

The prison industrial complex (PIC) aims to destroy the individuality of incarcerated folks on many levels, via many methods. One of these methods is the blatant oppression of human sexuality, especially queer/homosexuality. LGBTIQ folks on the inside & outside are determined to resist this & keep the queer spirit alive! As more & more LGBTIQ folks are imprisoned, more are reaching out for support –and books. Many book requests are for those of an, ahem, EROTIC nature. Due to prison restrictions, increasing shipping costs, and limited availability of queer erotica publications, meeting these needs can be difficult.

Hence, this publication. Titled "WANTED," this LGBTIQ smut zine can provide prisoners with hot stories without violating strict prison guidelines or copyright laws. We're interested in making this a quarterly venture & potentially selling it to folks on the outside to cover printing and shipping costs. Of course, this zine will always be free to incarcerated queers.

As per the aforementioned prison restrictions, we ask that there be no stories involving sexual acts with people under 18, no obviously illegal activities, no escape themes, & no violence against cops or other government officials. Artwork is also encouraged, but can't include any actual nudity. To folks behind bars- we'd love to publish your works! If writing or drawing erotica ain't really your cup of tea, but you still want to support us, share resources, or help with translations, please get in touch.

Send submissions to
WANTED zine
C/O bernard gastropoda
PO Box 1126
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:

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

#5: due November 30th, out January 31st, 2015

lips and says, like it's the softest and sweetest demand ever known to man,
"Now stroke it. Stroke it for daddy."

And I do, I stroke it like a champ. I get a grasp on my dick like I'm hanging on for dear life. I'm pumping oxygen back to where he took it away. I'm beating it like a heart beats deep in its chest, the way my heart beats when his fingers pry their way in to my mouth. It's like this that we linger, my eyes locked into his, my fist stroking my cock. I stroke it for my daddy. His fingers are lodged right behind the ridge of my teeth, holding me open as he shoots his hot load into my mouth. I don't shut my eyes but squeal like the cum hungry boy slut I know he wants me to be, fucking stroking it, pumping it home, beating it for my daddy.

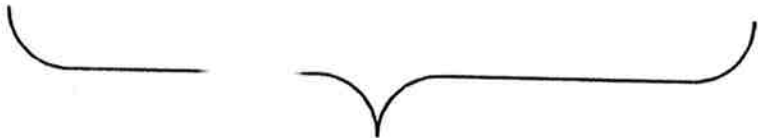


"This is more than smut
for the sake of it being smut.
This is *active resistance*.
This zine is political.
It's also a celebration of
human sexuality."

- letter from an incarcerated reader & contributor.

Welcome to WANTED #3. This zine is dedicated to all the fierce hearts, inside and out, doing their part to envision & work towards actualizing prison abolition, especially all of you braving the potential censorship & harassment of mail rooms and C.O.'s to send us your letters and stories.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.



MULTI-FACETED!

by Divine

Trapped...lock'd inside of a self-made prison
My cell- my sexuality, my bars- my life
reflect light like the sides of a prism.
I envision seeing rainbow wishes and gumdrop dreams
A utopia to which I cling
but won't see
because society labels my leanings
as impropriety
& says I must choose teams.
Me, I see no wrongs
in being attracted to men in pumps and thongs,
Sexy T-girls in too-tight jeans
I can't separate my twin needs
I'm torn and have been since my teens.
I recognize these needs
as no less than to breathe, drink, or eat-
yet it's either famine or feast.
Is it just me who sees the beauty
in the both male/female beast?

face. He thrusts his big calloused hand into my hair and pulls my head forward, burying my nose into the bulge in his trousers.

"You smell that big man's dick, you little faggot? You thought you wanted some fucking tough guy to come after you after work, but I bet you're not so sure now, are you? Come on boy, you better tell me right now if you want this."

I hope to all hell that he can hear me panting in to his zipper. "Fuck yea, daddy, I fucking want it. Please, daddy! I want it from you so bad."

He unzips and pulls out his cock, it's cut and hard and hot as fuck. He's squeezing it so that the head is throbbing and the veins are popping out.

"I'm going to let you sniff it, but don't you dare try and get a taste until I tell you to." I nod and inhale deeply, taking in his sweet sweaty stench. "That's what a grown man smells like. It's high time you learned that." He jacks it off in my face, for just a few strokes, then groans and grabs me by my lower jaw, forcing open my mouth. "Stick your tongue out now, boy. I'm gonna let you taste just the tip." I oblige and he's rubbing his member on my tiny pink tongue, pushing his piss slit down on to the point of my mouth's muscle, then fatly slapping down the whole head. My mechanic is mostly silent, but I'm grunting like an engine in need of an oil change. My cock's getting heavy in my own pants and he hasn't yet met the back of my throat.

Soon, he's got me sucking all slow and hard in just the crest of his cock, not allowing any of the shaft to slip in to my mouth. He asks if I want to jerk myself and when I say yes, tells me that I'm going to have to wait.

"You better keep your fucking hands outta your pants until my meat's stuffed halfway down your throat, you understand?"

I answer by making eye contact and holding it. I give my consent and acknowledge his demands by placing both my hands on the backs of his thighs, by moaning loudly when he pushes his cock further into my mouth. My lips stretch out to take him. His dick rides my tongue slowly, in and out, for a few moments before he picks up the pace, really testing my gag reflex.

"Take out that hard little dick of yours, boy, and show your old man what you do with it when he's not around," he says, all slow and sure.

My sex is thick, fatter and about a half inch shorter than his, wound up and ready to explode. I keep it together, just barely, by imagining what Mr Top-Side would do if I were to suddenly ejaculate on his work clothes. I squeeze my shaft with all the might I can muster to remind myself-
restraint.

"What, you're just going to hold it and hope I don't notice? Maybe you need a moment to catch your breath, to remember what to do with that thing." He pulls his cock from my mouth, the tip dangling just before my

my luck, so I sit tight as Hot Rod and his crew change my oil and check the car's other fluids.

When I'm set to go, he saunters up to my window. "Alright buddy, check back in with us in about 3 months. We put a little more air in your tires, but you're probably gonna need to get those rotated pretty soon."

"I...I've always wanted to learn how to do that myself, at home." I manage to blurt out. Real fucking smooth, but it feels like my only chance.

He hesitates for just a second, then grins again, and I swear he glances down at my lap. "Well, you're in luck, 'cause I happen to make house calls. Jot your number down, and I'll give you a call."

He had to have called right after he got off work. Said he wanted to go home and hit the shower, but I convinced him otherwise... I'm an anarchist with a taste for a man in uniform, for the consent to control that lets me safely test my boundaries without fear of actual death. Plus, hands dirty with grease and the smell of diesel fuel remind me of all the gruff rough redneck boys I've wanted to fuck over the years but whom opted to kick my ass instead. My dick just gets rock hard for the flex of a hairy forearm below the sleeve of a sweat stained work shirt.

When he pulls up, there's already beer on his breath. He's even filthier than before, but the man had the decency to stop off somewhere and scrub his hands. I like that. I welcome him in and offer up another beer, keep the eye contact while I take a long swig off of my bottle. I haven't even swallowed and already he's rubbing the hard lump through his pants. It's all I can do to play it kind of cool and not drop to my knees, but we both know what he came here for, and it wasn't to watch me fake nonchalance.

