



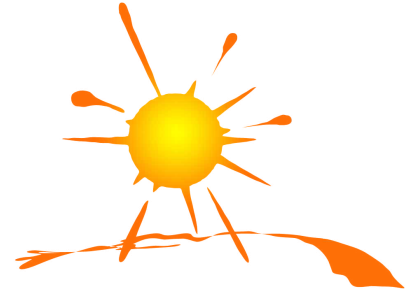
Desert Heat

Magazine™

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Desert Heat

Featuring Chris Culver & Felix Lewis



DESERT HEAT MAGAZINE

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Ramblings From the Editor

What is with everyone with their labels; Always trying to pigeon hole something? To what end? Is it that we feel the need to be “in control” or to understand everything in a simplistic way because we have come to a time where introspection or critical thinking are a thing of the past?

Over the past couple months I have been asked numerous times what “type” of Magazine am I striving to produce. Or it is sometimes worded asking what genre I am trying to hit. I’ve found this almost funny as I have never felt the need that a publication needs to be one genre or another. Yes, there are niche “markets” that some publications strive to become the voice of. That is all fine and dandy for them. They should find, and eventually do, what makes them happy. Hell, there are enough genres out there for everyone right?

So, this publication, not to put too fine of a point on it, is really a genre neutral Magazine, meaning that I want it to be a place for new and seasoned photographers, and other artists, to display their work. To enable them reach an audience that they may or may not have come across on the multitude of social media platforms out there. The publication, with each monthly edition, could contain bears, twinks, musclemen, otters, pups, leathermen, smooth, or any other type of maleness there is out there. We strive to offer a great variety for the incredible variety of readers we have.

Speaking of the readers, I have been blessed to have garnered a great loyal following of readers. I hope that, with the help

of the other artists and photographers, that this publication can continue to enthrall for many years to come.

With all that being said, if you are an artist, photographer, writer or you know any of those creative types, please send them our way. We are always on the lookout for new talent to display in upcoming Issues.

In case you are not aware of it, we have recently started a Flickr group which individuals, along with photographers, can add images to for future Issues. The DHM Fans

this Issue are from that group. It is slowly gaining traction on Flickr and we hope it will be a great tool going forward for those that may want to show their fandom of the Magazine. If you want to check it out, you can get to it by going to Flickr and searching for Desert Heat Magazine Submissions or you can click on this link:

<https://www.flickr.com/groups/dhmsubmissions/>

As usual, please share the link to the Magazine with anyone you think would enjoy viewing it. And if you want to submit your images or work to it, please do so. Again, we are always looking for new artists focusing on Maleness.

Thanks for your continued support!!

John







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Desert Heat

Images by Desert Heat Images



Desert Heat

















The Drunken Sleepover

Story by R. Jason Collett

My phone rang at 12:30 at night. No one usually called me this late. I looked at the screen and saw that it was my best friend, David.

"Hello?" I answered. There was loud music in the background.

"Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaake. I aaaaaam duuuuuuuuunk." He said, slurring his words.

"I can tell." I answered. "Are you okay?"

"Noooooooooooooooo. Caaaaan yoooo coome geeet meeee?" He asked.

"Yes, of course. Where are you?" He didn't answer but I got a text and checked my phone. He had sent me his location. I knew the place well. "I'll be there in twenty minutes." I told him.

"Oooooooooooooookaaaaaaaaaaaaay." He slurred and hung up. I grabbed my wallet and keys and was out the door.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER I was at the bar. I walked in and scanned the room for David and quickly found him sitting at the corner of the bar, five empty shot glasses in front of him. He looked like he was half asleep.

"David, let's go." I said. He slowly opened his eyes and it took a moment or two for him to recognize me.

"Jaaaake! Let's haaave a driink." He slurred.

"No, you are done. I am taking you home" I said. I closed his tab at the bar and helped him off the bar stool and to my car. I managed to put his heavy, muscular frame in my SUV.

"Caaan't gooooo hooooome. Wiiiife and llll had fight. Kiiiicked meeeee ouuuut." He said as I got behind the wheel.

"Fine, you can sleep it off at my place." I said as I started the engine. This explained why he was this drunk. It had been years since I had seen him like this. The man could hold his liquor until he just couldn't, and we were at the point.

He passed out during the drive home and it

made it harder to get him out of the car and when I did, he threw up on the ground and himself.

I dragged him into my apartment and took him straight to the bathroom, took his clothes off and put him in the shower and turned it on cold. He jumped when the cold water hit his body and it started to wake him up from his drunken stupor.

Now I would be remiss if I didn't mention that my best friend was a gorgeous man. At 5'10, he was a muscular Latino, with hair on his chest that he usually kept trimmed (at his wife's request he once told me), and the most beautiful head of jet black hair I had ever seen on a man. Now this wasn't the first time I had seen him naked so it was nothing to see him naked now, but it was a pretty sight to say the least.

I turned the water off and handed him a towel and he started to dry himself. I left him a t-shirt and gym shorts on the bed and took his clothes and went to put them in the washer and make some coffee.

When he didn't come into the kitchen, I went to check on him and found him on my bed, naked and sound asleep. I sighed and went back to the kitchen to finish my coffee and put his clothes in the dryer.

After they had dried, I went to climb into the bed and get some sleep. I had to work the next morning and it was going to be a long day.

THE FEELING OF a wet mouth felt amazing on my dick. Slobbering and licking up my shaft. This was the best blow job I had ever received. I felt like I was going to cum any minute now. I was on cloud nine I realized it was my best friend was sucking my dick. I froze in panic. What the hell was he doing and when or where did he learn to suck dick like that? If I didn't stop him I was going to cum.

Then he stopped. I laid there, not wanting to let him know that I was awake. I was still in

The Drunken Sleepover

shock. I anxiously waited for his next move..

He started sucking me again, AND finger my ass. I fought to keep the gasp from escaping my lips. He was rubbing around my entrance first, slowly. Then he stuck his finger in his mouth and went back to my hole, this time slowly pushing at it until his finger started to slide in. I shivered from the sensation it was giving me.

