

Desert Heat

Magazine™

October 2019 | Issue 10

Thomas

Exploring his duality

Desert Heat Magazine



**MODELS
WANTED**

We collaborate with photographers from all over!
Want to show off? Click this image and contact us!

From the Editor

I know I have said it before, but first and foremost a big thank you to the contributors of the Magazine. Without you, there wouldn't be a publication.

During the photoshoot with Thomas in Vorschoten, I had not clue that I was going to be doing the type of spread that was the result. There was major chaos during the shoot due to equipment malfunction, using a great friend and fellow photographer's equipment to complete the shoot, and then just the fact that I was getting to know a new model in such a short period. Of course, we all sucked it up and came up with some great images.

The thought of the duality of Thomas' nature, which almost every man possesses just seemed to flow naturally. The juxtaposition of an athletic guy with a dominant leather man just struck me as fascinating, to say the least.

A big shout out needs to go to Hans, of Arktos Photography, and his partner Armin, for tolerating me and mine staying with them while we were visiting the area. If it was not for this incredible man, the shoot of Thomas would not have happened. Thank you for your great hospitality and most important, your great friendship.

As your peruse through here, you'll notice that there are some new photographers displayed. They have been gracious enough to provide us some of their work for your viewing pleasure. It is my hope that you take the time to reach out to each of them and let them know you've seen them in this Magazine. A small encouragement like that will help spur them on

to continue shooting and improving in their craft. Our contributors are not professional photographers, for the most part, and I know they would love to hear from you.

Also, if you are in need of a photographer, you never know, they may be in your area.

On that note, if you know of any photographers that might need a venue to show off their work, or just want a new venue to reach other viewers, we are always looking for new artists. Please send them our way. We

are always looking for new talent that our readers will enjoy. The only real requirement is that the images must be focused on male or manliness. There are plenty of Magazines and venues for images of women which many men enjoy viewing.

Finally, thank you for downloading or viewing this Issue online. A lot of work has gone into putting this together for your pleasure. If you are so inclined, I'd love to hear what you think of the design choices, photographers, or layout. Constructive criticisms are always welcome and encouraged. You can reach me on Instagram or Twitter or you can email me (email address is in the Magazine).



John

Editor
John Kranz
john@desertheatmag.com

Design
John Kranz
john@desertheatmag.com

Publisher
Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages@gmail.com

Submissions
submissions@desertheatmag.com

Contributors
Miguel Nochair Photography
(migsanphoto@gmail.com)
David Clifton-Strawn Photography
(davidcliftonstrawn.com)
Coyote Studios NW
(Coyotestudiosnw@gmail.com)
Otero Fotografia
(fototero2015@gmail.com)
Tank's Takes
(Tank707@att.net)
MuscleOtter305
(pillock@mail.usf.edu)
Pismozentai
(pismozentai@gmail.com)
Menasco Photography
(ericphx1975@gmail.com)
Male Reflections Photography
(Quentin.r.allen@gmail.com)

Cover Photo: Thomas
by Desert Heat Images
desertheatimages.com

desertheatmag.com

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

For further information please contact:
desertheatmagazine@gmail.com

Twitter:
@desertheatmag

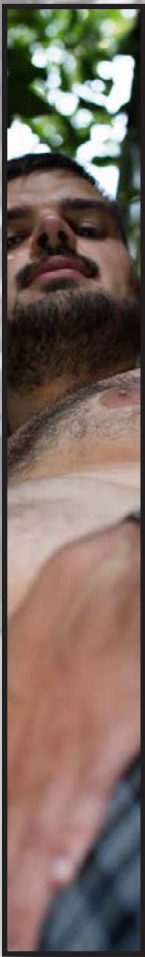
Instagram:
www.instagram.com/desertheatmag/

Flickr
www.flickr.com/groups/dhmsubmissions/

Must be 18 years or older to view

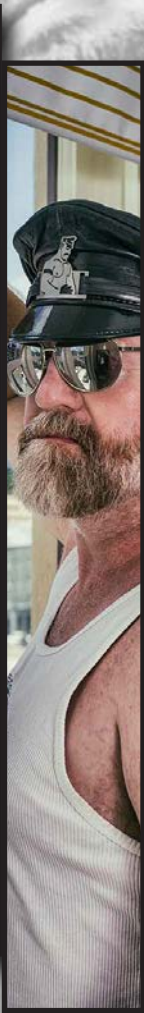
Desert Heat Magazine
© 2018 Desert Heat Images

Contents

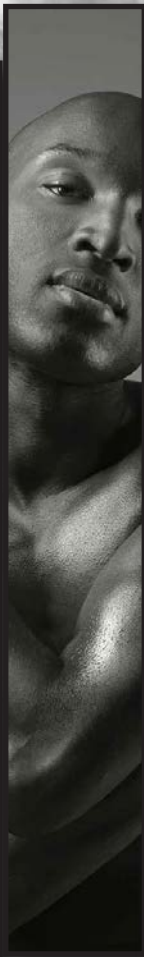


7

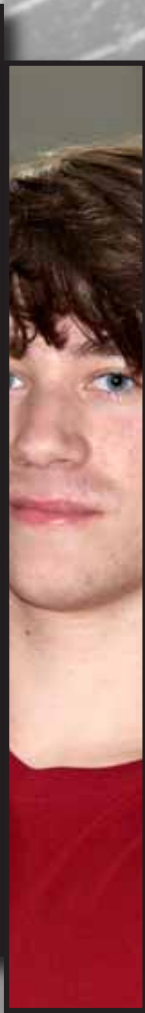
Duality of Thomas



19
Steve Ellis



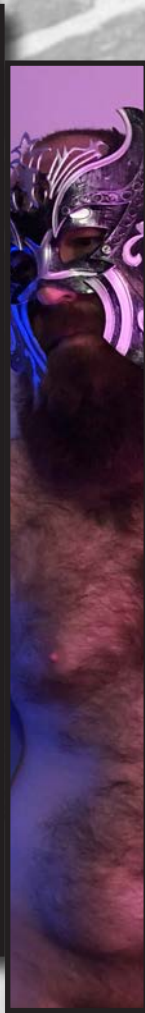
30
Blaine Porter



40
Tim Knoxville



48
MuscleOtter305



56
Viking



64
Blake & Coyote



73
Borja M.



80
"Model Behavior"



