



All Men Are Beautiful!
November 2025 | Issue 83

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They don't bite too hard!!*

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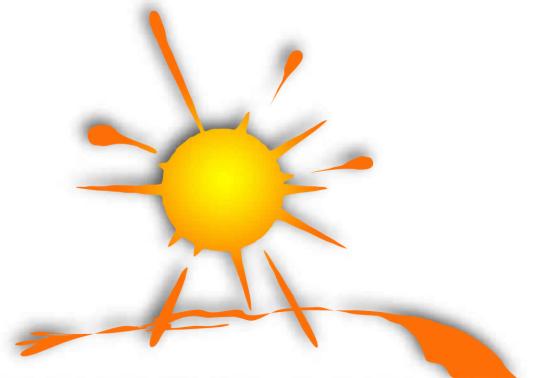
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All Men Are Beautiful

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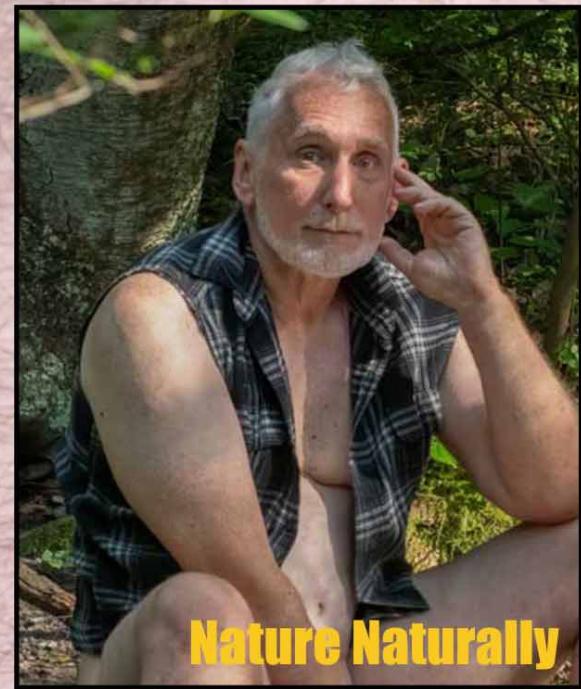
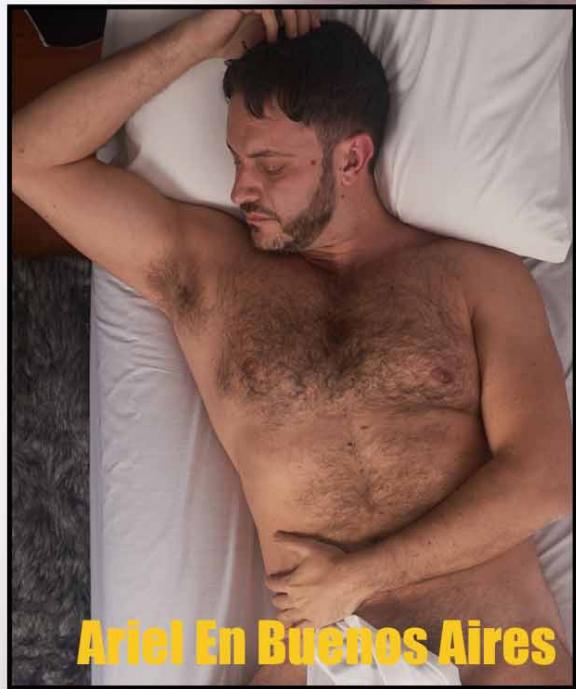
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Male Photography



DH

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Ramblings From the Editor

It's that time of the year, my dear readers, that depression and anxiety set in like the cold weather most of the States endure for the holidays. People feeling lonely or over stressed are just a party of the holiday season, right? But think about it, who set those expectations that cause those feelings? Who told us that we have to spend the holiday with family and friends instead of embracing the time you have to enjoy your life? Is it the bullshit we are spoon fed through advertising and corporations? Is it unrealistic expectations put on us by our families since a young age? And WHY are we allowing those feelings to sink in our heads?

I have spent a shit ton of holidays alone for one reason or another. I had to work, or I was stationed somewhere in the military, or quite bluntly, I just didn't want to put up with the bullshit around the holiday season. I never let the depression sink in due to not spending all my free time running around like I was lost or couldn't get everything done that was expected of me. I never let a feeling of loneliness creep in, yet instead learned to embrace loving myself. Loving the time I finally had that was just mine, if that is what I was choosing.

I saw an interesting trend on social media the other day about gay men having a bunch of close friends in their early years but when they get into their 40s and 50s they tend to not have any close friends. Everyone was going back and forth as to why they were alone in their later years; tired of all the bullshit users brought into their life; drifted apart from those closest to them; didn't have time to spend as much quality time as they wanted or needed; and then a younger gay man chimed in, "Why don't all of you just get together and become friends?" He went on to tell them if they felt lonely, or that lonely, why not feel lonely together and maybe you won't feel that way anymore. Nobody on the thread commented on his comment. It was kind of funny and tragic at the same time. Why didn't they embrace his idea if they were truly feeling alone? Did they really just want to bitch

about it instead of doing something about it?

The same can be said about feeling lonely during the holidays. There are MANY things you can do to fill your time, like helping others for one. Or helping out at a food bank or shelter, at the very least. Go to a group gathering at a church or in town. God knows there are plenty of those happening this time of the year. But ultimately, it's up to you if you want to curb your loneliness by finding a tribe; finding other lonely people to be less lonely together. It's quite the concept, huh?

And here's another thought, if you want to meet like minded men, send in an image of yourself, clothed or not and a good contact email and let us put you out there. It's relatively safe, easy to create a new email address, and who the hell knows, maybe you'll find a tribe of your own. What could it hurt?

Regardless of what you decide to do, I hope you have a wonderful holiday season filled (yeah, the double meaning is meant to be there) as completely as you can be from stuffing the hell out of yourself and others. You deserve it. We all deserve it. We all deserve a small amount of time to forget just how chaotic life is during this season. We all NEED that time to forget how fucking chaotic it is and is going to be for quite some time.

Hug those you love, and embrace those you want to get to know. Let them know that it will be all right. We will get through all of this. Just show some love and forget about hating even if it's just for a short time. Don't let the hate win. It's defeating in itself.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





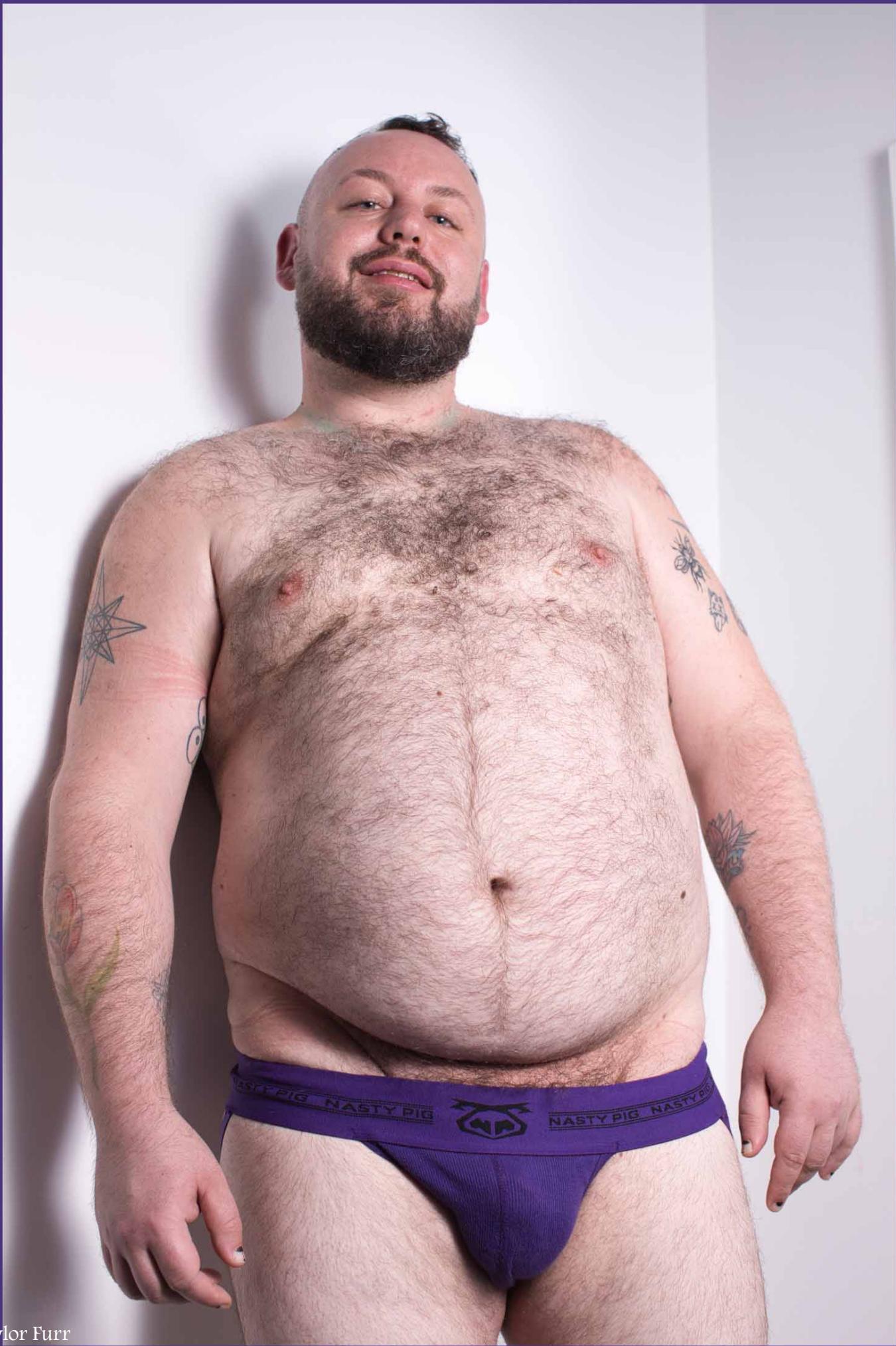
A shirtless man with a rainbow tattoo on his back, sitting on a bed with a rainbow and text overlay.