He picked up the pace with that one finger and I was about to lose it right there. But then he suddenly stopped. I felt him shift in the bed but couldn't tell what he was doing. I heard him open the drawer of my nightstand and then heard the pop of a plastic lid.

His hand came back to my ass, now lubed up from the lube he'd found and quickly and easily inserted his finger back in my hole. Then came the second and third finger. He knew how to work those fingers as he slid them in and out.

I continued to play asleep, afraid to ruin the

started to thrust harder and faster, rocking his hips from side to side, hitting my g-spot each time and making me feel like I was going to pee. I'd never had anyone make me feel like that and I was loving it.

Our bodies were sweaty and sticking together and I could feel his chest hair rub against my back, giving me goosebumps. He shifted, pinning me to the bed with him on top of me, not losing his rhythm.

We were getting breathless and I could tell that he was close. I wanted it. I started bucking my hips against his thrusts, making him moan even louder, his breath flowing on my back and making me shudder.

His breathing got faster along with his thrusts. Just when I thought his dick was going to split me apart, he yelled as he came, shooting his cum inside me. This sent me over the edge as I yelled from my orgasm, shooting everything I had on my comforter.

He laid on top of me for a few moments, catching his breath before sliding out. He sat on the edge of the bed and checked his phone. I was still catching my breath when he stood up and got dressed in his clothes that I had washed and dried for him and walked out of my room. I heard my front door open.

I got up and threw on a pair of shorts and walked to the door only to see him get into the back of a black sedan. Confused, I shrugged my shoulders

and headed back into my apartment where I took a quick shower and went to bed, the smell of him imbedded in my sheets.

THE NEXT DAY I heard from him by text, thanking me for picking him up and letting him stay over. He'd received a text from his wife asking him to come home and requested an Uber to come get him. No mention of the mind blowing sex we had earlier that morning.

But from then on, everytime he and his wife got into a fight, he would get so blitzed that I would have to pick him up from the bar and we'd have the best sex ever and never speak about it the next day.



moment but was torn between confronting him on what he was doing. Fear, panic, desire, and ecstasy took over and I remained still. That was, until he rolled me over on my right side.

And there it was, I could feel the head of his uncut dick prodding at my hole, slippery from the lube.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice raspy.

"Just shut up and take it." He said as he shoved every inch in, causing me to scream. He put his hand over my mouth as he pulled out and thrust again, causing me to yell into his mouth. He

Pierre Collection

















DHM Fan ~ Marco





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TANK'S TAKES

IMAGES BY TANK707













BE WHO YOU ARE

STORY BY SCASS3254@AOL.COM

Tom Armstrong had heard the angry shouts, the taunting and belittlement that his father heaped upon him whenever "the old man", had too much to drink or was drunk which was often. His mother was always there to defend and protect him at the cost of being slapped around by a man who was both a nasty bully and a tyrant. As a kid, Tom hid in the toilet and let the water run full blast so he didn't hear his father's angry shouts and ranting. As if running water would wash away the anger and his mother's tears as she begged her husband to be nice. "He's your son. Why can't you love him? What has the poor boy done that you hate him so?" How often had she said it only to be slapped for wanting her husband to love her little boy?

"It's your fault that he's the way he is. Just look at him? He's fat and ugly and you don't help by stuffing his face and babying him. A boy should be out playing football but you have him baking and cooking. You have turned him into a sissy, a little girl who plays with dolls. He's different all right, he's a fag."

Different. His father's words were hurtful and cruel to a little boy. Tom had only tried to please his mother who had given him love and understanding something that he desperately wanted from his father. But no matter what he did, his father shunned and admonished him.

"Your son's a queer." It wasn't "our" son but "your" son and it was always said with hostility and animosity. "I'm not sure that he's even mine? He doesn't look like me. No son of mine is going to be a "queer" and live in this house."

Tom stood in front of a mirror and saw a fat boy with rosy cheeks and he hated himself for being heavy. Look at the pain that he brought and caused his mother.

"Nobody wants him as a friend. All they have to do is look and know that he's a fag." He spit the words out. "Next you'll be having fatso dressed as a girl." His father was drunk and the

liquor only made him meaner. His mother tried to stay out of his way but he cornered her. "The only one that bothers with him except for you is that crazy old man with the dogs that lives down the street. Well, he can have him! They're two of a kind. That old man's a pervert and so is your son." He slapped her once more then stormed out the house.

