

Desert Heat

Magazine™

October 2018 | Issue 02

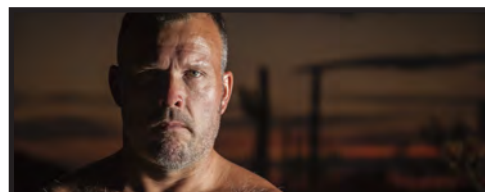


Desert Heat

Magazine
August 2018 | Issue 1



Brock Hart 3



13 Bear Grease



Giovanni 17



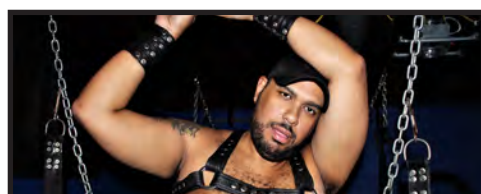
30 The Art of Laceoni



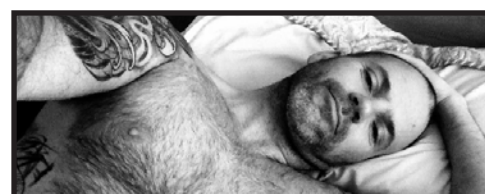
Men of Cerf 35



46 Jezebel



Jake Ashley 49



63 Dannie Givens



Smith 76



87 A Real Working Man



Juan CORTO 89



102 Ali Mr. Bear Syria

Daniel 120



Editor

John Kranz
john@desertheatmag.com

Artistic Director

John Kranz
john@desertheatmag.com

Publisher

Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages@gmail.com

Design

John Kranz
john@desertheatmag.com

Submissions

submissions@desertheatmag.com

Contributors

Cerf (claudefauconnier@mac.com)

Duke Edwards Photography
(sillycub1980@gmail.com)

Photos by Deej
Giovanni

Jake Ashley (fitlad41@live.co.uk)

Paul APLU (paulpace75@yahoo.fr)

Elijah James Barrett (arkhamcraft@yahoo.com)

Hans, Arktos Photography
(arktos.photography@yahoo.com)

Laceoni (laceoni@yahoo.com)

Menasco Photography
(ericphx1975@gmail.com)

Cover Photo: Brock Hart
by Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages.com

desertheatmag.com

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

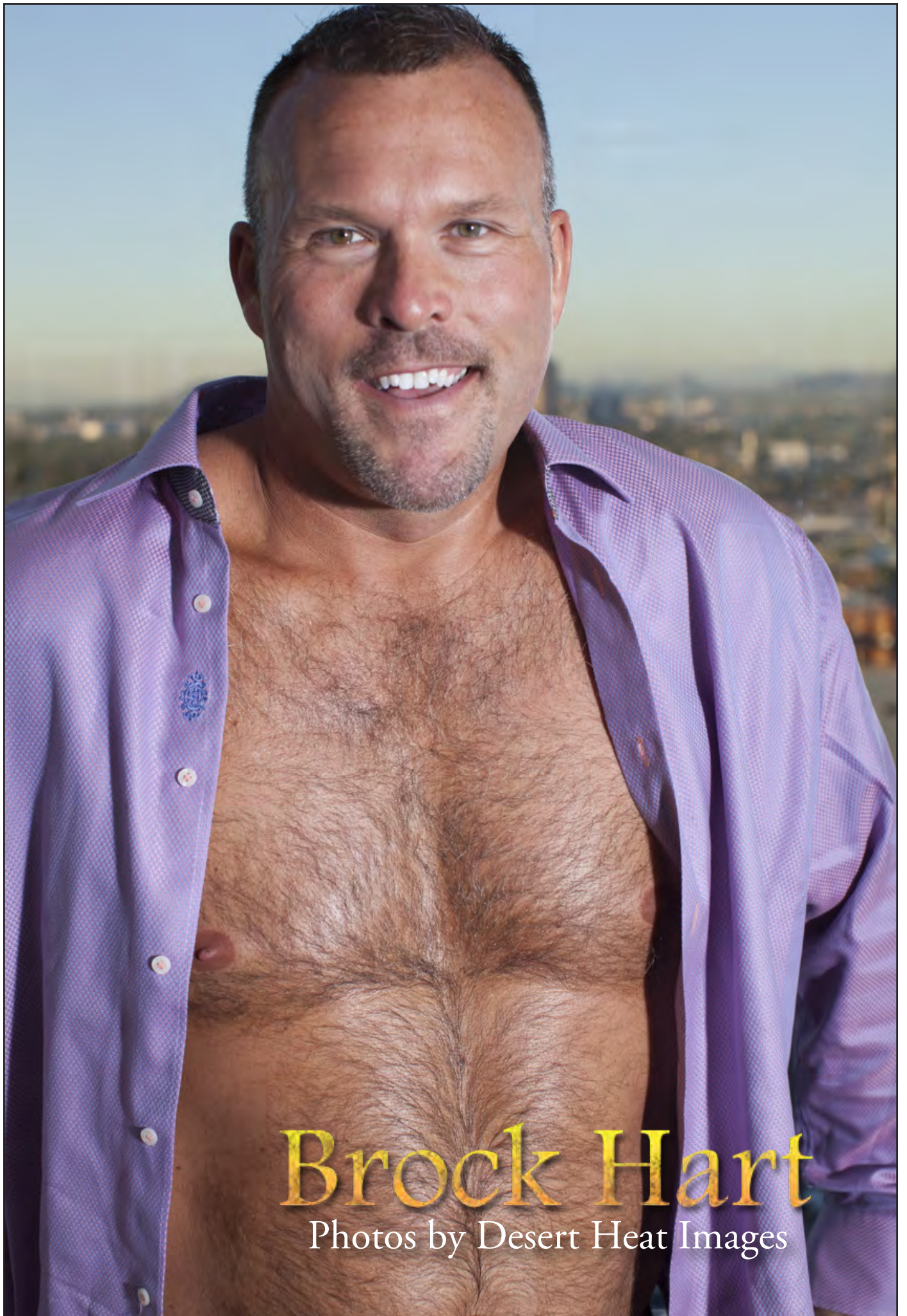
For further information please contact:
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:
@desertheatmag

Facebook:
www.facebook.com/desertheatmag

Tumblr:
desertheatmagazine.tumblr.com

Must be 18 years or older to view

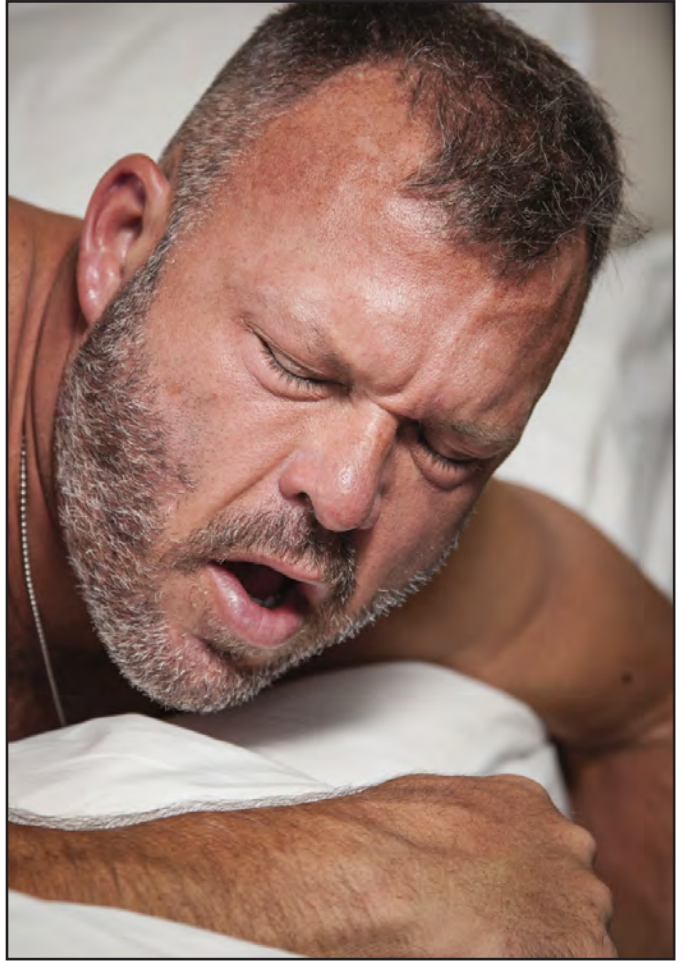


Brock Hart

Photos by Desert Heat Images



Brock Hart





Brock Hart





Brock Hart





Brock Hart





Bear Grease

By Clancy

Continued from previous issue...

What now?" Mike asked with that shit-eating grin on his face. I could see he was into this and getting his confidence back.

"Anything you want."

I crawled over to him started rubbing the cum and juice into his belly hair.

"Anything," his eyebrows lifting, "really?"

"Well ... I do have some limits. I'll let ya know."

"OK. In that case, I want you to..."

"To what?" I coaxed.

"I want to fuck you, but I'm afraid I might hurt you."

He said this without looking at me, just staring down at his twitching cock.

I followed his gaze down and gulped. The idea of having that monster crammed up my ass gave me pause for concern. I had never been topped before. I knew that all the guys I had fucked seemed to enjoy the hell out of it but...first time for everything, I guess.

"I'll understand if you don't want to," he said, still not looking at me, "my wife never did like it. Said it hurt too much."

There was definitely a lot more going on here than he was telling.

"I didn't say I didn't want to." Reaching up and feeling his beard for the first time.

"We'll just have to go real slow and take it one step at a time."

"Do you have any lube around here?" I asked when his head shot up in surprise.

"Lube?"

"Something we can use, you know, to help out?"

Mike jumped up and started looking around the cabin.

It was pretty comical watching this great moose of a man, running around with his prick bouncing and waving, frantically rummaging over the shelves. He came back holding a can out to me.

Taking the lid off I sniffed at it and crinkled my nose.

"It's rifle cleaning oil." He said hopefully.

I didn't like the idea of having this stuff inside me. Besides, it smelled like the inside of a dirty factory.

"Don't you have anything else, maybe some cooking oil or even Crisco?"

He stood thinking for a sec, got that goofy grin of his, and went to the back of the cabin.

Taking the lid off an old coffee can, he dipped his fingers in and held them out.

It was almost clear. About the same color as his beard and didn't have much of a smell.

"What is it?" Wary of what he was up to.

"Bear grease." He said proudly.

"When I got that bear last year I processed him right here. I gave most of the meat away, but I kept some of the fat to cook with."

"That bear skin, your dick is leaking all over, is the only other thing I kept"

He positively beamed down at me.

Mike put his finger to my lips.

Amazing! It tasted just like he did! A subtle mixture of pine and wood smoke and a little salty.

"How appropriate." I laughed.

"Lay on your stomach." Mike's voice suddenly took on a husky tone. Doing as he ...ordered? ... I rolled over and felt him settle himself between my slightly parted legs.

His hands began to rub my ass checks. The friction of his hands making my butt tingle. He continued this for some time and I thought that maybe he was starting to get cold feet.

I was laying on my stiff prick. When I raised up a little to reposition, he used the opportunity to jab his finger against my puckered asshole.

"Ugh!" I grunted. I felt something cold dripping down into my crack and realized he was dribbling the bear grease on me. His fingers were running up and down the crevice now and each pass brought an electric shock to my hole.

"Raise up." He had bent down and whispered in my ear.

Rocking slightly up on all fours, I was totally opened up to him now.

His rubbing continued. From the hairy patch on the small of my back, down across my hole, then onto my balls. Slicking them with a little tug on each pass.

I could feel my asshole clinch each time he touched it. Soon the rubbing got harder. He was really started to dig now, the tips of each finger actually entering a little.

The rubbing stopped. With his left hand he gripped my balls and pulled them back as far as they would go, into the crack of my ass as his thumb pressed against my chute.

Harder and harder, incessantly!

His thumb was slick from the grease, with a soft pop, his thumb was in and I gasped!

He was pulling on my balls, forcing my butt higher into the air.

Mike slowly eased his thumb out but immediately replaced it with one of his meaty fingers from the other hand, well past the second knuckle.

I tried to pull away from the pain but he literally `had me by the balls'. I jerked back to relieve the pressure on my nutsack and sank farther onto his finger.

Back and forth he forced me to fuck myself like this. The pain eased and I started to feel a warm glow start in the muscles of my asshole.

