

YGG MAGAZINE

ISSUE 7 Sept. 2015 \$5.00

*Who's on Top?
Yaoi Anime*

COVER STORY- YAOI WEB COMICS

*Fall Preview-
Kagerou no Hebi
The Hourglass
Vampire Rent Boy
and Many More...*

ISSN 2333-1364



9 772333 136008



ROMEOXJULIEN

a YAOI WEBCOMIC
from MARINA
with thanks to
Will Shakespeare

In Verona, California, Julien's family runs a Renaissance Festival on the beautiful Hacienda del Capulet property.

In San Francisco, Romeo is having a dull summer at home.

What happens when these two meet?

LIMITED EDITION PREVIEW BOOK!



justyaoi.com

a webcomic site that will bring you stories about m/m romance, comedy and beautifully handsome men!



\$6.00

plus \$3 S&H

see website for details

The Magazine for Yaoi a GoGo

Editrix-in Chief

DL Warner

Editrix

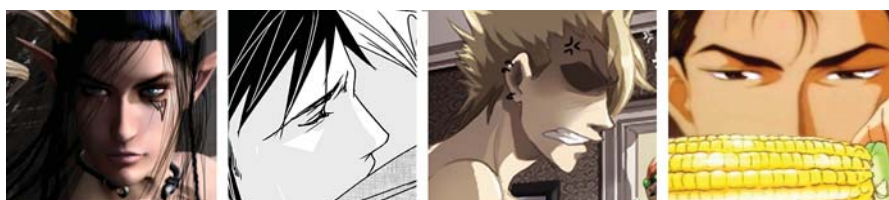
Marie Lecrivan

Graphic Design

Jon Cunningham

YGG MAGAZINE

Number 7 September 2015



A Publication of Sybaritic Press
12530 Culver Blvd., Suite 3
Los Angeles, CA 90066
www.sybpress.com

If you purchased this book without a cover you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as 'unsold and destroyed' to the publisher and neither the author nor the publisher has received payment for this 'stripped book.'

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system without the written permission of the Publisher, except where permitted by law. For any information address: Sybaritic Press, Los Angeles, CA.

Printed in the United States of America
First Edition
February 2015

Contact YGG:
Letters to the editrix
sybpress.com/ygg
sybpress@gmail.com

Submissions:

Do you have a story idea or review or an issue for Panel Topics? Send us an email detailing your idea to the address above. Please put the kind of idea being submitted in the subject line of the email. Allow five business days for a reply. Sybaritic Press does not currently pay for submissions.

In This Issue —

2. Cover Story — Yaoi Web Comics:

A Look at Some of the Best Indie Web Comics on the Net.

Meet the creators behind the hottest new Yaoi web comics on the net and explore their intriguing titles and sexy characters.

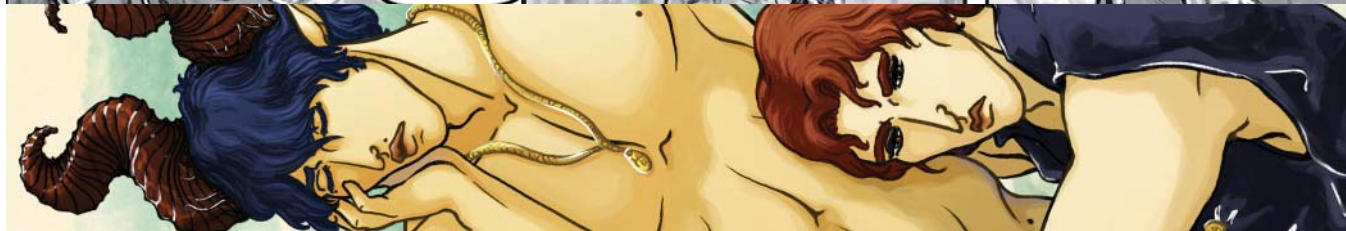
18. Survey — Who's on Top? Yaoi Anime

An international poll of Yoai fans of all types and ages revealed not only what their favorite Yaoi anime are but also revealed a seismic shift in the kind of yaoi a majority of fans love.

23. Special Fall Preview

This fall brings not only the key Yaoi-themed conventions, it also brings a slate of great titles from manga to short fiction to full length novels. Find out about all the hot, steamy Yaoi goodness that is only a mouse click away.

Cover Story

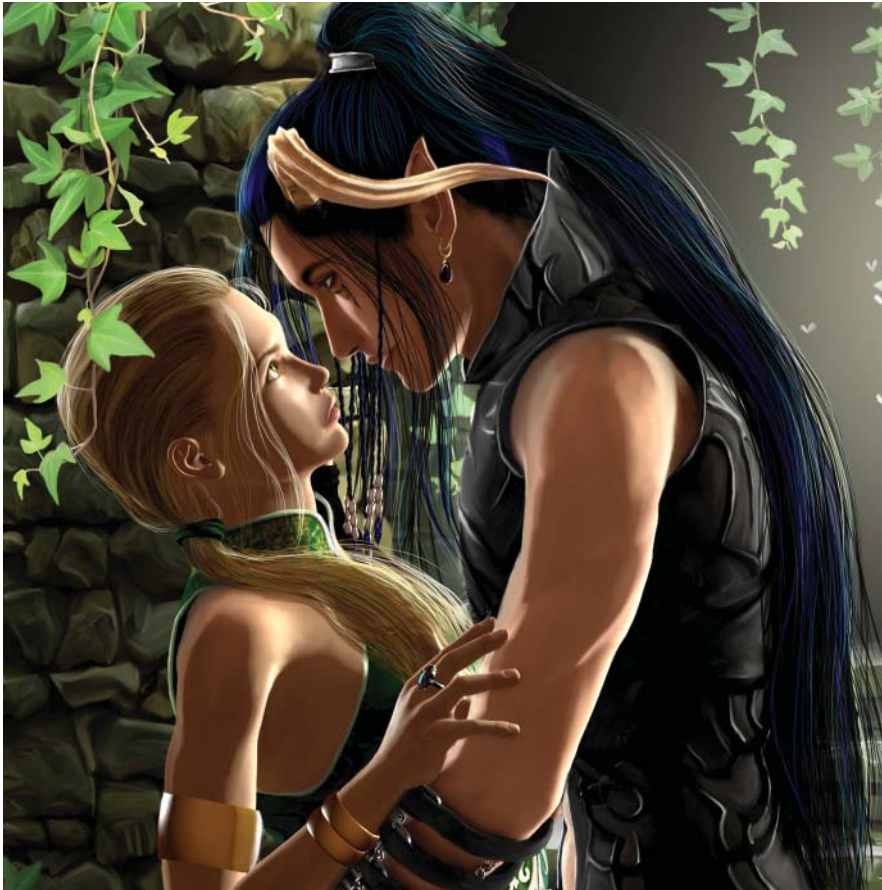


Yaoi Web Comics

A LOOK AT SOME OF THE BEST INDIE WEB COMICS ON THE NET

A short while ago, there were only a few Yaoi web comics. Now, there are dozens. There are many theories on how the numbers grew so quickly. For many, it is because of the example and the generosity of the most popular webcomic creators that more artists and writers were inspired and encouraged to step up and try their hands at telling their own stories. Seven of these creators have kindly agreed to sit down with YGG Magazine and tell us about their amazing new worlds and the very sexy characters that inhabit them as well as share how they came to share their work with the world.





Wish & Will

<http://wishandwill-comic.com/>

Magic is dangerous. Magic has to be controlled. This was the reason and pretense to enslave every magician, above all, the yorasai ('demons' in human language), a race with strong magical abilities. An enchanted collar and the fitting ring make it possible. This is a story about a young man and his demon bodyguard. And while those two deal with their circumstances, an unknown enemy rises in the dark.

YGG: Tell us a little about yourself/ your company and how you got into Yaoi/ BL.

Candy (*Wish & Will*): For a long time I have been working as a freelance illustrator, mostly as a cover artist for several pulp novel serials. It was a good and fun job, but, more and more, I got tired illustrating other people's stories. Yes, I can draw and I love to do it, but, first and foremost — I'm a storyteller.

My first contact with Yaoi was the anime *Junjou Romantica*. It was love at the first sight and I knew: this is what I want to do. Why be content with one sexy man if you can have two...or more...

Valentina & Veronica (*Purpurea Noxa*): Hi! We are Valentina and Veronica authors of *Purpurea Noxa*. Nice to 'meet' you! We meet each other seven years ago thanks to some friends and through a Yaoi role-play game by chat. We played together for many years before decide to start a

webcomic based on our RPG.

The webcomic, *Purpurea Noxa*, is not our main work. Veronica works in a supermarket, and Valentina is a web designer for an international company. As with many people, we discovered yaoi through fan fiction and doujinshi when we were teenager. Now we have about 30 years and we still love it!

Velvet Toucher (*Lost in the Snow*): I started drawing *Lost in the Snow* since last fall. Going to Yaoi Con 2014 as a regular visitor inspired me a lot and the experience made me decide to start my own project. I came to San Francisco from Japan in December 2013. I work for Japanese publishing companies such as Libre, and Harlequin, as a writer and translator.

Rohan Lockhart (*GMO Project*): Hello, I am Rohan Lockhart, author of *GMO-Project*, an illustrated webfiction and novel. My series officially started four years ago. It's been published on the internet for three years and

by a French publisher for one year. I've been a fan of Boy's Love for over 10 years. One of my first series was *Kizuna*, which was published in France in 2003.

Yamilla (*Dark Prince*): Hiya, so I always loved gay romance stories, but growing up in the 80s and 90s I couldn't find the kind my heart was after. I read a lot of gay comic books like *The Desert Peach* by Donna Barr and *Gay Comix Monthly*. Then I watched movies like *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, *Cabaret*, and *Victor Victoria*. This was the only yaoi-ish stuff I could get my hands on!

In the late 90s I stumbled onto Yaoi and saw *Ai No Kusabi*. It was a life-changing epiphany for me. The thing I loved all my life was actually 'a thing.' After that I knew it was going to be what I would devote my life to.

I started the graphic novel company Yaoi Press in 2004 and published over 50 graphic novels from creators all over the world, including

myself. I was always a decent writer and managed to script the bestselling graphic novel series we published, *Winter Demon*. The last title we put out was *Punishment* in 2012.

Print books are a money pit that I really can't afford anymore. I'm having health problems that prevent me from touring anime conventions, where I used to sell the bulk of our books. Also, Borders closing really hit the company hard. Nowadays, I put out ebooks like *Maelstrom*, *Unprison*, *Vampire Slave*, and dozens others. I write them myself and get great artists to design covers for me. I've made a great living doing this and will continue for the foreseeable future.

Mar (*RomeoXJulien*): I'm the Mar in MarIna, the writer and co-creator of *RomeoXJulien*, and producer and marketing director at JustYaoi.com. My experience in writing had all been in advertising and public relations. I've been involved as an ally of the LGBTQ community for

many years. I've been a fan of the iconic gay illustrator Tom of Finland and his hunks since the first time I saw them. And I've a collection of M/M romance books that date back to the 1940s. When Yaoi was finally published in the US in English I was on that band wagon in a flash! My collection fills eight six-foot-tall bookshelves, plus various bins under beds and in closets. My night stand is... well, let's see, there are twelve prose books, seven manga and a Kindle all loaded on there right now...all Yaoi/BL.

Ina and I met at an Anime convention several years ago, and the rest, as they say, is history. I am a huge fan of her artistry and her talent in many other endeavors, and am honored to work with her. She's not just the artist, she's the co-creator, and we sit at my kitchen table and plan out every iota of *RomeoXJulien* together.

Ina (*RomeoXJulien*): Hi! I'm the Ina in MarIna, the artist and co-

creator of *RomeoXJulien*, as well as all around JustYaoi.com designer and webmaster. I've been published through Tokyopop and Harper Collins, but because I do want to work on other projects, Mar insisted we adopt a nom de plume to cover my butt!

As for how I got into Yaoi/BL...good question! I honestly don't remember! It feels like I've always been into it, but I know reading manga and watching anime were the two biggest culprits that got me interested in it in the first place! I do remember being part of an original character RPG with a group of friends back in 2002, wherein I'M the one who instigated the Yaoi/BL content of the story. And BOY was it NAUGHTY! And the rest, as they say, is history!

Captain LeBuff (*Ship Jumper*): I've been a big Yaoi/BL fan since accidentally stumbling upon *Gundam Wing* fanfic in high school to becoming a BeBoy scanlation junkie



Purpurea Noxa

<http://www.purpureanoxa.com/>

Set in a secret world of darkness inhabited by vampires, werewolves and other creatures of the supernatural universe, this story focuses on two cities — Lucca and Pisa (located in Tuscany, Italy) — who are old enemies over past disagreements and frequently face-off in a series of predominantly bloody clashes. War is more alive than ever in these nights of darkness, and no one is safe.