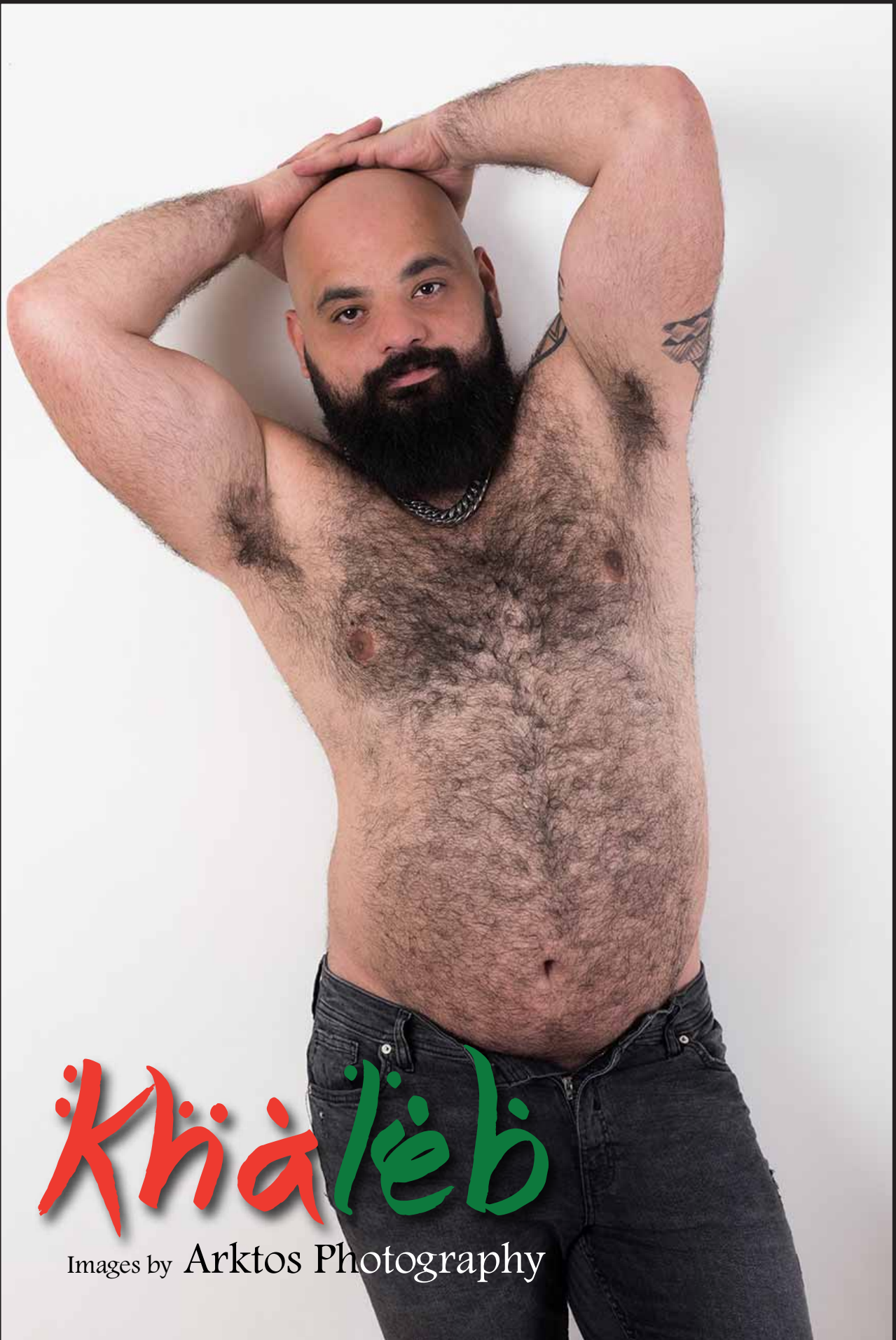
His words cut like a surgeon's scalpel and watching his mother sitting at the kitchen table crying, hurt Tom more than the hate that his father had for him. In time, Tom created a world of his own and books and movies became his ally and friend. Lost in a darkened theater, he watched the heroes on the screen and wanted to be like them. At night when the sun went down he would walk along the beach with Mr. Hargrove and his two dogs. In the fading light they would talk about a book they had both read or a movie they had gone to see. Somehow, Tom felt safe with Bill Hargrove who made him feel wanted and loved something that he wanted and needed from his father but knew that he would never get.

Tom never saw Bill as an older, heavy man with the big belly and the watery eyes and five o'clock shadow. What Tom did see was a man keenly aware of who and what he was. Bill Hargrove never judged others. He only encouraged Tom and in Bill, Tom found the love that he desperately wanted.

"We can't help who we are, "Bill would say and throw a stick for the dogs to fetch as they sat on a large rock watching the shrimp fleet coming in at sunset with their catch. He talked of a world out there that was waiting to be explored and that Tom would discover. "We can help be the people that we want to be. Tom, God gave you a brain and a good one. You'll find your way like others before us who have faced greater obstacles than

our being heavy. Who you become is up to you." He hugged Tom. "Don't let the hatred and

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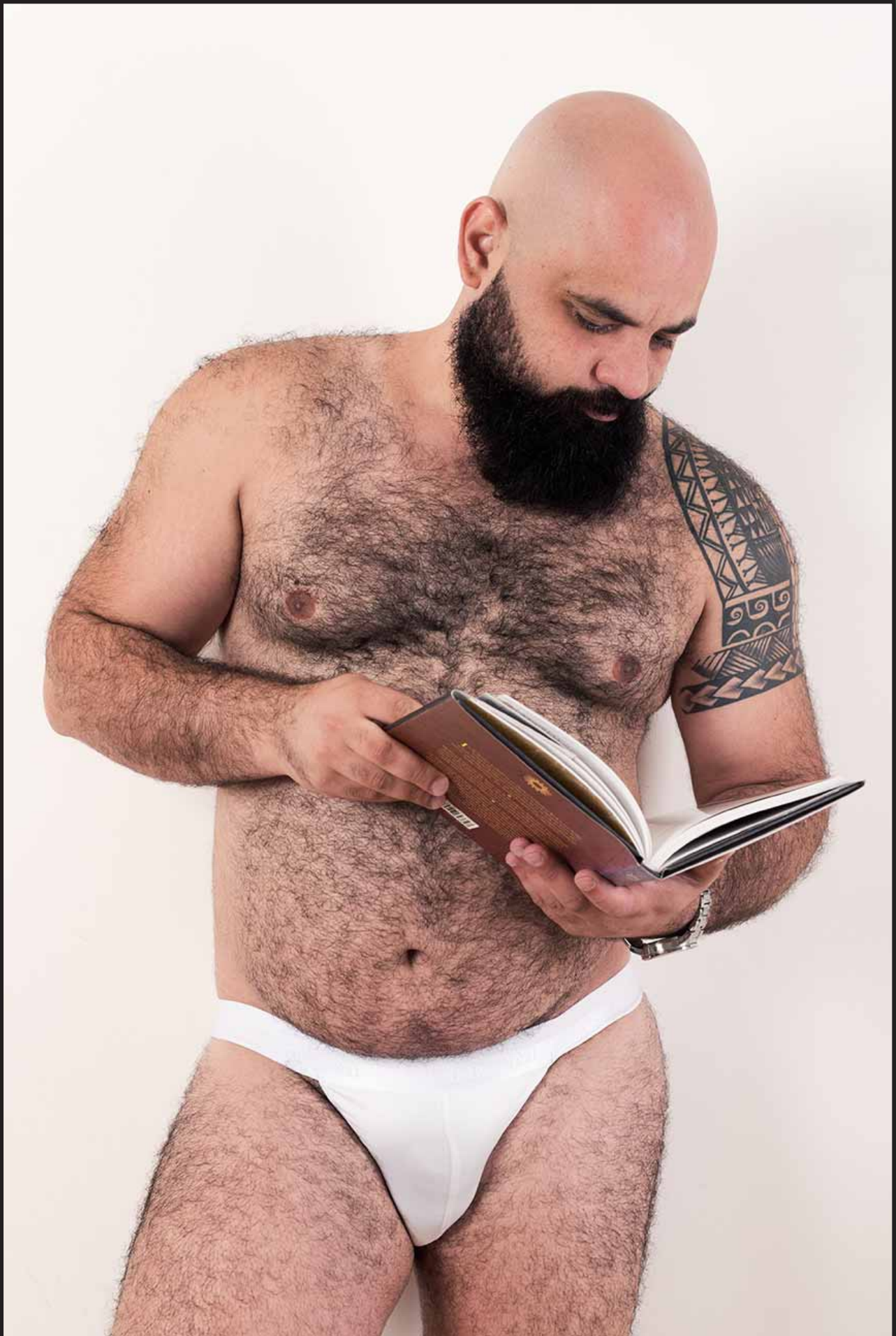


