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A sexy and shy western
leathercub

The Return of
Yes, Officer Wright

Arktos Photography

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Turning the Lens

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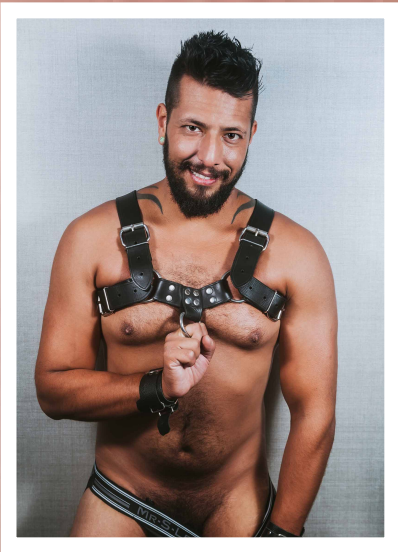
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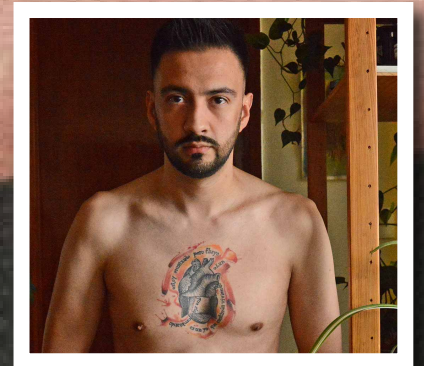
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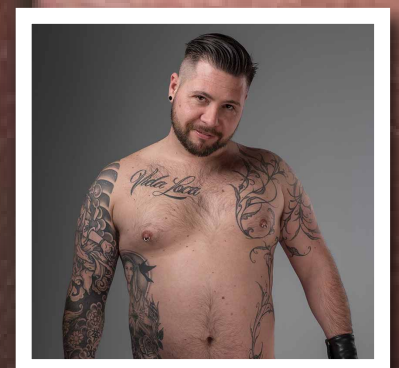
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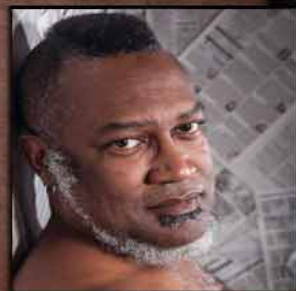
A HISTORIC JOURNEY



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Ramblings From the Editor

Where are we headed? That's what I've been thinking about a lot lately. And what I mean by "we" is society as a whole. Are we headed down the proverbial toilet bowl? Spiraling into oblivion? Falling into a dark pit that we are never going to be able to climb out of?

It seems like every time you turn on the television or check the news online there is another shooting or another "karen" causing problems at a store or at the airport and there are always the people offended or indignant about it. Some man was shot in the back by the police for doing nothing more than sitting on a street corner and some other person "felt threatened" by that person being in "their" neighborhood. All of this is madness, chaotic, self-defeating, as it pertains to a society.

What are we doing to ourselves? What brought us to this point? A lot of people want to blame the past administration, the Trump era, but can we really lay all the blame on them? Hasn't this been brewing for quite some time now? Hasn't society been slowly simmering and we've finally reached a boiling point?

Yes, maybe it was a bit more hidden before Trump or, perhaps, the narrative of the media during those times was not to bring it to our attention, all in the name of "societal information", but in reality, they are doing it now for ratings and/or to divide us even further. A divided people keep their attention on the "other side" rather than on the place their attention needs to be.

Maybe Trump was actually onto something about the media. Not that they are fake; We all know that ALL media likes to give a kernel or two of truth so that they can tell us that they actually "researched" something or were "given" information from an "anonymous" source. But maybe he tried to open our eyes to the manipulation that is being played out by the mainstream media.

Follow me down this rabbit hole for a moment.

Over the past few decades, the division of wealth in the world has been getting greater and greater. The rich are not paying their share to keep society going but the middle class and even some of the higher end "poor" are being taxed more which is taking more out of their pockets. Of course, the media sells this to us as the poor getting handouts, not pulling their own weight, which causes the working class to become heated over this.

But the reality is, the media is owned by the rich, not by the middle class or the poor. The media is selling us the rhetoric that it is the poor not carrying their weight when in reality it is the rich that is not carrying their weight for society. They just keep pocketing the "free money" from government handouts while we all foot the bill.

Of course, there is anger over this. But it's misdirected. The anger should be directed at the top earners, not the poor.

And something else to consider in all of this. Since the Bush era schools have started teaching less and focused more on people passing tests to graduate. This has resulted in a less educated society, at least in the U.S., which studies have shown how much easier it is for the media to sell their false narratives to those that have less education. Why else would they be constantly pushing about colleges being "liberal" or "focusing on the liberal agenda". This wasn't a problem when those same rich people received their educations, rights? It's just a recent development? That's a load of crap and we know it.

STAY SAFE!

As always, thank you for your continued support!!

John





Felix Lewis

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YES, OFFICER WRIGHT

PART II

Story by HotForDads



Officer Wright stood looking down at me with a mischievous grin on his face. "Never met a man before who could shoot his load just from licking my boots."

"Yeah, well, you're my every fantasy come true," I admitted.

"Good to know," Officer Wright grinned. "You got a nice place here, Bobby," he observed as he turned and walked across the kitchen.

"Thanks," I replied, not moving from my knees. I was willing him to return and let me suck on that thick cock some more. I could imagine it slapping from thigh to thigh as he walked over and stopped at the patio door.

"Ever been fucked in that pool?" he asked without looking back.

"Once or twice," I admitted.

"Good to know," Officer Wright repeated as he finally turned to look at me. "I sure could use something to eat. Not all of us have a belly full of cum to keep us going."

"I could heat a pizza. Or burgers. Not sure what else I have for a quick fix."

"Burgers will do me as long as they're nice and juicy," he replied with a grin.

"Coming up," I said, scrambling to my feet to start fixing a meal for Officer Wright. I could feel the cum cooling in my underwear, and I finally had to do a little adjusting when I felt some of that seed seep out of my underwear and trickle down my thigh.

"I think I'll have a look around," Officer Wright said before he disappeared deeper into my house without waiting for permission.

The meat began to sizzle as soon as the two burgers hit the skillet. When they were finished, I plated them up with all the fixings. "They're ready!" I yelled as I added some potato chips to the plates. "Officer Wright?" I called when he didn't respond.

"Bring 'em up here," Officer Wright finally yelled back.

I grabbed both plates and headed off to serve Officer Wright. "Where are you?" I asked when I reached the top of the stairs.

"One guess," Officer Wright replied.

I smiled and headed for my master bedroom. I nearly dropped the plates when I reached the door and saw what was waiting for me. Officer Wright was in my bed, sitting up against the headboard, and wearing nothing but his boots, utility belt, and cap. I forgot all about the burgers when he started slowly stroking his cock, which had grown back to full hardness. "The burgers are ready," I said when I finally regained my senses.

"They look good to me, but I think you should put them on the dresser for now."

"Yes, sir," I replied, putting the plates down and turning back to Officer Wright, who continued slowly stroking his rigid cock, which still sported the leather cockring and ball stretcher. "I thought you were hungry," I finally said.

"Not as hungry as you look," Officer Wright chuckled. "I think you need another helping of tubesteak."

"Yes, sir," I admitted, licking my lips at the thought of swallowing that friendly policeman's cock again. My stomach rumbled as if it was begging for another load of cum to be added to the one I'd swallowed in the kitchen.

"Then get over here and get busy. The sooner you're full, the sooner I can eat."

"Yes, sir," I said, hurrying to join the officer in my bed.

"Get out of those clothes," Officer Wright ordered just as I was ready to climb on the mattress.

"Yes, sir," I replied. I was so nervous and excited that I couldn't help fumbling with the buttons on my shirt. I finally got so frustrated that I just grabbed the shirt and yanked it hard. Buttons popped and fabric tore, but I didn't care. Officer Wright grinned and shook his head. I threw the ruined shirt on the floor and began working on my jeans, which were more cooperative. I kicked off my shoes as I shoved my jeans and underwear down over my thighs, freeing my throbbing cock as they went. I stepped free of my jeans and quickly yanked off my socks. When I finally stood totally naked before Officer Wright, I paused for his approval.

"That's better," Officer Wright finally said. "Good to see you were telling me the truth," he added with a laugh.

I looked down and saw my pubes matted with the cum that I had shot while licking Officer Wright's boots. I looked up and shrugged my shoulders in silence.

"Well, what are you waiting for now?" he asked, waving his cock at me.

"Nothing, sir," I replied, eagerly jumping on the bed and climbing between Officer Wright's thighs. As much as I wanted to taste that cock again, I couldn't resist taking a moment to run my hands back and forth over the smooth leather of

those black boots. My fingers tingled with pleasure.

"Go ahead and lick 'em, boy," Officer Wright said.