Then came a particularly sharp tug, as I came back with it I impaled myself on a second finger!

Reflexively, I bore down, trying to push his fingers out of me. The more I pushed tho' the deeper they sank.

This whole process was repeated until I had his middle three fingers up my ass.

My assring was stretched and burning, my balls ached with pleasure/pain, and my breathing was ragged. My head hung down between my arms and my thighs were dripping with my own precum.

Mike released my balls and I fell forward, on my face. My tortured asshole slipping off his fingers.

"On your back."

Now I could see him. Standing over me, he was stroking his cock up and down. Using both hands he skinned the head and stuck his bulging rod directly into the can of grease.

Staring at me with lust in his eyes, he said.

"I want to look at your face as I fuck you."

I was having second thoughts about this. I wanted this man inside me so bad, but looking at his wet, dripping crotch I was convinced it would kill me.

Kneeling down, Mike placed my ankles on his shoulders. The shaft of his prick slimed down the crevice of my ass. Humping in slow strokes, I could feel the head slip and slide over my hole.

My legs kept slipping off his shoulders and breaking his rhythm. He retrieved his boxers off the floor, put them on my feet, and then bending my knees up toward my chest, he slipped

DE

WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM



the boxers around the back of my neck.

My butt was now sticking up in the air and I could feel cool air hit my wet crack.

Mike immediately eased his three fingers back up inside me.

"Aahhh..." I moaned. I didn't realize that I would welcome him in so easily.

Wriggling his fingers around, he made sure I was lubed. His fingers stretching me open. He poured some of the bear grease right into my gaping hole.

I was starting to hump at his fingers again, and make small grunting noises.

Placing the tip of his man prick against my hole he allowed his weight to fall forward.

It slid in with only a slight twinge of pain. As soon as the ridge cleared the ring of muscle the pain eased.

I breathed a little sigh of relief, the worst part was over, right?

But he didn't stop!

He continued to fall forward, driving that fuck stick deeper and deeper into my bowels.

His cock broadened out as it got closer to the root. The farther in it went, the more it stretched the opening.

He stopped.

It was starting to burn around the ring of my hole now. But I could feel the hair of his pubes tickling my ass.

I did it! I had taken it all in and it wasn't as bad as I feared.

Suddenly he leaned into me again and the pain shot through my ass

I had forgotten that his crotch hair grew half way up his cock.

"Oh God!"

He was only in four or five inches!

"Wait!"

Suddenly the pain in my ass was joined by a pain deeper inside. His dickhead was pressing into something up inside me. It was a dull throb that increased with each additional fraction of an inch he fed me.

I was struggling now, trying to slide back off this spike in my rectum. Mike's hands were on my hips, pulling. My twisting around only drove him in deeper.

Something in my guts gave way. With a soft slap his balls bounced against my ass, as he plunged the last three inches.

"Don't move!" I gasped. I could actually feel the head of his cock putting pressure up inside me, but that wasn't pain, just fullness.

The pain in my assing was a burning. His cock, being wider at the base than the head, was stretching my ass muscles to their limit.

He didn't move.

But I couldn't keep still!

My bowels kept trying to expel this invader. Each contraction produced a spark of pleasure that was starting to build up.

Soon it wasn't enough. My bowels continued to milk his shaft, but without realizing it, I had grabbed his wrists and was humping up into him.

"Like that do ya?" He asked. Repeating the stupid question I had asked him earlier after the blowjob.

My eyes were closed tight and my hands had slid down to hook around the backside of his knees, holding him still, buried to the balls.

"I can't hear you boy..."

"Yes" I gasped as he thrust his hips into me.

"Big, isn't it"

"Yes!"

Bear Grease continued on page 27

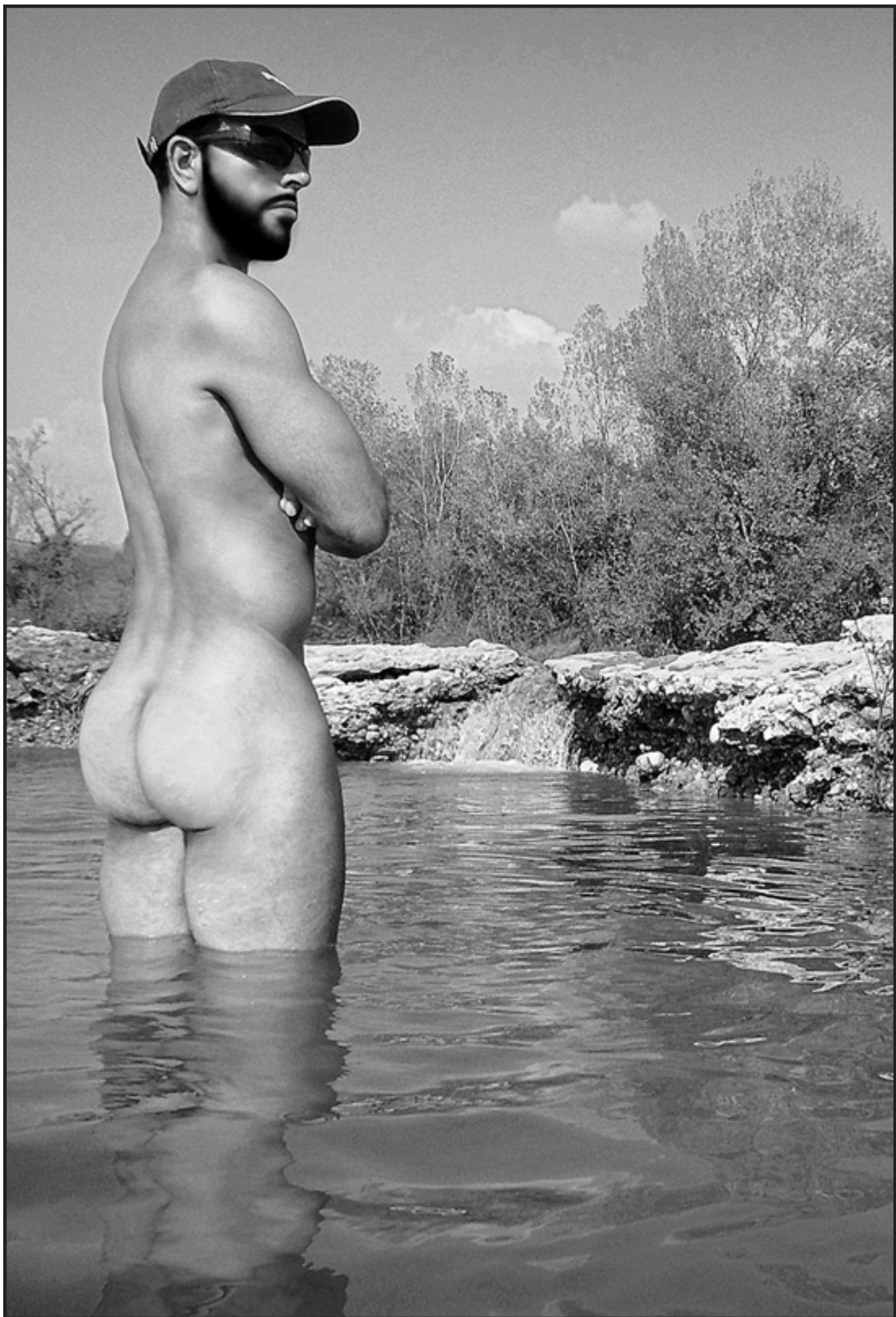


Photos by Gio

Giovanni



Giovanni









Giovanni









Bear Grease continued from page 16

"You like it, don't you?"

"Yes.!"

"Tell me..."

"I like it...I like your prick...Jesus it hurts!"

"Want me to take it out?" He said in a sweaty tone of voice.

"NO!" I couldn't believe how turned on I was by this sudden change in his demeanor. Confident.

In control.

"You want me to fuck you, don't you..."

"Yes." I whispered.

Mike eased back on his heels, and my body rocked with him. His dick sliding slowly out.

"Aaahhhh" I sighed, as the pressure was released.

Mike reached down with his shirt and cleaned his prick, and wiped the grease off my butt.

"I want a little friction down there," he said, "this stuff is too slick for fucking."

He pressed the head of his prick against my hole and lodged just the head in.

He was right. The sensations were stronger as his flesh dragged against mine. I had so much of the grease inside me tho' that it wasn't completely dry.

As he settled the last few inches back into me, I could feel the hair growing on the shaft rub the lining of my asshole.

He started rocking back and forth on his knees. Slowly in, and slowly out.

The head would rub against my prostate with each pass.

My cock was so hard it hurt. I let go with one of my hands and reached for it.

"Unnnhhh..." He smacked my hand away and thrust in hard.

"Don't touch!" he commanded.

"You just let daddy take care of everything." he said with another thrust that made me see stars.

Mike raised himself up on his toes, placed his hands on the back of my thighs and started to plow.

No warning.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

"OHHHH...GOD...I'M..." I screamed as a hot load of high, arching cum hit me in the face, splattered over my chest and started running down my neck.

Mike didn't even slow down.

I didn't have to hear the moans and groans to know that had got to Mike.

"Tell me...come on...tell me..." he said through gritted teeth.

"I'm...getting fucked by you...I'm getting fucked..."

"Tell me..."

"You're fucking me in...my ass..."

"You want me to come now, don't you..."

"OHHHHHHH..."

My cock was leaking a steady stream of cum which was pooling in my belly button.

"You want me to come in you, don't you..."

"Yes..."

"You want me to come now, up your ass..."

"Yes..."

"Tell me!" He hissed, grabbing my balls and squeezing.

"I want you...to come in my ass...please...ohhh...God...please..."

Now, Mike pulled his stiff, pulsing cock out to the meaty ridge. Gathering his strength

and, getting some leverage he started to bang into me as hard as he could.

His balls were hanging down, slapping against my upturned ass.

Hard.

"Jesus..." I said, opening my eyes to take it all in.

I wanted to see it all!

I wanted to feel it up inside me.

"Come on...come on daddy...let me have it...come on..."

And with that, Mike started to lose his rhythm.

He was going to shoot his load...

"OHHHH... God... squeeze my balls...squeeze my balls and make them...come...!"

I did as I was told.

I couldn't wait to feel those hard nuggets in my fingers...

Now, I was holding them and squeezing them, each one, left and right, and certainly did the trick, pushing Mike right over the edge.

"Jesus...Jesus... I'm going to come...I'm going..."

With that, he started to shoot his load...his hot load, deep inside me.

I managed to hang on, but Mike was jerking around so bad I couldn't get a good grip.

I watched intently as he pumped his cock in once, twice, his balls in my grip. Then his head went back and he growled at the ceiling. His stuff was coming out thick and creamy, and he was loving it. Loving it!

It was so good...

I just loved this!

"Tell me." he said.

"You're cumming in Me.!"

Mike grinned.

"Do you like it?" He asked?

"Yes."

"And are you going to lick my cock clean?"

I just nodded my head. Looking up at him past my jutting cock and hairy balls, I could tell that he knew that I would do anything he asked.

From now on.

Mike adjusted his position so that he was right on top of me, bending his cock down so he could make it work easier.

I tilted my neck up and my head back. It was a simple thing to slide the head of his sticky cock into my open, waiting mouth.

"That's it, son...suck on it...suck on it good...let me feel it...let me feel it so good...yes, son...yes..."

I was nearly delirious as I rolled that fat cock around in my mouth, taking long, deep sucks off of it, making sure I was able to get it all down. I wasn't going to be allowed to stop, I knew, until I'd completely cleaned his cock, taking every last drop of cum off of it.

I loved the way that cum tasted!

So hot and sweet and yet a little salty, just the best combination in the world!

I wanted it all.

The room grew very quiet, the only sounds now were the smacking of my lips on Mike's spongy, half-hard cock.

Mike leaned forward and sucked my still oozing prick into his mouth, returning the sensations that were coursing through his body.

I couldn't believe it! I started to squirm again. So soon after cumming was not normal for me.

So with the head of Mike's prick lodged in my throat, hips lips and tongue brought



me to another shattering orgasm.

My cum pumped down his throat as his beard smeared the accumulated juice into my belly fur.

When he was finally finished, he sat back up, sighing, quite fulfilled. We spent the rest of the night holding each other, making love, and talking.

I knew that this man, this Great Bear of a Man, had changed my life forever.

There is a lot more to this story.

It is as true as memory allows.