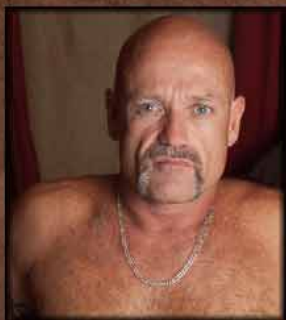
86
Tank's Takes

Writings

The Lube Job	16
Reflections from the Bottom	46
The Price of Friendship	83

DE

WWW.DESERTHEATIMAGES.COM





DUALITY OF THOMAS

IMAGES BY DESERT HEAT IMAGES





Thomas





Thomas



Thomas



Thomas

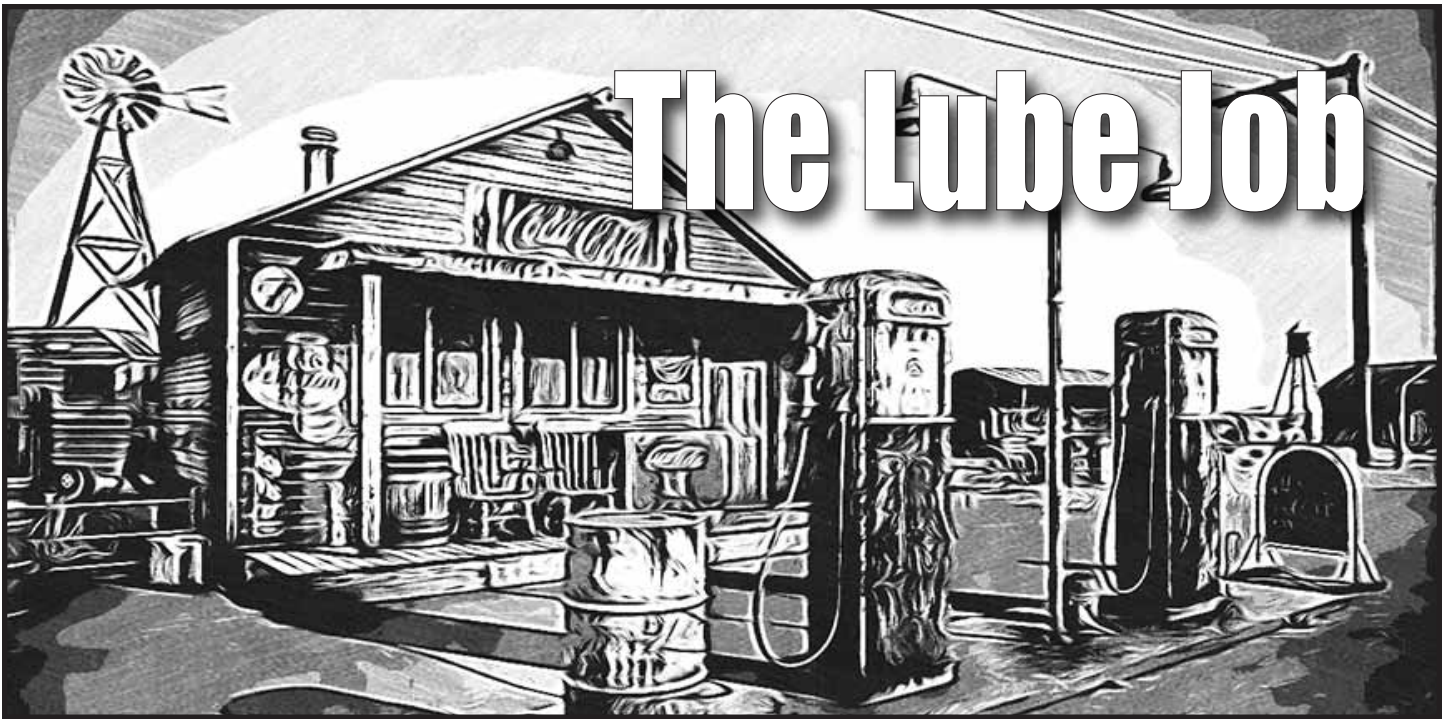




ABF20

BEARS & BALLS

02 July 2020 - 05 July 2020 • AtlantaBearFest.com



The Lube Job

I'd been driving half the night when I pulled off the Iowa State Highway and into some antiquated gas station. It was obvious it was one of thousands that had been mostly left to rot when the interstate passed it by. No self-service in this place. Matter of fact, I was beginning to think there was no service at all when a sleepy looking dude in baggy overalls shuffled toward the car. I couldn't believe his uniform was unzipped almost to the navel. Since he wasn't wearing an undershirt, he gave me a good look at a bare muscular chest as he propped a hand against the side of the car and leaned close.

"Fill it up?" he muttered groggily. He yawned and scratched a hairy nipple as he waited for my reply. The heavy flesh of his pectorals rippled beneath his fingers and I felt a rubbing between my thighs. Because he rubbed so vigorously, I almost expected him to play with his nipples until they got hard!

"Yeah," I said. "Unleaded."

"Coming right up, Mac."

He gave me a tired smile and his crotch a quick scratch before tending to business. The gas tank filled from the front, so I had a clear view of the sexy grease jockey. As he yawned again and leaned against the car, he sort of propped up his crotch in my direction. I was so tired from the drive that sex was the last thing on my mind. But as I watched this hunk flaunt his heavy equipment just

a few feet away, my dick definitely began to hum. I kept staring until he finished filling the tank and started working on the filthy windshield.

As he cleaned the glass and I had an ever sharper view of what was going on, I noticed that the zipper on his uniform had taken on a life all its own. Those overalls were a one-piece job, like a jump suit, with a zipper that went from mid-chest to just underneath his balls. As he stretched to clean the windshield, the zipper slowly worked its way down until it reached his navel. I was mesmerized by the increased amount of bare flesh the man showed, especially when the zipper crept lower still and I saw the beginning of the guy's pubic bush. This was really unbelievable, not to mention hot!

The guy suddenly smiled and I felt my face redden as blood flowed to my cheeks. It was also flowing between my legs where I felt a healthy stiffness steadily growing inside my jeans. I couldn't believe this was happening, especially when the guy finished the rear windshield and came back to the front. As he put his cleaning scraper away, I noticed the zipper had worked its way almost as far as it could go and I really had something to see. The majority of the man's pubic bush was in plain sight, along with the thick base of his cock, which was flopping down his left pants leg.

It was more than obvious that he was

putting on a show for my benefit, but what wasn't clear was just how I was going to handle it. Sex with strangers had never appealed to me, but maybe that was simply because I'd never had the opportunity before. If my dick was any sort of barometer, the atmospheric conditions for raw sex were ideal and steadily increasing. I swallowed hard as he came over and took the credit card I held out. When he walked to the office, I got my first good look at his ass. His butt cheeks moved inside those overalls like a couple of ripe melons, and I thought my dick was going to explode! By the time he returned for my signature, I was really sweating bullets.

"Anything else, Mac?"

His question was accompanied by a hand to his crotch. Instead of scratching from the outside like he'd done before, his fingers went inside the overalls and blatantly grabbed a handful of heavy meat. It was obvious that I wasn't the only one getting excited by this little game.

"Yeah," I said, making an effort to regain my composure. I was caught so completely off guard that this hunk really had me rattled. "Uh, where are the rest rooms?"

"I'm afraid they're out of order," he said with a crooked smile.

"Shit!"

"Tell you what, pal," he said, leaning closer. The sleepy look was now completely gone from his eyes, replaced by something sharp, inviting and altogether sexy. "You can use my private john in the office there. Wouldn't want you to bust a bladder or something."

"Uh, thanks," I said, reaching for the door handle.

"No problem."

He stepped aside as I started to get out, wondering how I was going to hide the obvious bulge inside my jeans. Then it dawned on me! Why the hell should I care if the guy noticed I had an erection? After all, his dick was more than a little stiff and he was practically jacking off inside his coveralls! Boy! Was I a novice when it came to this sort of thing!

I finally got out and stood for a second, feeling his eyes burn into me as they raked from head to toe. They lingered on my crotch, of course, where my prick was making an enormous lump. Cramped by my underwear, it was actually

hurting and I was dying to rub it, but I didn't quite have the nerve for that yet. Then the grease jockey did something that gave me that needed bit of courage.

Right there in the parking lot, he hauled out his meat and displayed it like he was prize livestock at some county fair. In fact, his enormous cock and balls reminded me of a bull's as they flopped out of the overalls and hung toward his knees. His cock was really impressive, half-hard with lust and with a clipped red cap that looked like it needed a good long sucking. As I stood there in astonishment, he stroked himself until his dick grew longer and longer. I licked my lips as I saw each additional inch, and by the time I saw something over 10 inches of stiff pecker meat, my mouth was watering like crazy.

"If you don't see what you want, just ask for it, pal."

"Uh ... thanks, Joe," I muttered, reading the name stitched to his coveralls.

"Don't mention it."

I felt my face burn again as I hurried into the small office and hastily found the john. I closed the door behind me and leaned against it. My heart was racing like mad and I could feel the blood throbbing at my temples and between my thighs. My dick was completely hard now, and I forgot all about taking a piss. As I stood there trying to compose myself, my eye wandered to a hole in the wall. It was probably three inches or so in diameter and positioned right beside the toilet. I leaned over to examine it and saw that it opened to the outdoors. My first thought was that someone could look in and see whoever was sitting on the john.

My second thought was that the hole was definitely not for voyeurs. That was made clear when my view was suddenly blocked. I dropped automatically to my knees when I saw something red and shiny appear at the hole and force its way slowly through. In a matter of seconds, a good six inches of Joe's stiff pecker was poking through the hole and there was no doubt in my mind what I was expected to do with it.

I heard a low groan through the hole as I wrapped my hand around the hairy base of Joe's prick and squeezed. The shaft was amazingly hard in contrast to the spongy cock head which I kneaded with my fingertips. Joe shoved forward again, giving me a full 10 inches of meat to work

on, but I still wanted more. I stuck my fingers through the bottom of the hole and groped for those monstrous balls, too. Joe responded by helping me pull them through the snug fit of the opening, and I licked my lips when I saw my prize.

Joe's huge, beautiful prick arched up from those furry, succulent nuts, a graceful curve that I knew would fit neatly down my hungry throat. His clipped knob was a deep red, almost angry looking in contrast with the column of pale flesh supporting it. The cleft of the fat cock head contained a deep piss slit which invited my tongue, but I forced myself to take my time with this juicy treasure.

First, I worked on the sweaty ball sac, temptingly propped up on the edge of the glory hole. I touched my tongue to the underside, tasting the sweaty funkiness and forcing another groan of pleasure from Joe. I licked hungrily and eventually drew both nuts between my lips. They made an enormous, hairy mouthful which I licked and sucked until Joe was moaning with excitement. His cock was twitching in anticipation of having my hot lips wrapped around it, but I still took my time.