"You like what you see? Think you can take it? We gonna stand here all night, or are you gonna let me open that pretty little mouth of yours? I can see it watering, boy. Don't fuckin' make me wait- I've been on my goddamn feet all goddamn day and now I want *you* to service *me*."

I lick my lips. "Pull it out, daddy. Let me see your big fucking cock, and I'll show you what this little mouth can take."

He pulls long and hard off of his beer and sets it down on the coffee table, then reaches up to unbutton his shirt. I can see where his sweat ran in dirty rivulets through his chest hair and down his belly, all day on the concrete under the hot sun.

"You better fucking back it up, boy, until your legs hit the couch." I do, and when my knees hit the cushioned edge, he pushes me down on to it. That motherfucker doesn't even take off his boots, just throws his foot up onto the arm of my sofa and bends his knee so that his crotch is right in my

50% of each

Both Butch and Bitch,

attracted to boy/girls with their feminine/masculine switch

Shit- I can't pick

It's a drag thing.

It drags me,

How my family demeans

my love of queens.

How they won't accept the me

who's attracted to TS, TV, & TG's.

Hell, one even think it's a direct damn influence of cable TV.

Just goes to show

how little my loved ones know...

"The Real Me!"

So I'm trapped, lock'd inside of a self-made prison

My cell- my sexuality

My Love- reflects my Life

"Multi-faceted!!"

like the sides of a prism!

BEATING MY MEAT
by Mr. Daniels

It's about 5 am and it's all quiet on the tier. I just woke up with a raging hard on. My dick is so hard that when I piss it gets all over the floor and toilet seat. After I clean up- I still am rock hard- my balls are cum heavy. I haven't busted a nut in 48 hours, which is an eternity for me. On average, I jerk off at least twice a day. My cock is extra sensitive. The smallest touch can lead to an erection. And- I must be honest- I am proud of my dick. It's exactly 8 3/4 inches long- by 3 1/2 inches wide, and I am cut. The head looks like a juicy fat brown mushroom. My balls are low-hangers, big and cum-filled. It's not the biggest cock or set of balls, but it's plenty enough and I've never had any complaints. You know what? My cock is a muscular looking cock. When fully erect, thick, ropey veins run all up and down it. You should see it. It's quite the visual treat.

So- what will I do to relieve this tingle in my ball sack? Should I turn on the tv and find some morning exercise show to jack off to? Should I dig out my Richard Labonte gay erotica anthology and read it while I stroke my cock? Or... I know what I'm going to do: Replay a rendezvous I had not too long ago. There's this guy I actually fed my cum to. It wasn't that part that really turned me on- it was the look in his eyes while he was doing it. He was really savoring the taste of my hot, thick, white cum as if it were the sweetest honey on the planet. What else sends me over the edge when I think about it is the fact that my essence- my cum- is in his belly. That's erotic as fuck to me. My dick is so hard right now as I relive it. In fact, pre-cum is oozing from the head. I just squeezed out some. It's delicious. Oh yes- I sometimes eat my own pre-cum, *and* my own semen. (I'm freaky like that.)

Okay- let me get completely naked. I just grabbed the vaseline. It's time to lube up. (I just squeezed my big-ass balls- they are so cum-filled, they hurt.) It's not going to take much- I'll cum quickly and it'll be a gusher. I am now sitting on my bunk on top of my pillow- legs spread- dick in my right hand- while I massage my balls with my left. Damn- this shit feels good. I long stroke it- from the thick base- to the fat head. It's so shiny, it's glistening. Fuck- this shit feels so good! I keep replaying the encounter over and over in my mind while I stroke my cock. "Eat that cum, bitch. Yea, eat my fucking hot cum- you cum slut."

Oh yea- this shit feels absolutely amazing. I can't fight it- I've got

Top-Side
By Harry Stamens

My last mechanic was a fucking asshole, one of those swaggering fools that will always try to out-butcher you, will always try to prove some sort of point. Maybe he knew I was a fag and was trying to show how much of a fag he was *not*, or maybe he was just showing off. Either way, he was always making some comment or another that made me feel like shit.

So 3,000 miles later, I took my business elsewhere.

I pull into garage at half past one on a sweltering afternoon. I must be the only driver around crazy enough to come out in this sort of heat, because the whole place is empty and I immediately get ushered in to the bay. I scope all the boys real quick- cause boys most of them are, fresh faced dudes lookin' just out of high school, the kind of kid who can go two days without a shave and still seem presentable. Not my type at all. Inward sigh- no hot top-side technician action today. They must keep the real grimy ones down in the pit, so as not to scare off the soccer moms.

Turns out, right as I'm about to give up, that I'm wrong.

He comes out of nowhere, wiping his hands on a rag, getting ready to get down to business. My dick immediately gets hard for him, as hard as his night must have been- his eyes have the tired look of a man staring too long at the bottom of a brown bottle, and his 5 o'clock shadow is already showing this early. I wait just a beat too long, staring at this fucking stud. I forget the protocol of safety, widely known as "Savin Yer Ass," because just as I am beginning to get my boner and wandering eye under control, he glances up and catches me looking. And let's be honest, by "looking," what I actually mean is *staring*. Full frontal, full blown staring at this dude, in front of all his wrench-toting macho co-workers.

This ain't cowboy's first rodeo, though. He saves the day with a holler: "Alright boys, we're going to do a quick light check and then get this oiled changed." He leans into my window and smiles, close enough that I can see the chip in his front tooth. "You ready?"

He retreats to the front of my car, glancing up occasionally to nod or give a thumb's up with each flick of the lights. He even winks before disappearing behind the hood. For just a second, I have the wild inclination to post up behind him and watch his ass as he works. Though the thought gets me even harder, I somehow have the feeling that I would be pushing

biggest Colgate smile and say, "Baby, *not only* do I agree to all you've asked and will ask *tonight*, I pledge to do so at anytime and for however long a period of time as you see fit, *and it pleases you!*"

Hearing that, you all smile, and you exclaim, "Well then, slave, crawl your naked ass over to the foot of this bed on suck mamma's toes while I lay out the gist of our plans for you!"

Crawling across the floor, I take one of your perfectly pedicured pods and place my tongue so that it cradles your big toe. Then I begin to suck each and every one of your French-manicured digits slowly, sensuously, and seductively while you moan, and all five of you lay out my initial assignments!

End of Part 1.... This story will continue in issue #4 of WANTED!

to get this nut. I tried to prolong it, but it feels too damn good. I'm now jacking the shit out of my dick. (Beating my meat.) Fuck yea- I love beating off. I am stroking this fat ass, long dick like a lunatic. Ooh yea- ooh yea- ooh shit- damn, this shit feels good- I'm fixna cum- hell yea- I gotta cum. Fuck- here it comes- ooh yeah- ooh shit- fuck- yeah- I'm cummin'- fuck... ooh shit- damn- all this fucking hot cum- hold on- I'll be back in a few minutes.

I'm back. That was amazing. I came sooo much. I had a puddle of hot cum on the floor. Well- I'm going to go back to sleep for now. Take care.

Cum and Go
By Cory Valentine
For EK

My hard dick was in your mouth, bristly 5 o'clock shadow of yours, rough on my ball sack which was tender from miles and miles of straining tight with the hard on I'd had since Port Arthur. I was finally up from the principle highways and onto that great road that crosses the entire length of the country, headed towards you.