"Thank you, sir," I said before eagerly beginning to lick his boots again. I moaned with pleasure as the sensations traveled from my tongue to all other parts of my body. My cocked throbbed again, and I just hoped that I wouldn't shoot my load too fast this time.

"That's enough," Officer Wright said sternly, as if he knew how close I was to coming again.

"Yes, sir," I replied as I licked to the top of his left boot and then let my tongue travel onto the flesh of his upper calf, his knee, and then his hairy inner thigh. Officer Wright sighed with satisfaction as my tongue worked every inch of flesh it encountered. I kept my hands fixed on his boots as long as I could.

"That's it, boy," Officer Wright whispered as I neared the promised land. I could smell the musk of his crotch, and my mouth began to water even more. My tongue quivered nervously as it slowly transferred from his thigh to the hairy trussed-up ballsac. "Oh yeah," he moaned as my tongue began coating his balls with free-flowing saliva.

I moaned when my tongue encountered the leather strap separating his balls. I traced the edge of the strap and savored the taste of the leather. I tried to force my tongue between the stretcher and the flesh, but it was too tight. I whimpered with disappointment but kept going.

"Suck those balls," Officer Wright ordered, and I eagerly did as he instructed. I opened my mouth to allow one ball to slide in. I sucked and licked it like a baby sucking on a tit. "BOTH!" he ordered. I wasn't sure I could do it, but I tried to relax my jaw as much as possible. Officer Wright reached down and worked his ball until he managed to push it into my mouth along with the other one.

"Mmmmmm," I sighed with a mouth full of balls.

"That's it, boy," Officer Wright groaned. "I knew you could do it."

"Mmmph," I moaned. I did my best to breathe through my nose while my mouth worked away on those hairy balls. Sucking them. Licking them.

"Not many men can take both my balls at once," he informed me as he gently rubbed the top of my head. "That's it, Bobby. Show my balls some

Yes, Officer Wright

lovin'." I increased my efforts to show my appreciation, and Officer Wright groaned his approval.

I heard Officer Wright spit, so I looked up and around his throbbing cock to see him filling his fist with saliva. I continued to suck on his balls as he lowered his spit-filled fist and began stroking his cock with it. The shaft was shining with spit in no time, which only made me more desperate to get it shoved down my throat.

"That's enough," Officer Wright finally said. "Time to move on from my balls." I was severely disappointed, but I was just as eager to eat his dick and taste more of his hot cum. I slowly pulled my head back to release his balls. As much as I tried, I couldn't help scraping his skin with my teeth. I waited for him to yell at me, but instead, Officer Wright let out a groan of pleasure. I closed my jaws a little to increase the pressure and the scraping, and he just groaned even louder. "Oh, that's it, Bobby. Oh fuck. Damn, you're good."

"Thank you, sir," I said when my mouth was finally clear of his balls. I quickly grabbed his saliva-slick shaft.

"Not so fast," Officer Wright growled, and I froze. "I already know how your mouth feels on my cock. I want to find out how your ass feels."

"YES, SIR!" I said eagerly as I scrambled up to straddle his lap.

"You got lube?" he asked.

"I can take it," I said confidently.

"I'm a big boy," he chuckled, teasing my ass by rubbing the head of his cock against my hungry hole.

"Then add some more spit if you're worried," I said cockily.

"Fuck you," Officer Wright growled as he continued to hold his cock with one hand and then shoved me down with the other.

"SHIT!" I roared as his cockhead popped into my ass and I slowly began to slide down on it. I clutched desperately at his hairy chest, and I'm sure I scratched him, but he didn't complain. My eyes rolled back in my head as the pain surged through my body and his cock continued to fill my ass.

"Good boy," Officer Wright said soothingly, and I realized that I had stopped moving. I was sitting on his crotch with his cock buried in my ass, which felt like it was on fire.

Yes, Officer Wright

"Oh fuck," I groaned between rapid breaths. "Damn."

"You know you like it," Officer Wright growled.

"I'm not complaining," I replied. "Just getting used to it."

"That's what I like to hear," he replied, and I could feel him flexing his cock inside me.

When I was as accustomed to being full of cock as I was going to get, I leaned forward with my palms planted on his furry chest and slowly began pulling my ass off of his cock. The ridge of the cockhead was soon pressing against my ass ring, so I relaxed back down, taking his cock all the way back into me. I repeated the movement and slowly gained momentum.

"That's it, Bobby. Fuck yourself on Officer Wright's billy club."

"Oh, yes, sir," I grunted as I began slamming my ass down on his cock. Pounding my ass with his meat. Filling my ass. "Oh, yes. Oh, yes." My cock was slapping against his stomach, and I knew I was getting close. He could tell it too.

"NOT SO FAST," Officer Wright yelled as he twisted his hips and shove me off of his cock.

"What? Why?" I was shocked.

"I'm feeling hungrier than I thought," he said, getting out of bed without looking at me.

"But..." I just laid there in bed as he walked over to the dresser, picked up a burger, and took a huge bite. The burger was juicy as he had requested, and his hands were quickly covered with those juices, along with ketchup and mayo.

"Not bad," he said through the mouthful of burger. He put the rest back on the plate and turned around to face me. I licked my lips as he just wiped his hands across his hairy belly, leaving it streaked with grease, juice, ketchup, and mayo.

Without thinking about it, I hopped out of bed, fell on my knees at his feet, and began licking his belly clean. I could feel his stick cock rubbing against my neck as I eagerly devoured the signs of the burger. "It could use a little special sauce," I laughed when I finally sat back on my heels.

"Maybe later," Officer Wright growled. "For now, stand up and bend over the dresser."

"Yes, sir." I quickly assumed the position and looked back over my shoulder to see Officer

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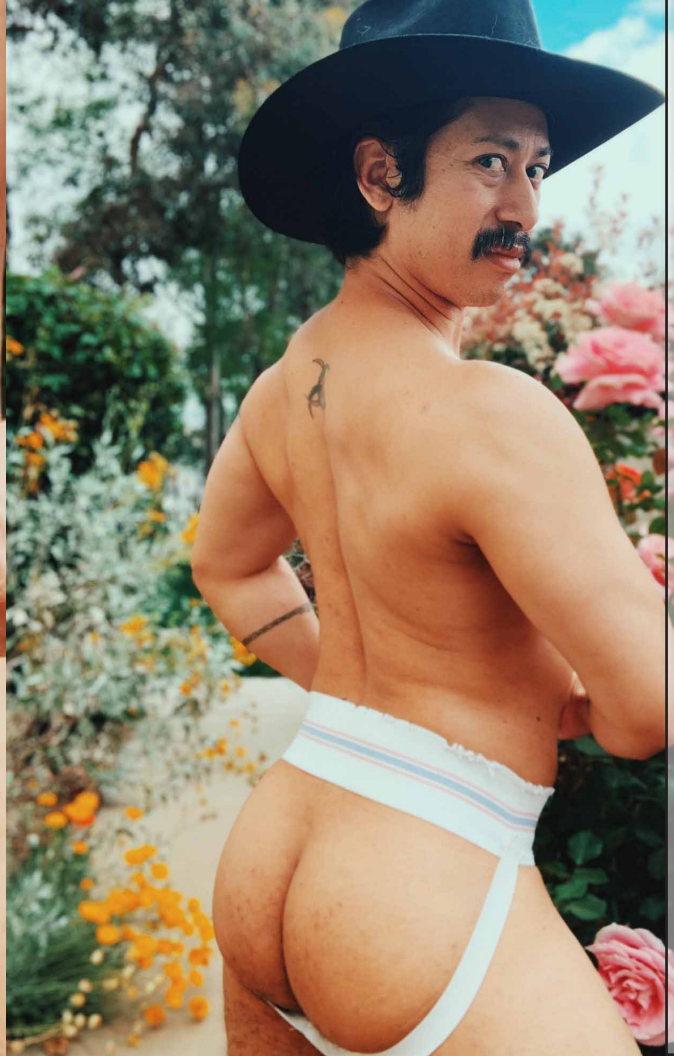
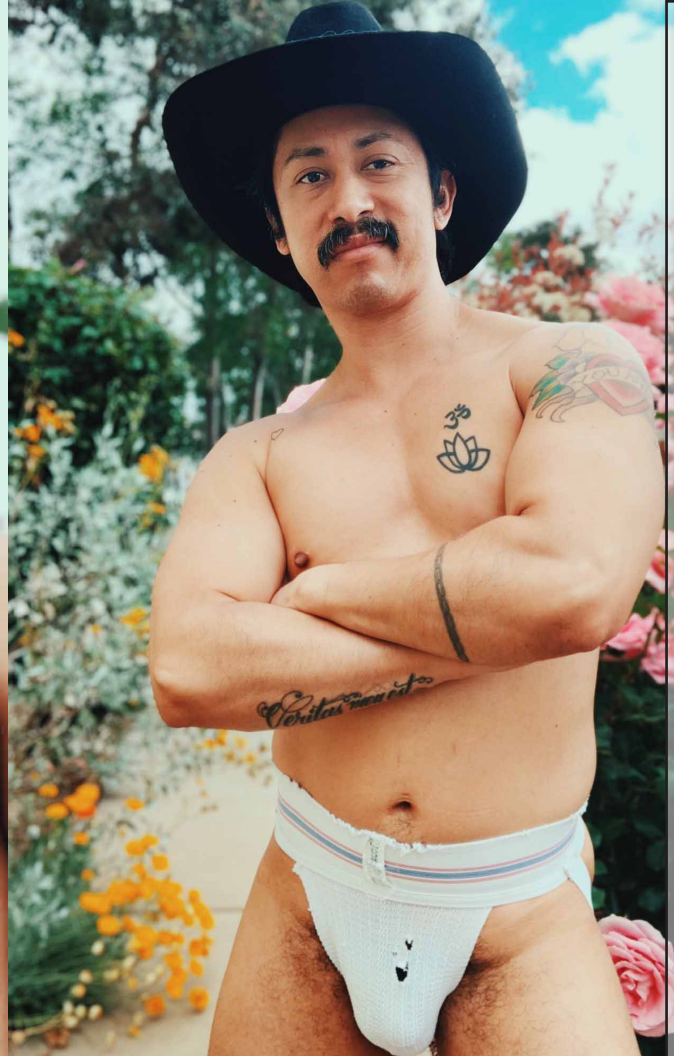


