

January 2020 | Issue 13

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

Erotic Fiction  
by  
**Robert  
MacNeil**

Malcolm Jon  
Interviews  
**Scott  
Frenzel**

Menasco Photography  
presents  
**Joe**

**Joe  
Hunter**

A smoking hot furry Otter

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# MODEL CALL

MEN OF ALL SIZES

## Desert Heat Magazine

is looking for men to feature in the Magazine!

DO YOU WANT OUR READERS TO SEE YOU?

**GOT WHAT IT TAKES?**

CLICK THE IMAGE AND WE'LL GET BACK TO YOU!

# Ramblings From the Editor

So first things first, I want to apologize to all the readers, contributors, models, and anyone else who takes part in this journey with me for the Magazine being a week late.

I strive to be on time, in my professional life, personal life, and commitments however due to unforeseen circumstances, mainly monitor issues, I was not able to make that deadline. I truly hope you think this Issue was worth the wait!

In this Issue you are going to find a link to a guide the Trevor Project has put out to help “questioning” young members of our community. If you know anyone, have anyone in your life, or just want to be able to help, I strongly encourage you to download the PDF and peruse it. Our youth are literally our future and they deserve so much better than what they are currently having to put up with. Yes, society has made leaps and bounds with protections but this current administration seems hell bent on rolling those back.

Young members of our community are still be pressured by families also. It doesn't always appear that way based on how many young men and women being all over the media and internet, but for everyone of those, there are a handful being forced out of their home, being deserted by their families.

It is all our responsibility to ensure that they are not made to feel less than, or abused, or degraded to the point they want to end their life.

The Trevor Project is there for them. They operate a hotline and many other

services for young people up to age 25.

If you can, dig deep donate to the Trevor Project. They can always use the money to keep their fine services going. And if you can't, perhaps volunteer or at the very least, spread the word about that great organization.

On a different note, I wanted to call out next month's cover model, Anthonybk. As many of you may or may not know, I went to Vegas over the holiday to visit my mom.

While there I was lucky enough to contact Anthonybk and have him model for me.

Since I was staying with family, I decided an outdoor shoot would be great. The temps were moderate, at least for Vegas standards, at about 63 degrees that day.

I had read about a “ghost town” about 3 hours north of Vegas that looked ideal for the shoot. And Anthonybk was up for it too!

Long story short, we got up there for the shoot and it was registering 34 degrees on the truck thermostat. I kid you not!

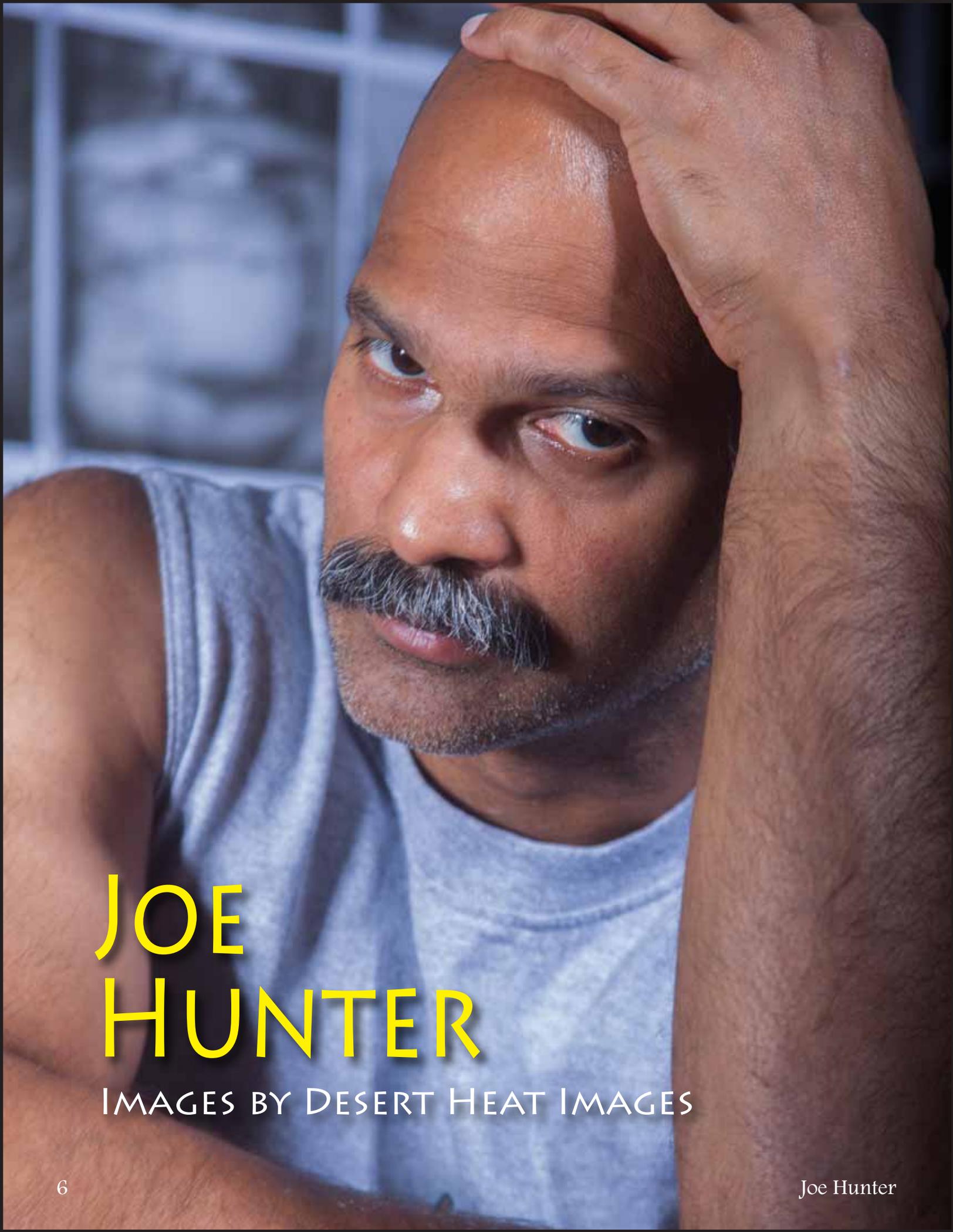
I figured we would just enjoy visiting the site and make our way back to Vegas to do the shoot. After all it was just above freezing.

Anthonybk was a trooper and said he wanted to do the shoot there. He was willing to do whatever it took for the shoot. So if you see goosebumps on his backside, or his dick is shriveled a bit, you know why!

Thanks for your continued support!!

*John*



A close-up portrait of a man with a mustache, resting his head on his hand. He is wearing a light blue t-shirt. The background is slightly blurred, showing what appears to be a metal frame. The lighting is soft, highlighting his facial features.

# JOE HUNTER

IMAGES BY DESERT HEAT IMAGES



Joe Hunter















# THREESOME AT THE GARAGE

Story by Robert MacNeil

The day didn't begin well; my exhaust blew. I phoned work and told them I'd be late, stopped off at a garage my mate recommended.

There was a dark guy in his twenties bent over an engine, nice blue T-shirt under his blue overalls. He looked fit. The guy that came to meet me was taller, in his thirties, dirty blond hair and a trim beard. White T-shirt, some chest hair sticking out the top. Hairy arms. Overalls tied round his waist. I told him the problem. He asked if I had five minutes, and I said, "Sure, as long as it's not ten." He took my keys, drove my car onto the ramp. I watched it being hoisted.

He got under the car to look, then nodded me over. "See, it's here," he said, pointing to a spot on the exhaust. I couldn't really make out anything in the gloom. He snorted. "You all distracted by the sight of my buddy there? Thinking about fucking him as he's bending over that engine?" But there was a laugh in his voice, so I decided he was teasing, and I'd josh him back. "No, I was thinking about YOU fucking ME." He laughed and got one of those lamps with a metal cover, pointed it at the exhaust. I saw the hole. "Come to the office, we'll see what I can do for you," he said, laying the lamp down.

One hand on the PC mouse, the other playing with a nipple, he seemed oblivious to the effect he was having on me. His hand strayed down inside his overalls; was he tugging his dick? "What do you think, price-wise?" he asked. I had no idea he'd mentioned a price. I gulped. "Not concentrating too good there, buddy. Let's see if we can release some of that tension." His hand came out of his overalls, and he put it on my crotch. I knew that my hardening dick had given me away, so I let him get on with it. After a good feel at my package, he got both hands to it, unbuckling my

belt, unzipping my fly, letting my trousers fall, pulling my briefs down. A jerk or two at my dick, then he was blowing me. I got my hands on this guy's nipples and played with them. Occasionally he took my cock out of his mouth, rubbing the end gently on his beard. Boy, it felt good.

After a minute I got my hands under his armpits and lifted him up. He raised his T-shirt over his head as I untied his overalls. He was in boxers underneath, no jeans. I got my mouth on the bulge of his shaft, then turned him round, and had a good feel at his dick while I mouthed at his arse under his boxers. I pulled them down, parted his arse cheeks and got my tongue in there. His dick felt thick, and his balls felt really heavy. But the musky smell from his arse was brilliant; I got my tongue deeper into it.

