

Desert Heat

Magazine™

August 2019 | Issue 8

Featuring

Craig Rauch XXX

The Amazing Artwork of

Laceoni

is back!!

Desert Heat Magazine



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From the Editor

We made it! With this Issue, our journey into the second year starts! I am both excited and a bit apprehensive of the changes that are coming.

The first year of the Magazine was quite the ride. There were some pretty great times, I got to meet some incredibly artistic individuals, I've met some great models, some real great readers and have felt the love on support of almost everyone that has come in contact with this project. Thank you does not even begin to express my gratitude for making Desert Heat Magazine such a great success. It could not be where it is at without the contributors or the readers.

Along with the great times, there were a few bummer times also. A good friend, or so I thought, that I worked with by supplying images for another publication, decided to block me on social media for no apparent reason. I wish him much love and continued success in his endeavors going forward. He'll always have a place in my heart.

And then there was Facebook! By now most, if not all of you, know how much I loathe Facebook. From their stealing of personal information, to their unjust algorithms, to the whiny people that turn you in for posting an image that offends their delicate senses, yet they post ass and crotch shots continuously of themselves. In case you did not know, I am not part of Facebook and have not intention of joining again. I did make an attempt about a month ago to join it on the recommendation of a photographer that is part of a group on there he though would benefit the Magazine. Unfortunately, I think Facebook hates me as much as I hate it. Que Sera Sera!

Enough of that dribble. Now for the good stuff. The Magazine is going to go through some changes that are both exciting and a bit frightening. In case you have not heard, or figured it out, the Magazine will be a monthly production from now on. The photographers I have spoke with are on board so the content should continue to flow. One thing that MAY happen is the size may shrink just a bit as it takes a

lot of work to keep that big of a product going. Also, I am going to be playing around, and learning, with some new layout ideas to keep it a bit fresh. I hope to hear back from some, or all, of you about what you like or don't like with it in the upcoming months.

We're also going to start including more DHM Fan pages, so if you have images that you have taken or own the copyright for, we'd love to feature them in the Magazine.. I always love hearing from the readership. The images do not have to be nude, that is a common misconception. We are not against nudity but we know that some are in positions at work who cannot show off, but want to show their pride in reading the Magazine. Besides, implied nudity can be hot too!

Speaking of that, I wanted to say thank you again. Over the past 3 Issues the readership has quadrupled. At least according to the download statistics. Thank you for getting the word out and we hope you continue to retweet, share the link, post the link to other social media, or whatever else you do to get the word out. My goal by the end of year 2 is to double the current number of downloads we currently

have. I hope we can count on your help with this too.

A very special thank you needs to go out to @bukasxxx for designing the cool new logo for our social media pages! If you haven't seen it yet, be sure and look for it.

We also are up for any suggestions, criticisms, or ideas you have to make the publication what you love to see/read/use. Please use the social media icons and/or links to contact myself, or even the photographers and models, as everyone would be happy to hear from. This is a labor of love for all of us, meaning we are not making money, we are just sharing our work.

I hope you are excited as we are to see what year 2 brings for us.!



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DESERT HEAT

MAGAZINE

Issue 8 | July 2019

Men

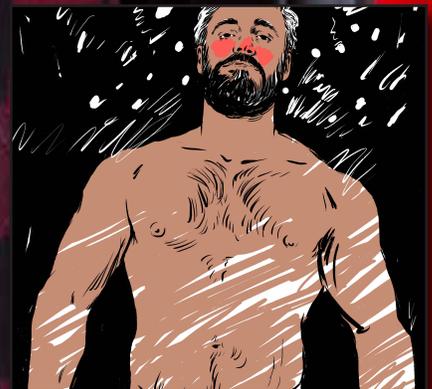
Craig Rauch XXX	7
Leather in Long Beach	18
Poster Boy	28
Gentelman Collar	32
Aloso	36
Kevin	42
Men of IML	50
Eric	60
Andy B.	70
Hyper Masculine	78
Miro	88
Wolf Coellner	98

Fiction

Outlaw Cowboy	15
Winter Weekend Away	39
Prison Break	96

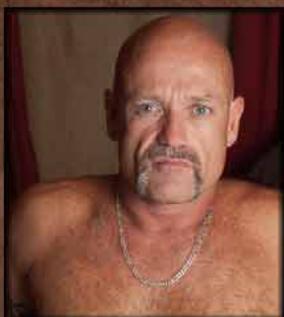
Features

The Artwork of Laceoni	26
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CRAIG

Rauch XXX



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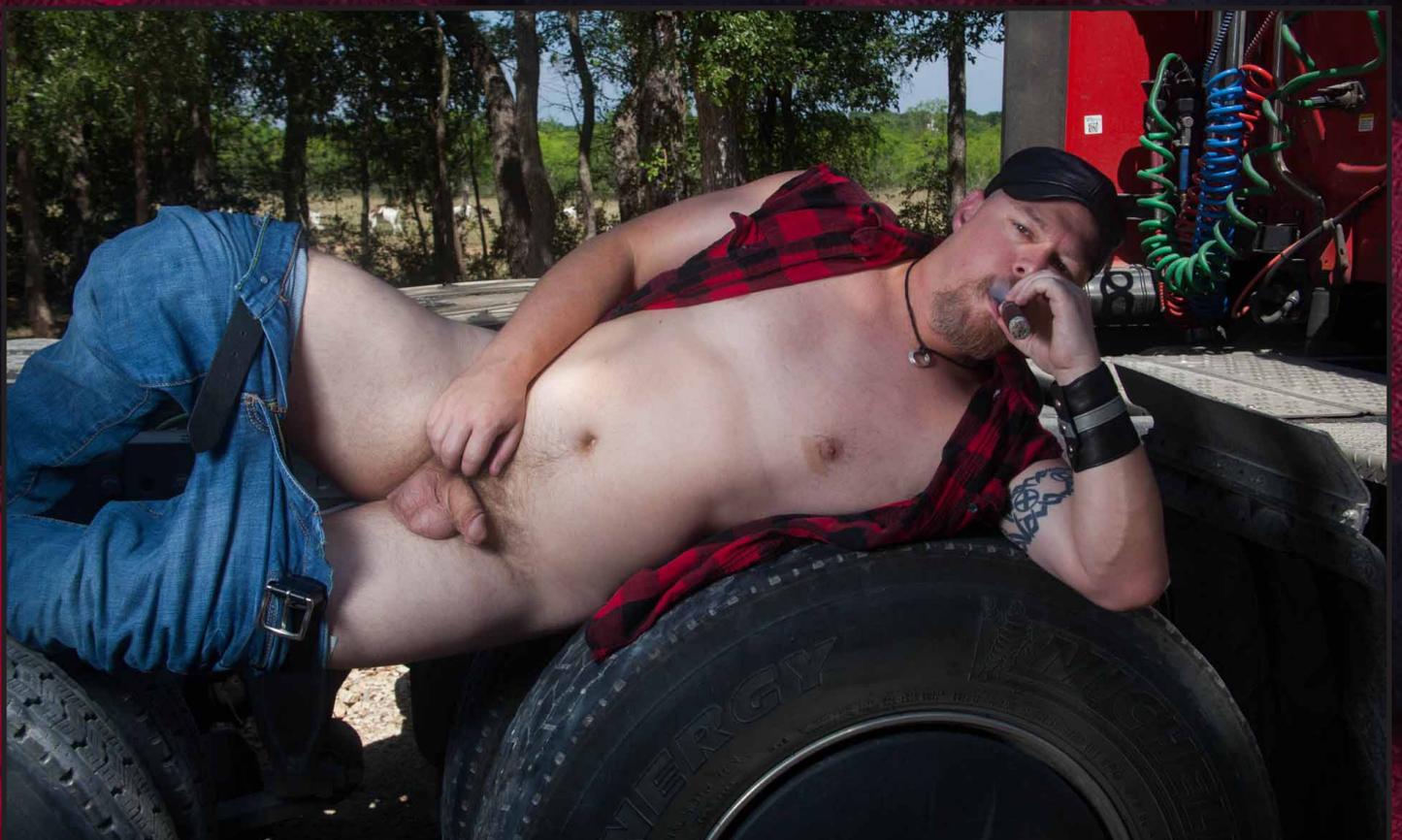
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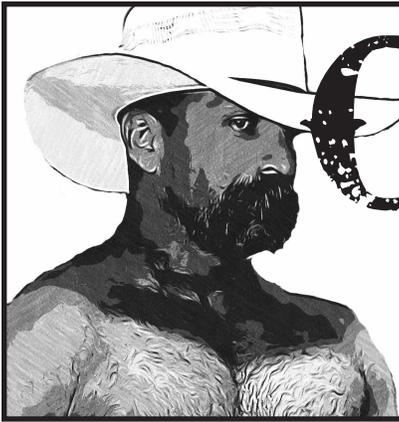
Craig





Craig





Outlaw Cowboy

STORY BY
SCOOTER MCGRAW

I left the east in '74. Got tired of workin' in the factory. Hours too long, factory too noisy, too dirty. My daddy told me about the gold rush of '49, and how many of his friends went to California to make their fortunes. Most of 'em returned busted, their spirits broken. A few struck gold, and made a name for themselves. The rest... well, he never heard from 'em again.

Thought I'd try my luck, havin' been bitten by the gold bug. Won't go into too many details of those first few months I spent as a prospector. Let it suffice I went cold, hungry, and tired many a night.

Struck gold the second day of my third month out there. Must have been a gift from the heavens, because my food and supplies were just about gone. Wasn't much... I figured only a few hundred dollars worth... but good luck is not to be taken lightly, and I was gettin' desperate.

Rode almost an entire day to get back to town. Rented a room above the saloon and allowed myself a long-deserved rest... I was tired of sleepin' under the stars. Must've slept about six hours, as it was dark when I awoke.

"Too late to exchange this gold for money...", I hought. Lights were out everywhere but the saloon. "...might as well celebrate my good fortune with the little bit of money I do have."

