

Desert Heat

Magazine™

August 2018 | Issue 01



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Magazine
August 2018 | Issue 1

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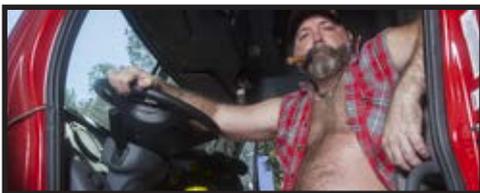
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Thank you to all the incredible men who have contributed to this inaugural issue. You have all ensured that this publication is truly a quality product.

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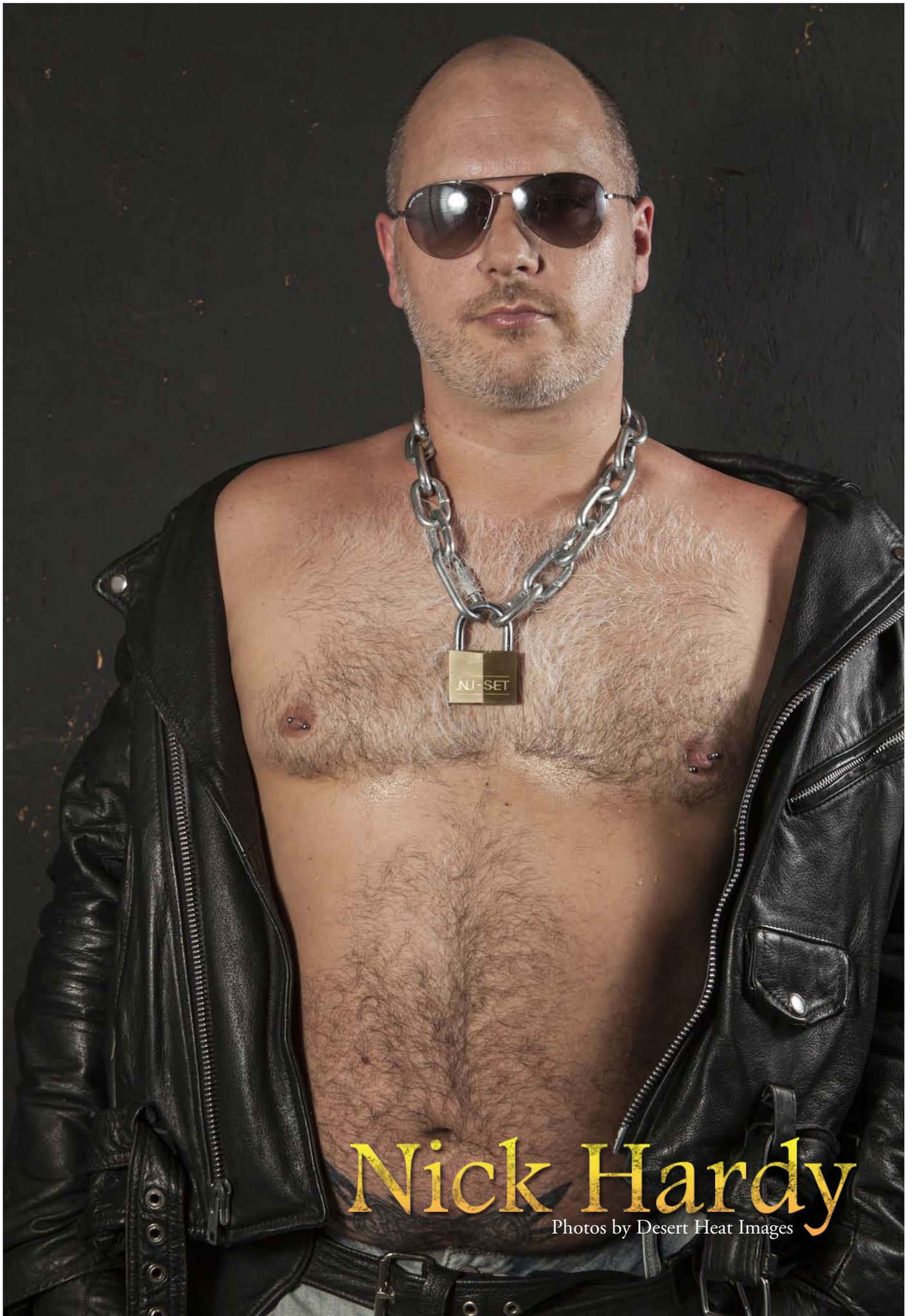
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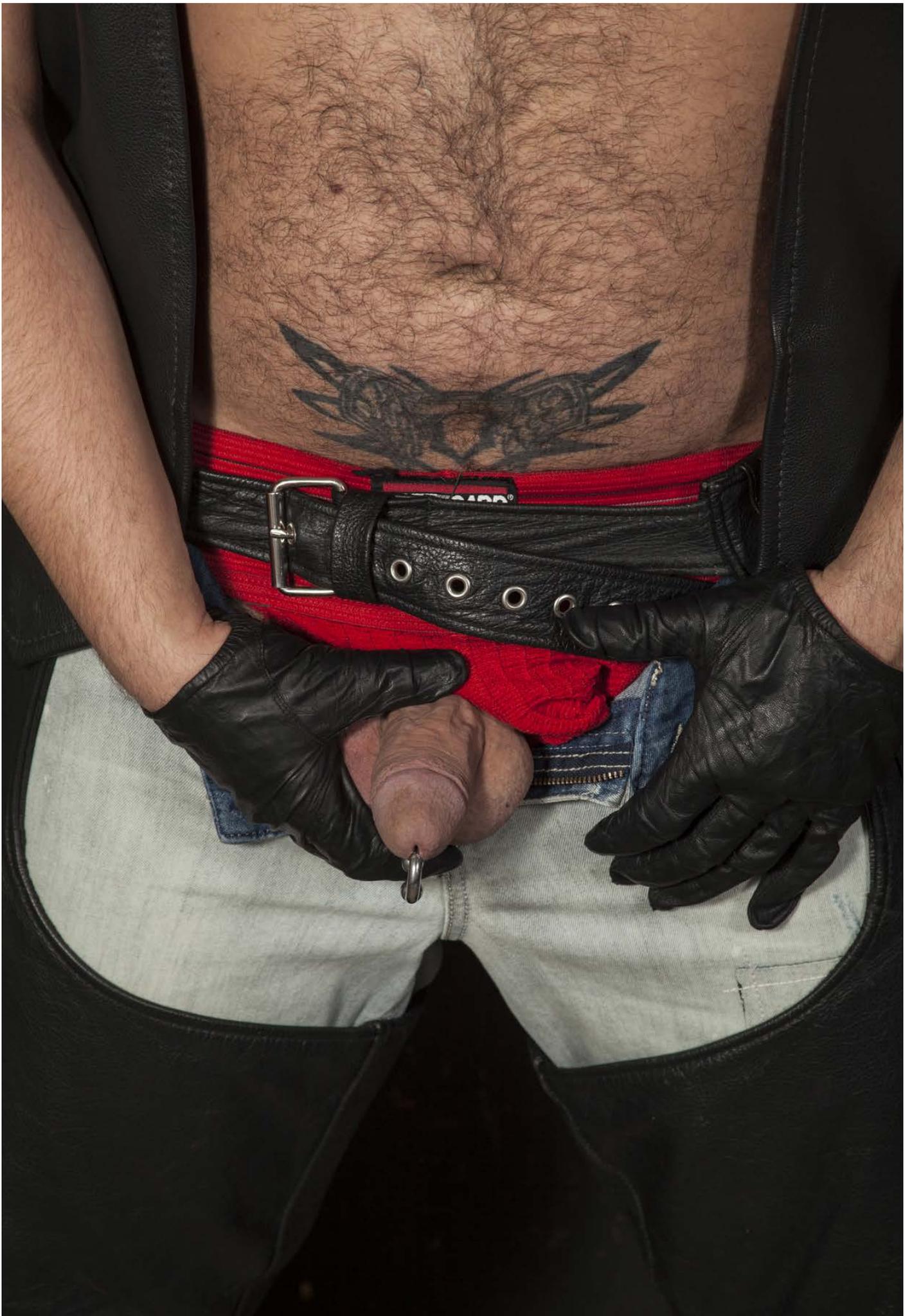
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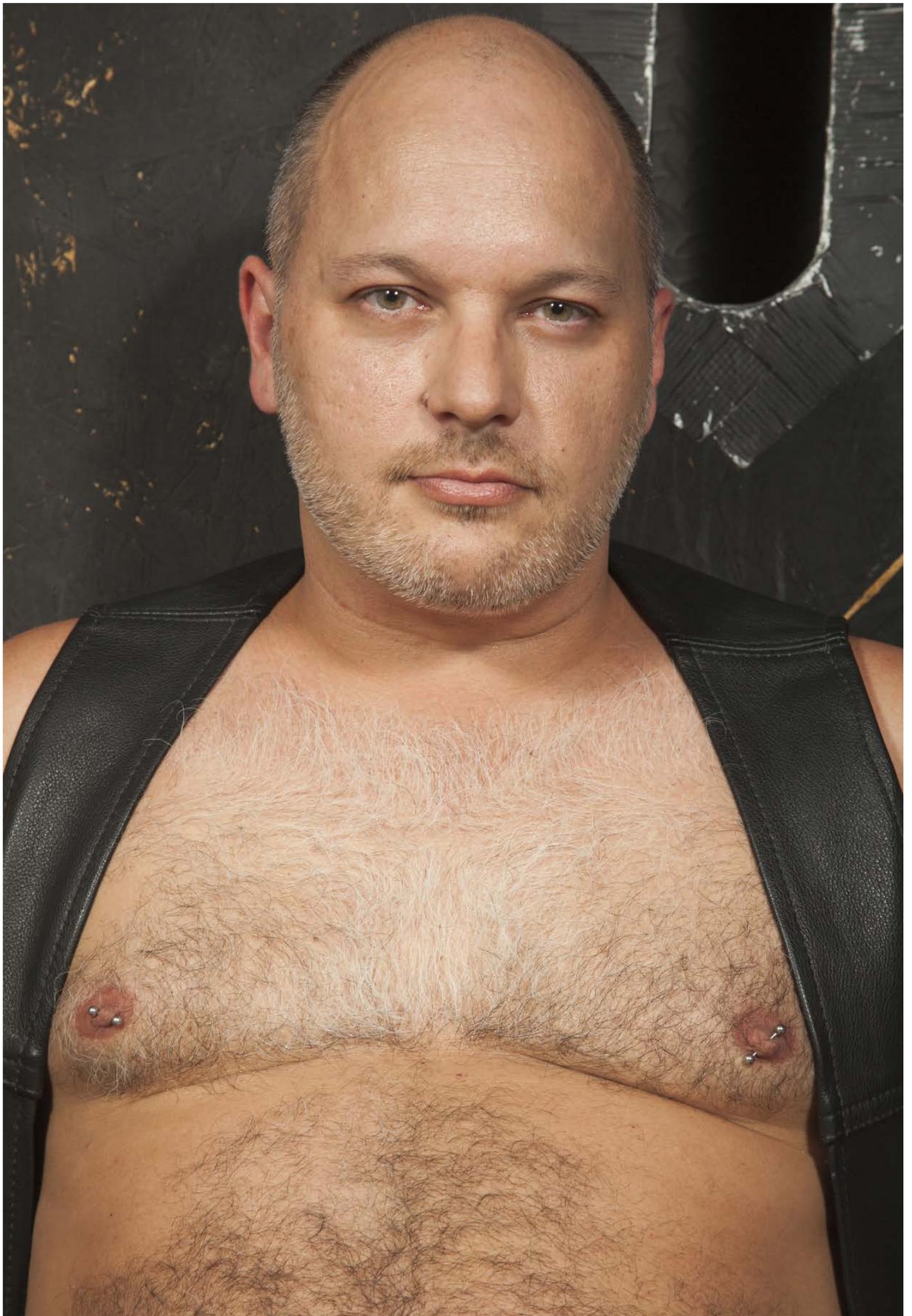


