

WANTED

A JOURNAL OF DESIRES

VOL. 2
WINTER
2013



WANTED ZINE



please send us yr hot gay smut. ♥

Send submissions to us via email smutsaywut@riseup.net

or snail mail WANTED zine
C/O bernard gastropoda
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Asheville, NC 28802

Be sure to include your name or pen name & a way to contact you, via email or snail mail.

WANTED submissions due dates & anticipated debuts:

#1: due July 31st, debuts September 1st

#2: due November 30th, debuts January 1st, 2014

#3: due February 28th, debuts April 1st

#4: due May 31st, out July 1st

#5: due August 31st, out October 1st



WANTED zine #2
January 2014.

Happy New Year, & thanks for reading the new issue of WANTED.

This zine is as much about access and activism as it is about erotica. Too often, the needs and desires of those in prison are ignored & forgotten, or delegated to years of impenetrable red-tape regulations. In the course of writing for, editing, and talking about this zine, we've been asked, "How is this project actually *doing* anything for prisoners? How is this helping their *hearts*?"

We believe that providing incarcerated queer folks with an-often requested subject matter- in this case, erotica- is both beneficial and empowering. We believe that this is building a much-needed bridge in our communities that will someday make obsolete the fortresses they call prison walls. We believe that support and accountability, compassion and acknowledgement, are the realistic paths to rehabilitation and health. And we believe that hooking up homos with the things they ask for are reminders that they are not forgotten, that they are wanted.

If this project, or prison advocacy work in general, resonates with you, show your support. Contribute a story, postage, send free copies of WANTED to LGBTIQ prisoners in your area, take on an incarcerated pen pal, befriend that lonely sister on your yard, volunteer with or start the local books to prisoners program. & take care.

In Solidarity,
the WANTED crew

GIRL PROBLEMS
BY KRZ LI

PICKUPS IN PODUNK

BY JACK PROSPER

My lover, he left me- flew across mountains and mighty rivers to a city where all the men are gay, or so it seems by the post cards he sends. He had the sweetest cock I've ever tasted. But I guess for a country boy like me, that ain't saying much. You don't meet many men here who want to bend over and take it. But my boy did, and he wasn't no "two beer queer" neither- shit, that man'd be down to sneak a fuck at a family picnic. We had to do a lot of creeping around, you know. Towns like ours more than just pale in comparison to the gay mecca he now calls home- I mean, there were folks we knew were gay, but none of us talked about it. Some of us were scared, and some of us of course figured it was easier- and the rest of us, well, I think we just got hard from our secrets. That's why I stayed, anyway. Cheers to the men who can hold hands at the movies, but I'll continue on in Podunk, hold out for the nights when he come over to the garage to "borrow my wrench." That boy sure could lose some tools, needed a hand a coupla times a week. And a hand he got, my firm grip on his hard cock, my mouth sucking on his hot hairy balls. He'd barely be through the door before he was pulling down his 501's, begging for it. I'd always crack another beer and take a long swallow before getting on my knees for him. He'd grin and say something like how I'd better be saving some room, tell me how he was gonna fuck my face until I could make it rain cum.

These days, he writes me about his "top" & his "daddy," and I just don't get it. Maybe that's what it takes to make it out there, but back home, all us boys got foul mouths and we fuck in whatever ways we can. I hope he never forgets that.

"Let's get married or run away or just keep doing this or fuck it I really don't care but let's stay together," I said.

"Sounds like a plan," she said.

We slept for awhile, woke up and fucked at the tail end of the storm, just as the birds announced the coming of dawn, then slept some more. Her hand rested lightly on my pubic mound, and I don't remember everything, but I remember being happy.

"Hit me," I whispered. I couldn't hear myself over the sound of the wind, but she must have known what I meant, because she smacked me across the face, hard. It got my blood flowing.

She straddled my waist, her hand behind her back, fucking me. I started to buck against her and she drove two fingers deep inside me. As soon as I drifted away, her hand struck my cheek again, bringing me back into the moment.

I was getting close. Lightning lit up the cracks in the shutters, silhouetting my lover against the wall.

She got off me then, and laid down so her mouth could join her fingers. She let her tongue go flat and heavy, licking the inside of my hood, then started to flick my clit with the tip of her tongue.

Pleasure built up inside me while the storm raged outside the walls. Thunder crashed and I swear I did my best to equal it in volume as Cassala fucked me. Her fingers went in and out while I rocked against them, her tongue never straying from my clit.

Her free hand found my breast and she raked me with her nails, all along my side, and I came. And came. It started at my feet and ran through the whole of my body, and I shook as hard as the walls for a long time.

She held me after that, tenderly, and ran her tongue along my ear while I caught my breath.

And I hope he never forgets all the nights we spent driving in his pickup, bored of bars and the garage and needing a new place to go. We'd put on the Counting Crows and drive until we couldn't hold it anymore, until we had to pull over beside some fucking corn field or cow pasture. We'd be all over each other, trying to figure out all the possible ways to fuck in the cab. Things got wild- I'd suffered through some sore muscles at work, but it got rough when I'd asked my mama to sew some buttons back on a shirt he'd ripped off. The look on her face made me wanna call off our whole affair. Then I thought of my boy's bare ass in the moonlight, waiting and wanting to be entered, remembered how sweetly he whimpered when my cock anointed his tight hole, and how he came so loudly he woke up all the goddamn cows, and, well, instead I called him up and invited him on a late night drive.

Those days are over now. I visit our old spots alone, thinking fondly of our nights together as I shoot my seed onto the ground. My boy, he made it out, tired of all the quiet queerness of our town. He hightailed it out to San Fran, where he's so broke all he eats is peanut butter, but at least his neck ain't sore from fucking in a truck late nights. Maybe I'll make it out there myself some day, be somebody's daddy. But for now, I'm happy just where I am.

A COLD NIGHT IN NEW BARCELONA

BY DIMITRI MARKOTIN

In this story, the protagonist, James, uses gender neutral pronouns. Ze is used instead of he/she, & hir instead of his/hers & him/her.

Gender-neutral pronouns, & ze in particular, are used by folks who identify as somewhere along the gender spectrum, rather than in the binary of "he" or "she." If this is your first time encountering ze in written form, read carefully.

It was raining outside, pouring down in cold sheets, the kind of rain that keeps even children indoors. It was raining inside, too. Just a soft drizzle from the few dozen leaks that peppered the soda-can-shingle roof, and a soft spray as the wind blew in through the holes in the walls.

James stood in front of hir favorite of those holes in the wall. Floor to twelve-foot ceiling, it was a jagged scar of exposed brick and torn wiring. It looked out over the rest of the city splayed out below. Candles were lit in windows nearby, like starlight. Electric lights glared in the skyscrapers downtown, high-powered beams shot out from the police airships tethered to the tallest buildings. An abandoned warzone lay between the two.

A figure on a bicycle crossed through the no-mans-land, slowing to dodge potholes.

James broke hir vigil when the rider made it through the barricades and was safely back in New Barcelona. She'd be fine, ze told hirself. Ze walked down the seven flights of steps to unbar the door, then back up six to put a kettle for tea on the woodburning stove (book-burning stove, ze would admit sometimes. But then, when one lived in lawbook depository in a society without law?). Ze went into the bedroom to check to see that the bed was made, then put on incense. Ze changed hir mind about the incense and doused it, lit the

"There's a lot of nothing for a long ways," I said. I knew, I'd wandered most of the ruins of the coast. "There's a reason I came to your temple."

