

satisfy your cravings

blue food

US \$3.95

VIAGRA FOR THE MIND

RICK CASTRO

CECILIA TAN

M. CHRISTIAN

JIM MAHFOOD



PREMIER

PREMIER ISSUE

PREMIER ISSUE

PREMIER ISSUE

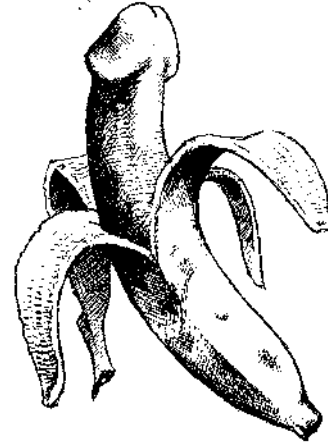
PREMIER ISSUE

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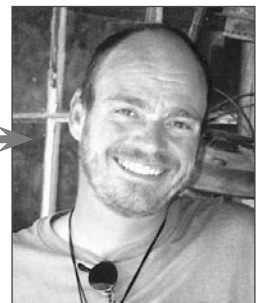
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Blue Food

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musings from the editor

It's been a long strange trip. And those who know me well, know that Blue Food has been a long time coming. Years ago, my friend and muse **Shelly Johnson** and I put out a little poetry magazine called *Voices*. It was a labor of love and, to our considerable surprise, it was very well received. Unfortunately, it didn't last long. There's been a lot of water under that proverbial bridge since that time. But the voices never stilled. Not a year has gone by that somebody hasn't stopped me at an art show, or a play, or even in the grocery store, to ask when *Voices* is coming back. Not bad for a little garage 'zine which only lasted four issues.

Now, here we are, almost ten years later. A whole new century lies before us and with it a whole new set of rules, many of which have yet to be established. Shelly has long since moved east (though she is still very much part of the picture) and I have spent the time honing my skills in publishing as editor for several different Valley magazines, all the while building up a considerable set of credentials as a writer. These days nobody really asks why I've taken it upon myself to start up a new magazine. The question they do ask, however, is "why a magazine like *Blue Food*?" More importantly, "what's with all the SEX? *Blue Food* is a far cry from *Voices*..."

I beg to differ. The poetry we published back then was far from mainstream, Hallmark card sentimentality. It was raw, sensuous and sometimes downright carnal. Some of the "voices" which appeared in those issues will be appearing in future issues of *Blue Food*. And *Blue Food* will continue the tradition of being raw, sensuous and, yes, carnal. In other words, nothing's really changed, except that we've broadened our horizons a bit.

Oh, and let's not forget the comix. I've been a huge fan of underground, black and white comix for decades, so having new friends like **Jim Mahfood**, **Charles Sanderson** and **Clay Butler** appear within these pages is like achieving a certain level of Nirvana for me. I believe it sets *Blue Food* apart from other like-minded 'zines. It also gives these boys a chance to stretch their organs a bit (the one between their ears you perv!) and try things they might not ordinarily get to try in the formats they ordinarily frequent.

So, there it is, in a nutshell. *Blue Food* is here and, with luck, will be for a while. We're here to satisfy your cravings for the unusual and the carnal. We're here to introduce you to some of the best underground artists and writers around. We're here to take chances and bend the rules a bit. We're here to make a statement that carnality doesn't have to be furtive and shameful, but can also be smart, humorous and positive. We're going to crawl up through any open orifice available, into your brain pan and spread out.

You have been warned...



Blue Food

Satisfy Your Cravings!

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A very special Thank You goes out to **M. Christian**. I couldn't have done it without you!

Stories, artwork, poetry, essays, photography, cartoons, etc. must be submitted with a self-addressed, stamped (not metered) envelope, typed and double-spaced with name, address and phone on every page. Submissions will be accepted year round. Photocopies OK. Please, no simultaneous submissions. Copyright reverts to writers/artists upon publication. Not responsible for unsolicited material.

Bare Essentials

revealing briefs:

blame it on nature



A recent study, published in the journal *Nature*, has created a controversy by suggesting that man's predisposition toward infidelity may actually be genetic. How so? By positing that the ancestors of human beings were promiscuous, compared to other primates, because of intense sexual competition and that such competition created an evolutionary need to mate.

Chicago researcher **Chung-I Wu** believes that the ancestors of chimps and human beings had multiple sexual partners, creating competitive pressure for males to produce the most efficient sperm. These results come from a comparison between the genes that regulate the production of sperm in chimps, human beings, gorillas and orangutans. More sperm means more bang. Much more than a mono-gamous species needs.

Of course, Wu has also tried to quell the controversy by stating that "the question of modern-day human sexuality, how promiscuous we are as a species, is contentious and irrelevant." Uh huh, not to mention damaging to his career.

brain food:

it's a guy thing

The first link between sex hormones and behavior was made in Germany by **Arnold Berthold**. He castrated six aggressive roosters and not only did they stop fighting, they lost interest in hens. Transplanting the testicles from one bird into another, brought back both the hostile tendencies and the desire to mate. His name for the "blood-borne substance" which seemed to connect the nervous system to the circulatory system was "testosterone."

who said that?

Acting is not very hard. The most important things are to be able to laugh and cry. If I have to cry, I think of my sex life. And if I have to laugh, well, I think of my sex life.

—Glenda Jackson

by the numbers

In a recent British study, women were found to be 40 percent more likely to have multiple orgasms with uncut partners, than with those who were circumcised. Apparently, because foreskin helps the penis glide in its own skin, there's less friction in the vagina, which keeps it lubricated longer.

get some:

the male genitalia kit

The first thing I thought when I was handed the Male Genitalia Kit was, why the hell would anyone create something like this? The second thing I thought was, and why are you handing it to me? Then I thought about it some more and the answers were obvious. Though most guys are on a first name basis with their bearded blood sausage, they really don't know much about the little guys and how they stand up to that all-important competition. The Male Genitalia Kit sets out to fix that sorry state of affairs.

As for the second question, not every guy is as blessed as yours truly, so who better to bring you the wonders of such a device? With that in mind, and thus wielding the weighty rod of authority, I plunged right in. Here's what I found: The kit itself is made up of an informative booklet, three generic latex condoms (medium sized, natch) and the Penis Measuring Device or PMD, a glorified, flexible peter meter. It may not sound like much, but upon closer inspection of the booklet, it's not as light-weight as it may appear.

Setting aside for a moment the die-hard belief that bigger is better, the booklet builds upon the professional scientific credo that penis size is unimportant, outlining the various myths and misconceptions concern-



product review by Randy "Love Muscle" Johnson

ing the gigantic gut-wrenching giggle stick. Those fallacies out of the way, it then gets down to the meat of the matter: the correct means of measuring and recording your very own member stats, then comparing them to the measurements of 4,982 mostly average guys from varying age brackets.

Whether or not this kit will actually put inquiring minds at ease has yet to be proven, but considering how slim this little volume is, it's chock full of statistics and charts to answer any degree of curiosity. Wanna know what percentage of the population has a shorter belly buster than you do? No problem, there's a chart provided for just that purpose. Wanna compare the thickness of your John Thomas to the population at large? There's a handy pie chart to show you where you stand. To my knowledge, never before has the egotistical male member been stroked so lovingly and completely in the name of science.

I guess my biggest beef with the Male Genitalia Kit is that the PMD only measures up to a mere 9 inches.

Which unfortunately means for you, dear reader, that the truth about ol' Love Muscle will have to wait for a better, not quite so limited, mousetrap to be invented...



The Male Genitalia Kit is available for \$7.95 from InfoMedica, PO Box 322, Saunderstown, Rhode Island 02874, or via the internet at www.afraidtoask.com

art of the **hustle**

Exploring the world of fetish and kink through the eyes of Rick Castro

by D. Salcido

Hollywood-based photographer **Rick Castro** came to prominence as an artist with the publication of his first compilation of photographs in 1991. Before that time, he honed his skills behind the camera as photo stylist for such top glamour photographers as **George Hurrell**, **Herb Ritts**, **Annie Leibowitz** and **Joel-Peter Witkin**. The experience had quite an impact on the budding artist, whose subsequent solo work depicted a lifestyle as far from that glamorous world as he could take it. His graphic photos of actual hustlers on Los Angeles' Santa Monica Blvd electrified the art world and helped set a new standard for photo-realism.



Ten years later, he shows no signs of slowing down and, in fact, has recently branched out to include filmmaking in his repertoire of skills. His first feature film, *Hustler White*, was a collaborative effort with **Bruce LaBruce** and since its release in 1996 has become something of a cult phenomenon. Currently working on both a new book with Fotofactory Press (due out in the winter of 2000) and a new film tentatively entitled *Plushies* (documenting the “furry” lifestyle), Castro will be exhibiting this year in Zurich, Switzerland, Paris, France and the Tom of Finland erotic art fair in October. *Blue Food* caught up with the busy photographer to ask him a few questions about his art, his life and his views on carnality...

You have now been in the public eye for a full decade. How have things changed for you since the publication of your first book by The Tom Of Finland Foundation in 1991?

Wow! You've done your research. Things have changed a great deal in both my professional and private life. When my book was published in 1991, I was unknown as a photographer. My photography was my creative hobby and reaction against my “career” as a photo stylist. This career took all my time and was my whole existence from 1982-1991. I'd been shooting for less than 3 years. My first exhibition was in the summer of 1989 at the original Different Light Bookstore in Silverlake, CA. It was a very special meeting place, during a very special time, when gay lifestyles were once again in the process of change. In my personal life, I began to understand and explore more deeply the wonderful world of fetish & kink.

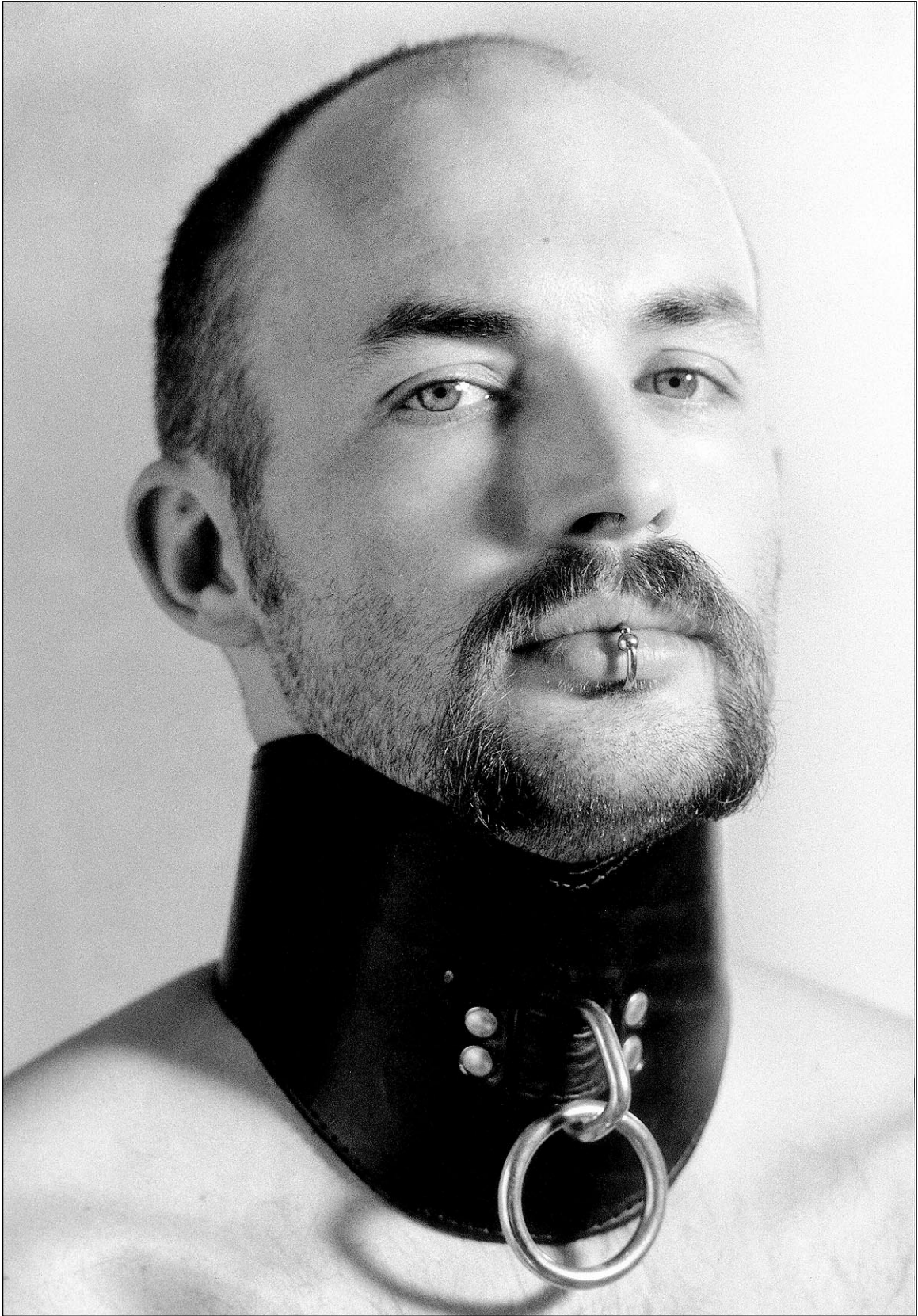
Has your style changed much since those early days as a fledgling photographer?

Definitely. My early work was exploring the process of seeing things and recording them. I had a fascination with everything (within my aesthetic interest) as I ran around shooting with glee! Later my work took on a harder, more severe, bitter quality. The images became methodical, much like my life and the 90's in general.

