

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

July 2019 | Issue 07

**Featuring**

**Rico Vega**

**Turning the  
Lens**

**Kirk Stephens**

# Desert Heat

Magazine

July 2019 | Issue 7



---

## Articles

---

Turning the Lens 72

---

## Fiction

---

Jezebel 17

The Summer of Love 31

Summer Rain 88

---

## Features

---

Cooling Off 4

Qaherabear 20

Endless Summer 34

The Exposed Bater 48

Summer Heat 54

A Walk in the Woods 64

The Joy of Dutch Summer 76

Pierre 92

Aussie Winter Sunshine 103

Summer Splash 112

David 124

---

### **Editor**

John Kranz  
john@desertheatmag.com

### **Design**

John Kranz  
john@desertheatmag.com

### **Publisher**

Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages@gmail.com

### **Submissions**

submissions@desertheatmag.com

### **Contributors**

Elijah James Barrett (arkhamcraft@yahoo.com)  
Kirk Stephens Studio  
(kirkstephensstudio@gmail.com)  
Yogabear Studio (yogabear@cox.net)  
Miguel Nochair Photography  
(migsanphoto@gmail.com)  
Duke Edwards Photography  
(dukeedwardsphotography@gmail.com)  
Arktos Photography  
(arktos.photography@yahoo.com)  
HDGimage Photography  
(dhodgon01@gmail.com)  
Icon59Studios (icon59.rc@gmail.com)  
JGPhotography  
Brother Bear Photo  
(writebrotherbear@gmail.com)  
GianOrso (gianorso@gmail.com)  
Shaun McMurtrie (theexposedbator@gmail.com)

Cover Photo: Rico Vega  
by Desert Heat Images  
desertheatimages.com

desertheatmag.com

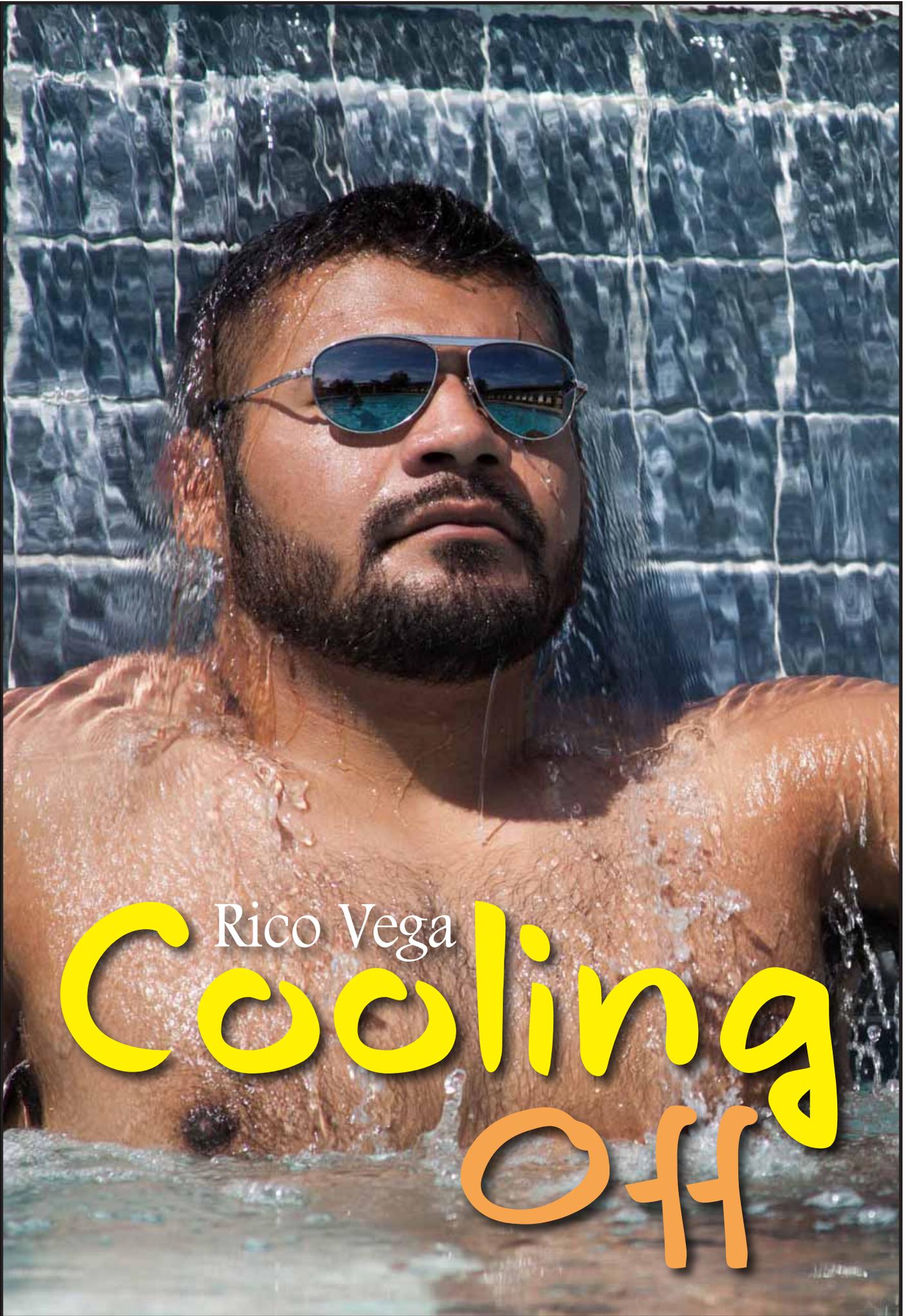
All of the material in the magazine, including the magazine, is protected by copyright. All rights are reserved. This magazine or parts of it may not be reproduced without prior written permission from the creator of Desert Heat Magazine, John Kranz, the photographers, artists, or the authors. The utmost care has been taken to present the information in Desert Heat Magazine as accurately as possible. Neither the creator, John Kranz, nor any of the contributors accept any responsibility for any damage that may result from the use of this magazine or any information contained within it. All efforts have been made to contact the copyright holders. No responsibility for the reproduction can be taken if the digital data of the images delivered is not accompanied by a high quality color proof. The views expressed in Desert Heat Magazine are not necessarily those of the Publisher or any of the contributors.

For further information please contact:  
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:  
@desertheatmag

Instagram:  
www.instagram.com/desertheatmag/

**Must be 18 years or older to view**



Rico Vega

# Cooling Off



Images by Desert Heat Images





Cooling Off





Cooling Off













Cooling Off

# DE

[WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM](http://WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM)



*Blake's mental image of the tiger he was in his dreams came back. It had seemed like he was in a jungle of some kind, with that glade of water that he and the wolf swam in. (He felt fortunate that the great black fish, or shark he had seen had not invaded his dreams, and that tranquil pool of water just yet).*

# Jezebel

by Elijah James Barrett

## Chapter 7

“Just a moment, while I check to see if everything’s okay,” came Blake’s voice from behind the front door. The front door opens, as sheet of paper falls off the back of the door, and onto the office floor (unnoticed by Blake). The inside of Blake’s loft apartment office was dark, due to the blinds. Blake opens the blinds to allow sunlight to enter. Blake walks in the bathroom and turns on the faucet, looking hopeful. Nothing happens. “Damn, still no water.” Blake opens a window and turns on his ceiling fan to get fresh air flowing in, since his office smells of cigarettes. He checks the place out. It didn’t look like there were any break-ins while he was away; living on this side of town, he had a few before. Blake comes back to the door to allow Mick in.

“So this is your office?” Mick looks around, seeing the layout and furniture that Blake has around.

“Yeah, nothing special,” says Blake, rummaging through his papers to find out if any messages had been left while he was out. His neighbor, Miss Swanson, would sometimes offer to check his phone for him, as Blake didn’t have enough money to afford an assistant or secretary, and would leave him notes if anyone called. There were no notes, so that must have meant no calls, or perhaps Miss Swanson hadn’t been in today. “So

far, we’re good,” says Blake, “Looks like no one missed me while I was gone, that sounds about the usual.” Blake plops down in his office chair as Mick looks around the office. “Make yourself at home while I get a few files and...sentimental junk that might help us with this case,” says Blake, opening drawers in his oak desk and rummaging around.

Mick picks up a sheet that fell off the back of the office door. “Uh, Blake. I think Miss Swanson put this in the wrong place.”

Blake grabs the sheet from Mick.

Missed call from Charles Newman @ 8:30 a.m.

Missed call from Charles Newman @ 8:40 a.m.

Missed call from Charles Newman @ 8:50 a.m.

The list goes down several sentences, and the rest of the page (front and back). “Aw, crap!” yells Blake. Then the phone rings. Blake takes a deep breath, and picks it up. “Blake Bolton, Private Eye, How can I help you?” answers Blake.

“Hello, Mr. Bolton, this is Mr. Charles Newman.”

“Oh, Mr. Newman,” says Blake, trying to sound surprised and naive, “What’s up?”

“What do you mean “What’s up?”” asks Newman, the calm in his voice shattering like glass. “Where the hell have you been the past few days? I’ve been trying to get a hold of you.”

“Now...Calm down, Mr. Newman. I’ve been out of the office for the past few days, working on...”

“Out of the office?! Out of the office?!! What about the assignment I gave you? What about the “Jezebel Case”? What about my daughter? Mr. Bolton, I..”

“Chill out. Relax, Mr. Newman. What do you think I’ve been working on these past few days?”

“Oh, so you have been trying to find my Jezebel?” asks Newman.

“Yes!” says Blake. “That’s exactly what I’ve been trying to tell you.”

“Then, do you think you’re any closer to finding her? What have you found out so far?”

Blake takes a breath. “Well, I’m afraid that’s confidential at the moment.”

“What the hell do you mean, “Confidential”? It’s the case I’m paying you for.”

“Well, the information on her has been difficult to find, and with...” Blake suddenly had an idea, one that would help out Mick with his predicament as well. He winks at Mick. Mick tilts his head, confused. “With the attack on your Blue Rose Hotel’s docks, it’s been nearly impossible to look into the place.”

“What does that have to do about it? And how did you know?” asks Newman’s voice.

“Well, it’s all over the local papers, Sir,” says Blake, “and with security being more tight now, I can’t even get into that place.”

“Oh, well...why would someone like you need to get in to that place?”

Mick looked nervous.

“Because that’s the place where everyone I talked to saw your daughter, Jezebel, last,” lied Blake, hoping to the gods that Mr. Newman would buy it.

There was a silence on the other end of the phone, Blake’s heart dropped, Mick looked as if he thought Blake had just blown their cover and both of their cases wide open.

“...You’re absolutely right,” said Newman’s voice. Blake let out a sigh of relief. “My God, I can’t believe I never thought of that. That my daughter might be hiding out at one of my hotels. My mind hasn’t been on my work lately, and I haven’t been by the hotel for a few weeks. ...God, I should have known. ...” There was a short pause. “Well... that’s why I hired you after all, detectives think of the most obvious places first. Very well,

talk to me in two days, within 48 hours, and I will give you your instructions for entering The Blue Rose Hotel. I would also like to hear all you’ve found out on my Jezebel these past few days. I hope you can find her soon. It’s a dangerous place out there. And with that monster out there....I just hope she comes home soon, and safely...”

“I’ll do my best, sir, and thank you,” says Blake. “I hope she is safe out there as well.”

“Yes. As her former coach, I am sure you are quite fond of her as well,” says Newman.

“Eh?” asks Blake, quite forgetting that Newman had assumed he had been her coach or teacher in the past. “Oh...of course,” says Blake, just going along with it.

“I’m trusting you with her life, Mr. Bolton.”

“You can count on me, sir,” says Blake.

“Goodbye then,” says Newman, “And remember, in two days.”

The line hangs up. Blake smiles at Mick, and Mick smiles back, a big grin on his face.

“Well I’ll be fucked sideways,” says Mick, happily, giving Blake a high-five, “You’re a real smooth talker, man!”

Blake shrugs, and tries to conceal his excitement at getting praise from Mick. He plays it cool. “I’ve been around the block in this business,” says Blake. “I hate having to lie straight-faced to the guy, but it’s a living. Besides, it’ll get you and I where we want to be.”

“Yeah,” says Mick. He pauses, and thoughtfully strokes his beard. “Although the monst...Something’s still out there, lurking around that place. We’ll have to watch each-other’s backs,” says Mick.

“Okay. Fine by me,” says Blake.

“And then there’s the matter of my situation,” says Mick, sitting in an armchair.

“What do you mean?” asks Blake. Mick hadn’t been able to tell him the full story of what had happened when he had investigated the docks. Not when they were back at the diner, anyway. “You said that was our way in.”

“That...” says Mick, sighing, “I had planned that out for weeks with one of my partners before this attack occurred. It took so much work to find out where those shipments were coming in.” Mick looks more frustrated than Blake had ever seen him.

“The buru-bara?” asks Blake.

“Right,” says Mick, staring up at the ceiling

wearily, while leaning back in his chair. “We almost had access. We were going to be representatives of Buru-Bara. Artie Wolfe’s representatives.”

“I thought you said Artie was dead,” says Blake.

“Charles Newman don’t know that,” says Mick. “Anyway, that was the plan we cooked up, to get inside with the delivery boys, one of us being the inside man, and pose as an agent from the shipment company.”

“I thought you said you already had an inside man,” says Blake, getting out a bottle of whisky from his desk, Mick looked like he needed a drink.

“We did,” says Mick, “But I’m not sure if he was one of the men who was attacked. Regardless, they won’t be letting in any strangers or suspicious characters after this incident.”

“Well,” says Blake, pouring a drink, and scratching the back of his neck, “Look on the bright side. We got in now.”

“You mean you got in,” says Mick, “Why should Newman allow another stranger into his establishment? He trusts you. Don’t reckon he’ll let another dick in.”

“Well,” says Blake, thinking out loud, “We could say that you’re my date.”

Mick smirks.

“That’s a nice offer. I’m not sure how they would feel about that, though. I’d love to...but I’m sure my friend and I can think of something else. We’ll have to. I already sent word to them that we’d have to rethink our strategy (plan).”

“Friend?” asks Blake. “You mean that “Frost” guy?”

Mick chuckles, “Yeah, Frost is one of the guys all right.” Mick still chuckles, Blake looks confused. “Anyway,” Mick sits up straight in his arm chair again and leans in closer to Blake. “While we’re waiting on word from” Mr. Frost,” Mick gave a sly wink, Blake didn’t know why, “I can finally help you with your case,” says Mick.

“Ah, that’d be swell, man,” said Blake, feeling happy about this, and surprising himself at how much of a dork he sounded like. “I mean, great. I need to catch up on that. I was hoping looking into Mr. Newman would reveal a few answers, but...”

“Well, Mr. Newman can wait for now,” says Mick. “We’ve gotta find this classy lady Jezebel... Christina... whatever, right?”

“Yeah, that’s right,” says Blake. “And...ah, man, I

gotta get on this quick,” Blake suddenly realizes, “I told Newman that I’d tell him everything I found out in 48 hours.”

Mick looks taken aback.

“Yikes, we’d better get on it, then,” says Mick, “But no problem, you’re lookin’ at the guy who dug up Charles’ Newman’s entire business history in one week,” says Mick proudly. “I’m sure we can find something on your ex in two days.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” says Blake. “Wait, didn’t it take you two weeks?” asks Blake.

“Yeah, alright,” says Mick, avoiding the question. “Now, tell me more about this Jezebel. We didn’t really get much of a chance back at the diner. We didn’t even get breakfast,” adds Mick, looking glum, like a big sad puppy.

“Well,” says Blake. “I didn’t want to go over the details out in public, but I can tell you now.”

Mick takes a sip of his drink, “Alright, where do you wanna start?”

Blake sighs, “How we met?” He says uncertainly.

“Hmm...I would actually say how you left. I was intrigued by what you told me about how you last saw each other at the docks. Were they here in Chicago?”

“Yeah...” says Blake. “They were. Near the aquarium. That memory never left me.”

“What happened?” asks Mick. “You said that she knew this would happen. That it would come to this. Did she mean the two of you breaking up?” Blake shakes his head, he looks out the window of his office and sees a line of dark clouds approaching, like some sort of ominous, hovering phantom in the distance. The rain would be back by late afternoon. It had been so sunny, almost cloudless today. The clouds seemed to follow, whenever he had thoughts about Jezebel.

“She knew what she was going to do when she came there, I could feel it about to happen... but I did nothing...I...” Blake stops for a moment, then looks at Mick, “...But that was at the end,” says Blake, looking like he’s trying his best not to relive the memory, “Is that really what you want to know first?”

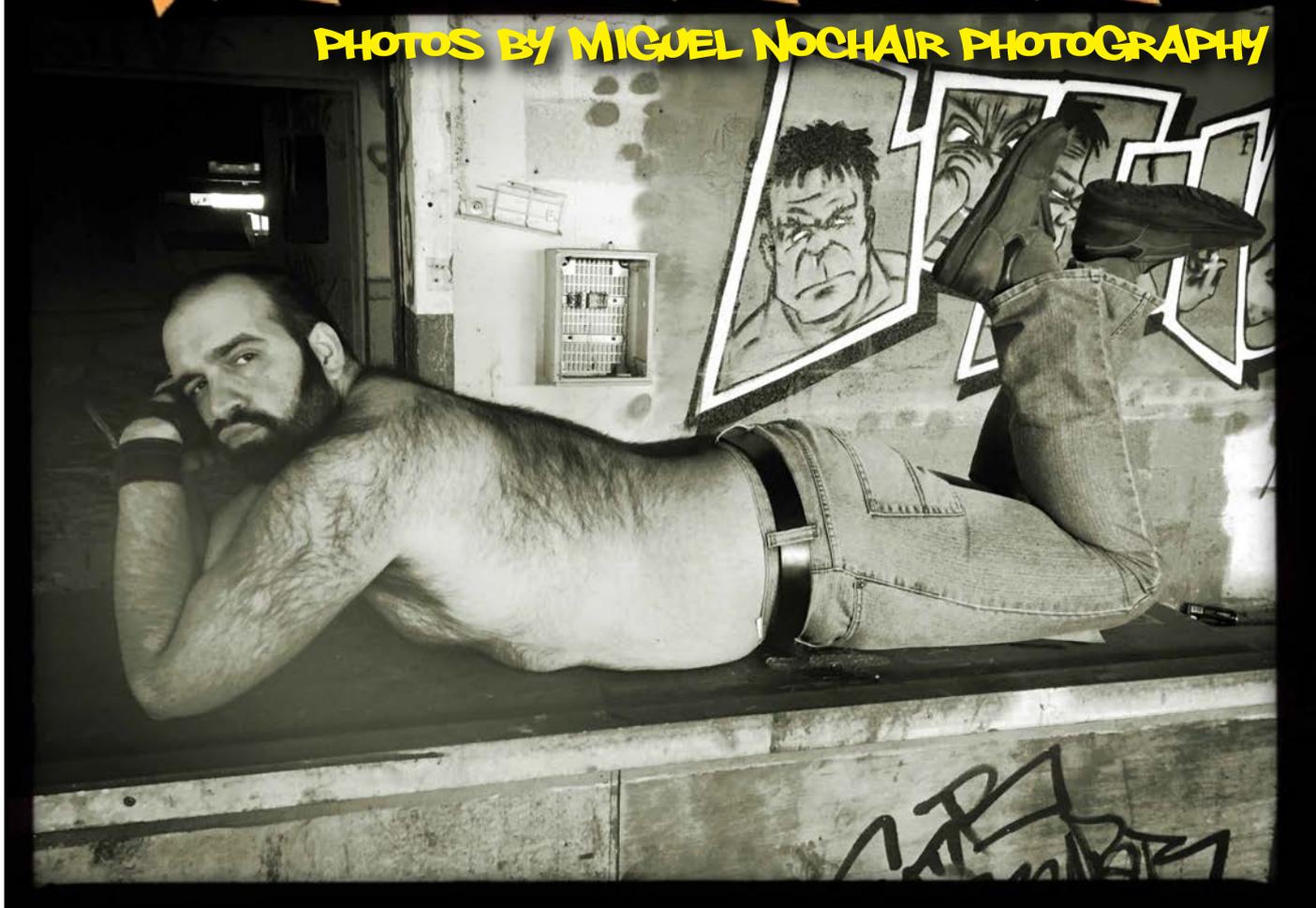
“Well, in my experience, I find that the best way to find things, especially when they’re people, is to start at the end and then go backwards. It may

