

YGG MAGAZINE

ISSUE 4 August 2014

Backstory-
Love Stage!!
Kamigami no Asobi

Fiction-
DL Warner
EAB
Simon Bransby

Reviews-
Orochi no Kishi
Money, Bullets and Swag

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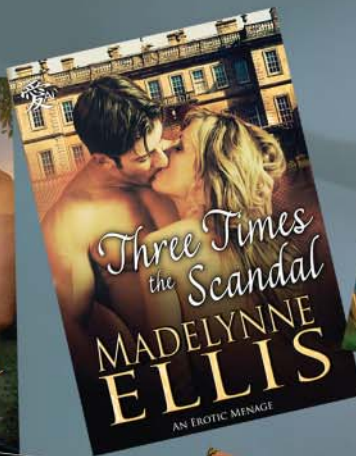
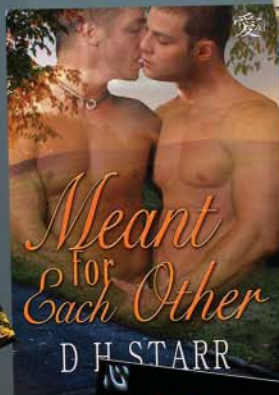
COVER STORY-
Teahouse





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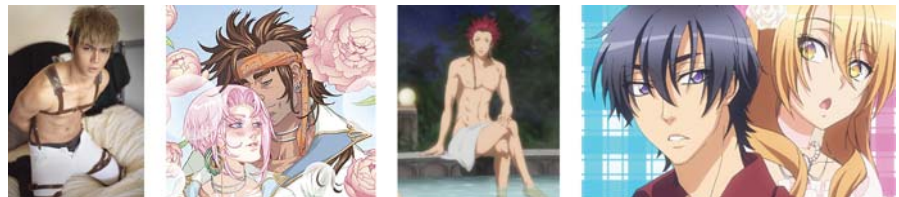
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Teahouse

Teahouse Webcomic – A Yaoi Webcomic About Fancy Whores is a wildly successful weekly series written and drawn by E and CC, a vivacious pair of ladies with a great deal of talent and very twisted imaginations. The tale goes that they met years ago at a convention where CC was admiring E's work. The legend says that CC boldly told E the thing that would make her wonderful work even better was the addition of dicks. Thus, a partnership was born! When this clever pair decided upon a subject of their joint venture, they turned to *Cathouse*, an HBO documentary turned reality series for inspiration. *Cathouse* follows the lives of a group of prostitutes at the Moonlight Bunny Ranch in Nevada. Like many fans of this series, CC and E found the drama between the call girls and their attempts at currying favor with the brothel owner for a better lot in life fascinating. This riotously fun show was missing only one thing – dicks

on those prostitutes. A webcomic was born!

E and CC have tremendously busy lives aside from the comic. *YGG Magazine* was lucky enough to find E at Anime Expo where she allowed us to pin a microphone on her and ask her some questions posed by the members of the page.

YGG: Where did the characters come from?

E: Originally they were from another setting. Half were mine and half were CC's.

YGG: Did that include Rory? Was he someone you had before or someone that was made up for the comic. And was he a new character or someone that was planned all along?

Rory was a character that I had before, but he was someone that we had plans for from the beginning. We had these characters set, and we thought why not put them in a

whorehouse setting, because there is a lot of drama as well as sex in a place like that and that might be interesting. So that's how that came about.

YGG: Did you have anyone particular in mind when you guys created Axis?

I love this question! Unfortunately, a lot of how he behaves is based on me and my temper and a lot of what he says is based on my husband. I think the mud hole comment was something that my husband said at some point in his life.

YGG: How did you choose the color palette for the comic?

I wish that I could answer this better. CC chose the colors largely according to the the characters. For instance, Linneus wears a lot of pastels; Axis wears a lot of earth tones and reds; Rhys wears a lot of golds; Rory wears a lot of bright colors and so does Claret. It's completely



Backstory

Teahouse, according to the website, is 'Much like *Melrose Place*, *Teahouse* is a story about a bunch of whores living in the same building. Only without the pool. *Teahouse* is the story of a fancy brothel in the country of Ivore following the lives of the courtesans who live there, as well as the lives of the people who seek them out.' The courtesans in this sumptuously designed and colored comic are indentured to Xanthe Atros. Some of them have been tied to that house since they were children. All of them and the staff think of the place as their home. The inhabitants are an ad hoc family and subject to the kinds of conflicts typical to any family (who is the favorite or who is always being picked on) except there are johns and dildos and such.

Characters

Xanthe Atros – Owner/Operator of the Teahouse. Friend and lover of a couple of the employees. A man many of conflicts.



Linneus – Longtime courtesan and lifelong friend of Atros. A beauty at a crossroads in life.

Rhys D'Ivoire – Soon will have all the power he never wished for. Still wants what he shouldn't have.



Axis – Used to being a top earner and the top. Things are not working out that way lately.

Alistair Grayson Dorian Reed III – Good looking and powerful, used to having all he desires. Not used to getting far more than he ever expected.



Rory – An innocent heart discovering the power of his charms. Also a really good baker.

Gilder – A big dangerous man packing a powerful weapon. He carries a lot of guns, too. He's about to be slain with a smile.

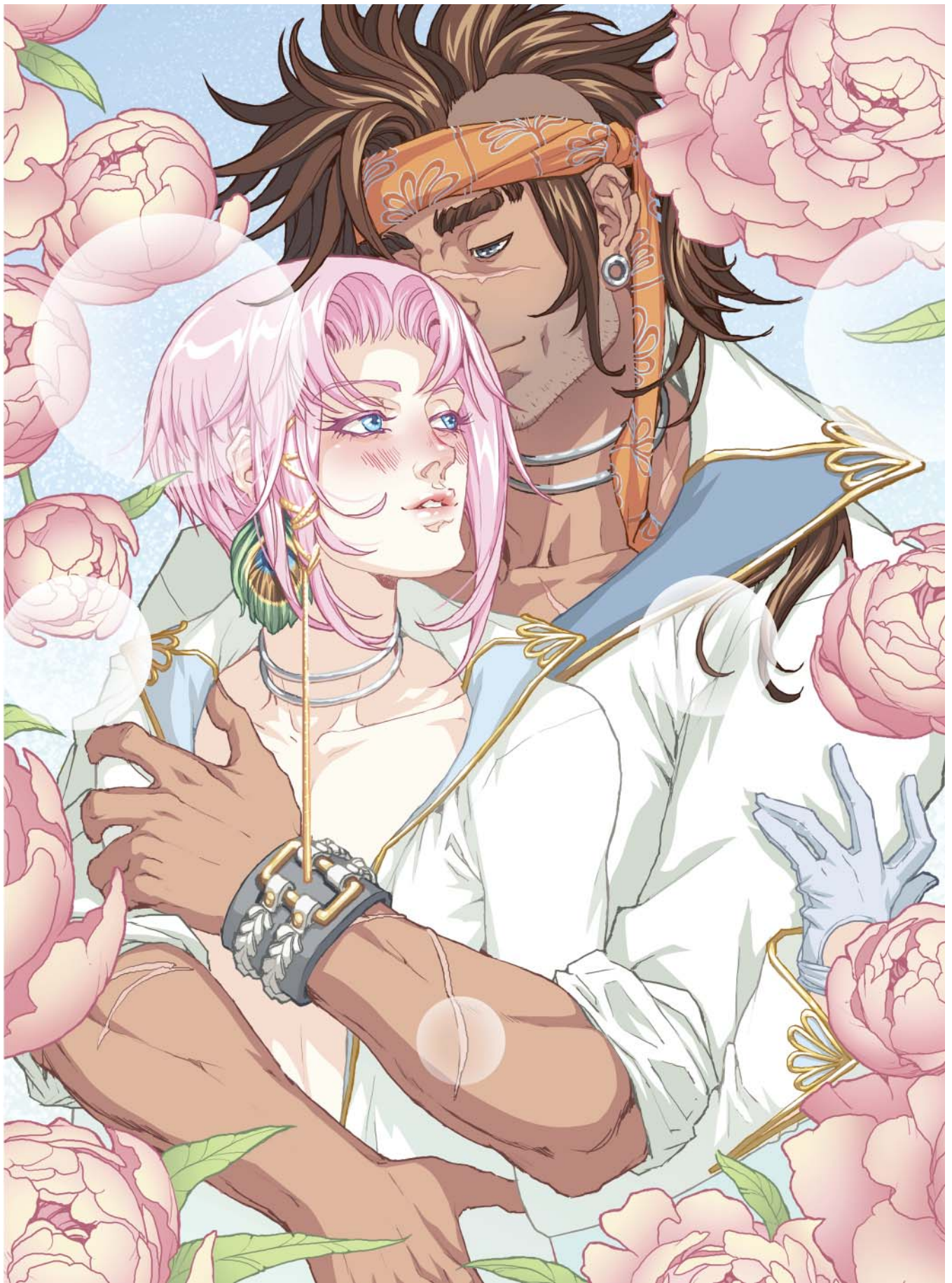


Sacha - Who knows.

Claret – A whore with a heart of gold, a sweet nature, and a sweet tooth.



Argent – Friend and protector of Atros and the one fans really want to see kick some major ass.



dependent on the character. CC really has a very colorful palette.

YGG: When will the next chapter be available in print?

Good question. I don't know. We're hoping by next year.

YGG: Is there any chance that the comic will be made into an anime?

I wish! That would be so cool! That's lie me and CC's dream to have it be an anime!

YGG: If you could afford any one of the characters, who would you spend an evening with?

I'm stuck between Linneus, Rory or Claret. Linneus because he's so sweet. We would have tea and gossip. Claret because I know we'd have a good time with eating. We have lots of good food. And Atros because he'd be a lot of ...fun.

YGG: Everyone is worrying about a big tragedy ahead.

We know. We promise that's not the case. No one is going to die unexpectedly. This is not a Korean drama.

YGG: Were you both surprised at the reaction to the comic?

Yes! We were just doing it, because it was something we wanted to do. When it blew up, we were all taken aback. There were so many people reading it and enjoying that it was...I want to say shocking. We were pleasantly surprised. We're very happy and very grateful to our fans for always reading and being generally awesome.

YGG: Is there any new merchandise in the works?

There are a few new things that will be available for Otakon, but generally, no.





YGG: And how do you feel about your Cosplay fans?

They are amazing! It is incredible to have someone scrutinize and agonize over something I drew...and figure it out and realize it...It is the biggest compliment. Everytime I see one, I get butterflies of happiness inside me. It's like, 'Oh my God! They took something I drew and made it real!' It's beyond amazing!

E thanks all of the members of the page for such great questions!

Backstory

LOVE STAGE!

ラブ★ステージ

Ten years prior to the start of this story, a very young Izumi Sena found himself in an odd predicament. His mother and father were appearing in a TV commercial for a wedding magazine. The little girl cast to play the flower girl is delayed in transit. To keep the shoot on schedule, Izumi's mother suggested using her beautiful son, Izumi, in the part. Thus, the poor boy found himself in a dress and very unhappy. The boy playing the ring bearer helped Izumi through the shoot with his kindness and generosity. That boy grows up to be a hot and popular actor, Ryōma Ichijo. He is still in love with the beautiful little girl he met years ago.