"Alright," she said, then sighed. A blast of wind hit the side of our shelter, and it was harder and harder to hear over the cacophony outside. "But tonight we've got this storm and I'm not done with you yet. So *get on the ground.*"

It got me wet just hearing her talk to me like that, and I obliged.

"Face down," she said, and I rolled over on my belly. I knew what was coming and relaxed, sticking out my ass, resting my weight on my elbows and knees.

She spanked me. Not hard, but sharp, and the pain sent shivers up the whole of my back. Then she hit me again, and again. A little harder each time.

"Thank you," I said, when I'd had enough, and she took this as a cue to turn me over. She was kneeling between my legs, her face a mask of concentration that somehow still spoke of love.

She put her hand to my mouth, and I obliged, sucking on her fingers and coating them with spit. She brought her hand down to my nipple, wetting it, rubbing it, then leaned in and bit. She ran her hand down under the curve my breast, stroking, then put her other hand in my mouth for spit.

Her mouth still on my breast, her fingers found my cunt. Two fingers spread me open the third touched me wetly, lightly.

sat back down on her face, letting her build to orgasm again. Which she did. It came crashing over her, sending her body into spasms. She reached up and took hold of my thigh with one hand, my waist with the other, and held on while the waves of it came over her.

When they subsided, she looked at me and smiled through her heavy breathing. Then the storm hit, with less than a minute of warning rain before the full deluge was loosed upon the land and our refuge.

It was hot—deliriously hot, fever hot—and when the first trickle of rain came in through the shutters above and fell on my skin I was glad. But storm shutters aren't just to keep out the rain, they're to keep out storm winds and tornadoes. And ours were in poor repair.

"Get on the ground," Cassala said.

"The storm," I said. "Shouldn't we be trying to repair the roof?"

"The roof is fine," she said. "I made that up to get you out here. It leaks a little but not much more than it's designed to. I thought the storm would hit tomorrow, but we'll be fine. There's nothing we can do about it anyway."

I started laughing.

"I'm sick of trysts in the belfry," my lover said. "I don't want to wait a year of engagement to get married... I'm not even sure I want to get married. Let's leave. Get on bikes and go."

oil lamp. Ze checked on the tea water and pulled out jars of chamomile and lavender. A short moment later, ze returned them and pulled out two of hir last teabags of rooibos, an import.

Ze paced between the makeshift kitchen and the bedroom, separated by bookshelves of fiction, books ze would not be burning. Ze sat for a long time waiting to hear the bells on the door that ze'd wired to ring throughout the house. Finally, ze went to the washroom to brush hir teeth. It was then, of course, that Nepenthe arrived. Ze spit into the bucket, rinsed, and finally let a nervous smile creep across hir face.

Ze went to the control panel set into the wall in the stairwell and pulled a lever, releasing the bars on the doors below. Then ze stood, waiting for her. Ze changed hir mind and sat. Then, as ze changed hir mind again and stood back up, she walked in the room, grinning and drenched.

James wasn't a large person. Ze was five-foot-seven and thin, with the wiry muscles of the underfed and overworked. No one had enough to eat, not really, not since Downtown outlawed and then burned their gardens, not since the war began. Ze wasn't a large person, weighed a few pounds less than Nepenthe, but it still caught James off guard when she picked hir up and spun in a quick circle before putting hi back down.

Most nights ze would have lost himself in her embrace, but she was freezing and wet and her touch startled hir. Pleasantly, though. Her sleeveless black shirt was soaked, clinging to her body.

"Do you want some red tea?" ze asked her.

She nodded and James poured them each a cup, then sat down on a metal folding chair.

"You look good," Nepenthe said, standing over hir.

"You're still alive," ze replied.

"Thanks," she said, and sat down on hir lap, her legs straddling hir, soaking hir cotton dress.

Ze reached a hand up and felt her neck, running hir long nails slowly under her chin, causing her to smile. Ze sat up straight and

kissed her, softly, hir lips against hers, their mouths barely open.

"It's getting worse out there. More people are staring at me, more people are second-guessing me. Tonight someone tried to kick my bike out from underneath me." Nepenthe massaged the back of her neck.

"I'm sorry," James said. Ze put hir hand on her hand on her shoulder and then withdrew it. "Is there anything I could do?"

Nepenthe laughed. "Probably."

"Well, do you want to get out of those clothes? You must be freezing."

Nepenthe stood up, smiling, and stripped. Her shirt went over her head, revealing her small breasts—nipples erect—, her slight belly, and beneath that, muscle. She glistened from the rain, and James longed to touch her, to caress her, to fuck her before she dried.

She kicked off her shoes where she stood and, one hand braced against the table, she pulled off her pants and underwear. Her legs were thick, strong, and somehow soft. Her pubic thatch was inviting and at eye level.

"Are you nervous?" Nepenthe asked, reading James' demeanor, hir awkwardness.

"Yeah," ze admitted.

Nepenthe stepped closer to hir, reaching out to place her fingertips behind hir ear. "Do you want to talk about it?"

James thought for a moment before ze responded. "No. I want to kiss your belly."

"Then do it."

James did so.

"I want to touch you," ze said, running hir nails lightly up the outside of Nepenthe's thigh.

"I'd rather you licked me," she replied, and James, holding onto her hips, knelt down on the floor.

Nepenthe stepped forward and took a wider stance so that James could find her cunt with hir mouth. First ze licked the outside, then brought hir tongue up between her labia, up the length of her

"I didn't say we were going to stay dry," she said.

"There's gotta be a pun in that somewhere. Something something, being wet."

"Get your cunt on my face," Cassala said, stripping off her panties and then resuming her position on the sleeping mat.

I smiled, then strode over and straddled her face. She gripped my thighs in her hands—strong, but she knew her strength and held me just tight enough—and ran her tongue slowly up my inner thigh. I put my hand on the wall for balance, because I was shaking.

When her mouth found me, she started to lick clean the folds around my lips. Then quick and taunting, she flicked her tongue up from the entrance of my vagina to my clit, rubbing back and forth for less than a second before continuing up and outside my cunt.

I couldn't see her, all I could see was the old concrete wall in front of me, and it drifted in and out of focus as my mind began to blank. I could hear her, though, moaning and sighing whenever she she pulled her mouth far enough away to breathe, and I could hear her wet fingers as they sped up on her own clit.

Standing is too awkward a position for me to come, but I knew I wasn't doing it for myself, I was doing it for her, and I bent my knees, bringing my cunt against her mouth, and let her lick me while she fucked herself and me both.

Her sighs became whimpers as she neared orgasm, and I pulled away just seconds before I knew she was going to come. I met her eyes, which were wild with desire and betrayal, then smiled at her and

off on her boots. I stood at her feet and pulled my shirt over my head, and she started to touch herself through her panties.

“Show me your tits,” she said, and I unhooked my bra, revealing my small breasts. The way her eyes lit up when she saw them...

“And your cunt,” she said. She slurred the words like she was hungry.

