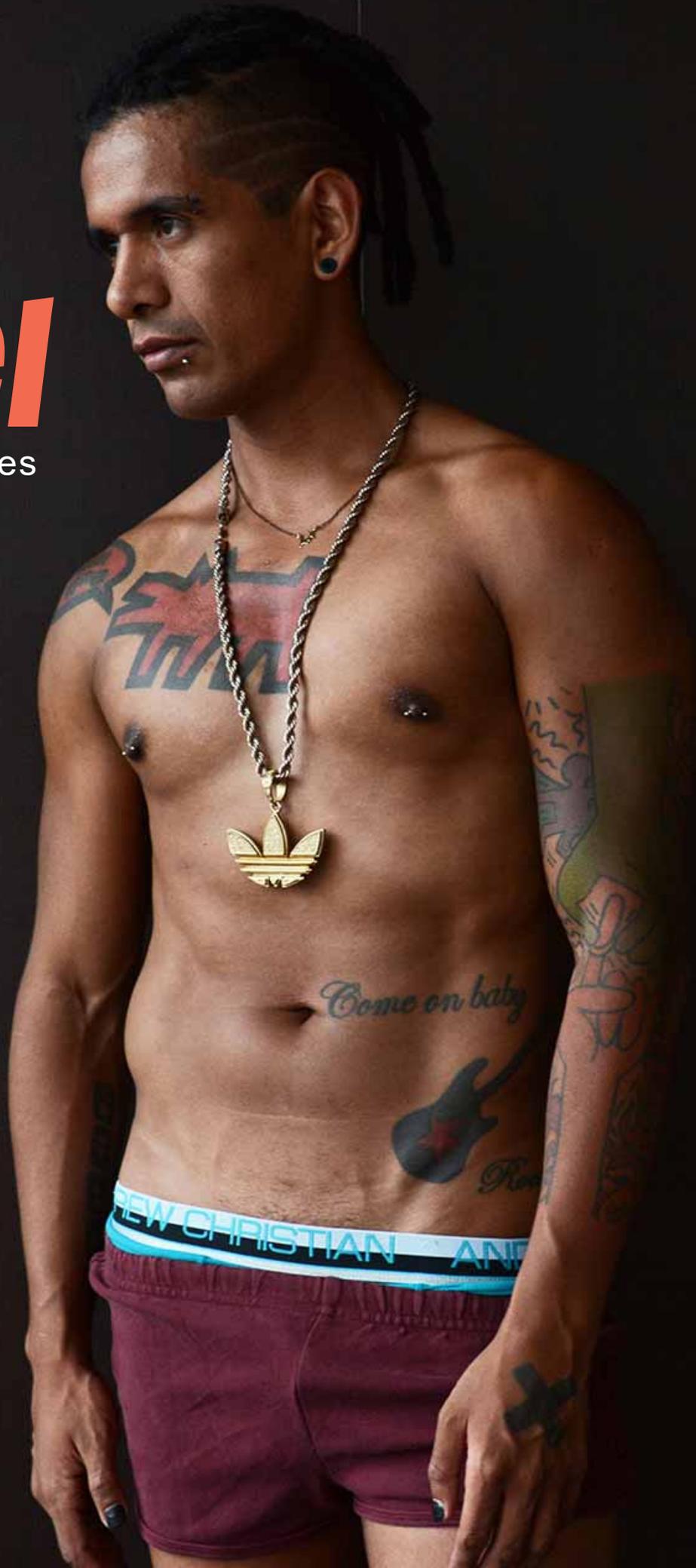
The wedding went on late into the night, long after our cousin Marcelle and her new husband Derek left the reception. Being a typical

*Continued on pg 40*

*My cousin James*

# Pável

Images by Alex Torres





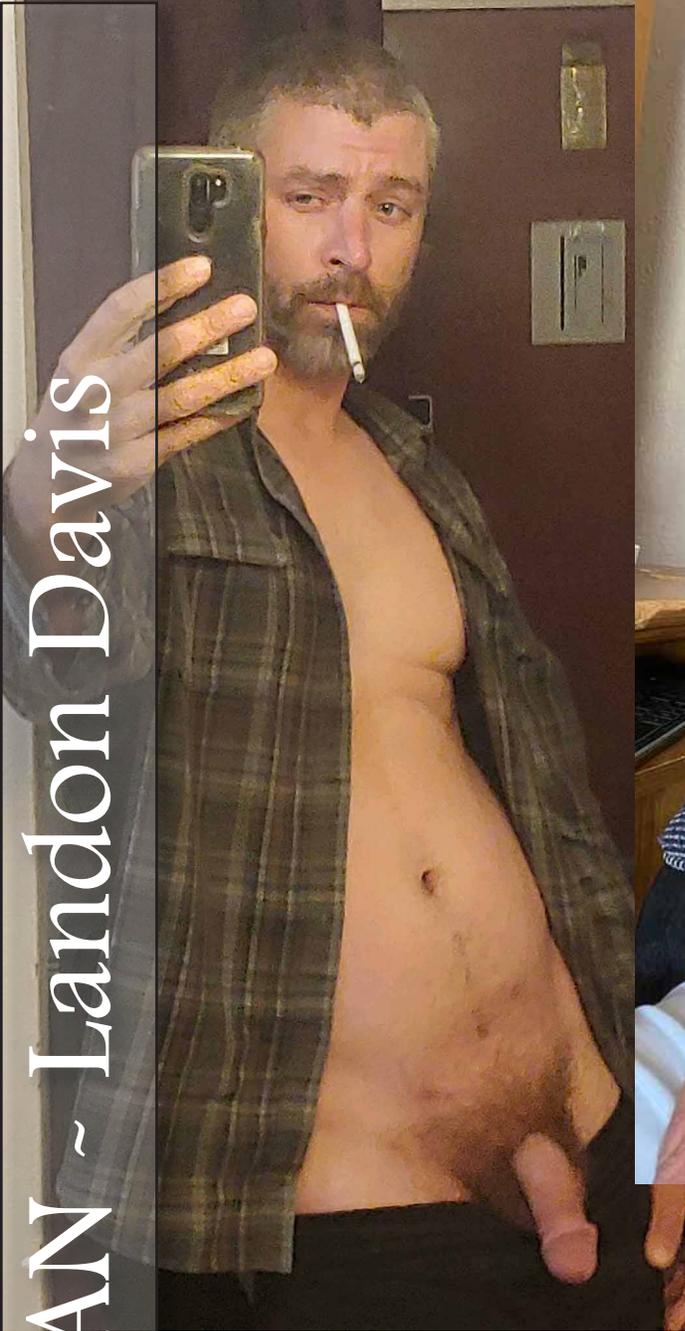








DHM FAN ~ Landon Davis



newly-turned 18-year-old, I tried to impress by how much I could drink. But I realized that the feeling of euphoria was about to turn to nausea, so by 10PM I had eased off the grog, and was only pretending to drink real beer, whereas I'd switched to a non-alcoholic option they had provided for the wusses. (An irony there, one feels. I didn't consider myself a wuss, yet I was drinking the stuff. But I hid the fact. Hmm, I was getting good at deception.) I did notice that James was putting away a good few beers. What did it matter? No one was driving, and Jacqui, his "ball and chain", was away. About 12.30 I decided to call it a night, and made my way somewhat unsteadily to the room. I stripped off my clothes, leaving them in heap on the floor, and flopped down on the bed, lying there naked, enjoying the light breeze coming through the open window.