Are you still more interested in using real hustlers as models, as

“Jeremy In Bondage”

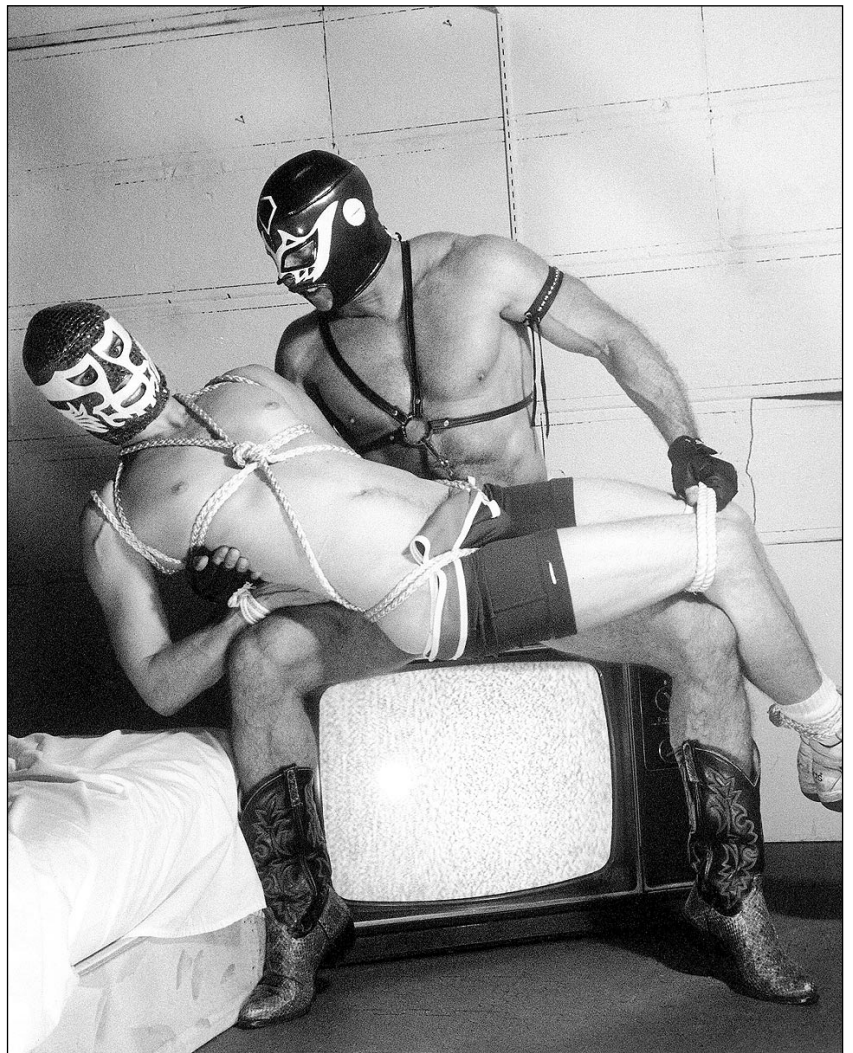
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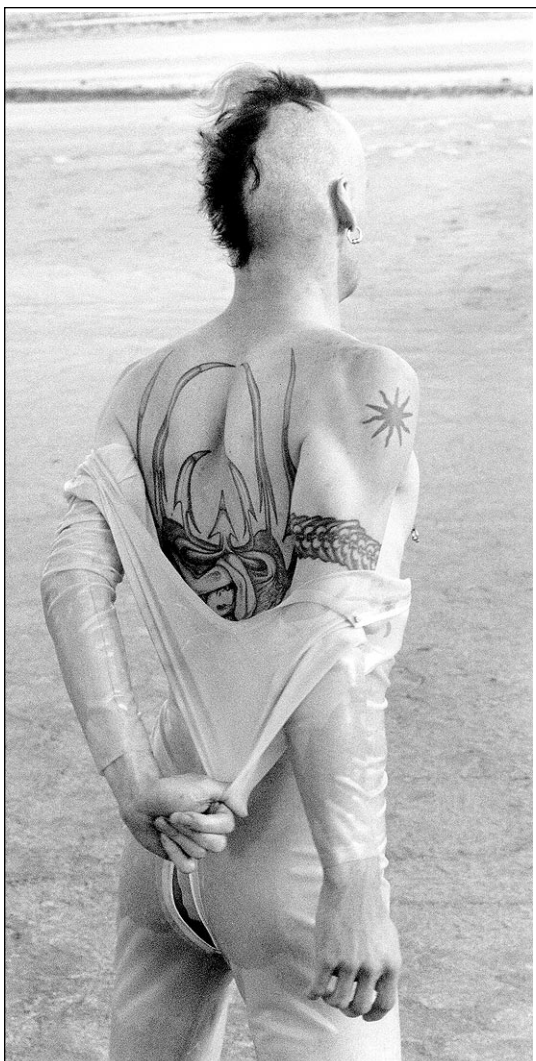
“French Foreign Legion”



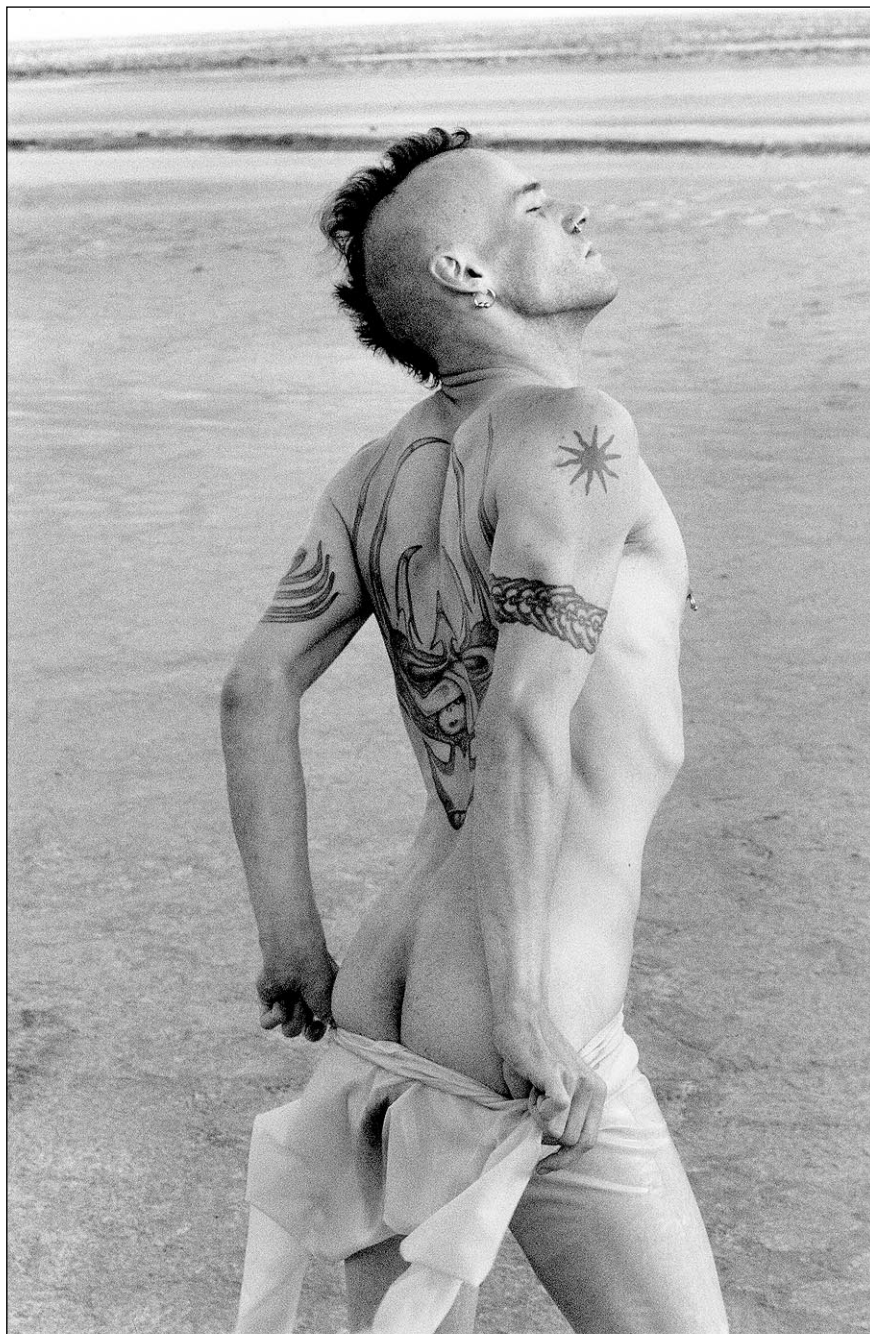
“Japanese Bondage Buddies”



“Wrestler Daddy & Son”



“Second Skin #1”



“Second Skin #2”



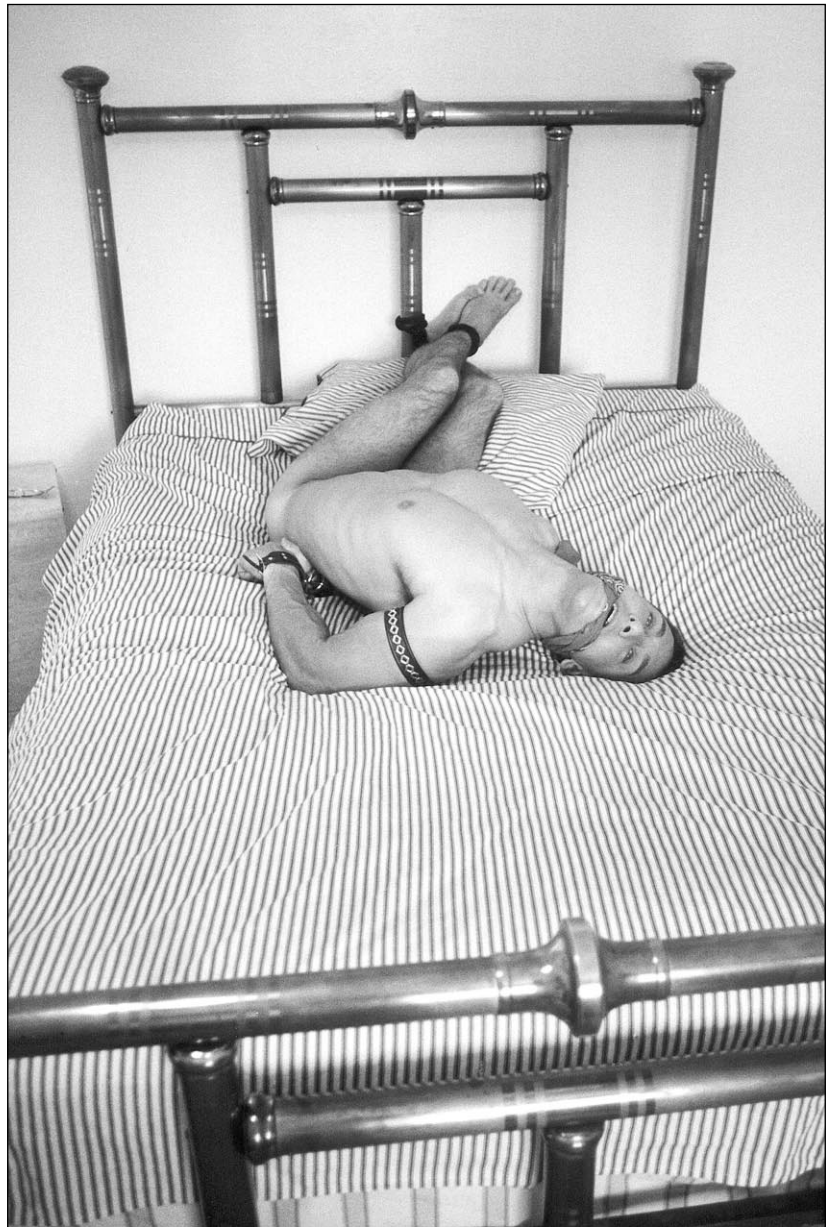
“Armchair”



"Jake"



“Brass Bed #1”



“Brass Bed #2”

Rick Castro (continued from page 4)

opposed to legitimate models?

“Legitimate” models are a no-no in my book. They won’t do ANYTHING! They’re really not that good and very overrated. Throughout the 80’s, as a photo stylist I worked with some of the biggest names in the business, like **Cindy, Kathy**, and the one that dumped **David Copperfield**. They can’t do anything any better than a hustler off the street, I mean it! The ONLY one who puts his body and soul into the image, and at the time was very underrated, was **Tony Ward**. I will photograph him until the day I, (or he) dies.

What is the continuing attraction for you?

If there still is, it would probably be the immediacy and lust quality they put out. Something that only a fast buck can give.

Have you ever been accused of exploitation in your choice of models and their lifestyles? Or had it insinuated that you are a part of the “problem” because rather than help do something about it, you try to glamorize it?

Yes. I don’t see it as a problem. As we all know hustling, (prostitution) is the oldest profession in the world. I think it should be decriminalized. The only reason...THE ONLY REASON it’s not, is because the government doesn’t know how to regulate it, therefore they can’t figure out how to tax it. It’s not a moral issue... period. By the way, I don’t think my images glamorize it. I think they show it as it is: sexy, hard, quick, lustful and sad.

What is your take on the role humor should play in art, specifically when it involves subjects which most people would not ordinarily find particularly amusing?

I see it as just another way of communication. With art you have visual, texture, mood, perhaps a story line or depiction of an event in time. With humor, one can add another layer to the image. It can be subtle or direct. Some people will pick up on it, others won’t. It all depends on their own awareness of irony and satire. I did this a lot with my film *Hustler White*. The scenes would start off dark and then become slapstick to the point of absurdity.

Do you consider yourself a carnal person using his art to express himself, or an artist whose work just happens to depict more carnal ways of life?

I’ve gone through many phases of lust and obsession. Sometimes I’ve felt sex was the driving force of my work and, for that matter, all art. In hindsight, I see my work as directly pertaining to what is happening in my life at the time it’s created. At this moment, I’m fairly asexual, so I’m a bit worried as to what I may churn out in retaliation. To answer your question directly, yes I like men, yes I like bondage, yes I like hustlers and I’ve had them all! Sometimes all at once.

You are working on a documentary entitled “Plushie”. Can you tell us a little about that?

**I’ve gone through many phases of lust and obsession.
Sometimes I’ve felt sex was the driving force
of my work and, for that matter, all art.**

Though much of your imagery could be considered “dark,” humor appears to play a large part in your works, as well. Is that intentional or am I just twisted for seeing the humor in these situations?

Both. It’s intentional and you ARE twisted.

Gee, thanks...

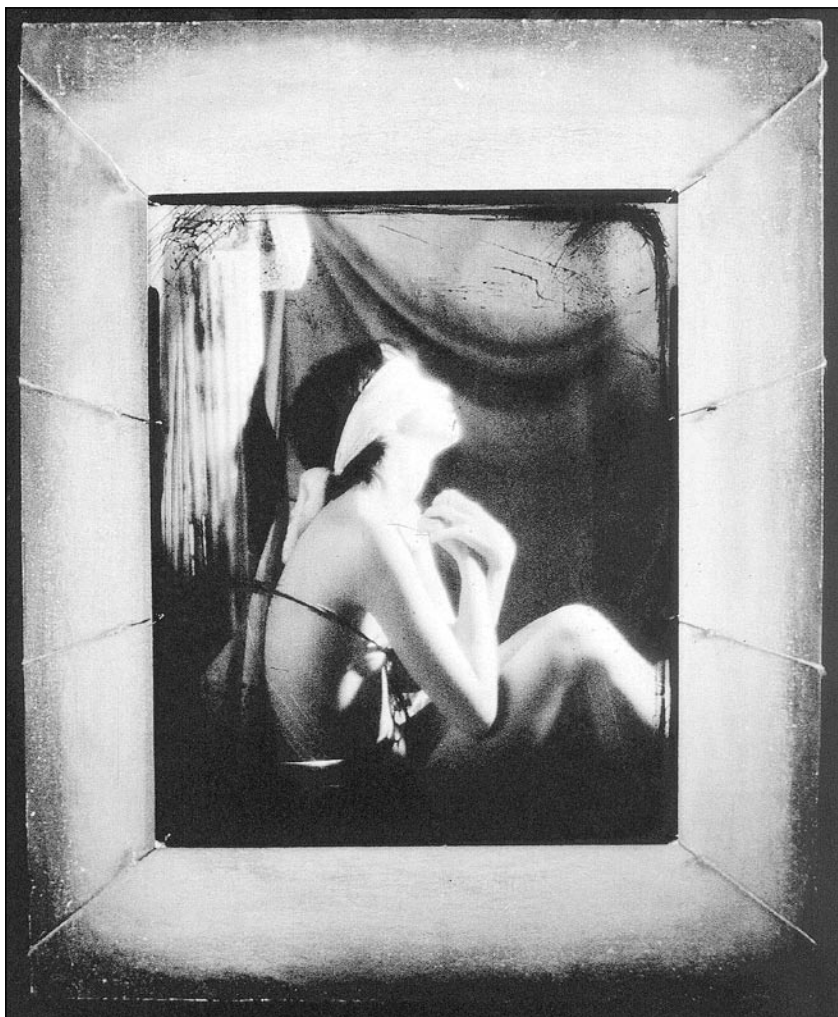
As in real life, I find humor as a way to cope with harsh realities. In presenting images of darkness and subversion, I find that humor brings them back from being dead-pan serious, which would make them too pretentious and overly complex. As I’ve always said, “I hope to bring humor back to the bedroom where it belongs.”

Plushie is a feature-length documentary about the furry lifestyle. The people in the lifestyle come from all walks of life, in all countries and all ages. The common bond is an interest in animals and anthropomorphic beings, including real animals, stuffed animals, beautiful art, (both erotic and non), creative writing, and the making and wearing of fursuits in the likeness of their animal of choice. It’s very cute.

And, finally, a question geared for the direction of the magazine itself. What, besides photography, is your greatest carnal pleasure in life?

It used to be bondage and a good tight bottom, now, perhaps, it’s a scruffy fursuit. In the future I see a nice cup of tea with a warm friend.