Went downstairs, bellied myself up to the bar and ordered a bottle of their best whiskey. Feelin' real good about my sudden turn of luck, I quickly downed several belts. Then I saw him.

He was tall, heavy, and rugged lookin', hardened by what must've been many days and nights out on the range. His dark hair, dark eyes, bushy mustache, and stubbly beard were makin' my hands start to shake. But, most unnervin' for me, he had two of the biggest ol' feet I'd ever seen, in a pair of well-

worn, spur-clad boots.

Lord, how I loved them cowboys! And I got this thing about cowboy feet, too. Had it ever since I saw my first cowboy, who pulled his boots off and propped his big feet up in my daddy's house, when I was just a young'n.

So, gettin' my courage up, I struck up a conversation. Tend to get talkative after I've had a few, 'specially when I want somebody as bad as I wanted this cowboy. Don't remember much of what I said, though, and didn't think much of it when he just up and left awhile later. Just another disappointment, I reckoned.

Also tend to get a little stupid when I drink, and walked out the front door to relieve myself. Next thing I remember I was lookin' at the stars, with more stars spinnin' around my head. My vest pockets were turned inside out, my gold gone.

Damn! No one was in sight, except a large man hastily walkin' toward a horse tethered about fifty feet from the saloon door. Saw him stumble once without fallin', then untie and mount the horse. I swear I recognized him. It had to be my cowboy!

Pickin' myself up, I staggered toward him, too slow to catch him as he galloped out of town. Stoppin', I turned around, mad, mad at myself for bein' so stupid as to tell a total stranger I struck gold... just because I wanted him real bad. Wondered if I told him the exact spot I found it. Would serve me right. Disgusted, I walked back towards the saloon.

Somethin' flashed in the corner of my eye. I'd seen gold flash that way in a stream bed, and I went right over to it to pick it up. It wasn't gold... only the wheel broken off of some cowboy's spur. Don't know why, but I put it in my pocket, then dragged my beaten carcass back into the saloon, up the stairs, and into my room. The whiskey took over once again, and I slept,

dreamin' of streams overflowin' with silver and gold.

Awoke late in the afternoon, with a helluva ache in my head. Don't know what hurt worse... the whiskey or the beatin'. It was too late to start back to my camp, so I went downstairs to pay for another night's stay with the few dollars I had left. Kept a few bills with my gear in my room, and they hadn't gotten stolen.

He was there, at the bar! That cowboy I wanted so badly the night before. An empty bottle sat on the bar next to him, a half full one in his hand. He was laughin' and carryin' on... and oh... I still wanted him, as bad as the night before. And I wanted my gold.

He raised his arm to get the barmaid's attention, his elbow knockin' the empty whiskey bottle to the floor with a loud crash. I saw it shatter at his big feet.

My eyes opened wide. This cowboy's right boot was missin' the wheel from its spur! I KNEW it was him! This outlaw bastard was gettin'drunk on money from MY gold!

He saw me, called me over, real friendly-like, offered me a swig. Told me I looked like I'd just fought with a tornado and lost. This cowboy actually thought I didn't know what he'd done!

I accepted the bottle, drew a long pull. Told him how I was robbed the night before. He acted like he felt real bad for me, and offered me another drink. All the time actin' innocent and dumber than a pile of rocks.

Told him not to worry... said I had lots more gold where that came from. You should've seen his eyes light up when I said that! Bought another bottle with the last of my money, and told him we were gonna drink this place dry.

He was already drunk, so he didn't notice I wasn't swallowin' when I put the bottle to my lips. He drank that entire bottle, and was halfway through finishin' a third, when he muttered somethin' I didn't understand, and fell headlong to the floor.

A few of the men helped me carry him up to what they thought was his room, and dumped him on my bed. I stayed at the bar with them for awhile, then left the saloon, returnin' only after they were gone.

The outlaw cowboy was still sprawled out on the bed, snorin' loudly. This cowboy was gonna pay dearly for robbin' me, I thought. Pullin' my rope out of my pack, I unwound it and went to work.

Tied his ankles tightly together, I did, then wound the rope around his legs and up past his knees, tyin' the ends in a knot. Grabbin' him by the boots, I pulled him until his feet were stickin' out over the cross

bar that went between the posts at the foot of the bed, then tied his ankles securely to the cross bar. Tyin' a piece of rope around each wrist, I stretched him out, and lashed his wrists to each post at the head of the bed. Completely immobilized him, I did. Then I sat at the desk, and waited.

Must've fallen asleep. It was light out, almost midday. Went down the stairs and looked around the bar. Empty. It was Sunday... everyone must have been at church at the other end of town. Knowin' I now had my privacy, I went back to my room.

He awoke with a start, and started yellin' loudly, demandin' to be let loose.

"What the HELL is goin' on here?!? Lemme go!!!"

"You robbed me the other night, and stole my gold.... You were the only one who knew I had any... and I want to know where you hid it!"

"Yer loco, prospector. I don't know what yer talkin' about."

Rememberin' the spur wheel I had in my pocket, I pulled it out, and stuck it in his face.

"The man who robbed me lost THIS off his boot when he tried to get away..." I walked to the end of the bed, looked at his feet. "...and yer missin' one off yours!"

Grabbin' his right foot by the ankle and heel, I gave a good, strong pull, and off came his boot. I showed him the boot and the missin' spur wheel.

"Look for yerself!"

"Hey! What're ya doin'?!? Put my boot back on!" Tossin' the boot to the floor, I sat down again.

"Why? Yer not goin' nowhere until ya tell me where my gold is."

"I told ya, I don't know what yer talkin' about. Now lemme go... and I won't have ya arrested. And put my dang boot back on!"

He was a stubborn one. Figured threatenin' him a little might scare him into talkin'.

"You tell me where my gold is... or I'll... MAKE ya talk."

Thought his voice started to falter.

"I don't know nuthin'. And I ain't talkin' even if I did. You go right ahead and beat me. I ain't gonna talk... and I'm gonna start yellin' for help... and then have ya arrested! Yeah... I'm gonna show the ol' sheriff all the bruises and the marks ya put on me! And then yer goin' to jail!"

He smiled, knowin' I wouldn't dare beat the truth out of him.

"Yer right... I can't beat ya. But I got OTHER

ways to make ya talk... real cruel ones I learned... from a Chinaman."

Thought he almost panicked there for a second. Figured my threats might have begun to work.

"Yeah, the Chinese used all kinds of cruel tortures to make a man talk. But they never hurt a man... they just slowly drove him crazy until he couldn't take it anymore. And they never left a mark. But their victims always talked... or they went insane."

His eyes betrayed some fright, but his attitude didn't change.

"You don't scare me! Do yer worst!... and I'll yell for help!"

"No one's gonna hear ya, cowboy... so go ahead... scream."

He yelled. No one answered, no one came.

Had a cruel smile on my face, as I continued.

"Maybe I should drop water on yer head, one drop at a time, until the noise inside yer skull gets so loud ya can't stand it... or maybe..."

Knowin' it would unnerve him some, I paused.

"...I'll make ya choke on yer own smell for awhile..."

Jumpin' up, I grabbed his other boot and yanked it off. First I gave it a good quick sniff... then stuck it under his nose.

"Stop it! Yer crazy! Git that boot outta my face!"

He shook his head from side to side as I tried to stuff the old boot up against his nose. This cowboy hadn't taken a bath in a day or two, and his boots stank to high heaven. But I loved the smell of his unwashed cowboy feet mixed with old leather, and enjoyed even more watchin' him squirm tryin' to avoid the boot.

"Come on! Stop! Just... just lemme put my boots back on and go, and I'll forgit all this ever happened! I swear!"

Droppin' the other boot, I walked back over to the desk to think, sittin' down again. The desk was empty, except for some writin' paper, a bottle of ink, and a quill pen. I looked at the pen, then at my captive outlaw, whose bootless feet lay helplessly restrained and protrudin' out over the edge of the bed. Lookin' back at the pen, I suddenly broke out with a cruel smile, as I remembered... I knew just how to make a cowboy talk.

And I was gonna enjoy makin' this one do it.

"Or maybe..."

Turnin' around in the chair to face him, I paused again, this time makin' eye contact with him.

"...I'll give ya the cruelest torture of 'em all."

Outlaw Cowboy

His eyes opened a little wider, his mouth slack.

"Yeah... the Chinese knew the best way to get a man to talk was to slowly torture the most sensitive parts of his body, until he screamed for mercy and begged 'em to stop..."

He started to shake, just a little. Smilin', I continued.

"...And the most sensitive part of a man's body... is the bottoms of his big ol' feet."

Leanin' forward, I gave his soles a playful whack. He tensed up, real nervous, tryin' to pull his feet away. But my ropes held him immobile. Looked like he was startin' to sweat.

"What's the matter, cowboy... you a tenderfoot? That why you were so anxious to get yer boots back on?"

Still smilin', I grabbed the pen and turned the chair around, placin' it at the foot of the bed, just inches from the outlaw cowboy's socked feet. He started to squirm against the ropes as I moved in still closer.

"Yeah... the Chinese could make a man talk usin' nothin' more than an ol' goose feather... just like this one."

Holdin' the feather up, I grinned, evilly.

"I think I'll take this little ol' feather... and I'll... tickle yer feet with it... until ya talk."

His eyes opened as big as dollars.

"No, please, DON'T... I can't STAND to be tickled! I swear... I don't know where yer gold is! Please, DON'T!"

That was all I needed to hear. With a muffled "Yeah!", I pulled the cowboy's socks off, as he struggled against the ropes. He went wild when the last sock slipped past his toes.

Damn! For bein' out on the range, he had beautiful big feet. Real tender lookin'. He was gonna suffer greatly from my feather if he didn't talk.

"Please, PLEASE... don't tickle my feet! You'll KILL me! I SWEAR you will!"

"Then you better start talkin', cowboy, or yer gonna die laughin'."

Slowly, I stroked the feather across the tips of his bare toes. He stiffened up, his voice risin' in volume and pitch.