I worked my panties down, revealing my pubic mound, and she started to rub herself harder, side-to-side. I just wanted to watch her masturbate, so I did for awhile. Her hands knew what she wanted. And I knew what she wanted too—I pulled my underwear the rest of the way down, kicking it to the side.

I turned and put my forearms against the wall, pushing out my ass and showing her my lips.

And then the storm shutters slammed closed.

“Holy shit!” she yelled, jumping to her feet. I looked around for my robe, suddenly uncomfortable in my nudity, but she stopped me with a hand cupping my cunt and a kiss on my neck.

“Storm’s coming,” she said.

“What do we do?” I asked. I was trained for survival and surgery but I didn’t know the first thing about civilized things like storm shelters and growing food.

“Wait it out,” she said. “This building’s been here since the beginning, I don’t think it’ll get leveled tonight.”

“But the repairs?” I asked.

until ze found her clit.

She took hold of hir hair with both hands and pulled hir up against her roughly. Ze moaned. It had taken months to work up to where ze was comfortable with her grabbing hir like that, but it was, very strongly, what they both wanted.

James tasted her for a moment, then stood back up—which she let hir do. Ze took her hand and led her into the bedroom, where the oil lamp, set against mirror shards, cast a soft but wildly flickering light.

“Push me on the bed,” Nepenthe suggested.

James pulled her past himself and down onto the large mattress that lay upon shipping pallets stacked four high. Ze hiked hir dress up above hir knees and straddled her waist, running hir nails across her chest, flicking her nipples, massaging her collar and neck.

Ze kissed her, then, on the lips, and she responded by pulling hir head into hers. Ze pulled away, smiling, then moved down her body with hir mouth. After her neck, he said, “You’re usually so salty.”

“It’s the rain.”

“You tell the rain that I get to lick your salt off.”

Nepenthe laughed, more from ticklishness—hir lips and hir soft beard had just found the side of her waist—than from the bad joke.

“What, are we monogamous now?”

“Well, I suppose it’s alright,” ze conceded. Ze put the pad of one fingertip against the base of her wet cunt and pushed it in just past the lips, causing Nepenthe to breathe in sharply.

“Will you just fuck me?” It was as much a plea as it was a demand.

“Alright,” James said, and let hir forefinger slide into her. Ze pulled it out and added the middle finger, turning hir hand so hir palm faced up.

“Thanks,” Nepenthe said, and gasped as James curled hir fingers and brought them up inside of her.

James lay down on hir stomach between her legs and started to lick her clit, hir middle and ring fingers fucking her.

There wasn't a trace of nervousness left in hir, ze realized. With hir free hand, ze massaged her breast. She moaned happily. Hir cock pressed against the bed, and all hir body knew was desire.

For minutes, at least, ze licked her, lapped her, fucked her with hir mouth and hand. Her excitement grew, and ze could taste her getting wetter.

Ze knelt for a second, switching hands, and met her gaze while putting a cunt-soaked finger into hir mouth. Nepenthe whimpered, and ze lay back down and licked her cunt in response, hir tongue moving circles around her clit, then simply up from hir fingers to the top of her hood. She brought her knee up, found hir cock beneath hir dress with her foot, pressed against it with her toes.

"James," she said, "fuck me."

Ze let hir fingers push farther into her.

"More," she said, and ze added hir index finger.

She started to talk, but words fell noiselessly from her mouth and she gripped hir head between her thighs. Ze licked her harder, let hir fingers stay inside her for longer before pulling them almost completely out each stroke.

And then she shook, starting somewhere from her shoulders, each shiver running down into her hips, shaking hir head, making hir fuck her harder.

"I'm going to come," Nepenthe said.

James kept hir fingers inside her, pressed up nearly against the inside of her belly, and she gasped faster as orgasm went through her. She screamed in staccato bursts and clutched hir head tightly in her legs.

Slowly, it passed. First her panting subsided, then her shivering, and she pulled James up by the hair to kiss hir, tasting herself on hir lips and in hir beard.

Ze watched her face, the stress melted away, her eyes a bit glazed. It was rare that she smiled these days, had been ever since the war. The war was supposed to be over. But war never really is, of course.

"Time enough for that tonight," she said, re-shouldering her pack. "Work up a sweat, will you? I want to taste salt between your thighs."

It was a blessed thing to walk behind her, her round ass swaying. The fireflies were out in force and the trees looked down on us from the edge of the field. The moon was low in the sky and near enough to full, and we cast long moonshadows behind us on the remnants of the sidewalk.

Twenty minutes later, we were there. It might have been a bank at one time, out in the middle of a strip mall, but the lesser buildings and had all been torn free by the apocalyptic storms and only this gaudy stonework monolith to a dead culture remained. The roof had been replaced with thick iron storm shutters, remarkably engineered by my lover and others to shut when the barometer dropped too far or the winds picked up too strong. Without the shutters, they'd all have starved years back and there wouldn't have been a refuge for me to run to.

I set out our sleeping pad in a spare patch of ground by the door, then threw down my robe.

"Strip," she commanded, and I did.

No one else has ever made me feel so sexy. I'm not a bad-looking woman, whatever that might mean, but no one else had known just how to push my buttons. Sure, men had tried to command me before, but... men. And too many women had been too gentle.

She leaned back on the pad and splayed out her perfect legs, then, crude as the farmer she was, spit-cleaned her hands and wiped them

"Stay the night with me," she said, finding me at dinner.

"It just isn't done," I responded. The temple was a strange place, and the priesthood put rules on us we wouldn't put on ourselves. No co-habitation between the unmarried. And marriage required a year-long engagement.

"I'm heading out in the twilight, the potato shelter need work," she said. "Abbot Franklin says he feels a storm coming tomorrow night and I think the repairs need doing before it hits. We hike out there tonight, start working at first light, be back by dark."

"Of course," I said. She must have known I couldn't say no to her. That was part of the fun.

Summers in the South, it's so muggy it's like you're swimming when you walk, and I had that cotton robe off as soon as we were out of sight of the temple. Cassala took hers off too. She was only wearing underwear, bra, and boots, all black, all fancy enough she must have found them somewhere.

"I love your legs," she said, while I'd been busy admiring hers.

"They're skinny," I said, because I couldn't help it.

"Don't care. I love them." She stepped close to me, just close enough that her breasts were inches from neck. I tried to bite one, she pulled away.

"Mmmmm," Nepenthe said, after staring at the ceiling for perhaps a minute. "Found any condoms recently?"

"No," James said. Somewhere in the city, there were still people making condoms, but the embargo usually kept them out of New Barcelona.

"We'll just have to be creative then, yeah?" Nepenthe reached in between the pallets beneath the mattress and pulled out an antique cigar box. She opened it and pulled out two dildos.

"Glass or wood?" she asked. Each was handmade by New Barcelonian crafters.

"Wood for me, glass for you?" James reached out and stroked the head of the wooden cock, roughly sized to his own. It was sanded smooth and kept well oiled.

Nepenthe smiled and set the glass one down on the bed for a moment. James lay on his back, and she straddled his waist. She brought the wooden cock up to her mouth and ran her tongue up its shaft slowly, holding eye contact with her lover. She then stroked his cheek with it, brushed it against his lips.

Ze opened his mouth, and she slipped her cock in, slowly. It tasted cold in his mouth for a moment, until his spit soaked first the tip and then the shaft. It filled him, but not uncomfortably, and he ran his tongue along the carved head. Having Nepenthe's cock in his mouth brought his own cock to full erection, where it leaned against the top of her ass.

