

*All Men Are Beautiful!*

June 2020 | Issue 18

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

TRUCKING  
CORP.

Jon

*A dirty furry Texan mechanic*

Javier Lara  
brings us  
**Seven  
Virtues**

The return of  
**Jezebel**

Images by  
HDGimage  
**7 Deadly Sins**

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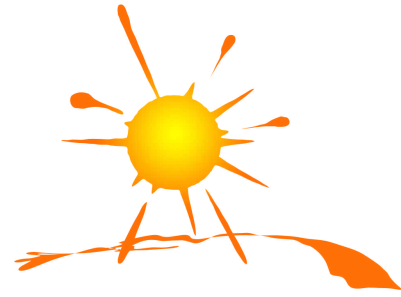
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# Lust

# Ramblings From the Editor

**Sin**, it's nothing more than a moral construct. Something that is thrust upon us from an early age as our parents attempt to bring us "faith" or a belief in a deity that supposedly loves us unconditionally however you are required to follow the rules to be with him/her/it in the end.

We're taught that if you commit a sin you have to be truly repentant and ask for forgiveness. And if you are truly trying to overcome sin, with the higher power's help, you can overcome it.

Sometime in long past the "Church" came up with the 7 deadly sins. The most terrible of terrible things that you must overcome.

But if you truly look at the sins, why are they considered deadly? Is it because they are part of the human existence and we are suppose to strive for the divine? Is it because human nature is to take things to the excess and the Church understood this. Or is it, even more likely, that the Christ wanted to control people and their baser instincts?

Certainly it has been shown through time that the 7 deadly sins were a "do-as-I-say" set of rules rather than for those that ran the Churches.

It is well documented that pretty much every sin listed as deadly was broken since the inception of Churches. You don't have to read too much history to figure that out. So the real question is, are they truly deadly sins that will keep us out of heaven? And I guess another question remains, if they are, would you want to go there in the first place?

I am not an overly religious guy, although I do believe in some sort of higher power (I just have zero clue what it is). Because of this, I tend to not buy off on the whole concept of sin.

I always wonder, if the high power is truly all loving, why would he/she/it need to put together those rules to follow. Why would he/she/it truly care if you took Pride in yourself? Why would it care if you wanted to be lazy? And hell, Anger is part of the human existence; if you keep everything bottled up inside, won't that just cause you health issues in the long run?

Personally, I think that the sins are nothing more than man made constructs of control laid out by the Church. What do you think about them?

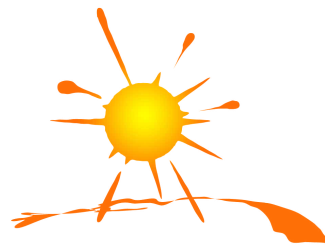
In any case, some of our contributors have come up with their interpretations of the 7 deadly sins for this Issues. I am not going to lie, it is an interesting wild ride. They really took the bull by the horns, so to speak, to come up with some great work.

As always, the photographers and models would love to hear from you. Please take a few moments and click on the social media icons and let them know that you saw them in DHM.

We appreciate your patronage of the Magazine and would love to hear from you also.

**STAY SAFE!**

As always, thank you for your continued support!!



**DESERT HEAT**  
MAGAZINE

*John*



Jon

Images by Desert Heat Images



Jon











# Envy



*Mick looks at Blake and they know they haven't got much time to act. They had to think fast to get out of this one alive. Mick looks at Blake from the opposite side of the alley, and gives him a nod, as the shuffling shadow grows closer. Blake wondered what Mick was going to do. Mick motions for Blake to make a run for it, this confused Blake at first, but then, from the look of determination in Mick's eyes, he knew what he was going to do.*

# Jezebel

Story by Elijah James Barrett

## Chapter 12

The scream echoed through every corner of Northerly Island, it was bone-chilling and set Blake's skin on fire, more because he recognized the voice that was producing that horrible scream.

"Help! someone! Leon! Leon!!!! Please!!!! Oh god! Leon!!!!" The terrible screaming voice of the hyena-man echoed across the island. It sounded as if he was dying... no... worse.... being ripped to shreds, the cries were nearly unrecognizable.

Mick seemed to react to the the screaming voice as well.

"Oh, my god that's...." Mick started to speak.

For a moment Blake, seeing the look in Mick's eyes, thought he was going to suggest they go help him... but there was one more terrible scream...

"Please! Anyone! Paw!!! Leon!!!! I don't want to d..." the plea of help was interrupted by one long, excruciating howl of pain, then silence, as the echoes of the man's last cries rang through the abandoned grounds and alleyways like the reverberations of a gong.

"It's too late," whispered Mick, his fear finally evident to Blake. He turns to Blake. "Run...Follow me and run, don't look back."

Blake stood quiet and still for a moment, still shaken.

"Run!" Mick almost barked at Blake, his teeth looking more canine.

Blake snapped himself out of it and took off at a run, back the way they came. Mick followed and soon got in front of Blake, taking the lead. Blake panted as he ran behind Mick, following him as they twisted through the back alleyways of the abandoned fairground, terrified that whatever had taken their brief companion would come for them at any moment. His mind burned with the horrible image of that ghostly white face, and the bloody maw of teeth that he and Mick had met in the alleys earlier.

Mick led Blake back through the alleyways back to the entrance of the World's Fair. It seemed to take forever, Blake staying close to Mick, both running at top speed through the dense jungles of dilapidated buildings, leaving the strangely colorful center of the grounds and entering an area where all the light seemed to be shut out completely. Even in the dark, Mick seemed to know the way, as if he was navigating by senses other than his sight. And strangely enough, Blake was able to keep up with him, avoiding falling beams, shattered glass, and pieces of sharp twisted metal that obstructed their path in the dark like fallen trees and thorny patches

of brush. All the while those terrible cries in the night echoed through Blake's mind, as he wondered in his panicked mind what horrible things were being done to that trembling, feeble looking animal man (hyena). He wouldn't have to rely on his imagination for long, for right as they were nearing the gates to the fair grounds, and Blake was finally beginning to know where he was, a cold sense of dread, more foreboding than ever he had felt, swept over him.

Blake and Mick had little time to stop to realize what was ahead of them, before they both smelled the stench of death, and felt the cold cruel aura ahead of them, contaminating the area like a sickness, and that tyrannical blood-thirst Blake had sensed earlier.

Mick nearly slid on the ground, kicking up dust, coming to an abrupt halt, and grabbed Blake, pushing him behind a wall. Mick didn't have room to hide where Blake was and had to duck behind a brick wall on the opposite end of the street.

What Blake had seen before Mick pushed him behind the wall was a large shape, hunched over the carcass of another, looking like it was a great robed angelic statue, praying over a dead man. But that was not what the figure was doing, Blake could tell by the sounds that whatever was kneeling over the body was ripping into it, tearing flesh from the bone, eating. Blake could see Mick, looking as terrified as he was on the other side of the street, as they heard the sound of the creature (Blake could tell, just from the aura, that it wasn't human) tear into its victim, a strange sound coming from its throat as it did.

Blake peeks over to see the robed figure (the robes appeared to be a dark grey or black, almost ancient looking) hovering over the dead body, looking like it was digging into its chest with its grotesque, long, white claws. The claws were snow-white, and looked to be covered in a fine white fur. Its muzzle was hidden for the moment, embedded into the body. The sight made Blake feel sick. The figure reared its head-back, as Blake saw the two spire-like white protrusions on its white head (they were ears, but had almost looked like horns), and then come down onto the body, near the chest, and Blake heard its saber-like teeth crunch and tear into it, ripping a large chunk of flesh from the chest. Blake saw the side of its long white face swing back up to the side, its long sharp

teeth barred, the white fur stained with cherry red splashes of fresh blood, a large piece of flesh flying from its teeth like a large piece of torn paper, or cloth, billowing in the wind. The face was so gaunt and hollow it almost looked like an animal's skull, its eye shut at the moment, and in the dark it looked as if it had hollowed eye sockets, and its maw so full of sharp teeth it looked as if its jaws were never shut. Blake had expected this deathly looking creature to scarf down the flesh it had torn from the corpse below it, but it flung the piece of flesh off the the side, discarding it on the ground. As the tall creature did this, it swung to the side just enough that Blake was able to see the face of its recent victim.

Blake had to keep himself from gasping aloud. It was indeed the hyena-man he had met earlier, and even though he had known it was his cries of terror they had heard, it was still a horrible surprise to see his face, still animalistic as he had previously seen him, eyes and maw gaping open, frozen in a look of sheer terror, as if he had been killed mid cry, still trying to emit a silent scream that would never be released. The hyena-head, with its frozen look of fright, moved a little from side to side as the great creature's large claws dug mercilessly into him. The hyena-man looked so small, laying dead on his back, compared to the large ominous creature, who easily stood 9 to 12 feet high, maybe 13 if with its grotesque protruding, pointed ears, its long, flowing black-grey robes giving it the look of an angel of death, as they nearly draped over its victim, as it descended on it.

The great white creature, in its dark robes, opened its maw again, hungrily, and reached both of its long, sharp, white clawed hands into the chest-cavity of the hyena-man's bod, and grasped something. A horrible, wheezing gasp escaped its mouth, which sounded disturbingly like a human sigh of "ah", and is ripped something violently from the hyena-man's chest, causing blood to spray, and a tendon to snap like a wire, as the large white hands now dripped with red blood, holding a small, deep red fleshy object in its hand. Blake knew that it was the hyena man's heart that the creature held in its long white hands. The creature rose from the body, and now, that it wasn't haunched over, Blake finally saw just how tall this gaunt, ghastly looking creature was, and he finally got a good look of its white furred face. Its face was that of a Jackal, like

an ancient Egyptian god of death, like Anubis, but white and ghostly, more skeletal than anything, its exhales from between its massive teeth sounded like whispers. Its eyes opened, revealing its pale, red, glowing irises, which seemed to float like fireflies in its head, which eyed the disembodied heart in its hands before a strange cackle emitted from its throat and its large, skeletal jaws opened. The great Jackal haunched over again, and buried its face into its open hands, devouring the hyena man's heart, Blake looked away shutting his eyes, as he heard the Jackal feast. He couldn't help but see that blank, staring, horrified face of the hyena-man behind his eyelids as he heard the monster tear at his heart. Blake heard the creature swallow, and decided to finally open his eyes again, and turned to look at the Jackal again, against Mick's miming across the alleyway for him not to do so.