**HAPPY
STUFFING
DAY**

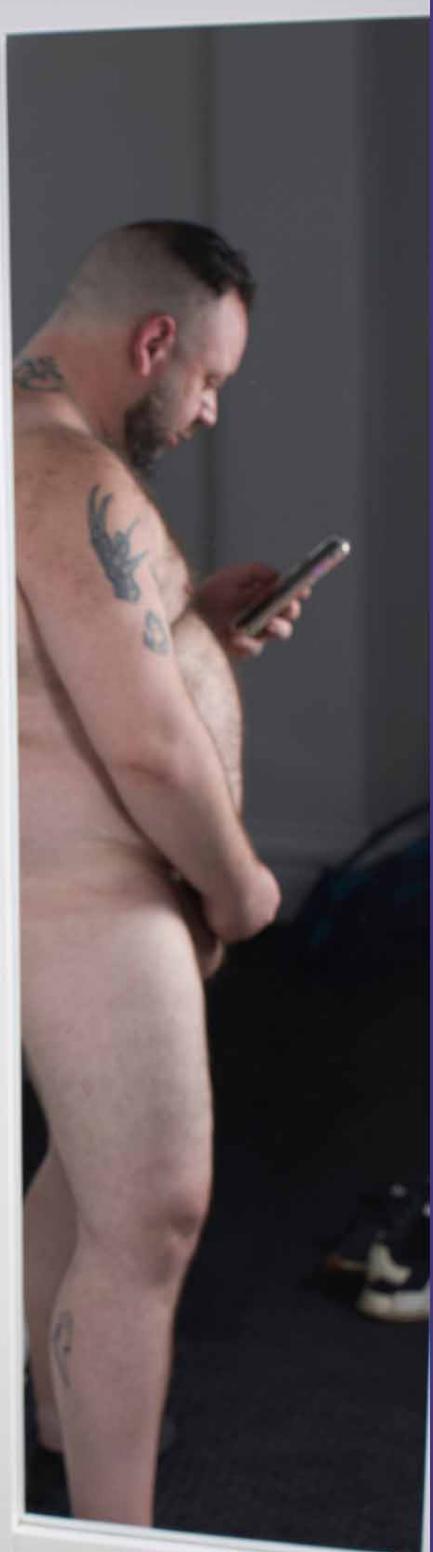


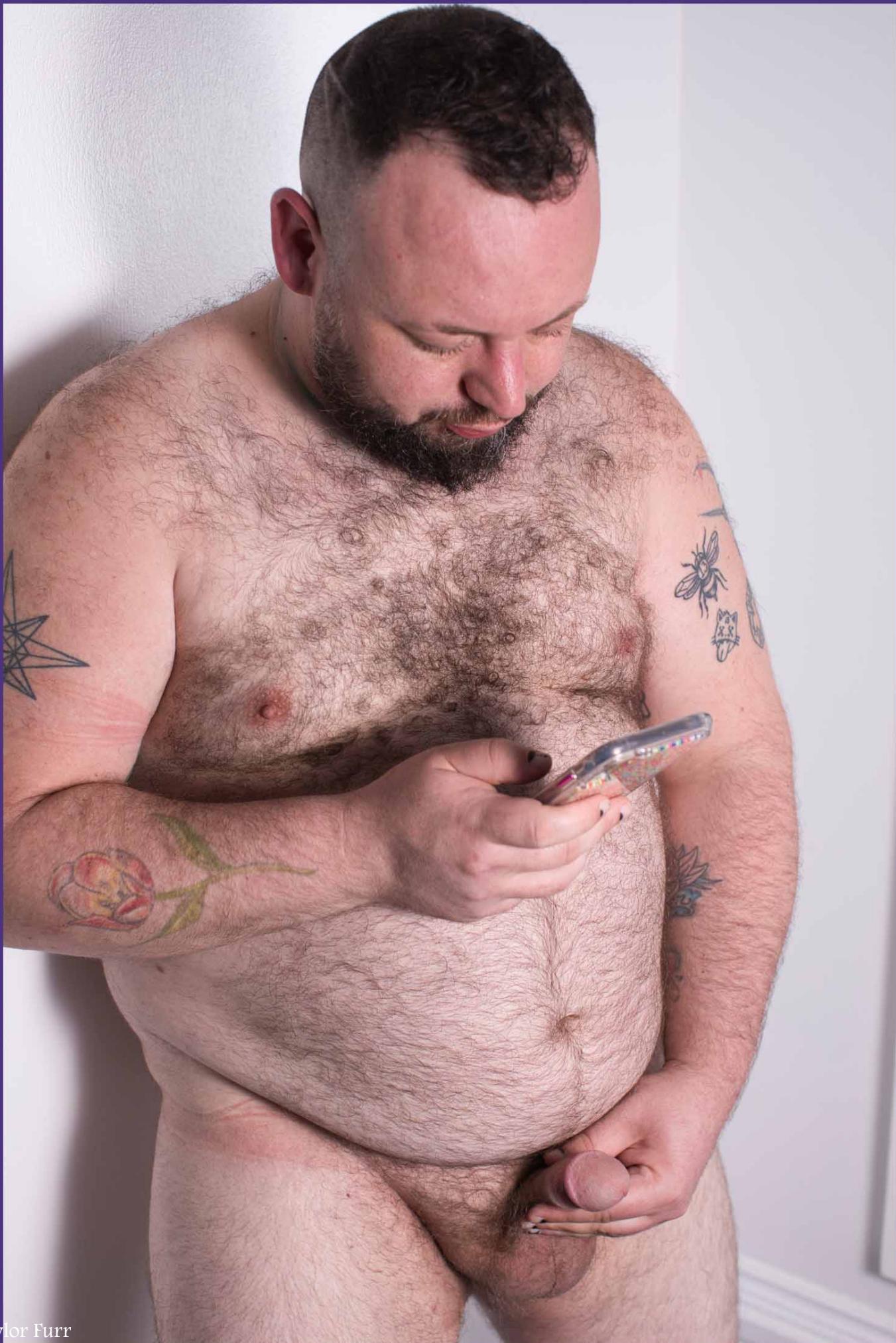
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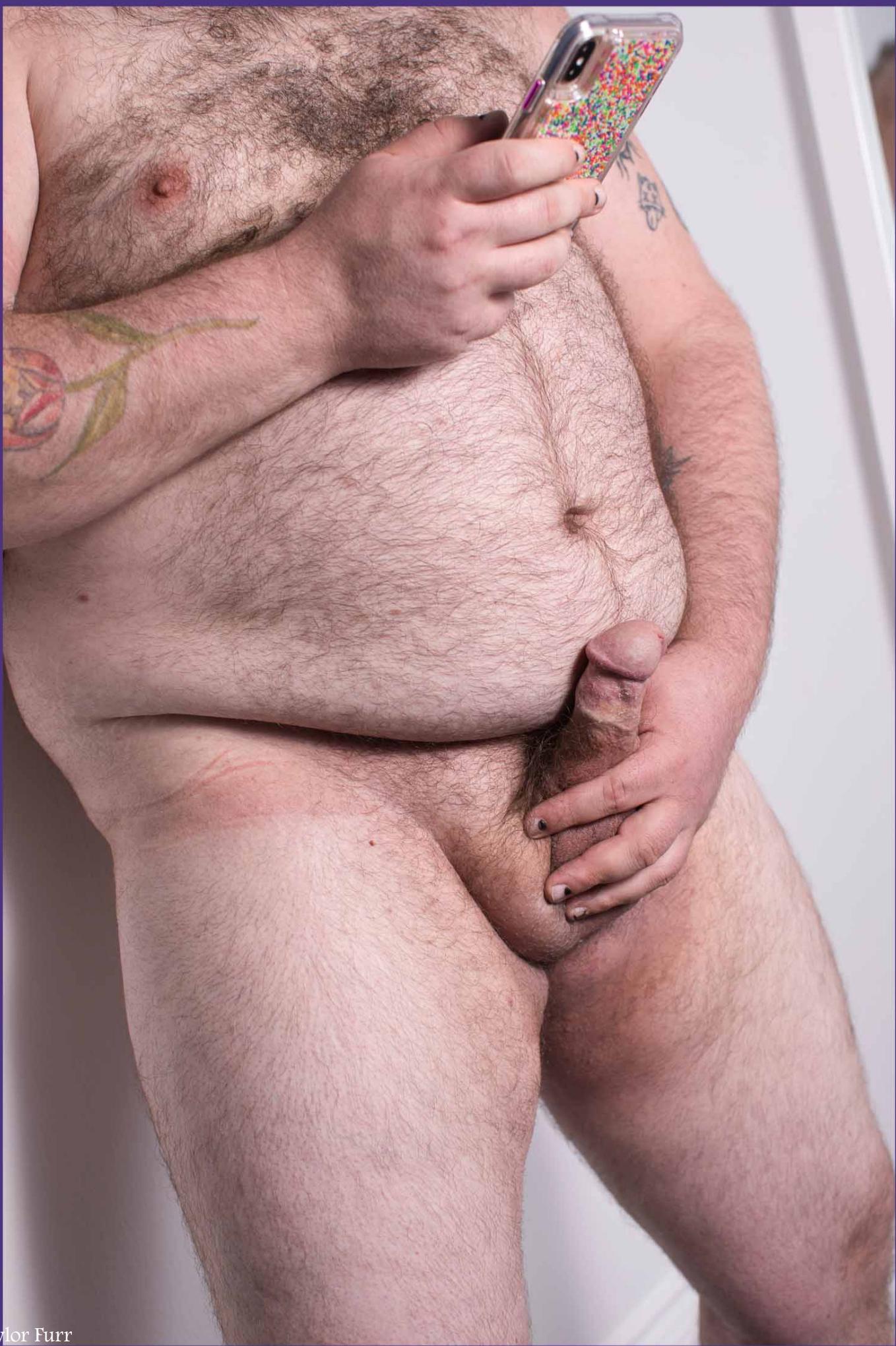