Her cunt was warm and wet against his waist.

Nepenthe left the cock in his mouth for a moment, half of its length inside, and then picked up the slightly smaller glass dildo. Some days, she liked nothing more than James' cock inside of her, but most days she liked something more reasonable. She ran the glass dildo up his thigh, rubbing his taint, then placed its flared base on his pelvis, covering his pubic thatch.

She met his eyes, took hold of the glass cock, and slid down onto it. Once it was held down by her weight, she spit on her hand, reached behind herself, and grabbed his cock in a firm grip. With her

other hand, she took hold of the wooden cock in hir mouth. Then she slowly worked her way up and down the glass cock inside of her.

“Now,” she said, everything in place, “fuck me. Fuck the hell out of me.”

James bucked—gently at first—against her with hir hips, her wet hand sliding down hir shaft, her cock filling hir mouth and moving in and out ever so slightly. All but the base of the glass cock disappeared into her waiting cunt and stayed there as she matched hir motions, riding hir.

Already turned on from watching her come previously, hir mind quickly blanked. James’s only thoughts were of the fire that ran through hir cock, of the wood in hir mouth, of the tilt of Nepenthe’s head as she threw it back to moan.

She began to move her hand up and down hir cock faster than ze rocked up against her, letting her fingers tighten around its head, letting her thumb press up against hir urethra when hir hips reached full height with each thrust.

Ze reached up and took the cock out of hir mouth. “Can I come on you?” ze asked, overwhelmed with desire.

“I want you to come on me, but not yet. If you can help it.” She dropped the wooden cock on the bed to slow hir down.

So ze kept fucking her, paying more attention to her moans than to fire that coursed through hir. Ze alternated from hard thrusts to vibrating hir hips so that the cock inside her shook, and she dug the fingertips of her free hand into hir neck, hir collar, then hir mouth, pulling against hir teeth.

Then she thrust three fingers into hir mouth, towards the back of hir throat, and ze dutifully sucked them. She pulled them out and put her hand on the outside of her cunt, rubbing her clit.

James breathed faster, and she followed suit.

“Fuck me. Come on me,” she said, moving from full, deep thrusts to letting the tip of the glass cock almost emerge from her cunt.

She re-wet her hand and renewed her efforts on James’s cock, sliding up and down its length furiously. Then she pressed it against

The bells tolled for mid-afternoon prayer. The optional prayer. I ran to the gatehouse and clambered up atop where I could see the whole courtyard.

Two hundred robed monks gathered, about three quarters of us, then circled in prayer. They called in the four directions and then called in the seasons, then thanked one deity after another for what blessings we had. The blessings were different every day. Today we thanked the gods for the walls. I liked that.

The priests were the ones who built the walls. I was ten when they started, the first summer after the storms came, but it wasn’t until two months back that I’d made the pilgrimage and joined the order. I didn’t do it for the gods. The gods didn’t exist.

But the walls did. Houses are leveled by what a castle withstands. And, well, the faithful can weather what disbelievers cannot. So we worship the gods. Any gods.

My favorite is Namira. Every fortnight we eat snails and slugs in honor of Namira. Namira is a goddess of filth and ugly things that someone made up for a video game sometime twenty, thirty years ago. And now we have feasts in her honor. Life is strange.

I watched Cassala leave prayer and start towards the gate, her hips swinging, a look of concentration on her face—thinking about something. Maybe about me but probably about crop shelters. I watched her pitch-black hair cast in the wind, revealing her perfect collar. If we can worship anything we want, I decided, I’d prefer to worship her.

“Fuck.” We said it at the same time.

Cassala stood up, releasing me, and we both went for our robes.

The next afternoon, I found myself walking the walls of the temple. The thick outer walls were less than twenty years old, though they looked positively medieval—fourteen feet thick at the base, seven at the top. Three stories of fieldstone masonry. A true medieval castle wouldn't be reinforced with rebar, of course. Nor, I realized, would it be in ruins of small town North Carolina.

Up on the wall walk I could see out over a few miles of fields and collapsing structures. When the grid went down and the lights went out and society just kind of went haywire, it took a surprisingly short period of time before all those houses built in the late twentieth, early twenty-first century fell in on themselves. Most started to suffer after only a few years. Eighteen years of tornadoes and hurricanes later and most were just kudzu-covered spars of scorched wood.

Cassala had been four when it had happened. I'm only six years older, but six years is a hell of a difference because I remember TV and the internet and cheap antibiotics—and I also remember my dad and his brother having been locked up in cages for selling drugs.

Ha. I remember money. Maybe Cassala is the lucky one after all.

the top of her ass with her wet palm, letting hir rub up against her back, and soon ze was bucking uncontrollably.

Ze thrust as high as ze could, pushing against the base of the cock inside of her, then came, hir cum shooting into her hand and up against her back. Spasms went through hir body, ze shook side to side, breathing hard and sporadically. Ze looked up into her face to watch her smile and then pull her face away in that near-pain of pleasure.

Ze finished coming, letting hir whole body shake, and when ze collapsed onto the bed, she collapsed onto hir as well. She let go of hir cock, but kept the glass one inside of her.

They lay for moments, then Nepenthe wiped her hand clean on James' chest, grinning. Eventually, she pulled the cock out of her and set it next to the wooden one on the mattress.

“How did it go?” James asked her.

“What?” Nepenthe looked confused. “It was fucking wonderful. How do you think it went?”

“No, no. The mission. How did the mission go? Did you find out anything interesting?”

“Oh!” Nepenthe sat up in bed, recovering. “No one was home. And I didn't feel like waiting around in, in the open, in that fucking rain. I just wanted to be here. I guess I'll try again tomorrow, if it looks safe.”

“Ah,” ze said.

The rain beat down on the makeshift roof and dripped loudly into pans on the floor of the story above them. Outside, the world was going to hell, if it wasn't already there. Inside, it smelled like sex, and the two lovers lay holding one another, grinning like idiots. Tomorrow would certainly come, of course, but that never really matters.

HELL BENT
BY HARRY STAMENS

his cock,
my weather vane
pointing to fairer days
and greener pastures.
we acknowledge the raging storms
of history
& take cover from clouds left
hanging over
our heads.

We discovered a certain strength within one another,
the power we give and take
with each thrust
every sharp intake of breath
when we fuck.
my ass is as open to him
as my heart,
as my arms.

We take aim and crow loudly
each morning
holding back the streets
that harass us
the cops that cuff us
the parents who said
we were no longer alive.
We create a new family in our beds,
he & I,
not one that will ever be formerly recognized,
but one that is as strong and solid
as a steel rod,
as a weather vane,
hell bent on our horizon.

WHAT GODS WE WERE
BY MARGARET KILLJOY

I don't think I knew how much I liked Cassala until she hit me
in the face. Open-handed, hard enough to open my eyes. It was the
first thing I'd felt, that I'd really *felt* down to my bones, since I'd come
to the temple. Since the end of everything.

She naked on top of me, her olive skin wet with sweat, her breasts
heavy and low, her belly slight and round. And she had a fierce look
on her face. She backhanded my other cheek, even harder. "You'll
look at me while I'm fucking you," she told me. Her lips that formed
the words were full, the kind of lips I wanted on my mouth, on my
fingers, on my cunt.