Blake turned to look and saw the great white Jackal, in its robes, still haunched over, eating the last remains of the hyena-man's heart, blood dripping from its face and claws. Suddenly it stood alert, as if it sensed someone watching it, and turned suddenly in Blake's direction, emitting a horrible gurgling noise in its throat, which sounded like a human sigh, its white face, teeth, lips and fur drenched in blood, staring right at him, looking into his eyes with its glowing red eyes. Blake ducked behind the wall again as fast as he could, in hopes that the Jackal hadn't seen him, but he knew it had, even if just for a brief moment. Blake waited, hardly breathing, and heard steps moving towards the direction where Blake and Mick are hiding.

Mick looks at Blake and they know they haven't got much time to act. They had to think fast to get out of this one alive. Mick looks at Blake from the opposite side of the alley, and gives him a nod, as the shuffling shadow grows closer. Blake wondered what Mick was going to do. Mick motions for Blake to make a run for it, this confused Blake at first, but then, from the look of determination in Mick's eyes, he knew what he was going to do. Blake shook his head, exchanging a glance with Mick, but Mick looked like he had made up his mind. Blake watches as Mick gives him one more look with his warm green eyes, nods, and then takes off at a sprint down the empty street, the Jackal sees him and follows, sweeping past Blake, and chases after Mick. Blake's heart sank with both fear and sorrow for his friend. Blake realizes why

Jezebel

Mick is doing this, and feels both guilty, and grateful to him. He just hoped Mick would be able to outrun that thing.

Blake, after seeing Mick's willingness to use himself as bait to allow him to escape, wastes no time in making a run for the gates of the World's Fair grounds. Blake runs nonstop until he reaches the tall chain-link fence where he and Mick broke in to the grounds, not looking back once. The chain-link fence looks the same as when Blake and Mick made their way into the grounds, except that the hole Mick had torn in it was no longer there. Blake looked around frantically. Was this even the same place?

Blake heard someone or something coming up the sloping abandoned streets behind him. Was it Mick? He thought hopefully. Blake squinted his eyes in the dark, trying to make out the great dark shape that was coming up out of the dark street behind him through the fog. He still couldn't tell what or who it was, except that it was large, and coming at him fast. It might have been Mick, but there was also a slight shuffle to its walk or run that reminded Blake of the Jackal creature. Blake couldn't take a chance and wait here to find out. He had to act fast. After all, if Mick had been willing to distract the creature in order for Blake to make his escape, he didn't want it to be for granted (in vain).

Blake began to climb the fence at a surprising speed, all the while trying to shake that guilt that was plaguing his mind, from leaving Mick behind.

"No, that's what he wanted me to do", Blake thought, "I could tell from the way he looked at me. Why else would he run off like that?" ...

... But a part of Blake felt that he should have stayed behind and faced that creature, instead of leaving Mick to try his luck against it. If he had...he might have ended up just like that poor dead hyena-man back there. His dead, blank face still haunted him, the image of it flashing through his mind as he climbed...soon replaced with the image of Mick, laying dead, motionless, expression empty. What if Mick, his new best friend, met the same fate as that unfortunate henchman. The thought pained Blake too much to think about. Mick wouldn't have dared to try and outrun that thing if

*Continued on page 36*



# VANAGLORIA

Selfish, Narcissistic, futile... Vanity!

Photos: Edward Murillo Moreno - Model: Sebas Tabu  
Fashion Styling: ATELIERCAVALIER.CO



















The Actor/Model  
**Fady Zablouk**

Interview by  
**Malcolm Jon**

[#fadylous](#)



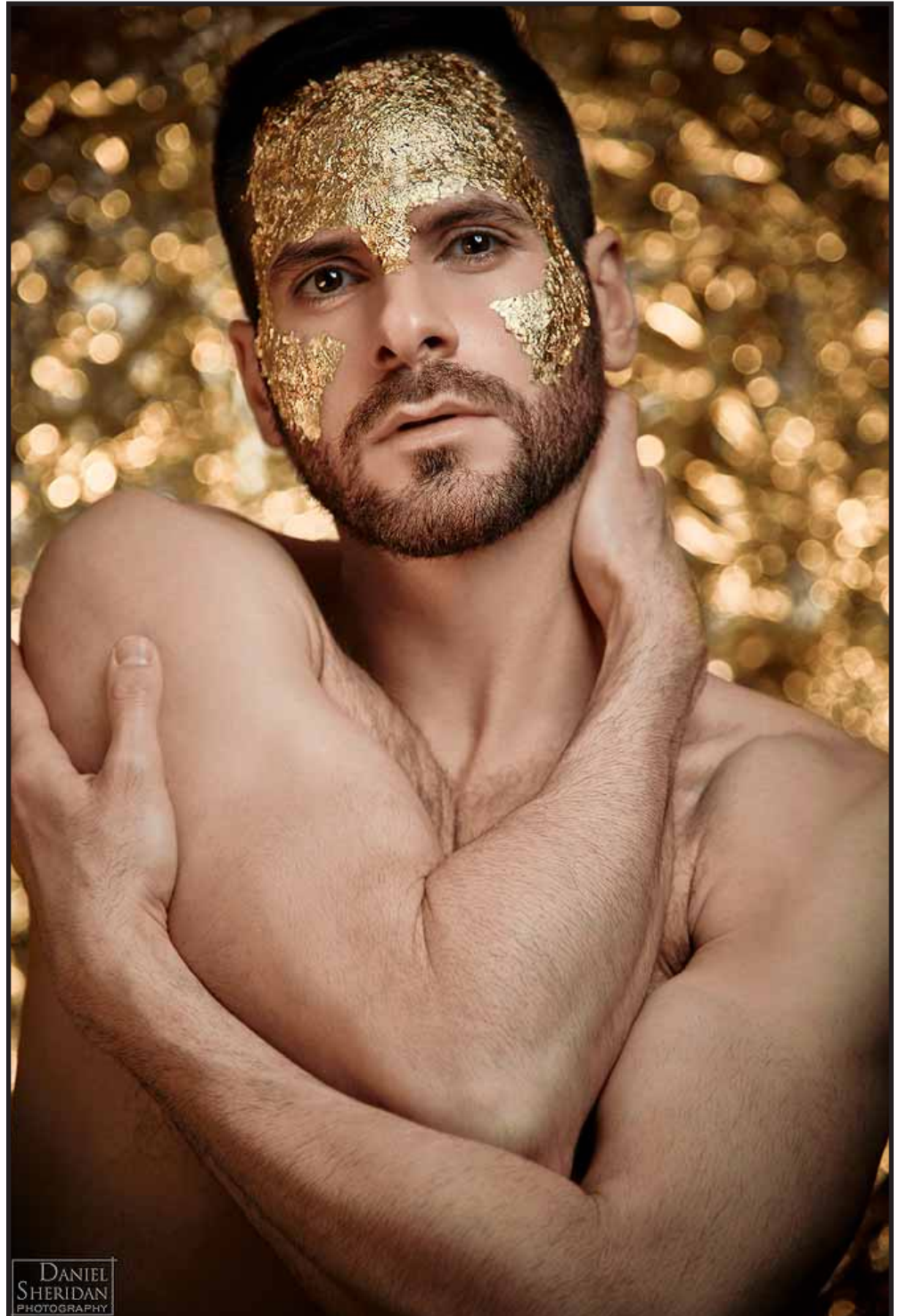
**International model and actor Fady Zablouk is burning up the screen and runways with his exotic look. Fady has acted in commercials, music videos and done voice-over work. I reached out to Fady to ask him a little about his passion and life. He was so nice to sit down and have a chat with me.**

***Can you tell us a little about yourself? How did you get started in modeling and acting?***

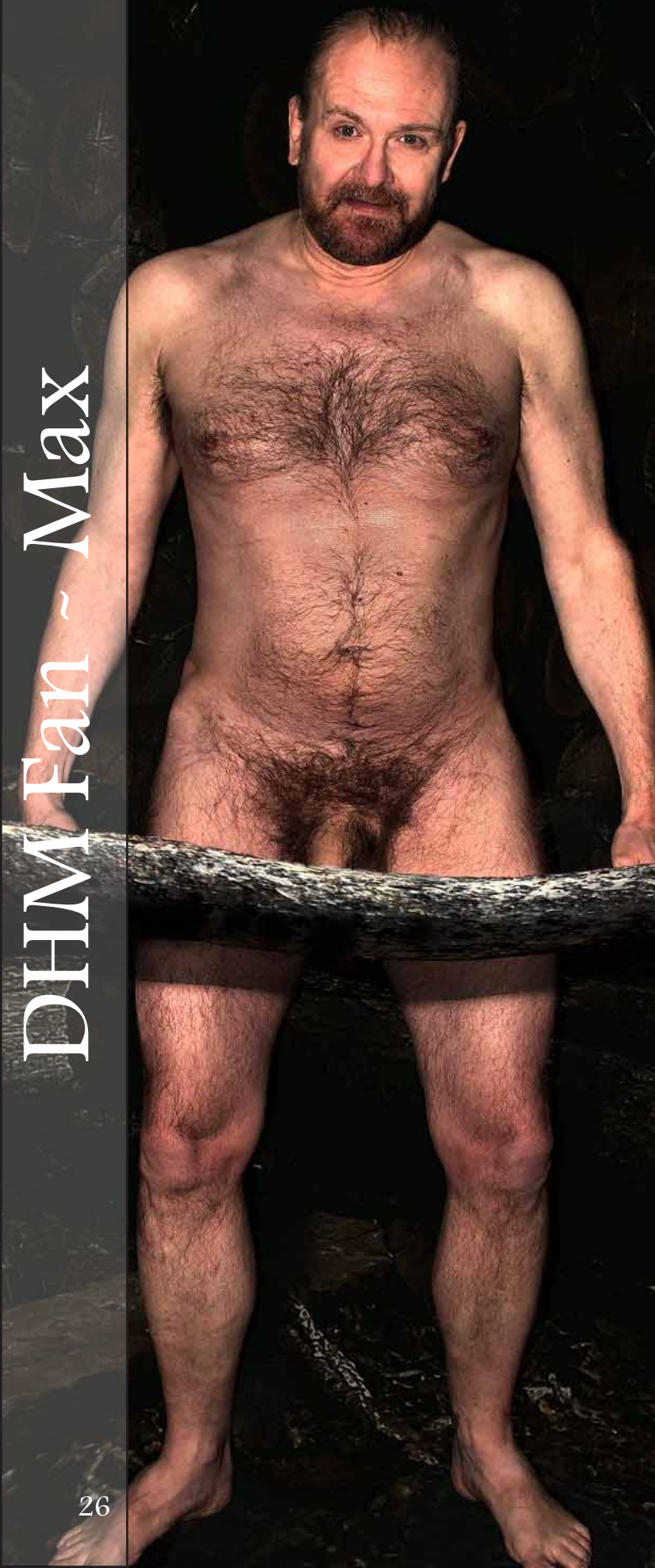
In 2006 I moved from Iraq to India after the American war to do my Masters in IT. One day an agency came to our university campus in Delhi looking for new models for a fashion show. I went with a friend of mine to audition and we both got selected for the show. My very first runway and first photo-shoot was in Delhi. In 2009 I graduated and decided to move back to the Middle East and this time to Lebanon to see my family. I met my parent's friend, who is an agent and offered me work on TV and I said sure. She took me to the studio and took some new photos of me and the very next day she started booking me and I was on seven channels within three months. After a short time, my visa ended so I had to leave Lebanon. I was disappointed because I thought this was the end of my modeling career. I moved next to Jordan and decided to get a visa to move to Canada. I worked for LG as an IT administrator waiting for my visa. In 2012 I got my visa and moved to Toronto, and just like any other immigrant was trying to find a job in my field but no one will

hire me because I had no Canadian Experience. I landed a modeling job to make some money until something else comes up. I got a job with Bank of Montreal and I was part-time at the beginning and modeling on the side but when I became a full-time BMO employee I could not do much modeling and was missing it big time. I decided to take a risk and quit BMO and do modeling full time and here it starts in 2015 when I flipped my life upside down and since then been modeling and acting full time.