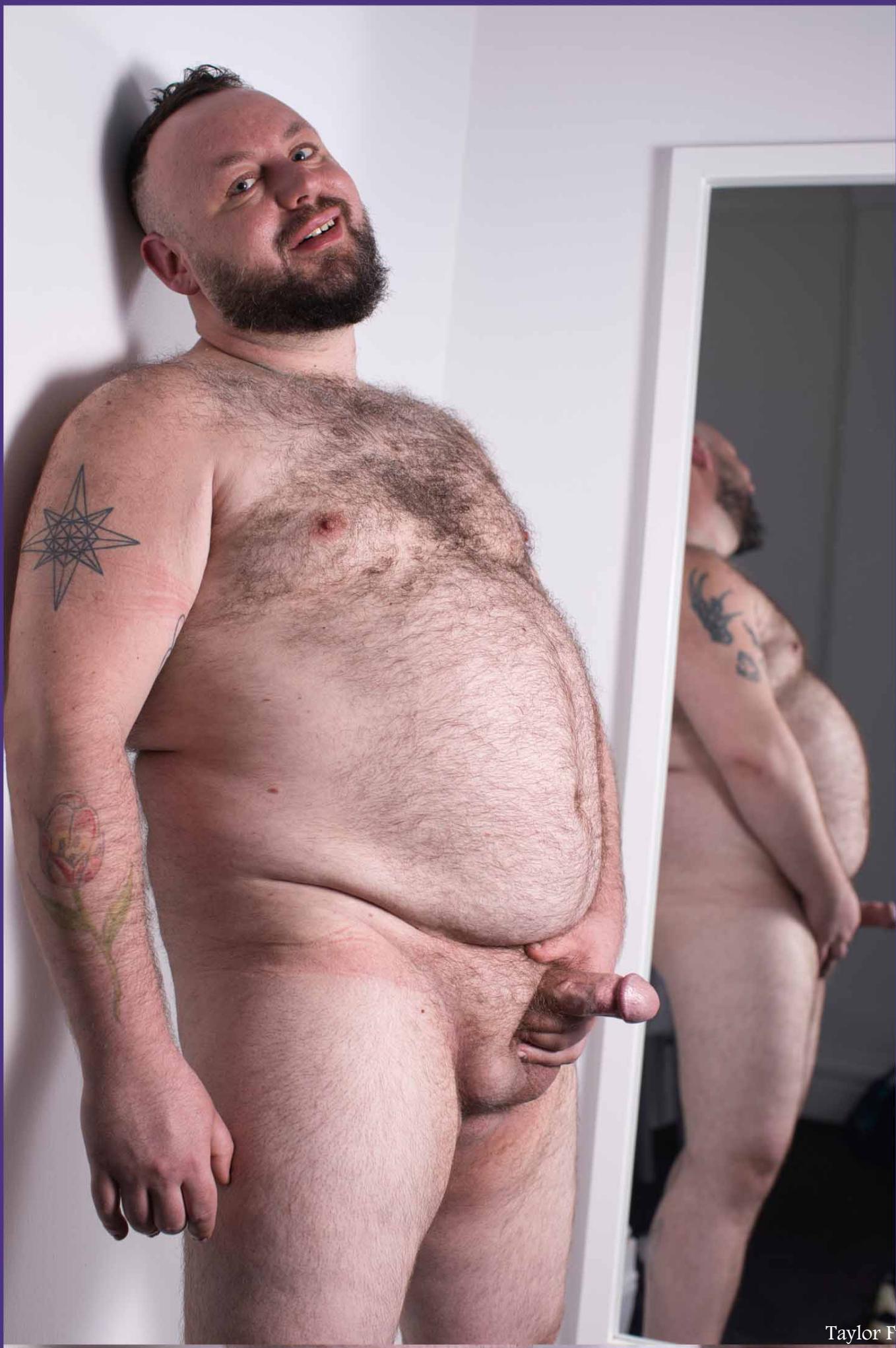
Taylor Furr











THE FRAT PARTY

Story by Mean-Background-4165

It had gotten to that time in the night when most of the sane people had already left, and those who remained were too drunk to care that they were acting like idiots.

Chase Benson, a nineteen year old frat boy who was usually found in the gym or on the football field, was shirtless, dripping with sweat and had a gym sock tied around his head. The muscular young man was laughing about something as he stood on a chair and I watched from the sofa as his best friend, Brandon Sheffler crept up behind him with his finger pressed to his lips.

Nobody told Chase. The five remaining guys watched as Brandon moved closer, carefully reaching out before grabbing Chase's shorts and dragging them down his legs. We all laughed, of course, but Chase was unbothered.

The young man acted casual as he stood there, naked. He had nothing to be ashamed of, which wasn't surprising. A long, flaccid cock hung between his legs, larger than most of the ones I'd seen in the gym showers.

Chase turned around, swallowing a mouthful of beer from a plastic, red cup and belched.

"If you wanted to see it, you coulda' just asked, babe" he grinned to his friend, and Brandon cackled as he retreated. I expected Chase to pull his shorts back up, but, instead, the nonchalant frat boy kicked them across the room, opting to remain naked, instead.

"What's wrong?" He smirked, as Brandon covered the sight of his buddy's cock with his hand, and came over, sitting down next to me. "You asked for this, Bran" Chase added, and we all watched as the naked college student jumped from the chair and landed on Brandon.

"You moron" Dylan Cummins growled, as his beer sloshed onto his pants. Chase ignored him as he began to hump Brandon who could barely breathe as he laughed.

It never failed to surprise me, just how gay things became when all of the chicks went home. It took the word bromance to the next level, and none of the guys seemed to give it much thought.

"Blow me, dude" Chase slurred, sitting back on his pal's lap and fisting his soft cock into his hand. "Come on, blow me".

"You're insane" Brandon laughed, shoving Chase onto the ground with a thud. Chase didn't move for a moment, and I couldn't help but study his impressive manhood as he lay there with his legs spread apart, exposing his cock and balls to anybody who wanted to see them. Then, without warning, Chase was on his feet again, pacing back and forth.

"You, sir" he said, pointing at Dylan, who was still wiping beer from his pants. "Blow me".

"How about I beat your ass, instead?" He replied, and then Zach Bryan shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I'll blow you" the beefy lacrosse player said, and my heart raced a little faster as I looked over to find him sitting there, as cool as a cucumber. "But only if you run over to the girl's house and knock on their door" he added, with a grin.