Lost in the Snow

<http://velvettouchercomic.tumblr.com/>

Heavy snow falls over a forest of men, struck down in a bloody battle between noble brothers. The young victor, wounded and near death, is discovered by one of his own nameless soldiers and carried to safety — an isolated cabin on a lonely mountain. This small comfortable peasants' home becomes a refuge for the unlikely pair as winter closes in around them.



GMO Project

<http://gmo-project.com/ang/>

GMO Project is about a group of young men who live and work together believing they are typical for their age. One day, they discover that they are living on top of a top secret research facility and that they are the product of an experiment. They each have special gifts and are fated to fulfill a specific purpose.

on Livejournal in college haha! Even when I was at school studying animation in Brooklyn (where I still live and work) and stylistically trying to get away from my anime influences, I loved getting yaoi manga from the Japanese bookstore. I always told myself someday...someday I'm gonna make my own Yaoi comic. Then with my first few jobs in the animation industry and focusing so much on that career, I completely stopped doing my own work. It took me a few years to realize how much I disliked that and that I wasn't getting the creative fulfillment I needed just from 'work work.' So *Ship Jumper* has become my baby, and I spend as much time as I can outside of my regular job to write, draw and color pages!

Kabrakare (*Reversion*): I've worked in the sphere of 2D-animation since 1999, but I didn't start to draw comics until 2010. I learned about Yaoi when I watched an anime named Fake, oddly enough, in 1999. I was surprised and thought: "They make this kind of anime too!" I liked it, but my passion for Yaoi didn't kick in for 10 more years until I read Youka Nitta's manga *When A Man Loves A Man*. I was amazed by the high quality of the graphics and how true to life the author reproduced the feelings of the characters in that manga. In principle there are a lot of works from other genres that conveys such feelings, but BL allows for so many experiments. This is one of the reasons why I like it so much.

YGG: *How long have you wanted to do a webcomic?*

Candy: Today I wish I would have done this sooner.

My home country, Germany, is known as 'the land of poets and thinkers.' It doesn't have a tradition of making or reading comics, as do the USA, Japan or France. Lots of people here still think comics are just for children or freaks. It isn't easy to find

a publisher, especially for a newcomer and, above all, if you want to make an expensive full-colored comic with a limited target audience. I tried for a long time. Considerably too long!

Valentina & Veronica: In fact, neither of us thought to do a webcomic, it happened by chance. I, Valentina, asked to Veronica to draw some scenes of our RPG, just because she was really lazy at that time and I really hate that she was wasting her talent. Our project *Purpurea Noxa* continued for a long time as something that we like to do without thinking to print or publish it. We just love to draw and tell the misadventures of our characters.

Velvet Toucher: Although I had only been drawn for Doujinshi (fan art) except for having drawn several comics for the magazines ten years ago, I knew I had to visualize my stories if I wanted to appeal people who don't read Japanese. So I was thinking about starting a webcomic project for several years.

Rohan Lockhart: More than four years ago, I started *GMO Project*. At first, I wanted to make a webcomic, but I was very bad at drawing. So I started writing (I only had written a fanfiction for years before that.) Basically, I started writing out of spite, then I began to love it, until I couldn't do without.

Yamilla: Now that Yaoi Press is more or less defunct I've hoped for a way to be able to keep putting out graphic novels. The cost of a good artist was prohibitive. Lately, I see people doing well with webcomics by gaining a following and then doing a Kickstarter for a print version. I saw that as a possible way to get back into it. I've been keeping my eyes on that sort of opportunity for a few years now.

Mar: I got my first AOL account in 1995 when my daughter was born. It was to keep the boredom away, and became my lifeline to the adult world.

However, I guess I'm not much of an adult, because I discovered webcomics pretty quickly, and was hooked. I never thought of doing a webcomic until I met Ina.

Ina: For as long as I've known they existed. So I'd say, about 13 years. The want to create a webcomic came ESPECIALLY strong soon after the manga company I was contracted by closed their US office and I'd basically lost my job.

Captain LeBuff: Since college — I wish I had started it sooner! My drawing skills had gotten a bit rusty by the time I started *Ship Jumper*, so it took a lot of work to get back into the groove. It's standard advice, but if you can keep up drawing if not every day, but at least a few times a week it helps your skills immensely!

Kabrakare: I wanted to try creating a BL-genre comic that took advantage of my creativity. But I didn't know how until I came up with the idea for *Reversion* in 2012.

YGG: *Who are your inspirations for your work?*

Candy: I get my inspirations from everywhere. Books, movies, life — of course every kind of comics — and online gaming. I like to play big, graphically intense MMORPGs and my artwork is strongly influenced by the design of Square Enix (*Final Fantasy*) and other games, such as *Tera* or *Aion*.

Valentina & Veronica: There is no specific authors to which we refer, both read a little bit of everything, from manga to American comics... anything that catches our eyes! They would be too many to list! Our only 'inspiration' is the role-playing game to which we refer: *Vampire the Masquerade*. *Vampire the Masquerade* is a role-playing game by White Wolf Publishing. It's set in a fictionalized 'gothic-punk' version of the modern world, where players assume the roles of vampires. There is a game master



Dark Prince

<http://yaoimila.com/post/111536033853/dark-prince-web-comic-page-1>

Prince Davon murders boys whose name start with the letter "A." The loyal retainer Lowry is summoned by the king to put a stop to it. Lowry assumes the prince is insane due to inbreeding. As he investigates he learns of Davon's dark religion, and of the god Davon claims is his lover. Is this dark god who commands Davon to kill even real? Lowry seeks answers from Davon's brother Lor, but he can scarcely rely on him when he's also claiming to be Davon's lover. A disturbing and macabre trilogy from the writer of *Winter Demon*.

that guide the players through the adventure and it can be played in live sessions, at a table or also by chat, like we do. There are a lot of manuals and books about it and we really love this RPG.

Velvet Toucher: Various American comic artists. I prefer art combined realistic-style and manga-style.

Rohan Lockhart: I am mainly inspired by video games. This is my first passion. And manga and comics of course. Concerning video games, I love *Final Fantasy*, *Metal Gear Solid*, and *Resident Evil*. As for manga, I like the works of Ike Reibun, Kazuma Kodaka, Kano Miyamoto and many others. I also read webcomics such as *Starfighter* and *Teahouse* (I miss them so much.)

Yamilla: Tina Fey is my idol. To create, write, and produce her own TV show, that was comedy featuring a female lead character — wow. That's incredible. I can only dream of

aspiring so high. Beyond her I was greatly influenced by Chris Claremont who wrote the *X-Men* comic book when I was growing up. Comic were all I ever read for years. I still see myself writing sentences that were ingrained in my brain from his writing.

Mar: From a writer's standpoint...I guess it's pretty obvious that I love Will Shakespeare. However, in the M/M romance writer's category I have to say I'm most fond of Erastes, M.L.Rhodes, and Josh Lanyon. But I think what has stuck with me most for the longest time was the writer of *Quatrefoil*, later attributed James Barr, this book first appeared in 1950 anonymously authored. But I also love the comedians who try to find irreverent humor in family and life, going back as far as Imogene Coco and Phyllis Diller, and currently with Sarah Silverstein. In the webcomic world I am completely enamored of Alex Woolfson and *The Young Protectors* series he writes and produces. And

finally, I design costumes for a Drag Queen troupe...and those ladies, who are actually wonderful gentlemen, are hilarious!

Ina: From an artist's standpoint... Takeshi Obata (namely his *Bakuman* and *Ral Grad* work,) Aya Kanno (*Otomen*), Ayano Yamane (*Crimson Spell*), Svetlana Chmakova (*Dramacon* and *Nightschool*), Supittha 'Annie' Bunyapen (*Shojo Wonder Manga Art School: Create Your Own Cool Characters* and *Costumes with Markers & Manga Magic: How to Draw and Color Mythical and Fantasy Characters*.)

And oh so many more...but these are my current top inspirations. What really inspired me to finally take the plunge into the webcomics world were *Teahouse*, *Johnny Wander*, *Nemu-Nemu*, and *Starfighter*.

Captain LeBuff: My favorite BL stories by far are the ones where humor and romance are combined, like *Vibrator Company* by Sakurai Shushushu and anything by Ougi



RomeoXJulien

<http://graphicnovelonline.com/>

It's the story of the Capulet Family, who run a Renaissance Festival in Lake Verona, California, an imaginary place (sorry, 'cause it would be cool if it really existed). And their son, Julien, who likes to cosplay in women's clothing. So, what happens when Romeo meets Julien? The mixed up story of instant attraction and a bit of screwing around with what a person's mind perceives and what is real should prove to be quite a lot of fun for readers. The beautiful art will also attract the reader that appreciates how a story isn't told only with words.

Yuzuha or Kano Shiuko. My favorite yaoi artists for beauty of art and story are Kodaka Kazuma, Naono bohra and my friend Hamletmachine.

Kabrakare: To tell the truth, it's inspired by the atmosphere of the town Quedlinburg in Germany. I've been there a few times and it has become one of my favorite towns. I like little German towns with the surviving medieval architecture, which contrasts with the modern metropolis mixed in to create this special atmosphere.

When the plot for the comic started to compose itself in my mind, the location was formed right away. But then the story moves to a place that doesn't exist, but has that collective charm of little German towns with their authentic medieval objects.

YGG: Tell us about the concept for your web comic? Where did the story come from? How long have you been developing

this concept? Is the story completely plotted or are you developing as you go?

Candy: The story is based on a novel about the elfin bastard prince Ellean Chidai I wrote a few years ago. (No, it hasn't been published, I did it just for fun.) But for *Wish & Will*, I decided to start one year earlier in this world's timeline and to use different main characters.

I have a raw plot, some important scenes in my mind — and a lot of last minute ideas. I'm still developing — again and again, I change a lot. I love to let my characters live their own lives —

and sometimes they really surprise me.

Nothing is engraved in stone until it's online.

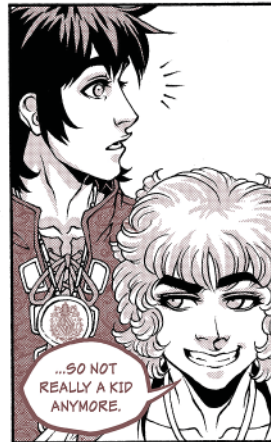
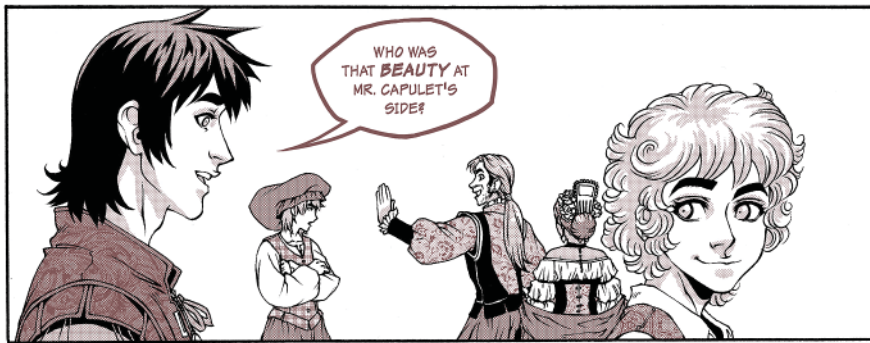
Valentina & Veronica: The story of *Purpurea Noxa*, is set in a secret world of darkness inhabited by vampires, werewolves and other creatures of the supernatural universe and focuses on two cities — Lucca

and Pisa (located in Tuscany, Italy) — who are old enemies over past disagreements and frequently face-off in a series of predominantly bloody clashes.

Lucca, obedient to the rules imposed by Florence (a governing city where a wealthy society of vampires lives,) drove out all the vampires who did not conform to the rules for their insubordination. This group of banished vampires, who now live in Pisa, have begun reorganizing their ranks as they plan to seek revenge for wrongs suffered. Meanwhile there are other BIG troubles that will involve both the cities but this is too soon to talk about them without give spoilers!

The concept of the stories is running from more than seven years and is completely plotted even if we have to do a lot of changes during the developing because there are a lot of things but we cannot tell everything inside a single webcomic.

Velvet Toucher: *LitS* is a simple



story about two men who are trapped in an isolated cabin on a lonely mountain. It was four years ago that the initial idea occurred in my mind when I was addicted to HBO's TV series, *Rome* (they don't share any similarities, though). I knew the plot was lack of something so it had been remained as one of trivial ideas. A year ago, another idea popped up in my mind. I found it a last piece of the whole picture.

In this comic, almost everything happens in a small cabin and the outside world is less important. This was supposed to be one-shot so I don't need to make up a detailed setting. It seems to be set in medieval English, that's it! However, I had to change the storyline and add some settings to the original concept after I decided to continue to draw the stories of the two guys as a low magic fantasy series. Therefore, half of the original ideas were abandoned after all.

Rohan Lockhart: The concept of *GMO Project* is simple: it's thought as a webcomic, but written as a fiction. That means instead of posting a comic page, each release is a chapter of the novel. But that's not all! To keep the 'webcomic' aspect, an illustration was published with each chapter. That's the originality of *GMO Project*. It took me one year to build the base of the story and since then the universe keeps expanding. I created this story when I moved to the North of France. One morning, I woke up in the middle of cardboard boxes and I had a reminiscence of a dream. I took a notebook and I wrote in everything I had in mind. The following days, I dreamed of the continuation, and that's how *GMO Project* was born.

