

WANTED

a journal of desires

ISSUE # ONE - AUTUMN 2013

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Welcome to the first issue of WANTED zine.

There are many reasons for the title of this publication. The first and perhaps most obvious is a tongue-in-cheek reference to the wanted posters of both past and present. Those posters attempt to turn lives into 2 dimensional forms of state-assigned race and gender, identifying characteristics, and alleged deeds and actions. They turn a human in to something hunted. We wanted to create the exact opposite, to give space and voice to more complicated aspects of life & living: desire, imagination, expression, identity.

The zine's name is also a rejection of the various ways the Prison Industrial Complex (PIC) tells people that because they are incarcerated, they are abandoned, unwanted, and forgotten by the outside. Solitary confinement, the withholding of mail or visitation privileges, the over-all lack of transparency in prisons are just some of the examples of how those locked up are cut off from the world beyond the walls. However, no one is forgotten- folks on the inside & outside are working to strengthen our connections to each other and weaken the PIC's dominance in our lives.

Thirdly, wanting is an action of *desire*. Our desires play a huge roll in how we identify as LGBTIQ folks. Our lusts, fantasies, loves, hopes, and dreams cannot be contained by mere prison walls.

But maybe it's time to let our stories speak for themselves...

In Solidarity,
the WANTED crew

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
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:

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

#2: due November 31st, debuts January 1st, 2014

#3: due February 31st, debuts April 1st

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

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

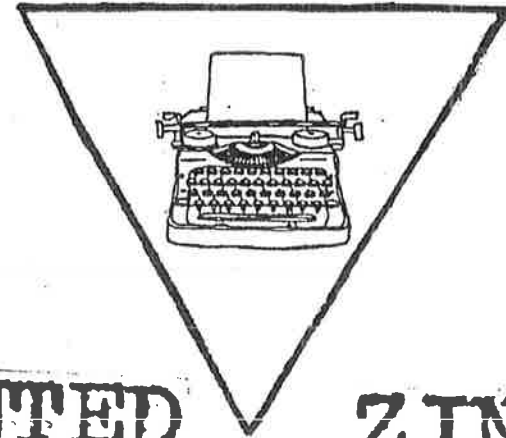
#6: due November 31st, out January 31st, 2015

BY SWIFTEST FOX

One cat on a mat,
one punk to a bunk
that night
was Taina's last
we pulled the mat
to the back
between the last two bunks
we kept watch
all night
so she could hold her Junie tight
and keep her warm
that night
they pulled my chain
back to Smith County
I had only just seen the moon
a half hour of moonlight
and my love erupted
from me

the drive is long
the cage, it rattles
the vibration of the wagon
barreling down the road
gets me hot, leaves me
bothered

I unbutton the bottom
snap of my jumpsuit and
slip my fingers
inside the elastic band
of my government issued briefs,
and begin
to rhythmically
pound at my cunt.



WANTED ZINE

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.

gently wash Allison's pussy and cheeks. I was fuckin spent. I threw one arm over her belly and mumbled that I wanted to snuggle her, take a nap, maybe figure out plans for the evening as we woke.

She scoffed. "You better make it a short ass nap, fool, cause I got a hot date tonight. With our mutual friend Jay, by the by."

Pulling up on one elbow, I turned to look at her to see if she was serious. She was. Dead serious.

Well, so much for that breakfast.

my legs are shackled
I slide them apart
as far as they will
and work at myself
like only I know how
breathing low, deep
ribs expanding
my back arched

I find something to do
with my other hand,
since it's not going anywhere
sliding the tips of my left
fingers up and down
inside of me
gently pulling open
layers of fleshy paradise
hard and trembling
pulsating, alive
how dare they keep me
in captivity
of all the mouths,
of all the fingers,
of all the thighs to press against my
sweet cunt, to wake up there
how dare they try to cage me
I am a warrior
I speak through my sex
and they will never
silence me

This poem is the first I've written (fully and intentionally) about the night in Dec. 2012 when I "pulled chain", shackled and handcuffed and driven an hour and a half alone in the back of a paddywagon to another jail in Texas. I was incarcerated during the month of December in TX for crawling inside a portion of the keystone XL pipeline in protest. I was lucky to have been around many awesome queer people in my time on the inside. This is for them.

PLANS

BY NATTY SOLTESZ

A few minutes after noon I heard him honking outside. I looked out and saw his big black truck—I'd forgotten he bought that thing. I was used to his little convertible.

"What's up buddy?" I said when I got inside.

"Nothing much," he said. I hadn't seen him since the spring, and I wanted to give him a hug, but I didn't. He looked good. His hair was cut short, and he'd lost some weight. He looked like he'd been exercising. He looked healthy.

"I forgot you had this big-ass truck," I said, once he'd pulled out and started down the road.

"Yeah, I had to get a top for the back before the snow started falling. I also got a liner so my skis wouldn't scratch it up. It cost me a fucking fortune."

"Why didn't you just throw a big blanket back there or something."

"Oh, I've got that too."

"What, so you don't scratch up the liner?"

"Yeah," he said, and we laughed.

We hadn't talked much over the phone when he called me earlier in the week from Boston. My old friend Brian, my ski buddy. I was glad to hear from him. Winter had arrived and I was itching to hit the slopes, but since he had moved I didn't think I would have anybody to go with.

He was back for a month, on break from his classes.

"Sara didn't come with you?" I asked as we headed up the highway.

and I swear I could feel her heart beating through my dick. I waited like that as long as I could, until she began moaning louder and clenching and unclenching around me. "Shit," I muttered, teasingly. "You are so impatient. Here I am, just trying to remind you how it feels to be full up with cock, and you just can't wait to get me out again. Well, don't do me any favors. I'll give you just what you want." I started to withdraw from her, pausing just before my head popped out. She whimpered.

"No, no, Drew, please fuck me, please!"

I chuckled again before thrusting back in to her, then out, then in again, the thwack of my sac smacking against her competing with her gasps and low moans. "You like that, hun? You like gettin fucked hard like this from behind? You're pretty tight to be as slutty as you are, Allison. Shit, girl."

I was too close to cummin, I had to slow down. This woman and all this nasty talk had me goin out of my mind. I started to slow my roll, and her moans softened again and became sweet, drawn out. I poured more lube over my dick as it moved in and out. I wanted to give this woman the fuck of her life.

After a few minutes, Allison asked me to fuck her harder again. I picked up the pace, knowing I was about to explode. "I'm gonna come, baby girl," I crooned into her ear. "You want me to pull out or keep goin?" "Don't...stop..." she panted. I reached forward and cupped her breasts, fingers latching on to nipples and squeezing with each thrust in. "Oh ohh oh shit yes please Drew!" she cried out.

And then it came. I squeezed my eyes shut, feeling the explosion in my balls. I let out a loud groan as I emptied my jizz into the condom, then continued to kneel over her. Sweat dripped off my face and chest onto her bare back. She sighed when I finally pulled out and flopped over on to her back. I pulled off the rubber, tied it up, and hustled it over to the bathroom trash can. When I returned to the bed, I brought along a warm, wet cloth to

I wasn't one to be rushed, and I knew the build up would be worth it once my tongue found a faster rhythm. I worked my way up to speed, kneading her cheeks with my hands. Soon I was giving her pussy a tongue thrashin to beat the band. "Oh, fuck! Yea, that's what I want!" she yelped, and grabbed the back of my head. Her long nails started digging into my scalp with such ferocity that I was a little afraid. If I had bald spots when this was all over, I was going to be pissed. But I had an idea as to how to slow her down. I poked my tongue into her hole and waited. Her fingers relaxed. "Ohh, yes, yes, more of that, please," she said. I slowly thrust her tongue in and out of her, using one hand to hold her open and jerking myself off with the other. "I need more," she said after a while. "I need your fingers, your cock, something!" I pulled back and spit on the first two fingers of my right hand, while I kept working my dick with my left. I pushed them slowly into her, and her ass bucked against my hand and clenched around my fingers.