The rest of us cheered as Chase considered it, but we all knew that he wasn't the type of guy to back down from a challenge, and a few minutes later, we all stood at the door and watched as a naked Chase stepped into the night.

"You have to wait for them to open the door" Zach told him, "don't pussy out".

"Do I look like a pussy to you?" Chase replied.

"Nah, pussies look good" Brandon interjected, and we cheered again as Chase darted across the dark street, his naked body illuminated by the moon.

Both figuratively and literally, Chase had balls. He reached the sorority and knocked on the door before retreating a few steps and placing his hands behind his head.

"Nobody told him to do that" Dylan chuckled, and a few seconds later, laughter and shrieking sounded from the girls, and Chase was run from the property with a hose.

We all returned inside, and no sooner than we sat back down, still laughing, Chase was back

on his feet. "Alright, blow me" he said to Zach, and just like everybody else, I expected Zach to laugh it off and move on. Instead, he shrugged.

We all gawped as Zach grabbed Chase by the hips and positioned him closer. He didn't even hesitate as he grabbed Chase's long cock and without a word, slurped it into his mouth. Chase began to howl with laughter as Zach sucked his dick, but the rest of us remained silent for a moment, until we joined in.

"You fuckin' fag!" Dylan cackled, as Zach bobbed up and down Chase's cock.

"Bro, you're getting hard!" Brandon added, which was true. Chase simply looked down, watching as his friend sucked his erection, and grinned.

"What can I say?" He replied, "it feels good".

For about thirty seconds, Zach swallowed Chase's cock, and when he finished, the young man's stiff prick glistened under the living room light.

"Who's next?" He asked, casually strutting in front of us as seven inches of meat stuck out from his body.

Zach wiped his mouth on his arm and gargled with beer, but I was too focused on Chase to pay much attention.

"I'll blow you" Brandon said, and when Chase turned around to him, Brandon unzipped his pants. "If you blow me".

We all let out the same shocked noise. It was something between a gasp and an ohh. Chase smirked at his closest friend as his cock twitched.

"Again?" He replied, which made my eyes bulge. "Don't get excited, Matthews" he added, glancing at me, "I'm kidding".

Brandon cackled and squeezed my neck. It was a long running joke that I was gay, but I brushed it off most of the time. It wasn't true. Not really.

"Alright, fine" Chase said, "pull it out".

Brandon and Chase were painfully competitive. Everything they did, ended up as a competition, so I wasn't shocked when Brandon reached into his pants and dragged out a cock that was larger than Chase's.

"Go ahead, honey" he smirked, "suck".

There was no point in trying to hide the fact that we were all watching. I leaned forward as Chase dropped to his knees and dramatically wrapped his hand around Brandon's dick. He didn't seem as eager as Zach had been, but a few

seconds later, he took the fat cock into his mouth.

"This ain't his first time" Dylan grinned, as Chase gulped down his buddy's rod, but Brandon only lasted a few seconds before his laughter took over and he shoved Chase away.

"You're a fuckin' mad man" he chuckled.

"Your turn" Chase said, wiping his lips and getting to his feet. His cock was deflated slightly, but Brandon didn't seem to care as he used his tongue to position Chase's dick between his lips and began to suck.

"Yo, Matthews" Chase said after a few minutes, as Brandon bobbed back and forth on his dick. I managed to peel my eyes from the incredible sight and looked up at the handsome footballer.

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever played the game Soggy Biscuit?" He asked, and I squinted at him.

"Soggy Biscuit?" I replied, and he nodded. It felt very odd to be speaking to him whilst another guy was sucking his dick. "No, what is it?" I asked.

"It's pretty simple" he said, thrusting slightly. "A group of guys sit around and jerk off" he explained, "the last one to cum on the biscuit has to eat it".

I felt a dart of excitement but I forced myself to squirm. "Sounds gross" I lied.

"Yeah, and guess what?" He replied, a sadistic grin curling on his lip.

"W... What?"

"We're playing Soggy Biscuit right now" he said, and I cocked a brow.

"We are?" I replied.

"Yeah" Chase nodded, speeding up as he fucked Brandon's mouth. "And you're the biscuit".

Without warning, Chase dragged his hard cock from Brandon's mouth and leapt on me. I had no time to fight him off, and as soon as he landed on me, I heard the unmistakeable sound of moaning. I gasped as a hot spurt of cum splashed against my face, and felt the thick fluid drooling over my lips as Chase shot his load on me.

For a moment, everything fell silent. Chase's cum dripped down my cheeks and lips, and I gawped up at him as he squeezed the remaining seed from his hard cock. Then, the room erupted with laughter and cheering, and Chase tussled my hair.

"I guess I have to eat you after this" he whispered, as the party resumed.



MARIO
Photography by GASQUE ph



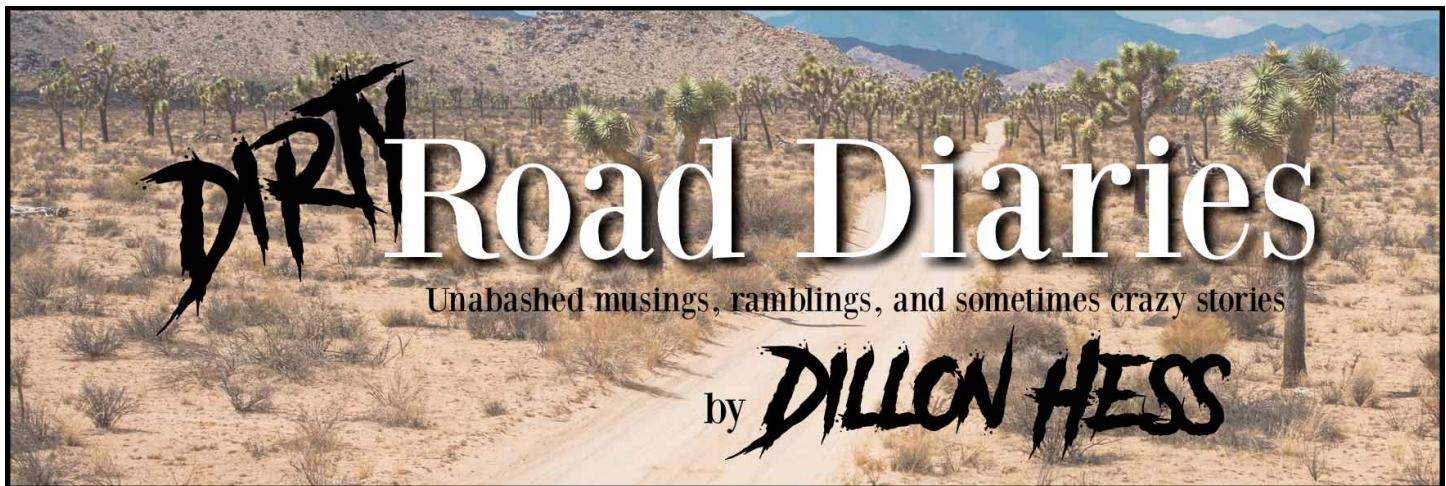












The Alchemy of Hunger

Out here, heat teaches you everything. The sun strips you bare, the god-forsaken roads will humble you, and the hunger that deep, wordless ache becomes your fuck'n teacher.

Desire isn't the enemy. It's the raw material. It's the coal that becomes the hot diamond when you stop running from it and start burning through it. The work isn't to extinguish the fire. The work is to aim it. I used to chase bodies the way a thirsty man chases mirages thinking each new touch might finally quiet the storm. But the storm was never outside. It was inside me. And when I stopped using sex as a hiding place, it started to become a prayer.

Every fkn breath, every fkn movement, every fkn tremor turned into a way of saying thank you to life, to the mystery, to the part of me that still believed in beauty after all the dirt and ruin. That's the alchemy of it. The same force that can destroy you can also remake you. Lust can rot into shame, or it can rip you open into truth. It all depends on whether you're taking or giving, escaping or

entering, grasping or surrendering. When I give, I give from the overflow not to fill a void, but to awaken something sleeping in another.

I'm escaping by entering your amazing hot fk hole, plowing one hot seed after the other to your wanting pulsating fuck hole. That's what this road has taught me: Sex isn't the destination. It's the language the soul uses when it's trying to remember where it came from. And out here under the desert sun, or night time stars under the weight of my own becoming I'm still learning how to listen. Now when I touch, I listen. Not to the body but to the spirit beneath it. There's something ancient in every connection, something that remembers where we came from.

And when it's real when it's honest you don't just come together, you become together. Creation happens in that moment not just of life, but of meaning. That's when the hunger changes shape. It stops being about release and becomes about revelation. That's when you realize: this isn't lust anymore. It's resurrection.