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No.

How many of you have this at the ready? I recently read in my travels that the word “No is a complete sentence.” I sat with that a good while and I feel that I am in a constant state of learning what that means and how to apply it to my life. It really resonated with me.

For instance, I’ve only recently come to the realization that I’ve never set boundaries with family or friends. I’ve put boundaries up for irksome tricks, co-workers, former lovers and sworn enemies, but for friends and family? It never once crossed my mind to put them in place. I’d like to think that’s because I value their independence and unfortunately in the process, I forgot all about mine. Telling people “No” has been powerful, if not revolutionary, for me.

I have a very destructive and narcissistic sibling. If he had a theme song it would be Pet Shop Boys’ “*Flamboyant*” as in it’s his sole employment, looking loud and wanting police intervention. Thankfully, he’s painted himself into some interesting corners and I don’t live at home with my parents on the east coast, as that’s his life. I’ve had one too many conversations with him where he sucks all the oxygen out of the room with his endless need to hear himself pontificate. If I was my father, I would have hit him in the head with a shovel just so I could get some peace and quiet. He recently threatened me with a police visit because he didn’t like what I had to say. Needless to say, me and my older sister have resorted to setting up boundaries with regards to him and it all began with a simple “No.” Period. End of sentence.

In learning the power of “no” with my toxic brother, I’ve extended that boundary to neighbors and ex-bosses, and people I thought respected me and viewed me in greater regard — friends. For the sake of my sanity, I’ve been left with no choice but to ask myself, “Do you love and respect yourself?”



What I didn’t like was how long I took to answer that question. I honestly didn’t know the answer.

Thank goodness I finally have the means to pay for therapy. Surprise on top of surprise, my subconscious was laying the groundwork for some time, waiting for this moment when I’d finally had enough of so many people close

to me and their rotten behavior, and with all the love in my heart, I finally said no. I quit my day job in exchange for a new professional direction and never looked back. In the friendship realm, I expect better from friends that I keep close. At least I do now. I afford certain people a great deal of latitude when it comes to their behavior and personalities. In being an open kind of person, I expect and assume I’ll get the same kind of everything in return — flaws and all. That is, until that friendship begins to show itself on unequal ground.

In my view, friendships and even intimate relationships are hard work. Each side must try. And when one side feels like it’s doing all the heavy lifting, that relationship is doomed to fail. My mistake is assuming my friends view my friendship or even the concept of friendship in the same way. This opened the door to having my patience tested, my time invested in my friendship completely wasted, and feeling absolutely violated through multiple instances where I was forced to put their feelings over mine or my partners. And when that all happened, I was filled with righteous rage.

Done with spending hours of my precious time catering to their concerns, feelings, tending to their destructive outbursts, listening to their excuses for abusing my friendship or scapegoating other friends, having to pry a painful and insincere “I’m sorry” out of them and weighing it against old behavior, the light finally went on and I stopped after another one of his notorious outbursts with the simple muttering of “I can’t.”

Sure, I muted my Zoom meeting microphone and said some really colorful things

All Things Drub

before I said it, but I said it. And then I repeated it to this person. I can't. I listed the reasons. I guess they had some things to say but I no longer care, as I'm done listening to them or participating in sabotage.

I hope they and all the people I've said no to find whatever it is that their missing. I really do. As John Lydon scream-sang in the background of Public Image Ltd's "*Rise*", anger is an energy. I'm having to dig really deep for myself lately and find kindness and love to replace where the rage use to live. I recognize it. And I'm face-to-face with my

darkest parts.

This rage has almost consumed me in my adult life several times. But I've had enough. I said no. But I had to break my hand last Friday to finally understand. As addicts say 'I had a moment of clarity'. I can't keep flying into rages. And as within so without, as above so below.

No is a complete sentence.

--

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Pierre Aubin



Images provided by

Pierre













Wright moving behind me and lining his cock up with my hole. I hadn't realized how empty it felt until I was about to be filled again. I needed it. Wanted it. Had to have it. "Fuck me, Officer Wright. Please. Please, fuck me."

"You don't have to worry about that," he replied as he lunged forward and plunged his cock all the way back up my ass."

"YES!" I yelled with pleasure, surprise, and gratitude. "Oh yes."

"Hand me that plate," he said. I was caught off guard and looked in the dresser mirror to see what he was talking about. He nodded toward the plate with his burger on it, and I caught on quickly.

"Yes, sir," I said as I picked up the plate with my right hand and twisted to hold it back over my left shoulder.

"Good boy," he replied as he took the plate from me. I turned my head back to the front and watched in the mirror as he held the plate with one hand and picked up the burger with the other. As he took a huge bite, I could feel him starting to fuck my ass with shallow thrusts. I watched with fascination as I realized that he was thrusting his cock in rhythm with his jaws chewing the mouthful of burger.

"Flatten that back," he ordered as he put the burger back on the plate.

"Yes, sir," I replied, doing my best to follow his instructions.

"That's good," he said as he put the plate down in the middle of my back. The plate was warm from the burger, and it actually felt good on my skin. My skin tingled when I felt Officer Wright wiping his greasy fingers on my ass before giving both cheeks a good hard slap.

"Oh, yesssssssss," I groaned as he gripped my hips with his greasy hands and began fucking my ass again. I could feel the plate wobbling on my back, but I didn't care if it fell on the floor or not. All I cared about was the cock plunging in and out of my ass. I wanted to be full of cop cum. That's all that was on my mind.

"Yeah, you like being plowed by a cop cock, don't you," he laughed. "Show me how much you like my cock. Moan for me, boy."

I moaned with every thrust of his cock. I didn't have to try. I just had to let my real enjoyment

show. I loved getting my ass filled with cock, so there was no effort involved in moaning with pleasure. I got louder and louder and louder.

"You dirty little fucker," Officer Wright laughed. I felt him release his grip with one hand, so I looked in the mirror and saw him picking up the burger with the free hand as he continued to fuck me deep and hard. "Mmmmm," he groaned with a mouthful of burger. I wasn't sure whether he was enjoying the fucking or the burger, but I didn't care. He took another bite and another and another as he continued pounding that cop cock into my ass. "Damn, that was good," he said when he finally shoved the last bite of burger into his mouth.

"Glad...you...liked...it," I grunted with each thrust of his cock.

He wiped his greasy hand on my ass again, grabbed and ate a few potato chips off of the plate on my back, and then gripped my hips firmly in both hands. "Fucking you sure gives me an appetite." If I thought he'd been fucking me hard before, it was nothing compared to what he started after that.

"Oh, fuck!" I grunted as the powerful slam fuck drove me forward and smashed me against the dresser. My face was pressed against the mirror. Every thrust of his cock was harder and deeper than the last. I could feel the plate wobbling out of control on my back, and then it crashed to the floor. I could hear it shatter, but I didn't care. "Oh yes, fuck me. Fuck my ass. Fill me with cop cum!" I begged.

"Like there's any other ending to this?" Officer Wright laughed. He released my hip with one hand and slapped my ass hard. Again. Again. Again. I groaned with pleasure after every slap of his hand and thrust of his cock.

"Please, please, please," I grunted. I couldn't get out what I was begging for, but he understood. There was no doubt about that.