*Continued on page 45*



# QAHERABEAR

PHOTOS BY MIGUEL NOCHAIR PHOTOGRAPHY





SOCIAL MEDIA

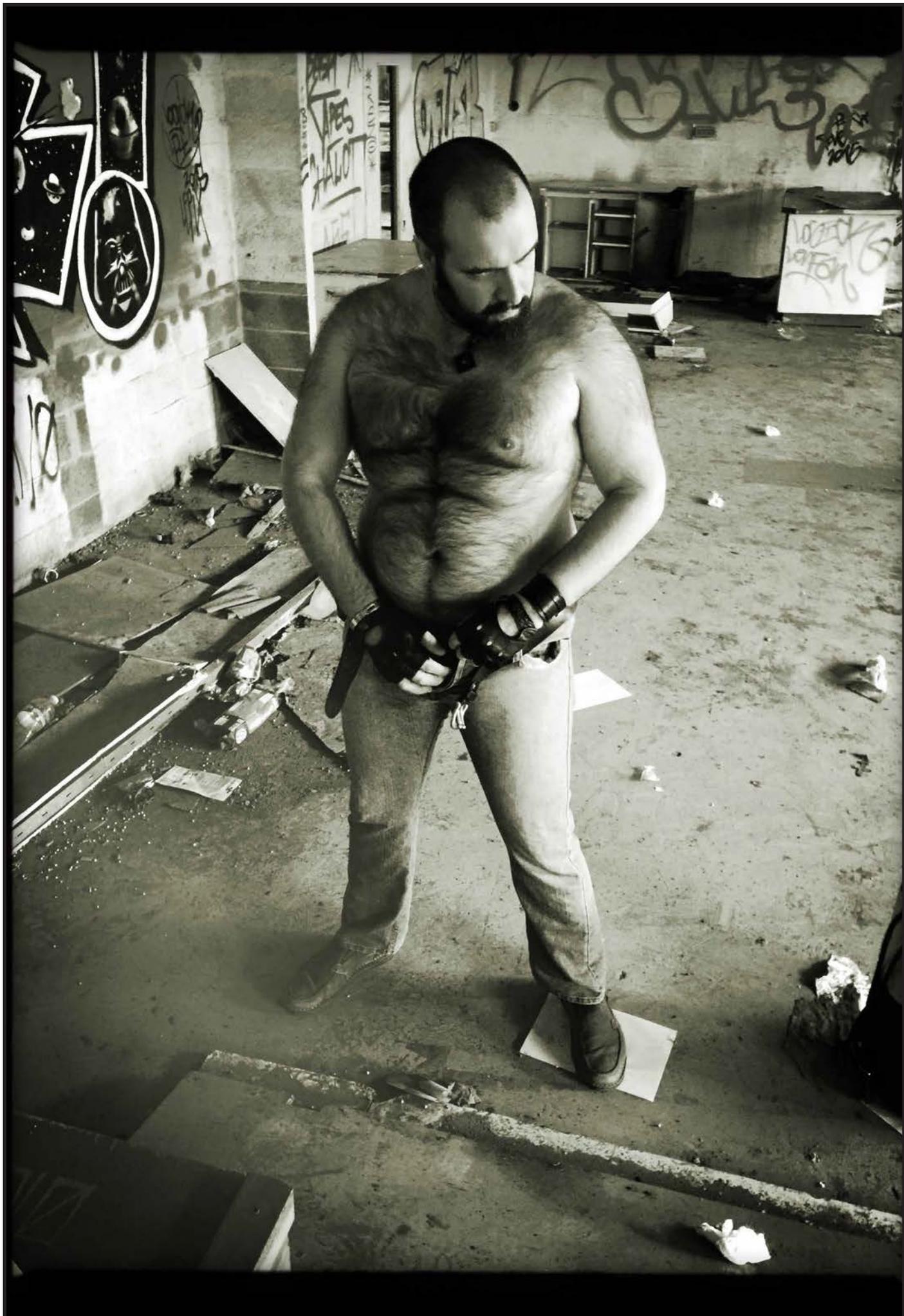
Q



M



















DHM Fan ~ @AgentAgador



# THE SUMMER OF LOVE



Story by

Tommyhawk1@AOL.COM

Carmen was singing to the tune of "Blowing in the Wind" but the words were not those of either Bob Dylan or Peter, Paul and Mary.

*"And how many more times must young men die,  
Before war is forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind,  
The answer is blowing in the wind."*

She strummed a few more chords on her guitar and ended the song.

All of us sitting around the campfire nodded. Applause wasn't called for, but one word certainly was.

"Cool." one of the group said.

We all chimed in, "Yeah, cool, cool, real cool." The word went around the group as a soft murmur, like the rings of water when you throw a stone into a still lake.

There were quite a few of us, even though it was still mid-morning and the concert wasn't scheduled to start until the afternoon. But this was the way these things

The Summer of Love

worked, people drifted in during the days before the event and would drift out, some people had been here for three or four days, and there would be people, a few anyway, here some two or three days after.

A year later, an event rather like this one only larger--a lot larger and known as "Woodstock"--would get out of hand and the backlash would end the idea of the free concert in the field. Townspeople became too afraid of

the concerts after Woodstock. But this was 1968, the summer was only well-started, warm enough to drive across a few states and spend a day or a week or a month (who counted days?) to attend a concert of the artists who eschewed the establishment, who created songs on the spot, who spoke not to the almighty dollar, but to the soul!

Someone handed me a lit toke but I passed it on, I didn't need it, I was high on the entire experience. We were the New Generation, we were going to change the world, filled with love and peace, all mankind living in harmony, and we were going to do it by our example.

So when the Volkswagen van pulled up, decorated with flowers and Peace signs and psychedelic designs and the guy leaned out the driver's window and said, "Hey, man, can we, like, camp here with you?" they were welcomed. Even when the back opened up and all the others got out. We had a pot of soup boiling (vegetarian, of course), and the newcomers and we shared it. They didn't have to ask; this was the dawning of the Age of Aquarius (yeah, I really thought like that back then!) and we were all children of the Age together.

Then one of them sat down next to me and I got a really good look at him as I lifted a spoon of soup up to my mouth and I looked at him as I blew on the spoonful of soup.

And blew so hard I splashed it onto the hand holding the soup, and it was still hot enough after that to make me wince. The guy grinned at me and I was smitten, I mean really 100% in lust with this guy.

He was going for the Native American look, and while his skin was white, his hair was long and black. A brown band held it in place. He had a soft deerskin vest, with long fringes that swung with every movement of his lithe body. With his tan jeans, he was a swirl of warm brown shades. When he lifted the soup bowl to his face (he had no spoon) and took a careful sip of it, his body was a symphony of movement, like he was in tune with the earth and with his spirit, and with himself. Drew in a sharp breath, smiled (God, his teeth were like the sunrise, sharp and clean and bright!) and said, "Whoo, that's hot!"

"Yeah." I said and lifted another spoonful to my face, this time I was able to blow across it and then place it in my mouth.

When I took the spoon out again, he said, "Let me borrow your spoon, just for a moment?"

"Sure." I said and handed him the spoon. He just wanted to eat a bite or two with it, and would give it back to me, sharing a spoon was part of the experience, for weren't we all one?

He took the spoon and placed it in his

mouth, sucked on it and said, "Nice." And only then did he dip it into his bowl and lift out a spoonful, blow on it and then eat it. Done, he handed me back the spoon. "Your turn."

I guess in his way, he was asking me...well, you know.

Did I take the bait? You'd better believe it! I put that spoon in my mouth, still moist from his lips and pretended I could taste him on it. I couldn't, of course, but that wasn't the point, I closed my eyes blissfully and took my time, then I took the spoon back out and scooped up some of my soup. Ate it and gave it back to him. That was my answer, and no more words were needed.

We kept that up the entire time our bowls of soup lasted. The others were noticing, but nobody did anything but smile approvingly. We were the future, the way things were going to be, and loving whoever and whenever you wanted was a part of it.

When the soup was finally done, I said to him, "My name's Dan."

He smiled at that, didn't answer.

"What's your name?" I asked him.

"Names are square, man." he said to me disapprovingly. "What are names, but the label your parents hung on you to show that they own you? Nobody owns me."

"Hey, that's cool." I said, conciliatory and contrite. "You're right."

He paused, then said, "You can call me Eagle. I like eagles, so free and beautiful."

"Okay, Eagle." I said. I would have followed with where he was from, but figured such a question wasn't a good idea. But then, what would I talk to him about? It took a moment, then I continued, "Going to be a groovy concert."

He smiled at that. "I heard maybe Joan Baez is going to be here, if she can make it."

"Cool." I said to that. "I love her music."

"Me, too." he said.

"Carmen can play like Joan Baez when she wants to." I said, gesturing to the girl who had been playing before Eagle and his friends showed up.

"Heavy." He said. "Say, can you lay it on us?" he asked Carmen.

She smiled and picked back up her guitar, strummed it and launched into her song with a vigor very unlike her slow melody of before and very unlike Joan Baez:

*"Oh, we're meetin' at the courthouse at eight o'clock tonight,*

*You just walk in the door and take the first turn to the right,*

*Be careful when you get there,*

*We hate to be bereft,*

*But we're taking down the names of everybody turning left!*

*Oh, we're the John Birch Society!*

*The John Birch Society!*

*Here to save our country from a communistic plot!*

*Join the John Birch Society,*

*Help us fill the ranks,*

*To get this movement started, we need lots of tools and cranks!"*

Carmen never did like it when someone would stick her into a category and this was how she answered it!

Everyone was laughing hard when she was done and Eagle laughed so hard he fell over onto my lap. Turned over so he could look up at me, his head pillowed on my thigh and he said, simply, the way a flower child does it,

"I'm glad I found you."

"So am I." I said and reached down to stroke his cheek. "So, Eagle, what do you want to talk about?"

The next hours were golden for me. I spent the time talking with Eagle, and while we never mentioned our pasts, our homes, our families except in how they touched our lives, we shared everything else, our dreams, our hopes, our future plans.

More people were arriving for the concert, but we were well back from the stage, so were basically not bothered, except for people walking nearby, either arriving or going about their business. Other

people joined us from time to time, but they didn't matter and would leave after a while. I only had eyes and words for Eagle and him for me, we didn't ignore the other people, but they usually figured out pretty soon we weren't looking for conversation.

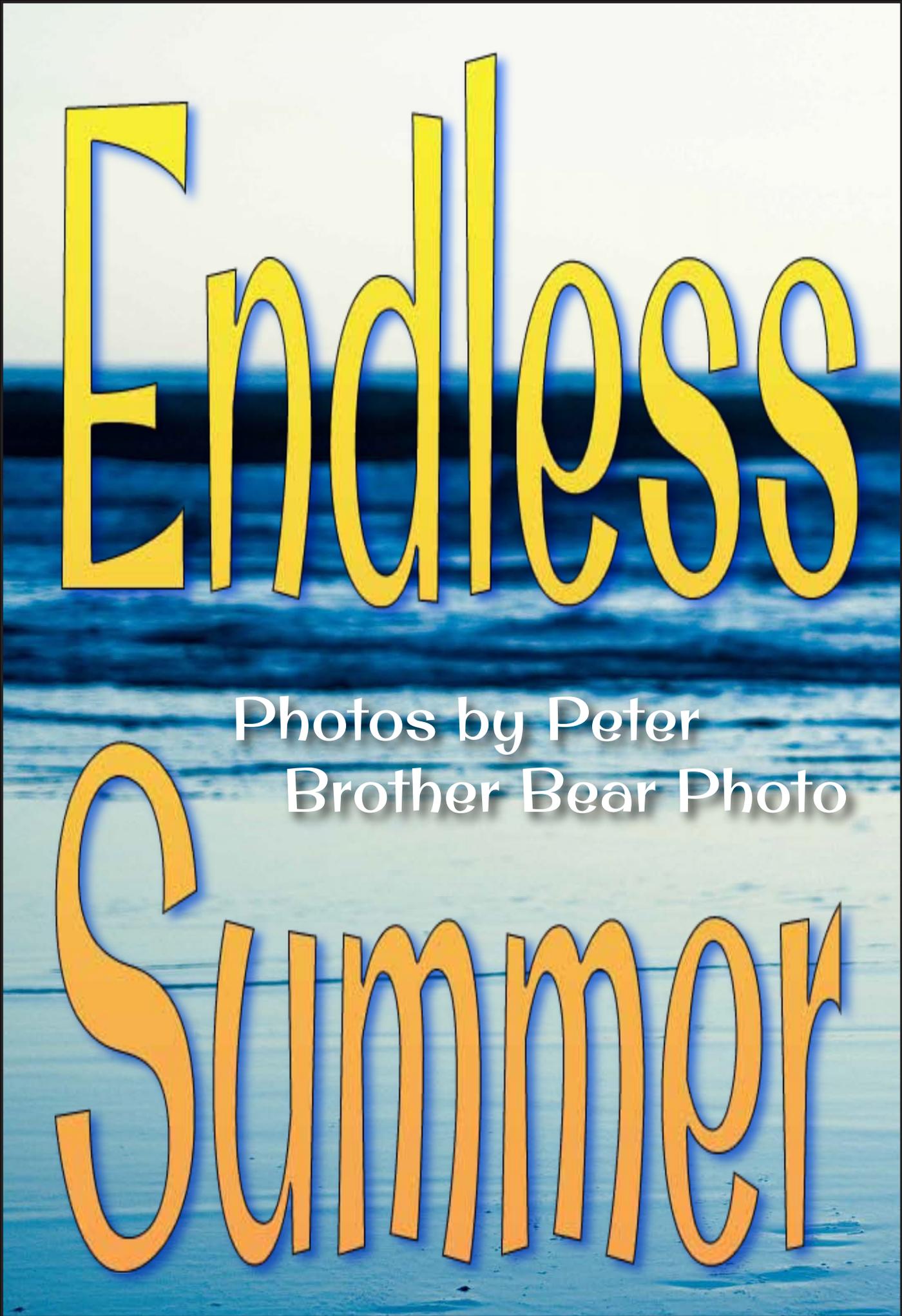
The concert was supposed to start at 5:00pm, but it was closer to 6:00pm before they got things going. But hey, that was cool, right? A friend of Carmen's came over and dropped some sandwiches on us, which we accepted with the calm equanimity it was due. After all, we were all in this world together right? And when you see two people falling in love, it's only right to make it easier for them to keep right on falling, right?

Then the concert started and it was begun by folk singers (like Carmen, which is why I ended up at the concert two days early, hitching a ride with her and her friends). Soft, smooth songs. The sort to get a person settled down and feeling mellow. If you knew the words, you could sing along and feel part of the community.

After darkness fell, and the children were all put to bed over the other side of a small hill, then came the rockers. No "Blowing in the Wind," now it was music like the Doors and the Animals, the Kinks, and the Who, the Rolling Stones and the Beatles. No, those groups weren't there, but their music was, done ably by groups that probably hadn't paid for the right, but hey, we were all above such mundane things as copyrights and royalties, there was music and there was joy and there was life and there was love.

I danced with Eagle, the wild, gyrating dances where you didn't touch, and yet it drew me closer to him, it was like our bodies were moving together, and when a slower dance came along, he moved into my arms or I moved into his (I forget now which it was), and we were touching, we were moving together, and all around us was nothing but approval and understanding,

*Continued on page 62*



Endless

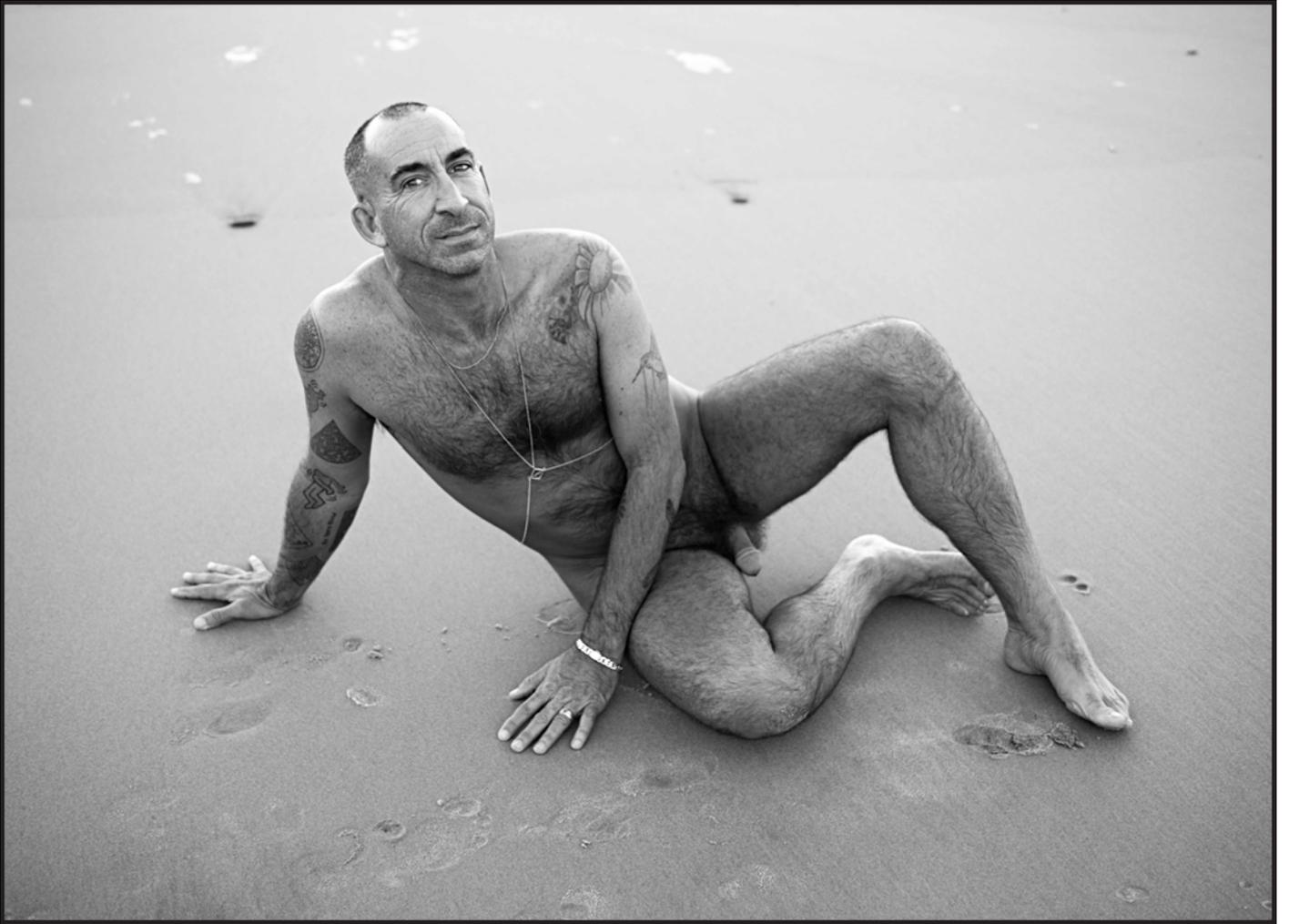
Photos by Peter  
Brother Bear Photo

Summer









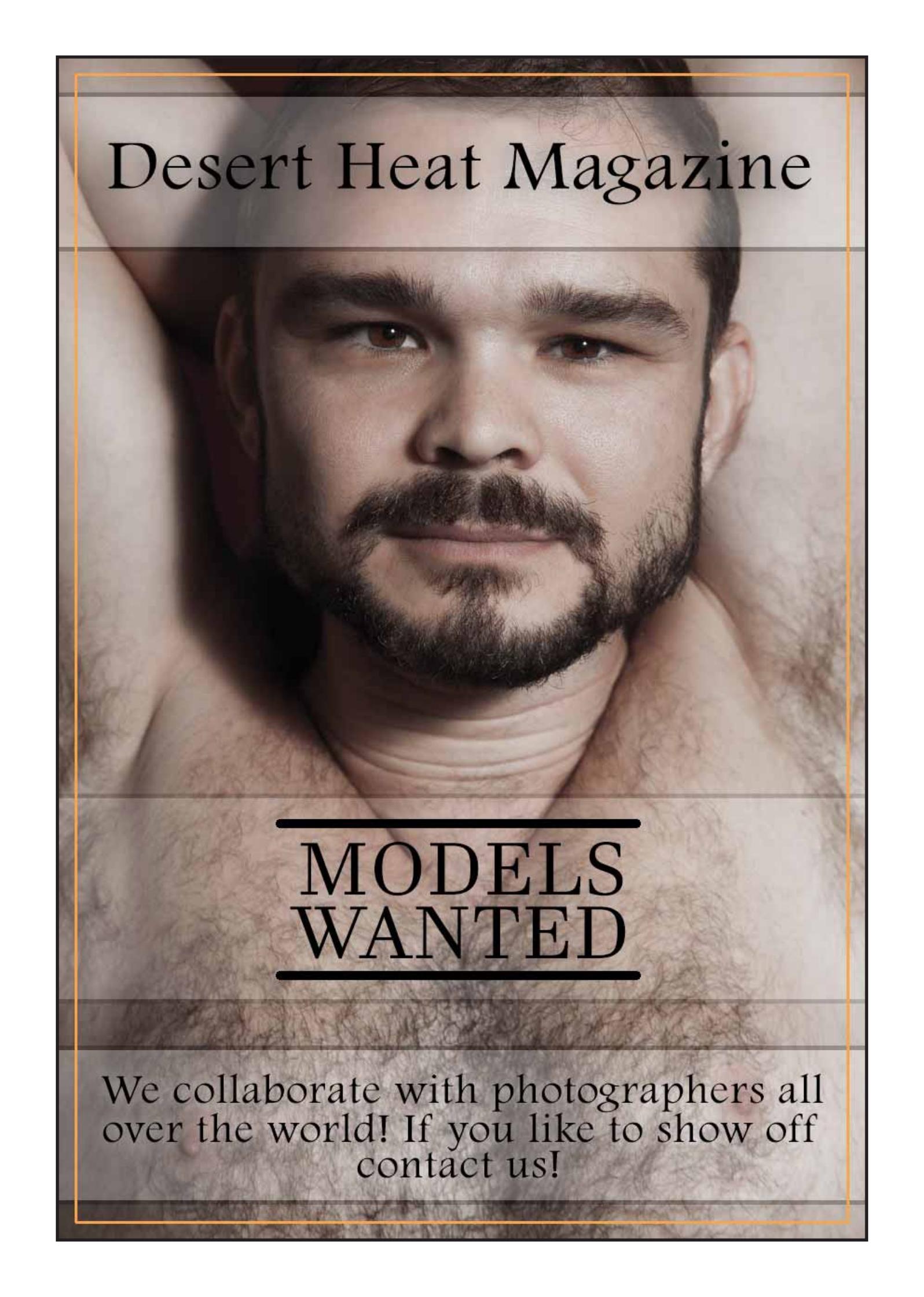












# Desert Heat Magazine

---

**MODELS  
WANTED**

---

We collaborate with photographers all over the world! If you like to show off contact us!