I was getting horny—just for a change—and had just started to jack off when the door opened and James stumbled in. Luckily, I had time to pull the sheet over my midriff, and I hoped he hadn't noticed my erection. Anyway, after the fright at nearly being caught, it was rapidly subsiding.

I turned on my side, propped myself up on my pillow and watched him undress. Suddenly I had a flashback to that night all those years before. My cock immediately stiffened again, and I felt a wave of desire flood over me. Soon my cock was rock hard (as only a teenager's can be). I was pretty close to shooting a load, just from the excitement of watching him.

It was strange. Over the years I'd seen their cocks occasionally: at a urinal, or sometimes when I cleaned my teeth and they were in the bath. But I'd kept my lust in check. Sure, I'd fantasized about touching them, but knew better than to go down that road. Discretion being the better part of valour, I'd suppressed those pent-up desires. But now I realized how much I wanted James. Plus, in my defence, I was pissed. Well ok, not that pissed, but enough.

I knew I wanted him; wanted to touch his cock, hold it, fondle it. I wanted to caress his body. I craved what I had yearned for that night all those years before. I suppose what I wanted was to make love to him, and he to me: the whole package, the full Monty. In a way, perhaps I was in

love with him, albeit that we were cousins. Of course, this was physical too: he was a very good-looking guy, and I certainly was lusting after him. Both twins had been the top jocks at school, and so were had great physiques. Peter had gone on to play provincial rugby, James excelled at squash. Both were tall (about 6'2), their bodies muscular, though James's had filled out quite a bit since his "lean-machine" days as the high school victor ludorum.

I couldn't touch my dick, aching for release, for fear he'd see the movement through the sheet. I watched him take off his shirt, then his pants, discarding them alongside mine on the floor. He was facing me as he stripped off his jocks, and my cock throbbed as I saw his fat dick again. He tugged on it, loosening it from its position nestled up against his balls that hung loosely in their sack. Fuuuuck, this was a turn on!

I don't know whether it was because it was so warm, or perhaps because he'd had too much to drink, but instead of getting onto the bed, he sat down on the stairs to the hayloft, directly opposite my bed. And completely naked. That didn't help. He started chatting. "Had a good few ales tonight, Lil' Cousin," he began. I liked the affection implied in the old diminutive.

Trying to keep it casual, I told him how much I'd drunk, exaggerating by about double. Then we spoke about nothing in particular, but I was finding it hard to concentrate with him sitting naked in front of me, his fat cock resting on his leg. Not very expertly, I brought the conversation around to sex. He didn't seem to mind. All the while my cock was throbbing below the sheet.

"James, remember those chicks you used to tell me about ... When you fucked them ..." I had no idea how I was going to continue. I was so turned on, it was difficult to keep my voice steady. In fact, I was so excited my teeth started chattering.

But he seemed not to notice. "Sure," he replied. "Fucking hell, Putzy [another of their old names for me], I'm so horny I could well use a juicy pussy just now. I've only had my hand to satisfy me since Jac's been away."

I gaped. This was doubly shocking. Here he was implying that he had sex with Jacqui. (You didn't do that. You didn't marry chicks who "put out" before you were married. You fucked them and left them! You married "good girls". How chauvinist we

were back then.) But what interested me more was that he, James, was admitting that he masturbated. Years before, I'd asked him, or Peter, I can't remember which, whether he ever "cock-washed". (That was the current euphemism my classmates and I used.) Maybe he hadn't understood the term, but he'd said no, and I assumed it was something that only I, and my perverted friends, did. Now here he was implying that he did jack off.

By now he was lying on the other bed, still naked. I leant over so I could look at him properly as we chatted. About what, I don't much remember, but my horniness wasn't going away. So it was me who made sure the conversation stayed on sex. We got onto the subject of condoms. I was asking him where one might get one (this was back in the day when they were still bought surreptitiously from the chemist or barber). I was pretty naive really because I'd never actually seen one. Admitting this to him, I was again shocked when he offered me one.

"You have a condom? You have one on you now?"

"Sure. A bachelor always keeps a stock, just in case, Pud." He winked at me.

"Can I see?"

"Sure." He got up from the bed, rummaged in his jacket pocket, and tossed it over to me, "Keep it."

He went back to sitting on the stairs. I sort of realized he was watching me. Holding the condom became a vicarious sexual experience. It was almost like having sex, the fantasies were so intense. I was so excited, I began to shiver uncontrollably, my teeth chattering. He asked whether he should close the window.

I didn't answer, but beyond caring, told him I wanted to see what the condom felt like. Would he mind if I tried it on?

Laughing, he said, "Sure, Pudz. But you know you can't reuse it, once it's open?" Then as an afterthought, "You have to be hard to put it on."

I couldn't trust myself to answer that and began fumbling with the packet. Trembling so hard, I couldn't open it. Sensing this, he stood up beside me. I was so embarrassed that perhaps he'd see my erection, but he said nothing. He took the packet and tore it open easily. He held the condom between his thumb and finger. "See?" he asked.

Then before I could react he pulled the  
My cousin James

sheet away from me, exposing my rock-hard cock, which was oozing precum. I was mortified, and tried to pull the sheet back over, while covering myself with the other hand.

"Relax, Pud. Relax. It's cool," he said, prising my hand away from my cock. "Here, I'll put it on for you." And he rolled the condom down over my cock.

God fucking damn! Here was James, my cousin, touching my dick. It was heaven. If I hadn't jacked off three times already that day (including once under the table at the reception—you know how horny teenagers can get?), I would have shot a load there and then. The sheath covered my cock. "There," he said, smiling at me. But he continued to hold my cock, squeezing gently. "Not bad, size-wise, Cuz," assessing me. "You wanna cum? Inside the condom?"

Well for me it wasn't a case of wanting or not, but how much longer I could hold off.

I don't remember the exact sequence after that. I do remember continuing to shiver. He sat on the bed next to me. He continued holding my cock, gently squeezing it, almost stroking it.

Still a bit unclear about what was unfolding, I tentatively reached over and touched his cock. When he didn't withdraw, I gripped it in my hand and felt it stiffen. He wanked me rhythmically, but I could hold off no longer and came, spurt after spurt, completely filling the condom.