"Is this enough for ya, sweet thing, or are you just too cock hungry?" Her eyes widen. "Yea, b-baby, I'd take your d-dick over your fingers any day," she stammered, still riding my hand. I pumped a few more times, then eased out of her with a satisfying *ssslloop*. "Go wash up in the bathroom. There's condoms and lube in the top drawer," Allison instructed.

She was on all fours, slowly shaking her ass, grinning at me over one shoulder when I emerged from the bathroom. I slid on a condom and greased up, slippery as I could get, before climbing up behind her on the bed. "Damn, woman, you got a tight little pussy," I said, rubbing her cunt hole with my cock. She made no intelligible response, just a low, quiet purring in the back of her throat. "This is good?" I asked. "This is what you want?" She nodded. "Uh huh."

I pushed in, slowly but surely, feeling at first her ass's natural resistance, then a relaxing in her walls. I rested inside her,

"No, dude, she's gotta work. I think she's going to come down closer to Christmas, but I'm unemployed so I can stay here all I want."

"That's cool."

"So how's Steve?"

"Oh, we broke up."

"Really? Oh, man. That sucks. I'm sorry."

"Ah, it's okay. It wasn't working out for a while. It sucked for about a month but I think I'm getting over it now. Kind of starting to enjoy being single again."

We stopped to get my skis at a rental place right before we got on the road to the ski resort. Then we drove right up to the upper parking lot, suited up, and hit the slopes.

It was bitter bitter cold. The snow was alright, a few icy patches here and there but nothing that bad. I had an 'oh shit' moment poised at the top of one of the diamond slopes, but it melted away as soon as I found my footing. We were having a great time, but the cold was almost too much to bear.

"You want to head to the lodge, get warmed up? Maybe have a beer?"

"Man, a beer sounds great."

"Hell yeah. Vacation." One beer turned in to three, and when we got outside again I was feeling pretty fearless. Darkness had fallen and everything was glowing white and black. We did a few more runs before we both agreed that our feet were like ice and our noses felt like they were falling off. The cold hurt. We went back to the lodge for one more drink (and a shot), then headed back to the car.

Brian turned on the car to get it warmed up while we undid our gear and put it in the back. The parking lot was nearly deserted. Wind whipped across the icy expanse and sent dustings of snow blurring through the air. We ran into the truck as soon as we could, our faces red and our chests heaving.

"Fucking coooold," he moaned. The heat was on full blast but it was still cold air. "Let's just sit here a minute and let it warm up."

"That's cool," I said. There was a pause.

"I got some porno mags in the back if you want something to read," he said with a smile.

"Yeah, sure," I said. Brian pulled them out from behind the seat. He handed them to me.

"I brought them down cause I figured I wouldn't be seeing Sara much, you know?" They were hardcore magazines. I started flipping through them. They were mainly pictorials featuring two guys and one girl, which I thought was pretty hot. Lots of double penetration and multiple come shots. After only a minute I was getting seriously turned on.

"These are totally hot," I said.

"Lemme see that..." Brian said, and took one of the magazines off of my lap. He started flipping through it. "Fucking nice," he said, holding the magazine out to a spread of a girl getting fucked by a black guy, while a white guy sucked on her nipples.

"Fuck yeah," I said.

"I've been so horny. I was so bored on the drive down here I even jerked off while I was driving," he said.

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, dude. It was great."

"I've done that before." The heat was finally kicking on. I looked some more at the magazine but it wasn't doing me any favors. My dick was completely hard underneath my cold jeans. I put my hand on it, feeling it under my jeans. "Damn, these are getting me really horny."

"Me too, dude," Brian said. He'd been looking at my lap. I took a deep breath.

"You want to jerk off?"

"Yeah," he said immediately. I put the magazines to the side and undid my pants. Brian waited for me and then started doing the same. I had a couple of layers on so instead of just taking out my dick I had to pull down my pants so they were halfway down my thighs. Brian did the same thing.

"Ooooooh," she murmured, sliding her tongue down the head of my cock. She circled around a couple of times, then made the plunge down my shaft. As she moved her mouth up and down, she pulled on my jeans. I lifted my hips until the waistband cleared my ass, then she began incorporating my sac into her sucking routine. She would focus solely on my shaft for a few minutes, then lean down and take my balls into her mouth, sucking and slurping on each. It was exquisite torture, trying to enjoy the sensations while concentrating on not cummin too soon. Eventually I had to buck my hips and groan, "Ok, enough of that... you're gonna make me cum sooner than I want." She laughed and pulled back, tossin her hair. I ran my fingers through the black coils of her weave. "What can I do for you, now?" I asked, before leaning in for another taste of her tongue.

"I think you outta return the favor, don't you?" She grinned. "My little pussy is just beggin for a good licking."

The things that came out of this woman's mouth! I moaned softly and laid her back against the pillows, reaching for the last article of clothing she had on- her panties. She didn't flinch or move her hands to hide herself, like the only other transwoman I had been with had done. No, Allison laid there in all her glory and let me feast my eyes on her beautiful body. She had a slight scar running horizontally under her clit from a long-ago surgery.

"Damn, girl, you fine. Spread them legs and let me see that pussy." She obliged, pulling her knees up closer to her chest. I lightly bit then licked each ass cheek before lowering my tongue to her cunt hole. "Oh, Drew..." she sighed. "Yea, like that pussy. Don't be shy, eat it real good." I chuckled into her ass, and continued to move my tongue slowly around her pucker. I made my tongue fat and softly lapped her up. She began to wiggle her ass. "Faster, Drew, please..." The roughness and flirtatiousness of her voice was gone, reduced to soft sighing pleas.

"I'd like to take this further," I said, placing my hand on hers. "What do you think? What do you want?" I asked. "Well, Drew, you're awful sweet, and I think I could like you alot. But there's some things we should discuss before hand." "Alright," I nodded. "I'd like to know how this is gonna go."

"Well, my clit don't get hard, if that's what you're wondering, but my nipples do, and I bet your dick does, and my pussy's about as tight and wet as any you could find."

That was all I needed to hear. I swooped her off her feet and carried her to the bed. We resumed kissing, and unbuttoning and pulling off articles of clothing as they got in the way. I unhooked her bra and palmed her estrogen-grown breasts, smiling at the moans that emerged as I squeezed each nipple. I bent my head to lick at them while she went for my belt buckle. "I'm gonna fuck you so good, you ain't ever gonna forget my name," she purred into my ear. This, coming from the ice queen, startled me so much that I involuntarily jerked back. Allison let go of my jeans and cradled my face in her hands. "You alright, baby?" she asked, concern knotting up her brows. "Yea, I'm ok. I just... I've always thought you were so beautiful, and tried to say hello at Jay's, but you were never very welcoming. I guess I'm just surprised this is happening."

Allison smiled. "I know, I remember you, And I always thought you were fine, and seemed sweet, not like alot of these other pompous assholes around. But I'm still hurtin over my last guy, and feel cautious about men at parties. The way you were smilin at the park today was just so sincere, I couldn't turn you away."