"Ah haaaaaaaa! Oh, please, STOP!!"

"Talk!"

"I don't know! I don't know! I swear! I SWEAR!"

"Yer a liar!"

Continued on page 68



LEATHER

in Long Beach

Images by

BÄR GALERIE

Christian Mitchell











SOCIAL

MEDIA







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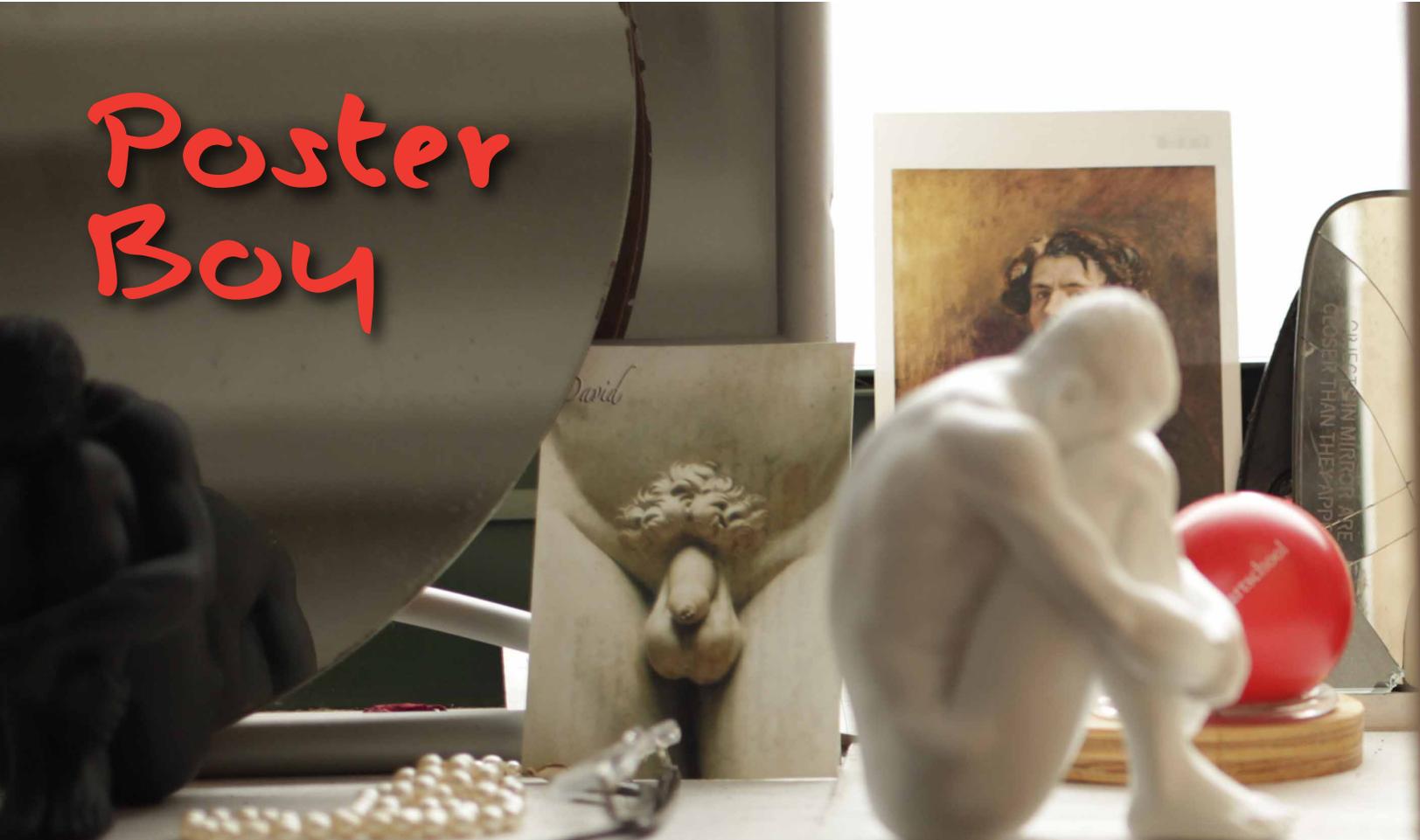
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Poster Boy









Gentleman Collar

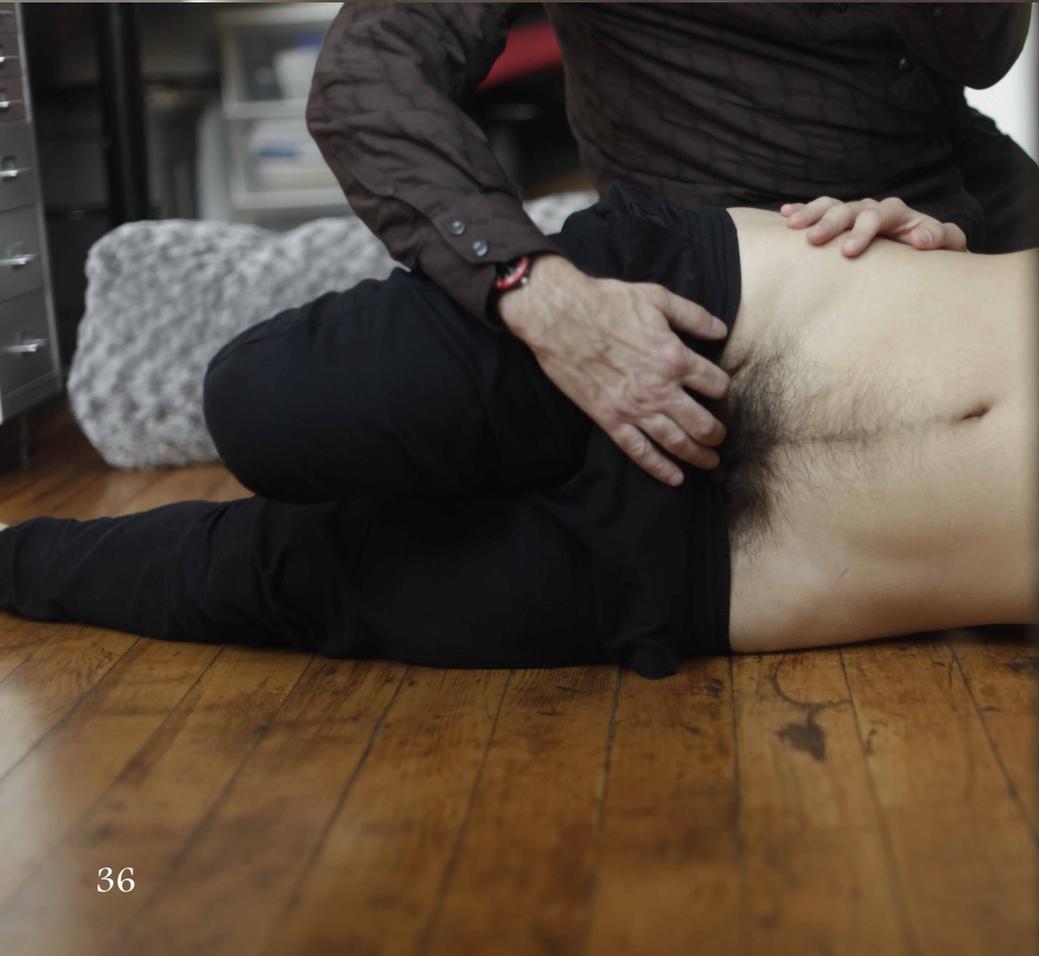








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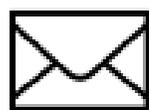






All work Courtesy of Robert Siegelman

Social Media





I was up at my parent's cottage with a close friend of mine. It was the middle of winter in Northern Ontario. We used one bedroom, and the fireplace was the only source of heat for the cottage.

There was lots and lots of snow around the cottage so we scooped up melted snow and boiled it for drinking....but also melted it for toilet flushing! My dad has asked us to piss in the snow, and only flush the toilet when we took a dump. Something to do with the septic tank, and water off etc. Being up there for 4 days and 3 nights, we just pissed in a pail, and dumped it outside.

We were up to do some cross country skiing and just hang-out for the weekend. We ate, made fires, talked, but did a lot of walking and skiing.

The first night we got up there, the snow was so deep we couldn't pull into the driveway. I tramped through the snow, and opened the cottage, and Frank and I lit the fire to get the place warmed up. Then, I handed Frank a shovel, and the two of us spent the next few hours digging out the driveway, fooling around a little as we dug out the drive and path to the front door. It was dark but the moon and stars were in full view, and we could see okay.

When we got inside, our clothes were soaked. We took them off, and laid them close to the fire to dry off overnight. We shared one room, and I remember looking over at him (while joking and talking) enjoying his good size hairy cock hanging down beneath his sweater. It was like something out of a fantasy, and I was

hoping he'd want to walk around like that all night. No luck of course. He slipped on his flannel boxers, and woolie socks - as did I, and we poured drinks - made snacks, and sat on the couch by the fire.

We talked for a bit, but were tired and went to bed.

In the bedroom, was one double bed and one single bed. We jostled over who would get the single, but decided that we'd sleep together to keep each other warm. There was a little sexual excitement or nervousness in the air, but nothing really explicit. I remember him saying that he usually sleeps nude - and asking out loud what he should do...obviously being nervous about it. (we had never roomed before) This guy was a really good straight friend of mine. He had no inkling of any of my bi-desires.

Trying to be as nonchalant as possible, I told him it didn't matter to me. (I was trying to cover up my hardon) He rolled back on the bed and with his legs in the air, yanked off his boxers, rolled back to a sitting position, and yelled - "It's cold in here", and decided to not only put his boxers back on, but a shirt too.

I kept on my boxers, and t-shirt, and crawled in beside him. It was still pretty cold, and we kicked our legs to get some friction and heat in there. It worked. I stayed hard for about an hour, and had to concentrate really hard to get to sleep. This guy was a close match to John Boy Walton - soft spoken - but warm, friendly and good looking.