*continued on pg 76*



DHM Fan ~ Max





**Wrath**



# What are the 7 Deadly Sins?

When presented with the challenge of choosing images to represent the Seven Deadly Sins, It was hard at first.

But after focusing on all the misinformation we had recently received from the current so-called "leadership," and the particular 45th individual who is the pure representation of the Seven Deadly Sins, things seem to come to a focal center: why not represent Virtue as the "tool to overpower" them!

Therefore, I utilized the Biblical definition of the seven deadly sins and overpowered them with the virtues for the sake of the work's better interpretation.

## And how to cure them with 7 Virtues

Images by **Javier Lara**



# Lust

**To overpower Lust with the virtue of Chastity: I utilized an image in which a black man penetrates a white man, leveraging centuries of racism of one race over another. by placing the man with the large weapon on the bottom and the other man on the top, and in doing so I try to neutralize the situation and call attention to a time of equality.**

# Gluttony

**Gluttony is overpowered with Temperance by placing the erect penis implanting the desire to be healthy, looking up and away from the peanuts.**



# Greed



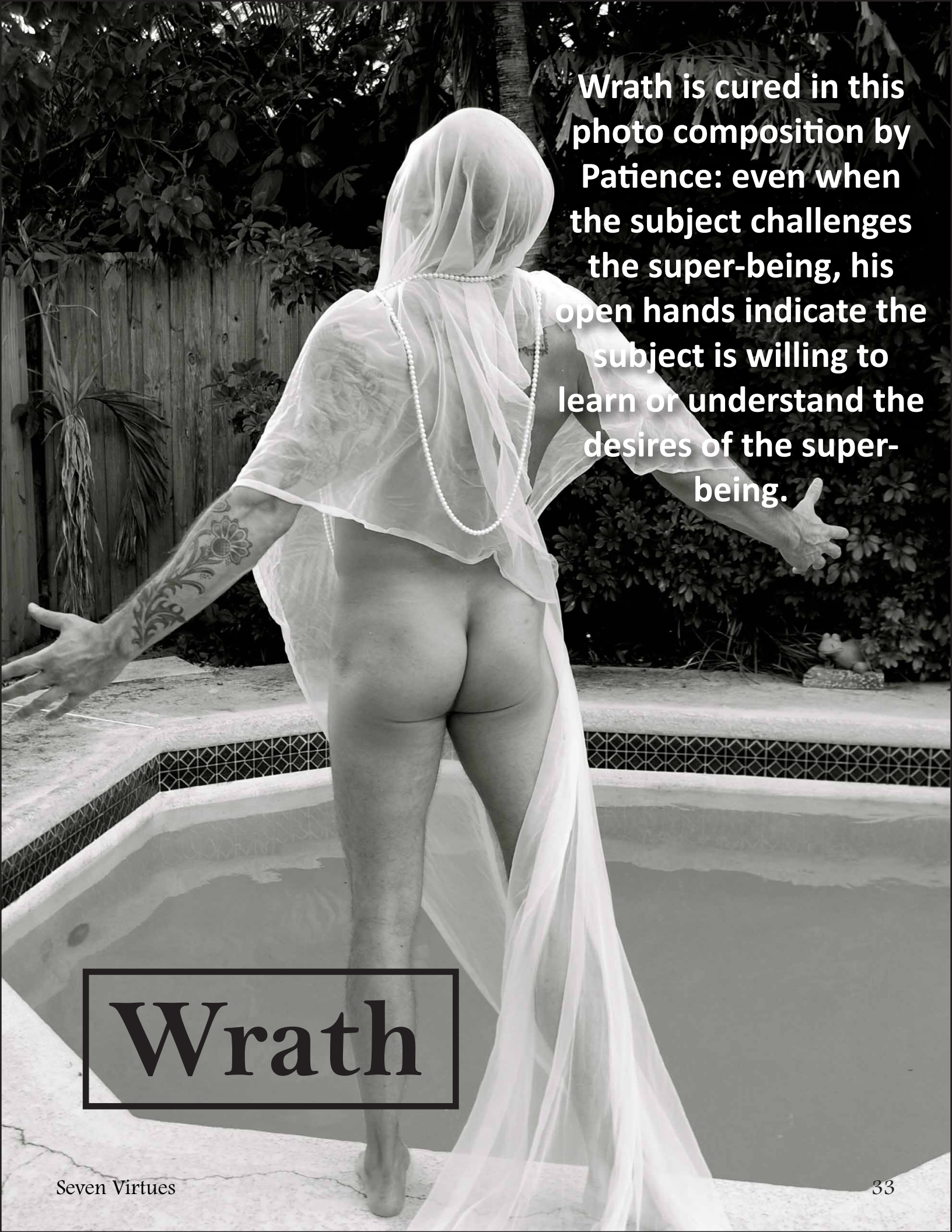
**Greed is cured by Charity in my image by placing the model looking away from the jewels, the desire of storing treasures becomes unimportant.**

# Sloth



**The excessive laziness or failure to act and utilize one's talents. Diligence or Zeal: cures slothfulness by placing the best interest of others above the life of ease and relaxation. (for the viewer's interpretation)**





**Wrath is cured in this photo composition by Patience: even when the subject challenges the super-being, his open hands indicate the subject is willing to learn or understand the desires of the super-being.**

# Wrath

# Pride



**Pride is cured by Humility by placing a flower above it, removing the ego, and delicately neutralizing the attitude.**



# Envy

**Envy: the intense desire to have an item that someone else possesses. In the image, Envy is cured Kindness by placing the desire to help others allowing the one race that had the belief of being superior, to play with it.**

he wasn't capable of beating it, he just knew Mick wasn't that reckless. Blake tried not to think about what was happening to his friend as he reached the top of the fence and prepared to jump off on the other side.

Just as he was about to leap from the fence, putting a leg over one side, he saw the large figure that had been following approach the base of the fence. Blake looked down, behind him, trying to see what was below him as his leg caught on a sharp broken wire in the fence. It ripped through his pants and skin, leaving behind a bloody scratch on his leg and a piece of torn fabric stuck to the fence. Blake winced, and hissed in pain as the sharp wire tore into his leg and his blood dripped down the fence. The figure below started to come closer to the chain-link fence, Blake continuing to keep his balance on top of the fence as he feels the blood from his cut roll down his leg. The figure below seemed to be responding to the smell of his blood, and put one of its hands on the fence, as if it was fixing to climb up after him.

Blake still couldn't tell who or what this figure was. It was large, and could have been either Mick or the monster. If it was Mick, he seemed injured and didn't (or couldn't speak) and just clung to the base of the fence breathing heavily. If it was the monster, the white Jackal, it was tracking him by his scent, and by the time his blood ran down the fence, it would know where he was. The figure leaned against the fence, almost still, right below him, its breath heaving. For a moment Blake was afraid it was Mick, mortally wounded by the creature, and nearly dying, needing his help. He was about to call out to the figure below to see if it was indeed his friend in need of help, but then there was a sudden, chilling howl, like that of a wolf (it almost sounded like the roar of a bear). At first Blake thought it came from the figure below, it was so loud, but it came from the left, past the tall beams and wires that supported the sky ride buckets like they were hanging between grotesque crucifixes. The large figure below looked to the left for a moment, and then took off in the direction of the howling noise. It moved swiftly, almost gliding across the broken pavement below. Blake realized his mistake. That thing below him was no Mick, not by the way it

moved. If he had called down to it, he would probably already be dead. Blake saw the shape of the upside-down triangle formation of the protrusions or ears of the monster below him., forming a shape just like the jackal's silhouette.

Blake waited for the shape to pass out of the sight in to the shadows of the streets, and then made a leap down from the fence, to the opposite side, outside of the dreaded abandoned fair grounds. He nearly collapsed when he fell, due to the pain in his leg, but still landed gracefully, like a large cat. He took off at a run, distancing himself from the fences, just in case the Jackal-like monster was trying to trick him, waiting to snatch him through the fence, then turned around. There was no light or color coming from the abandoned World's fair now, and barely any light from the starless sky. The dense fog was coming back as well, nearly eclipsing Blake's vision. As much as he wanted to call out for Mick, he knew that would not be wise, as he would probably be located immediately by the thing that was apparently hunting him.

Blake ran again, away from the fence and the grounds, into the fog, hoping to find the back entrance to the hotel that he and Mick had come out of, into this place. He searched through the fog, aimlessly, before shutting his eyes, and trying to focus on his other senses. That's what Mick would have done in this situation. Blake concentrates and sniffs the air, and feels a sense of calm wash over him as he starts breathing in the cold, humid air. Blake starts to gain sense where he is and walks through the fog, with his eyes closed. In his mind's eye, he can see the doorway getting closer, a far off object, and he walks toward it, strangely enough, he sees himself, walking to it on all fours, like an animal, not a human. Blake didn't know where this strange sense even came from, or if it was even real, or just his imagination going awry. But as the door grew closer in his mind, the fog soon came in again, into his mind, overtaking his senses, obstructing the door. Blake lost focus, he thought, as other objects began to take shape around him in the fog of his mind. But there was something else, as if his senses were trying to hone in on something else, or someone else, in the fog.