When an opportunity arises to shoot a new version of that TV commercial for the 10th anniversary of the campaign, Ryoma jumps at the chance, so long as everyone from the original – especially Izumi – takes part. Izumi's mother is really eager to work with this superstar. But Izumi is no longer a child and wants no part of pretending to be a girl. Only his rock star brother, Shogo, can get him to consent. The commercial is nearly a disaster once again. But between Shogo, the family's personal manager, Rei and the gentle persuasion of Ryoma, the shoot is a huge success. Ryoma is walking on air and finally tells Izumi he loves 'her.' Comedy ensues.



Cast

Izumi Sena – Though born to a talented and wealthy family, Izumi has always been introverted and painfully shy. He is determined not to follow his family onto a stage or in front of a camera. Unfortunately, the only thing he wants to do as a career, become a manga artist, eludes him. Izumi can't draw. Ryoma barging back into his life sends him in a tailspin, but he can't stay away from the gorgeous actor.



Ryoma Ichijo – The child actor has become a white hot superstar. However, he is haunted by a pair of uniquely beautiful eyes and an adorable face he cannot forget. And then the girl he fantasized about is in his arms and not at all what she seemed. First and foremost, she is not a she, and the he is the brother of a singer Ryoma can't stand. Things couldn't be worse – and then they are. He can't get Izumi out of his mind or his heart.

Shougo Sena – Izumi's older brother. He is a gorgeous singer in a rock band called Crusherz and Izumi's staunchest ally. He dotes on his brother while gently nudging him toward a career in entertainment. He believes has a lot of talent and wants to help him develop it. He also wants to help Rei in his job as manager. He's long had a crush on Rei, which is why his band has that name.



Rei Sagara – a diligent manager and protector of the family since he was brought to live with the Senas at age 18. He is serious and often unnerved by Shogo's playful nature while Izumi drives him crazy.

Backstory



KAMIGAMI NO ASOBI

The series began as a visual novel for Playstation. It is an Otome (girls') game in the reverse harem genre. In this case, the lead female is Yui Kusanagi, a typical high school girl. Her parents own a shrine where she loves to practice with her swords. One day, she is transported from a storeroom in the shrine to an island garden where she is informed by Zeus that she has been chosen to help eight young male gods learn about humans and love. The eight gods are:

Apollon Agana Belea
Hades Aidoneus
Takeru Totsuka
Tsukito Totsuka
Balder Hringhorni
Loki Laevatein
Thor Meginjard

Dionysus Thyrsos

Rounding out the cast is Thoth Caduceus, Anubis Ma'at, Zues Keraunos and the rag doll familiar, Melissa.

Zeus seems whimsical in this assignment to Yui and the young gods, but there is something dark and ominous in the task. He is serious when he says that if they fail in their studies, none of them will be returned to their homes. Despite the dire nature of Yui's predicament, she bravely rises to the task. The gods are all handsome and charming in their own ways, after all. Each new episode brings more insight into these characters as they navigate through a different aspect of human interaction. There are very amusing interpretations of the

Christmas season and of theatrical performance. The episodes are often funny and touching in turns.

Like all Otome stories, the focus of the harem men is on the lone female. This is also true in Kamigami no Asobi, and the attention of one of the gods, Balder, reveals the darkness that Zeus had feared. Within Balder is the destroyer of worlds that comes to life whenever he is overly emotional. Zeus' plan backfires when Balder's feelings for Yui send him out of control. The question becomes whether or not they've learned enough to save Balder and the universe or will they be forced to destroy him?

The series is great for Yaoi fans because there are so many beautiful male characters to look at and fantasize about. There is only one



They don't take this seriously!



female there and eight of them, so it's natural that the guys end up in pairs or trios without Yui. It's a lot of fun to ship them. But unlike many Otome games, the female is personable and her interactions are a lot of fun to watch. And it is her presence that makes these Bishie boys all the more fun to hang out with.

The first season of the series is running on Crunchyroll.com. There are indications that there will be a second season.



Fiction

Enthralled II

by DL Warner



Andreas could tell that Mykos was extremely curious when he entered his part of the maisonette. Those violet eyes danced with amusement as well. It was not until he swept into the dining room alone that Andreas knew his plan might work. Still, he felt terribly nervous about what he was playing at with his Owner.

“Greetings, Mykos,” Andreas said as Lexo appeared and took the Cosi’s coat. “Thank you so much for accepting my invitation. I know how busy you are.”

“I could hardly turn it down,” Mykos said with a wry smile. “I don’t think I’ve been more curious in my life.”

Andreas chuckled. “I must confess that I had hoped that would be the case. Let’s have a seat. Lexo and Kletos have gone all out on lunch.”

“Kletos is here?” Mykos asked.

“Yes, milord,” Kletos answered as he entered the room with a tray of appetizers. Lexo followed with a carafe of white wine. “This is my day to help train young Chiron.”

“Of course,” Mykos said. “Something smells wonderful.”

“I thought you might like to try a version of a really great sandwich we like in Kacia for the main course,” Andreas said. “Lexo and Yannis put a more refined spin on it, but it is really tasty. The bread it’s on was made this morning.”

“I daresay that’s the only way to do things of late,” Kletos said. “The primary baker in Amara has been using inferior flour and reaping huge profits.”

Mykos looked up sharply, causing Kletos to badly start.

“Do forgive me, milord,” he said quickly. “I forgot myself. I’m accustomed to speaking rather freely in his Lordship’s home.”

Before Andreas could apologize for instituting such a policy, Mykos held his hand up.

“That is not why I am alarmed,” Mykos assured them. “I want to hear more about this baker.”

Everyone relaxed. During the soup course, the servants took turns explaining about how the baker once had to replace the special butter he used in some of his breads with a common one used for servants’ meals. No one noticed and his profits soared, they were told. The quality of other ingredients began to dip to the point that the breads and other goods in Kacia were better than his.

“And his customers continue to pay the same rates as always?” Mykos asked with a frown after complimenting the amazing seafood soup.

“Yes, milord,” Kletos replied. “Of course, Yannis, Lexo and I noticed the decline immediately and switched to baking our own bread.”

“We thought that this change was well known among the customers, but it turns out that this was not the case,” Lexo said.

“I’m not surprised,” Mykos said. “Few Calix pay attention to household details. They continue to eat it because he is the top baker of breads in Amara. But this cannot go uncorrected. It is wanton corruption that is against the codes of Those Who Watch. How bothersome.”

“You cannot act against him?” Andreas asked.

“We must, but we’ll look like meddlesome despots, despite our motives to protect the public,” Mykos replied.

He might have been really annoyed, but he was really enjoying the soup.

“I think I have a way to force the baker to mend his ways,” Andreas said. “The Calix have been buying bread from my hotels to take home. They really enjoy it. If the word got out that bread from Kacia was better than this crooked place...”

Mykos smiled. “Either there will

be a demand that we act, or the baker will mend his ways on his own... You are an evil one, milord.”

“I just know human nature,” Andreas smiled. “Ah, the main course is here.”

Kletos and Yannis set the plates before them.

“Kletos, you have casually given me intel that would have cost me a fortune,” Mykos said.

“Did I?”

“Indeed you did,” Mykos said even as he eyed the sandwich. He then looked up at his servant. “Please, feel free to tell me any and all gossip you hear during meals at home.”

“Oh? Certainly, milord,” he said with a smile. “Thank you.”

“You’ll enjoy the gossip,” Andreas said. “I find it soothing...like a bedtime story. Darius enjoys it.”

“I’ll take your word,” Mykos said. “After all, you gave me the never ending source that is Lady Kronos. What do we have here?”

“A sandwich of seasoned chopped meat with melted cheese, and condiments on a long roll,” Andreas said. “It’s a favorite food of Kacia laborers. Yannis refined it a bit.”

Mykos had a bite then closed his eyes in ecstasy.

“This is the food of a common laborer?” He asked in confusion.

“The meat is really inexpensive but tender when cooked quickly on a griddle and chopped,” Andreas replied. “Yannis used some tenderloin scrap, but it’s very similar.”

“I could be frugal by not wasting anything and still indulge in pleasure,” Mykos murmured. “You are evil.”

Andreas chuckled.

“Well, diabolical one, what do you want in exchange for sharing these delights?”

“Advice,” Andreas replied. “Advice of a very...intimate nature.”

“I cannot say if it is possible for me to comply without further

information,” Mykos said. “Darius will not allow anyone to interfere with your relationship.”

“It’s not like that,” Andreas said. “I would never put you in that position.”

Mykos was clearly relieved.

“I have been studying what it takes to be a proper Dami,” Andreas murmured. “I’ve carefully studied all the social protocols.”

“That’s good to hear.”

“You know that many of them could be used against Darius or me,” Andreas said quietly. “It’s why you’ve pushed for my training from the beginning...to protect him.”

“To protect you both,” Mykos gently corrected.

Andreas smiled. “Thank you. Well, I have figured out a way to keep to the spirit of the protocols without anyone taking advantage of my situation.”

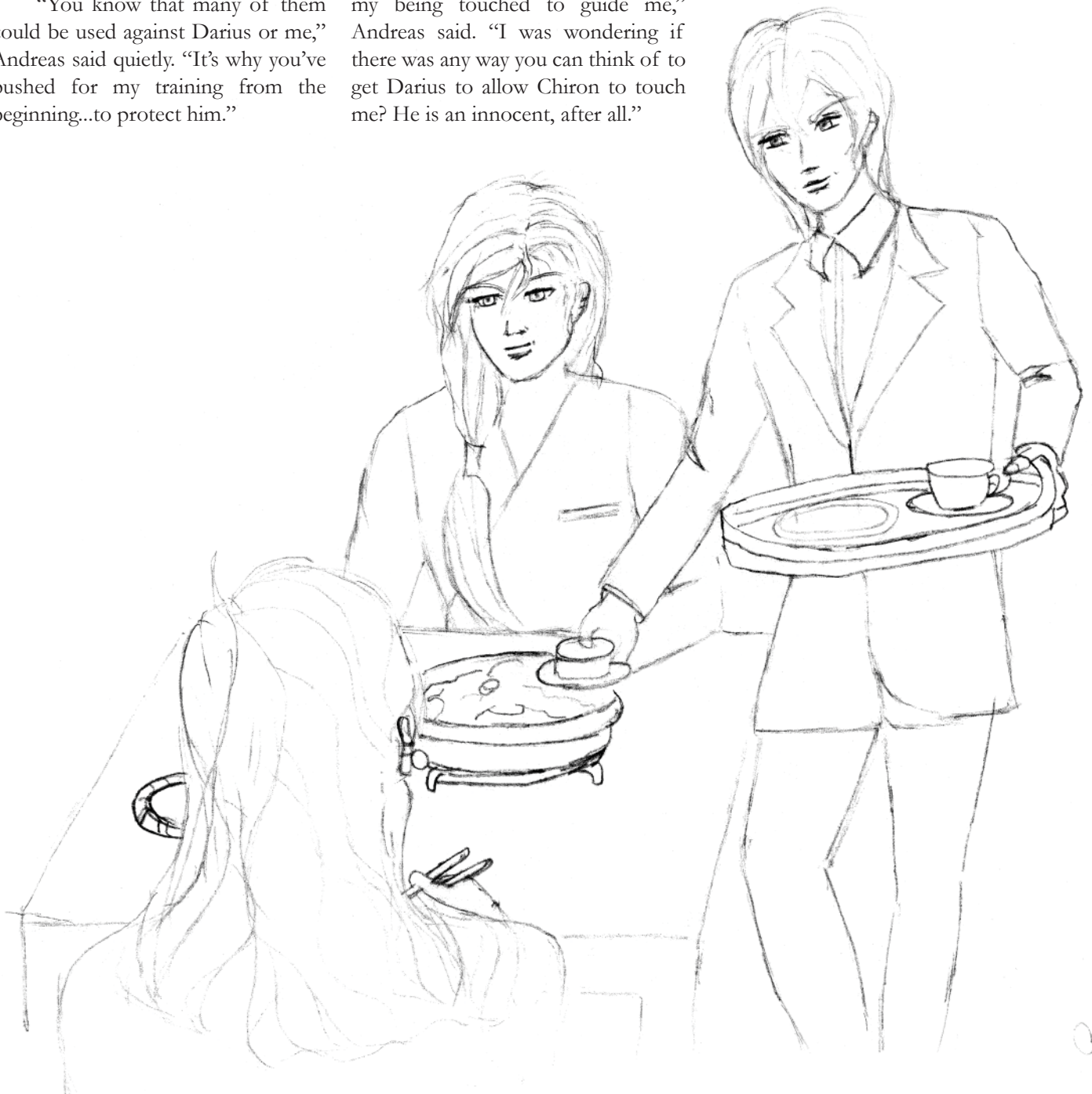
“After your baker solution, I do not doubt that in the least,” Mykos said. “How can I help you?”