In the morning, I woke up and his arm

was across my chest. He was in a deep deep sleep, so I just lay there, feeling the warmth of his body close to mine. Of course, my dick sprung to life again, and I wondered - just for a moment if I should try anything.

So, I slid upward to a sitting position, while his arm laid now - over my hardon. He slowly woke up and I pretended to be trying to quietly move out of bed so as "not to wake him". He took his arm away from my body and rubbed his face waking up, looking over to my crotch. He saw my hardon poking out from my boxers, and laughed a little, then turned over saying he was going back to sleep.

I got out of bed, and stoked up the fire adding more wood. I also had to jerk off I was so horny. It took about 30 seconds - and I remember licking it all up.

(I can't believe how much detail I remember here, but I honestly remember it all. It's a good jo story that pleases me regularly)

I made some coffee, and sat there sipping it along with Bailey's Irish Cream when Frank came out of the bedroom. His boxers were off, and he just had his shirt and socks on - looking for the pail to take a piss. We just used a large plastic beach pail which he pissed into facing me in the hallway. He almost filled the thing up!

When I commented on how much piss he put in the pail, he sad he can go without pissing for 2 days if he has to. Then he handed the pail my way and asked if I need to add any to his before he dumped it outside.

I told him that I hadn't pissed yet that morning, and walked over to him, and took the pail. He held it while I pissed into it. (No comments were made, but I stared at his cock the whole time - looking for any signs of rising - none!)

He slipped into his boots, and walked out to the back of the cottage and dumped the urine - no pants on. I watched through the window, as he jumped up and down in the cold, making his dick dance around. It was pretty funny actually.

He came inside and he ran in to the

bedroom to put his flannel boxers back on. After breakfast, we put the dishes aside (we'd do only one load a day), and discussed our plans for the day. We went back in the bedroom and got dressed - small-talking the whole time. We made a lunch to take in our packs, and headed out for some cross-country skiing.

The day was great - beautiful sunny day - not too cold - we talked about lots of things, and had some really good laughs.

When we got inside, it was freezing again, and it took awhile to heat up. The routine was similar as the night before. We played some cards, drank a little, and went to bed. We had taken the time to get to know each other better, and this time, he felt comfortable enough to strip down nude to go to bed. Again, he asked if I minded - and I told him it was fine with me - whatever he was comfortable with. But I kept on my boxers - it was the only way I could hide my hardon.

We talked for a bit about sex, but not long, and he was off to sleep. It was too dark for me to really see his entire body naked, but I remember I had to concentrate hard to go to sleep.

The next morning I was woken up by Frank crawling over top of me to get to the washroom. (The bed was up against the wall). I heard screams of pain referring to the cold toilet seat. When he was finished, he ran to the bedroom, jumped on the bed and under the covers, and hugged me tight to get warm, kicking my legs. I started rubbing him quick and hard on his back and legs, and somehow, in that rubbing, our cocks met - but just brushing against the other. He said he was going to back to sleep.

Next morning - guess what I did - got up and jerked off again!! Same routine as yesterday. This time, when he came out of the bedroom, he was dressed, and I had passed out after I came. I guess my dick was still out of my fly, my hand around it...and I heard some loud comment that startled me. He commented about my dick being out, and I pushed it back inside...both of us

Winter Weekend Away

laughing embarrassingly. This started a morning conversation about jerking off ~ how often ~ where ~ how, but he ended it abruptly about plans for the day.

Today, we hiked through the snow, on some cleared trails, and enjoyed as much of the same comradery as we had the day before.

That night when we drank, watched the fire, and ate some good steaks we were quiet. We were wearing t-shirt, boxers, and socks. We had moved into a different phase of friendship that made it okay to just sit with each other instead of always having to talk. We were content and close.

Sometime during the evening, he had to piss in the pail, but had been drinking ~ perhaps more than we both thought. He grabbed the pail with one hand, pulled out his penis with the other hand. But when he tried to talk to me while peeing, the pail slipped, and spilled on his boxers and legs and socks. We both laughed, but of course had to clean it up. He slipped his boxers and socks off, and we grabbed rags, and cleaned up ~ him with freezing cold water and soap ~ but it was funny just the same.

When we were done, we moved the couch up closer to the fire, and he sat sprawled out so he could get his legs warm. Our legs were touching.

We were still sipping on wine, when he started to sing...."Chestnuts roasting on an open fire" I looked over and he had lifted penis up so his balls were exposed...hence the "nuts roasting on an open fire...."I decided to join him, while we sang to song right through to the end.

We finished the song...laughed....and started to sing a little more. At one point ~ he grabbed my cock and used it as a microphone while he belted out ~"You ain't nuthin but a houndog". He didn't hold it the whole time ~ just for a few seconds. I responded ~ after he was finished ~ with "I've grown accustomed to your face"...while holding his penis and staring into the head. He laughed and stood up, walking to the kitchen for a refill. I had a hardon, he did not.

When he came back, he stood in front of Winter Weekend Away

me with wine bottle, and his cock at eye level....asking me if wanted anything. I remember wondering if this was him asking if I wanted to suck his cock, or if it was just a simple question regarding food and drink. I looked up at his face for some kind of sign, and when I didn't get it, I just raised my wine glass to his cock and he poured.

He stood there for a minute, I looked at his hairy sac, and healthy soft cock ~ a little large than before and looked up at him again.

He turned and sat down beside me ~ keeping his distance. "It's nice being able to hang around ~ almost nude with a friend. Thanks. Just to let you know..you have a nice looking dick". "So do you" I said. Then we raised our glasses and cheered our dicks...and I took one further step and "clinked" my penis, and reached over and ran my glass over his penis. "Cheers buddy" I said. He let out this nervous giggle. and responded by opening and closing his legs while he said in a huge low voice ~ "YOU'RE WELCOME" as if he whole crotch were talking.

We sat there, our hairy legs touching for a long time ~ in a very very sexually stimulated atmosphere. I was rock-hard ~ he didn't care ~ and he wasn't hard. I think that neither of us knew what would happen if we did anything ~ we were questioning the ending.

Maybe it's all we needed to stop things from moving on. Neither of us wanted our to jeopardize our close friendship.

When we stood up to go to bed, we hugged ~ in a little bit of buzzed stupor ~ and he told me that I was a good friend. Our dicks touched once~ but it just our arms and our chests in contact ~ and we went to bed. Nothing happened. We went to sleep.

That night, our feet and hairy legs met frequently. The next morning, we just felt really close. I was dressed, he remained partially dressed, and we were okay. He's married and moved away, so we're not in touch a great deal, but when we connect ~ it's good.



Kevin

Images by JG Photography



Kevin











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Continued from page 17

Then I began my cruel interrogation. Slowly, I dragged the feather across the sole of his left foot, from heel to toes, then dragged it from toes to heel on his right foot. He tried to hold it back, but he couldn't, and started roarin' with laughter.

"You gonna tell me the truth?"

"HA HAAAAAAAAAAAAA! I don't KNOW where yer gold is! Oh, please, STOP! I can't stand it! HAAA HAAAAAAAAAAAAA! I'm gonna DIE!"

"Well, cowboy, since ya can't seem to remember where my gold is... maybe a few hours of tickle torturin' yer big ol' feet with this here feather'll help improve yer memory."

"Please...NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!"

Rhythmically, I began draggin' the feather up and down the cowboy's tender soles, causin' him to laugh harder and harder with each stroke.

Coldly, I ignored his pleas for mercy that he managed to choke out through all that laughin', and I continued to torture the sensitive bottoms of his bare feet with the feather. Five, ten, twenty minutes rolled by, and still not a word on the whereabouts of my gold.

This was one tough outlaw. A lesser man would've talked by now, or havelost his mind. Decided I needed to get mean.

"Don't go nowhere," I said, half-seriously. "I got just the thing that's gonna change yer mind about talkin'."

The panic I saw in his eyes when I pulled my horse's groomin' brush outta my pack told me he wasn't gonna last much longer.

"Ya got one last chance to talk, cowboy," I exclaimed, as I held the stiff-bristled brush just above his big, bare feet, "before I tickle ya to death. You remember where my gold is?"

He said nothin'. That was gonna soon change.

Mercilessly, I whisked the brush back and forth across his soles like I was polishin' a new pair of boots. The cowboy immediately started screamin with laughter, like a madman.

Within minutes, tears were rollin' down his face. His eyes were closed real tight, like he was in a lot of pain. His voice was gettin' hoarse, but he still wasn't cooperatin'. I wondered how long it would be until this outlaw cowboy finally broke.

After about a half hour more of this torture, I noticed a distinct buge in his trousers.

"You give up yet, cowboy?"

He gasped for breath.

"I TOLD ya, I just don't KNOW! Please! PLEASE! I'm tellin' the TRUTH!"

Lookin' at him, I shook my head.

"I can see yer not gonna talk usin' conventional means of torture... but that's all right... I got ONE method left."

He pleaded for me to let him go. I grabbed my feather again, and one more time stared him in the eyes.

"I lied awhile back... I was hopin' I wouldn't have to do this, but ya forced me to."

He nearly panicked, shakin' like a leaf. Was startin' to enjoy this, I was. This was gonna send him over the edge, completely crazy.

"The Chinese knew ONE spot more sensitive on a man than the bottoms of his feet...."

I unbuckled his belt.

"What're you doin'? Don't!! HELP!!!"

I shucked his pants down, exposin' a big, beautiful stiff prick, drippin' with precum. I pulled the skin back from around the head, and slowly dragged the feather across the underside, right below the tip.

He immediately began his hysterical laughter again.

I tickled his stiff cock with that feather until his laughin' died down, and he started buckin' against the ropes.

"Ya better start talkin' right now, 'cause I ain't gonna let ya come until ya talk... and no man can stand gettin' his dick feather tortured for very long. You'll go crazy if ya don't tell me what I wanna know real soon."

All he could do was plead for me to stop, moan, and buck against the ropes, as I continuously tickled him almost to the point of climax, then backed off. This went on for about half an hour, until his eyes were wild, and all his words came out in screams.