Mike says that I have romanticized it way out of proportion, but This is how I remember our first night.

That was three years ago and we're still together. We go hunting every year up at the cabin.

My bear hunting days are over. I finally bagged the only one I want. Mike's too. Says he produces all the Bear Grease we'll ever need.

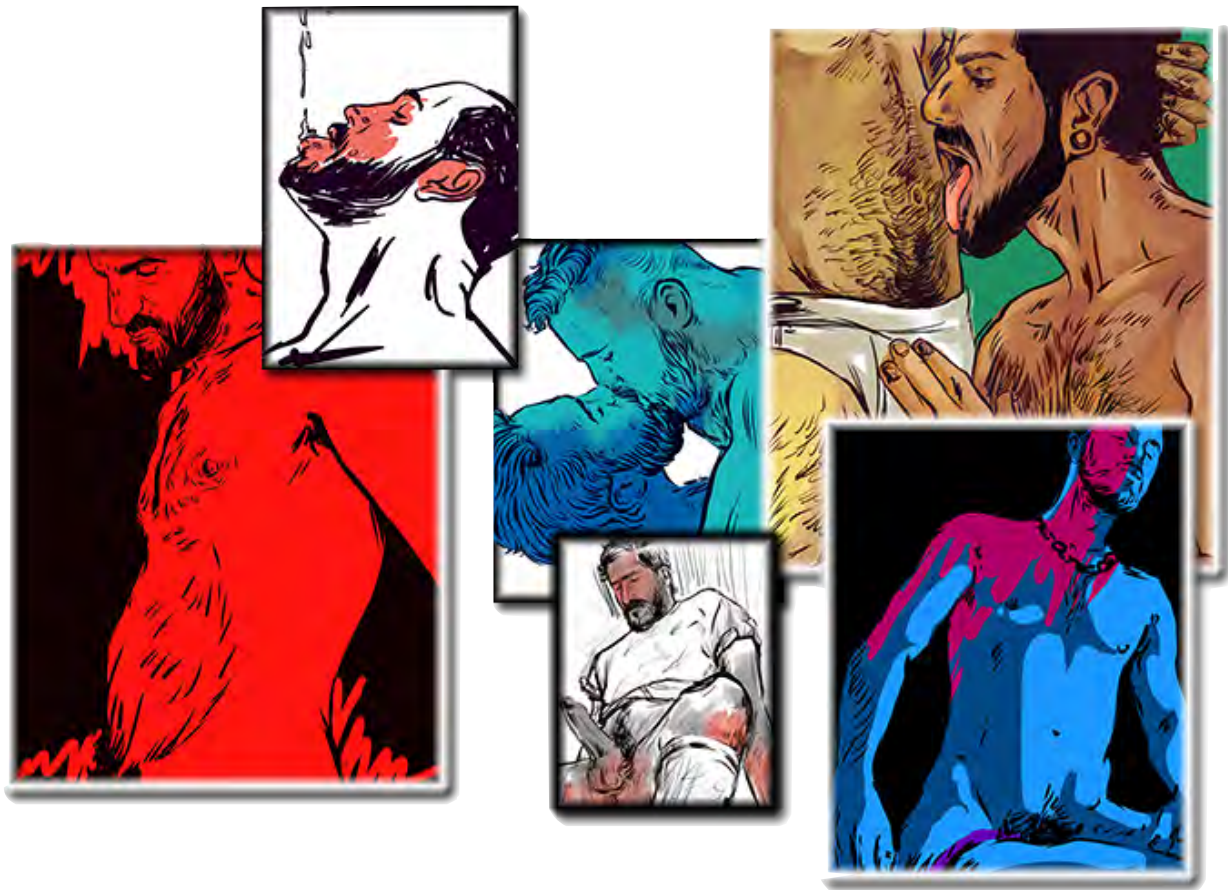
Amen!

The End

Got a tale you want to share?

We're looking for writers that want to share their stories, true or fiction, with like minded readers.

If you want to have it published in an upcoming issue, drop us an email with a sample and your contact info!



The Art of Laceoni

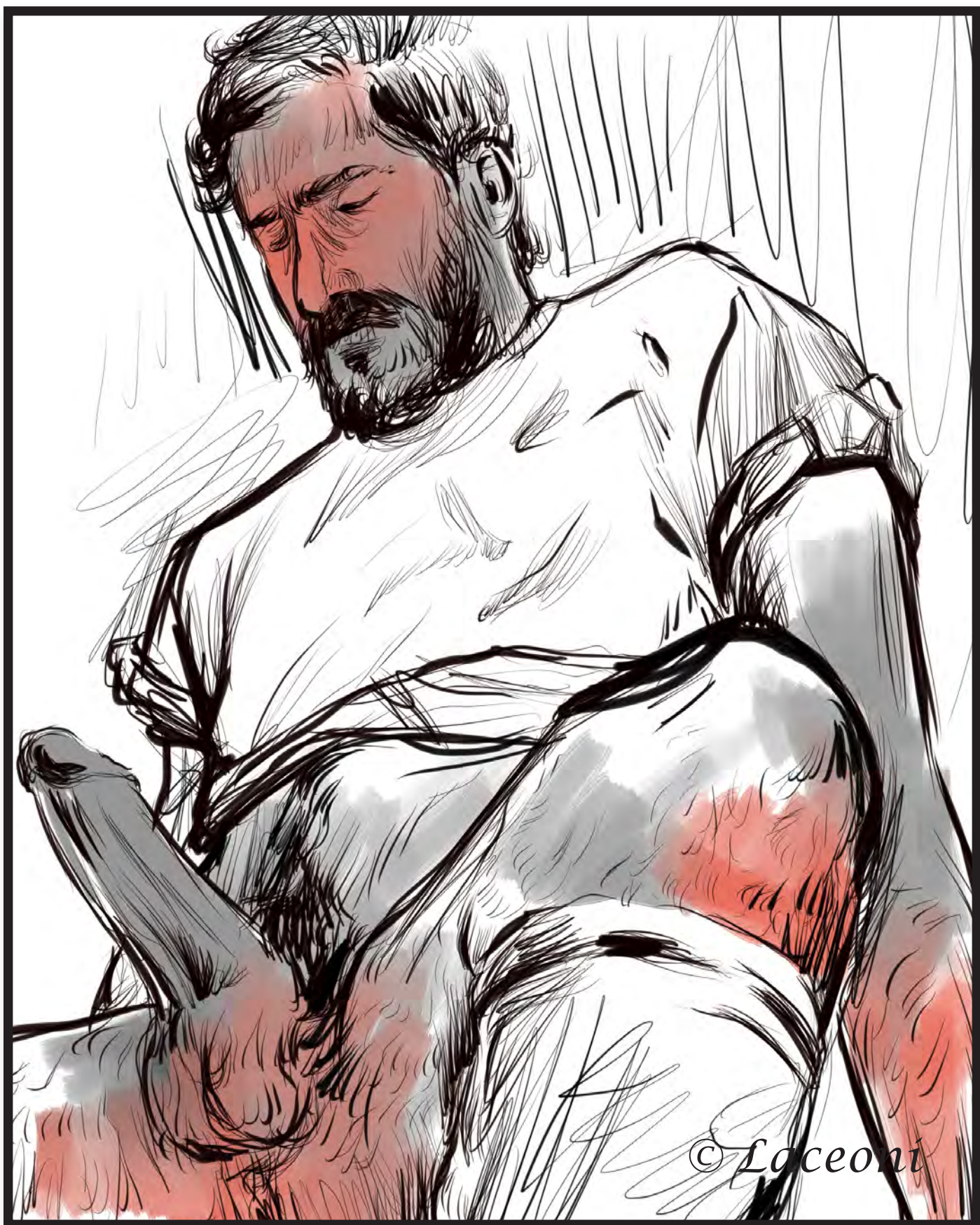
Peppered throughout this issue of the magazine you will find the incredible homoerotic artwork of Laceoni, a very talented artist who has graciously allowed us to feature his work.

His use of bold colors and striking erotic images definitely influence his viewers to be caught up in the images, imagining themselves being in the drawing.

If you enjoy his work, which we are certain you will, you can find much more of his work on his social media presences.