We kissed again, and she slowly pushed me back towards the bed. On my way down, I squeezed her luscious ass cheeks. She giggled at me. "Oh, you like some ass, do ya? You like head, too?" I nodded, and she pulled my dick out of my pants.

The first thing I noticed was his thighs—they were thick and muscular, and covered with downy blond hair. Then I looked at his crotch. His dick was of average size, but was pretty and pale and stood up from a nice set of blond furry balls. He checked me out, too. I opened the magazine beside me and looked at it as we started to beat off. I looked back over at his hand wrapped around his cock. I wanted to do it, so I reached over and took his cock in my hand. Brian moaned, and let his hands lay at his sides.

"Your dick is really big," he said after a minute. I was stroking myself as I stroked him.

"You think?"

"Yeah, man," he said, and reached over to take it in his hand. There was something so hot about the way he was interested in my dick. I mean, I'm not huge, but it was obviously bigger than his, and he was fascinated by it.

We sat side beside each other in the dark cab of the truck and jerked each other off like it was the most natural thing in the world. It felt natural, if a little surprising. We'd flirted around before, but nothing like this had ever happened.

"I wish we had something slippery. Some lube," I said.

"Yeah," Brian agreed.

"Can I suck it?"

"Ummm. No, let's just jerk each other off."

"Okay," I said. I was so close to cumming that I decided to put all of my attention on his dick in my hand. I reached over and cupped his balls. I found the way that really seemed to make him most hard and I went with that, really turning him on.

"C'mon," I said after a while. "You do me and I'll do you."

"Alright," Brian said without hesitation. I took my hand off of him. "How are we gonna do this?"

"Get on top of me," I said, lying myself back on the seat.

"Sixty-nine?" Brian said, in the most innocent and naughty voice.

"Yeah," I said. He had to take his pants all the way off to do it. It was warm enough by now in the cab that it didn't really matter, so I took mine all the way off too. Then I decided to take my shirts off, so Brian did too. We were completely naked.

Brian swung his leg over my head. His dick descended toward my face, and I reached up with my head to get it. It slid in my mouth easily, hard as glass and just as smooth. He moaned, a breathy sort of moan that sounded like wind through trees.

He held my cock up by the root and took it into his mouth. I grabbed on to his warm, thick thighs and stuck his cock down my throat, giving him all I had. His fuzzy nut sack, all tightened up from the cold, bounced against my chin. Brian sucked me like a straight boy would suck, but the pleasure I was giving him increased his desire to give me pleasure. Soon he was sucking me like a pro. We were going at it like lovers.

I'd always sort of lusted after Brian's ass, imaging the downy blond hair covering it, the pink softness at its center. I ran my tongue along his hard taint. Brian seemed to dig it, so I arched my head forward until my tongue found his butthole.

"Ah!" Brian said, coming off of my dick for a second. I slathered my tongue around his hole and poked it inside. "Holy shit," he said.

He went back to my dick as I ate out his ass. He came to really crave what I was giving him. Soon I had him sitting on my face and grinding his hole on to my tongue. He was losing himself. My dick pumped into his throat easily. Our bodies heaved and gyrated.

I brought my fingers up to my mouth and got them super wet and sloppy. Then I reached down for my ass and stuck a finger in. The sensation was amazing; the best feeling in the world. When Brian noticed what I was doing, he put his fingers down there to replace mine. I had him fingering my ass, tentatively pumping his digit inside while he pleasured his own butt on my face.

I still had never successfully gotten her to talk to me. Maybe I should give it one more try, here in the calming, lush atmosphere of the park, without a bunch of drunk socialites circulating around us. If she ignored me this time, I'd chalk it up as a loss and move on. I approached cautiously, saying hi before I got to her bench,

"Hey, I recognize you from Jay's house. My name's Drew."

She looked up slowly, batting long lashes. "Hello," she drawled. "You do look a bit familiar. I'm Allison."

Well, this was further than I had ever gotten with her before. I decided to push my luck. "You mind if I sit and talk for a moment?"

I'm happy to say that moment turned into an hour, and then another. Allison eventually invited me back to her place for coffee, which I gladly accepted. Kinda wished I'd gotten lunch on the way in though.

"My roommate's outta town," she said, grinning mischievously. The flirtatiousness of it made me wonder if the "ice queen" persona had just been an act. Or maybe our talk had shown her that I was alright, not just some asshole creep. As we drank our coffee, the conversation somehow turned to love, romance, and sex. "The last guy I was with was a lying, controlling jerk, and bad in the sack to boot." She sighed, then winked at me. "I betcher not though, you seem like you'd know how to treat a woman like me." She caught me off guard, but I played it cool. "You think so?" "Oh, I'd sure like to find out," she smiled.

I asked if I could kiss her. "Sure can, honey, and thanks for askin." I leaned forward and parted her lips with mine, waiting a few seconds before slipping my tongue in to caress hers. On our second kiss, she slightly bit my bottom lip, and I was on fire!

PARK CRUISE BY HARRY STAMENS

After a week of rain, the sun had finally re-emerged. I had to go to a park; it was the only way to celebrate. Maybe I'd get something to eat on the way back, or maybe I'd meet some fine young thing who'd wanna make me breakfast, if ya get me. It had been too long since I'd had a good park cruise. I knew just the place, too.

When I set off, I was lookin good, but casual. Clean blue jeans, pair of boots, soft and tight long sleeved green shirt. I also carried a light and sporty bag with some bottled water, a towel to rest on, and a good book in case no good conversation came my way. But as I said, I looked cute and felt confident, and enough rain will make anybody gregarious.

The park was pretty full by the time I got there, picnicking couples, families on the playground, a couple of solo folks walking dogs or just relaxing in the sun. I spied one cutie sitting on a bench alone, and figured I'd try and situate myself in her line of view. As I got closer, I got a better scope of her and stopped dead in my tracks. I recognized her from a couple of parties at my buddy Jay's house. She had kinda given me the cold shoulder, and when I asked Jay about her, he had said, "Nah, man, forget her. She's a fuckin ice queen. Since when you go after girls, anyway? I always figured you for a full-on fag."

After explaining that I was attracted to all sorts of people, I'd said, "There's just something about the way she carries herself that draws my eyes in. Wonder why she's so cold." "Well, for one," Jay began to lecture, "She kinda shut down after her old fella left her. From what I hear, he wanted to pay for the completion of her bottom surgery and she turned him down. So the asshole fuckin ditched. What a shit bag..."

"Yeah," I moaned to let him know I wanted it. I bucked back on to his finger. "Slide another one up there. Oh FUCK yeaahhhhh..." Brian pumped my ass with his digits, my cock long forgotten. I didn't care, I was getting enough pleasure out of my ass. I alternated between sucking his rock-hard dick and slurping on his butthole.

Then I backed off. Brian put his foot on the floor and I spun around on the seat. I got my finger wetter and put it back in my ass. Brian was kneeling between my legs, his hard dick in his hand. There wasn't any guessing as to what I wanted to do. He picked up my legs and raised them in the air. He poked the head of his dick at my hole.

"Spit on it," I said. "Get it really wet first."

"Are you sure," he said, meaning was I sure I wanted him to fuck me.

"Yeah man." He slicked up his cock and pointed it back at my hole. He shoved it in a little too fast, and I clenched my teeth, holding back his thigh. When I was comfortable again I let him know. He held my thighs and slowly slid all of his dick inside my ass.

"Oh fuck," he said, collapsing on my body. His face was in mine. I took it in my hands and kissed him. He kissed back, but I had gotten what I needed—just a moment of that kind of intimacy was enough. What we needed was a lot more base and animalistic.