"I'LL TALK!! I'LL TALK!!! OH, PLEASE, have MERCY, let me COME!"

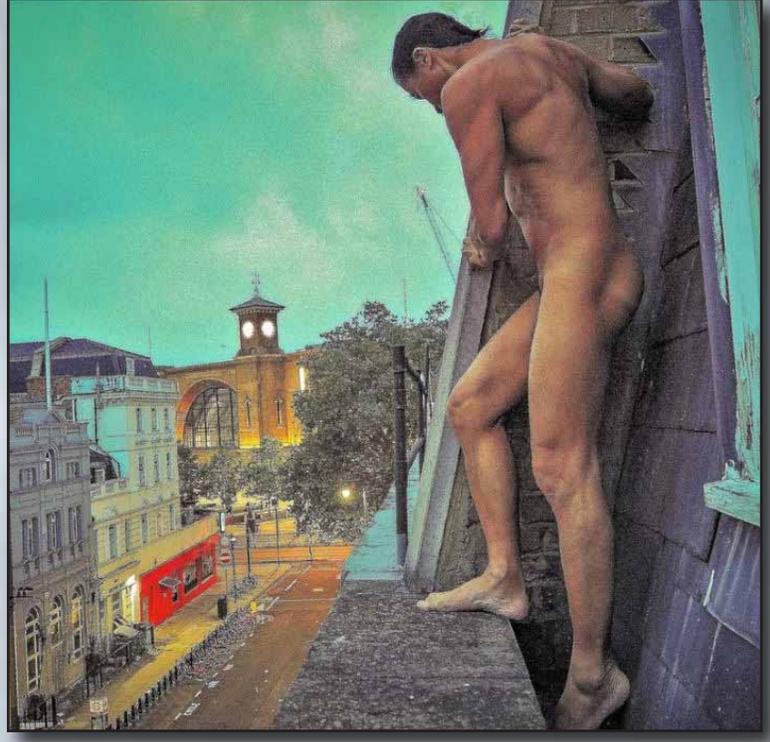
"That's more like it, cowboy. Now... where'd you hide my gold?"

He gave the best confession I'd ever heard a man give. Satisfied, I went to where he hitched his horse, and found my gold hidden in the

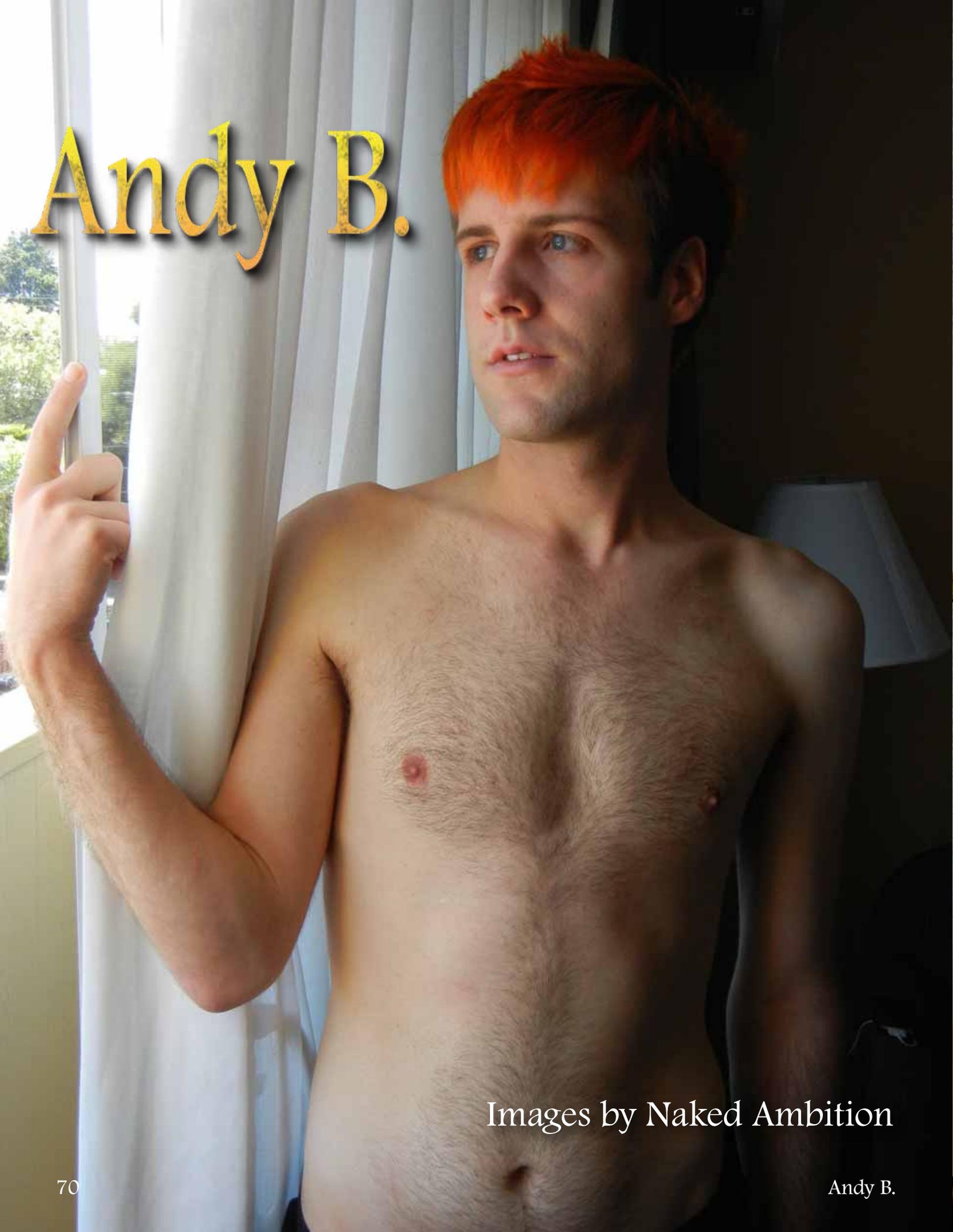
secret compartment of his pouch. His erection was still standin' like a flagpole when I returned. He was waitin' with an anxious, desperate look on his face.

"Okay, cowboy. Now I'll finish ya off... with my tongue."

DHM Fan ~ Nathanael



Andy B.



Images by Naked Ambition



Andy B.





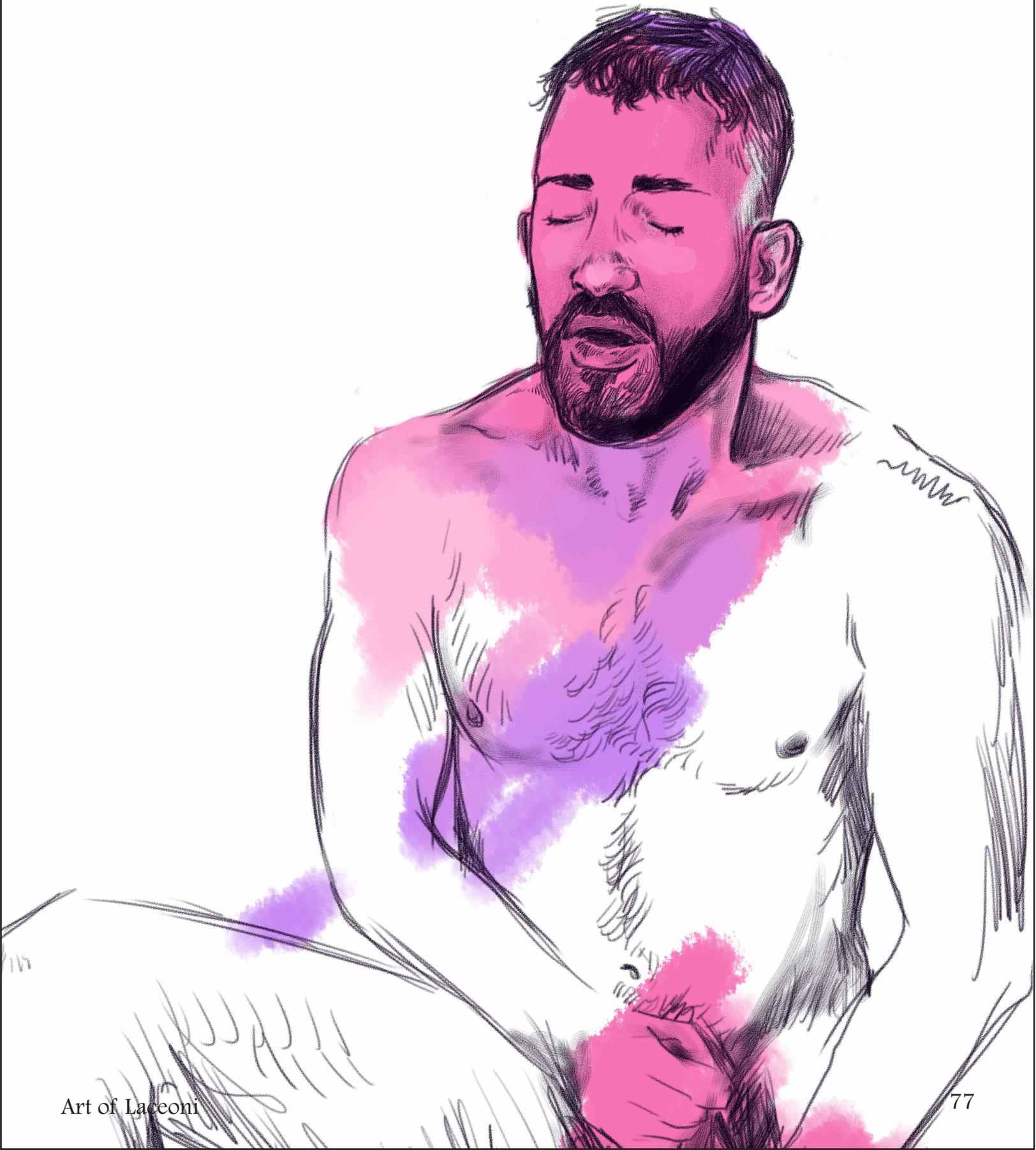
Andy B.