Khaleb

Images by Arktos Photography















Khaleb

bitterness of others get in your way. Use it to energize you. The greatest revenge is success and happiness. Life is too short and there are too many important things to do like eating, which by the way." He smiled and his grin was infectious. "I've made the most fabulous fish stew and would like you to be my guest this evening. Then we could go to the movies afterwards."

When Tom was fifteen, he stood over six foot two and muscles replaced his heaviness. He was big and strong but now his size impressed people. No longer did they taunt or make fun of him as he walked by. Now people smiled and were friendly. He played tackle on the football team and was gaining a statewide reputation and college scouts flocked to watch him play.

One night as he was leaving the house to visit Bill Hargrove, his father came out of the bedroom and he was drunk. He had on a ripped T Shirt exposing a hairy chest. His hair was disheveled and he hadn't bathed in days.

"Where are you going?" he demanded. "You're not going anywhere tonight but here and making me supper since your damn mother is out visiting her sister. If you think you're going to see that fat slob that you're in love with you've got another think coming. I know why you're so chummy with him. I bet that old fag likes them big and fat like you. Does he fuck you in the ass, or you him?" His father taunted Tom but he just smirked knowing his not responding would anger him. His father was big and strong but Tom was no longer afraid of him. "Is he a good cocksucker? Maybe, you'll suck your old man if I let you?" The words spewed out of his mouth and they were ugly. "I bet that you want it? I bet you want my dick inside of you begging me to cum inside of you? Your mom is dead in the sack and you might as well have your lips around my dick tasting my load. Your mom's a tired, used up bitch anyway with a tired old cunt."

Tom erupted. All the hate and anger that he felt for his father came spilling out of him. He reached out and grabbed his father by the throat and squeezed hard cutting off his father's breath and watched as he struggled to free himself. There was fear in his eyes as he fought for breath as Tom's viselike grip choked the life out of him. Angrily, Tom threw him against the wall and watched as his father crumpled to the ground

in a heap. Like a cat, Tom sprung forward and was on the floor next to him, his face inches from his face smelling his father's stale scent and boozy breath.

"If I ever hear you utter another word against mom, I'll kill you. But next time it will be painful. You can talk about me and call me all the names you want but if you ever touch her again you will wish that you were dead."

His father cowered in a corner against the wall, fear in his eyes. His nose was running and spittle formed at his mouth. He tried to get up but Tom pushed him harshly to the floor making him hit his head hard.

"Now listen to me, you tired old drunk. You should be one-tenth the man that Bill Hargrove is. He's educated and decent, something that you're not and will never be. You're pitiful like those morons that you hang out with who think of him as a loser, but you're the only loser. Look at you? You're a pitiful drunk. You can't keep a job and if it wasn't for mom working and busting her hump, we would be out on the street. You're no man. You're nothing." He leaned down and stared into his father's face smelling the booze. "Remember, if you ever touch mom again, I'll kill you. That's not a threat but a promise I will enjoy keeping."

"I want you out of my house," his father shouted as Tom slammed the door.

That night Tom moved in with Bill Hargrove and his life changed. Tom never looked back and Bill Hargrove took him in with open arms and heart. It crushed Tom's mother but she knew that it was best thing that could happen to her son and she was right. When Tom was ready to graduate from high school his mother died from cancer. With Bill Hargrove's help, he buried her and never saw his father again. With his mother gone, the house that he had lived in as a child was sold and his father disappeared never to be heard from again.

Tom prospered living with Bill Hargrove. He won a scholastic scholarship ever though every Division I school was after him offering football scholarships. Bill was the father that Tom never had and the bond between them grew over the years.

Tom had few friends by choice. Bill tried to encourage him to make and bring friends home but Tom never did. He preferred to be alone and Bill never pushed him knowing that he was the same way at his age. When the time was right he would seek out friendships and relationships.

"What do I need friends for when I have you?" Tom would say.

"Because one day, I won't be around. You can't live your life in a vacuum. Not everybody is unkind. Good friends are to be treasured and one day you will find that out."

Tom would raise his eyebrows. He had blue eyes and closely cropped brown hair with fine features. He was handsome and ruggedly masculine. The fat, ugly duckling had metamorphosed.

"When I was big and fat, they called me fatso, slug, ugly and names that hurt and crushed me. I cried myself to sleep at night because nobody except my mother and you were kind and saw that I had potential to be somebody. You know what I'm talking about?" His lips were full. "You have heard the same ugly words that were mean and thoughtless directed at you. Now, that I'm an all American candidate, everybody wants to be my friend."

Bill shook his head. "You, in your own way are as prejudicial as the people who called you names." He put his arm around Tom's shoulder. "I'm sure that there are a few ladies at school that find you very attractive because of you and not your football abilities."

