

being dangerous 3

fluids and fluidity

a zine about the intersection of BDSM and radical politics



this zine was made by R, K and some people that are close to them. Keep in mind a general content warning about description of sexual acts (related to bdsm, maybe that's obvious!) please let us know about anything problematic we might have written. take care and enjoy!

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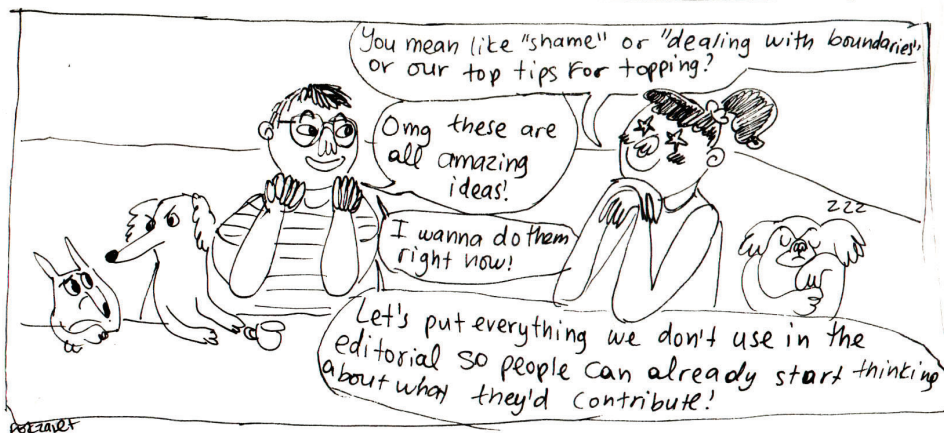
also just go home without you. You never know what's gonna happen. So you seize every bit of attention I give you and if it's in a cinema you try to do it quietly.

I'll admit it: Having this much power over another person is intoxicating. I won't make you leave now though. Maybe it's because I'm calm enough to worry about common courtesy and I like your friend. Maybe I also feel like it's my responsibility to keep both of us sane when I'm teasing you in public. Or maybe – and that seems like the most honest explanation – I just really want to see the film.

"Ugh, disgusting!" I catch your hand and hold it to my mouth to spit out another sweet piece of popcorn. You had the person at the counter put a few sweet ones in with the salty stuff and give it a good shake even though – or maybe because – you know I hate them.

"You know you brought this on yourself, don't you?" You give me one of those submissive looks that make my vulva pulsate, a look full of shame and fear, trust and devotion. Right now I'm everything you can think about. I can't help but laugh. You're so easy to play with...





Spit

Something about the fact that everyone can see how I treat you makes it more interesting. Maybe even exciting. Of course I wouldn't want people to be uncomfortable. I don't wanna do things that are explicitly sexual in a public place where people can see it without wanting to. But a mean trick here and there to remind you that I have power over you... That's really too much fun to resist.

I like to know that even though you could be witnessed, you still don't dare to disobey me. And I know that it's not just fear that makes you take the spit-out popcorn from my hand and, without flinching, stuff it in your mouth – all while trying to make polite conversation with our other friend. You also enjoy the increased feeling of humiliation that comes from doing all this in public. Almost immediately your hand comes back to the armrest, conveniently held up for me to use it as my spit bowl. Your face is turned towards the third person, who's telling a story about the production of the film. But your body is tense. I can see that you're trying to anticipate my next move.

The situation is a lot harder for you than it is for me, I think. I feel mostly amused and I have time. I know that if I want to I can take you home afterwards and let you lick my pussy on the couch and fingerfuck me til I come. I'm pretty sure you'd even jump up right now if I told you we have to go. If you were a little more like your normal self you'd probably worry about leaving your friend, but you're already so worked up, you're shivering uncontrollably when my hand touches yours to deliver the wet and tasteless popcorn. You'll do anything I tell you to. Of course, I could

Musing

I don't know whether we've run out of ideas that incorporate radical politics as well as kinky stuff... Has everything just been said already? There's only so many times you can write about how kinks are ok, provided they happen in a consensual environment, that we're not sick, you, dear reader, aren't sick either and we can be just as rad, no matter whether we like to get spanked...

... or yanked, or wanked...

Alright, I think we've brought the point across. Or maybe it's just this issue's topic that doesn't inspire that much social criticism?

You haven't even seen the other contributions yet, just cause you can't think of anything edgy to say doesn't mean no one else can!

But... being against stuff is like my whole thing!

I know, and that's ok. But you don't have to do it right here, right now. I'm sure you'll open a newspaper tomorrow and be full of hatred against all sorts of things.

You may be right...





Maybe you wanna get with someone and you don't know whether they have any diseases. Or you know that they do. Or you know you do. Or you're curious about the taste.

Gloves. Good for sticking fingers in people's various orifices. For example if you've cut your finger or if you wanna do some anal stuff and don't like poop on your hands that much – trust me, you don't always know what's gonna happen, no one douches all the time (Or maybe you do, or maybe you don't ever. Whatever floats your goat.), so there's a certain chance of some poop and that's fine. And if you feel better about that using a glove that's fine too. Or if it just makes you feel safer in general. Or cause the rubbery feeling /look kinda gets you off. Have at it! Oh and change the gloves before you go from the butt to any other hole. Also when you've been fingerfucking one person with them and now you wanna put your fingers in someone else.

Knives and Needles. That might not sound like the safest things in general but they can be fun too. Just remember that whenever blood is involved there's a higher risk of contracting HIV or Hepatitis B or C. So the safest thing you can do is to not use the same blade or other sharp object on more than one person. Everyone gets their own toy and also remember to thoroughly disinfect them before and after usage.

