

## Good Buddies

Everyone needs a good buddy now and again!

Naughty or Nice?

**Roosbeh**

Heating up the beach!

**Zac Snow**

Roberto Fróes presents

**Malicia  
Masculina**

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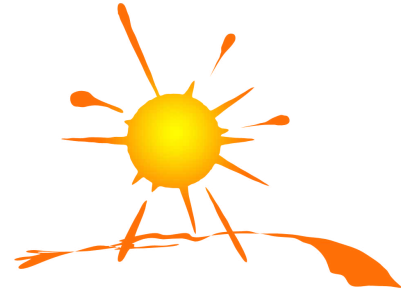
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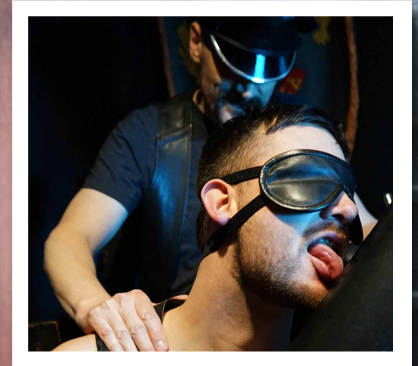
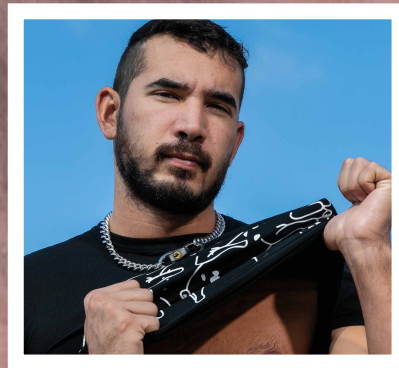
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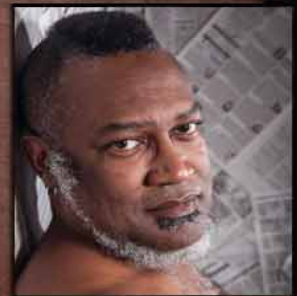
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# Ramblings from the Editor

Is it safe to go outside yet? That's the big question everyone is asking themselves these days.

It's not just about a virus you could get from people who think that it's fake, or were lead by a leader who insisted all you had to do was shove bleach up your ass and you'd be safe, but it's about shooters now.

And the damned mass killers are no longer just frustrated white middle class sis men, now they have their kids shooting up the schools!! What the fuck is that all about?

Trust me, I got my share of bullying (and no, I have not heard that is the cause of the latest shooting in Michigan) in school but I was raised with enough respect for firearms that I would not have even thought to take one to school.

What kind of society have we created over the years that a young man would think that is the only alternative? Have we really failed the kids so much that they mimic the movies and series that permeate our culture now?

And what the hell is with the parents? Last I heard they were "nowhere to be found" but their lawyers insisted they weren't running!!! What kind of message does that send to their kid? That they would rather leave the kid to the legal system and go into hiding than they would stand by their

child to figure out what triggered it? That is just utter bullshit! Nothing says guilt like running before you are even charged with a crime.

That shooting aside, the new variant of the virus is sure making it's ugly head known all over the world.

I thought with modern technologies and medicines something like this should not "just appear", that someone, somewhere, was paying attention to mutations happening.

Or maybe that is just a thing of sci fi now, not reality? I don't really know.

What a hell of ride this year has been and it's almost over!! Does anyone else thing that the time flew by way too quickly? Or are you just glad it's over too!

And then you have to wonder, what the hell is next year going to bring us different than what we have been through this year.

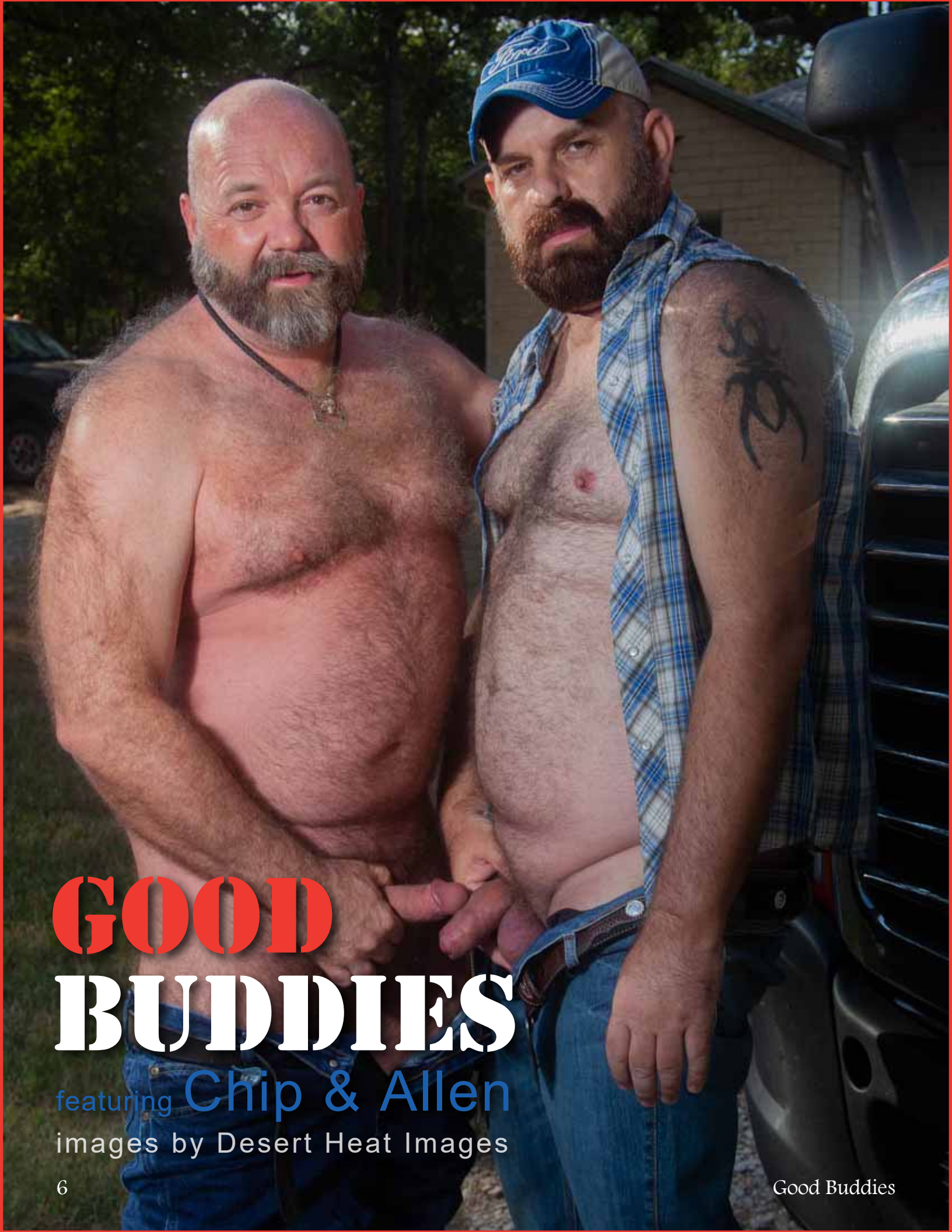
We can only hope that things mellow out. That sanity becomes the ruler rather than insanity.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

*John*





# GOOD BUDDIES

featuring **Chip & Allen**  
images by Desert Heat Images









Good Buddies









# My GF Made Me Go Gay in Mexico

*and broke up with me*

Story by beef-cheeks

This one happened a few years back. I should've just stayed there.

When we arrived in Mexico, it was scorching hot. Thwack your sweaty balls off your thigh hot. The resort van pulled into the swingers' resort. We're greeted with fresh cocktails and a room key. My GF, Natalie, and I had it all planned out: check in. Get set up and then go to town. She wanted to watch me fuck other women (Don't worry, this story has a gay ending).

The check-in cocktails go down fast. We went up to our room and showered. She teased my dick a bit, and we went to get some drinks from the swim-up bar. She wore a skimpy two-piece with a thong that hid in her ass. And I wore my bikini trunks. When I tried them on, I asked her if they made me look gay. She said "kinda." I bought them anyway.

The swim-up bar drinks go down fast, too. I was tipsy. The long trip, the heat and the quick drinks were potent.

"Let's go get something to eat," she says, noticing my inebriation.

We towelled off and walked to get food. I take a few steps on the stone path and I'm immediately distracted. A few guys are listening to music on their own speaker, suntanning on pool chairs. Big deal, right? Well, I must've looked a bit too long. They were clearly there for a while. Their tans accentuated their bodies. They were younger and had far less hair on their chests and stomachs than me. Both of them wore tight matching booty

shorts. Neither noticed me watching. But Natalie sure did.

"I knew it," she whispered it in my ear, "you're a fucking homo."

I shook my head out of gawking and immediately go on the defensive. But it was no use.

"If those bikini trunks didn't make you look gay before," she said motioning down, "they sure as fuck do now."

My dick was half hard and, because of the trunks, super noticeable.

Fellas, let me just say that she looked super mad. Like, about-to-break-up-with-me mad. But I was kinda happy drunk, so I didn't fight it too much. Maybe that's why she did what she did next.

"Hey boys!" She yelled at an embarrassing volume. They perked up. "My boyfriend can't stop looking at your cocks."

I was speechless. I've never been in a gay situation before, let alone a public outing.

They motioned us to come on over, and we did. They were super affable guys named Mark and Kevin. Mark was taller and slightly more buff. And Kevin was shorter, skinnier, but he had a bigger bulge. They said they were visiting from California. After the initial outburst from my girlfriend, we got along nicely. My girlfriend warmed up too.

"Sorry," she whispered in my ear. "I think I was hungry."

We cut the conversation short to head for

dinner. Mark and Kevin offered to meet up again. They told us about a tequila tour they took and that they had some amazing samples back in their room.

“Come by after you eat,” Mark said, writing their room number on a cocktail napkin.

Natalie and I go to eat. The food is like instant clarity. I immediately feel better and she does, too. I assumed we’d try to go to one of the resort events for the evening, but then she says it.

“Let’s finish up, freshen up, and go visit Mark and Kevin.”

“You’re joking.”

“No. I want to see what you’ll do.”

“I was drunk. I’m not doing anything.”

“Your cock got hard. You’re a little gay, aren’t you?”