“Many of the positions and other things I need to learn require my being touched to guide me,” Andreas said. “I was wondering if there was any way you can think of to get Darius to allow Chiron to touch me? He is an innocent, after all.”

Mykos finished his sandwich with relish. Then, he gazed at Andreas for a moment with sympathy before bursting into laughter.

Andreas rested his chin on one hand and waited. He had expected that reaction. He hadn’t expected the sympathy. Still, Andreas decided that the Cosi must have been bred to be exasperating as a lot.

“I’m sorry,” Mykos sniffed after



a while.

Andreas chuckled then. “No, you’re not.”

“No, I don’t suppose I am,” Mykos said. “I must thank you and Darius for the best laughs I’ve had in my life today. It felt wonderful.”

“I’m glad we could help,” Andreas said ruefully.

“All hope is not lost,” Mykos assured him. “The Cosi are curious by nature and voracious learners. Darius would be delighted to learn what is required to fully train you. And it would bring you even closer together. And that may be crucial to your plan.”

Andreas gaped at the Cosi.

“I believe I understand the circumstances you are anticipating,” he replied. “I should have foreseen them myself. It could be lethal if Darius were suddenly provoked through your vulnerability as a Dami. However, if you grow as close as I believe you can, he will be able to read you without seeing your face. So long as you are not distressed, he will keep calm.”

“Do you think he would actually train me and not get...distracted?”

“I’m not saying he won’t get distracted,” Mykos amended. “But he is also a serious study and an exacting task master.”

That thought sent a thrill down Andreas spine and a blush to his cheeks.

“Yes,” Mykos said knowingly. “My Cosi Brother will enjoy this training very much. I suspect that you will, too.”

Andreas nodded with a shy smile.

“Thank you for your help, Mykos,” Andreas said. “I suppose I knew the answer, but I needed to hear it from someone who knew Darius better than anyone.”

“I really appreciate your trust in me,” Mykos said. “And I enjoyed your company though I doubt we’ll be allowed lunch alone again.”

“No, probably not,” Andreas laughed. “I should call him soon. And I’ll send back one of those sandwiches with your driver.”

“That will help some.”

“I know that I’ll be paying for this during training,” Andreas sighed.

“You are insightful,” Mykos said with a smile. “And don’t worry. I will study the actual rules and customs surrounding your situation. I will not let anyone trespass upon you to get to Darius. Your welfare is important to me as well.”

Mykos left a short while later. His driver had the hot box with lunch for Darius. He even complimented Kletos for his initiative and hard work. The man was absolutely beaming when Andreas returned to his office.

He was put through to Darius immediately.

“Are you alone?” Andreas asked.

“I’ve locked the door with orders not to be disturbed,” Darius said.

“Thank you for trusting me,” Andreas murmured. “There was an important question I had to ask that involved your safety.”

“Are you certain you want to discuss this over the console?”

“I need the distance,” Andreas said shyly.

“Tell me.”

Andreas blushed deeply, but he complied in a soft voice. Darius listened intently, but the fire in his eyes was evident. Andreas felt his body react to the darkening in those eyes. He could barely focus on the tale he had been commanded to tell.

“As always, you have conjured vivid images in my mind of your beautiful body bending as I command,” Darius murmured softly. “And courted all manner of punishment.”

Andreas expected as much, but the silken voice and provocative words made his breath hitch.

“I sent you a wonderful sandwich,” Andreas said in mock dismay.

Darius was startled. He laughed with delight, thrilling Andreas with the sound.

“If it is an extraordinary sandwich, I may be a little bit lenient,” Darius said drily.

“Yes, Darius,” Andreas said, acquiescing as he always did.

“Andreas, You know how deeply I appreciate your efforts to protect me and our household,” Darius said with a small smile.

Andreas smiled broadly. He heard all the layers of warmth and affection in that statement that Darius couldn’t say out loud even in his locked office.

“I will speak to Chiron about this training later tonight,” Darius said. “Inform Yannis and Lexo that we will be dining later than our norm – perhaps a few hours. You will be ready and waiting to receive me in our bedroom when I get home.”

Andreas blushed profusely. He swallowed hard even as he nodded.

“I’ll be ready for you, Cosi,” Andreas quipped.

Darius chuckled then grew quiet as he gazed at his Dami with something that looked like pride.

“Until later, Andreas.”

“Yes, Darius. Until later.”

Chiron was apprehensive at the idea of telling a Cosi what to do. Andreas had anticipated that. He served the Cosi with ease and often smiled when his playfulness surfaced, but he never seemed to forget the power Darius wielded. Thus, it took very little for the former Dami’s apprehension level to rise where the Cosi was concerned.

“Chiron, remember how you told me that your Owner would do tricky things at parties so he could have his guests’ Dami to play with?” Andreas asked.

“Yes!” Chiron replied with a frown. “Master would be very tricky to get the Dami from his guest. Then, I would have to go with his guest who

would be mean to me, because he was mad at Master.”

“Well, you wouldn’t want that kind of trick to be played on me, would you?” Andreas asked.

Chiron’s eyes grew large. “No! Never, milord!”

“You can help Darius learn how to protect me from those tricks and protect him and this house,” Andreas said. “We would be very grateful.”

“No, I am grateful to you for my home and new life,” Chiron said. “I will help his Lordship learn what he must.”

“Thank you, Chiron,” Andreas smiled. “Now, would you let Lexo know that I am preparing for his Lordship in the Master suite.”

“Yes, milord!”

Apparently, while Andreas chatted with Chiron, Yannis and Lexo made a meal of small plates and a tray of beverages for the Master Suite. They wouldn’t hear of Darius waiting for food after a long day of work. They knew that he would have an appetite for a full supper as well. Andreas found out about these plans when he came out of the bath suite fresh from a shower. They were rolling a pair of serving carts inside.

“What’s all this, guys?”

“We thought that we would bring enough to eat to tide you both over until breakfast,” Yannis replied.

“You both seem exhausted when you have to get up to eat afterward,” Lexo continued.

Andreas blushed but kept his focus.

“But this would mean barely getting to see Darius until breakfast,” Andreas said. Despite the fierce reputation his Cosi cultivated for the public, his staff were all quite fond of him and sought daily interactions.

“You are most generous, milord,” Lexo smiled. “But it is unnecessary.”

“We will see his Lordship during breakfast,” Yannis said.

“You just find him funny



watching me working out with Odigos,” Andreas quipped.

The Cosi could be very amusing trying not to seem like he was reacting to the often fast sparring between Andreas and his bodyguard. He didn’t want to interfere out of fear of Odigos hurting Andreas while he was distracted. But he worried that the speed was too fast. All of this tortured thought went on while he seemed to be studying the news on his tablet and enjoying coffee. It was rare to see a Cosi in such a state. They felt honored to be allowed to witness that show of emotion as it was proof of his trust in them.

“I really couldn’t say, milord,” Yannis said with that enigmatic smile.

“No, I don’t suppose you can,” Andreas chuckled. “What’s on the second cart?”

“Your favorite wine and cognac

and hot water with a tea pot,” Lexo said. “There is also a nice pitcher of water and one of lemon and cucumber water to keep you... replenished, milord.”

“Okay, then,” Andreas said. His brows had raised to his hairline. “You guys thought of everything...as always. Thank you.”

“You are most welcome, milord,” Lexo said. “Enjoy your evening.”

“Call if you need anything,” Yannis added.

Andreas inclined his head in that regal way he’d learned from Darius. When he first arrived at the Penthouse, it embarrassed him to no end how much Yannis knew about his body and his lovemaking with Darius. He no longer blinked at him or Lexo providing a remedy to replace what Darius wrung out of him. Instead, he poured himself a glass of the lemon

water then settled to read one of his mother's journals.

The room was warm from the fire. Once he had brushed his hair dry, Andreas soon felt that warmth seep into him and sap his strength. As soon as he settled back on to the pillows propped up against the headboard, Andreas drifted into sleep.

Darius was still a bit vexed with Mykos when he returned to Cosimo Tower. He was unrepentant but not overtly jovial upon his return.

"You have a similar expression as Andeas," Mykos said. "Exasperation. I find it a most enjoyable expression."

"Yes, I imagine that you would," Darius muttered.

Mykos responded by sliding the hot box across the desk. "Peace offering? It is extraordinary."

"So I understand," Darius replied. He did not want his ire abated, but the aroma from the box was irresistible. He found himself tucking in before he could stop himself. Mykos poured him a goblet of wine.

"I was very moved that Andreas trusted me enough to bring this matter to me," Mykos said sincerely. "We never violated your relationship, Darius."

"I know that," Darius said with a sigh after a bite of the sandwich. "It's difficult simply being apart from him some days."

"He is extraordinary," Mykos chuckled. "He has me associating with all sorts of people who are not Cosi. I now have weekly lunches with Lady Kronos and her circle who simply must be with her as well as Hector Raden and Mr. Stu at Club Zeero. I cannot imagine another being accomplishing that feat."

Darius finally smiled. "That is true. And this is an incredible sandwich. Thank you. What do we

have on the schedule this afternoon?"

"We have nothing," Mykos replied. "You have some very important strategies to work out with Andreas. I'll handle things here."

Darius was startled. "But how will that look? How much control do I have if I rush off to make sure my closest Brother has not come between me and my Dami?"

"If the time ever comes that our conduct is under review, the recordings will reveal that this is about far more than what is between you and your Dami," Mykos said with a smile.

Darius raised a brow. Then, he nodded.