Brian fucked like I knew he would. Normally he was kind of a slow, almost vacant person. He was quiet, he didn't impose much. But in the sack he changed. He took my ass for what it was, and he made it his.

His powerful thighs and ass muscles pumped his small dick inside of me to the hilt and back. At one point he smiled and chuckled, almost amused at what he found himself doing.

"Your ass is so tight," he said.

"Thanks," I said, and we laughed. "Keep fucking me, I'm gonna come like this."

"Can you?"

"Fuck yeah. Go ahead and fuck me, don't be shy." My legs were propped up on his shoulders. He found a rhythm and pumped me insistently, each plunge bringing the two of us closer to the inevitable.

"I'm gonna cum," Brian said with heavy breath. There was a question to the statement.

"Just cum in me," I panted. My hand on my own dick was like a blur. I'd been holding back this whole time. He was plowing my hole and I was feeling so deliciously invaded, and finally I let myself loose. Shots of come spurted out of my dick, landing over my shoulder and on to his upholstery. The rest of it pooled on my stomach.

Brian's eyes widened and his breathing quickened, though whether it was from his surprise at the amount of come I shot, or the feeling of my ass tightening and spasming around his dick, I'm not sure. His moans got fast and staccato. His cock pierced in me hard and fast. With a final grunt he fell on to me, on to my come. He held me close and shuddered once, twice, thrice. I felt his cock pulsing in my asshole, felt the warm slickness of his load coating my insides.

"Holy shit," he said again, coming off of me and brushing his hair out of his eyes.

"Thanks buddy," I said once he'd slipped out of me.

"Thank *you*," he said, and we put our clothes back on.

We talked the whole way back to the city. Nothing had really changed, but it was hard to address the subject directly. When we finally got back it was late. I invited him in to my place.

"I've got a case of beer and some flicks, if you're interested."

"I don't know, I got to drive all the way home."

"Stay here, man. I got tons of space dude, you can crash out on the couch," I said, and when he accepted I suspected that a couch, and sleep, weren't going to factor much into this night. I had plans.

Then, finally, you got what you really wanted. You pulled my cock into you and we became wild animals. I could not fuck you hard enough. I could not get deep enough. I lived to be inside you like this. I rode you until I shot and then I flipped over.

Instead of saying "I love you" I said "Come on my face." You knew what I meant.

You jerked yourself off the same way every time but it never bored me. One hand clutching your balls and one hand stroking your beautiful cock, you would start slow and then speed it up. You would keep up your stroke and then you would use your thumb to rub your piss slit. I could always tell you were close when you bit your bottom lip. You'd get faster and faster and then, finally, I got what I really wanted. You'd get that look and come all over my face and in my open mouth.

You were my first and I am still on my knees for you.

YOU KNEW WHAT I MEANT
BY COREY VALENTINE
FOR SD

This was the first night we met:

It was September. I walked in to the 7-Eleven to buy cigarettes, saw you browsing the cheap beer. We walked out together. You sucked me off in the parking lot behind the gas station. No names exchanged. No kissing.

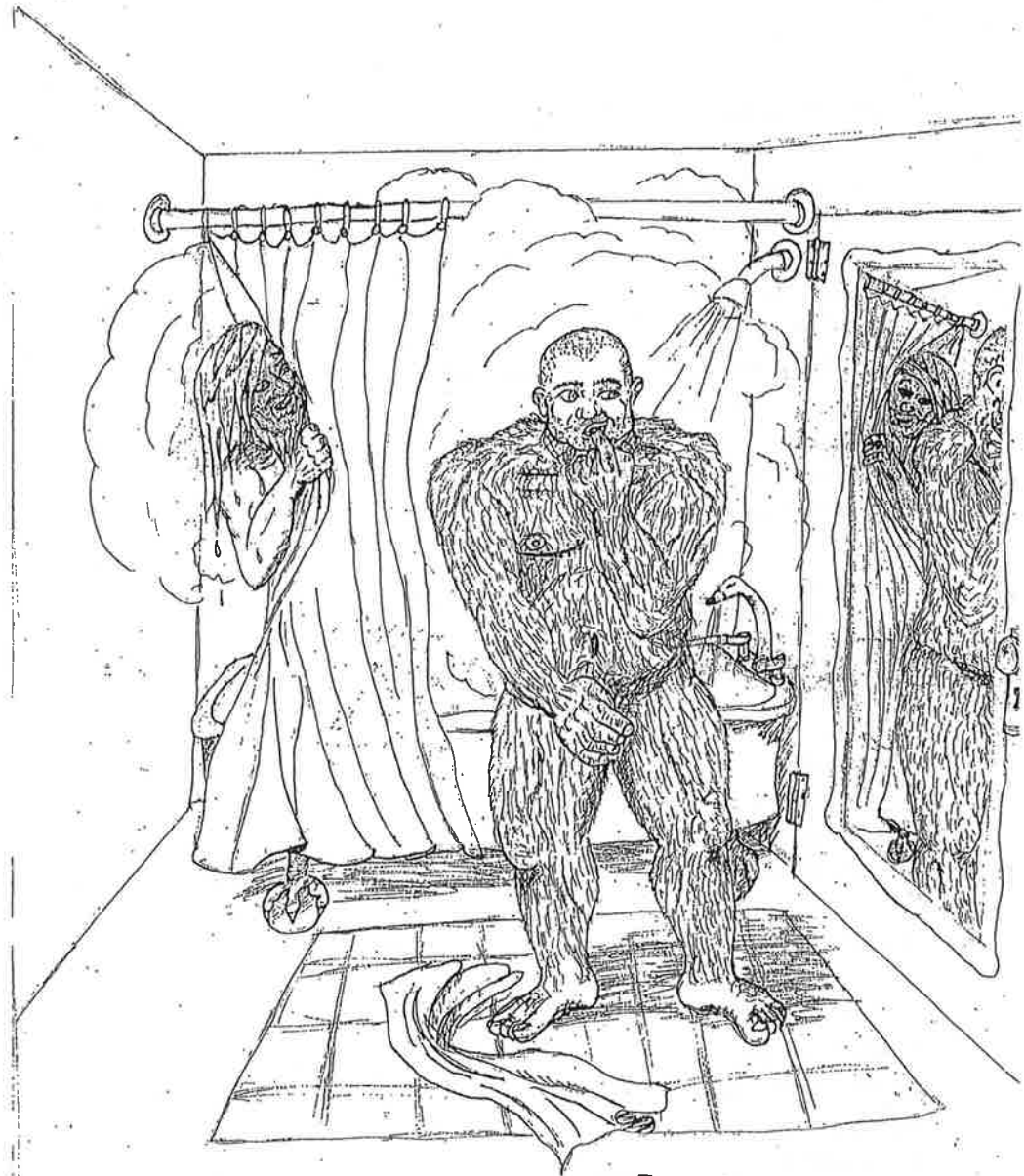
Fast forward, early spring the following year:

My truck was broken down. You happened to be the one who stopped. You are suck a fucking sweetheart like that, always pulling over to help. You are a good Samaritan. You are also an opportunist. I fucked you in the backseat of your car. You got my truck to start.

Yes it was a small town.

Nowhere felt safe except hot summer nights alone with you. We didn't talk. We just listened to your broken radio and drove and drove. On the outskirts, on the edge, way out, away from all the whispers and stares, we pulled over and found our bodies wet with sweat and desire.