## *Jezebel continued from page 19*

help jog some memories. Clues as to where she might be. Since we're looking for her and all."

"True," says Blake. "I'm just not used to doing it that way." Blake stopped to think, and considered that his whole method of detecting may have been off after all this time. Blake goes quiet again.

"What did she do?" asks Mick in a voice that sounded quieter and more sincere than ever.

"She jumped," said Blake, matter of fact.

Mick looks surprised, he wasn't expecting this.

"Suicide?" asked Mick.

"No," says Blake, "Even with the storm, and the waves clashing against the docks the way they were, I don't think her intention was to kill herself. By all rights...she should be dead. But I really doubt it. I can feel it. She's still out there."

"Maybe we should start looking for her there," suggests Mick.

"The docks...near the aquarium...but...she wouldn't go back there."

"Why not?" asks Mick, inquisitively.

Blake thinks about it. He remembers that night...or was it day. He didn't remember the time, but it was dark, and rain plummeted down, like cold, sharp daggers into his skin (he could even feel it through his trench coat). After she had jumped (or did the wave take her away?) he had seen something in the water. Something large and ominous, like a great shadow, just under the waves. It had looked so much like the ocean, with the opposite shore nowhere in sight, and the thing that moved under those opaque, writhing stormy waters...it looked like some kind of great shark. Large and black. But...that wasn't possible...not in Lake Michigan, anyway...He couldn't see clearly, too distraught over Jezebel, and the rain in his face, as he looked down, almost laying on his belly on the wooden dock, the ice-cold rain pounding down into his eyes, in rivets (riveting down into his eyes like nails)...He could hear the rain now, a thunderous crunch of lightning, and raindrops hammering down on the skylight of his office. Blake looks outside.

"Well, that's freaky," says Mick. "It didn't even look like rain a moment ago."

Blake looks outside. Mick was right. It had been sunny, with only a few clouds (seemingly)

moments ago. Now the clouds were back and thick and dense as ever, making it look like a gray-blue shadowy dusk outside.

"The sun doesn't last long in the city, does it?" asks Mick, rhetorically, "Brings back memories of when I lived in the apple."

"You lived in New York?" Blake asks.

"Yeah, sure did," says Mick, "This place reminds me of it. Just like it. The sun was covered up most of the time, if not by the clouds, then by the tall buildings. It was just like a jungle sometimes. Just like the jungle."

Blake's mental image of the tiger he was in his dreams came back. It had seemed like he was in a jungle of some kind, with that glade of water that he and the wolf swam in. (He felt fortunate that the great black fish, or shark he had seen had not invaded his dreams, and that tranquil pool of water just yet).

"You like to swim, Mick?" asks Blake.

"Hell yeah," says Mick. "This wolf loves swimmin'!"

"Well, maybe you and I can have a swim race sometime at the baths. They have a big enough pool there," says Blake.

"Sounds great, I love racin', and swimmin'!" says Mick.

Blake grins. He'd love to race the big guy in a swimming race... and since the bathhouse didn't require them to wear clothes...

"That sounds awesome, man! John and I used to race each other swimming all the time when we were growin' up in Nebraska," says Mick, remembering.

"John, eh?" asks Blake, sounding interested.

Mick was smiling, big and warm, but when Blake said the name he suddenly fell solemn looking.

"Yeah..." says Mick.

"Who's John?" asks Blake, curiously.

"He's...my best...very best friend...and my..." he falls quiet, "...I'm not ready to talk about that right now."

"I understand," says Blake, "It's hard for me to talk about Christina...I mean Jez...aw, forget it. Tell ya what, since we don't have time to go swimmin' right now, how about we get out there to those docks on the way to the aquarium. If it keeps raining like this, It'll feel like we're swimming..."

Mick looks alert and cheered up a bit, and lets out one of those loud deep, hearty laughs that

Blake was still getting used to.

o o o o o

Later, Mick and Blake are outside, making their way toward the docks, near the aquarium, the rain is coming down in sheets. Blake led the way, being more familiar with the area while Mick trailed behind like a large, happy, dog. Blake did feel like he had a giant, oversized stray dog following him around, but he didn't mind it. He felt safe. Strangely much safer than he had felt before Mick had started following him around (or was he following Mick around.) As if somehow, Mick was keeping him safe from something that had been following Blake around, without his knowledge.

It was night by the time Mick and Blake made their way over to the docks, the daylight had sped by quicker than they expected, having woken up in the afternoon. They had stopped in for lunch at a local bar and tavern, as they neared the docks and lakeside. Most of the restaurants here specialized in fish and seafood, Blake settled for a sandwich and chips, and some ale. Mick had the same, but twice the amount. Both were hungry, having skipped breakfast. By the time they finished their lunch and beers, the sky outside was completely dark, and the rain made the block of streets, close to the docks look a seaside town during a hurricane. At least they had remembered to bring umbrellas this time. "If it keeps up, at this rate I wouldn't be surprised if it causes flooding," Blake remarks as they made their way to 13th street, near where Blake had met Charles Newman for the first time. He had never realized how close it had been to the last place he had seen Jezebel. As Blake and Mick made their way through the streets and back alleys, getting closer to the aquarium, the only thing that illumined their way through the waters drapes engulfing them were the little old streetlamps, which seemed like hovering ghost lights, floating somewhere deep in the ocean. This entire area seemed desolate, and abandoned at night, no doubt do to the reported attacks the night before, but it seemed there was no one out near the piers save for them.

All the while, Blake couldn't shake the feeling that they were being followed, he had this feeling ever since they left his apartment office hours before. He didn't know if it was his paranoia, since

he had seen someone that night at the Japanese restaurant, but he was usually right about his suspicions. He attributed this to an almost primal sense of danger that had been with him ever since he could remember, and those senses were almost always right.

Soon the narrow alleys and suffocated streets opened up to a night-time vista of the vast, ocean-like lake, surrounding and reflecting the city, and long, piers and docks stretching out into the lake, being beaten by the rain, and licked by the waves. Fish markets, and bars lined the way, with glowing signs, both antiquated and neon, mostly displaying fish or sea creatures like eels and squid as their logos. The aquarium was just down the street to the left, hidden somewhere down that dark stretch, and through those misty curtains of rain and lamplight, but straight ahead...there it was, the long pier where Blake had last seen his old love... his Jezebel. Blake felt his heart drop, as they approached the docks, the same ones when Jezebel left him, Blake and Mick reach the peer no boats around it only showing the open massive lake ahead. Blake stands at the edge, Mick behind him. Mick places his hand on Blake's shoulder and rubs it gently.

"Alright, where should we start?"

Blake says nothing, but stares at the waves beneath the dock. He was both sad and afraid. He had not felt like this since that night. Mick felt Blake tremble. It was as if all the painful memories he had bottled up for years was now seeping out inside of him, because of this place. Being here was like reliving that night all over again, and as he watched the waves, remembering how Jezebel leapt into their depths like they were welcoming hands, ready to catch her, Blake was overcome with an irrational feeling to join her, wherever she had gone, under those depths, in the lake, in its seemingly oceanic abyss beneath the waves. It was a terrifying thought, remembering what he had seen under the water back then...but in a strange way, he wanted to be there. Blake felt himself walk forward, compulsively, almost straight off the dock, ready to jump, Mick's grip tightens on him.

Blake takes his eyes off the water and looks at Mick's warm green eyes, which almost seemed to glow in the dark storm around them. They were comforting, and yet stern. "You alright Blake?" Mick asked. This didn't seem to be a question. Blake had the feeling that Mick knew what was

going on inside him. He felt it, like he did.

“Yeah...No...not exactly,” says Blake. “It’s this place. I...I shouldn’t be here.”

Mick nods, his hand still tight on his broad shoulder, the rain hitting them. “I think you’re right,” he says. Blake wasn’t ready to be here again, not yet.

Mick leads the way back to the street from the dock, and Blake grabs hold of the lakeside railing, feeling shaken.

“There, ya feelin’ better, buddy?” asks Mick.

“Yeah,” says Blake, feeling his strength come back. Now that he wasn’t out on the pier, he was beginning to feel like himself again. “Yeah, I think I am.”

“What now?” asks Mick.

Blake thinks and says... “I don’t know. I don’t know what I thought I’d find if I came here.” He looks out at the stormy waters of the lake. It was just like that night he had last seen Jezebel, it was scary. He could see the lights on the opposite docks of the city, reflecting in the shimmering rain, and across the ocean-like lake, on the opposite shore was Northerly Island. The banks and beaches were dark, but there was a giant blue beacon illuminating most of the island, the towering “Blue Rose Hotel”, one main tower, with two other rhombus shaped towers jetting out on both sides (and two more hidden behind them), like glowing blue diamonds in the night. In the midnight shower, there was a blue aura around it, like the northern lights. Further along, silhouetted in the dark like a ghostly shadow amidst the light of the other building, were the forgotten and ruined fairgrounds of the “Century of Progress” world’s fair, left like a husk of a corpse, behind the basking glory of “The Blue Rose”.

Blake knew that darkened area, shrouded in the great shadow of Charles’ Newman’s success. He had been there, long ago...

“Well,” says Blake. “There’s this place that keeps coming up in my mind.”

“Yeah?” asks Mick.

“Northerly Island, not the hotel, but beyond it. The Century of Progress World’s Fair.”

“The Century of Progress?” asks Mick. “But that’s over where...and it’s been closed down for years.”

“Yeah, but...” he looks out over the vast lake, “I have a feelin’ that there’s something over there. I can’t explain it. I mean it’s the last place I would

ever think of looking but...”

Mick pats him on the back.

“Then we’d better do it, buddy,” says Mick.

“Huh?” asks Blake. “Why?”

“If it’s the last place you’d look, you’re probably right, or onto somethin’ at least. Haha!” Mick lets out another laugh. “One thing I learned is to go with your gut instinct.”

“Yeah,” says Blake. The thought of that place still made him nervous, but at least it wouldn’t be here, at these docks. Blake thinks out loud “I thinking anyway that maybe we should head over there first, before the aquarium, because of several reasons. One, because it’s real close to the site of where the Blue Rose Hotel and its loading docks are, and where the attack on the workers happened. We may get a chance to look into this more closely.”

“I like that kind a’ thinkin’,” affirms Mick.

“Two,” continues Blake, “Because it’s the last place I would have looked, because it doesn’t technically exist anymore, and it’s the place that would be hardest to access during the day, which makes me feel there might be some answers over there...”

“Which is why,” Mick says, “We should take a look at it first. Start with the last place first, I always say. “You’ll be sure to find it there.”

“Yeah,” says Blake, uncertain, and for some reason he felt afraid that he’d find Jezebel there. Not nervous or anxious, afraid. Blake didn’t know why...but that anxious feeling stayed with him all the way on their way to the site, even with Mick close behind him. ...

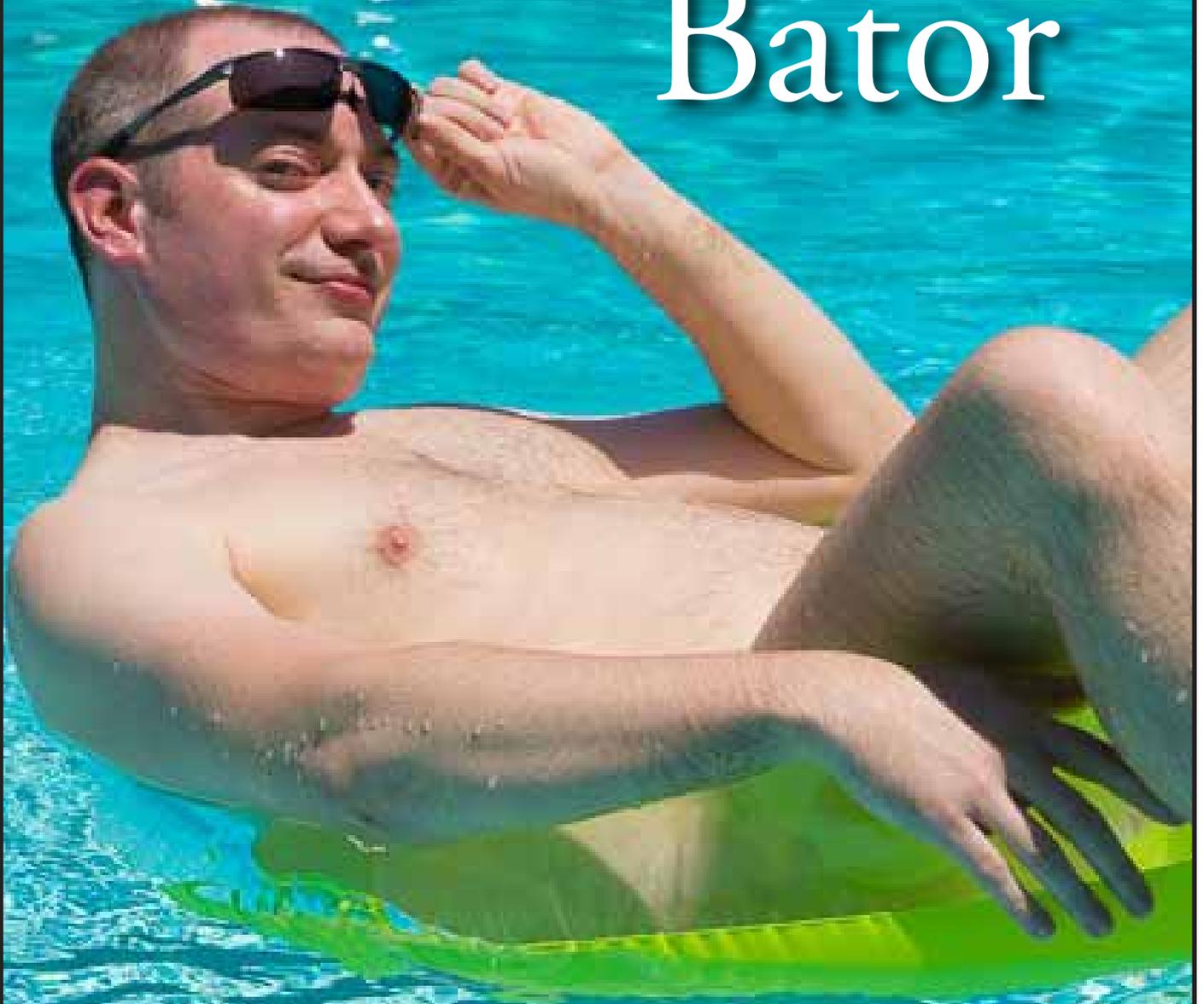
o o o o o

...

The rain picked up even more as Blake and Mick tried to make their way to Northerly Island. They got turned around quite a few times in the storm. They were looking for Solidarity Drive, which would lead them straight to the island, and follow 12th street to the condemned World’s Fair, and the grounds of the hotel. Mick and Blake were both good with directions, and were confident that they would soon find themselves at their desired destination...but after wandering the dark, rainy streets for almost half an hour...Blake and Mick found themselves in front of another building