He grabbed hold of his ankles as I stood up, putting some spit on my cock. I eased the head of it into the pucker of his arse. A gentle thrust or two, then I was in. "Fuck me, man! Hard! Harder!" he said. I did, but the moment I began to pant, he reached a hand back and pushed me out. Roughly he got me bent over, and got his tongue up my arse. I noticed his buddy watching us. He walked over, got his cock out and I swallowed it greedily as I felt his mate's thick cock stretch my arse, then get pounding away.

It didn't take much for the three of us; I soon felt them both spunk into me, and my own splashed on the garage floor. We gasped a bit, our breathing slowed, we straightened our clothes.

"So, mate," said the older guy, "We'll give you a lift to work, sort the car out, come back for you later. No special prices but you'll get another fuck with us. How about it?"

"Fuck yes," I said, and grinned at him. It wasn't going to be a crap day after all.

# DHM Fan ~ Fresno Art Model



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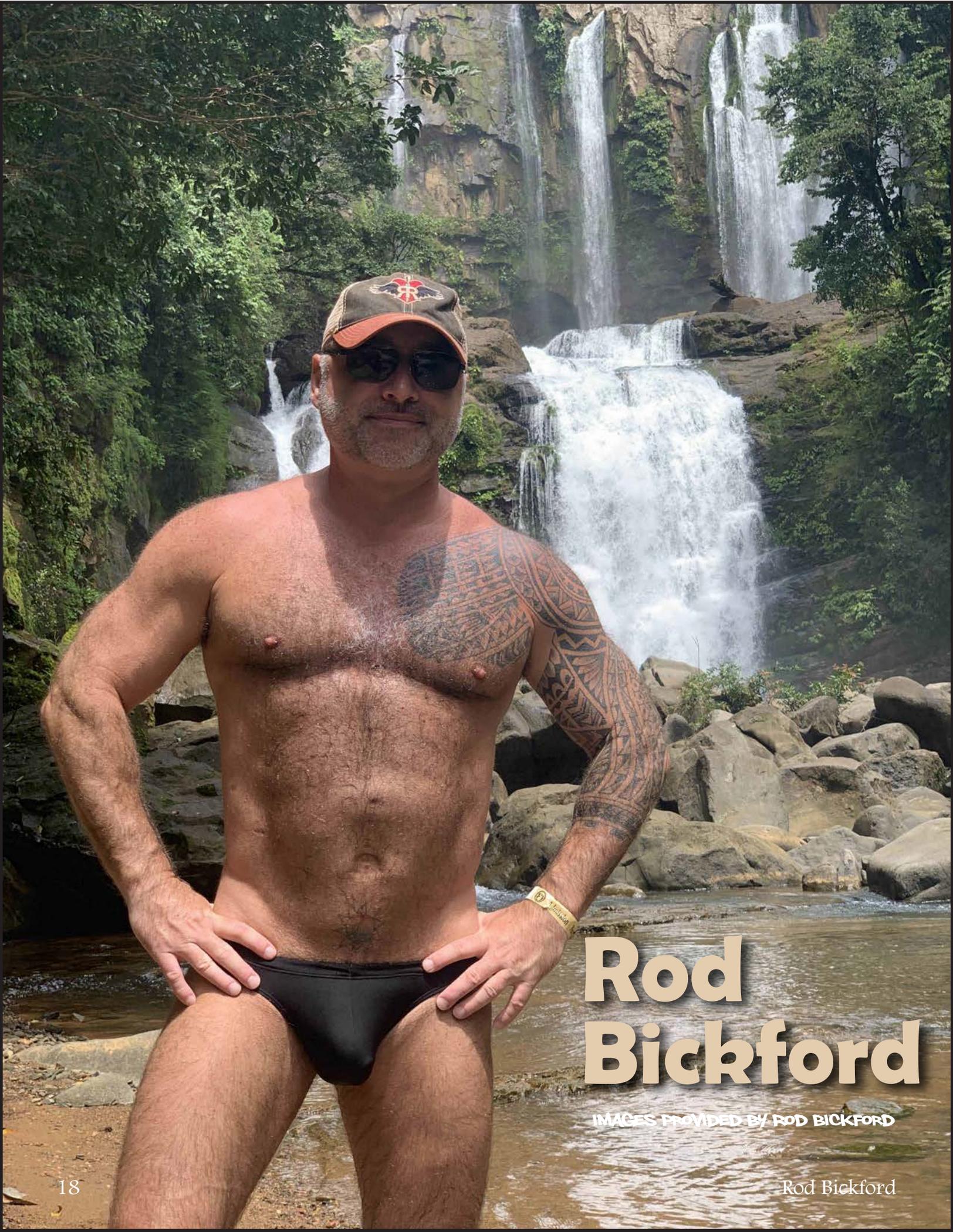
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# Rod Bickford

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Rod Bickford

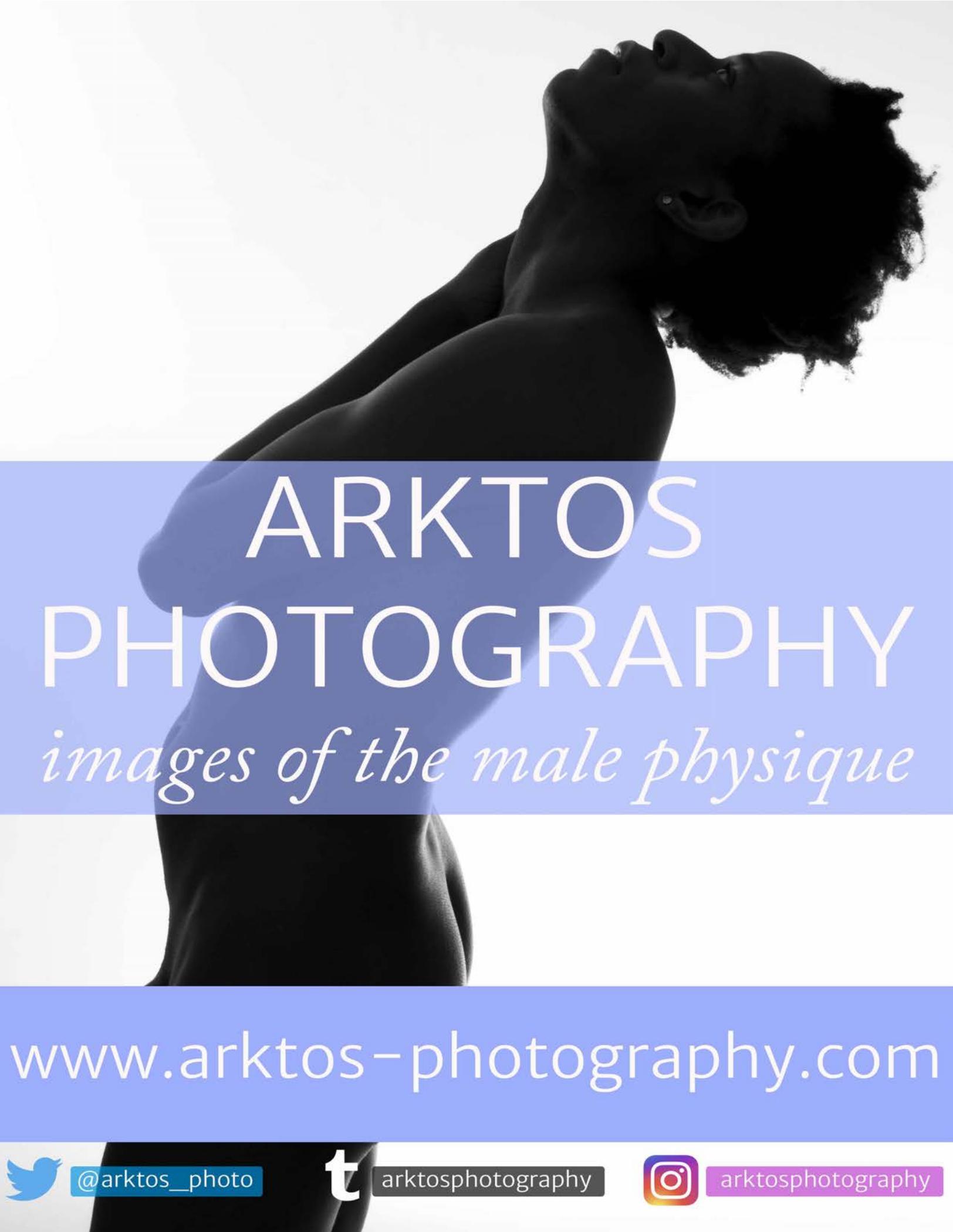












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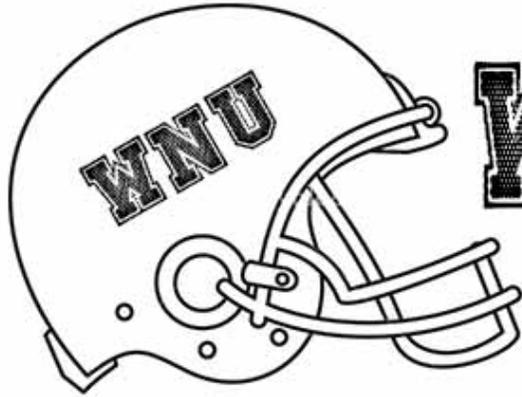
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# WILD NIGHT

## Linebacker & Safety

Story by u/eatpeaches

This story is about two totally separate guys. One, Josh, played on my football team with me. The other, Wyatt, was the football star of a small town near by.