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HYPER Masculine

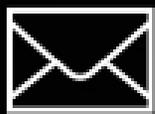








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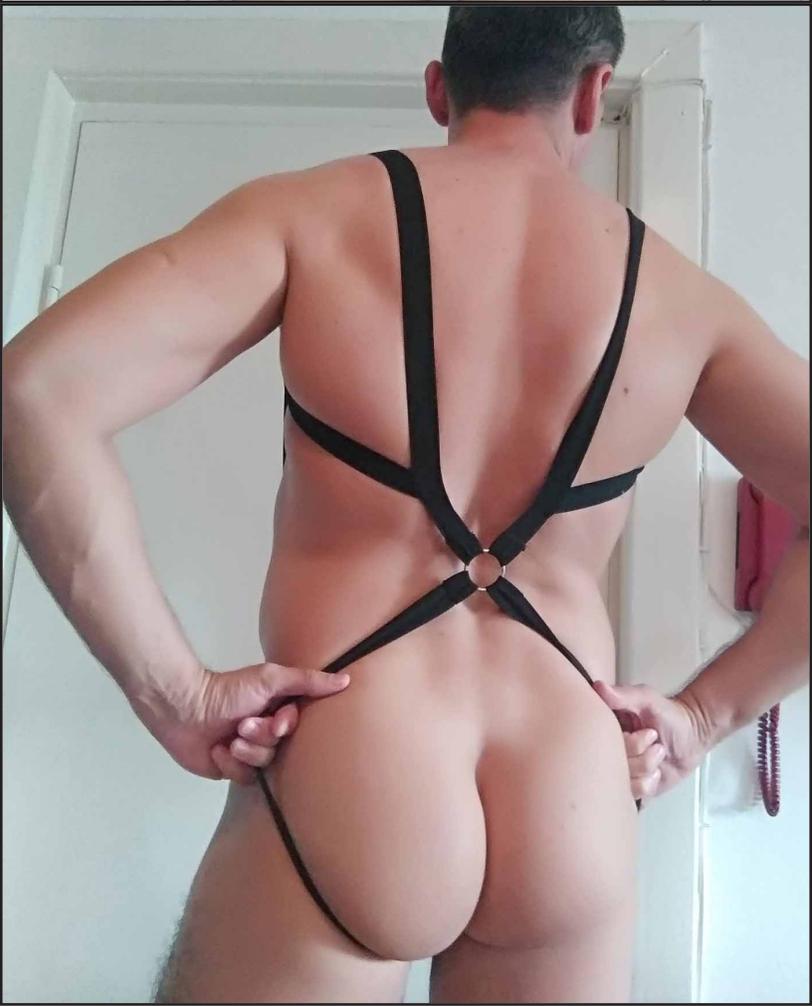
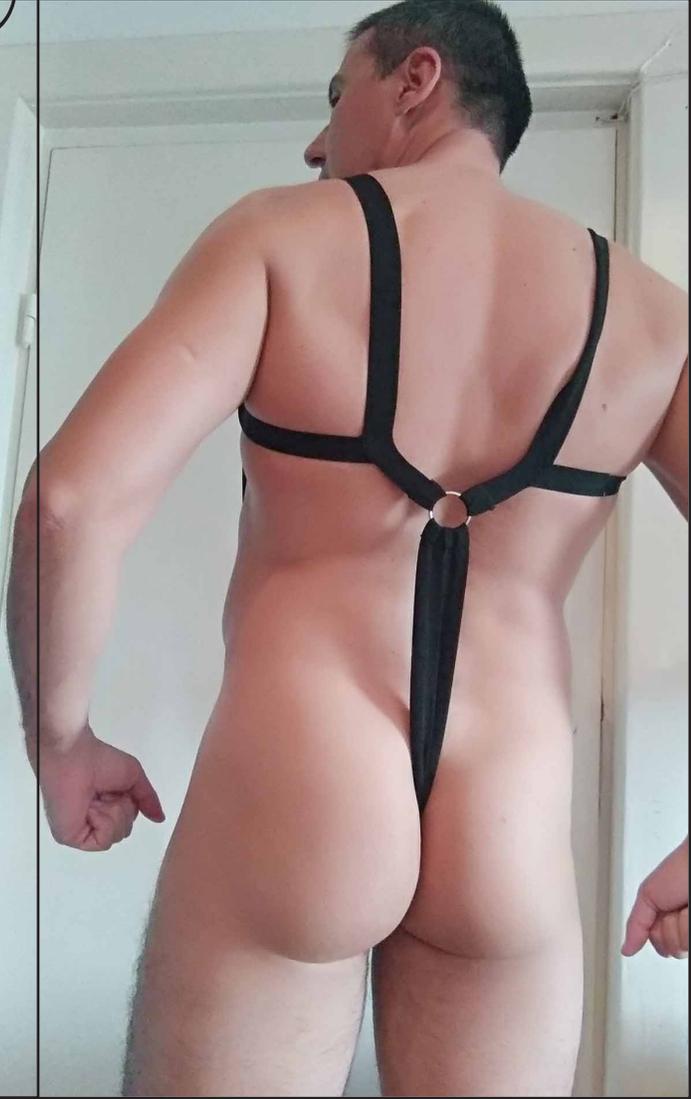


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DHM Fan ~ @bukasxxx



Miro

returns from the Office









Bitte Zimmer aufräumen
Please make up your room
Próbuj dobrać
la chambre de votre
Przygotuj pokój
la plus soignée



Bitte Zimmer
aufräumen
Please make up room
Placer de faire
le lit et ranger
les vêtements
Put yourself
to bed
to make
the room
cleaner





Soical
Media



Prison Break

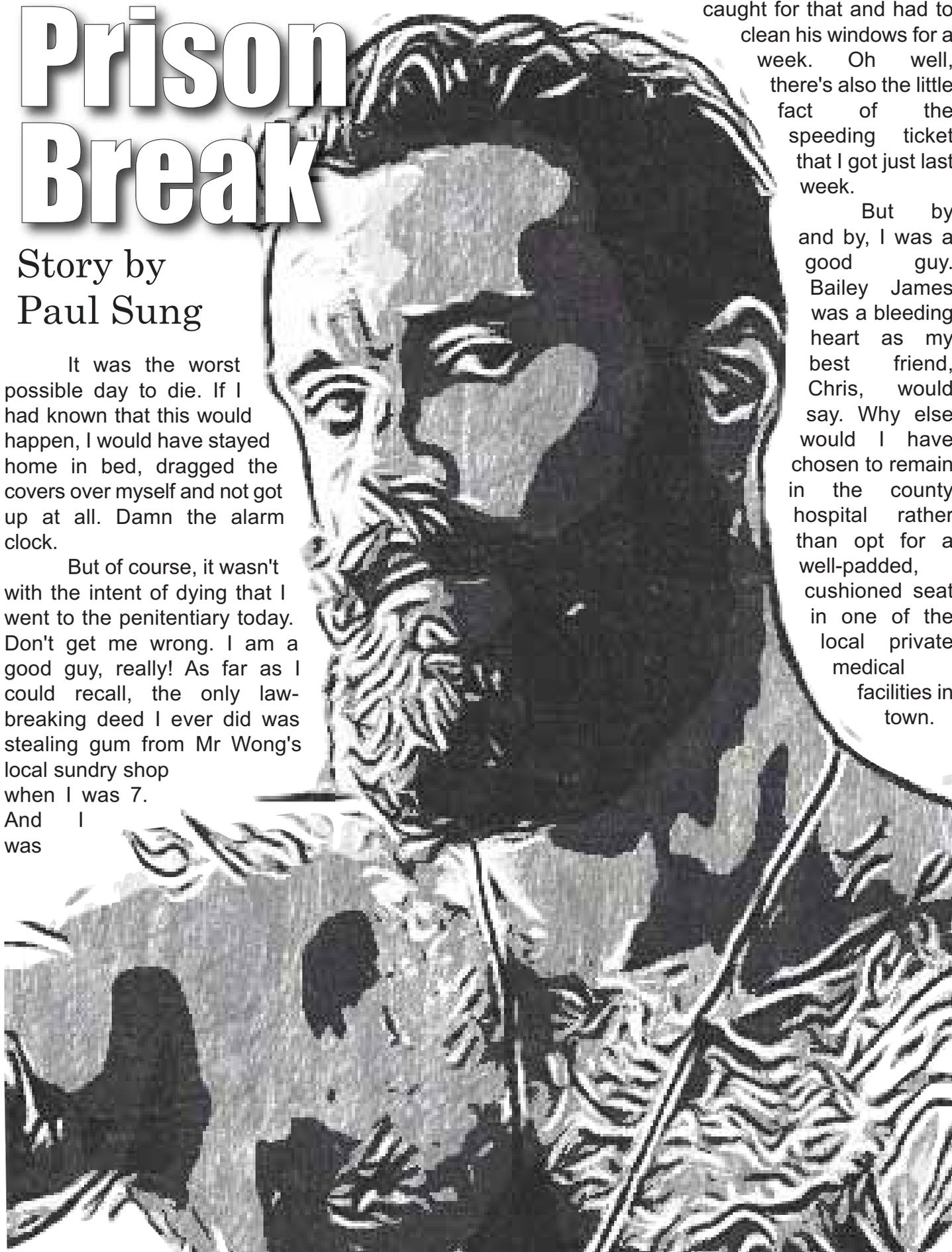
Story by
Paul Sung

It was the worst possible day to die. If I had known that this would happen, I would have stayed home in bed, dragged the covers over myself and not got up at all. Damn the alarm clock.

But of course, it wasn't with the intent of dying that I went to the penitentiary today. Don't get me wrong. I am a good guy, really! As far as I could recall, the only law-breaking deed I ever did was stealing gum from Mr Wong's local sundry shop when I was 7. And I was

caught for that and had to clean his windows for a week. Oh well, there's also the little fact of the speeding ticket that I got just last week.

