

# A Year in Review 2018



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## My first post of 2018

*I know you guys are just here to read more panty wetting, dick sucking, ass eating, nipple pinching, taint scratching, ball fumbling, pussy licking, cock hardening, butt spanking, neck biting, face slapping, cunt punching, incesty creampie bareback anal threesome bisexual polyamorous relationship emo porn, but have you considered that it's fucking cold out?*

# The First Time She Came

The first time she came was on her parent's couch as we watched a movie with friends.

I was young and impulsive, and she made an unlikely decision. She leaned close to me, brushed my arm with her own, and when my fingers pressed into her skin, her legs opened rather than closed.

I don't remember the movie, I don't remember everyone who was there, but her underwear was blue. The couch was thick and soft, and her shorts were the kind made for sleeping rather than running. My fingers crept up her leg, and I didn't stop until she clenched her thighs around my hand. She squeezed me three times, then opened her legs wide. I searched and touched, letting her knee be a guide to what she liked and what she wanted. She was soft and wet and I felt

like I was discovering something completely and beautifully new.

We both watched the movie in silence as our friends laughed and joked, but in the middle of it all she tightened her thighs once again and wouldn't let me go. She never said a word and she never kissed me. The party kept going, the movie changed to another, and we left it there as something hidden beneath a blanket.

It wasn't until the night was ending that I had any clue. Her best friend leaned over and kissed my cheek as she whispered in my ear. It was short, quiet, and mischievous, and she didn't give me a second to respond.

"That was the first time she's ever come."



*2018 was a year where much of my writing turned towards the personal. This story is as close to the truth as I can remember it, and it's stuck with me for years and years. Writing from memory is a different experience than attempting fiction, and it was both cathartic and pleasurable to go back and remember.*

# Self Portraits

*February 7th and 8th - In the early days of winter—before the new couch—I began to take more and more self-portraits, trying to learn what my body was like once again. It's been a year of recognizing that I am no longer a twenty-something and instead discovering what it's like to live in the body of a forty-three year-old writer.*



# Snow and Steam

We were drunk. In the hot tub. And it was snowing.

I might also say we worked together and that her boyfriend was an hour away. I might tell you that we didn't have to feign shyness when we convinced one another we didn't need bathing suits, and I could mention that we had been flirting since the day they hired me.

But we were drunk. In a hot tub. In the snow.

Possibly you want to know how long we kissed before she stood up. Maybe it's important that she pushed me back into the water with one foot and made me stare at her naked body as I touched myself beneath the bubbles. And someone might care to know that as soon as she let me up she turned, knelt on the highest seat, and arched her back until the invitation was clear.

We was drunk. In hot water. There was probably snow.

I could tell you that I got to tease her finally as I stood behind her with my hands on her hips and my cock against her skin. Maybe I'd

say that she rubbed herself as she opened her thighs wider and that she moved from begging to demanding. Does it matter that I kissed the small of her back before I fucked her? Does it matter that neither of us could last long without turning, embracing and fucking once more, this time with our mouths swallowing each other as we kissed for the first time?

Still drunk. The tub hard plastic. Was that snow?

It doesn't matter if we came and it doesn't matter how long we fucked. And it definitely doesn't matter what our week was later, working together on things that were decidedly unimportant. It doesn't really matter how I held her to me with both hands on her ass as she told me things she would later regret. And it doesn't matter that I might have said something about love just moments before I came.

Drunk. Hot tub. Snow.

Possibly.

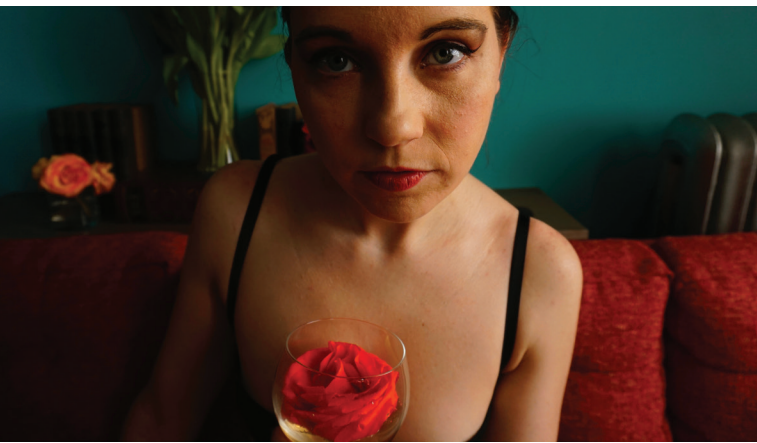


*I wrote pure fantasy as well, although I'll admit that there were very particular people involved in this day dream. It was fun to feel playful again and to let myself be silly with both content and form.*