This story is fuzzy at the beginning as to how I got there that specific day, but I know I was out of town in the nearby small one that Wy lived in.

He was the stud of the town, gorgeous cheek bones, 6'2 roughly, he played running back and linebacker, as well as basketball. Their QB was a quiet nerdy Mormon so Wy really soaked up all the limelight and was a hometown star. He was one of the most intimidating people I had ever met.

I remember the day I had met him playing basketball. He shook my hand and had the toughest grip out of any man I had ever encountered. We clicked so quickly so by that night we were screaming Chris brown lyrics and taking shots. Wy was truly one of my best friends and it happened so quickly. I would go see him with Josh almost every other weekend. We would stay up all night and play madden or 2k. I would destroy them both even if they played together against me and they always hated that a gay man was better than them.

Being "out" spread quickly in this small town and I remember one person trying to check me and Wyatt shut them down so fast and they got so embarrassed because the

"most popular person in town" had just checked them.

One night, after months of us constantly hanging out, we spent the night party-hopping in the small city Wyatt lived in, doing god knows what with god knows who! Around 2 we made it to Wy's and we all went straight to his bed.

We always did this, I would sleep in the middle of the two of them and I'd consistently dream of me sucking them both, little did I know that it would finally happen. After all the partying we all make it to bed and strip down into nothing but our briefs and boxers. Wy and Josh both wore those stereotypical flannel boxers and I wore nice briefs that lifted my ass. They always jokingly slapped or said I had a better butt than most girls.

After about 10 minutes, Josh rolled over and grabs my hand and goes "I know you always wanted to feel this" and shoves my hand onto his exposed cock.

I just stare into his blue eyes in awe. Josh is 5'10, bubble butt, brown hair, flat tummy and the bluest eyes you ever saw.

I quietly whispered "what are you doing?".

He just said "Go with it." and I felt his hand touch the back of my head.

I took his lead and went down. It was dark but I could see the big pink head of his dick. I put it in my mouth and he couldn't help

Wild Night

it. He started moaning in ecstasy and was fucking my face in seconds, grunting. I was smiling and rubbing his soft legs as I bobbed my head and licked his huge balls.

It took maybe 1 minute before Wyatt asked what was going on in a joking tone. The next thing I knew I heard him laugh and say "Oh, I know exactly what you are after". Suddenly my right mouth cheek is thumped by Wyatt's giant cock.

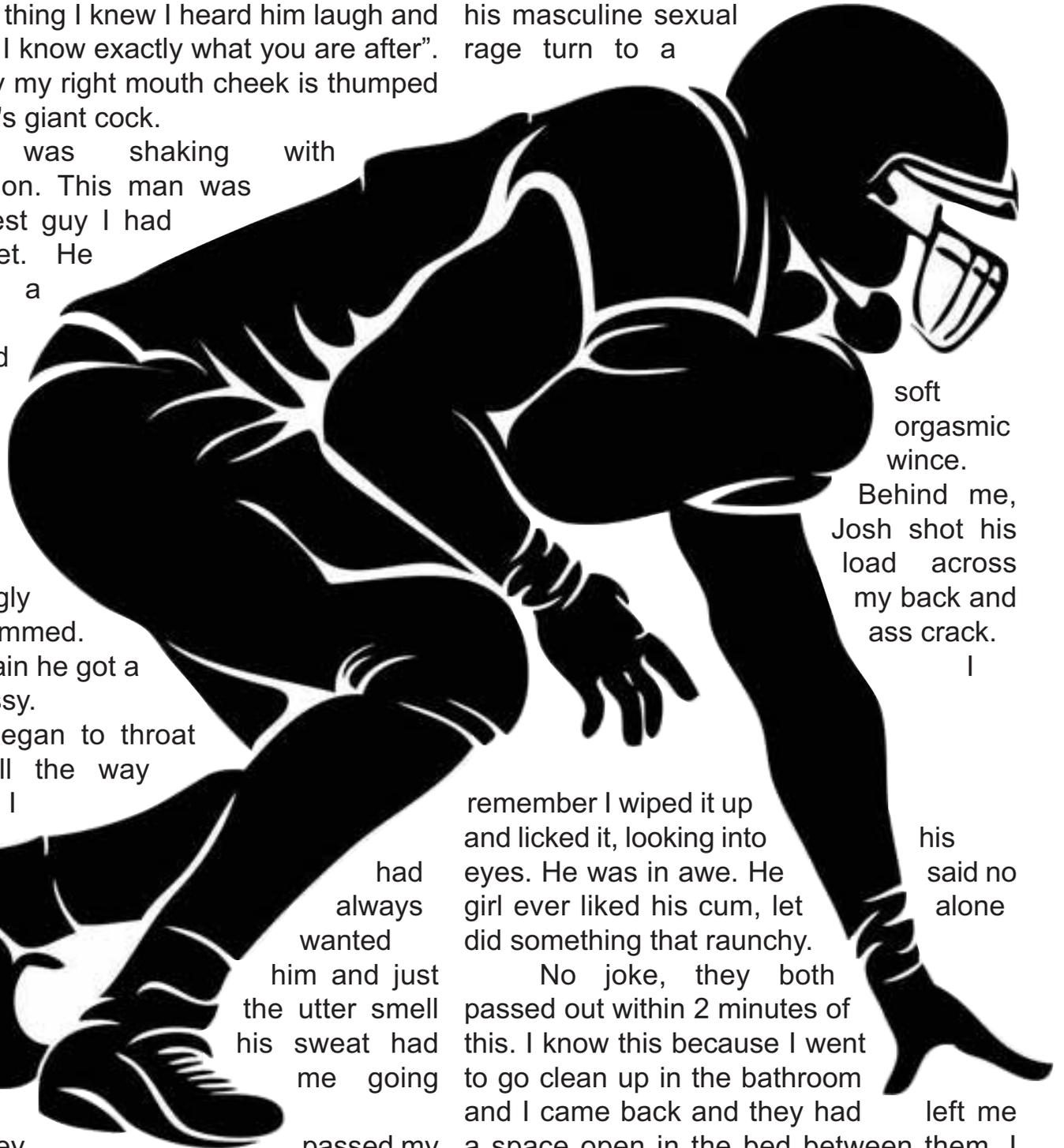
I was shaking with anticipation. This man was the hottest guy I had ever met. He had a perfectly soft and long dick with black pubes that were surprisingly neatly trimmed. Then again he got a lot of pussy.

I began to throat Wyatt all the way down. I

had always wanted him and just the utter smell of his sweat had me going crazy.

They passed my mouth around back and forth. Wyatt's balls were smaller than I expected but his cock was huge and veiny. His butt was so soft and I rubbed all over it as I throated him. I don't

think either of them really thought much of this occasion because they both took turns humping me with their dicks on my hole, one fucking my face, and both taking turns shooting their loads. Wyatt shot down my throat as I stared at him. I watched his masculine sexual rage turn to a



soft orgasmic wince.

Behind me, Josh shot his load across my back and ass crack.

I

remember I wiped it up and licked it, looking into his eyes. He was in awe. He said no girl ever liked his cum, let alone did something that raunchy.

No joke, they both passed out within 2 minutes of this. I know this because I went to go clean up in the bathroom and I came back and they had left me a space open in the bed between them. I laughed and climbed in. I woke up to both of them cuddling me.

We eventually all woke up and played 2k. I made eggs.

Joe



Images by  
MENASCO PHOTOGRAPHY







Joe









Joe





Malcom Jon interviews

# Scott Frenzel

LGBT+ Social Media Influencer



**Can you tell us a little about who is Scott Frenzel?**

I am an LGBT+ influencer on YouTube, Twitter, but mostly on Instagram. I'm known for doing fun, flirty & uplifting blog posts and comedy videos. I grew up in Cincinnati, OH and moved to Nashville for school. I graduated from Belmont University with a degree in Music Business and moved shortly after graduating to LA to pursue a career in the entertainment industry.