"As always, your counsel is sound and most welcome, brother," Darius said as he rose from his desk. They embraced warmly.

"It is my honor and pleasure to have the trust of my brother and his house," Mykos murmured. "Until tomorrow."

"Until tomorrow, Mykos."

Thus, hours before he thought possible, Darius found himself exiting the private elevator to the top floor of the maisonette. He was not sure that Andreas would be ready as he had not called ahead to say that he was en route – such was his desire not be stopped. Yannis was there immediately to take his coat.

"Lord Hephaestus awaits you in the Master Suite, milord," Yannis said. "We have arranged repasts for the evening."

"Thank you, Yannis. That was thoughtful," Darius murmured. "No calls save for Mykos."

"Yes, milord. Summon us if you require anything."

"I shall. Goodnight, Yannis."

Darius did not wait for a reply. His total focus was on getting to Andreas. The Master Suite was warm and inviting from the fires and the candles lit like they were during the magnetic storm. Andreas was asleep



against the headboard. One of his mother's journals was in his lap. The Cosi made no move to wake his Dami. Instead, he took in his beauty while he undressed. It was not necessary to heed to the protocol requiring his Dami to help him undress. Darius found it far more pleasurable to look his fill at Andreas in the fire and candle light. The reds and golds danced across his tawny skin.

Andreas was very beautiful yet somehow managed to radiate strength even while blissfully asleep. Darius was accustomed to being fortunate in all things. Still, he was amazed that fortune had bound such an incredible man to him. They were so in tune with one another, that it was mere minutes after Darius was in the room that Andreas stirred and softly murmured his name.

"I'm here, Andreas," Darius said quietly.

The Dami smiled before opening his amazing green-gold eyes. Then, he looked up at Darius before stretching languidly and seductively.

"You're here early," he said. His deep voice was husky with sleep.

"Mykos thought I would be better focusing on our strategies where you are concerned," he replied.

"Was he right?" Andreas asked mischievously.

"Eventually, I'll be able to focus on strategies," Darius replied frankly as his eyes darkened. "First, I must have you and then some of that delightful smelling food. And then, perhaps you again."

"May I move?" Andreas asked.

"Not from the bed," Darius replied as he finished undressing.

"No. I wanted to put away the journal," Andreas said. He moved up on his knees to place the leather bound book on the shelf above the headboard. He stayed on his knees to face Darius as he finally approached the bed.

Andreas made no move toward Darius. He merely waited, drinking the Cosi in as he drew near. Though Darius wanted very much to be deep in that tight heat as soon as possible, he found himself pulling Andreas against him for a surprisingly gentle kiss. The Dami responded by returning the warm embrace, his fingers wove through the thick mane of hair at the back of the Cosi's neck. The kiss spoke more of love than it did mere lust. Andreas held him close and kissed him warmly, moving Darius with the depth of his feelings as he often did.

When Darius gently broke the kiss Andreas smoothly moved his hands away. Darius deftly pulled the tunic from that delectable body before capturing his wrists. He eased Andreas back onto the mattress before securing his wrists in the

shackles during another heady kiss. Darius found himself smiling.

"You always seem like you're surprised to find yourself in shackles," he murmured.

Andreas blushed beautifully under his intent gaze. "I get lost when you kiss me. My mind can't focus on anything else."

"Andreas...you have a talent for always pleasing me beyond anything I could have imagined," Darius said softly. "And I will reward you...right now."

Darius pulled away the soft slacks that barely contained his Dami's erection.

"I was going to apologize for not kissing your body from head to toe, but I don't think you'd stand for it," Darius said with a smile.

There was that exasperated expression Darius so loved.

"Darius!" Andreas cried out.

"Don't worry, my demanding Dami," Darius said. "I can bear teasing you no longer."

He moved swiftly to take Andreas, resting those slender, corded legs against his thighs. In one movement of his hips, Darius pushed into his tight heat. As always, Andreas was ready for him, welcoming Darius into his body with a throaty moan. He arched his back and pulled against the shackles. Andreas wanted to hold him. Darius found he liked being held by Andreas. He definitely preferred sleeping in the surprisingly strong embrace of his Dami. But he was equally compelled to contain and control the fire that blazed intensely between them. Control was a huge part of his life both personal and public. He was nothing without it. Though known for his sometimes vicious temper, Andreas was the first to truly push his control. Their roles in that relationship was the only defense he had against that.

Andreas seemed to be unaware of the struggle Darius had striking

a balance in their union. He readily accepted anything that Darius put upon him with eagerness and grace. Even though it could easily be said that his reaction to a simple lunch with his closest friend was extremely overbearing behavior. Andreas never questioned him. He yielded sweetly and generously. Even then, he was pleading for even more from his Owner.

"Darius...please...please..." he moaned helpless in the grip of his need for possession. His expression was exquisite in its wantonness.

Darius shifted his hips then brought them both to completion as slowly as he could. Andreas was cursing him by the end even as he was crying out with pleasure. Darius had to laugh as soon as he caught his breath. He freed Andreas before kissing him soundly.

"I've never heard such language hurled at me for not granting an orgasm," he chuckled as he reached over to grab the warm wet cloths left for cleansing.

Andreas sighed as Darius gently cleansed then even more carefully dried him. He then looked at the Cosi ruefully as he took a warm wet cloth to return the kindness.

"You do know that my meeting with Mykos was all about you or protecting your home?" Andreas sighed.

"That is the only reason that you are free now," Darius replied unapologetically.

As always, something in his tone caused Andreas to merely shake his head with a wry smile. He leaned over to gently kiss his Owner's lips. It was a sweet kiss given with free affection that made Darius warm inside. When Andreas sat back his face was serene.

"Are you hungry...for food?" He asked. His voice, like his eyes, were mirthful.

"Yes, I am," Darius replied with a chuckle. "I'll pour the wine."

In short order, Andreas had arranged the food in such a way that they could reach easily without leaving the bed.

“Chiron is willing and he is certainly able, but he is very nervous,” Andreas said between dishes.

“I’ll talk to him tomorrow, and I’ll be very gentle,” Darius said with a smile.

“And what about me?” Andreas murmured.

“You know that I cannot harm you,” Darius said with a confused frown.

“I know that,” Andreas assured him. “But what of those who try to

cross the line with me. I plan to rattle some cages very, very hard.”

Darius considered Andreas while tracing the little line that appeared between his brows when he frowned. Then, he laughed when Andreas crossed his eyes at him.

“I know that I am overbearing where you are concerned,” Darius murmured. “But have absolute confidence that I am bound and determined to never give that lot the satisfaction of seeing me ever lose control.”

Andreas laughed with delight.

“That I can absolutely believe,” Andreas said as he raised his goblet

of wine.

There was much more to be said about this plan. It would be a trial on their relationship even if everything went well, but Darius found that he didn’t want to darken the atmosphere. He could tell that Andreas felt the same way from the lustful glances he was sending his way. After they had enough sustenance, Darius planned to see if his Dami was ready to fulfill the promise in those glances. He had little doubt that his delectable Dami was.



The Straight Line

by EAB

Chapter 1

In truth, a decision is your fate, and once you make a decision, the universe conspires to make it happen. It was a quote from Emerson of all people, but Courtney could not recall a truer sentiment in this moment. This is why he sat straight backed and outlandishly nervous in his own home, clenching the satin of the sofa and pushing his leather souls into the cream carpet to keep his heart peaceful.

Claire stepped out of the Victorian bathroom peering through the double doors that separated the living room and dining room of their ornate home. The crème carpet and ivory walls with crown molding set the elegant tone of the illustrious two story home he cherished. A single thought hurled him into a twisted perversion.

We're really going to do this.

Tracing Claire's womanly curves through her silk lingerie, Courtney felt moderately aroused. His mouth desert dry and choking tight, he licked his lips to ward off the cotton mouth. It was difficult to sit still. The creaking of the snow white sofa under his shifting punctuated the awkward silence.

Claire sat in the crevice between him and the stranger. Courtney knew the man was younger by some years and that he was his wife's associate from work. When Claire suggested this arrangement several months ago, Courtney decided that for some reason he needed to know about his past. He checked the criminal record directory, the credit bureau, the city treasury, even the city's directory for delinquent lawn maintenance. Courtney felt better sleeping in the same bed as an upstanding citizen with up-to-date taxes, and like his father always said, "you can tell a lot about a man by the way he waters his lawn." All declared him clean of a dubious history. Currently he remembered only the man's surname, a foreign one, Panagakos. His ignorance, for once, did not distress him. The less he knew the better really. At the end of this night he would never have to see this man again, and these terms of anonymity were his sole resolution in the sordid affair.

Claire grabbed Courtney's hand apprehensively, perhaps reassuring herself, and squeezed. Their emotions mirrored one another, huddled together and nervous. The third party sitting in the spacious living room looked only slightly affected by

the taut ambiance, but when several minutes passed without the couple shifting the man finally spoke.

"This is awkward," he admitted laughing.

Courtney leaned back and peeked at the man's face. The deep grey of his eyes almost matched his dark curls falling against his forehead and his glowing olive skin juxtaposed his wild untamed hair. The rugged shadow of his beard was intimidating, yet the coarseness somehow suited the grin on the man's face.

"I think drinks will probably help here." The man stood and tilted his head towards the kitchen suggestively towards Courtney.

Courtney turned to him with dilated eyes, releasing Claire's hand with the man leading into his kitchen.

Courtney stepped quickly towards his liquor cabinet as the man searched for a glass. He studied Courtney silently, leaning his hips against the countertop, he hovered momentarily over the cut glass tumbler.

"Your home is beautiful," the man told him standing upright and surveying the pristine kitchen.

"Thanks," Courtney drawled at the pointless small talk. His thick Southern accent contrasted the sleek



and modern kitchen. Stainless steel and top notch appliances gleamed in every direction, with the designer cookware hanging like track lights above them. It was, like every other part of his home, intricate and polished. He nudged the empty glass towards the man staring with his emerald green eyes. "What are you drinking?"

The man shook his head and stepped next to him. "Vodka. Thank you." He smiled. A frat boy drink. Courtney eyed him, but filled the glasses, one with Grey Goose, one with bourbon and gulped thirstily hoping to ease the anxiety. Perhaps if the man actually picked up his glass it might have helped. The alcohol burn in his throat distracted him momentarily. He pulled the glass away from his thin lips, exhaling for relief as he drew away. What kind of man suggested a drink, but then didn't drink?

"Let's get this over with," Courtney droned. It was one thing to question his appearance, but questioning his alcohol intake was a bit occupied even for his busy mind.

The man curved his back as he lounged haphazardly against the counter. His parted smile, and cocked eyebrow miffed Courtney in a way that perplexed him.

"You don't want to talk?"

No. He didn't. A conversation like this was tiring and tripe. Courtney straightened his back to match the man's height, though he still fell inches short of six foot two. His muscular build did not help with Courtney's illusion.

"Listen young man and consider your position." Courtney hardened his face and his eye glinted in the way he introduced severe case evidence. "You're about to sleep with my wife." The man seemed to be under the impression that Courtney happily agreed to the threesome. No- it was painstakingly and regrettably that he

did so. The unfortunate reality was that he'd agreed.

"You're bothered by this?"