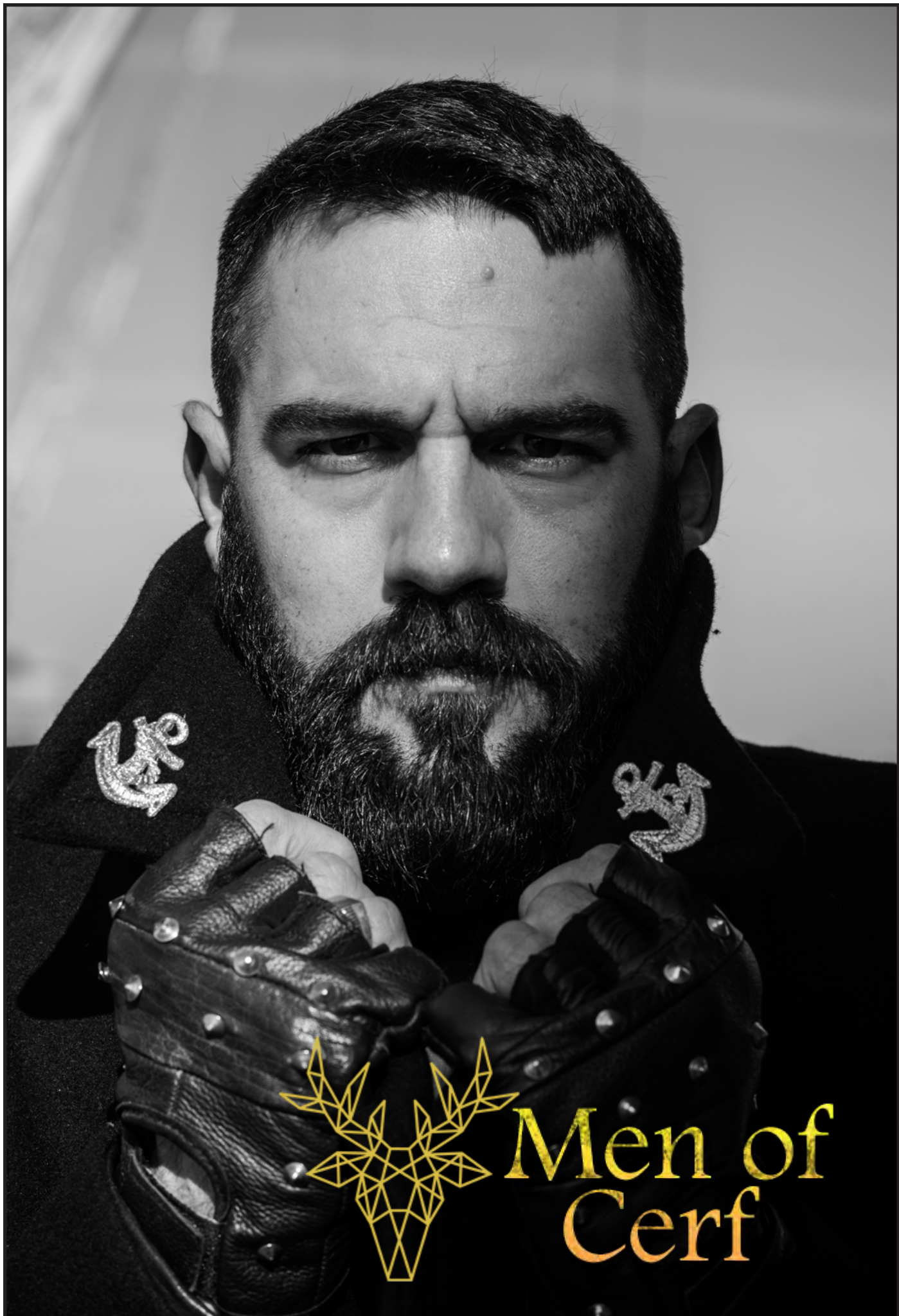




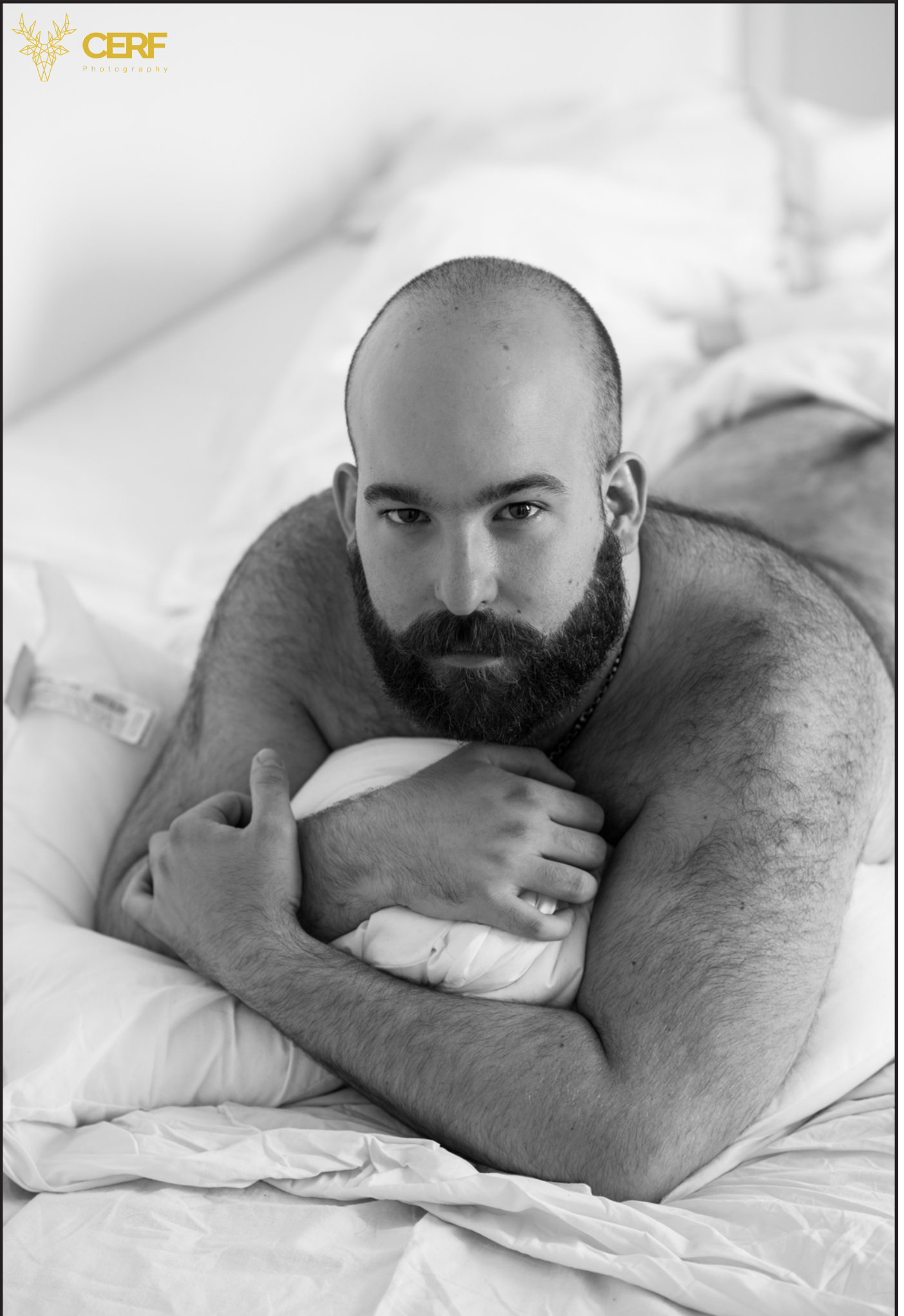
















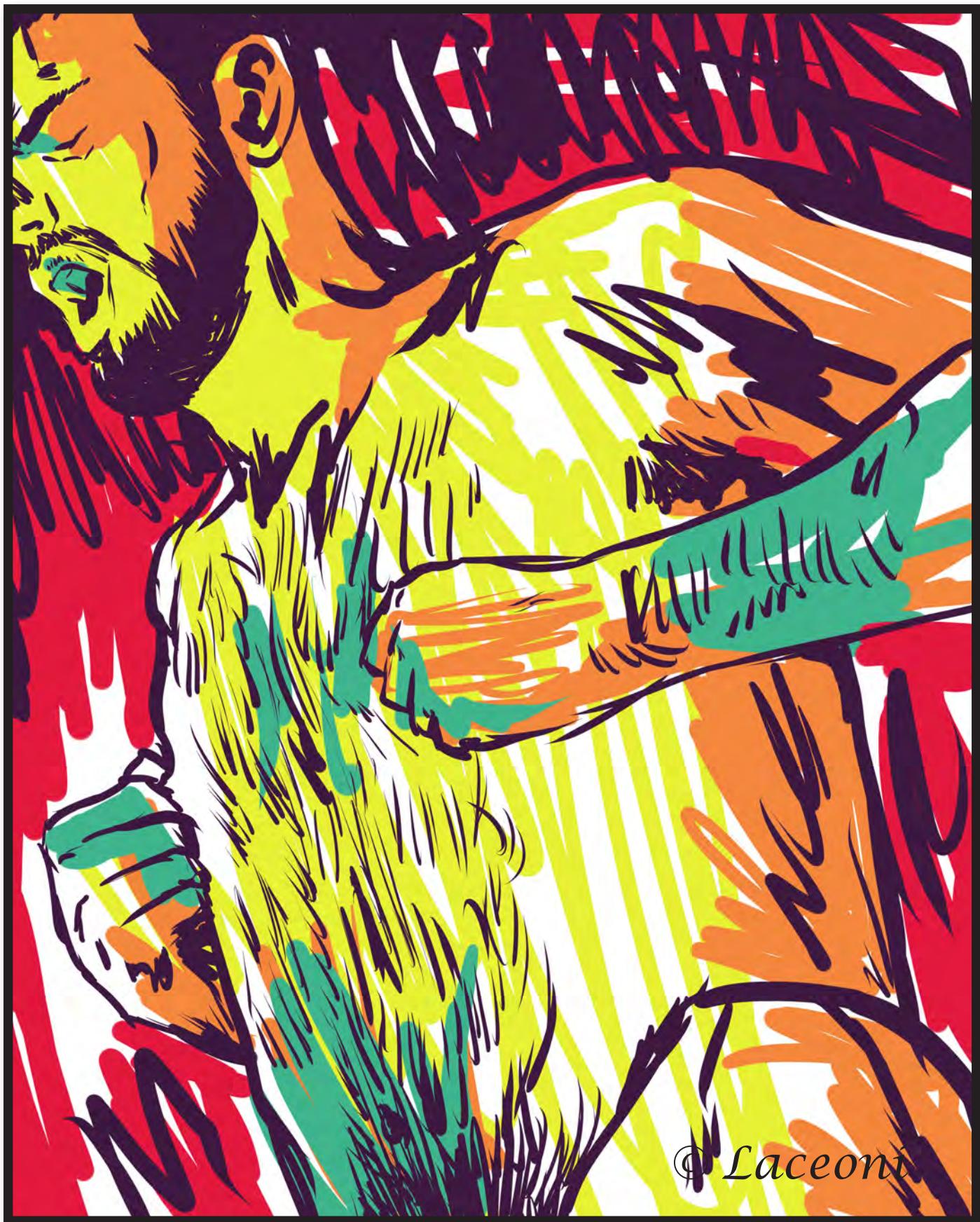












Jezebel

by Elijah James Barrett

Chapter 2

Blake checked to see how much money he had in his pockets on the way to the diner on Main Street. He checked his watch; he wanted to get there in time to have some breakfast before talking to Charles, and a few minutes of peace before laying the news on him that he had been fucking his daughter a few years ago. Just a minute to get rid of the horrible lump in his stomach would be nice, and to think about how he would approach this, but he had a feeling that Charles "Monopoly" Newman would be there as prompt as clock-work.

And sure enough he was, Blake saw him through the window checking his damn pocket watch, while sitting in a booth. Blake grumbles to himself, and then enters through the glass doors of the diner. Charles sees him come in, and beckons him.

"Ah, you made it. Excellent, come and sit down, we have much to talk about," says Charles.

"Yeah," says Blake.

Blake walks over to the booth where Charles is, and sits down across from him.

"Would you like some coffee?" asks Charles.

"Sure," says Blake.

"Excuse me, ehem, two coffees," says Charles, clearing his throat and snapping his fingers at a waitress, demandingly.

Blake doesn't like the way Charles is talking to the waitress.

Luckily the waitress didn't seem to be bothered with Charles' demeanor, she probably got a lot of rude customers time to time. The waitress comes to the table with a coffee pot and pours two cups for the men.

"You ready to order?"

Charles looks over at Blake, motioning

for him to order first.

"Uh, yeah... I'll have 2 eggs over hard with bacon."

The waitress scribbles on her pad.

"I'll have your double stack pancakes with sausage patties, extra done."

The waitress turns away, Blake catches the waitress's eye, giving a wink towards Blake as she walks to the back of the diner.

"So, how do you know my darling, Jezebel? Were you her teacher?" asks Charles.

Blake is speechless.

"How old does he think I am?" thinks Blake.

Blake says the first thought that comes to his head.

"Uh... No, I knew Jezebel by..." Blake was trying to think of a way to say "date" without having Charles throwing coffee at his face.

"Oh! Were you one of her Coaches of her sports? You look like an active fellow. She is an active girl, always on the fields when she wasn't in the classroom. Did you know she has a 4.0 grade average?" Charles continues to speak as he doctors up his coffee, "She has many colleges wanting her to attend their campuses, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Lake Forest, and the list goes on!"

Blake is starting to get annoyed with Charles rambling on about Jezebel's past.

"With all due respect, Mr. Newman, I am not one of Christina's... Jezebel's academic advisors!"

Charles becomes silent and stares intently at Blake,

"Shit!" Blake thinks. Blake's mind is trying frantically to think of what to say next.

"Oh! You must have been one of her bosses then!" Charles takes a sip of coffee. Blake sighs out loud, "Yeah..."

"I guess I'll wait to tell him later then, since he won't shut up!" Blake thinks, with a sigh. Blake takes a sip of his coffee, "Wouldn't

hurt to ask his daughter's age, then."

So how old is Jezebel?" Blake continues to sip his coffee.

She'll be 19 in the fall, she just graduated this summer." Charles adjusts his monocle, placing it back over his eye. Blake looks pale.

18 turning 19 huh? Interesting," Blake stays silent again. "The Jezebel I know looks like 21 or older, this can't be the same girl. Unless she's lying about her age, something doesn't add up here." Blake almost panics at the thought "...if Jezebel was only 18, and they had a fling a few years ago....Oh, God. I hope not," thinks Blake morbidly. Blake wasn't convinced this was the case though. Something was off with the whole damned.

Blake looks at Charles again.

"He can't be possibly be her father," he thinks. "Grandfather yes, but not father."

"Is there something wrong Mr. Bolton?" This breaks Blake's concentration.

"Oh, uh no! Just, uh, profiling the information that I've heard, from what you told me about Jezebel."

The waitress returns with two plates of food and sets them on the table.

Is there anything else I can get for ya Hun?" The waitress is clearly paying attention to Blake, ignoring Charles.

"I'm good, Ma'am," Blake nods to the waitress as she smiles back to Blake.

Charles tries to call the waitress back. "She forgot my syrup, what luck..."

Blake takes a bite of bacon, "So when did Jezebel go missing?" he asks, bringing Charles back to the conversation.

"Oh, I'd say about a week ago."

"Before her disappearance did she act differently or odd, like she was worried about something?"

Charles looks up to the ceiling with one eye thinking about his interactions with Jezebel before she left.

"No, she was her bubbly self. As usual,

not a single worry in the world. Well she shouldn't be worried, I make sure she has anything she wanted, I want what's best for my Jezebel!"

The waitress walks by, "How's everything?"

Before Charles could speak, Blake mentions the syrup.

"Oh I'm sorry hun, let me grab that for you!"

She returns with the syrup and gives it to Blake, she gives him a smile as she walks away.

"My my, this will reflect on her tip," mutters Charles, grabbing the syrup from Blake as he begins to cover his pancakes.

Blake finishes his eggs; he grabs his wallet and pulls out some bills.

"Here's my portion of the bill."

Charles waves his hand, rejecting Blake's money.

"Nonsense my lad, allow me to cover this!"

Blake shrugs and drops a few singles onto the table, "I'll cover the tip then."

Blake stands up.

"Wait!" Charles is still eating his pancakes, "Aren't you going to ask more about Jezebel?"