When Blake tries to sense his direction back to the hotel again he suddenly

smells (or senses) something else. Something familiar. Mick's scent. It was him. It had to be. It smelled like him, a mix of his sweat, hair, a smell of the sun, his distinct cologne, which smelt remarkably like roses, and there was something else... the scent of blood. Blake opened his eyes and took off in the direction of Mick's "scent" or "aura". He didn't know how he was locating him this way, but if there was a chance it could lead to him, he was taking it. He knew his friend was injured somehow.

Blake looks through the fog, relying on his senses, and soon sees a large figure coming through the fog up ahead. It was large, dark, and brawny looking. For a moment Blake almost wanted to shout out for Mick to find him, but as it drew closer, he recognized two pointing, spiring protrusions on its head, it had canine ears. Blake realized his mistake all too late, as the tall figure was nearly on top of him. But it was different than the Jackal. It looked entirely black, with glowing orange eyes, much larger and brawnier. It was the large black wolf he had seen before. Before Blake could turn and run or attempt to fight the great beast, it lunges out at him, it's jaws locking over his, and he fell onto his back, the big creature on top of him... only to find... Mick's jaws locked with his.

Mick had been the one who pounced on him through the fog, and now was on top of him, giving him a kiss. Their lips and jaws broke apart and Mick looked at him relieved. Blake was speechless, looking at Mick. He thought he might never see him again.

"You're alright buddy?! Ah man! I'm so glad." Mick gives Blake a big hug. "I thought I failed ya man. I thought I lost you to that thing."

"Same here," said Blake. He had only known this guy for a few days, but here he was, a big gruff, usually cynical guy, almost about to cry because he was so relieved that his friend was alright. "I thought it got you...I..." he hugged Mick tight, his arms and hands wrapping around his back, and Mick winced in pain, and grunted. It was then that Blake felt something warm and wet on his hands, and he realized that Mick's clothes, what remained of them, were torn apart, shredded by claws, violently, there were scratches all over him, and he was only wearing a shirt and dress pants, they are shredded to pieces and barely staying

Jezebel

upon Mick's body.

His back was bleeding, a lot.

"Mick, buddy, you're..."

"I know, it sure stings, alright," said Mick with a grunt, "But we don't have time, we have to get out of here, back through the door... it's... it's behind me. It's still following."

Blake sees the urgency in Mick's face and they both immediately rise to their feet, heading off into the fog together, Mick running with a limp.

Blake noticed that Mick was trailing behind and was worried he might lose sight of him again.

"Mick, are you..?" Blake started to ask, slowing down for Mick to catch up.

"Don't slow down, keep running," barked Mick, almost sounding angry, "we're almost there."

...And sure enough Blake began to see the outline of the back of the hotel through the fog, even though it looked more like the entrance to an old dive-bar from this angle, and the bright blue light of the neon cursive sign began to break through the curtains of fog. ...and somewhere, close behind them, Blake senses they were still being trailed... no... hunted, by the white jackal, it was gaining on them, swiftly.

"Run!" growled Mick, "we're almost there. We'll make it if we run faster!"

Blake was running as fast as he could, so fast his lungs and chest stung when they breathed in the cold night air, but he pushed himself further. The "blue jungle" sign and the derelict back of the building was in clear view now, only a few more feet away.

"Shit," grunted Mick, almost coming to a halt. Blake could tell he was in a large amount of pain.

"Mick, I'm not leaving without..." Blake almost began to slow down.

"Keep running dammit! Almost there ya bastard!"

Blake wasn't sure if the last remark was directed at him or what was following him, but he didn't care. They were almost at the back stairs to the club entrance.