Yamilla: For the webcomic I'm uploading a series that Yaoi Press published in 2006, written by me and illustrated by French artist M.A. Sambre. I was hoping that if the comic gained enough of a following I could generate ad revenue that would



Ship Jumper

<http://shipjumpercomic.com/>

Ship Jumper is the story of Piper, an enthusiastic young sailor from Clochette, a country in the midst of a long war with its rival nation of Lymeswold. After their ship is destroyed in battle, Piper and his Captain, Ellis, find themselves stranded on a seemingly deserted island. Besides having to fight for their survival, Piper soon discovers that the island is full of strange and mysterious creatures, as well as an unexpected fellow survivor from the wreck with a particular interest in him...

support a new graphic novel later on. It doesn't seem like that's going to happen, so I've started a Patreon with the goal of turning *Maelstrom* into a webcomic.

Dark Prince was based on an online picture book I wrote and illustrated myself for several years called *The Consort of Davon*. It had a reasonable following and helped me hone my writing skills before I went pro. I got instant feedback from my readers so I learned right away what they liked and what they didn't. I learned to write for my market.

Mar: *RomeoXJulien* happened by happy accident. Ina and I are working on a much more involved original story yaoi/BL comic, but I have to completely write and re-write and tighten up that entire script. It's a very intense and involved story. Ina was flipping through her art portfolio and an intensely drawn portrait of *Romeo and Julien* jumped out at me. I asked what this was for, and she

said it was a story she'd been playing around with, but hadn't fleshed out. Well, the inspiration just hit like lightning. I was able to flesh out the script for Act 1 in less than a week. And the ball was rolling within a month! Ina performed a couple of miracles in website design, and off we skipped into Webcomiland. Act 1 is complete in full storyboard, and an Act 1 side story script is complete, Act 2 is complete as a script and the side story in it is worked out. Act 3 will be finished before Act 2 goes into production.

Ina: In following up on what Mar had mentioned, *RomeoXJulien* got its start when we were looking for a shorter project to wet our feet before tackling a MUCH larger adventure in Yaoi webcomic storyland. I happened upon a print I'd created for an unused short story idea and made mention of said story to Mar. And in normal Mar fashion, she picked it up and RAN WITH IT! What a sight THAT was!

How can someone flail like that?!!

She loved the story idea and character designs SO much she proposed we work this story as our FIRST webcomic to exercise our creative wings before we tackled the BIG one. It also gives us the opportunity to learn the ropes of creating and publishing a webcomic. Thankfully, my publishing background and knowledge has made this transition far easier, allowing for advance planning for printed publication as we go along.

Captain LeBuff: *Ship Jumper* is the gay romance novel I always wanted to write that's now a comic haha! Originally I designed the characters as half men, half animals but put the idea aside for a few years due to lack of time. I've always loved historical fiction, Jane Austen and period dramas, so that combined with one of my first jobs being based out of the seaport in NYC made me go NUTS for everything nautical. I

started reading the *Horatio Hornblower* novels and there is SO MUCH HOMOEROTIC SUB TEXT in those books! The first *Ship Jumper* volume is combining my love of mid-2000's era Yaoi with Napoleonic War era sailors. Plus also proving to myself that I could focus and get a comic FINISHED. I wanted there to be humor as well as smut, and introduce Piper, the main character, just like a Magical Girl heroine a la Card Captor or Sailor Moon. But from that pretty lighthearted start, I've been trying to go deeper every chapter and bring in more angst and exploration of issues like escapism vs. reality, classism, homophobia in late 1700's Europe, the futility of war, politics, etc!

Ship Jumper is completely plotted out in an outline form, so I know where all of my A and B stories will end. It's loose enough still that I have flexibility to change story pacing and add in extra details and back story as I go. I can also gauge how interested

readers are in certain characters and topics.

Kabrakare: When the story for my web comic start to take on shape, I was very conscious of the film named *Confused Feelings* aka *La Confusion des Sentiments* (original title.) It's based upon a novella by Stefan Zweig that goes by the same name. The story describes a relationship between a professor and his student. Throughout the whole thing, there is this combination of passion and restraint that influences how I'm creating my comic. My love for archaeology was also crucial in its creation.

I named the comic *Reversion*, which means return to point of departure. In the context of the comic, return to the initial living position. This story is about a Greek artist and a German professor who destiny throws together. As a result their lives are totally changed and the process of returning their lives

back to what it was along with their perceived freedom will be difficult.

The idea may have been born in 2012, but was 2 years before the plot had matured and the main characters were formed. Currently the whole plot has been thought through to its end, but some moments, sometimes, have been changed in order to spice up the story, I think, as I now draw the panels.

YGG: *How long will this web comic run?*

Candy: I have absolutely no idea.

Valentina & Veronica: We really don't know, sure for other 3 books. We have to make some adjustment during the work of every chapter, so we really don't know how many book it will be precisely.

Velvet Toucher: *LitS* ended but the series goes on. I already have some ideas of how to end the whole series. It will take a couple more years to reach there at least.

Reversion

<http://rreversion.smackjeeves.com/>

Destiny throws a Greek artist and a German professor together and upends both their lives. How will they cope with the intense longing they've sparked in each other? what will this relationship mean to their families and careers?



Rohan Lockhart: As of now, there have been three novels (500 pages each) and two doujins for the 1st generation *Concerning the Next Gen* (20 years later), there have been two novels, two one-shot novels and two novellas. And along with that, I released three art books. I still have many things to write. This is far from over.

Yamilla: Right now I'm not sure if only Volume 1 of *Dark Prince* will be released online or if the entire three volume series will go up. I'm having trouble gauging interest.

Mar: It's kind of an economics question, there are three acts (books) and three side stories planned for *RomeoXJulien*. Because Ina has to work at a mundane job to make rent, it's a little hard to go fast on this. If our Patreon funding comes up to the amount she needs to quit that job we could have this fully complete by the end of 2016. As it is, we feel we'll be finishing the comic by mid-2018. So,

fans of *RomeoXJulien* could really be a factor in getting this story faster.

Ina: What she said!

Captain LeBuff: *Ship Jumper* has always been intended as a six volume story with a satisfying ending for the characters. I can produce about a volume a year so about six years with two years remaining. Volumes 1-4 are up on the website now plus a short backstory chapter and I hope to start Volume 5 in August 2015.

Kabrakare: The comic is planned for 12 chapters minimum, so this is the long running project.

YGG: *Will this webcomic have a print version? If so, when will the print version be released?*

Candy: I hope so, but I cannot give any further details at the moment. I'm just an artist and I think I'll need some help for the business aspects of such a project.

Valentina & Veronica: We already have a printed version in Italian and

English of the first and the second chapter and we are going to print the third one this autumn.

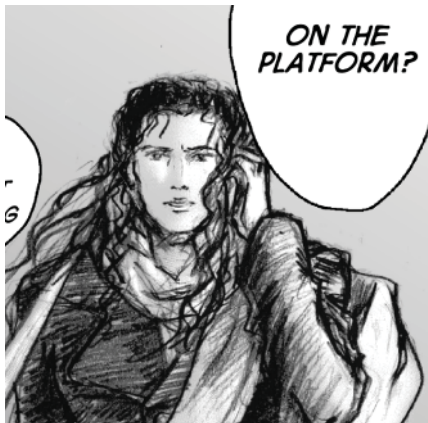
We have joined some convention in Italy in the past years as a self-publication and sometimes we open the online shop on our website.

Velvet Toucher: The printed books of *LitS* were published in two volumes. The Japanese, German and French version will be published during this year.

Rohan Lockhart: Yes, all my work is available in print version, but only in French for now.

Yamilla: The print version of *Dark Prince* volumes 1-3 came out ten years ago and is still available on Amazon and I think Right Stuf.

Mar: Absolutely! The art deserves it, and I'm personally a big fan of books that I can hold and read and save and treasure. The webcomic pages are being designed with publication in mind! And, because it's a Yaoi/BL story, there will be





naughty bits that we would feel a little squeamish about putting out on the internet, so there will be additional art pages in the published book, as well as a side story in each that will definitely be smutty and sexy...smexy!

Ina: Again...what she said!

Captain LeBuff: I like printing *Ship Jumper* in two volume per book increments as it makes for a nice, hefty 115 page trade paperback. Book 1 came out in the spring of 2013 (and is available at select cons and on-line!) and I plan on having a kickstarter for Book 2 (which will have volumes 3-4) start mid July 2015, so very soon!

Kabrakare: No, the comic will not have a print version. This project is completely and only planned as a web comic.

YGG: *Will you do webcomics after this one is finished? If so, can you tell us about the next story?*

Candy: I'm fairly sure about that! I think I'll first go back to the roots and make a spin-off about my elfin prince and his two younger brothers, closer to my former novel story. But maybe I'll do something completely different. I really wish I could become a vampire because I have more stories

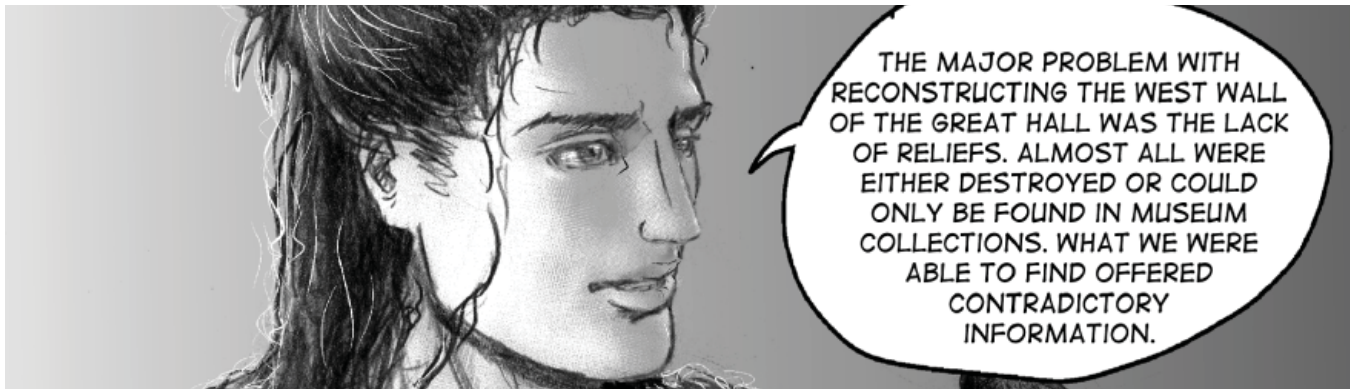
in my mind than I could ever tell in just one single lifetime.

Valentina & Veronica: By now we don't have other projects. We would like to do a couple of short spin-off and after the ending of *Purpurea Noxa*, we will decide what do.

Velvet Toucher: As I said above, it will take a long time to finish Elduin and Donestan series. I have some other stories I want to draw after that. One of them is that I have been eager to draw for ten years.

Rohan Lockhart: Right now, I'm also working on a series called *The Pavilion of Chimeras*.





It's a parallel universe to *GMO Project*, in a Fantasy fashion. It's a new saga which should also extend to many volumes * laugh *. I also work on an illustrated and interactive webfiction called *Karasu* due by September .

Yamilla: If my Patreon reaches \$300 per month in subscribers then I will use that money to fund the illustrations for future web comic projects. Otherwise I may continue to upload old Yaoi Press comics, or just let this fade away. Again, it all depends on the interest level I manage to build up.

Mar: We are doing a webcomic

called *Wrong Dragon* that will begin publication on the JustYaoi.com site as soon as *RomeoXJulien* comes to its conclusion. That story is the reason we've started the learning process of webcomic publishing with *RomeoXJulien*.

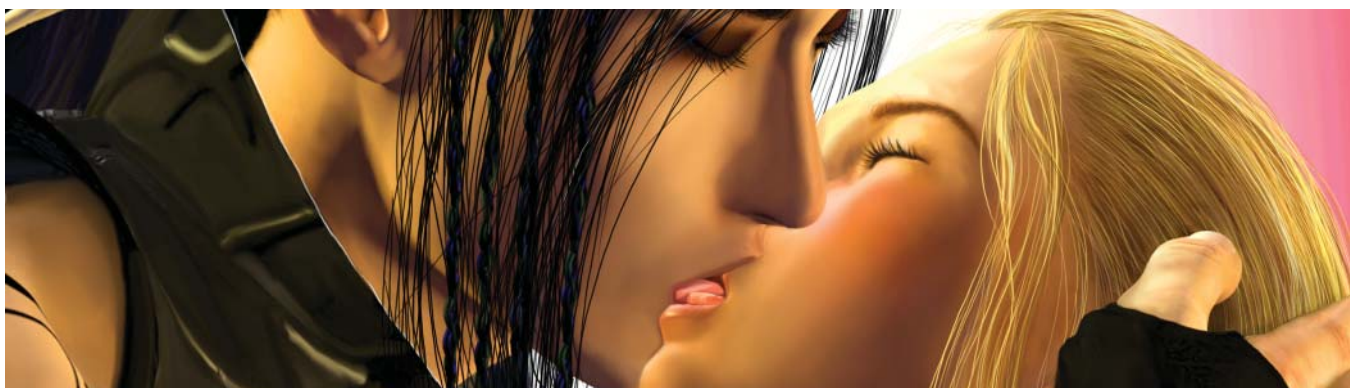
Ina: ABSOLUTELY! Beyond what Mar has mentioned, I'm also working on an all ages project and haven't decided whether or not it'll be available as a webcomic or strictly print.