Ropes. I share my ropes with my flatmate cause we bought them together and we thought it would be kinda cute, or maybe just practical. I guess it also makes the flat feel more communist. Do I know where those ropes have been? I actually do but I don't have to know or care cause we got the machine washable stuff and if any of that gets in particularly close contact with anyone's genitals, we just boil it for safety.

Ok, that's all the STD related stuff I could think of, except for maybe: Let's all get tested regularly and talk to our partners about their and our health and how we wanna practice Safer Sex.

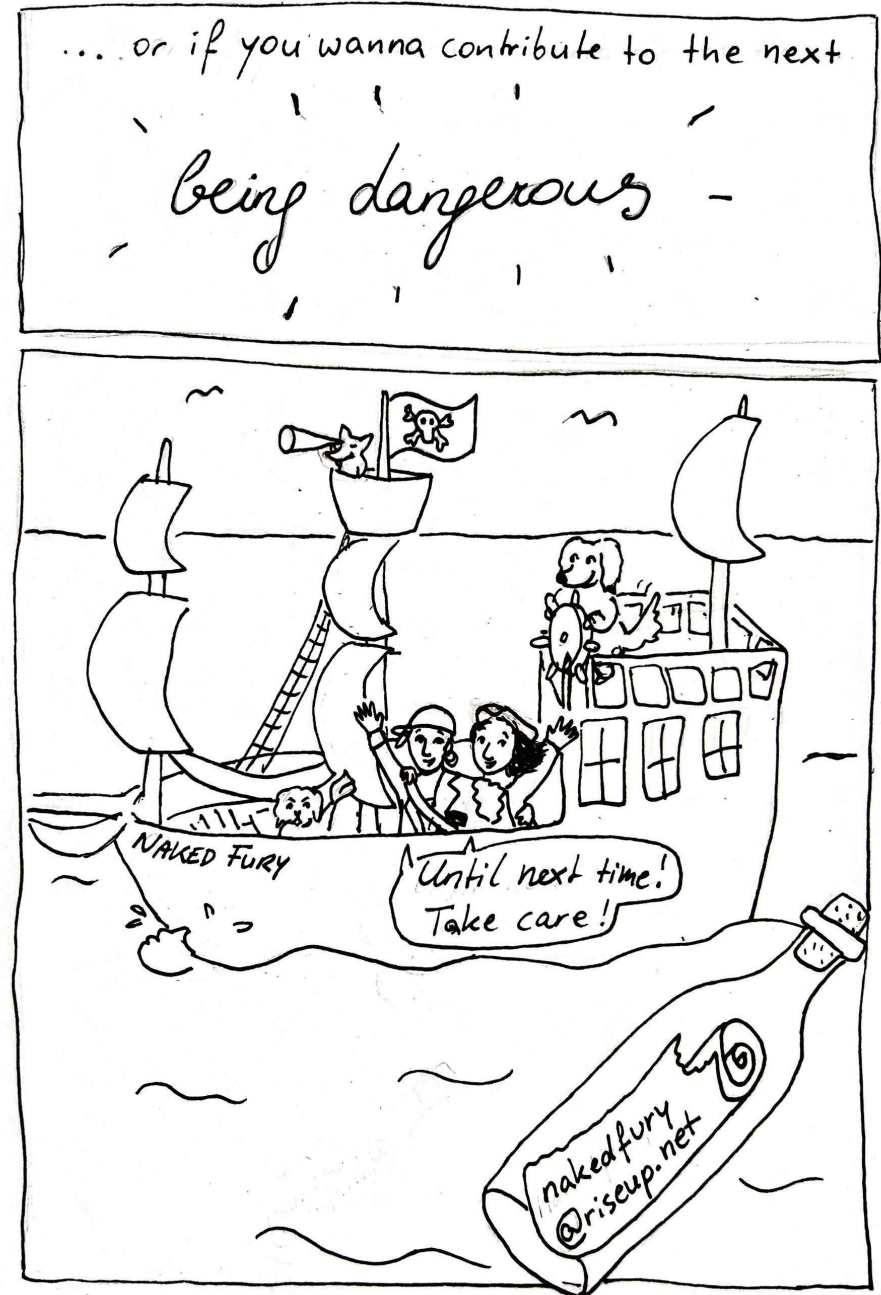
See the thing is....

Originally, I wanted to write a text about safer sex. Not just condoms and dental dams and gloves and whatever else you might think of but also about aspects that don't get mentioned that much in sex-ed class cause the stuff you need them for is still considered a bit... risky? Deviant? Not that talking about dental dams and gloves is standard procedure tbh. In Austria, you still can't get dams in a shop, you have to fucking order them from abroad! Drug stores are not required to sell this super important item of protection, I mean, what the hell?!



Ok, let me just calm down a bit, you're probably not the person I should be ranting at. Unless you happen to be a pharmacist or a gynaecologist, in which case let me take this opportunity to urgently ask that you start stocking and informing people about dental dams immediately! Thank you very much in advance, lots of love etc. etc.

But I realised that even though I'm very passionate about the topic of sex-ed – other people might call me opinionated – I'm actually not sure what people know these days, let alone who exactly will read this. Have you ever used a dental dam? Have you seen one? Personally I would suggest you get the cola ones instead of the strawberry but that's just my preference... Anyway, since I don't wanna bore you with stuff you've already heard a thousand times, how about a handy list of things I like you can just skip through and see what seems interesting? It's in alphabetical order for your convenience and because organising stuff relaxes me. Here you go:

Dental dams. They're basically like a tissue made from latex that you can put between a vulva and a mouth and it prevents contracting STDs. People don't seem to like them that much and I know hardly anyone actually uses protection for oral but they're also nice to have around just in case.