Eventually, her words sunk in, and I nodded my assent.

"Good," she smiled. I'd never before noticed how sexy crooked
teeth could be.

She licked her fingers—she needn't have bothered—then reached
behind her and found my cunt, parting my lips with her middle finger.

I moaned. I didn't want to, but I'd always been bad at stopping
myself.

She ran her finger lightly up under my hood, circling my clit.

The giant cast iron bells above us broke the moment, crashing
into our consciousness, calling us to prayer.

and deep and her tongue was in my mouth again and I felt her full weight on me. Although it was my first time, it was definitely not Sam's.

She fucked me with one hand and with the other she alternated between each of my nipples, pinching the left one and then the right one harder and harder. It was a glorious torture and one I had never imagined. If I got too loud Sam covered my mouth roughly which only served to make me wetter and more eager. She quickened her pace as I bucked against her hand. I couldn't control myself as I bucked harder and Sam's hand over my mouth turned into fingers fucking my face.

I sucked the best I could, after all, it was my first blow job! Sam's fingers were sliding in and out of my mouth and in and out of my cunt and I was right there, filled up with everything she could give me. Moaning, Sam shifted her hand a little so that she could use her thumb on my clit. Meanwhile, I gagged on her index, middle, and ring fingers, struggling to swallow them down past the knuckles.

Sam's thumb slid back and forth over my clit as she kept up her pace, fucking me perfectly. My mouth was full, Sam's fingers were sliding in and out of my cunt, and my clit was getting rubbed hard with each stroke. When I registered Sam's heavy breathing and moans, along with all that she was doing to me, I suddenly and completely lost control. Coming incredibly hard, and for the first time, my back arched and I opened my eyes. In the dark I could barely make out Sam's face but I knew everything looked different.



DOTH THOU WISHETH TO BEHOLD MY OTHER SWORD? _____

BY IVEN BETENALF

BOYS. PERIOD.

AN EROTIC TAIL BY DANDY SECRETS

We boys are adventure seeking, stranger winking, smirk inducing crooks of the heart. We boys are t-injecting, binary popping, binder topping pansies. And this week, we are bleeding all over our boxer briefs.

We stain the cotton like dirt roads spot your jeans. Dusty exposure to elements you can't avoid. We learn how to love the warmth. When you bleed, it's the sun draping your skin in Colorado. Full sky, clouds moving fast, unavoidable soak. We debate whether to shield our eyes so we can see better. We always decide to wince; basking in the true view.

We bois fuck while we are cramping. Pain jolting us forward. A gay mechanical bull rodeo. We are learning the ropes of knot tying. How to exercise patience as well as our muscles. The right pull. Our current strife. How to restrain efficiently with our loins so eager. We rush time. Even with the ropes fraying, we lay laughing with all seriousness. Ride me again.

We bois aren't allowed in the gay bar, so we held hands while we fucked that night. You are real, I see you get hard. You are real, you tell me what you like. You are real, I hear you breath heavy-heavy like a human. We bois transcend realness and understanding.

intervened. His verdict was that acting on gay feelings was undoubtedly a sick and abominable sin.

Sam was taught the same way but she seemed immune to any sort of guilt or shame. When I asked her about it she told me that church was more like a hobby to her and that she wasn't really worried about the details. She always knew she liked girls and so it was never a question. I, however, had a struggle to contend with. Sam was patient as I sorted it all out.

It didn't take me long to discover that my body had already made its decision. At night, in her bed on the other side of our room was making me wet between my legs. After several weeks of this I couldn't take it any longer. Our digital alarm clock read 2:18 when I called over to her. Sam answered immediately and by the alertness of her response I could tell she was wide awake too.

We made small talk for a minute and then the pitch of Sam's voice changed. "Come here" she said, in a growl I barely recognized. Without hesitation I crossed the divide which was the space of floor between our beds; a small expanse, but one which had separated us each night after lights out, until this one. I crawled in and our wet mouths quickly found each other in the darkness, hands pawing and tongues entwined.

Sam's fingers searched their way to my erect nipples, pinching them hard. I almost couldn't control how loud I was getting when Sam put her hand over my mouth. She was telling me to keep quiet, reminding me of our suite mates, but all I could hear was a ringing in my ears and a loud pulsing between my legs. I took Sam's hand and pushed it hard down into my underwear, where it got the wettest reward. Her other hand was still covering my mouth while her fingers were sliding over my clit. I pushed her fingers inside and then Sam was moaning and climbing on top of me. She started fucking me slow

their departure. As soon as they were gone, Sam and I decided to go on a walk to explore campus.

It was strange to be so far from home and not feel homesick. What was even stranger was that Sam was giving me butterflies. At first I tried to deny it but it was definitely happening. Sam was telling these funny stories and going on and on and she kept making me laugh and when I'd look away, at the sky or a stand of trees, I would feel it come on strong- butterflies in my stomach. This started on our first walk and by our second week of living together I knew that what I was feeling was undoubtedly a crush. I was terrified and excited to be having these feelings for a girl.

I had not really dated at all through high school. I went to my senior prom with my best friend Adam and at the end of the night we tried to kiss some but neither of us were really into it so we stopped. That was it. I never felt sad or lonely because I had lots of friends. I was considered "popular" in school but I just wasn't really interested in dating. Like my friend Kathryn's mom assumed about her daughter, I always just thought that I was too smart for boys.

Sam, however, always knew she liked girls and her favorite girls were the ones that were preachers' daughters or youth group leaders. She had been raised in the church and even though she went to bible study and later became a reluctant and nonchalant leader herself, Sam's main interest on Sunday was flirting and pancake breakfast. She ended up at Covenant because that's what her parents would pay for, not because of some theological interest. Sam agreed to attend because she saw it as an easy way out of her hometown.

I, on the other hand, had applied to Covenant in earnest. I considered myself a progressive Christian and I was always weighing out some internal religious conflict. "Homosexuality" was a hot topic in my youth group and the debate got so intense that our pastor

You stand in the moonlight, a silhouette resembling the animal. I can see your insides howling. I can see the blood that was pumping visceral and true. I ask you to come, come closer. I keep my mouth on your thigh. The exact placement where I am to swallow the most flesh. With my marks I leave a message. Our souls seek adventure. Our eyes stained with a true view. We are on our periods and we are real boys transcending.

We walk along the open road. Fearless and fierce and prepared. We know how to use our tools to dismantle, but more importantly to rebuild. We form and maintain integrity to the structure. Pinky twirled around pinky, with an occasional squeeze, we are not letting go.

I push you up beside the bathroom stall off of Highway 70. You are swollen and full and waiting to release. Eyes exchange a look of "Yes and please". We boys are dirty and polite. I bite your ass hard-to bring blood flow there. I tap where I just bit- so your skin craves the cool air. I am blowing gently and then I am moving my breath everywhere you feel wetness. I put the condom on the shaft and shift gears. I put the lube to the metal and drive. We press into each other, my front to your back-moaning. You rip the velcro from your binder and with a large gasp you breath out. All air escaping. Soaked, full and light, I pull back and collapse to my knees to catch a glimpse. Red stains your skin, the hair pressed slick in the trickle. It is trying to stand on end. With my tongue I lap up the ectocasm and cum spelling
C.O.Y.O.T.E.
Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics.