"Here it comes, Bobby. Gonna fill your ass with a big helping of cop cum. You ready for it?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. Yes. Please. Oh, yes!" I was bordering on deliriousness. My body felt like it was on fire. I'd never been fucked like that before, and I wanted it to last forever. I wanted that cock in me. I wanted his cum in me. I wanted to be used by him forever and ever and ever.

"That's what I like to hear," Officer Wright growled, and I could feel his fingernails digging into

Yes, Officer Wright

my flesh. "Gonna fill your fucking tight ass with cum, boy."

"YES!"

"Gonna flood your ass."

"YES!"

"Gonna give you what you been needing."

"YES!"

"That's it, boy. Oh yeah. OH FUCK! FUCK!"

"YES, OFFICER WRIGHT!" I yelled, feeling his cock growing even larger as it ripped my ass apart.

"HERE IT COMES, YOU DIRTY FUCKER!"

"YES!"

"UNNNNNNGH, UNNNNNNGH, UNNNNNNGH! FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!"

"DUMP IT IN ME, SIR!"

"FUCKIN' TAKE IT!" Officer Wright roared as he slammed his cock into me and smashed my face against the dresser mirror. "YOU CUM DUMP!"

"I WANT IT ALL!"

"YOU'VE GOT IT," he grunted through gritted teeth. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" he hollered with shallow thrusts of his cock as his cum began to fire into me. Blast after blast after blast. I could feel his cock jumping and contracting. It finally settled down, but I knew it was still oozing his seed into me. I just remained frozen, letting Officer Wright enjoy the release.

"Yeah, you give me quite an appetite," he finally said, reaching over me and grabbing the other burger--my burger. Without any ceremony, he stepped back and pulled his cock out of my ass. He gave my cheek a hard slap with his free hand and then climbed into the middle of my bed again. I watched in the mirror as he began to eat the burger as if nothing had happened. "Damn, this is good, Bobby."

"Thanks," I replied, turning around to face him. I could feel the cum leaking out of my ass and trickling down my thighs.

"You should do something about that," Officer Wright said. I thought he was talking about his cum, but then he nodded toward my hard cock that was standing out in front of me. "Show me how you jack off."

"Uh, okay," I said nervously.

"But be quick about it. I could use another one of these," he said, waving the half-eaten burger at me.

Yes, Officer Wright

"Yes, sir," I grunted as I gripped my cock and just began to pump away, fast and furious. No skill. No finesse. This was just a quick handjob. Faster and faster. I bent my knees. I gripped the dresser behind me with my free hand. I closed my eyes. I threw my head back. "Oh yeah," I muttered, remembering the feeling of Officer Wright's cock pounding my ass.

"That's it, boy," he said encouragingly. "Show me what you've got."

"Yes, Officer Wright," I moaned, letting my knees give out and dropping to the floor. As I continued to pound away on my cock, I reached between my legs to finger my asshole. I groaned as my fingers slipped inside me. I pulled them out, held them under my nose, and moaned as I inhaled the scent of my ass combined with Officer Wright's cum. I eagerly thrust the cum-covered fingers into my mouth and began sucking them clean.

"Damn, you really are a dirty fucker!" Officer Wright laughed.

I was too busy sucking my fingers and jerking my cock to reply. Instead, my cock began shooting out spurt after spurt of cum as if to confirm Officer-Wright's observation. I collapsed back against the dresser as more cum continued to ooze out of my cock and roll down over my fist. I kept a firm hold on my cock until my body started to recover and relax. I finally let out a deep breath and released my dick.

"Nice load," Officer Wright said.

"Thanks," I replied without really thinking. I was too busy licking my fist clean and enjoying the taste of my own seed.

"How about that other burger?" Officer Wright asked, and I looked up to see him wiping his greasy hand across his stomach again. My cock jumped involuntarily as I thought about licking him clean.

"Coming right up," I said, standing up unsteadily and heading toward the door. There would be plenty of time to clean him later.

"And don't try slipping in any of that special sauce of yours," Officer Wright yelled after me.

"No, Officer Wright," I called back.

To be continued.....



MODEL CALL

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Rey Stevenson

Images provided by Rey Stevenson









Rey Stevenson





AUSSIE FOOTBALLER ADVENTURES

And then there was that time with Mark.....

Story by Bomber Powell

Mark was a mate of mine who I played footy with from under 15's to A's. We went to different schools, but always hung out and were good mates. He was a chippy (carpenter) and had to go up north to live to chase the work. Mark was really sexy. About 6 foot, green eyes, dark brown hair. Really handsome, slight dash of chest hair and a trail that run from his pubes all the way up his belly. I'd seen his cock plenty of times over the years in the shower's and that, but never hard. I fantasised a lot about how big it would get full of blood.

Mark was in town visiting his family for Christmas, and he gave me a call wanting to catch up. We made plans for him to come and stay at my place for the weekend. My missus wasn't a big fan of Mark. When we hung out it always ended up us getting into all sorts of mischief. She made plans to go and stay at a girlfriends house to have a "girls" weekend.

I drove up to where Mark was staying. He came out holding his bag in a pair of footy shorts, tank top and thongs. He looked tanned and very fit and muscular. I could feel my cock jump a bit.

"How are ya cunt!" He said smiling

"I'm alright! Look at you all tanned and shit. Life up north good huh?"

He gave me a brotherly hug and we jumped in the car and headed to my place. "Is ya missus

home?" He asked with a cheeky grin. "What do you reckon shit head. She's fucked off cos your comin!" "Awesome" he said.

We picked up a couple of cartons of beer and headed home. Sat around catchin up, talking about footy and all the girls he had shagged, and stuff like that. I kept looking at him thinking how fucken hot he looked, and after a few beers I think I lost my head a bit.

"Mate, can I ask you something?" I said to him, shaking a little bit.

"Yeah bomber. What's up?"

"Um. Don't get angry. And I know this is probably a bit. Um" I stuttered. "well. Fuck! Can I suck ya dick?" I blurted out. He looked at me for a couple of seconds and there was this awkward silence. Fuck, what have I done?!?!? He looked down at the ground and said "are you serious? You having a lend of me?" And laughed a little bit.

"Ah, don't worry about it. I'm just a bit drunk".

"Nah, it's cool mate. Have you done it with anyone else before?"

"I've done some stuff." I said.

"Are you gay?" He asked me.

"I dunno. Fuck. Maybe. Look don't worry about it. Forget I said anything". I said raising my voice.

“Settle down champ. I haven’t said no yet have I?” That made me stop in my tracks. “I’ll think about it. Maybe. You know what I did the other day?”

“What?” What the fuck was he going to tell me.

“Well I was having a wank, and I spat on my fingers and rub my hand on my ass hole. I fucken really liked it. So maybe I’m gay too!”

“Oh, fuck of ya retard” I said as we both cracked up laughing. We stopped talking about it then and started talking about other stuff, but I could see he was thinking. Deeply. I was worried I had fucked things up though.

“Mate can I have a quick shower?” Mark asked. “I stink a bit hey”. That was one of the things I loved about Mark. He had this musky smell about him that used to send me bonkers, and today was no different.

“Yeah sure mate. I’ll grab you a towel and that”.

I showed him the shower and fixed him up with everything and he shut the door and I went downstairs to finish my beer. I was in full panic mode now. I thought he was going to tell all the other boys and I was gonna be fucked. I’d gone too far this time. I heard the shower turn off, and a few minutes later I heard the door open and Mark brushing his teeth. I lived in a two story place, downstairs was all the living areas, upstairs was the two bedrooms and the bathroom. I figured if Mark was brushing his teeth, he’d be decent and all, so I went to go up the stairs to see if he wanted another beer. When I got to the base of the stairs, I looked up and here was Mark, stark naked with a massive hard on, brushing his teeth with a shit eating grin. When he saw me he turned around and went back into the bathroom. I followed him of course. When I got to the bathroom, he was leant over the basin spitting out the toothpaste. I sat down on the edge of the bath just looking at him. Naked, with the biggest fat hard cut cock I’d seen in a while. He walked over to me and stood in front of me, his cock level with my lips. I opened my mouth and lick the end of the tip, which had a drop of precum on it. I licked all around his knob, and then went down to his balls and licked them while I was tugging gently on his cock. Then I went back to his cock and swallowed the whole lot.

“Ohhhhhh fuuuuck. How can I say no to this”

I slowly sucked his cock for a couple of minutes, then stopped, stood up and lead him into the bedroom. I drop my daks and got on my knees in front of Mark, worshipping his cock and balls with my mouth. He moaned softly and said “fuck that feels so good man. Fuck”

He pulled his cock out of my mouth for a sec and I looked up at him. He smiled at me and said “can you lick a little further under my balls?”

“Where man? Here?” I said rubbing the bit between his balls and ass.

“Nah. Bit further back.” He said grinning like a naughty boy.

“What? Here?” I said rubbing his butt hole. “Yeah. Is that cool?” I smiled at him and spread his legs a bit more and buried my face in his ass. His “oh fucks” were a bit more high pitched now as I sent him to heaven and back, bighting, licking and slurping all over that straight boys ass. After about 5 mins I stopped and said to him “face fuck me”.