“If I go, will you stop bugging me?”

“If you suck their cocks, I will. Just don’t go too far.”

I laugh. “I’m not doing that, but we can visit.”

After freshening up and having a few drinks in our room, we head over to their room. I was wearing pants and an open shirt. Natalie was in cute little shorts and a loose, flowing top. Kevin opens the door in short sweat shorts and no shirt. He’s holding drinks.

“We’ve been expecting you!” He says as we walk in. Kevin explains that it’s a coffee tequila cocktail. “It’s so good.” I take a sip. He’s right. We take a few more sips. And it calms the nerves.

There’s a sofa beside the bed, and we sit there.

“Mark’s just getting changed,” says Kevin and I think nothing of it.

Then the bathroom door opens. It’s Mark, and he’s changed all right. Out of all his clothes. Completely naked. He walks in, grabs a drink from Kevin, they kiss while Kevin lightly caresses Mark’s balls.

Natalie and I just look at each other. Stunned.

“Oh please,” says Mark. It’s a swingers’ resort. Don’t pretend to be shocked.”

This was a very when in Rome moment for us. Natalie and I took another look at each other, shrugged our shoulders, and made out.

It was easy to go with the flow. I took her top off and sucked her tits.

“So you couldn’t stop staring at our cocks?”

Kevin says, cutting through the moment.

Natalie pushes me away. “Go. I want to watch.”

I’m like a deer in the headlights. Then Mark grabs my hand and brings me over to the bed. On the couch, Natalie pulls down her shorts, spreads her legs and starts playing with herself. This is happening.

“Have you ever tasted a cock before?” Mark asks. I shake my head to say no. He motions at Kevin and it’s like a switch went off in my head. Somehow, I just knew what to do. I peel off Kevin’s shorts, and his rock hard cock pops out right in front of my face. I stare at it, all 7 inches. And so fucking thick. The smell hits me. The warmth takes over. I lightly grab his cock so I can move my face in closer to his balls. I trace my nose along his shaft, then I take the journey again, this time with my tongue.

“Go ahead—suck it,” says Mark. And as soon as he tells me, Kevin’s cock is deep in the back of my throat.

You guys, it was like fireworks went off inside of me. I’ve never felt so turned on. Whatever Natalie was doing, I didn’t care anymore. I just wanted more of the cock that I was gagging on.

I could feel Mark unbuttoning my pants. And soon enough, his warm mouth slobbered on my balls. Then he swallowed my 6.5 inch cock.

That’s when I finally caught Natalie out of the corner of my eye. She looked shocked. Like, holy shit, dude, you’re taking this a little far, shocked. But I couldn’t stop now. I was in complete abandon.

Mark and Kevin both put me in on my back on the bed. Mark climbs on top of me, and before I have a second to think about it, plunges my dick up inside of him. The way his ass gripped my cock is a feeling I will remember for the rest of my life. He bounced up and down with his cock and balls flopping against my stomach.

And while that was happening, Kevin brings his beautiful penis to my face and I gladly accept it into my mouth.

I don’t know who’s who or what’s what, but while this is happening, I’m in fuck heaven. Then Mark asks if I want to get my ass fucked. Mark gets off my dick, I nod and without skipping a beat, not checking in with Natalie, turn over and get on all fours.

My Girlfriend Made Me Go Gay in Mexico

Kevin stays by my head.

That's when I hear the door slam. Natalie straight up left.

"It's okay, we'll take care of you," whispers Mark as he dives his tongue into my ass.

Well, I can say I definitely wasn't thinking straight in that moment, and I just let things keep happening. There was no stopping it at this point.

Mark's fingers started opening up my asshole. It hurt, but he knew what he was doing, hitting my p-spot and I was all for it.

Kevin asked me if I was ready. I told him only if I could suck his cock at the same time. So sure enough, as Mark pressed his cock against my asshole, Kevin put his between my lips.

If fireworks went off before, this was an all out nuclear bomb. Mark gently massaged his cock into my ass and it passed in. Fuck, it burned. Fucking ouch. But he was slow and gentle and just kinda kept it there for a bit.

After a while, it stopped hurting and just started feeling good. That's when he thrust harder. I've never felt so fucking good in my entire life until that point.

I was so into it. It was so nasty.

"If you're going to cum in my ass," I said, taking my mouth off Kevin's dick. "Take that fucking condom off and shoot it up inside me."

Mark pulled back. His breathing was deep, and I could tell he was close. I heard the latex snap and felt him go back in. One layer removed

Kevin pulled back from me, stroking his cock, and I could just focus completely on getting plowed.

I could feel Mark growing inside of me. And that's when I spurted out of my cock. I didn't know that could happen, but I was drenching the bed in cum. With every thrust from Mark, another rope came out of my cock. And then he grunted loudly. My pulsing insides forced the cum out of his cock and deep up inside me.

"I'm almost there," said Kevin and his big throbbing cock started to shoot cum all over my face. In my hair, my mouth and beard.

Then we all collapsed. And we stayed in that glow for a quick moment until I remembered Natalie.

"Oh fuck," I said.

A wave of shame washed over me. Dripping head to toe in cum, I quickly grabbed my stuff and

My Girlfriend Made Me Go Gay in Mexico

went back to our room.

Let's just say that despite my pleading and apologies, our relationship ended that night. We both saw too much. But the rest of the vacation was a fuck ton of fun out on the pool chairs with the boys.



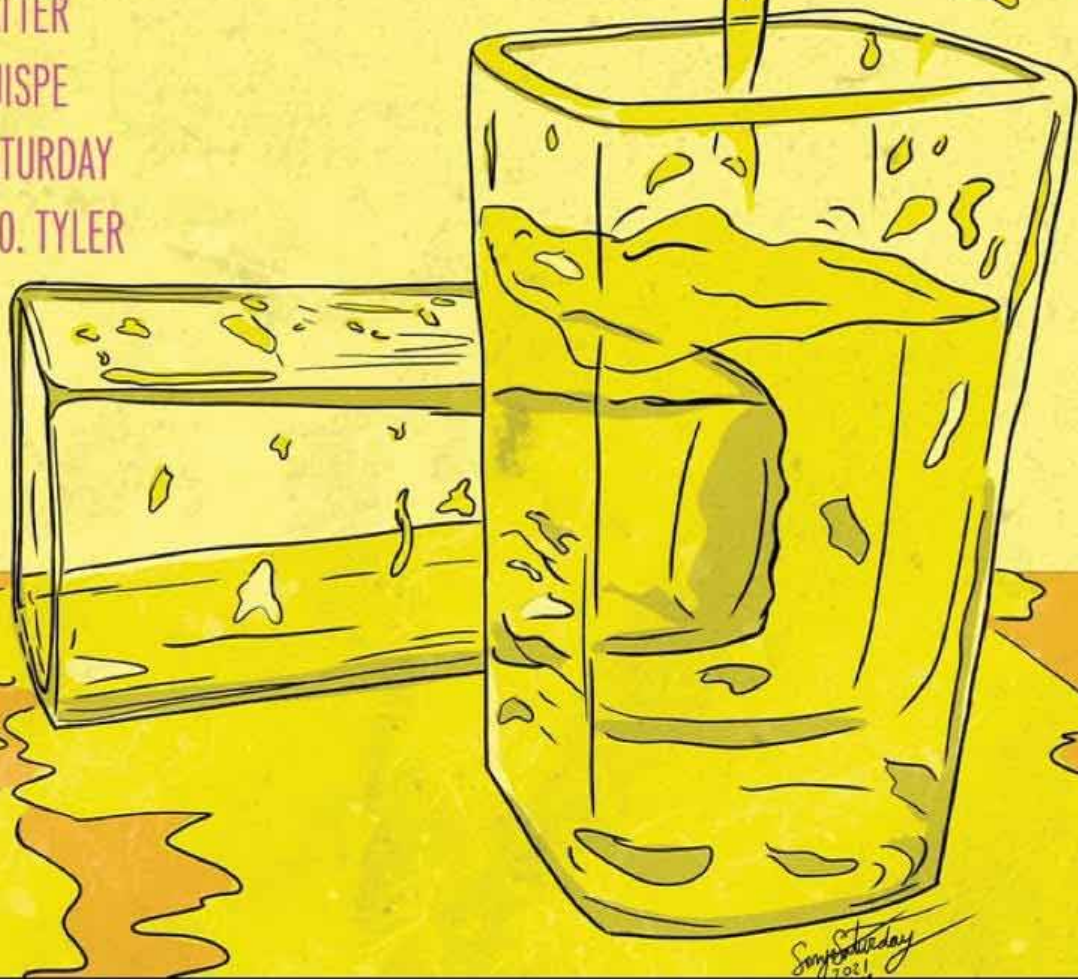
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comics about piss & sex

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BEHIND THE SCENES OF AN IML PHOTOSHOOT