Captain LeBuff: Definitely! I already have a plan for my next comic, which will be VERY different.

My tag line for it is that it's about 'lady friendship and time travel.' I've learned so much about art and comics from *Ship Jumper* that I want to keep going and drawing more in depth, emotionally complicated stories. BUT *Ship Jumper* is my priority so I won't start anything else until it's finished.

Kabrakare: I just finished drawing the second chapter of *Reversion*, so I'm not thinking about the next (Yaoi) story after finishing this one. At the moment I'm only concentrating on creating *Reversion*.

YGG: *What is your favorite aspect of*





creating a webcomic?

Candy: To get feedback from my readers. I love all their comments very, very much, even if it's just a 'lol' or an emoticon. It shows me if my jokes are working or if I was able to convey the right feelings and it's really a huge motivation booster.

Valentina & Veronica: Drawing sex scenes. Just kidding!

Well, drawing the sex scenes is awesome but the best aspect of creating a webcomic is be able to thrill and make fall in love other people to something that we love deeply.

Velvet Toucher: Web comics can appeal to people all over the world. Novels written in a minor language such as Japanese can only be read by Japanese people. For me drawing a webcomic is a great way to get beyond the language barrier to tell stories through the internet.

Rohan Lockhart: I love creating the outline of a story, coming up with the background of the universe, the

characters and their design. I am lucky to work with many talented artists, who help me in this process.

To sum up, what excites me the most is laying the foundations of a story, writing the first lines, the first chapters...

Yamilla: Making a webcomic makes you more visible to fans and allows you to promote other works that actually contribute to your income. It keeps you relevant in a digital world where being quiet for a month means you cease to exist.

Mar: FAN INTERACTION! Webcomic fans are awesome! The fans who read the comic and comment on the pages make me so happy! And the feeling of full OWNERSHIP, cannot be under praised. We own this entire process!

Ina: DRAWING! Seriously though, after the company I'd worked for closed their US office and canceled all contracted work, it feels INSANELY WONDERFUL

to finally be working on comic work again. I love being able to illustrate stories again, directing the 'actors' in the play, doing the lighting, the set design, the costuming, the makeup, the hair...just EVERYthing about it! And most of all, being able to share it with our wonderful audience!

Captain LeBuff: Telling a story! Seeing readers react to my characters and scenes! Also at the end of a year when I look back and see I've actually drawn 48-52 pages of comic, NOTHING beats that feeling of accomplishment. Having a weekly updating comic is a great way to keep a deadline so your work moves forward, but not completely kill yourself and burn out. OH and drawing butts, I LOVE drawing butts.

Kabrakare: My favorite aspect is creating the storyboard and doing the paneling. I think this is the most important part of creating the comic and it's at this time that I can add my individuality to the comic.

This also happens to be the most difficult aspect of creating the comic. Sometimes I have totally changed the storyboard of a whole, already drawn and prepared episode. But I do like this process, because at this stage I try to 'send messages' to my readers.

YGG: Do you use a digital tablet or paper and pencil?

Candy: My comic isn't traditionally drawn from scratch. First, I use 3D software for my character design, building up a setting and rendering sketches. Then, I import those pictures into Photoshop and they get intense postwork. So, it's essentially '3D drawing.'

Valentina & Veronica: Digital tablet! We will do the entire work in digital from the sketch to the colors.

Velvet Toucher: I use a digital tablet. I don't use paper and pencil because I hate cleaning!

Yamilla: I only write. I'm keen enough to know my art just ain't good enough for primetime. Great artists like Himitsu Studio, Ero Pinku, M.A. Sambre, and many others bring my story to their fullest potentials.

Mar: I write in Word on the computer. I can type 120 words per minute. I was a legal secretary long ago.

INA: All thumbnails, storyboards, pencils and inks are done ye ole fashion way...by hand...while the toning, lettering and currently colouring is done digitally, though eventually I WILL be creating some hand-coloured RxJ related work.

Captain LeBuff: *Ship Jumper* is created 100% digitally on my Mac Pro and 21inch Cintiq. The time it saves drawing straight onto the screen and into Photoshop is crucial for me finishing pages on time. I do my rough thumbnailing on paper in a small sketch book so I can capture gestures quickly.

Kabrakare: I use paper, pencil and marker. I've decided to experiment

with sketch lines, made with pencil and exclude inking. I only use a digital tablet to apply screen tones.

YGG: How long does it take to produce a page?

Candy: Because of the 3D technique, this varies between one day and one week. If I have to create a new background scene or new character models — I need more time, but if I have everything I need for a page, it goes pretty quickly.

Valentina & Veronica: This is really an evil question!

This depends on how many times we have free. Around 4 days if we were totally free but normally between seven and ten days.

Velvet Toucher: From five to nine hours. A page that has many frames takes longer to finish off even though it's the same sized page.

Mar: As the producer I'm the whip cracker around these here parts. I had to put INA on a very strict calendar. She works Monday, Tuesday and Friday on the webcomic. First doing pencils, then inking, then lettering, then toning. It is a lot of work! I edit at the pencils and lettering stages, just to make sure the story is coming through clearly.

Prior to the actual art, we sit at the kitchen table and talk out the pages one at a time. I stand up and act out stuff, or talk wildly with my hands, or reference photos or scenes in films or TV, to give INA the idea of where I see the page in my mind's eye. She decides if I'm crazy, and puts down what isn't too crazy in small thumbnails that she later translates into storyboards.

Ina: It varies greatly depending on the page. It can take anywhere from 8-20 hours to complete one page. There's a fair amount of work that goes into creating one page, from thumbnails to storyboards, storyboards to pencils, pencils to inks, inks to lettering, lettering to toning,

and finally editing and formatting the page for both site updates and printing.

Captain LeBuff: I am VERY SLOW. I always have been and probably always will be. It takes me at least 8 hours to finish a whole comic page, often more if the backgrounds are complicated. Sex scenes always take longer as well because I want them to be as HOT as possible, but they are more fun to draw as well.

Kabrakare: It depends on the quantity of frames on the page. The more there are, the more time I spend for a processing the page of course, but on average it takes 4 or 5 hours to produce a completed page.

WHO'S ON TOP? YAOI ANIME

An international survey of yaoi fans was held during the first two weeks of April by YGG to find out their favorite Yaoi anime series. A list of 125 titles was compiled from three comprehensive lists of Yaoi anime produced from the beginning until now. A thousand fans from all over the world and representing all age groups participated. The question was simple. Fans were asked to choose their favorite shows from the list. They could pick as many as they wanted. Forty-eight shows received no votes at all. The remaining anime were ranked according to the number of votes they received.

There is a lot of workplace love and teen love and Yakuza bosses who can't get any action without kidnapping. The top three lead the pack by more than twenty percentage points (1st, 2nd and 3rd place were in the 70% range where the next highest rank was in the 50 percentile range). The results came as a bit of a surprise to the staff here. If likes and shares or comments were used as a measure of popularity, than either *The Finder Series* or *Ai no Kusabi* would have been at the top of the pack, yet they were 8th and 10th respectively and far below the number one in percentage points. Despite the reputation of Yaoi fans and, it seems, despite what Yaoi fans think they like, sweet, romantic comedies are far and away the most popular type of anime. These results are solidly the same across age brackets and nationalities.

The big headline is Nice Seme Finish First!

Here is the complete list of all the anime that received at least one percent of the vote through the top vote getters.



Junjou Roamntica

A student ends up boarding with a famous novelist while in college. Love and comedy ensue in the main story. A love affair with a college professor and a medical student is the second. A budding affair between a college professor and a former in-law is the third.



Sekai ich Hatsukoi

Former high school lovers have a rocky road to romance as adults working for a manga publisher in the main story. The other stories feature fellow editors. One is involved with a manga artist. The other is involved with an attractive bookstore clerk.



Love Stage!

Gender is no barrier to love between a famous actor and the youngest son of a showbiz family.



Loveless

A young cat boy becomes involved with his brother's friend as they fight to solve the brother's murder.



Sensitive Pronograph

Part one is a sexy love story between manga artists. Part two is a kinky tale of BDSM that turns into something more.



Maiden Rose

In a fictitious world at war, soldiers from different countries find friendship and then love.



Okane ga Nai

A young student is forced work off a debt by having sex with a much older Yakuza boss.



Viewfinder

A young photographer becomes entangled with a brutal and kinky Yukuza boss.



Gravitation

A famous singer falls in love with a gorgeous yet hostile writer.



Ai no Kusabi (1992)

A gang leader finds himself trapped in a kinky relationship with an enigmatic syndicate boss.



DRAMAtical Murder

A part time junk store clerk with a mysterious past finds love and solves a big mystery with his many boyfriends.



Koisuru Boukun

College freshman falls in love with his homophobic Senpai.



Hey, Class President!

Love on the high school student council.



Gakuen Heaven

High school love set in the backdrop of a mystery.



Sex Pistols

A hot young “zooman” tries to choose from many suitors.



Kirepapa

Over protective father falls for one of his son’s friends.



Haru wo Daiteita

Workplace romance between porn stars.



Tight Rope

Love between a Yakuza heir and his best friend.



Boku no Sexual Harassment

One sided love affair with a twisted superior with a vegetable fetish.



Vassalord

Love between a vampire and a vampire hunter.

21. Mirage of Blaze
22. Descendants of Darkness
23. Winter Cicada
24. Makai Ouji: Devils and Realists
25. Fake!
26. Monochrome Factor
27. Close the Last Door
28. Zetsuai 1989
29. Level C
30. Seitokaichou ni Chukoku
31. Kizuna
32. Enzai
34. Pico to Chico
35. Tokyo Babylon
36. Pico x CoCo x Chico
37. Yebiso Celebrities
38. After School in the Teachers Lounge
39. Weiss Kreuz/Knight Hunters
40. Dash
41. Angel's Sanctuary
42. Kono Danshi, Ningyō Hiroimashita (OVA)
43. Switch
44. Saint Beast

45. Seikimatsu Darling
46. Angel's Feather
47. Kachou no Koi
48. Legend of Blue Wolves
49. Kono Danshi, Uchuujin to Tatakaemasu
50. Kaze to Ki no Uta
51. Gokujou ni Koibito

The remaining titles had less than 5% of the votes and there was less than one tenth of a point between them. Thus, they are listed in alphabetical order.

- Boku no Pico
- Boku wa Konomana
- Bus Gamer
- Cathexis
- Earthian
- Fish in a Trap
- Fujimi Block No 2 Symphony Orchestra
- Ginyuu Mokushiroku Meine Liebe
- Graduation M: Our Carnival

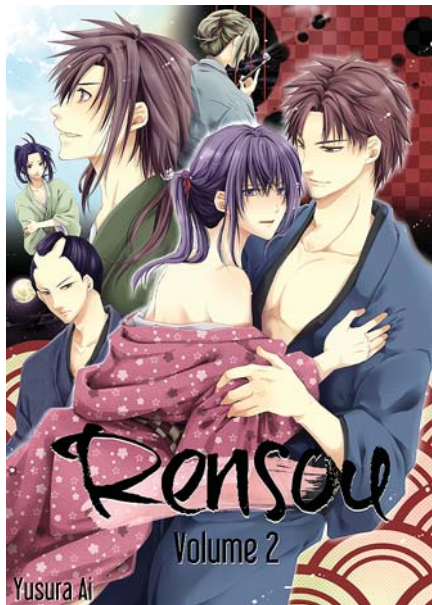
- I Shall Never Return
- Kasho no Tsuki
- Kimera
- Koutetsu Sangokushi
- Kusatta Kyoushi No Houteishiki
- Legend of Duo
- Nakedyouth
- Natsu e no Tobira
- Osakan wa ami no Naka
- Patalliro!
- Robitca * Robotics
- Ryokunohara Laburinth
- Suteki na Shota Days 1: Shitsuren no Kun
- Suteki na Shota Days 2: Saigo no Sangatsu
- The Last March
- The Ultimate Orgasm



YGG

Fall Preview

Rensou



by Amamiya Kei

The tale of a ninja clan sworn to guard a certain family back in the days of the Shogunate. Aoi and Youjirou are assigned together, never to stray from their combined missions. But with Aoi's frequent and secretive disappearances, Youjirou can't help but fear for their current relationship... and what he hopes will become of it. Please note that this double release also includes the WWII short story Kinmokusei no Kaoru Koro (When You Smell the Olive Trees.)