How I feel I should equip
you when you wanna go down on me again.



I have a plan for saturday
I'll make you lots of tea
- like ginger, sweet chai, lady gray -
and then, I won't let you pee.



Shortly before I had to turn down the heat to not let the porridge be burned I heard the door opening and closing. I got a bowl, put some porridge into it and added a spoon of sweet maple syrup. She sat down and I was allowed to crawl under the table. I knew she enjoyed having her feet massaged and licked during her meal. So that was what I did. Apparently she had sweated during her walk – I could smell her feet and I loved it.

As it often happened I was lost in time kissing her feet, sucking her toes and stroking her skin with my tongue. It wasn't until she pushed me away with her feet that I noticed that she had finished eating. I got up as fast as I could and wanted to put away the bowl when she stopped me. She snapped her fingers again and I was on my knees. She put the bowl in front of me. Seeing that there was some porridge left made me happy. I was not starving for sure, but cooking the porridge had made me hungry.

“It's good that you like pleasuring my feet so much”, she told me while looking at my erection. “You know puppy, your health and well-being is all I care about. So I think we should use everything at hand to keep you in good shape.” She was grinning. “You were good this week so have earned something. A nice healthy treat”. She looked conspiratorially from my erection to the bowl. I swallowed nervously and began to stroke myself. She was sitting in front of me, looking intently at me and not missing a move. It didn't last long and my white cum was all on the porridge and maple syrup. I was breathing heavily and tried to regain my balance. I never saw her standing up and walking behind me. I only felt her hands grabbing my arms and tying them up behind my back. She seized my hair and pushed my head down. Before my mouth touched the mixture of sperm, porridge and maple syrup I thought about the error I had made by giving her the nature magazine subscription for Christmas.

Content Warnings

page 10, Hold it in: This text describes sexism and how children are treated differently to make them into girls or boys.

page 17, Licking: In this text something not entirely consensual happens but it's a play on words, no one actually wants to do that.

page 18, The Fear: This text deals with lots of microaggressions trans people have to face in their daily lives, cis-normative ideas and physical violence against trans women. It also touches upon cis-men being violent towards everyone else.

Hold it In The Sad Part

“...Miss?”

“Yes, dear, what’s up?”

“Miss, I... I’m sorry.”

“Why what happened? Oh no, did you pee your pants again?”

This is not a kinky story – or at least the beginning isn’t. It’s a story about peeing and who’s in control of it.

When I was little, I wet my pants on an almost regular basis. Not cause I didn’t know when or how to go to the loo but because having to ask someone whether I was allowed to go made me so uncomfortable, I often put the conversation off until it was too late.

I’ve had a hard time understanding those things all my life. On the one hand, female socialization taught me that all my bodily functions were gross and did not belong in polite conversation. Kids who get raised as girls are not supposed to (even admit to needing to) poop, fart, menstruate, burp... They’re also taught to pee in secret or hold it in forever unlike the one’s supposed to be boys, who are encouraged to take their dicks out in all sorts of inappropriate places. I’m not hating on dicks or peeing kids here, just saying there’s a huge difference in how female and male socialization address the issue of peeing. On the other hand though, this bodily function is policed quite heavily. Sure, you probably can’t have three-year-olds running around unsupervised cause they’re allowed to just leave the room without telling anyone. But being forced to ask whether I could go to the toilet didn’t end there. I had to do that at school until I was 18 years old! And even after that, a uni professor of mine once told us she expected her class to use the breaks to go to the loo and hold it in while she was imparting her wisdom upon us. I always brought a thermos full of tea to uni after that so I’d be sure to need to go at least once during her class.

There’s gotta be a better way! And I swear, that one time I was found stumbling around in the staircase of my childcare centre I wasn’t about to fall down the steps, I just desperately needed a piss!

Staying healthy

It was a nice afternoon. The sun was shining through the windows. There was snow outside but the living room was cozy and warm. In one word: peaceful. She was reading and I was absorbed in my own thoughts. I was dozing off a little when I heard her giggling.

She straightened up on the couch and I could hear her reading-out-loud-voice: “A new study shows that one teaspoon of semen contains over 200 proteins and several helpful vitamins and minerals including vitamin C, calcium, chlorine, citric acid, fructose, lactic acid, magnesium, nitrogen, phosphorus, potassium, sodium, vitamin B12 and zinc.” It took me some seconds to really understand what she was talking about. I tried not to get my hopes up, because it was clear that this information could change a lot for me.

A few seconds later I felt her bare feet hitting my naked ass. “Did you even hear what I said?”, she asked me. Normally I loved to be allowed to talk to her but talking while being gagged always has the potential of making a mess on the floor. “Mmmpfh” was more or less what came out of my mouth trying to acknowledge her question. I tried to slurp back the spit trying to escape my mouth and failed. She laughed a little and I knew why. We both knew who was responsible for cleaning the floor and how.

“All that talk about nutrition is making me hungry”, she said and stood up. As her feet were leaving my back I felt a pang of sorrow. It always felt so good being near her. She was snapping her fingers twice and I knew I had to change my position into kneeling. After removing my gag she started walking to the door. “I’m taking a walk. Don’t forget to clean the mess you made and have porridge on the table in 15 minutes.”