*Continued on page 100*

# The Exposed Bator



Shaun McMurtrie



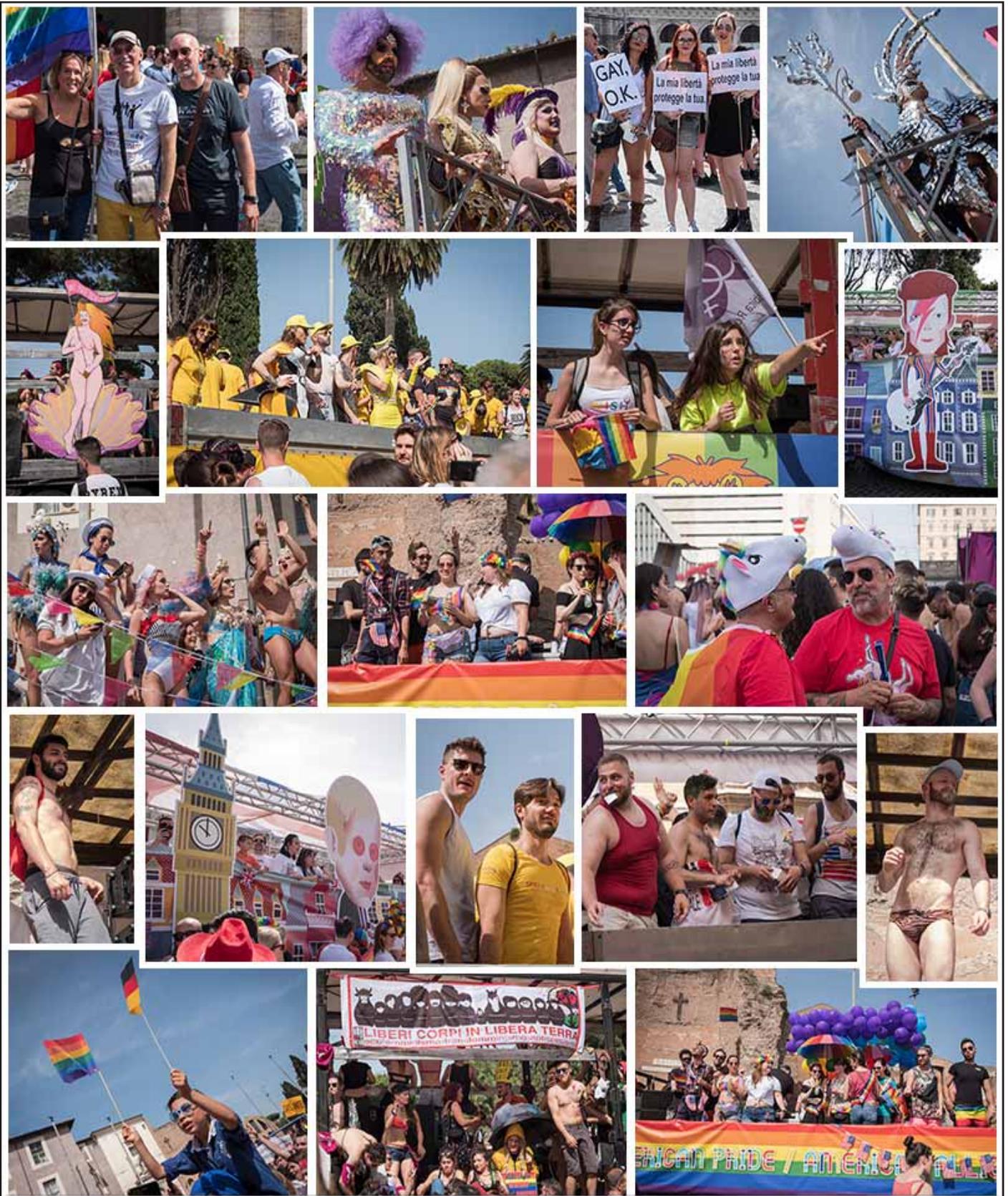






Shaun McMurtrie





# GianOrso Social Media



# Summer HEAT

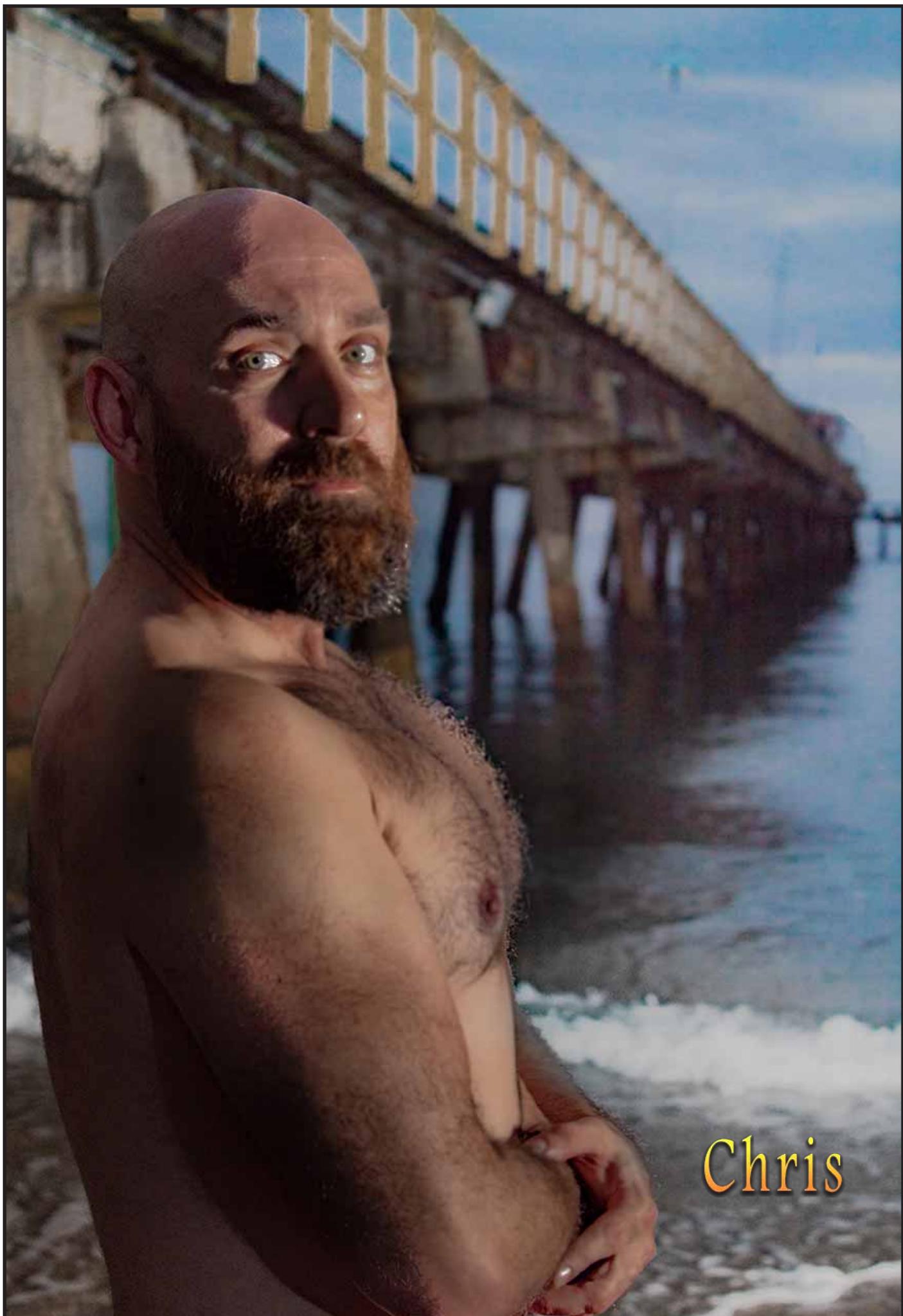


images by

Icon59Studios



Ruben



# Barclay





Rod



Jesse



Barclay



Rod



Ruben  
Ryan &



Stephen





DHM Fan ~ @mrvistabynname

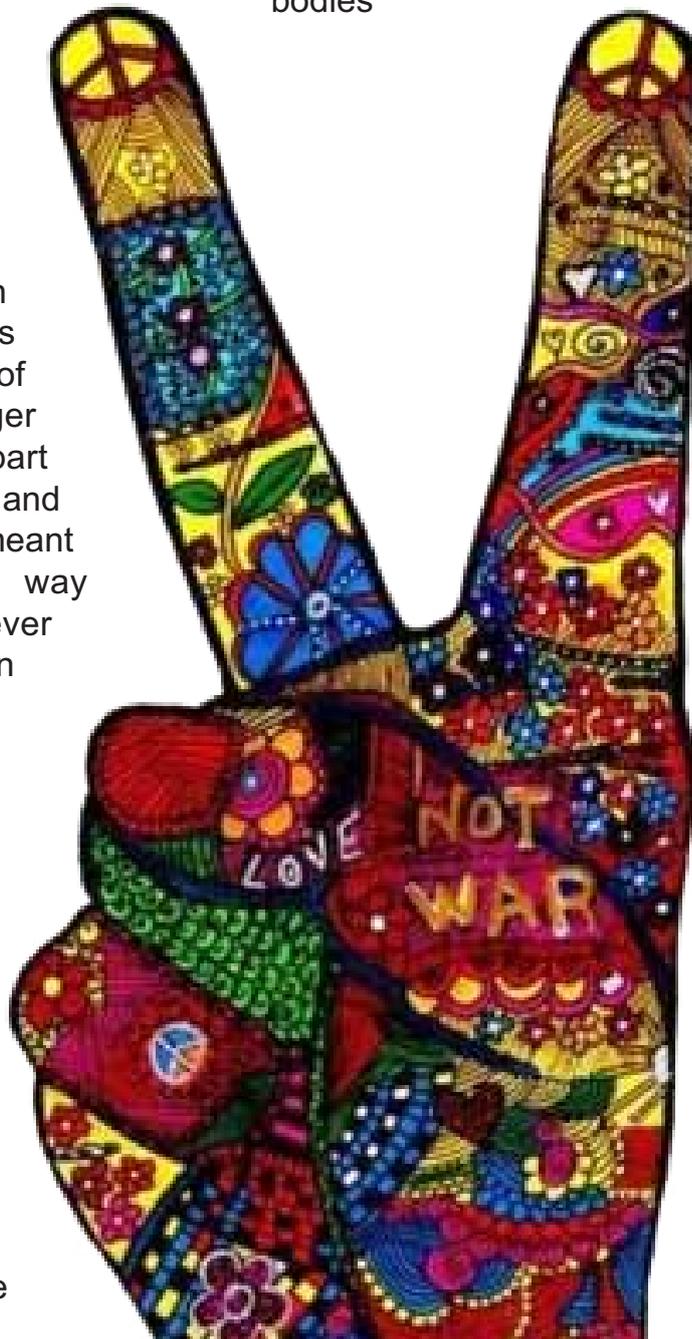
*Continued from Page 33*

love unbounded and uncircumscribed, when it came to love and peace and understanding, everything was permitted.

Done, I was breathing a little heavy and so was Eagle, and I don't think it was the fatigue of dancing. His eyes shone with a light that was something else than light, and I knew what it was but didn't have the word for it. But it was there, and it drew me with him as we went back towards the van.

There was no privacy, and none was required. Couples were kissing, couples were holding hands and talking, couples were dancing (a few of them were naked, letting their bodies

be free to experience everything, and Eagle and I were in among them and it was better than privacy, it was being a part of something bigger than yourself, a part of something new and important and it meant freedom in a way freedom had never been spoken before, freedom not just from tyranny, but freedom from the rules that even the liberators felt constrained by, we were free to make our own rules and be what we wanted to be, and grow in the way we wanted to grow!



I think Eagle wanted to get into the van he and the others had driven up in, but that was covered with four people, two asleep and two of them not.

The front had a girl leaning in and kissing the guy in the driver's seat, but neither of them were the ones who had driven up in the van. Bushes looked to be full of people, too.

"Now where?" I panted. I'd been patient, I'd waited throughout the day as Eagle lay with his head in my lap, while we'd talked, while we'd touched, I'd waited for now, for tonight, and the desire had been building up inside me for hours and hours and I was tired of waiting. "Go out into the other field?" We

weren't supposed to go there, it belonged to an unfriendly neighbor who threatened to shoot any hippies he found in there.

Eagle pulled me against him. "No." he said, breathing as heavy as ever, maybe more so. "Here."

I crushed myself against him which slammed him against the van's front. Fortunately, there are few things flatter as the front of a Volkswagen, all he did was go "Oof!" and then he was kissing me back, his strong arms were around me and we were kissing and I felt the hard throbbing organ in his jeans pressing against my leg and I tasted his lips and his tongue, tasted the sweet sweat of his cheek, tasted the tender nectar of his neck,

nibbled the strong sinews of his shoulder, slavered my saliva upon the broad breast, an ecstasy of the expanse of his body, the narcissus blossom of his nipple's bulb, all of it was Eagle, his hands found my shoulders and pressed down, begging rather than forcing me, further down, further down!

Now I abandoned my desires upon his abdomen and tucked my tongue into the nexus of his navel, sidled through the scraggle of his pubic hair while I fought the buckle of his hip-huggers, the burst of warmth as I got them open, oh, God, the aroma of him! Not the faint scent from a man who washed every time he felt the slightest burst of perspiration from his pores, this was the strong raunch of a man who lived in his clothes and on the road, this was an overpowering explosion of effluvia and it was like I was drowning in his essence, my head swirled as I breathed it in, and then he reached down and tugged at himself and his cock burst out of its trap down one of the legs, and it slapped me on my cheek like an insolent snake and hissed its arrogance at me, demanding attention.

I pounced upon that daring dong, I plunged upon it and let it sink into my mouth where it seethed in its potency, the heady ambrosial scent engulfed me once again, this time my nostrils inhaling it in reverse, my exhalations around this turgid tube sent the fumes up into my brain and it was all my world!

"Oh, man, oh, man!" Eagle breathed as I held his manhood and his life in my throat. "Yeah, man, do it, do it, man!"

Pulling upon that length and that power was intoxicating in the way that hemp could never match, I nearly swooned as the cock repaid my efforts by bleeding out pungent fluids that bathed my tongue and sunk into my taste buds, all of it, all of it, Eagle, Eagle!

"Ooh, ah, yeah!" Eagle sighed as I held but his cockhead upon my lips and then I sent him back into me. He was lit mostly by moonlight as I looked up at him from my place of worship, staring up as a petitioner

before a god, and his body was shining in the moonlight, pale and white and gloriously pure! All around me were the sounds of music in hard, pounding rhythms that basted my brain, and the music was tempered by the sounds of lovemaking and happy people all around, which heterodyned and punctuated the beat with softer sounds, dischordic harmony, two sounds which, at odds

with each other, create in their antagonism a new effect by their very battle.

The beating was my heart and the moaning was my breath and they fought within me and my life and my love was full and strong, and they mixed, they merged, they overwhelmed my senses and now I was a manic devourer of souls,

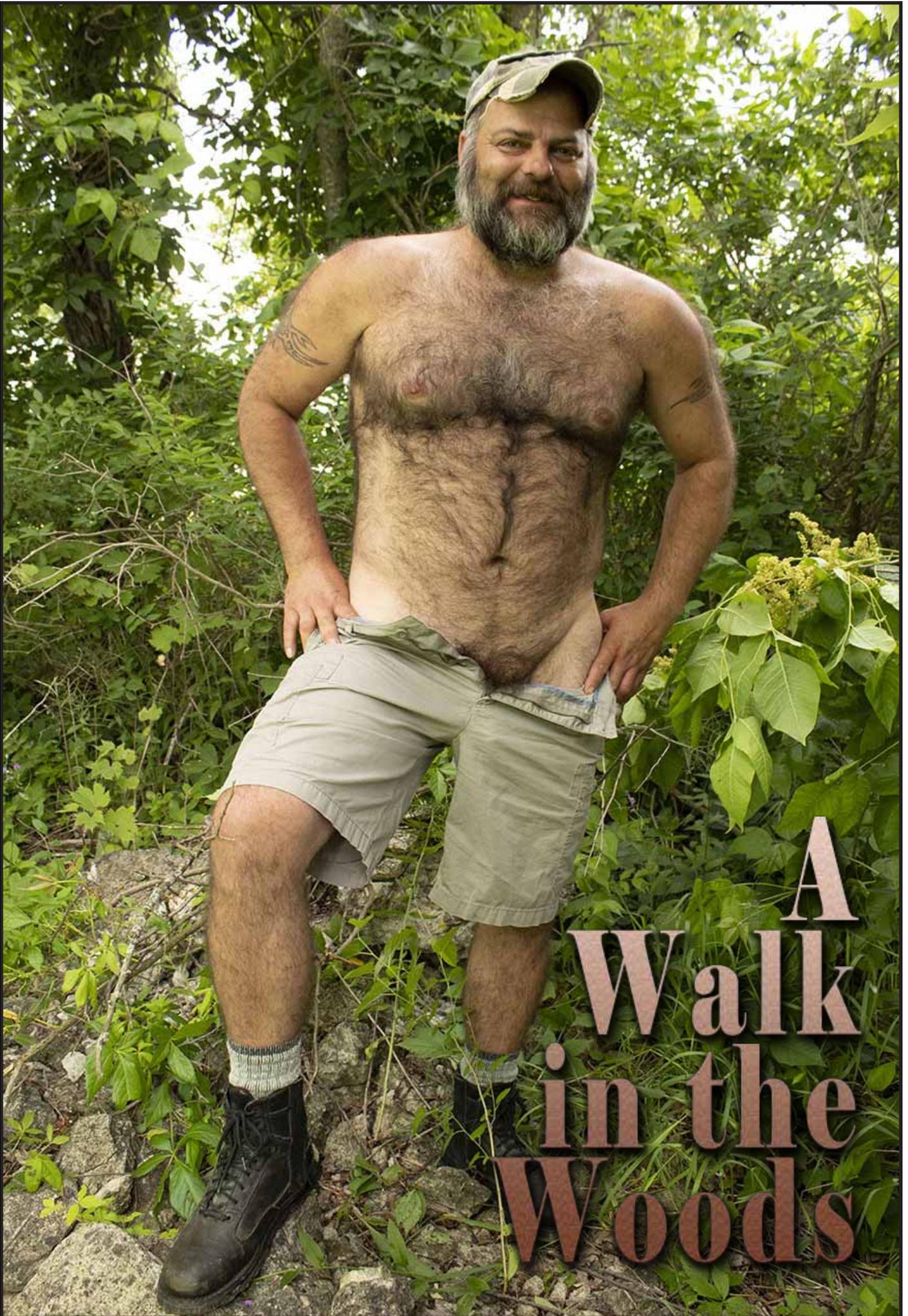
I pumped at Eagle's proud pud, I sucked at his sweet schlong, it gushed at me and I drank it all as it came, and wanted more, more!

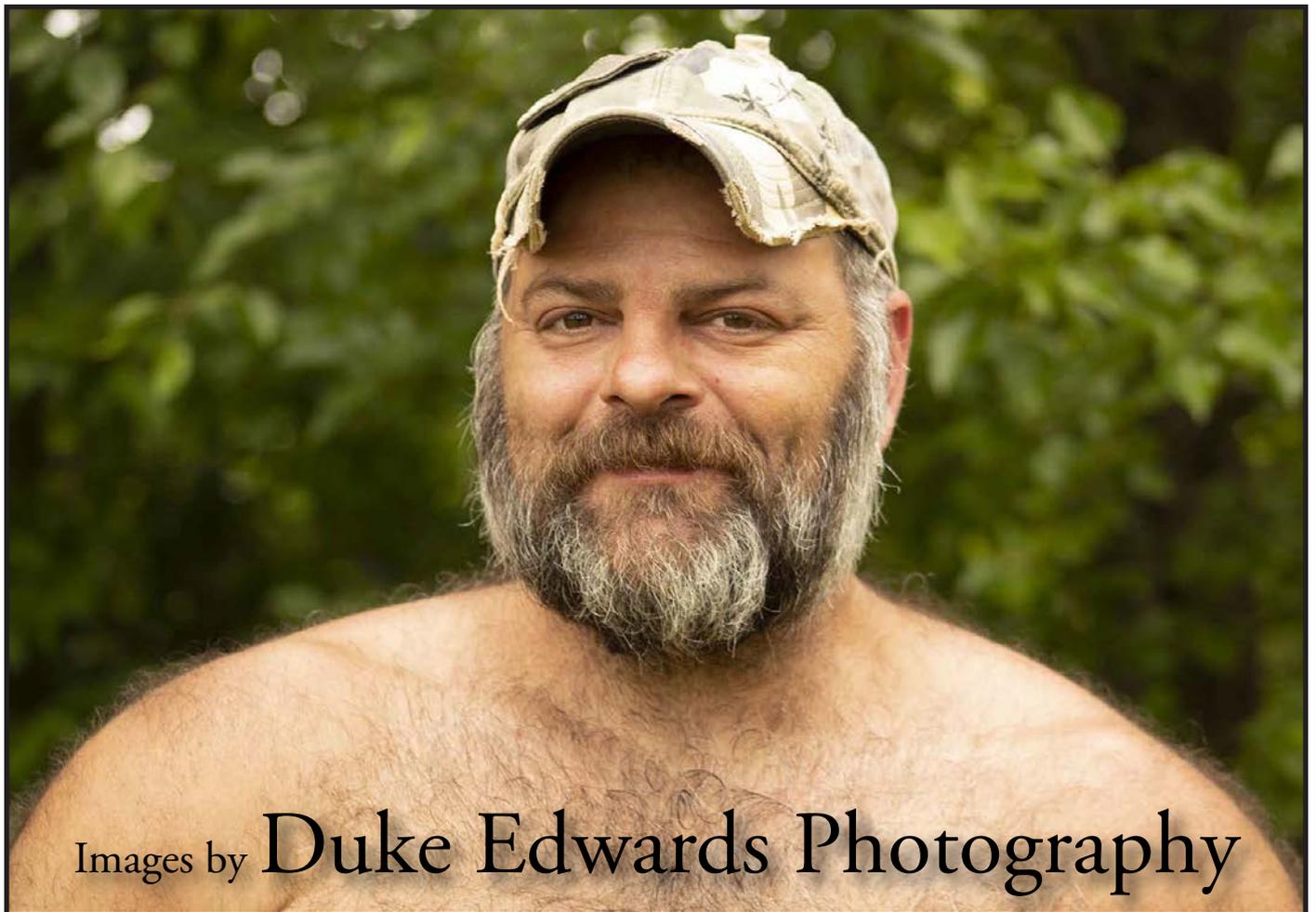
"Oh, ah, yeah, man, yeah!" Eagle crooned, and these were the words of my generation and my hope, given new life by this our lovemaking, and I knew no greater joy than to be a part of it, of all of it. How could I return to my former life now that I had tasted this happiness, found this man, and knew that the road I was traveling had reached, if not its goal, at least its signpost, I was on my way!

The glory of sucking Eagle taunted my body as he writhed above me, my energy I diverted into his service, and he was thrashing out his spirit and his life, and his groans now were unintelligible gibberings, for he was no longer able to make sounds and sense, for I had drunk it all from him.