Rick Castro is represented by Wessel + O’Connor in New York City. If you like, you can contact him through his website at <http://www.rickcastro.com>. He has videos, ‘zines and photos available for sale. Be sure to tell him you saw his work in Blue Food!



"Indomitable Spirit"
Jim Kearns

This Cowboy

This cowboy lies in the spike peaked orange gloom of the sun.
This cowboy drinks his whiskey slowly,
Pulling his lips back,
Nearly swallowing his white nugget teeth every time.
This cowboy of mine
Lies and
Lies,
Shirtless and whiskey mouthed while vain stained words
Fall out in rhythm with the fire circle,
Searching for the warmth of listening.
This cowboy's whiskey words
Stomp, stamp, step in time with the lord of lies,
Peaked and orange, wanting.
This cowboy of lies, this man-lord of mine,
Pulled back heat of the day,
Marlboro Worn,
Lies with sliced eyes starring countless.

— Michelle Clark

Gloves

White gloves in spring.
Leather gloves in fall.
Woolen mittens in winter.

Keep hands soft
keep hands warm

Rubber gloves for washing dishes.
Cotton gloves for dyeing hair.
Oven mitts for hot pots.

Keep hands safe
keep hands clean

Glove rhymes with love:
Rub down with a velvet glove/
you're not sick, you're just in love.

The cops wear
big yellow gloves
and dentists wear plastic gloves
and doctors
and people who kiss in the night.

We are sheathing hands and cocks.
Our cunts are dammed.
But the heart:
how
to protect
the heart?

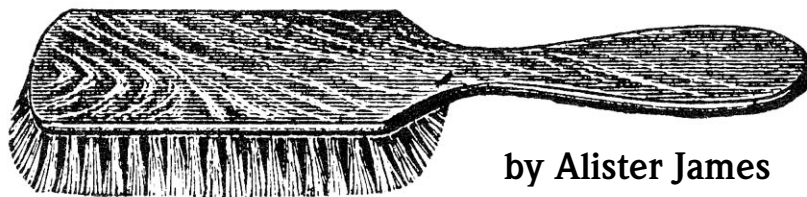
Your gloved hand enters me.
My gloved hand moves clumsily
around your cock.
Protected fingers speak
an ancient language.

The rubber
the latex
the avoidance of tongues
cannot stem the flow of passion.

I need a glove for my heart:
it breaks the same when you leave
as if we'd touched skin to skin
my heart
unprotected
still breaks.

— Marcy Sheiner

the unspoken use of the hairbrush



by Alister James

Some believe that spanking a naughty rump is one of life's exquisite pleasures. One method of indulging is with the use of that most common item, the hairbrush. Nobody raises an eyebrow at people carrying hairbrushes, which can't be said for, say, riding crops.

Hairbrushing is unlike open-hand spanking. There are two basic options, which I call "top" and "bottom", having nothing to do with who's giving or receiving. The top, as the brush is laid flat, is the bristle side, and thus the flat side is the bottom.

Some people prefer to use the hairbrush as a paddle, so the non-bristle side is the logical preference—in most cases, it's flat and elliptical, although there are many with ridged, rounded, or spiny backs. Used in this way, the bristles of the brush will suffer no damage. However, many prefer spanking with the top because of its hundreds of tiny, pliable points of contact. Yes, there is a difference, but the choice is aesthetic and never permanent.

Although everyone owns a brush, people into fetishistic hairbrushing own one that is rarely used on hair. (However, indulge me in noting that brushing long hair and ending each stroke with a swat doesn't count.) There are three things to consider when purchasing a non-hair hairbrush:

1. Price, of course, is always a factor.

There are perfectly appropriate, low-end Goody brushes for a few dollars, Fuller brushes in the \$10-\$20 range, and high end Jean-Pierre Creations brushes which can run over \$50. The differences are surprisingly small, and connoisseurs quickly select a favorite.

2. Wood or plastic stock is also a consideration. Expect to pay more for wood, further complicated by what kind you like. Curly koa, mahogany, and mango handles are beautiful and serviceable, but expensive. Plastic is adequate, and makes a slightly more pleasant *thwack*.

3. And, finally, bristles. Boar-bristles are the most common and all-purpose, nylon is second. Also there are "pinhead" bristles. These have tiny balls at the end, and are good for thick hair or quickly reddening an ass. However, they don't last as long as non-pinheads because their density of bristles is always lower, and thus each bristle bends easier. If you'll never use the back, you can even try tubular stylist's brushes, with boar-bristles all 'round. Experiment—these retain heat in their metal core.

Whatever hairbrush you prefer, remember: the old secret is still 100 strokes a day. Give or take a few for good behavior. ◎

Welcome Intrusion

You knock quietly at
my back door.
I answer slowly,
though I have been
waiting for you.

You tease and wink,
waiting there on
the threshold.

You can feel
the warmth of
this abode.

I can feel your
warmth too.

You face me,
smiling shyly,
afraid to ask for
what you truly want.

You wait like a
sly fox there,
until I beckon
you to enter.

You simply can't
believe that I like
this as much as
you do.

I smile and
breathe
a slow satisfied
mmmmmmmm
as you finally enter.

I think...
Through my back
door — o gentle visitor —
you will always be
a welcome intrusion.

— **Morrigan Tait**

"Trinity"
Jim Kearns

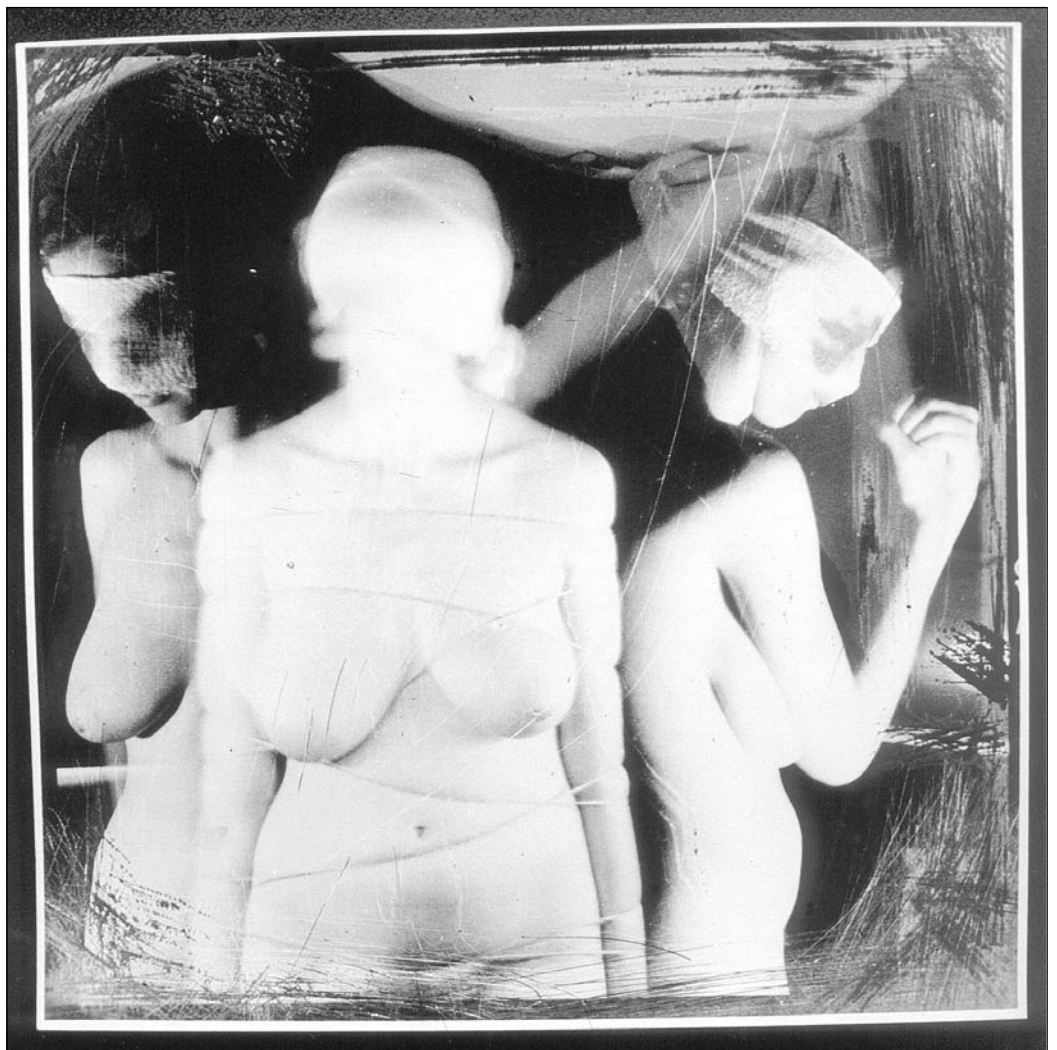
Riding Up The Thruway

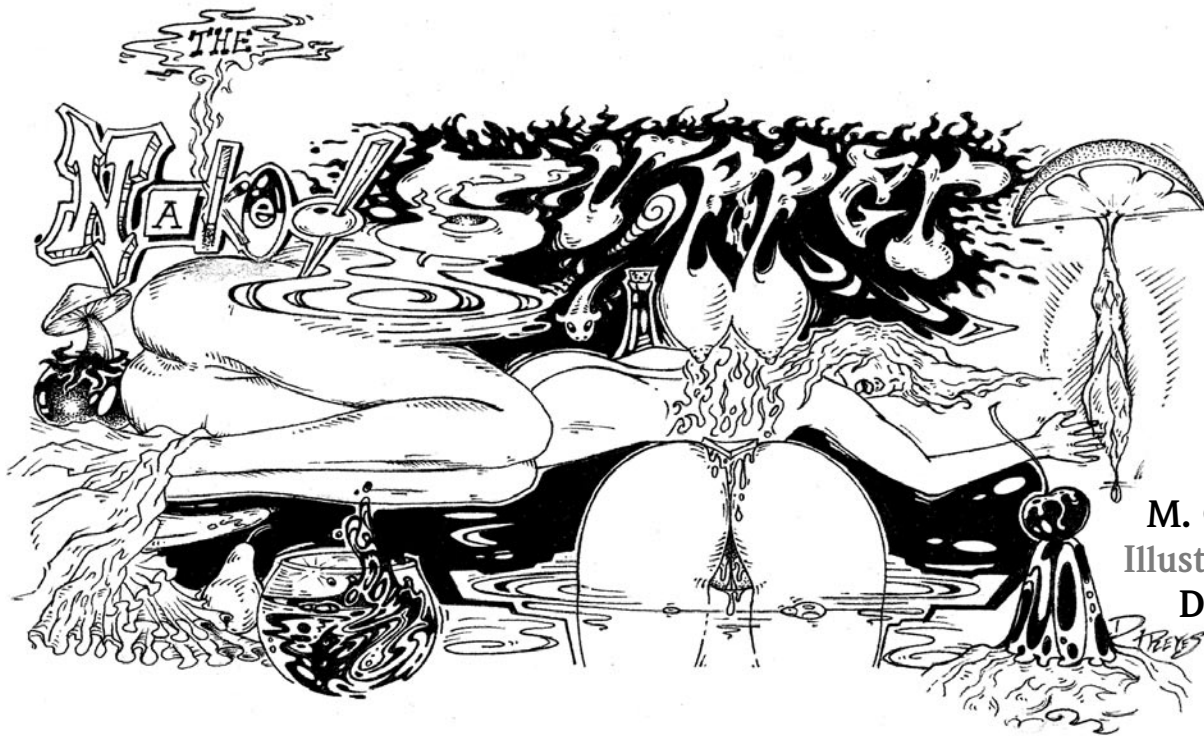
Riding up the Thruway
in the fresh October morning
struck by the splendor
of sun and sky and mountains
we scorned the radio's
pronouncement of clouds
and pretended we were going
to Quebec.

Beneath my sweater
my nipples pulsed
with yesterday's rhythms.
I was a lute
a harpsichord
a joyous screaming horn
wailing for your fingers
and your tongue.

No Miles ever played as sweetly
no Coltrane as intensely
as you
my fine musician
celebrating passion
upon this throbbing drum.

— **Marcy Sheiner**





story by
M. Christian
Illustration by
Dan Reyes

With legs like bags of cement, the Fat Man was led to his regular table. Sitting in the offered chair, his creamy mass rolled over the seat and around the straight iron back. Nervously, he lingered over the menu, only occasionally lifting an elephant-like head to free jowls from stiff collar. Then, with great expertise, the Fat Man ordered.

First, rushing out of the noise and turmoil of the kitchens, was the bread. Buns soft as down, lying poised and inviting on a plate. Tender to the touch, with a firm, barely yielding, crust. Delicately parted, the buns steamed from pale white seams—the crust delightfully resilient, but easily kneaded and clutched by gripping hands. The insides were velvety smooth, warm and subtly moist. Butter streamed down tanned sides, pooling on the plate: tempting an eager tongue. A softening cube of brilliant yellow slipped gently by, ringed with clear, hot fluid—bubbling around the edges and sinking into the dough.

With a clatter, the soup was brought: a lake of liquid ecstasy. Onions, small and nymphish, played hide-and-seek among rafts of cheese, flirting with the spoon, pushing up against the firm, curved shape—splashing and faintly giggling at the clumsy attempts to snare them. But for all their acrobatics and squeals of playful delight they finally surrendered, their furtive advances giving way to a ballet of fire and verve when tasted. The rest of the pool held tempting secrets, hiding them beneath a broth of warmth and stimulation.

A fragile young thing was brought to the table; so fresh and untouched. She was delicate enough to tear under brutal handling, never to be whole again, but with enough spirit to allow a hold, a grip to go onto greater things. The salmon lay sublime on a cool platter, staring out with eyes full of innocence, yet with a hidden, mischievous glimmer of wanton surrender; a quiet invitation to a ravishing. It patiently waited advances, the release of that innocence: awaiting a firm hand to take what she offered, lying there to her side. She waited for someone to consume her with mad abandon and the touch of a trained palate. The salmon eagerly awaited consummation.

A bowl was delivered: a secret forest concealing deep and mysterious pleasures. In a fold of green, hidden beneath a creased lettuce leaf, lay a subtly enticing tart. A juicy little tomato that darted through the forest and folds, from the strong support of the cauliflower to the entrancing hypnosis of the fork. Tempting disaster, the fragile thing played with the

chase—filling the air with the smell of her slick, oiled skin—and then vinegar when it looked as though she might be passed by.

Two breasts, upthrust and firm, golden in the sun's setting rays. Daring and obvious, challenging all comers. No innocent this chicken. Young, yes. Spring, definitely. Outrageous and provocative, stomping a shapely drumstick and demanding, in a loud aroma of heady spice, that she be consumed. Here! This minute! Now! Glistening butter rolled slowly, melting more and more with each steamy inch towards the thighs, down browned skin with the hint of hidden, pale, white meat imminent. Plucked nude, with her thighs wide apart, breasts exposed, the chicken leered and demanded—before possibly growing cold.

Pert. Good body. Excellent aroma. Full of vigor. No doubt of French extraction. Aged just enough for experience, not so young as to be easily bruised, and not too old to sour. A dazzling little '25, lazily floating in the glass, tantalizing with eager provocations. Comfortable to taste, to kiss, to embrace with lips, and to drink—just as that little tart with the good body and a distinctive heady aroma loves to consume.

A perfect cone of delight, upthrust and ready, a velvety cherry precariously poised on the brink, ready to topple into a debauchery of whipped cream and strawberry preserves. The dessert coyly avoided all advances, leaning one way, then the other. Toying, playing with and being played with. The cool dish wiggled a frosty lady-finger, inviting all comers to break her ice cream exterior and get to the rich, sweet insides.

Coffee. Steaming hot and fierce. Spicy, waiting to break free and run rampant: raising temperatures and setting hearts a-pounding with ferocity. A true Colombian spirit, bubbling secretly in a china cup, struggling to break free with steamy excitement, a mad Amazon fighting the trap.