After some five minutes or so of intense ball work, I let Joe's big nut bag flop out of my mouth. Then, I slurped at the base of his dick, sucking the sides of the silky shaft and working my mouth slowly up the succulent pole. Slowly, very slowly, Joe was starting to fuck the glory hole and as I watched his desperate efforts, I decided it was time to take care of my own dick. It was bent almost double inside my tight jeans, threatening to bust out if I didn't give myself some relief. While I kept my mouth stuck to the sides of Joe's meat, I hauled out my prick and started stroking. I drooled a long stream of spit onto my cock head and soon my fist was making slippery noises as it slid up and down the length of my hot poker.

"Suck me, man," Joe muttered in a low groan from the other side of the wall.

"Is that what you want, Joe?" I teased.

"You know damn well it is!"

"You sure?" I pressed, licking at the base of the flanged, fleshy dome and enjoying the way Joe's shaft responded with little spasmodic jerks.

"Shit, yeah!" he cried. "I'm gonna go crazy if you don't put your mouth on my dick."

I knew I had pushed the desperate man far enough and, besides, I was so cock hungry I was about to go crazy myself. I touched the tip of my

tongue to his gleaming cock slit, tasting the droplet of pre-cum cream clinging to the swollen knob. The first contact between mouth and cock head shot through Joe's body like a bolt of lightning. His whole body rocked and shoved hard against the thin wall. The impact was so strong, I thought for a moment he was going to come crashing down on top of me. But the wall stayed intact as his fat cock head slid slowly, deliberately down my throat.

"Oh, yeah!"

His groan was so loud I wondered if it could be heard from the highway. It got even louder as I slipped my lips back to the flanged dome and tongued relentlessly. All the while, I was fisting my meat faster and faster, establishing a rhythm identical with what I was using on Joe.

"Suck me, pal!" he groaned wildly. "Suck my fat cock. Yeah! That's good. That's how to do it!"

"Feel good?" I teased.

"Yeah, man. Use your tongue under my cock head like that. That's it!"

"You like that, huh?"

"God, yes. Oh, that's it!" he sighed. "That's it!"

Joe shoved his crotch hard against the wall, as though he could force still more dick through the glory hole. But I had as much as he could get through, and I worked every glorious, succulent inch of it. I could feel the strange, wonderful hardness a man's cock always gets when his meat starts filling up with pre-cum juice. It's almost as though the pre-cum hardens it more than blood, because, suddenly, I felt like I was deep throating a slippery stone. Joe's incredibly stiff poker rammed hard against the back of my mouth, battering my tonsils and almost making me gag with so much meat. But I was determined to handle every delicious inch and concentrated on accommodating him.

"I wanna suck out your cum, Joe!" I grunted.

"Oh, yeah!" he cried. "Do it, pal. "Soon. Real soon, huh?"

"I'm ready when you are, man!"

I was totally unprepared for what happened next. Abruptly and completely without warning, Joe stepped back and literally pulled his meat out of my mouth. I stared in disbelief at the dark glory

Continued on page 29

The Lube Job

**STEVE
ELLIS**

Images by
Menasco Photography





Menasco
PHOTOGRAPHY



Menasco
PHOTOGRAPHY

Steve Ellis





Menasco
PHOTOGRAPHY



Menasco
PHOTOGRAPHY



Menasco
PHOTOGRAPHY



Menasco
PHOTOGRAPHY



GO **NAKED** MAGAZINE



the eMag for male nudists...

GET IT AT GNMAGSTORE.COM



DHM Fan ~ Marco



hole, feeling like my dinner had been suddenly stolen. I gasped in disappointment until I saw something else at the gaping aperture. I saw Joe licking his lips.

"Hot shit!" I said.

I stood hurriedly when I understood what was to happen next. I pushed my jeans down to my knees and stepped against the wall. I had one more look at Joe's tongue protruding through the hole, waving in invitation, before I shoved my stiff dick through the hole and into his waiting mouth.

"C'mon, grease monkey. Put a lube job on this man's big meat. Yeah! That's it. Aw, shit!"

My knees trembled as I felt my stroking hand replaced by a hot, wet opening on the other side of that hole. I ground my pubic hair against the wall, shoving as far through it as possible, wanting to give Joe every available inch of my sex-crazed cock. I heard his hungry slurps which excited me a lot and at his insistence, I pushed my balls through the hole so he could work them too.

"Yeah," I sighed.

"Feel good?" he asked, teasing as he slid his ravenous mouth off my thrusting poker. I couldn't really complain. It was his turn to do me now.

"You know it does!" I moaned.

"Want me to work these big balls too?"

"Oh, yeah. That's the way. Lick them real good, Joe."

"You like a man licking your nuts, huh?"

"Damned right," I sighed. "Especially when he's got a hot tongue like yours."

"Your nuts taste good, man. I like hairless nuts."

"Just keep licking," I urged. He did as I asked, tonguing my balls until they were soaking with his spit. Every lick sent a shot of ecstasy through me and when Joe sucked my balls into his mouth, my knees went weak again. "Yeah. Oh, yeah!"

I'd never been at a glory hole before and I have to admit it's a wild feeling that first time. When I was sucking Joe's dick and licking his balls, I was frustrated, because I couldn't grab his beautiful butt. I wanted to hold onto his ass while he pounded his meat into me, but instead I grabbed my meat and used my hands to jacked it the Lube Job

with a frenzy.

"Yeah," I groaned. "Lick my cock head some more."

There was also the peculiar sensation of being on the other side of the wall, of getting blown by someone you can't see or touch. Joe's mouth was just an anonymous wet hole for me to fill with my hard dick. And I filled it! I pounded my crotch against that thin wall until it was shaking with the impact of my thrusts. I could hear Joe gagging and sucking and sometimes begging for even more.

"That's it, pal! Fuck this man's face. Make me choke on that fucking big dick!"

"Yeah!"

I closed my eyes and concentrated on nothing but my groin and that hot, wet feeling that only comes when another man's mouth is wrapped around your meat. I braced my hands against the wall, pushing my legs apart until I was spread-eagled. The complete focus of my energy was between my thighs, where I pounded relentlessly into that sweat-streaked glory hole.

"Yeah!" I groaned. "That's it. Suck my fucking cock, man. Take it real deep in that hot throat. Yeah. That's the way! "

As I began oozing pre-cum into Joe's hungry mouth, I could feel the cream start swelling up in my balls. I knew it was only a matter of time and a few more hot licks with that slippery wet mouth before the pre-cum juice would become the real thing. Up and down went his wet lips, coaxing out my load and pushing me beyond the point of return. I was fucking his mouth and that hole in the wall like a crazy man, losing control as I drove wildly toward release.

"Suck me!" I cried. "Suck out my fucking load, man!"

I felt Joe's fingers close around the base of my cock and hold tight, getting a firm grip as I let go with the first blast of cream.

"Oh, yeah! I'm fucking cumming!"

That first blast wasn't nearly as big as the second one. I heard muffled sounds telling me Joe was gagging on my load, but he never once took his mouth off my meat. He clamped his jaw on my dick and held tight as I poured my cum river into him.