THERE IS A SOLUTION OUR COMMUNITY CARES

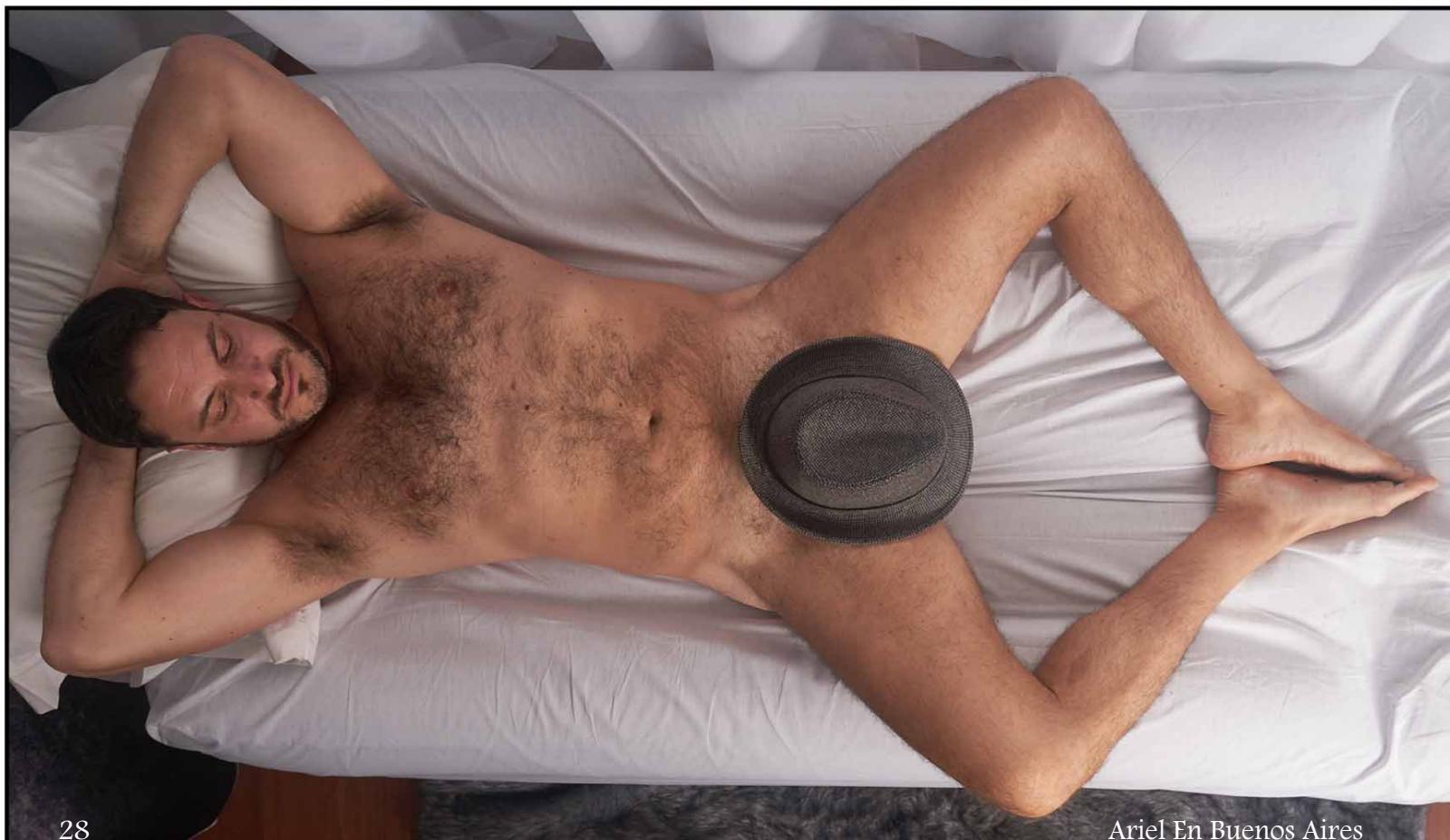
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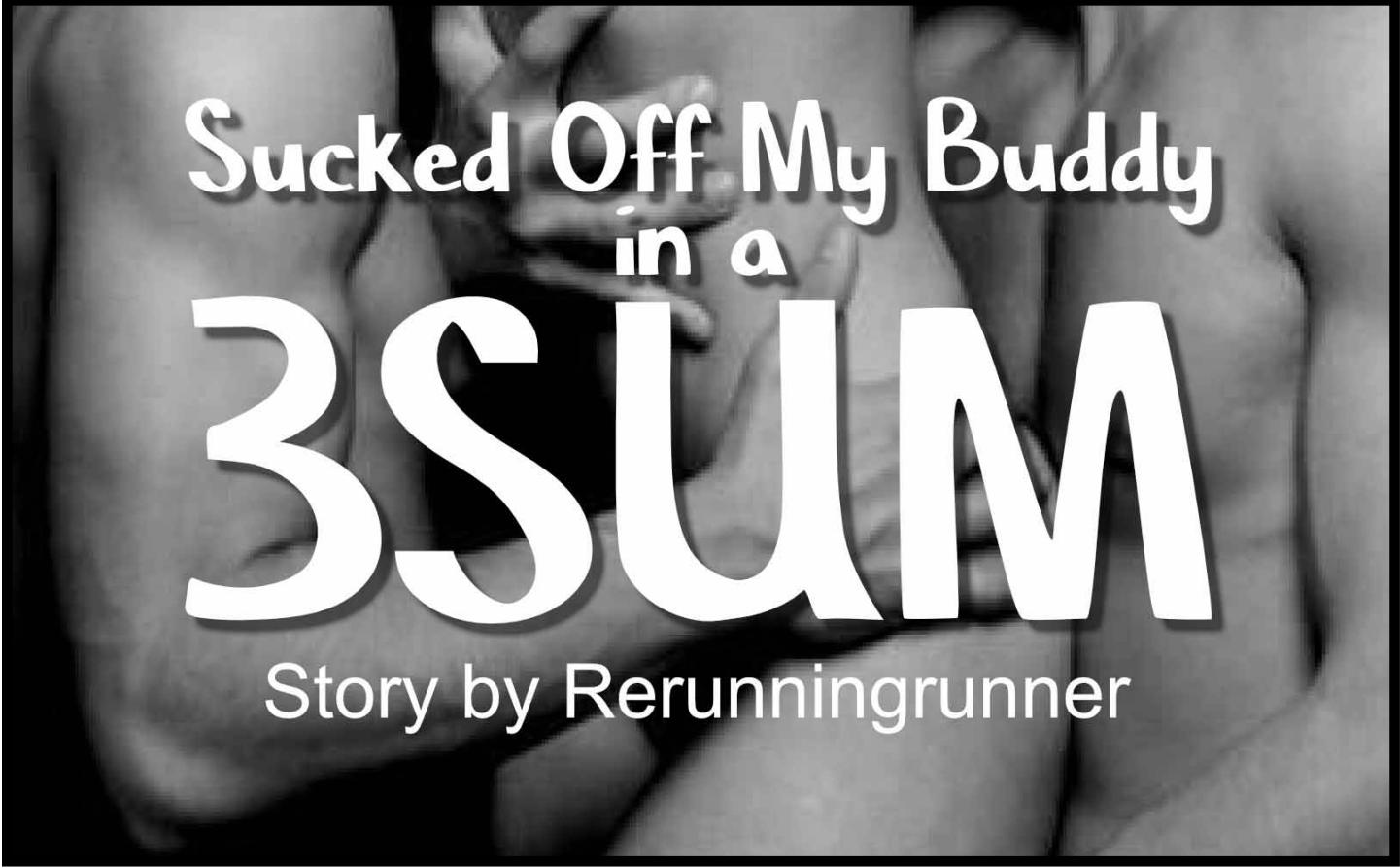




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Ariel En Buenos Aires



Sucked Off My Buddy in a 3SUM

Story by Rerunningrunner

I was hanging out with one of my friends at a bar/lounge place when this older woman came up to him at the bar and started making small talk. I'd say she was in her mid-late 30s. Though she was speaking to the both of us, it was obvious she was more into him and flirting with him quite a lot, touching his arm and shit. And my friend, being the class act he is, returned her flirty energy tenfold, telling her how he's gonna leave her whimpering and unable to walk once he's done with her, saying all kinds of suggestive things (which truth be told were just him bullshitting).

Anyways, this conversation goes on for a while, the three of us keep having some drinks, until eventually this lady asks us back to her hotel, not far from the place we were at. At first, I was firmly against the idea of ever getting myself into a threesome, especially with this guy (cause while we were good friends, we weren't THAT close and I feel like for a threesome you need your ride or die). Regardless, I was four drinks down and decided to just go with the flow.

15 minutes later, the three of us somehow stumble our way back to her hotel room. While she's trying to get her hotel keycard to work, my

bud puts his arm around my shoulders and asks me 'if I'm ready for this rollercoaster ride'. I asked him if he had protection and he said that we'd never see the woman again so screw that'. We're finally let into the room and everyone stumbles through the small passageway to the double bed, with the woman in the middle and me and my friend on either side of her.