# The Couch

*March 25th, 2018 - We ordered a new couch on January first, and it took almost three months to arrive. But once it was here, the room came alive and so did we.*

*For this shoot, I took the first few shots and then we set the camera on a tripod to take photos every few seconds. The couch changed our living room drastically and allowed me a space to work during the day which was comfortable and beautiful as well. And, of course, it inspired us to keep taking photos.*



# The Wise Ones

*This year I looked deeply at various parts of myself, including my meditation practice. This was a story which let me examine my spiritual desires without trying to be just one thing.*



I stole the Gary Schneider book from my friend Brook and I'm sure if she remembered she'd still be mad at me. I've kept it for close to twenty years: through five moves and a thousand difficult times. I turn to Gary when I need that mountain-man Buddhism. When I need the lumberjack, long-haired, rough hands kind of Buddhism that reminds me of what it means to be wild and free.

A few rows over on the bookshelf I keep my Alan Watts. His book on Zen and of course *The Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are*. I keep those for when I need that old drunk man Buddhism. The type that laughs into a bottle while twisting your head around until nothing makes any sense and finally it all makes sense. It's a slippery Buddhism that hangs on by a thread and if you think too hard it vanishes in a cloud of cigarette smoke.

Above the Watts is Mary Oliver and maybe she's not a Buddhist and maybe she is, but she reminds me of some-

thing else entirely. She's the slow babbling brook sort of Buddhism. The kind silent laughter type that looks into the sky and the trees with a knowing sense of wonder that won't go away. Mary is the grounded, muddy, rainy afternoon Buddhism that bundles up that masculine hubris in a hug that seems to say we can pull it out again if we need it.

And then one row over is the Thich Nhat Hanh with a knowing quiet smile. He's the shaved head jungle tiger sort of Buddhism that's brimming with so much peace it knocks me on the head with a laugh. He's the walking grinning slow eating sort that knows more than he says.

In his words, I find the compassion of a thousand years and the kindness of a wise and generous heart.

# The Birthday Girl

She was only partially at her own birthday party. Okay, to be fair, she was tied up in the bedroom for most of the night while the party raged on in the living room and kitchen. We drank and talked and played games, and when one or two of us vanished for a moment it was with playful grins and thumbs up for whatever horrible things we had planned.

We had considered a simple gangbang. It is traditional around these parts, but it didn't have quite the right feel to it. And besides, it had the potential to be over far too quickly. Instead, R thought it might be nice to be tied to the bed (just her hands, to keep things accessible) with a blindfold on. It was, after all, a party of friends, and trust hung thick in the air from the time we popped the first bottle of champagne. And since she had been publicly writing about what turned her on for four years, it was less about guessing and more about giving.

It began nicely. L went into the room nearly as soon as she arrived (hell, before she even had a drink) and crawled between R's legs with an open mouth and two dexterous fingers. It wasn't a long ordeal, but an orgasm right out of the gate was a lovely surprise, and later R told me it was the best head she had in months.

M isn't especially into girls, but he does love having his cock sucked, and since he wanted to wish her a happy birthday, he took his turn with great determination. He walked

into the bedroom, put his drink down, called her a filthy-cum-guzzling-whore, and proceeded to fuck her throat for three and a half minutes while she gagged and swore at him. He was shocked at how quickly she made him come, and even though he was known to be quite the champion cocksucker himself, he was thoroughly impressed with how well she swallowed every single drop.