It seemed obvious to Courtney. He was the one forced out of his comfort zone. This was a consequence, a mistake rather, of a bad decision. He'd just have to bury it in his mind along with the memory of losing his virginity, and the bike got for his tenth birthday he never learned to ride. "Don't worry about me." Courtney told him gasping from the murky bourbon. "I'm just a little nervous." His stomach lurched and he shuddered in artificial warmth.

"You know..." The man muttered quietly so they could not be overheard by his invisible wife. The man placed his hand over top of Courtney's as he leaned closer to him. "We don't have to do this." He enclosed Courtney's fingertips with heat that quieted his trembling. The touch comforted him, and delicate hands tingled against his skin with the languid rolling of fingertips against his own. It was only when he stepped in that Courtney's sense flared from proximity. Courtney tightened his jaw and looked up as the ashen eyes stared right through him.

He pulled away swallowing as his heart thudded in his lean chest. "You must do this all the time then." His sneer reeked of prudence as he guzzled down more of the spicy liquor appalled at his responsive shivering.

"The first time," the man answered. Courtney cut his eyes, almost scoffing at the repugnance of it all. He would have preferred, if he had no choice, to at least have someone experienced in these kinds of affairs. This man had the aura of a boy playing with toys. He was young, too young, and scruffy in the trampiest way possible. Handsome, but beastly. Even his hair was wild, desperately in need of a cut and comb. Every word uttered was well fixed, and Courtney hated feeling pulled along.

"Sure." He turned placing his glass in the sink and moved to stock the bourbon properly in its place. It did not matter if it was the man's first or last, this would be his only time. He would make certain of that.

"If you're so bothered by it, why did you agree?"

He hesitated before answering. "Happy wife. Happy life." A poorly placed sentiment in this kind of situation, but it conveyed the point well enough. He did it because he wanted to end her rambling. He did it because maybe he wanted to see his wife completely satisfied in bed for once. He did it because he wanted to put it past them before their marriage entered the years of "what a shame" and "they seemed so happy."

"When you get older, you'll understand a little better," Courtney was still eager to press his point even though it was clear the man could not appreciate his wisdom. He reached up on his toes just managing to stow the bourbon on the back shelf of their bar. "You do things you don't want to do because you have to- and you don't make a fuss about it- you just do it."

"That's a crock of shit..." The man grinned.

"What?" Courtney was a little winded, but he'd heard the words clearly.

"Your "big choice" is deciding to let another guy fuck your wife and your sacrifice is having a little blemish on your perfect family portrait hanging above your fireplace...you must have stayed up all night over this one."

Courtney stared, eyes wide and unfocused at the aged bronze knobs on the liquor cabinet. His body almost reacted before his mind could process the gash to his ego. No one roused him or talked to him this way and the words stung against him like a flesh wound to open flame. However Courtney stayed mute and practiced in his calm. He whipped his head back towards him with an empty smile.

“You don’t know me.”

The pause in the man’s mouth gave off the impression of a retort, but instead he twisted his lips in a knowing smile. He did not answer. He sat off the countertop fully and rolled out his hand intimating an “after you”.

Courtney gripped the sheets in desperation. A fire that lit in his belly trickling up to his chest, to his neck and ignited him completely. “Something’s wrong...” Courtney breathed.

The bourbon did take the edge off, but his body burned unnaturally. What was this? Courtney could hold his liquor like any other gentlemen, and he knew his body in heat from a woman, but the rippling fire coursing through him bordered on manic. I images struck him his steps to his bedroom, the embarrassed giggle from Claire, and then the blackness that stuck him like chord.

“Oh...you’re feeling it then?” Courtney locked his heavy eyes to the warm whisper on his ear and sank deeper in his daze. Everything felt fluid, and the pitch room blinded him, heightening his remaining senses. The man lifted his shirt exposing his chest and licked his perking nipple, lapping greedily. Courtney’s body shuddered, and he lifted his groin aching for contact.

Heart racing.

Courtney pushed against the foreign weight, and the man grabbed his wrist. He drenched Courtney’s finger in warm saliva flicking his tongue and sucking lewdly with a heavy quelching throat.

Fingers tingling.

The man lay fully on top of him and the heat did not compare to anything Courtney ever experienced. His whole body felt submerged in hell fire, stifling under the other’s sweating nakedness. “Wha-” Courtney begged

clawing at the man’s chest He scraped his nails into his flesh fighting against the heat ingesting him. “What did you do to me?”

“It feels good?” The man’s muffled voice perforated his stupor. His strong arm sent a jolt to Courtney’s member that made his chest flush. Courtney curled his back craving more, as he suddenly felt a warm dripping on the tip of his cock and the fitted grasp of a man’s hand. Courtney’s thin fingers wandered up to the man’s hair, pulling and grasping for anchorage.

“Do you want more?” The man whispered licking and sucking his exposed neck. The wet and bruised skin nipped at earlier ignited. The stinging pain made him grit his teeth. Through the soreness he nodded, and gasped when his legs were lifted against his chest. He could feel his member bulging against his exposed stomach. When did he get naked? The weight of a man’s hand on his back side sent a physical chill through him. His eyes widened.

“W-what are you doing?” Courtney breathed. All of his senses blurred as if peering through a blackened smoke, betraying him in the sizzling embrace.

“Fulfilling desire...” The man nibbled Courtney’s ear licking slowly against it. “Pay attention to your wife now.”

His low grumbling voice caused Courtney’s body to tense more in the tight grasp. Exposed and aroused, losing control one breath at a time. My wife? Oh yes. Claire was there. For a moment Courtney could not remember her, focused on the throbbing tight skin between his legs. He could not keep his eyes open long enough to see anything, though the dimmer made it almost impossible to see at all. Claire climbed on top of him, and nestled her pelvis over top of his mouth. He swallowed and licked hard against making her squeeze

his shoulder. Courtney’s mouth was covered in the spit and the dripping from Claire, as he closed his eyes and twisted towards the man. His member twitched eagerly, the man’s fingertips imbedded into his damp skin.

“Nn...” Courtney felt something wet slick against his cleft. He trembled with one eye closed and he used his hands to spread his wife, lifting his head and licking harder. The man’s face buried between the crease of Courtney’s entrance. His tongue massaged a perverse spot, and coarse whiskers tickled a thin layer skin around his cleft. That set Courtney shaking. He clenched his eyes and buried his head between Claire’s legs, muffling the moan that escaped his throat.

“Ah-!” Claire trembled and held his head firmly to the spot convulsing around him. The man’s tongue stopped working against him, and Courtney lifted his hips enticing him to continue, when he sensed Claire looking down at him. Their eyes met and his mind screamed in a last effort of repent. She blushed violently, panting with lust. Ugh-! Courtney turned away mortified; seeing him in this grotesque position. The tension and harsh panting filled the dimly lit room. Courtney turned his face towards the pillow, the light scent of lavender fabric softener. What kind of face was he making? He shut his eyes. I want to die. The embarrassment caused his cock to deflate.

Courtney was only somewhat aware of the man switching their positions. He laid Claire on her back and lifted Courtney’s hips brusquely. The man lifted Courtney’s neck, exposing the red and purple skin. “Why did you stop?” Courtney felt one hand wrap around his shaft pulling slowly and the other around his neck mashing his face towards the stark white ceiling. He closed his eyes suffering at the man’s hands stroking the taut skin expertly. The discomfit from the pose ebbed, and



Courtney's member stiffened for more. "You want your wife?" The man asked huskily holding his neck up still. Courtney squirmed and swallowed the lump in his throat, his forehead beading with sweat and fear. His cognizance thrashed inside him, trying to break away, but every time he moved, his body reacted to another touch. What is Claire thinking? Doing? He nodded in the man's clutch as vigorously as he could.

The man pulled his finger beckoning Claire to him. His look said it all. "Come here now..."

"Nn..." Courtney trembled with his eyes bulging trying to look down at his wife. She sucked him slow and deliberate, grazing her tongue balancing with her hands on his thighs. His neck stiffened in the man's choking grip, cock oozing precum at the tip. The man moved his finger between Courtney's legs and rubbed slowly between his clenched cheeks. The feeling was right. The man in back of him rubbing his sensitive cleft and Claire in front of him sucking with a skillful tongue... He bit his lip, holding back, but when the man slipped his finger inside a whimper escaped. His bottom felt full, but the fervor of her lips and tongue vanished. Claire moved the top of the bed spreading her legs for either of them. Claire's flushing naked form beckoned Courtney. Was she feeling the same way? The urgency in her eyes reflected his own.

The man released Courtney and he crawled to her weakly. Courtney pushed against her hard feeling the tip to his base covered in warmth. His body felt stiff, but with an intense heat brewing in his loins and cleft. He wanted more of that feeling, that sick, peculiar touch that the man gave him. As if the man could hear Courtney's salacious desires, he positioned himself in back pulled Courtney's ass up firmly.

"Ha-" Courtney gasped biting

his lip, and again felt more pressure and moisture against his entrance. "Nnh..." He covered his mouth with his hand and buried his face in Claire's neck. He could not face Claire like this. Raw panting and pitiful moaning like the undead, like the born again.

"Are you going to be silent now?" The man lifted his head and licked his neck with his swiveling tongue, nibbling his ear between his teeth. Placing his lips against Courtney's ear, in a whisper that dripped with thirst. "Come on I want to hear that sexy voice..." The man pressed his finger all the way in against a spot that made him tremble.

"Ahh!" Courtney jerked his head to the side to escape the whisper and electrifying touch.

The man leaned into him more and sucked his neck hungrily. His fingers slipping in and out of the sweltering hole between his legs He wanted to cum so badly burned. Flesh melting in the inferno that was this man's sex. Courtney clamped, squirming with his strained moans.

"Ha..." Courtney panted. "Stop..." he begged. He still moved his hips into Claire, but he could not focus: the low voice behind him, pushing him up, pulling him tighter against the point, stretching his opening.

The man did not stop. He lifted Courtney more and added more lukewarm slick liquid that oozed down his thigh as he shook mortified.

"Mmmm!" Courtney quivered as the man added a second finger. He felt the digit stretching him more, burning, and making him jerk each time the man hit against his prostate. He shut his eyes, his body rocking back and forth.

God...this feels...

Courtney had never felt this kind of intensity. This small prick that sent shock waves through him that guzzled him in pleasure. Was it the alcohol? "Nnh...Ahh...Ahh..." A

surge of pressure around his cock let him know he was close to orgasm. He looked down at Claire, close to tears, as his body convulsed with the fingers squeezing in and out. He thrust his hips against Claire and closed his eyes drowning, gasping for air and release. "Gahh..." he panted and turned his head away, leaving trails of saliva on her chest and breast. More... he thought yearning, and pulled out of Claire arching his back to feel the entire sensation of the man's long fingers. Shuddering in twisted convulsions, his groin spasmed as he released on her stomach. Daze and cloudiness, similar to the cloud of the eyes watching the back of his head. The man shifted and Courtney gasped.

"Ple-" Courtney panted and swallowed the saliva building in his mouth. "No more."

The hands of pleasure spread his cheeks apart, exposing and stretching the place of desire- but then something even harder poked him, burning, ripping the flesh between his ass cheeks. The fullness and the pressure- unbearable.