Every time I came up over that stretch of I-10, headed back from Texas across the bottom of Louisiana's L, which, by the way, is my favorite stretch of highway to drive, I could not help but start to think about your mouth. That drive is as gorgeous as your mouth is, and the swamps and cypress and the thought of your tongue get my heart beating. My strong heart beating gets my blood pumpin through my veins, everything comes alive; I feel the hair on my legs stand on end, my beard feels rough on my own face, I can taste my own spit. In almost every other case, anticipation exceeds actual experience but after years and years, I can still say: *Never* with you.

I'm a long haul trucker. I have been driving 18-wheelers solo for over 25 years. I love this life and I love being alone. I still love the way my truck smells when I start it up, I love to give in to sleep in the back when I can't take it anymore, bleary-eyed from a self imposed 2 day run with only piss breaks. I'm an owner / operator. I drive for hire, answer to no trucking outfit, and I am in love with the highway.

You are the only one that stays on my mind across miles and miles. Others have cum and gone and I salute them. Anonymous sex here and there, parks, motel rooms, rest areas, porn stores; it's pretty easy to come across. Dudes love to fuck, no formalities, no strings attached, and it suits me. I can't keep track of all the fucks and that's fine with me, but you are the one I come back to over and over.

You are still the short order cook in the Louisiana diner at the truck stop I happened to stop at seven years ago. You still work the same schedule that you scribbled onto the napkin that I keep in my truck's empty ashtray, tattered and grease stained though it is all these years later. I saw you immediately when I walked in. 3:00 AM and I asked for three eggs over medium, a T-bone, and a cup of strong black coffee. I ordered my steak rare- cold in the middle, bloody. "Just scare it" I told the waitress. She smiled and winked. (My beard and broad shoulders leave women guessing I'm straight.) I looked past her at you and caught you also looking my way. We locked eyes a little too long

Lilac, and Juniper. However, none of that prepared me for the sight of you seated at the edge of our California Kings Med Bed, feet dangling, with nothing covering you besides a sheer negligé robe, loosely fastened at the waist. Your perky 36 C cup titties stand straight up, nipples straining against the sheer fabric of 100% Egyptian silk. A soft line of fur peeks out above your pretty pussy. That alone was worth a thousand gasps, but the shocker was the presence of four other equally beautiful and sublimely sexy T-girls standing, similarly (un)dressed, at each corner of the bed.

Smiling and basking in the totality of my stunned expression, you say, "Baby, welcome to the T-Party!"

Before I can respond, you add, "When we were introduced by the lovely people at Tranzmission, you told me in your first in-depth letter that you would do any and everything to please me. Furthermore, you said that no desire, fantasy, dream, or wish was too large, too freaky, too much, or in any way, shape, or form "off-limits" or "out of bounds." Do you recall those words?"

Salivating at the smorgasbord of beauties I'm facing and the multitudes of lascivious activities my mind's eye instantly concocted, I stammer out a soft, "Y-y-y-e-e-e-ssssss!"

As if reading my mind (or at least my bestial gaze), you quickly say, "Slow your roll, loverboy, because this T-Party is less about your needs and more about *our* wants!" You indicate your guests with an open-armed gesture. "And what we *all* want is a man to submit to every salacious act and action we've ever been forced into, talked into, or dreamed of participating in. In other words, we girls are asking you to be our bitch, and to submit to being our slave, cum slut, and sex toy for one night, to be used, dominated, and, if we choose, discarded, with no objections, hesitations, or complaints!"

Before I can raise an argument or frame a response, you add, "Remember your promise, mon cheri, and your pledge of just today! Keep in mind that this is *my* fantasy, dream, and request first and foremost!" You pause here for effect. "Now, what say you? Do you agree to follow our *every* instruction, order, and desire, and to complete every task requested of you for our... *my* pleasure alone, and not your own? ...Or where your promises just jailhouse soothings to sweeten a lonely girl's heart, to capture her heart under false pretenses?"

You are now clearly waiting and apprehensive. I can see the anticipation palpating through your body. I hear the need in your plea, and notice the desire and disbelief on the other girls' faces. I smile my

Welcome to the T-Party!

A short sexual fantasy series by Will-Lick-U-Right

PART I

As we finish the last of our anniversary meal, I (as men often do) lean back to allow space for my now full stomach to “breathe” and work its gastrointestinal magic by loosening my waist band. I gaze across the table at the vision that is my wife (a 5'3 BBW ½ Cherokee, ½ Creole beauty), and I can't help but notice the intent with which you are looking back at me.

Finally breaking the silence of our stares, you ask, in that sexxy Cajun/Creole accent, “...do you remember what you promised me when we met, chere?”

Smiling to myself (more at the sight of you and my good fortune to have you than at the context of the question), I respond, “Every single letter of every single line!”

Sensing my response is not only positive; it's enthusiastic, you relax and state emphatically, “Well, in that case, I have something I want to do *tonight*,” still slightly challenging the honesty & integrity of my promises, both with your tone and this surprising revelation.

All I do is smile and lean forward, and, locking eyes with you, I softly say, “Anything and everything you wish or ask, I will do... or die trying to do!”

Pleased at my response but still feeling I will not see these promises to fruition, you say (simply), “We shall see, mon cheri!” and add, “Lick you later, Loverboy!” You begin to clear the table with a smirk on your face so devious, that had I not been lost in my own contemplation and paying rapt attention, I might have taken the time to ponder just what in the hell you “really” had planned for me, especially since I had already so whole-heartedly agreed to participate!

Later that evening, you personally shave my entire my body clean (save my eyebrows and lashes) & order me to partake of a bath- a bath so hot and fragrant from the bubbles and bath crystals you add that I promptly fall asleep for at least 45 minutes (so relaxed did it make me), after an initial 30 minute bathing by you, during which I was served strawberries and Chablis.

Upon waking, I enter our bedroom to find the lights dimmed, candles lit, and oils burning, emitting the sweetest mixture of Jasmine,

and you burned the hash browns you were working on. I saw you scrap them and start over. We smiled at each other, the cautious smile of two men noticing one another, in public, in the south.

You were pretty for a boy. I'm fourteen years your senior- you had just turned 21 when we first met. My breakfast was perfect, steak cooked exactly how I like it, eggs just right, and you kept glancing shyly my way. I was lonesome and rock hard under the table and could tell you were a southern small town boy whose safety depended on extreme discretion. Your furtive desperation was easy for me to read after years and years of cruising all over the country, and I returned those glances with a confident look of experience and understanding, which you later told me put you at ease.

In our bars we are forthright and direct, but out in public, men have a secret language that we speak silently. A glance, a nod, eye contact, a smile withheld, the way we hold our hand: palms up or knuckles showing, whether or not legs are crossed. All these things relay details quickly: Yes or No, top or bottom, Daddy or Boy, open or closeted, nelly or butch, and all the ways we are in between; we convey these things in brief gestures. Regardless of your inexperience, your desire was easy for me to read.