Hold it In The Happy Part

Even though all these people kept trying to control my bladder for so many years and even though that certainly took its toll in the form of my numerous early-life mishaps, I managed to keep some of the joy of a good piss alive. In primary school I was already pretty kinky but I had no idea how to talk about that – even to myself.

The most tell-tale sign I remember is a conversation I had with a school friend of mine. She wanted to go to the loo together – also an integral part of many children's lives, isn't all of this fascinating? – but I wasn't ready yet.

"Don't you have to go?", she asked, quite puzzled by my behaviour.

"Oh no, I do", said I. "But I'm holding it in until I can't take it anymore. I like to suffer a bit."

She shot me a somewhat disturbed look and continued her way to the bathroom alone.

I had taken back the control. Nobody was stopping me from peeing, I was not doing it on my own account and it felt great! I don't do that as much these days, I guess it can be a bit inconvenient at times... And, being pretty dominant, no one has ever tried stopping me in a kinky way. But I do still enjoy that orgasmic feeling when you've been driving for hours and you finally get to a (ideally non-gendered) bathroom... And then you just let go.



Who is in the shower?

You asked me about my fantasies but then we didn't really talk so I'm just writing them here.

In my fantasies we're at N's place, old furniture and random things on the floor and your hair is the way it was the day I met you, or we're at your old flat, night turning to day or it doesn't really matter.

No, no, I know.

We're gonna go at a party later that night. You came over to drink tea, it's bitter almond and the bougainvillea flowers that help me breathe and you need help to pick an outfit, even though I can't really imagine us ever doing that. I show you the dresses, the long silver one, the skater dress I got just for you, the kinda see-through one with the big flowers. Will you try them on? You do a shy little catwalk for me, you look so pretty, I wanna eat you up alive. The collar that says SEX TOY, the one with the three D-rings, one for the leash and two for the handcuffs even though you're not wearing any leash or handcuffs right now. I want to kiss you, you say, I smile and grab the middle ring of your collar and bring you closer and kiss you and bite your lip.

I write those words missing you even though I just saw you two days ago. I miss the idea of you more, of what we could have been.

I wanna do your nails. Will you pick a color? You choose a dark blue and I choose a silvery glitter top coat to go together, look like the starry night. I really like painting your nails, I love caring for you in these tiny ways, I like these still and silent moments when I have an excuse to be quiet and so close to you. Now you have to wait for like 5 minutes for the first layer to dry but we're so close and I see how you look at me biting your bottom lip, tapping your fingers on your knees impatiently, but I'm sorry, I just did these nails and you're not gonna mess them up, so stay still boy.

I get up and leave you desperate, sitting on the floor with your back on the bed, your hands placed carefully on your sides. I come back with strawberry juice and grapes and yesterday's pizza. I smile and you smile. I sit on the bed behind you, spread my legs and place your head in between my thighs, are you comfy? You nod. I grab my book and read to you about

No babe, I think I'll lay down a bit. Come cuddle with me afterwards? Sure, she smiles and closes the bathroom door behind her. I turn on my phone and check my emails. There's this annoying work thing I need to reply to. I'm just so lazy right now. I'll just close my eyes for a second and do it in a bit. I'm on holidays. This can wait.

*

I must have fallen asleep so fast cause when I wake up it's almost dark and I can feel J's wet hair on my shoulders while she's spooning me. I think she's asleep. I hear her soft breath and feel her arms around my belly. I smell her orange blossoms shampoo. She's so precious and I'm so grateful to have her with me now. I squeeze her arms closer to me and I hear her little satisfied moan. I'm still half asleep but getting hotter every moment. She bites my shoulder softly. I arch my back to feel her closer. She reaches for my breasts. I turn around and ask for a kiss, which I get. We kiss with our legs crossed, feeling her thigh pressing on my pussy on purpose. She can feel how wet I am and that makes her smile. She suddenly bites my cheek. We laugh and kiss. We take a breath. "Miss, you know what I'd like?" I ask. "Tell me boy!" she says and gives me another little kiss on the nose. "I'd like to try this vibrator we got? We never got to try it out together... I don't know, just an idea." And I shyly bury my face inside the pillow next to her. "That's a lovely idea!" she says.

(go to page 28.)

She gets up and reaches for the drawer. She grabs the vibrator and jumps on the bed again. She orders me to lay on my back and gets on top of me. She holds both my hands over my head while she kisses and bites my neck, my ears, my shoulders. I reach for a kiss but her hand on my throat stops me. "You'll just stay still now" she says in a soft voice. She's so hot, I can't stand it. But I stay still. I feel her lick my armpits and bite the soft skin on the inside of my arms, giving me new bruises next to the ones she's given me in the past, giving me pretty colorful arms. Her lips, her teeth find my nipples under my t-shirt, find my belly, her hand finds my clit and I'm breathing heavily. She grabs the vibrator and places it between our pussies, her legs lock over mine and with her free hand she puts one, then two fingers inside me. My arms are free now to grab her back, leave scratches on her skin, hold her close as I feel her shaking on top of me while I cum. She falls on me breathless, filling me with kisses, holding my face with both her hands, laughing softly. I can see the moon outside the window. And J's lovely face. And that's all I need right now.

THE END

caves and trees and birds and you're so excited with everything. I feed you grapes and check your nails, they've dried so let's apply a second layer. I kiss the top of your head and place your right hand on my thigh, start doing your nails, while I feel your other hand slowly touching my leg. My hand pulling your hair hard stops you and you apologize shyly. You have to politely ask first, remember?