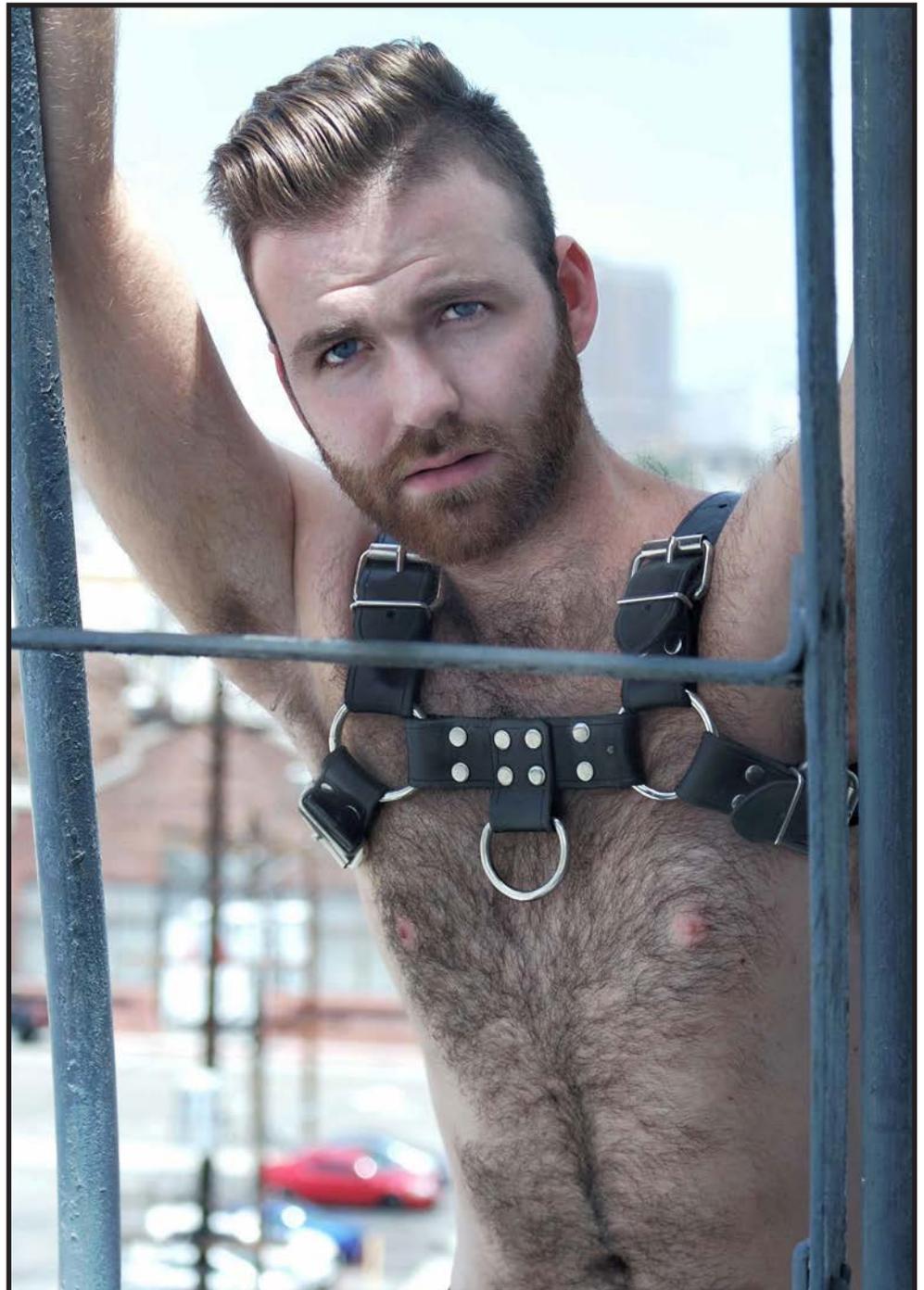
**You came out while you were at Catholic School, how was that at school and home? Are you parents strict Catholics?**

Yes! I came out when I was 16. That year was a very tumultuous time for me. My parents were in the middle of a divorce, which was far from amicable and wildly unexpected. I really had to begin relying on myself more than I had before, so it was an introspective time too. I had known deep down that I was gay for maybe two years, but I never accepted it for myself. So it was then that I accepted it and slowly began to come out to friends and family. There's a whole crazy story I go into detail in my coming out story on YouTube, but in short, my mom was very accepting. She said, "really?" (Like she didn't know because all I wanted for my 3rd Christmas was a Barbie doll and matching Barbie car.) and then exclaimed, "you know I love you no matter what!" That was really special because I think it's hard to say the right thing in unexpected moments like that, but she really couldn't have had a better response. My mom told Scott Frenzel

my dad for me, but it's not something he and I have ever talked about in detail. She told me he said "I love my son," however, we don't have a relationship anymore.

I was very fortunate because, although my high school was Catholic, my friends and the faculty were all really accepting. My sexuality didn't hinder my experience at all, and I was actually voted our equivalent of Prom King, so that was amazing. Any problems that did occur are things I look back on

*Continued on page 62*

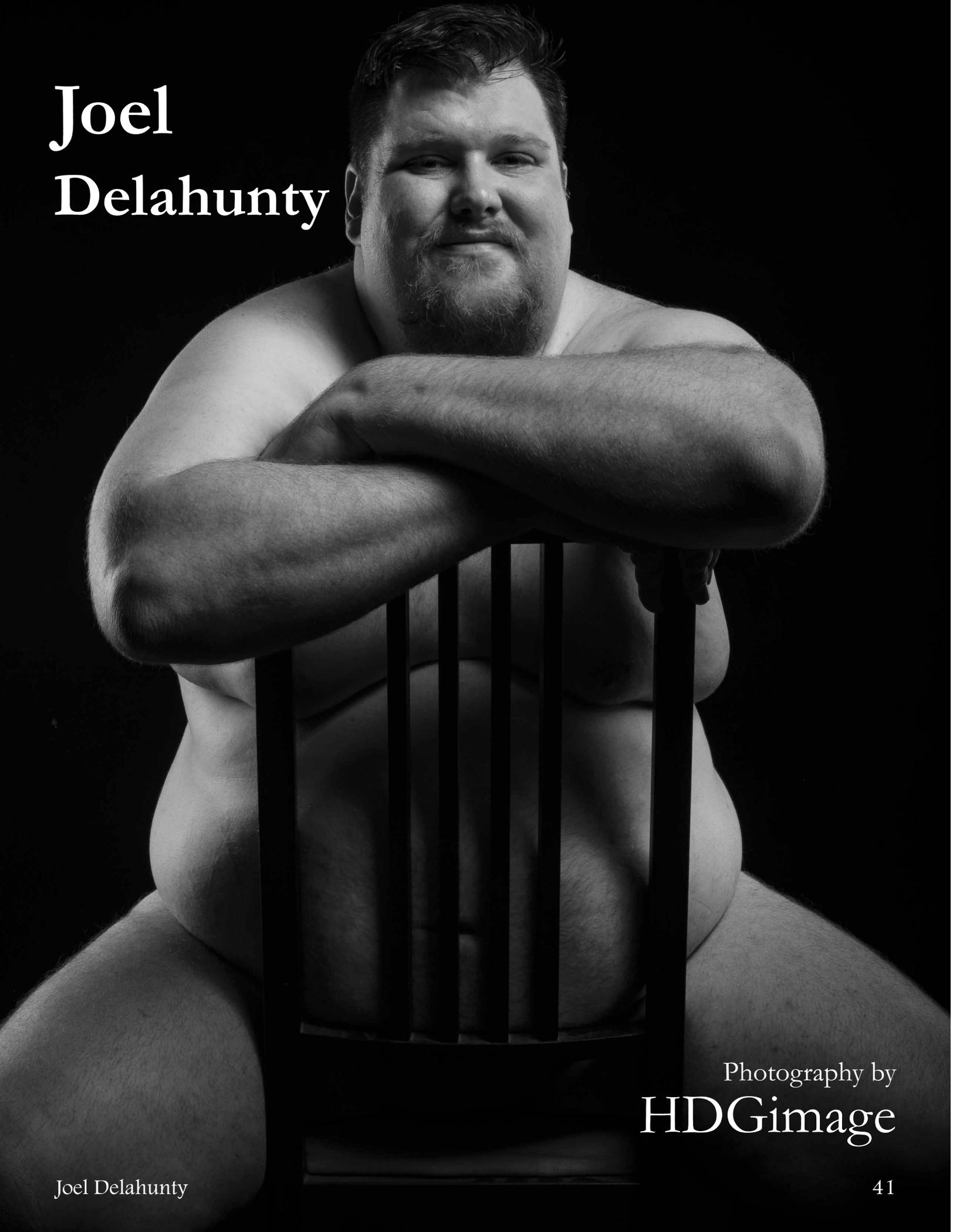


# **GO** **NAKED** MAGAZINE



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A black and white photograph of a large man with a beard, identified as Joel Delahunty. He is sitting on a chair with vertical slats, leaning forward with his arms crossed over the chair's back. He is shirtless and looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark, and the lighting highlights the contours of his body.

# Joel Delahunty

Photography by  
**HDGimage**















# Once in a Lifetime experiences by u/SexWithTrump

## On an Airplane

On a recent trip back from Orlando to Dallas, I [52] made a connection to another aircraft in Atlanta. The connection was on time and everything seemed routine. I was able to board the connection aircraft before most of the other passengers and ended up in the exit row - the coveted seats for those of us who are tall. I was sitting in the window seat and a teenage kid was sitting in the aisle seat. The middle seat was open.