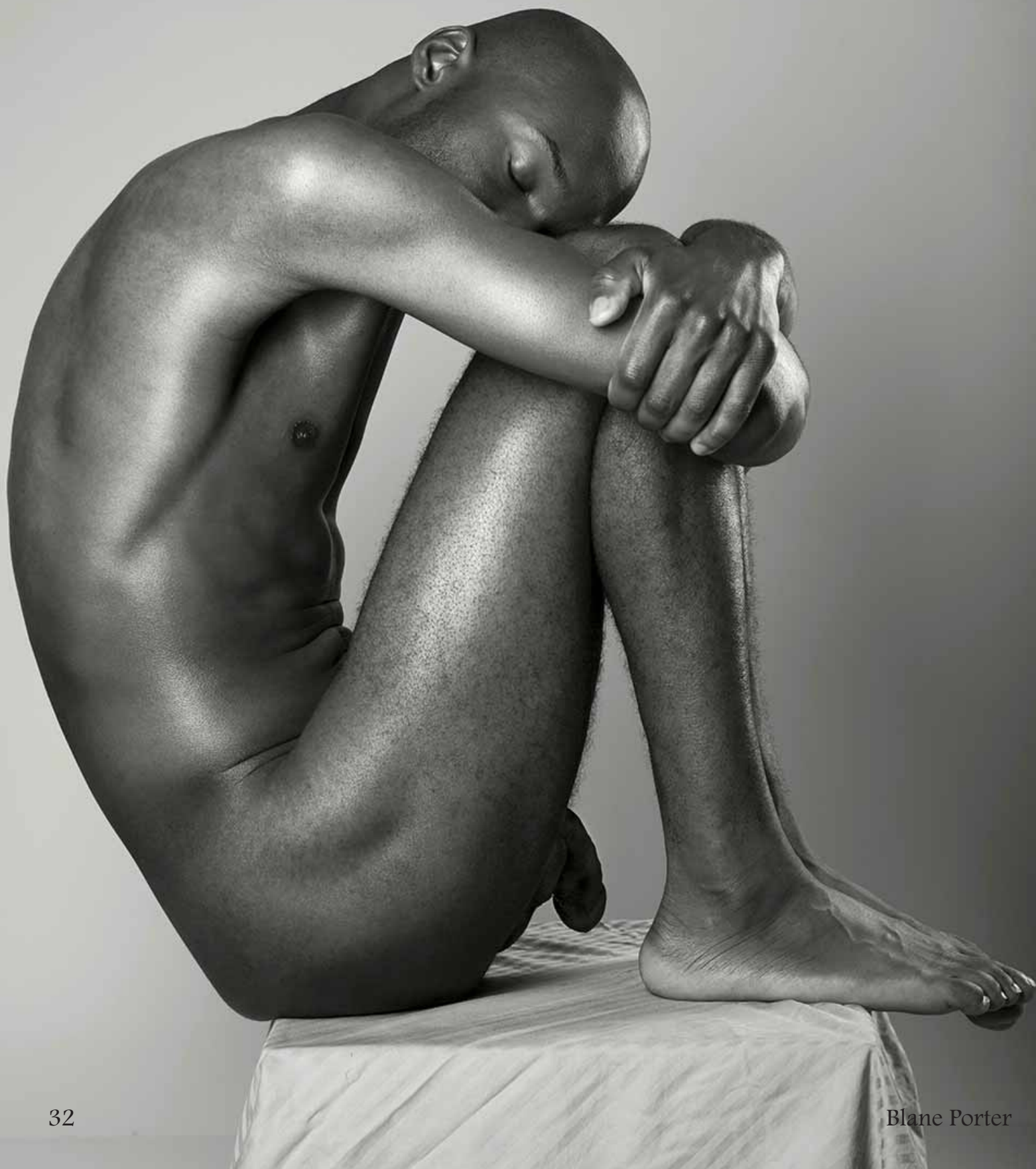
"God, yes!" I groaned, feeling that liquid

Blane Porter

Images by
David Clifton-Strawn
Photography

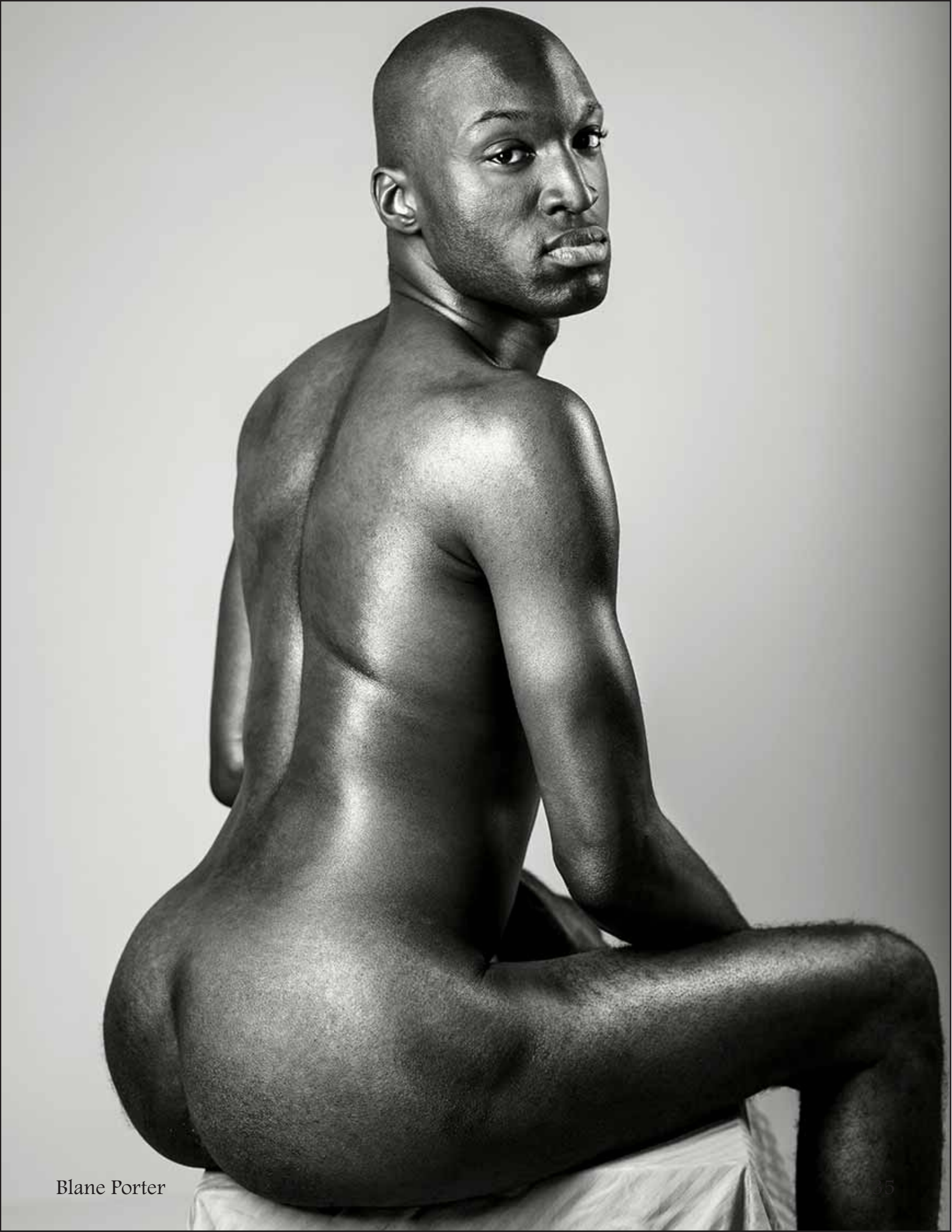






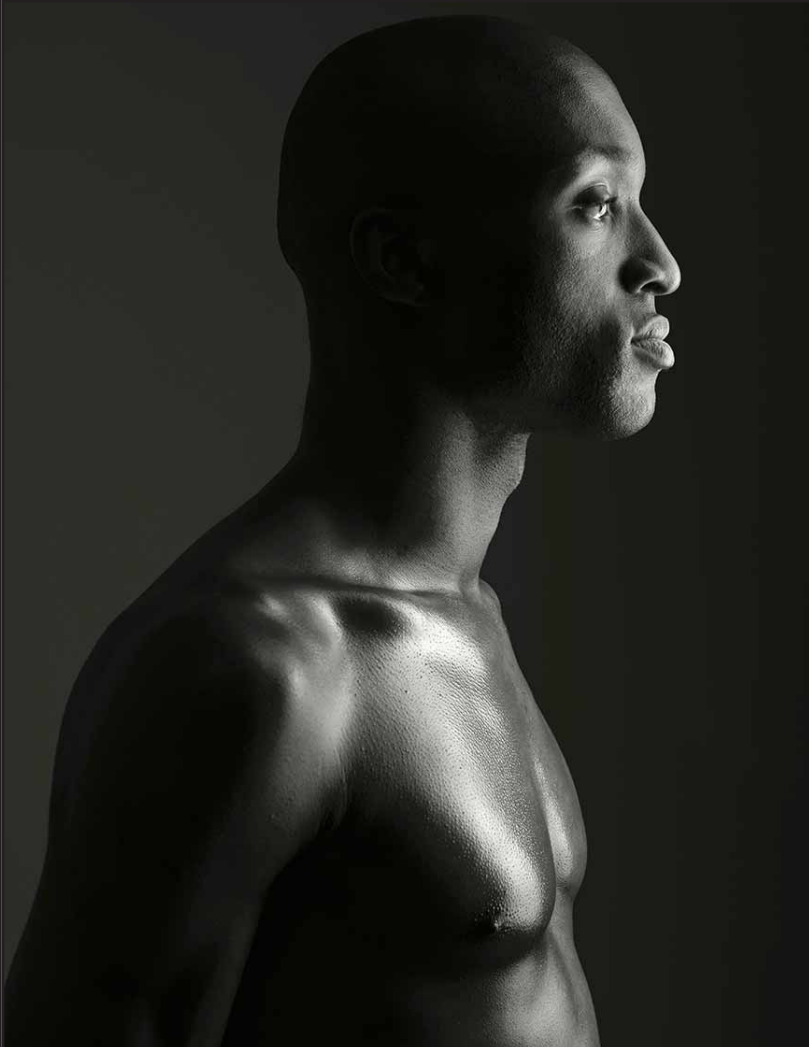






Blane Porter







**SPEAK
SPANISH!**



INTERNATIONAL
WEBSITE

SALE OFF
0,99
DOLLAR

WWW.BEARPLUS.NET





Tim Knoxville
images by
Male Reflections Photography





Tim Knoxville





Tim Knoxville



So-
cial
Me
dia



Continued from page 29

white heat drain from my dick and into Joe's waiting mouth. "Suck it out, man. Suck out all this man's cum. That's it! That's the way!"