It started with everyone making out, mainly just me and my bud sitting on either side of her, kissing her neck and lips as and when she'd let us (very Challengers-style). But after a little while, it became evident to me that those two were a lot more into it than I was. Though I started slowing down on the kissing, they started getting real hot and heavy, taking one another's tops off. Very awkwardly, I also quickly bared myself down to my briefs. My bud had done the same but the woman had taken all her shit off, completely nude.

As my guy made his way down, I tried getting back in on the action with the woman but it just felt weird. She was enjoying all that he was doing to her tits. Eventually, the woman pins him down onto the bed and gets on top of his face. As he starts eating her out, I realise this shit is not for

me and I need to fuck right off from there. But that's when I see his cock poking through his waistband, all leaking and shit. And I don't know, something just flipped inside of me.

I started feeling my heart racing more than it has during this whole thing. And at the same time, I could see his cock pulsate as he's eating her out and she's moaning at the top of her lungs. So I decide to do a hail mary, thinking that I'll blame it on the alcohol if things go south. I grab my bud's briefs, pull them down and his cock catapults forward like a pole. I still hear him eating her out and her moaning. Neither had noticed what I was about to do.

I finally say screw it, grab his rod in my hand and immediately feel the moistness all over. He's uncut, so I pull the foreskin back as much as I can without resistance and put my mouth on his cock. I let my tongue feel out the tip, slide it all across the head, and get a mouthful of his precum going down my throat. Eventually, quite naturally, I start gliding both my hand and head up and down his shaft,

using my other hand to massage his nuts. I keep switching between sucking his shaft and his balls, and every time I switch, I hear him moan a little.

This goes on for a little while, until he finally gets the woman off of him, and sits up. I'm so into the whole thing that I don't notice him staring right down at me, with a blank look on his face. He grabs his cock, yanking it out of my hand and (this part is a little hazy) sort of lightly hits it on my face, near my mouth. I think I caught a smirk (I'm not too sure) but he turned back to the woman, pushing her to her back, spreads her legs apart and says I'm gonna cum before beginning to pound her. I was still there, on my knees, watching him plough her and I start jerking myself off as well. Eventually, everyone's finished and we all retire to the bed exhausted and go off to sleep.

Come next morning, my bud and I leave the woman's room and he brings up the events of last night, without any reference to what I did. Either he genuinely didn't remember or chose to stay silent about it, I didn't know.

THE DADDY YEARS

A Non-Judgemental
Non-Slut Shaming
Body & Age Positive
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Podcast Reboot

BIG GAY SEX SHOW

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Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Gay Sex...
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CHRIS



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MODEL
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Nature Naturally

MODEL EPHRAIM





MODEL
JACK

Nature Naturally



MODEL
JACK



MODEL MARVIN

MODEL
MARVIN





MODEL
MATTIA



MODEL
MATTIA

BALACLAVA MAN IN A FIELD

Story by
jjm1490



Few years ago I was scrolling grindr as I used to do a lot of back then, I would have around 27, I got chatting to a blank profile and he peaked my interest. He's a top around my age and said he was into outdoors meets where his fave is masked, also likes to be rough. He told me to meet him at this park and told me where to stand and to message him once I was there. He warned me I might get wet and muddy.

He told me to meet him in this nature reserve/park area which wasn't to far away and told me to stand in the middle of a grassed area and to message him when I was there. I run through that area occasionally so I knew where he meant. I decided to go with it and drove over and parked on a street outside. It was around midnight and as I entered the street lights guided the way on the path, I got to the grassed area and walked off the path to the middle as I was told. It was dark but the glow from the path lights provided just enough light so I wasn't in total darkness. I then messaged and said I was here.

He never replied and I was stood standing on the wet grass, I started to think he wasn't coming until I could make out someone in black coming towards me from the opposite direction I had. As he got closer he could see he was in a balaclava. I was nervous as fuck and for a moment thought what if he's here just to beat me up. I was so nervous I must have been frozen there until he eventually arrived in front of me.

He was a slim/average build, black jogging

pants, black hoodie and of course the black balaclava. I went to say hello or something like that and he just grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face down onto his crotch, I could feel his already semi cock through his pants. He pushed me to my knees, I could feel them getting wet off the grass through my own jogging pants. He pulled his cock out and said "suck it". I did what I was told, it was a good size average cock so I wasn't disappointed. He grabbed the back of my hair as his cock got fully erect in my mouth. Then he started to face fuck me hard. He started to say things like "take it slut" at the same time as slapping the side of my face. I had never been in a situation like this and I just completely submitted.

He then pulled his cock out of mouth and as I gasped for air he told me to turn around. So I started to stand up to I could but he pushed me back into the wet grass and said something like "no stay down on your knees". I shuffled around so I was facing away from him and he pushed me down onto the ground. He then said grabbed my hips and motioned for me to raise my ass up, as I did he pulled down my pants just enough to get to my ass. I was face down in the wet grass, ass in the air with my hole on display in this dark field with a complete masked stranger. My clothes were wet and muddy of being pushed around. The guy didn't care at all for my pleasure, was just using me and to be honest it felt hot as fuck.

He spat on my hole then I could feel him lining himself up. Then that was it, he just went for

it. He went from 0 to 100 and fucked me hard. I started to move around in discomfort but he just called me names and held me there face down in the muddy grass. As my hole got used to it I again completely submitted and he must have been able to tell as he called me a good boy. He continued to fucked me saying things like "take that cock" etc. He then without any warning pounded me harder a few times as I could feel him cuming in me.

He then stood up, put his cock back into his pants and just walked off leaving me there still ass up and used in the middle of the field. I managed to compose myself and stood up and pulled my pants up then started to walk back over to the path

where the lights were. As I got closer I could see that my cloths soaking wet and muddy as fuck so I hurried back to the car. The streets were so quiet with no one around so I drove home. As my cock was never touched through the whole meet I wanked so hard when I got back thinking about what had just happened. The idea he could have been anyone, he could have lied about his age for all I know. I could walk past him in the street and would never know that they had been balls deep in me. I could have known him even.

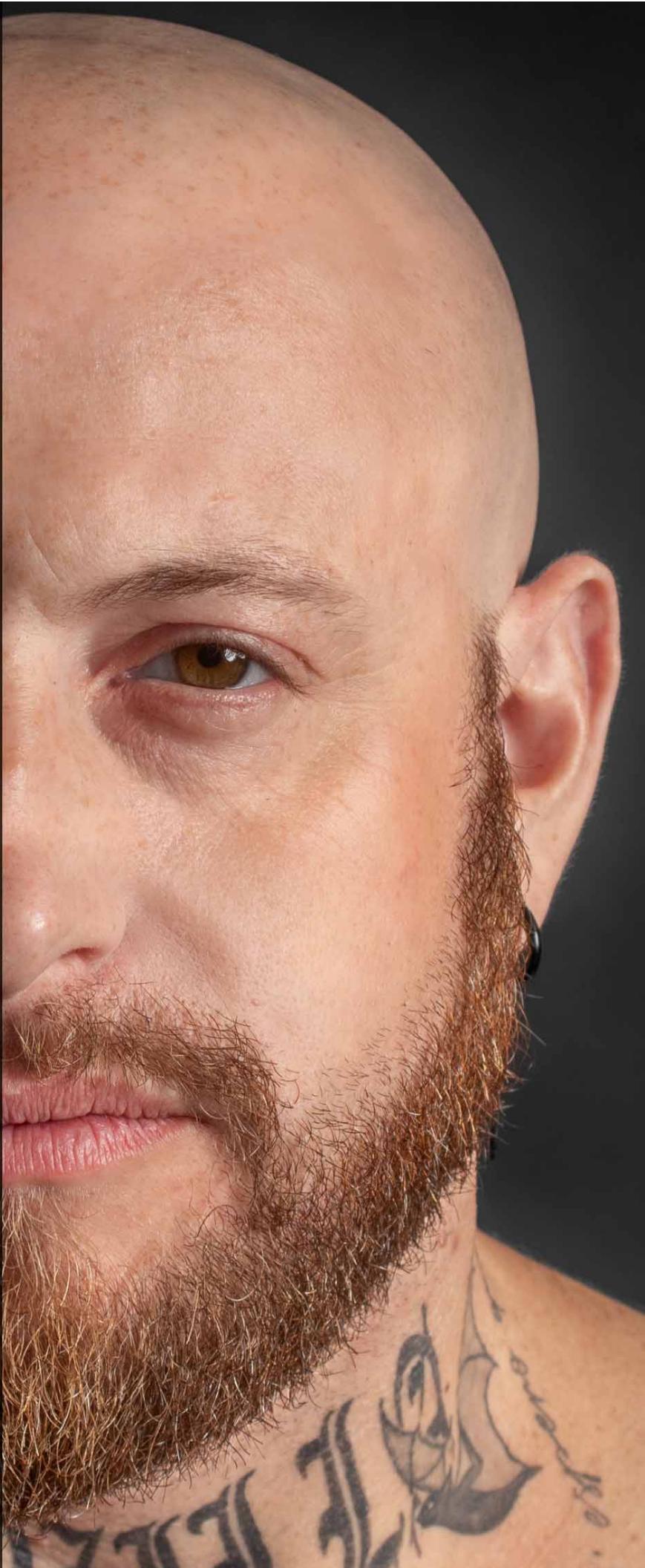
I often think about this, it never happened again but thinking back it was so hot if not a bit of a reckless thing to do.