Your face, rough and unshaven, on mine. Hands searching, belts unbuckled, jeans jerked down, cocks hard. You fell in love with it. You worshiped my dick. You sucked me and sucked me and oh my god I'm going to fucking shoot in your mouth, and then you stopped. You made me wait. You made me wait for what seemed like forever. I'd get harder and harder. You fucked with me, you teased me. It made me crazy.



BY IVAN BENTENOLF

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by INNIS WOLF

the northward curvature
of your spine
pinpricks
my twilight horizon
fingertips.
glistening paws lured in by healing tongue
sucked on until our fur drips
enough light
to fill the sunrise
above our mounted heads.

I wake up
with your soft flesh
between
my teeth.
I feel
for bleeding
lips in aurora
breathing heavy golden reassurance
into your mouth.

closed
eyes open to exploding
ancient fate.
hungry jaws lock
around each other,
howling
the nothing.
mouths full
perpetually breeding
whimpers only our
ears can hear.

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PARTING THE GRASS

BY DANDY SECRETS

PARTING THE GRASS #1

Let's lie down.

Here.

Here where the grass is bending forward.

Whispering secrets on our skin.

My fingers become the grass.

How may we drink up this day?

Belly up -full.

Intoxicate me with the dew dropped delicately on your surface.

We are waves crashing.

We are the sun setting.

We are the first cricket of summer.

PARTING THE GRASS #2

I kiss your cheek,
it feels like rainfall.

I kiss your eyes,
it feels like falling.

I kiss your lips,
it feels like opening.

I want to part you;
Not fragment your wholeness,
this parting is not goodbye.

It is the hand on the knee.

It is the slight pressure that tingles down your thigh.

Sensation speaks,

it says open.

It says wider.

It says welcome.

"What did you eat? I couldn't stop kissing you, you tasted so good!" Kat said with her voice low and sweet from their afterglow.

"Oh, that!" Janis laughed. "There's this local coffee shop me and my co-workers like to go to. I had a blueberry muffin on the way back here. They're absolutely amazing."

A thoughtful look came over Kat at that point. "Baristas make good tips, right? Are they hiring?"

"They should be," Janis replied. "It's only been open for a month or so."

Kat leaned back with Janis still in her arms. They rested together for a few moments longer, and when they pulled away, Kat thought of those blueberry muffins, and hoped that they would soon make their place of living a two-income household.

count
the claws broken
during battle found
carefully wrapped in moon
torn
bedsheets.
the perfect balance
of deep
scratches
across our understanding hides.

stretch battered muscles
bowing on all fours:
I believe
the temptation is pulling you
up by your throat.
rise up
to taste
eternity
on the blades
of the midsummer
sunflower

infinity-
ever
present
in the blue crystal soul
of the mutable
wolf.

HOW TO STUFF A WILD BOYFRIEND (OR, THE TROUBLE WITH BOYS AND HOW TO GET INTO IT)

BY TIMMY BEAR

PREPARATION

1. Secure a boyfriend (they are to be found at meat markets, around public toilets, among pizza delivery boys and TV repairmen, at church, in the military, etc. - the supply is almost limitless, and even larger if you abandon considerations such as taste and quality...).
2. Secure said boyfriend (while handcuffs, rope and restraints can be very effective in trussing up your turkey d'amour, things such as words of love, presents and financial intermingling can also work wonders).
3. While heating him up, the application of a plastic wrap to keep the flavorful juices from getting all over the place is recommended - and it is especially useful if you are inclined, while preparing, to take a taste or two (some say this precaution may be unnecessary, but a careful cook is a safer cook...). If you prefer your cocksucking kitchen a little more lived in, or if you are accustomed to having the same turkey (or chicken - but mayhaps we should not go there...), this step may, of course, be skipped (or so some culinary resources state).
4. Tenderizing the meat can be nice, with careful kneading and the gentle application of hands to same (perhaps even a bit of a rough application - though not TOO enthusiastically, as the juices may be lost). Your friendly gourmet also recommends the judicious use of ice to preserve the pertness of the overall package - he will definitely be kept lively by this improvisation, and the

Janis got the position and Kat agreed to tag along.

For two months Kat had trouble finding employment, but Janis had a knack for boosting morale. After coming home from work, she would go into the bedroom with Kat and have her completely strip down. She'd trace over her face, her broad shoulders, her breasts too big to fit in her tiny hands. She'd run hands over her soft, round stomach, the dimples in her buttocks, and all the while she'd say how amazing Kat was, that it was only a matter of time before people noticed all the great things she was capable of. When they made love, Janis took an especially long time on Kat, drawing figure 8's on her clit until she couldn't think coherently anymore.

That wasn't to say that some of their love making sessions made Kat totally incapable of thinking.

Kat had just finished her work on Janis, making her sweat until she practically glowed like a lantern. She lay back for her turn, and helped ease her on top of her stomach, watching with adoration as Janis circled her hips, getting herself ready for when she eased down and pressed her pubic mound and clit against Kat's. Once she did, that was all Kat needed to take her mind off the troubles waiting outside their bedroom, which was a great trade-in, she thought.

The act was simple, but efficient. It didn't take long for them to release, and when they did, Kat pulled herself up, wrapping her arms securely around Janis. Both of them took time in kissing each other, a constant slow glide of lips over lips. Eventually they pulled away, but Kat kept her hold on Janis.

Janis then reached over and pinched Kat's arm; how sweet that she thinks of me, Kat thought. The moaning had gotten louder during their little conversation, but had since ceased. Kat began to move, but Janis tightened her grip on her arm so she could be kept in place. She wanted her to see.

The silence continued, but then the door began to open. Out stepped Dalton, and with him was Felix, one of their youngest coworkers. He was also one of the biggest ass-kissers around. Kat stole a glance at Janis: her look screamed "You better not get that regional supervisor position." Dalton began stuttering about how the copier was jammed and apparently pulling paper out was harder than it looked.

The moment was, needless to say, awkward. Felix had his mouth covered with the back of his palm, looking like a distraught damsel from an old black-and-white film where the heroine always floundered about and looked shocked all the time. Or maybe he was in the middle of wiping come off his chin, who knew. Kat and Janis no doubt looked increasingly slack-jawed, and Dalton, Kat noticed, had failed to properly tuck in his shirt, leaving a swatch of corpulent flesh peeking out from over his slacks. There had to be a way out of this.

"Hey!" Kat called out. "Up-top muffin top!"

precaution of first stuffing the mouth will ensure that you will not be distracted from this step by his recommendations about how to prepare him and intimations that the temperature is not quite to his liking at first (if he has any suggestions before hand, you may, of course, take them into account, but he is, in the end, your treat...)).

STUFFING

1. It is important to keep your bird moist and the pan properly lubricated (but not too slick - after all, while we may want the meat to melt in our mouths (or wherever), it is moot if one is unable to keep it there long enough to enjoy it). There are a number of products on the market for this purpose, and I recommend you speak to your friendly neighbourhood crisis pregnancy centre volunteer to learn about them (or, since I intend to be at least PARTIALLY serious here, a pharmacy, physician, AIDS organization or gay help-line...).
2. Unlike with a REAL turkey, you should probably NOT reach your hand up into your boyfriend to scoop out the internal organs (I mean, it may FEEL that way, if you are so inclined (I'm not, particularly), but the literal application of such a metaphor might have semi-fatal medical implications...).
3. Remember to be patient. Neither turkeys nor (most) boyfriends (nor, I suspect, the average bikini) got stuffed quickly. (There are instant stuffing packages on the market, of course - I'm not sure I even want to try and extend that metaphor to the topic under discussion, though some of the devices I saw in various sex shops in San Francisco might be useful for such a purpose; however, they just make my bottom hurt thinking about them (that is, my bottom fella)).