SERVICE BEFORE SELF

BY I WOLF

*when I return I want you to have a hard cock.
I want you to keep your clothes on, your boots too.*

simple commands
the bedroom door closes, I've already slipped off my suspenders
& unbuttoned my jeans

I reached around the bed to grab my cock
my other hand reached down my lower stomach
to my pussy

my fingers quickly found my soaked underwear & I began grinding
she would be back soon
if I didn't have a hard cock waiting for her I would be punished
maybe I wouldn't be allowed to cum at all

I slipped my hand
into my underwear & started fucking myself
I ran the pony end of my cock
against my wet pussy

in one fluid movement I pushed it inside of me, gasping
I held my cock admiring its size
& the way it felt in my hand

I had trouble buttoning my jeans over my bulge
I stroked myself through my clothes
eager to fuck but knowing I needed to be patient

THE WETTEST REWARD

BY CORY VALENTINE

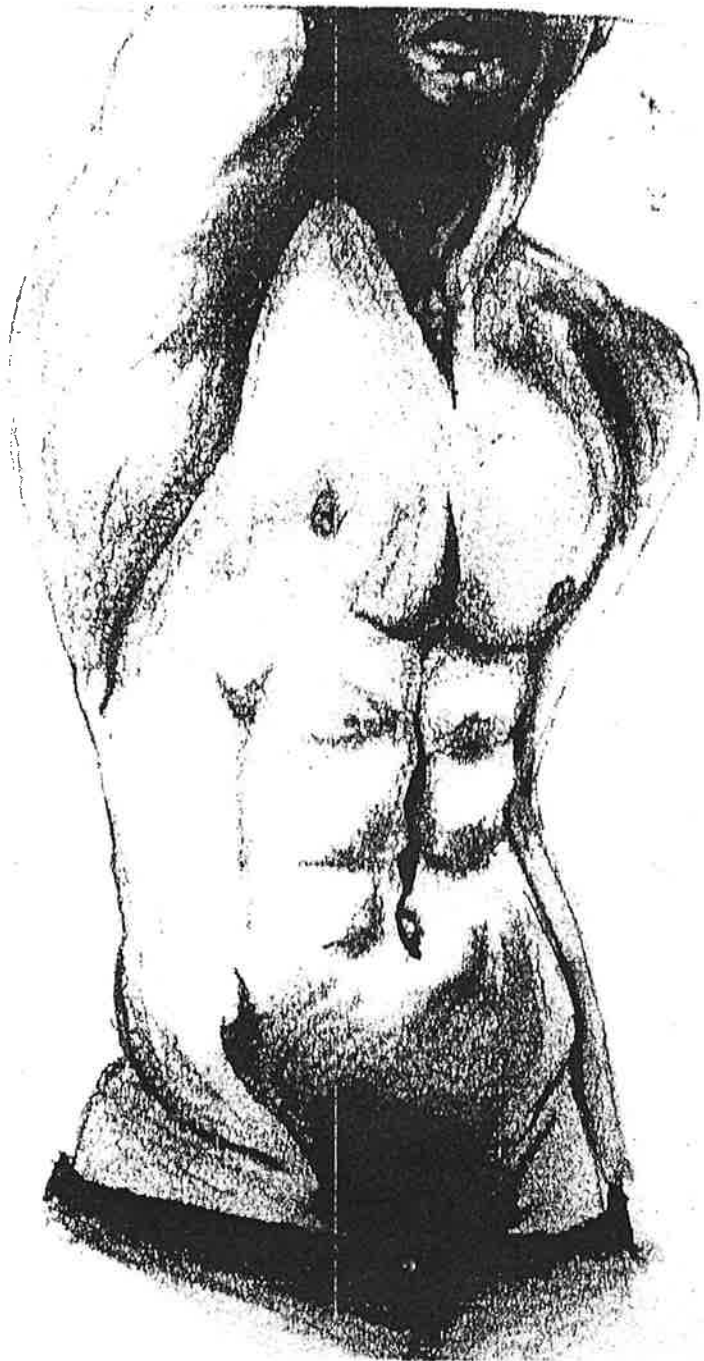
FOR DS

Her hand was clamped down tight over my mouth and she was on top of me. "Shhhh! Don't wake them up!" Sam was doing her best to keep me quiet while her other hand was busy unbuttoning my jeans. The lights were out, the door was closed, the shades were drawn. We had waited all day to be alone like this.

In 2005, Sam and I shared a bedroom in a dormroom suite at Covenant Christian College. Although we grew up in different states, both of us had been active in our churches growing up, both of us were leaders in our youth groups back home, and both of us had been exemplary students. By chance or fate, we had been paired up as roommates through the computerized random selection process the school used for freshmen.

Covenant was a small and extremely conservative Baptist college. To go there you had to sign an agreement witnessed by either your parents or your pastor that explicitly detailed all the things you were not allowed to do over the next four years of your life. Although our school was not as strict as some of the others, for instance, girls were allowed to wear pants (and even jeans on the weekends), the list was conservative enough to disallow "French kissing," "tobacco use," "thong underwear," and even "sitting on the laps of others." Anything that deviated from Covenant's narrow code was strictly forbidden.

When we met orientation, Sam and I immediately took to one another. This was a huge relief for both of our respective sets of parents who were anxious to see us at ease in our new home from home. Both of us eighteen and fresh off our senior summers, Sam and I appreciated our parents' concern but we equally anticipated



BY LOGAN

the bedroom door opened & she walked in
wearing the tight cotton dress she was wearing all day
I thought about how it would be soon covered in cum

I caught her smile as she looked at the outline of my cock
she pushed me back on the bed & climbed on top of me
she had taken her panties off

I let out a whimper

what was that?

I really want to fuck you.

I knew that already, but you're going to have to wait.

she pushed her pussy onto my jeans, grinding into my cock
I felt it inside of me

my mouth found where her dress showed her skin

I was tempted but I knew I couldn't leave
marks

they would be saved for her back, breasts, thighs & ass

I pulled her harder down onto me & began slowly grinding back
between the two of us my jeans were already wet through

can I fuck you with my mouth?

she paused for a moment, swung off of me as I got on top of her
I wasted no time in licking up the cum from her thighs & pussy

I made sure to keep my boots off the bed

I knew she was watching &

I knew I'd be punished for dirtying the blankets

I sucked on her clit at the same time as I circled it with my tongue
eagerly increasing the intensity

she started to moan loudly

she grabbed me hard by my hair & pulled me back

shhh I'm going to cum if you don't stop that!
I smiled and went back at it
she grabbed me again & strongly slapped my face
it stung sweetly & I was asking for it, still smiling
Servant I want your fingers, not your mouth.

I reached up to kiss her, so she could taste herself
my fingers found her wet pussy & I pushed the tips into her
her hips started bucking into me

I wanted to see how long I could tease her for
she quickly dug her nails into my back
I pulled her onto two of my fingers & felt how tight she was

please.
please, what?
please fuck me.

still in my jeans I began stroking myself
do you want my cock?
mhmm. as she rode my hand and bit her bottom lip
I took her hand and undid my button & zipper with it

she reached inside my underwear & took my cock out
she bent over to take it in her mouth
her mouth, hand & my cock were covered in spit
I reached over & started to put my fingers inside of her

can I fuck your pussy?
no.

she continued slowly stroking me into her mouth
you're not allowed to cum either.