Tom laughed. "Pop," he called Bill, Pop from the day that he moved in. "I'm not interested in women. Never have and never will be. Don't get me wrong. I like them but my interest sexually is in men. Does that surprise you?"

Bill Hargrove's jowls hung from his broad face and showed his surprise. He sat there not able to speak. He had a handsome face with thick, white hair that he wore combed back. He ran his strong fingers through it. When he finally spoke, his voice was husky. "It shocks the hell out of me. Over the years, I thought you were shy and felt ill at ease because of your weight. But as you matured, I thought that you would discover women. I had no idea."

"I'm gay like you. I'll bet that also surprises you that I know? I've known for years. I never said anything because I figured if you wanted me to know you would have told me."

Bill didn't know what to say but sat there quietly gathering his thoughts. Today was a day of surprises for him.

"Years ago I followed you when you went out on those Friday nights to see an old friend that I never met. I wondered why if he was such a Be Who You Are

good friend that he never came to the house. I suspected that you were gay and watched you go into a bar. I stood outside looking in and saw the men who came and went and my suspicions were confirmed. I didn't want you to be lonely and unhappy and hoped that you had found someone." I was happy that you were looking for relief and when you came home really late, I knew that you were with somebody."

Bill looked at him with a surprised expression. "You followed me and never said that you knew about my proclivity?"

"Pop, we all have dark secrets that we hide. I have known that I was gay since I was a kid. My father knew it and I guess he hated me for it. I have never been with a man but I know that," he hesitated and pursed his lips and bit on the upper one. "I know that I'm gay."

Bill laughed. "You learn something every day. Here, I was being secretive and hiding my lifestyle from you so you had the choice to decide your own life choices and here we are a couple of gays living in the same household. You continue to amaze me."

"I'll tell you something else since we're playing "Truth and Consequence," Tom said.

"What's that?"

"I've been in love with you since the day that I first met you. It has never been anyone else but you."

"Me, I'm big and heavy and not particularly attractive."

"Maybe to some. To me you're very handsome and desirable. I have discovered that I like heavy, older men. Call it an abnormality, a fetish, or whatever name that suits my proclivity. I have discovered that there are quite a few of what is referred to as chubby chasers out there. Do you realize that I have jerked off for years seeing you naked and dreamed one day that you would make love to me. I never said anything to you not knowing how you would react."

"How did you think that I would react?"

"I didn't know and was afraid to find out."

Bill got up and touched Tom's face. "I have loved you like the son that I've never had. To love you as a man would make me a happy man knowing that you loved me back."

Tom kissed Bill sweetly on the lips and stood there in an embrace.



Blake Conway

IMAGES BY
Menasco Photography















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A DISCOVERY OF FETISHES



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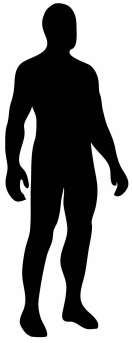












Modeling And More

Story by Don Azars

"You look like you could do the job" the bearded man said. He wore not shirt, but a leather vest and leather pants. His sunglasses not only hid his eyes but his character too. The foo man choo moustache added a bit of "evil" to his appearance, but his smile neutered that.

Gary was by contrast, boyish. His smooth baby face and light brown hair made him appear as if he were in the wrong place.

"We can turn you from choirboy into slaveboy in ten minutes" the man said.

Gary needed the job. The ad he read said "WANTED, INNOCENT LOOKING YOUNG MAN TO HELP MODEL AND SELL SPECIALITY ITEMS".

The store was called "THE CAVE" and featured everything from feathered boas to edible underwear. Dildos lined one entire wall and pornotapes the other.

"Come with me" the man led him past all the displays.

Gary tried not to stare at the wholesome couples, the Asian tourists and the giggling girls that were throughout the store. It was Friday night and the place was jumping.

They went past the counters and through a black curtain type doorway.

"We keep this stuff back here.....just to make them think it's a bit naughty" the man smiled at his cleverness.

Indeed there were couples and single people wandering..trying not to catch anyones eye.

A clerk was holding up a black leather mask for a woman who looked like she belonged in the WalMart.

A man was holding up two cock rings..one metal and another leather while a store clerk patiently answered his questions.

Then there were the showcases of chains, masks, whips, and bottles of ointments and lubricants.

Modeling and More

"We have a bit of everything..but we need to push this stuff more. So, we thought we'd hire some squeezy clean looking guys and gals to put the stuff on and walk around the store"

Gary was a bit nervous looking at this stuff.

"Don't worry, if you want, you can wear hoods and masks when the stuff makes you really nervous. But I prefer you to look nonchallant and that helps sell"

Gary got a salary and commission.

He stripped naked while the man watched. Then he tried on various items, until the man felt he had the right combination.

"Good, let's try this to start"

Gary looked at himself. The studded leather pouch made his crotch look enormous. The leather chaps showed off his skin..and his bare butt.

He flinched when the tit clamps were put on his nipples..but the man adjusted them until he could bear it.

"Need to stay on...so you better get used to some of it. Besides a kid like you usually likes it"

Gary's cock did like it..and thank god it was hidden by the pouch or else the man would see.

The leather vest topped off the outfit.

"Still not quite right" the man looked over his new employee. "Turn around"

Gary turned and looked at his bare bubble butt in the mirror. It did look hot, he had to admit.

"I got it"

Gary stared at himself in the mirror. He usually jacked off watching himself....there was something erotic even to him, to dispell the innocent

look he had inherited by being sexy, nasty and shooting his load all over the glass in his bedroom mirror. He wishe he could do that now.

"Got here what you need"

The collar was about two inches wide and had studs matching his leather pouch.

Spike stuck out around it too...and a small

chain led from the buckle to the buckle on the back of his chaps.

His own boots added to the image..his new image. In fact he had bought the black leather boots to do just that.

Gary was tired of being thought of as a momas boy, a cherub type, a boy. He hung around bars to get picked up..and usually did.

He lay across many a lap to get spanked. He sucked cock and got fucked. But whenever possible he represented himself as a top..not a little boy bottom.