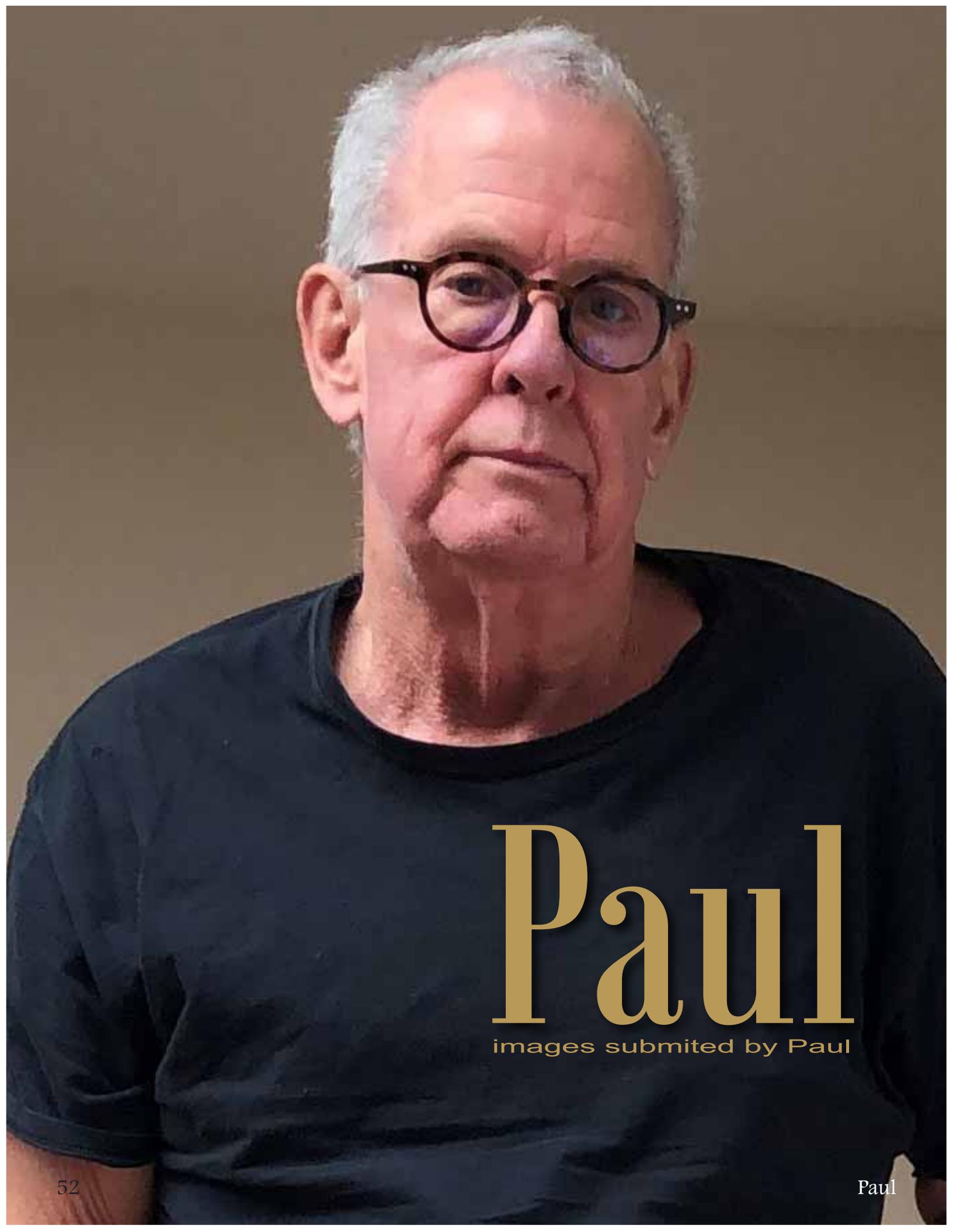
I lay back on the bed, and closed my eyes, confused by conflicting emotions. Partly, now that I had cum, I was apprehensive about what he would say. My hand was still on his cock, though tentatively. "Hope the condom helped, Cuz," James laughed.

Sheepishly, I looked up at him. My breath was more regular and I had stopped shaking. I felt his fingers loosening some of my pubic hairs caught in the bottom of the condom, and he rolled it off my dick, which was still erect, but not as hard as before.

"Better put this where it won't be found, hey Cuz," he said, smiling at me and starting to get up. Although I had cum, I didn't want it to end.

I am not sure where I got the courage from, perhaps I was past caring, but as he was moving away, I called out, "James." He stopped, and I leant

*Continued on pg 48*



# Paul

images submitted by Paul



Paul







# BLOWING MY "STRAIGHT" BEST FRIEND

story by Sufficient-Score-618

*Background info:* I was 19 and started a new job. Me a coworker quickly became best friends. He was 24, 6'2, dark brown hair and eyes, broad shoulders, muscular jock looking type of guy. He was gorgeous but has a low self esteem. I was deep in the closet at the time. He was married at the time. We would occasionally flash one another at work being stupid and comparing. He had a nice cock with a big mushroom head 6.5". I always stayed semi hard when we hung out.

Flashforward a two years and he calls to tell me his wife has been cheating and they are over. Apparently they had been in some trouble for a while. He says he wants to go out. To which I agree. He picks me up and we go riding and talking. I joke with him about how much sex he will get now and so on. He didn't think so. I tried convincing him he was hot and desirable and he had a nice package. Again he thought his wife left him for a bigger dick. So I pulled out my dick and showed him mine. I'm 6" and girthy BTW.

He keeps looking at it. I say I get sex and he is bigger than me. I tell him to pull it out and see. He does and he is hard from seeing my cock. He says mine is thicker and I tell him his head is bigger and not much different in girth. He shakes his head.

So I take his hand and place it on my cock to prove it. He grabbed my cock and slowly wrapped his hands around it. He hissed and said damn. Stroked a little which only made me hotter. I said see there not much difference than yours. He then pulled off down a dark side road and stopped. Switched on the over head light and stared at me then my cock. I slipped my pants down so he could get a better look. He followed my lead. He then took his hard cock and mentally did a comparison. I leaned over after he took his hand away and held his cock in my hand. He moaned as I did.

I told him he had a great cock and it was very nice in shape and size. I stroked him a few times and he began to buck in my hands. I brag on his head, how big and bulbous it is, how he probably would wreck some girl from it alone, and how he could plow over that spot to make someone cum. He got harder in my hand.

He then placed his hand on my shoulder to give me a better view and access. I moved closer and saw some precum leaking from that beautiful head. I looked up at him and he smiled down at me. I asked him if he needed a release and he said yes.

I then licked the head of his cock and tasted him. He threw back his head and exhaled loudly. He bucked again wanting more. I gave him what he wanted. I licked down his cock and sucked his ball which were clean and shaved. He moved his hand and timidly placed it on the back of my head. I took his queue and swirled my tongue over his head while playing with his balls. He bucked again and I swallowed his head into my hot wet mouth. I went down to his pubes and waited for any gag reflex to pass. Once it did, I applied suction and began bobbing up and down. I pressed my tongue to the underside of his cock and always paid close attention to the head. He then applied more pressure to my head in encouragement. He did not last long but began bucking up into my mouth and holding my head down. I let him use me for whatever he needed. That's what friends are for, right?

He began to stiffen and his ball drew tight. I knew he was about to blow. He was warning me when I felt the first blast of cum shoot down my throat. Then one after another. When he finished, I cleaned up his cock head that was still leaking and sat up. His head was thrown back against his headrest and he began to come down from his Eupora.

I panicked thinking I might have ruined our friendship. He then spit on his hand, reached over and took my cock. He jacked me quick and hard. I loved it. I shot all over my stomach and his hand. He then grabbed a workout shirt he had and cleaned me up. I thought it was sweet.