4. At least initially, some exploration should be done using things other than your, as it were, meat thermometer. I would suspect toys would help (don't have any myself, other than Lego, which might be appropriate, as my bottom is a Dane...but perhaps not...though a toy brick air traffic control tower...hmmmm...anyway...) - I know that fingers have been fun (using gloves and lubricant) - and I have even tried an activity that causes some people to go 'ewww' (using an unlubricated condom cut up the middle, rather than a dental dam) - it was kind of interesting, but it tired my tongue out a lot more than licking cock ever did...I guess with exercise comes endurance... J

5. While I am moderately pleased to have my guy gagged, bound and helpless as I play with him in an S/M sense (and I can tell, more or less, through the muffled sighs and groans, that it is mutual...), I feel reasonably sure that, at least initially, I would prefer to keep things free so that communication can take place and we can learn from each other what pleases the other, what is painful (in a bad sense), and so on. Later, of course, such elements could be introduced...but I would prefer to keep things on a more or less equal footing to start (which is not to say I do not consider my Boy a human being of as much worth as myself - I am simply speaking in a role-playing sense - of course, some S/M relationships are different, and the parties are always 'on stage' - our partnership is not like that...).

Janis shook her head in turn. "Yeah, no, that's not happening. I had to drive to the office supply store and get some markers for that stupid advertisement project."

"Huh?"

"Alright, and I was thinking we could...you know..." Janis motioned to the markers. Kat immediately got the hint and thought about Janis pleasuring herself with her fingers, writhing in delight as Kat drew another design—this time around her left breast with one of the markers, and then Janis would take another marker and slowly push it into end first...

"So, what's going on with the copy room?"

Kat broke out of another of her numerous daydreams and motioned for Janis to be quiet. "Someone had the same great idea."

"And you say it's a guy?"

"Can't you hear the moaning? At least one of them is a guy."

"Yeah," Janis agreed. "And it sounds a lot like Dalton."

Kat immediately grimaced upon hearing his name. "I really don't want to find out if that's the case."

Janis flashed another of her devious smiles. "I do. Maybe he can finally recommend me for that regional supervisor position."

"You mean the one in New Hampshire?"

"Don't worry, I was thinking of taking you with me."

would try to give her compliments, but they sounded really weird, as if he didn't know how to compliment someone who wasn't white. Kat was pretty forgiving about that, but when it came to office management, Dalton was terrible...but that was something that she didn't want to think about for the time being. In any case, he wasn't there at the moment to try and be all awkward buddy-buddy, and that was just fine with Kat. She would rather check on Janis instead.

Kat looked inside Janis's office and saw no trace of her office beau. All that looked back at her was Janis's sad-eyed cat poster, but there was also a rich smell of amber-scented perfume. That girl wanted to make this real special, Kat thought. She then turned back towards Dalton's office to get to the copy room, every step feeling a little heavier than the last, each breath through her nose coming out a little faster.

Then she heard it: a thump. Then a slurp. Then a *moan*.

The absolute worst came to mind. Janis was sucking off their boss, and she wanted Kat to join them in a three-way. She had deceived her this entire time into thinking she was just as put-off by their boss as Kat and the rest of their co-workers were. With a heavy heart, and enough weight on her shoulders to burden Atlas, she turned around and nearly gasped with joy.

Janis stood in front of her with a quizzical look on her face, a bouquet of permanent markers under her chin, and a fresh spritz of amber wafting from her. "What's got you looking down?"

Kat looked back over her shoulder and pointed a thumb over at the closed office door. "You had me thinking you decided to have fun without me, and with a guy, no less."

COMING CLEAN (ha, ha...)

1. I will have to be honest and reveal that a lot of this is speculation or book-learning, since our sex life has yet to incorporate butt-fucking. My partner certainly wants it to, and I want to please him, but I would be lying if I said I felt no uneasiness about it. I am willing to try and learn (see #4 under STUFFING), but I have been cowardly and backed out (no pun intended) on more than a few occasions. What can I say? I was raised with the same Freudian shit (I meant the word play THAT time)/body shame/toilet-training-paranoia as most Westerners were. Besides, I may be 34, but I'm still young on the sex scene, and there are times I feel I'm in over my head (again, dirty implications are in YOUR mind, not mine). However, I intend to be with my sweetheart for a long time, and we will grow together and develop our confidence...and what will be will be... (ooooh, how Zen!!)

EVERYONE LOVES A LOG

by AMERICA

Feeling overwhelmed by the party, filled with folks drinking and talking and touching, I walked towards the woods. What started as a vague direction quickly became me walking towards the darkest path, leading deep into the trees. I wanted to connect with everyone at the party but being alone seemed to be my biggest desire. I started sweating as I realized my nipples were hard; why do I feel so wild in the woods? It's my favorite place to poop, to sleep, to fuck. My anxiety surrounding how enticing the woods could be only furthered my attraction though, as I've always liked what was "wrong." I quickly pinched my nipple, looked around, and kept walking deeper and deeper into darkness.

My knees knocked with each step, as I thought about how hot I was, how much I desired so many folks, and how turned on I was becoming in the darkness alone. Again I looked around, wondering where to go, how long to wait, and if I even deserved satisfaction.

My pores swollen, my eyes jumping around, frantic to find a place in the darkness, I suddenly tripped over a fallen log and fell face first into the dirt. I sat up and laughed, leaned back against the log, and then realized how good the bark felt against my back. The rough texture of the wood furthered my heat and I pressed into it. Starting to pant, I finally let myself reach under my clothing. The beads of sweat dripping down my torso caught against my shorts band, and the fabric swelled around me. I pulled at the button and the tension popped it loose, unveiling the hair

they would be wearing, the positions they would be in, the noises Janis would make when Kat pinched or stroked or kissed her a certain way. She didn't want her imagination to run too wild, but all the same, the prospects were looking very good. And when she looked over at Janis, with her bright and expectant eyes, she knew she was looking forward to their next Thursday as well.

When 3 o'clock rolled around that next week, Kat was practically dancing every time she had to stand up. Luckily that day there weren't any staff meetings at the call center, so that left Kat ample opportunity to think up a plan for Janis. She planned away until she turned the corner from her tiny office she shared with Felix and spotted the key glinting light off of it like the sharp spark of an ignited flare. Just touching the key made her *hungry*.

Walking towards the copy room, Kat took note of the fact the other key was gone, which meant either someone was in the room making boring-ass copies, or Janis decided to start without her. She saw that the door was closed; Kat hoped that it was the latter possibility. Janis's office was a couple doors down from the corkboard that held all the keys to the various storage rooms and offices, so Kat decided to peek in to see if Janis was gone or not.

Before she got to Janis's office however, she had to pass Dalton's. That was never fun. Dalton was just another sad-looking, bloated forty-something that was going through a rough divorce and decided to take out all his insecurities on his employees. Sure, he tried to be all friendly with Kat, saying things like "Up-top, Muffin-top!" with his hand in the air, insisting that she reply with "Down-low, Lesbros!" and slap hands with him like she did her friends on the way to work. She refused to reciprocate, instead giving him a polite smile, and then giving him her back as she walked to her office. Then there were the other times when he

"Then let's stop talking about him," Kat began. "Plan this for next week..." she continued straightening her back and inadvertently pushing Janis off of her. "And get back to work. Oh, and one more thing."

Kat's eyes grew a look of concern as she proceeded to ask her question. "What's the big deal about the copy room and how roomy it is?"