With lips to cup, a little swish for taste—that delicate bouquet of strong urges, overriding everything else: driving the heart and raising the temperature, the blood pressure. Wild power, tickling tongues and warmed cockles. Building towards a pleasurable pain, straining for release, any release, to escape the burning, the steaming concentration—and with an exhausted sigh, to swallow the hot coffee.

Finished with his meal, the Fat Man pushed himself away from the table and leisurely smoked a cigarette.



a portion of potion

by Harry Tasker

The swirling incense irritated my eyes. I pulled off my glasses, and the dimly-lit caravan dissolved in a smear of rich reds and golds. I could barely make out the detail on the heavy necklace around the Gypsy Healer's slender neck. She waited patiently for my answer.

I finished wiping my eyes and replaced my glasses. "The problem is..." My cheeks burned furiously. "You see..."

"Yes."

"Well, the thing is... I'm not enjoying much success when it comes to the opposite sex."

Madame Zenda gazed at me coolly from across the circular table. "Much?" she said, raising an immaculate eyebrow.

I coughed. "Any."

Zenda nodded. "I like honesty. I demand it. Without it, I cannot help you."

"So you can help me?" The words nearly tripped over themselves.

"Of course." Her eyes crinkled mischievously. "If you really want help."

"I do!"

Zenda regarded me suspiciously. "Tell me: how did you find your way to Madame Zenda?"

My turncoat tongue wanted to blab about the failures. All the girls—pretty and otherwise—who'd turned me down. I knew the adverts in the backs of men's magazines intimately. 'How to attract women—sent under plain cover.' 'Pheromones—the unfair advantage.' Books, chemicals, I'd wasted money on them all.

And then an advert in the local newspaper caught my eye. It wasn't flashy like the others. It didn't quote satisfied customers, or offer a money-back guarantee. It simply read:

"Gentlemen: are you unlucky in love? I can help. Madame Zenda. Gypsy Healer."

I was intrigued. I was desperate. My colleagues spent each Monday regaling each other with tales of their week-end successes. The arrival of a delicious new secretary in the office only intensified my feelings of inadequacy. I did not lust for her alone, but I yearned from the back of the

queue.

Madame Zenda's dark eyes held mine. I said solemnly, "I read your advert, and I believed it."

"Hmmm."

"Honestly."

She tossed her head, rattling the pendant earrings that dangled from her lobes. "It is of no consequence. You are here; you need help. And I am in a position to give it."

She rummaged beneath the table, and produced a small glass vial. I leant forward; the vial was half-filled with a clear, viscous liquid. I groaned inwardly. More chemicals.

Madame Zenda looked reverently at the vial as she turned it between her fingers. "Behold, your problem's solution!"

"Madame Zenda, I've already tried..."

"Pheromones?" She laughed at my expression. "Most men who come here have tried stimulating their body's chemistry with such false products." She shook the vial before my face. "This is not pheromones! This is not false!"

"What is it?" I whispered.

"What it is, is not important. But what it does is everything."

"And what is that?"

Zenda grasped my hand between hers, wrapping it around the vial. "Drink it. Half now, half tonight. It alters your scent, makes it more appealing to women. The exact effect varies from man to man. All enjoy increased success. Some become..."

"What? What do some become?"

Zenda suddenly spread her hands, holding them high above her head. "Irresistible!"

I stared at the vial clutched in my damp palm. "How much?"

Zenda seized my hand again. "You're certain this is what you want?"

"Yes!"

"Then the fee is a cursory one. I do not create the potion for profit."

"No?"

"No." Zenda eyes crinkled. "Consider me a philanthropist."

* * * * *

I woke late. My head felt thick, hungover. I glanced at the empty vial on the bedside table. Too late to be wondering what the potion contained.

I dressed hurriedly and rushed downstairs. I always parked illegally, but normally left early enough to dodge the traffic wardens. As I sprinted outside, someone in a black uniform was studying my battered Ford.

"Sorry," I said breathlessly, stopping beside the warden. She was about forty, with strikingly blonde hair, and an attractive face made severe by her hat. The tight uniform would have been a turn-on, if not for the office it represented.

"Bit late for sorry," she said mechanically.

"I know I'm not supposed to park here, but..."

"Thanks," she said, writing. "I prefer the public to admit their guilt."

"Yes, but..."

The warden tore the penalty ticket from her pad. "Here you are. Sir."

I took the ticket. Forty pounds! Forget Tuesday night down the pub.

The warden breathed in deeply. "Is that your after-shave?"

"What?"

"Is that your aftershave?"

"I suppose so."

"Nice." She wafted a hand in front of her face. "It's gone quite warm, hasn't it?"

Forty pounds!

She sighed. "Off to work now?"

"Eh? Yes."

"You know, there are ways around parking fines." Her voice sounded softer, more feminine.

I looked up. The warden stared intently into my eyes, the tip of her tongue tracing her lips.

"I'm sorry? What did you say?"

She removed the hat, freeing her blonde tresses. She took a step towards me. "What's your name?"

"Charles."

"You've been naughty haven't you, Charles?"

"Er, yes, I suppose I have."

The warden's fingers unfastened the top button on her tunic. She was only inches away now. "Charlie, we should get in your car and talk." She pulled the keys from my hand and opened the door.

I swallowed. "About what?"

She took my hand, leading me inside. "Your repayment options."

The cold morning air had left the windows opaque with condensation. She reached over me to lock the door, then crushed her frenzied lips against mine. I managed to drag my mouth away. "I don't even know your name!"

"Cynthia," she gasped, wrenching her blouse apart. My eyes latched onto bountiful breasts, barely constrained inside a black lace bra. Cynthia grabbed my head and pulled my face against her chest.

"Oh yes!" she cried, as my lips fumbled onto a nipple. "That's the way." There was the electrifying noise of a zip going down. I only realized it was mine when her hand grasped my erection.

"Do you think this is a good idea?" I asked politely, as Cynthia began pulling her skirt up over her thighs. Her stockings immediately made me think that it was. She tugged my trousers and briefs down as I struggled to get past the gear stick.

My cock looked enormous nestling against her honeyed sex. I smiled sheepishly. "I... er... haven't any condoms."

"Don't worry," she said, her nails sinking into my buttocks as she pulled me inside her. "I want you to come on my tits anyway."

* * * * *

I limped into work an hour late, certain the back of my shirt was bloody. Traffic wardens obviously got as worked up about the public as the public did about them. Was it coincidence, or had Zenda's potion made me more attractive to the opposite sex? A thousand horny possibilities clamored for my attention.

A stack of files thumping onto my desk banished my smug reverie.

"These need copying," growled Nancy, the office matriarch. As usual, her fleshy figure was squeezed into a woolen twin set. Ultimately respectable. She fingered

(continued on page 44)



excerpts from

the book of

want

la money girl

by Cecilia Tan


She taped pennies into her panties when she was six years old.

She was never sure where that idea had come from—if something she had seen on a TV show or heard some adult say had planted the suggestion, or if it had just seemed like a good idea at the time. She was afraid to get caught fingering herself in school. So she taped the pennies down where they would click and rub, so they would tap her gently when she skipped rope, so if she ran around the playground once or twice and then got a jumprope, by the end of recess the magic thing would happen.

When she turned twenty she discovered spirit gum and shaving. A Susan B. Anthony dollar on each nipple, she dotted her cunt with nickels and dimes, and discovered that she could hold a penny on her clit with no glue at all. She would go down to bars with esoteric names, in a rayon knit top and a miniskirt, and find a woman to dance with, and always, though sometimes on the dance floor, sometimes in a dark corner booth, that woman's hand would stray across her nipple. They invariably considered her eccentric—which she expected—but she was looking for one who would consider her eccentric, and who wouldn't mind.

She lies in bed with pesos and shillings and plasticky-feeling yen spread across her stomach, clamps a silver dollar between her lips (her lower lips, I mean) and presses her vibrator to it. She imagines that some day she'll go down to the bar, she pictures a dyke with a James Dean swagger, who will slide her hand under that knit top, who will peel a Susan B. free, who will flip the coin into the air and catch it smartly in one hand saying "Heads your place, tails mine, baby."

And whatever the outcome, it doesn't matter, because what happens next in her fantasy is: the other woman gets down on her knees, and peels away her panties with her teeth, and goes hunting for the penny with her tongue, and comes up with copper between her teeth, with her fingers between her legs... nickels and dimes are flying everywhere, the loose change on her belly leaping and flipping as she shakes, as her stomach and her thighs and her hips rock while she comes and she comes...

Someday, she thinks, some day, someone will get down there and hit the jackpot. 


tune in

She paints her fingernails with metallic gray nail enamel, each one a blank TV screen: tiny tvs on the ends of her fingers. If she were a futuristic-minded chick like me, she'd call their color cyborg-eye gray. But she isn't, so I'm the one who imagines her nails powering up, flickering to life as she fans her fingers in front of me. Tiny images flash in unison like some appliance department hallucination, and she runs the tips of her nails down the fabric of my shirt.

She sucks on her finger and I imagine sound, too, the tinny voices of a laundry soap commercial drown out as she wraps her tongue around her finger.

She's slipping her wet finger between my legs, now two fingers, and three. Her pinky and thumb come together, and five sitcoms at once jabber on, laugh tracks out of sync; smiling well-scrubbed faces reciting one-liners are buried in the folds of my cunt.

Maybe in the future, I think, we'll experience tv with something other than our eyes and ears... but then she interrupts my thought, demanding to know, "What is so funny?"

Lucille Ball is taking a pratfall, Jerry Seinfeld is talking about nothing, Alan Hale is taking off his hat to hit his little buddy with, Robin Williams is drinking through his finger, and Henry Winkler—the Fonz—is giving me a big thumbs up. 

Editor's Note: *The short-short works which appear here are part of a larger "novel mosaic" entitled **The Book of Want**, which is still in the works.*

"She"
Thomás Quigg



Dress Me

I want to clothe myself in you.
In a dress the colour of your cock
just before you come.
Of a fabric as delicate
as the skin of your balls.
I want to wear a scarf
as silky as your voice
and as glossy as your eyelids.
I want stockings as sheer
as your sighs
and shoes that fit my feet
like your mouth fits my tongue.
I want a bra that cups me
like your hands
when you take me from behind.
I want to perfume myself
with your milk,
applied like kisses at my throat
between my breasts
and legs.

And when I have all this,
I want you to undress me.

— Elana White

**my soft mushy lips
swell like high tide
when your moon face rises**

— Leslie Barton



slam dance

story by Thomas S. Roche • illustration by Deon Allen

It's not like Dakota really expected anything to happen when she followed the punk chick into the bathroom. Sure, they'd been flirting all night—without either of them saying a word or coming within ten feet of each other, their courtship a mix of eye contact and body language through the surging, dancing crowd of punks. But Dakota never thought she'd do anything like what she did—was only vaguely aware things like that happened at all. And Dakota was quite sure that she wasn't that sort of girl. God, how she wanted to be, but she just couldn't manage it.

She'd had to pee for an hour when she saw the pink-haired girl head for the women's toilet. Dakota didn't know if she really thought she'd talk to the girl, or just wanted to be near her—but almost without knowing what she was doing, she threaded her way through the churning crowd and found herself at the back of an incredibly long line, her heart pounding. She was standing right behind the pink-haired chick, so close she could smell the girl's sweat even over the stink of the club.

Outside, the crowd was slam dancing and the music had risen to a fever pitch. The lead singer was screaming and surfing the crowd, microphone crackling, as the guitars got louder and louder. And Dakota was staring at the pink-haired girl's gorgeous body. The girl was wearing a scoop-back shirt, skintight and spandex, black. It hugged her shoulders and waist, and plunged low to reveal much of that unbelievable back. How did you get a back like that, anyway? It was muscled,

beautifully muscled, with blue-black, modern-primitive tattoos defining her shoulder-blades. But there was just something unbelievably sexy about the shape of that back, something Dakota didn't doubt the girl had been born with.

And the rest of her was equally hot. The girl wore tight patent-leather hiphuggers that looked like they were decent by maybe a quarter-inch. Dakota could almost see the defining valley of the girl's ass, could almost imagine what it would be like to drop down onto her knees and slip her tongue into that valley. The zipper was in back, so it wasn't like it would be hard for Dakota to open up those pants and find out first hand what that lovely ass tasted like...

The girl turned her head and looked at Dakota, a little smirk on her lips as if she knew exactly what Dakota was thinking. Dakota flushed bright red, her breath coming short and her heart pounding. The girl turned slightly, and Dakota's eyes roved involuntarily over those tight, small breasts, braless under the black spandex, nipples standing hard and erect, visible. Dakota realized her cunt was throbbing in time with the music.

The girl turned fully to face Dakota, but didn't say a thing. Her eyes flickered up and down Dakota's body, and Dakota suddenly felt as if she'd been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But the pink-haired girl didn't seem to think so—her smirk stayed, and her eyes returned to Dakota's body again and again, flickering over

the slight breasts—too-small breasts, Dakota often thought—and flat stomach, visible under the cut-off Sonic Youth T-shirt Dakota was wearing. The girl's eyes lingered on Dakota's thighs, and Dakota felt self-conscious for a moment—she shouldn't have worn the exceedingly-short stretch-cotton skirt with the skulls and daggers, that was so 1988; she shouldn't have worn the lace-top fishnets, that was so 1984—but the pink-haired girl didn't seem to mind. Dakota tried to pretend not to notice she was being watched intently, while the pink-haired girl alternated her glances from the floor to the ceiling to each wall—and then back to Dakota, lingering, flirting, undressing Dakota with her eyes before starting the cycle all over again. Neither of them said a thing—couldn't have said a thing, anyway, because the music was so god-damn loud. Dakota had often had totally pointless conversations with friends in this club, each of them screaming at the other and smiling and nodding to pretend they'd understood a single word. The pink-haired girl seemed to know better—she just looked, and smiled.

Dakota could feel her cunt under that short skirt—warm, comfortable, and very, very wet.

As they neared the bathroom, Dakota could smell the rank stink of urine mingled with the cloying scent of pot smoke and the tang of amyl nitrate. She began to feel a little high from the smoke—but it was the urine that really dominated, making her gag even over the pot smoke.

(continued on page 43)

Yours

by Jill Nagle

Three months, or is it four, I wonder, as our bodies press harder and harder together. You've shaved the dark curls off your head, which sets off your sculpted features even more intensely: chiseled cheekbones, stern jaw, tapered nose. And the colors in your face! Black eyelashes fringing ice-blue eyes, full rosy lips against alabaster skin.

I want you to give it up to me, you had said in a recent phone conversation, I want you to give it all up. That's asking a lot, I had said. I know, you had purred. Since then I've been dreaming. And waking up wet, hungry, and bewildered. Wishing—and dreading—what I may be about to learn.

I can already feel myself different with you. It's something about the way I'm lifting my eyes slowly to meet yours, as if asking permission at every moment, as if expecting to be told no, not yet, but still full with gratefulness for everything up to this point. Day, Dayenu—Hebrew words chanting in my head, saying “it would have been sufficient.”

So, I lift, and lift my eyes, and when I finally meet yours, I find them stern, serene, and intent. “And whose little girl are you?” you whisper, your hand on the back of my neck. I bow down to the pressure, letting my face press into the pillow. “Yours,” I whisper back through the thick softness, “yours. I'm yours.”

Tightening your grip on my neck, you jerk me roughly to the side and pin both my arms with your one remaining. My heart is knocking in my chest, my vision blurred. You ask again, “whose little girl are you?” I muster some focus, but I am convulsing now—through fluttering eyelids I catch glimpses of your juicy full crimson mouth and your blushing nipple against a porcelain breast.

My mouth waters and my hand slides out of your grip trembling, reaching for your ripe, naked berry. I catch the sweet prize between my thumb and forefinger for the barest instant before you grab my wrist and return it to your restraining grip. “WHOSE,” you begin. “Yours,” I whimper instantly, “please...I'm yours...”