We got our pants up and began to talk. He said he had never had someone take his load nor had ever had his cock sucked like that. I asked if we were good and he said of course. He even added that was such a turn on being with me.

I felt bad thinking I had preyed on my friend while he was so vulnerable but later events would prove I was wrong. I had just awakened his bi side.

# ALO EMPIRE

Interview by Malcolm Jon

Images by Alo Empire



**For the fine readers out there would you tell us a little about yourself?**

*Mi nombre es Alejandro Soto Aguilar, tengo 25 años (próximo a cumplir 26). Vivo en la tierra de la torta ahogada, Guadalajara Jalisco. Estuve en un equipo de porristas llamado Wizards All Stars durante 7 años, ahí mismo en Guadalajara y en 2019 fui parte de la selección mexicana de porristas MexiCop. En 2016 fui a una competencia a Bogotá, Colombia con mi mismo equipo. También practique Crossfit durante 1 año en Olympus, en Arandas Jalisco. Actualmente practico Crossfit de manera amateur en mi propio gimnasio. Me gusta mucho leer y escribir. La musca para mi es algo indispensable, me gusta hacer cualquier actividad escuchando música.*

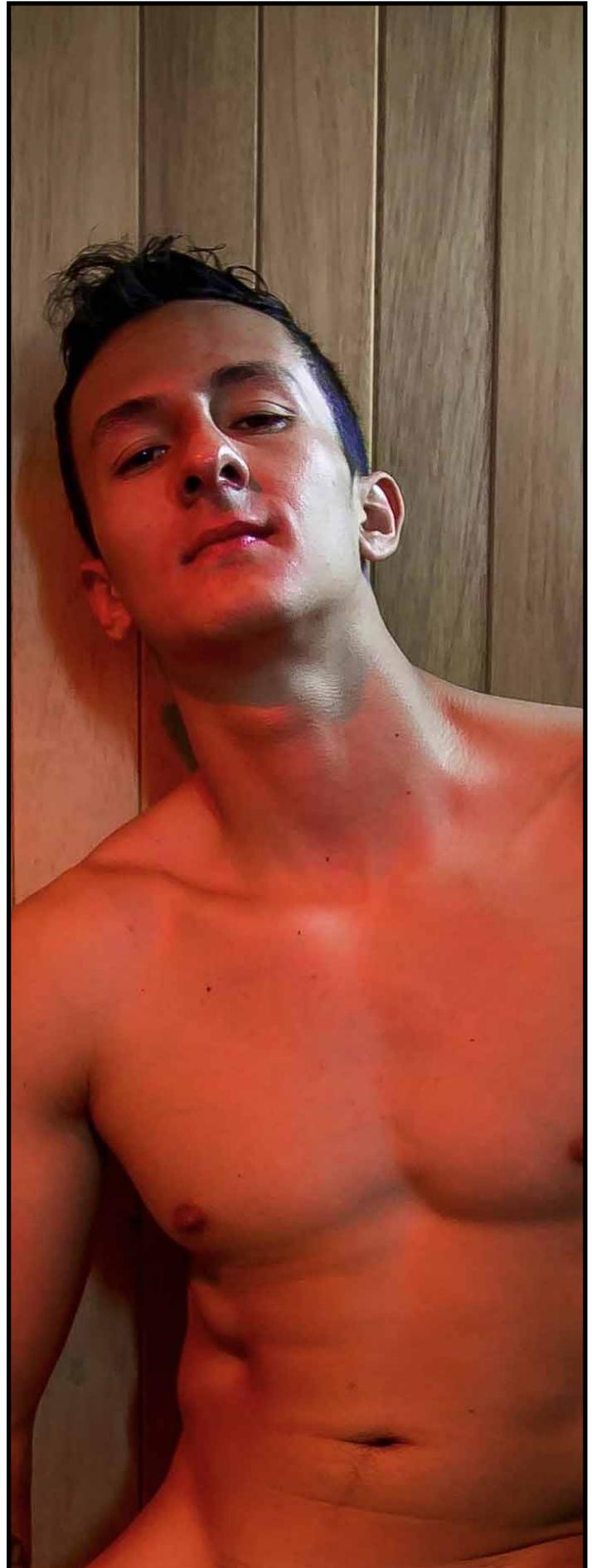
My name is Alejandro Soto Aguilar, I am 25 years old. I live in Guadalajara Jalisco. I was in a cheerleading team called Wizards All Stars for 7 years. In 2019 I was part of the Mexican cheerleading team MexiCop. In 2016 I went to a competition in Bogotá, Colombia with my same team. I also practice Crossfit near Olympus, in Arandas Jalisco. I currently practice. I really like to read and write. Music for me is something essential, I like to do any activity that involves listening to music.

**It looks like you are part of a cheerleading squad, can you tell me more about that?**

*Mi primer contacto con el porrismo fue durante la preparatoria en 2012. Existía un equipo extra-escolar llamado DARE Dance, que incentivaba a los jóvenes a no tener contacto con las drogas e introducirlos al deporte. Después, decidí buscar un equipo y encontré Wizards en 2014 y duré 7 años aproximadamente. Por cuestiones de trabajo decidí salirme ya que requiere mucha parte de mi tiempo y dinero. Ahora solo practico Crossfit.*

My first contact with cheerleading was during high school in 2012. There was an after-school team called DARE Dance, which encouraged young people not to have contact with drugs and introduce them to the sport. Afterwards, I decided to look for a team and I found Wizards in 2014 and lasted about 7 years. For work reasons I decided

Alo Empire



to leave as it requires a lot of my time and money. Now I only practice Crossfit.

### **What feeds your soul?**

*Principalmente, la musica. Creo que no existe nada que pueda mejorar cualquier situación como una buena canción. Siempre hay alguna canción que te levante el ánimo.*

Mainly, the music. I think there is nothing that can improve any situation like a good song. There is always a song that cheers you up.

### **Are you a model, if not then why?**

*He pensado en ser, por ahora solo subo fotos en Instagram pero estoy abierto a cualquier propuesta.*

I have thought about being, for now I only upload

photos on Instagram but I am open to any proposal.

### **What is your passion?**

*El deporte. Me gusta mucho hacer deporte y es algo que se puede combinar perfecto con la música. Salir fuera de casa y forzar tu cuerpo a hacer actividades fuera de lo común es algo que me gusta.*

The sport. I really like doing sports and it is something that can be perfectly combined with music. Going out and forcing your body to do unusual activities is something I like.

**Alejandro, thank you so much for your time and for sharing a little more about you.**

**If you want to keep up with Alejandro you can check out his Instagram and his Twitter.**





## The continuing adventures of a combat vet

# THE MOTORPOOL IN KUWAIT

story by Rob S.

Back in 2004 at the beginning of "Operation Iraqi Freedom" there were thousands of us staged in outposts in Kuwait getting ready for the invasion. We had been there for about a month and I was super horny. Really needed some cock. I was trying to figure out how I was going to make it happen. One day I was in the latrine and noticed a piece of paper on the floor, it said something along the lines of "need my dick sucked, meet me in the third tent in the motorpool at 10:00 pm. I picked up the note and put it in my pocket and decided to check it out.