JOEY ATTACK

THE MAN WITHOUT MAKEUP

PHOTOS BY MR. M





@MrMPhoto1973



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I CAME DURING WRESTLING TRYOUTS

Story by
didyoueatmyburrito



I never planned on joining the wrestling team. I just figured girls liked wrestlers. Something about big dudes getting sweaty and pummeling each other, muscles colliding, and being good with your body seemed like a pantie dropper. I just wanted to be a pussy magnet and get my dick wet before my reputation as a dude with no game became fixed and permanent. I was just going to show up, try out, look athletic enough to get noticed, and take a few selfies during the process for instagram. Instead, I walked into one of the weirdest, most confusing afternoons of my life.

I wasn't completely without assets to begin with. I was average height for my age, but I compared myself to other guys, and I definitely had better than average muscle tone, at least by the definition and "cum gutters" and stuff like that. I had been going to the gym a couple times a week for a year or so, and my arms and core and legs were good. I had done a decent amount of "looksmaxing" and even had been unironically on a mewling grind multiple times, getting facial definition. Still, I hadn't really ever been able to talk to a girl and actually turn it into a thing. I would get nervous and kind of just blow it.

When I walked into tryouts, the gym smelled like rubber mats and man sweat. A few guys were already stretching, some joking around, some doing impressive gymnastics style warmups like enhanced cartwheels and flips. I was intimidated already, and wondering if I should have even shown up to this. Sam was there too.

He and I had known each other since middle school. He wasn't exactly a friend, but he was always around similar social circles to me,

same parties, group hangs, whatever. I was honestly a bit intimidated by him in general. He was tall and strong. I shouldn't have been surprised that he would be interested in trying out for wrestling too. I think the reason we never really got close was that he had a sort of charisma that attracted girls, and made guys jealous. He would look at me like he was sizing me up, and I would freeze a little bit and not know what to say. He wasn't exactly too cool for me, just on another wavelength, like he had a secret guidebook to life that I hadn't read yet.

When he saw me, he smirked. "Didn't know you wrestled, man."

"I don't," I said. "Trying something new."

He nodded, still smiling. "You'll love it."

The coach had us pair up to spar. I didn't expect to get matched with Sam due to our size difference, but he called it out before anyone else could.

"I got him," he said, clapping me on the shoulder like he had been looking forward to sparring with me.

We took direction from the coach as he watched us all carefully, starting slow, crouched low, circling each other. Our first set was doing "takedowns". My heart was hammering, not just from nerves. His hands were on me before I knew what was happening. One second I was standing, the next I was face down, flat on the mat with his weight pressing down on top of me. I tried to push up, but he shifted, holding me down easily. His arm wrapped around my chest, my face mashed into the mat. Every breath smelled like male sweat and shame. My whole body was tense, my brain a blur of panic, and then there was something else,

something that felt kind of good. I was being held, slightly scared, controlled by another male, and I was feeling a nervous tingle from my belly button to the base of my balls.

"Relax," he muttered. "You're too stiff. Don't be such a silly little boy."

Instant. Throbbing. Erection.

I started to freak out. My brain was repeating the phrase, Please don't be gay. Please don't be gay. Please don't be gay.

I don't think he realized how his words sounded. He adjusted his grip, his thigh sliding between mine, his chest against my back, his knee pressing upward into my taint and balls. I froze. My pulse spiked and I felt my boner throbbing painfully against my shorts. I wanted to disappear, but I didn't want to draw attention.

Sam noticed. Of course he did. "Bro," he whispered, laughing quietly. "You seriously got a boner right now?"

I couldn't speak. My face burned.

"It happens, man. Nerves," he said, still smirking

"Happens all the time... maybe." He shifted his weight again, pressing me harder into the mat, but also covering me enough that no one else in the room would see my big problem downstairs. He was protecting me from embarrassment. His grip on my hips was intense, and his meaty crotch pressed into my ass. I realized he must have been carrying plenty of weight down there, adding to his confidence and not making my shame in the moment any easier. Something was clicking in me and my struggle against him turned more into a series of movements aimed at feeling more of him with the back of me. There was nothing separating our bodies except millimeters of thin athletic clothing. I still didn't even have control over my body, Sam running the show as I pretended to push back against his holds.

His breath was hot on my ear as he pushed me further into submission, grinding his hips into me, wrapping a leg and controlling my body and arms. "But you better not—"

He didn't finish the sentence before it happened. My whole body jolted. My butt cheeks tensed, and I knew he felt it. I was throbbing in my crotch, and I could feel it pulsing all the way to my taint and ass, which he could clearly sense with his body, whether he wanted to feel it or not. I didn't

even have the bandwidth to feel bad for him, as I was experiencing the weirdest orgasm of my life, a horrifying mix of pleasure and public shame. He pulled back fast, disgust and shock mixing on his face.

He whisper-yelled just quiet enough that others wouldn't hear. "Dude. You better not have just fucking cum!"

I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me. My hands went to my shorts, trying to adjust myself quickly, but there was a huge wet stain, and an unmistakable boner in my pants. The aroma of cum hit my nose and I could see on his face that he smelled it too. I muttered, "No, I didn't."

He didn't believe me, but he didn't say anything else. The coach called time and told us to switch partners. Sam got up, gave me a weird look, then shrugged like he'd already decided not to think about it again.

I was standing there, sort of frozen in shame, and just snuck away to the locker room. I didn't have a change of clothes, since I had come straight from home. I didn't want to walk home like that, and tried to wipe them clear of the wet spot, with no success. I just added some water to my shorts to try and make it look like sweat, and ended up re-joining the group. My shame was slightly ameliorated by the condition of some of the other guys. While I doubt any of them had ejaculated in the course of the takedowns session, some of them were near crying from their own experience in shame, their bodies drenched in sweat, clothes sticking to their skin. I felt a little better and told myself, Maybe this won't be so bad. The coach didn't seem to notice that I had been gone, and I just jumped into the line of guys as they had begun doing pushups.

By the time tryouts ended, I was drenched in sweat and was still carrying some anxiety and shame about what happened with Sam. But underneath all that, something new was alive in me. A weird curiosity. I still had no idea what made me cum like that, or if it was just a random hormonal surge that would never happen again. Truthfully, I was in denial that I had loved what Sam was doing to me, and that it was better than any fantasy I had ever had about a girl. I had a craving to feel it again. The control he exerted over me, the strength, the closeness, the smell of him as he

used me like a tool for his domination.

In the locker room, everyone stripped down and headed for the showers. Sam was joking with a couple of the older guys, acting like nothing happened. I followed, quiet, trying not to stare. But I did. Everyone's body was different, stronger, leaner. I compared myself without meaning to. I even looked at their dicks. It was just a bunch of flaccid dudes showering casually, but I still felt like there was something to prove while standing around naked and showering together. Sam caught my eye once and just grinned, continuing to chat with the guys he had apparently made friends with during the tryouts. I was praying to the god from my childhood that he wasn't telling them about what happened with me.

Once the guys had mostly cleaned themselves, it started to turn somewhat chaotic. With no supervision, and the amped up testosterone of a bunch of wrestlers and hopeful athletes, the guys started laughing and shoving each other, tossing soap and even starting a game of "grandpa's pubes" where they made bunches of white soap bubbles and put them around their dicks.

Suddenly, someone grabbed me from behind in a fake chokehold. I flinched, ready to react, until I realized it was Sam. After everything that had happened earlier, I just froze, wondering if he was going to kick my ass. But he already realized before I did that liked the feeling of being dominated, and while he did take control of my body, he was actually being gentle. I could barely see his face from the angle I was in, but I could sense a bit of a smirk. His body made full contact with the back of mine, and his meaty dick was pushing against my left butt cheek. The guys around were laughing, and I just pretended to lightly struggle.

He messed with me a bit further, tightening his grip just enough to make my pulse jump, when he noticed me starting to get hard. He just paused

for a second and then let me go. We sort of smiled at each other, like we both knew but didn't need to say anything, and then went our separate ways like nothing happened.