As the passengers continued to board and was quite full, up the aisle came a young couple who were talking with each other softly. She was not memorable, but he was tall and blonde with dark eyes and a fit body that his Nike compression shirt accentuated. As they passed my exit row, I glanced to see what was happening below the waist and was pleased to catch a glimpse of Nike golf pants. I quickly extrapolated the obvious data to conclude that this guy must be a golfer. They continued on up the aisle toward the rear of the aircraft; the middle seat in the exit row remained open.

As happens on many flights, eventually the seats get filled and those passengers who have rampaged toward the back of the aircraft have to return to the front. I turned to watch the impending melee as the flight attendant made the "no more seats available at the back, so sit wherever you

On an Airplane

find an open seat" announcement. Back up the aisle came a few passengers including the golfer guy. He and I made eye contact and I gestured at the empty seat beside me. He smiled and sat. I couldn't have been more pleased. At closer look, he appeared to be in his mid-20's and had just a bit of stubble. We made small talk while waiting for the plane to pull away from the gate, and his gentle southern accent charmed me. I asked him if he wanted me to trade seats with his wife so they could sit together, and he thanked me for the offer but said that she was just his girlfriend.

We settled in for the flight. I was wearing a pair of khaki shorts and a t-shirt as one does when flying domestically in steerage. I'm a big boy, so I tend to manspread when I get comfortable. This means that my bare left knee would graze his right knee from time to time. He didn't seem to mind that, so, eventually, we ended up just letting our knees touch.

He was very attractive. I mean, if I were to have seen this guy on Grindr or a "rate me" site, I'd have messaged him just for the hell of it to see if he wanted to chat with me. And here I was, and older man sitting next to a fit and sexy guy who was happy to keep his knee firmly pressed against mine. I felt a tingle in my groin when I first saw him coming up the aisle, but now that we were in

physical contact, I was fully hard and not trying to keep my bulge hidden from him. I adjusted myself a couple of times to make my fullness visible to him. Each time I did that, he looked. Soon, he was adjusting himself, as well.

I had a feeling that can only be equated to the lustful fog that I had with my very first same-sex experience. There was a tingling just below my sternum, a warm feeling all over my body, and a sensation in my crotch that made me feel as close to ejaculation as I could get without actually jizzing. I knew that I was leaking, but I didn't care.

I wanted to touch him with more than my knee, so I reached down ostensibly to scratch my knee but wanting to rub his knee on the sly. I scratched for a few seconds feeling the warmth of his leg on the backside of my hand. It was very satisfactory. What happened next was not expected: after I finished scratching, he reached down to do the same thing! He scratched his knee and actually felt my bare knee with the back of his hand. Electrifying! So, having felt another man's hand on my body in even such a limited way, I desired more. I scratched again for a longer period of time, luxuriating in the sensation and warmth. When I finished, he did the same and ended with a quick caress of my knee with his hand -- so quick that it was hardly a touch but still enough to keep the juices flowing.

He could clearly see my bulge when it throbbed. He didn't even make a pretense of appearing to not look; he was fixated on it. And I was fixated on the shape and position of his bulge that was pointed in my direction and was a lovely college boy thickness and length. The way the light played off it in those pants made of shiny synthetic fibers spoke life into my soul. For those moments, each of us was enjoying the presence of the other. There was no telling how the situation would have been playing out differently if we were seated, say, in a doctor's office or in a darkened theater.

He took the inflight magazine and opened it to, I suppose, use it as a shield to protect our antics from the guy sitting in the aisle seat who had on headphones and seemed oblivious to us from the get-go. I put my right hand on the left armrest in an attempt to suss out whether he would be down with more physical contact than just our knees. When he took my hand and guided it down to his thigh, I knew that he was certainly interested. I felt of his

thigh feeling that strong quadriceps while making eye contact with him, then I slowly slid my hand up to his hard cock and felt of it. He responded with a sigh. I'm telling you, I touched every square centimeter of him: his balls, the length of his dick, and the head. He was throbbing the entire time. I wondered if he was leaking just like I was.

I thought about his "girlfriend" in the back and wondered what sort of relationship they had. Was it similar to the one my wife and I had before I came out to her? Was he a young closeted gay man who, like me, found this same-sex encounter to be thrilling and stimulating - a once-in-a-lifetime inflight encounter that one only reads about but never truly experiences? Was he a straight man who, when realizing that the guy sitting next to him was hard and leaking with a precum spot on his shorts, started to delve into those gay wonders about which he had been curious since high school shower rooms?

I started to stroke him gently under the opened magazine. It was risky as hell, all of this touching that was going on, but I was going to continue as long as he was offering his cock to me. When I'm browsing the Internet and read "rock hard" as it pertains to dick, I will forever now think of how his solid rail felt in my hand. Ah, the strength of youth! Further, he was very much into the feeling of being stroked and exhibited a beautiful expression of both rest and bliss.

All too soon, we began our descent into Dallas. I didn't intend for him to cum in his pants, but, to be honest, I wouldn't have been disappointed if he had. I believe he was drawing close to orgasm when he suddenly leaned forward and whispered "Stop!" with a sense of urgency. From that point in the flight for the next 20 minutes, he remained in that position as shifted between looking out the window to looking at my expanded precum spot. I think he wanted to make his erection go down so that when he got ready to get off the plane, he'd be back to his normal state. I found that even more stimulating because based on what I could see, he still seemed very hard.

We touched down in Dallas at Love Field. By this time, he had resumed sitting in an upright position (the flight attendant had told him to sit up during final descent) but was still relatively hard. I whispered to him that I'd be happy to finish him off in a bathroom stall in the terminal. He replied that

his girlfriend would be with him and it would be difficult. I suggested that I get off the plane first and wait at the bathroom nearest to the gate. If when he got off the plane with his girlfriend he commented aloud to her that he had to use the bathroom, I would follow him in and we'd complete the deed in a stall. If he passed by with his ladyfriend and didn't stop, then we wouldn't finish him off.

I got off the plane, shielding my wet spot with my backpack. I stood by the bathroom checking my phone trying to not be obvious but still wanting to be aware of my surroundings so that I wouldn't miss the opportunity. Soon, here they came, and he told her that he needed to stop in to the bathroom. SCORE! I followed not too closely and turned the corner to see a madhouse of a bathroom. There were guys already using the stalls, guys in line for the stalls, guys in line for urinals, guys everywhere. My boy stepped up to the farthest urinal and I was left wondering how we would finish him. He stayed at the urinal for a minute, then came back over to the sinks with a look of regret on his face. "Looks like we're not going to be able to do it," he murmured. I agreed and told him that it had been a pleasure meeting him. He left the bathroom and I followed at a distance watching him and his girlfriend as they moved toward baggage claim. His ass was tight, my brothers. I was having thoughts.

When I got back to my car which was parked at an offsite pay-to-park lot, the sun had set and darkness had set in. After I left the lot and began the drive home, I unzipped my shorts and jacked. Just like the first time when I masturbated and came (and we all remember our first time, no?), in moments I had shot my load.

This experience is now indelibly etched into the top five life moments for me. It's an experience that I didn't have to pay anything extra for yet one which gave me such a thrill for which I would easily have paid money. How much money? I have no idea how much surreptitious crotch rubs cost, so I cannot comment there. Yet, that hour-long connection has opened up a whole new world of desire and longing in my soul - desires and longings that must be fulfilled.

My journey continues.....