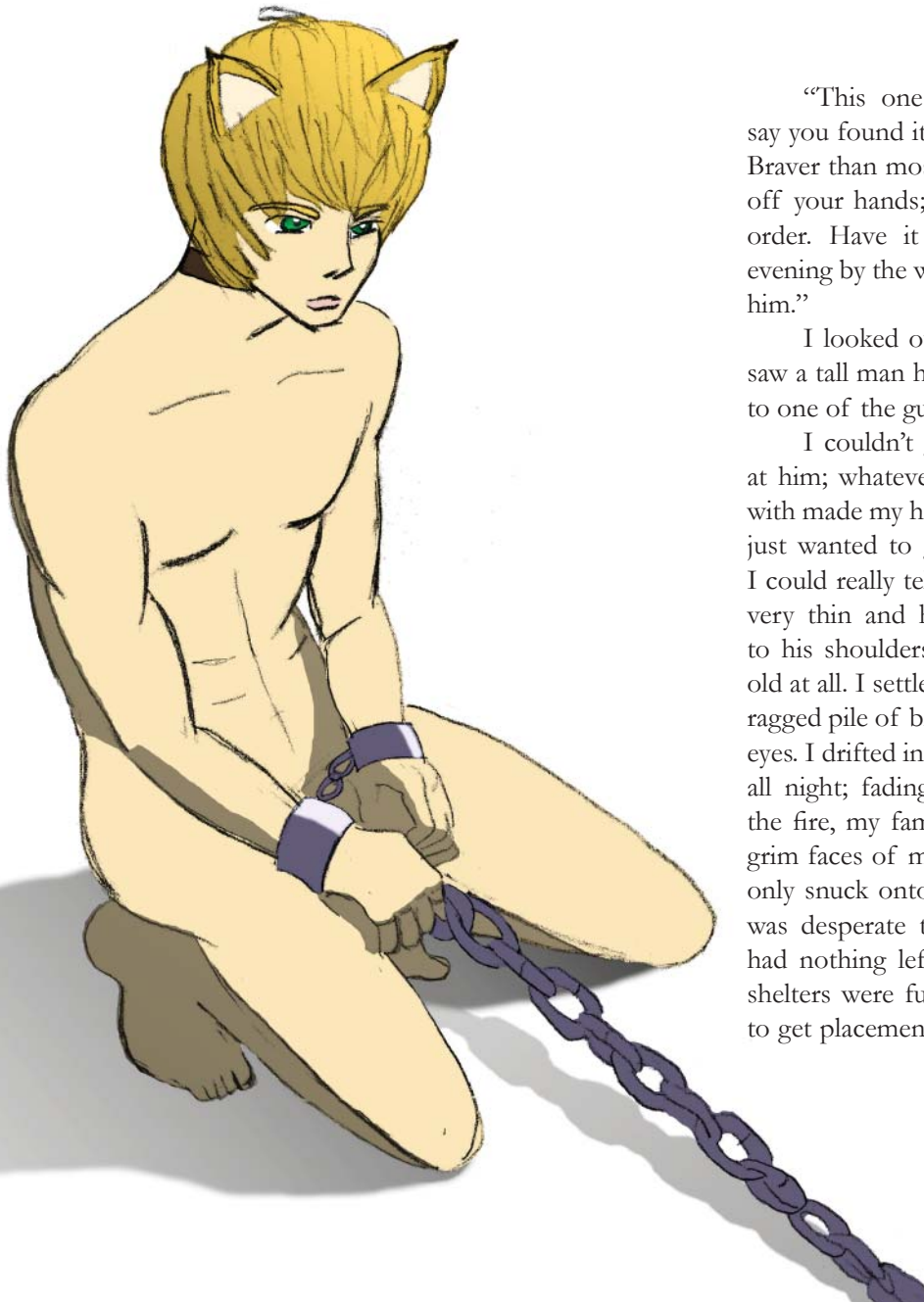
"Please," he whispered rasping for oxygen. He wanted to pull away from the disgusting feeling, being opened, the man probing the inside of him so lewdly, but the more he squirmed the stimulation elevated. Claire's moans were incoherent, the man's grunts heavy. Courtney's surroundings melted away.

This pain, this humiliation.

"Don't forget this Courtney Montgomery." The queasiness of the man's cock in his stomach almost made him hurl. Pleasure skulking up from the bottom of his back down to the top of his member as his hot skin slammed into him. This man had insulted him, scalded his body, and left a mark deep within him. He could not forget even if he wanted to.

The Acquisition

by Simon Bransby



“This one will do nicely. You say you found it hiding on your ship? Braver than most, it seems. I’ll take it off your hands; along with my usual order. Have it delivered tomorrow evening by the white-haired boy. I like him.”

I looked out from my cage and saw a tall man hand over a silver case to one of the guards.

I couldn’t get a very good look at him; whatever they’d drugged me with made my head spin and my body just wanted to go back to sleep. All I could really tell was that he seemed very thin and had white hair down to his shoulders, but he didn’t seem old at all. I settled back down into my ragged pile of blankets and closed my eyes. I drifted in and out of memories all night; fading between images of the fire, my family’s funeral, and the grim faces of my current captors. I’d only snuck onto their ship because I was desperate to leave that place. I had nothing left to stay for. All the shelters were full, and I was too old to get placement with another family,

and too young for anyone to hire me.

I'd wanted something different than begging or whoring on the streets, and it looked like I might get my wish. Near dawn, I was awakened by a hard kick to the steel cage. The sound seemed deafening, and I instinctively tried to hide under the rag pile. Harsh laughter erupted as I was quickly grabbed and dragged out to be dumped on the wet concrete floor. I wanted to run, but I just lay there helplessly, shivering in fear and shock. I couldn't even speak. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth as if glued there. Not daring to open my eyes, I was hauled to my feet and held up for inspection. Someone barked orders in what sounded like Mandarin, and I felt myself lifted up and carried away. I must have passed out again, because I didn't remember anything for a while.

I gradually became aware that I was clean and dry. I couldn't see anything, but I could feel softness under me and the air over my skin was pleasantly warm. I had gotten used to being naked, and I'd never been shy about my body. That didn't bother me, but the cuffs holding my hands behind my back gave me pause. Reaching as far as possible with my fingers, I could feel a thick chain locked into my restraints. I wasn't

going anywhere for now. The air changed, and I felt someone coming near me. I was terrified, and yet I couldn't hide or run away. I had no choice but stay as I was, so I sat as tall as I could and tried not to cry. A single finger gracefully traced my heaving chest, leaving a strange cold burn behind.

Lips brushed my ear as a slightly raspy voice told me what was in store for me. "You belong to me now, pet. Those men would have killed you, or kept you for themselves. Either way, not an acceptable outcome."

Long fingers firmly gripped my chin and turned my head upwards as my blindfold was removed. Blinking, I finally focused and saw the man from earlier. A pair of loose black silk trousers was his only clothing. His skin was stark white, matching the fine hair that fell free over his bare shoulders. His nipples and navel were pierced and hung with some shiny red stones, and they glowed in the light like fresh blood on snow. His eyes were the purest azure blue I'd ever seen, and I felt shamed before the power in them. Tears welled from me then, and I gave myself up for lost. The man said nothing; he simply lit a sweet-smelling cigarette and watched as I wept myself back to silence and exhausted sleep.

In the morning, I was free, comparatively speaking. I found that I'd been given back my hands, and was no longer bound. I still had no clothes, but I now wore a heavy leather collar with a large ring in the front. Reaching up, I felt a smaller tab in the back and wondered what it was for. The blue-eyed man was nowhere in sight, and I couldn't hear anything outside the room. I decided to get up and see what I might find for breakfast. I hadn't really eaten in days, and the fact remained that I was stuck here whether I liked it or not. I had no money, no family, no friends, no clothes, no I.D., or anything to prove I existed.

My captor had said that the men who caught me were dangerous, and I believed him. They had also done what he'd told them to, and brought me here. I wasn't sure who I should fear more, but my hunger pushed aside other thoughts and drove me out of my sanctuary.

The previous room had been simply furnished; a large four-poster bed and heavy wardrobe stood for most of it. Out here, it was different. I stepped out into a huge room crowded with bookshelves. A thickly cushioned futon crouched near the fireplace at the far end, and a section near the center of the outer wall was closed

off by painted Japanese screens to make a smaller room. Constellations of clear and colored light bulbs and tin lanterns dangled from the steel rafters. I realized this place must have once been a warehouse, and I marveled that anyone could have made it livable.

As I stood there in wonderment, the painted screens slid back and my captor emerged. Today, the stones in his body were a bright sun-yellow and drew my eyes with shimmering radiance. He wore the same silk trousers as the night before, lending him the air of some Eastern Prince. Without thinking, I knelt down as he approached and waited silently, hands behind my neck.

He stopped near me, and I saw that he was smiling. "You're up early, pet. Good. Breakfast should be here in a few minutes. I have a standing order with----" he named some expensive café I'd only read about, and gently took my collar ring, guiding me up to stand. I brushed my eyes across his, and again felt a flush of helplessness and shame. No, not really shame... something else I couldn't put a name to yet. I wanted this man to protect me, to touch me, to let me sit by his feet. I turned bright red as I suddenly knew. Those depthless eyes watched it dawn across my face and spread to

my trembling body with pride and amusement. Tugging the ring in his hand, he drew me close and kissed me fiercely, snaking his other hand down to my crotch. I melted into his embrace, all on fire and uncaring what might happen next.

He toyed with me a moment, clutching and dancing those marvelous fingers in places I'd never discovered, drawing moans and sighs from me that faintly echoed among the colored lights. At last he released me, and I felt an immediate emptiness in my chest, as though something had been taken away.

I closed my eyes and sank back to my knees, feeling drained and shaken. Numbly, I felt him move behind me and fasten something to the back of my collar. The snap of a padlock and a slight weight on my neck recalled me to attention. Once more, my chin was lifted by that narrow, strong hand. That beautifully sinister voice informed me of my fate. "This chain is bolted to the bedroom floor. It's long enough to let you go nearly anywhere in this house, with the exception of the front door or the windows. Do you know why that is?" I shook my head no, beginning to tremble again. He stroked my hair and forced me to look him in the eye. "It's because you are my pet. You are Mine, and no one

else may touch you. You belong only to me, to take when I wish, where I wish, and how I wish. You are mine to protect, pleasure, and punish as I see fit. Do you understand?" Flustered and caught between panic and raging desire, I could only nod. He smiled then, and eased me onto my back. The thick colored rugs cushioned the hard floor, but I still felt the cold concrete underneath. Breathless, I watched as he leaned over me, his ice-colored hair veiling those magnificent eyes. "Very good, pet," he whispered, "Now, let me in and show me what's mine."

Most of that day was a haze of exquisite torment. My Owner claimed me over and over, driving his essence deep into my body and mind. I had never known such pleasures as the lash, nor suffered so at a single caress. There were blank spaces in between where I was allowed to rest and eat, but I remember little of them. My world was reduced to only this place, only his hands, the savage burning ecstasy of his mouth on my skin. Heaven fell down on me and left my soul in ashes at his feet. When the sun woke me from blissful oblivion, I knew only one thing, I was His.