"Let's do this again sometime." I say as I walk out without
looking back. I have slipped a note in her pocket that I've been
carrying around for a whole year.

Call me
*503-229-*****
Kameron, with a K

"I'm gonna do this to your ass in a few minutes, I hope you're ready."

I didn't realize that my fingers were digging into the back of her thighs, helping her fuck me harder until she tried to slow down. "Hey," she laughed. "You're real cute, but let me do the fucking, ok?" She started to lube up, telling me to turn around and put my ass in the air. I tried to relax as she worked her cock in, but I was so nervous and excited that it took some breathing exercises and real concentration on my part. She grunted with each thrust, I yelped and panted and felt like a fucking angel, felt out of control and ready for anything. Butt fucking takes me to a specific state of euphoria, it's almost too much but I can't get enough. I was bucking back against her dick as fast as I could, growling and cursing. Veronika matched my strides, slowing down once to squeeze more lube onto my asshole.

"Fuck, you do like it rough... slow it down, or I'm gonna come," Veronika gasped. But I wanted her to come, and knew that if we kept it up, I was gonna shoot again too. I kept the pace, moaning, "No no no, please, don't stop, don't fucking stop, I'm going to fucking come!"

I'm not sure who blew first. I guess it really doesn't matter.

After we are done, we get dressed. The usual deal. But, I do something a little different. As I go to walk out the door, I reach my hand in her back pocket and kiss her cheek.

I whimpered
she slapped me and let her fingers linger in my open mouth
only dogs whimper. do you want to be my dog or my Servant?

without a word I pushed her down on her back with my chest
her legs up & my cock pressed against her
I kissed her & she kissed me back
I teased slowly, thrusting the head of my cock into her

she impatiently dug her heels into my ass
what do you want?
I want you to welt my ass.
on all fours.

I stood up at the edge of the bed & pulled her up to me
she turned around & bent over
I grabbed her arms with one hand & held them behind her back
at the same time I rubbed her pussy from behind
I rubbed cum all over her ass & then slapped it

I ran my hand over her ass & slapped harder
she made a whimper
no noise.
I slapped again, leaving a stinging on my hand

she exhaled loudly
I put my fingers in her mouth & began fucking her throat
no noise I said.
I hit her ass hard

no noise & she was arching her back showing me how wet she was
I hit hard again & then kissed where the red marks were showing
she backed up against my cock, teasing me
another slap & she moaned so I pushed my fingers down her throat
she gagged & bit down on my hand

I brushed my lips across her ass

I raised my hand one last time

FUCK!

my palm hitting her ass was really loud & so was her yell
I took my hand out of her mouth, rubbing spit on her face
I grabbed her throat & choked her
pushing my cock into her from behind

I let go of her throat when I was completely inside of her
she gasped for air & reached for her pussy with one hand
she worked my cock while kneading a huge bruise on my thigh
I held her hips & pulled her onto me
having her take it all with each thrust

I could tell she was close to cuming

I grabbed her by her hair & fucked her hard

I felt her pussy tighten around me

OH... FUCK! she buried her face in the bed

I kept fucking her until she reached out & stopped me
convulsing on my cock, her cum all down my legs

we fell to our sides on the bed & I stayed inside of her

I kissed her mouth & neck

she reached around & grabbed my cock from the base

she started jerking me off into her pussy

I lost it

“I know that there seems to be this weird
un-spoken policy that all S-girls abide by- no dildos or dicks, but you
don’t seem so conventional. That scissoring shit mostly went out
with the 70s, but you wouldn’t know it by a bunch of the women I’ve
met on that site. So, if you’re willing, I want to take your ass
tonight.”

My jaw dropped.

“Fuck, Veronika- can I call you Veronika?- this is very
unexpected, but tonight, my ass is yours.” Her smile was wide as she
rolled a condom down the long purple shaft. “But, I have a request
to make- I want to suck it first.” Her dick parted my lips before I
could say anymore. The woman moved that fast. I swallowed as
much of her cock as I could, felt myself gag a little as she rested
halfway down my throat. She pulled out slowly. “Girl, if I would
have known you could suck cock like this, I would have strapped it
on earlier,” Veronika murmured. “First, I’m going to fuck your face
nice and slow, get my dick down your throat as far as you’ll let me,
and then I’m going to give it to you fucking hard. If you want that,
nod your head.”

I nodded.

She was true to her word, pushing into me until I could
barely breathe, until I was sure I would pass out. But we
perservered, Veronika reading my sounds like a book and pulling
out at exactly the right times. Finally, she grabbed my hair close to
the back of my skull and began fucking her dick into my mouth;
rough and quick like she had promised. Tears were running down
my face but I wasn’t sad at all.

hot, honey, I'm gonna fucking come all over your pretty little face." But Veronika came first, all over my gloved hand, so loudly I worried about her neighbors. Whatever, they weren't my fucking neighbors- for once. I slowed my thrusting into her.

"Come kiss me." No post-orgasmic sweetness for Veronika-with-a-K; she was already reaching for a new pair of gloves before I could pull out. "Can I touch you?" she murmured between kisses. "Please, yes," I moaned back. "Fuck, girl! You're practically creaming," she laughed as she fingered my wetness. "I'm gonna lick all that cream up, until you come."

& she did, pulled on a dental dam and worked it until I couldn't help but cry out her name. "Veronika! I'm gonna fucking come!" I yelped. She pulled back just in time to miss the jizz geyser. I fell back, panting. "God damn, you're so good at that. This has been the best S-girl hook up I've ever had!"

"And it's not over. I've got some plans for you, honey, now that I know you're a rule-breaker." Fuck! I really have no filter when I'm about to come my brains out. Veronika hopped off the bed before I could ask any questions, saying, "I'll be right back, sit tight!" over her shoulder, and out the door she went. I was nervous. What if she was calling the S-girl operator, to rat me out as a no-good name-caller? I mean, Veronika was super hot and the way we fucked was right up my alley, but was this really special enough to get me blacklisted from my nsa fuckfest lifeline? I was searching for my underwear when Veronika reentered the room... wearing a cock. She had gone out and strapped on a fat, purple, *glittery* dildo that seemed to measure, by my untrained eye, in at about 7 inches. That's some pretty high femme shit right there, and *I loved it.*

*can I please cum?
yes, where do you want to?
inside of you.*

she jerked me harder and I began thrusting through her grip

I felt waves come up from my feet & gather at my pussy
I grabbed her hips hard & felt her cum covering my cock
I noticed my raised finger marks on her ass from before
she pulled me deeper into her
I came hard as she took my whole cock

we laid motionless & covered in sweat & cum for a few minutes
I began stroking my cock while I was still inside her
Servant, no more fucking now. will you bring me some water?

I slowly pulled out & pushed my hard cock back into my jeans
I got up & grabbed a cup from the sink, filling it with cold water
maybe I will let you rub my back before bed & you can cum again.

I thought about jerking off onto her fresh welts
I handed her the cup & waited for her to finish so I could drink
you're a good Servant.