His cock was his center now, the very center of his soul, and I ministered to it with unceasing motions, and Eagle's moans were more urgent, louder, they mixed now into the very beat of the music around us, drowned out the other lovers about us, he was shouting now, shouting out his joy and as his joy reached its height, there it was that he

*Continued on page 122*





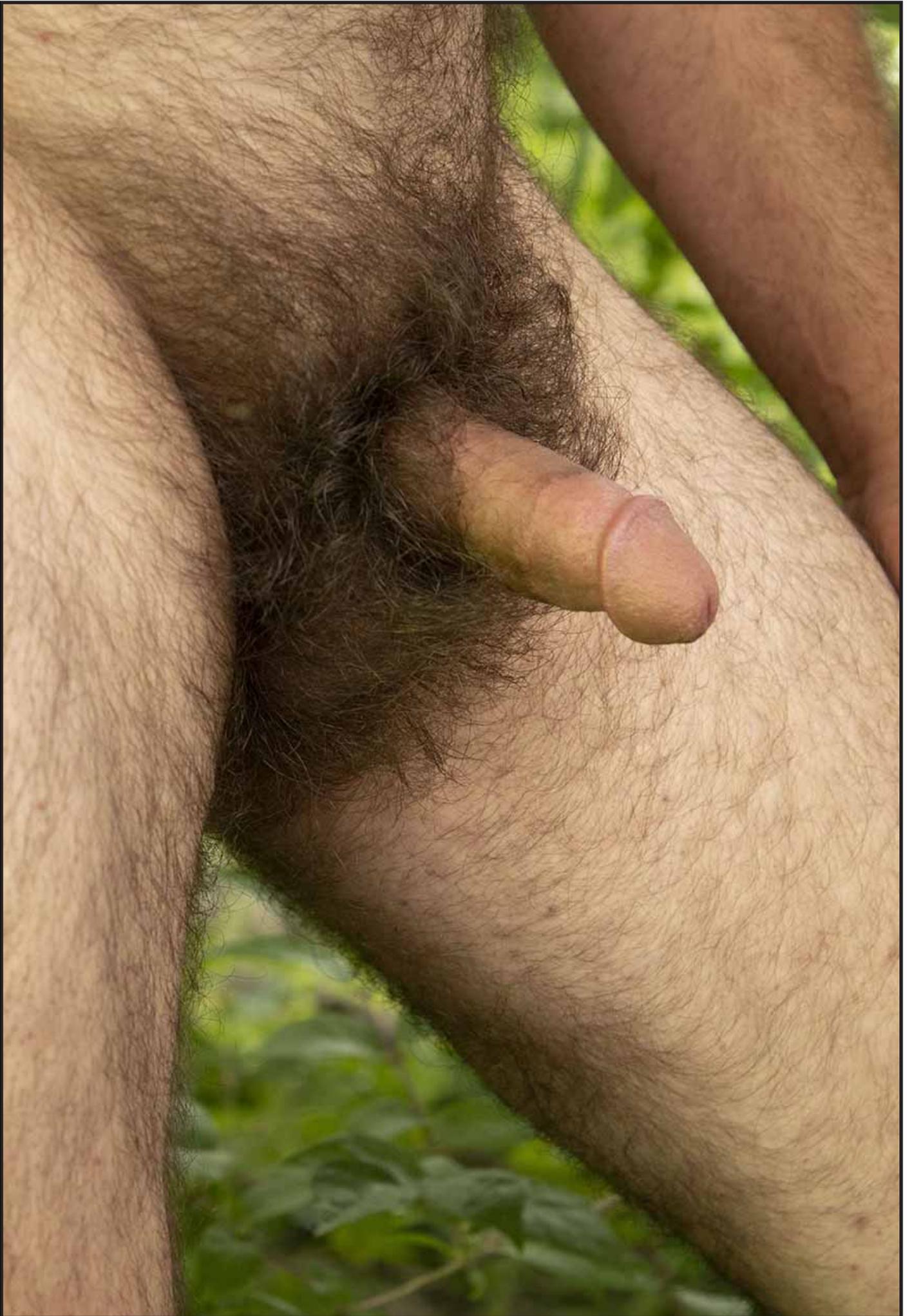








A Walk in the Woods





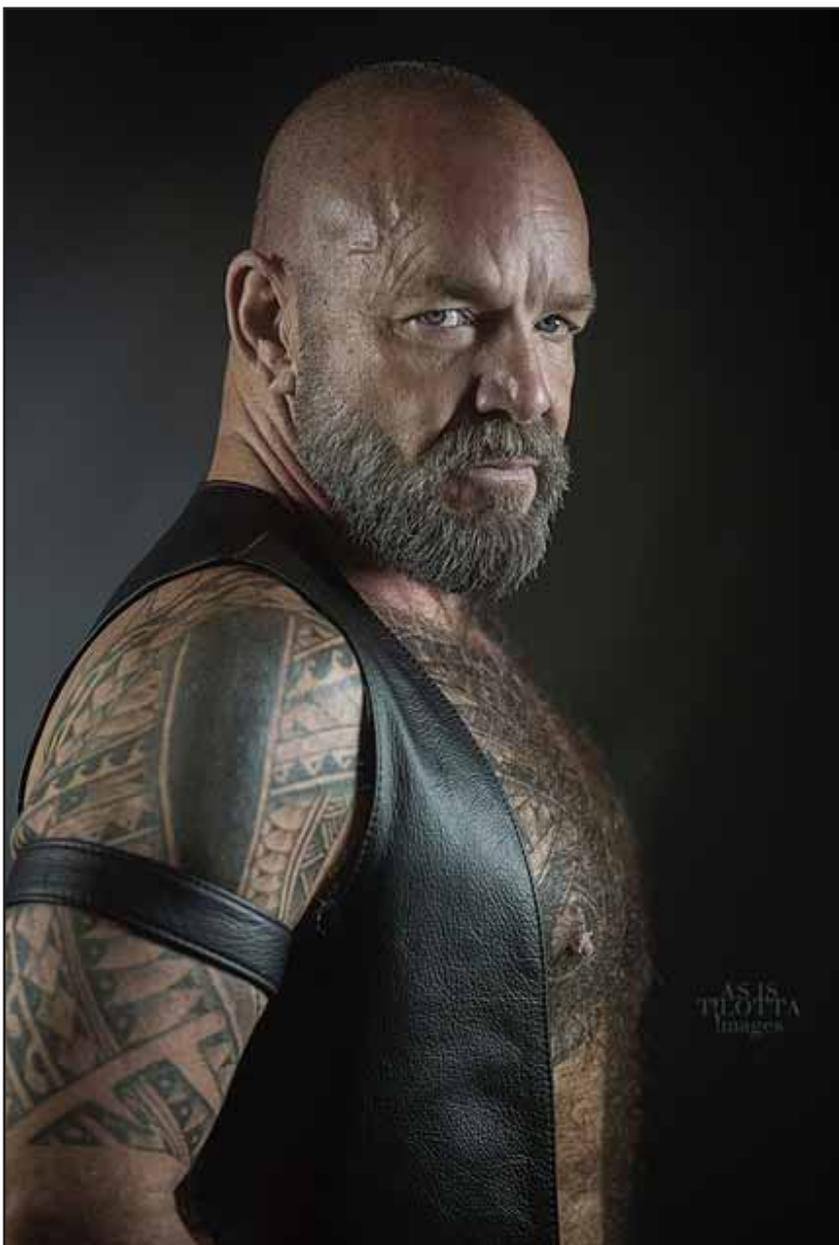


# Turning the Lens

## Photographer Interview

### Meet Kirk Stephens, Photographer of Kirk Stephens Studio

Stephen first contacted us through social media to see the requirements for the Magazine submission. We checked out his social media presence and knew right away we wanted him in the Magazine. His work with gorgeous men from all over the country have turned many an eye, for certain, however it is his incredible attention to detail, his ambition to make the model look the best he can, that really drew our attention. He is an incredibly humble talented sexy man that we are proud to call a friend now. We hope this will give you a little insight into this man. .



#### **Tell us a bit about your personal life:**

I grew up in a small town in PA. At an early age I realized I was not going to be happy there as a gay young man and it wasn't the most gay friendly place. I moved to South Florida at the age of 21. It was the early 80's. (now you know my age) I worked in the restaurant/nightclub scene as a bartender and I still do today, although not in a night club.

I met my husband at the age of 42 and have been together for 17 years and are legally married 9. He is a writer/director/choreographer so we both have our own creative outlets.

I am pretty much a homebody but do like to go out occasionally and dance a little.

I discovered the leather/kink side of myself a few years ago when I was being flogged for a photo shoot...it helped me understand myself on a whole new level.

#### **How did you develop an interest in photography?**

I started modeling a few years ago and really loved it. I was always interested in what the photographer was doing with the

camera. One day I finally asked one of my very good friends and mentor to explain some of it to me.. he handed me his camera and I was hooked. At first I took a lot of photos of dogs, landscapes and plants. I eventually moved on to portraits, erotica and kink.

**Do you have any formal training?**

I have no formal training. It's been a lot of trial and error. I'm a Canon guy so I started with a Rebel T6, I've since got another Canon but it is still one of my favorites and I'll probably never get rid of it. I watched a lot of YouTube and also had a very good friend who has mentored me through my entire photo career.

**From your point of view, what makes a good picture?**

That's a loaded question! LOL. I guess it all depends on your vision and the model you're shooting. I love to shoot outside as well as in my studio so there are so many factors. I feel I will always be developing my craft so each photo is a learning experience for me. Indoors I feel it is the lighting and the energy in the room, outdoors is a whole other game because you have light, wind, water and nature. I feel like each photo I take should say something.

**What, in your opinion, is most important to consider while shooting images of men?**

I think the most important thing about shooting images of men is the trust factor. I always make sure my model is comfortable with me and assure them that I got them. I've modeled before so I understand the vulnerability a model can feel.

**Speaking of the men you shoot, where do you find all these handsome men? Do you hunt them down or do they come to you?**

That's a good question, I have quite a few contact me through my social media profiles. If I'm scrolling through and I see a man that I want to photograph I'll always put it out there. I live in the Fort Lauderdale area so there's no shortage of hot men to photograph.

**Describe a typical shoot for yourself:**

It starts a few days before thinking about a concept and how to best serve the model. Sometimes I will meet the model a few days prior to discuss the idea but often it's not until the shoot. It's been my experience that keeping the atmosphere light and putting the model at ease is of utmost importance. In the changing room I



© Vince K Photography

have photos of myself as a model as well photos that I have taken, specifically so they will know that I've been in their shoes and previous looks I have captured. I always start with classic portrait shots and get in my "sweet spot" with the lights; from there, I explore a variety of looks and attitudes. I always let the model know at the onset that nudity is completely up to them. Each time a model poses for me he knows that I am there to get the best image of him, both his strength and his vulnerability.

**Have you ever modeled before? If so, what was your biggest take-away from that experience?**

Yes, I have modeled before and still do although not quite as frequently. I prefer being behind the camera. I think the biggest take away from my modeling experience is that being confident and sexy is a process, both inside and out.

**In your free time, what kind of pictures do you like to shoot and which ones do you avoid?**

In my free time I like to photograph dogs. I know that

sounds very cliché. I'm a huge animal lover. The photos I tend to avoid... that's tough but I'd say photos with a lot going on in them... my mind won't stop thinking and my finger isn't fast enough. A photographer once said to me, "focus your mind before you focus your camera."

**If you could with anyone, who would you like to work with most?**

I've been very lucky to have had the opportunity to work with quite a few amazing photographers. There are two photographers that I would like to work with, Oliver Zeuke and George Petropoulos, they are both so very talented. I admire their concepts, creativity and eye. I'd love to model or just be in the room to watch their process. Their work is brilliant.

*Thank you, Stephen, for taking the time to answer the questions and provide a bit of insight into what make you such an incredible photographer.*

*We are very honored to have your brilliant work in our Magazine and look forward to collaborating with you for many years to come.*



© 2019 Kirk Stephens Studio



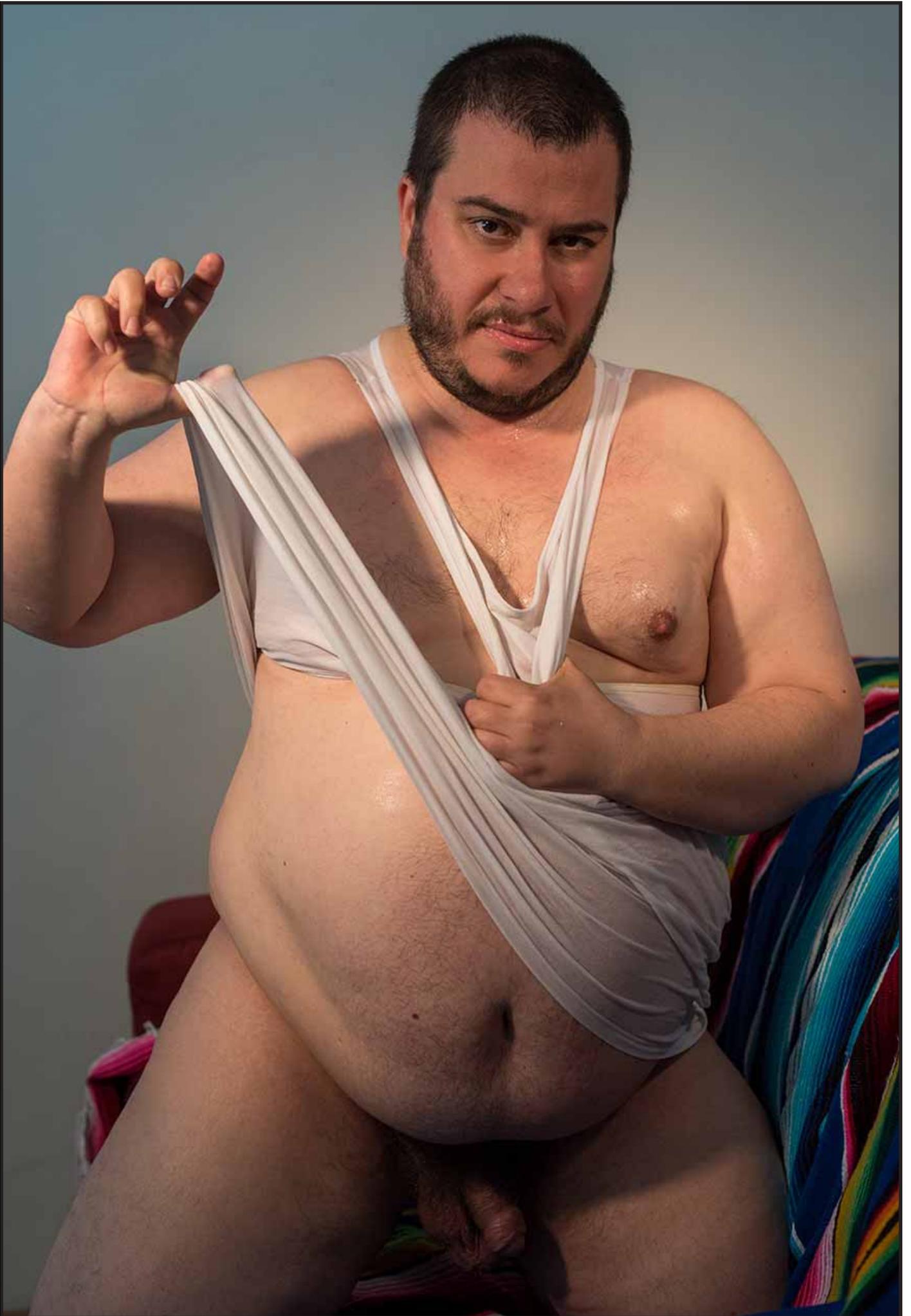
© 2019 Kirk Stephens Studio

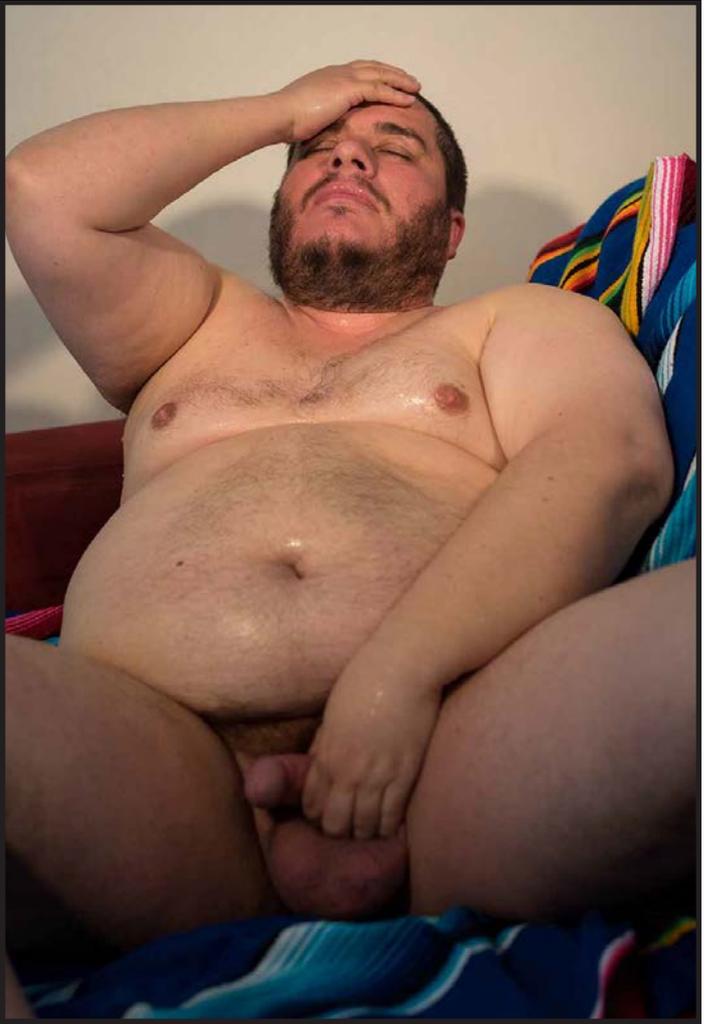


Photos by **Arktos Photography**

Berni







Ludo









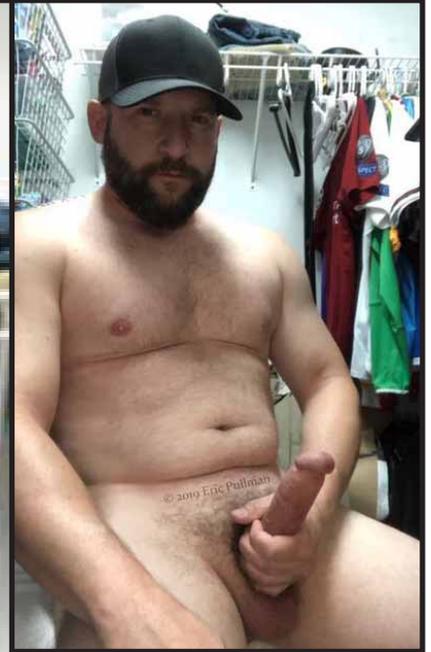


René





DHM Fan ~ @ericpullmanxxx





# Summer Storm

Story by David Land

It was weird. This kind of thing never happens to me. But it did. And certainly not when I was expecting it. It was hot, outrageously hot. One of those New York August days that make you wonder why you'd ever want to live here. I'd dragged my ass all over town that day, in and out of the suffocating subways, uptown, downtown and finally back to Brooklyn.

I waited until just before the sun went down before I went out for a run. I rode my bike the short distance over to the outdoor track. There were a lot of people out. The Puerto Rican kids playing handball, the Poles walking their long loops, the Mexicans playing soccer in the middle of the track, some of the moms and the little kids running around, lots of people running. I locked up my bike and found a little piece of asphalt to stretch on. Just stretching out made me sweat. I took a swig of water at the fountain and started my run.

I like to run at the track. I kind of fall into a trance at the monotony of it. I count. A quarter, half, three quarters, one mile, quarter, half, three quarters, two miles. I like to come around dusk and watch the sky change as I go in these circles.

Today the sky was turning an angry red. At the northeast corner of the track the clouds turned dark, dark grey behind the tiny needle of the Empire State Building in the distance, across the river. On the other end of the track there was a thick grouping of trees that blocked what little breeze there was, and with the humidity, it felt like running through a steam room.

I was on my third mile when I noticed him. On the west end of the track there's kind of a makeshift workout area. A pull-up bar, some

planks for sit-ups, some steps, and a couple of other things jury-rigged for working out. Usually there are a couple of Puerto Rican guys working out there who make the west end particularly interesting.

At this point I was completely soaked with sweat. My tank top was drenched, my jock was dripping underneath the thin shorts I was wearing. The fountain is by the workout area and I stopped for a second to get a drink. After I was done, I turned to see a man doing pushups against a waist level bar. I could only see him from the back, but that was a lot. He wasn't wearing a shirt, just a pair of dark soccer shorts. In the split second I stood there I took in the sight of his big arms, huge shoulders pushing against the bar.

He was dark skinned and his skin glistened with sweat. There was a twitch down below and I kept running. The sky was getting darker and the color began to drain from the sky. As I came around again he was facing towards me, waiting for someone else to finish his set. He wasn't that tall, maybe 5'9, he was older, maybe late 30's, he had a moustache, definitely Puerto Rican. He was standing with his arms crossed over his chest. He had big solid pecs with that slight bit of roundness that comes with a steady diet of cervesas.