Now Available from Otome's Way: <http://shop.otomesway.com/product/rensou/>



by Yusura Ai

Set in the Edo Period of Japan against the backdrop of the kabuki theatre scene, Rensou is the story of the developing relationship between Soumaru, an orphan in search of his long-lost brother, and Koinosuke, a prominent actor in a traveling kabuki troupe whom Soumaru falls for at first sight.



Now Available from Otome's Way: <http://shop.otomesway.com/product/kagerou-no-hebi-hazy-serpent/>

Kagerou no Hebi (Hazy Serpent)

Don't Call Me a Demon



by **Nekomori Mew**

Moonstruck detective Kusaka Daisuke meets the impossible youth Luca on the dark streets of Shinjuku. Little does he know how this chance encounter will turn his world upside-down. All he thought he knew about the supernatural, and his own sexuality, gets thrown out the window thanks to this feisty vampire. Includes an extra short story to celebrate this compilation of our first BL novel!

"Dammit!"

Cursing his foolish negligence, Detective Kusaka hid himself in a back alley, dragging his injured right leg behind him. The moonlit sky was frustratingly bright despite the late hour, hindering rather than helping his stakeout.

It was just his luck that there was an honest-to-god blue moon that

night. Once every two or three years, the moon's usual full cycle made its surface appear bigger and brighter, outshining the very stars in the sky. He recalled reading something about it in that day's newspaper.

Kusaka glanced up into the night. The freakishly gigantic moon dazzled right back at him. It was often said that a full moon could turn a person's head, make them crazy and uncontrollable. Dating back to ancient Latin, 'lunaticus' was used to describe things originating from the moon. It was where the English word 'lunatic' came from.

*Luna, lunar, lunatic...*All having to do with the moon. And that night's moon was certainly big enough to cause unease in the sanest of men.

And here he'd hoped that nothing too ominous would happen that evening...

Disgusted, Kusaka clicked his tongue at his own wandering thoughts. Normally, the detective prided himself on being nothing if not a realist. He'd never believed in superstition. Never thought twice before stepping on cracks or passing black cats on the street. The state of the moon made no dent in the crime rate around the city, so why should he care? That much could be proven and quantified with logical, factual data. Spreadsheets, even. All this lunar crazy talk was just the work of fake occultists trying to squeeze money out of the gullible people who fell for their manipulative schemes.

The detective inhaled a deep, fortifying breath.

Breathing steadily, he gingerly lifted the cuff of his trousers to get a look at his bloodied leg. A brief surge

of relief washed over him. Luck had been with him this time. The bullet from his earlier botched escapade had only grazed his right leg, leaving what he assumed was no permanent damage. However, it was obvious that any further skirmishes would be difficult in his present condition.

Kusaka took another deep breath.

It was three against one now. In the brief tussle before he'd been hit, the detective had managed to do enough damage that he was sure one punk was down for the count. That left two more. After his office received an important tip-off the previous day, Kusaka and his team had been sent out into the field. They had been tailing these thugs nonstop for two days straight.

He wasn't one to brag, but Kusaka was known as the most capable detective in the 1st Division of Tokyo's Metropolitan Police Investigation Department. He thought for sure that he had this case in the bag. And that wasn't because he thought it would be a walk in the park, either. He knew better than to take any official case lightly. This time, however, he might have overestimated his own abilities. It was foolish to think he'd get through such a dangerous scene unscathed...

He could hear footsteps approaching. He was too vulnerable in his present location. Favoring his injured leg, Kusaka limped further down the alleyway. Even to someone as used to the backstreets of Shinjuku as he, this particular area was frustrating. Still, Kusaka had been born and raised in this part of the city. After thirty years, the twisting streets

Fall Preview

and high rises were practically his backyard.

He hoped that Matsuzaki made it out okay.

There were regulations that stated that detectives had to work in pairs at all times when out on a case. That way, if something were to happen to one partner, the second could take care of the situation. Acting alone meant the potential death of any unwary officer. They made an odd, but strong combination, he and Matsuzaki. When compared to Kusaka's incurably dour attitude, Matsuzaki was friendly and outgoing. A real favorite of their division. But, it'd been thirty minutes since he'd had to break away from the other man and search for cover...

Now wasn't the time to worry about his partner's safety. He had to trust that the younger man could take care of himself.

The injured man veered to the left and slid up between a wall and a skanky billboard advertising a sleazy bar. It was a good opportunity to try and call for backup. The moment the thought crossed his mind, he reached into the breast pocket of his jacket to grab his cell phone. Just as suddenly, out of the corner of his eye Kusaka saw a human figure step out from the shadows of the alley and into the light. Wary, Kusaka stepped out to face the newcomer, fingering the gun still snug in its holster just below the line of his coat.

"Hey, you there..." he called, but cut himself off. Before him stood a young boy of about twelve years. Kusaka's eyes ran over the boy, sizing him up. He obviously wasn't Japanese. No one of Japanese decent had natural golden curls that shimmered in the ethereal glow of the moon. His skin was the whitest shade Kusaka had ever seen. No, not white. It was unearthly pale, like a porcelain doll's. But perhaps the boy's most striking feature was his eyes. They sparkled red

as a freshly cut and polished ruby. His faded, light blond eyelashes fluttered against his ashen cheeks.

"What's the matter?" Kusaka tried to talk to the boy again, "It's dangerous for kids to be out this late. Go home."

The child made no response.

Kusaka stumbled, wondering if the young boy understood Japanese. Sighing just a bit, he tried to remember what he could of his patchy English.

[Ah...You should go home! Dangerous here...]

"I understand Japanese, don't worry." The smoothness with which the unknown boy replied was obviously that of a native speaker. Relieved that he didn't have to rely on his rough language skills, but still concerned for the wandering boy, Kusaka approached him.

"Now listen. I don't have time to explain, but it's dangerous out here. Some bad men are going to be coming this way."

"Bad men?" the child repeated, tilting his head.

Kusaka nodded, willing the young one to understand, "Yes, and that's why you have to leave this place."

"Are you being followed?"

Taken aback by the odd question, Kusaka mulled it over, "Actually, I guess you could say I was the one following them..."

The boy looked a bit confused, "Huh?"

"It doesn't matter," Kusaka brushed his own comment aside. "What matters is that you run far away! Try to find a place with lots of people in it, okay?"

"You're hurt."

"What?" the statement threw Kusaka for a loop, so focused was he on the boy himself.

"Your leg," the blond boy pointed at Kusaka's right leg. "It's bleeding."

"Oh, yeah. I got shot back

there."

"Shot? By a gun?"

Losing patience at the boy's questions when he knew he needed to get the child to safety, Kusaka snapped, "Now see here! I don't have time for this conversation, kid. Are from around here?"

"Luca?"

"Hm?" Kusaka fumbled again, lost at the sudden shift in the boy's conversation.

"I'm not a 'kid.' I'm Luca."

"Alright then, Luca. Listen to me, okay?" Kusaka tried to reason with him one more time. The sounds of frantic footsteps drew nearer and the detective quickly stopped talking.

"This way! You, check over there!" a commanding voice reverberated through the cramped alleyway.

It seemed that Kusaka's enemies had split up to look for him. He couldn't waste any more time waiting around for them to find him there hiding. He had to get Luca somewhere safe as quickly as possible. Taking the pale boy's hand, Kusaka turned back the way he'd come. As he maneuvered the two of them toward the street entrance, one of the brutes from the earlier bust came into view around the corner. Hissing his displeasure, the older man stood in front of the boy so as to shield him from the criminal who had reared his ugly head.

If he remembered correctly, this hoodlum wasn't armed. Kusaka wasted no time weighing his options and instead took up an offensive kenpo stance. He wasn't looked up to as the best in his division for nothing. Kusaka was more than strong enough to back up his reputation. Judo, kendo, kenpo, boxing... if it was a martial art, Kusaka was a natural.

Unfazed by the detective's show of strength, the offender rushed the bigger man. Kusaka caught the other with one powerful kick to the gut, downing him instantly. Such

Fall Preview

violent behavior wasn't without its own consequences. The damage to his already crippled leg was no laughing matter. Much as the shot was a flesh wound, the rend in the skin of his leg was starting to swell from the agitation. After running around for so long after the scuffle, it was no surprise that Kusaka could scarcely suppress his fatigue. Even his incredibly defined, toughened body and uncharacteristic height for a Japanese person, all 180cm of Kusaka was at its limit. He might have been fine with just himself to look after, but with a child in tow, he didn't know how to proceed without endangering his charge.

"You'll be fine, Luca. I'll protect you." Panting from exertion and exhaustion, Kusaka turned back to blond child. The boy looked alarmingly passive for one in such a dangerous predicament. What a strange kid not to cringe away from this sort of thing...The detective expected maybe some frightened tears or something. Was it shock? If so, this situation could be even worse than he'd imagined. If Luca ended up with PTSD from being present at the wrong place at the wrong time, the older man would never be able to forgive himself...

Faster than his mind could process the thought, the detective was knocked off his feet with an unbelievable blast of power. He was caught so off guard that he ended up sprawled ungracefully on the pavement, flat on his ass. Not believing what had just happened, Kusaka looked up at Luca. There was no one else in the alley that could have been behind that superhuman strength besides the boy next to him. As Kusaka opened his mouth to ask what the hell Luca thought he was doing, his voice caught in his throat.

The young boy was nowhere

to be found. In his place was a tall, full-grown man gazing at the fallen detective. Clothed in magnificent black robes and looking down imperiously at Kusaka, his beauty made the detective catch his breath. The newcomer's platinum hair now fell to his waist. He could barely believe his eyes...Could this young man be Luca? He didn't want to believe it, but the mysterious man's silvery locks and crimson eyes left no doubt in his mind.

Just as Kusaka was about to voice his bewilderment, another member of the crime gang rounded the corner on the other side of the alley. This time with the gun was clearly visible in his hand.

Kusaka knew that he had to face this new foe or risk another potentially fatal shot, but the pain from his fall and leg injury made his reactions sluggish. It was as if his entire body was paralyzed. He broke out in a cold sweat. At this rate, both he and the boy-turned-man were in mortal danger. As the thought crossed his mind, the gangster raised his revolver to point directly at Kusaka. Just before the man could pull the trigger, the pale young man stepped directly in front of the older detective.

Two shots rang out in an instant, plunging straight into the young man's body.

"*Lucaaa!!*" Kusaka screamed as the figure before him jerked in time with the slugs. Kusaka saw the scene as though it was in slow motion. Luca picked himself up after having been spun back by the blows like it was nothing. But there, starkly framed in the center of Luca's pale chest were the holes left by the two bullets...

As Kusaka watched, the flesh knit itself back together, repairing the wounds.

Out of bullets, the punk futilely continued to fire the empty magazine.

As the gun clicked on the empty barrel, his face turned white as a ghost. Turning back around to confront the culprit, Luca slowly advanced down the alley. One step, two... Luca kept walking, closing the distance between him and the terrified shooter. He stopped a few feet away from the man and grinned.

"A-a monster! Argh!!" the gunman's eyes bulged, twisted in fear as Luca reached out with one hand and closed his grip around the other's neck, lifting him off the street as though he weighed nothing.

"Ugh!...Arr-ghack!"

Squeezing just long enough to stop the man's breathing, Luca released the limp body and watched it crumple to the ground with a thud. Back turned, Luca addressed the stunned detective, "You don't have to worry. These were bad men, right?"

With a smile, Luca turned to look at Kusaka, his strange eyes now emerald-colored. The young man offered his hand to Kusaka in such an elegant gesture that the detective was reminded of long-forgotten history books and tales of European nobility. With a start, he realized that the paralysis from earlier was lifted and the pain from his earlier fall and gunshot wound was completely gone.

"Just who are you, kid...?" Kusaka breathed, eyes riveted to the person before him.

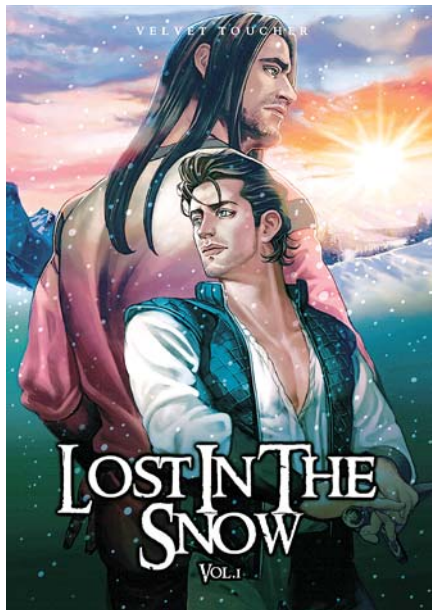
"I told you, my name's not 'kid.' It's Luca," the man responded, teasingly.

Still grasping Luca's hand, Kusaka wondered how on earth he was supposed to explain what had just happened to his superiors.

To be continued...