Janis tilted her head in whimsy as she adjusted her clothing. "You see a lot of me in this restroom...I think the sentiment should be returned and I should get to see more of you."

Kat reacted with surprise, but not with shock. She was starting to believe that Janis was something of a pillow bottom—only getting the other person off if it meant getting herself off even more. Not that Kat had a problem with that: she was big, and definitely strong enough to put Janis in her place if she felt she was getting too pushy, but she genuinely *liked* getting ordered around by her partners. That got her off more than anything. And even though Kat was also very body positive, knowing that Janis was more than up with seeing her half-way naked (maybe even fully naked) was an enticing prospect and indicated to her that this woman could be a definite keeper.

So it was settled. Next week, same time, Kat would pretend that the copier was jammed, lock herself in the copy room, and wait for Janis to open the door with the other key and let her have at it with her bad self. This was going to be *fun*.

Throughout the rest of the week, Kat would find herself imagining how next week's session was going to turn out. What

between my legs. My shirt was soaked with sweat and my shorts dripped with cum and perspiration; I took them off.

Lying in my undies in the dirt, I pressed into the log again and leaned back against the top of it. Sliding on top of the wood, I could feel my hair on my head and legs catching against the bark. My undies pulled away from me the closer I got to the top of the log, and eventually I found myself mounting it. Cum gushed out of my undies as I laid back on the bark, drooling with every scratch to my skin on the way down.

With my hair caught in the grooves of the log, my hands found my thighs, tickled my leg hair and edged up to my soaked pussy. Without touching my lips I could feel the moisture, my body now covered in dirt, sweat, and cum. Finally slipping one, then two fingers between my lips, I slowly but firmly flicked my clit. Teasing to go inside myself, I stopped and pondered what I wanted. Lifting my legs over my head, I let my toes touch the bark and grip in. My fingers, now wet, slid into my ass and a low purr came from my mouth. My other hand found my wet cave and with one hand in each hole, I fucked myself on the log.

MAXIMUM HOLDS

BY DANDY SECRETS

I needed to find a book to help pass the time.
The pages would be worn, tattered slightly by each new finger that flipped the page.
Intention. Such intention.
If I were to collect all the energy between each turned page, we would find wanting.
The heavy need to touch paper. To eat the next sentence. Take a deep breath in. Savor the in between seconds.
Before you know, tease yourself.
Lick your fingers and turn; the anticipation of knowing a little more.
I want to memorize your font, the way you write your "Oh," imagine the way the lips must press together.
I walk up to the reference desk.
"I'm looking for a book on knowing."
You have to be more specific, she said.
We need to understand what you want, she said.
I want. What I want is to dive inside the smell of sitting and plastic covers and red ink stamped.
I want to reach further, grasp my fingers around the dream of your sex, and have it pulsate inside me- the part that wants to let you finish the sentence.

"What about the copy room, huh? Tell me, what's in there?" Kat asked.

Janis let out a puff of laughter. "There's so much more room in there, and it locks up so nicely from the inside..."

Kat wasn't quite sure if she was following her train of thought. "And...?"

"Think, Kat," Janis said incredulously. "There are two keys for the copy room, and when it's not in use, it's locked."

Kat still wasn't following her. Granted, she was sweet, but she also had some instances of absent-mindedness (that never boded well when she was on the phone with potential customers at the call center). "And...?"

"Oh, for fuck's sake, we make sure the copy room isn't in use, then you take a key and I take a key, go inside, and fuck ourselves stupid."

Kat blinked afterglow-addled eyes. "Ooooh."

Janis smiled deviously, her trademark. "Yeah, you get it now."

"But that room is right next to Dalton's office. One of my biggest turn-offs is having sex where some dumb-ass could hear us. And then, you know, fire us."

"And one of my biggest turn-offs is talking about some dumb-ass when we've just had sex."

"Janis, we're still at work, we can't make too much noise," Kat admonished firmly but with a fair amount of affection. Watching her fingers slip in and out of Janis, watching how pliant her pussy was, was making her almost come herself. It didn't help that Janis kept getting louder with each thrust or twist of her fingers.

"My clit, ooh, play with that, otherwise I'll keep getting louder," Janis demanded, ignoring Kat's admonishment.

Kat's mind momentarily cleared, and she became hesitant to fulfill her coworker's wish, since playing with her clit would only intensify her pleasure, make her louder, and potentially draw someone into the restroom to investigate. When Kat took too long, Janis opted to push herself off the wall and writhe against Kat, brushing her face against Kat's shoulder and rubbing against her clit with her own hand. She ceased getting louder, but she did look up at Kat with a great longing.

"What's wrong, baby, what's on your mind?" Kat asked when she noticed Janis's look. She slipped her free hand along Janis's waist, securing her to her body, offering her any undue comfort.

"The copy room," Janis breathed out. Upon those words, she tensed up and pressed flush against Kat, flattening her large breasts with her back. Her walls clenched powerfully around Kat's fingers, so much so, Kat nearly clenched herself just from the sensation. They stayed in that position for a while, with Kat humming into Janis's hair, her hand slipping off her waist and between her breasts, stroking her skin like it was the finest velvet she ever came into contact with.



BY KATRINA

WRONG WORDS

By HARRY STAMENS

You grew up hearing it was your "dick" but knowing that it wasn't, that the words they used were wrong. It wasn't for years that you finally learned its true name, "clit" coming orally out of my mouth as easily as my lips now slip down on to you. This is your clit I am tasting, that I am sucking, as you rub my skull around my ears and moan. & though sometimes this is my thumb, sometimes it is also my cock, & I am pushing it into your pussy (that is also your asshole) in the same way my thumb pushes seed into soil.

When you tell me you want cock in your mouth & more in your ass, my hands transform, my fingers metamorphosize into ever-hard dicks, as many or as big as you need. My lips slide up & off your clit & I sit so that I can reach your mouth, pushing one cock in, still working your ass with the other. "Is this what you want?" I ask. "You better open your mouth wider." I push another finger in, my cock growing larger & longer until it hits the back of your throat. Your eyes widen & you nod, your desire & appreciation shown through slurping & groans.

"I want to lick your pussy," I whisper. "Will you let me?" My cock pulls out of your mouth so that you can say yes. I bend to kiss you & slowly pull out of your pussy, then lean back between your thighs. Kneeling, I push your legs & then your ass cheeks/cunt lips apart, spit directly on your hole, & lean forward to lick.

expanse between her tiny breasts before latching on to a nipple. Both would begin rubbing against the other's leg, building up to a nice plateau. They'd reach into each other's pants, strumming their clits with their thumbs until one or the other came first. The ass thing was a recent addition to their sessions. Janis was usually the one to come first, and usually wanted a second orgasm before getting back to work. So, after pinching and rubbing Kat to completion, she'd slowly lift up her skirt and pull down her panties, giving Kat a nice show of the work she did just a moment before, a miniature pool of come settling into the fabric. She'd turn around and brace herself against the restroom stall, her eyes bright and expecting as she looked over her shoulder at Kat, waiting for her fingers to enter and twist and work their magic inside her. While one hand worked, the other hand rested on Janis's backside, waiting for her signal. Kat only began slapping when Janis began to hiss and moan through her teeth, and once she did, it wasn't long before Janis would come again into Kat's hand, her mouth becoming an open, welcoming cavern for Kat to lean over and enjoy like an expectant visitor. After basking a little more in each other, they'd leave the stall, wash their hands, and get back to work, thankful that that particular restroom had never been intruded upon (so far) during their sessions.