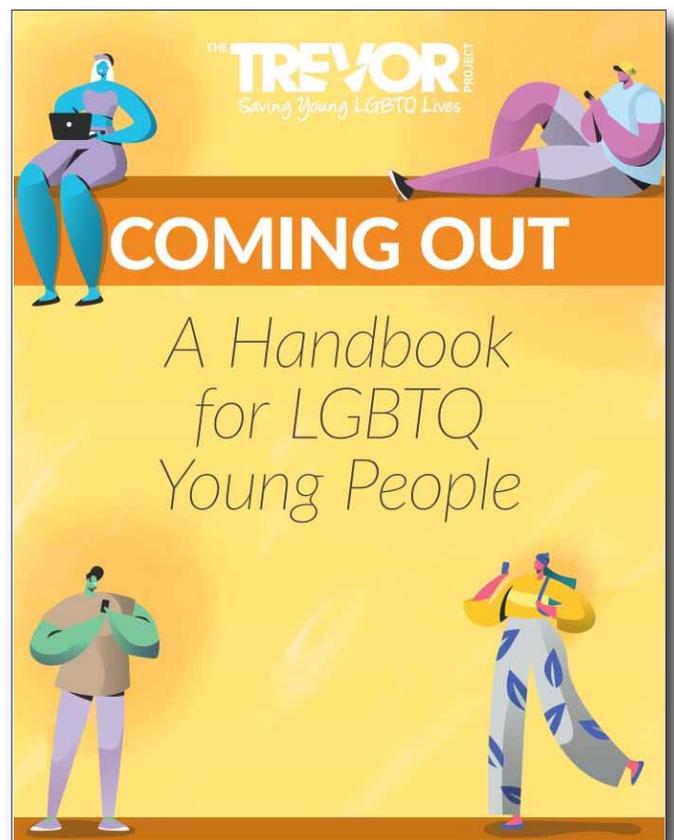
On an Airplane

# THE TREVOR PROJECT

*saving young lives*

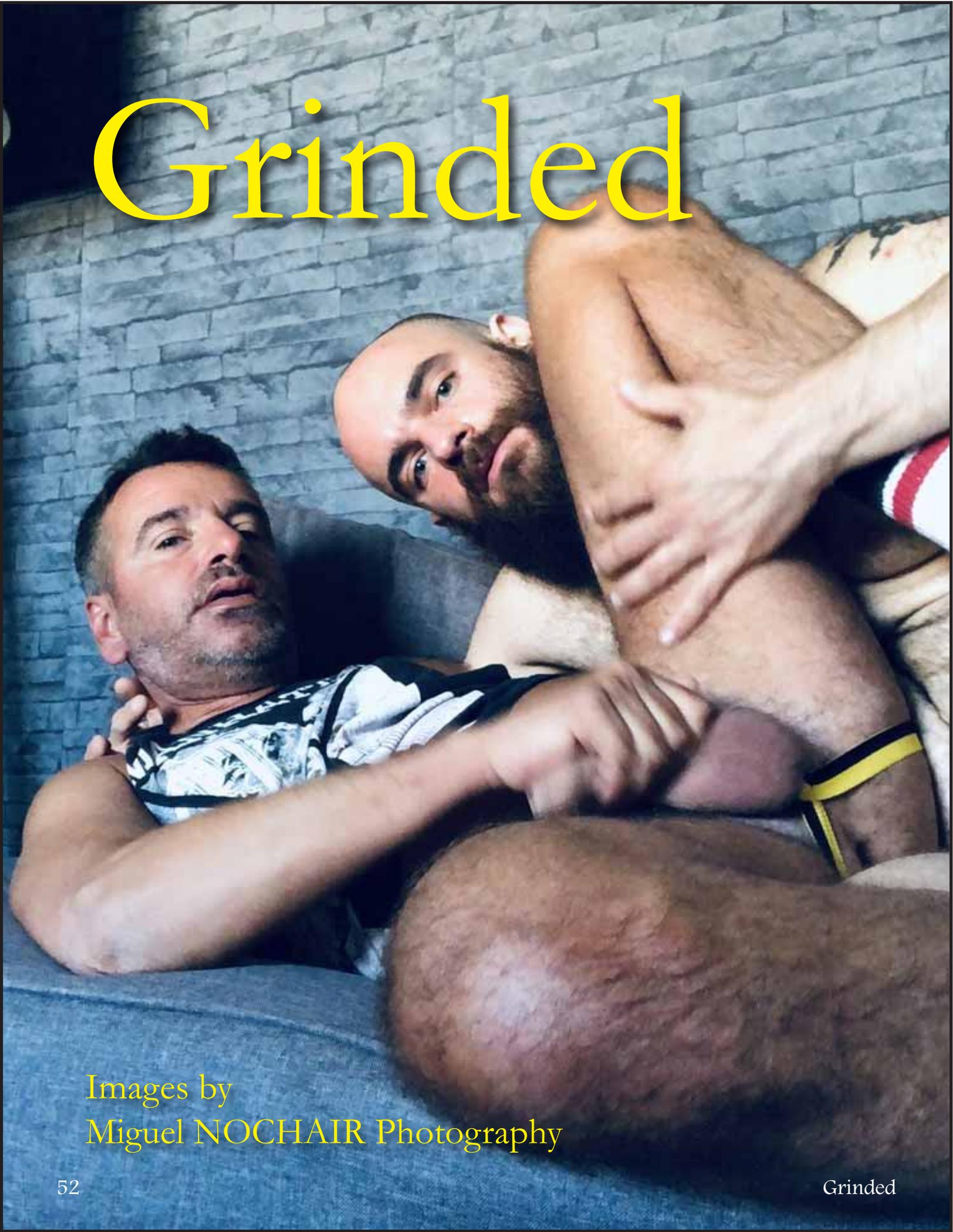
Founded in 1998 by the creators of the Academy Award®-winning short film TREVOR, The Trevor Project is the leading national organization providing crisis intervention and suicide prevention services to lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, queer & questioning (LGBTQ) young people under 25.

If your niece, nephew, brother, sister, or anyone that you know has a young person that is struggling with his or her identity, the Trevor Project has released a handbook to help them.



**Get your copy by clicking the image above!**

# Grinded



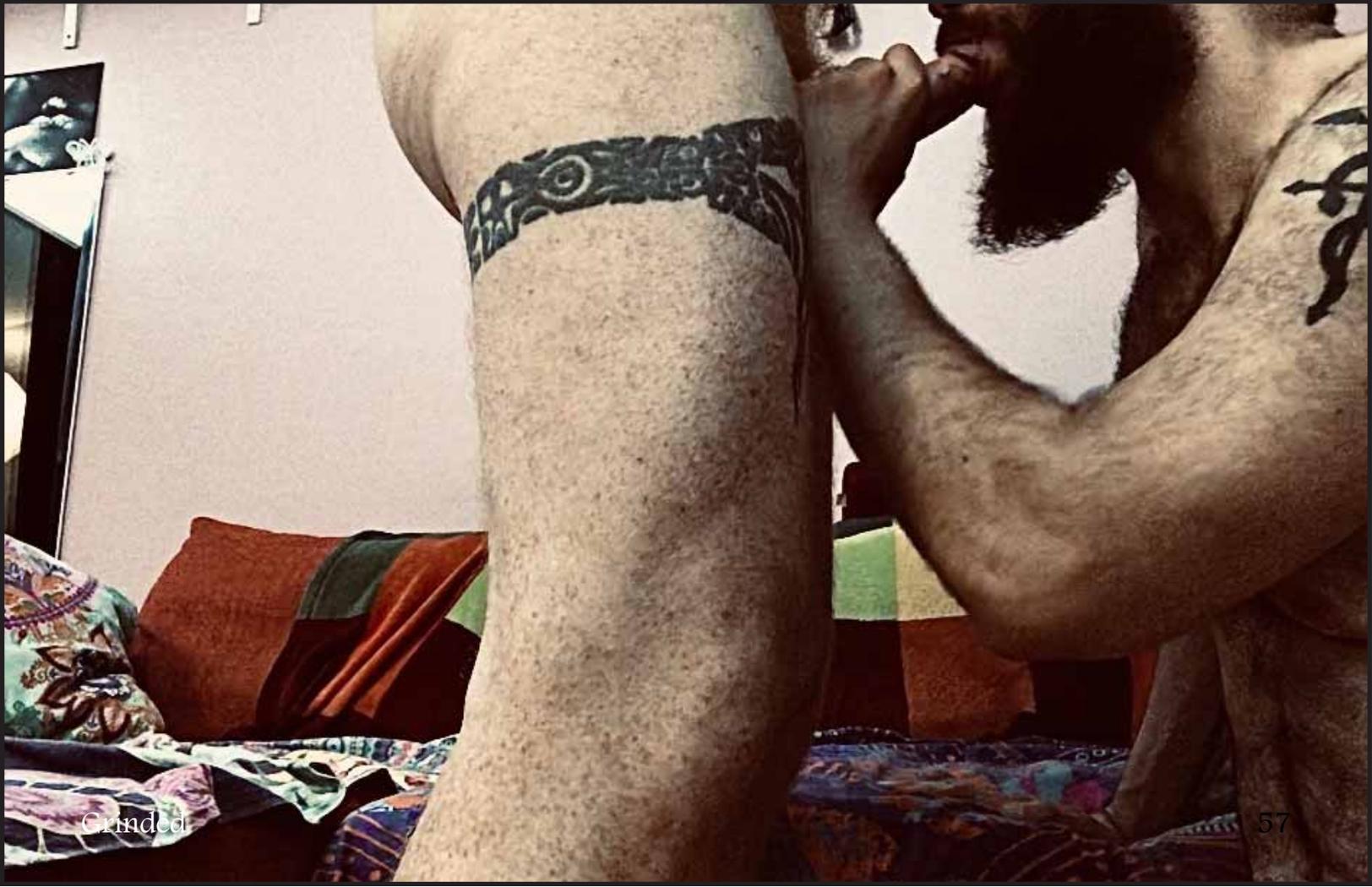
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DHM FAN ~ Hunter Strauss

there was a lot of “I don’t think the Archdiocese will approve this” and “we’ll have to see how other schools have dealt with having a club like this.” I don’t know, I thought all these things were ‘my fight’ at the time, but I look back and I’m so saddened that as a young adult, my whole identity as a person was a political issue, I shouldn’t have had to deal with that kind of stuff then, I should’ve been allowed to still just be a kid who was learning and growing and exploring, and I had it easy compared to what a lot of LGBT+ people go through!!