At the end of my meal, the waitress, who revealed herself as your ally, cautiously brought over a napkin with your work schedule written on it. I could plainly see that you were nearing the end of your shift. I paid my bill, left a ten for the waitress as an extra thank you for being our go-between, and stacked up my dirty dishes on the corner of the table just like I always do. When she came by to pick up the dishes and the tip I asked her to tell you where my truck was parked.

Back in my cab I turned on my parking lights and opened a beer. I had the window rolled down and the night air felt good on my skin. There was a small breeze and since it was early spring, the stifling night heat of summer hadn't yet set in. I shifted in my seat, adjusting my cock, which was waking up in the anticipation of your arrival. It was then that I first heard the sound of your boots on that back gravel lot.

“Hello Boy,” I greeted you through the open driver side window. “Passenger side door is unlocked, climb in.” In the darkness of the back lot I could see you low-lit by my parking lights and I was immediately impressed by your strong arms and tight ass, the latter of which was accentuated by the perfect fit of your Levi's. I heard the click of the door latch and in one swift motion you swung into my cab.

I opened a beer and handed it to you, and the moonlight coming

through the windshield lit your smile. You looked much younger out of your cook's apron and to be on the safe side I asked you how old you were. "Twenty-one" you replied and those were the first words you spoke to me. Fresh-faced and shy, but trying to hide it, you didn't let on that yesterday was your birthday and that you'd never been in the cab of a big-rig before, let alone bent over in a sleeper. It was fine, I could read your inexperience, and I put a reassuring hand on your leg, somewhere between your knee and your crotch, but decidedly closer to your crotch. You moved towards me and I could feel my pulse quicken.

I wasted no time asking you back to my sleeper. You obliged and I stood up first, putting my massive hard on at your eye level, so you could get a good look at what you were getting yourself into. Undaunted, you licked your lips, and followed me into the back of my truck.

By that time, my dick was so hard and straining against my jeans that it was nearly impossible for me to be patient. Since I could tell this was your first time in a truck, I was resolved to take it slow. Other pick-ups I just bend over and finish in, but with you I felt a tender affinity. I wanted to go at your pace.

"This is your first time in a sleeper, isn't it Boy," I asked you as I rubbed the growing bulge in your Levi's. You nodded yes, and I rubbed a little harder, watching you spring to attention. I unbuttoned your jeans and pulled them down enough to reveal tight white briefs and the outline of your cut and well hung cock.

I unbuttoned my shirt and slowly took it off for you, letting you take in my build: broad shoulders, hairy chest and stomach, fat erect nipples, defined pecs, and thick strong arms. I unbuttoned the top button of my jeans too, which only gave me the slightest relief. I started rubbing your dick through your underwear, getting you harder and harder. I pulled your jeans down around your knees to give me a little more room so I could cup your balls through your briefs while I played with your cock, which was growing to a surprisingly impressive size.

I leaned down and started licking you through your underwear, focusing on the spot where your precum had made them wet where your dick head met the fabric of your briefs. I pulled the band back enough to let your serpent unfurl up onto your lower stomach. You were hard as a rock and I pulled back on your snake and let it go, watching it slap your lower abs with a satisfying smack. You let out your first moan and I did it again, eliciting another, even louder, response.

Your piss slit was wet with precum and I decided to start blowing you there, on that sensitive part of your dick head, sticking the

she was balling up her fists & dripping wet, her hands still tied behind her back

please!

please what?

please fuck me. please fuck me, Daddy.

I stood in front of her again & stroked my cock, teasing she took me in her mouth & eagerly began sucking, looking me in the eyes the whole time

I held her hair & slowly put my whole cock down her throat

I pulled out & stroked myself, covered in her spit

I put the head of my cock in her mouth & leaned over her grabbing her hips in my hands

in one fluid movement I thrust my cock into her mouth as I pushed her back on the cock behind her

she moaned loudly with me in her mouth & took the whole cock into her pussy

we both stood motionless for a moment, letting her feel what it was like to be filled from both ends at once

she began working the cock behind her with her hips & I could feel her wanting to cum

I fucked her face as her moaning & yelling got louder

do you want to cum?

YES!

beg me.

please Daddy. please let me cum. please cum in my mouth at the same time. I want it.

you can have what you want.

I held her hard by her hair & fucked her mouth while she slammed the wall

I felt her losing control & her legs began shaking hard

she tried to yell as she was cumming but her mouth was filled with my cock

at once I came deep down her throat & admired the spit & cum covering her face

I bent over & kissed her as I untied her wrists

thank you Daddy.

she kept looking in my eyes
I outlined her lips with the head of my cock, never putting it in her mouth
she whimpered again & met it with her tongue
keep your mouth open.
I noticed her gaze traveling down to my stomach & I pulled away from
her lips
she immediately looked me in the eyes
good, you won't be punished.
I slid half of my cock into her mouth
don't suck it.
I let it sit in her mouth, making her arch her back & moan, her hands
resting at her ass
I slowly began thrusting the rest of my cock down her throat
she whimpered again, still looking at me in the eyes
put your lips around my cock.
I held her by her hair & fucked her face for a while making her gag
I got close to cumming, slowed down & pulled out of her mouth
I hope you're not getting tired of being on your knees.
she looked at me curiously, spit making her lips shine in the low light

out of our collection of toys I picked out the suction cup & a big cock
it was shorter than mine but very thick & suitable for what I wanted
I attached the cock to the suction cup & put it on the wall behind her
bend over.
she did as I told & I pulled her over to the wall
I felt how wet she was & rubbed her cum all over her pussy
she moaned as I teased her with my fingertips & grabbed her breasts hard
I have a nice big cock for you. do you want it?
yes Daddy.
I pulled her by her hips & pushed the head of the cock against her pussy
*don't move or you'll be punished, understand? this is not to go inside of
you now.*
mhmm.
I ran my hands down her back & stomach, slapping her ass when I
reached it
I got a handful of lube & began jerking off the cock behind her & slapped
her harder
fuck!
I alternated between having my hands on her pussy & stroking the cock
against her

very tip of my tongue into that slit and tasting you for the first time. I
worked my tongue-tip as much as I could into that tiny cleft and then
when it seemed like you couldn't take it any more, I wrapped my lips
around your whole head, sucking softly, then harder. I started on the top
of your nob and then I worked my way down the shaft. I kept your balls
cupped and used my thumb to stroke you right behind your sack. I blew
you the way I like to be blown. I took my time and I worked every inch
of that cock into the back of my throat, easing up every time I sensed
that you were close to shooting. Your moans had gotten louder and
turned into Oh Fucks and God Damns.

"You like that Boy?" I asked you between slurps. "You like it
slow like that?" "You like my beard on your sack?" "You like it when I
work my thumb by your hole?"

Your "Yes" to each question was met by the sound of me
unzipping, as I just couldn't take it any longer. I had to give my own
cock some attention. I pulled it out of my jeans and started stroking. I
was so hard that just touching my pole almost made me come. I had to
slow down so I just let my meat hang hard between my knees as I pulled
your jeans all the way off.

Your Levi's were on the floor but you still had your underwear
on, your hard on peeking out the top. I turned you around and got a
good look at your ass. I pulled your underwear down and you stepped
out of your briefs as I bent you over my bunk. I took my own jeans and
underwear off and jacked myself a few times (not like I needed it to stay
hard- the hair on your ass crack and your smooth cheeks had my flag
fully at attention).