I feel ok with you. Sometimes I'd like to be more confident, like Dom/mes are. Sometimes I'd like to find a way to be a Dom/me without needing to be confident. Does my desire for you make me vulnerable? Is being vulnerable a bad thing? Is vulnerability reserved only for subs?

I'd like to tie you up, would you like to be tied up? There's a new knot I've been practicing that I'd like to show you, I say. You smile so wide and nod excited like a puppy, yes, yes! I bring out the scissors and the ropes, purple and teal and gray. I tell you to sit on the bed and I sit behind you, tie your hands firmly behind your back and try to remember the pattern I had practiced but at some point give up and do the same old things I know so well. I run my hands through your chest to straighten the ropes and as an excuse to touch you more. Are you ok? Does this feel good? I bring you closer to me, hold you tight, wrap my arms around your neck and my legs around your waist. I just sit still to feel your breath, its rhythm getting faster. You turn and try to kiss me, can I kiss you please, you beg softly. I turn you around, sure thing, boy. We kiss a bit and I lay you on your back. I sit on your crotch and feel you getting harder. I rub myself against you for a bit and you moan. I get up and clumsily take my underwear off, leave just the binder, or should I take this off too? I sit right next to you as you're laying on your back, wishing you could touch me, trying to get your hands free even though you know it's no use, but you know I love seeing you struggle. You manage to crawl closer, what do you want, boy? You know that if you ask nicely you might actually get it. Can I eat you up, Sir, please? Pretty please. Well if you ask so nicely, how can I ever say no? I ride your face, my clit just a breath away from your mouth, you struggle but can't reach me. I stand there enjoying the view of your pretty face in agony. I decide to be nice and just lower my hips a bit and let you get a taste of my pussy. Your tongue feels amazing, licking and sucking slowly,

gratefully, carefully, your tongue feels like home. I feel like I can be myself with you and I had just missed you so much. I let myself enjoy this for a bit but then get up again. I sit next to your face, far enough so you can't reach me, but if you crawl a bit you'll be able to. Won't you come here, boy? You struggle and you almost make it, but I just move away a tiny bit more. You're so annoyed, I love it, you kiss and bite my knees and I laugh. I grab my toy box and tell you that I'd like you to suck my dick now, would you like that? Yes Sir, thank you so much. Do your arms still feel ok? I bring you all the colorful dildos to choose from. I strap the one you picked on and sit on top of your face. You start licking it slowly, sucking the tip, then taking it all in. I love how you gag on it, keep looking me in the eyes, my sweet boy, my pet, my toy, I lock my hands around your throat while I fuck your mouth, slip my thumb inside it, keep doing that, you're mine. I lay you on your stomach, I just want to spend a moment with your back, with your ass, with the back of your thighs, with your tied up arms. I untie you slowly and kiss the rope marks, I wish they'd still be visible tomorrow, but I'm gonna make you some bruises to remember me by. I take my time tidying up the ropes, letting you wait, unsure what's gonna happen next. You feel my dildo pressing up your butt and bend towards me. But for now I just wanna taste your salty skin, bite the back of your neck and pull your head up by your hair to get a kiss. I wanna map every little part of your body, scratch your arms and your back, hear all the different sounds you make that correspond to all the different ways I'm touching you.

I'm scratching and spanking your ass, watching it get pink and then red, hearing you louder, begging just for a little bit more. Then I stop. You're shaking from desire, you know what's coming next. Soft bites on your butt and the inside of your thighs. Little kisses. My fingers running on your skin gently. My tongue on your anus, my wet fingers, you sound as if you can't take it anymore. Please, Sir. I apply lube and then one finger, two fingers, you close your eyes and say you like it, you want more. Lucky you, you're just about to get more. You breath heavily as you feel the tip of my dildo rubbing against your anus, going slowly inside and then all the way. I fuck you a bit like that but I just wanna be able to see your face. Turn around, I demand and you obey. You're the sweetest thing, I just

Um, I'm sorry, I think I need to stop, I say. I am suddenly not so much into that anymore. "Hey, sweetie pie, don't apologize please!" She says. Let's just do something else! She finds her clothes and gets dressed. I do the same. "Do you wanna hug a bit?" she asks. Yes, that's actually exactly what I need right now. We cuddle and she caresses my hair. We lay there still, looking at the mountains outside the window. "You know what I thought?" I say. "We could go check that fig tree up the hill, see if the figs are ripe? And have a little walk... there's leftover pasta from yesterday too. Would you like that?" "Yes, that'd be really nice" she says, "we could head to the market too, we're all out of bread. Let's just grab our shoes and go."

You know, she says, I really like you. I smile and kiss her nose. I really like you too.

THE END

I smile and nod, follow her in the bathroom and kiss the back of her neck. She grabs my hair and pulls me closer for a kiss. "You'll behave though, right?" she says and I say sure. The way she looks at me makes me melt. She gets naked, gets inside the shower and orders me to stay outside. I obey. I hear her turning the water on behind the shower curtain and says, "I want you to shampoo my hair". I start taking my shirt off but she stops me, "You don't need to do that now". So I get in the shower, fully dressed, take the shampoo, orange blossoms, her favorite scent, and start shampooing her hair. Feeling her so close to me, her back touching my breasts under my wet t-shirt, her arms hanging on her sides, her butt pressed against me, makes me want her so much, I wanna taste her, I pull her closer and start kissing her shoulders and her neck, feel the bitter taste of the shampoo and the softness of her skin and the water pouring down on me, but she stops me: "You said you'd behave. If you can't behave, you can wait for me in the bedroom." "I'm sorry, Miss", I say shyly. "Please let me stay". She's so kind and says ok, but just so I can finish washing her hair. Then she orders me to go outside, still wet and shivering from the cold water and the desire but feeling my pussy and my ears burning so much it hurts. She takes her time, humming a tune and washing her body and I just wait. She then comes out of the shower, gosh she's so gorgeous. "You've been nice", she says and smiles. You can shower too, if you want. "I just wanna come with you", I murmur, looking at my feet. Ok then, she smiles wider and takes my hand and then pushes me against the bathroom wall. She starts kissing me passionately, her one hand pressed on my throat and the other one touching me all over, searching my body for nice spots, hair to pull, nipples to pinch, shoulders to caress, arms to scratch. It stops on my pussy, starts gently touching me over my wet clothes, I press my body on hers. Then she tops. Looks me in the eyes, I'm melting.