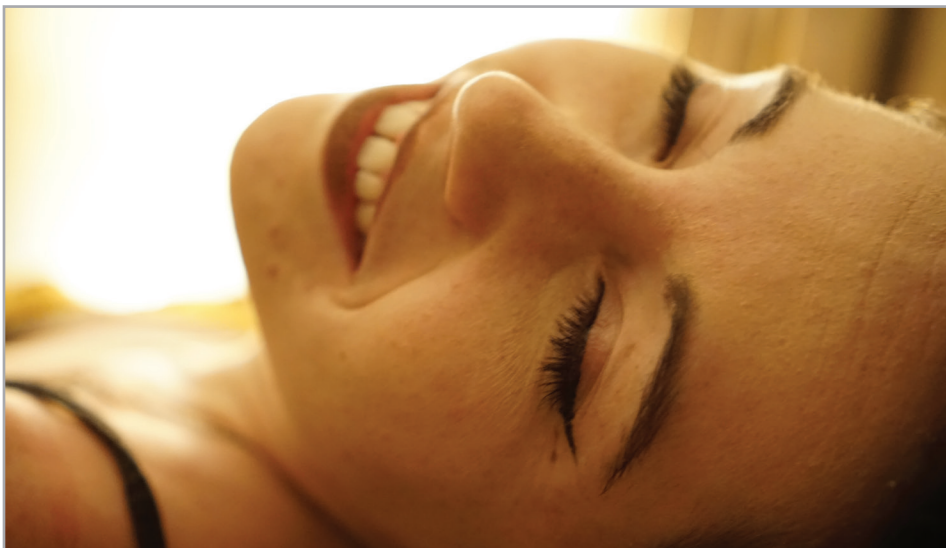
K just wanted to fuck, but since it was a birthday, he played along. He stood at the foot of the bed watching her as he jerked off over her body, telling her horrible things. Your daddy is going to be so fucking mad when he finds out what you've done. And when he hears that his best friend fucked your tight little cunt on your birthday, I doubt he'll ever talk to me again. But this pussy is worth it. And with that, he slid a condom on, pushed inside her, and proceeded to choke her until she was close to passing out. She nearly came from the pounding, and later she mentioned that it had felt just real enough to make her tremble with fear.

It was S who climbed above her with her skirt raised to her waist as she told R to eat her pussy just like a good little sister. She pulled R's mouth up to her smooth cunt, and she rode her face until she was coming torrents over the poor girl's open mouth as she begged for her own release. When they were done, S kissed her swollen lips and made her promise not to tell anyone or they'd be in so much trouble.

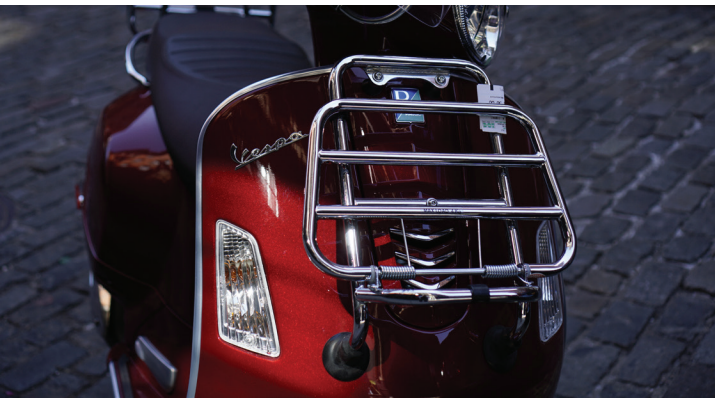
V and T took turns fucking her pussy and her mouth until she couldn't tell them apart, and then they kissed and sucked each other off in front of her face so all she could do was listen. M fingered her and told her she was just a hole to be used whenever it pleased anyone, and just when R thought she was done, she let her boyfriend fuck her cunt until he finally pulled out and came all over her stomach. J slapped her thighs and the other V beat her ass with a belt before shoving something inside it.

It was close to midnight when the birthday girl finally emerged to great applause. I lifted her up and kissed her mouth as I carried her to the center of the room and we toasted her future as she thanked each and every one of us for our gifts. Her always smile was blinding, and naked amongst us it was hard to imagine a happier girl or a better birthday.

At least until the next one.



*April 4th I bought a new Sony a6000 Camera and began to take more and more photos. This is one of the very first pictures I took with it.*



*Armed with the new camera, I found myself going into Manhattan on occasion just to take pictures. I especially enjoyed discovering little details that I usually wouldn't notice as I rushed about. And thanks to a new 35mm lens, I was able to capture some close-ups far better than before.*

# New York in Detail





# Flowers at the Garden



*May 8th. The Brooklyn Botanical Gardens were beautiful in spring, and they offered another opportunity to practice with the new camera.*

# At the Pool

We were day drinking in the pool, pleasantly bored and slightly buzzed.