I started working your ass cheeks, spreading them and letting
my thumb rub over your hole. The muscles in your thighs tightened
with each rough touch of your ass. I spread you wide and spit on your
perfect tight virgin hole. I licked my own spit off your ass and started
working my tongue around the edge, teasing you, then giving you what
you wanted, thrusting my thick strong tongue into you, deeper and
deeper until you were almost yelling Please Please Please.

"You have such good manners, Boy" and with that I put a finger
into your ass. You tensed at first but quickly relaxed and I jerked myself
with my free hand. I finger-fucked you slow, working your hole and
getting it ready for all I was about to give it. When I couldn't take it any
longer, I rolled on a rubber and lubed up my cock, jacking it until it was
good and slick. I put my cock head right on your hole and I listened for
your breathing, stroking the top of your neck and shoulders to help you
relax enough to let me enter you. You leaned back onto me and I

matched your desire with restraint, letting you ease yourself onto my dick.

You were so tight I almost immediately shot! Even as experienced as I was I had to slow down and focus on my breath so I didn't just blow my load instantly. You started rocking back and forth and I mirrored your pace. My hands were on your ass, then your chest, then your shoulders, then your back. I couldn't keep them off you, I wanted every inch of your body to be mine to explore. My fingers found your mouth and my other hand stroked your dick which was still hard despite my entire length inside of you. Slow strokes became me fucking you long and hard, pulling out all the way until just the tip was inside you, then pushing all the way back in.

We picked up the pace and you started asking for it harder so I gave it to you rough, slamming into you. Other than my heartbeat, all I could hear was the sound of my balls slapping into you and the slick sounds of my cock moving in and out of your tight hole. I felt all my cum in my balls rushing up the shaft of my cock and I pulled out quickly, unwrapped, and shot all over your ass. Your moans got louder as I licked up my own load, cuz I'm nasty like that. When I was done I flipped you over and finished the blow job I started earlier. You were so close you only lasted a couple of minutes before you shot in my mouth, fucking my face and coming a hot stream down my throat.

All these years later I always come back to you. I eat the same meal, I park in the same spot, we drink the same beer. Some would say we have a routine. The only thing that's not routine is the sex. With you I continue to discover ways I never knew I wanted to fuck or be fucked. You reliably keep me guessing.

The soft crunch of your footsteps on gravel has become the sweetest sound to me, second only to the way you sound when you come. That these two sounds are nearly as gorgeous as the hum of the interstate is something I thought I'd never admit. Nowadays, as I drive, I admit them to myself over and over, in a quiet spoken love letter to the things I truly love.

THANK YOU DADDY

by I WOLF

Disclaimer: The following piece depicts a relationship between consenting non-related adults, describing a story of erotic power dynamics.

raise your head.

open your mouth.

her hands were tied behind her back & she sat up straight to be at the level of my waist

I put my hand under her jaw & brushed her lips with the bulge of my cock underneath my Carhartt's

she put her tongue out to meet the head of my cock

I want just your lips.

she whimpered

I teased her a little longer, slowly thrusting the length of my cock across her lips

do you want Daddy's cock in your mouth?

yes.

yes what?

yes Daddy.

ask nicely.

please Daddy will you fuck my face?

thank you.

I slowly unzipped my Carhartt's

I watched the expression on her face change from desire to desperation as

I pulled my hard cock out of my underwear in front of her face

I held the head of my cock with my hand & traced her lips with my thumb

I put my fingers in her mouth & fucked slowly

her eyes stayed on my cock

look at me.

I smeared spit on her face

she looked at my cock again & whimpered

every time you look at my cock I'm going to make you wait longer, do you understand?

yes Daddy.

I used my hand covered in her spit & slowly began stroking myself in front of her mouth

think of snakes or staffs or figuring out what staff meant medicine and what staff meant trade when his cock brushed against Clara's identical clit. The best poison was in front of him rubbing his nerves into the best kind of feeling; the best sets of fangs were perfectly timing their bites into his shoulders, neck, and the top of his breasts; the best antivenom was at his nipple, licking and tugging and making his blood flow harder into the center of him where his cock was being rubbed with calloused fingers drenched from the wetness coming from the slit in his balls. He was simultaneously coming alive and drifting into a soft death, clenching and pulsing against Clara, and felt the same movements against his cock and thighs moments later when Clara reached her own climax.

"We still have time," he babbled over and over against her mouth. "We have more time."

Clara brought Murphy back to stasis in between calm, closed-mouth kisses on and around his lips. "Shh, when you come back. I'll be here, and you will come back to me, and then we will have more time."

To be continued...

POST-PRISON BLUES By General Lee DeViant

Jim stared at the screen, unsure of why he had done it. He had enjoyed his date with Claire, but he needed to get his rocks off now. He could have at least tried for a girl, but he hadn't. Instead he had agreed to meet Karl, in half an hour at the Corner Cafe.

Jim had only been out of jail for a week. During that week he had tried jerking off multiple times. Other than once in the shower, when he slipped his finger inside of himself, he couldn't get himself to cum. He was ashamed of his actions in the shower as soon as he finished convulsing with pleasure. He was ashamed that he couldn't cum without being penetrated. He was ashamed that he missed being held by Rex. Jim was ashamed he had agreed to meet Karl. Jim's excitement overpowered his shame, or shame enticed his excitement and Jim became erect.

Jim snapped to and began preparing himself. He slightly neatened his hair. He found a black and blue plaid, collared, short sleeve and threw it over his black beater. He slipped his blue jeans on over his black boxer briefs, and threw on his converse all stars.

Jim didn't see the man from the picture when he arrived at Corner Cafe. He ordered a plain coffee, light and sweet, and sat at one of the few tables inside the busy eatery. He watched the hustle outside on the Chicago streets. He couldn't believe he agreed to meet anyone here, let alone a man. He had been busted two blocks away. He hated this neighborhood.

Jim almost died when the door opened and Karl walked in. He looked a few years older than his pic, but he was honest that the picture was a few years old. He wore black sunglasses. He had a shaved head and a mustache/goatee, just like Rex had. The neat facial hair was specked with whites, and he had three piercings in his ears, two of which were on his left. Karl's pecks stood out through his black tee. He wore blue jeans that seemed to be sewn to his body, and black boots with zippers all over them.

Karl waved the women went to order his drink. He joined the anxious Jim at the counter. Jim not knowing what to do, stood up as he approached and they shook hands.

"He

"Y...?"

"Sit down!" Karl motioned for them to sit and they did so in unison.

"Thanks for uh, meeting, me."

"My pleasure. So you said this was a first for you? If you don't mind my asking, your first, eh what exactly?" As Karl spoke the barista brought over his Matte, Jim looked hesitantly at the server, waiting for him to leave before he began.

"Well my first time ever, you know, meeting some guy off the net."

"Is it now?" Karl raised an eyebrow.

"Uh Yeah."

"You've been with a man before?" Karl asked without shame. Without hesitance. It made Jim feel both embarrassment and envy.

"Well yeah, just one, for the last 5 years, but we, I.."

"Did you break up?"

"You can sort of say that."

"I did sort of say that, what do you say about it?"

Karl's directness was throwing Jim off. Jim stuttered, "I, I, I j-just got out of prison. He, he didn't." Jim grew crimson from his admission, and his stupid stutter.