WHEN WE'RE NOT TOO NERVOUS

i push them to the floor
hover, hold
i guess i have chosen the darkness.
their hands bring sensation to parts
that have never felt before,
numb until this awakening.
being present takes me to
fantastic hot extraordinary places,
so much more exciting than
the self-checkout.
we are cocreating partners
in fucking wild fucking wilderness.

miles away, weirdos tune in
to the sounds of this eruption
but here, my ears only ring.

joints give in almost and i
curl, roll, pull
it's all of my strength but
i act like it's nothing
of course.

my diva pink painted nails like lights
leading my filthy fingers
to depths uncharted and unnamed
too soft to map.

tongue on tongue
tongue on flesh
tongue on hot spots,
warmer than the rest. they tell me,
"you're fucking me in all the right ways," and i learn that
i don't really hate sex as much as i thought i did.

"Oh no, you don't!" I growled and grabbed her legs,
pulling her back towards the edge of the mattress. "You're not
getting on your back that easily." "Why not?" she responded.
"That's when I'm at my sluttiest."

"I gotta say, you're looking pretty slutty right now. And if
you're that finger-hungry, I bet you'll stay in whatever fucking
position I put you in. Now sit up straight and spread your fucking
legs."

Veronika gasped and grinned again, winking at me. She
stopped playing coy when my finger finally made its way to her clit. I
pressed against the little nub until I heard her quick intake of breath,
then tapped on it until her hands wrapped themselves in my hair.
"Fuck... you, don't fucking...tease me," she hissed, bucking her hips
up against me. I pushed her hood back from her clit, letting it stand
at full attention, and began jerking her off with the V of my pointer
and middle fingers. Fuck, she was so hard! Loud, too, and getting
louder...

"Do you like this?" I asked, and she started saying that
fuck yea she did, and to keep it up. And you know I needed no
more encouragement, I was going to give her any fucking thing she
asked for.

She wanted me in her cunt, wanted to be fucked while
being jerked off. I pumped my fingers into her, kept stroking,
started panting. She was laying back on the bed now, her eyes
clenched shut and her nails pressing into the back of my neck. "Is
this what you wanted? You want to be fucked hard? Harder? Tell
me what you want, I'll fucking give it to you. You're making me so

I gulped. Mystery woman must be a mind reader. In all my S-girl hook ups, I had but one goal in mind- to get off. I didn't have any guilt over it- I gave the other women a good time too, and, more often than not, an orgasm- but the quick lays that seemed to be the site's specialties were beginning to bore me. Maybe the frown Veronika had noticed in the bar was still lingering.

"If you don't pull on some gloves and start stroking my cunt instead of my thigh, you're going to find yourself in big trouble." At the mention of trouble, I felt my clit stiffen. "And you don't wanna be in trouble, do ya, hun?" She was testing the waters of my obedience, trying to gauge how much she could push without prior negotiation. when it comes to tame scenes, this is my favorite method of consent, questions posed as sexy suggestions in the heat of the moment. I feel like while there is plenty of space for me to say no, there is also room to adventure into all sorts of kinks I wouldn't have thought of otherwise.

I shook my head vigorously and left her to stumble over to a table she indicated. In the top drawer, I found a safer-sex treasure trove: various bottles of lube, gloves, dental dams, condoms, plastic wrap, and butt plugs. Veronika was SET- she had a selection of each type of barrier in both latex and non in every color of the rainbow. I have to admit, I was a bit nonplussed by the plugs, but grabbed a couple of every thing else. I gloved up and wiggled my fingers at her. She giggled and nodded, then started to scoot further on to the bed.

VERONIKA WITH A K
A COLLABORATIVE EFFORT
BY LOGAN & PINKIE REINHART

"Child, any faggot who'd kick a love goddess with a big dick out of bed is insane, I don't care what anybody says."

-Carol Queen, The Leather Daddy & The Femme

We met, as people tend to do, at a bar. Nothing special. I must have looked kind of down sitting alone because she just walked right up and sat down in front of me. I felt a connection instantly, but she would say that was cheesy bullshit. What we talked about isn't really important because we talked about everything and nothing at the same time. Just random glossing over crap, many subjects but didnt delve into anything deep. She just said I looked lonely and like I could use some company. She told me her name was Veronika. With a K. Yeah, I know. As she went to leave, she handed me a card and asked me not to look so down next time we crossed paths.

Now I know what you're thinking, right? It was her number. No, it wasn't. It was a business card for something called S-girl. Just a company name, a website and a phone number. Well I checked out the website as soon as I got home. I'm no fool, I trust my instincts and I knew she was something special. Well, it turned out S-girl is a hook up website. No, not a dating website- a hook up site. Just a sweet and simple fuck, no strings, no contact from that point forward. You just call or post on the site and are given a place to

meet someone, or give your own place that someone can meet you. No names, no personal info.

So, I figure this is my best chance to meet mystery girl again, not to mention spice up my life at this point. I had no contacts in a pretty new-to-me city, I wasn't involved in the queer community at all. Worth a shot, either way. I've been doing this for a year now. Don't get me wrong, I've met some beautiful, smart, confident, badass women. Still, my mystery lady had yet to show up. Where was she, why this card? There must be thousands of women using this company throughout the city! I was just starting to feel like it was time to give up, when, as all things tend to, she showed up when I least expected it.

Usually I "set" the place, so that I have everything ready to go. Since this is an absolutely no-strings-attached type of deal, protection is a must. Everyone has their stash of latex or preferred material gloves and dental dams galore. There is also an unspoken rule excluding toys on the premise of the "more natural first time experience" or some such nonsense. I was simply more comfortable setting up my own atmosphere. This time, however, feeling jaded, I had decided to go the fast route and join someone else. When I knocked on 412, lo and behold, it was her. I'm sure my eyes were round as quarters, and to my surprise, so were hers. There were no words.

I slammed the door shut and grabbed on to her, pulling her close. All the plans I had, everything I wanted to say flew out the window. I breathed her in while I pressed my lips hard against hers. I backed her up and when her knees hit the bed, we both tumbled

into it. I desperately reached for her belt while she pulled off her shirt. I rushed my hands over her body, touching everything exposed. Sliding her jeans over her slim hips, I trailed kisses down her abdomen. I tried not to rush, but she's just so damn perfect. I stroked the inside of her thigh as I kissed her wonderful small breasts. She pressed against me and looked into my eyes. Burning.

I realized I was presented with a conundrum as I leaned forward to continue licking her nipples. S-girl's policy required that every woman's anonymity be respected- if she doesn't tell you her name, or chat you up about her work life, you don't ask. Pry-free fucking. Some girls have monikers or things they want to be called, but it's usually pretty obvious it ain't what they were christened with. Now, I knew Veronika's name from our meeting at the bar, where she had gone so far as to flirtatiously spell it out for me, but was it ok to even acknowledge that? I could remember nothing from the site's terms of use that would help in this particular sticky situation. It was ok in the dark drunkenness of non-touch, but what about in the sweet moment when I started to squirt on her face?

Of course, the preemptive thought of coming made me fucking hotter, even if this time it meant shooting into a saran wrap pussy barrier. Veronika laughed at the light little moans beginning to escape from me. "Already, my girl? My tits in your mouth make you that hot? What are you going to do when I get my tongue on yours, huh? You seem like the kind of girl who just can't wait to get fucked, but you know, I think you're going to have to wait a little longer."