"You got more info for me, then?" asks Blake.

Charles pulls out something from his coat pocket and hands it to Blake. It's a couple of sheets of handwritten notes.

"Here are some of the places where Jezebel likes to visit on her free time, I hope these will help!"

Blake looks at the notes; some scribbles are addresses and some just names of places. "I'll see what I can find with these." Blake pulls out a pad and places the notes in the pad for safekeeping. He puts it back in his pocket.

Blake nods and leaves the diner.

On the sidewalk outside, while waiting for the crosswalk, Blake pulls the notes back out of his coat pocket. He also pulls out the business card of MICK WOLF from the previous night. Blake smiles to himself, thinking of his new friend. He hadn't known him that long, but couldn't wait to meet him again. Maybe he

"That all depends,
" says Blake,
"What do you
like to eat?"
"Well, I like meat,"
says Mick,
"honestly."

would give him a call. Blake puts Mick's card behind the notepad and looks at the notes (the lists of places and addresses). He does a double take.

One of the places listed is "The Century of Progress- World's Fair". Next to it is scribbled "She loved to ride the Sky Ride".

Blake blinked, looked at this phrase in perplexity. This was plausible in theory, knowing what he knew about Jezebel, she would have loved to see the view of the city skyline and Lake Michigan from the sky ride, and the Century of Progress would have appealed to her interests. The only problem was the "Century of Progress, World's Fair" had been defunct since 1934.

Blake continues looking through the notes. Some of the places that are in the notes don't exist anymore, some decades off. Others on the list were places that Blake hadn't even heard of. But there were some that still existed. Some he remembered from when he dated her. "The Shedd Aquarium," one of her favorite places to visit. She and Blake would go there whenever they could back when they were an item. He remembered how much she loved to watch the fish, and imitate their faces. He nearly laughed at the memory of it. They both loved that place, but Blake hadn't been since they parted ways.

"Hmm..." Blake is lost in thought, he darts his eyes back and forth between the list and the business card.

"I guess I can get some outside perspective," murmurs Blake as he puts the list back into his coat pocket. Blake crosses the street and enters into a convince store.

Blake walks past the aisles where he sees a row of wooden telephone stalls. Blake inspects each stall to see if there's a person using the phones, one was occupied the other two were free to use. Blake enters the middle stall and closes the door behind him; he pulls out Mick's card and some change to make his call. The telephone operator connects him to Mick's line; he waits and hears the sound of static, and the dial tone. Blake waits, feeling hopeful, as it rings several times. He really hoped Mick would answer, not just because he seemed like he would be a big help in this case, but it was very rare that Blake had the prospect of a friend. He didn't want this opportunity to contact the big fellow pass him by. He

had been thinking non-stop of talking to him again, and perhaps meeting with him, ever since their encounter the previous night.

The line continues to ring. Blake is feeling less hopeful. He's thinking of hanging up the phone and trying again later when a he hears something on the other line, the first sound Blake hears is something like a stumble of the receiver then a gruff voice starts to speak.

"Yeah, hello," says the deep gruff voice. Blake wasn't sure this was the right number, the voice sounded so different, and irate, but it was the same deep tempo.

"Hello, is this Detective Mick Wolf?" asks Blake.

"Um...I haven't really set up shop yet, but this is me, right here," says the gruff voice.

"Well, you gave me your card last night," says Blake, "I'm not sure if you remember me, but my names' Blake."

"Blake?" Mick's voice, suddenly switches tempo, booming, sounding excited. "Is that you Blake? Hey man! I was hoping I'd here from you! I had a great chat with you man!"

"Hey!" says Blake, now smiling, taken aback by Mick's sudden switch in mood. This was definitely the right Mick.

"Just too bad we didn't have more time to talk man," says Mick, "I meant to ask ya about any good places to eat close by, in case we wanted to hang out."

"Yeah, well..." starts Blake. He didn't know what to say, he felt so slap-happy and warm and fuzzy in the brain, hearing Mick's voice. "...I was thinking maybe of asking you if ya wanted to meet for lunch, if you didn't have plans?"

"Ah, man that sounds great," says Mick, "I'm starvin'. Been so busy unpacking. Where would you like to eat?"

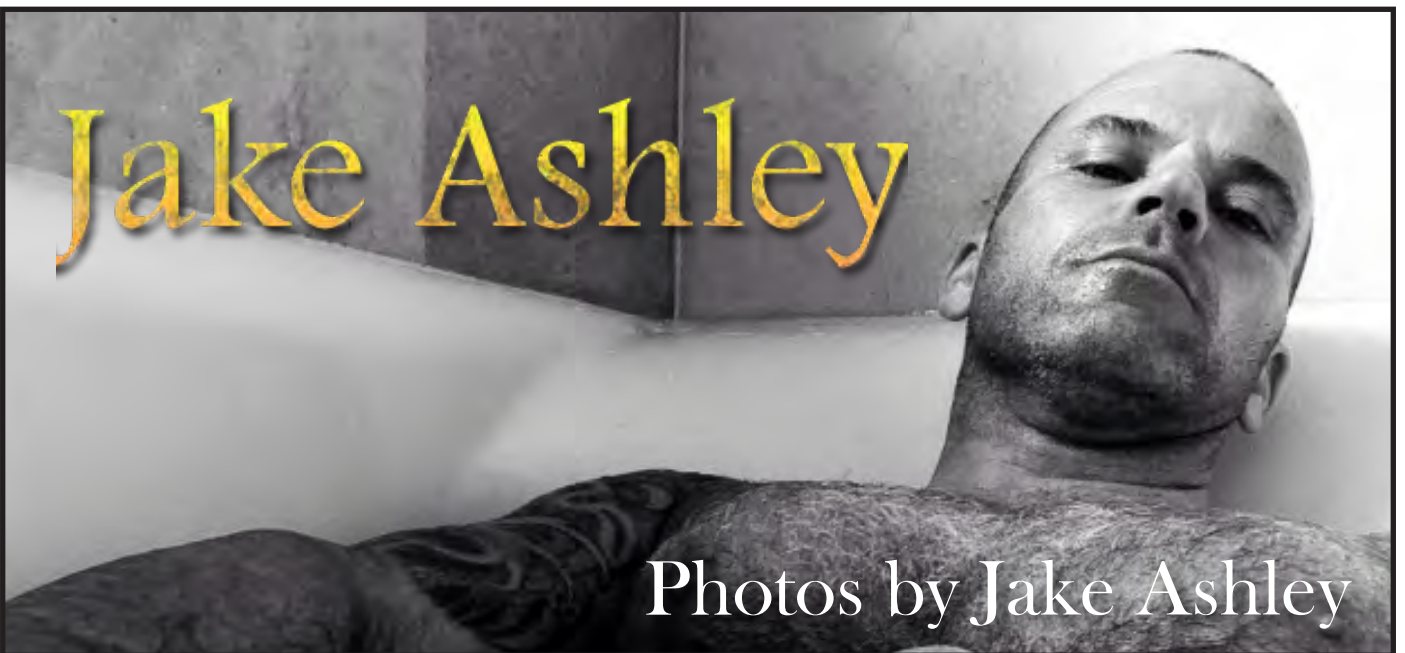
"That all depends," says Blake, "What do you like to eat?"

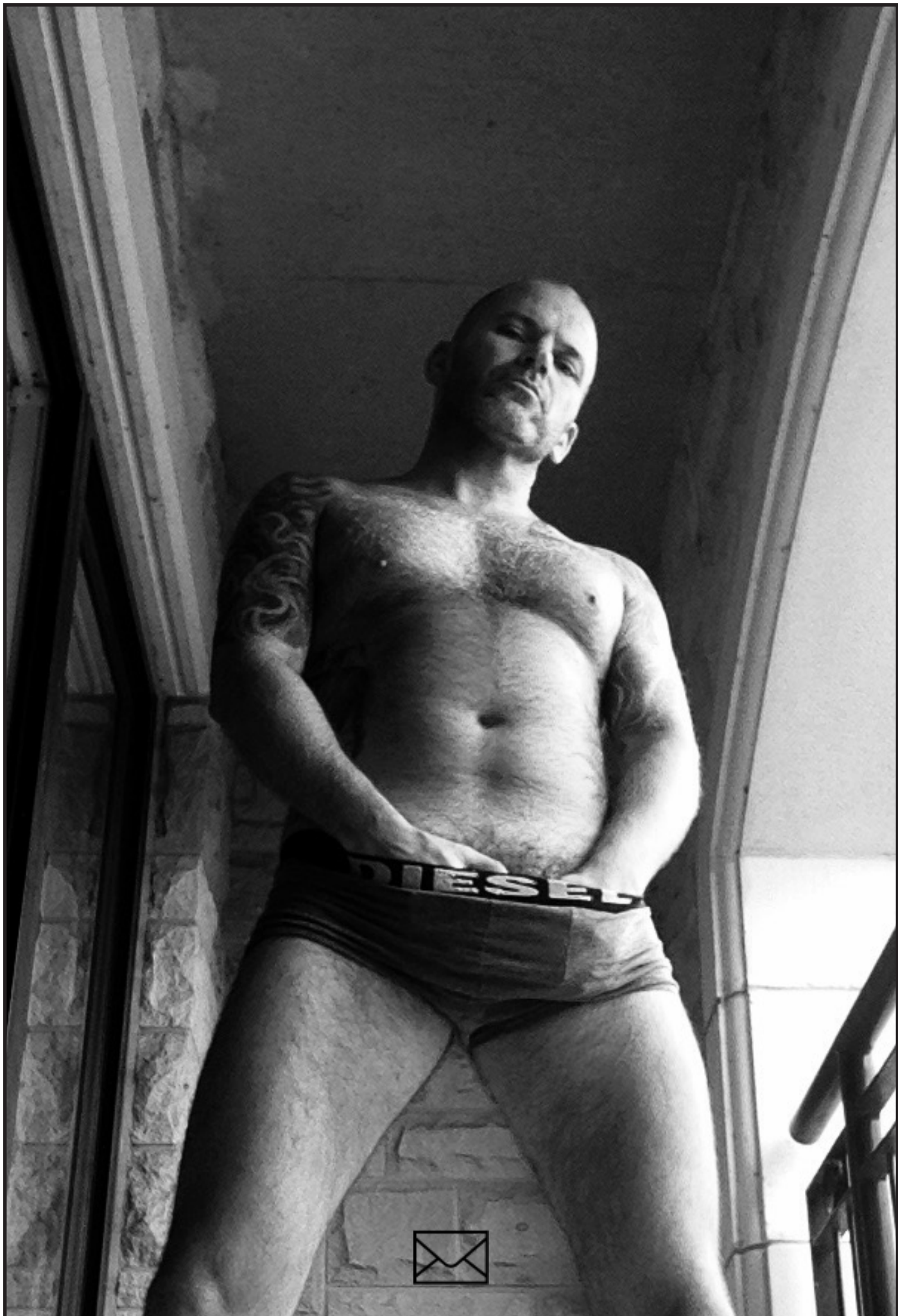
"Well, I like meat," says Mick, honestly. Blake chuckles to himself, he should have anticipated that from a guy like him.

"Uh, there's a diner not too far from where I'm at that has some pretty good meat subs and steaks."

Mick's voice chimes in, like a excited dog waiting for his treats.