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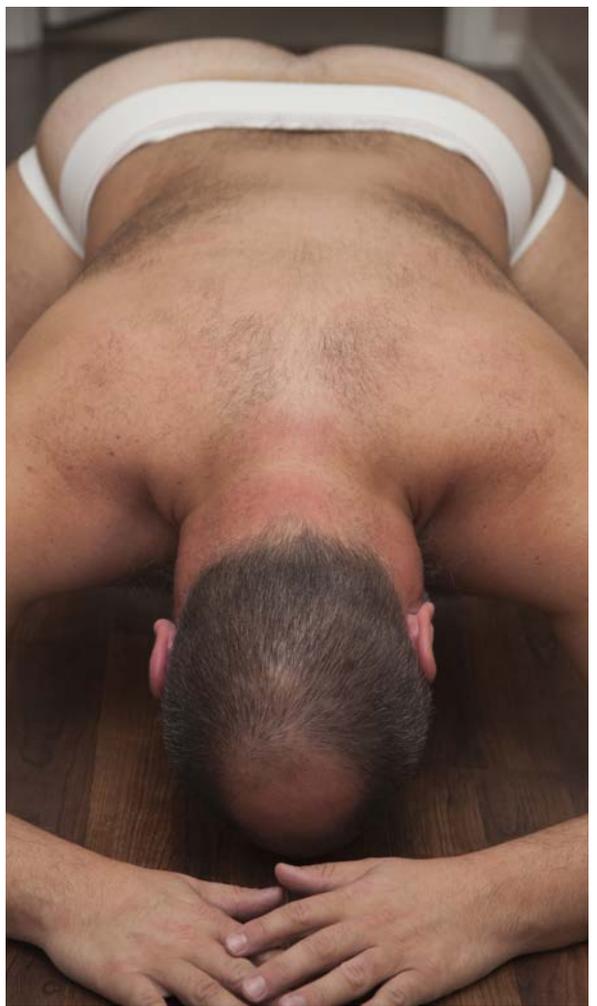






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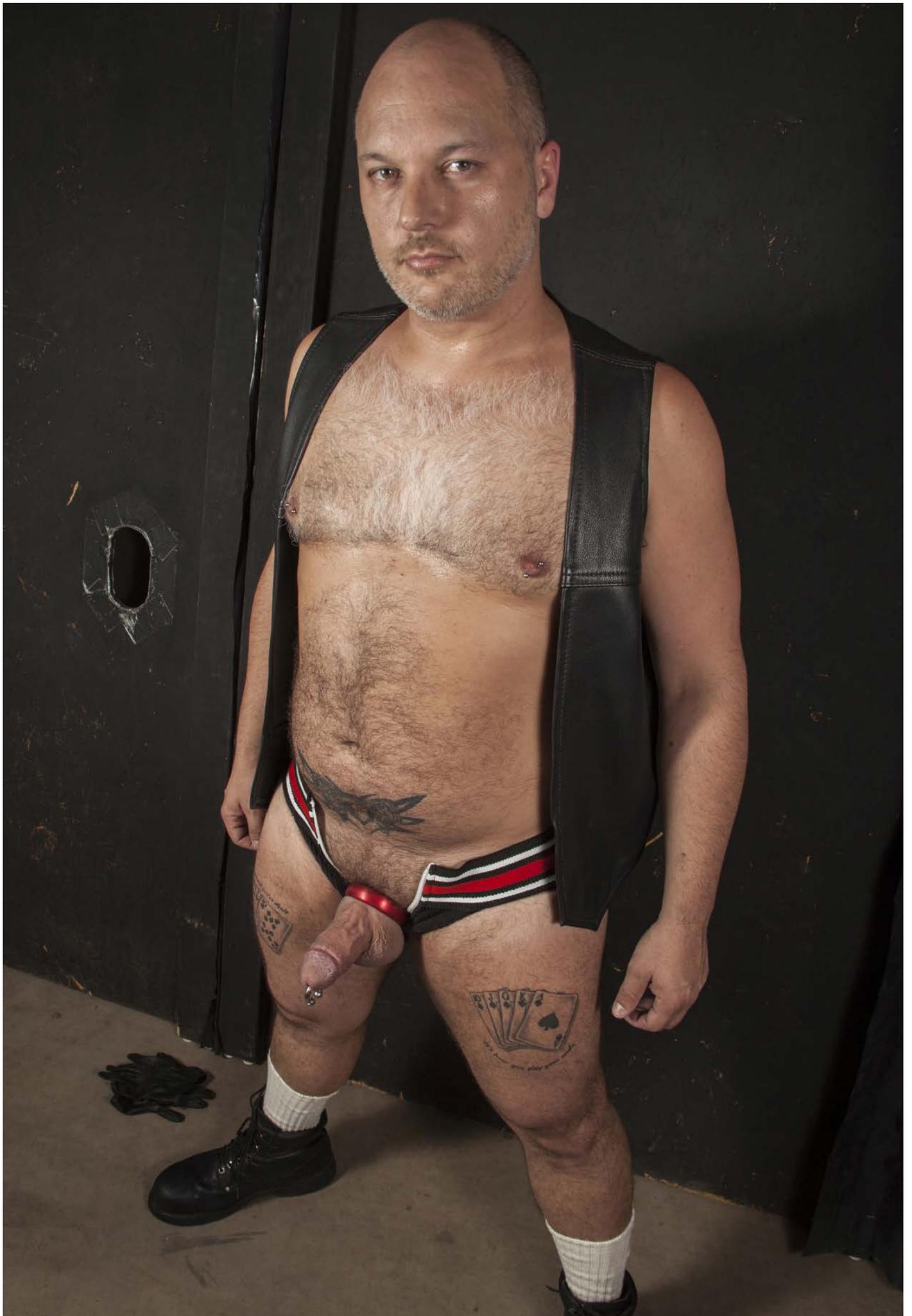


Nick wants to hear from you!
Email him here!



Nick Hardy





Nick Hardy

Bear Grease

By Clancy

I looked at the clock for the hundredth time today and was rewarded with only ten minutes till punch-out. I finished shutting down my computer and was locking the desk when my eye caught movement in the doorway.

“Shit!”

My mind raced, trying to come up with an excuse for why I couldn't work late today. After all, it was Friday, and today started the two week long Thanksgiving vacation I'd been planning on for the last six months. I pretended to ignore the figure standing in the door, hoping it would just go away.

“Hey Clancy, you got a few minutes?”

I recognized the voice at once. I should. The face and body that goes with that voice has been my favorite jack-off fantasy ever since I first saw them. With images of Mike dancing in my brain, I've spilled as much cum down the shower drain as hot water.

“Sure Mike, what's up?”

“Well, I know this is kinda short notice, but do you have any big plans for next week?” He said. “I sure could use a big favor.”

“I had planned...” I must have taken a bit too long to answer because he jumped in and started explaining.

“You know that every year I go hunting on my land up north.” He was talking fast now, trying to get it all in before I could say I had plans.

“Well, I've been meaning to ask for some time now but I just never got around to it, and I was hoping you would like to come?”

“I know you've done some hunting and it should be a pretty good time.”

This last was said in one breath and then he just stood there, looking at me, kinda red in the face.

How could I say no? I'll tell ya!

This was trouble waiting to happen.

I know that if I tried to spend two weeks living in a hunting cabin with this guy I'd wind up doing something stupid and ruining our friendship, not to mention having the shit kicked out of me. Besides, he's married with kids. I would just end up embarrassing both of us and probably ruining this year's hunt.

But, on the other hand, look at him; 6'4", about 240 lb. of mostly muscle, probably in his late 40's or so, dark auburn hair with flecks of red in it cut in a flattop. His beard was full but kept closely trimmed, and the sideburns were starting to go gray. A little patch of chin was also graying with small streaks of silver in his full bushy `stache.

His chest and arms were huge from chopping his own firewood and spending a lifetime in the woods. Although he had a middle aged paunch starting, it looked to be solid as hell. Dark auburn fur peeked out of his collar all the way around his T-shirt, and I could tell that if he didn't

keep it shaved there would have been no break in hair from beard to chest. Since he has always worn loose work clothes I've never had a good look at him below the waist but my imagination has run amok.

“Mike,” I started, “I don't have any equipment, I sold my gun a few years back. I haven't been hunting since I started working here ten years ago.”

Pretty lame excuses. My head (the one between my legs) was saying “Go, go”

“Come on,” he said, “If nothing else, you can be the cook.”

“Not on your life,” I threw back, “one taste of my cooking and you'll have me mounted

just like one of your trophy bucks.” One head had won, the other lost.

Mike’s face broke out into a big grin. “We leave for camp Sunday morning, so you have all day Saturday to pack. Just bring your changes of clothing and any outdoor gear you want. It gets pretty cold up in those tree stands. Everything else is already at the cabin.”

“What about a gun?” I asked.

“Don’t worry,” he grinned. “We’ll fix ya up with a gun.”

“OK. I’ll see you Sunday morning about”

“About 7 a.m. No need to get up there too early.”

“Thanks Clancy,” he said, offering me his hand. “I’ve been meaning to invite you up for some time. I think it will be fun.”

Grinning that grin of his, and grabbing my hand in his big paw, I said, “I do too, let’s hope the hunt is successful and we both bag a buck!”

Friday after work I had gone home in a bit of a daze. I don’t really remember actually saying that I would go. But, the next thing I knew we were shaking hands, and wishing each other good luck!

I couldn’t get the feel of his hand out of my mind. It is a large hand with cords and veins running across the back. Heavily callused with short blunt fingers. Hair grew in a thick mat all the way down his arm almost to his fingernails.

That was the image I used to beat off with Friday and Saturday.

I would pinch my nipples, and it would be his rough hands rubbing through my chest fur.

Placing the tip of my finger at my puckered hole I would shove first one and then two fingers in and out. His fingers, hairy and rough, pulling at my ass ring and then jabbing back in, scraping against my flesh. Not that I had ever been fucked mind you, but there was something about him...

By Sunday morning I had convinced myself that I could handle being cooped up with Mike all week without giving myself away. Six or seven short, but intense, jack-off sessions had finally eased the pressure. If things got too bad at camp I could always beat off in the woods while hunting.

“You ready?” Mike had pulled up in my driveway in a battered old pickup. While he tossed my backpack and duffel bag in the back, I went through a quick mental list to see what I had forgotten.

Taking a quick but thorough look at him, I saw: Heavy leather boots, tight blue jeans, which had obviously been worn a lot (the pocket and crotch area were almost white, with a sizable worn area extending down his beefy right thigh), and a red flannel shirt. The shirt had the sleeves rolled up and the top two buttons undone. The third was straining to cover his chest and a dense forest of fur was spilling out of the top.

Oh Gawd! It was every gay man’s lumberjack wet dream!

“Hey, Clancy, lets get going. I’m as hungry as a bear and I know a really good diner on the way.”

“Clancy!”

“Ugh?” I came out of my trance with a start. “Oh, yeah, lets go. I’m hungry enough to eat a bear!” I said, climbing into his truck, and hiding my bulging crotch with my jacket.

The morning ride and breakfast was filled with small talk and I began to feel more at ease. Mike was a happy, cheerful bundle of energy. Beating on the steering wheel in time to the radio, occasionally bellowing off-key snatches of a favorite song. By the end of the four-hour trip I felt like I had known him all my life, and the tenseness I always felt around him was replaced with a warm glow of friendship.

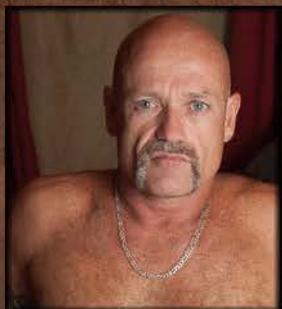
“Well here we are.” Mike said, as we turned off the highway onto a dirt logging road.