Your lips curl back into a slight sneer, eyes narrowing. “You aren't really there yet, are you?” You taunt. “You can't quite give it up just now, can you? You want it so badly, but you're

hanging onto that last shred of safety.” On the word safety, you twist my arms sharply into the soft bedding and I gasp at the simultaneous rush of pain and blistering erection in my clit.

Something balloons inside my gut and up to my throat. I feel sobs rising in my sinuses. Tears marble your image and you slide next to me, wrapping yourself around me like a cocoon, caressing my head, my back, my torso, while I cry and cry. “Almost,” you whisper.

As my breathing returns to normal, you slide your thigh between my legs and I ride down onto you and up into the kneading movements of your strong hands. You squeeze handfuls of flesh away from my shoulders and hold them there, for minutes, it seems. I breathe into the tension, into the pain.

You continue kneading me, this time with your teeth and you scoop my spine and its surrounding flesh, nerve endings and blood vessels into your mouth with your jaw, the strongest part of the human body. You have me caught by the scruff of my neck. And something happens.

Like a kitten, I go utterly limp. Every muscle relaxes into the primal trust of a mother animal's care for her young. I feel you picking up the slack of my will in the strength in your hands.

You are all mine, now, aren't you? Your question is everywhere. I cannot answer for the paralyzing terror and thrill of the consequences.

“To whom do you belong?” you intone thunderously. Goddamn you fucking pedantic shit—you can't even end a sentence with a preposition in bed, can you? Adrenaline pours into my muscles as my thoughts resist and rebel. Fucking Ivy League pampered bourgie dilettante! What the fuck am I doing with you?

Suddenly my face is stinging and staring into my shoulder. “Listen to me when I'm talking to you, little girl.” I do not recognize your voice; it is low, deep and menacing. My cunt throbs and spasms of fear and renegade fuck joy are shooting up my back, and only after the pain falls away a bit do I notice your fingers, slowly plumbing my wetness, in and out, in and out. I think I can hear my heart.

"Turn Away"
Jim Kearns



"Whose little girl are you now?" you demand, voice thick with impatience, still fucking me slowly. Yours, daddy, I think silently. Fear and come energy shoot through me again, in unison. I'm not ready to say that yet. Instead, I slowly open my eyes to the sight of my aching cunt hungrily engulfing each stroke of your hand.

And once again I slowly traverse your sinewy torso, caressing each nipple with my gaze, resting on your neck feeling my mouth water with hunger, and you are still fucking me and fucking me, and I'm afraid to look at your eyes, because then I might come, and then this would be over; or I might not show you how completely submitted to you I really am; or you'll see me the most vulnerable I ever have been, or—your eyes!

Your eyes meet mine, and once again, my reflexes pull me out of my head into kitten-trust: soft and limp and yours. You twist my arm behind me hard and bark, "Answer me, god-damnit! Whose little girl are you? What kind of a slut are you, anyway?" You twist harder and harder until the stabs of pain entwine with the stabs of fuck into a rope around my neck and I'm at the edge of the ledge and you fuck me, fuck me fuck me all off balance and as my eyes meet yours once again, it is all I can do to kitten-croak, "Yours..." before your eyes push me completely off the ledge, back behind my head, and I fall and fall and fall screaming and clutching and screaming and thrashing and screaming and gasping, and screaming, drowning out everything else in the universe. ©

tics sex

by Debra Hyde

The first time I hid Richie's Halperidol on him, he went ape shit on me right there in the kitchen. "Where are they—Bitch cunt! Cunt face!—where?"

Naked, I sidled up to him, caressed his chest, and ground my groin against him. I felt an instant erection rise in his pajama pants. Richie was right about one thing: I was a bitch cunt. Especially when I wanted it.

"Come on, Richie," I urged, "I'll give it back. Just make love to me first."

He glanced up to the ceiling, rolled his eyes upwards, then back and forth four times. As he lowered his head to meet my gaze, Richie nodded violently four times. He was working in fours today.

"Come on," I continued, "You know I like it."

Richie sighed. "And you know I hate my verbal tics. They ruin things for me."

"Not all things," I countered. I took his hands and placed them on my tits. "I like having sex with you and your tics. I'm the freak here not you."

His hands, callused and rough, covered my little breasts, and my soft flesh encouraged him to squeeze. Four times, of course. His fingers found my nipples. He toyed with them, pinching them lightly, alternating from left to right, one, two, three, four.

Richie ate eggs the same way, in fours.

"Tit shit, tit shit," he muttered. Already he was aroused enough that he spoke instead of barked. Focus does that; it dulls his tics.

I reached into his pajamas and brought out his thick meat. I slipped to my knees and took it into my mouth. I sucked and tongued him and broke his focus.

"Dick licks! Oh God! Dick licks!" He gasped and groaned, then sputtered four more dick licks. I tasted pre-cum as he did.

"Yeah, baby, I'm licking your dick. Like it?"

"Bitch mouth!"

He liked it.

I kept at it, sucking, nibbling and tonguing him until "dick licks" degraded first into rhythmic grunts, then into normal moaning. By the time he reached that point, I was ready. I pulled away from his dick

and looked up at him. Richie looked down at me, plaintively, and asked, "why?"

"Because I like how you talk dirty to me."

"You are sick," he decided.

"Yeah but the sex is great, isn't it?" To prove my point, I lay down on the kitchen floor and spread my legs. "Come fuck me," I invited. Richie stood there, wondering whether to scowl and stamp out of the room or fall to his knees and take me. So I helped him decide. "Right here, on the floor, Richie. Everybody does it on the kitchen floor at least once."

Everybody does it. That did it. That normalized my request and normal appealed to Richie. He lowered himself to his knees and then onto me. "Fuck floor! Jesus! Fuck floor!"

I took him by the dick and guided him to me. I parted the lips between my legs as I brought the ones on my face to his cheek. I kissed him lightly as I felt the tip of his cock at my threshold.

Richie pushed into me hard enough to make me gasp, but it would take three pushes for him to access me. Three, not four. Richie compensated with four massive, full-body jerks, which righted things enough for him to start fucking me.

"Squish, squish," he muttered as he screwed me.

"Yeah, I'm wet for you," I agreed.

Richie quieted then. The rhythm and focus of fucking made the tics recede.

But I didn't care by that point. Richie's verbal dirt had worked its magic on me, and I grunted and went at it like the sex pig that I was. I clutched Richie's ass and pulled him into me, encouraging him to pump me hard and fast. I bucked, giving better than I got. Richie grabbed my breast and pinched its nipple, hard enough to make me thrash and squeal and come. That was all he needed. Richie slammed into me and came, snorting like a wild animal.

Soon after, his cock limp enough to slip from me, me wet enough with juice and jism to slick the floor, we rested in a tight embrace. The stillness of lying close made Richie's tics re-emerged and he shuttered and jerked several times in my arms. As I realized that the tics were mimicking his orgasm, he yelled "cunt fuck!" explosively.

Yeah, cunt fuck for sure.

Cunt fuck, cunt fuck, cunt fuck, cunt fuck!

Serape

Six months later, and still
your scent tarries in my
serape, your pheromones
impregnating every fiber
as it embraces me in the
impotent night, surprising
me with its constant ability
to stir that delicious sense
of all possibilities and allowing
me to experience the integrity
of obstructions, yet leaving
all my spiky anxieties transformed,
egg-like, fragile and smooth,
pregnant with new anxieties soon
to be born, held within its wool
embrace secure against the hard
reality, the truth of our relationship

— A.J. Heard

Erotic Words

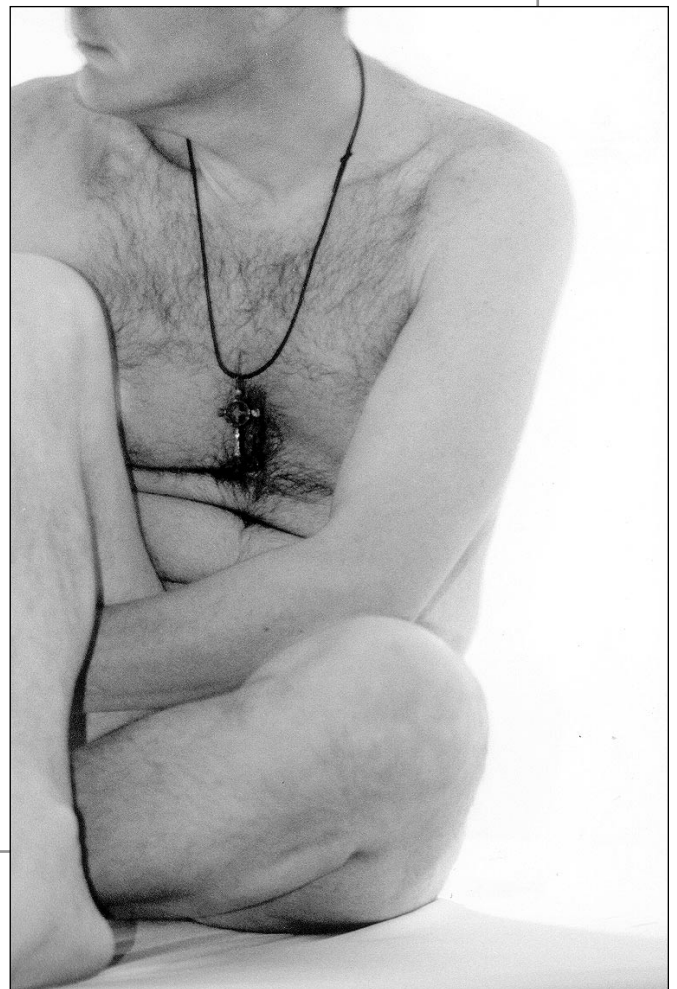
Their existence on a page
like semen on the skin,
giving off a musk
and tensions of the moment.

Leaving us a trail of sense,
experience and taste,
pen begins to brush
its point against the parchment.

And then, salt of sensual sweat
drying like the inkstroke
of a story ending
its symphony of movement.

— Charles Sanderson

"Solitude"
Thomás Quigg



The Pool Of Mr. & Mrs. DeMarcado

by Greg Wharton



She floats, letting the warm water soothe her body. She feels weightless, no gravity pull on her tired limbs, no stress. The water is a perfect 80 degrees and she enjoys the contrast of the warm water supporting her and the cool breeze that whips across the front of her body. A calm envelops her and she closes her eyes.

Her husband had found himself in an "accident" last week, an "accident" where he found himself floating face down, dead. Found in this same pool, their pool, the pool of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent DeMarcado. Actually, she had found him, and it had been 5 days before she was allowed to come back home and resume her life again, while the police investigated the scene of the crime.

She giggles, resume her life! Start her life is a better way to state it, she thinks as she opens her eyes to watch the stars start to sparkle in the early evening sky.

The police think that she did it, of course. A woman, her, Ginnie DeMarcado, still a looker at 37, finds her no-good-cheating-shit of a husband shot dead in the head, floating in his own bloody pool, leaving her very rich and very single and doesn't call the police for two hours? But she was confused when she found

"Aura"
Jim Kearns

him, she had told them. She was torn between the horror of finding his dead body in their pool, and happiness that the Bastard was dead! She had then started to cry; hoping it worked its magic as usual. Shit, at least she was honest!

That pool boy did a great job at cleaning the mess up. I'll have to give him a bonus, she thinks.

She runs her hand across her stomach, then up, grazing the nipples, which harden under her gentle touch. The Bastard was dead, finally. She had lived through eight years of lying, cheating, and mean-spirited husband-and-wife games, all the while putting on the good little wife routine to the public. Why should she be upset? Bastard!

Thankfully she had been with some friends during the "accident," so the cops knew that she couldn't have done it herself. But she knows they think she arranged it. Her finger slips between

morning and thank him, at least to hear his reaction. Not that he'll get anything for doing it, other than control of the business. If he did do it though, maybe she should show some kind of appreciation. She thinks of his little hairy body naked, mounting her as he did just that one time, and goes with the image. She uses her thumb and forefinger to tease her clit as she rubs in and out with two fingers from her other hand. The water continues to gently massage her back and legs as she visualizes him sliding his fat little cock into her ass.

She had given in only once to Bernie. She likes to call him Bernie because it irritates him. Bernard, a little worm of a business partner of her husband, had been after her tail for years. Then, on New Year's Eve two years ago when the Bastard was of course late showing up at his own party and she had drunk more than her fair share of champagne, she took Bernie into their bedroom and fucked him. At the time it had been nothing special, just throwing him a

little cock easily in her mind as she stabs three fingers in all at once. She lets out a small gasp as he hits home, fucking her from behind, his balls banging against her with each thrust.

Her body convulses and she doesn't notice the man approaching her from behind to watch her as she comes hard, her fingers spreading, prodding, and petting in a frenzy. Oh, fuck! She stabs hard at her ass with her fingers. "Oh."

"Well, isn't this a sight for my sore eyes at the end of a long day," he says.

Shit! Her fingers pull out from the warmth of her openings, but the sensations take a few moments to slow before she can answer. Her pussy throbs, her ass yearning for the fingers now withdrawn.

"Damn Ginnie, all these years and you're still the hottest bitch I know.

The Bastard was dead, finally. She had lived through eight years of lying, cheating, and mean-spirited husband-and-wife games, all the while putting on the good little wife routine to the public.

the lips of her cunt, and rubs slowly as she thinks of all the times she had considered arranging it. I hope he suffered. If she had arranged it, he would have surely suffered!

Could have been any number of people that they knew. He wasn't the most lovable guy. Maybe it was a stranger. But nothing was missing, nothing was vandalized, no note. She lets her head bob a little under the water sending shivers though her entire body, and she plunges a second finger deep into the warmth between her lips. Bernie?

Bernie, she decides. It was Bernie! She'll have to give him a call in the

bone and she was drunk. But now the thought of his cock taking aim at her tight behind was getting her hot, real hot.

She kicks her legs and aims for the steps, at first lazily and then more anxiously as she visualizes his body mounting hers. Sitting up on the steps with her ass just at water level, she rubs frantically at her clit and reaches under to press her middle finger into her warm asshole.

Her nipples pucker harder as the breeze whips them and she fucks at herself with both hands, her pussy engorged and wet with the pool's water and its own juices. Her ass takes his fat

What you thinking about?" He grips his now hard cock through his pants and waits for her answer.

She takes a deep breath and rubs her hands through her hair, then stands. That was great, I'll have to dream about him being dead more often, she thinks. She turns to him, then says, "Just thinking about you dear and I got so excited I couldn't help myself!"

Ginnie DeMercado steps out of the pool and gives her husband Vincent a deep wet welcome home kiss. A smile forms on her lips. Just thinking about you dead dear and I got so excited I couldn't help myself!



MAXIMUM SURPRISE

by Rick R. Reed

Amelia knew she should never read those damn *Cosmopolitan* magazines. They had only brought her trouble in the past, with their disappointing promises of how to keep men happy and directions on how to achieve the ultimate orgasm. "Orgasm, schmorgasm," her mother Helen had said, when she had tiptoed up behind an unsuspecting Amelia, an Amelia who quickly reddened and felt a line of sweat form on her brow. "The only ultimate orgasm you've ever had is with a jar of Pond's Cold Cream and a handful of stinky fingers." "Oh, Mother," Amelia had moaned, the tears beginning to flow as she flung the magazine across the room, "Why can't you just give a gal some peace?"

But now that her nuptials were impending and Amelia thought that orgasms could be a nightly affair, she read her *Cosmos* with less of a sense of despair. This particular morning, as she lounged in the kitchen with a tall glass of prune juice and a Granola bar, petting Sprinkles who had settled herself on her lap, Amelia felt the smug superiority of a woman fulfilled.

Even Helen had failed to rile her as she passed through the kitchen, stopping to grab her Preparation H suppositories from the refrigerator. "Stroking your pussy again?" Helen had grinned and Amelia rolled her eyes. "You know that damn stinky feline has to go when you do. Leave her here and I'll have her exterminated. I swear to God I will."