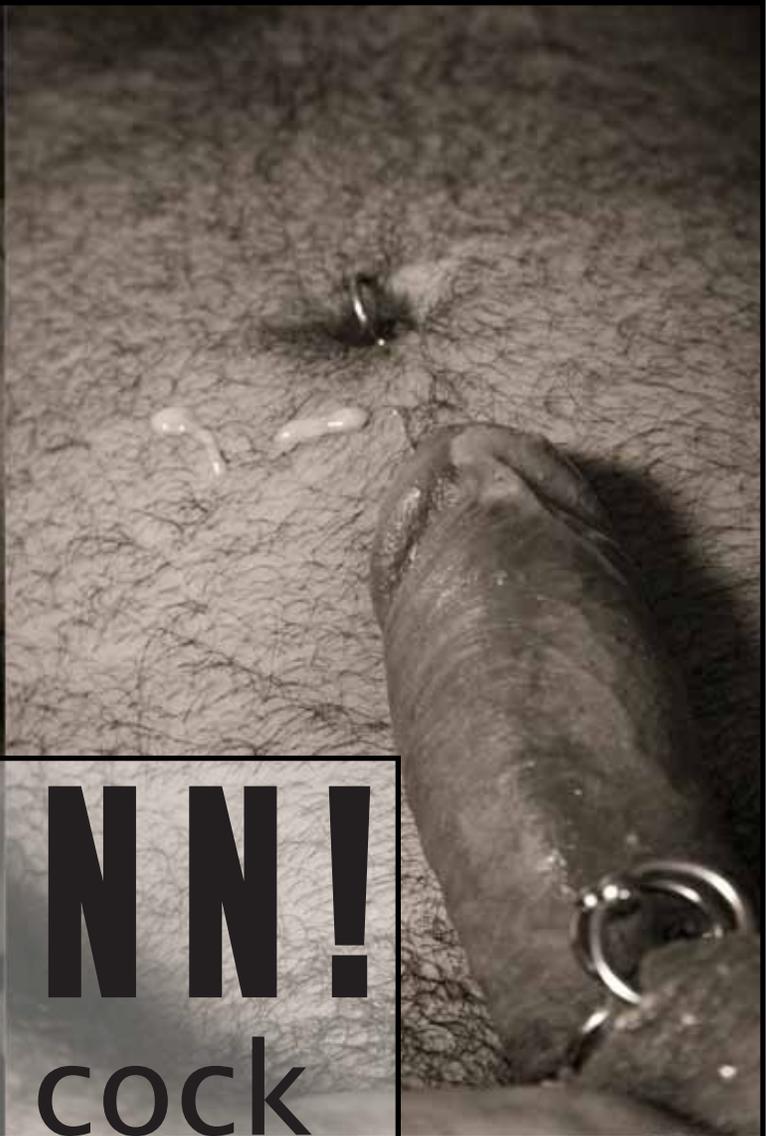
When I got there and went in, the soldier was a little surprised, he said "I didn't think anyone would actually show up, and I was wanting a female." I commented that I hope he could keep this quiet, and that there aren't many females here." We chatted a little more and I told him that the offer is still on the table. As I was getting ready to leave he

told me that I could suck his cock, but it was a 1 time thing and I couldn't tell anyone (obviously).

I walked over and got on my knees as he was opening the front of his trousers, I helped him get his cock out, and told him to relax. He was still soft at this point, so I immediately got to work. It took a bit to get him hard, and he ended up being about 5 inches. He put his hands on the back of my head and let me work his cock, when he came he held my head down and absolutely filled my mouth and throat. A hell of a lot of cum. I swallowed every drop and thanked him.

I ended up sucking his cock 7 more times before the war kicked off and then never saw him again.

(I know he made it because we were in the same battalion, different companies, and we had zero casualties)



**FUCK NNN!**

Grab your cock  
and nut it up!



over and put his cock in my mouth, and began sucking.

I'm pretty sure it was an inexperienced performance, but maybe inexperienced enthusiasm counts for something. He sat on the bed and I continued to suck him. As it was my first time I had no idea what was expected. I do remember getting the faint whiff which much later I realized came with uncut cocks. While I licked the head, retracting the foreskin, my hand circled the shaft and I stroked him: or rather, jerked him wildly. I remember him putting his hand onto mine, slowing the movement to a steadier rhythm.

Being 18, my erection, barely subsided, was back. I manoeuvred myself so I could also stroke his chest with my free hand. Inexpertly I circled his nipples, hard and erect, and caressed his strong arms. I became aware that he was again rubbing my cock, at first gently, then more firmly. I realized much later that his touch was that of an experienced lover, so unlike my adolescent gropings. Then amazingly, his mouth sought out mine. Soon his tongue was probing my mouth. I'd never been French-kissed—the furthest I'd ever got was a few furtive pecks with girls at parties. And here was my cousin James tonguing my mouth. I let my tongue explore his mouth too, though not before my lack of expertise caused our teeth to bump against each other. He didn't seem to mind.

I knew I was soon going to cum again. Sensing this, James turned around so I could suck him. Only when thinking about it afterwards did I realize he never sucked me, though his touch on my dick was exquisite. As we both approached the edge, he whispered hoarsely, "Cuz, I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum." I think he said this in case I didn't want a mouthful of his jism. I didn't give it a thought. It seemed so natural. With his stroking of my cock becoming ever more urgent, he then shot into my mouth. Obviously this was new to me, but my mouth filling with cum didn't disgust me. It pushed me close to nirvana in fact, and my cock exploded for the second time in fifteen minutes. As he jerked it with his fist, I shot again, producing almost as much spunk as before. I felt it spraying over our chests and legs. He continued to pump me till the spurting finally stopped. He released my

cock, and I let his cock slip out of my mouth, which was dribbling with cum. I swallowed it easily, and fondled his cock, fast losing its stiffness. I entwined my fingers in his thick mat of pubic hair. His hand caressed my naked body, and as his other hand explored my face I sucked his fingers.

He leant over and turned the light off, then changed position so we were lying face to face. He kissed me again, deeply, seeming not to mind the taste of his own cum. I snuggled in next to him, knowing that were I to have died then, I'd have been content. The last thing I remember was hearing him whisper, "Goodnight, Little Cuz."

When I woke, the light was streaming through the window. I could hear James splashing in the bathroom. I opened the door to see him bending over in the tub. He was obviously about to treat himself to a bubble bath, not the sort of thing I would normally have associated him with. His balls were hanging between his legs, and for the first time I saw someone else's arsehole. My dick, already semi-hard with a morning glory, became rock hard. I often wonder what would have happened next, but there was a knock, and my youngest cousin, Joyce—all of 9 years old—opened the door to call us to breakfast. It was as much as I could do to push the bathroom door shut and pull a towel around my waist to hide my nakedness.

I promised her I would come immediately, but I think she sensed my hesitation, and insisted on waiting outside to make sure we didn't dawdle. Breakfasts were always a big outdoor family event—at the farm we called it "the Southfork bonanza". I shouted to James to hurry up, and I went to join the gathering family.