Now Available from Otome's Way: <http://shop.otomesway.com/product/dont-call-me-a-demon-2/>

Now Available from Yaoi Revolution: <http://yaoi-revolution.myshopify.com/>



by Velvet Toucher

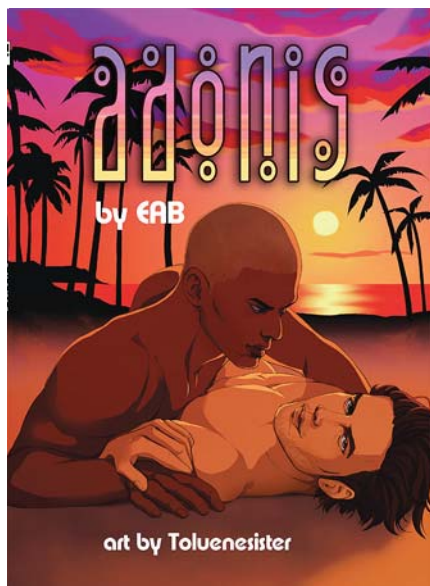
Heavy snow falls over a forest of men struck down in a bloody battle between noble brothers. The young victor, wounded and near death, is discovered by one of his own nameless soldiers and carried to safety - an isolated cabin on a lonely mountain. This small comfortable peasants' home becomes a refuge for the unlikely pair as winter closes in around them.

As their snowbound days and nights pass, the noble recovers and begins to learn that he and this lowly soldier share a forgotten past. Despite their disparity in social status, the two trapped men find themselves inexorably drawn to each other by a force far stronger than the laws of man or nature. Soon they become torn between a sense of duty and a desire to stay frozen in time.



LOST IN THE SNOW

Adonis



by EAB

Art by Toluenesister

Who Doesn't Yearn for a Little Escape?

High-end escort Adonis Blue has everything he's ever wanted: cars, money, an allowance, and all the Turner Classic Movies he can watch, but what happens when a blue-eyed concierge offers him everything he needs? When his wealthiest client invites Adonis on an all expenses paid vacation to Jamaica, Adonis jumps at the opportunity to deepen their connection, and to increase his bank account. However, things aren't all they seem in Montego Bay, and his Pretty Woman life soon turns into a Dangerous Liaisons affair.

The rain finally stops, but now I'm just tired of Jamaica. Kassim is still on hiatus. I haven't seen him for an entire week. He sends me trinkets, and the staff deliver bottles of champagne. I visit the spa everyday, eat with politicians in the Platinum dining hall, and lounge in a presidential three bedroom suite. It is all very elegant, very *Pretty Woman*, and very boring. Laying on the empty king size bed reminds me of my own bed at home. If I was in LA at least I could call one of my clients to entertain.

The veranda door is open slightly. The air here is warm, but the air conditioning makes my bones ache the next day.

You sound like an old man...

If I was twenty I would love this place. I would leave Kassim's ass in the suite and go out to the local clubs to dance until I passed out from alcohol or exhaustion, whichever came first. However, all I want right now is to lay on his chest and smell his scent while I sleep.

Now you sound like a chick.

"Ughhh," I growl and bury my face into the feathered pillow. This shit is maddening. I flew two thousand miles for blue balls and a champagne buzz. "I can't wait to go home..."

I sigh and stare at the ceiling. My lids drift into a drunk slumber.

"Anhh-!"

I jolt.

"Anhh-! Anhh-!"

I raise my head slightly off my pillow hearing the moans from my veranda door.

"Fuck yes-! Yes-!" A young man's voice echoes through the shrubs separating the close villas. I hop out of bed like a man caught

cheating, clamoring to see some live action. When I get to the door I press fingertips against the heated glass. All I can see is white skin in the darkness.

"You're too loud."

Oh.

There are two men out on the wooden deck. The banister is stone, but the encasement is completely glass. I can see everything.

"Someone's going to hear you."

The dark skinned man presses his palm against the white boys mouth. It's the chocolate drop who delivered my champagne last week. Souley.

"Don't stop..." The boy arches on all fours with Souley rutting him from behind. "Ah-!" His cheek presses against the glass each time Souley pounds him. "Fuck!" He grinds against Souley's cock like a bitch in heat. My eyes light up like a kid who's found all the Christmas presents.

"Ngh-!" The boy moans when Souley grabs the back of his neck. He spreads his ass cheeks and pants against the glass. "Fuck me hard." His pink dick is leaking, but Souley has a tight hold on it.

He's got a mouth on him for sure. My dick instantly hardens. I move on the other side of the door so that I can see them, but they can't see me- at least that's the plan. The tree frogs croak wild in the towering green, but all I can hear is sweaty thighs slapping.

"Heh." He pants through his chuckle. "You little slut..." Souley's baritone rings out in the air. "Do not tell me what to do."

Slap-!

When Souley's hand meets skin I feel my breath hasten.

"Ngh...fuck baby." The boy

Fall Preview

responds.

My hands are already working my belt. My body stiffens against the wall as I lean back. I can't get my briefs down quick enough.

"Hgnn- So-lay- ahh-!" This fucker can't even get the words out. My mouth gets dry watching the white skin redden. He's moaning gutturally, not that bullshit I do with Georgie, but full fledged screaming. I work my hand faster thinking about a tight ass squeezing my cock.

"God-! Fuck, Souley!"

God...Fuck...

I press my head back against the wall, closing my eyes. I want to be Souley, standing behind the boy's convulsing cleft, and rutting him till I'm empty. However...

"Shut the fuck up..."

I want Souley to call me a slut and feel his cock slamming into me. I tighten the hold on my dick and tug on my sac half halfheartedly. "Shit..." It's no use. I have to feel something up my ass. Now. "Hmm..." I trace my fingers around the edge of my hole and tease the taut skin. "Yes..." To be honest I love the bottom. There is nothing like having a man's body laying on top of me, and his breath on the back of my neck, and his weight burdening me down. The feel of a man's thick member squeezing, stretching, pounding. "Haah-!" I lather my fingers with spit and rub faster against my aching asshole. I don't go further than the tip since it's painful without lube. I haven't had a cock in me in weeks, but the heat rings through me.

"Please..." The man's breath streaks the spotless glass. "Souley please let me come." Fuck, he looks like he's about to cry. I don't know if that's good or bad, but it's turning me on. I grip my cock and rock my hips up towards my fist.

"You wanna come?"

I squeeze the head of my dick and feel a bead of pre-cum at the tip.

Fuck, yea I wanna come.

I slide down the wall and spread open like I have a thighmaster between my legs. My slacks hang around my ankles.

"How bad?"

Real bad.

My hole pulses, and grips my fingers. It's not enough, but it has to suffice. I don't have anything else to work with.

When I sneak another peek, Souley has changed their position. I watch as he dangles the boy over the edge of the balcony glass wall. It's exhilarating. The boy's white skin is drenched in moonlight and Souley's arms are working to hold him above a perilous fall. The boys teeth click when Souley accelerates his pounding. If he lets go, the boy falls three stories from the ledge. It's terrifying to watch, yet utterly titillating. Souley has this man in his grasp completely. I'm supposed to be sneaking and my stare intensifies. Souley's head tilts back in orgasmic bliss and I'm spellbound and shaking with envy.

"I'm close!" The boy tenses and then grabs onto Souley's arms to fight his urge to explode in mid air, but the pleasure consumes him. He abandons his apprehension and reaches between his legs to finish. "Ahn-! Ahn-!"

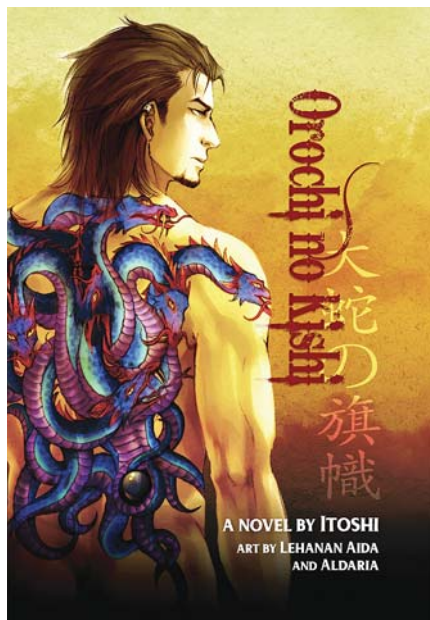
Souley grits his teeth. "Mghnn..." He slams against the boy's body in a shattering thrust. The boy shudders and I gasp. Souley lifts his head. Our gazes meet. Our irises lock. My heart pounds.

"Shit." I scoot back into the nook and shut my eyes. I pant, trying to hold it, but as soon as I squeeze just the tip, my cock spasms.

Ngh-! Ah-hah-ah!" the boy pants, desperate to breathe. When he explodes I do too. Everywhere. I jerk my dick as the load stains the carpet.

I have to hold the tip to stop the cum from also staining my shirt. My chest feels extra heavy. I'm panting like I'm the one who just got the stuffing fucked out of him. I want to sneak another glance, but it's too risky. Souley saw me staring at them as he took the boy to heaven. Hell. He took me to heaven, too.

Now Available from Yaoi Revolution: <http://yaoi-revolution.myshopify.com/>



by by Itoshi
Art by Lehanan Aida and
Aldaria

NEW EXPANDED EDITION!

Our Second Edition of Orochi no Kishi is printed in larger format featuring the full original novel by Itoshi and illustrations from Lehanan Aida - plus a special 12-page preview of The Hourglass comic by Aldaria!

Set in the American West in 2071, intolerable heat and violent weather trends have driven the population from the Southwestern states, leaving the people who cling to a fringe existence in this wilderness prey to gamblers and thieves. Chief among the lawless are roving clans of racers who travel as outlaws in this new Wild West. Funded by wealthy stakeholders, the racing clans set new rules of justice within the circle of the banners they fly. Mouse, a talented small town motorcycle mechanic, finds himself kidnapped by a gang of Japanese bikers led by a formidable clan boss, Sadao Koga. The two form an uneasy alliance in a country without borders under the shadow of the Orochi banner.

I — A Man Called Mouse

Blythe, Arizona (2071)

“Mouse!?”

“Hey, Mouse? You out here?”

Mouse failed to hear his name. From where he lay under the dirt-clotted engine of the pick-up, the rattling fans and the blaring of the single speaker radio echoing off the metal walls of the garage made it nearly impossible to hear a thing.

The old man kicked his dolly. “Jesus’ bloody corpse, kid, ain’t you hearing me?”

Mouse dropped his socket wrench and swore, pulling himself out from under the rusted front-end bumper with an irritated yank. The right mount gave way and the aged chrome fell, swinging an inch off the floor. Mouse scrambled back just in time to escape castration. “Fuck! I’m working in here!!”

“Watch yer mouth boy, I got good cause. We’ve got company.”

Mouse struggled to sit up,

Orochi no Kishi

Now Available from Yaoi Revolution: <http://yaoi-revolution.myshopify.com/>

Fall Preview

scrubbing the sweat from his forehead. He looked at the oily dirt streak it left on his arm and sighed, getting to his feet. “Customers?”

“Dunno, look like kids to me,” Fred said, spitting on the concrete floor. He’d given up chew five years ago when the last of his front teeth fell out, but somehow the spitting had remained. He grinned ghoulishly. “But then, everybody looks like kids to me.”

“Don’t spit in my garage, Fred.” Mouse pulled his sweat-soaked cap off, freeing his long damp hair as he stepped over tool chests and old tires, heading for the utility sink. He kicked on the faucet; the pipes groaned and came to life. The water was as hot as the tin roof of the garage. He stuck his hands and arms under it, wincing, grabbing for the soap. “Tell ‘em I’ll be out soon as I find a shirt!”

“You got it,” the old man said, heading out the side door and back into the station shop where they sold a few cold drinks, first-aid supplies, canned goods and road maps for whatever people could pay.

Mouse was pulling a fairly smudge-free t-shirt over his head when Fred appeared at the garage door again, eyes big. “We got racers, Mouse! Sonofabitch!”

“Racers? Are you sure?” Mouse asked, winding his sink-wet hair into a coil that he piled atop his head and affixed with a mechanic’s pencil.

“Yeah, they got them fancy street bikes and shit in their face and stuff!”

Mouse let out a sigh. It was the last thing he needed today. He shrugged, “Well, best not keep them waiting.”

Fred got serious. “I’m locking the cash drawer!”

Mouse followed him out. “Why bother? It’s not what they’re after, anyway.”

He let Fred fuss over whatever imagined safety precautions he could think of, and gathered himself for

what waited on the other side of the shop’s smeary front windows. Eight or nine of them it looked like — all on road bikes. They’d pulled into the pump stalls and were stripping off their outer gear and beating the red Arizona dust off of their limbs. Looked like they intended to stay a while. One of them was kicking at pump #5.

Mouse stepped out into the brick-oven afternoon heat. “We don’t have any gas, here!” he yelled. “You’ll have better luck in Bridesfall — about 30 miles north of here, back on the main highway.”