About two miles of dense pine forest later we stopped in front of his little log cabin, placed in a large clearing about fifty feet from a small clear stream.



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“Well, it’s not much, but it’s home.” Mike grinned, suddenly a cloud seemed to come over his face, and he turned away, picked up the gear and went inside.

Wondering what that was all about, but deciding to mind my own business, I followed him in. While Mike lumbered around picking up loose clothing off the chairs and floor, I started to inspect the place.

Small, about 20’x20’. The fireplace took up one corner with a large bearskin rug on the floor.

An old fashioned cookstove was in the opposite corner.

A single bed with rumpled blankets sat in the back right corner, with wooden cabinets in the front left, by the door.

The wooden kitchen table with four chairs completed the furniture. Shelves lined every available wall, even above the lone window that looked out at the stream.

There was no ceiling, just exposed beams. But at the back end of the cabin the beams had been covered. A tiny loft about one half the size of the ground floor contained another bed. There was a skylight above the bed that let in sunlight, lighting up the whole room.

Walking over to the huge fireplace I admired the smooth river stones. Running my hands over them, I noticed Mike standing still, staring at me with a strange look on his face, his jaw muscles were clenching and unclenching. The sun was high over the trees outside, and a small shaft of light was hitting where he stood. All the fur on his arms and face seemed to glow a little.

Looking back on it, I realize now, this was the moment my lust for his body turned into love of this man. I didn’t think it would ever happen again, but it had.

“Mike,” I said softly, “Is there anything wrong?”

He shook his head, “No, I was just thinking.” “Come on, let me show you around.”

With that the mood was broken and he bounced from one corner of the room to another, showing me where everything was stored.

There was no running water.

No inside toilet. Except a piece of PVC pipe that stuck through the back wall.

“That there is the piss hole.” He said, pointing to the pipe. “It runs out to a small barrel and every few days we’ll have to empty it.”

“Make sure you close the flap or cold air blows back in.”

“If you have to do anything else, use the outhouse.” He grinned at me.

No electricity, just kerosene lamps for lighting and any light you got from the fireplace.

“This place is great!” I said. “I think I could chuck the whole nine to five routine and live up here.”

“Yeah, it sure is pretty.” “But it gets lonely.” Mike said, looking at me.

“Tell ya what.” Mike bellowed suddenly. Causing me to jump.

“This place is too cold.” “You get a fire started in the stove, and I’ll be back in a little bit.”

“Where ya headed?” I asked.

“We need more firewood, and I need to do some chopping.”

With that he grabbed a jacket off the hook and was out the door.

Within a few minutes the sound of ax hitting wood could be heard. Shortly accompanied by the aroma of burning wood as I started the cookstove.

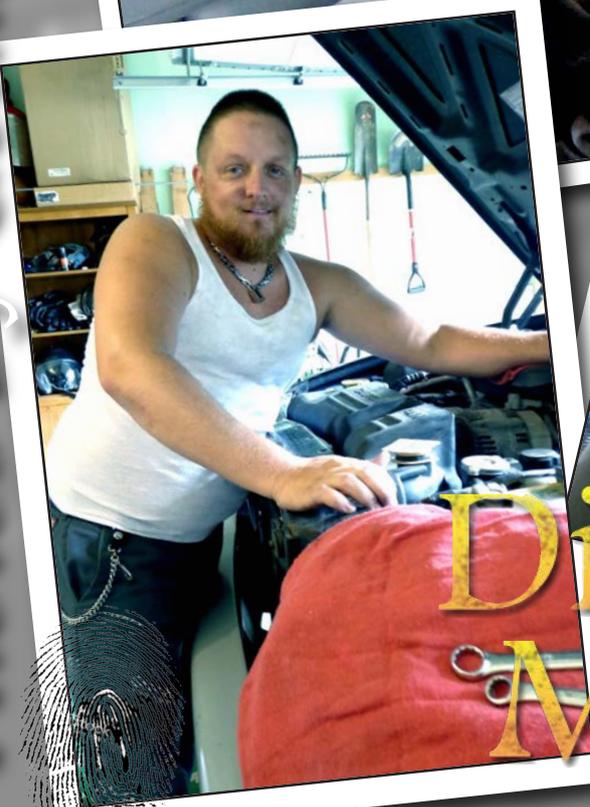
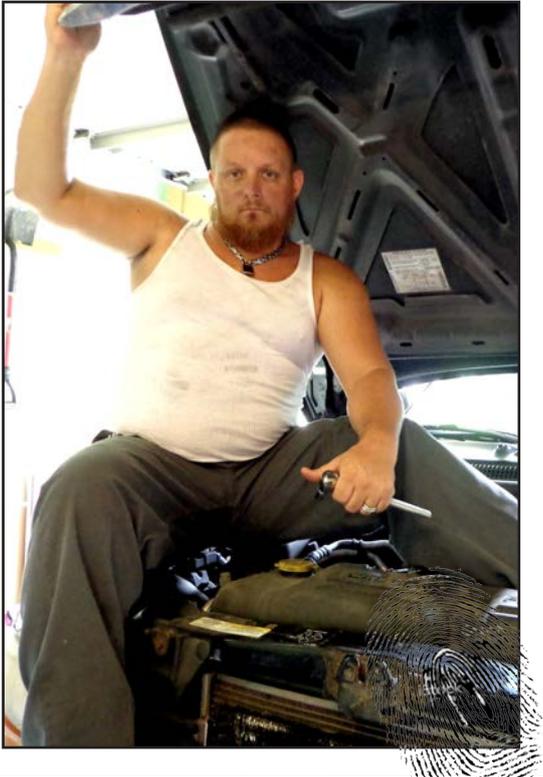
Suddenly the room started filling up with thick smoke! I tried to adjust the flue, but it was stuck closed.

Not finding any water to douse the flame, I tried to open the window.

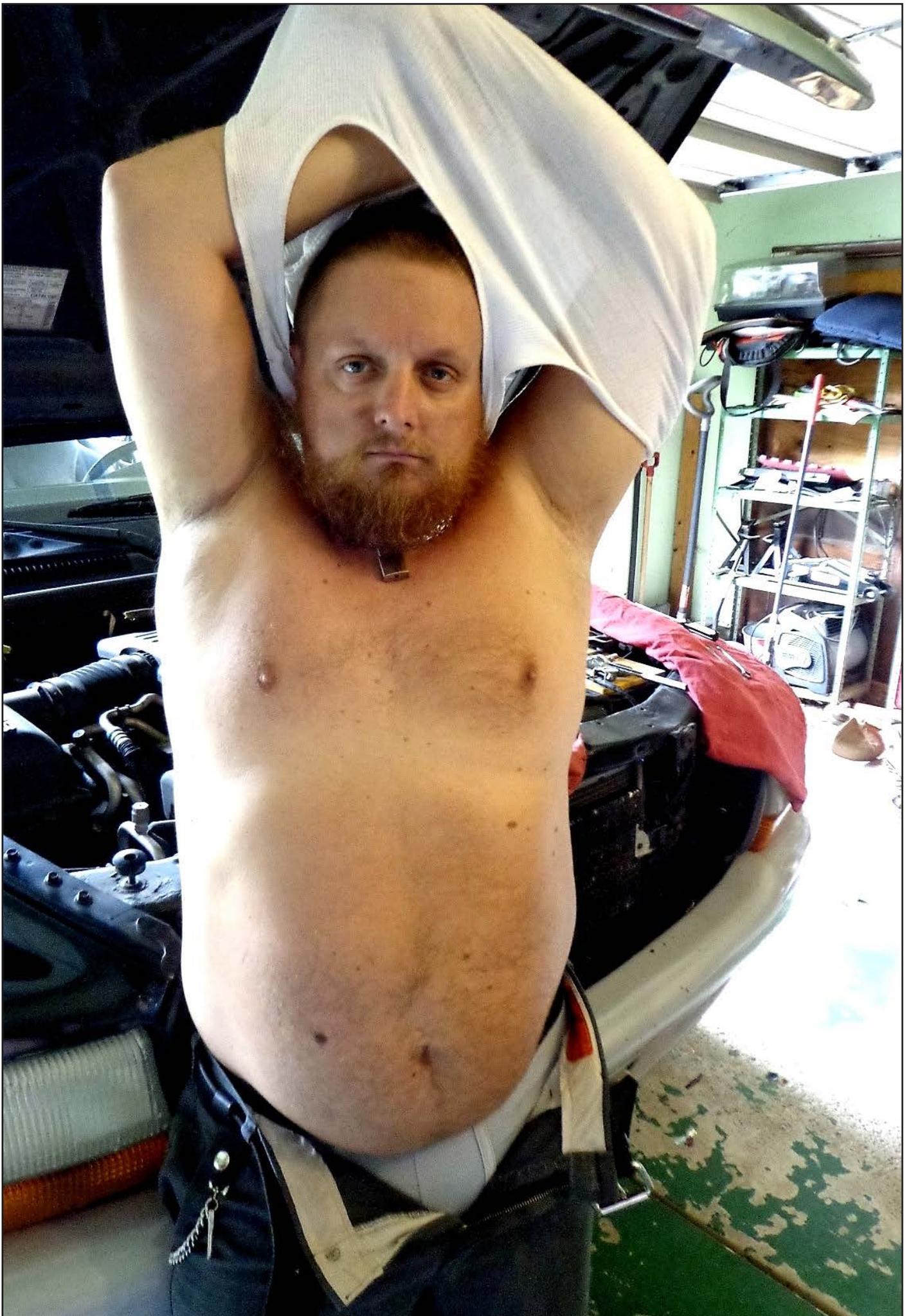
No luck, the window doesn’t open.

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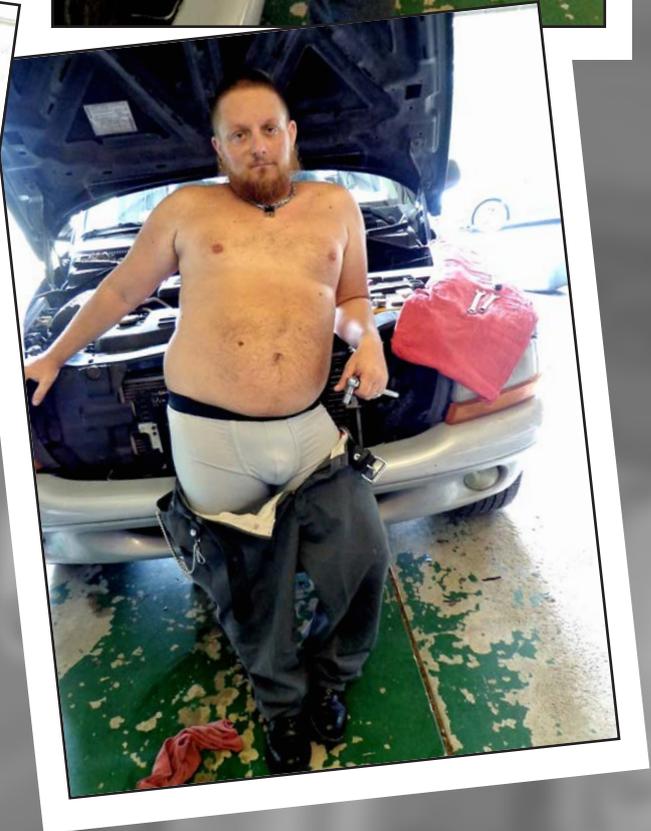
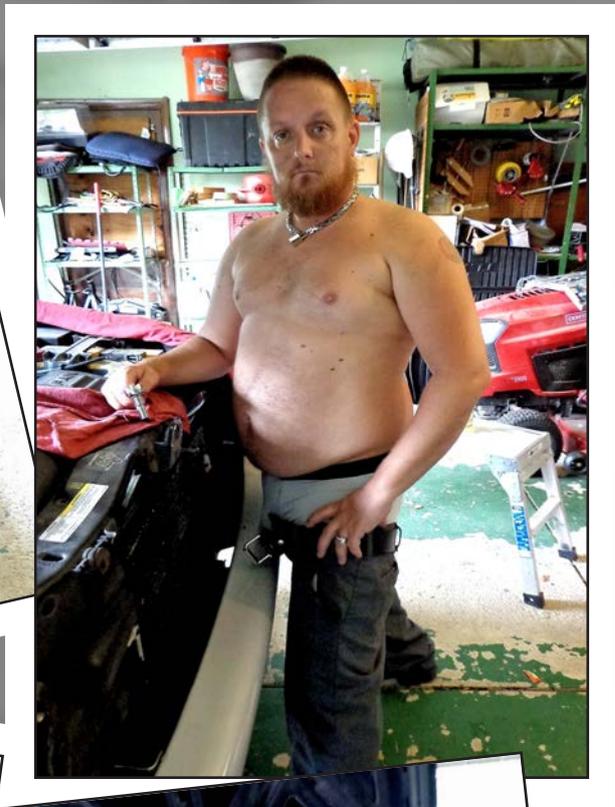
Photos by Gemini Productions



Dirty
Mechanic





















Men of 2019 All American Male Calendar

Thirteen men came together on a Ranch just outside of Austin, Texas because they wanted to make a difference. These men didn't hesitate when they were asked to model for the upcoming 2019 All American Male Calendar for charity produced by Trucker Cowboy Black.