Karl was then hit with a wave of empathy for the boy in front of him.

Jim continued after a moment, "I'm sorry you're probably not interested, I better get out of..."

"No, Jim, please stay!" Karl said softly, putting his hand on top of the younger gentleman's as he stood.

Jim was both scared of the touch and put to ease by it. Slowly he sat back down.

Karl removed his hand and they both sipped from their drinks. Karl continued, "Why don't you tell me what you're really looking for tonight?"

"I don't know! I don't... I mean I guess, just comfort. I mean I never thought I would say this but, after five years in prison, er, uh...sleeping with this man... I just miss... I miss..." Jim couldn't say anything else.

"Is that all you want is to be held for a while?" Karl, said not believing himself for asking. He had left the house hoping for a quick fuck, but this boy wasn't the type of boy he normally met for such a desire. This one was different. Jim truly thought out his response before answering, "No, that's not all I want, but I don't think I am ready for any sex, I'm sorry, I think I wasted your time." Again Jim began to stand up.

of wounds, coiled and slick and steaming, hissing like heat and oil. The dream-anger felt like festering blood; the venom entering his body without the need for sinking fangs. A staff erupted from the truck bed—a great winged staff that calmed the hissing down, that numbed the heat. Two of the biggest snakes coiled up and around in the air and the hissing was finally quieted down; poison rendered into medicine.

That's not right," Clara had said when he told her. "That kind of staff was used to represent trade and negotiation. You're definitely making a trade, but maybe if you're surer of your success you'll really dream the venom into antivenom."

"Maybe I just won't dream about so many damn snakes," Murphy grumbled.

**

Clara had pulled herself in between Murphy's thighs before falling asleep. They drifted awake with blood singing in their body and enough time to spend growing flushed and wet. During their sleep, Murphy's shirt had rolled up and his breasts had cooled from the morning's chill. Clara set about to warming them with her hands, brushing her fingers against their tender outsides. When they were awake enough to keep their eyes open, one of Clara's hands started stroking Murphy's stomach. Snakes burst out like babies that had just finished crowning, but Clara only stroked around the wound and gently packed the snakes back in. Murphy groaned against the image; he refused it any power.

Instead, Murphy wanted to grant power to the image of Clara hanging above him, her arms and shoulders toned from years working in the fields, braced above him like a canopy, and coaxed her into hovering over him. Her hair was snarled from sleep and brushed the shorn hairs at his brow, the soft downy of his cheeks and upper lip. Their hands went to each other's thighs, both of them wet and erect.

"I want to do this sitting up," Clara whispered. "I love this so much, but we don't have that much time left." She was right—and the position would be quicker for them. They could also lean into each other without someone bearing too much weight, and their arms could go around each other without someone's limbs falling asleep. Murphy didn't

The Serpent on the Staff: Part 1

By CS

"I'll tell you right now, I don't think you're up for this," he was told after an uncomfortable two minutes sitting on the cushions for their knees.

Ben looked over at his guide with more bewilderment than anger. He knew Murphy to be capable of a great and accurate intuition, but he had it all wrong this time—Ben couldn't wait to leave.

"I think you're doing this because of Nicola. And that's not going to help us when we arrive. He's not going to give us leeway just because you're still partners." Ben began to leave. There were others—young kids who needed to get out and get away: kids tired from planting and harvesting specialized crops, kids sick to death of analyzing for bacteria using machines that were considered second-rate in The Bygone Age. The worst were the kids that were stuck taking commissions from Out-of-Towners wanting dresses, blouses, sarongs, even whole suits and blazers made from V-dye, and it didn't help that they contributed the largest revenue.

"You're coming anyway," Murphy commanded before Ben could pass through the veil. "Nobody else is as good a negotiator. 7 AM."

Ben regarded him with the back of his palm flicked over his shoulder. Fine, fine.

**

"It's not like we're crossing unknown territory," Murphy explained as Clara tucked him against her larger body. He imagined her Adam's apple bobbing up and down when she swallowed back a reply.

Instead she said, "All the snakes, though. And you're still not sure how they're going to pack them in, and which percentage is fully mature, and if there will be enough for all those stupid commissions..."

Clara sighed through her nose. "You ever find it fascinating how venom can be used as a treatment as well as a weapon?"

Murphy thought of the recurring dream he had been getting since he was assigned leave. In the dream, all the snakes had been packed in tissue paper, of all the damn things, and they burst out like intestines out

"Jim, please sit down! I don't think you're wasting my time." Karl looked genuine and soft as he spoke. Jim again sat back down, this time gruffly.

They looked long and quietly at one another, until Karl made a proposal.

Karl's brownstone was a twenty-minute walk from the cafe. Jim stood in Karl's bedroom, his eyes fixed on the Sling Karl had told him about. A bar hung next to it, about a foot off the ceiling, it hung just above Jim's head.

"Grab the bar Jim!"

Jim was instantly terrified. He didn't expect it to happen this fast, but he complied. Karl was suddenly behind him. He felt the large man's arms reach sensually around his back, stomach and waist, as his hands nimbly unbuckled Jim's belt.

Jim felt Karl through their jeans. The contradiction of fear and pleasure further swelled. Karl's fingers rose up, following the toned slender cut six pack. Jim's body began to roll with balls of sweat. Karl's hands began to glide up Jim's slick body, until his fingers found and carefully probed Jim's small erect nipples.

Jim's knees grew weak, but he held strong to the bar overhead. He could feel the warm breaths on his neck, he could feel that soft tickle from his goatee.

"Release but keep your arms up."

Jim raised his complied and Karl pulled off both of his shirts in one fast motion.

"Grab the bar again!" Karl commanded. Jim listened to the command, and as soon as his grip was tight Karl again reached around to Jim's stomach, this time his fingers began to explore downward. Jim had no doubt now that what he felt pressed against his right butt cheek was indeed Karl's girthy member. It made his puckering hole yurn to be filled. Jim felt Karl's fingers slip into the elastic of his Hanes boxer-briefs. They weren't soft like Claire's or like his girlfriend from before Jail, they were a bit callous, they were firm, they were undeniably masculine. Those fingers soon found Jim's cock, and stroked gently.

They stopped, then withdrew. Karl's thumbs sunk into his underwear at the hips and with the slightest tug to the floor, Jim stood naked from the ankles up. As Jim's own throbbing member sprung out in front of him with a bounce, Karl's lips pressed once, with a little teeth into Jim's lower neck.

Jim's heart was beating like a Djembe drum.

"Lay in the Harness, Jim."

Jim stepped out of his jeans and underwear, then hesitantly put himself into the contraption. He felt humiliation and anticipation as his legs were put to rest up high, leaving his hungry pleasure hole to be exposed, quivering with desire.

Karl grabbed the vibrator, still in its box. He had bought it for a meeting with another boy who no showed a few weeks ago. He had been hoping to use it sooner or later. He grabbed the lube, and readied himself for some fun.

Jim was too overwhelmed to look. He heard and analyzed every sound of preparation but could not bring himself to look at Karl.

Suddenly Jim felt a cool wetness in his most sensitive spot. It sent a chill through his body making the hair on his body stand on end. He hadn't known lubricant like this. The soft wet gliding feeling of the finger rolling over his rose bud. Jim's cock bounced with his rapid heartbeat, red and ready to burst.