The bikers didn’t react to his helpful directions — just kept about their business — sorting packs, drinking from canteens and adjusting their leathers. Fred was right — they were young, and they did have shit in their face. A lot of shit: rings, bones, bits of ornately carved wood — all of it symbolic of something, pulled through the flesh of their ears, noses, lips and nipples. It made him shudder.

He noticed there were two others parked further out nose to nose, blocking the drive. They kept their gear on, goggles and scarves covering their faces, vigilant of something — what, he couldn’t guess but it was his chief focus of concern. A pair of kids pushed past him and into the shop, one brushed his shoulder like he was a piece of dust himself.

Mouse stuck his hands in his pockets and followed them back in, if nothing else to make sure Fred didn’t try to pull something epically stupid.

He joined the old man behind the counter. Fred was rubbing a pocketknife between his palms like a string of prayer beads. Mouse hitched a leg up on a stool next to him to wait it out while the kids, now there were five of them, ransacked their meager wares.

Fred wore a drooping frown. He was muttering to himself as the punks ripped open packaging and toppled

rows of baked beans onto the floor. One of them unzipped his jeans and proceeded to relieve himself on the Twinkies.

“If your father had lived to see this...”

But Mouse’s father hadn’t and for what it was worth, it honestly didn’t matter. They’d gone from almost getting by, to having nothing, to having less than nothing so many fucking times it just didn’t pack the same punch anymore. Racing gangs, gamblers, outlaws...same wolves in different clothing. Didn’t matter where you lived, somebody would be there to lie, cheat or rob you out of whatever livelihood you’d managed to make for yourself. He’d pack up everything he owned in a rucksack and head north to cooler climes if the stories he’d heard about the overcrowded disease-ridden cities held a higher appeal.

A loud crash brought Mouse back to the present. They’d just toppled the Coke machine.

“Hey!” It wasn’t the loss of a few sodas that concerned him nearly as much as their one working cooling unit biting the linoleum floor. He leapt over the counter only to find himself grabbed hard by the arms and pinned against the empty beer case. The pencil fell out of his hair and the long strands tumbled over his eyes. He tossed his head and blew it aside. *Goddamn hair.*

“Where the fuck you going?” a voice hissed in his ear. The kid’s foreign accent muddled the English he spat out. “We’re just shopping here.”

It occurred to him now that they were all Asian of some sort or another. Maybe all the same sort — who knew? Brotherhood was an identity some clans liked to claim even if their bloodlines shared only a tenuous connection. They wore their clan insignia proudly — sewn into their jackets, tattooed on their arms,

Fall Preview

or sprayed in stencil on their bikes. There was some kind of Chinese script lettered in gold over a many-headed serpent. Mouse hadn't seen it before. His arms were cramping, it pissed him off.

"Shopping? Really? You remember to bring money?" His quip earned him a knee in the lower back. Mouse's legs crumpled and his palms hit the floor, catching himself in time to see the glint of a knife flash from his attacker's belt.

The kid laughed at him, twisting the game knife under his nose. "You like this, eh?"

With his focus firmly on the knife blade, Mouse was only dimly aware of a large black shape approaching the doorway. All commotion in the room stopped as the door swung open with the jingle of the overhead bells.

A man's voice shouted at the kids in a foreign tongue and they dropped whatever they were mangling and reluctantly slunk out. A large hand came into view and covered the fist of Mouse's assailant. It gripped the stubborn fingers until the knuckles popped and the kid yipped, dropping the knife. Mouse lunged for it, grabbed it and dove forward, rolling away from the pair who were now locked in an eye-to-eye battle. Curses were thrown, that much he could comprehend, and the kid soon backed down. With a toss of his partially shaved head, he strutted away, kicking over the last standing shelf before exiting.

The man watched him go before turning about slowly to survey the room through his dust-rimmed goggles. He'd been one of the two figures watching from the driveway.

Mouse scrambled to his feet and backed himself carefully up against a wall, knife poised. "Take whatever shit you want and get the fuck out!" he sneered, fighting against an unnatural fear of the imposing aura this figure

commanded. The man wasn't very tall but he was broad-shouldered, built like a concrete wall Mouse didn't relish slamming into.

The man turned to him, but didn't approach. Instead he lifted his hands to flip up his goggles, revealing a pair of deep almond eyes. The bandana was next, pulled down over his nose to rest below the cropped beard that defined his chin. The face that looked down on him had unadorned, smooth skin. He wasn't old, but he didn't look young, either. The road had aged him — he carried it in his eyes.

"Are you the man they call Mouse?" he asked. His accent was the same as the boy's only less prominent. Mouse didn't know what to make of him, and squeezed the knife grip tighter.

"You might want to see to grandfather over there," the man suggested. "He's bleeding quite a lot."

Fred? He'd forgotten about him. Mouse gave the man a wide berth and ran to his friend. The old man had been slammed against the countertop by the looks of the red splatter. He'd ricocheted back and fell slumped against the wall. His lids were half-open while a river of red dripped from his nose. The unopened pocketknife was still in his palm. Mouse hadn't even seen Fred get pushed. He set the game knife down at his knees and grabbed an oil rag from behind the counter and held it against the old man's nose.

"Come on, Uncle Fred. Open your mouth. Breathe easy, buddy." Mouse hadn't called him 'uncle' since his father passed away a decade ago. It was a name he'd been asked to call his dad's best friend since he was a little kid. But there was no actual relation. Aside from his father, Mouse didn't have anyone else he could rightly call family.

"Motherrfuckerr," Fred mumbled. "You see me clock that sonof..." The blood made him choke and sputter. Mouse did his best to catch it in the rag but what for? The whole fucking store was a shithole to begin with, nothing a little human stain couldn't improve.

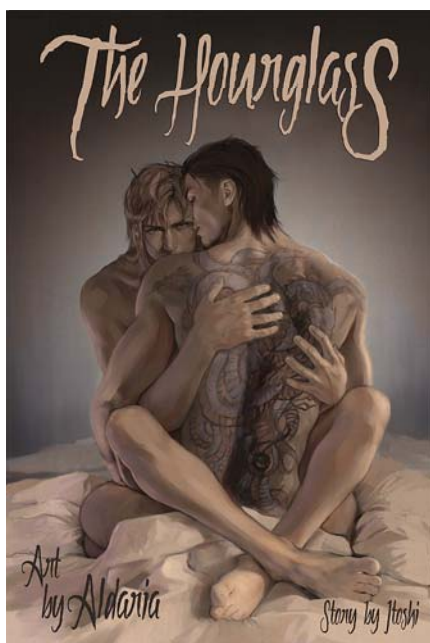
"Can you stand a little? Let me get you to your cot so I can clean you up."

"Yeah, sure...no ballroom dancin' though." Mouse wrapped an arm around the old man and moved to stand him up gingerly.

"I hope you people are pleased with yourselves," Mouse growled, "Beating the shit outta an elderly..." he stopped.

The shop was empty. The roar of bike engines heading into the distance, the mess, and the two one-hundred dollar bills left on the counter were all that remained of their late afternoon customers.

Orochi no Kishi: The Hourglass

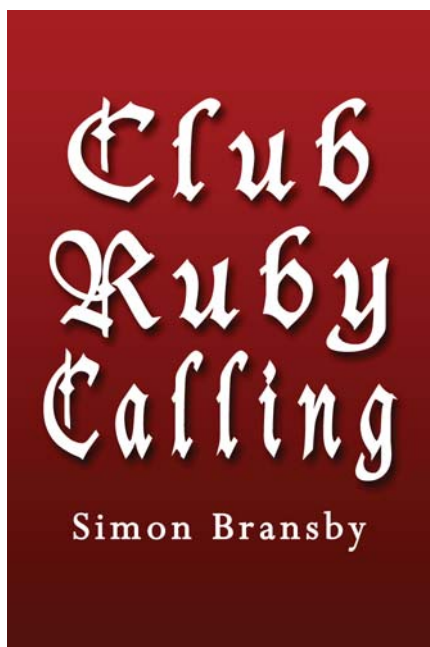


by by Itoshi
Art by Aldaria

The Hourglass bridges the time period between Orochi no Kishi Book 1 and Orochi no Yaiba Book 2 (in progress) in the Yaoi-Revolution novel series. Riding at midnight across the oppressive heat of the Great Salt Flats, Sadao interrupts his mechanic in the garage who is welding in the nude again (with proper safety leathers, of course) and takes him on a moonlight ride up to a cooler mountainside hotspring for a 'break.' Wet, steamy and dreamlike, this encounter soon resonates of something much more powerful and symbolic of the coming time when both men will be forced apart to yearn for a distant reunion.



Now Available from Yaoi Revolution: <http://yaoi-revolution.myshopify.com/>



by Simon Bransby

“If I told you what I wanted, I’d be arrested for obscenity...there’s nothing I’d rather do right now than pull your clothes off with my teeth, an inch at time. I’d give anything to carry your taste in my mouth for a single day. You say you don’t know how you feel, but your body tells me otherwise. I’ve heard you say my name in the dark, wrestling with dreams you don’t admit to.. Kiss me once and I’ll prove you’re a liar...”

Club Ruby is calling. Can you feel it?

“I shouldn’t be here. I shouldn’t crave your taste, the smell of your skin in my sheets; I have no choice after what you’ve done! Every second thought is about you, about us, tied to the moon and the way those hands grasp my soul. Have I ever wanted to be free? Does it matter anymore? I

think they know; their eyes question and look away, envious of what they see... The scarlet marks you left with that sweet mouth, I wish I had a thousand more; anything to have you with me again...”

You’ve been here before. Do you remember?

“I could never lose you. I knew your name from my first breath in the world; and I’ll carry your fingerprints on my heart into the beyond. If Fate should take me from here, I would find my way back a thousand times, in a thousand lives to be with you. I would ride the wind to whisper your name, fall with the crimson leaves to touch your hair, wrap you in silver fog to hold you...”

You asked for it, and now it’s here...a collection of the best Club Ruby shorts, as demanded by the fans!

Coming Soon from Sybaritic Press

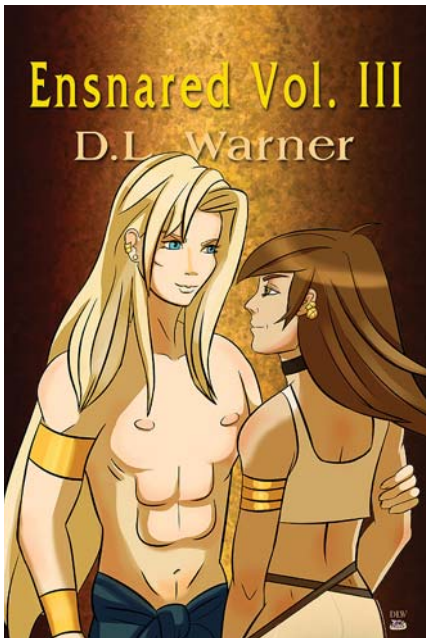
Keep Up With New Releases!

Email us at info@sybpress.com and we’ll put you on the mailing list!

We don’t spam or sell our lists!

Club Ruby Calling

Ensnared Vol. III



by DL Warner

Lord Andreas Hephaestus has his hands full. Being a willing pleasure slave to the angelic and enigmatic ruler of the known worlds is as exhilarating and exasperating as ever. Darius never seems to tire of exploring the many ways he can spark intense pleasure in Andreas. They are closer than ever. Andreas has even found friendship with Second in Command, Lord Mykos Estevan. Their close bonds serve them well as they face plots from underworld gangs who want to kidnap young men into the sex trade, upperclass citizens who bitterly resent the changed Darius plans to bring to their society and one of their own kind who wants power and Andreas for himself. Trust is scarce as the enemies they face have a reach even into their closest circles. Worst of all, no one knows that the survival of their worlds depends on Andreas and Darius in ways no one can imagine.

No one was overtly rushing him, but it was clear that Andreas could no longer dally. He had to prepare himself for Darius. For all the planning to save a young man from becoming a sexual plaything, Andreas actually was one. He was a Dami – a living sex toy – owned body, mind and will by the most powerful being in the known universe. The difference between Jevon and Andreas was that he gave himself to Darius willingly – twice. The first time, he was an infamous Crew leader on the run for his life. The second time, he was a wealthy and powerful Lord in his own right.

Their story was famous throughout the worlds the Cosi ruled. Much to Andrea's chagrin, there were unauthorized books and plays about their history. Darius ignored it all in that arrogant way of his. While it was a sound plan that ignoring the books would discredit them faster than trying to quash them, no one would dare ask Darius for an autograph as some had asked him on occasion.

But those annoyances were easily forgotten compared to being close to Darius. It was deeply puzzling to Andreas why anyone would doubt what had attracted him to his Cosi. Hector put it very well calling him a big, walking distraction. Darius was easily the tallest man Andreas had ever met. He was powerfully and elegantly muscled. There was an angelic beauty to his handsomeness topped with a long main of thick and silky buttery blond hair. He had vibrant dark blue eyes that were almost always warm and playful with Andreas though he often saw them when they were frosty cold with those who displeased

him. And then, there was his mouth. Darius had very sensuous lips. He was an expert kisser who could use that mouth to render Andreas mindless with ease.