***How did you get the nickname “Scotty the Otter”?***

So in the gay community, we have different “tribes” like ‘bears’ and ‘twinks,’ but the “otter” is a relatively new one. It means a guy who is thinner and younger, but scruffy like a bear. It’s more just for fun, but as I started to call myself an otter online, I was getting messages from more and more people about how they felt ashamed for having chest hair, or back hair. It was so encouraging for them to

now and am sad that I accepted those as normal. I remember one of my teachers had a rainbow flag sticker on his podium, and parents complained and he had to remove it. I never brought a boyfriend to a school dance, but there was always a fear that it would be an issue if I did. My senior year, a couple of friends and I tried to start a Gay-Straight Alliance (at the time, that’s what they were called, it’s rather outdated now), and weren’t adamantly told “no” but

see me embrace my own scruffiness online and for me to get such a good response. So in what I do with blogging on Instagram, it became more of a symbol for me about embracing who you are and not changing that for other people. With that message in mind, the name just kind of stuck. And let’s be real, chest hair is hot! I have no problem keeping it!

***The cover you did of Cyndi Lauper's, "Time after Time," was amazing. Are we going to hear any more musically from you in the future? When did you first start singing?***

Thank you! That's so kind! Yes, I hope so, music is a big passion for me, one I regrettably haven't pursued as much recently. I started singing in high school, and as my choir teacher at the time told me, I was "basically tone-deaf." Since then I have come a very long way. I actually wrote and recorded a six-song EP in college, but it never was released. The songs are all original and in various stages of completion. There is some really good stuff there. It's definitely something I'd like to revive and put out independently in the near future. There's one song, in particular, I really like. It's called "Burnout" which is a very summery song describing that moment where the honeymoon phase of a relationship ends. You get scared that things may be happening too fast and guilty that you're not feeling the same passion anymore. I'd love to release that one in the future. I recently worked closely on an ad for the queer dating app, Taimi, with my amazing director friend, Lindsay Miernicke, and I know we could film a really cool music video for it. So keep an eye out!

***Are you modeling? If not why? You have the look!***

Thank you! I'm not currently signed, but that's a goal at the top of my list for 2020. As I told my mom over the holidays, I'm "Midwest skinny" but "L.A. fat" so I'll have to give up the fast food for a while to pursue that. I have been building my modeling portfolio and have been fortunate to work with some amazing photographers in L.A.: Ryan Stanford, Christophe McWhorter, and Chris Armenta. So maybe you'll be seeing this little otter all over next years' holiday ads!

***What feeds your soul?***

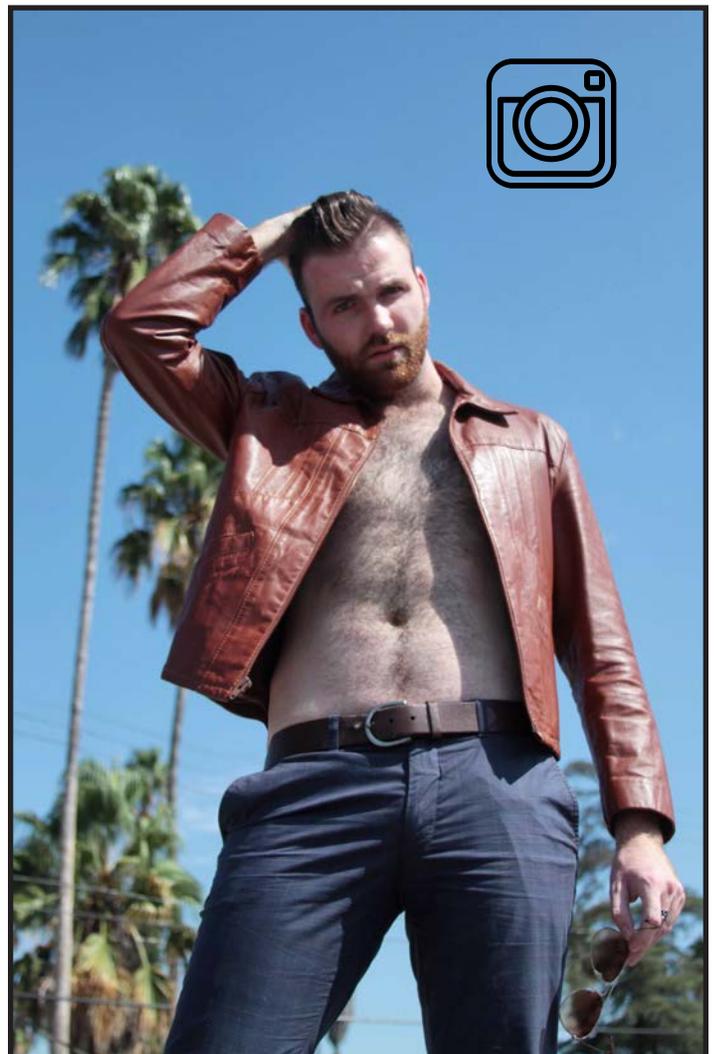
Whenever I'm creating, I think of the lonely kid I was growing up in a small town. I remember how impactful seeing queer people in the media was for me. Whether that was the Blaine and Kurt relationship playing out in Glee or the gay kiss Katy Perry put in her "Firework" video. I have specific mem-

Scott Frenzel

ories of those because they gave me a lot of hope. I didn't know any gay people growing up so I couldn't see what life could look like for me. When I'm creating, whether that's content for Instagram, writing a song, or recording a little comedy video, I think of those kids in small towns like I was, and I aim to give them some hope too.

***Are you working on any project for 2020?***

Well now you have me all fired up about putting that song out and filming a music video, so that! I also created some cute enamel pin merch earlier in 2019, that'll definitely have a 2020 release. I did a really great fashion shoot with Ryan Stanford recently; I think he's pitching it to magazines. I thought I had a pretty good sense of style, and then I got professionally styled for that shoot and went home and burned all the clothes in my closet. Kidding, but I look hot as fuck in that shoot, so I can't wait to see the response when it's released!



A man with a full, dark beard and a short haircut is shown in profile, looking towards the left. He is wearing a black tank top with the word "BOY" printed in large, stylized letters. The letters are white with a red and black distressed texture. He also has black leather armbands on both forearms and a black earplug in his left ear. The background is a bright, sunny outdoor setting with a cityscape and a body of water visible in the distance.