Blake felt the pain and blood in his

*Continued on page 55*



# JUSTIN

Images by George Kraus











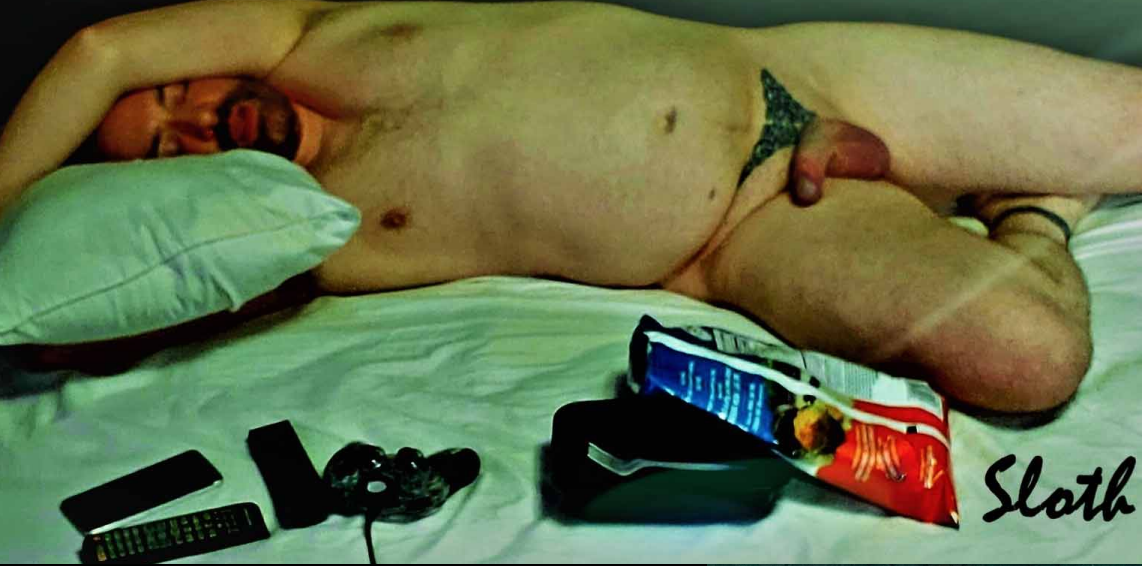




# Pride







Sloth



Pride

# Self Portraits



Wrath

# 7



Greed



Envy

# Deadly Sins

by Shaun McMurtie



Gluttony

Seven Deadly Sins



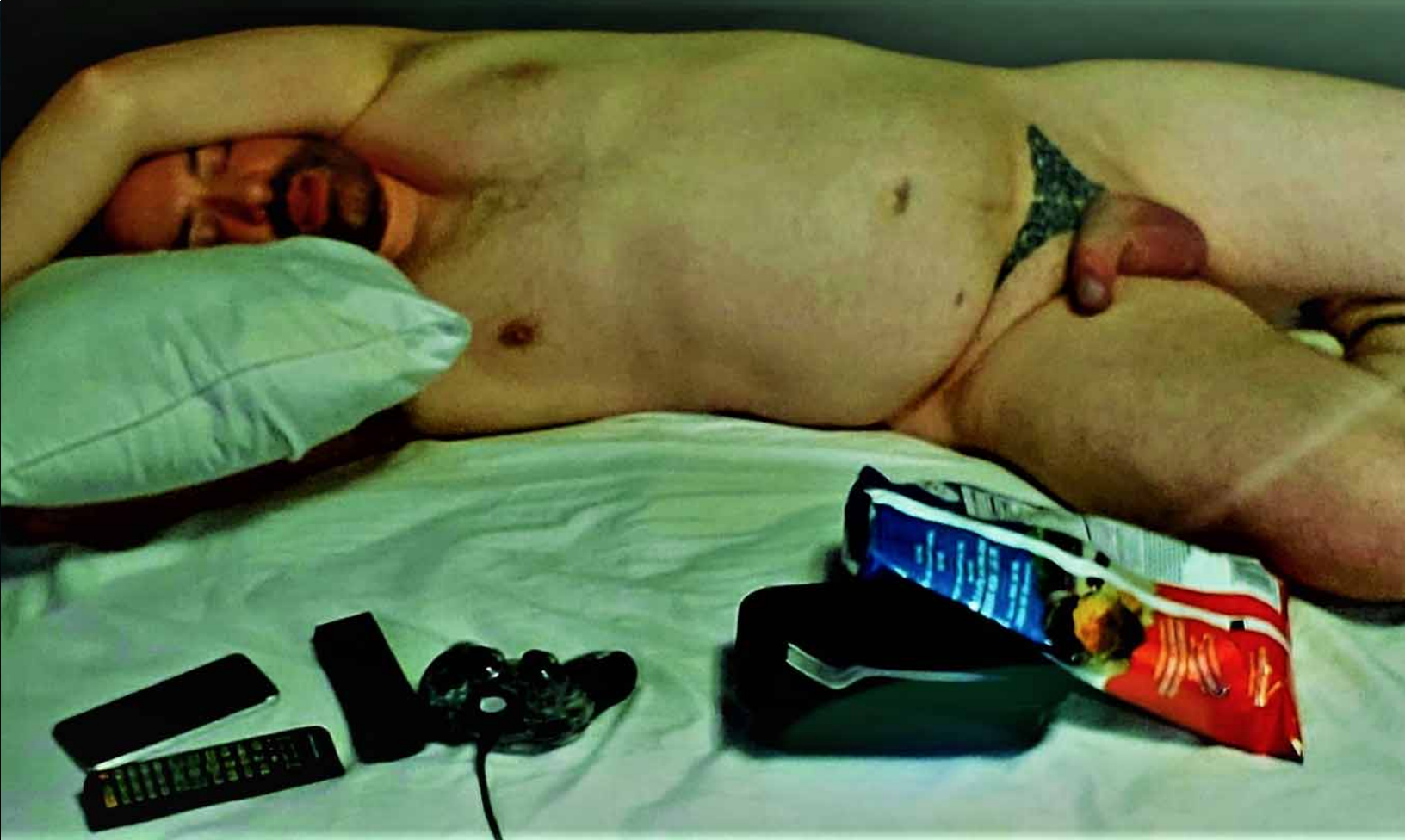
Lust







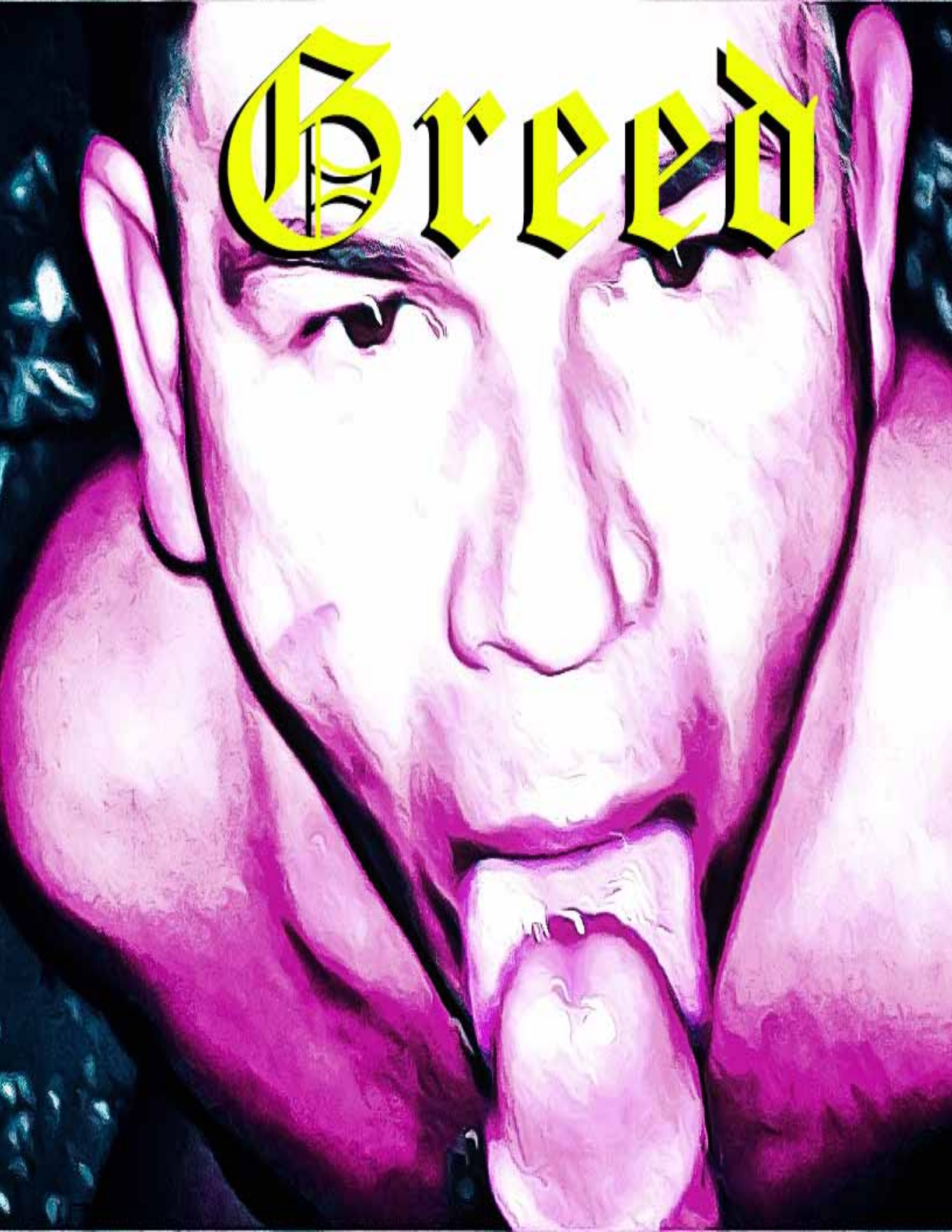








# Greed



leg rush down his thigh, calf, and ankle as he sprinted to the concrete stairs, running up to the balcony and the door they had come through. He grabbed the door handle, turning it and pushed on the door...

... it was locked. Blake panicked.

Before he could think Mick was on top of him, pressing against his back, and inserted something into the keyhole. From the corner of his eye, Blake saw what looked like a shining, metallic (silvery) blue key. Mick's hand turned the key as Blake's hand turned the nob and they both fell through the door.

Blake hit the cold stone floor of the backstage area first, Mick landing on top of him. Blake turned, still on the ground, and kicked the door closed while Mick leapt up and pushed his body against it, putting the blue key in and locking it.

Mick sighed and huffed as Blake noticed the large scratch marks down Mick's muscular back. It looked like he had been mauled by a large animal. There was so much blood. Blake got to his feet immediately.

"Mick, your back," says Blake.

Mick looks over his shoulder and sighs, "Yeah, that explains the pain." Blake looks around looking for something to bind the wound with, and was about to tear off a piece of his clothing when Mick's hand grabbed his arms, stopping him.

"I'll be alright, we don't have time," grunted Mick, who was looking dizzy, perhaps from all the blood he'd lost. "We have to get out of here. It might still find a way in after us."

Blake looks uncertain about Mick being alright, but nods.

"I just need to find something to cover me so I don't look so conspicuous," says Mick.

Blake agrees.

"Yeah. I've got it. Here," says Blake, he removes his trench-coat, and hands it over to Mick. "Take my coat, I still have my suit. If ya close it, no one will see how beat up you are."

"Ah, yeah, thanks," said Mick, still sounding like he might use consciousness at any moment. He tries putting on Blake's coat, but hisses in pain. Blake helps him with it. He still thought he should get Mick to a hospital once they got out of this Jezebel

place. Mick gets the coat on, but it won't quite shut over his big pecs, and is tight over his large arms. Mick grunts again. "Ah, it'll do for now, I should be fine as long as we stay in the dark, come on, pal."

He pats Blake's shoulder thankfully and Blake helps him as they navigate the dark backstage area of the hotel's club, startled as they pass through the back of the large Wolf-Dragon's mouth again, it's eyes glowing, and blue flames bursting into life all around them as they walked through. Once again, the blue fire didn't appear to burn them, and there wasn't as much smoke this time as there was before.

Once they emerged from the backstage curtains into the Hotel's club, Blake and Mick almost didn't recognize the place. It was even more dimly lit than before, the skylight that hovered over the large room before seemed to have vanished (maybe it had been covered up? Blake guessed), and the only lights were coming from the blue fan-lights on the walls, and from the kitchens on the other side of the room. The candles, the chairs, and the tables were all gone, as were all of the people, with not a soul was in sight. A few traces of blue smoke still hung in the air, but it almost looked like clouds of dust, as the large empty room now looked as if no one had ever been here. Both Blake and Mick looked confused, but descend the stage and crossed the club's ballroom toward the blue curtains and the kitchen doors with no time to waste. As they crossed the room Blake could smell something else, a strange sterile smile, almost like ammonia. Had this room been cleaned recently? And for what purpose? Blake had the strange sense that something had happened here, in this room, while they had been away. But what? The sudden vanishing of all traces of the guests dug under his skin. Blake didn't have time to think about this at the moment, though. His friend was hurt and bleeding, and even though they had escaped that creature from outside, he still had the feeling that they were being followed.

When Blake and Mick were about to escape through the kitchens, crossing through the folds of the blue curtains, they heard strange shuffling sounds coming from across the club's ballroom, from the back of the stage, behind the curtains. Blake and Mick didn't stay to find out if the monster had followed them into the hotel, and ran into the kitchens, passing through a blur of hanging cutlery,

pots, pans, and kettles, cold bluish walls, and black and white tiles. As they escape through the kitchens from the club room, Mick and Blake, to their horror, feel they are still being followed by the monster. They share a look, realizing they are both sensing the same thing. They leave the kitchens, but only after thinking they got a glimpse of the monster, the jackal, in its black robes, at the kitchen door, opening it with its long, white, clawed hands. Even though it might just be their imaginations going wild, both of the men didn't want to stay to see if they were right.

Blake and Mick navigate their way through the darkened back rooms, and vast storage areas and halls. These areas were suspiciously abandoned as well, though they did not have that strange ammonia smell Blake had sensed in the hotel's club room. As they ran through the dark corridors Mick began to groan, a muffled painful sound. Blake put his arm around him, and put one of Mick's massive arms around his shoulder, as he looked like he might fall over. While Blake supported Mick, whose muscle mass made him very heavy to support, Blake felt that his back felt warm and wet. The blood from his wound was beginning to seep through the back of his trench coat. He had to get him out of here, and fast. He was beginning to worry his big friend might not make it.

As Blake was hoping that the rest of their escape would be free from any more obstacles, he had the terrible sense that he and Mick were not alone in this corridor. This thought played on Blake's mind as he and Mick tried navigating the strange labyrinth of halls they had wandered into. In the dark back-hallways Blake kept thinking he saw them being followed by a shadow on the walls, one that reminded him of the white jackal. Blake was paranoid that it was closing in on them but he keeps running with Mick in the dark. He knew they were near the exit now. He could see the red "EXIT" sign and the door glowing in the dark. They were almost there and out of this nightmarish place.

Right as they were coming upon the door, a strong hand grabbed Blake's shoulder and pulled him around. Mick, who Blake had been supporting, fell forward onto the floor. At first Blake feared the worst and thought he would soon be faced with the ghostly white face of the tall demonic

looking white jackal in its black robes, but instead was met with a much broader countenance. The face and eyes which looked at Blake would have been familiar to him if they had been human, for he had seen this man's human face before. But this was unlike any human he had ever seen.

In the dark, Blake stood face to face with a large lion, whose eyes glowed white hot in the dark. He wore the same suit as the bodyguard they had encountered when they had first entered the place (the man with the beard and the streaked mane of hair, Blake thought), but that was not the first thing that struck Blake about his appearance. This lion-man-thing seemed to glow, not just his eyes but his entire body. It then struck Blake that his coat of fur and mane were streak with many different colors, which looked as bright as a neon sign in the dark. His mane seemed to hold every color of the rainbow, and yet shined with a singularity of white light. It almost hurt Blake's eyes to look at him, even though it looked beautiful. The lion was a big, brawny, powerful and mean looking as he was beautiful, and Blake thought he might strike him dead here, if it wasn't for Mick suddenly getting to his feet, stepping in from behind and easing things up.

"Neon-Leon! What the hell are you doing here?" asked Mick, sounding surprised as Blake was. Mick sounded surprisingly chill, and witty, as he bantered with the large lion-man, acting as if he wasn't injured at all.

"I told you never to call me that, Wolf-man," said Leon, his swirling glowing eyes still fixed on Blake. His hand, with sharp claws, began the bare down on Blake's shoulder. "Now, who the hell is this t..."

"Woah, Leon. Watch it. He's alright. He's with me," said Mick, trying to step in between Blake and Leon.

Leon looks from Blake to Mick.

"You a new guy?" asks Leon, inquisitively.

"Oh, yeah," lied Blake through his teeth, hoping it would give him a pass from the angry looking lion. "Wolf's just been showing me the ropes. We were on duty out in the back of the place."

Leon eyed Blake suspiciously, then gave a smile, showing his large, sharp, opalescent white teeth. "Yeah? Well...you just stick close to him there, new-guy. Wolf-man's all right by me. He's



one of the best.”

Mick scratches the back of his neck like a dog with fleas.

“Heh, thanks Neo-Leo,” says Mick, sounding flattered.

“Don’t call me that shit either,” grumbled the lion.