# Chicago Leather Biker

Featuring

 **CHICAGO LEATHER BIKER**

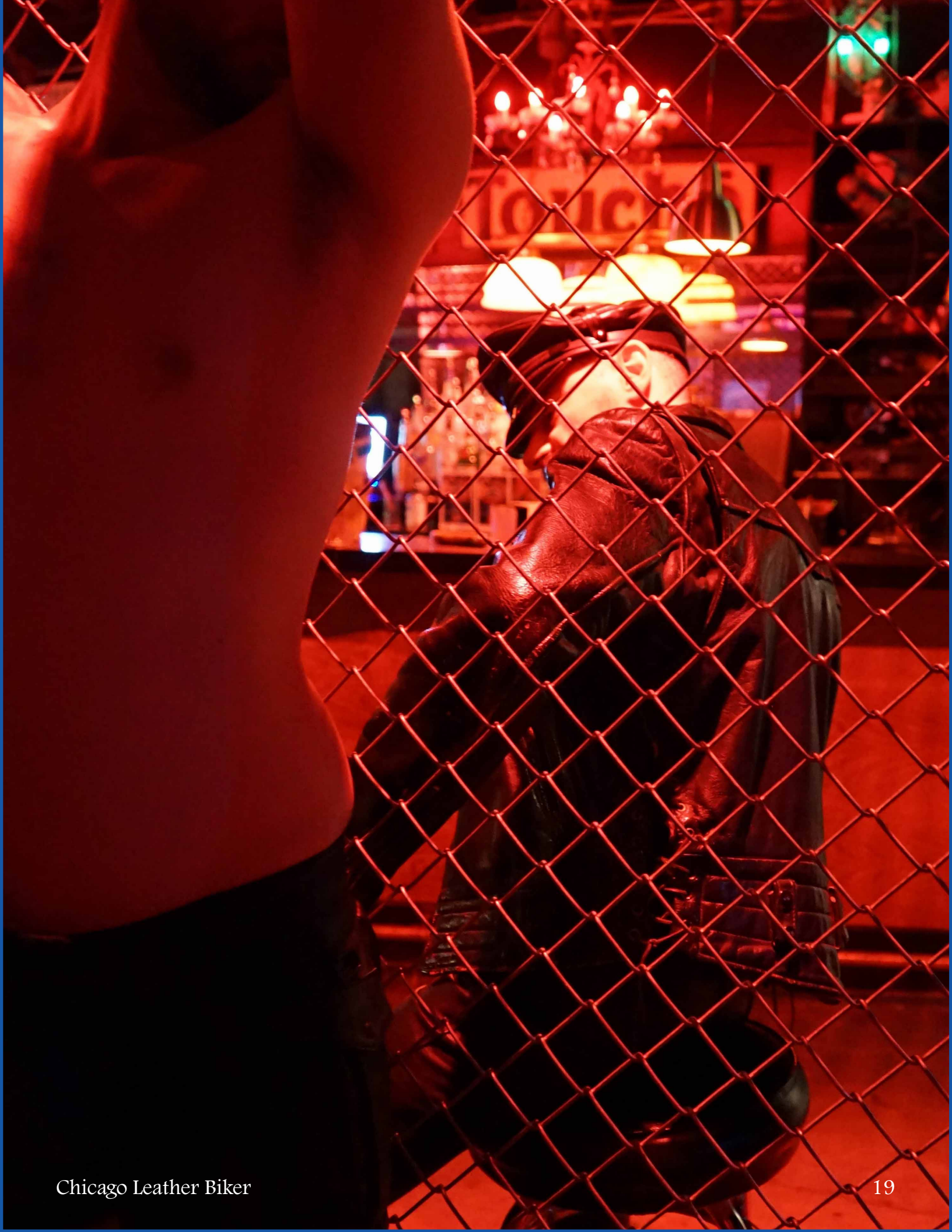
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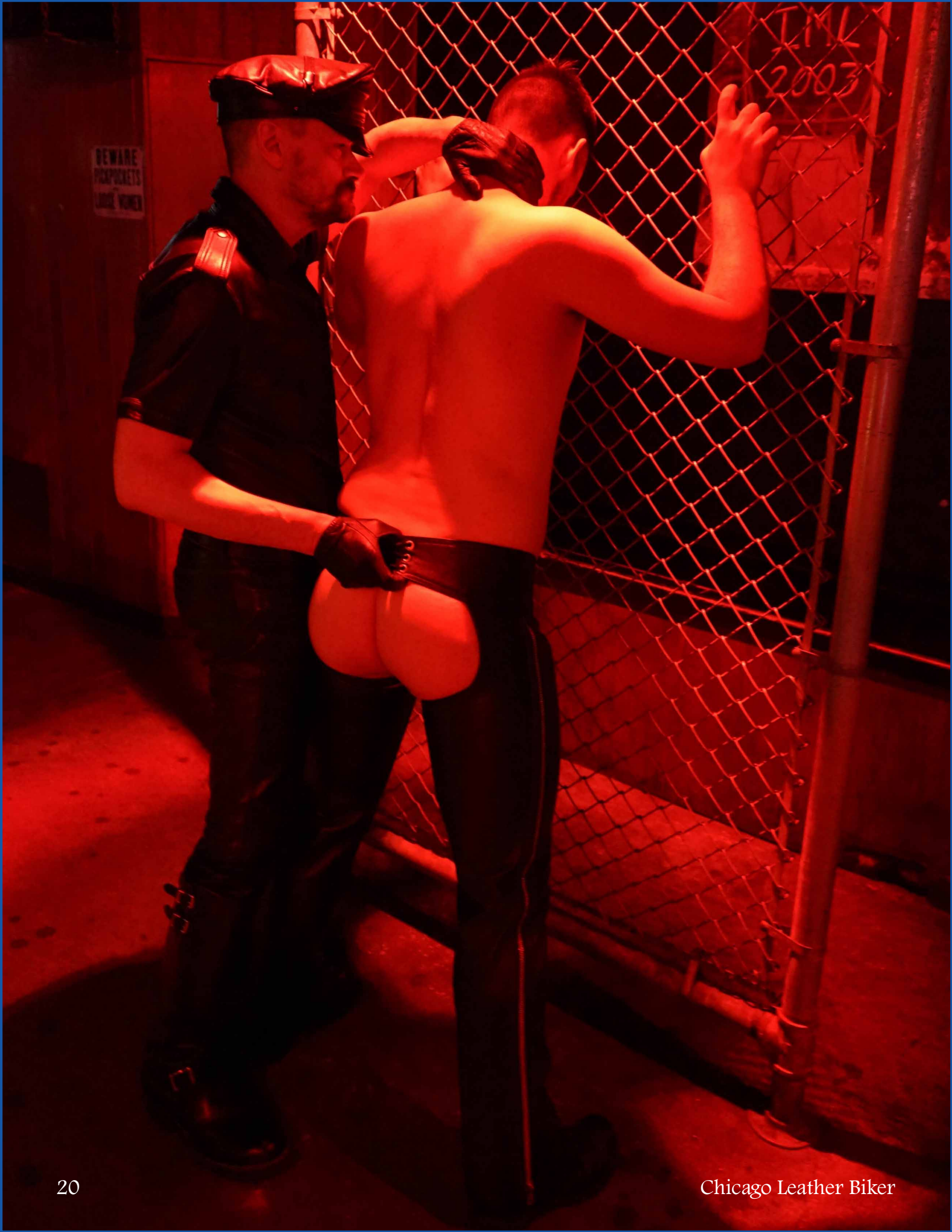
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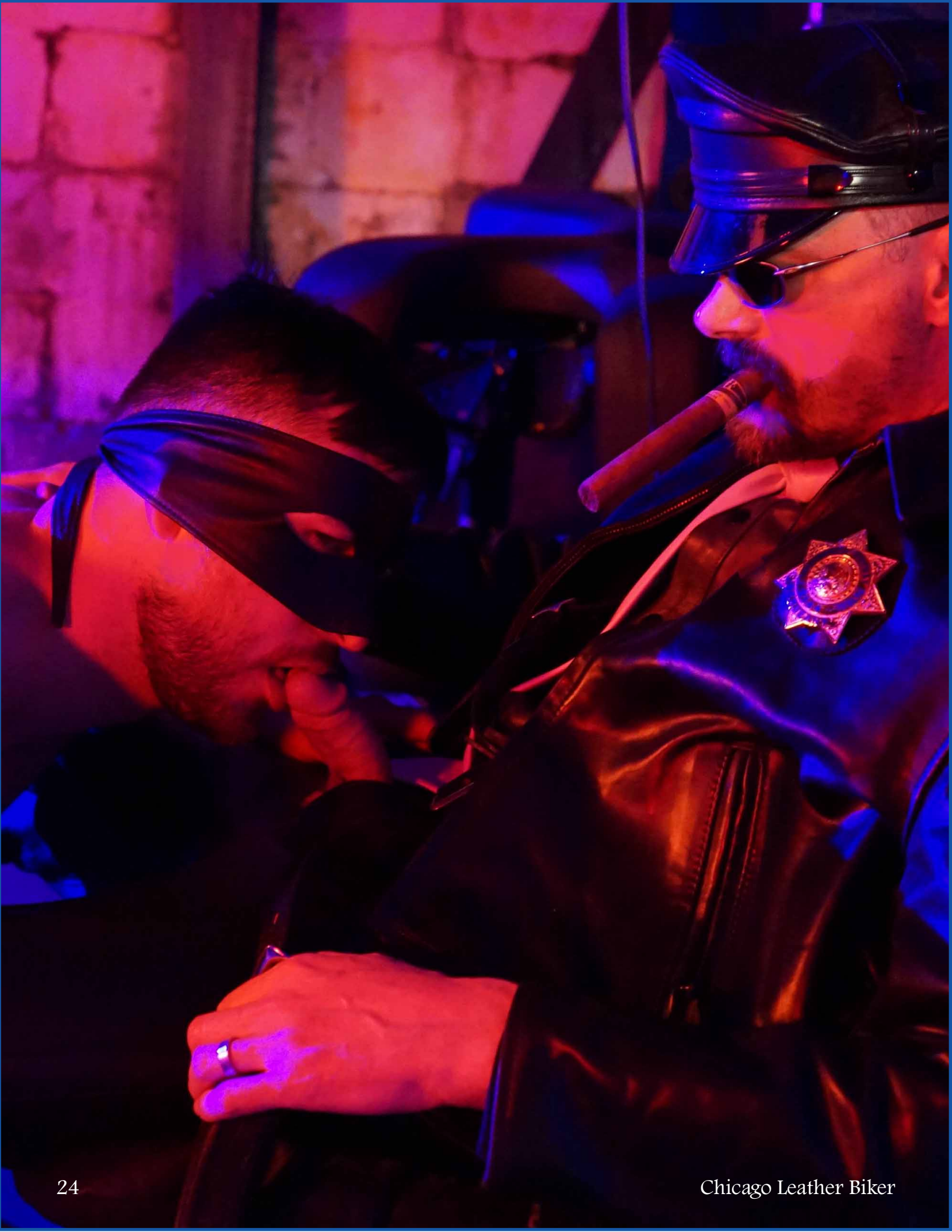
















Sorry about last month. Life happened. Another bit of life that I should have avoided if I paid more attention to the signs. It's a minor blip, but the job market is hot and I was able to pop right back into something steady the following week.

Where I temp, at Big Institution, they've decided I'm not the "caliber of candidate" they were looking for for a communications position. This is code for "Sorry, hun. You don't have a PhD." Never mind that I ran 4 programs well and they didn't realize that until after I was made redundant after 9 months. Good luck to the rest of the team. They're going to need it with the new snake at the top.