His cock was long enough and fat enough to get some interest.

And more then once he moved from butt to hairy butt....topping men whose demeanor were hairy top men..but in the bed...they preferred to be topped by him.

"Hot" Gary said.

He left the changing room and walked through the leather section then out into the main floor. Eyes saw him and stared. Business suited men, Korean tourists,

other leather clad guys and even the giggling girls stared at him as he modeled the goods.

"Can I get chaps like that?" he heard a customer ask a clerk. "Can I get that boy to come with it?" the same customer added.

"Aren't you a member of our church?" a middle aged woman asked him looking as innocent as he usually did. It was a lady he recognized. For an instant he panicked but she was there too, buying some lubricant and rubbers. He smiled.

"Hi Mrs. Woodman, good to see you"

"You look different then in the choir loft" she said and laughed.

"I am" he replied and kissed her on the cheek.

A hand tugged on the chain that connected the tit clamps.

"Hey" Gary said before he saw the person.

"I thought you were hot before, but now..."

Chris, a former classmate stood there...letting his fingers rest on the chain.

He was a mechanic, in fact was wearing the overalls he wore at work. But they were unbuttoned, revealing a bare chest and stomach.

"You look pretty hot like that yourself" Gary said.

"We should hang out together sometime" Chris stuffed a slip of paper in Gary's vest pocket. "Bring the outfit"

"You did good tonight. We sold three pairs of pants, a vest and several leather pouches and one collar.

Gary counted his commission and smiled as he pulled off the gear. His naked sweaty body stood there as he tried to cool off.

"What about something else tonight....I got a few customers out back"

Gary started to pickup his trousers.

"You won't need those. I'll pay you extra and you show them how to use some of the toys"

Gary walked through a little black painted door into another room which felt suddenly warm.

"It's our special doorway into "The Works" the man said.

"The Works" was a spa, Gary knew about it and had even gone one night years ago where he indulged in every kind of sex he thought possible. Despite the AIDS scare, it had stayed in business.

"It's a health club" the owners said "offering steam room, massages, exercise classes and more".

The "and more" was what everyone went there for.

In a small room, a group of men had gathered and on a small raised platform a naked guy was flinging a small cat of nine tails on his own butt.

"Use the paddle" someone said and the guy obliged until his own buttocks were bright red.

"You use the dildos..we're trying to sell them off" the man said putting several boxes on stage.

Gary began to hold up various dildos, fondling them, licking and sucking them then greasing them and using them in his own ass.

The group grew quiet at first then they started to moan and jack their own cocks as Gary got into the performance....making love to each dildo he displayed..sat on..shoved into himself and worshipped.

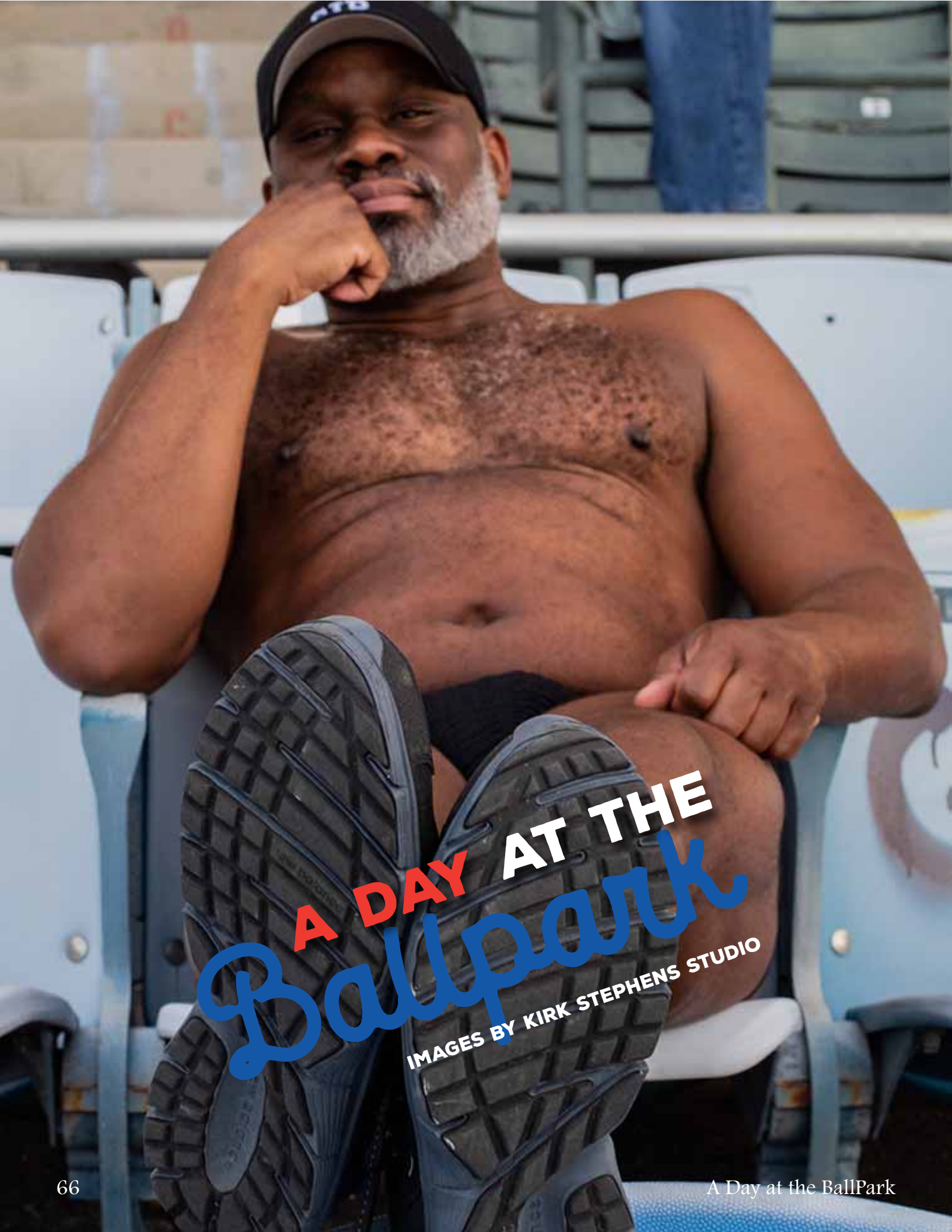
"Great job..we sold ten of those things in just a few minutes"

Gary was resting and drinking the cold drink the man had brought him. As the man fingered his cock, Gary asked the question that told the man he found a full time employee.