Amelia just grinned serenely, flipped a page in her magazine and tightened her sphincter muscles. It seemed the prune juice was already going to work. Amelia hoped she could hold off the distant, but insistent, rumblings of her bowels until she finished the article she was reading, "Maximum Surprise: How to Keep Your Man Guessing."

The article explained that spontaneity and the unexpected were the keys to keeping one's love life interesting. In its boldest suggestion, the piece said that a woman could lose no points by conducting a little breaking and entering into her man's abode, especially if the man was due home from work soon. There, she could get herself in the mood by going through his personal belongings and letting their tactile and olfactory cues direct her toward heights of passion that could only be assuaged when he came home to find a surprise wet and willing co-player in the high stakes game of passion. What man wouldn't be delighted with the shock of finding his beloved, with the tires already pumped, so to speak, so he could hop on and go for a long ride.

Amelia grinned. She was off today and thought the article would lead her to a unique way to consummate her relationship with Tom. The wedding night, she snorted, was for the young folk...she expected

to be too drunk to do much more than collapse into bed and fall asleep in a pool of her own vomit. Besides, once they were married, the plan would lose all its charm: she couldn't very well break into her own home, could she? Amelia slammed the magazine shut... she had probably waited too long, she thought, hobbling bow-legged toward the bathroom, spine ramrod stiff, and thinking that the crowning she was currently experiencing would be the closest she would ever come to actually giving birth.

She waited until 3:00, giving herself a good couple of hours. She threw on some casual togs: a pair of powder blue stretch pants with the crease already conveniently sewn in and a white sweatshirt with a glittering Koala bear emblazoned across its front. Amelia felt it didn't matter much what kind of ensemble she wore: it would be shed soon enough. She planned on dropping clothes as she headed toward Tom's bedroom, leaving a trail of not-so forbidden passion for him to follow. She made sure to put on her most absorbent cotton panties, to soak up the aroma of female-in-heat, certain to drive Tom crazy with desire the minute he opened his front door.

Walking the short distance to Tom's apartment in a kind of erotic haze, Amelia grinned lazily as she thought of how heated things would get in just a couple of hours...passion rising like the wail of a siren. Amelia failed to keep her hands from between her legs as she walked, already chastening herself because she had soaked through the polyester of her slacks, leaving a large, dark stain that reminded her of the state of Ohio. No matter, she thought, picturing Tom's drooling face once he opened the door and got a whiff.

Amelia made short work of Tom's mortise lock with a Sears credit card and entered. The apartment smelled like Tom: cigarettes, Old Spice and something vague and indefinable, but with the tang of overripe cheese...all of it so manly it made Amelia gasp and reach up and twist one of her nipples through her Matronform bra...just to give herself a little sampling of the pleasure she knew was in store. She twisted hard enough to make herself cry out and her eyes to water, then wondered what was wrong with her. In the back of her mind, Helen whispered, "nothing a skilled lobotomy wouldn't cure."

She began dropping clothing as she headed toward the kitchen, an amorous Gretel leaving a trail to her gingerbread house of love, whose doors would soon be flung open wide, her sweetest of treats available for lengthy sampling. In the kitchen, she raided the Frigidaire, but not for a snack. Half naked and not even aware she was panting and emitting strange little grunting noises, Amelia loaded herself up with

carrot, cucumber and her best find, one that caused her to shriek with delight: a Swiss Colony Summer Sausage log, pristine in its wrapper of cellophane.

"It won't be pristine for long," Amelia snickered. As an afterthought, she snatched a tub of Imperial margarine, thinking wildly that it might come in handy should Tom want to travel a back road to ecstasy. "It's not nice to fool Mother Nature!" Amelia shrieked, then collapsed into giggles.

She dropped the rest of her clothes as she made her way to the bedroom. There, she unloaded her kitchen delights on Tom's manly plaid comforter and headed for his chest of drawers, then veered off course, thinking that the wicker hamper in the corner might be better suited to her needs.

Stark naked now, her thighs as slick as the back of an otter, Amelia rooted through the hamper, searching for the perfect pair of Fruit of the Looms: they had to be of a certain age, with the elastic perhaps just beginning to lose some of its zing. Gasping, she pulled out her fantasy's reality: white cotton briefs, going to gray with age, with a tiny provocative hole Amelia imagined out of which some of Tom's more bullish

attributes might peek.

They were stained in just the right places, the front with a yellowish oval, faded from years of washing but victorious in its war with bleach. "Aw, how cute," Amelia said as she directed her gaze toward the rear of the briefs. There, a skid mark the size of Amelia's middle finger snaked its way down, faded, but still possessed of a rich auburn hue.

"How boyish," Amelia whispered, just before burying her face in the briefs, inhaling their heady man scent, deep and aromatic enough to just about send her reeling. Instead, she dropped to her knees, grinding the cotton into her face, taking in lungfuls of her man's most hidden essences.

Amelia hobbled to the bed, the underpants affixed to her head like a ski-mask, arms outstretched, feeling her way. Once she stumbled and fell painfully to her knees. She grunted as her knees made impact with the hardwood floor. But at last she reached the bed and collapsed face-up on it. Reaching up with one hand, she ground the cotton into her face, opening her mouth to stuff some of it inside, where

she could suck, imagining the potent cocktail her own saliva and evidence of Tom's excretions would make.

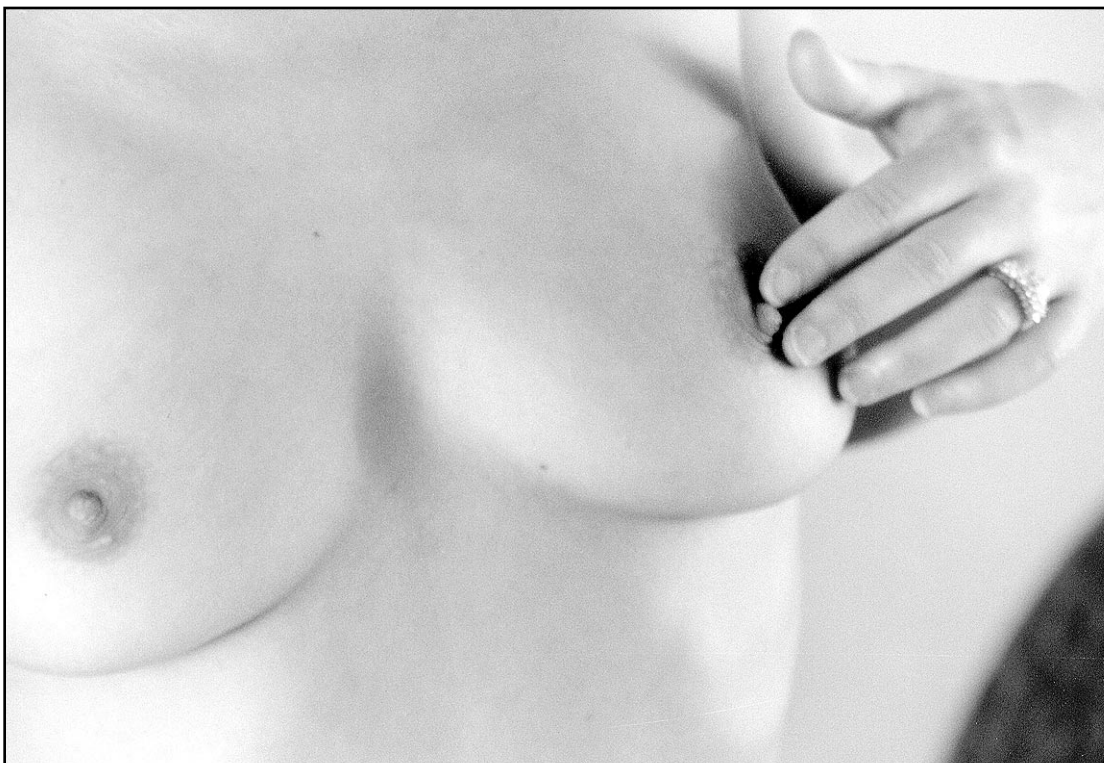
With her other hand, she found the carrot and grasping it, shoved it inside herself so deep that all that showed was its leafy green top, peeking out from Amelia's honeypot as if she had planted parsley down there. With her vaginal muscles, she sucked it deeper inside herself, until even the green had disappeared. "Whoopsie," Amelia said, quivering with her first orgasm. She groped for the cucumber then abandoned it when her hand came to rest on the Summer Sausage log. Not caring that she would be pushing the carrot in so far that only medical intervention could remove it, Amelia began savagely frigging herself with the seasoned meat.

So caught up in her machinations was Amelia that she almost didn't hear the creak of the front door opening.

Almost.

A wide Cheshire grin spread across Amelia's features as she heard the slam of the front door. Moving the underpants to one side of her face like a curtain. Amelia

(continued on page 45)



"Touch"
Thomás Quigg

For My Ex-Lover's Lover

I see what she sees in you:
the curve of your cheek
is almost more than I can bear.
Sometimes when we talk
you will touch my shoulder gently
and I feel it in the places
where she hungers.
I know her weaknesses
the way she likes to hold you
how your face looks to her
from above.
I see your limbs entangled loosely
and the movements that arouse her
feel her hot and pulsing in your hand
as if I lie between you
instead of by myself
remembering the curve
of your cheek.

Sometimes I wonder
on whose account I'm jealous

— Marcy Sheiner

YOU LOVED YELLOW or VINCENT

You loved yellow
and gave it your madness
Your palette convulses with it
an ungodly blend of jism and sweat and pigment

Sudden gasps of hue
no natural colour can resist
Innocent sunflowers writhe and scream
and a clear blue sky spasms with black birds
Cornfields seethe and night skies roil
and I can hear the howling of your ignition

I want to burn in your eyes
Paint my reflections
my pale shoulders and thighs
as violet and ochre seizures
Smudge your charcoal-dusted fingers
as rich black shadows beneath my breasts
Brush your torment upon my nipples
in smears of vermillion
And make your hectic carmine
bloom between my legs

— Elana White

Coyote Courting

All dressed up in your magik, like Coyote come courting.
You spread before me all the ifs and maybes,
taking me in marriage by that left handed gift of black currants,
pregnant with promises, offered in your seduction, slow and full,
like the sweet, dark taste in my mind, of things to come,
causing me to walk through my days wrapped in
intimacies created by the mystery in our souls union,
leaving me with longing, a shadow to every breath,
keeping you forever, inhabitant of my imaginings.

— A.J. Heard

*... and if I die before I wake,
I pray the lord my soul will take ...*

The Fire People

story by Del Stone, Jr. • illustration by Charles Sanderson

It was the smoke alarm that hauled Gabby out of a dream-filled sleep, a barb of sound hooking through her left ear, through the center of her brain, piercing muzzy, subconscious images of guilt and sin and virginity.

She did not know what was happening, and staggered out of bed to answer the telephone or thumb the buzzer on the alarm clock or remove the clothes from the dryer. But after a moment of eye-rubbing she recognized the shriek, and her skin seemed to shrink around her bones. *Oh my*, she gasped to herself, and she almost said it. She almost spoke the sacrilege:

Oh my God.

She reached for the doorknob without thinking and—too late now—it was hot, hotter than the little travel iron set on “cotton,” and the door swung open as she jerked her hand away, a surprised gasp whistling through her lips. A wave of twisting heat and light rolled into the bedroom, as if she had just popped the door on the oven after baking a tray of dinner rolls.

Fire— fire— fire—

Flames blew up the stairwell with a roar, chewing along the pebbled ceiling and gnawing at the banister and reaching for the register at the top of the landing. The air was filled with the cauterizing stench of chemicals and woodsmoke, and Gabby could think only stupid thoughts: *How did this happen? What did I do to deserve this?*

And then she was crawling for the sliding glass door at the other end of the bedroom, which opened to the fourth-floor balcony—never mind what she would do then; all that mattered was escape. And as a part of her brain tallied the losses—her clothes and furniture, the photographs of her Sunday school students and her great-grandmother's Bible and the gold-plated crucifix pendant given to her by the Reverend Thomas Miller for her years of service to the Antioch Baptist Church—another part of her glanced back resentfully at the advancing flames, and that was when she saw them. Sinister movement amid the ugly glare.

The fire people.

Her muscles froze, and the breath eased out of her so that her belly grazed the furry nap of the carpet. Although she knew she must get out now or die, she could not tear herself from the sight of them.

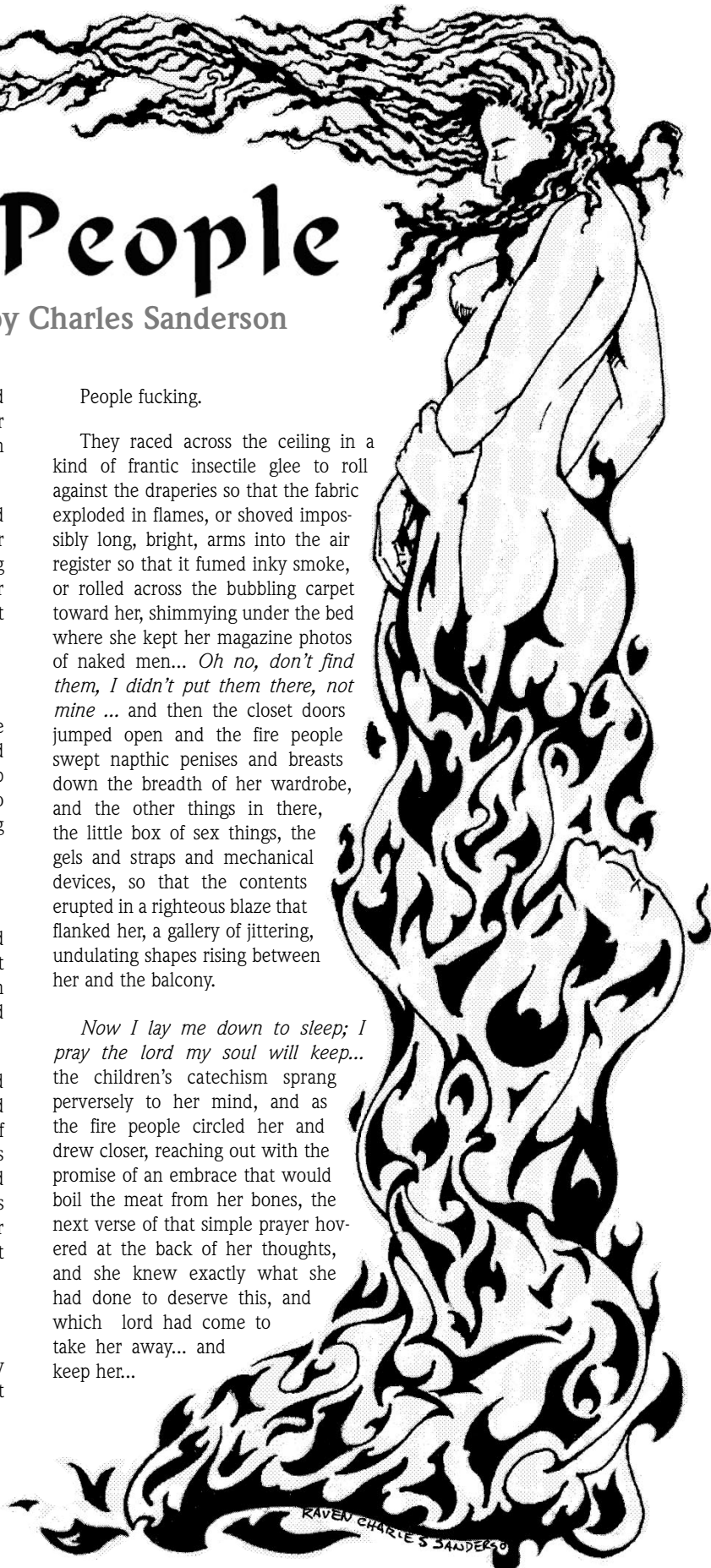
People, in the fire. *Of* the fire.

People with huge, swaying breasts that seemed filled with jellied gasoline, and bulbous penises that twitched and sprayed bright arcing gobbets of lava. Copulating. Fornicating.