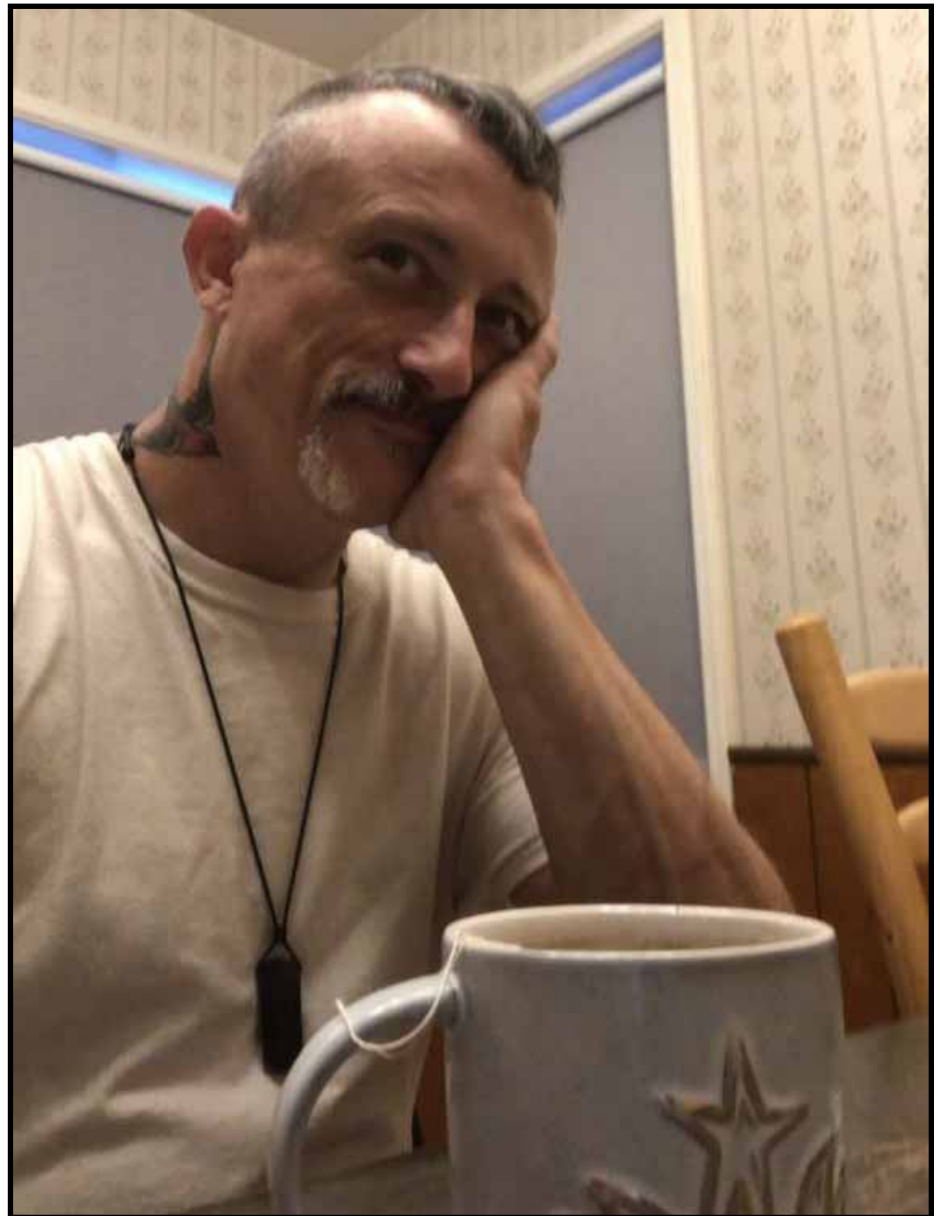
At first I was pissed off when the news came down that I was to be vacating my job, but then I realized it was an amazing gift. If I had stayed and they opened up a position for me, I would have been absolutely miserable. It's a relief really. Trust me.

As you can imagine I'm really down on people with PhDs. I'd like to petition to have the phrase "common sense" rebranded as "uncommon sense" because I think it's increasingly rare that people possess it.

As I sit firmly in middle age, all I want in this fucked up world is a little security so I can retire happy and live a little. I've worked too hard to get this far to fall flat now.



I hate that we (Americans) push our working class so hard, brainwash people into thinking you can "pull yourself up by your bootstraps", be expected to work 70 to 80 hours a week, with no work-life balance, shamed into not taking the vacation that you earned and still manage to stay sane and healthy. I guess this applies to the white collar workers too, now that I've seen it first hand. Something has to give here and I don't



think it will get solved without things getting really ugly. See also: Revolution.

When I'm depressed, I don't create much. I find that I sit my ass down and stream whatever I can to recharge my batteries and put the wind back in my sails. I've got commissions to do and not enough energy to get them done. Couple this with the seasonal shift, daylight savings time, and several other things I really want to rail about but... I think it's best I just shut my yap.

We had an opportunity at the last election to really shift how we do things here and America is so incredibly shellshocked and/or stupid that I don't think I'll ever vote again. It honestly means very little. I'm including both parties and the electorate in my derision. You guys really suck. This country is a failed state and I look forward to when California goes it alone or with the two other states above it as it's own nation. I'm so fucking tired of frightened, stupid, and backward Americans. We could have had it all.

So let's change the subject, because I'm fucking depressed enough and I don't want to start harming myself.

In great news, by the time you read this, "Yellow Is The Warmest Color" - a comic book anthology with amazing names will have probably launched it's Kickstarter. I've got a 10 page, wet and raunchy story in it that I wrote and drew called "As You Wish"... and I you'll have to check it out and support it, piss pigs! It's going to be an amazing line-up and I'm really proud to be included. I think it's some of my best work.

This weekend, I'm going to get out in the garden and affect what I can. My garlic is up, tomatoes are growing, my leeks and onions seem health and all my herbs are looking lovely. My clementine orange tree is full of oranges that taste like candy and I have to begin trenching the back fence area to prep for the bamboo that is going to creat a giant privacy screen back there. And I'll begin counting my blessings, yet again, on this forsaken orb we call home.

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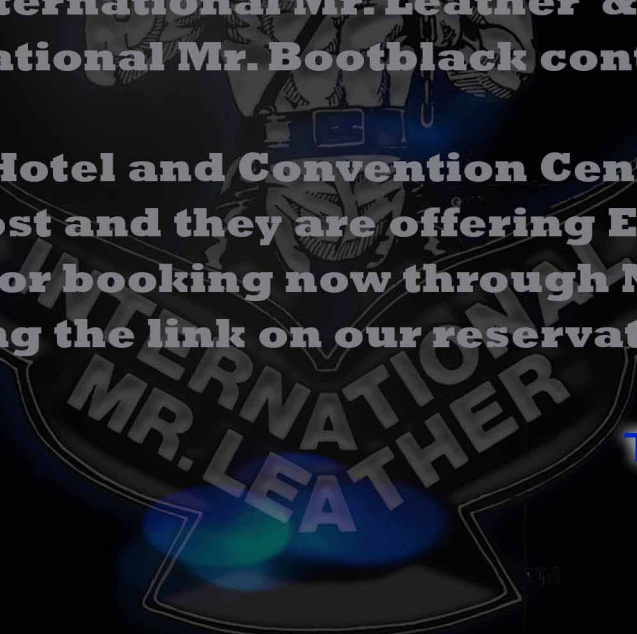
## We're back Memorial Day Weekend

**Our traditions will continue with the expansive market filled with vendors from around the globe and of course you can't forget the Victory Party and must attend Black and Blue Ball. There's also the lobby social time and a multitude of other events to fill the entire weekend. and of course the International Mr. Leather & International Mr. Bootblack contests.**