This year the calendar is raising money for the Trevor Project, a very worthwhile charity, which provides crisis and suicide prevention for LGBTQ youth. They sponsor events throughout the year to raise money.

If you want to help make a difference, consider purchasing one of the calendars from Trucker Cowboy Black. It's as simple as clicking the picture above.

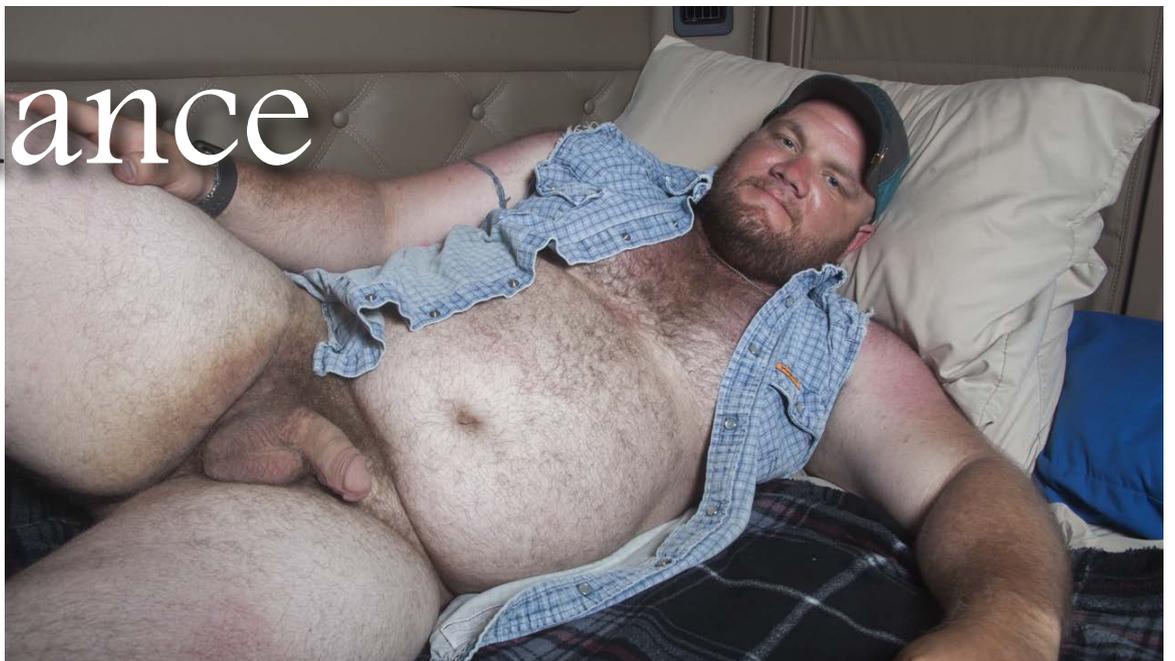
Allen



Anthony



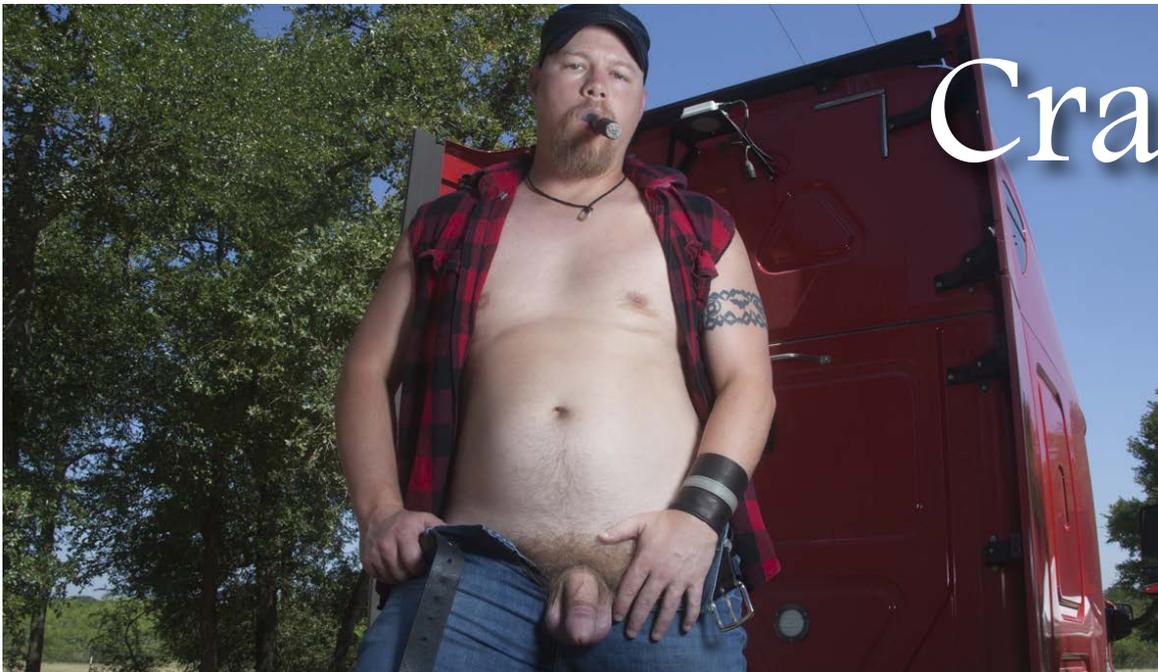
Chance



Chip



Craig



David





Ed



Jason



Redpaw



Jon



Nolen

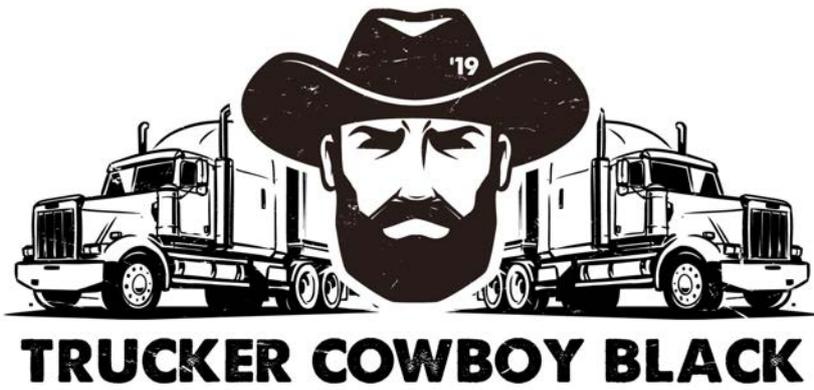


Troy





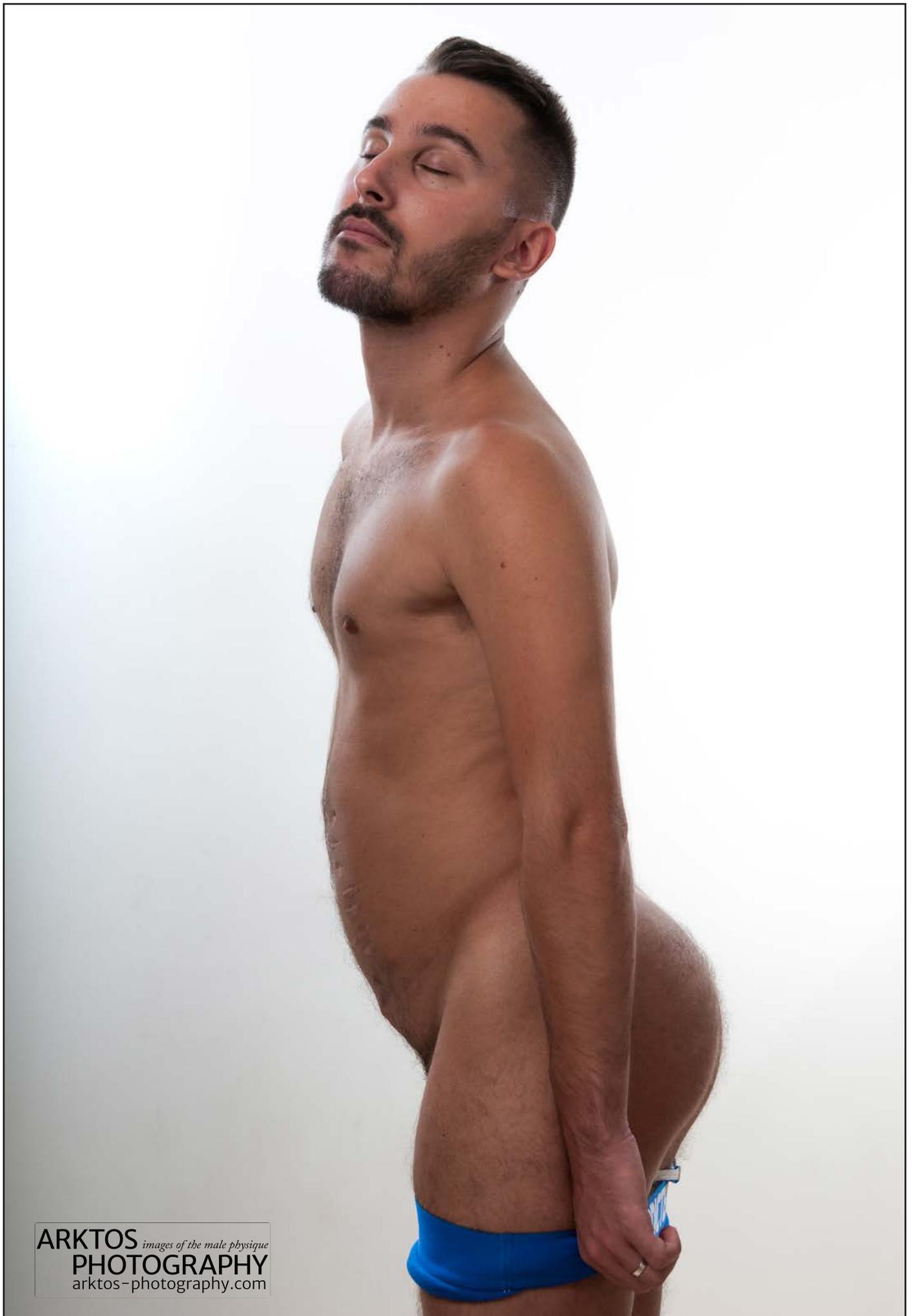
Troy





Elias
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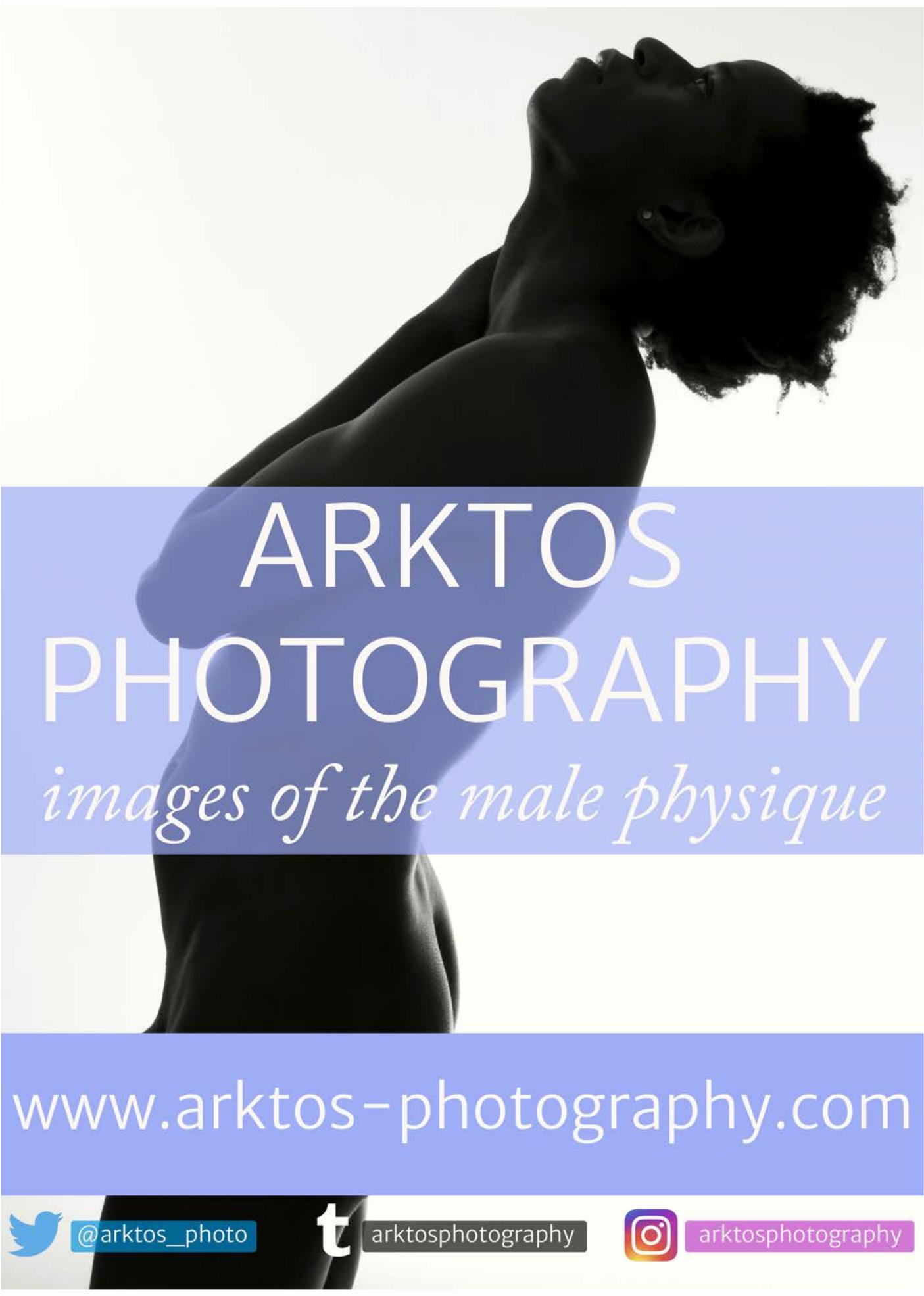
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Elias Myrsinias

Smoke and Shadow



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Bear Grease continued from page 16

Strong arms encircled my chest and I was bodily carried out of the cabin and dropped to the ground. As I lay there gasping, Mike ran back into the room with a bucket of water that had been sitting outside the door. He must have dumped the water on the fire, because smoke billowed out of the door quickly followed by Mike.

Taking a deep breath he jumped back into the cabin. A minute later smoke rushed out of the skylight and Mike's head and shoulders emerged. He gulped great lungs full of air.

Then grinning at me, he waved!



It only took a few minutes for the cabin to empty of the smoke. The skylight acting as a chimney with the front door providing a draft.

I was standing at the bottom of ladder when Mike descended.

"What the hell were you trying to do?" I yelled at his back. "Get yourself killed?"

He turned around with that strange look and just stood there.

"You never run back in a house that's on fire!" I was really angry.

"You could have choked, or broke your fool neck climbing those stairs!"

Tears were running down my face. I realized they weren't from the smoke but from emotion. Fear that something had almost happened to a man I hardly knew, but was hopelessly in love with.

The next thing I knew I was encircled by two arms in a massive bear hug. Being only about 5'9", my face was buried in the fur just below the neck. He had taken his shirt off while chopping wood and now I was being crushed to death against his hairy chest.

I couldn't believe what had happened.

I couldn't breath either. And when I started to struggle in an effort to catch a breath he immediately released me.

"Oh Jesus!" he said. "I'm sorry." His face a scarlet red.

With that he grabbed his shirt and jacket off the woodpile, jumped into his truck, and was gone.

"Mike, wait!" I called. But he sped off. Not looking back.

Christ what had I done?

"I told you." That little voice in my mind kept saying over and over as I made my way back inside.

"Shit."

Looking around I noticed that there really wasn't much of a mess to clean up. Mostly water on the wooden floor, Which I mopped up with some old towels I found on a shelf.

I put the wet wood from the stove in the bucket and carried it outside.

"I wonder if he's going to come back for me." I thought to myself.

"I wouldn't blame him if he didn't." Came the reply.

I built another fire, this time in the fireplace. That done, I closed the skylight. It was starting to get dark, and cold. I also packed up my gear. I wouldn't need it.

I must have dozed off sitting at the table when the sound of gravel crunching under tires woke me.

"Okay, here we go." I said aloud

Mike opened the door, walked over to the table and mumbled.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that."

His head was down, so I had trouble hearing him. But I had. I couldn't believe my ears.

"What?" I said back.

"I'm sorry." he repeated, a little louder this time. Looking at my face.

"I didn't mean to offend you. When I ..."