Leo released his grip on Blake’s shoulder, and motioned for them to pass. Blake let out a sigh of relief, as Mick tried to keep his “cool-guy” attitude up, and keep his injured back hidden from sight.

Just as they were beginning to pass the Lion guard, he sniffed the air around them.

“Hey, you guys alright?” asked Leo.

“Yeah, why?” asked Mick.

“I smell blood,” said Leo, sniffing in Blake’s direction now.

He darted his glowing eyes down toward Blake’s leg, where his pants were torn from the fence.

“That’s me,” said Mick, “I got into a fight while on duty. They were a sore loser...got me from behind.”

“Ah, Wolf, you know you’re not allowed to fight on duty. I know it’s in your nature, but I’m afraid I’ll have to report this...”

Blake had the feeling these guys knew each-other. He wondered how Mick would even know someone who worked here...then it occurred to him. He must have been in this place before. Perhaps he had infiltrated this place for cases before he even met him. But how? Hadn’t he just arrived in this city not long ago? Why didn’t the others seem to know him?

“Yeah, I just can’t seem to control myself,” said Mick sounding embarrassed. “You know me.”

“Yeah...I do,” said Leo. “Just keep your nose out of trouble.”

“Sure thing. See ya-around Neon-Noodle,” says Mick in a cheerful, playful voice.

“Stop that. I hate that cartoon,” grumbles Leo. “I hate it when you call me that.”

“Alright, Neon-Noodle. Catch ya later.”

Mick began to lead Blake away from the large, colorful looking Lion, when he sniffed the air again.

“Wait just a minute,” he said with a sinister sounding growl.

Blake and Mick stopped in their tracks.

“Clyde...” whispered the Lion man to himself.

Mick looked horrified for a moment, as if he knew who the big lion was talking about.

The lion man grabbed Blake by the front of his suit and slammed him against the wall.

“What the hell have you done with Clyde?” asked Leo, baring his teeth at him.

Leo looked Blake deathly serious in the eyes, glowing like an anglerfish in the deep sea.

“Hey, leave him alone, Leo,” shouted Mick, pulling him off of Blake, “He doesn’t have anything to do with...”

“Who the hell is Clyde?” asked Blake, staring into the Lion’s colorful yet terrifying eyes.

Leo backs away from Blake, as Mick pulls him off. Blake could see on Mick’s face that he was now in more pain than before, and was beginning to look pale, but he tried to keep up his facade that everything was alright. Leo looks quizzically at Blake.

“You...don’t know Clyde?” Leo asks, sternly, analyzing Blake.

“No,” says Blake, firmly.

Leo stepped closer to Blake once again.

“Then why do I smell him on you?” Leo asked with a growl.

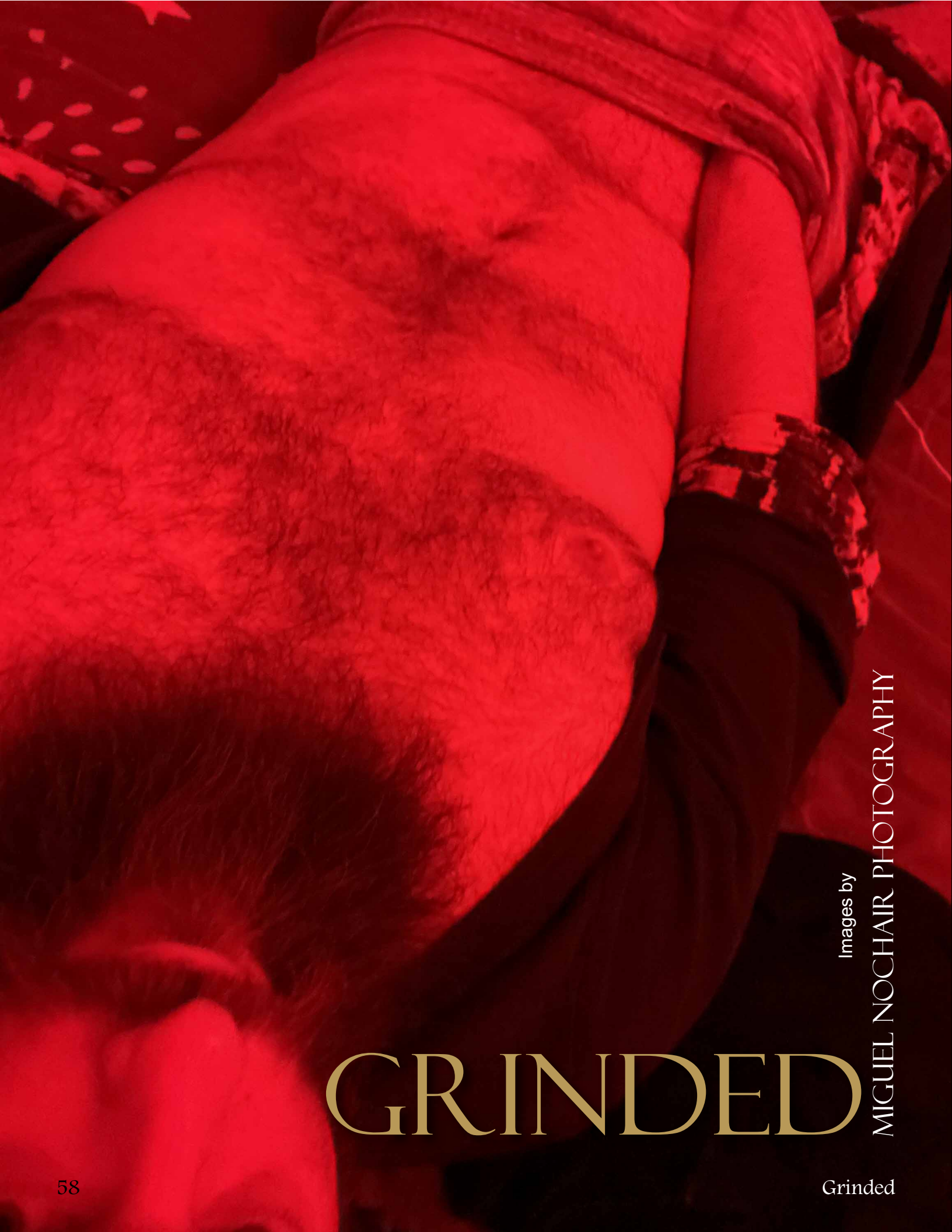
Blake was completely confused, but then a horrible thought occurred to him, one that seemed to be confirmed by the pained look Mick gave him over the lion’s shoulder. The hyena. The one who lay dead in the abandoned fair grounds with his chest ripped open. That must have been Clyde.

Oh, shit, Blake thought, as he stared into the angry Lion’s eyes, unable to give an answer. He remembered one of the names the hyena man’s voice called out for as he was being murdered, that horrible cry in his last moments. Leo. If he found out that Clyde was dead then they were done for. Or Blake would have to fight him, face him right here and now. Mick couldn’t do it. Not in his injured state. He had done enough for him tonight, almost died for him. Blake had to return the favor.

Blake was almost ready for a fight with this beast-man when a loud yell echoed down the dark hallway.