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# Zac snow

To live will be an awfully big adventure



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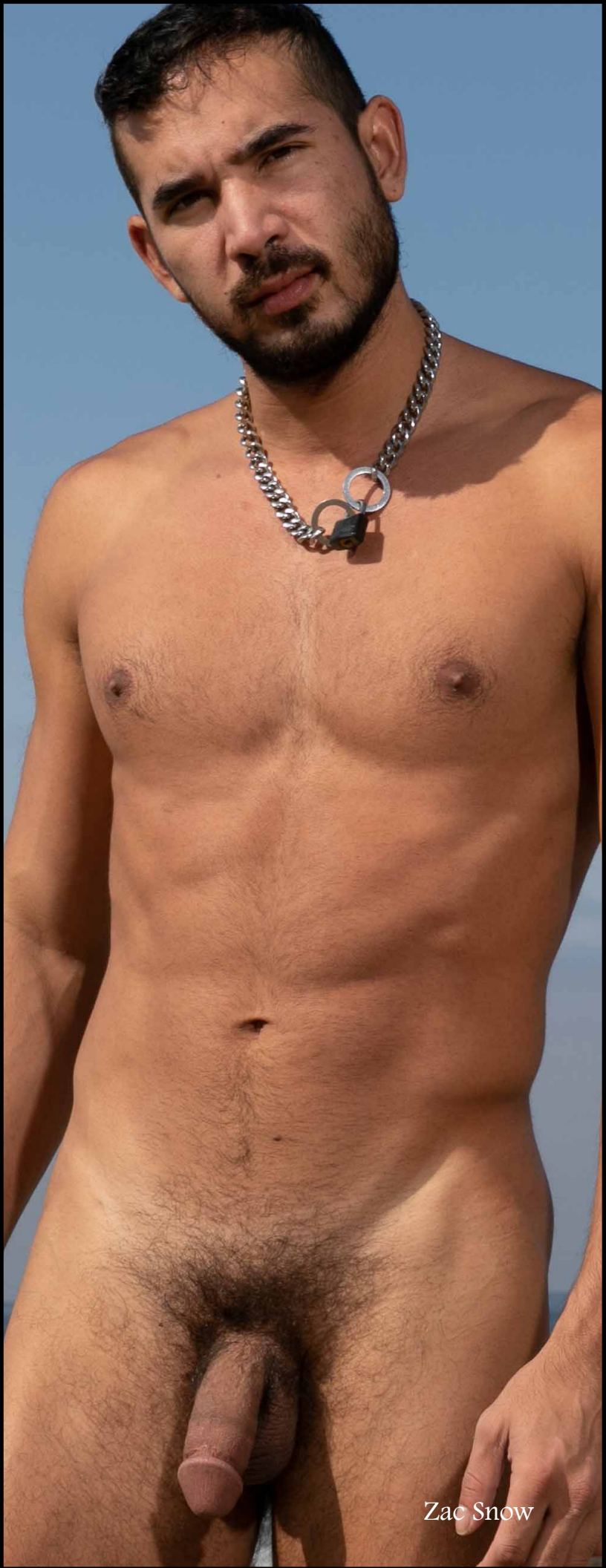
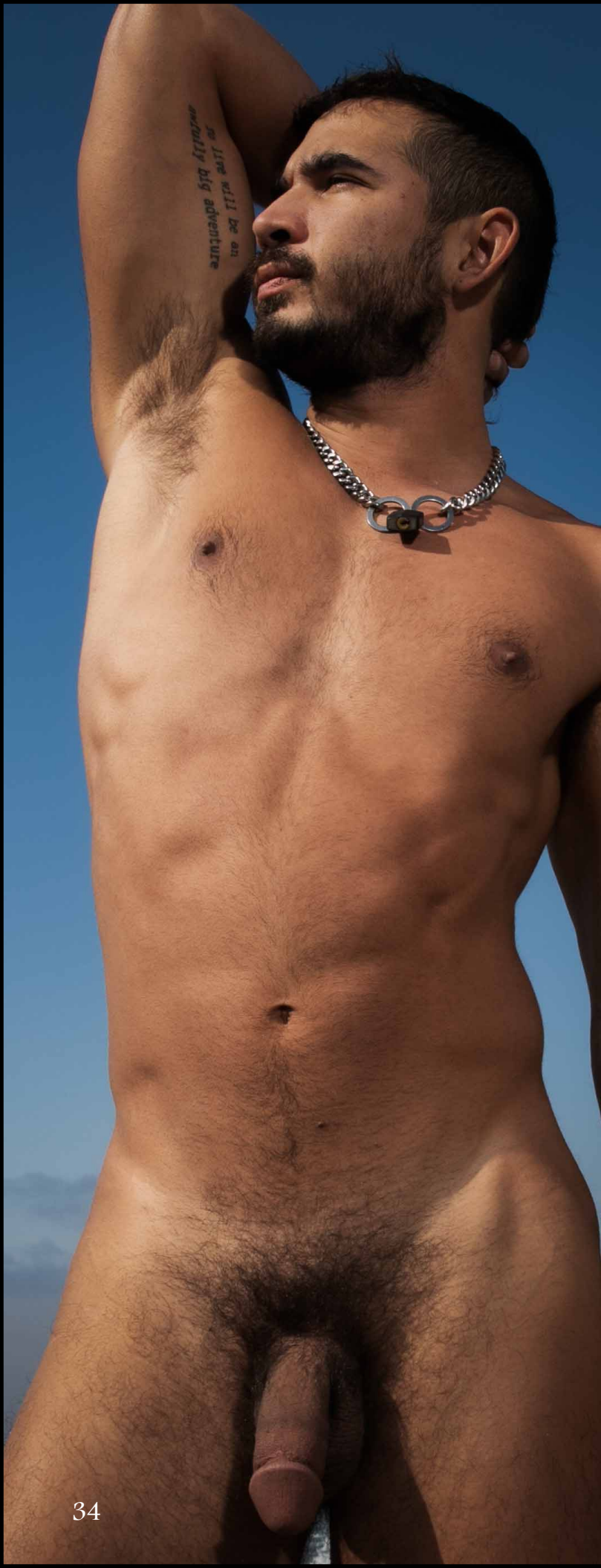














# Straight Immigrant Went Wild on my Ass

Story by VoxMelancholiae

This is a true story that happened to me about two weeks ago when I went out for a night drinking. Since it was on a Sunday, I hadn't expected my favourite pub to be very busy. However, I still was in the mood for some distraction and didn't want to spend my night in front of the computer screen alone.

I can be pretty sociable and open-minded at times and I usually don't face any problems getting into conversations with other people, even though one might describe me, at first sight, as a "strung out bad boy". I'm 27, live in a mid-size town of a German-speaking country, I have long-ish brown hair, green eyes, rather pale skin and a slender built. My clothing style usually tends to be very casual: snapback caps, hoodies, long tees, dangerously low sagging jeans (yap, I've never grown out of that phase), sneakers. So, I'm not particularly handsome, not particularly ugly either. Your average guy.

I arrived at the bar, ordered a beer and quickly managed to strike up a conversation with a group of four dudes who came to visit a friend who studies at university. The night progressed and with the hours passing our blood alcohol levels increased. We were having fun, joking around, laughing, teasing each other, getting to know each other, drinking and smoking too much. That

Sunday night turned out to be much more fun than I had expected. Eventually however, the guys had to leave and head to their hotel, so I prepared to leave as well, but wanted to smoke one last cigarette just outside the pub to cool off a little before making my way home. It was just after midnight.

That's when two foreigners walked up and started talking to me. The one dude, an Afghan immigrant who's been living here for several years and who has converted to catholicism, as I soon learned, spoke German very well. He seemed to be annoyed by his friend, a Palestinian immigrant and also ex-muslim, who had arrived in my country only recently and who appeared to be much more drunk than his Afghan friend. They were both a couple of years older than me. After we had finished our cigs, we decided to go back inside the pub to have some more drinks. We talked a lot about their lives' stories, and although some very sensitive and delicate topics came up during the course of our conversation, we still managed to stay in a good mood and be grateful that we met - or should I say, they seemed to be overly grateful that they met me! At first, I wasn't able to understand why these two guys insisted on paying for my drinks. I also didn't get why the Afghan guy would rather harshly shut his friend up as soon as he thought that he "had crossed a line". I didn't mind when his Palestinian friend, who was even more drunk at this point, went a little crazy, yelling around, singing, dancing. After all, that's what we came for - some fun!

But after some time, I came to realise why the Afghan guy was being so strict with his friend. He considered his behaviour disrespectful towards me and the country that had accepted them. Once I had found out what was going on, I quickly told them that everything was fine and that I don't view their behaviour as disrespectful or obnoxious. We continued to drink and talk and smoke for a few more hours. I learned that they love this country and their new-found freedom, but that they lack friends and girlfriends. Now, some of you will think that I would plan to take advantage of their sex deprivation and try to talk them into having sex with me. But I can assure you, I am not that guy. That thought didn't even cross my mind. Instead, we had a fun time exchanging advice on how to find local girls etc.

We ended up drinking even more, singing along with the music in the pub. At some point, the Palestinian dude took his shirt off and started dancing wildly on the bar while being cheered on by the other guests. Dawn came, so it was about time we returned home. The hangover would be massive. After the Afghan guy and me had helped the Palestinian put his clothes back on, we started for the train station which was coincidentally located near my apartment. It was obvious that the Palestinian guy wouldn't be able to take the train due to the state he was in. I offered him to crash at my place, whereas his friend would take the next train home. To be honest, on the one hand I was feeling a little uneasy about letting some stranger I had never met before and who I could barely communicate with sleep in my bed. On the other hand, there was no way for him to make it home safely.

So, we ended up at my place. I suggested that he take a shower before going to bed and offered him a clean shirt and clean boxersshorts to sleep in. He finished his shower, dried himself and laid down on the bed. I also took a shower and then laid down beside him. My bed was large enough to accommodate two people, but I only had one pillow and one blanket that we had to share. I knew I wouldn't get even one hour of sleep that night (or morning for that matter). I was drunk, cold and feeling awkward given that there was a total stranger, as drunk tired, cold and probably as uneasy as me, lying next to me. True, we got along really well and he seemed trustworthy, especially as we even had exchanged phone numbers, but you never know, right? And then...

"Come here..." he muttered, eyes closed. He must have noticed somehow that I felt cold and rather uncomfortable.

He spread out the blanket over me, gesturing that I turn around and move closer to him, and covered me with it. We were now lying in that spoon position next to each other, my bum pressed tightly against his crotch, his arm wrapped around me. Oh well, I thought to myself, no clue what's going on, but at least it's nice and warm now for both of us. Before I even had finished that thought, however, my dick popped up involuntarily. My heart started racing as I was praying for him not to notice, as that would without a doubt be a really awkward situation that I absolutely didn't want to

face right now given our intoxicated, fatigued state. So, I sneakily ran my hand down and over his arm, trying to "stow away" my rock-hard dick somewhere between my legs, hoping that he wouldn't notice. Well, he did notice. He must have been wondering about my hand's jerky movements while trying to "hide the evidence" down there. He let his arm slide down and... he felt my throbbing cock...

"Mh, what is that?" he said surprised, grabbing it more firmly. I cringed and felt my blood rushing into my head. "What is that?" he mumbled again, starting to wiggle my dick in a playful manner. I froze for a second, trying to think about what I could say or do. I couldn't think straight under these circumstances, and just went ahead, reached behind me with my arm to find his crotch. Maybe I wasn't the only one with a boner? Maybe he had a hardon, too, and I could somehow relax this entire situation by simply just joking about it?

So, I reached for his dick, and it was - thank God - hard. "Okay, but what's that?" I answered, giggling stupidly. I can't clearly remember what happened right after that. I only remember that I turned around to kiss him while rubbing his dick, taking things slow. There was no doubt that he liked it, still I remained cautious. But before I knew it, his lips and hands were all over me, aimlessly touching and grabbing whatever was there. Dick, hips, thighs, ass, waist, neck, arms. He was GREEDY. His moaning was becoming more and more intense, and with each squeeze of my bumcheeks, he exhaled loudly, growling like a wild animal almost. That guy was about to devour me, lol! I figured it was time to go one step further and deepthroat his dick. So, I crawled under the blanket, between his legs, took a quick look at his cock and swallowed that thing whole without warning (not trying to brag, but I'm good at that). He flinched in surprise. It seemed as though he needed to gather his wits for a second before realising how good it feels having your dick all the way down somebody's throat. His growling intensified even more. I was sucking his dick in long, hard strokes - tip to balls - almost hurting my gums with my own teeth when "crashing down" on his body. Sometimes his sloppy cock would slip out of my mouth and I had to use my hands. "No

*Continued on pg 45*

HAVE  
YOU  
BEEN

Naughty  
OR  
NICE  
?

FEATURING

ROOZBEH

IMAGES BY

Roozbeh Ravar

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Have you been Naughty or nice?







Have you been Naughty or nice?





Have you been Naughty or nice?

# As You Wish!

Art & Story by



*Continued from pg 37*

hands." He didn't want me to use my hands, I found out. He was a man of taste, apparently, who enjoys seeing his dick swallowed purely by a hungry throat.