His belly protruded just a bit, a thick trail of hair leading down to -- I passed again and turned over his image in my mind. As I came around again he was doing pull-ups. His biceps strained to pull him up, as he came down his whole torso extended and I groaned as I saw something heavy swinging in his shorts. I passed again. When I came around again he was just dropping to the ground, he lifted his arm up to

Summer Rain

wipe the sweat from his brow, exposing one hairy armpit. He was dripping with sweat. As he lowered his arm, time slowed down a bit and I thought, maybe, he looked my direction, at me, he thinks I'm checking him out, and of course I am, but I'd like not to get my ass kicked today.

My heart races, I'm going a bit crazy I think. I'm also losing steam -- two more laps. It's verging on night, and the Mexicans are running, chasing the ball, most of them are not wearing shirts -- everyone is wet.

This isn't helping. It's almost night and the track lights mixing with the fading colors of the sky make an odd mixture, like it's a movie or something.

I am approaching again and I am looking, not looking. He's doing sit-ups on one of the planks and I think this is good because he can't see me not looking at him. I slow down a tiny, to make the moment last. I study his legs, bent at the knee, sturdy and thick.

His arms behind his head, showcasing the biceps. His torso strains to pull him up. I think I'm in the clear to continue my admirations. As I am passing I am looking right at him, trying to see if I can catch a glimpse of something between the legs. Again, time slows down and as I am craning my neck in what must be the most obvious fashion, he stops at the top of his sit-up and looks directly at me. I look quickly away, but am I imagining that he is watching me as I pass?

O.K., I am definitely not wanting to get my ass kicked, but is it the delirium of the heat that made me believe that maybe -- no, couldn't be. One more lap. Then cool down. The crowds are thinning. People are going home. The sky is tuning that strange green-grey it gets before it storms.

I am approaching again. He is finishing his sit-ups. He is standing up. He adjusts what looks to be something big in his shorts and he looks at me as I pass by. He is definitely looking at me. No mistaking it. I almost trip over myself. He doesn't smile but something passes over his face, which I recognize distantly.

I pass. I do the last quarter lap. I slow down to a walk. My heart is racing and it is not from the running. I continue to walk around the track. I normally do this to cool down, so I try not to feel queer about doing it now as if it's some ploy to see him one more time.

I am approaching again. He is leaning against a bench. He is watching me approach. Someone says something to him in Spanish, which I cannot quite catch. He turns his head to the other guy and says something quickly and the guy saunters over to a small family near the soccer players. He turns back to me.

His stare is so intense. I am sure, now, that something is going to happen although I'm not sure what. As I am passing he nods his head at me. I nod back, and because I can't think what else to do I keep walking.

Footsteps behind me. I feel holes bearing into my back. I am suddenly very self-conscious of my shorts, which I am sure you can see my strap through. Footsteps closer. I'm rounding the bend near the grouping of trees. He's right behind me. He's next to me. His hand on the small of my back. A light shove towards the trees.

"Vaminos," he says.

I look over at him. His face. His eyes dark and hungry. His skin so smooth and shiny with sweat. I look into his eyes and all I can think is, yes. We walk towards the trees and into them. He pushes me forward. We walk in a bit. He stops. He turns and he leans against one of the trees. He grabs my wrist and pulls me around to him. A smile curls up faintly on his lips. He pulls my hand down to his crotch and -- holy shit! He can see the desire grow on my face and he knows I want it. He knows I've always wanted it. I'm panting and feeling breathless. His lips full and dark, barely smiling, enjoying watching me crumble.

"Bajate" he says quietly.

And I do. On my knees. We are hidden, but only slightly. If anyone were to pass through here, we'd be busted. But that was the last thing on my mind. He pulls the waistband of his shorts down to expose more of that dark trail. The first inch of his dick. My mouth opens instinctively. He reaches in and hauls out his dick. He's already half hard and I am disappointed, only because I would have liked to see this go from absolute soft. It's about six now and fat. The head is still covered in his thick skin. He peels it back and reveals the shiny head. With one hand he pulls my head closer and with the other he wipes the head of his prick against my lips. The smell, oh God. He slaps his fat cock against my face a couple of times and then lines it up with my mouth. He slides in, smooth as silk, and we both groan.

He starts with short strokes, teasing my mouth. His thick rubbery cock making short jabs. Then longer, slipping more of his meat into my mouth. And then back. I work my tongue over the head and then fall onto more of it. It's a fucking mouthful. I breathe in through my nose and inhale the smell of him. Sweat runs down his chest and stomach, mixing with my spit on his cock. He pulls me off. He reaches in and hauls out his huge hairy nuts. They are perfect. Oval eggs hanging low in that thick hairy sack. I angle myself a bit lower and get to work on his sack. The pungent smell of his sweaty balls makes me weak. I get one of the huge orbs in my mouth and roll it around like some exotic delicacy. His hand on his heavy rod, pumping, one hand on my shoulder steadying himself. I can't get them both in my mouth at the same time so I go to work on the other one. I am stuffing my self. Trying to get all of him.

He pulls me off his nuts and I rock back on my heels a bit. I look up at him. His muscled flesh rippling and shining in the dim light. That big cock standing straight upwards now. It's gotta be at least eight. Fat at the base and tapering gently towards the head like some kind of perfect missile. The thick veins pulse under his soft skin. His bag hangs down low and full, making this quite possibly

the most perfect package I have ever seen. A drop of moisture appears at his slit and I take that as my cue to get back to work.

I struggle a bit to bend it back down to my lips. My tongue flicks out to taste his lube. Salty and slightly sweet, thick, like some intoxicating syrup.

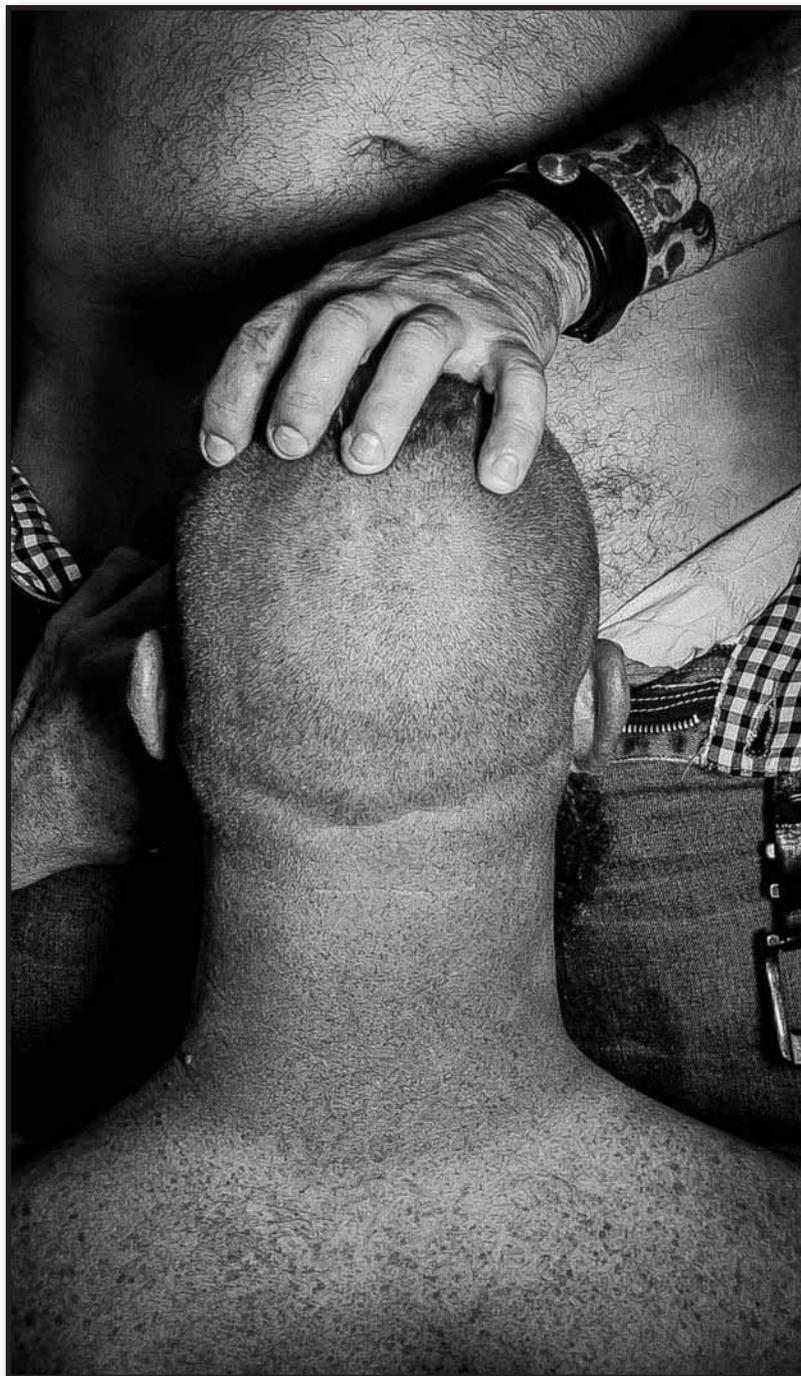
He slides back in, half way. In, out. I try and work my tongue around him as much as I can, but it's not as easy as all that. There's suddenly a great crack in the sky -- thunder. It sounds like it's on top of us.

The wind picks up a bit. I adjust myself a bit on my knees and my thighs rub my jock and I realize that I am near to shooting.

He presses more of his hard smooth flesh into my mouth and my lips savor every ripple and contour of his thick shaft. His cockhead touches the back of my throat. He seems a bit hesitant, but then not as he pushes to see how far he can go. I gather up all my strength and do my best to open myself to him and the head begins to slip down my throat. My eyes water.

"Oye," he moans.

He gives me a second to breathe and I take the opportunity to slide back up and work my tongue around his thick foreskin. Another crack -- louder even and longer and then a flash. Some screaming and scrambling in the distance as the wind really picks up now. He grabs the



base of his cock and leans it back deep in my mouth. Now he is less apprehensive as he shoves more of his meat down my throat. He gets it in all the way which surprises me, I feel his heavy nuts against my chin. He pulls back a bit and lets me play with his dripping cockhead. By now, there's a steady flow of dick juice and I wonder if that's what enabled me to swallow his snake. My hands wander up his tree trunk thighs, massaging his hairy legs. He's pumping now. In and out. Dragging his dickflesh across my lips. Shoving it in. I reach around and grab onto the hard smooth flesh of his round ass and feel his muscles working as he pumps his engorged shaft in and out of my wet mouth. Another crack of thunder, and even though my eyes are closed in the most intense concentration of enjoying and pleasuring this man, I see the lightning.

The first drops of rain hit my shoulders. In the distance someone yells, "Carlos." He moves faster now. His hands reach around my head as he holds me still and fucks my face. Long strokes as I feel all of him slide in and out my mouth. The smell of him sweating over me. He's grunting now. The salt of my own sweat stings my eyes as I open them and strain to see this man. His eyes are closed and his head is back. Every muscle is tensed as he focuses all his energy on his goal. The rain begins to fall a bit harder.

A child yells, "Papa."

I feel it swell, and I know its coming. He's moving faster. The groans from up above become more intense. He's all the way down my throat and I feel him jerk. I reach up and give his nuts a squeeze and he bellows. He's swearing a blue streak in some mix of Spanglish. He's coming. I feel his juice pulsing out the long fat shaft and down my throat. I pull back on his cock to get more of it in my mouth. He's pumping his hips as he shoots long hot streams of cum into my mouth. The intensity surprises me a bit and he's digging into my shoulders with his hands as he continues to pump my mouth. The salty thick taste of his man juice covers my tongue and sends me over the edge as my own thick cock starts spraying my jock wildly. He's still coming and it begins to spill out of my mouth as I struggle to get all of it. Hot jets of cum erupt from that big meat. He slows his pumping allowing me to really work my tongue around his meat and get every last drop. I pump his thick rubbery

shaft with my hand as I try to squeeze out the last of it.

"Papa," a chorus of little voices, then, "Carlos!"

The rain is really coming down now. Thunder, lightning. I'm breathless from trying to swallow all of him and my own exhausting orgasm. He deflates a tiny and pulls out of my mouth. He reaches down and tousles my hair with a look of I don't know what. He stuffs himself back in his shorts, turns and runs back, towards the soccer field.

I stand still among the trees and watch him run.

As he approaches the soccer field a woman yells to him, "Aye, Carlos, where the fuck you been." The little children scramble around in the rain dancing

around him yelling, "Papa, Papa!"

They all run off together, Carlos, arms around the woman as they disappear into the storm. I stand still letting the rain drench me, feeling my cum run from my jock down my leg, and thinking,

"Damn!"

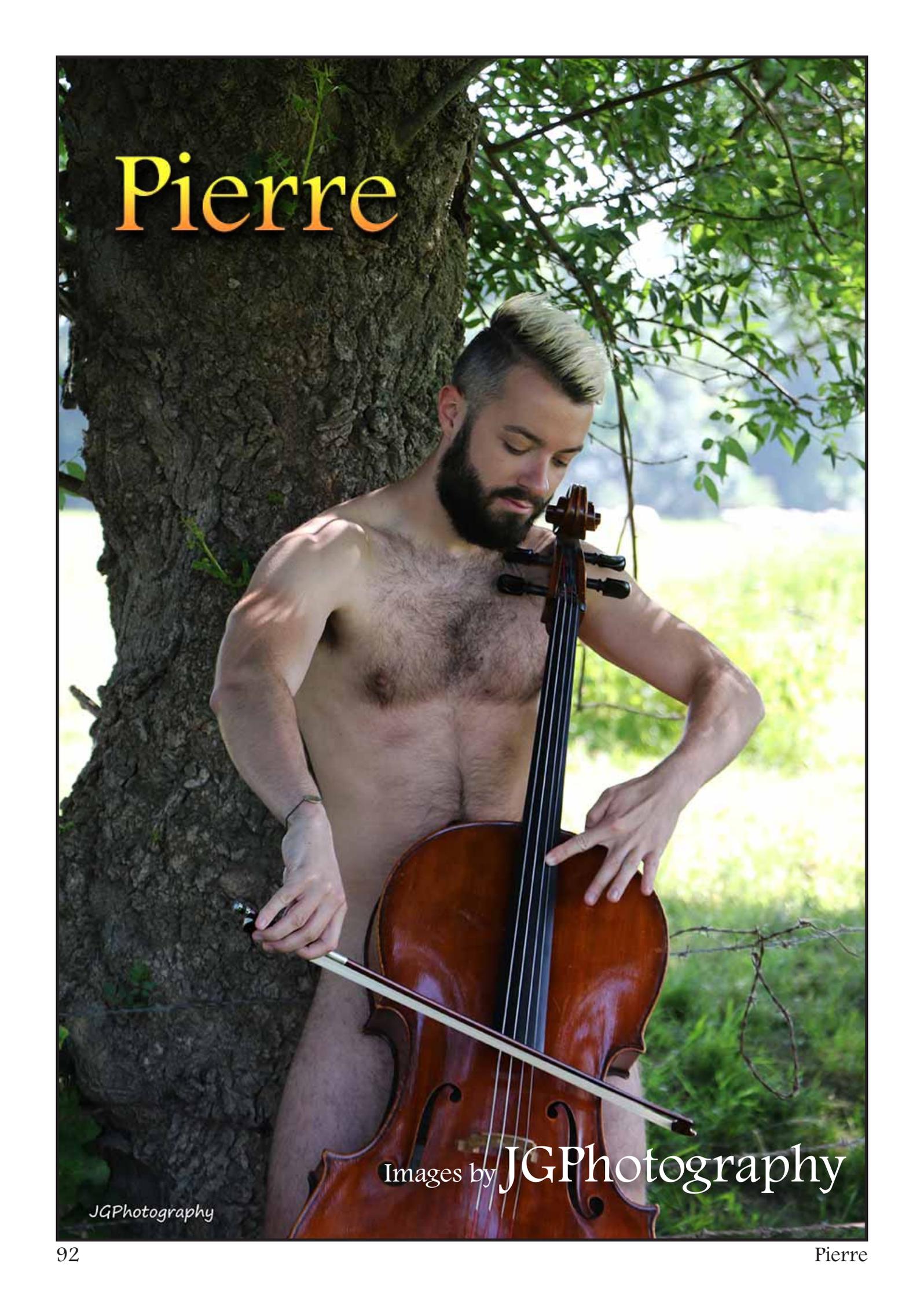
# Let us hear your voice!!!

We want to hear your stories, articles, ideas, or anything else you can put your personal voice to.

We have been very graciously allowed to reproduce the stories you have read in here. We know there is some great talent in our readership and want to offer a place for you to share your voice.

It's as simple as contacting us at [desertheatmagazine@com](mailto:desertheatmagazine@com) and submitting your article/story/poem/drawing/etc.

We know our readership would love to hear what you have to say!

A photograph of a shirtless man with a beard and short hair, playing a cello. He is leaning against a large tree trunk on the left side of the frame. The background is a bright, green outdoor setting with trees and foliage. The lighting is natural, suggesting daytime. The man is looking down at the cello, and his hands are positioned as if he is playing. The cello is a dark wood instrument with a white bow.