James appeared shortly after, and greeted me as if nothing had happened. In fact, that night was never mentioned again. Ever. Four months later he married Jacqui; I was the groomsman, Peter his best man.

But oh, one thing ... After breakfast, Peter sort of sought me out and winking, said to me, in what seemed a conspiratorial tone, "I hope you had fun last night." To this day, I'm not sure how much he knew.

Postscript

Not too long after, I went off to university and both Peter and James emigrated to New Zealand. We didn't have much contact after that,

My cousin James

other than through family newsletters at Christmas. Eventually I “came out”; it wasn’t as horrific as one had feared. Maybe times were changing. No doubt in some quarters I was considered the black sheep of the family, but as our generation reared the next, there were a few other “family members” (as some of my gay friends used to refer to us as) sired into the family.

Then years, no decades, later, I went over to Auckland for another family wedding, and looked my cousins up. Both were still married, and both had recently become grandfathers. We arranged to meet, but separately. (For some reason, it seemed they didn’t get on that well. Or perhaps it was their wives. From what I could pick up, there certainly was no love lost between them.)

When I met James, now a distinguished looking mature man approaching 55, the conversation was somewhat superficial, if not

banal. My “lifestyle” was not discussed, nor even alluded to. It was very different with Peter. He was much more open. He asked about some of my relationships, and even about how I’d coped with coming out. My sense was that he was in a happier marriage than his brother, and he seemed content. Yet at times there was a definite sexual undercurrent to our conversation, not necessarily initiated by me. Indeed, his questions were probing and at times quite explicit. I suspect, and I don’t think it was mere wishful thinking, that, had there been the chance, he’d have liked to have taken things further, to explore, to ... But there was no privacy, no real opportunity to be alone. So, who knows?

And me, would I have? No question about that. It would be like coming full circle. Perhaps one day I’ll get back to New Zealand.

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# AXEL BLACK

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DHM Fan ~ Laurenz Baars



# Galaxy



*With you, go on a long journey,  
Cross the worlds of pleasure,  
Discover your intimacy of your universe,  
Unveil the cogs of my galaxy.*



*Living in a fourth dimension  
Our inclination to transcend it.  
My fifth element, allocate it to you  
For the balance of my life, his concession.*



*Intimate guest in my constellation  
Loving you for light years  
Consecrate my hospitable flesh  
To your most carnal satisfaction.*



*Let the fire of love set ablaze  
Invade our reason with unreason  
Celebrate his enjoyment in abundance  
Cross the infinite space of ecstasy.*



*Follow your milky way, to share  
Of your body, the licentious sphere,  
Moor my loving soul to it.  
With your heart, make my shepherd's star,*



*All the rest of my life loving you  
To have no horizon but this mystery,  
Make your sacred body my land  
From your enlightened soul, my starry sky.*

*Christian Bailly*

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03/24/2011



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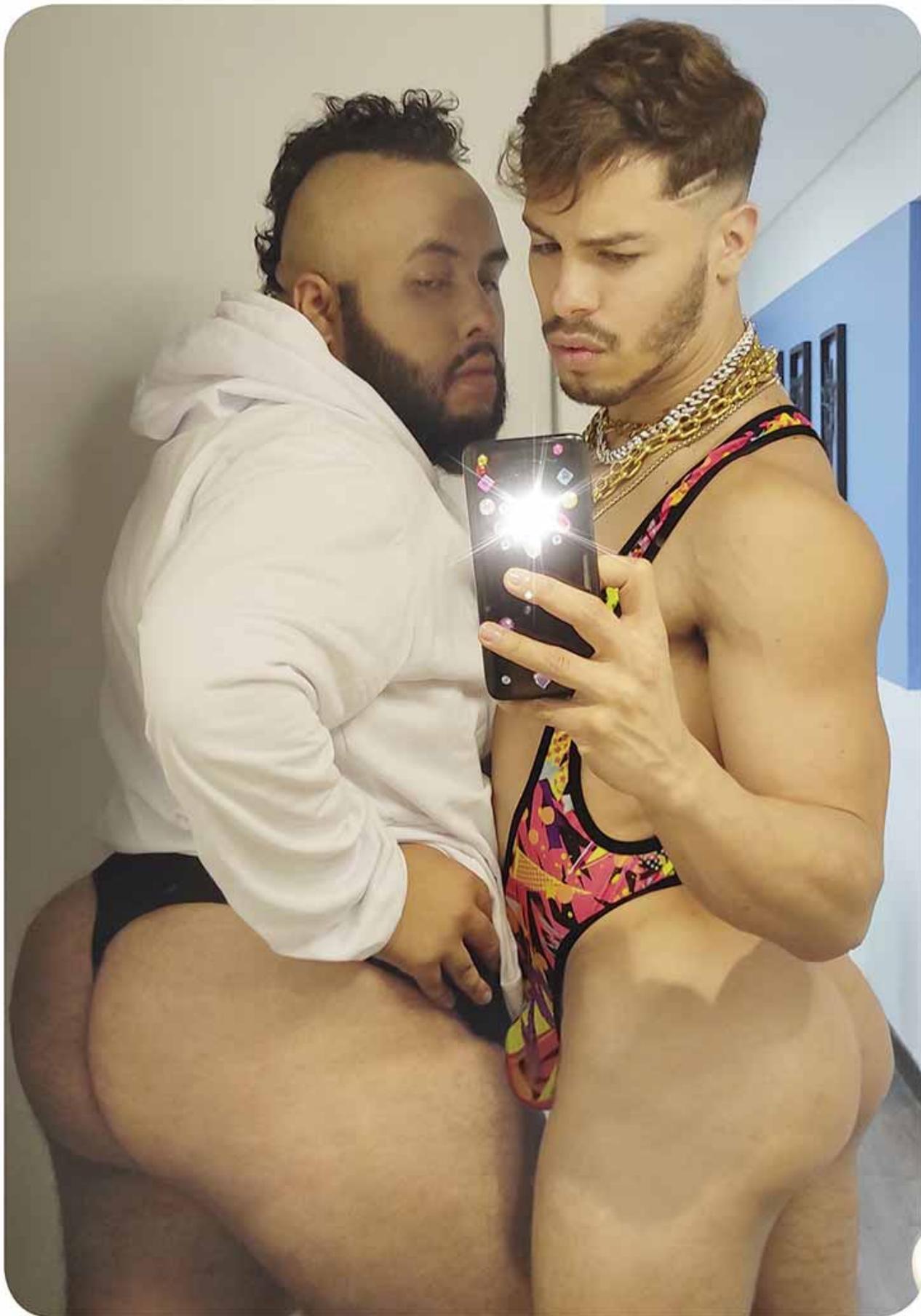
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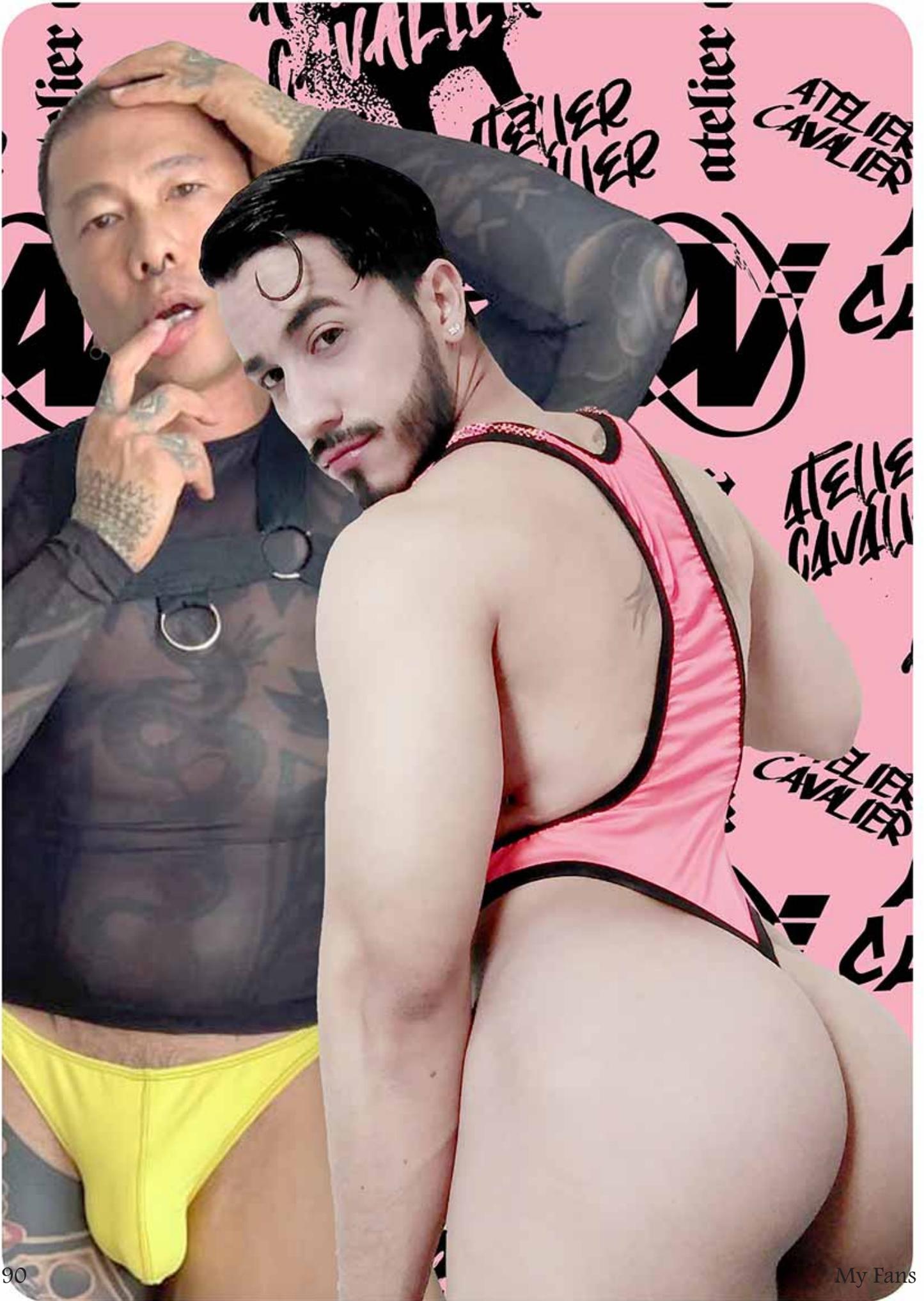