Judging from his moaning and powerful thrusting, I thought he would cum soon. Little did I know.

"Ass, ass," he exhaled, then everything went wild and completely out of my control. He took action, flipped me over on my belly like I was weightless and went down between my cheeks, squeezing and slapping them forcefully while licking and sniffing my hole, still moaning, growling, mumbling. That guy made a feast out of my asshole. After he had decided my hole was ready to take his dick, he pressed his chest against my back, lifted his hips above my ass and grabbed his throbbing dick to guide it into my now wet hole. I was nervous. It never works at the first attempt. His dick slipped, and he proceeded to rub it between my cheeks. Second try. I position myself on all fours, back arched, my hole exposed again to his greedy tongue. Then I remember one last slap, one last squeeze of my ass, before he forced his cock inside my stubborn boy hole.

He was fucking me as though he hadn't fucked anybody for years. His hands all over my sweat-drenched body, chest against back, his teeth biting my neck, before choking the throat he had fucked a few moments ago. Now I was the one

surprised. I needed to feel that dick in different positions, so I turned around, lying on my back, legs almost behind my head, and opened up my cheeks for him. Then I went on to ride him, before he pushed me back down to fuck me from behind again. It was all a bit chaotic in hindsight, but that guy just was so crazy I had no choice but to play along.

"Mouth or ass?" he asked, pointing at the body parts in question. "Ass." So, he continued to fuck my now almost broken hole until he shot his load directly inside. He collapsed on top of me and rested there for a few seconds. Then he pushed himself up and pulled out his dick. I felt a few drops of cum run down my balls. I felt like his jizz would squirt out at the slightest push, but I wanted it to stay inside my ass, as I was also too tired to clean up or go to the bathroom anyway.

Exhausted, we then went to sleep for a bit. He had to leave early for his German class. As expected, we had a hangover from hell, and I had my regrets about the whole thing. I didn't think I would ever hear from him again, let alone meet him. But he sent me a text just the following day. I am still one hundred percent convinced he is straight. He just needed a hole to fuck. During the entire experience, there was nothing that suggested otherwise.

So yeah, that was it. I know the story sounds far-fetched. I can hardly believe myself it happened. But well, it did. Feel free to ask any questions.



The continuing adventures of a combat vet

# LATE NIGHT SHOWERS IN THE DESERT

Story by **Rob S**

One nice thing about having to lead a supply convoy back to Doha was a chance to eat something resembling food, take a hot shower and actually get a good night's rest, most of the time. After living an austere life on a F.O.B., with the same people day in and day out it's also great to be around other people, and an opportunity to hook up. So, when the chance presented itself, I took it. In August of 2004, I had such an opportunity.

Shortly after arriving, I headed to the shower to wash the dirt and F.O.B. funk off and get as clean as I could, the hot water felt amazing, I could feel every muscle in my body start to relax as I soaped up, when I was washing my cock, I got hard as a rock and began stroking my cock nice and slow while enjoying the heat and privacy. I stopped short of cumming because I had other plans. After I showered and got dressed, I took a look around for signs of life, it didn't take long. Much like my motorpool experience, I found a message left by someone wanting action, this time though it was written on the desk in the call center, and was a bit more cryptic. Keep in mind that this was 17 years ago, so I don't remember exactly how it was written, but it led me to the men's showers at 23:30. I had no way of knowing how old the message was, but decided to go to the gym late, and shower after so I could feel the situation out.

After a good workout, I headed to the showers, and was not alone. The showers were in a trailer at this point in time with aisles down each side and a series of 8 or so showers on each side. I took the time to walk down each row to see which ones were occupied, only one was. The curtain was open just enough to see the man who left the note stroking his cock, as passed he made and kept eye contact and I got the feeling that I had met the right guy. I chose the stall right next to him, turned on the water, and stripped, as I sat on the bench, he opened his curtain just a little more. That was the sign I needed to know that I was right, and it was time to get busy. I jumped into my shower, washed up, then got out, took a look around to make sure it was just us. He poked his head out and said "don't worry, only senior NCOs and officers are allowed in at this time of night.

As I joined him in his shower, I noticed that he had a pretty impressive cock, about 7" and thick. I couldn't help but wonder if I could handle him in my ass after going for so long without even a toy, but I knew I was going to find out. Once I was in, I immediately dropped to my knees and kicked his cock from the base to the head, I was instantly hard as I started to try to deep throat him. He put his hands on the back of my head and helped guide me down, I let out a moan, and he

immediately got the message and helped me get his cock all of the way down my throat, I was in heaven. I would have loved to have kept going until I got the chance to swallow his load, but I wanted him in my ass even more. Another great thing about deployment life is that you know everyone has fairly recently been tested, and there is little risk of contracting HIV, I looked up at him and asked if he wanted to fuck me. He helped me to my feet and kissed me deep, as we rubbed our bodies against each other. I turned around and leaned slightly forward, he reached around and played with my cock as he lubed my ass with soap, gently sliding one finger in, then another, and a third until he knew I was ready to be fucked. When I felt his cock sliding between my ass cheeks I was in heaven, damn it felt amazing. He lined up and slowly pushed into my ass, after his head popped through, I was ready to be fucked, he slowly slid all of the way in, the feeling of him stretching me and

going deep was almost enough to make me cum. As he and I both "warmed up" his rhythm got faster and harder, the pressure on my prostate had me leaking cum like a faucet, when he whispered in my ear that he was getting close, I started jerking off hard and fast, I wanted to cum with him. Within a minute we were both exploding, just knowing he was cumming in me was enough to send me over the edge. I was both exhausted and extremely satisfied. After he pulled out, I dropped to my knees and licked the last of his cum from the head of his cock.

I ended in the shower, getting cleaned up and chatting with him. Turns out that he is a commissioned officer stationed at Doha, and he gave me his contact info for the next time I was there. I asked if he knew any other tops on post, he assured me that he did, which led to my first threesome on my next trip. But that's a story for next time.

## THE DADDY YEARS

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# BIG GAY SEX SHOW



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# MODELS WANTED

MEN OF ALL SIZES



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**GOT WHAT  
IT TAKES?**  
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# LEATHERBOY OUTDOOR

featuring Bart



images by

NUDEPICS DRENTHE











Please let me know if you enjoy my writings, I am only limited by the time I have to get these things typed up, with my wife around she gets very suspicious, she has no clue to my perversions.

I pulled into the ABS parking lot and I only saw 2 vehicles there, and I figured one of them must be the employees car. Then I noticed that the other vehicle was a Dark Blue Silverado pickup

Me: Dave Flogger, age 29, Blonde, 6' tall, 190 lbs. My cock: Cut, 5 3/4" soft and 8 3/4" hard

My Neighbor: Jake Smiley, age 22, Blonde, 6' 1" 195 lbs. Jakes' cock: 6" soft and 9 1/2" hard with a nice huge mushroom head

My name is Dave Flogger, I'm married to a wonderful woman who does not know that I do and have always craved cock and cum (ever since I was a young boy.) We live in a small northern town. About 2 months ago we had some new neighbors move in, we found out that they were renting the house. We would talk with our new neighbors whenever they were outside and my wife has become friends with the wife of the new neighbors. I only talked with "Jake" a few times when I've seen him outside cutting grass or washing their cars. My gaydar had gone off once or twice but he was very quiet and I couldn't get a full reading on him no matter how hard I tried.

We can jump ahead about one month. One day, I had a doctor appointment at the largest hospital closest to where I live (the hospital is about 100 miles away.) I drove to my appointment which was scheduled for 11am. I drove down to my appointment, when I was about 8 miles from the hospital, I passed the only ABS with 200 miles of my house. I made up my mind right then I would stop there on my way back home and check it out as I had done a few times before. I drove to the hospital and when I finished my appointment, it was 12:30. I went to the local Big Boy for lunch and I headed back out of town. I finished my lunch and I pointed my car in the direction of my hometown and the ABS. It now being about 1:30pm I knew that there wouldn't be many guys at the bookstore, which is exactly what I wanted.

56



with a yellow lightning bolt painted on each side of it. HOLY SHIT, I knew that pickup, it belonged to my new neighbor. I parked my car on the other side of the building. Before i went inside, I had to come up with a plan/excuse why I was there if we ran into each other. I decided if I saw him, I'd tell him that I stop here occasionally to buy lube for my wife and me.

I went into the ABS, smiled at the clerk and looked around the store. I didn't see anyone else in the store, so I assumed my neighbor Jake must have been in the video booth area. I walked up to the clerk and I put \$10 on a card and I walked into the video booth room. I made a complete loop in the room and only one booth had a red light on above its door. If that was Jake's truck in the parking lot, he had to be the guy in the only occupied booth.

I went into a booth right next to the only occupied one. I quietly listened for a minute for a couple of seconds, I could hear that he was watching a gay porn movie. I leaned down and put my eye to the gloryhole between our booths and I looked through. HOLY SHIT number two, it was my younger neighbor that I could never get a clear reading on with my gaydar. Here he was watching gay porn, sitting on a chair, his pants down below

Neighbor at the Gloryhole



his knees and he was jerking his huge cock to gay porn. I quietly unbuckled my belt, lowered my pants below my knees and sat down in the chair. I didn't need to stroke my cock to make it hard, it already was.

I put my ring finger through the hole and I swirled it around. I didn't hear him move so I cleared my throat to catch his attention. I pulled my finger back and I peeked through the hole but he hadn't moved, so I put my finger through the hole again and I cleared my throat again. He leaned down towards the gloryhole and he said, "what do you want?" I told him to put his cock through the hole, "I want to suck it." I thought for a second and I realized he had no clue about gloryholes. I heard his chair sliding on the floor and I saw him step up towards the gloryhole.

A second later I saw his huge cock coming through the gloryhole. The huge mushroom head barely fit through the hole and when I saw his cock up close, I was mesmerized on the size of it. His cock had to be around 9 1/2" long with a circumference of a little over 5".

I immediately put wrapped my hand around his huge cock, bent down and I licked the precum that was on/in the slit of the head of his huge mushroom head. I swirled my tongue all over and around his beautiful huge mushroom head. I wrapped my lips around the head of his huge cock and I went down on it as far as I could go. I started bobbing my head and mouth up and down on his cock sucking it with everything I had. I was stroking his cock as I was sucking on it.