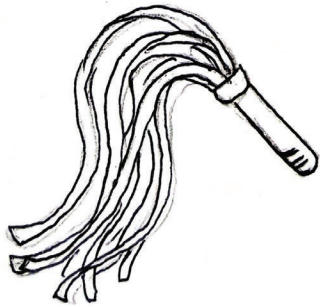
(If you think J will say she wants to fuck you go to page 23.
If you think J will order you to fuck her go to page 25.)

want you so much. I feel your hands around me, you pressing closer to me to feel my dick deeper inside you. You hold me close as I fuck you, you reach for a kiss and you get it, you deserve it. I taste your sweat, your chest, your neck your armpits, I feel your nails on my back. I slow down. I kiss you gently, your lips, your face. Are you ok, boy? You nod. You're so pretty, you're too much to bear. I think that's enough, you say. I need a break, We cuddle and kiss and whisper little things and make plans for the night. What time should we get there? Who will be there? You haven't picked a dress yet! I drink some of the strawberry juice and you ask for a sip.

Can I touch you a bit? You ask, and I say sure. Can I touch your breasts? I smile. You kiss and suck on my nipples softly, then a sudden bite. I love it when you hurt me like that, I love this pain. I want you to bruise me. You get on top of me and spend some time caressing my hair, licking my fingers, kissing me all over. Little kisses on my belly and hips, little bites on the inside of my thighs, I feel so nice and safe with your head between my thighs. Will you get your sexy gloves? I ask you smiling. And of course you do, you look so freaking hot with them on and it feels so good when you finger me wearing those. I grab my wand while your fingers slip so easily inside my wet pussy. You fuck me faster and harder, bending over closer to me to kiss me, it's so nice letting go, trusting you to fuck me, trusting to be vulnerable and strong and soft with you. Trusting you enough to cum hard, my wand vibrating against my clit and three of your fingers inside me. I collapse and you hug me, hold me super closely against your warm body that smells like home and lust and sweat and all the nice things. We stare at the ceiling together and you give me tiny kisses.

We get up, my hands are still all over you, caressing and scratching softly, playing with your hair and your ears and your shoulders and your hands. You smile and I smile. Can I do your makeup? Yes please, you say and take a sit while I bring my lipstick and brushes. You stand still, almost holding your breath. I apply eyeliner softly, I kiss your nose. Your new bruises go so well with the lip color. I bring the mirror and you see yourself and you have the widest smile. You like it? I love it. Let's get dressed and let's go.

There once was a leinster whose name I won't tell
who thought they would probably end up in hell
But since they'd be naked,
get spanked-and they'd like it,
They thought that might be just as well.



I want you to fuck me, she says. "Would you like that?" "I'd love that" I say. She leans on the sink and offers me her ass. "I want you to eat me up real well first". She doesn't need to tell me twice, that's my favorite thing to do. I kneel and bury my face in her ass, my tongue reaching for her pussy that's already so wet. I love her sweet and sour smell, the hot cum dripping on the inside of her thighs.

Can I put a finger inside? I ask. Yeah, she says moaning softly. My finger slips inside her so easily, "another one!" she orders and leans closer to me. I get up, still fingering her, put my arm around her chest and press my body against her. I slip another finger and she orders me to go faster. With her one hand she reaches for my face and with the other she starts rubbing her clit. She kisses any part of me she can reach and I hear her breath getting faster. She turns around, grabs my fingers and licks them, tasting her cum. She sits on the sink, her legs wrapped around my waist, bringing me closer for a kiss. She starts masturbating again and her leg is now resting on my shoulder, her foot on my face, my lips, I start licking and sucking her toes. She smiles, looking me in the eyes. "Will you touch yourself for me?" she asks and I nod. I reach for my panties but she stops me. "No, this should be for my pleasure only. You're not allowed to look at me. This isn't happening for you." She forces me to take my wet shirt off and uses it to blindfold me. "Do continue now" she orders. I'm melting. I love being a toy, a spectacle for her amusement, it makes me feel so embarrassed and exposed and I love that she has this power over me. I rub my clit faster and faster, my lips open on a silent moan. I hear her breath and her fingers moving fast too, "can I cum?" I ask. "Yes, yes" she says, out of breath, she reaches for my face and kisses me in the ear. "You're the sweetest, the hottest boy". And with her face so close to mine, my eyes still closed, her arms holding me, I cum.