“Leon!” yelled a guard who was running at

*Continued on page 66*



Images by  
MIGUEL NOCHAIR PHOTOGRAPHY

# GRINDED

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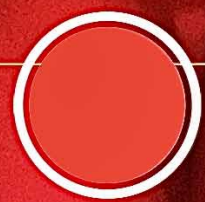
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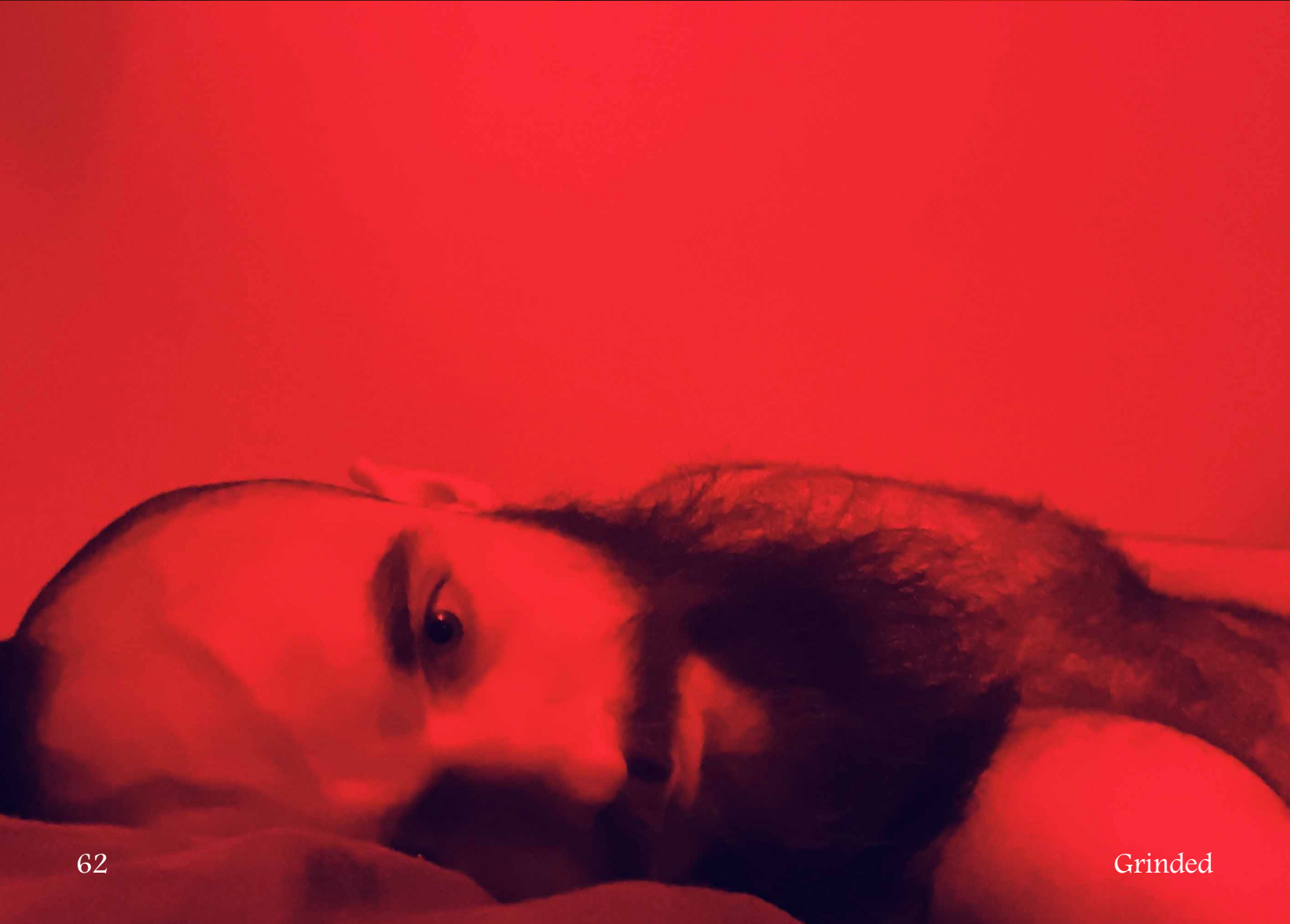
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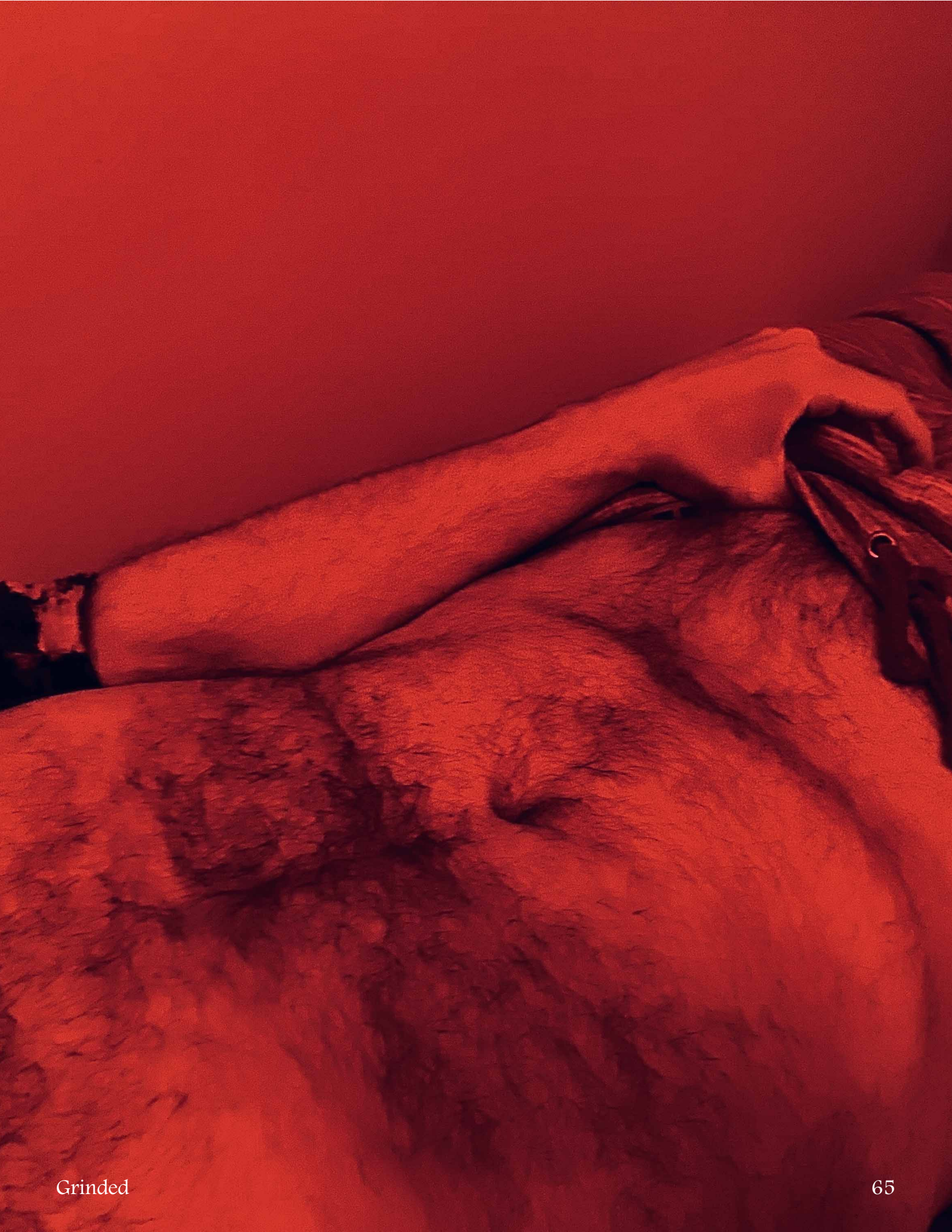












*Continued from page 57*

them at top speed. This guard looked like an animal as well, some kind of cat, a lynx, or a large tom-cat, Blake couldn't tell. "Leon, come quick. There's been a break in."

"A break in?" asks Leon, turning away from Blake, his attention now on the guard. "Where?"

"In the back," said the lynx-guard.

"The back docks?" asked Leon.

"No, it was from the other side," said the guard.

"You mean...that means it must be..." Leon seemed to have reached a horrible conclusion, "Get your gun, tell everyone to arm themselves tonight, we have to go see if anything got in from there. Was anyone on duty on that side tonight?"

The Lynx-guard looked nervous, and nodded.

"Who?" asked Leon.

The lynx-guard hesitated. "Oh, shit, Leon," said the guard, his voice cracking, "It was Clyde."

"...Oh my gods," said Leon, "Get everyone to the back entrance, Wolf, you secure the docking area," Leon barked at Mick.

"Yes, sir," said Mick, who was now leaning against the wall, looking barely able to stand.

Leon took off with the guard down the hall and disappeared. Blake immediately rushed to Mick's side, who looked like he was about to pass out, and led him as fast as he could to the exit.

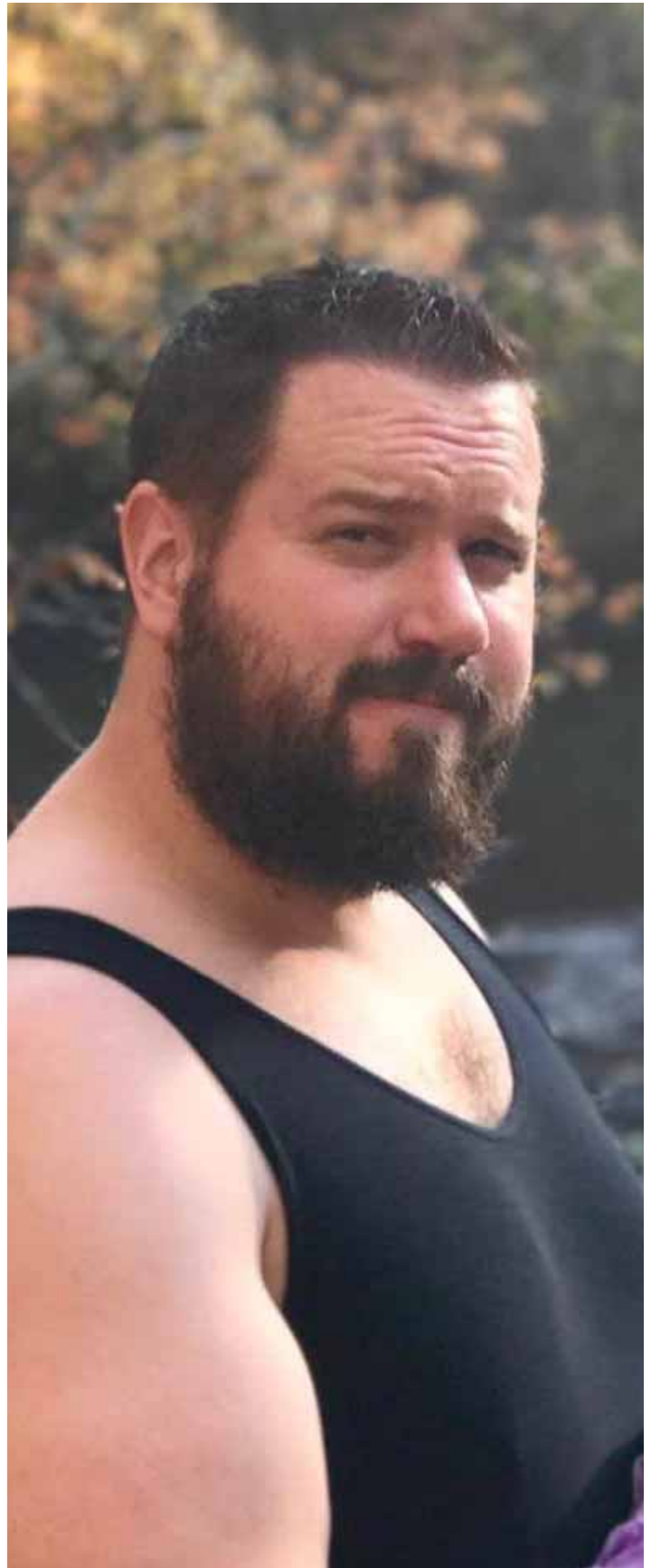
They finally exited the hotel and found themselves on the docks in the chilly night. The rain had come back, and was beating against them, like a barrage of icicles. Blake looked around and found the way to the gates of the hotel grounds. He led Mick away from the hotel, into the rainy night, and they plunged into the dark, after exiting the gates of "The Blue Rose Hotel", which glowed behind them.