The silky soft gel made Karl's thick manly finger feel like heaven as one slipped past his entrance. Jim, quiet until then, made a long low moan. Karl gave a few slow thrusts, then slipped in a second finger. Again Jim let out a guttural moan of pleasure.

Karl, pulled his fingers out. Jim looked to Karl hungrily. He saw Karl, standing on his knees, was no longer wearing a shirt, and that his jeans had slipped down to his knees. Jim's eyes were drawn to Karl's intimidatingly large cock, and there they stayed, remembering the taste of Rex, his cellmates, cum.

"Don't look boy!" Karl said in a low even voice. Jim looked away, only to feel another cool puddle of slick pressed against his hole. Then he felt it. It was what they had talked about. He felt the head of the hard plastic penetrating him. Just a little at first. Then it withdrew and came back a little bit faster, a little bit deeper. With each entry Jim pushed himself toward the vibrator with more passion.

Jim felt Karl's fist at the end of the toy. It couldn't get deeper. The feeling was amazing. Jim's hands began gravitating toward his pecker. Karl watched and just as Jim finished one stroke Karl flipped on the vibrator.

Jim began panting in a much higher octave than he spoke in.

"You like that Jim?" Karl asked as he turned the speed up gradually, "you like being fucked don't you Jim?"

Jim's pants grew louder and into screams of pleasure. The words were enough to push him over the edge. Jim convulsed, shooting cum

Steven
by Dr Chance

From my first sighting of Steven, I knew I wanted him! He was 19 or 20 but looked younger, with a tall hard swimmer's body, and long shoulder-length silky blonde curly hair. Kinda cocky and very, very sexy.

It took a few days before we had a chance to talk. When I found out Steven was bi, I came on full force.

Next thing, he had out his sweet delicious 9 ½ inch torpedo cock, stroking off as we talked. As he closed his soft blue eyes and moaned, my mouth covered his head. Hot cum gushed in my mouth, down his swollen shaft and all over his hand. I gulped it all down then licked his gooey fingers.

We felt the connection as we sat hand in hand. We were blessed to move in together a couple weeks later. At first, it was just me giving my hot young stallion head, licking the prettiest pink butthole I've ever seen, and frenching his hot sexy wet mouth. Then, as days passed, he would surprise me with some awesome head. One special night, after about an hour or so of that awesome head, he had my cock dripping wet. He then straddled me and took my entire cock up his precious young asshole. I stroked his massive shaft as he rode Daddy's swollen girth... to look up into his gorgeous young face with that sexy long blonde hair hanging down and his sweaty, muscular chest as thick wads of his delicious cum shot all over my face and chest was pure euphoria. I gently rolled him over and fucked that fantastic pink butthole... it was ecstasy!

I was his first man lover. We were so perfect together. I will always miss and love young Steven... he left November 4th, on his 22nd birthday. I have such great memories of that sweet delicious boy toy.

MAGIC
by Dr. Chance

When we met it was magic. He was young- 23 yrs- tall, well sculpted, and so horny for my older man's touch! Our first night of passion after french kissing and manscaping, I spread his sweet, delicious ass cheeks to lick his tender pink butthole. As I licked and nibbled, his gorgeously fat 10 1/2 inch cock was rock hard. I took my time sucking and deep throating that massive meat missile. He admitted I was the first asshole he'd ever eaten and he was fantastic! He loved to suck my older cock and eat Daddy's asshole. He had no problem swallowing my fat load of cum as I went deep into his sexy young throat.

I put a Tootsie Pop inside his ass and licked all around it. He loved Daddy to fuck his plump asshole, and I spent hours sucking his massive cock. I love the taste of his pre-cum and his huge load of cum when he fucks my eager throat.

We would lie and spoon and just caress each other, then make passionate love for hours on end. I was the first person- male or female- to ever take his entire shaft, and it took all I had to get that hot, fat head all the way deep inside me! He would sit on my cock as I stroked him off all over Daddy's open mouth and face- then he would feed me whatever was on my chest. I would lick his sweet delicious cum from his sweet young fingers!

He had the rock hard body of a Greek god and the cock of the finest stallion. I would give anything to ride that thick, delicious cock again. He is and will always be my life partner and our love making only gets better all the time.

clear across his stomach and onto his own chest. Karl slowly eased down as he came and gently pulled the toy out of his butt completely. The vibrator made a slurp as it exited the boys rectum, and Jim again shook with one more tremor of ejaculation.

Karl, pulled up his pants, and walked into the bathroom connected to his bedroom. There he washed the toy, and his hands. Jim, just laying there both exhausted and finally satiated, watched Karl. Karl threw the washed toy onto the bedroom carpet and then began flossing and then brushing his teeth.

Without a word Karl, took off his jeans, and naked, crawled into the King bed. Once comfortable, he lifted the blankets for Jim.

Jim feeling ashamed and yet so completely satisfied crawled into the bed without a word. They both knew he would sneak away at some point late at night, but for the moment, Jim was truly content, in Karl's arms, Karl's big cock still hard and laying perfectly between Jim's cheeks.

GRETEL (Pt 1)
by Maya Deerbone

Sometimes it's really simple, straight from the gut or the groin or whatever it is I think with that's faster than my brain. Like when you know it's time to leave town or when it's time to break up or when it's time to fall in love. Sometimes you just see someone and think, *I want to taste their cum in my mouth and I'm pretty sure they want that too.*

Other times it's tricky.

It wasn't tricky when I met Gretel though.

It was a fever-hot summer night, too hot for midsummer. It was the kind of night where you don't want to move from the old couch on the screened-in porch. Inside the house, there was no breeze; outside, there were bugs. So the six of us sprawled across the corduroy, drinking sweat tea or cheap beer as we favored. It was too hot for clothes but we wore some of them anyway and between the lot of us, there might have been three full sets of tanktops and short-shorts. Myself, I just had a black bra and underwear, the cotton of both damp with sweat.

There were fireflies in the meadow we called a yard, and some of the bugs were blinking in and out at the distant tree line, and it was a simple and wonderful and animal night to be alive and amongst such company. I leaned against Sam, with her heavy breasts and perfect lips, and her partner Jesska was lying across the couch with his head quite familiarly close to my cunt. It had been weeks since I'd be invited into their bed, and there was no promise I would be again, but the pleasures of touch and temptation were almost enough for me just then. Almost.

Then headlights cut through the air, beams lighting the fog like they would in a movie, and tires tossed gravel along the drive. Six punks rolled out of the two-door sedan—punks are like clowns that way—and they started towards the house.

They triggered the motion light, and that's how I saw her for the first time: surprised to be illuminated. I don't have a type—I'm lucky that way—but she was short and curvy and the flipped up brim of her hat said "cunt" in permanent marker and if I was going to have a type, it would be

"What?" I asked.

"Get on top of me and masturbate. Rub your cunt on my tits. I want to watch you," she said.

So I did, getting my hands wet with her mouth, rubbing them through my pubic hair, pulling up on my cunt, rubbing it against her breasts. But my favorite part was hovering over her face, letting her lips brush against mine, all the while I flicked a wet finger back and forth across my hood. For anyone else, I don't know I could have come that way, bracing my body with one hand on the window frame and fucking myself with the other. But for Gretel, I could. My muscles cramped and screamed and I screamed with them and then I came, short and hard.