I opened my mouth and he slid his dick in as I kept two fingers rubbing on his bung hole as he thrust in and out of my mouth. I could hear his breathing quicken as he had one hand on my shoulder to steady himself as he fucked my mouth. He stopped for a second, and breathlessly said to me “are you gonna swallow?”

“Fuck yeah”.

He smiled at me again as his thrusting got faster, and my fingers pushed harder on his ass. He let out a giant moan as his body tensed up and I felt his dick pulsing in my mouth as 8 big fucken loads landed at the back of my throat and in my mouth. His cock pulsed a little bit more as I drained his balls of every last drop.

“Fuck!. That was fucken hot” Was all he could say as he leant on my shoulder. “Sorry man, but I can’t repay the favour”.

“all good. I’ll just rub one out in the toilet. Wanna watch?”

“Yeah ok”. He stood there and watched me rub one out. Didn’t take long at all, and he just smiled at me at the end.

To this day, that has been one of my hottest sexual experiences. I still jerk off thinking about it. And on a good day, I can even remember what he smelt like.

Adriano



Images by
**Alex
Torres**





estoy mirando pero thayo
okan
que me
que me
que me



Adriano







DHMFAN ~ Josh P



Anon Public Breeding

Story by **Anonymous**

I'm a 21 y/o college dude, about 5'10" and lean build with a 6.5" cock. I've been going through a dry spell and was super horned up last weekend and decided to hop on Grindr.

I found another dude around my age, which meant he probably went to college with me. His pic had no face, but showed a pretty hot body. We chatted a bit, but he was pretty direct about wanting to get fucked.

I said he could come to my room (I have a single) and he said he wanted something totally anon and told me to meet him on at a spot on campus.

My college has alot of woods with an outdoor amphitheater near a small pond. It's really out of the way, down a trail in the woods, and has an iron fence with some brick pillars holding up the gate. That's where he wanted to me.

Even though it was sounded really sketchy, I was weirdly turned on and decided to check it out. I figured I could always leave if things seemed off, if anything I could enjoy one of the first Spring nights.

It was about 11:30 at night when I met him, and walking up to the gate, I could see someone facing the brick pillar. I couldn't really see his face, but he looked cute - shaggy hair with a build similar to mine.

He whispered my Grindr screenname, I said yes, and he immediately dropped his pants and stuck his ass out.

I asked if he wanted to jerk each other off, maybe kiss a little, blow each other, and he just said "are you going to fuck me or not? There's lube by my feet."

I'm not going to lie, that made me pop wood, so I greased up and started to rub his hole

with my fingers and my cock. I was teasing his hole, trying to get him warmed up, and he pushed my hands out of the way, grabbed by boner and slide back on it taking the whole thing. I started to gentle fuck him, and he started moving his hips back and forth to meet me.

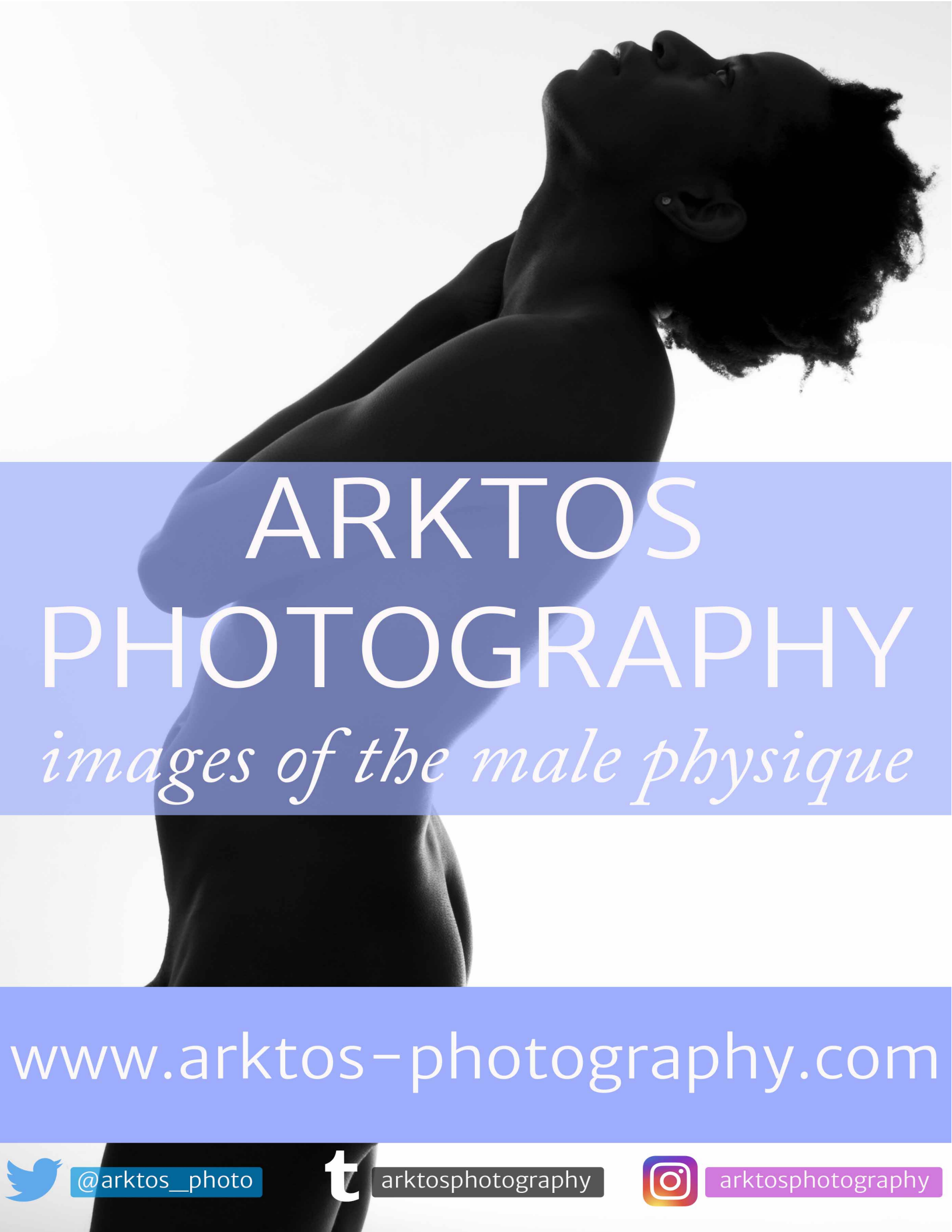
After a few seconds he gruffly said "Fuck me harder, I've had bigger cocks I can take it."

I couldn't tell if he was trying to get me mad so I'd grudge fuck him, or if he was honestly letting me know he could handle more. I'm mostly a bottom, so I'll admit that I like getting fucked hard, but I'm kind of shy and inexperienced fucking hard, but I decided to let loose. I decided to get a little rough, pushing his head against the fence (but not pushing hard), I also tried my best alpha top "take it bitch."

By this point he was slamming his ass on my dick and roughly grabbing my balls. After a few minutes, I started to pull out because I was going to cum. He asked what I was doing, I told him I was going to cum, and he grabbed back and held my hips so I couldn't move. I said I couldn't hold on much longer, and he just slammed into my cock even harder.

I unloaded in his ass, and he just said "thanks for the load, I'll clean up and leave after you go."

As I was pulling up my pants, I noticed he was a dude from my German class, so it's been kinda hot/awkward this week because I don't know if he knew it was me, since he didn't turn around to look at me. I don't have my face pic on Grindr, and only send my Instagram to dudes who ask...and he didn't. I also wonder how often he hangs out at that spot and how many pump and dumps he's taken there...I want to chat him up, but don't think I'll get very far.



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Turning the Lens

Photographer Interview

Meet the incredibly talented Tim Asato

Provocative. Stunning. Creative. Beautiful. These are just a few adjectives that describe Tim Asato's photography. His work inspires many in various ways. It's full of some of the hottest men in photography these days.

We feel very lucky to get some of Tim's valuable time to sit down and answer a few questions we, and we are certain many others, have for him. He graciously took the time to give us an insight into his process and inspirations.



Hi Tim, please, tell us a bit about your personal life.

Well, I'm from Mexico City, but actually my heritage is a mixture. I'm a part Japanese, Mexican, Spanish and American.

I grew up in an extremely cinephile household. The cool thing is that each member of my family was really passionate about one specific genre. My grandma was obsessed with horror and science fiction. My mom with classic cinema, specifically the Hollywood and Mexican golden age. And my dad is the typical dad that watches all the 80s action films with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Van Damme.

I'm a comic book nerd and also into video games. So, if I'm not in a movie theater or watching a film, I'm probably playing a video game or reading comic books.