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*Continued from pg 33*

grabbed the front of my shirt with one hand, ripping it open. In almost the same motion, he pulled it backwards so the sleeves pinned my upper arms to my side.

The Lieutenant stood up, placed his hand on my two pecs and began playing with the nipples. Sarge meanwhile took the Lieutenants's cock and mine in the gloved hand. God, the feel of that soft leather glove stroking my hot rod; the throbbing pressure of the Lieutenant's shaft sliding against mine lubricated with my own spit -- It was driving me nuts. I wanted to pop! I strained to move my arms. All that did was make my pecs harden up and the nipples stand out. Boy, were they hard. Everything was hard!

"Get that uniform off him, sergeant!" The Lieutenant got rid of his uniform about as quickly as Sarge got me out of mine. Sarge was the only one with anything left on. Both the Lieutenant and I were stripped naked.

"Tenshun," Sarge growled. I snapped to, prick standing straight out. It danced. The Lieutenant was on it in an instant. He had my cock buried in his mouth, licking it, nibbling at the head, stroking it with his throat, all the way down to its base.

As suddenly as he had started, he stopped, and stood up. It just hung there, dripping from his saliva and my pre-cum.

Sarge grabbed it with his gloved hand, worked it back and forth. It got harder, and now it really glistened. He had oiled my gun!

The Lieutenant was applying some to his inflamed tool as he moved around behind me. I could feel that large head rubbing up and down as it spread the cheeks of my ass. He had reached around me and was playing with my balls in one hand and firmly grasping my root in the other. Sarge was in front of me, backing into the extended object in the Lieutenant's hand. It disappeared up his ass in one quick movement. Sarge wrapped the gloved hand around his own tool, kneading it, pulling it, pumping and massaging it until it stood straight up. With each pumping motion of his clenched fist, his ass moved in unison, convulsing and gripping my cock, teasing its head deeper and deeper.

The Lieutenant, his trunk firmly planted inside of me, was stroking my balls in his lubricated fingers. He rubbed the base of my throbbing cock, massaging the sacs as the balls began to fill, hoping

for relief. The thrusting shaft grew larger. It reached further and further into me. It was going to go right on through and into Sarge! The cum started up my hot tool. It was going to explode. It was going to fill Sarge! Load after load lubed the giant cockhead inside me.

"Oh God, I'm going to cum - Sir!" I screamed. Sarge's pumping motion quickened. I shot. Sarge erupted salvos of hot juices over and over.

The cock inside of me flooded my guts in wave after wave of warm cream. Spasms of steaming cum engulfed the head of my cock, seeped down past the shaft, and dripped from Sarge. I shot again and again. He was full, but I still had more to give him.

As the Lieutenant slowly withdrew his gun inch by inch, I came again.

Suddenly, Sarge lurched away from me, turned, and with his ungloved hand pushed me down on his still spurting cock.

"Clean that up, Recruit."

There was no time for me to say, "Yes, Sir. Gladly, Sir." I was too anxious to get my willing lips over that beautiful fountain. It slid all the way to the base, sending delicious, sticky cream deep down my willing throat.