"What's next?"

DHM Fan ~ Erik



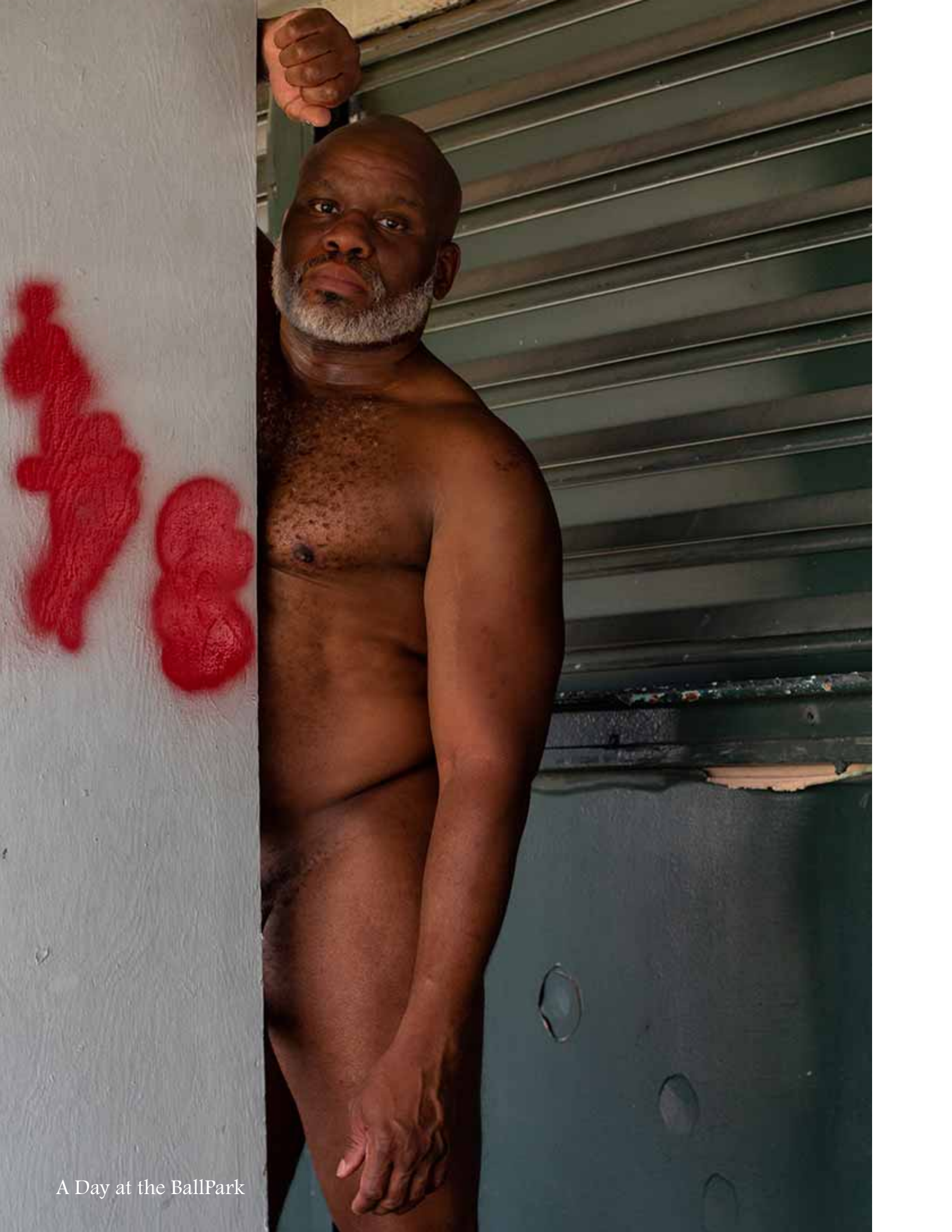


A DAY AT THE
Ballpark

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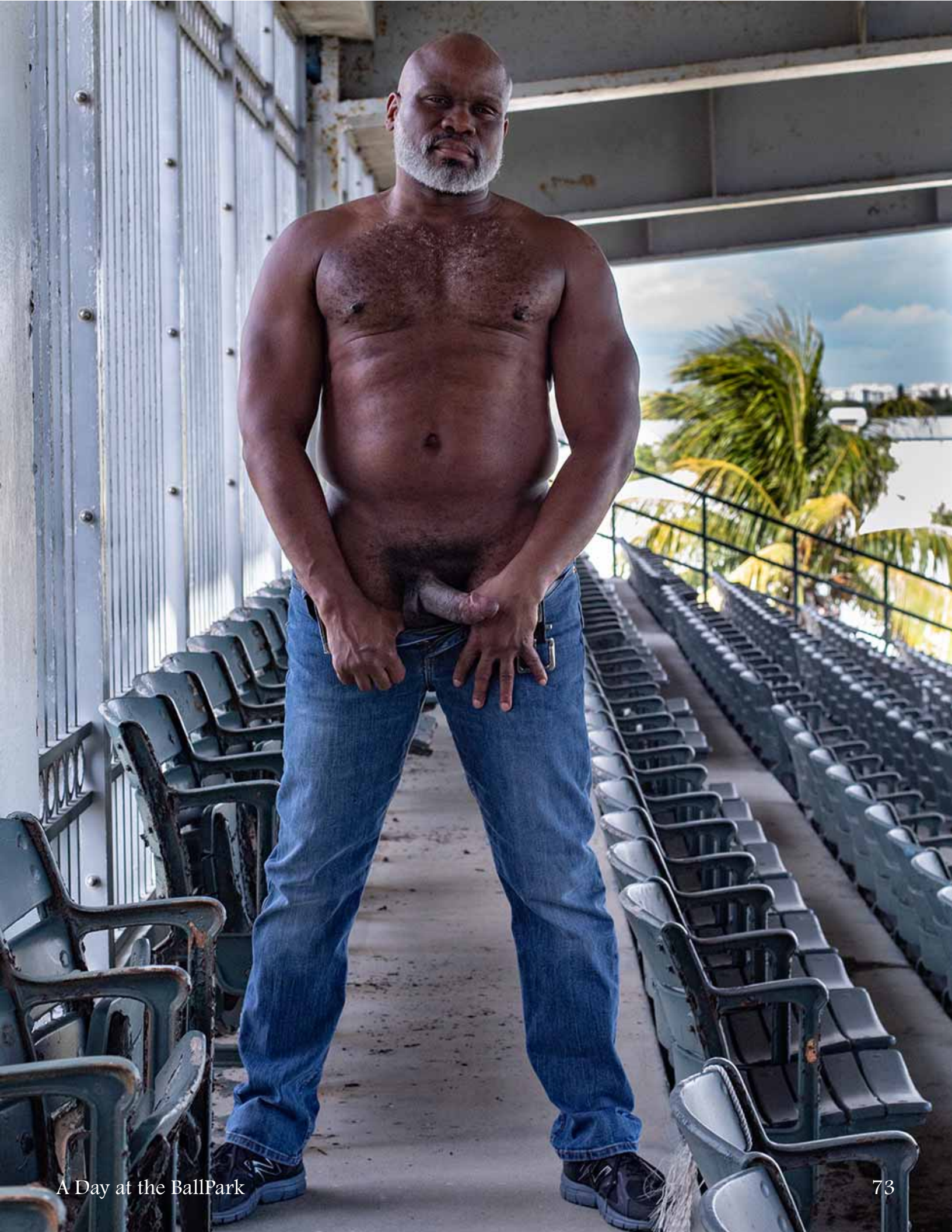