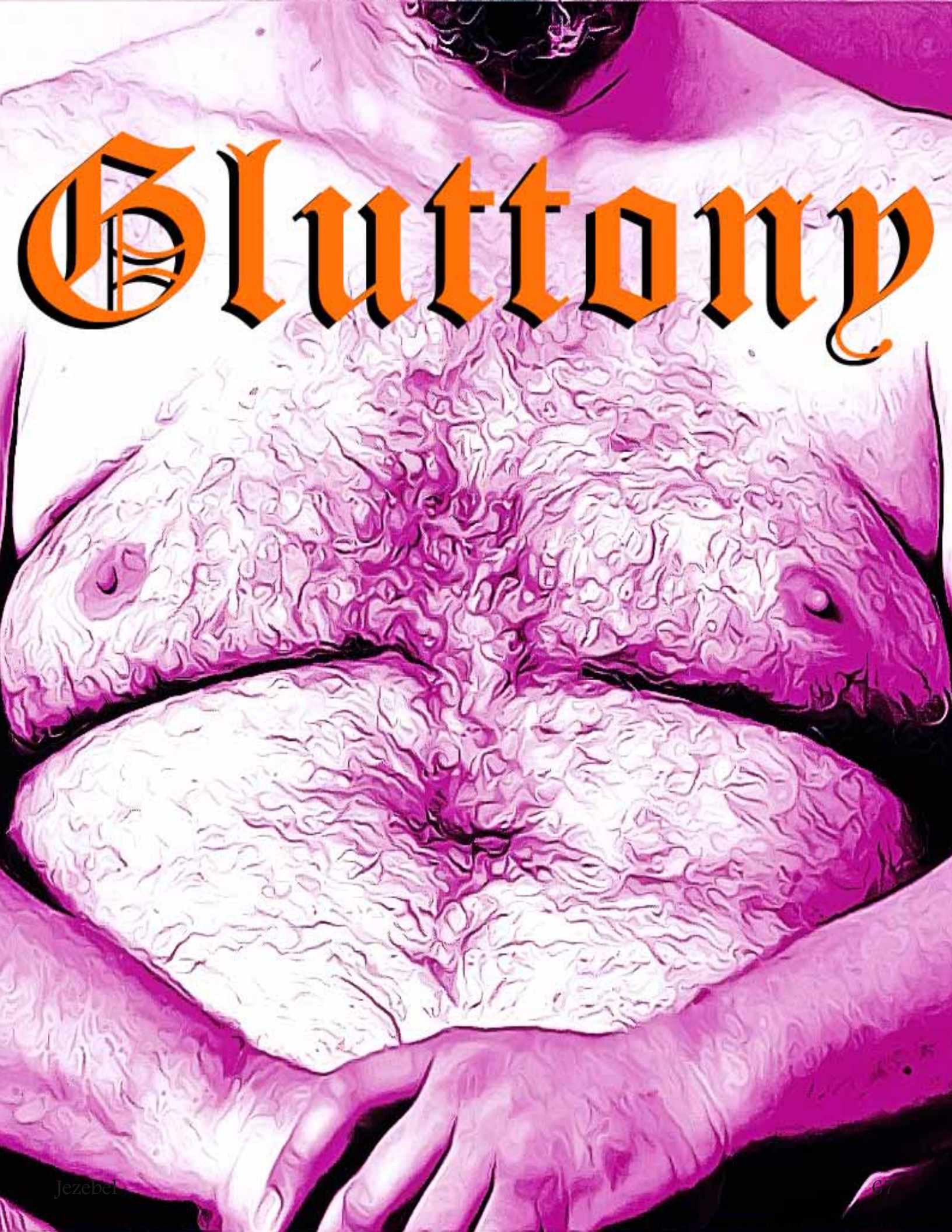
"Don't worry, I'll get you out of here, and back home, buddy," said Blake, as Mick walked beside him, his heavy weight leaning against his body, "You'll be alright. We'll get you fixed up. Just please hang on, Mick." Blake, for the first time in years, felt tears run down his face. Mick had saved his life tonight. He wasn't going to let his friend die.

...

On the other side of the Blue Rose Hotel, on the chain-link fence of the abandoned World's Fair Grounds, the torn piece of cloth from Blake's

pants, covered in his blood, hangs from a broken piece of the fence. A long, white, grotesque clawed hand reaches, that of the jackal, for it and pulls it from the fence.





# Gluttony



DEADLY

**7**  
SINS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HDGIMAGE

GREED

# GREED

GREED

7 Deadly Sins

ENVY

# ENVY

LUST

LUST

GLUTTONY

# GLUTTONY



PRIDE

# PRIDE

WRATH

# WRATH

WRATH

SLOTH

SLOTH

SLOTH



**What is one of your favorite photo-shoots and why?**

Freddie Mercury Inspired Photo-shoot.

When I saw the movie Bohemian Rhapsody I felt so connected to Freddie. We had many things in common and I could relate to everything that happened to him. I came up with a concept to transform Fady to Freddie by applying Freddie's style on me. After I had the concept in my mind I started looking for the perfect photographer that has the same vision and then I found Mara on Facebook. Mara used Freddie's photo in her profile

photo and that was a sign. I proposed my concept and she was on board. Mara ordered the same Freddie Yellow Jacket and also found a studio with full instruments where bands practice and we rented it for the shoot. The photos have gone viral and everyone thought I should have been cast for the Freddie role in Bohemian Rhapsody.

**How are you holding up during this coronavirus? What have you been doing to pass the time?**

It is been over three weeks since I started social distancing and isolating. I have created my own routine. I start my day by doing some push-ups to wake me up. Go out for walks on sunny days. Cooking healthy meals. Learning French using some online lessons. Socializing through social media and catching up on some shows on Netflix.

**What feeds your soul?**

Creativity. I enjoy getting inspired by different resources around me. I like to come up with a concept and do a photo-shoot to make it into reality. I enjoy styling most of my photo-shoots and finding the right photographer and the perfect location for that concept, then publishing the final photos in a magazine or a blog. I enjoy expressing my feelings through my work and

meeting all these wonderfully talented people in the process.

**When we are out of this self-isolation, do you have any projects in the works?**

Yes, I had several commercials, photo-shoots and runways canceled due to the epidemic and hopefully, I get to do them after things are back to normal. That includes a photo-shoot for a new men's skincare line called Bromance and a few staged wedding shoots as the wedding season is coming up.

***What are some of your hobbies?***

I love traveling. I was actually on a mission targeting all the seven wonders around the world. I have seen four so far ( Taj Mahal, Great Wall, Petra, and Matchu Pichu) Hopefully I get to finish the rest soon which are (Pyramids in Cairo, Jesus the redeemer in Rio and Colosseum in Rome). I also enjoy road trips, working out, theatre and swimming.

***Where do you see yourself in 5 years?***

In terms of modeling, I think I have achieved a lot. I am on billboards, subway ads, Cover Magazines, Posters, online commercials, and social media ads, you name it. I was also nominated as the Runway Model of the decade by Eren Deran on his YouTube Channel. In the next 5 years, I am hoping to get more into acting and hopefully, I get my first full-length movie with a poster playing in theatres and IMDB Page. I had a few scripts offered to me but I am still waiting to get the perfect role for me. I do not want to do just whatever and I also try not to repeat myself.

**Fady, it has been a pleasure. If you want to keep up with Fady, follow him on his Instagram or keep an eye out for him burning up the screen or runway with his captivating look.**

Fady Zablouk Interview



# In the land of Sodom

by Christian Baily

In the land of Sodom,  
Pleasure drives away pain, its torment.  
The sighs follow the groans,  
With the little death, the end of martyrdom.  
Oh ! How I love this purgatory



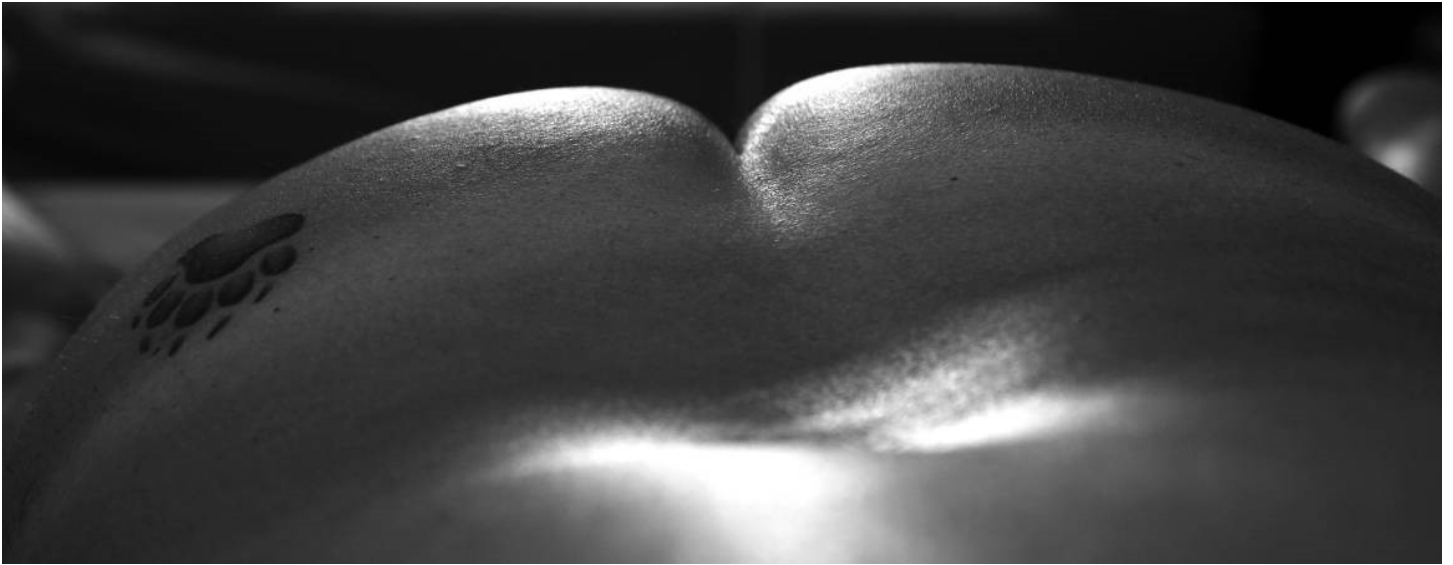
The price to pay for a moment of shared ecstasy,  
And feel the emanation of your zealous love  
Invade my entrails of a distraught male.  
My Love, fill this void that is in me!  
To your penis the honors of my generous ass in turmoil!



Don't hear my tears, my whining  
They are just false rumors  
From my flesh stuck in heat.  
Also to be a bad boy,  
For you, my beloved; I like him, without way.  
Don't look for Quarrelle de Brest,  
In your arms, he waits for you to manifest.



When quickly and swiftly plow me  
In my complaints, hear my love song.  
My Beloved, come and smell my male flower,  
Take advantage of the miracle of my pale rose,  
Before I condemn myself to the little death.



Oh ! Yes, dismiss me!  
For you, I have nothing more secret.  
This pleasure is not a crime, it deserves neither the whip  
Nor the prison; break down barriers.  
Let your warrior impulses speak.  
I want to feel in my passionate flesh,  
The imprint of your determined penis.



From your crossbow, again and again,  
I want to enjoy his arrow that pierces me.  
My love, open the doors of Gomorrah,  
Let me remember after the little death,  
From your passage in my lair.  
From my G-spot, come and tease the epicenter.



Make me dance at the end of your spear!  
In my sighs, my allegiance oath.  
From your life, draw from my viscera  
Evidence of my sincere feelings,  
The secret songs of my desires,  
The cries of my pleasure.



Put the incandescent lava in my bowl  
Of your generous and lustful balls.  
Your enjoyment, your cum. Oh ! My Oreste!  
I will make it my earthly foods.  
Your roars will be my funeral march  
When I sink into darkness  
When we sink into oblivion together,  
So only our hearts will sing their homilies.



July 2020 | Issue 19

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

Coming July 4