I made love to his cock with my mouth and tongue. I worshiped his cock for about 5 minutes and when I needed to give my jaw a break I whispered to him that I absolutely loved his big cock. I kept stroking his cock and then I put my mouth back on it. He was moaning and trying to fuck my mouth through the gloryhole. He whispered that this is the best blowjob he has ever gotten. He said he hasn't had a really good blowjob in years and now he was getting the best blowjob of his life. Pretty soon he was fucking my mouth faster and faster, I knew he wanted to cum soon. I kept stroking, licking and sucking his cock doing my damndest to make his cock explode in my mouth.

He was fiercely fucking my mouth with his monster cock. His body was actually slamming Neighbor at the Gloryhole

against the wooden partition between us.

Then I felt his cock start to swell and get harder, I knew he was about to fill my mouth with his hot cum. I sucked even harder and then his cock exploded in my mouth. I was in fucking heaven. He was unloading volleys of hot cum into my mouth, I tried to swallow as much as I could but it was to no avail, his cum was leaking out of the corners of my mouth, partially because I was trying to swallow, savor the flavor of his load and yet enjoy how great it felt to feel his cock throbbing in my mouth. When he subsided a little and his bursts of cum slowed it hit me how much I loved his cock and I knew I would want it as often as I could get it.

He withdrew his cock from my mouth, I swirled the remaining cum in mouth before I swallowed for the last time. He pulled his cock back through the gloryhole, back to his side, I thought we were done. That's when I heard him whisper, "can I suck you?" I told him "Sure, but it's not gonna take long, cuz I've been stroking my cock the entire time I sucked his." I stepped up to the gloryhole and I pushed my cock through, I immediately felt his warm mouth envelop the head of my cock. He wasted no time bobbing his head up and down on my cock.

After only about 3 or 4 minutes I could feel my load getting ready to shoot. I told him I was getting close and he only sucked harder. I knew then that he wanted me to cum in his mouth. I was rocking back and forth on my feet, fucking his mouth with my cock, then I felt it, my cock swelled, and I started blasting my load of cum into his mouth. He swallowed every bit of my cum to the best of my knowledge. Once my orgasm subsided just kept on gently sucking my cock dry. Once my balls were completely drained, I pulled my cock back through the gloryhole.

I leaned down to the gloryhole, but keeping face out of view, I whispered to him, "that he was amazing and I can't wait till next time."

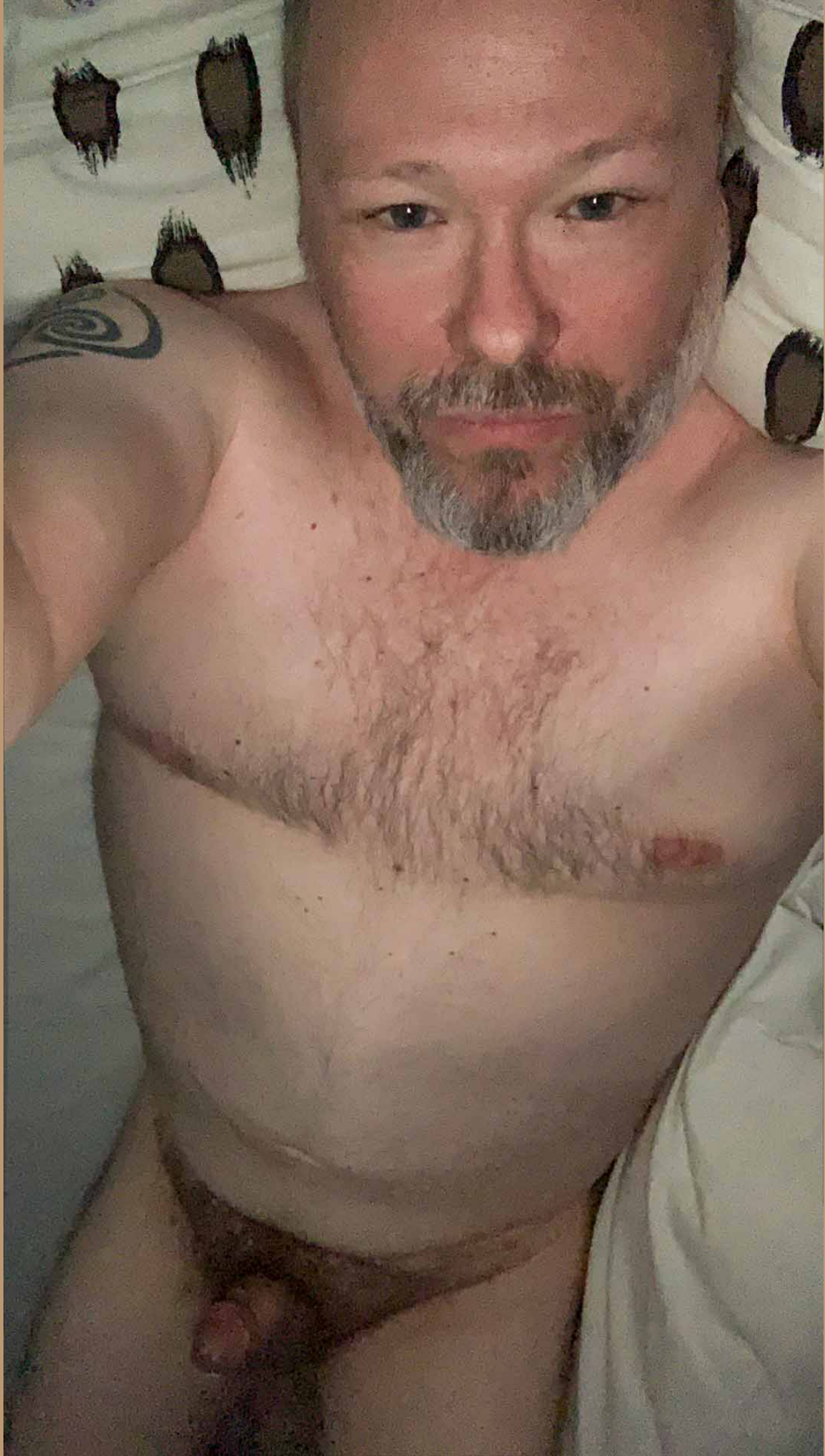
He then whispered back, "I don't live here, I was just passing by after dropping my wife off at the airport."

I whispered back, "I don't live here either."

I heard him doing up his pants, I took my time and pulled my pants up and buckled my belt.

*Continued on pg 60*

# DHM FAN ~ Johannes





# ARKTOS PHOTOGRAPHY

*images of the male physique*

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*Continued from pg 57*

He then whispered, "I wanna see you again."

I leaned down towards the gloryhole and I whispered "You definitely will see me again."

He whispered back, "I'd love to hook up with you again but not sure if you remember, I don't live here."

I whispered back, "Neither do I."

I heard him unlock his booth door and leave. I waited in my booth for at least 10 to 15 minutes hoping he's be gone before I got out to the parking lot. When I left my booth I went out to the cashier counter, I smiled at the cashier, he smiled at me. I walked up to the cashier counter and I told the cashier that this is a wonderful store and I wish it was located in my hometown. He smiled at me and wished he didn't have to be on the cash register and counter right now. We kept our eye contact and I told him maybe next time I come through he wouldn't be scheduled to work. He took a business card off the counter and he wrote his name and cell number on the back. He handed me the card and said, I sure hope you call me one day. I smiled at him and told him "It's a date."

I took my time driving home, when I got into my hometown I stopped and gassed up my car before I went home.

When I was driving down the street I live on, I noticed that Jake's garage door was open and his truck and his wife's car were both in the garage. I went on home and I decided that since my wife was at work till 11:45pm and I knew Jake's wife was out of town, that I'd walk over to his house and say hi. I got to his house and he was just coming outside. He shook my hand, offered me a beer, I joked that I might need a beer or two a little later. He invited me to join him on his backyard deck. When we got there, I told him that I'll take him up on his beer offer. He went into the house and came back out with 2 cold ones.

Once we each popped our cold beers open, I looked at Jake, I smiled and I asked him, "Does your wife know?"

His face went white then it turned red and he said "What do you mean?"

I told him that "I don't live here either."

He smiled and said, "that was you!!!!"

I smiled and said yes and I'd love to do

more with him if he wanted.

He said, "Hell yes."

We chatted for a little while, I told him that my wife has no idea or clue about my true lust for cock and cum. He told me that his wife didn't know either. I told him if he was up for it, that my wife was working till almost midnight and I knew his wife was out of town, so if he wanted we could hang out together the rest of the day. He smiled and said he wouldn't want to do anything else but hang out with me.

We became more than just friends from that moment on. We did spend that afternoon and evening together and we became FWB's (Friends With Benefits) for the next 4 years





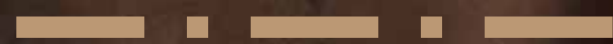
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

COME SIT ON SANTA S LAP!

model: **Julio Joseph**



# Malicia Masculina



photography by  
**Roberto Fróes**

[www.maliciamasculina.com](http://www.maliciamasculina.com)





model: **Xuxo**



Malicia Masculina





models:

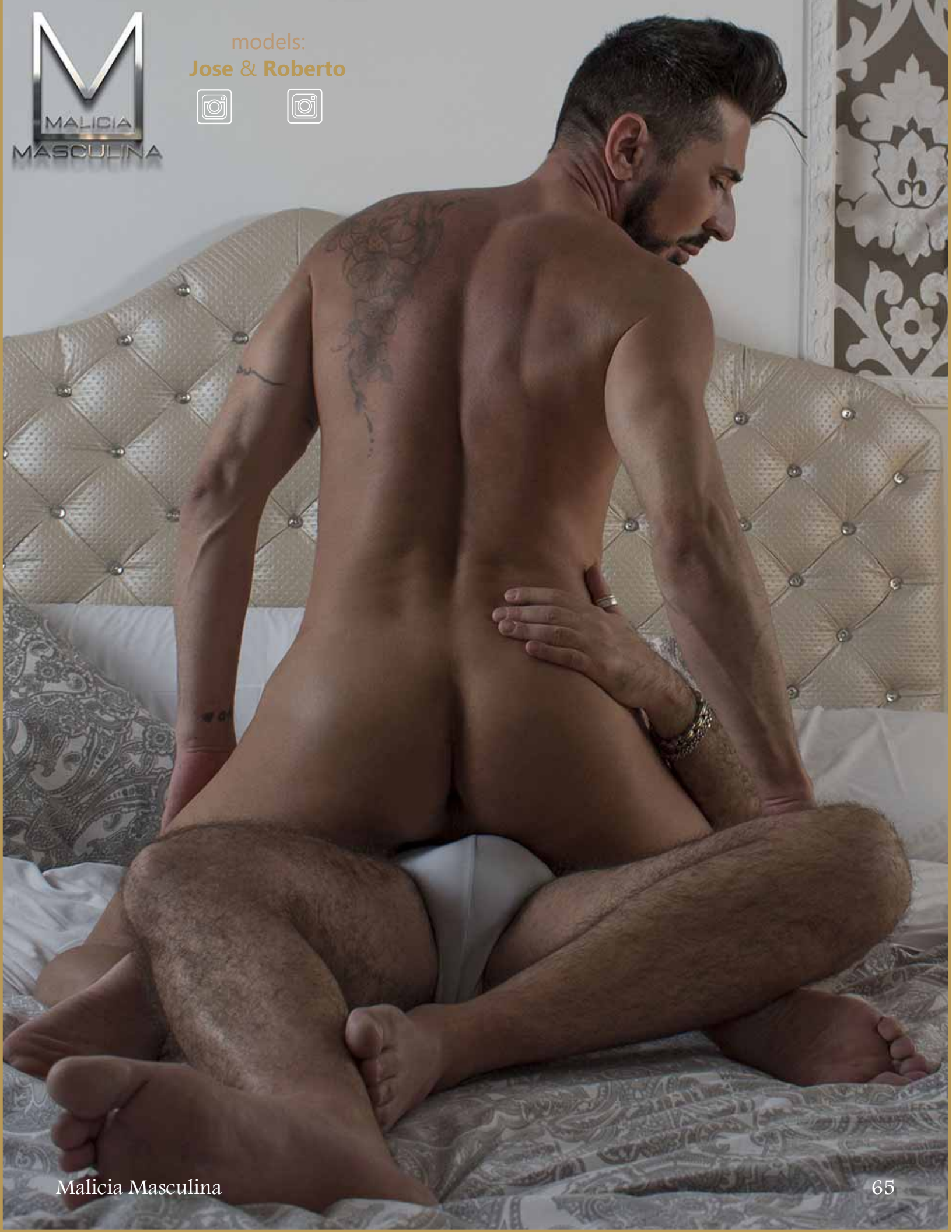
**Patricio Roman & Apolo Adrian**







models:  
**Jose & Roberto**





model: **Jose**





models:

**Manuel Skye & John Rodriguez**

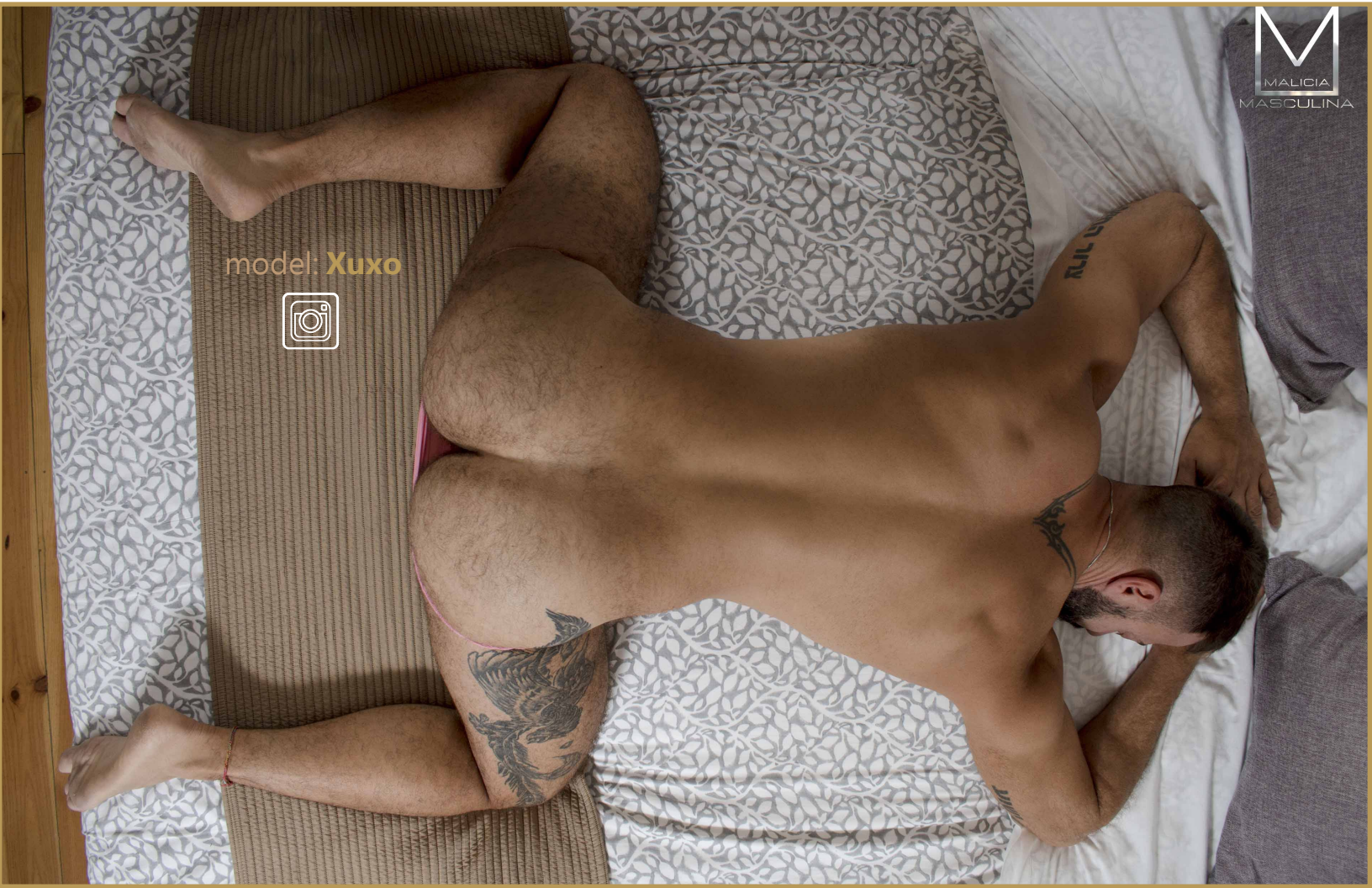




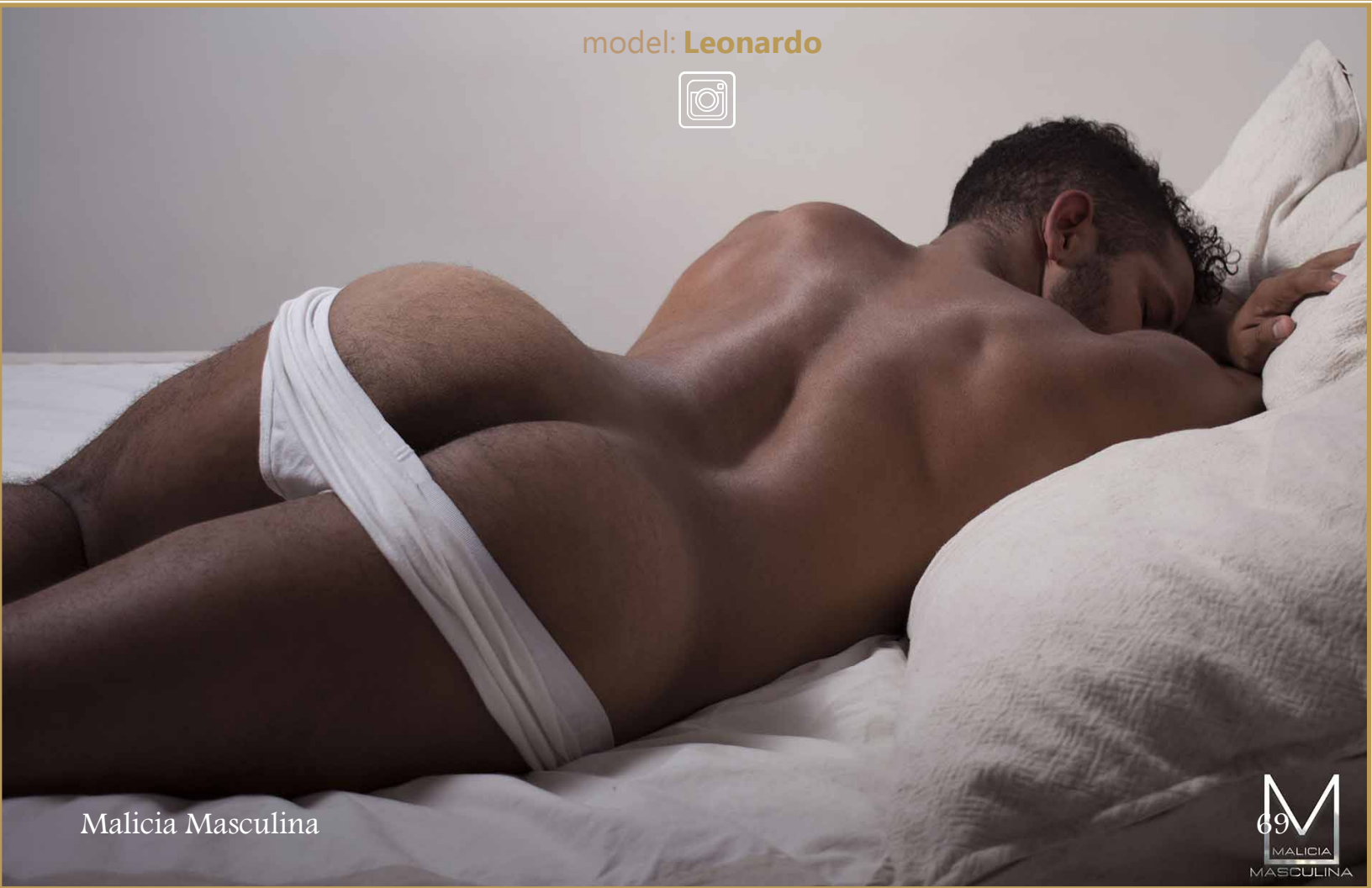
model: **Nano Maso**



model: **Xuxo**



model: **Leonardo**



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