THE END

We laid there silent for a bit, her hand soft on the back of my thighs and my face buried on her shoulder. And then she said, oh wow we've been here for like four hours. Should we head home? We can rest a bit and maybe cook. Sure, I said. We went to the car and I started driving. She likes giving me tiny bites and kisses on my right shoulder while sitting next to me, sometimes playing with my hair. She puts on music and sings with her lovely out of tune voice. I laugh. She smiles and kisses me on the cheek. We arrive home, it's the one where my great grandparents used to live, a tiny village on the top of a small mountain. Sadly a bit far from the sea, but it's nice. There's cats and a neighbor's rooster waking us up too early in the morning and vines and fig trees and there's three rooms to host J and me and our cute meals and our board games and our discussions and our lust. J goes into the bathroom throwing her flip flops on the floor and taking her top off and says, I'll take a shower, do you wanna join me?

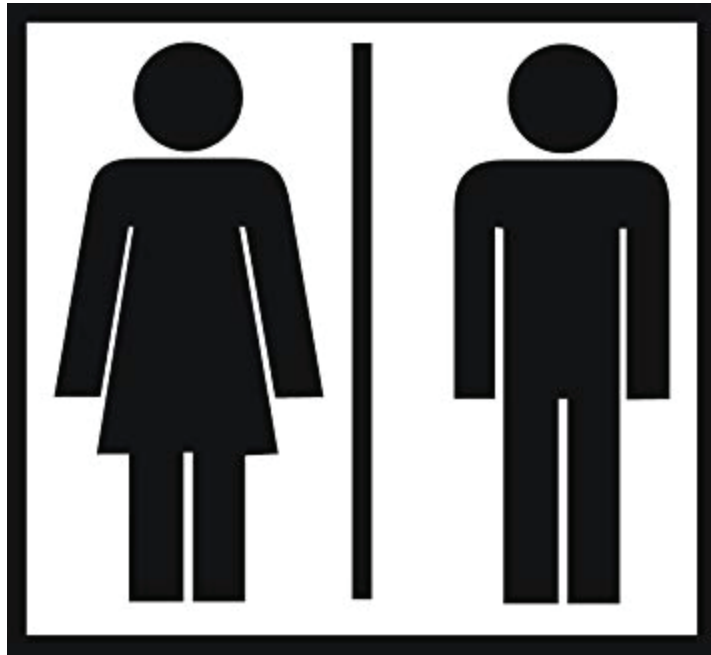
(If you want to follow J in the shower go to page 26.
Would you rather lay down? Then go to page 29.)

Licking

I really like bodily fluids. I like their smell, their taste. I like sticking my tongue in orifices and exploring all sorts of hidden secrets (get it?). It's not just people though, I'm generally curious. If I could, I would probably lick everything in the world, maybe start with a gentle flick of the tongue, then go bolder along the side... really take in the texture as well... then give it a cheeky little nibble... and finally just stuff the whole thing in my mouth and suck on it hard. Do you know that feeling, like you just wanna do what snakes do where they seem to unhook their jaws and swallow someone whole? That sounds incredibly appealing to me!

Anyway, Freud is probably already gearing up to say something, but that guy can just go suck on his theory of clitoral orgasms being different and inferior to vaginal ones. It might benefit from being forced back down his throat and he would certainly have benefited from being gagged every once in a while.

The Fear



You've seen these two before – the regular stick figure and the one with the superhero cape – and maybe the only feeling you associate with them is the deep relief of a person who had a bunch of tea in the morning and then got into the longest traffic jam ever on their way to wherever they needed to go. I'd really like to be happy for you but to be honest, this topic stresses me out so much, all I can really do is explain to you why that is and then maybe you'll get why needing a wee makes me so cranky.

Whenever I need a piss in public, I get very uneasy. I calculate how long I can hold it in and how long it'll be until I can get home. Usually I know I won't make it to my place cause I like to stay hydrated and am always flirting with a UTI, so I pee a lot. Is that a bit too personal? Oh, come on, what did you expect? Besides, peeing a lot has upsides as well, I met several of my friends while waiting for the bathroom. They know who they are.

I wanna fuck you, she says. Do you wanna be fucked? Her face so close to mine. I bite my lip. I want her so much. "Yes please". She leaves the room and leaves me shaking from desire. She comes back a moment later (a moment that feels like hours), with my favorite dildo strapped on, the glittery harness she made herself, the confident smile on her face that gets wider when she sees me waiting for her. On your knees, she says, and I obey gladly. "I want you to suck my dick". And I do. I think I'm pretty good at that. I start slowly, then take it all in, rubbing the dildo on my face and chest, licking her thighs and covering myself with my spit and the cum that's dripping from her pussy. I wanna eat her up, so I ask politely. She's so kind to let me taste her. Just for a little bit. She pulls my hair, forcing me to look up at her. You're gorgeous, she says. You're doing this so well, you're such a good boy. I smile. Hearing this makes me feel so proud. She orders me to stand and I get a kiss. She takes my clothes off. She commands me to stand facing the mirror, with my hands on the sink. She orders me to keep my eyes closed and I don't dare disobey her. For a few moments there's silence. I can't take the wait. I open my eyes and slowly turn my head to face her and that's when I feel the slap on my ass. "Didn't I tell you to stay still?" she asks harshly. "I'm so sorry Miss" I whisper, but I know it's too late. What was I thinking? She continues spanking my ass, scratching with her long nails, I deserve this pain, I know it, and I love this pain too. She comes closer and grabs my neck while putting a finger inside my pussy which I feel burning from desire. She fucks me like that for a few moments, then backs off. I can hear her putting on a condom and I just can't wait to feel her dick inside me. It feels so good, having her breasts, her belly pressed against my back, her warm breath on my ear, her hand still on my neck. After a while we collapse exhausted on the floor. "I'm starving!" she says. "What will you make me for dinner, puppy?"