Jezebel continued on page 59



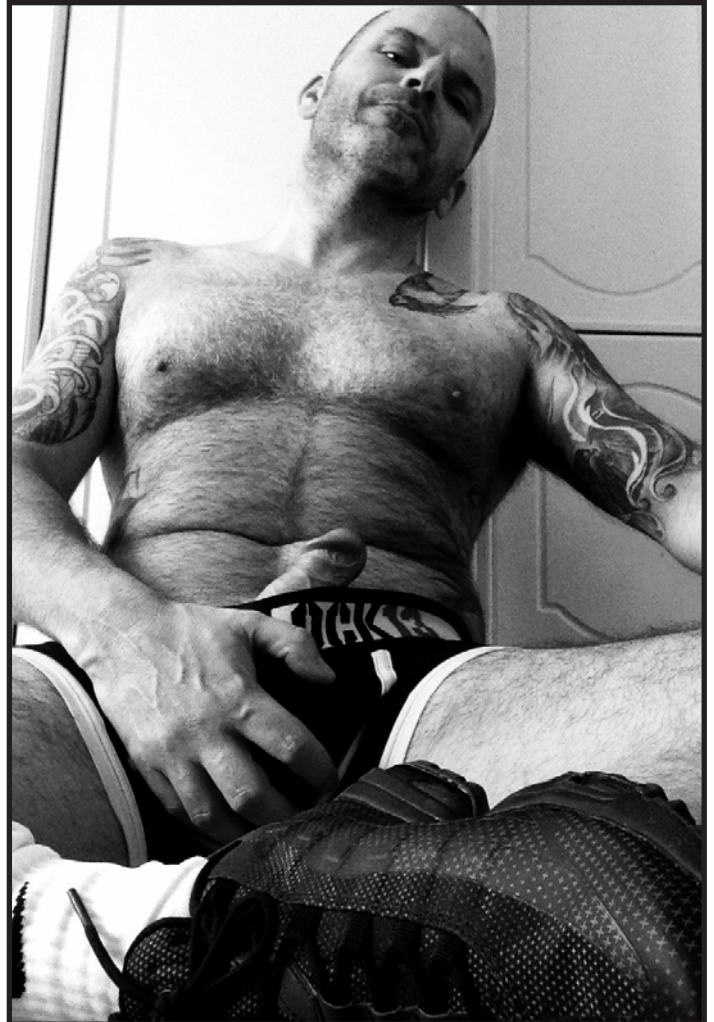


Jake Ashley





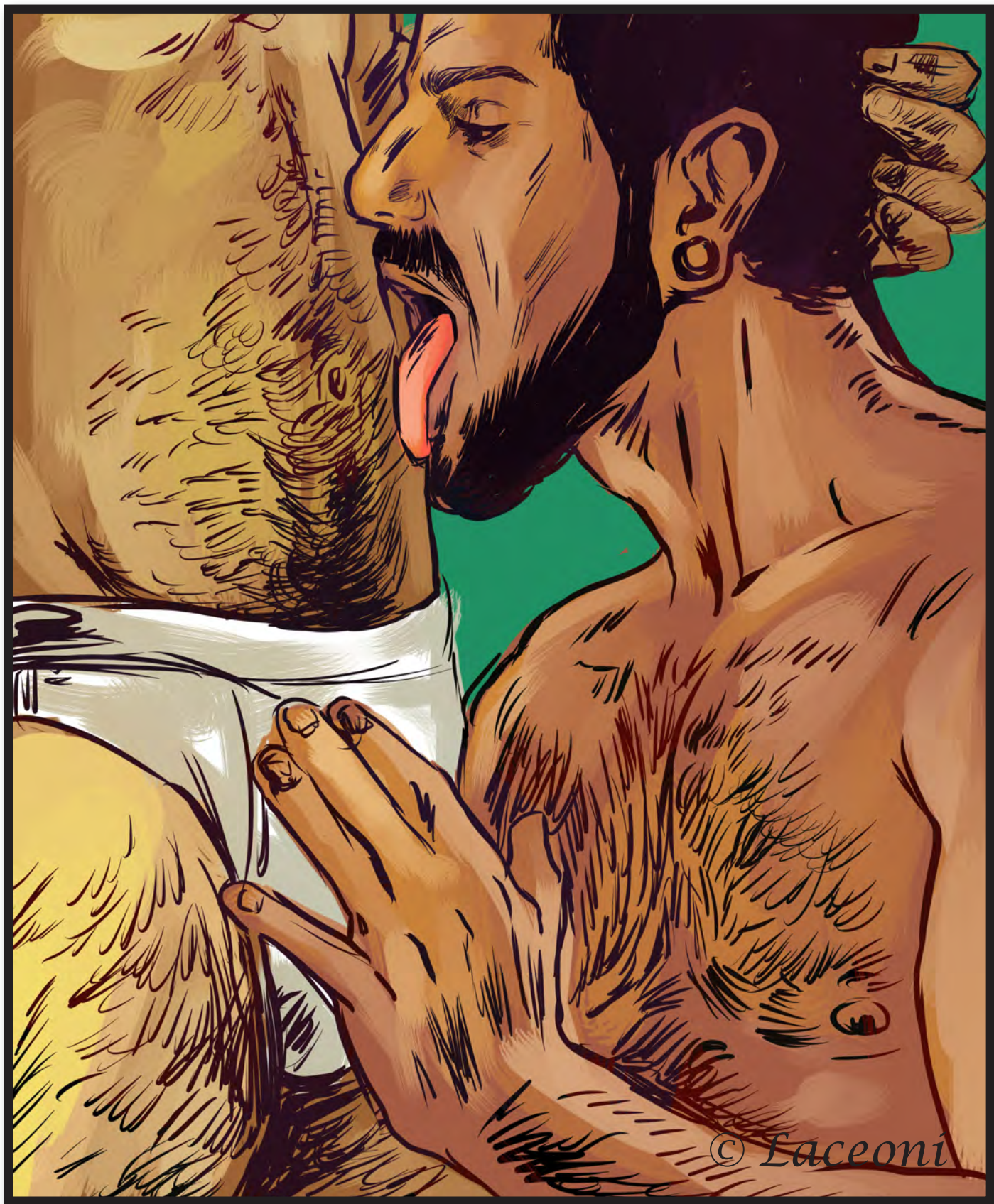




Jake Ashley



© *Laceyoni*





© *Laceoni*



Jezebel continued from page 48

"Yeah, yeah that sounds good! Where's it located? And what the name?"

"It's called Irene's, and it's located right off of Main Street."

"Alright, just let me write it...Irene?" asks Mick suddenly.

"Yeah, that's the name of the restaurant," says Blake.

"Oh, of course, that's right," says Mick's voice with a laugh. "I'll be right there. Can't wait to see ya, pal."

"Yeah, same here," says Blake, smiling to himself. He hangs up the receiver and exits the booth.

Blake exits the store and walks towards Main Street, that's when he realized something

"Ah crap! I forgot to ask him about my case." Blake sighs out loud. "Oh well, I'll ask him when I see him at the diner."

A few minutes later, Blake is back at the diner, in the same booth he was at when talking to Charles Newman. It hadn't been long since he had last eaten, and was already thinking of a steak sandwich for his early lunch, even though it would be a lot of meat right after breakfast, it was the best thing on their menu. Mick said he liked meat, and perhaps he'd like the sandwich as well. After all, Mick was very meaty. Blake felt flushed thinking about Mick's big physique. For some reason Blake couldn't stop thinking about Mick, and couldn't wait for him to show up.

Blake ordered a glass of water, as he waited for Mick to arrive, and looked up at the sky through the window. Clouds were coming in, and he could hear the distant rumble of thunder, it was going to rain soon. It had been raining a lot lately, there was a fear that it would flood near the docks, Blake had read that in the paper the other morning. Blake takes a sip of his water. His thoughts suddenly turned to Jezebel. She loved rainstorms; they would often watch them together. Blake becomes lost in his memories about Jezebel, as

rain begins to trickle down and splatter on the windows, and the streets outside, when suddenly he hears a loud noise. Startled by the loud sound, Blake's conciseness comes back into reality and sees a big figure sitting across from him at the table.

"Damn that was close!"

Blake nearly jumps out of his seat. Mick is sitting across from him at the table, his hair, beard and clothes wet, but not soaked. He has that same big friendly smile that Blake remembered, and is wearing a trench coat, and a dark green scarf. Underneath his coat Mick is wearing a grey long sleeve button up shirt with the sleeves rolled up on his arms and blue denim jeans. Blake stares at Mick, he notices that Mick's shirt is unbuttoned seeing his hairy chest

Mick isn't wearing an undershirt. The rain starts to pour outside, splashing up against the diner windows; Mick places his coat next to him on the booth, and takes off his scarf. Mick's attention turns back to Blake who is fixated on Mick's chest.

"Hey," says Mick, "How ya doin' pal?"

Blake smiles at him, staring at Mick's hairy chest, seeing those nice full outlines of his big pecs which are bare at the top and fill his shirt at the bottom. He remembered the way they bounded when he walked at the bathhouse.

"You there, pal?" asks Mick's deep voice, sounding concerned.

Blake's eyes dart up to Mick's bearded face and to his eyes. He had a confused look on his face like a big puppy.

"Oh, yeah, sorry," says Blake, feeling warm again, he knew Mick must have caught him checking him out. "I just...couldn't think for a second."

Mick's confused look turns into a sly looking smile.

"I understand," he says.

Blake felt like trying to hide the fact he was blushing, but decided it would be too obvious, and just tried to act professional. He wanted to meet him here for business, after all,

"Don't know," says Mick.

"We could go back to my place." Blake looks at Mick, who's grinning happily, confused.

not just to be chummy. But he was so damned attractive. Why was Blake getting like this in front of a big, hairy gruff man?

"I noticed you checkin' me out," says Mick.

"Oh shit," thinks Blake.

Mick's sly, knowing smile turns into a hearty laugh.

"I guess you're wonderin' what I do to get so big," he laughs. "I'm used to accidentally scarin' people, you know. I hope I'm not too intimidatin'."

"Uh-yeah," says Blake. Either this was his way of flirting, or he was just that big and stupid (Blake doubted that).

"Well, I grew up on a farm," says Mick, "Got this big from being a farm-fed country boy. Do some construction jobs wherever city I end up in on the side as well, aside from my main business, what about you?"

"Oh, I...what?" asks Blake.

"What do you do, man?" asks Mick.

"You look like a pretty stocky guy yourself."

"Yeah, I got this way playing football back in high school," says Blake.

"Nice, man, were you a fullback or offensive tackle?"

"Both," says Blake.

"Me too, man!" says Mick, sounding excited.

"Heh, they needed big boys like us, eh?" He winks.

Blake was glad they were clicking, so far.

The waitress comes by their table. She's the same waitress who waited on Blake earlier.

The waitress looks at Blake confused, "Weren't you just here not too long ago, Hun?" Mick looks at Blake, confused as well; Blake scratches the back of his head and grins.

"Yeah, I was here. For business, and I'm here for more business."

The waitress looks over at Mick, Mick politely nods to the waitress, she smiles back.

"At least this one is easy on the eyes!" The waitress's reply makes Blake blush and Mick laugh; she gives the menus to the men as well as a wink.

Blake grabs one of the menus and opens it immediately, hiding himself from Mick's stare, he already knows what specials the diner has and what's in the menu.

"So you said you were here for busi-

ness?" says Mick while he opens up his menu. "Uh, yeah! I have a client who is looking for his daughter," Blake closes his menu to look back at Mick, this is the reason he called Mick in the first place, for a second perspective on this case, an unbiased set of eyes to shed the light on the matter.

"A client?" Mick raises an eyebrow to Blake with intrigue beaming in his eyes. "Yeah, he contacted me the other day asking to meet me in person. It was in the middle of the night, very strange fellow he is."

"And you said his daughter is missing?" Mick's full attention is now on Blake.

"Yes, for a couple of weeks apparently. He's some rich guy, who looks like the Monopoly man if you ask me." Blake chuckles at his own comment, the waitress returns with two coffees.

"Oh, thanks," says Mick, surprised that she knew what to bring them.

"You're welcome, handsome...I mean, sir," she giggles, "I'll just give you two boys a moment before I take your order."

"That's okay," says Mick, he looks across the table at Blake, "I think we both know what we want, eh?" he winks at Blake.

Blake suddenly feels very flustered as well.

"Eh...yeah," says Blake. "I'll have the meat...I mean...um...steak..."

"What kind?" asks the waitress.

"Kind? Oh, yeah...of course. I'd like a sandwich. Meat...sandwich," Blake takes a breath to collect his thoughts, "A steak sandwich please."

Blake notices the waitress is smiling, amused at his behavior, he was afraid she knew where his mind was. The waitress writes down his order.

"One meat sandwich..." she suddenly catches herself, gets red in the cheeks, then erases, "One steak...steak sandwich. And for you? Meat...sir?"

"I'll have the lumberjack special, hot roast beef sandwich, French dip style," says Mick.

"Oh my..." says the waitress to herself, "I mean, good choice sir, it's one of our specialties. I'll get those orders in, and let me know if you two boys need anything else."

"Sure thing," says Mick politely, with a wink.

She takes the orders from the men and heads to the back of the house. The waitress giggles to herself again, looking like she's blushing, and leaves, almost covering her face with her hand.

Mick looks back at Blake and smiles, "She's good," says Mick, "knowing what we wanted."