When everyone finally cleared out, I changed slowly, trying to calm down. My head was spinning, replaying what had happened with Sam. He had looked right at me before walking off, like he understood everything that just went down but didn't want to talk about it either. I sat on the bench for a while, pretending to tie my shoes while the locker room echoed empty. I didn't know what to do with any of it. Part of me wanted to text him. Another part wanted to delete the whole afternoon from existence.

By the time I stepped outside, the air hit my face cool and sharp, and my buddy Ryan was waiting for me by the bike rack. We started walking, our sneakers crunching over the gravel. He shoved me lightly. "So, how were tryouts?"

I laughed once, lowly. "You don't even want to know."

"Yeah, I do."

I hesitated, then decided to just tell him most of the truth. "It was... weird. I kinda got paired with that guy Sam M, and he, uh, man-handled me. Like, really tossed me around."

Ryan snorted. "What, he like kicked your ass?"

"Worse. I got hard. During it."

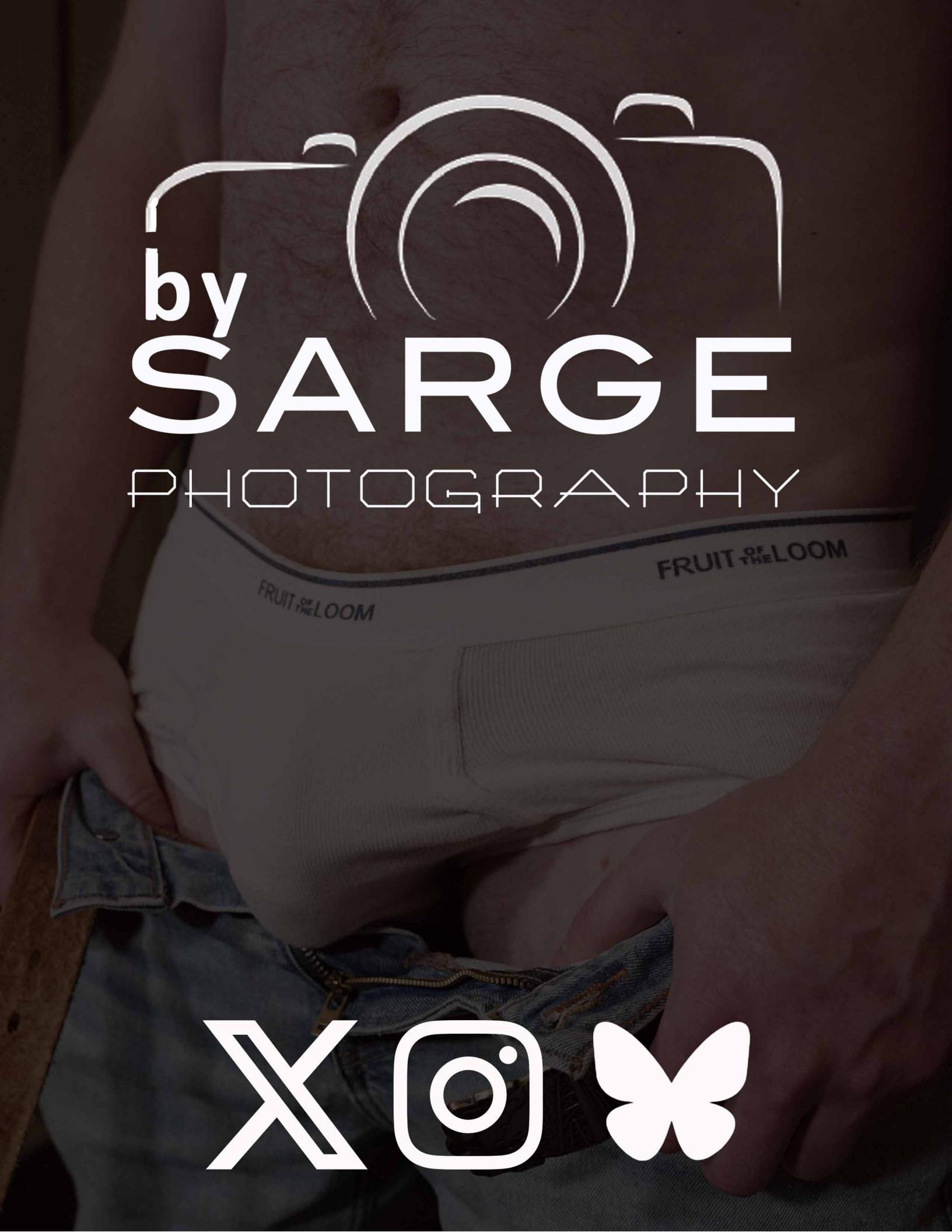
He stopped walking for a second, staring at me. "You serious?"

"Yeah, dude." I rubbed my neck, trying not to look at him. "And it got worse. I literally jizzed in my pants when he pinned me down." I felt my face turning red.

"Oh my god," he said, squinting. He was speechless for a minute, before he finally went on. "Bro, that's what gay is."

I kicked a rock down the sidewalk. "I don't give a shit if it is," I said. "I just fucking hope to god I make the team now."





by

SARGE

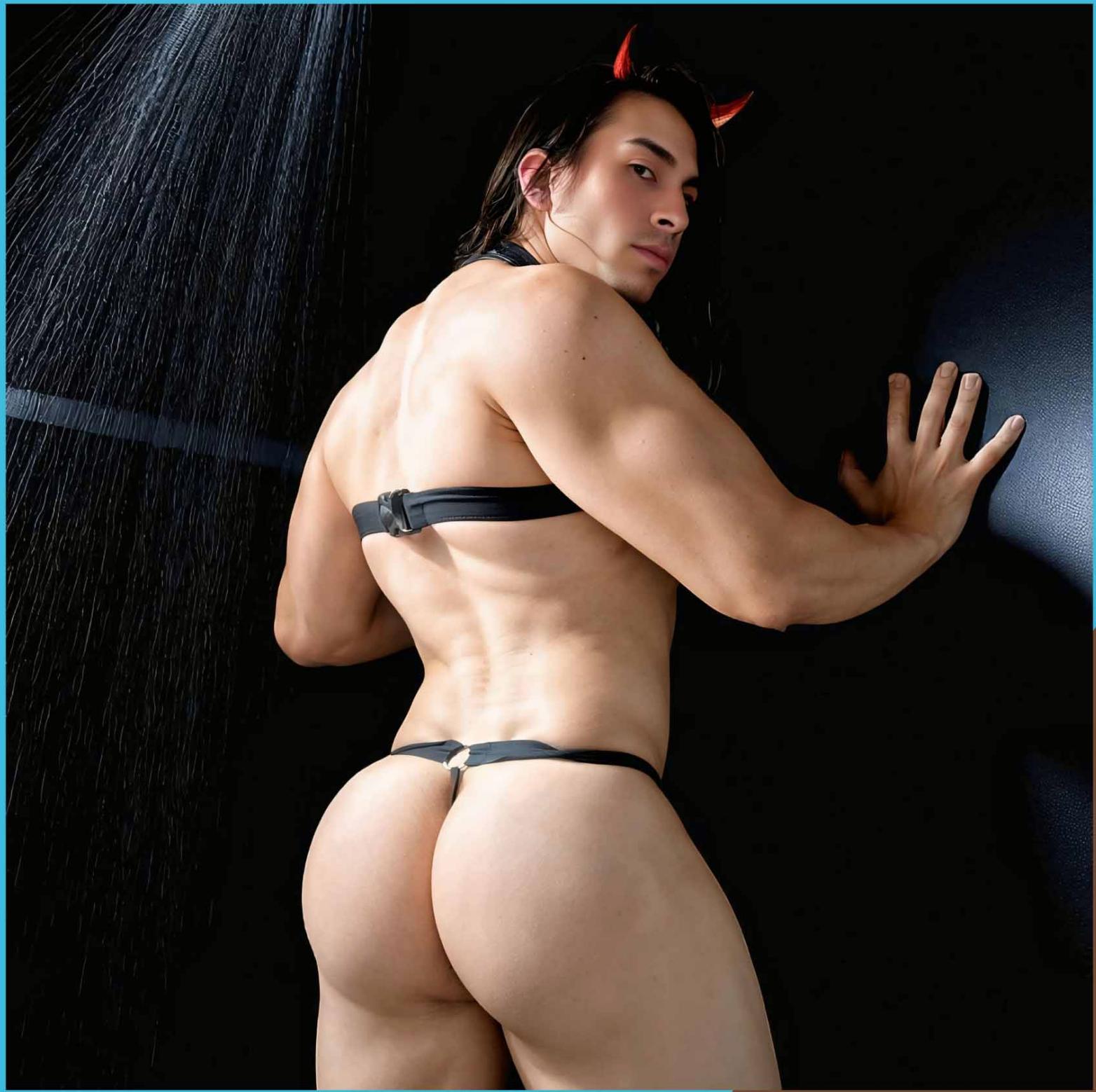
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