THE END

Hello reader! That's a "choose your own adventure" erotica. I used to love those on children's books as a child so I thought I'd make an *adult* version too. Here's how it works: At the end of every paragraph you'll be directed to another page, sometimes you can pick between two options.

If you ever change your mind or want to stop, you can go to page 27.

Have fun!

What I could taste was the salty water when I licked my lips, what I could feel was J's hand on my knee, also the sun burning my skin, also the sand on my toes, also the desire to fuck her growing inside me, what I could hear was: the waves. Children shouting for a lost ball. The sound of someone flipping the pages of a newspaper. A dog. J's voice: do you want me to put some more sunscreen on your back? My voice: sure, thanks! What I could see was the sea, J reaching for the sunscreen and coming closer to me, ordering me with a hand gesture and a smile to lay on my belly. What I could see now was the tavern on the other side of the beach, the road, a sad octopus hanging from a string, two cats, cars, people, then I closed my eyes. What I could smell was the soft sweet smell of the sunscreen lotion, salty water, J's smell, J's smell, J's smell.

(go to page 24)

So, in the end, I always go to look for the loos and almost every time they are separated into two genders, as indicated by the afore mentioned figures. Now here's a thing about me: I'm non-binary, so I neither identify as male nor female and those signs seem to scream at me: "Are you a man or a woman? You need to decide! Now!!!" Personally I'm privileged enough to not have to answer this question on a regular basis in any other situation in my life. My professors at uni usually honour my wishes about not being forcefully outed or deadnamed in front of the whole class and my most recent jobs were also accommodating to trans people. So I just walk around living my best non-binary life until nature calls and I'm faced with this supposedly equally natural question again. I usually stand there for a while pondering the implications. If you're a cis person you might think that it doesn't really matter which loo I go to. You yourself have maybe been to the "other" bathroom before and didn't think twice about it, so why don't I just do that?

Well, first of all, there's no other bathroom for me, both the signs feel pretty wrong. Every time I make a choice, it's like I'm leaving a part of me behind. And I do fear the reactions of other people. Here's some thoughts going through my head at the threshold to a blissfully empty bladder: What am I dressed like today? Which bathroom dresscode does that seem more fitting for? Will people give me funny looks because they think I walked into the wrong loo? Will people who weren't sure about my gender before, make an assumption based on what door I choose? What will they assume? Will they treat me differently than before? Ask me to leave? Become violent? The scary thing is that you can never really know the answer to any of those questions.

Secondly, if there was a bathroom that I identified with more there would still be the question of passing. And of course of the law. Do you have any idea how many trans women get assaulted in bathrooms cause they're not allowed to use the women's one? Thinking about that I do understand why no one wants to share a toilet with the cis guys (right now) but I'll get to that in a moment.

In my head I have a map of the city with all the places with unisex loos. Let me tell you though, it's not a complicated map – gendered loos are still pretty much the norm, you'll even find them in some leftist spaces. Which is almost funny if you think about their history and the implications of them still being around today. Gendered toilets didn't become a thing until the era of industrialization, when women and men worked next to each other in factories but at the same time people were trying to push the idea that women and men were inherently different and women should really not be working at all. Factories needed more and more workers though and in working class families everybody had to pitch in to try and make ends meet. One argument for women staying at home was that it would be immoral to have them use the same restrooms as their male co-workers, so gendered toilets were introduced, along with gendered train carts, gendered waiting rooms, etc. etc.

All those things were not so much introduced for anyone's safety as for moral reasons. Now the days of unisex waiting rooms being considered scandalous are over and hardly anyone would consider searching for a "ladies only" train cart. But for some reason separate loos are still something we hang on to.

But if you think about it, gendered toilets never had to be a thing anyway. For starters, we all have unisex ones in our home! But let's look at the idea of a toilet in more detail. Humanity has done some weird things to the natural urges of peeing and pooping. We've come up with the idea of privacy and now we do it in rooms instead of the woods but then again we build those rooms with the thinnest of walls and tons of empty space above and beneath those walls so everyone can hear and smell what we're doing and it wouldn't be too hard to also see each other in there. And instead of having small single rooms where everyone can just do their business in peace regardless of their gender, we get two big ones that allow for group activities no one asked for and constitute a fear of someone whose gender is not seen as fitting barging into that bigger room and doing... what exactly? Have a smell around and find out that everybody does indeed poop?

So what are we after when putting up those signs? Giving people privacy while pooping? Great idea! But why not make it proper privacy with individual rooms where it doesn't matter who's outside the door cause it's a proper door in between actual walls? Maybe throw in a sink and a litter bin and you've got yourself a nice unisex toilet anyone can use.

As for people's safety concerns, I have two things to say. First of, that little caped figure is neither a magic spell nor a bouncer. If a violent man is actually trying to go into a women's bathroom, that icon is not gonna stop him. And secondly, yes, cis guys have been known to do awful stuff in confined rooms. Also in the open. And basically everywhere. But we don't need a world where everything is separated into genders because men might treat women (and other folks, but they never get grouped with the survivors in that kind of discussion) badly. We need a society that teaches everyone to respect and be nice to each other!

There's one point I do understand though and that's the fear that cis men's loos are grosser than others, not due to any biological reasons, but just because of male socialization. Cis guys get taught weird ways of using toilets, in their homes, in other people's places and in public. As long as loads of cis men insist on peeing standing up, making a mess, cleaning nothing, and taking their genitals out in public at the most random places, I do want loos where they can't go, loos just for women, trans and intersex folks. But I also want loos for everyone on top of that. Loos that just say "toilet" and provide a space where people can do their various business in peace.