People fucking.

They raced across the ceiling in a kind of frantic insectile glee to roll against the draperies so that the fabric exploded in flames, or shoved impossibly long, bright, arms into the air register so that it fumed inky smoke, or rolled across the bubbling carpet toward her, shimmying under the bed where she kept her magazine photos of naked men... *Oh no, don't find them, I didn't put them there, not mine ...* and then the closet doors jumped open and the fire people swept naphthc penises and breasts down the breadth of her wardrobe, and the other things in there, the little box of sex things, the gels and straps and mechanical devices, so that the contents erupted in a righteous blaze that flanked her, a gallery of jittering, undulating shapes rising between her and the balcony.

Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the lord my soul will keep... the children's catechism sprang perversely to her mind, and as the fire people circled her and drew closer, reaching out with the promise of an embrace that would boil the meat from her bones, the next verse of that simple prayer hovered at the back of her thoughts, and she knew exactly what she had done to deserve this, and which lord had come to take her away... and keep her...



off the market

An ex-professional Dominatrix gives her reasons for dismissing her slaves in favor of self-fulfillment.

by Cathryn Curtis

It used to turn me on to put on the uniform of the Dominatrix. Decked out in my leather, latex and skyscraper boots. As soon I carefully applied my make-up and slid on those boots I was a ready made Goddess. I knew when the client arrived he would be floored by my imposing six foot image.

I set up my play space as if I was preparing to perform a theatre piece. Lights just right, low enough to make the mood, yet high enough to allow me to see as I performed the more delicate procedures. Music to relax and excite the client and incense to awaken their olfactory senses.

I never wore perfume so they could smell my personal aroma. It turned them on to smell the sweetness of my sweat and the dampness in my black satin panties. The dungeon prepared, we would enter the room and for the next couple of hours I would have a slave.

I used to get excited when I prepared for a visit from a submissive. The excitement of the play, the power exchange, the challenge of providing a two hour erotic fantasy, based on just a small bit of information conveyed to me over the phone during the initial interview. The hundreds of men I have seen over the last ten years have come to me for fulfillment of their dirty secret fantasies.

I have filled hungry rectums with my fingers, fist, dildos and hoses. Whipped, spanked and beaten men until they cried and begged for mercy.

These were usually the lawyers. Seems like about half of my clientele was in the legal profession. I figured they felt crummy about having to be such assholes on a daily basis and came to me for redemption. The others were mostly middle to upper class white collar businessmen.

Got to have some serious disposable income to support a kinky habit of frolicking with a mistress, while you're dressed as a slut.

Sometimes I would get a real masochist and get to do a heavy pain scene, which I preferred. I loved the ones who wanted piercings. I enjoy the feeling of pushing a fat needle through a man's scrotum. Those scenes were few and far between and left me with the more mundane aspects of professional domination. Those being cross-dressing sissy boys who like to be fucked in the ass by a big girl wearing a strap-on.

It was fun in the beginning until I realized how selfish these boys could be. I started playing as a top so I could have my needs and fantasies fulfilled, when I became a rent-a-Dom it became less about me than the slave. Now I avoid subs like the plague.

It used to turn me on to be desired.

It seems like everyone wants a piece of me, like a mechanic on the weekend. Just a quick look under the hood could turn into an event. The parties are the worst. "Oh, you're the Dominatrix, what's that like? Do you make a lot of money?" I've had to create a barrier to protect myself from the innocent curious. They will ask incredibly personal questions that they wouldn't dare ask anyone else simply because of the fact I am in the sex industry.

Being a sex-worker doesn't mean that I have sex with clients. In the world of real bdsm players, a mistress wouldn't even think of having sex with a client and surprisingly they rarely ever ask. They come to me for an erotic escape, not a quick orgasm.

Study for
"The Priestess"
Jim Kearns



I got into the scene to play. I started charging for it when it became obvious there was a market for it. I've left it to get my joy of bdsm back into my life. The burnout was inevitable. It's too personal for me and I have given far too much energy to people I don't really care about.

Now it turns me on to be the bottom. I have selfish greedy needs and now I'm indulging them. No more scenes with strangers, no more hiding from the law and no more pseudo-slaves slobbering on my shoes. It's time for me to be the slave, offering my sweet treats

to him, the one I give a fuck about. I revel in my own masochism and my lover takes control. Ultimately, he is creating my fantasies and giving me the thrill of letting go. He uses me in ways I would have never imagined and I love it. Turns out I'm a slut, so I'm just gonna go with it.

I don't miss my clients but I know they miss me. I know because my phone still rings months after pulling my domination ads. There are plenty of dominants and the clients can always find someone else to play with. I have always wondered why a man doesn't com-

municate with his wife/life-partner about his sexual needs. Most have fantasies that are pretty tame and it would seem easy enough for the wife to strap it on once in awhile.

I guess men like to see a glamorous image of a woman who can be ready for fun on a few hours notice. They like to have the danger of a secret and do things they're not supposed to do. They want to live out their bad boy fantasies and get punished for it. Whatever their motivation, there will always be the Dominatrix to fulfill them

It's just not going to be me. ☉

Sexual Haikus

What is erotic?
A warm mid-summer's night breeze
Against my bare skin.

What is erotic?
A gentle poke in the eye,
Gouging the eye out.

What is erotic?
A slap in the face for a
Crude, loud, sexy word.

What is erotic?
A used condom found floating
In a swimming pool.

What is erotic?
Snowflakes falling endlessly,
In a Winter storm.

What is erotic?
A paperback full of words
In stories of lust.

What is erotic?
The Painter's brush dipped in paint,
Creating new worlds.

What is erotic?
The Jazz man improvising
On his newest song.

What is erotic?
The grinding gears in a car,
Speeding down to Hell.

What is erotic?
A Box of poisoned chocolates
For your enemies.

What is erotic?
A guitarist with long hair,
Rockin' out all night.

Can it not be said
Everything is erotic
In this world of light...?

— James Dilworth

Sidewalk Bubblegum

By Clay Butler

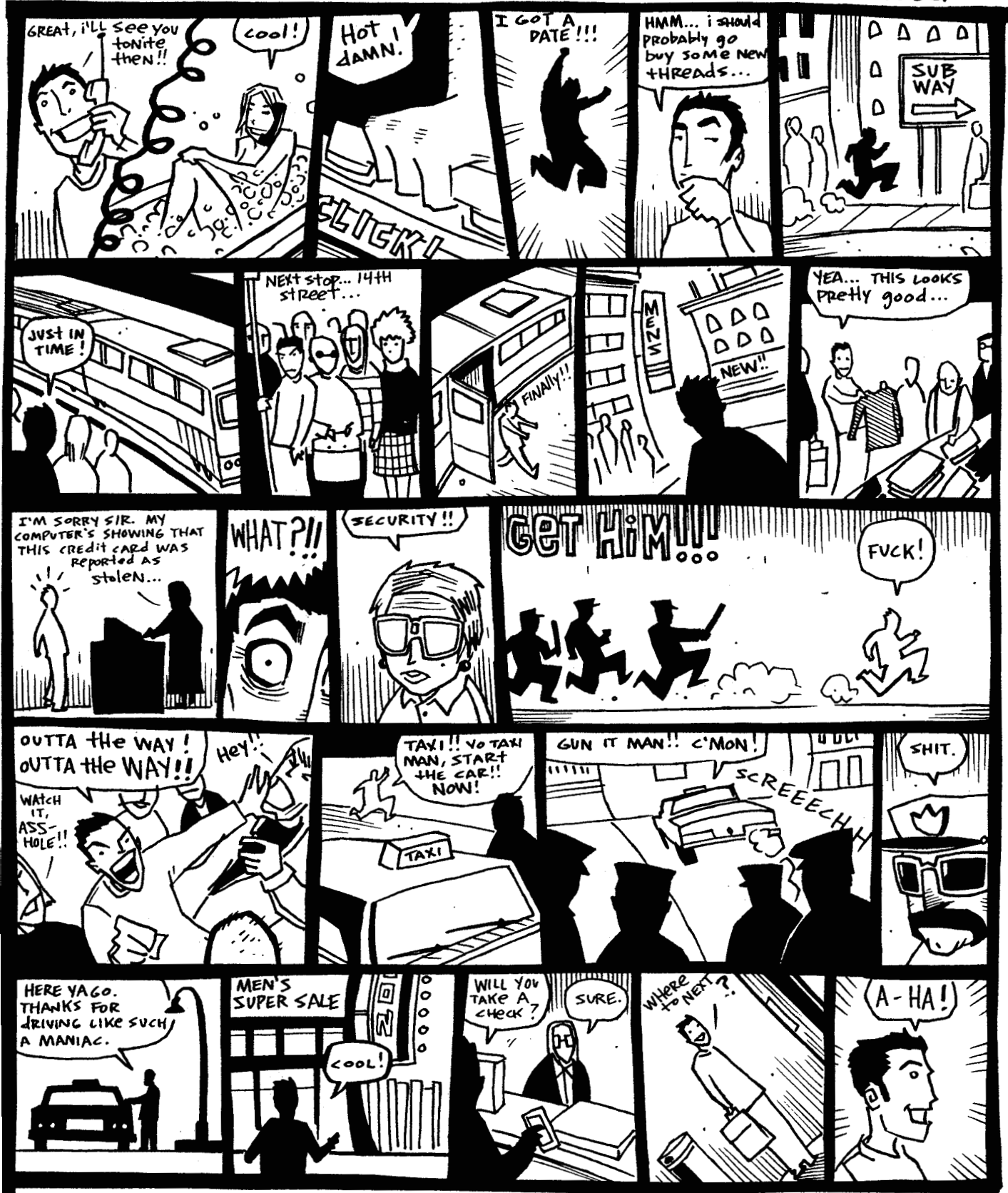
THE WORLD REALLY IS FULL OF PERVERTS



STUPID COMICS

the big date

©2000 MAHFOOD





A dozen Red Roses please!



Well! some young lady is going to be VERY HAPPY!



YEA...



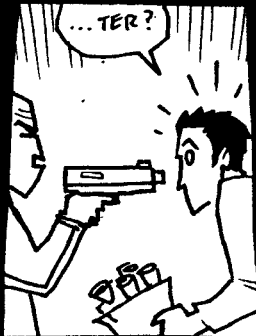
... I HOPE SO.



SEE YA LA...



...TER?



THIS IS A STICK-UP, BOY!!



GREAT.

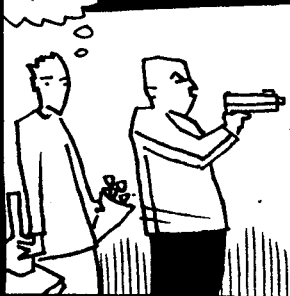
OHMY!! I-I don't HAVE THAT MUCH MONEY HERE!! OH GOD...!!



FUCK ME!! IF I DON'T get OUTTA HERE SOON I'M GONNA BE LATE!!



HMM...



THIS VASE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!



I CAN'T BELIEVE I JUST DID THAT.



ARE YOU GOING TO PAY FOR THAT VASE YOU BROKE?



YEA RIGHT



SUBWAY



CROWDED!



ALMOST HOME!



FUCK! WHERE ARE MY KEYS?!



MADE IT!



HOLD ON!!



I'M COMING!!



Hello?



LISTEN ALAN, IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA BE TOO BUSY TO HANG OUT TONIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME

A CALL NEXT WEEK?

END

FantasErotic

BY: RAVEN CHARLES SANDERSON.

Je suis perdu.

I am lost.

...imprisoned and
deprived of sight

sound

touch

and taste.

Now they have forgotten me...

Left me to the prison of my mind.

and my eyes see naught
but fantasy and memory.

My eros for life has faded, and I have only my FANTASEROTIC world to live in.



I am
suspended
in these
chains
awaiting
fantasy's
arrival

I wait to dive
into her folds.



And when
she comes
to me from
the shadows...

My chains
swiftly dissolve
into the sweat
of passion.



My fantasy never abandons me. My fantasy never forgets. My fantasy has no boundaries, nor expectations of me. My beautiful fantasy gives me touch, sound, taste, and sight. It lives in a vision of intangible wonders, and fills my mind like the air of a new world. In my fantasy, I have forgotten my unconscious existence in reality...

Until the day came
that my fantasy spoke.

O'Redon is
your name, and
your prison still exists.

I can free you of
this place.

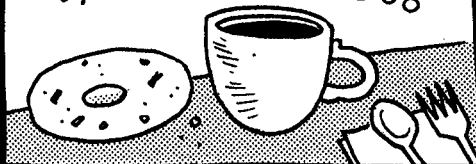


"Shall I continue?"

6-00 CHARLES SANDERSON

donuts

by JIM MAHFOOD©



there's Nothin' quite Like
WAKIN' UP NEXT TO A BEAUTIFUL
NAKED GIRL ON A SUNDAY
MORNING.



YAWN!
ESPECIALLY AFTER YOU'VE
HAD SOME OF THAT GOOD
MORNING SEX.



HEY STUD, YOU
GONNA GO GET US
SOME BREAKFAST?



SURE.



WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

OH C'MON, YOU
HAVE TO ASK ??
the SUNDAY
MORNING SPECIAL,
BABY!

DONUTS
'N
COFFEE!!



MMMM....
sweet!



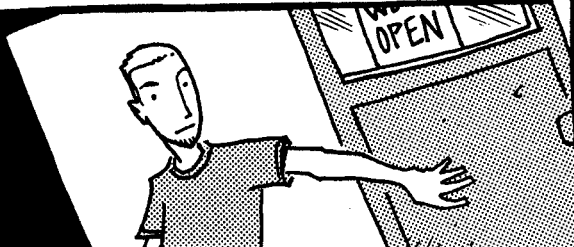
BE BACK INNA
SEC...

SMOOCH!
♡
♡
♡

Luckily there's A great donut shop just three blocks
down the street FROM WHERE I LIVE.



THE OWNER'S NAME IS AL. HE'S A NICE GUY.

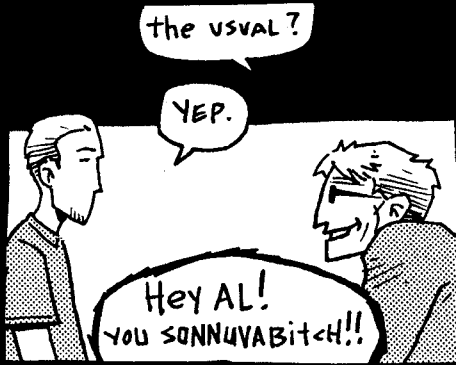


HEY THERE TOMMY!



MORNIN'
AL!





Eroscope

By Crystal Balzac

LEO

(Jul 23 to Aug 23)

Fireworks?! You will find many explosive and magical moments lighting up your love life over the next three months. Your sexual improvisations are always masterful, lusty Lion, and you'll be overflowing with creative juices—not to mention other libidinous liquids! Although it's not truly your style, you may find yourself drawn to "group activities", but you want (and deserve) all the attention, so won't be satisfied by threesomes.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 to Sep 23)

It's true what they say: you're not getting older, virile Virgin, you're getting better! They also say that charity begins at home; you'll be more than generous with your lover(s). But forget the tantric toys—that perky playmate may be playing head games. Don't let him/her take advantage of your good nature without taking advantage of the rest of you. Take the offensive and go undercover to find out what the problem is.

LIBRA

(Sep 24 to Oct 23)

Luscious Libra, it's time to tip the scales away from the mundane and let your imagination take over. Why shouldn't fantasy become reality once in awhile? Let that sexy someone tickle your fancy—and whatever else needs tickling! Pursue some "continuing education" and test your limits. Then let your lover(s) give you a new amorous assignment. With your talents, it will be easy for you to ace this "sexam"!