I heard a loud moan and felt the wall tremble as Joe crashed against it. He was bracing himself with one hand, mouth still working hard on my stiff meat while he stroked out his own load. He groaned wildly, sounding almost in pain as he jacked it to the finish. At least, I thought that's what was happening. Suddenly, like before, Joe pulled a switch and yanked his mouth off my dick when I'd finally finished cumming. I took a step back as my dick started to shrink out of the hole. It was immediately filled with Joe's rock hard cock, the fiery red head looking angrier than ever. It was drooling a long stream of sticky pre-cum cream and I quickly dropped to my knees as I heard his

pleading cry.

"Suck me, man! Hurry! Suck my fucking dick!"

Just as I opened my mouth to swallow that throbbing cock head, a gush of spunk blew out of the piss slit and struck me on the cheek. I barely got my lips wrapped around the head before the rest of the gusher followed. In a flash, my mouth was overflowing with cum. I gulped greedily, savoring every wad until finally there was no more.

Finally, I let him pull his dick from my mouth and took that long delayed piss. When I went back outside, Joe was waiting beside the car, a sleepy, contented look on his face. He grabbed me playfully on the ass as I got into the car and gave me the torn credit card receipt.

"That load of gas was on the house, pal," he said with a wink. "And so was the lube job!"





It was late evening by Jamie's calculation as he lounged against the building bored out of his mind. Mindlessly smoking a cigarette he watched what little traffic there was tonight, as it meandered past where he stood. He noticed an older gentleman slowly approaching him from across the street, lust written all over the wrinkled face as he sized Jamie up. He felt irritated as he shifted positions turning away from the man. Giving him a cold shoulder, he only prayed he would pass on by.

You're not supposed to be out here...you promised yourself!

Not unlike a million other promises he had made to himself, this one too was going to be broken soon. He knew he had a problem with sex. He had known that for quite some time. His problem was he had a hard time saying 'no' when approached by someone. There had been a part of him that was ready to go off with the old man who just passed, because he was bored and it would have been something to do.

You've already been with three other men so far tonight...

"Fuck you!" Jamie cursed at the air as the voices inside his head, nagged at him reminding him of what he wanted to forget. They didn't count. Warm-ups for what were hopefully to come still tonight. He started walking to hopefully get rid of some of the energy that was causing his skin to crawl. The streets in this neighborhood were dead tonight and he regretted having ever come to this new territory to check it out. Arguing and talking with the voices in his head, the young man was not aware when a Volkswagen Van pulled up along side of him, verily moving as it kept pace with him.

"Hey Honkie! Wanta get fucked?" A deep voice asked from inside the van.

Jamie stopped in his tracks, caught off guard by the directness of the question. Turning he saw a black dude, probably mid-thirties leaning out of the passenger's window, leering at him. He wasn't anything to write home about in looks, but he was black and Jamie knew from experience a

Continued on page 34



DHM Fan ~ Max Hoflin



DHM Fan ~ Max Hoflin



MuscleOtter305











few hours spent with a horny Nigger, could make or break an evening. So far tonight he was batting zero as far as he was concerned.

"Maybe...what do you have in mind?" Jamie asked watching the man as he stared at him.

A voice inside yelled, "We want to get off and we like to fuck!"

"That pretty much sums it up kid." the black man said, wetting his lips. "Are you interested?"

"Could be. Just how many of you are there?" Jamie asked.

You have got to be crazy. I can't even believe you are standing here entertaining this ideal. They could kill you for all you know...so...

Jamie eyes turned when the side panel of the van slid open. Inside were two other Black men, a Mexican and what appeared to be either an Italian or Greek guy, besides the driver whom he really couldn't see and the Black man in the front seat. The smell of weed assaulted Jamie's senses as it filtered out from inside the Van. It was obvious they were high as could be and each was rubbing or squeezing their dicks through their pants, as they proposition him.

Six guys...strangers...

"If I go with you guys, how do I know it's safe?"

The Italian guy licking his lips, smiled coyly at the kid as he baited him from inside the van. "You don't. But trust me, if you like sex, you won't regret it."

"Com'on let's go he's not interested!" the driver said, starting to drive away. Jamie saw the pleading looks on their faces as the door started to close.

What the fuck...Jamie thought as he stepped into the van and landed on the mattress covered floor in a pile of legs and hands, as he heard the door slide close. His head was leaning up against someone's leg and he could feel hands tearing at his clothes as they were being removed from him. Someone straddled his chest and he could feel a big dick, drag across his face as the guy settled down on Jamie's chest. Stroking his dick, which arched out from his jeans, he offered the kid a hit of grass. Jamie took it gratefully

inhaling deeply of the weed, as it stung his senses and he began to relax. As he moistened his lips, the guy's dick pressing against his mouth begin to slide into his throat. The dude rocked forward driving more cock down Jamie's throat and he had to struggle to breathe as he sucked on the thick dick in his mouth.

Meanwhile, now mainly nude, he could feel his legs being lifted in the air as a mustache begins to tickle his butt. The tongue driving up inside of him, soon had him wishing there was more back there beside the man's tongue. As if thinking it was all which was needed, a blunt tool pushed at his butt slowly spreading the sphincter until it plopped inside resting there like a hot tamale. Trying to adjust too being invaded from both ends, he was soon confronted with a new sensation as someone else was deep throating his dick. He knew someone was trying to work the cum out of his balls, which were also being kneaded like dough in their hands. He could feel the dick in his butt spreading his muscles as it inched forward into his rectum. If there was two things Jamie loved, it was getting fucked and by a big dick. Right now he was in heaven! He supposed he should be concerned about his safety, but at the moment he wanted sex as badly as these men did. It would be a close match as to who would wear the other out. It might be six against one, but Jamie knew there had been more than one evening when he had taken on more than six guys. He never really understood his body, but the more he got, the more he wanted. It was almost as if something was triggered inside turning him into a raging vacuum, capable of taking on the world.

The combination of dick in both ends, with back up reserves, allowed Jamie to float away on an orgy of sensation, as his body was used repeatedly by the six men over the next several hours. The men took turns driving, as they circled throughout the city and every combination one could think of was used on the only too willing boy as he sought to numb himself out and to float away on pure sensation. As the men one by one crashed and spent themselves Jamie valiantly tried to arouse them once again for another round. Tossing and turning, he desperately tried to find just one more hard cock to push him over the edge. He was so close and he knew the next one would do it. Reaching, stretching...just a little further, he

begins to fall, floundering, reaching out for support...he landed on the floor in a tangled heap of blankets.

"Ugh?" Looking around, he shook his head, realizing he was on the floor of his bedroom, not in a van with strangers. Picking himself up off the floor, he threw the blankets to one side, before laying back down and wrapping himself in sheets trying to recapture the dream. But sleep evaded him as he tossed and turned in those last few hours before morning. The fan circulating over head did little to cool him off either physically or mentally. Finally out of frustration he begins to massage his dick, feeling it swell in his fist as he worked the shaft into a raging hard on. Jamie slid his fingers over the silken skin of his shaft, as he remembered brief flashbacks of strange men using and abusing his body. Memories mixed with action soon brought Jamie off in a thick and sticky orgasm. Maybe now he could sleep.

Sleeping was difficult at its best. The heat had been oppressive for several weeks now and the weather forecaster daily vocalized his same boring predictions of no relief insight from the comfort of the television studio where he worked. The moisture hung thick and heavy in the air making daily activities twice as difficult. There was no comfort to be found except behind closed doors, where freon circulated through miles of coils in air conditioners all over the city. Store clerks lounged in their doorways fanning themselves hoping for a break in the weather as they daily watched their sales receipts creep lower and lower. No one felt much like shopping in the heat. The only one who was doing any business was the convenience store on the corner whose main business was in Big Gulps, Slurpies and lottery tickets.