He was struggling for words.

"When I hugged you I didn't mean to. I mean I wanted to. But I was hoping..."

He slumped in a chair, buried his face in his hands and sat there. Shaking his head slightly from side to side.

Here was this great grizzly bear, which I had been lusting after ever since he had hired into the company, telling me he had wanted to hug me!

"He was hoping.....what?" My inside voice asked.

I stood up, went around the table and pulled his head against my chest, gently stroking the hair on the back of his neck. He immediately put his arms around my waist, buried his head in deeper.

"There's something wrong here." I thought to myself.

"What's going on Mike?"

"I've wondered for years what that would feel like, and I blew it."

A thousand questions rushed through my head. But now was not the time. If I was reading this right, now was the time to see just how far he was willing to go.

With my left hand still rubbing the back of his neck, I moved my other hand down into the opening of his shirt. Collecting a handful of chest hair I gently pulled and allowed the course fur to slide between my fingers.

Reaching further into his shirt I sought out one of his nipples and pinched it. They were small, but responded immediately by crinkling up into hard little bullets.

Mike's whole body jerked, and he looked up at me with eyes wide.

"We can talk later," my voice a low whisper.

I would have loved to scoop him up in my arms and carry my new lover over to the bed. But since he out weighed me by a good sixty pounds, I simply held out my hand and led him over to the large bear skin rug.

Standing before him with my back to the blaze, I unbuttoned his shirt, pulled it off, and tossed it on the floor.

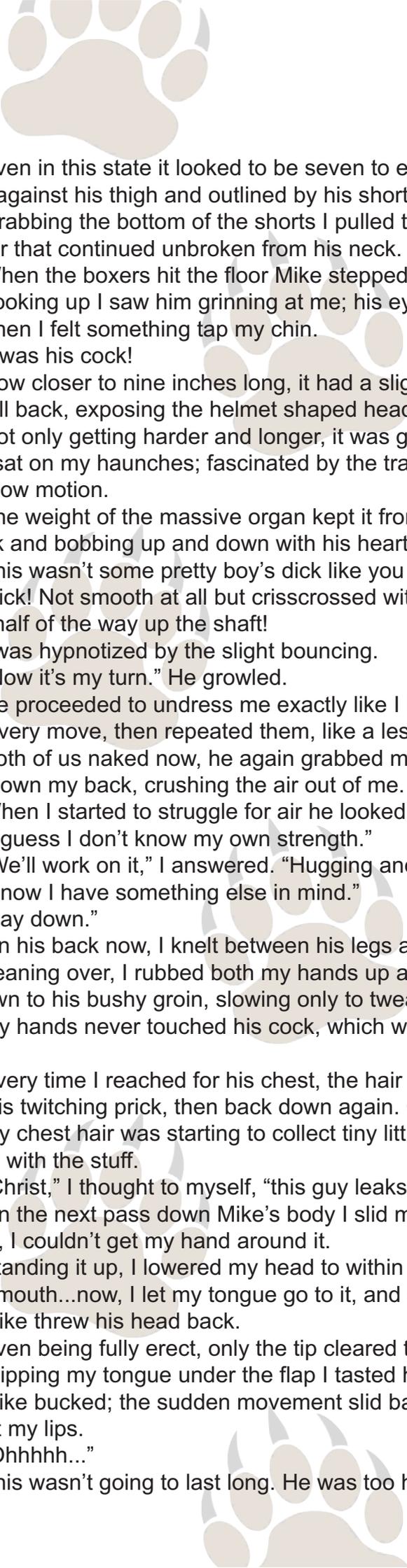
Kneeling, I untied his boots.

Picking up first one leg and then the next his boots and socks joined the shirt.

He hadn't moved on his own. Like a puppet master I moved him here, lifted there, and soon he was down to just his boxers.

Still kneeling, I looked up at his face. Standing there like some statue out of an old myth, the fire sparkling in the red highlights of his beard, I felt my cock surging against my pants leg.

Mike's dick was peeking out the bottom of his boxers. Still soft, the ridge of the head could clearly be seen through the folds of skin covering the tip.



Even in this state it looked to be seven to eight inches long. A thick tube of flesh trapped against his thigh and outlined by his shorts.

Grabbing the bottom of the shorts I pulled them down, slowly exposing the dense mat of fur that continued unbroken from his neck.

When the boxers hit the floor Mike stepped out of them on his own.

Looking up I saw him grinning at me; his eyes locked onto mine.

Then I felt something tap my chin.

It was his cock!

Now closer to nine inches long, it had a slight upward curve. The foreskin was starting to pull back, exposing the helmet shaped head.

Not only getting harder and longer, it was getting fatter!

I sat on my haunches; fascinated by the transformation his cock was going through. Slow motion.

The weight of the massive organ kept it from ever pointing upward, but it was hard as a rock and bobbing up and down with his heartbeat.

This wasn't some pretty boy's dick like you see in jack off magazines. This was a man's prick! Not smooth at all but crisscrossed with veins, the hair from his groin continuing to grow half of the way up the shaft!

I was hypnotized by the slight bouncing.

"Now it's my turn." He growled.

He proceeded to undress me exactly like I had undressed him. He had been watching my every move, then repeated them, like a lesson he had memorized.

Both of us naked now, he again grabbed me in a tight bear hug, running his hands up and down my back, crushing the air out of me.

When I started to struggle for air he looked at me sheepishly and said,

"I guess I don't know my own strength."