Pierre

Images by JGPhotography

JGPhotography



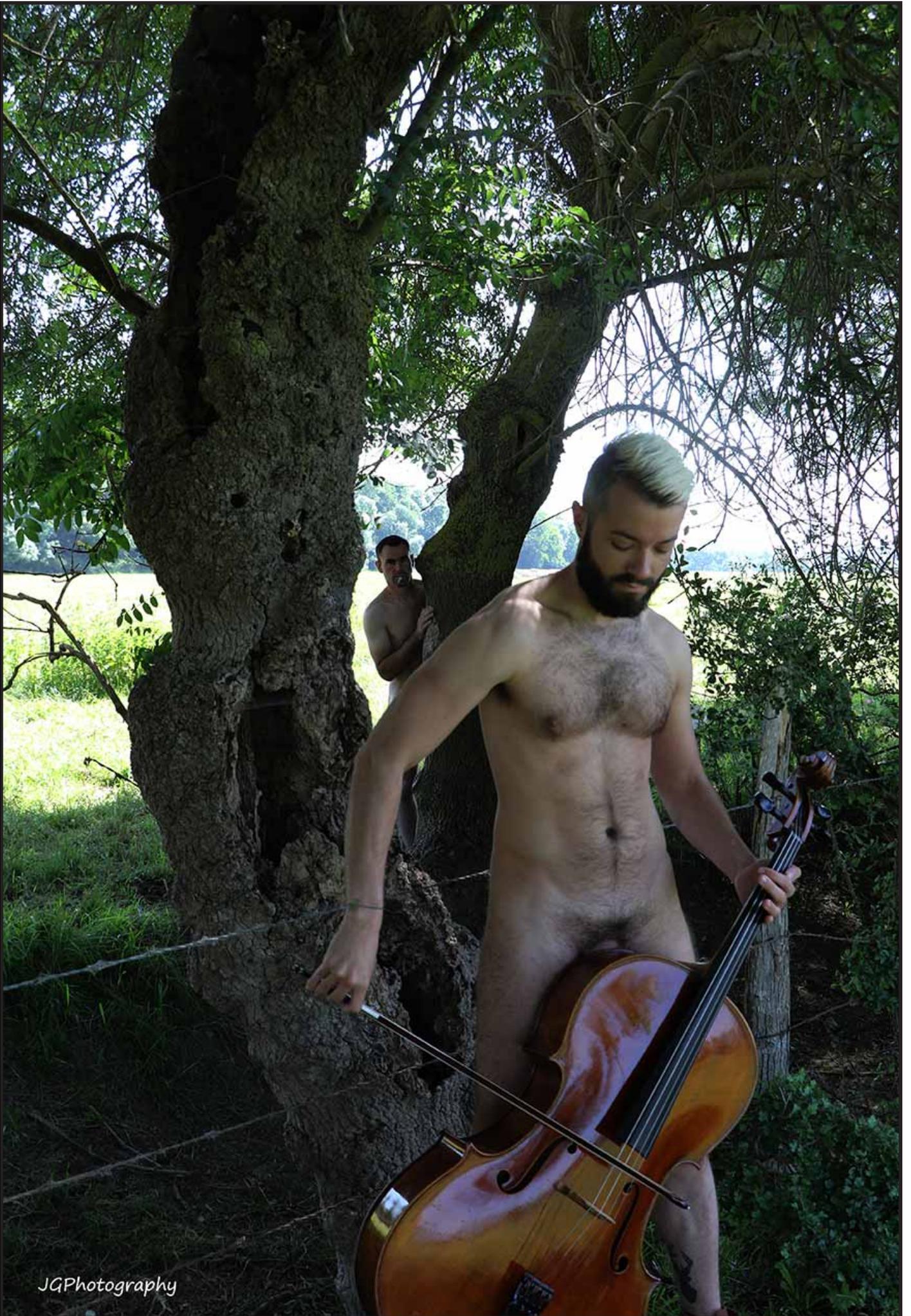
Pierre



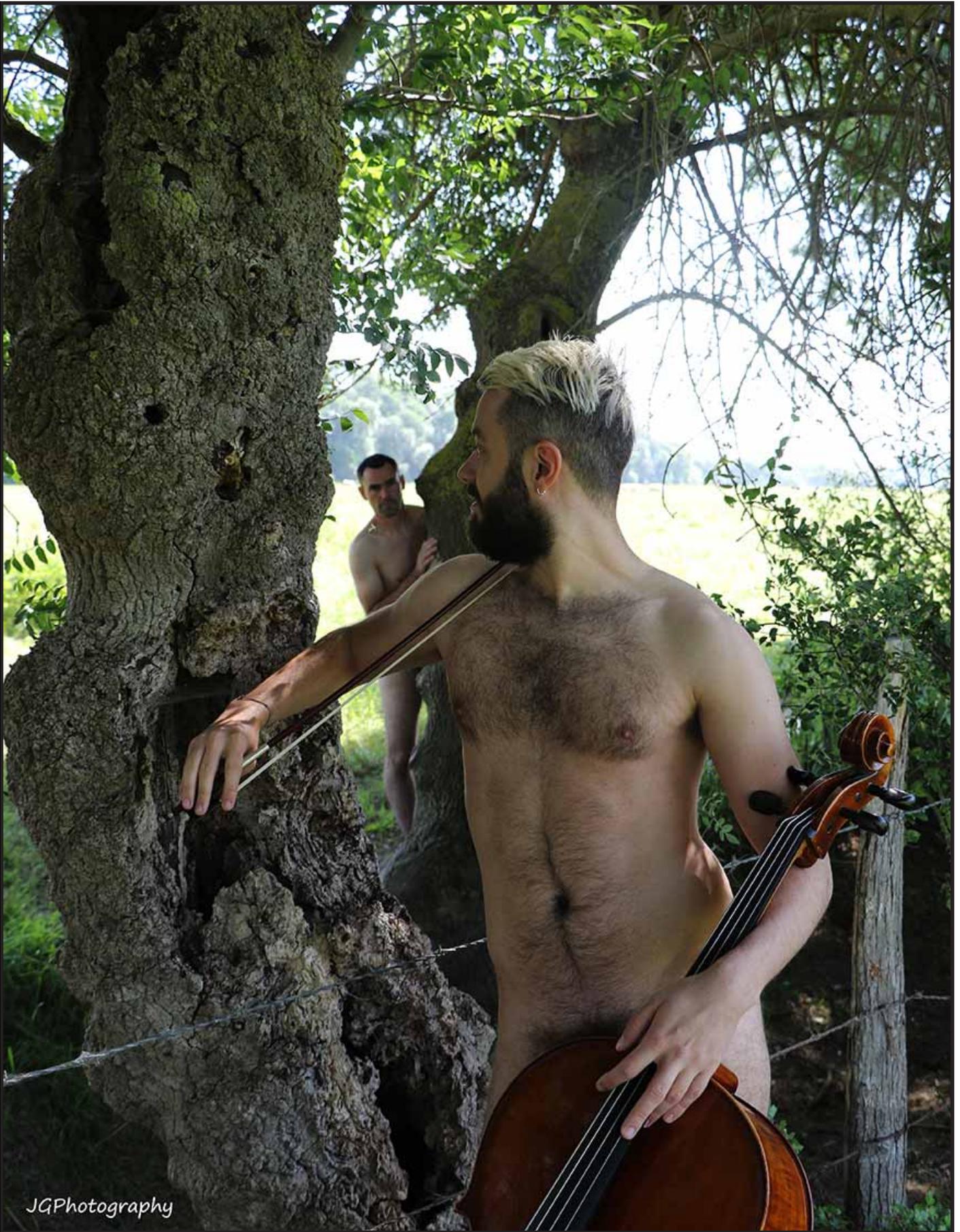
JGPhotography



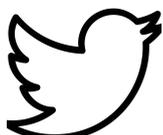








JGPhotography



**JGPhotography**  
**Social Media**

entirely. A great cement building, which looked like a great dome, with stone steps leading up to it from the sidewalk, a row of street lamps on each side, which, in this torrential downpour, looked as if they were also submerged under water. They were in front of the aquarium.

“Well, this can’t be right,” says Mick, taking out a city map from his trench coat, trying to keep it dry under his umbrella. “Didn’t we turn left back at the docks over there?”

“I honestly couldn’t tell,” says Blake. “Not through all of this.”

“Hmm...” Mick looks at his map, then up at the aquarium, then lets out a great burst of laughter. “Of course! You see here, Blake, we’re supposed to go left. We did get turned around.”

It was frustrating, but Blake couldn’t blame Mick, he was just as lost as he was. So they turned around. They thought of taking a peek in the aquarium while they were there, since it was one of Jezebel’s favorite places, but it was closed for the night, and barred shut.

Now headed in the right direction, Blake was sure that he and Mick would reach Solidarity Drive in no time at all...but as time passed...they found themselves instead back in an all too familiar place. They were back at the docks where they had previously been, the same ones where he had last seen Jezebel.

“Now how the hell can you explain that?” asks Mick, looking confused at the lake waters.

Blake got the horrible sensation that they were being led around in circles by something, that they had been going in the right direction to begin with, but something was preventing them. True, they could have just been going the wrong way in the rain from the beginning, but something in Blake’s gut told him otherwise. It was a crazy and irrational thought...but...

“What’s that?” asks Mick, suddenly.

“What?” asks Blake, looking around, confused.

Mick suddenly looks alert, and looks like he hears something (or did he smell something?) in the dark. “Something’s there...” says Mick. “Someone...”

Blake looks around and sees nothing but the empty street, lined with lamps, the docks, the lake, and the rain veiling all of it. “I don’t see...”

“Shh...” says Mick, “I don’t want them to know we’re on to them. Stay here, I’ll head them off, and don’t go out on to the water.”

“Mick, what are you...?”

Before Blake can finish, Mick darts off like a giant dog and runs off down the street in the direction of the aquarium.

Blake shakes his head. He admired and liked Mick a lot, but still didn’t understand the guy.

Blake is left alone, and looks around. The street near the docks looked unusually empty, like a small ghost town on the peer, less like a harbor in Chicago, and more like some dreadful seaside harbor place in an old Victorian book Christina would have read. He looks around, and up at one of the swinging wooden signs outside one of the fish markets, with a strange looking fish painted on it. When the lightening flashed, it looked like the fish was grinning at him (or watching him) with hungry teeth. The wind picks up. He sees an old town bulletin and a bus stop a little further into the street behind him, away from the harbor, with several plastered signs. None of them really meant anything to Blake...but...they just seemed...bizarre. One poster said “See the Shedd Aquarium, Sharks of the World Exhibit, last seasonal tickets available,” another “Smiley Farmer’s Fish Market, our tanks are full of tasty live fish!” which had a newsprint cartoon drawing of a farmer standing with a large fish, both sharing the same unsettling smile. Another was an old ad for the “1933 Century of Progress World’s Fair, Ride the Sky Ride!, See the city from it’s dizzying heights!” Another, mostly plastered over by other posters, was a sort of headline, all Blake could make out from the poster was the word “JACKAL”. Blake had no idea what place around this city would have anything to do with a jackal. The zoo perhaps, but that was far from here. And there was something else, almost completely hidden, old and faded, underneath the other posters. Blake had to squint, straining his eyes to make out what it said. He realized it was a missing persons notice, but it was so faded that Blake couldn’t tell the identity of the person or their features at all. On closer observation, he realized there was a plethora of similar missing persons notices all over the board, simply covered up by the advertisements, but still visible enough in the corners and gaps between the posters. Blake realized that the newsprint with the work

“JACKAL” was at the center of this hidden cluster. Out of morbid curiosity, Blake tries peeling back and removing some of the posters from the bulletin wall. He cleared as much as he could away of the posters, and still could not make out the identity of any of the missing persons hidden beneath them, but there were at last nine of them, and at the center was a foreboding headline, ripped from a newspaper “THE JACKAL STRIKES AGAIN. WILL CHICAGO’S DOCK’S EVER BE SAFE?” Blake wished he had never cleared away the posters to read the entire headline, he felt sick to his stomach. Blake tries to look for a date on the newspaper clipping, but can’t find one, the print was all too faded, but it looked very old. Something about the headline, especial the way the word “JACKAL” was written, gave him a chill through his entire body.

Blake looks around the square at the dockside, it was eerily silent, even in the rain, and there was no sign of Mick. All the buildings, bars, markets and shops on this street all appeared closed for the night, and their windows were dark.

He looks back to the docks behind him, and thinks he hears something in the wind. He walks out to the dock, the wind and rain beating his face, he could feel and hear the wooden dock creak beneath him as his heavy feet and boots crossed over it, following the sound. It was like a voice, a voice somewhere in the wind...it was her voice, Jezebel...no, Christina...the Christina he knew.

“Isn’t it lovely, Blake?” asks her voice, as he looks out across the great lake, at night.

His mind travels back

o o o o o

It was a sunny day, they stood on this same dock, on their first outing together. Christina wore her glasses today, her long golden hair pulled back, he loved those glasses on her. She loved coming here to the docks, and to the aquarium. From this spot on the docks, they could see the World’s Fair across the lake, so distant that it looked like some futuristic space city, transported to the ground.

On this summer afternoon, Blake and Christina got to know each other well. Christina had aspirations to become a marine biologist, it was what she was going to school for, she said. They had specialized classes for it at her college.

College, Blake thinks. He had never finished college, he confides this to her, it was too expensive. Christina didn’t seem to understand why he would have to pay for it. Blake knew that she was either very privileged or extremely smart, or both. She told him things about the ocean and marine life, all of which Blake pretended he knew, but had no idea what she was talking about...then the conversation came to that fateful subject... their past. They both shared a love of the future, as neither one of them cared to dwell on the past. Blake had asked Christina about her past, and her parents, but she didn’t want to talk about it, neither of them wanted to talk about this.

“That shouldn’t matter,” said Christina, “I believe that our past has nothing to do with what the future holds. We shape it how we want. I believe that we can be anything we want, regardless of what we are, where we come from, or what’s in our nature. How our parents raised us, what we were bred for...it doesn’t matter. If we want to be someone else than what we’ve previously been, we can make it possible.” She said this with such a hopeful tone, as she looked across the lake, on the sunny dock.

Her senseless optimism is what struck Blake the hardest at that moment. He had never thought much of himself, or that he could be something other than what he had stood for all these years. All these new possibilities flooded into his mind, that he should pursue his wildest dreams...that he could. Just because he had never fallen in love with a woman before didn’t mean he should be scared to follow his heart, and the dreams he had, something he always wanted to be since he was young...a detective. A private eye. He had wanted to be one, or a police officer, since he was a boy, but after how his parents raised him, strong enough to be a football player, but never talented enough to ever please either of them, they stopped caring, and so did he. Growing up on the streets, it was easy for him to numb his frustration with drugs and alcohol, and after his first arrest, he realized that he could never pursue the dream of becoming a detective or officer for the actual police department. According to them, he was “part of the problem”. His parents abandoned hope in him as well. He had tried to hold onto that dream, as best he could, but being back on the streets his big bulk brought him many odd jobs in criminal organizations; the handy man, a body guard, a

common thug, the muscle to the brain in a crime syndicate. He didn't think he could make anything else of himself after living such a life (he had tried his best to forget those days, and couldn't even remember where he had gotten his scar)...but this girl, this woman, was opening his eyes. Even though he felt wild in nature, a potential killer (he was so afraid of becoming this), he could be something else, what he really wanted, what she saw in him.

"I like what I see in you, Blake," she said, "And...I like what I see on the outside as well."

"I..."

Christina smiled. "You don't need to say it Blake, I can tell by that look in your eyes that you like what you see on the outside as well," says Christina, with a laugh.

Blake laughs, embarrassed.

Then Christina, Jezebel, drops the smile, as quickly as ice fading into hot water. "I just hope you'll like what you see in me. On the inside, as well as the outside..." she looks off, and says quietly, as if she was quoting a song, under her breath "Will you still be with me, when you see me from the inside. When you see the inside."

Blake didn't know what to say. She looked sad and yet...excited, for the possible adventure ahead for the both of them.

She looks at the water, and then back up at him. "Well, for now, let's set our eyes on that!" she says, smiling again, pointing across the great lake. "The Century of Progress. The future! God, I love watching humanity's progress! We should always be looking forward to it! Doesn't it just thrill you how far we've come?" asks Christina.

"Yeah..." says Blake, but looks downtrodden.

"What's wrong, Blake?" asks Christina.

"Do you really think we can make a better life for ourselves?" asks Blake. "The Depression, my past, crimes... it's all fine an' peachy for you, but I've got a lot to wipe away. My dream of being a detective is dead...and I don't know how I could become a Private Eye...after..."

Christina holds his hand, tightly, and looks him in the eyes, seriously, then smiles.

"Blake...we have to believe we can do it. You're not the only one with a past they wish they could cut from their life. No one is clean. And..." she takes a breath, as if trying to keep herself from remembering, "If I can be a marine biologist, then you sure as hell can be a private eye!"

"Yeah?" asks Blake.

"No," says Christina, "Say it again. You have to believe it."

"Yeah!" says Blake, confidently.

"That's more like it!" says Christina.

"Yeah!" says Blake again. They both laugh at themselves.

They hold hands and look out over the shining lake waters, to the "silver city" that was "The Century of Progress" World's Fair, waiting for them, to see what the future held, beaming and full of light and promise.

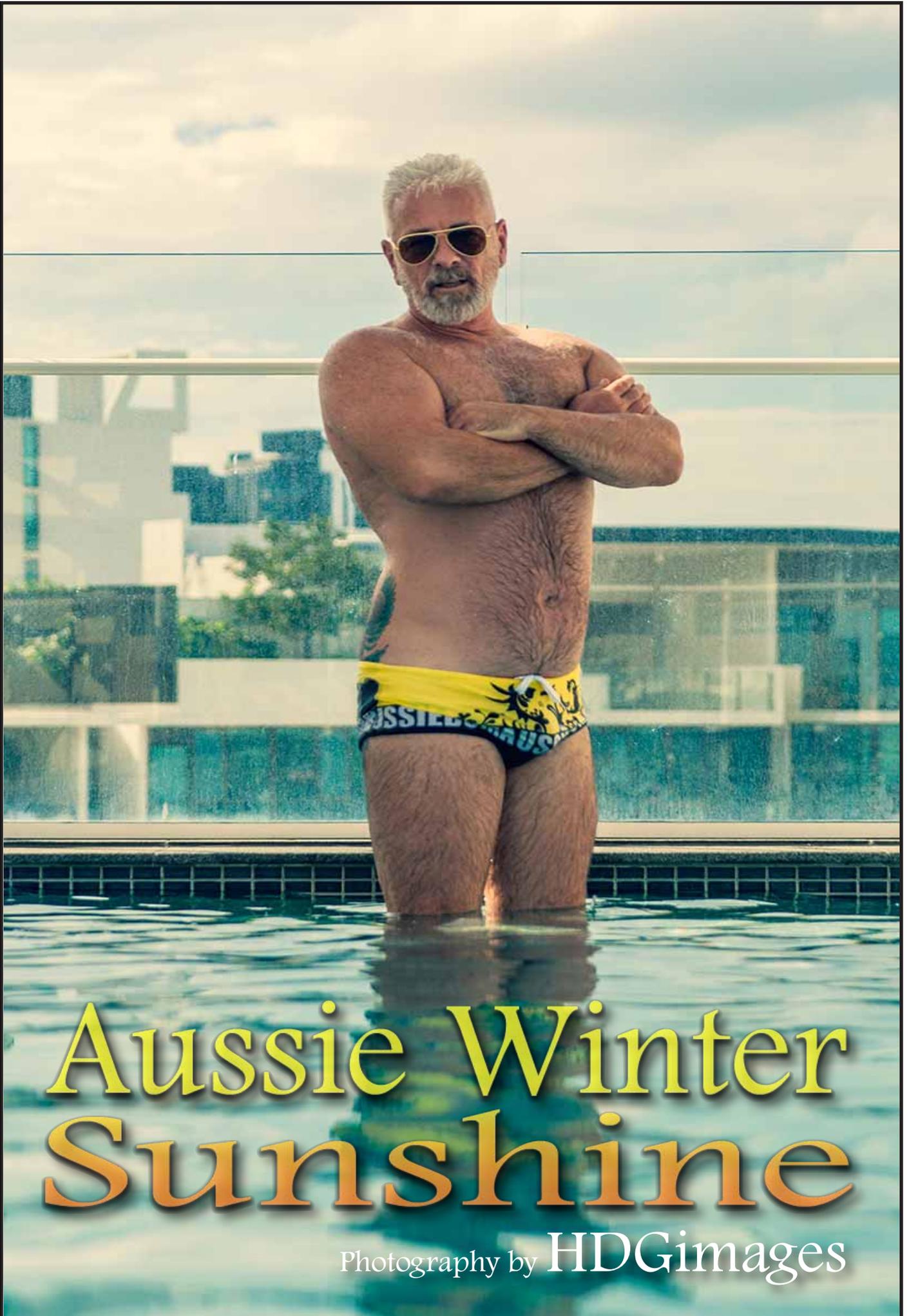
o o o o o

But the shining city was now nothing more than a derelict shadow, in the distance, a ghost, an old corpse robbed of all its life, and Christina's... Jezebel's words a cruel taunt. Not just to him, but to herself. In reflection, the whole thing had seemed staged, just what Blake had needed to hear at the time, when he had let his guard down, and trusted someone. He didn't easily trust anymore.

Blake looks from across the dark lake to the sky and the surrounding pier. It was silent. Everything had gone still. The wind was still there, but the rain and thunder had all but stopped. Only a light drizzle, no more than a mist, blew about the waters now, creating a strange foggy atmosphere.

Blake suddenly felt unsafe, standing here at the edge of the dock. He makes his way back to the main streets of the harbor from the docks, stepping off the wooden walk, onto the concrete. He places his hand on the wet steel rail, and looks into the waves, feeling as if he was barely keeping himself from falling in. Still reflecting on his memory, Blake impulsively reaches his hand into his trench coat pocket and retrieves his wallet. He felt the need, an impulse, to look at Jezebel's face one more time. After remembering her, he had to. He opens his wallet, and sees her picture, smiling warmly at him, under the tree, under the thin layer of plastic, which obscured her enough to make her look like his own blurry, clouded recollection of her. Blake pulls her picture out of the plastic slip, and holds it in his fingertips, to get a clearer view of her face. There she was, ageless, sitting under the tree, on a bench, but there was something in the picture this

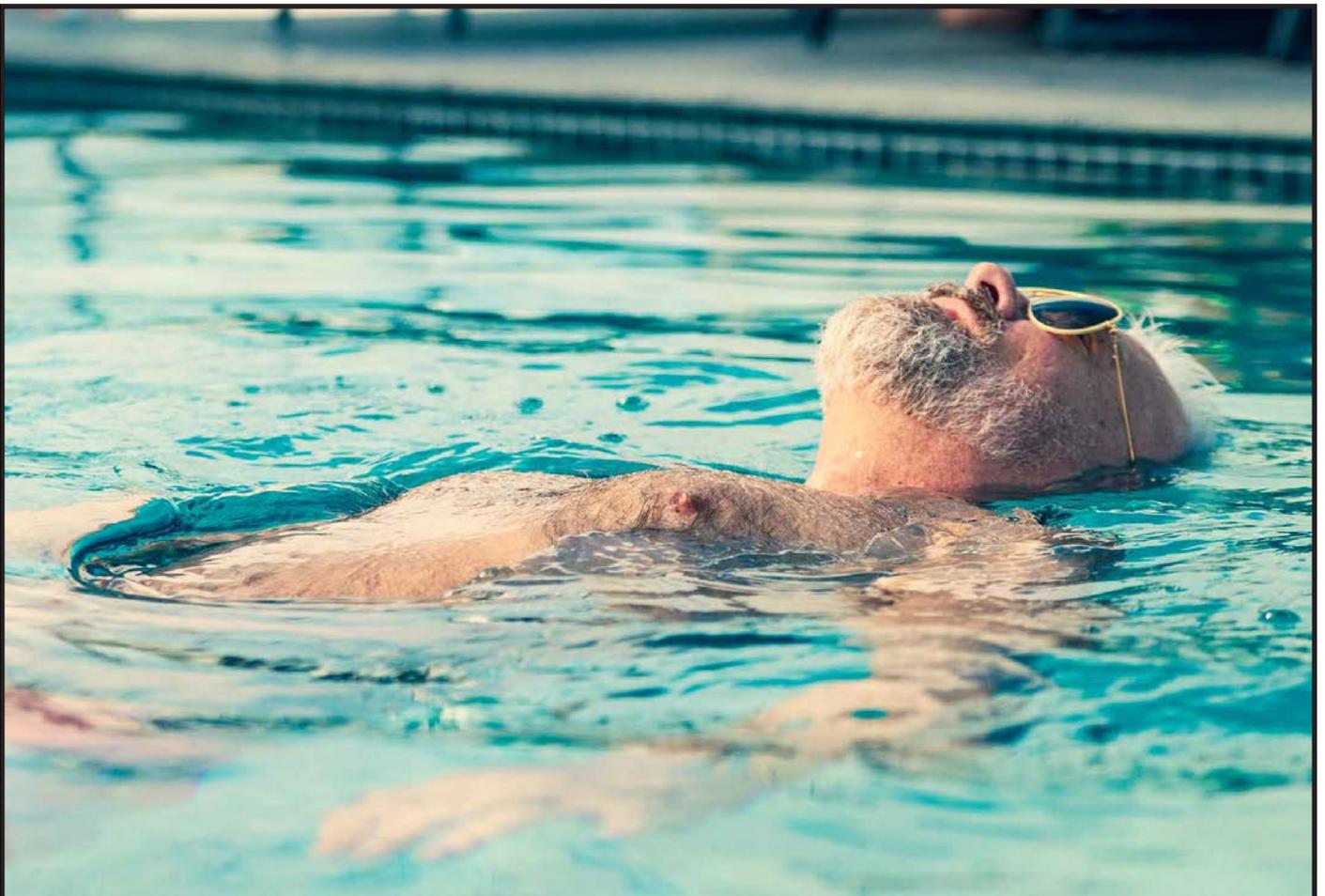
*Continued on page 111*



# Aussie Winter Sunshine

Photography by HDGimages















HDGimage  
Photography



Patrick



## *Jezebel continued from page 102*

time that Blake hadn't noticed (or didn't remember) before. Something carved into the tree behind her; he couldn't read what it said, not in this dark place. And there was something else too...something in the tree itself, the leaves, and boughs, as if hiding from sight, and something in Jezebel, in the way she was looking at him, something about her eyes in particular, as if there was something conscious, lurking there in the picture itself.