Keeping his day focused on time to make sure he was prepared for Darius was no chore for Andreas. He looked forward to the moment when he could shed his beautifully tailored suit and slip into his evening bath. He longed for the transition from his daily responsibilities to thinking of nothing but pleasing Darius. It was freeing for him. And it was an honor to be so close to that singularly powerful man. There were less than a handful of people in the universe that could be trusted enough to be close to the Cosi Leader. It both amazed and humbled Andreas that Darius considered him exquisite when he had his choice of all the beauty in the universe. And Darius made him feel beautiful each time he was in his presence. It was the way he looked at him as if that act was a deep and satisfying pleasure.

Thus, Andreas took care to relax during the bath and let all the tension from the interviews and freeing Jevon drain away with the bath water. By the time he finished, Andreas was attractively dressed in Dami attire that showed off his collar bones and most of his back. The fabric was soft and touchable. It fell along the contours of his body showing them off elegantly. The coppery red color was chosen by Darius to best highlight his tawny skin. His shoulder length, mahogany brown hair was brushed to a shine and he was slicked and stretched to accommodate his Cosi's length and girth should he want to have him in bed straight

Fall Preview

away. When the door opened to the private entrance, Andreas was more than ready to gracefully kneel with his head bowed. His body was ready for anything Darius desired. He had but to ask.

“How may I serve you this evening, Darius?”

“Look at me, sweet Dami,” he said. His voice was so warm.

Andreas obeyed and found that Darius had extended his hand. Andreas offered his in return and immediately found himself in a full body embrace with Darius seeking his lips. He moaned into that intense kiss as his knees weakened. The incredible strength in that embrace once again made Andreas feel helpless yet protected. The kiss was possessive and affectionate at the same time. Darius was in no hurry to move to the bedroom that night. In fact, as the kiss gently ended, Andreas was set onto his feet.

“Let’s have some wine and talk before dinner,” Darius said. “I’ve missed your voice.”

“Yes, Darius,” Andreas murmured with a smile. “I’ve missed yours, too.”

They were still adjusting to only seeing each other at the end of the day rather than when the mood struck. Though they were far more productive living at home rather than at Cosimo Tower. The adjustment continued to be difficult.

They sat close to each other on the sofa. Yannis served the wine while Lexo set the table.

Darius enjoyed the first sip of with relish before speaking.

“Now, exquisite one,” Darius murmured. “What had your brow knitted when we spoke? I sensed a tension in your voice that I had not heard for some time.”

Andreas found himself talking not just about Jevon but also the havoc the bounty on Charity school boys made of the interviews. He hadn’t realized how irritated he was about the entire situation until he started talking.

“Thus, you are unsure whether or not these young men are truly interested in becoming part of Zed or seeking the best sanctuary,” Darius remarked. “Yet you still accepted them as full members.”

Andreas nodded. “I’m hoping that when they see how satisfying the work can be and get a glimpse of the lifestyle they will lead, they can become the members we need.”

“That is a fine plan,” Darius said.

“But I will still make sure I am present to listen to them until I am sure they will be a good fit,” Andreas said. “Only, Hector, Stu and I know that they are in a trial right now.”

“This is a far wiser decision than going to that brothel yourself,” Darius said pointedly. “I would have reacted badly.”

“Badly how?”

“I would have had it burned to the ground,” Darius replied simply. “I may yet have it done as an example of how the Cossi view hunting young boys in such a manner. That has to be

against the teachings of Those Who Watch.”

Andreas had no problem with that idea, but he was curious about something.

“Why didn’t Odigos object to the plan on the way back here?”

“That was unnecessary until you actually decided to go yourself,” Darius replied.

“Don’t you think that is a bit overbearing when I am so well protected?” Andreas asked drily.

“Not at all,” Darius replied with a small smile.

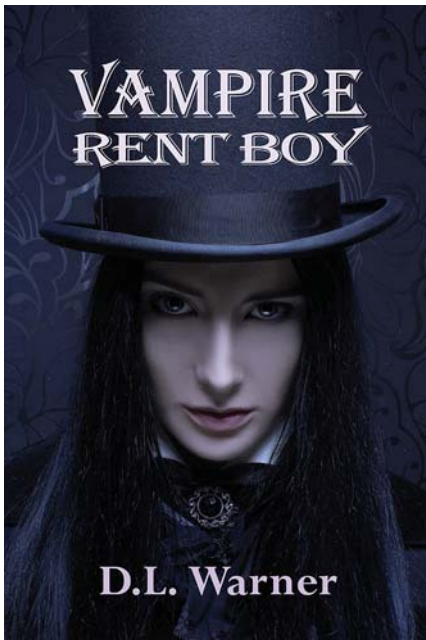
Andreas shook his head as they were summoned to dinner.

Coming Soon from Sybaritic Press

Keep Up With New Releases!

Email us at info@sybpress.com and we’ll put you on the mailing list! We don’t spam or sell our lists!

Vampire Rent Boy



by DL Warner

Tristan didn't even understand that his current popularity was because of Twilight. He stopped reading with the advent of talkies, and he was never up to date on pop culture. Whatever the reason, business was great for a rent boy who was also immortal. His pimp, Klaus, happily booked him with the most dangerous psychopaths, because they paid obscene amounts of money to be with an unbreakable playmate. And when a client tried to break him, it was dinner time for Tristan. This all worked well until a he has run of clients too dangerous for even a Vampire. Life is suddenly terrifying for Tristan. And then he meets a client strong enough to save him – even from himself. What will that one want in return?

“The hardest part, actually, is trying to appear excited about a St. Andrew’s Cross,” Tristan said bleakly. “I mean, who hasn’t been tied up on a St. Andrew’s Cross?”

Tristan didn’t realize that his current popularity was largely because of *Twilight*. He had stopped reading with the advent of talkies, and he was always behind on popular culture. On the other hand, Klaus, Tristan’s manager – he hated the word pimp – loved vampire fever. Clients paid obscene amounts of money for playmates who didn’t break.

Despite his immortality, some of those encounters with his clients could be incredibly difficult. Thus, like legions of courtesans – Tristan really hated the term whore or hooker – he found himself in a booth at a tavern, in this case a local watering hole called Muttley’s, trying to drown his sorrows. He didn’t drink, but it did help to share woes with the others in Klaus’ stable.

“Yeah, a sub can’t ask a Dom to kindly shove this dildo gag in your pie hole,” Keiko muttered. Then, she smiled with glee. “That’s why I’m so glad I never let my clients drive!”

Keiko’s smile was more chilling than lovely, even with that beautiful face. She could easily earn ten times what Tristan earned, but she refused to bottom. Tristan wondered why Klaus never forced the issue. He wouldn’t stand for the rest of them having a preference for clients.

“We know what happened the last time one of them drove,” Kevin quipped over his martini.

Tristan didn’t know what happened, and judging from the killing glare Keiko shot Kevin, it

wouldn’t be wise to ask. Tristan really wished he could have a martini. It looked so clear and crisp. It seemed to him that it should ping.

“Shut. Up. Kevin,” Keiko hissed.

“It’s Miranda to you, honey.”

“Now, now,” Tristan said before Kevin could open his mouth again. “Let’s not fight, okay. I get so little time to talk to anyone who gets me.”

Kevin sighed as he reached over to stroke Tristan’s waist length, jet black hair.

“I really don’t know why you get so glum, Trissy,” he murmured. “You’ve always been comfortable in you own skin.”

“You would be, too if you’d pick one,” Keiko said sweetly.

Tristan put a hand on Kevin’s thigh to keep him from getting angry.

“That’s not fair, Keiko,” Tristan said with a shake of his head. “It’s not easy to change gender. I find that it can be done at all a marvel. Such notions would have been considered witchcraft in my day.”

“Whatever. He’s not getting snipped anytime soon,” Keiko retorted. “He doesn’t call himself a she. And he still uses Kevin, despite the mega tits. Do you even have a girl name?”

“I told you! Miranda!” Kevin snapped before slogging down the martini.

“It’s Miranda this week!” Keiko snapped

“I need another drink.”

“Go easy on that, Kevin dear,” Tristan said then whispered. “Klaus won’t like it.”

“Screw him. I’m paying for the drinks, and that’s renting the booth,” he muttered before stalking to the bar.

Fall Preview

The weight of Kevin's breasts made his gait ungainly. The F-M heels made him look like a hazard to life and limb. Tristan wondered vaguely about how Kevin walked when he was his other self. He looked over at Keiko who was watching Kevin as well.

"Don't say it," Keiko murmured. "I know I'm being a bitch to him today. You haven't been listening to him whine for the last hour about something he can fix on his own."

Tristan couldn't argue the point. That would involve thinking, and that would give him a headache. Instead, he looked at Klaus' resident Dominatrix expectantly.

"I'm more than over clients that get pissed when I won't let them top from below," she said. "Trying to keep from breaking every bone in their arrogant bodies leaves me really infuriated."

"Why do they ask for a Dominatrix then?" Tristan asked.

"Honey, if you find out, let me know," she muttered. "Klaus should know these young guys don't want someone like me. They barely know who they are. None of them are confident enough to really bottom for a Domme."

"Klaus likes the money," Tristan said.

"That's very true," she admitted. "He's send me to a gorilla cage if the gorilla had a platinum card."

That made Tristan laugh. He finally felt like smiling.

Kevin returned by then in a far better mood. Tristan thought it may have been the new pitcher of martinis, but he was trying to get them to look at a booth across the room.

"Where has HE been all my life," Kevin said with a waggle of his brows.

Tristan looked over to the

man at the table diagonal to where they sat. He wasn't expecting much. When Kevin had that many martinis, his taste ran toward the old and strangely hairy. This man was neither. Tristan wouldn't call him classically handsome, but there was something about the square jaw and deep set dark eyes that was compelling. He was broad shouldered and the fit of his custom suit told Tristan that he was powerfully built. His posture was perfect – something odd for this casual slouchy era in time. The man looked about for the typically elusive servers for a moment or two before standing and making his way to the bar. Tristan's jaw dropped. He was really tall. Six foot six or seven if he was an inch.

"His hands and feet are really big," Keiko observed impassively. Tristan expected an exact measure to the centimeter. "With that height, big hands...big feet...you know what that means."

"What?" Tristan asked, genuinely confused.

"Oh, sweet mystery of life I've found you," Kevin prompted.

"What?" Tristan gaped.

"How drunk are you?" Keiko demanded.

"He has a big dick," Kevin declared in a voice that was four martini loud.

"That's not very lady-like," Tristan hissed, hoping the tall stranger hadn't heard.

"You're more lady-like than he ever will be," Keiko muttered.

Of course, the stranger looked over at them. The amused smirk revealed a deep dimple that kept him from looking smug and made him look quite charming. Something struck Tristan just then. It was a powerful spark of recognition.

"I know him," he murmured softly. "I'm sure of it."

Tristan wracked his brain as he looked at the man who was smiling at the bartender while his drink was poured. He looked over at Tristan when he had his drink and raised the glass to him. His expression seemed to be that of pleasant surprise.

"Oh, no you don't, Trissy," Kevin said. "I've seen that expression before. He can't be the love of your life when you've never met him."

Tristan was about to protest that he had met him before, but he couldn't quite place where he had seen those eyes and that smile.

Available now! Find it at <http://fuckarealvampire.com>

Keep Up With New Releases!

Email us at info@sybpress.com and we'll put you on the mailing list! We don't spam or sell our lists!

The BL series continues ...

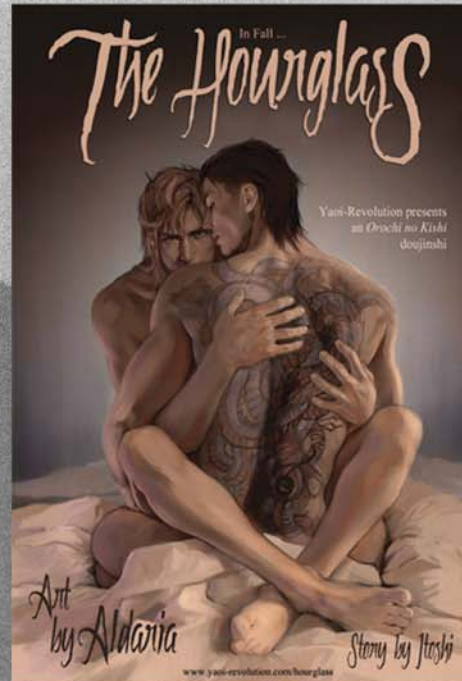
The Novels

Orochi no Kishi - On Sale Now
art by Lehanan Aida

Orochi no Yaiba - Spring 2015

Orochi no Saido - Winter 2016

The Comic



In
Fall
2014

In 2071,
the American West
Has a New Breed of Outlaw

Orochi no Kishi



by Itoshi with art by Aldaria
www.yaoi-revolution.com

Yaoi from Sybaritic Press