And after high school I decided to move to Barcelona. And at the beginning it was supposed to be only for studies. But I ended up staying here.

Do you have any formal training in photography?

Yeah, I do. Actually, I travelled to Barcelona to study film, making it into CECC, a film school that no longer exist. After a couple of music videos (I use to direct music videos), I realized that to be a



Models: Turco Sahin & Ivan Sanchez

Makeup & grooming: Mary Torres

good filmmaker I would have to have photography knowledge. So, I decided to study at IEFC (Catalan institute of Photography). I have to tell you; I didn't finish it. I was in a really bad position and studying photography is really expensive. And because my primary goal was to know photography, I decided to drop out. I had 1 year and a final project left.

How did you develop an interest in photographing men or photography in general?

Well, I'm into film making. But at the end its so complicated and also there was the economic crash of 2008. The production company I was signed with collapsed. Being honest, film making is a group effort and that's complicated. So, I decided to start taking pictures.

I have always been interested in the male physique. I think that female photography has always been big, but male photography not that much. It was really natural for me start taking
Turning the Lens

pictures. At the beginning, I also took pictures with girls but my work has always had a queer and masculine vibe.

How would you describe your visual style?

I have been told so many times that my work is weird. Hahajaha. I'm more than happy with that.





Model: Mike Figueroa Makeup & grooming: Mary Torres

My visual style is really a mixture of my passions. Cinema is the big one and also comic books and video games. I've noticed that I have two types of styles. One is more classic; old vintage photography, inspired a lot by classic Hollywood and European films from the 20s to the 80s. The second one is more inspired in comic books, video games, horror movies, and pulp culture. And sometimes I have to do more standard modeling work if I have a client but that's not really my work.

What are 3 tips you have for aspiring photographers?

This is a hard one.

Patience, is the first one. This is more for young folks that think things will happen by luck and from one day to another. And any career, more an artistic one is not a sprint, it is a marathon.

The second one is if you are not willing to sacrifice

many things for your art, your passion...then change professions because it's hard and demanding.

And the last one is don't choose photography to either become famous or to be surrounded by hunky hot guys. I'm very lucky that I'm able to take pictures of all the guys I have, but I have also done much unfulfilling work ...because it's work at the end of the day.

What advice, if any, would you give an aspiring model?

For models there are 2 things I have always told guys that are starting. First, always check the work of the photographer you are going to work with it and always sign a contract. It's so sad to hear so many horrible stories of people that are taken advantage of because they are just starting. Or models that tell you, "I said yes and I hate those pictures." So always try to be clear, see with whom you are working, and what is the project about, and then...just have fun.

And the second piece of advice is don't be a diva. If the photographer is a professional, try to be one. Be nice, arrive on time, and always hear the advice of your photographer. He is watching the frame, not you, and he wants the best picture.

How do you find your inspiration?

My inspiration, like I told you, are comic books, video games, and films. Sometimes paintings. I mean, an idea can pop up any time. But usually, it's from those 3. Oh. and lately also a lot of anime's.

Who was the most unforgettable model you've ever met?

I have many. The first one that comes to mind is Turco. He is this tattoo guy with a long beard. He actually was a type of muse for me for a long time.

He was amazing to work with because we have the same vibe. So, he was open to all my crazy ideas. If I wanted him to be covered in blood, he was more than thrilled. If I told him to be in female underwear, he was up to it. If he liked the idea he was up for it.

And the second is Antonio Miracle, a retired porn star.

I was so nervous to meet him. Another porn star, an amazing guy Rico Vega, that I have worked with was doing a show with him. So, I wrote him a DM "OMG, you are with Antonio, I love him " and he answered some minutes later. "Well, he likes your work, we a going to Barcelona next week and we can give you some hours for a photo shoot."

I was in shock. This guy is a beast of muscles, sexy, handsome, he looks so serious. When I met him he was such a fun lovable guy. He is a sweet heart; so professional, and so easy to work with. And I was also able to do crazy pictures with him.

Tell us about when you found out your work was being published for the first time.

Well, I'm a Capricorn...like extreme Capricorn. So, when I started taking pictures, I started sending submissions, CVS and applications like crazy;

even studying. I think my first publication was in a gay magazine called Nois. It was the cover. I was so happy. I'm always happy, it's a wonderful feeling.

Do you have any upcoming projects?

Well, because of COVID, I have been almost not shooting. I opened my Patreon a few months ago. My shop is going online soon and hopefully in upcoming weeks I'll be shooting nonstop. I have some models I have talked to and ideas that I need to take out of my head. So, now that COVID is starting to get under control I hope I can start shooting really soon.

Thank you for taking time out to answer our questions, Tim. You've worked with some incredible models and are truly an inspriation to many photographers.

Your work is constantly evolving and we can't wait to see what you do in the future! Thank you again!

Models: Rico Vega & Antonio Miracle

Makeup & grooming: Mary Torres



A Javier A Lara Iconic Figure Project



TF

A Tribute to Tom of Finland

Photography by Javier A Lara

Models: Marc B & Rex Lopez













A Historic Journey

Written by Simon Hamilton

1 October 1836, somewhere off the English Coast. Together they stood on the deck, side by side, yet somehow apart, peering at the land in front of them—home. The coast appeared to recede out of reach as it faded in the twilight; yet by tomorrow they would be ashore.

The whole day there'd been excited activity on board, the crew anxious to reach harbour that day, eventually having to accept they'd dock at Falmouth on the high tide in the morning.

The younger man, being of an analytical persuasion, had calculated the number of days since they had first set sail. As other circumnavigators before him had done, he noted the one-day discrepancy (though he understood the reason for it). "But what did it matter—1740 or 1741 days—one more day, one day less?" Each day recorded faithfully in the journal. "Almost five years ..." he said quietly to his companion.

He turned towards the man standing next to

him. What were *his* thoughts? What did he *feel*; how much did he rue this, the end of, what—a chapter, a narrative, or merely an interlude?

* * *

Years later, I tried to remember the date it had begun, to pinpoint in my mind the exact starting point. I remember it all so clearly, etched into that sacred, silent part of me, my very essence. Of course I could, should I want, work it out; from the journal. But that would be too calculating, too scientific. The day should have been noted in the journal, marked with a big exclamation mark. Then later, when it, like me its author, was studied and analysed—"put under a microscope" as it were (a good metaphor, I've always thought, though strictly speaking I didn't often use one)—*they* would have wondered ... Wondered as to what insight he had uncovered;

was this the day when it germinated, the origin of all his ideas? Wondered, but they would never know, *could never know*. For how could they?

But instead, on *that* the journal was of course wholly silent ... Silent about that day of days.

And yet, it was this that had sustained me through all the ensuing years of ill-health, notoriety, controversy. But it was this too that could have destroyed me: oh, how it would have been relished by foe, and rued by friend. (In a sense, it killed *him* though. Oh yes, I do believe that.) For me it would have been, *at the very least*, a colossal setback. The whole thing was scandalous enough already, without having real dishonour, a genuine disgrace, added. Posterity would then have fulminated, ruminated and hypothesized on what-might-have-been.

But it was never known.

Still, like a small stone in one's shoe, it niggles at the back of my mind. When was it exactly? What day was it—a Saturday, or a Sunday, perhaps? But hadn't it begun before *that* night, anyway?

Go back, go back ... To the start of the voyage ...

The first night—well at least that is a date I can remember. We had left from Portsmouth. My father had come to see me off— *the departure of the prodigal son*. It had only been through the intervention of my uncle Josiah that my father had relented.

“This voyage is but another interruption in your education. I begin to despair of you amounting to anything. Will you be good only for hunting and rat-catching? I gave my consent for this voyage only to save the family from disgrace, *and* to save myself the expense of your gaming debts.”

How disapproving he had been. Did he know it would be five years before we were to meet again? Would he have approved of me later, the infamous revolutionary? And would he have understood the other, that of which no one else ever knew?

So, Father and Caroline, she as dear to me

as a mother, watched as we set sail: 27 December 1831 ...

It was natural that we would turn to each other for companionship. Indeed, more than natural, for after all, was that not the real purpose of my presence—gentleman companion to the captain?

Not that it was “plain sailing”: initially, Fellow* did not like the look of my face—literally. He had the peculiar notion that the shape of my nose reflected dissoluteness in my character. Perhaps he'd been right. Back then. Somehow we weathered that storm, but the cramped quarters took some adjusting to. Compared to what I was used to, the cabin we shared was tiny, indeed spartan—two bunks, a table, a cupboard and a privy that barely provided any privacy at all. At the start of the journey I scarcely saw him during the day though, he being concerned with his duties. I, for one, was seasick. We were three days out of port before we first supped together.

Thereafter we settled into a routine from which we hardly deviated whenever we were on the high seas. In the morning I would exercise on deck, and spend the rest of the day reading or writing up my observations. We would dine together in the evening. As befitting our station, the meal was formal, and we dressed accordingly.