# Nate G

Images by

*Kirk Stephens Studio*

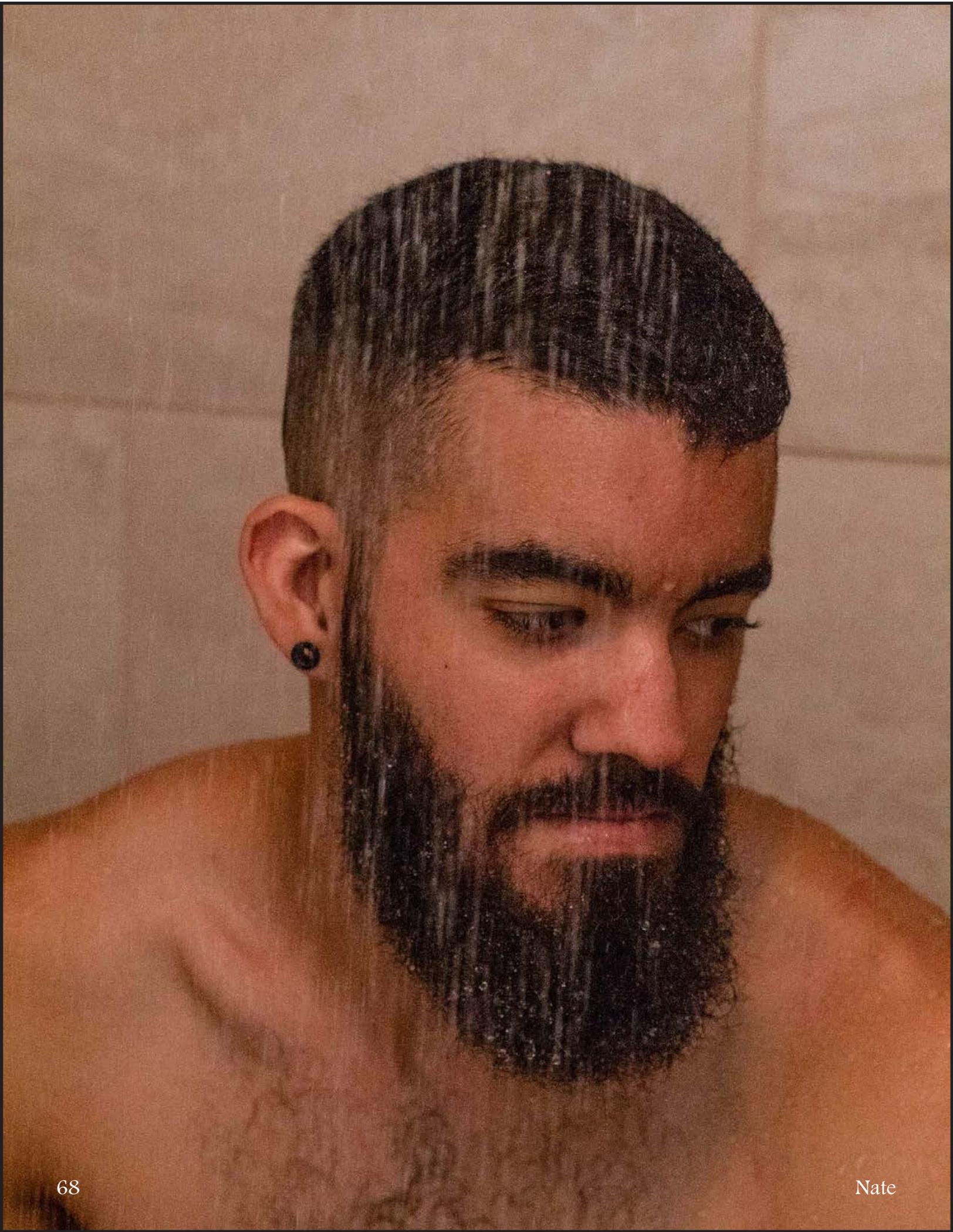


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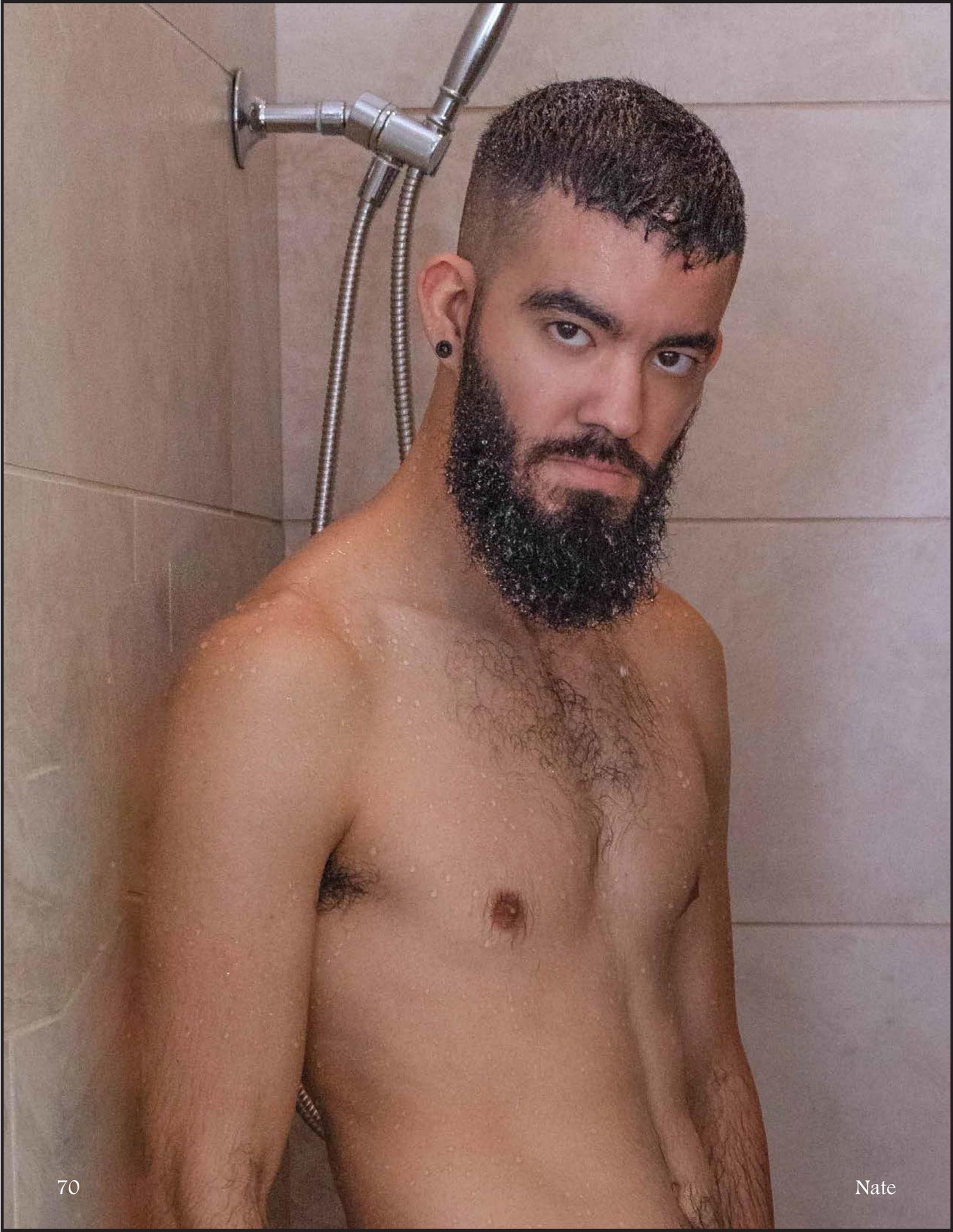




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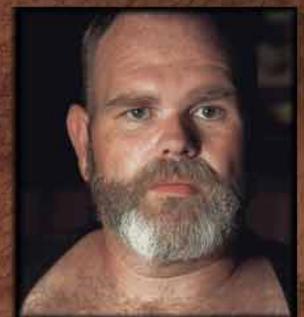
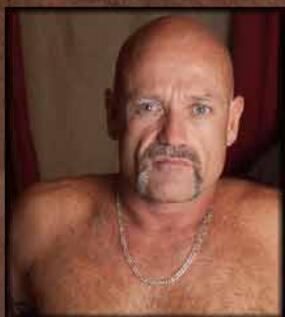


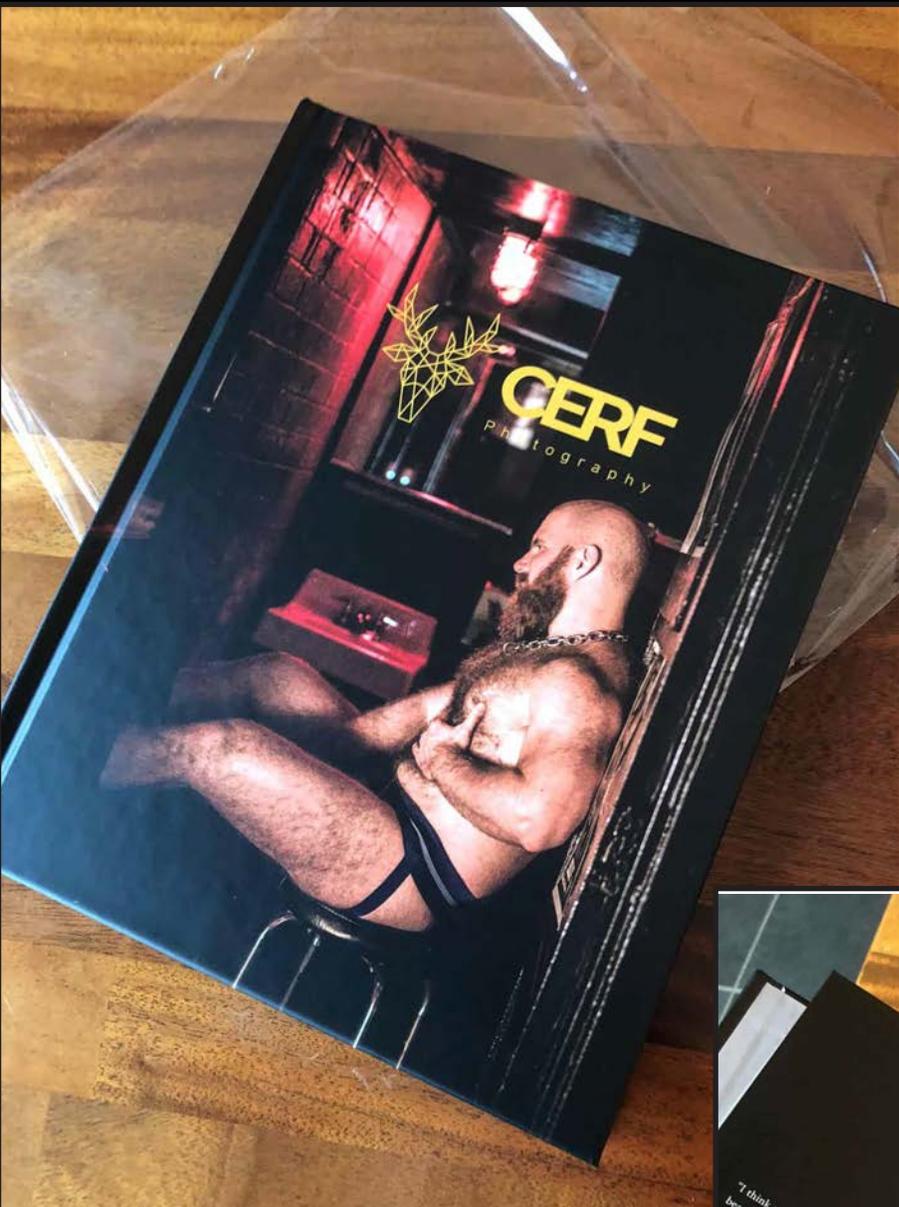




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