When I collapsed, I'm pretty sure I hit her face with my pubic bone. But she brought me water and we drank it together and stayed up the remaining hour before dawn, scheming and happy. "Tomorrow," she said, just as the sky was lightening and we started to drowse, "let's see who wants to watch."

started onto her clit with my tongue, my hands still holding her hips.

It was sauna-hot and getting hotter and the sweat was pouring off of her when she started bucking, trying and failing to control her body. My mouth was buried against her, licking and circling her clit, then lapping the whole of her cunt with the flat of my tongue. She clawed my back for a moment, then dug her hands into the cushion, lifting her body and her neck, mumbling faint words of pleasure. We went that way for a long time as I tried to forget my cramping legs and focus on her pleasure. When I couldn't handle it anymore, I stood up and pushed her onto the couch lengthwise and laid between her legs.

She liked it when I had my fingers inside her and my tongue on her clit. She liked it a lot. She locked my head between her thighs while she came in waves, rough and fierce and all-consuming. And she was loud, all of the sudden. Some people pant and moan and scream every step of the way—Gretel saves it all for climax. When her screaming peaked and began to descend, I withdrew and looked at her questioningly. She nodded and I went back to her, more gently.

We were like that, fucking on the couch, when everyone started back from the walk. Gretel heard them first, before they reached the door, and looked at me half-concerned.

"I guess we should care?" Gretel asked.

I was kneeling, then, between her legs, two fingers inside her, but pulled out and sloppily covered us with a sleeping bag while ten people went past and into the house. Most of them were smiling at us.

I licked her and fucked her until my hand hurt and kept at it until it stopped hurting and she built up and collapsed twice more, screaming loudly and suddenly each time. Finally, she stopped me.

"I'm good," she said, between breaths. "I'm good. Like, I probably can't walk."

"Let me get you water," I said, starting to stand up.

"Hold me," she corrected.

The moon set and the stars came out, and summer is no time for sleeping. So I held her.

"Come on me?" Gretel asked.

her. I swear she saw me looking and put on a swagger, but with the porch light directed at her and not me, I can't justify that as true. Maybe I was just looking at her hips.

I knew a couple of the folks she'd come with from the last time I'd lived in town, and it's always good to see people outside their usual environment—even if they'd just traded a punk house in Durham for a punk house in the boonies. They brought more beer, because how could you not, and joined us on the porch. Introductions were made and most of the new names came in my ear but chose not to stick around in my head. Except Gretel. She looked at me like a... all metaphors aside, she looked me up and down like maybe she wanted to fuck me.

But since I was horny as all get out, I knew was pretty likely to jump to conclusions. It's a pretty shitty thing to be wrong about, thinking someone wants you when they don't, so I didn't take it as a given.

"Gretel," I said, when she told us her name. "I like that."

She smiled a fierce smile. The smile of a wolf—all full of teeth and meaning.

"Where's everyone else?" Sam asked.

"Coming tomorrow," a boy said. His name had started with a consonant and was something weird, like something he made up. That wasn't much to go on, though—half my friends had made up names.

The solstice wasn't until the next day. So no rituals, no big party or bonfire. Just a dozen punks on the porch of a house out near the edge of the forest. Gretel spent most of the night sitting on the floor in front of me, and it didn't take long before her head was against my knees and her cap was off, my hands running through her short black hair.

Sam announced it was time to go for a hike, and bodies disentangled to lumber out into the night.

Gretel stayed behind. With her there, leaving didn't even occur to me as an option. And suddenly she was next to me. Out of the whole couch, she was right up against me.

We talked while our hands interwove like clumsy approximations of what we hoped to do with our bodies. We talked about summer and life and how to be ecstatic and how not to break and how not to die.

"You've got a reputation," Gretel told me.

"Oh yeah?"

"You're a heartbreaker."

"I give as good as I get," I said.

"Me too," she said, and the wolf smile was back.

My favorite tattoo that I could see on her was the black ivy that crawled up her neck from a wrought iron gate over her heart.

She ran the fingernails of her free hand along the inside of my wrist and looked up at me, cold and analytic like a science-minded child exploring a toy. She caught my subconscious shiver from her touch and her eyes lit up.

"I don't know where you're hoping this will go tonight," I said.

"Anywhere, really," she said.

"I don't have a room," I told her. "I've been sleeping on the porch."

"The porch is good."

She straddled me and looked at me and I snatched her by what hair of hers I could reach and I pulled her down to kiss me. She pulled away long enough to get her tanktop over her head. Her perfect breasts hung low and round, her large nipples hard and brown.

"Can I kiss your chest?" I asked.

"You can do anything you want to me," she told me. So I grabbed her by the wrists and fought her arms back, staring her in the eye as I did it. She nodded, and I overpowered her. She fought back and I let her come close to winning—or maybe she just actually came close to winning.

"Fuck me," she said, and I pushed her into the couch. She turned herself over, kneeling on the floor, facing into the cushion. Her round ass filled her tight shorts and I spanked her, the sound carrying off into the night. She moaned and I put my fingers into her mouth. She took them eagerly, licking and sucking, while I spanked her again.

"You like that?" I asked. It was a real question. She nodded.

I stripped off her shorts and underwear, then struggled with her boots for a moment before she kicked them off. I thought about teasing her, about starting with her feet and massaging her calves. But I didn't want to wait, and I doubt she did either. I pressed the heel of my hand into her ass

and let my middle finger explore the outside of her wet cunt. I parted her lips and slid a slick finger up towards her clit, circling it, letting my finger tumble over it. Then I pulled away and stepped back.

"What are you—" she started to ask.

"I'm just looking at you," I said. My underwear was as wet with sex as it was with sweat, and I took them off.

She looked back at me from the corner of her eye and she was happy. I was happy too, letting my eyes trace the curve of her wide hips up to that thin waist. Her ass and her dark cunt lips were on display. I could smell her on my hand, and brought my fingers to my mouth to taste. Sex and sweat.

I touched myself for a moment—just a moment—while I looked at Gretel, then went back to her with the same hand and let my own wetness mingle with hers. I slipped a finger into her cunt, then two. In and out, in and out, then I was back on her clit, slightly harder this time, my palm pushing up against her while I fucked her.

"Turn over," I said. And she tried, but my hands were on her waist, holding her in place. She struggled, and we wrestled for control.

"I like it this way," she said. "I like when you try to hold me down." And then she forced me off of her and sat on the edge of the couch, her legs open, her gold-painted toes nearly touching the floor. She was so small, so lovely—those two things don't have to go together, but in Gretel they did.

I sat in front of her, my legs under the couch, and started to massage her feet, running my fingers in between her toes. She laughed and I stopped. "Keep going," she said, and I put her second toe in my mouth, sucking and licking while my hands massaged her arches and ankle.

I went over every toe and both feet while she laughed and smiled. Then I let my hands wander up her leg, and a gasp cut off her laughter. I put my hands on her hips and pulled her up to my face, licking next to her cunt, first on one side then the other.

It was an awkward position, for me, but sometimes the best sex has me in awkward positions. There's something about being uncomfortable for the sake of someone's pleasure that brings pleasure of its own. I