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 to Nov 22)

Serious Scorp, you must overcome your tendency to be a poster child for the "silent majority". Still waters may run deep, but you won't get the opportunity to plunge in and enjoy yourself if you don't open up. A few satisfying "discussions" with your lover will greatly improve your carnal communications. Keep it light—too many turbulent tumbles will wear you down and tempt you to pull the sheets over your head instead.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 to Dec 21)

Don't be afraid to "boldly go" wherever your adventures take you, even if it's only as far as the other side of town. Long-distance lover Jupiter joins with the amorous Moon and impulsive Mars to encourage your sexploration of "uncharted territories". Ensuring your horny happiness will be top priority for a long time. Get plenty of rest and take your vitamins. You'll need every ounce of energy for tantric "travels"!

CAPRICORN

(Dec 22 to Jan 20)

Three eclipses in July will demand your flexibility. Start stretching so you're ready for those "bendable, poseable Barbie" moments; after all, it just wouldn't do to be sidelined if you pull the wrong muscle in the heat of passion! You'll be mixing business with pleasure as well for the next several weeks. Turn on the charm, captivating Cap, and broaden your horizons in the board room with horizontal presentations in the bedroom.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 to Feb 19)

Loose lips have caused you to bite off more than you can chew; raised sexpectations have your ex-lover(s) in a tantric tizzy. It's not that you can't deliver—it's just that you'll be wasting your time with coulda-woulda-shoulda wanna-be's who won't satisfy your lusts. Other doors are opening and a new lover's ready to ring your bell. Come out of the carnal closet, wary Water Bearer—and bring those sexual skeletons with you!

PISCES

(Feb 20 to Mar 20)

Flying Fish, you're ready to feather your nest for awhile. But the fun won't stop—you can be just as creative at home. And when you play house, you play hard, NOT hard-to-get! Serve breakfast in bed, with you as the decadent dessert. Set up the video camera and/or extra mirrors and indulge in your own private home theater. A few bounteous between-the-sheets seductions will recharge your ever-ready bawdy batteries!

ARIES

(Mar 21 to Apr 20)

Money talks but it's not loose change bulging in that pocket, randy Ram. What you really need is a change of scenery. Write a new chapter in your little black book by sexploring alternative ways to arouse your interest and your libido. You're definitely up to the challenge, but don't forget the importance of a KISS—keep it simple, Sexy! Over-indulgence could compromise your health as well as whatever standards you have.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 to May 21)

The planets are trying to get you to push the envelope—and you're worried about paper cuts! Everything's touch and go with you, bullish one; your lover touches you and you go off the deep end. Sexual tension is one thing—sexual frustration, quite another! Practice patience as you strive to develop a new routine. Channel aggressive tendencies into passion plays. You need to get out of your rut... or your rutting days will be over!

GEMINI

(May 22 to June 21)

Fiery Mars will bring spontaneity and you're not in the mood to play games, tempestuous Twin. Cosmic energy is swirling around you, but be careful what you wish for—and be ready when you get it. By September, voluptuous Venus takes up residence in your house of love affairs. You'll be in all the right places at all the right times, making all the right moves—up and down, side to side, front to back, round and round...!

CANCER

(Jun 22 to Jul 22)

You're reminiscing about decadent days gone by—past passions, frenzied flings, youthful yearnings. What's up with that? Why while away the hours with mental masturbation when you can still indulge in no-holds-barred, back-to-basics, face-to-face sex?! Rather than crab about what you think you're missing, enjoy what you have. Age is a state of mind. History can repeat itself, capricious Crab—again and again!

Slam Dance (continued from page 21)

Dakota didn't know how long the line took, but it could have been an hour. By the time they were at the front of the line, Dakota felt like her pained bladder was about to explode. The pink-haired girl just kept watching her, never said a thing, and Dakota was much too embarrassed to open her mouth. Until they got to the front of the line, waiting for one of the six stalls to open up.

The pink-haired girl gave Dakota another smile, this time holding her eyes as if asking a question, and Dakota just stared at her, blankly, not knowing how to answer.

So when the sixth stall opened up, the pink-haired girl grabbed Dakota's hand and dragged her into the stall, slamming the door behind them and shoving Dakota up against the cold tiles.

Dakota melted into her.

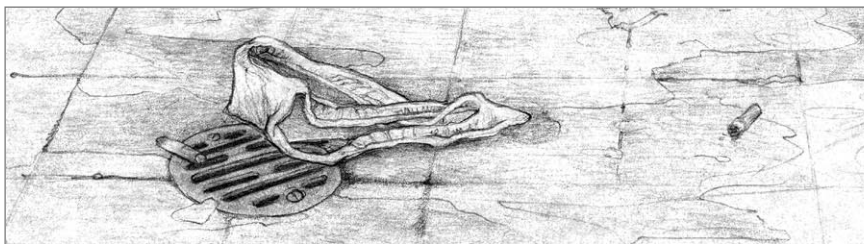
Dakota felt the woman's hot mouth on her own, felt her tongue seething into her mouth. She felt the woman's hands on her, touching her ass, pulling up the stretch-cotton skirt, yanking up the cut-off T-shirt to reveal Dakota's small, bra-less tits.

Dakota tried to stifle her moan as she felt the punk chick's mouth on her breast, suckling her nipple, as she felt the girl's hand wriggling its way into her panties, touching her cunt and finding it slippery with desire. But she couldn't stifle that moan; it wanted to be free. She moaned uncontrollably, even gasped and almost screamed as the girl flicked Dakota's rock-hard clit with her finger, and bit down on her nipple. Dakota realized that nobody could hear anything over the music. She could scream at the top of her lungs and they'd still have their privacy—what little there was of it.

So Dakota threw back her head and moaned, loud, as the woman's finger penetrated her pussy, dipping into her molten, slick depths and beginning to fingerfuck her. Dakota could feel the pressure against her full bladder, the girl's thumb rhythmically tormenting her, slamming her insides. But something about the motion was working her G-spot, stimulating it, making it feel *good* despite the pain of her piss-filled body. Dakota ran her hands through the woman's short hair as the woman yanked down Dakota's panties and pushed her, hard, against the white tile. Dakota could feel the cold tile against her bare ass, now, as her panties dropped to the ground around her ankles, into the pool of piss in which that Dakota was standing. *I guess I won't be putting those back on*, thought Dakota, and kicked her panties away, into a deeper pool of piss near the stopped-up drain in the floor. The pink-haired girl kissed her on the mouth again, hard, and then dropped down, not even caring that the knees of her expensive, skintight patent-leather pants were now resting in a stranger's urine. Then again, her mouth was headed for a stranger's cunt, so Dakota supposed it was all relative. Dakota's thighs parted, and she felt the girl's hot, seeking mouth on her pussy. Dakota shrieked in sudden, unexpected pleasure as the girl's tongue flicked across her clit; then she had two fingers inside Dakota, and Dakota saw stars. She grabbed

the handicapped grip-bar, which almost came off in her hand. She pressed harder against the wall as the girl began to work on her.

"God, that feels so good," Dakota tried to say, but it seemed like she made no sound at all in the swirl of punk-rock from outside. The girl's tongue was working Dakota's clit eagerly as her fingers pumped into Dakota's cunt; Dakota had never gotten so close to coming so fast. But then, maybe it was the pressure of her overfull bladder against her G-spot—that always made it much easier for Dakota to come. In fact, the sensation was almost exquisite in its pain, as if an invisible hand were there inside Dakota's body, exerting intense pressure on her G-spot. The girl buried her face between Dakota's thighs, and now Dakota could see that the girl had her little spandex top up and was pinching her own nipples with her free hand. Something about that gave Dakota a surge of arousal, and she reached down to slip her fingers around the girl's mouth, spread her own pussy-lips wide for the girl's eager tongue. As Dakota exposed more of her cunt, the girl looked up at her with a wicked twinkle in her eyes, and smiled. Then she really went to town on Dakota's clit.



Dakota screamed, thrilled with the knowledge that she could make all the noise she wanted and still be effectively silent. Normally Dakota was reticent during sex—she

lived in a tiny ground floor apartment in a huge building, and the neighbors could hear everything—as could people on the street if she left the window open. Dakota had never screamed during sex, had barely even moaned—almost never uttered the faintest sound even when a climax burst through her body. She usually came silent, stoic in her explosions of pleasure. But now she really let it go, opening her mouth wide, arching her back and throwing her head back to scream at the top of her lungs as the girl's tongue brought her to a sudden orgasm, pleasure surging through Dakota's body as she spasmed. Her full bladder seemed ready to burst, threatened to let go all over the girl's face. But Dakota's muscles were clamped so tight from the spasms of climax that everything stayed where she wanted it to be, the fullness of her bladder doing nothing but making her orgasm intense—more intense than any she'd ever felt.

Dakota slumped against the wall, spent.

The pink-haired girl felt the many contractions of Dakota's cunt, felt them die off. She stood up and brought her hand to Dakota's face; Dakota obediently licked the girl's fingers clean, tasting her own cunt. The girl kissed her again, hard. Then reached for her own belt.

The girl unfastened her belt, pulled down her patent-leather pants, and sat on the toilet, her legs slightly spread so Dakota could see her trimmed pussy, and the stream of bright-yellow urine that appeared from the top of it. Dakota watched the girl's pissing; realized she still had to go herself—and bad.

Siezed with a sudden daring—which seemed to be contagious—Dakota pulled up her skirt and sat in the girl's lap.

A Portion Of Potion (continued from page 17)

the string of pearls at her throat while she glared at me.

"Morning Nancy," I offered.

"Now!" She made to leave, then turned back. "And what the hell is that stink?"

"No idea," I mumbled.

I scooped up the files. Across the office, the new secretary had her usual admirers in attendance. Her sultry giggles made my morning's success pale.

I walked towards her desk. Coincidence or potion? As I passed her, I let some of the files slip. She immediately came around the desk to help gather them up.

"Here, let me," she said. Her voice was warm chocolate, soft and delicious. As she knelt down, I got a clear view down the front of her blouse. The reason for the regular admirers was unequivocal.

"Thanks," I said absently, lost in the scenery. I inched as close as I dared while she replaced the dropped files.

She sniffed carefully. "What's that scent you're wearing? Boss? Obsession?"

"It's... new."

She smiled. "I like it."

"Good. I mean, I'm glad."

She got up, exposing a teasingly brief amount of tanned thigh, and returned to her desk. I walked away confused. Cynthia had jumped me almost the moment she smelt me. Had the potion stopped working? Had it ever worked?

The photocopier had its own prison. I flicked on the light in the tiny cell, and dropped the files beside the machine. 'These need copying', I mimicked. Nancy had always regarded me as a glorified office boy. Miserable hag.

I placed the first file on the photocopier and dropped the lid. As I hit the 'copy' button, the door behind me opened and closed again. Before I could turn around, the light blinked out.

"Who's..."

"Quiet," said a soft, chocolate voice.

"Face the copier."

I grinned in the darkness. Still working! For the second time that morning my zip dropped, and a knowing hand slid over my rapidly stiffening cock.

I shuddered. "God, yes!"

"Turn around."

I complied, gasping as a velvety tongue lapped the end of my cock. Then my knees buckled as I was engulfed in a warm, soft mouth. Her strokes were long and insistent, and I was soon quivering on the edge of orgasm. Should I warn her, stop her? But she seemed to want me to come. Who was I to disappoint a lady?

I let go, stifling my cries of pleasure as I exploded inside her mouth. Then the door

For the second time that morning my zip dropped, and a knowing hand slid over my rapidly stiffening cock.

opened and the light flicked on.

"Charlie," the delicious secretary cooed. "I've been looking for..." Then she froze, her face a mask of utter distaste.

I looked down in panic, as Nancy dabbed the corners of her mouth with a handkerchief.

* * * * *

I was glad to reach the safety of the lift in my apartment block. My allure wasn't limited to the young, comely maidens I'd lusted after. Any sexually mature woman I encountered wanted to jump me. I'd fought most off, but my tender cock was testimony to an inability to preserve my virtue. It was becoming a nightmare.

The lift stopped at the second floor. Two wrinkled octogenarians walked in though the doors. They sniffed the air, and then smiled at me.

* * * * *

The incense in Zenda's caravan still irritated my eyes a month later.

"I can't take anymore," I sobbed.

"Did I not warn that some men become irresistible when exposed to the potion? Did I not ask if you were certain this was what you wanted?"

"Yes, but..."

"There is no but. You knew the risks. You accepted them."

I nodded resignedly. "When will the potion wear off?"

"Never."

"What?"

"Did I not explain? The change in your body's chemistry is permanent."

I slumped in my chair, disconsolate as well as exhausted. Then I suddenly realized. "Madame Zenda?"

"Yes?"

"I've been here over ten minutes. Why haven't you tried to..."

"Possess you? Make love to you?"

"Yes."

Madame Zenda rummaged beneath her table, and produced a small glass vial. I leant forward; the vial was half-filled with a dark, viscous liquid.

"This is the antidote to your enhanced body chemistry. It gives me immunity to your... charms. If you were to take it, it would nullify the effects you now have on women. However, unlike the potion, it must be taken every day to be effective."

I reached for the vial without hesitating.

Madame Zenda's tone was sly. "Unfortunately, I cannot be so generous with the antidote as with the potion. There is a... nominal fee for it."

And for the first time since I'd known her, she smiled.



Maximum Surprise (continued from page 29)

called out, "Honey! I'm in here!" She pushed the Sausage Log in deeper, thinking how she couldn't wait to get its man-sized replacement within her sugar walls. "Get in here, big boy, and show your mama what a man's good for!"

Amelia splayed her legs so far apart she feared dislocating her pelvis. She knew a puddle had formed on the sheet beneath her and she slid around in it. "Get that ass in here and fuck your mommy...fuck her hard!"

Amelia couldn't believe she was being so crude, but the foodstuffs, combined with the man-scents, had sent her into a frenzy of proportions that knew no bounds. She was blind with lust, crazed with it and in her fever had become nothing more than a vessel, a receptacle, an opening, a hole, a dike in need of plugging.

"Mommy wants a man-sized load!" Amelia screamed. "Mommy needs yummy cummy in her coochie. Give it to me, Tommy! Ram it home!"

Amelia covered her face once more with

Tom's underwear, wanting to block out her sight, thinking that by doing so, she would enhance the tactile...and knowing that once the head of Tom's manhood touched her quivering mons veneris, she would have to be scraped from the ceiling. She couldn't wait.

It was in the midst of writhing on the bed, sweat dripping from every pore, the roll of tasty snack meat going in and out of her so fast it was a blur, that Amelia realized someone else was in the room with her. "Tom?" she panted.

It was then she pulled the underpants aside, so she could see. Amelia gasped. She pulled the tantalizing beef log from her sex with a loud farting noise that caused her flushed countenance to redden further.

A woman stood trembling in the doorway. She was older, perhaps mid-sixties with a stiff upsweep of gun-metal gray hair and vague Nancy Reagan aspirations. Dressed in a cardigan sweater and camel colored wool skirt, she clung to a pair of pince nez glasses that hung on a chain around her neck. Her mouth

was open and she looked as if she were about to cry.

"Who are you?" Amelia asked, tongue thick. She feared her heart would explode: already revved to the breaking point, this turn of events had caused it to pound harder than she thought possible. She realized Tom's Fruit of the Looms were still perched obscenely atop her head and reached up to fling them to the floor. Suddenly the carrot popped out as if it had been shot from a cannon. It landed at the foot of the bed, causing the woman to back from the door, gibbering in horror, hands held aloft in self-defense. Amelia grinned sheepishly.

When she had her voice, the woman said, "I'm Tom's mother, Betty McGinnis. And you are?"

Amelia didn't know what to say, wondering if getting arrested would be preferable to facing the music. She decided the truth would eventually come out. She gulped and said, "I'm Amelia Bauers...Tom's fiancée." She gave a sickly smile. "I've been dying to meet you."



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NOTE: Some animals were harmed in the creation of this ad.
Namely: "Charlie the Chimp", "Venus the Butterfly" & "The Micro-Dolphin"

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Michelle Clark is a cross-dressing heroin addict from Tennessee. When not writing for mass consumption she can be found doing social work for unrepentant Nazis and other minions of Satan.

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