"We'll work on it," I answered. "Hugging and cuddling is one of my favorite pastimes, but right now I have something else in mind."

"Lay down."

On his back now, I knelt between his legs and used my knees to spread them apart.

Leaning over, I rubbed both my hands up and down his body, from his rock hard pecs down to his bushy groin, slowing only to tweak each tit as I passed.

My hands never touched his cock, which was now pointing straight up toward his face.

Every time I reached for his chest, the hair on my belly would glide along the underside of his twitching prick, then back down again. Causing him to inhale sharply.

My chest hair was starting to collect tiny little dewdrops of his pre-cum. His belly was smeared with the stuff.

"Christ," I thought to myself, "this guy leaks like a sieve."

On the next pass down Mike's body I slid my left hand all the way down to the root of his meat, I couldn't get my hand around it.

Standing it up, I lowered my head to within an inch of that throbbing cock, watching it with my mouth...now, I let my tongue go to it, and start to lick, just the juice oozing piss slit.

Mike threw his head back.

Even being fully erect, only the tip cleared the folds of foreskin.

Slipping my tongue under the flap I tasted him.

Mike bucked; the sudden movement slid back the hood, and pushed the head of his dick past my lips.

"Ohhhhh..."

This wasn't going to last long. He was too hot and worked up.

Running my tongue around the ridge I reached down and took his balls in my hand, working them like dough, kneading and twisting and pulling at them.

Then I began to suck.

With my lips clamped around the ridge, I sucked as hard as I could....drawing the sperm upwards, toward the top.

That's all it took.

"OHHHH...Yes..." Mike started jerking. Out of control.

"God...I'm coming...I'm going...to shoot...OOHHH!" He tried to warn me, and push my head off his cock. But I wanted it all... all of it...

And shoot he did...Hot thick jets of cum. Thick and creamy.

His cock was a pump, emptying the contents of his balls into my mouth.

My lips were still clamped around the head with my tongue digging into his slit.

I couldn't believe how tasty it actually was, I only wished that Mike would keep on coming...

I wanted more...

So much more.

Now it was my turn to lose it.

I jabbed my face downward on his erupting pole. The accumulating cum was forced out between my lips and the shaft of his cock, to run down and coat his balls.

Fighting off my gag reflex I held still, the head lodged in my throat. My tongue snaked out, trying to get the spilled juice back into my mouth. All the time pulling on his nut-sack.

And then, incredibly, Mike was shooting again, and this time it was even more intense than the first.

That's what I wanted; to taste the sweet nectar that was hiding deep within Mike's balls...to suck every last drop out of them...to make sure it tasted as good as it could possibly taste.

Mike had gone rigid at this renewed assault on his senses. He had never felt anything like this in his life.

"ARRGH!"

I was sucking so hard. His shaft was a straw and I wanted the thick malted from his balls.

Finally, rising up and putting his hands on my shoulders, he pushed me off.

His still pumping cock sprayed cum up onto his thickly furred belly.

Long thick ropes of the white man juice glistening in the firelight.

"Jesus ... Christ." He panted, leaning back on his arms, looking at me.

"Like that did ya?" I teased.

"I didn't realize something like that was even possible." His breathing was still rapid, but slowing down. His cock was still hard as a rock.

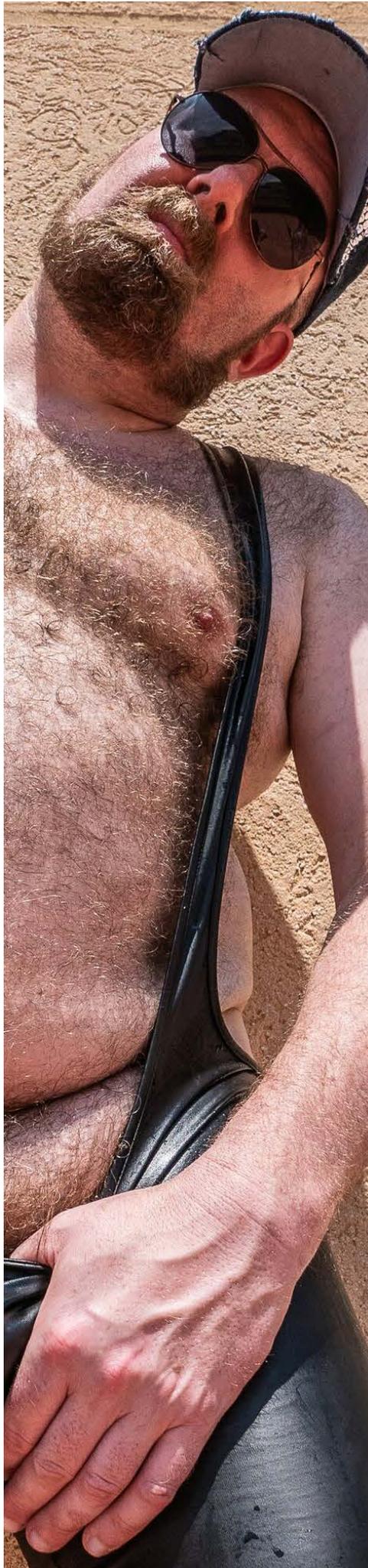


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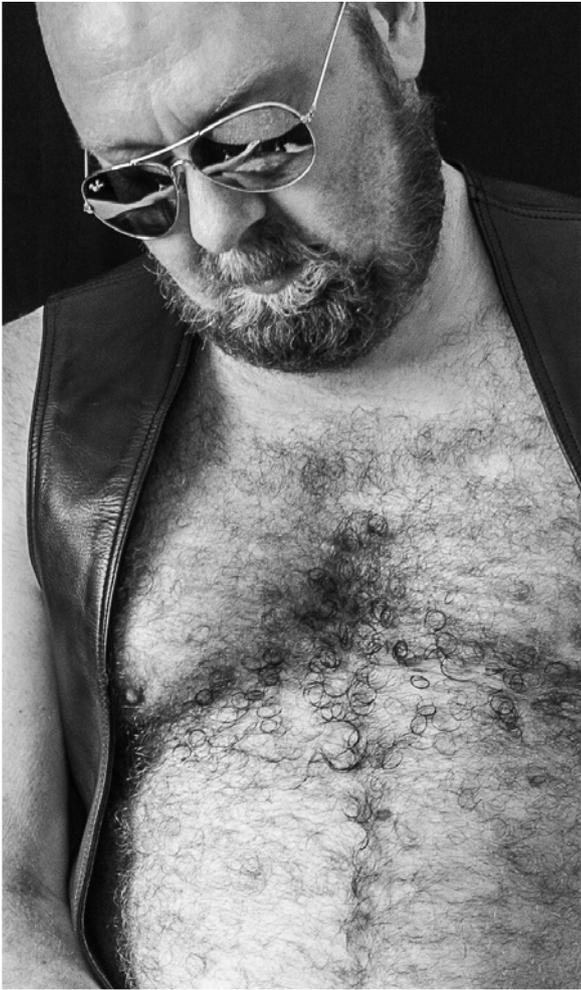




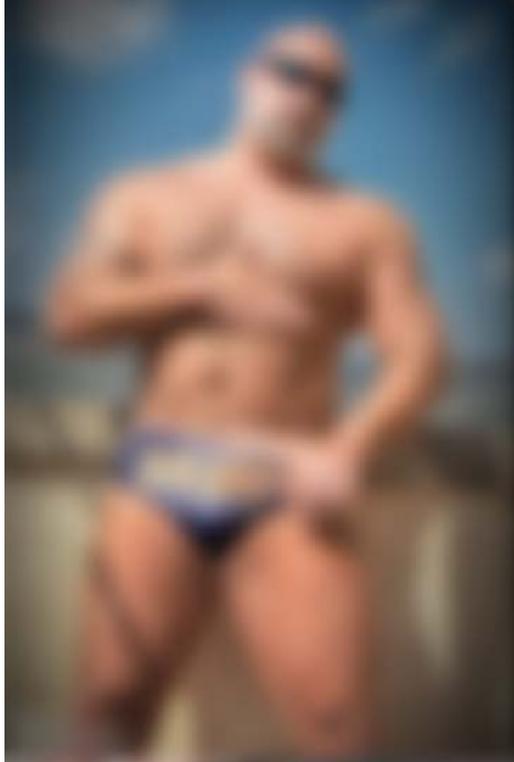
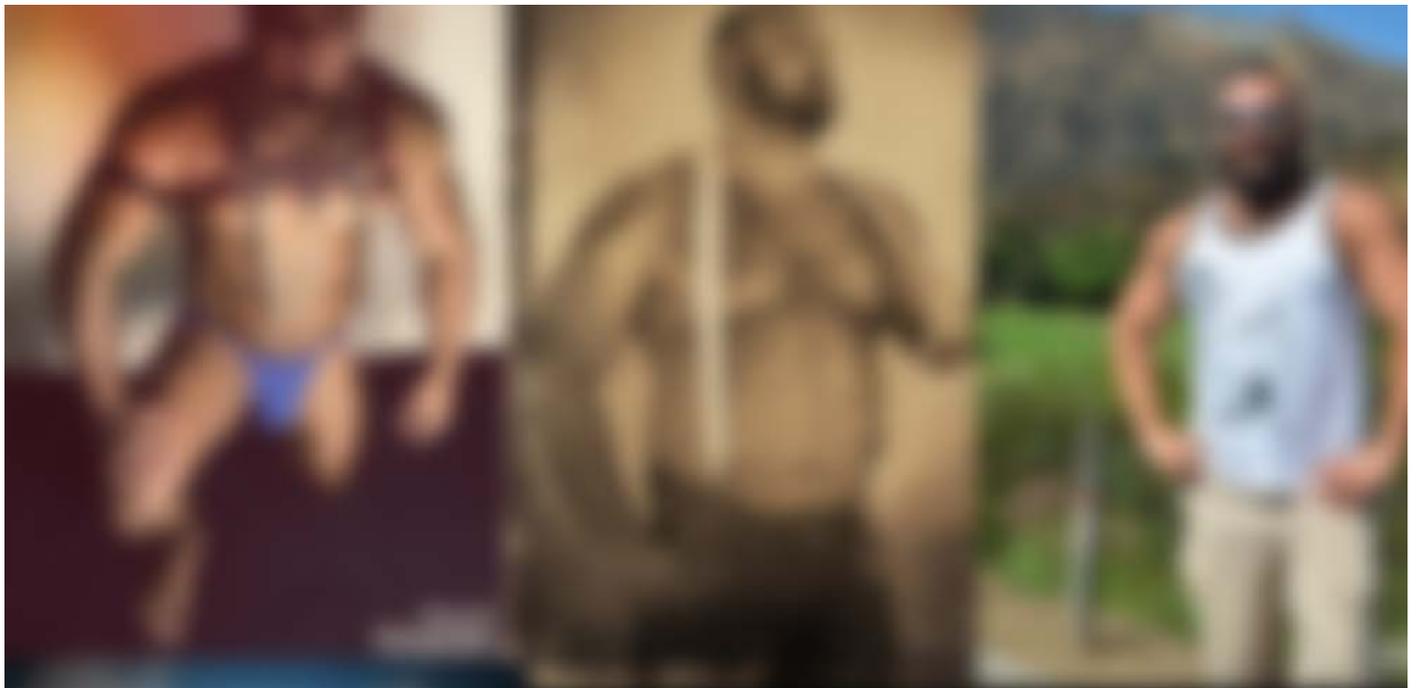




Johann







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Jezebel

by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 1

"If this is another call about a Housewife who thinks that her Husband is cheating on her, I'm calling it quits!"

A built dark figure shadows the ringing telephone, his hand lifts up the receiver, "Blake Bolton, P.I. How can I help you?"

Blake Bolton is a Private Investigator in the lower Chicago area, in the late nineteen forties. He is in his early to mid Thirties, tanned skin, red hair, and muscular build.