"Yeah," says Blake, about to sip some coffee "Or letting us know what she wanted."

"Nah," says Mick, "I just think she likes big boys."

Blake nearly chokes on his coffee. Mick laughs at Blake's reaction. Blake tries to wipe the spilt coffee from his chin and beard. Mick stops laughing and looks serious.

"So you're a detective," says Mick in a semi serious tone starring at Blake.

"Uh yeah," Blake replies. He couldn't think of what else to say, it was pretty obvious from what Blake was talking about, his client, case and missing person.

"Well why didn't you say so!?" Mick's seriousness turns into a big silly grin that only a dog could give. This catches Blake off guard.

"I was gonna tell ya over the phone, but I forgot in the moment while talking to ya."

"Haha, that's okay man! So, tell me more about this girl that is missing. What's the girls name?" Mick crosses his arms together and leans on the table starring at Blake like an obedient animal, waiting for instructions from his master.

"Alright..." Blake takes a breath, "Her name is Jezebel, she comes from a rich family who owns several businesses in town, her father Charles Newman..."

Mick interrupts.

"The hotel tycoon? Charles Newman?"

Blake nods his head, looking confused at Mick.

"Wow, this is interesting," says Mick.

"How so?" asks Blake, he wondered what Mick knew.

"Charles never had any children, hell he didn't have a wife. He was caught up in build-

ing his empire of luxury hotels... Unless he had a mistress and love child." Mick starts to lose himself in thought while stroking his beard. "How do you know all of that?" asks Blake. Mick shrugs.

"Doesn't everybody?" he asks. "He's been in the papers for years now. I also read his biography," Mick adds, looking proud of himself.

Now Blake's mind is starting to race with the information that he received from Charles earlier. His mind swims, as the rain hammers down on the window and streets outside, splattering the window so relentlessly that it cascades down the glass, looking like they are eating lunch next to an aquarium.

"Is this true?" Blake thinks. "How could I not know that he was single for majority of his life? That would explain the age gap between them, is he going senile in his age? Was there never a Jezebel? Or is this Christina mocking me in a sick way?"

Blake is lost in his thoughts again, the waitress returns with lunch. The sound of the plates landing on the table gave Blake a scare as well as the waitress.

"Careful Honey, you almost made me knock over your sandwich."

She gives Mick his plate, the lumberjack special, a hearty amount of roast beef, on a sesame seed bun with leafy greens and tomatoes with Au Jus sauce for dipping and chips as the side.

"Thanks Ma'am!" Mick grinning ear-to-ear eyeballing the sub sized sandwich with the goodies.

"Why your welcome Hun!"

Blake, embarrassed from scaring himself as well the waitress, cracks a smile and looks down at his plate.

"Hey, you okay man?" asks Mick with a bite of roast beef in his mouth.

"Ah yeah, I just didn't know Charles wasn't married and had children."

Mick dips his sandwich in the Au Jus sauce drippings and takes another bite, "Must be a love child then. How old is the girl?"

"18 going on 19," says Blake as he takes a bite out of his sandwich. Blake has no appetite at this point, now knowing that Charles

"That's okay," says Mick, he looks across the table at Blake, "I think we both know what we want, eh?" he winks at Blake.

couldn't possibly have a child this young at his age, to top it off the list that Charles gave him of all the places that Jezebel likes to go, places that are no longer in existence and places that aren't around at all.

"That young of a kid? No way! His pecker wouldn't stay hard for that long."

Mick's comment makes Blake almost choke on his sandwich.

"What did you just say?" Blake grabs his glass of water and chugs it to help his throat clear the food.

"Think about it, Charles is in his early 80's and he says that he has a daughter who is in her late teens early twenties, then Charles had to have been in his 60's when she was born. Seems unlikely with the age gaps between the two." Mick takes a chip and pops it into his mouth. "Like I said at his age, he can't get a hard on even if he wanted to. And I can't think of anyone who'd want to touch that." "A frank way of putting it," says Blake still holding his glass of water. A moment of silence comes over the two men, Mick almost finished with his sandwich and Blake barely touching his.

"So you need help on this case?" asks Mick, staring at Blake who is still lost in thought.

The question took a moment to reach Blake as he comes back to reality.

"Yes! I would like some outside perspective on this case."

Without a moment's notice Mick whips out his hand for a shake to confirm their new partnership on this case.

"So what'd ya say partner?"

Blake is taken aback by Mick's eagerness to work with him, but then again this was the point, to get Mick involved in the case. Blake nods and reaches out to Mick's hand to shake on their new partnership on the Jezebel case.

Outside the diner, in the streets of Chicago, it looks like the day has turned to night, the rain pours down from the darkened clouds and sky in torrents. The streetlights have turned on and are reflecting in the pools, puddles and rivers that are forming in the gutters and sidewalks, rushing down the street with the cars.

Blake and Mick exit the diner, the windows lit behind them, the waitress helps

another couple at their previously occupied seat, she still occasionally looks up through the window at them, she can't seem to keep her eyes off of the big burly men.

"So, where to now, friend?" asks Blake.

"Don't know," says Mick. "We could go back to my place."

Blake looks at Mick, who's grinning happily, confused.

"To talk about the case," Mick explains.

"Oh, yeah, right," says Blake, looking embarrassed.

They look out at the streets, and the curtains and waterfalls of rain surrounding them.

"So, eh...did either one of us bring an umbrella?" asks Mick.

Blake looks back at Mick, silent.

"Well, I guess we'll jog back," says Mick. "Nothing like running in the rain, eh?"

"Yeah..." says Blake, not looking forward to the journey. But at least he'd be running alongside this big guy.

"And when we get back, I can show you all the dirt I dug up on our mutual friend, Charlie Newman," says Mick, a little sly grin coming from the side of his mouth.

"What dirt?" asks Blake, looking at Mick. Exactly how much more did he know?

Mick smiles, then laughs a deep hearty laugh, and pats him on the back (hard, almost knocking the wind out of him.)

"Blake, My friend, we've got a lot to talk about."