Senior citizens clustered together like hens in a barnyard as they sat on park benches in the shade, complaining about their children and doctors. Elderly men, long past the stage of being debonair and charming their wives, now devoted their energies to mindlessly moving around various game pieces over boards as they solved the problems of the world. Unfortunately the younger generations choose not to listen to their elders. Their dreams and solutions spiral in to the thick air, much like the smoke from their cigarettes, they held mindlessly in their fingers. Aging crones of all shapes and sizes fanned themselves as they

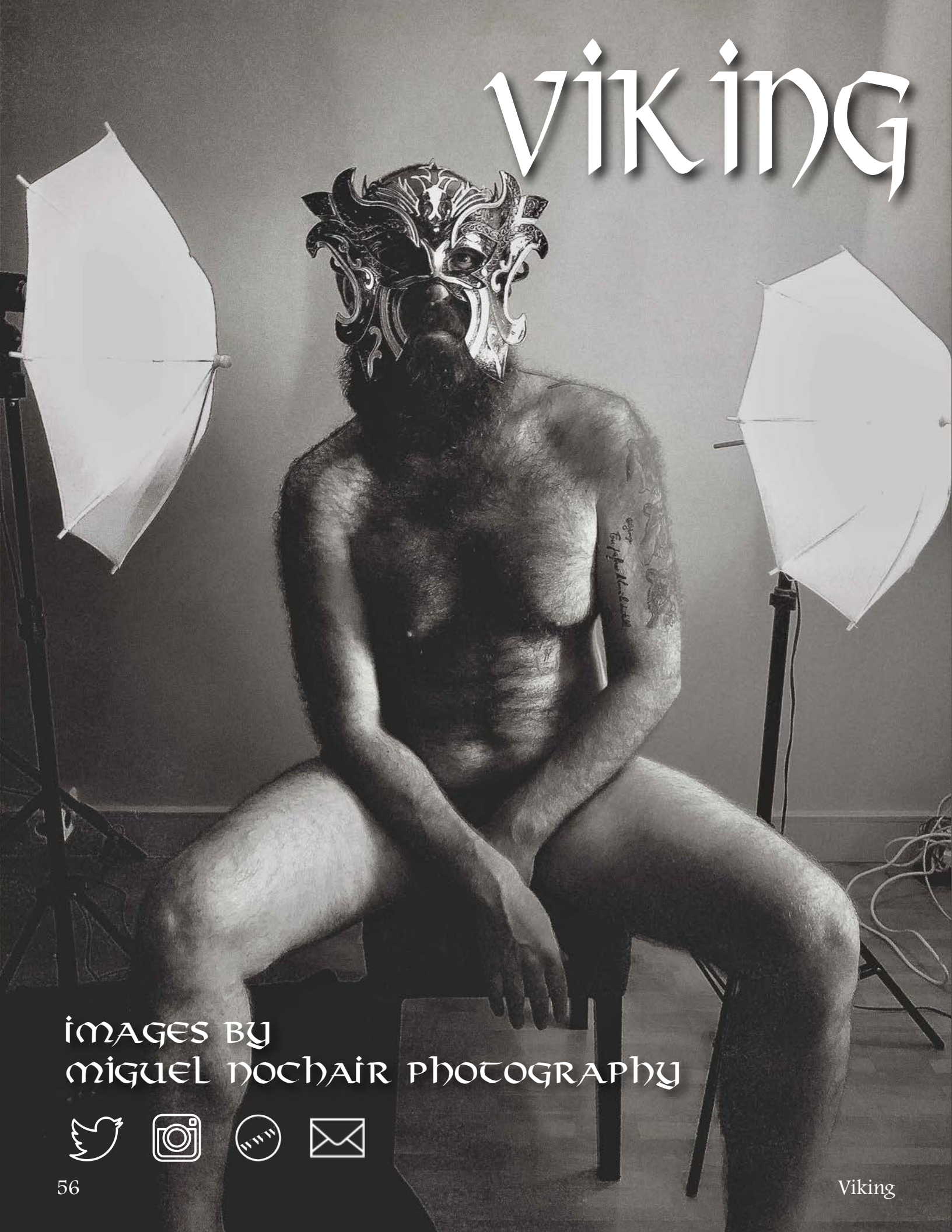
Reflections from the Bottom

either huddled in shawls for protection or sprawled on benches trying to air out their thunderous thighs and pendulous breasts from the oppressive heat. Drops of perspiration gathered on their foreheads and upper lips as they tried not to sweat like the men sitting across from them. Grandchildren, oblivious to the heat yelled and screamed as they darted around the park under the ever watchful, but occasionally neglectful eyes of their grandparents.

Probably what fascinated but scared Jamie more than anything was an older woman in her fifties which appeared every afternoon and overlapped the shifting of the guard in the park. She would appear in all her dignified glory, as she began to gather cans to recycle from the trash. Usually appearing dirty and unkempt, people seemed to shy away from her, preferring to cross the street than to get too near. She always wore the same hat, a bee keepers' bonnet, complete with a netting, which hung down over face and draped on her shoulders. Around the bonnet, which was a combination of straw and canvas, she had tied a sash of grosgrain ribbon, of a deep shade of heliotrope. From the ribbon, all types of flowers had found their way into her hat band. Some artificial silk, other real that once placed were forgotten and eventually dried. Suspenders over a man's shirt held up trousers, rolled up at the cuff; as mismatched shoes separated her from the pavement. The shirt and trousers varied, but the suspenders were always the same, a shade of Irish Green, which any leprechaun would be proud of. Moth eaten wool sweaters and over-sized jackets sheltered her from the elements; as she rolled on wheels behind her a tapestry carpet bag, which held countless treasures, which only she understood. It was her very eccentricity, which fascinated Jamie and also terrified him. Not understanding, he too went out of his way to cross the street rather than getting too near to her. Today like most afternoons, she wandered amongst the crowd gathering cans one by one. All of this and more Jamie observed as he paced the hallway in his apartment. After beating off he was able to sleep for a couple more hours, but he still woke frustrated and irritable at the routine his life seemed to have fallen into. Living across from the park he was able to observe the daily activity as it progressed

Continued on page 63

VIKING



IMAGES BY
MIGUEL NOCHAIR PHOTOGRAPHY















predictably each day, a fact which gave comfort as well as fear to his mind. He knew that around four to five would begin a mass exodus as the park would empty of its inhabitants and as day changed into twilight so did the beings who gathered under the tree's shift each evening. Chain smoking as he mindlessly paced, Jaime smiled to himself as he watched the older crowd shuffle off. Elderly people made him uncomfortable. There was too much of a sameness and routine to them which ever reminded him of home and family. Jamie was much more comfortable at night, as he thrived on the energy of the evening as its coolness enveloped the world each day at dusk. The hall in which he paced, was as old as the young person often felt. Wallpaper in dire need of glue; hung in tatters were it had loosen itself from the plaster that held it in place for years.. Valiantly displaying a pattern from the Forties that had survived several generations and if given a few more years might actually be back in style again. Patches of paper jumped out in stark relief from the faded patterns around where picture once hung. Long since removed, they were constant reminders of what once was. Over the nails in the wall, Jamie had hung old remnants of crushed fringed velvet and tropical floral fabrics to enhance the decor. Beaded necklaces slung carelessly, hung intermixed with leather jackets from hangers on the wall. Rather a closet or art, Jamie wasn't sure. Maybe it was just practical. A poster of Janis Joplin was plastered to the wall, and adorned with dried blossoms of flowers borrowed from gardens he passed at night. The wooden floor was covered with a worn Oriental carpet which was familiar to Jamie's bare feet as he paced mindlessly.

He could see the shadows changing in the hallway as he lit another menthol cigarette. Jamie only smoked menthol, preferring the cooling sensation to his throat as he inhaled. Each new cigarette he lit was like a breath of fresh air as the nicotine and menthol worked their magic on his senses. A calmness descended taking the edge off of the continuous caffeine Jamie pumped into his body each day. Fortunately caffeine was only found in the morning cups of coffee he had each day to wake up. The cappuccinos in the afternoons, iced in weather like this and the steady stream of Diet Reflections from the Bottom

Coke cans piling up in the kitchen, Jamie never considered as caffeine.

It wasn't the caffeine that had Jamie on edge today, it was the tension in his body as he fought an inner battle. Torn, faded levis, slung low on his hips, exposing more of his body than it covered, was as far as he had progressed in getting dressed today. At either end of the hallway were mirrors on the wall, which were stopping points for Jamie as he carefully studied and examined his body. He was in his late twenties and he liked what he saw. He made sure of that. His body was tight, well muscled without looking like one of those gym freaks who hung out there every day building themselves up into steroid versions of Hercules. He detested that look. His was more of a lean swimmers build, just over six feet tall. His hair was thick and well past his shoulders. Dark brown with blond accents from too many afternoons spent hanging out at the beach and park. His body was a deep golden brown except for the sharp contrast of his tan line. Jamie like tan lines, because it drew your eye in immediately to the area protected from the harsh rays of sunlight and starring eyes. His chest and legs were covered with a fine coating of hair, which lent a rugged masculine aura to his body. He liked body hair and if he hadn't of, you can well believe it would have been shaved off. Jamie was into being as perfect as he was capable of. Stopping in front of the mirror next to the door, he studied his angular face and not finding anything in particular unpleasant, he doubled checked his teeth. All were clean and polished. He had an obsession with keeping his teeth white and free from the nicotine he inhaled constantly. Closing his mouth he flexed and tensed his shoulders' muscles as he starred at his face. His dark brown eyes, starred back at him from the reflection in the mirror; eyes that were old, tired and devoid of emotions. Pupils that had dilated one too many nights from the steady stream of drugs Jamie pumped into his body each day stared back at him. Eyes that have seen and remember far too much and no longer bothered to react. Empty, hollow orbs of blank intelligence, starring out at the world Jamie lived in.