Living in the lower Chicago area for most of his life, Blake knows the city as if it were tattooed on the back of his hand.

He stays quiet for a moment listening to the phone. There's a man's voice on the other end, he sounds in distress.

"Please help me; I have no one else to go to for help."

Blake sits down on his wooden office chair, wearing a brown fedora. It blocks his eyes from the light; all that can be seen is his trimmed red beard, he places his black boots on the oak desk and lights a cigarette. The ceiling fan above him is spinning at a

slow speed, keeping the smoke of his cigarette just above his head; his office is a loft in the outskirts of Chicago.

"What's the situation about?"

The man clears his throat, and mumbles. "I'd prefer to speak with you in person about this, if you don't mind."

Exhaling a puff of smoke, and sighing from the man's odd request, Blake gets out his

note pad and a pencil from his pocket; Blake flips open the note pad.

"Tell me where you are, and I'll meet you there."

The man breathes deeply into the speaker, "Meet me at the old warehouse by the docks off of 13th street near the fences"

Blake writes down the directions of where the man will meet him, while thinking to himself. "God I hope this isn't some kind of conspiracy freak!"

He finishes writing down the rest of the directions. "Alright, what is your name? And how will I know it's you?"

The man breathes deeply into the speaker, "Meet me at the old warehouse by the docks off of 13th street near the fences."

The man chokes in response to Blake's request, "My name, what makes you think I'm going to give that out over the phone? How about this, when you see a man wearing a black pea coat and a black top hat also wearing a monocle standing by the light poll, you will know who is he."

Blake rolls his eyes.

"Great! Now I have to find the monopoly man out in the trenches!"

Blake hangs up the phone; he leans farther back in his chair and scratches his fedora.

"Why do all the crazy cases come to me?"

Taking one last puff from his cigarette, Blake puts it out in the ashtray on the desk. Blake finally stands up from the chair and heads out to the door.

It's ten at night and the city is at play, cars speeding down on the road, local bars lit up with people inside drinking and having a good time. A street light shines on Blake's face, it shows his deep green eyes focused, his red beard trimmed up to his sideburns connected to his hair that looks

shaggy under his brown fedora. Breathing in the dirty cold city air, Blake looks up at the stars in the sky. The street lights show off his tanned skin and bright red hair and beard, there appears to be a scar over his left eye. The scar is lighter than his tanned skin. Blake walks down the street going into alleyways, the steps from his boots echo down the alley. Puddles of water splash up wherever he walked. The smell of trash lingers in these alleys; Blake pulls out his right arm from his coat pocket and lifts up his sleeves to check the time on his watch, its ten fifteen, continuing to walk down the alley way, avoiding the busy main street with people. It's quiet through here, only occasional sounds of rats digging through garbage. Blake gets to the end of the alleys and reaches into 12th street.

12th street is lit up with street lamps and lights from the buildings that are right up against the sidewalks. This street is quiet;

no cars are on the road. No people were outside, Blake gives a little smirk. He likes how silent this street is. It helps him concentrate better when it is quiet outside.

"13th is coming up, and I have to keep watch of the monopoly man at the trenches under the lights."

Blake sees the old abandoned warehouse on the horizon of the cityscape near the trenches. A couple of lights surround the rust color building; he knows the man that called him is in this area.

"I hope this is worth it, coming all the way down here." Blake says quietly in a gruff voice.

The night sky is still clear with the stars illuminating. No clouds are in sight. As Blake gets closer to the abandon building, the lights get brighter. He looks around to see all the lights. There are four lampposts around the building in

a square formation. Currently Blake is located by the southwest area of the building. He can see the entire area from here. It's empty.

"By the looks of things, he's not here. I will be pissed if this was a prank!"

He hugs his arms around himself to keep warm, due to the cold air. Blake walks around to the southeast of the building. Still, there is no one to be seen around here, but that man might be on the other side. As Blake walks to the north east side of the abandon building, he sees what looks like a tall thin man standing near the northwest lamp. Blake squint his eyes to focus on the man to see if he matches the description over the phone. Just like the man said, a top hat, a black pea coat and a monocle.

"It looks like him alright!" Blake whispers to himself while approaching the man. The man stays silent as Blake approaches the light pole. The man with the monocle gives Blake a smile, he is confident that Blake is the detective that he called.

"So you must be Mr. Bolton, I'm relieved that you decided to meet me out here."

The man brings out his hand for a handshake for Blake. Blake does not bring out his hand.

"What is your name?"

The man is shocked by how straightforward Blake is to him. The man puts down his hand to his side. Since Blake did come all the way out here to meet him, the man with the monocle feels obligated to Blake.

"My name is Charles, Charles Newman."

Charles Newman, Millionaire owner of The Blue Rose Hotel, one of the highest luxury Hotels in the Midwest area. Charles slowly puts out his hand again for another attempt for a handshake. Blake stares down at Charles' hand. Blake puts out his hand and shakes with Charles.

"Blake Bolton."

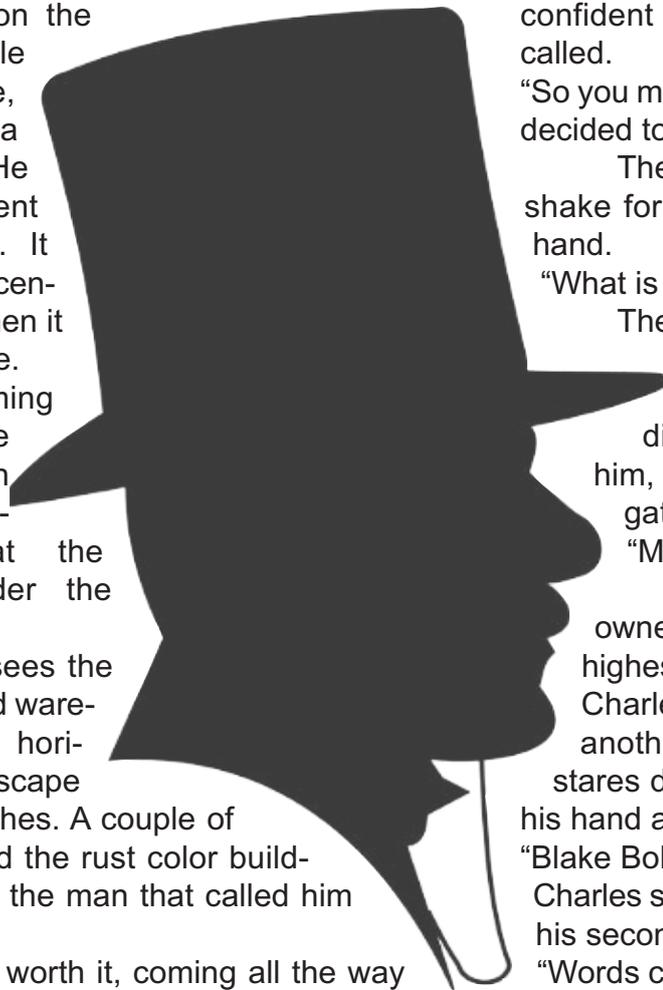
Charles shakes his hand more forceful and puts his second hand on top of his other hand.

"Words can't express my gratitude of you coming out here tonight!"

Blake grabs his hand back from Charles' double handshake. Blake gives Charles a strange look.

"No problem, so what did you need to see me in person all the way out here for?"

Charles thinks for a moment.



"I don't know where to begin with all this commotion that is going on!"

Blake sighs in disbelief at the way Charles is behaving.

"Well why don't you start from the beginning?" Blake suggests to Charles.

His face lights up from Blake's intended sarcastic comment, which Charles obviously didn't get.

"Yes! That would be the best way to start!"

Blake slaps his hand onto his forehead in disbelief, once again due to Charles's odd acting behavior.

"Please, get to the point already. I've walked all the way out here in the cold to meet with you, so please make this worth my time!"

Charles starts to fidget in his pockets. It takes him a while to feel around for what it is he is searching for in his pockets; Charles pulls out a picture and hands it to Blake. It's a picture of a woman who looks to be in her early to mid twenties and has long, golden, blonde hair. She has blue eyes. She is sitting down in front of an oak tree.

"This is my daughter. Her name is Jezebel. She went missing a few days ago. At first I thought she ran away with one of her friends, but after a few days I got worried. I've called the local police, but they could only do so much, so that's why I need your help!"

Blake just stands still looking at the picture. He is in shock. The girl that is in that picture he knows personally. Something is not right about this.

"Did you say that her name is Jezebel?"

Blake looks back at Charles with concern on his face.

"I know this girl," says Blake, "but she told me her name was Christina."

Charles' drops his jaw in shock; he doesn't know how to react to what Blake has just told him about Jezebel.

"That can't be! You must know a different girl that looks like my Jezebel! She wouldn't do such a thing, lying to other people about her name like that!"

Blake shuffles in his coat pocket and pulls out the same photograph, he places it right next to Charles's. They are exactly the same. Charles

grabs both pictures and stares at them the same time, looking back and forth to each picture.

"Jezebel, why would you do such a thing? I thought I raised you better than this!"

Charles' hands start to tremble uncontrollably with the pictures. He looks up at Blake as if it was his fault that Jezebel did this stunt.

"I want to everything you know about Christina!

Tomorrow meet me at the Diner off of Main Street!"

Charles turns away from Blake. He walks off. Blake stands there alone.

"Shit." Blake turns away and heads home.

...

Back in his apartment, a one bed and one bath, close to his loft in the lower industrial area, Blake is unable to sleep.

"Christina", he thinks.

He rolls over on his side in his bed. He promised Charles he'd tell him everything he knows of

her the next day. He can see it now.

"Hey, Mr. Newman, I've been screwing your daughter for a couple of years now. She's a real hot number!"

Blake can see Charles slug him in the face for saying that.

"Charles will probably expect that. The look on my face gave it away. Well, Christina was my first love. I can tell him that much at least. No, that's worse; he'll think I'll know where she is." Blake sits up. He looks at the clock. It's only twelve-seventeen in the morning. He hasn't been in bed that long. Blake lights another cigarette and inhales.

"She was from an old chapter of my life," thinks Blake. "I was different then. I didn't know who I was...and now...now she's coming back to haunt me."

Blake stops puffing on his cigarette. He takes it out of his mouth and snuffs it out in an ash tray.

"I need to blow off some steam," he thinks.

Blake gets up and puts on some clothes.

Continued on Page 65



Fermin

Photos by Johann D'Nale















Fermin





Fermin

His favorite place should still be open. Blake grabs his coat and heads out the door.

He looks up at the sky, this time there are a couple of clouds up in the sky covering some stars. The air is still cold. Blake starts to walk into the city; the view of the city from here is made up of gray and brick buildings, with some skyscrapers in the far distance. A couple of blocks later, Blake arrives at a dark brick building with small windows and some chimney stacks puffing away steam. He enters through the main entrance doors; in the entrance there is a reception desk with a man sitting behind it. The man looks to be in his late thirties early forties, a bit older than Blake. The man has brown hair slicked back with a goatee and light toned skin; he has a muscular build to him, similar to Blake's. The man finally looks up from reading his newspaper.

"Oh! Hey, you're here on the late side tonight."

The man reaches down into his desk and grabs two white towels, and gives them to Blake.

"I couldn't sleep, so I thought that I will relax here for a little bit tonight."

The man nods his head and points Blake to a hallway with a number of doors that have small panes of glass in the center of each one. Blake hands him a couple of singles. All the doors have numbers labeled on the front, right under the small glass window. Blake peaks through each window to see if there's anybody in these rooms.