But by and by, I was a good guy. Bailey James was a bleeding heart as my best friend, Chris, would say. Why else would I have chosen to remain in the county hospital rather than opt for a well-padded, cushioned seat in one of the local private medical facilities in town.



And that's why lil ol me volunteered to be a counselor for the local penitentiary. With my credentials, they were all too willing to accept yours truly. So since moving to town about seven months back, I have been visiting the penitentiary every week on Tuesdays and Fridays to listen to the ventilations of the men of Block A and B of the Bludhaven Penitentiary.

As it was Tuesday, I got over there at 3 pm as I usually did. It was the second biggest mistake of my life. Unfortunately, nothing I'd heard from the men in the penitentiary in the past few weeks had alerted me to the fact that several of them had planned a mass breakout at exactly half past 3. After I heard and wondered about the triumphant yells of the prisoners, I hadn't even had time to pick up my briefcase and make my escape. The man that I was talking to had already got my throat in his ham-sized fists and was already squeezing hard.

The next thing I knew, I was right here. In the backseat of my car, heading to God-knows-where, all tied and trussed up like a Christmas turkey. And my chauffeur for the day was the first biggest mistake of my life. The man I couldn't trust myself to be alone in a room with. Let alone in my backseat.

Slade Montgomery. Dark-haired, sexy as sin and with a mouth made for slow kisses and sweet promises. He'd have been one of those pretty boy model/actor types if he hadn't had that huge boulder of attitude on his shoulder and a mind as sharp as anyone I'd ever known. From his file, I knew that he had been a former SEAL with a genius for computech. Trouble was he seemed to be as loose with his temper as he was with his fists. No doubt that hot temper also led him to put a bullet through his ex-wife's head. Till the end, he never admitted to the murder and just sat there silently while the judge passed a damning sentence that would have him looking at life behind bars for the next two decades.

Fresh meat was always welcome in Bludhaven Penitentiary and with his matinee idol good looks and his rep as a top SEAL operative, there was no end of contenders ready to claim a piece of his prime ass. But from the tales that I heard from the other prisoners, it seems that on the day of Slade's shower initiation, there was a whole

lot of broken jaws, broken bones and bruises with Slade emerging with only a split lip and a couple of bruised knuckles. No one dared touch him after that and Slade remained the untouched virgin bride of Bludhaven.

Slade had been my first patient when I'd started work and.. ironically, it seemed he would also probably be my last. For the past six months, I had talked to him and passed him the letters that he still received weekly from his 4 year old son. And each day, I became more convinced that the man couldn't have done what he was supposed to have done. Not only was the man supposed to have shot his wife, he had also sliced her up and dismembered all her limbs. From the weekly meetings that we had, it seemed inconceivable that he - a man who drew little cartoon figures for his son - could have done just such a... inhuman, monstrous act.

There was no doubt that the man could kill and I had absolutely no doubt that he'd kill if there was simply no other choice. It was his job after all and I'd seen the stack of commendations he'd received. But in such a grisly fashion? From what I'd seen and heard, he seemed to be a man who had a great deal of respect for life . If for some reason Slade killed, he would be quick, clean and methodical. He certainly wasn't the type who'd slash, slice and label the pieces afterward. It could only have been done by someone who truly enjoyed their craft, who savoured each killing with a relish - quite unlike the man I'd gotten to know.

And even if he had murdered his wife in cold blood, for a man as brilliant as he, I sincerely doubted that he'd have been caught as easily as that. The incongruity had puzzled me for some time but although I'd looked through his case files, I saw nothing but evidence that pointed to him as the most logical suspect for his wife's murder.

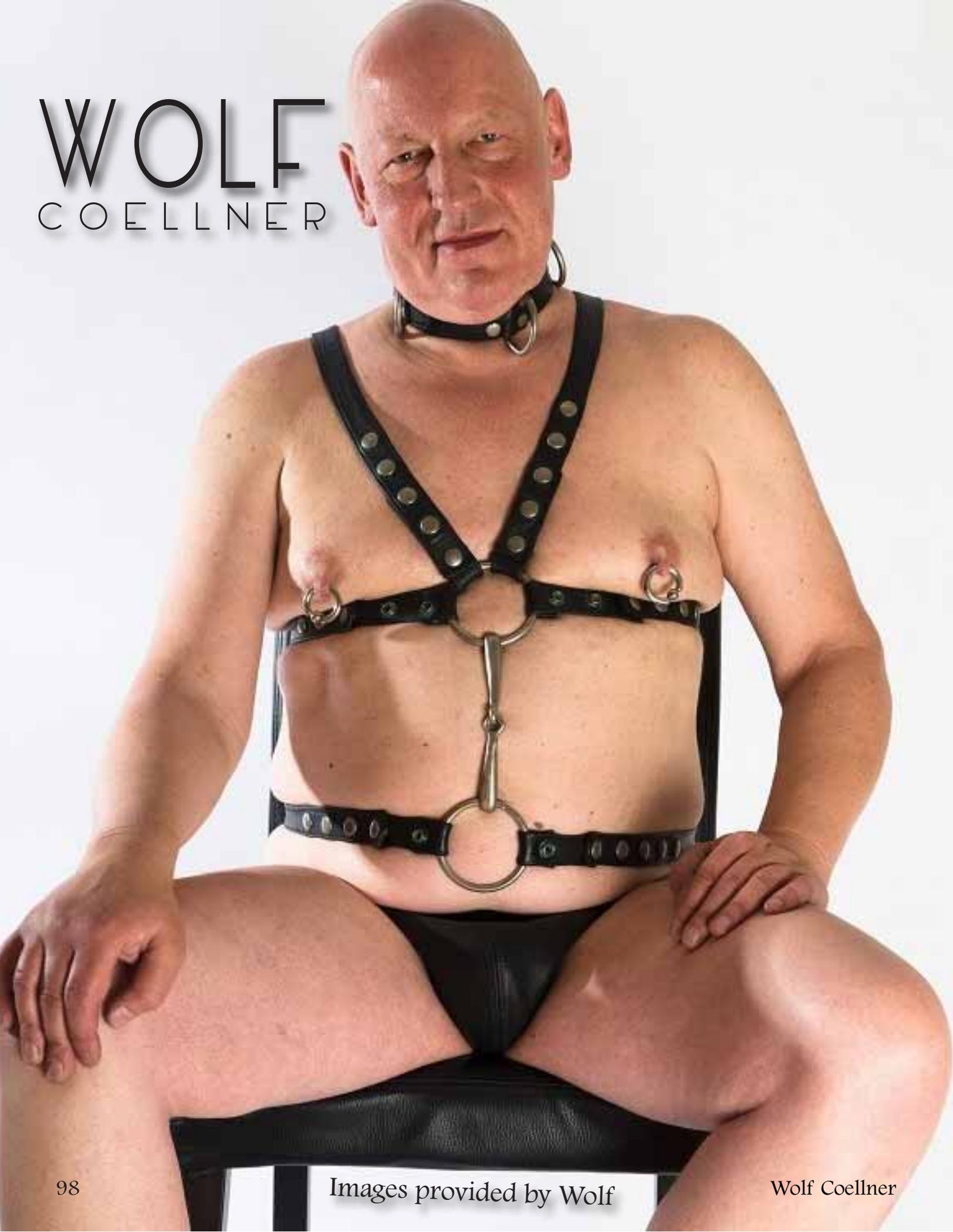
But something continued nagging at me.

Of course a large part of it was the fact that the man stirred something in me. After all with my erratic work schedule, he was the one man I'd seen regularly for the past six months. And I certainly looked forward every week to seeing him. Like a penfriend or an e-mail correspondent, he was my most loyal contact. I wondered what it was in me

Continued on page 105

WOLF

COELLNER







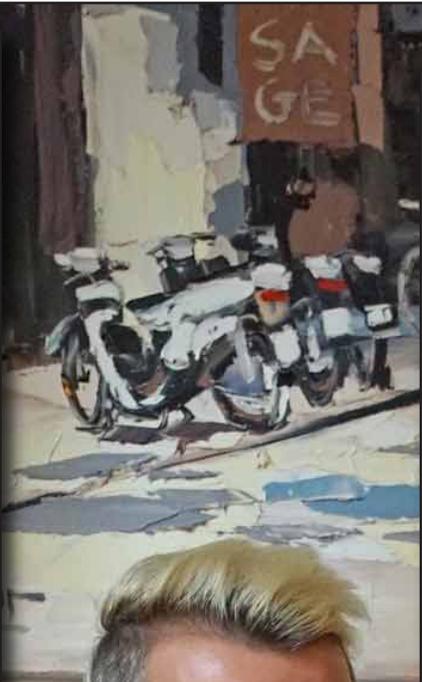




SOCIAL MEDIA



DHM Fan ~ Pierre



Continued from page 97

that made me feel something for a man who had been convicted of such a heinous crime. Definitely something to analyze over a couch for years afterward. From the first time I opened the door and I saw those dark, unfathomable eyes, I had been attracted to the man. Sure, in the beginning, I admitted it was his amazing looks that drew me but I consoled myself that great muscles and a sexy smile certainly couldn't hold my attention for more than six months. Especially if there was nothing behind that handsome facade. But to my chagrin, the package also included an IQ near as high as mine and a devilish sense of humour.

The chemistry was still there six months later but I had started becoming a little more guarded with the man. At times, it had seemed as if he might be flirting with me but I dismissed the very notion. It was impossible. There was simply no future falling for a man who was not only straight and a convicted murderer but would also be incarcerated in a cell for the better part of his life.

"You okay back there, doc?"

The voice jolted me from my reverie. I'd always liked hearing Slade's voice. The deep, mellow baritone with the slight Irish tilt. Right now however, I felt like shoving my boot into his no doubt smirking face.

"Slade, take my car but let me go. It would be worse for you to be indicted for kidnapping too."