"Shut the fuck up!" Jamie yelled as he pounded on the wall separating him from his



Blake & Coyote

Images by Coyote Studios NW













neighbor.

Get a stupid hearing aid then you wouldn't have to turn your fucking TV up loud enough for the world to hear. Breathe deeply, get control of yourself...you are not going to let that old man get the better of you...are you? Fuck no! Probably just wants to swing on my joint anyway!

Smiling Jamie, grabbed his crotch, rearranging his cock as it begin to stir from a long restless sleep. Wrapping his fingers around the growing bulge in his levis he couldn't help squeezing the growing flesh and was rewarded with a throbbing jerk. Forcing his hand away from his crotch, he mindlessly twirled hair around his fingers, trying to concentrate on anything except his body.

I need to clean this dump. Laundry is piling up, I need to pay bills, Bills...Bill...God I wish Bill was here right now....No! We don't go there, it's not safe.

Walking into the bathroom, he slipped his levis down over his lean hips and stepped into the art deco tiled shower stall, turning on the cold

water. This was his third shower today; all of them cold. The chill of the water lowered his body temperature and made him concentrate on something other than what he had been thinking about. Eyes closed he leaned back, allowing the cold water to bounce off his chest, as it ran in rivulets down over the sculptured plains of his body. His balls which normally hung low and free were seeking shelter from the frigid water, and his cock had swiveled up trying to hide from the icy chill. The cool mist hitting his face, was also causing his nipples to harden and the combined result soon became a lost battle as he shut the shower off. Shaking his head, he squeezed the excess water from his hair and starts to run baby oil into his skin. Oil that not only soothed and left his skin smooth, but which acted as a towel causing the water to bead up and run off his skin. Toweling his hair Jamie ran his fingers through the thick mass before combing it back. There was no need to dry his hair, as it would dry naturally, leaving it soft and full. Jamie knew his hair was one of his better assets of which he had several.

Nude he walked into the living room,

were he flopped down into an over stuffed chair. With his legs sprawled apart, one hooked over the arm of the chair, he reached over to pick up a magazine off the floor. He mindlessly flipped through the pages looking at the glossy images of men posing seductively. Lighting another cigarette, he inhaled waiting for that familiar sensation to flow over him. From where he was sitting he could see the park across the street.

There goes Janet and Stephanie. Wonder what their real names are? They are looking fine tonight. I'll have to ask Janet about make-up tips. You never know she had a black eye from her John last night.

Jamie shook his head suddenly feeling chilled, he hugged himself while the dreaded feeling swept over him. His body was craving and he was trying not to feed it. Trying not to give into the urge that was penetrating every pore of his body calling out for attention. He hated to feel. He hated the shudders, which rippled through his chest, causing him to gasp in pain as his body contorted in its habitual need for a fix. He was powerless over the feeling and the adrenaline that was sweeping throughout his veins, slowly transforming him into a stalking, prowling animal of the night. Springing up out of the chair, he grasped the edge of the window sill and inhaled deeply of the heavy Jasmine scented night air. The intoxicating aroma was like a drug swirling through his brain. A cool breeze danced over his exposed skin, stirring the memory of previous nights when he had stalked endlessly throughout the evening into the early hours of the morning, preying on his victims.

Tears dropped from his eyes as he knew once again he was too weak for this thing that possessed him. He would tie himself to his bed if he thought it would help, but his alter ego always knew how to set him free so it was pointlessly to pursue it. One time Jamie had locked himself in his closet and slid the key out into the room, with hopes of making it through the night, just once staying in. There was still a hole in the closet door, were in agonizing pain he had kicked the panel out in his need to be free. He left it unfixed as a reminder of how powerless and hopeless he was over this situation. A predicament, which has slowly through the past several years become steadily worse as he became more aware of his weakness

of flesh. The breathing, taunt, rippling skin of men in a state of aroused passion and heat was the flesh that he craved. This was the flesh his appetite craved as the very connection of flesh to flesh, sent shudders and chills through his taunt young body, begging for more. When and where this innocence of developing turned into an obsession, Jamie was not sure.

Maturity came upon him fast. Now that it was here he was addicted to the very needs of his body which had slowly turned into an insatiable monster, constantly craving new flesh and moments of ecstasy.

Stubbing the cigarette out in the overflowing cut crystal ashtray, Jamie watched mindlessly as the smoke slowly stopped spiraling into the air. Breathing deeply he closed his eyes, allowing his hand to wander familiarly over his muscles as they sought the planes of his stomach and dipped lower to rest comfortably against his semi-erect flesh.

It wouldn't be long now old buddy until you find new playmates for the evening. A man, a man who could subdue this internal craving...big,hot, throbbing, more powerful than me, someone whose needs are greater than mine...

Sighing, Jamie picked up a copy of a local gay paper and begin mindlessly thumbing through the pages looking for an ad he had glimpse briefly when he bought it at the newsstand a couple of days ago. He had a habit of throwing his wide variety of reading material either near his favorite chair in the living room or else next to the stool in the bathroom, were he often had his profoundest thoughts either during or after an extreme bowel movement. Jamie spent a lot of time in the bathroom, either in prepping or preparing for his nightly adventures. Warm water, in enema form cleanse him inwardly in readiness for what ever might come on a daily basis his way. He lived with a constant need to always be ready for anything. Follow by long hot baths or quick showers he had a phobia about being clean, about always being prepared for any possible encounter. The thought of not being ready and maybe missing the one chance, which might lead to the individual that was capable of subduing him, was not a possibility he entertained. He never let up on his vigil of being ready. Finding the ad he was seeking,

Reflections from the Bottom

he folded the paper in half creasing the edge, as he walked over to the dining table. Sitting down he crossed his legs as he studied the paper in front of him.

The Annual Mardi Gras Fair was starting tonight and he knew it would be a hot, hot weekend of as much sex as his body craved. That was the main reason he had postponed the many occasions throughout the day so far to seek release when his tool throbbed with that familiar need for release. There were bigger and better things awaiting. Jamie stared at the shadow of his pink flamingo, glazed ceramic from the twenties, which sat in front of the plate glass living room window. As the image lengthened, the time drew closer to revelry and total escapism from reality. Running his tongue over his teeth, he knew his teeth needed a good flossing and scouring from the endless cigarettes he had nervously smoked all afternoon. Standing up he lazily walked into the kitchen, to stand perched on one foot as he searched through his freezer compartment for his weed. He loved to keep it frozen, believing it maintained the richness and flavor. Finding it stuffed in the back, behind packages of hamburgers and cheap cuts of steak; he withdrew the tupper ware container. He loved the feel of the frozen air from the open door across his heat laden flesh, as it sent chills racing up and down his spine of contradictions to his nerve center. Sighing deeply he closed the freezer door and opened the refrigerator section taking out a handful of carrot sticks. He begin to mindlessly munch on them as he carry the tupper ware container to the red chrome table in the kitchen. He loved the sensation of the red vinyl plastic seats against his bare ass. A sweaty, sticky feeling, with suction sounds emanated as he squirmed on the vinyl. Taking papers from a sugar jar on a lazy Susan in the middle of the table, Jamie begins to roll joint after joint as he prepared for the evening ahead. Licking his lips, he slid a joint into his mouth moistening it, almost sucking on it as he coated it with saliva sealing the rolling papers. Satisfied he picked up matches and lit one end of the joint, inhaling as the stinging sensation of the weed bombarded his throat and slowly swirled through his senses. The numbing sensation spiraled downward into his lungs, were he continued to inhaled deeply until he was no longer able to breathe inward. Holding the

drug in his lungs a moment or two longer, he slowly exhaled allowing the welcoming, dizzy sensation to wash over his body, as he slowly enter into a dream like state of alter reality. A world where the edges were not quite so sharp and anything and everything was possible. A languid let mobile state of consciousness.