RPG 101

by EAB

The wonderful world of yaoi. Many entities, many mangas, and not enough anime to quench the thirst of many yaoi fans. Yaoi fans continuously seek a more active role in the yaoi fandom whether that be fanfiction writing or fanart, original yaoi works and fan fiction. One less known and highly misinterpreted creative outlet, is one on one yaoi role playing.

The What

Many people have asked me, "What is yaoi role playing?" The clinical definition is: Two or more individuals who come together in a text form of role play, usually in the form of storytelling. It is highly casual, and skills (of writing) vary. Even though some roleplayers may choose not to have sex in Yaoi roleplay the term is usually maintained for role plays which have sexual interaction. Yaoi roleplay can be in the form of a story, and it's form ranges, depending on the roleplayer. Some prefer a lot of text, others may not.

Roleplay is an interactive way of storytelling. The two main components is the "post" and then the "reply". There are different levels and styles of roleplaying. Paragraph roleplay or (para) is a more intricate style which can include 6 up to 8 paragraphs per reply. On some roleplaying sites players categorize themselves based on experience levels.

Beginner- Little to no experience. Most players with little to no experience may have grammatical errors, spelling mistakes. Characters

may or may not be well developed. Most likely will not pick up on partner queues and are somewhat effective communicators.

Intermediate- Some experience. Characters will be more developed with more back story and attention to plot and detail. Less spelling and grammatical errors. May pick up partner queues.

Expert- Experienced player. Characters will be developed with backstory. Heavy attention to detail, plot and story flow. Expert role players pick up on partner queues and are very effective communicators.

Finding Your Partner

Choosing your role play partner has a lot to do with the player's experience level. Most experienced players prefer others who have experience because it allows them to write more effectively.

I asked seasoned roleplayers:

How much does writing skill play a part in your choice of role play partner?

"A lot. If the person is unable to write in paragraphs or use proper grammar or spelling then I don't want to write with them. If they're unable to use description and make me love the character they're playing then I don't want to write with them. A person has to be able to write as if they're writing a story." S.C

"It's probably 7/10. I absolutely hate text talk and unnecessary one-liners. I can't get into a role play if the person can't properly write." "I am very lenient with people on this. I do prefer to role play with someone who has a good knowledge of my language (English) and someone who knows how to use proper grammar BUT I am always willing to help someone if they aren't that good but they must be willing and want to learn." Anon.



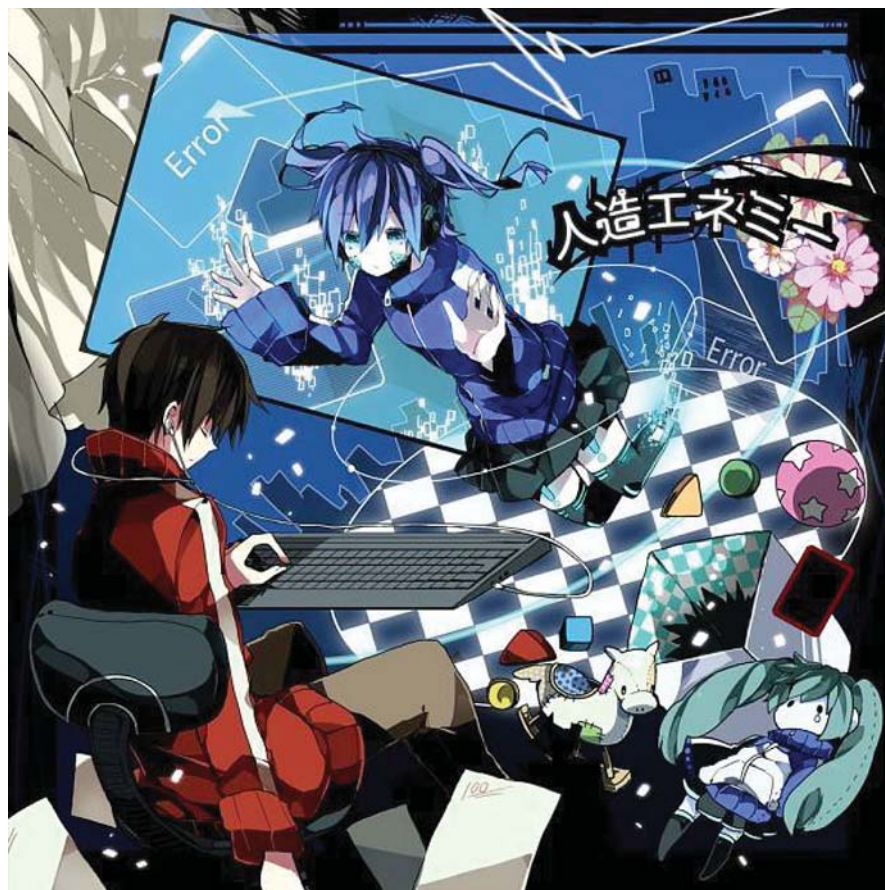
It all depends on the setting and the type of roleplay. Casual text or “chat roleplay” are less formal and therefore have less constraints and expectations from players. Story style and expert roleplayers will usually prefer partners with good writing skills. The better writer you are, the more request from potential partners.

Another key component for roleplaying is preference. Are you seme? Uke? Seke? Over 80% of the people I interviewed identified as uke or seke, which is not a surprise since the majority of yaoi roleplayers are female and default to the receiving role. There is some debate about yaoi terminology so for the sake of argument we'll call them top and bottom and switch. The bottom player usually takes a more passive role in the role play, but that is not always the case. There are aggressive bottoms and passive tops. There is always the switch role which allows you to give and receive. The key is to not let your “position” in sex dictate the story. An uke can easily be the dominant one in the story, and or take a more active role in the development of the plot. Mix it up! No one likes a stereotypical uke or seme.

Speaking of partners, the most important component of roleplay partners is communication with your partner. What are their kinks? What do they like? Are they into more dramatic stories? Comedy? Romance? These are usually questions you should ask BEFORE you decide to role play with a partner. There is nothing worse than getting into a roleplay and finding out your partner is into scat (#yikes). In addition to that, it helps the general flow of your roleplay. Taking queues is great, but don't expect your partner to know what you're thinking. Communicate, it's the only way to ensure life in your roleplay.

Your Roleplay

The basic components of any



roleplay are the basic components of any story.

Plot- The actual story line. This can be as developed as a timeline you both agree on, or as casual as setting up a basic story line. Plot development can be nurtured over time, but you need to at least have a basic idea of what your roleplay is about. Generic storylines grow stale quick, so it's important to be creative and also give your plot and characters room to grow.

Setting- Where and in which period the time will take place.

Genre- The overall tone of your roleplay.

Characters- Who are you? Who is your partner? What are their backstories? How does that change the way they interact? This is the most important element of any role play, because roleplays are more character driven than plot driven. All this means is, your story is revolving more around your character than around your plot.

If your character is boring and cliché, your roleplay will mirror. It does not matter if your plot is amazing. If your characters are blank your partner will lose interest fast.

The Why

Many people believe that yaoi roleplay is a means of sexual gratification, but this is not necessarily the case. Most players I interviewed said they role play more for entertainment purposes than for a means of sexual gratification. Of course that does not apply to everyone. While 70% said entertainment, about 20% said it's for both sexual gratification and entertainment. That leads us to the next part of yaoi role playing which is the obvious presence of sex in yaoi and in yaoi roleplay. The sex scenes in yaoi range from full smut to light or implied sexual contact between players. Whether or not the sex scenes will be explicit is totally up to the individual.

When you find a partner who communicates well, writes well, and has dynamic characters, you can find yourself sucked in a roleplay quickly. Most roleplayers agree that there is some of “them” in every character they play. You may also find yourself getting emotionally attached to your character or your partner which is when the question of intimacy between partners comes into play. It is very easy to fall for “the character” and not the person playing the character. In addition, it brings up another controversy in role play.

I asked roleplayers: Is it cheating? And got a variant of answers. Most people, including myself, did not feel roleplaying was cheating, because yaoi roleplay is more about story than actual sex.

“It’s fiction only. You can sometimes look at it as an appetizer. fiction only. Maybe your role play partner comes with something around that you might want to try in RL with your RL partner, but anyway we eat at home! That’s the point.” S.K.

“I consider role play to be collaborative fiction, not a sex act. I feel like if I consider writing role play cheating then isn’t writing erotic fiction that you know someone may get turned on reading kinda the same thing?” V.O.

There are of course those who disagree.

“It just doesn’t feel right. I wouldn’t want my partner doing that [role playing sexually] with someone else.” J.O.

“I considered it a few times but came to the conclusion that it was too close to cheating for me. I think on some level your mind will go to places that you should probably only play out with your significant other.” S.H
So it’s a personal decision. If you’re unsure whether your significant other would object, it’s best to discuss it first.



Safety and Consent

The majority of yaoi roleplay is done online with strangers. While it may not feel like that person is a stranger, most players have not met in person the partners they role play with. It is very important to verify that your partner is over the age of consent, AND to make sure you are protecting yourself. Do not give out personal information. Make sure you respect your partners boundaries in both role play and real life communication.

This is not to exclude those that are under the age of consent, but merely to protect those who are overage. If those under their countries age of consent would like to roleplay an alternative to yaoi would be BL (Boys Love) or it’s more commonly used name Shounen Ai. This gives players the opportunity to role play homosexual relationships without sexual interaction or using implied sexual interaction.

The Purpose

“The most important rule to me for Yaoi Rp is to always have fun no matter who you’re rping with. It’s always important to remember that Roleplaying is about having fun with friends and shouldn’t be taken too seriously. We all start as beginners! ” A.N.

Have fun. It’s great stimulation for the mind and can pass away your idle time with something constructive as opposed to tuning out with the tube. Yaoi roleplay is about letting yourself go, being a character you never thought you could be, interactive writing, playing your fantasies, both sexual and imaginary, and most importantly having fun.

Panel Topics



Shota, Incest and Violence

by DL Warner

‘It’s part of their culture’ is the popular refrain when discussing aspects of anime and manga that are taboo. This is fandom for ‘How dare you question something we’re enjoying?! That’s ignorant and/or racist!!’ This is said with a great deal of righteous indignation and meant to cut off all discussion. Imagine that somewhere on the other side of the world, some fan was defending the sexual morals of the US by what they found in Penthouse Letters or judging all Western comics by the Furverts with the same enthusiasm and indignation. That would be as ridiculous as the former. A more thorough study of Japanese culture than their anime and manga would make this apparent fairly quickly.

During the debates for and against the censorship laws that resulted in Amendment 156, the manga and doujinshi industries were arguing that there were very strict self censorship guidelines that artists already followed. Retailers like convenience stores do not like to carry material labeled adults only, be cause they didn’t want grief from offended communities. Thus, there were systems already in place to keep that kind of material out of the hands of most of the manga buying public in Japan. The truly racy books were available through subscriptions or in red light districts. The industries maintained that such legislation was unnecessary and potentially

detrimental. So, those in the business knew that there were community standards that would not be tolerated.

But if looking at the actual culture in Japan as a whole is too much trouble, the recent changes in the law and the debates surrounding them are a very clear indication of where the country stands on these issues.