In Blake's apartment, the bathrooms have been broken down for a few months, making it hard for Blake to shower at home, so he has to come to local bathhouse if he needs a wash. He doesn't mind going to these bathhouses, it gives him a reason to go out at night. Blake enters the one of the bathhouse rooms; no one was in the room. There are lockers up against the wall where he entered; Blake goes to the first locker next to the door. He takes off his jacket and places it in the locker, and then he takes out

a towel that was placed in the locker. Blake takes off his shirt and his pants and shoes. He places the rest of his clothing in the locker. The room is filled with steam; the walls are covered in moisture from the steam, wood paneling covering the walls with trimming along the doors and windows. Bathtubs were along the walls parallel to each other, there were also lines of showers. Blake goes into the farthest one away from the door of the bath room, turning on the hot water, quickly rising up to the top of the bath tub (which

was more like a small pool), Blake gets in. The water is still hot; it takes him awhile to fully dunk his body into the steamy water. The lights were dim; the only bright light that is shining in the room is from the moon, shining through the small window in the room right onto the same bathtub that Blake is in. The light glows onto Blake's tanned skin, the steam from the bath house makes his chest sweat. Blake takes in a deep breath.

"I wonder how Christine... or Jezebel, is doing." Blake thinks out loud, he washes his arms with a bar of soap then places his arms underneath the hot bath water to rinse them off.

The door opens up; a big, dark figure enters the room. Blake doesn't pay attention to the dark figure opening the door into the bathroom. The dark figure is a man, he is muscularly built, husky, big and broad, and his black hair slicked back. His bulky muscles appear to bounce in the silhouette of the moonlight. His broad jaw is outlined by a thick, yet shortly trimmed beard (he looks like a large bear or beast.) He too, like Blake, also has dark toned skin. The black-haired man places his stuff in the locker right next to Blake's. Blake is deep in thought from his confrontation with Charles. The man gets in the bathtub right next to Blake.

"Hard night for you Mack?"

Blake opens one eye and looks over at the man. "The name is Blake."

The man chuckles to himself. He gets into the bathtub next to Blake; the man turns on the water and starts to wash himself.

"Mick, nice to meet you." Mick nods to Blake

His broad jaw is outlined by a thick, yet shortly trimmed beard (he looks like a large bear or beast.)

with a smirk. He continues washing his body. "I never have seen you around here before," Blake decides to start up a conversation with Mick. It does get awkward with two people washing themselves without any conversation going on.

"Yeah I just moved in town, my new place doesn't have hot water just cold." Mick continues to wash himself.

"You're lucky; my place doesn't even have any running water at all." Blake splashes water on his face.

Blake looks over at Mick with one eye, his face dripping in water. Mick is washing his thick body with a washcloth; the washcloth circling Mick's big muscles in soap, and matting his body hair. Blake looks impressed with his physique. Even though Mick is built like a big hulking statue, he still has a bit of heftiness to him, a little additional weight, or fluff around the middle. Blake didn't mind that. He just kept staring at this massive beast, his eyes transfixed on him, as if he'd just seen a magnificent wild animal. Blake's eyes lower toward Mick's trunk-like legs, and tries to see what's between them. Suddenly Blake realizes how long he's been staring at Mick's body. His eyes dart upward to Mick's bearded face, his raven-black hair was now hanging down, wet, over his thick dark eyebrows, his eyes shut, serenely, as he washed himself. Mick opens one eye as well and looks at Blake, as if he knew he was checking him out. His eyes were a deep olive-green (with tints of brown in them). Mick grins. Blake turns his head quickly.

"Sorry, um..." Blake says, feeling his face flush. "Don't sweat, we're both guys, no need to be embarrassed," chuckles Mick. He looks amused at Blake's reaction. "Besides, this is a bathhouse."

"Oh, yeah, that's right..." says Blake, feeling stupid. "So, is this your first time here?"

"Yep," says Mick, continuing to wash himself, "But I kinda like it here. It's not that busy. You go here a lot?" he asks with a smile.

In spite of his intimidating physique, and good looks, Blake found it very easy to talk to Mick. He just had a warm friendly aura about him.

"Yeah," says Blake, "I've been coming here a lot since my water is turned off."

"Oh, yeah, of course, that's right," laughs Mick, "You just told me."

"Right," says Blake.

They both chuckle. They both felt very silly.

Blake felt like there was a mutual attraction here, as well as Mick just being an easy-going guy. The two men continue to wash and relax. A few moments later, Blake gets up from his bath, he dry's himself off. Mick is still in the bathtub relaxing.

"Hey, it was good talking to you," says Blake. "Hopefully we run into each other again."

Mick smiles and nods to Blake.

"I hope so too, by the way my business card is in my coat pocket. If you like, you can take one."

Mick points to the locker right next Blake's, Blake opens the locker and takes one card out from the coat pocket. Closing the locker door, he looks back at Mick still in the tub.

"Thanks."

Blake gets dressed and heads out the door, he goes up to the front counter and pays, and leaves.

As he exits the building, he feels the cool night breeze blowing on his warm face. He looks up at the night sky Blake starts to walk home. Half-way towards home, Blake remembers the business card that Mick gave him just before he left the bathhouse; pulls the card out of his coat pocket and takes a look at it.

MICK WOLF PRIVATE EYE DETECTIVE

Blake stares at the card for a while; he doesn't know what to think. Can he help with the Jezebel/Christina case or will this make rivalry between him and his newly found friend. Blake smiles to himself and places the card back into his coat pocket and continues to walk home.

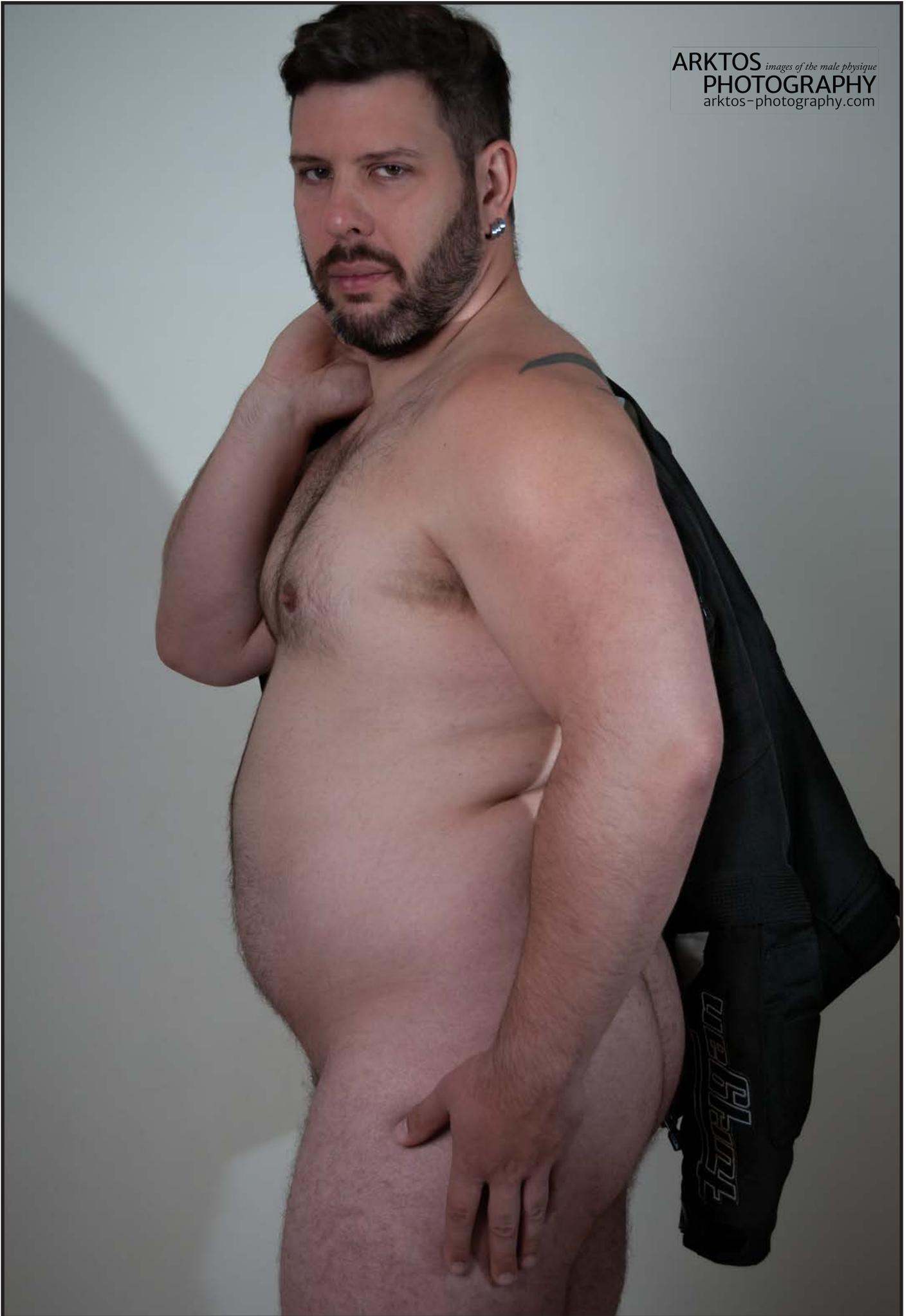
"This should be interesting."

Continues in next issue...



Adam









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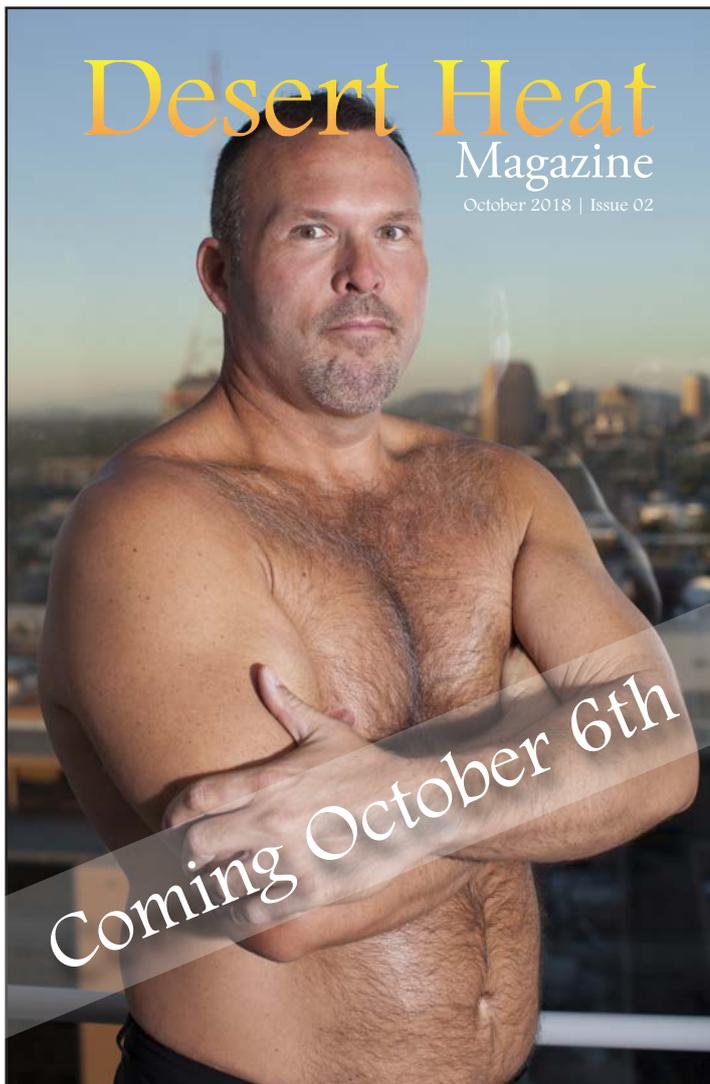
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We have done our part, now we ask you to do something for us. To provide you what you want to see and read, what really gets you coming back for more, or just plain makes you horny, we need to hear from you. We want to know what you want to see or read. We want to know what you think of this publication. We also want to know any constructive criticisms you may have regarding it.

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