Initially, our conversations were polite, if rather stiff, he being of a somewhat taciturn disposition. I, despite my youth (not yet two-and-twenty) was also somewhat subdued. I was in some measure in awe of him, certainly. Though only four years my senior, he cut a striking figure: tall and powerfully built, his bearing proud and aristocratic. Scion of royalty, he bore himself with manly confidence. I too was tall and muscular, for after all, had I not spent most of my days in the pleasures of the hunt and other athletic pursuits?

As a commander, he was respected rather than liked. The other officers demurred politely to his orders; the ratings treated him with due deference that he accepted naturally as his due. Sailing south, the weather grew warmer. By the time of our first landfall in the Cape Verde Islands,

*Fellow” is the private name I came to use for him, he being then a member of the RS. He called me “Potter”. We used them as ciphers, though the derivations would not be difficult to uncover, and we only ever used them privately.

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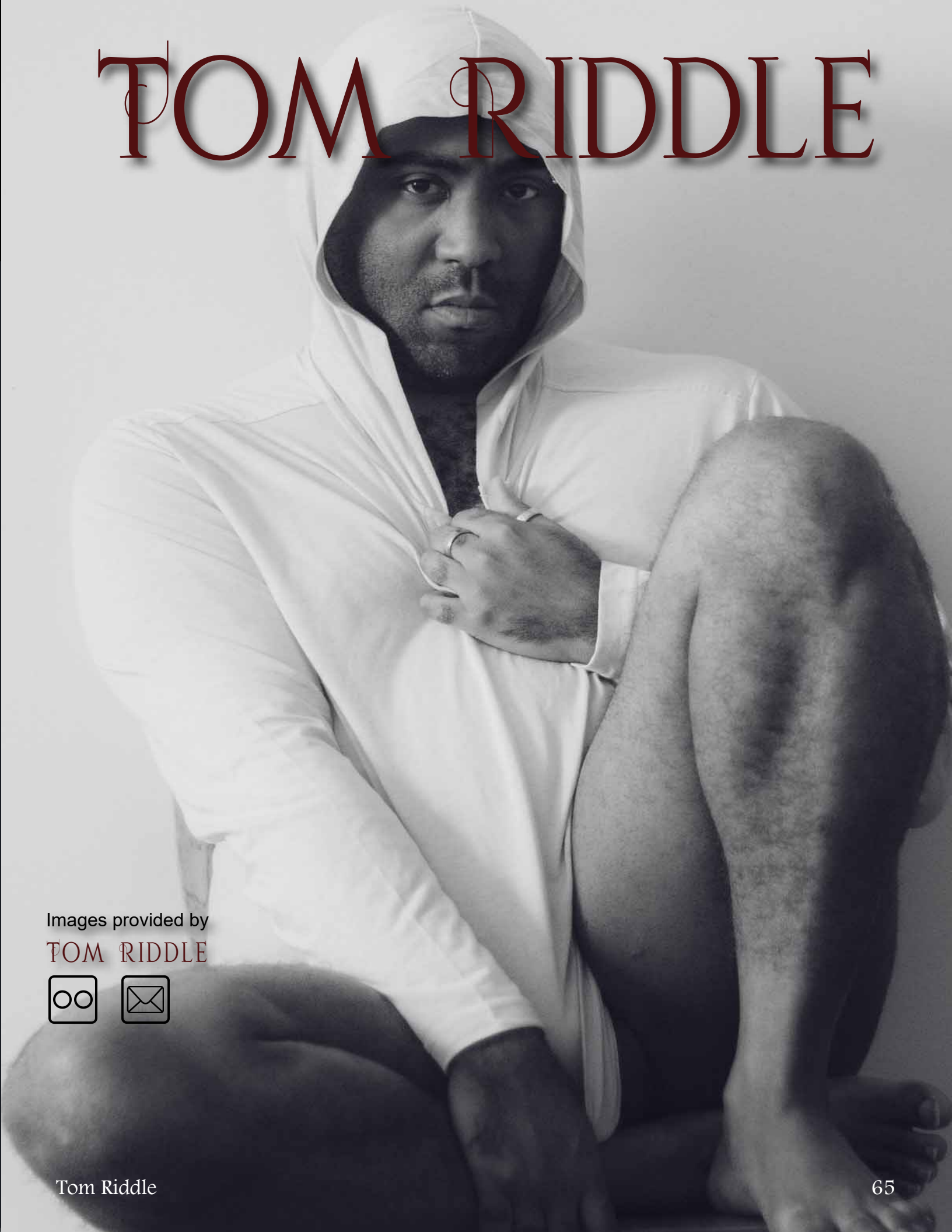
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TOM RIDDLE



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it was balmy. Our relationship had warmed with the weather. In public, we maintained a strict formality, addressing each other as “Captain” and “Sir”, but in private we called each other by surname.

With the crew, he maintained his rigid attitude of rectitude and discipline. I, however, was shocked at the brutality of naval life. I witnessed the sentence imposed on two sailors who had returned to the ship late and drunk. Not that he himself had administered the punishment—it was meted out by the mate. But the men themselves seemed to accept it as part of their lot, and seemed to harbour no long-term hard feelings.

No hard-feelings? Well, perhaps amongst the crew. I was certainly experiencing feelings that I found increasingly hard to deal with. In the set at Edinburgh and then Cambridge particularly, there’d been high jinks and implied licentiousness. But my delicious, guilty secret had remained just that—secret. The sin of Onan! I believe it later came to be described as “self-abuse”. We had no name for it—it was after all the great unmentionable. The lascivious ribaldry at the college was always to do with the busty wenches of the taverns, or slutty (or so we wished) chambermaids in our homes.

But for me, my solitary pleasure was now taken from me. No opportunity for privacy—during the day the cabin door remained unlocked. At night, oh the nightly agony! My member rock-hard, yearning for release. But always visible in the dim light of the lantern, my companion the captain.

The voyage continued, we heading ever southward. Our evening custom was to dine together, then while the dinner was being cleared away, for me to accompany him on a final inspection of the ship, perhaps share a cigar atop. The crew on duty would greet us deferentially, “Aye, aye, Cap’in. Evenin’, Sir.” On returning to the cabin, the captain would at last abandon all formality. Disrobing, he would lay his uniform out for pressing in the morning, then lounge on this bed, reading or conversing, in his undergarments. I would look with admiration at his muscular manliness, wishing all the while for something, but for what I knew not precisely. His sturdy, strong arms, the powerful shape of his calves, the elongated knot at his groin ... I would remain fully clothed—guilty of my potential tumescence—

slipping off my clothes only once the lantern was dimmed, and I would lie on the bed, covering myself with a sheet.

And so until a night, a night sultry and humid, the ship becalmed in the doldrums south of Cape Verde. In the oppressive heat, neither of us could sleep; even our discourse was languid and insipid. Impatiently, he cast aside his sheet and suggested we seek relief on deck. A half-moon was rising in the eastern sky; we stood silently, hearing the waves lapping against the almost motionless hull. He proffered me a cigar, but I demurred. He lit one himself, and we stood silently together as he savoured the pungent aroma, wordlessly blowing the smoke into the night. Afterwards, he flicked the butt overboard. Later, a school of porpoises glided by; to get a better view we moved towards the stern.

I turned towards a low scuffling sound. Aghast, I beheld a sailor rutting a figure bent over before him. In the dim moonlight I could see the white two half-moons of his buttocks flexing as he thrust his pelvis back and forth. The man in front whimpered while his buggerer murmured staccato obscenities, all the while plunging his manhood deep into the other.

I was appalled. Horror-struck. Spellbound, yet fearful for the consequences for the two miscreants. I’d seen the punishment in Cape Verde meted out for drunkenness. In fascinated dread, I held my breath, yet Fellow simply motioned me to step quietly backward, and we returned to the cabin in silence.

Nothing was said. Nothing. Dimming the lantern, Fellow disrobed and got onto his bed and seemed to fall asleep, his breath regular. I was left stunned—almost feeling robbed of something. What did it mean? Why had he chosen to ignore it? And the memory of the sailor’s buttocks—perfect white orbs, clenching and unclenching—enflaming me. In a daze, yet with sudden clarity about my own longings: to possess, to be possessed; to touch, to fondle, to caress. I lay on the bed yearning, my erection throbbing. But I dared not grant myself relief: fearful of waking my companion; fear of leaving my discharge on the bedclothes for the cabin boy to discover in the morning.

Nightly my torments continued. I recognized the seaman whom I had seen copulating that night.

Clearly, he did not know he'd been observed, and his demeanour remained natural and unconcerned. I longed to know with whom he had consummated his lust. Was it for them just the animal act it appeared to be, or did it have meaning for him? For them? Did they have yearnings like mine?

At least now I understood my own longings. At last I knew—I wanted, I craved—to give and to receive. To fill my inner self with his manhood—feel the core of him deep inside me. And, share my essence inside him. And this man, the man with whom I wanted to consummate my yearning, this man was lying next to me.