Amendment 156 of The Tokyo Metropolitan Ordinance Regarding the Healthy Development of Youths was passed in lieu of a much tougher amendment. This one severely restricts the depiction of acts that would be illegal in real life in works that would be seen by children under the age of 18. Titles have been pulled by major publishers because the Tokyo government (where over 80% of manga and anime are produced) deemed them potentially harmful to children. The reasons given for pulling certain titles were depictions of incest, rape and sexual acts between youths or between youths and adults— especially if on school property. Basically, many of themes in yaoi defended under the ‘it’s their culture thing’ fall under this law.

In fact, if some in Japan’s national government had had their way, the bill outlawing the possession of child pornography would have included anime and manga. Only pressure from the lobby for those very rich and powerful industries prevented it – and only narrowly. And those in favor of the bill are not giving up that fight.

In short, because this isn’t something widely reported in Japan, the perception in West is that that country is largely tolerant to anything that appears in manga and anime even if it involves taboo subjects like pedophilia and incest is NOT CORRECT.

Another thing for Western yaoi fans to keep in mind is that Japan has now signed treaties with North America regarding protection of Manga and Anime – that includes its image which they regard as a valued part of their culture. The government clearly wants the adult sub genres handled carefully. Angry indignation over cultural ignorance may not help the owner of a hard drive full of shota trying to get through a customs checkpoint in the near future. And social media page owners should no longer be surprised if some of those pics of Ciel Phantomhive get their accounts pulled down. It’ll be because these fans don’t really understand Japanese culture.

Notes

How Amendment 156 was passed.
<http://www.animenewsnetwork.com/editorial/2010-12-28>

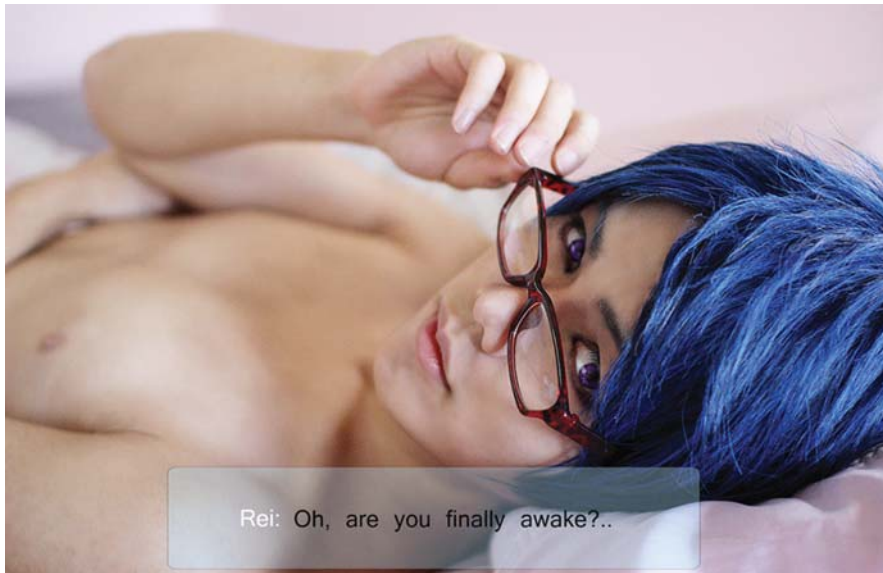
Cosplay

Dat Baka

AUSTRALIA

Is a Vietnamese/Australian cosplayer who lives in Melbourne. His specialty is doing character scenes with his Cosplay that are a mix of sexiness and humor. His popularity stems from an openness in his cosplay. He often does tutorials on his Facebook Page, and his Youtube channel is full of behind the scenes bloopers that are often endearing. The most recent expansion of Dat Baka's cosplay repertoire is a video called Cooking with Haru, a cooking series based on a main character of the highly popular swimming anime, *Free! Eternal Summer* https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5_tL_rn3yYM&list=UU96PvyQexkC_9qJmOt-fXVQ.

<https://www.facebook.com/datbaka>
www.dat-baka.deviantart.com
www.youtube.com/datcoplayerotaku



- A. *Free!*– Rei dating simulation
- B. *Attack on Titan* – Jean Shingeki
- C. *Kukoko no Basket* – Taiga Kagami
- D. *Kukoko no Basket* – Daiki Aomine
- E. *Free!* – Haru Nanase
- F. *Kukoko no Basket* – Daiki Aomine as a police officer
- G. *Haikyuu!!* – Tobio Kageyama
- H. *Kukoko no Basket* – Daiki Aomine as a police officer
- I. *Yowamushi Pedal* – Shunsuke Imaizumi



E.



F.



G.



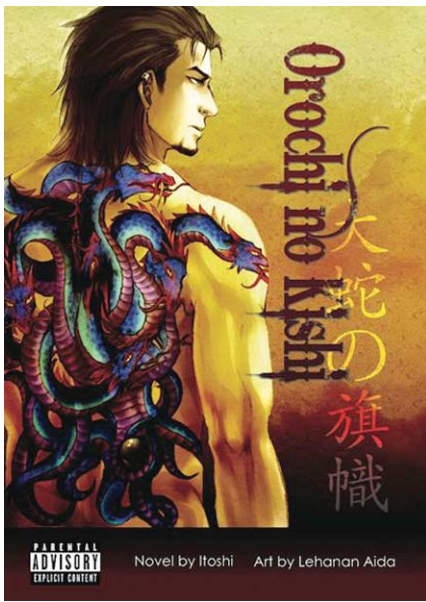
H.



I.



Review



Orochi No Kishi by *Itoshi*

Art by *Lehanan Aida*

I always like to start with the basics in my reviews. Was the writing done well? Was the editing sufficient? However, in this case it's not necessary. Itoshi is a writer, and a good one. So instead I have to start by saying this novel is one hell of a romance story. Sometimes in yaoi the romance is lacking, but in this 363 page turner no corner of feels are spared. Itoshi goes full throttle, wrenching the ends of our nerves and heart strings. Intimacy, and lots of it between our two main characters, "just Mouse", and the ever stoic seme, Sadao Koga.

Characters: Mouse is a scrappy mechanic from the remotest part of town. He's a crude and unpolished with zero tact. Even external metaphors are lost upon him throughout the novel, but that somehow adds to his grimy charm. We're taken into his world: his feelings, his fears, his desires, and lavish every minute of it.

Sadao remains the refined Japanese "Boss-sama" of the Orochi racing clan. No title sufficiently describes this man, and we visibly see this throughout the novel. In the end we just settle on "Sadao" because that is what his achingly devoted Konezumi (Little Mouse) calls him.

The two characters are multi-dimensional. This is not your typical yaoi. Our characters, while personality

wise do little changing, grow and adapt to their dynamic world. The character you think you know, may not be the character you recognize in the end.

Story: I don't want to give too much away, because this one is most certainly worth the read. Too much information will ruin the plot, and spoil the fun. It's set in 2071 in the desert land of Southwest United States. Mouse a lowly but talented auto-mechanic, is taken against his will by the predominately Japanese Orochi clan. And so our story begins. Itoshi does an exemplary job of using the mechanic motif throughout. It's not shoved down your throat at all. Itoshi spoon feeds you line after line of automotive, exhilarated glory, and you definitely come off this book feeling biker tough. Some of the driving scenes literally make you want to hop on the back of a Yamaha and zoom down I-95. There's action, there's adventure, there's gasping moments along with tear jerking ones. In the end though, this is a love story. Raw, hot, sweating, "oh my God I'm going to explode," passionate love. And Mouse does not let us forget it! His internal narrative is quick and smart, dripping with sarcasm and hilarity. He is by no means your typical, whimpering, crying uke. This guy means business, and he is not afraid to show his "think like a mouse" intelligence even under his smoldering seme's arm. He does not shy away from the reigns when they are handed to him, and the novel is all the better for it.

The Art: I think I've praised Lehanan's art multiple times at this point, having read her first chapter of *Arena* and followed her Deviant Art. *Orochi No Kishi's* illustrations do not fall short of expectation. There are over 25 of them. These men look like men, with hair and muscles in all the right places. Lehanan allows us to see the picture Itoshi paints in our minds. Two words: Chop sticks.

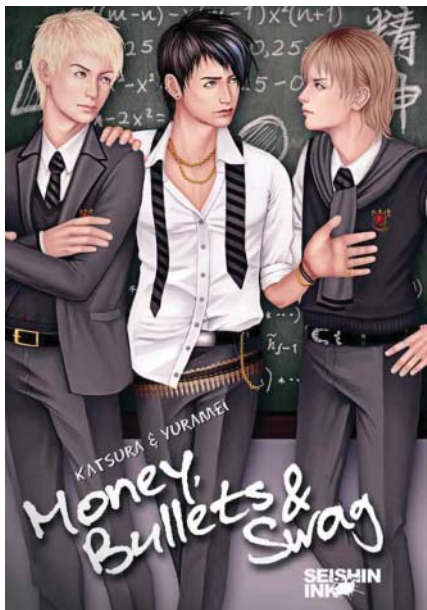
I'll conclude by saying, I was blown away by this book. Wonderful writing, awesome use of symbolism, imagery and metaphor. Itoshi had me

by the author balls with some of her more subtle, beautiful moments of this novel. It is Yaoi Revolutions first novel, and rightfully so. An intricate tale of lovers in their winding web of adventure. If you can, pick this one up! It's a yaoi novel the genre can be proud of. *Plot: 5/5*

Characters: 5/5

Sex scenes: 5/5

-EAB



Money, Bullets and Swag by *Katsura & Yuramei*

There will be spoilers in this review.

The one thing that stands out in this book is the artwork which is done by Yuramei. There are drawings scattered throughout the book and they are extremely well done and add nice touches to the story.

I found the characters to be flat and uninspired. Katashi comes across like a spoiled brat that fixates on an idea or a person almost to the exclusion of everything else 'romance with Mak that lasts 4+ years with one encounter in high school, a few letters and a drunken rendezvous at the class reunion. He admits to being shallow which is a plus for him but he still irritated me to no end. There are times in the book that you wonder how he could possibly be as dense as he comes across. 1. Mak birthday party he brings liquor to a party he was not invited to and was surprised when Hiroshi was upset. Hello! no drinking rule at school. 2. He is told that he is going to 'drink Sake' with his father which will make him a member of the Yakuza and he gets upset. Really, Katashi-you've spent most of the book talking about the power of the family and even uses an enforcer to punish someone and now you are upset about joining? 3. Being dense about his fashion company. For

someone who orchestrated a billion Yen scam on his arch rival, he can't figure out that his company is going down the tubes?

The other characters are as one dimensional and it is hard to care about what happens to them. Mak is the epitome of a jock who never grows up. Hiroshi is a prig who at the end of the book has an epiphany he loves Katashi. That was the reason for the torment through school. Now they are in love. Hmmm, what happens to the wife? And what about that billion Yen scam that impacted on your bank?

I did try to like this book but I found that the way the way author blows through the events of Katashi's life did not allow for depth of character or story line. Both high school and college are skimmed over and you are left with the impression that it was not an important phase of his life. He talks about loving his sister but you only meet her in the later stages of the book.

I would rather have had a shorter book that concentrated on one phase of his life or a longer book that went into his life in great detail.

Plot: 2/5

Characters: 2/5

Sex: 3/5

-Yvonne Moore

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