He searches his coat to see if he packed a flashlight, but as he does so, a gust of wind and rain picks up, and carries the photo of Jezebel out of his hand.

"Damn!" Blake reaches after it as the photograph flies on the wind like a leaf in autumn, he nearly grabs it but it slips out of his grip and passes under the railing of the docks.

The photo of Jezebel ends up on the surface of the water, floating. Blake grabs the flashlight from his pocket and tries to turn it on, it sticks for a moment, not wanted to work so he hits it, and it illuminated directly into his eyes, blinding him for a moment. He points it at the photo on the water, it's beginning to sink. He sees Jezebel, more clearly than ever in the light, as she begins to slowly sink under the water, smiling at him, her eyes piercing. Blake keeps his flashlight directed at the picture, but it flickers on and off, perhaps a faulty or loose battery. Blake sees her picture drifting away, as Jezebel's face flickers in and out of the dark. He leans under the steel railing of the dock, reaching for the photo, as the picture of Jezebel begins to sink beneath the waves. Blake reaches for it, one arm on the railing, and his other hand half grasping the flashlight, which continues to flicker on and off, like someone turning on and off a bathroom light switch. His fingers nearly touch the photograph when he hears a loud CRACK! Blake feels the railing vibrate, water drops sprinkling off of it, and feels the vibration reach his bones. This startles Blake enough that he withdraws his hand from the water and pulls himself up quickly, to turn and see a tall broad shadow, standing just a block down the docks, at the other end of the long railing, just near a line of building, the rain billowing their trench coat behind them. They had brought a long, black, heavy looking cane down on the railing. Blake couldn't see the stranger's

Jezebel

identity, but he could tell almost certainly that it was a man. He wore black gloves, and had something over his eyes (Glasses? Shades? Blake thought). Blake points his flashlight over at the man on the docks, but it continues to flicker, giving Blake no clearer view of his face.

"Who are you?" Blake asks. "I know you've been following me!"

The figure remains silent.

Just then, it sounded like there was an explosion from the water, as a wave swept by, something large erupts up from the water, like a great black shadow, and goes back under. Blake turns quickly, jolts, and points his flashlight at the water. The surface churns and ripples as if something had just plunged into its depths, but... the picture was no longer floating on the surface. Blake felt a chill down his spine, watching the surface of the water slowly calming.

Blake turns around quickly again in the direction where the man was standing, to see if he had moved any closer to him. He's gone.

"Of course," says Blake to himself, "Just like in the movies. They always disappear."

Blake looks back at the water's surface, standing on the brink, watching the now calm looking waves, waiting to see if anything was moving beneath them. Just then, he felt something powerful pull him back from the railing. Blake gasped, and felt his heart stop, as if he was drowning.

"Hey Blake!"

Blake jolts around and almost punches the large man behind him.

"Jesus! What the fuckin' hell man!?" says Blake.

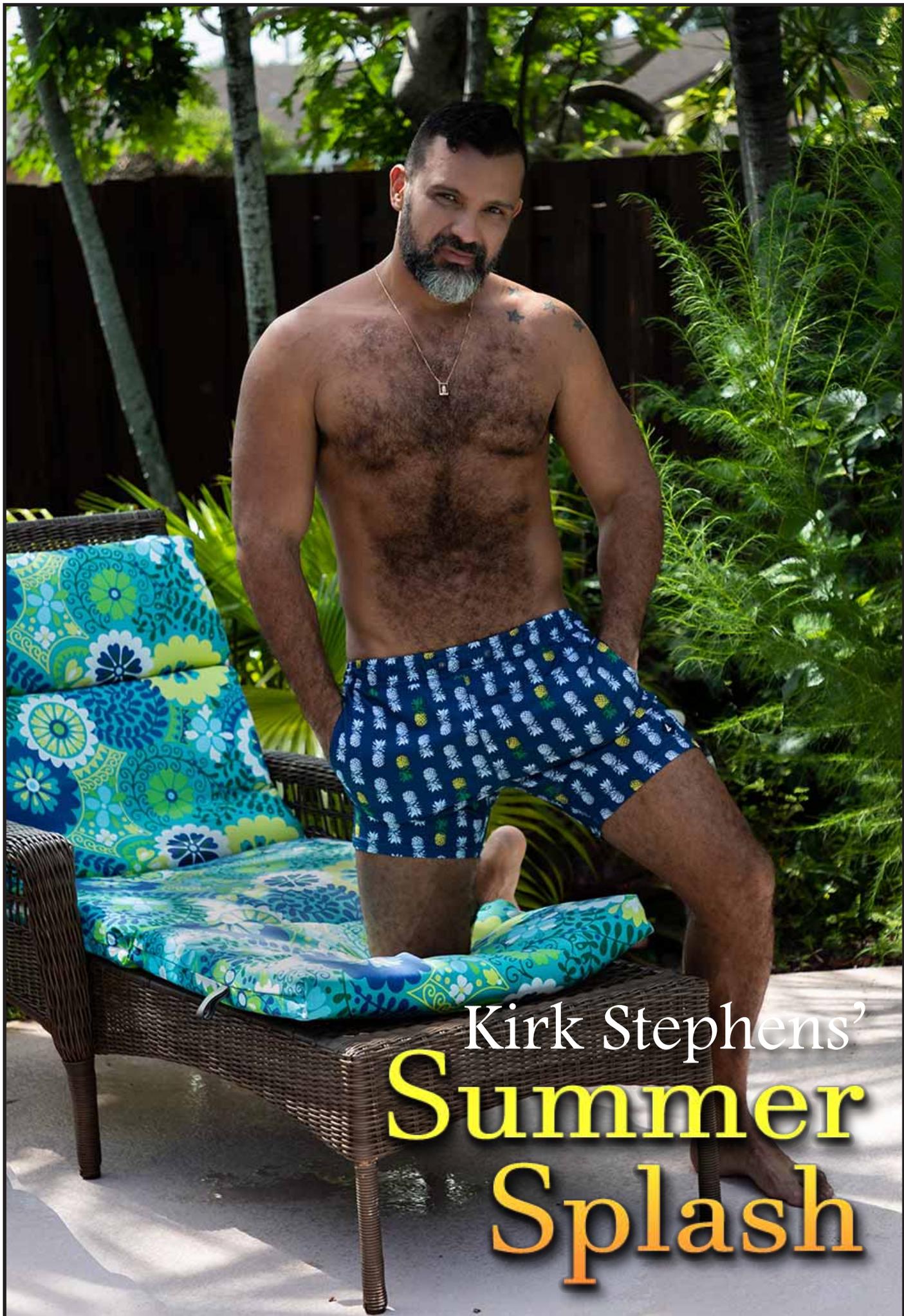
The large burly figure lets go of him. He looks strong, broad, and imposing, like a large bear, with a beard, but he looks familiar, even in the dark. It's Mick.

"Hey, calm down buddy!" says Mick, "It's just me".

"Oh, dammit! Mick! You...I thought you were that guy who's been following us," sighs Blake out of breath.

"Oh, so you know about it too," says Mick, looking impressed. Blake looks puzzled. "I think it's the guy I felt...I mean smelled...saw...I mean I sensed him...that's why I took off. I sensed

*Continued on page 128*



Kirk Stephens'  
**Summer  
Splash**



Ivan

Images by **Kirk Stephens Studio**













# DHM Fan ~ Bear Magnussen



DHM Fan ~ @GrizzleyMichael



©EricRudolp

*Continued from page 63*

exploded and I felt the essence of his spirit flood into me in his come, hot salty splashes of jism poured into my mouth and my throat and it was as strong as Eagle's scent, the power of youth, the virility of our dreams and the potency of our visions, all that was in his seed as it wended its way into my body and filled me with its power.

Drained, exhausted, drenched with the sweat of his ecstasy, Eagle sagged down as his pud relinquished its strength and his strength failed not only in his prick, but in his body, and he ended up sitting on the ground,



his back against the Volkswagen van's front bumper, and I was looking into his face, his passion spent and his eyes glazed, and again I knew that look and for my life, could not enunciate what I knew. It was soft and it was understanding and it was like it made me his partner in a way that wasn't sexual or friendship, but more.

"Wow, man, that was the most!" Eagle said to me.

I got to my feet and undid my fly, after all our talking, I knew Eagle well enough to know how he'd respond to it and he did, he simply smiled as I took out my prick and sat up straighter when he caught hold of it so he could take it easier. I leaned my hands against the van and as Eagle's mouth engulfed me, I closed my eyes and

shuddered then opened them again to see not one or two, but six faces crowded in the window, watching me.

And you know, that didn't matter! Not that I was putting on a show or that they were being voyeuristic freaks, but that we were all sharing this time, they'd made love or were about to make love, and I was making love and it was all connected, all together, I was one with this group of people and I didn't know their names, but as Eagle had said, what are names, it's the spirit that counts.

So I smiled at them and let them watch my face as I was sucked by Eagle, beaming

my bliss at them, letting them be one with me, all of us were one!

It was like I was feeding from their energy, that we were connected and sharing and they were all in my mind with me, and I felt that energy bubble through my body and into Eagle through my cock, and we were one, we were the children of the new age and it was going to be beautiful, all of it, all the bad vibes and bad feelings that had chained the human race for so long had been at last cast aside, we were new and we were going to rebuild the world with love and peace and understanding.

And in that understanding my climax seized me and I felt my spirit soar out of my body and above and I could see everyone, not just the people dancing and the

musicians playing and the lovers loving each other, but also the people in the farms nearby and the towns beyond and the cities too, and that was my orgasm, that was my crowning ecstasy, I threw myself upon the world and it was with me, and I was one with it and I loved it all, even the dirt and the grime and the people who hated because they were afraid, I knew then that all hatred arose from fear and once you remove the fear and replace it with love, everything will be beautiful!

And then crash! I was back in my body and my orgasm was bursting out of me, I reveled in the mundane, human joy of ejaculation, pouring my seed into my new lover, being one with him and he one with me and us one with all our friends, the children of the new era of mankind!

Eagle choked as he drank down that heady mixture, coughing a bit as he managed the last of it, and I was human and alone once more, stuck inside my own body and I knew now why so many sought their liberation in drugs and drink and all they had to do was what I did, release your inhibitions, be one with the cosmos, and then, in that happy state, find one to share your love with.

That was it, the ultimate answer, and my greatest revelation I won during those days.

I sank down to join Eagle on the ground, and the ground was soft and warm and the grass was supple and sweet, and we kissed there, my lips tasting the salt of his mouth that was my jism and he tasting his upon mine.

"Man, you are the most!" he said to me again.

"Let's be together." I said to him. "We'll travel around and soak in the vibes of the world."

I felt him stiffen some, then, and then he said, "Let's find a blanket to sleep on."

"Nothing wrong with the ground." I said but I followed him and took over guiding him, for I had a bedroll and we lay upon it together

and the lights of the stars lit us when the lights of the concert were doused and the children of the new world slept all around us.

In the morning, my friends were getting ready to leave. I couldn't find Eagle at first, but then found him sitting by the pond, watching the people bathing there, men and women and children all together, all naked and all happy, living and loving together.

"My friends are ready to leave." I said to him. "Do you want to go with them or us go with your friends or what?"

He shook his head. "I can't, man." he said.

"What?" I was puzzled. "Why?"

"I have to go back home now." he said.

"So I'll go with you." I said. "The world is my home."

Eagle smiled and touched my face. "I wish it were that simple." he said. "But it's just not possible. Please don't ask me to explain."

You didn't ask people to explain when they didn't want to. "Okay." I said dolefully. "But will I ever see you again?"

"Maybe, someday." Eagle said.

I gave him my full name and address, and he wrote it on a piece of paper he got back at the van, and then he left with his friends. I waved

happily at him, but that was a fake, I didn't want him to see me as anything but a smiling face.

I still wonder what it was that kept Eagle from staying with me. It may sound like a simple fling on a hot summer night, but it was more than that. I know that whatever reasons Eagle had, they had nothing to do with not wanting to see me again.

Those days have passed into history, and it's a history that people often laugh at. But I often wish that the younger people today could experience the freedom I had that summer night, when I shared my love with a kindred spirit, two souls uniting in the dawn of a new age.

For more incredible erotic fiction, please visit

**[WWW.TOMMYHAWKSFANTASYWORLD.COM](http://WWW.TOMMYHAWKSFANTASYWORLD.COM)**

# David



images by YogaBear Studio











David









**YOGABEAR STUDIO**  
FINE PHOTOGRAPHY  
FOR MEN OF ALL AGES AND BODY TYPES



[WWW.YOGABEARSTUDIO.COM](http://WWW.YOGABEARSTUDIO.COM)

something familiar about him. Thought I'd head him off. But...I think my senses are playing tricks on me... I thought it felt like..."

Mick stopped talking, he noticed Blake was still staring at the water. Blake bends down to look under the railing, getting close to the water. He pointed his flashlight at the still surface of the water again. What was that...?

"Blake," says Mick's voice, but Blake didn't heed him.

"Hold on, Mick, there's something down there, something I think I..."

"BLAKE!" Mick yells suddenly, like a roar. Blake turns his attention to his right, and looks further down the docks. Something enormous looked like it was moving beneath the waves, the size of a large dark whale, headed right for him. Blake feels Mick's strong grip yank him back from the railing, and dockside, just in time as the black whale-like shape passes under the water near them, then disappeared again

Blake falls back against Mick's large, solid body.

"Did you see that?!" asks Blake, looking from the water to Mick.

Mick nods, his grip still tight on Blake. "Yeah, of course I saw it. That's why I'm pulling you back, so you don't fall and get eaten, stupid."

"Yeah...thanks, I... eaten?" asks Blake.

"Well, you saw the size of that thing. How do we know it wouldn't eat ya."

Blake looked very disturbed, as he looks from Mick to the waves on the lake. They appeared tranquil and still, yet again. He suddenly realizes how tightly Mick is holding him, his back flushed against him. It was a nice body to be leaning up against. He felt Mick's firm full package against his rear.

"Heh, Mick, if you keep holding me like this I'm gonna get hard," chuckles Blake.

"Oh?...Oh!" says Mick sudden realizing, and lets Blake go. Blake brushes himself off, and turns himself around to face Mick, who is scratching the back of his head.

"Heheh, sorry man, I just didn't want ya to fall in."

"No problem," says Blake with a wink. "You can hold me like that anytime...just don't know if we should be getting' hard while we're on the

case."

"Well, I'm always hard on the case, I...eh, that's not what I meant, I mean, I am hard now...but that's because..." Mick suddenly seemed very flustered and embarrassed.

Blake lets out a laugh.

"Man, you're too adorable sometimes, you know that?"

Mick gives a goofy grin that makes Blake laugh out loud again. He felt safe whenever Mick was around. Just a second ago he felt his life was in danger, but Mick just made all the fear in his fade away. As Mick and Blake stop laughing, they both look back at the water on the horizon.

Blake suddenly heard that strange, songlike sound, across the waves again, like a single, shrill disquieting note.

"Why don't we get out of here for now?" asks Mick. "This place gives me the creeps. Something's not settling well with me here."

"You mean that thing we saw?" asks Blake.

"No, I mean it smells like fish," says Mick.

Blake and Mick head on their way to Northerly Island, leaving the docks behind them; as they do, the rain picks up. They could tell they were going in the right direction this time, because they could see the big buildings with the blue lights slowly growing large on the horizon. As they near Northerly, the lights from the lamps and buildings around them seem to cut out in the middle of the street, leaving a dark, rainy patch of town before them, like it had been covered with a thick, black blanket. It seemed that the entire way to Northerly Island had been drained of power and electricity.

"So, where to now?" asks Blake, barely able to see a thing.

"Well," says Mick, taking out a map from his trench coat pocket. He points a flashlight at it. "According to the map, we should right around Burnham Harbor, and according to this place..." he looks around, "That's exactly where we are, Ahaha!" Mick laughs. Blake laughs nervously, not sure of this was supposed to be funny, or if Mick was having another one of his "stupid moments" he had every now and then. "So, if we keep on walking that way..." he points toward the dark area of street ahead of them, "We should reach Northerly Island in about an hour, heh, didn't know it was so close by, did you?"

"Yeah, because I live here," says Blake.

Mick then puts his palm to his forehead and lets out a laugh again.

“Ahaha! Of course. Because you live here, you’ve been there before,” says Mick, feeling foolish.

“Uh...yeah,” says Blake. It struck Blake as funny that as much as Mick seemed to be a great detective, he lacked a lot of common sense (or appeared to).

“Well come on buddy, let’s go. And if we get lost in the dark, we can still follow the big blue light over there!” says Mick, pointing toward the blue light of the hotel, glowing in the distance. They head off from the harbor, into the darkened street, as the rain continues to fall.

“Speaking of blue,” groans Blake, feeling a cramping pain in his groin, “I think someone gave me blue balls earlier today.”

“Ahaha, that’s real funny buddy,” Mick pats him on the back, Blake gives him a look, “...Oh...” He suddenly realizes who was responsible for that.

“Eh...my bad...”

They disappear down the dark and rainy street.

*Continued in next Issue*



---

## Making A Difference

---

When I first started the Magazine, it was with the intent to offer a space for photographers who specialize in the male form, to have a place to display their work, provocative or otherwise. I wanted to give a “voice” to those that do not receive the recognition they deserve and to offer a space for up and coming photographers to get their work out to a new audience.

As with everything, it is slowly growing and evolving; ever changing with each Issue. We are slowly building interest, meeting some incredible men who have their own vision of what the Magazine means to them.

Recently I received a message on twitter that I felt encompassed exactly this and I would like to share it.

This message some from James, who had not reached out to me before, but felt compelled to do so:

*Hey, I just wanted to say good job on the magazine. I’m loving it. Such a good and body positive bunch of pictures. I must admit when I first stumbled on it I didn’t know what the whole deal with the magazine was... but in the last week I’ve been racing home to look at the pictures of all these naturally sexy guys just to blow my load. I’m a bigger guy like most in this magazine and it’s just so nice to see guys like me with confidence and raw sexuality to get nude and pose... especially when bigger guys are usually represented as not worthy of an Instagram like or follow. Keep up the amazing work!*

I was so touched to receive this. Something that started as a voice for photogrfaphers has reached an audience that might not otherwise be heard. Thanks, James! You are a new reason to keep this Magazine alive!

*John*

# Desert Heat

Magazine™

August 2019 | Issue 8

Coming August 3rd

**Featuring**

**Craig Rauch**

**Turning the  
Lens**

**David**