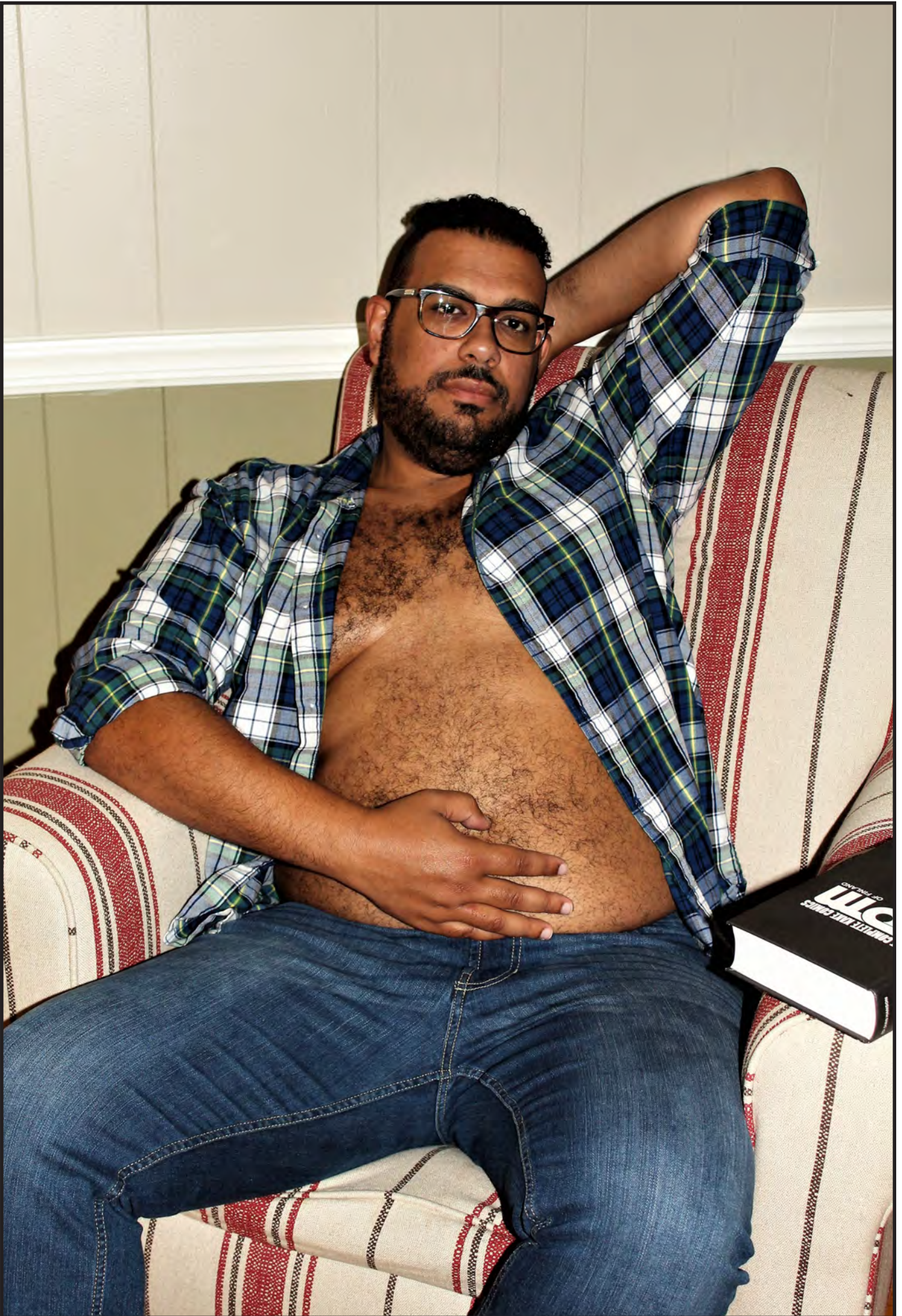
Continued in Next Issue





Dannie Givens

Photos by Duke Edwards Photography



Dannie Givens





Dannie Givens





Dannie Givens



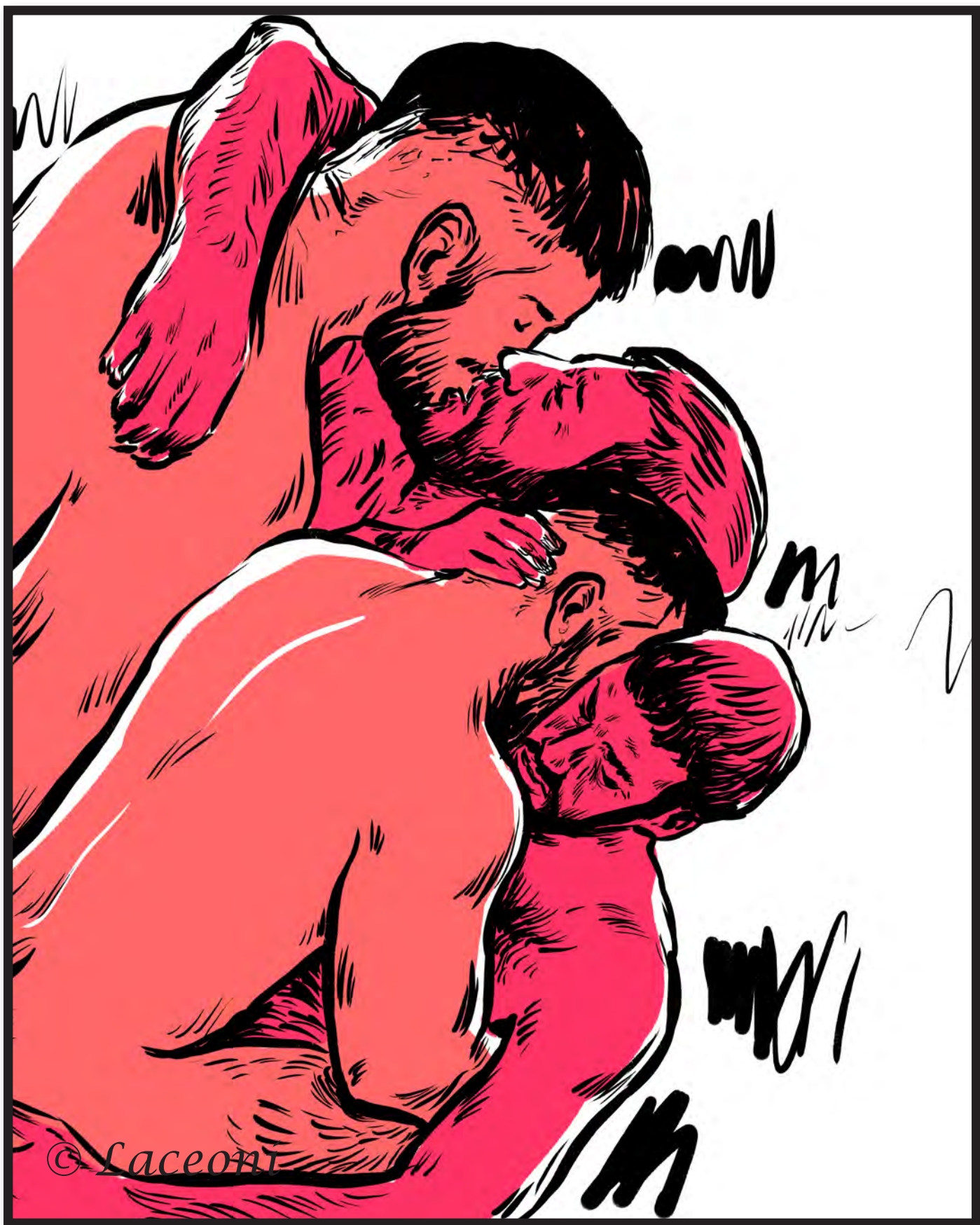


Dannie Givens





Dannie Givens







Photos by DeeJ



Smith













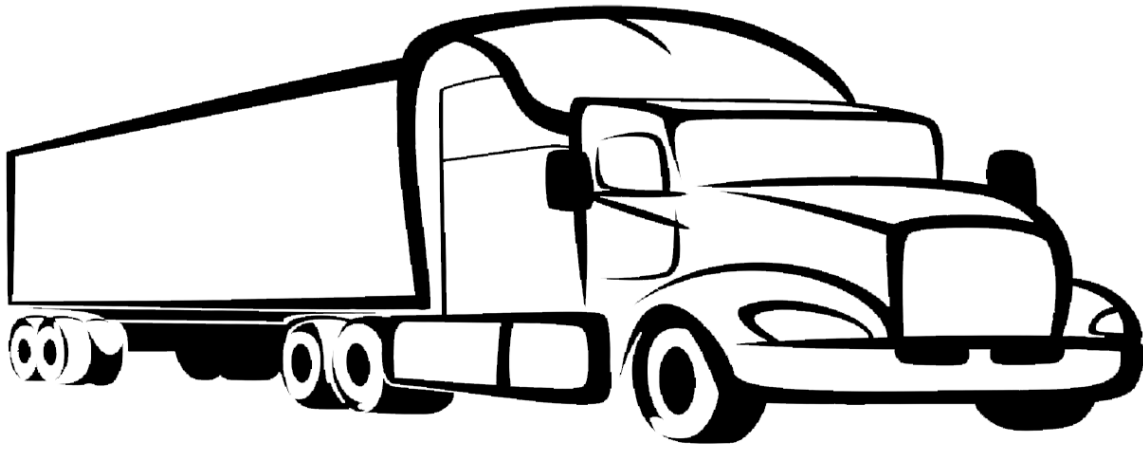
Smith











A Real Working Man

by Max Muscle

Here's a story that happened a while back about when I actually managed to DO a trucker!

I work in an industrial area, there are always lots of big rigs going down the street where I work. I usually don't flash them, or try anything with them, because I never know if they're going to pull in to my plant with their load! That would be a little awkward!

"Hey! Didn't I just see you naked in your car??" That would NOT be good at work!

Anyways, this one day I was all boned up during the morning at work – there's this one guy I work with who I have a serious LUST for, who is totally straight –anyways, this particular day I was all worked up from being around him all morning. I decided to go out for lunch, to cruise around naked for a bit, show off for a couple truckers & blow off a load before I had to face him again in the afternoon.

As I was pulling out of the parking lot I noticed a trucker pulling out from the plant across the street. I let him go first so I could get a look at him as he went by. He was ok looking.

I pulled out behind him & followed him to the light at the corner. As we sat there at the light, me behind him, I stripped. He turned right, & I turned wide to pass him on the left where he could get a look into my car if he wanted to.

He did! He was definitely looking for it because he gave me the thumbs up & a BIG smile!

I mouthed "follow me" & pulled in front of him.

Just up the road is a plaza – grocery store, homo depot, Walmart, etc.... We pulled into the big, rear parking lot behind the grocery store where the truckers unload (heh, heh, heh...) Little idea did I have how MUCH he was going to unload!! I slipped my pants & shirt back on quick, jumped out of my car & hopped up in his cab. Turns out he wasn't very good looking – not awful, but not pretty either... not a problem. This was a REAL trucker! The cab stunk of fuel, he smelled like cigars, his hands had black grease under the fingernails, he was unshaven & had a thick beard to boot. He had on old jeans and a flannel shirt. Just an average Joe, a working Man.

I was getting sweaty, it was hot out, he was sweaty, the cab was HOT.

He asked me why I showed my dick to him in particular – I said I was just horny, and he happened to be passing by! Lucky him, lucky me!

He looked down at his crotch & unzipped... His jeans were pretty loose, so I was completely taken by surprise by what he pulled out of them! His cock was completely ROCK hard! And, OH MY GOD, it was HUGE! This dick was about 9 or 9 ½ inches, and THICK. He just looked at me with this sheepish look on his face, as if to say "Is this good enough?"

Now I can certainly believe that this poor man doesn't get enough sex. Like I said, he's not particularly good looking, and he did smell of gasoline. I can imagine that this is his usual state of being, kinda dirty, mostly because he's

too busy working to tend to things like hygiene.

At this point, I suggested that we go into the sleeper & get naked!

This man was WILD! I think he hadn't had sex in a LONG time! He wasn't a very good cocksucker, but who cares with a cock like that!! I slobbered all over that cock for 20 minutes!

He kept interrupting my cocksucking to try to get my cock in his mouth again – I'd let him for a minute, but then I'd get back down on that BIG DICK.

Finally, we settled into a 69 mode. I was really getting off on the whole trucker atmosphere! It's not that often that I have actually made it into a real trucker's cab!

Finally, he can't take anymore & he starts to cum! I was amazed! That huge cock just kept spurting huge gobs of hot cum all over his thick, hairy chest!

He had a thick black forest on his chest, and a really hot "treasure trail" that went down to his pubes – I love that! His obvious loss of control during cumming – he totally abandoned himself to the feeling in his cock as it shot big, gobs of cum – made me so hot I couldn't wait to cum myself!

I grabbed my big dick in my other hand & just touching it was enough to make me shoot! I shot my load on his beard & on his chest as I plopped my nuts on his lips & his tongue licked me.

By this time, we're both drenched in sweat – thank god he had a towel to dry off with, as I had to put my dress pants & shirt back on to head back to the office. He got that same sheepish look on his face again that told me he really hasn't

fooled around with many men.

I took the hint, thanked him for a hot time & took off so he could wipe himself down & get dressed without me watching him.

I sure hope he's a little more generous & outgoing with his cock now – more of us should get an opportunity to get a taste of it!

The End















Juan CORTO



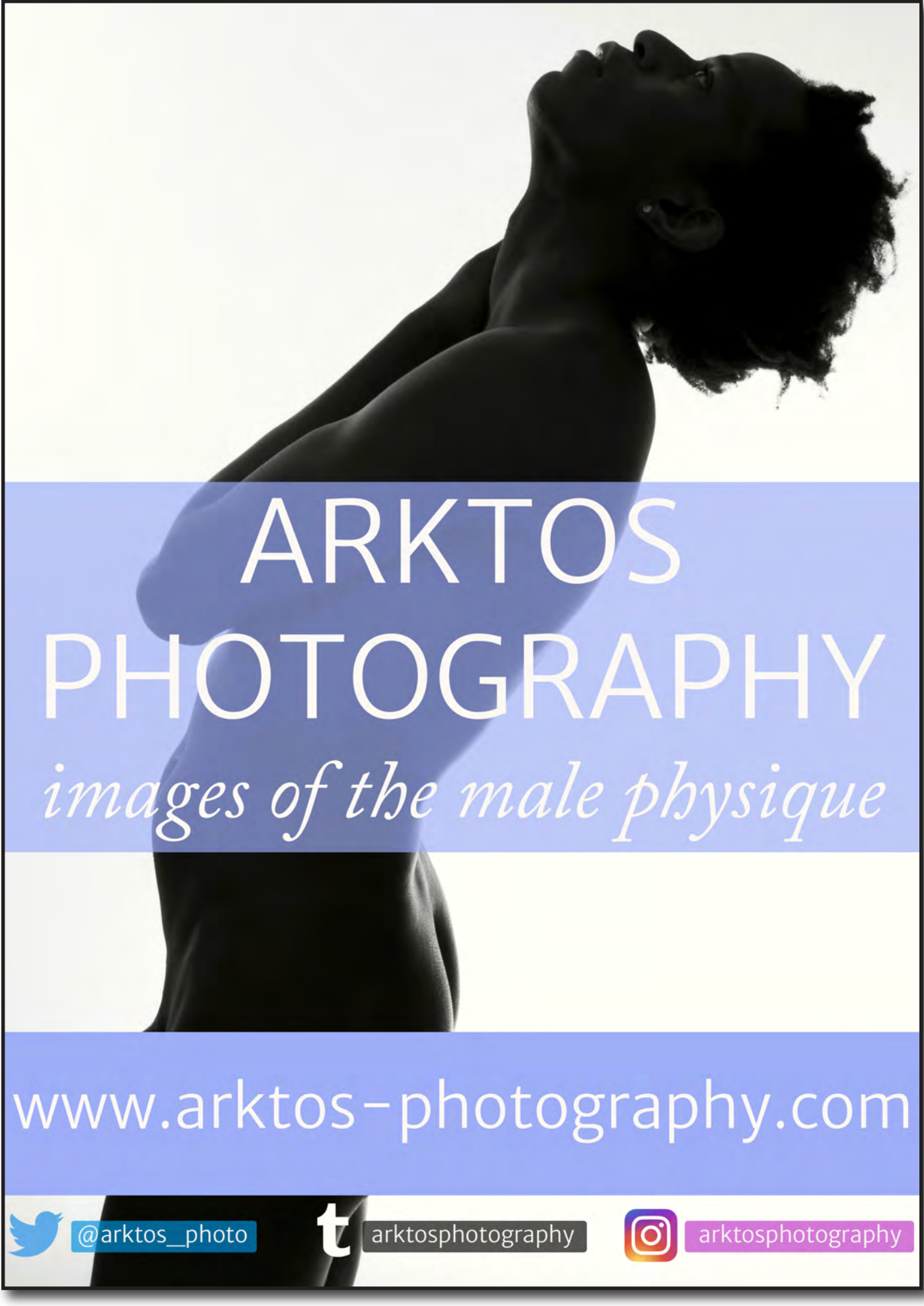












ARKTOS
PHOTOGRAPHY
images of the male physique

www.arktos-photography.com



[@arktos_photo](https://twitter.com/arktos_photo)



[arktosphotography](https://www.tumblr.com/arktosphotography)



[arktosphotography](https://www.instagram.com/arktosphotography)

Photos by Arktos Photography

Ali
Mr. Bear Syria



ARKTOS Images of the real, masculine
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS *images of the male physique*
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS Images of the male physique
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS *images of the male physique*
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS *bring out the wild physique*
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the male physique
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS *images of the male physique*
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the male physique
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the wild, the raw,
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS images of the bear
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



Ali ~ Mr. Bear Syria





ARKTOS mensage de la nature physique
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS *maestro of the male physique*
PHOTOGRAPHY
arktos-photography.com



ARKTOS *images of the male physique*

PHOTOGRAPHY

arktos-photography.com

Arktos Photography is dedicated to nude images of the male physique. The photographer, trained and working as classical musician, has been developing himself in photography since 2015. He is interested in men of all shapes and sizes, that feel comfortable to appear in their most natural state in front of his camera. The photographer is available to travel worldwide for photoshoots at every desired location.

www.arktos-photography.com



Photo by:
© 2018 by Manel Ortega, Brighton



© *Laceoni*



© *Laceoni*



© *Laceoni*



Daniel

Photos by
Menasco Photography







Daniel





Daniel





Daniel





Daniel



Desert Heat

Magazine

December 2018 | Issue 3

Coming December 1st