There was laughter from the front - cold, lifeless and with a meanness that I had not expected from him. "Doc, I am already in for twenty. Do you think another year or two is gonna matter that much to me?"

"And to think there were times I thought you were bloody innocent," I mumbled through gritted teeth. Earlier, I had already tested my bonds but

Mr Ex-SEAL was obviously an expert at tying knots too. There was a little give but there was no way I'd be able to somehow get loose. Obviously the commendations he'd gotten hadn't lied. He was good.

His eyes met mine over the rearview mirror, the deep, clear blue eyes narrowed with cruel intent. "Your mistake, Doc."

Logic easily told me that a convicted murderer couldn't be trusted but somehow, it still

felt like a betrayal and anger flared. "Is this the example you're setting for your son? That his father is a fucking bastard?" Infuriating the kidnapper certainly wasn't something that I'd recommend but I just couldn't help it. Together in such close confines, I could smell the man's scent and the very fact that I still felt an attraction infuriated me. Damn the man for smelling so good. What the hell did he shower with?

Those broad shoulders lifted in a quick, careless shrug. "You can tel him that yourself. We're going there tonight."

Struggling against my bonds, I cursed loud enough for him to hear.

Slade shifted the mirror and flashed a quick smile at me. "Damn, Doc, I never knew you had such a mouth on you. And here I thought you were so goody-two-shoes squeaky clean."

In a short, succinct phrase, I told him to attempt something anatomically almost impossible which made him smile wider. "Hell, even I am not that limber, Doc, but I guess you'll find that out for yourself tonight."

The sudden heat in his eyes left me in no doubt of his meaning. A while back I might have leapt at the chance to get horizontal with him but right now as his hostage, I somehow didn't find it all that appealing. Well, perhaps a little less appealing. "I'd rather be dead than do anything with you, asshole." I told him quietly from the back.

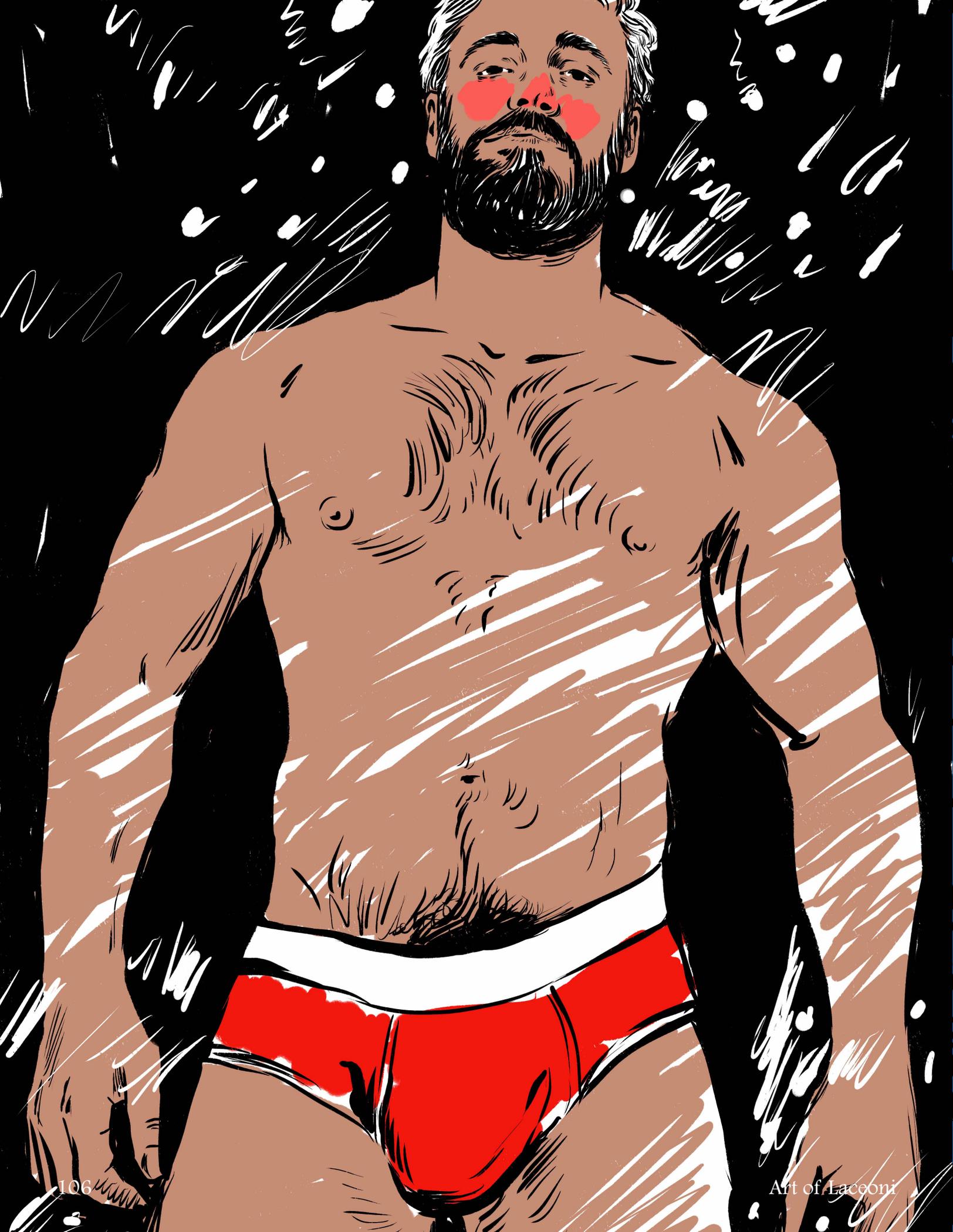
"No, you don't. I've seen you looking at me, Doc. You're gay and you're hot for me." Before I could refute his words, Slade continued smoothly. "Don't deny it. You're the kinda guy who can't lie worth a damn, trust me."

"Trust you? Like hell!" I sputtered. His words stung but then the truth usually did. Even if he had butchered his wife as the courts had decided, I still would have leapt at the chance to be alone with him. Irrestible men with stunning physiques and flashing eyes usually did that to me. Hence my continued avoidance of him.

"Ah, but you still haven't denied it. You want to jump my bones, don'tcha honeybuns?" he grinned, giving me a flash of charm that stunned me like a livewire.

"Yes, I am gay. No, I don't want to have anything to do with you." I intoned clearly, word for

Continued on page 108





Continued from page 105

word. Admitting I was gay was simple enough since I had never hidden the fact from anyone, not even from him. But it was pure orneriness that had me saying that I didn't want him getting down and dirty when even as I said it, I could easily picture jumping him right in the spacious backseat of the BMW. Licking the man from the top of his delectable dark head down to his sexy feet. Slurp!

As if confirming something he'd already known, Slade nodded knowingly. "Yeah. You are a bad liar."

Glaring at his dark head, I kept stolidly silent for a while, stewing all the while about what he had just said. Moments later however, I found that I couldn't help blurting out: "But damn it, you're not gay!"

His broad shoulder lifted in a dismissing shrug. "Guess there are lots of things you never knew about me."

Something in what he said made me suspicious. As I ran his words through in my mind, my heart started thudding in my chest wildly. It was a question that I'd never broached in all my time here but with present circumstances, I felt that I had nothing to lose in finding out. My eyes narrowed and I asked him quietly, "So you really did kill Amanda?"

"So you think I killed Amanda?" He was silent for a moment and my heart stopped for a beat as I waited for his answer. "Doc, you have known me better these six months than - well, hell, better than anyone else has ever known me. What do you think?"

"Right now, I don't know what to think," I answered honestly. From my vantage point, I could barely see out the window but I could make out the angle of the sunlight. It was getting darker and I vaguely judged it around 7. The cool, mellow jazz he had playing in my car screened out any background noise I could hear apart from his voice. "Where the hell are you going? Your son's with your sister, isn't he?"

"Yeah, Doc, but we aren't going to pick Sam yet. We're dropping by your place first."

He spoke as easily, as calmly as he would at a tea party though I couldn't imagine the bronzed stud fiddling around with my aunt's dainty teacups. It was disconcerting hearing him speak that

unemotionally and I wondered whether he'd done the same to his wife. "You don't know where I live," I said matter-of-factly.

"Sure I do. I am a good listener. And I do love listening to you, baby." He taunted me. Slowing down the car, Slade glanced back for a second and flashed a teasing grin. "Look, I stink to high heaven and I need a bath. Surely you wouldn't begrudge a vicious murdering convict some soap, water and perhaps a hot meal to go?"

My thoughts racing, I sat there silently. The cops would probably be waiting at my place. I was listed as a visitor at the prison and surely even with the chaos, they'd have noticed that I was missing by now. The thought of having the man caught and apprehended pleased me but there was a niggling, insane part of me deep inside that voted to have him go free. It was also the part that wanted him in my shower, tied up, sweaty and naked.

My silence had him continuing. "I know what you're thinking, Doc. That someone noticed that you'd disappeared and the cops would come looking. Well, don't get your hopes up. The only person who knows you were in that cell is me. The guards won't be talking..."

My throat clogged up as I remembered the faces of the men who'd let me into the conference room. Had Slade killed them? With what? Stabbed them with my pen? Choked them with my stethoscope? Or was it Brian, the thug that I was interviewing at that time? "Did you... did you..?"

His reply was as grim as his expression. "No, I couldn't get to them in time."

The bruises on my neck reminded me of the beefy blond bruiser who'd had his beefy fingers around my throat. And the obscene things he'd said to me about what he wanted to do to me. It involved me becoming his slutty new bride in the penitentiary. Of course if the man in question had been Slade, I doubt I'd have put up any kind of a fight. "And Brian?"

His lips flattened into straight line. "Let's say you won't be seeing him anytime soon."

The grim look on his face made me not want to check my pockets for my pen. God knows what the man could do with that.

The End

DHM Fan ~ Hunter Strauss



Desert Heat

Magazine™

September 2019 | Issue 9

Featuring

Aedan Del Sol