A Day at the BallPark









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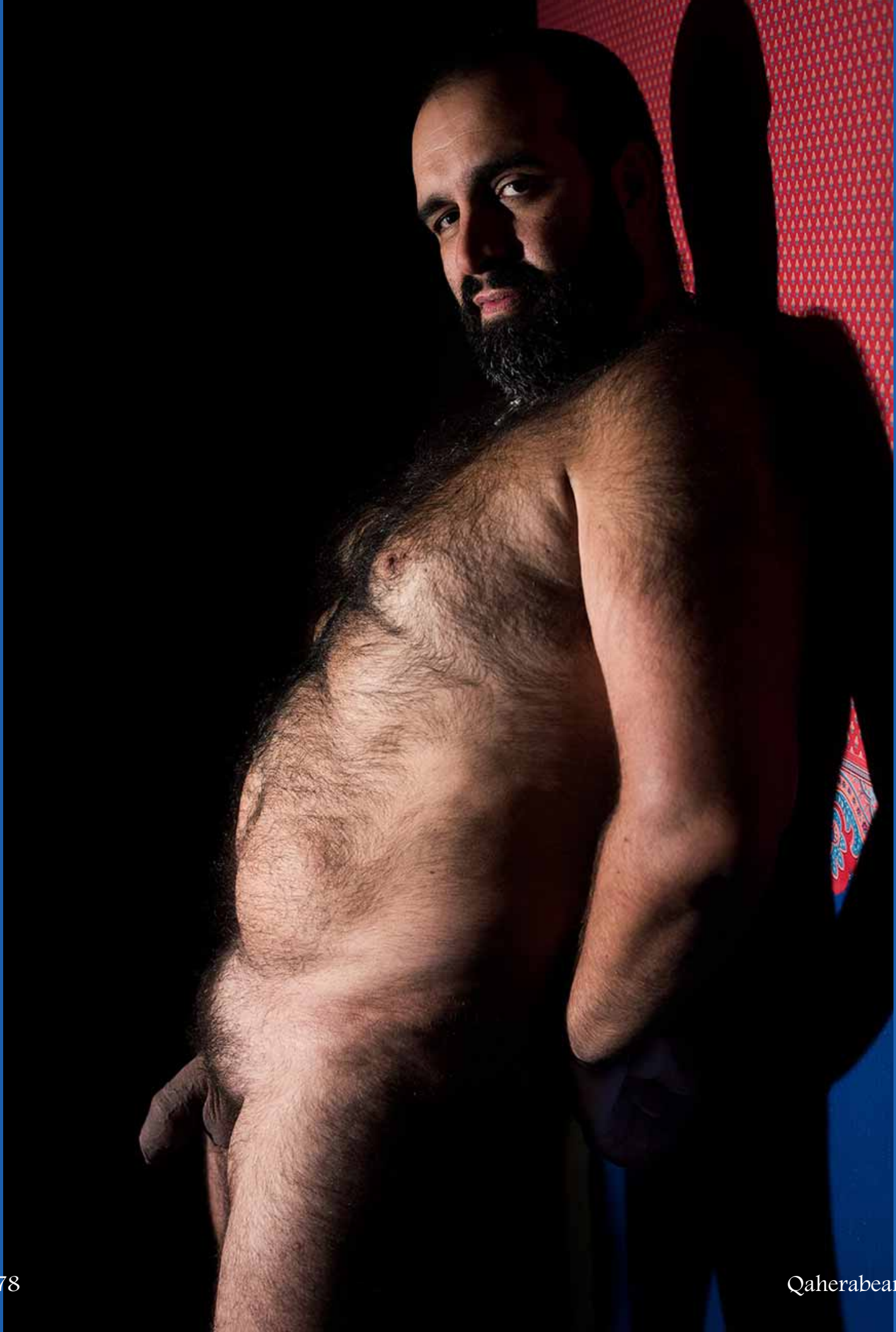


DHMM FAN ~ Max



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