Rambling through the hallway in his apartment, he mindlessly caressed the faded velvet hangings and smiled at the reflection of the nude youth staring back at him from the mirror. Sighing, he drifted into his bedroom, a world of his own creation. In the center of the room was a King size bed, nestled amongst four carved oak columns which stood as sentinels to the sacrificial bed of cotton sheets and antique quilts. Victims arched amongst the soft cotton bedding as they watched their writhing bodies give way to Jamie's desires in the mirrored ceiling overhead. A wooden carved mask, African in nature hung on the wall, were long Golden Pheasant feathers shot out in a majestic arch against the stucco wall. Over sized wicker chairs, oak dressers and a multitude of hanging ferns, philodendrons and ivy trailed throughout the iron rods were voluminous folds of unbleached cotton fell in piles to the polished wooden floor. Everywhere clothes were scattered throughout the bedroom, from were Jamie had tried valiantly throughout the day to decide exactly which items of clothing he would wear this evening. Pair after pair of faded, ripped and well-worn levis all with the holes strategically placed lined the room. Leather vests, flannel shirts, tee-shirts, sweaters were strewn about with utter carelessness.

Laughing to himself, he gathered the clothes up and dumped them in piles in his closet, just in case he brought someone home. Since he seldom bothered to ask their names or rarely ever saw then again, it made little sense, but you never know it might be Mr. Right. Walking over to the oak dresser he open a top draw and pulled out an old jock strap, which bleach would either have restored or destroyed in the process, but it was obvious it was formed to fit only his body. He slipped his long legs through the straps, watching as the elastic slid over the hair on his calves and thighs. He continued to pull the pouch up till it cupped his most precious assets in it's woven elasticity. Arranging his cock so it arched down over his balls,

he turned to look in the mirror on the wall as he straighten the straps which cupped his ass cheeks. He delighted in the twin globes that arched and dimpled at his slightest suggestion. He liked what he saw and he knew a great deal of other men also desired his butt. Grabbing a pair of levis from the pile he slid then on as they molded to his lower body. Holes magically slid into place as worn threads, fell over the abundantly exposed flesh. Somehow by dressing, he was slowly becoming more exposed than when he was nude. Black leather boots and matching tee-shirt completed the outfit, as he swung an aging bomber jacket over his shoulder, to ward off the evening chill. Stopping to pose in front of the mirror in the hall he smiled at his reflection. Grabbing keys, cigarettes and joints he was ready for the Mardi Gras Fair.

Lovin' the Magazine?

Make sure and check out the back Issues by clicking the image below.



BORJA M.



Images by Otero Fotografia







Borja M.







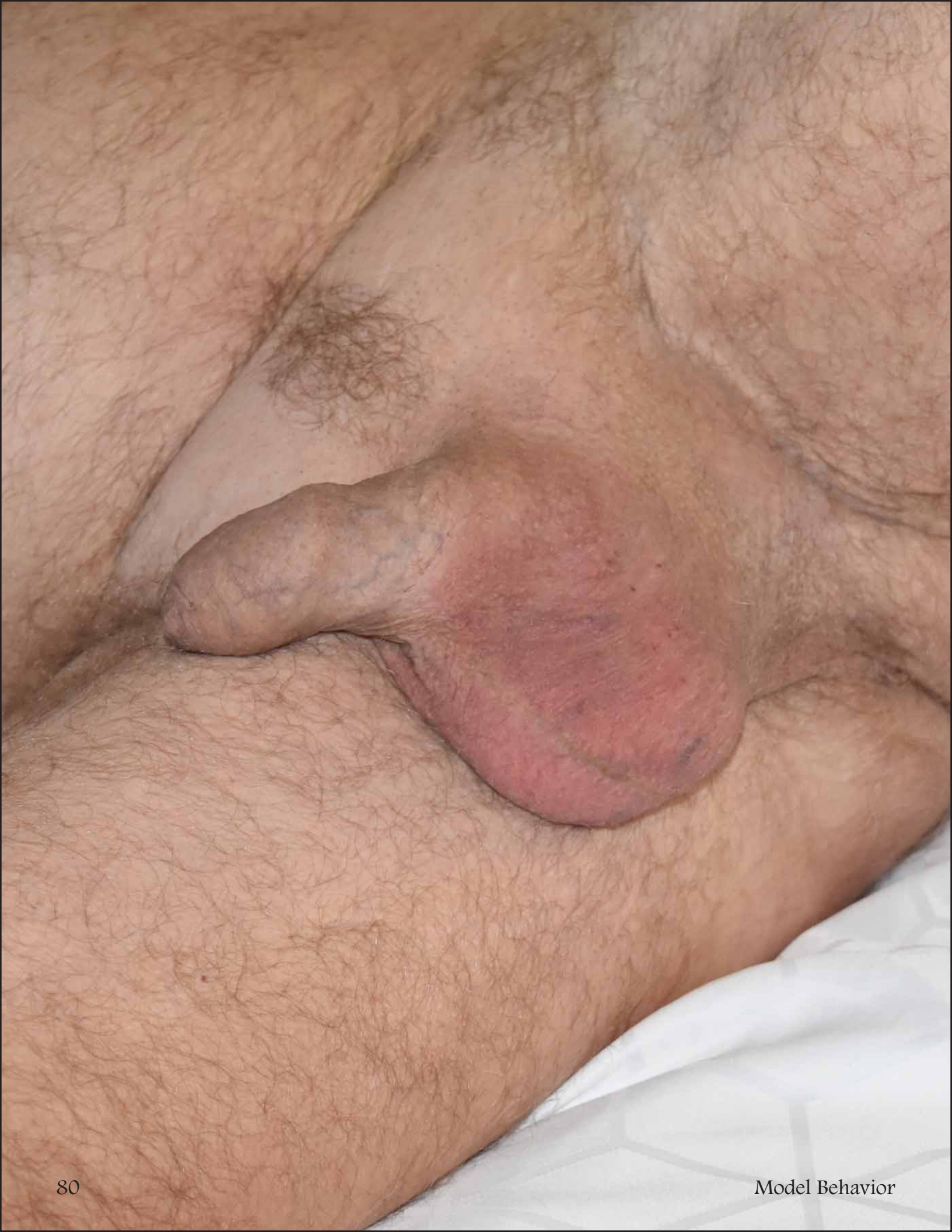
FresnoArtModel in
“**Model Behavior**”



images by **Pismozentai**











The Price of Friendship

Story by
Jingjok

I raced ever upward, along the obscure, overgrown path; branches scratched my flesh. Behind me, I heard him call. I couldn't let him catch me. Couldn't face his anger.

I recalled another time. We were seven, sharing his Christmas pair of roller skates. On one wheeled foot apiece, our arms grasped the other's waist as we sped down the sidewalk, free feet hopping between us in a mad, three-legged race.

I ran on, hearing his footfalls behind me. Why had I done it? After so many years, how had I lost control? My hand had groped his trousers; I had felt him begin to firm. Then I had seen the look of shock on his face; seen the wild panic in his eyes.

Cold leaves clutched at my skin as I tried to escape. A grey cloud beneath the white sky marked my destination.

I remembered the time he had held me in his arms. An after-football dance, in our senior year. Her name was Ellen Ives. She had moved my hand to her covered breast; then she had felt my pants and gripped my softness. I had fled, running blindly around the corner of the gymnasium, almost knocking him down where he had gone to sneak a smoke. He had held me until my heart stopped pounding, and like a true friend, never demanded explanation.

All those years, now thrown away. I burst free from the bushes, onto a wide ledge just below the hilltop. Before me, the dark cloud beckoned. Almost free, I raced for the precipice.

The Price of Friendship

His voice was close now. I heard him grunt, and then he caught my ankle. I fell onto the hard dirt; my fingers scrabbled for the edge. His strong hands pulled my arms to my side, and he lay heavily upon my back; his flat groin pressed against my bottom.

"Why, John?" he panted beside my cheek.

"I couldn't face your anger," I said. "I couldn't live knowing you would hate me."

"I could never hate you, John," he said. Softly, he continued, "I could never hate you. We'll be friends forever."

Friends. Forever. I willed my heart to stop, but it kept on beating. Slow now, and regular. No longer squeezing oxygen to feed my aching legs. I took a deep breath, and let it out. His sigh whispered in my ear.

My heart was calm now. Just an empty muscle, moving the blood through my body. In a moment, we would get up, and he would lead me back. We would dress my cuts, and go on as if nothing had happened.

And I would pay the price of friendship, and live another day.

A photograph of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a black tank top. He has several tattoos, including a large one on his left chest depicting a dragon or mythical creature. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Tank's Takes

*Images by
Tank's
Takes*















Desert Heat

Magazine™

November 2019 | Issue 11

Coming November 2nd

Chris Culver
& Felix Lewis

Hot in the Arizona Desert