For nights I lay awake at night, tormented by both desire and disquiet. Questions tumbled inside me. Why had he not acted? Why had he, so uncharacteristically, chosen to ignore the transgression that called for, *at a minimum*, the lash? What made him step back and let it pass?

A seven-night later, Fellow seemed unusually loquacious. We discussed at length our observations of the volcano at Cape Verde, how it all seemed to bear out Lyell's hypothesis that the earth was of great age, and not relatively young as declared by the clerics. (Bishop Ussher for example, had dated creation at 4004 BC.) Then our discourse drifted, turning to the advantages a proper education bestowed, and the obligations of our privileged class.

In speaking of the burden of leadership, he alluded to the incident we had witnessed. My thoughts, in tumbled turmoil; I struggled hesitantly to form them into words. What had it meant—a man, rutting animal-like, and with another man? Could it have meaning—could there be real feelings, caring even, behind it?

I groped for words, grappling to articulate my unvoiced thoughts: I, destined for the clergy; he, a committed Christian. Yes, it was for us that I was asking.

His answer was indirect. "You and I are born into a certain class and obligation. Our actions, our deeds, reflect our position as gentlemen. What sets us apart, what makes us *superior*, to those that look up to us? Surely we are inflamed by the same base desires as the lower orders? But they have not our upbringing, or education, indeed, our lineage! They have not been taught, they have not been trained, have not our forbearance.

"Thus their passions, unbridled, are set loose. They find expression in vulgar couplings and common aggression. We cannot stop them on board, any more than we can stop the lascivious couplings in the inns and bawdy houses of every port."

"But," I blurted out, "is it of necessity mere wantonness, devoid of feeling, love even?" Beyond caring, I continued, "My desires, my deepest yearnings, my very self, are denied me by my class? Oh, woeful legacy!"

"You desire, you look for, fulfilment in a sexual coupling, as we witnessed the other night?"

Beyond caring, I cried out, "Indeed yes. No! What it is that I desire, yearn for, is a physical expression of love. And if truth be told, it is with you, Sir, that I long to consummate my desire." Aghast, I lay back on the bed, my eyes closed.

In the long pause, the silence was palpable.

"You mistake my meaning," he continued at length. "It is lascivious passion, devoid of feeling, that is the great leviathan to be trapped and ensnared. Does Kirkpatrick [the seaman we had caught *in flagrante delicto*] care for Haddon other than as a receptacle for his semen? Once in Buenos Aires he will be whoring with whichever damsel or dame is willing to accept his money, and indeed some who won't.

"You said," he continued, "assuming I divine your meaning correctly, that you have physical desires, but desires that transcend the mere carnal?"

"Yes," I replied simply.

My eyes still closed, I heard him get up from his bed. I assumed he was preparing to retire as I could hear him laying his clothes out as was his wont. But then, then he laid his hand on my shoulder. From then onwards, words ceased. He drew me up, and we stood side by side next to the porthole, our hands brushing each other. He slipped his arm around my waist, and pulled me towards himself.

I felt an immediate stirring in my groin and I tried to draw away, embarrassed. He drew me tighter to him. Almost of equal height, he turned to face me and pulled us together. Pressed against me I could feel the solidness of his tumescence. I gasped, his arousal taking me by surprise. In

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Mo



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Mo and his
photographer



excitement I fumbled to reach out and hold it, aching to have it within my grasp. Gently he held me back, then let our arms entwine, holding us in a firm embrace.

He led me to his bed, and skillfully helped me undress. In amazement, I allowed him to take off my undergarments as well, exposing my nakedness to someone for the first time since infancy. I fumbled with his vest, helping him to take it off. His chest was more beautiful than I had even imagined. His biceps were strong and firm. I rubbed his chest; it was hairier than mine. With my fingers I circled his nipples and began to trace a path with my finger down to his belly. Below his navel an inky black trail of hair to his genitals. Again, he prolonged the anticipation, deflecting my hand before I could touch his throbbing manhood. Then with his tongue he exquisitely tickled my nipples, now as erect as my penis.

Again, he pulled us face to face, and began kissing me. What exquisite ecstasy—I wanted to possess every part of him. I inserted my tongue deep into his mouth as our lips pressed hard against each other. Breaking apart, he knelt over me and began licking my nipples again, encircling them with his tongue. Then slowly, enticingly, he ran his tongue down my torso. I felt my own rigidity leap as his tongue neared my groin. I knew not what would happen, but I desired, nay demanded, it all.

He turned around, crouching low over my penis, positioning his own in front of me. I gasped at the sheer manly perfection of it, seeing it for the first time. I reached out and encircled it with my palm. It was moist from the lubricating fluid I knew from my own. Gently I pulled his foreskin away from the head, inhaling the heady aroma of his masculinity. I caressed it, lovingly worshipping his manly essence.

Again I gasped, for suddenly he took me inside his mouth. At first just the head, pulling the foreskin down, and encircling the sensitive head with his tongue. Then slowly he slipped it fully into his mouth, gliding it up and down in exquisite rhythm. I too wanted to experience him within me, and hesitantly I received him in my mouth. He responded with renewed ardour. Synchronizing with his movements, I circled his head with my

tongue, peeling back his foreskin. In sublime surrender, I allowed him to penetrate deep into my mouth.

I ached for release, my pent-up yearnings craving for discharge. Sensing this, he withdrew both of us, and began kissing my inner thighs, and allowing the passion to subside. “Not yet, not yet,” he whispered. In humility, I submitted to his direction. Gently he turned me over, and stroked my back. I could feel the hardness of his passion pressed against my leg. Again, I yearned to possess it, letting it fill my mouth. Instead, he let me grasp it in my hand, caressing it as I knew to do with my own, bringing it closer to a climatic end. Sensing that I could I not wait longer, he began the final act.

I felt his tongue running along the contours of my back. With loving tenderness I felt him reach the curve of my buttocks. He massaged them firmly with his hands, then pushed my thighs apart. His touch, almost imperceptible, glided along my calves. Then, in amazement I almost cried out—he pushed my buttocks aside and his tongue began to lap at that secret entrance. Waves of delicious anticipation rolled over me. Wet, and sensing what was about to happen, I opened wide my legs and felt him enter me. Nothing before could have prepared me for the sheer wonder of possessing his very member, deep within my body.

I felt his body go rigid, and knew he was emptying himself, his essence, into me. Every nerve of my body tingled as I felt him thrust himself within me, giving me himself. Then he lay on my back, panting in satisfaction, his member still rigid within me. With his lips, he caressed my neck lovingly. What did all else matter, this the culmination of life?

But it had not ended. I felt him withdraw himself from me. He turned me over, and then presented himself to me. Ah, at last I understood—we would both be giver and receiver. But first I too had to prepare the way. As he had done before, I moistened his hole with my tongue, inserting it in him as far as it would go. I probed his entrance with my finger, and heard him gasp in appreciation. So there, I too can initiate pleasure. Licking my finger, I again inserted it into his hole—knowing I was entering into him. He too seemed to demand more; I felt him groping for me. As he encompassed me in his hand, I realized my pent-up anticipation could

not be staved off for much longer.

Pushing his cheeks apart, I drove myself deep in him. Our bodies convulsed together as I felt deep within me the welling up of my climax. Wave after wave of euphoria engulfed as I spilled my seed into him.

Exhausted, I lay back, but he held me tightly, keeping me inside him. I could feel my fluid wet inside. At last as my tumescence subsided, I slipped out of him. He turned me around and we lay face to face. He kissed me gently yet still passionately. I could smell the musky scent of both him and me on his face, as we both drifted to sleep.

For the remainder of the voyage, only one bed in the cabin was ever used, though we were careful enough to ensure the cabin boy still had to make up both every morning.

* * *

And so, that is how it began. And now, all these years later, we stand side by side, knowing this will be our last night together. In another time, another place—perhaps had we lived with the Ancients—there would not have had to be this parting.

But we both knew, yet could perhaps not yet accept: this was to be the end.

When years later, when the voyage had become famous, and when those of us on it became a part of history, they came to ask why he died as he did. A morbidity of hereditary, perhaps? (After all his relative, the Foreign Secretary, too had taken his life.) Or was it the disappointments after his clash with the colonists during his term as governor? What they cannot know, will never know: the void, emptiness—of a love he had known, but which could never be.

I adapted more easily, settling down to matrimonial harmony, if not bliss. But, as every aspect of my life was analysed, they also speculated about me—what had made me hesitate for so long? Was it a reluctance to disturb the equilibrium of the Age of Progress? What caused the debilitating ennui: was it physical or was there an emotional pathology? What they cannot know, will never know: through all the controversy and personal attacks, the setbacks and even the triumphs, I was forever sustained by this love I had known, even if it could never be.

A Historic Journey



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