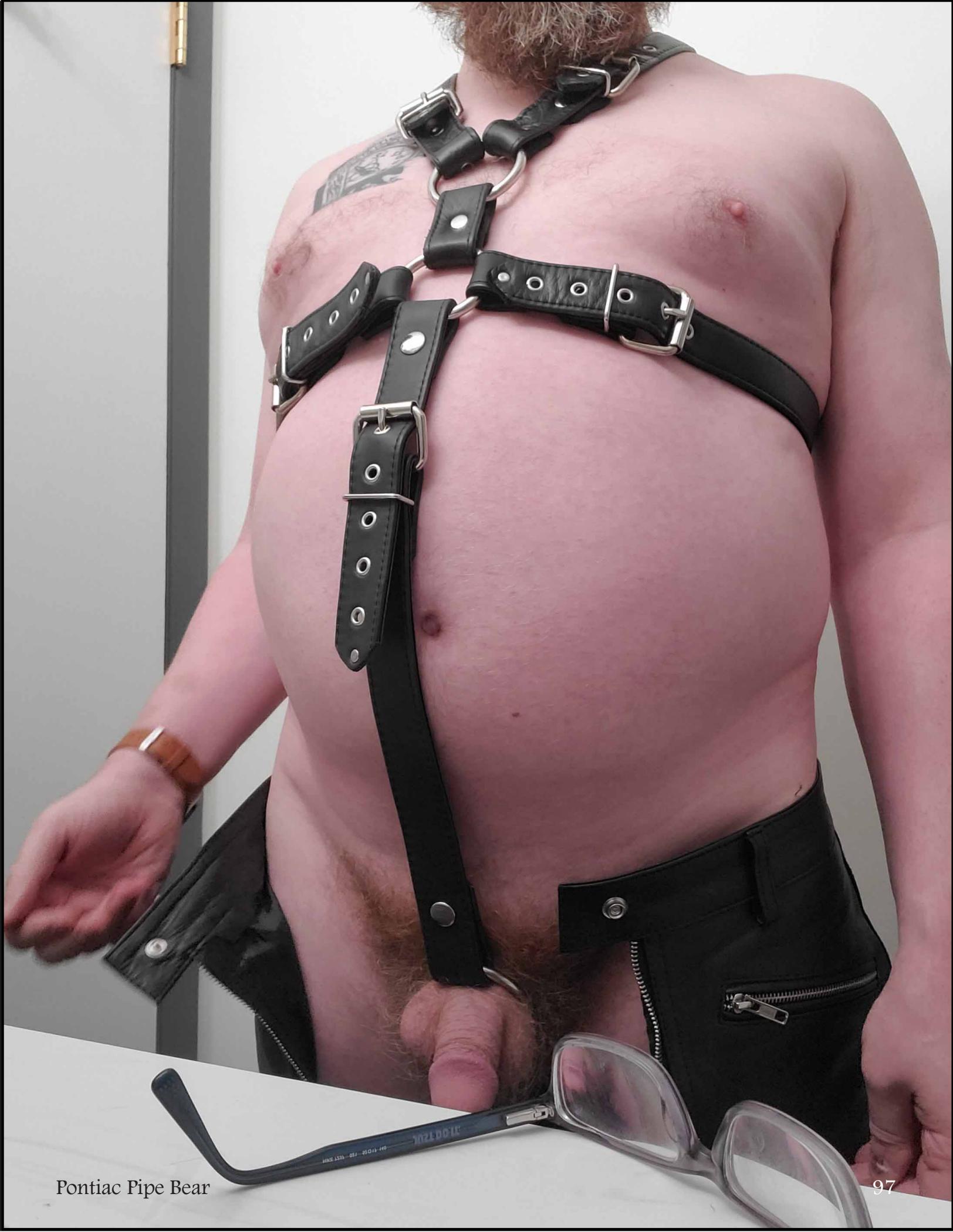


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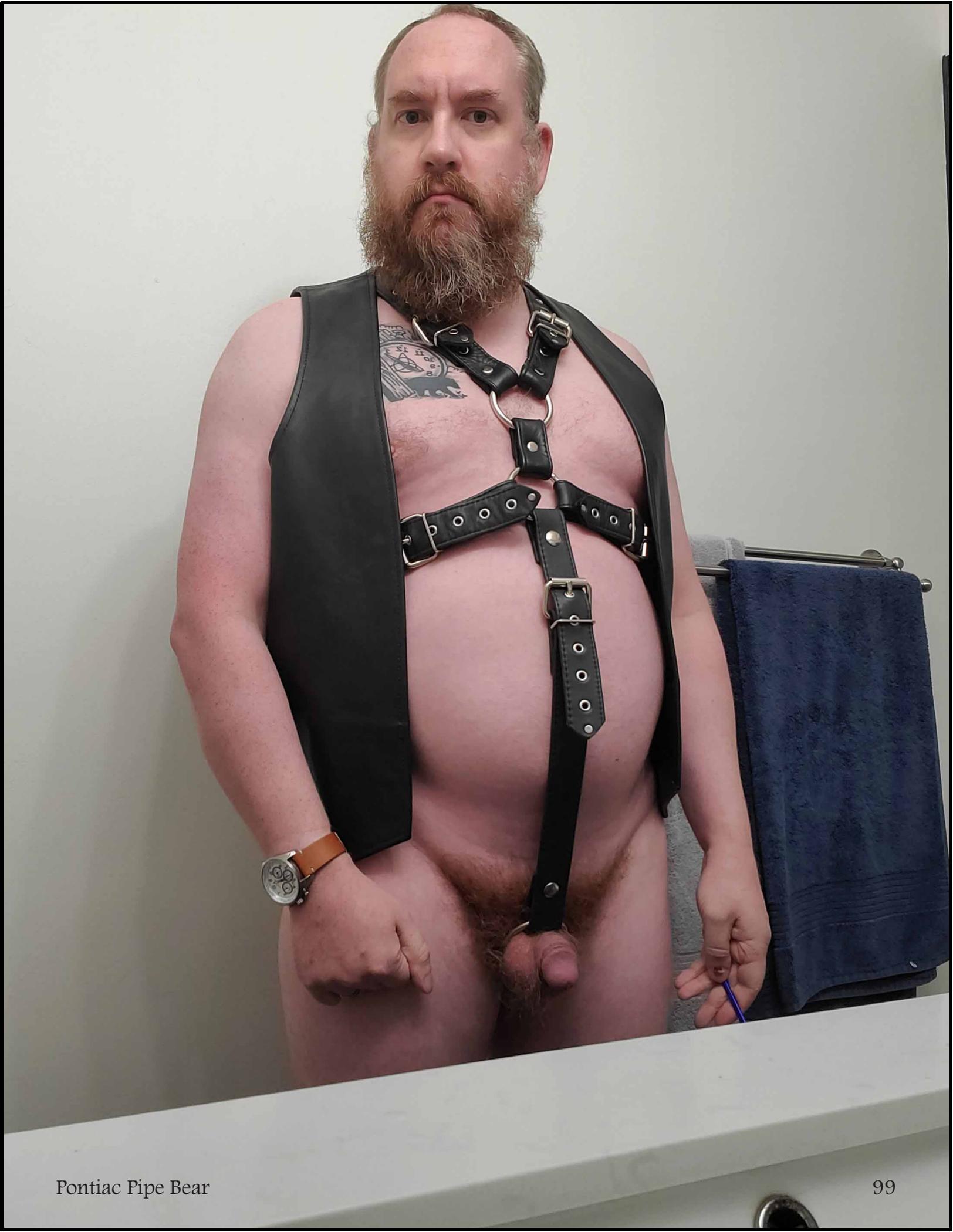


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