Their coupling this particular Thursday went a different way: during the second part of their sessions, Janis began to ask for more. More fingers, more force, a hand to pull her hair. Each command Kat conceded to had resulted in Janis becoming a little more vocal, more than enough to make Kat feel uneasy.

UP TOP

BY CS

Kat had a lot of guy friends.

A LOT of guy friends.

By the time she reached her office job, her hand would already be stinging from the countless high-fives she gave to her many male friends she came into contact with on the walk to work. The reasons for the numerous high-fives ranged widely—whether it was because she helped them move, listened to their moping over a beer the weekend before, or offered them a helpful pointer or two when it came to pleasing their girlfriends in the bedroom (or car...or movie theater...).

The stinging would subside as the workday went on, except for every Thursday afternoon when Kat would follow Janis Wong into the women's restroom for some special downtime. Then the stinging would act up again after Kat would give Janis's perfectly shaped ass several good smacks. Not that Janis minded, of course.

Their Thursday trysts in the restroom went on for several weeks in a familiar fashion, until one day during a particularly rigorous session in the restroom stall.

Their coupling had started the usual way: a smattering of kisses, Janis taking off her shirt then pulling down the cups of her bra, Kat licking a stripe along her clavicle then along the wide

My tongue alternates spinning around your hole and massaging it directly, slowly & then quickly. It's like lapping up velvet. Your hands come down, gripping the back of my head. "Eat it," you command, pushing my tongue deeper inside. Now it's my turn to moan. The cock you had been sucking turn back to fingers & make their way to my own crotch. I'm panting into your pussy & trying to match the strokes of my tongue & my fingers; you are saying please please please over & over, thrashing your head & thrusting your ass against my face.

"Give me cock again, please, oh fuck... I want your cock!" You're starting to babble & whimper & that's how I know you'll soon come... I spit on my fingers & push them into your slippery asshole & fuck you. I'm still fucking myself, crazy fuckin wrist cramps but who cares, wrapping my lips & tongue back around your swollen clit & sucking until you cry out, your fingers digging into my shoulders. Your clit spits cum into my mouth & I swallow it *all*, your quiet sigh as my fingers slowly pull out of you. You pull me up to straddle your stomach, pinching nipples & inner thighs, crooning in quiet, post-orgasmic voices until I squirt all over you.

IF ONLY HE KNEW

BY B RANX

If he only knew the beat my heart skipped and the flutter
in my stomach the first time I saw,
This lumber jack of a man, so comely, so self-assured, so powerfully
built and strong.

If he only knew why I ran to my cell door every time he walks
down the corridor,
If he only knew with each waking moment, I yearn for him more
and more.

If he only knew what it does for me to hear him laugh or see a
smile through his dense sandy beard,
If I could just hold this big hulk of a man to feed his aplomb
and starve his fears.

If only he knew I want to kiss his shaved head, hicky his
thick neck, and massage those broad linebacker shoulders,
I wish to fell his lips against my own, with his muscular arms
around me and pulling me closer.

If only this Alpha male knew how his machismo turns me on;
A Real Man's Man, if anybody should ask,
And those black shades resting atop of his head makes him look a
little cocky and a major bad ass.

If only he knew how I'd love to hop-scotch kisses
throughout his furry chest
and let the ball of my tongue circle his nipples,
If only he knew how he drove me crazy sending mixed signals.

The fairy woman did not quite understand either, though
in her centuries of musings decided it must have been the
sensation of tangible pressure, the hand wrapped tightly around
her wrist or stroking her thigh. When her kind copulated, it was
more of a vague fluttering sweetness. There was no sweating or
moaning, no trembling muscles or late-blooming bruises. With
her human paramour, things took the shape of reality. It was all
too intense, and though there were no regrets, she was relieved it
finished as quickly as it had. Especially once her woman began to
speak of their future together in a tone louder than a whisper,
began to suggest they meet somewhere in the daylight, closer to
her home.

Is that how it ended? A fairy's flighty heart moving on,
breaking the spell before it could be bound? You may ask, but a
spirit's secrets are its own. She will only slightly smile and shake
her head, and, when she thinks you are not paying attention, sigh
and shut her eyes.

SPELL BOUND

BY M'AIDEZ

It was deep within the forest that they met, back when forests were still so untouched that one could wander far enough to see no light flickering from houses. They met but once a month, only on the night the moon let loose its light & left everything shrouded in darkness. It was easier to steal away from prying eyes on that night, also easier to convince themselves that their differences weren't so extreme after all. *We will be together forever*; they would whisper. And they would touch, shyly at first, but eventually with more confidence and much skill. But secretly, they both knew there was no happy outcome to be had, that it would all eventually end. They just hoped that ending would be easy.

For human women and those of the spirit world don't often find the solace and sensuality of one another's arms.

The woman of blood and bone would years later still not be able to explain it to herself, nor even describe her night time lover. She was there but not, an ethereal shimmering of an idea silhouetted by stars. Her voice, breath, and fingers caused shivers alike, mortal flesh gathering goosebumps in her presence. Her whispers smelled of yellow jessamine, her kiss tasted of red clovers, the same succulent softness that escaped the mortal's mouth when she came.

Honestly, I could unconditionally love him more than he loves himself,
kiss him and hug him,
We've both noticed each other staring, our eyes meet, lock,
but we say nothing.

Now, it could be misapprehension, deliriously wanting him so bad it frustratingly pangs,
If only he knew I'm the black submissive ying
to his white dominant yang.

If only he knew how I would obey his every command,
no desire would go unserved,
It would be a relationship of constantly giving
And taking what each deserves.

If only he knew the taboos that fueled passionate fantasies,
watching his glutes flex with every step, a confident stride in each,
How my mouth waters, wanting to spread those plump, juicy booty cheeks
to bury my face in the cleft and eat.

If only he knew how I needed to be acquainted with the muscle causing that bulge at his middle,
And I can almost taste the salt and sour of his sac I'd tea-bag
and tickle.

If only he knew my mind's eye measured him at about
eight and-a-quarter,
with a veiny shaft that veers to the left at erection,
Having the same girth as a toilet paper tube, but with an uncut,
fireman's helmet too large to ever fit in one.

If only he knew how I'd take to my knees and seek purchase with
his massive thighs,
His large hands grip me by the ears and force feed me;
I'd look up and see ecstasy in blue eyes.

Damn, if only he knew that I could feel his heavy bulk
lying on top of me, with his face buried in the crook of my neck,
My fingers raking at the expanse of his back, my heels digging
into his buttocks as he heaves into me with his sex.

Oh, if only he knew how I imagine me craned on all fours,
his teeth clenched in a mask of ambition, his pelvis smacking
Against my up-turned rear, his searing dagger of flesh thrusting into
my core

If only he knew that I knew he preferred to be vocal beyond
mere professed love speeches,
Grunts and groans, dirty dialogues and moans, and the: "O-OH,
UNGH, AW-W, FUCK, YEAH," as he releases.

If only he knew I would suck on his toes after he's walked a mile
and nuzzle my nose deep in his pits and inhale his masculine reek
after a hard day's affair,
If only he knew I'd put my mouth on him anywhere he pointed,
yes, Here, and most certainly There.

If only he knew I think he's the sexiest man in the joint,
his name echoes throughout the labyrinth of my mind,
And truth be told, he just may be the hottest man in uniform,
Maybe even alive.

If only he knew... these feelings for him existed within me...
But he doesn't... And find out, he mustn't...
Because... after all... What if he knew?



BY CAT ROCKETSHIP