It was not a crowded afternoon, but the few other guests lounged about in various states of undress thanks to the hotel's liberal policy on bathing attire. As I lay back in the water, I saw him watching us. He turned to his drink, snuck another glance in our direction, and then blushed ever so slightly.

"I think we might be in for some fun," I said to Kelly. I slid behind her as she hung on the edge of the pool, and I wrapped my arms around her, so my lips were against my ear. "He's been checking you out for twenty minutes."

"The tall one?" She asked. She knew exactly which one I meant, and with a single smile, he was hooked. He got up, knocked back the rest of his drink and then meandered over to the water where he sat down on the ledge just a few feet away. He splashed with his feet before looking up at her and holding her gaze.

We slid closer to him, and I backed away to give him a better view of her practically naked body. When Kelly slipped up onto the ledge, he whistled in appreciation, and when I reached out a hand, he took it without looking away from her.

"You staying at the hotel?" I asked him.

"Yeah, it's been fun, but not as crazy as I thought. My friends are all shacked up together, so I'm kind of on my own."

"It does seem pretty tame," she said, leaning back until her breasts were nearly flat on her chest. "Maybe all the fun things are happening inside?"

"I mean, my room is right over there if you want to check it out. I think it's pretty quiet though."

"Do you have anything to drink?" Kelly asked, leaning in closer to our new friend. She knew when she had them, and she had long ago stopped pretending to be shy.

"I might have a bottle of something in the fridge. Shall we?"

Two minutes later the three of us stumbled into his room where Kelly promptly fell onto the bed. I shut the door behind us and locked it while he dutifully pulled out a chilled bottle of Prosecco from the fridge.

"I'm not sure what the next move is here," he said, handing us the glasses. He would have been cute if he wasn't six two and built like a soccer player.

"I don't know," I said, taking the lead. "Honestly we were planning on getting drunk and seeing if anyone hit on us. Mostly her actually."

"And then?"

"Ideally they'd take us back to their room, hand us a round of

drinks, and then fuck her while I watch. Maybe with a camera."

"It's my vacation perk," Kelly said, leaning back on her hands. The bottom to her bikini was tiny, but it was also the only thing she had on. Which instantly meant all three of us wanted it gone.

"That doesn't sound bad to me," he said, taking a sip of his drink before putting it down. "And you're cool with it?"

"There's nothing I love more than watching my wife come on a new cock."

"Fuck, you guys are awesome."

"Come here," Kelly said, waving him over with one finger. "You have too many clothes on."



As I sat down in a chair, she reached up, undid his suit, and then pulled his cock out with one hand. She smiled at him before leaning in, parting her lips, and taking him into her mouth. Every few seconds she'd look over and smile for the camera before returning to her new friend with renewed vigor. Stroking him with both hands, he grew hard in an instant as she took more and more of him each time.

"Fuck, you're good at that," he said, caressing her hair.

"You don't have to be gentle with me," she said before looking over at me with a grin. "I like it rough. You can fuck my married mouth as hard as you like."

"Damn, you really are a slut," he said, grabbing her head and pushing her down once more. The

video rolled as I leaned in, and there was my beautiful wife gagging on a new cock for the first time all week. She coughed a few times, but each time she came up for air it was with a smile on her face.

For him and then the camera.

"Are you ready for more?" I asked stepping back so I could get them both in the picture.

"Yes," she said in the voice which meant only one thing. "I'm so ready."

Kelly leaned back as he towered over her, and I watched in awe as he reached down and pulled her bikini off in one swift motion. When he forced her legs apart, I moved closer, and when he opened his mouth on her pussy, I captured every second of it. With two fingers inside her and his tongue on her clit, he had her moaning and begging in minutes.

"Oh fuck, let me have it. Please fuck me with that thing."

"Yeah?" He asked looking up at me as if asking permission.

"Dude, she's begging you," I said, sitting halfway on the bed as I held the camera steady. If I stopped to jerk off, I'd miss it, and that would be a huge waste of time. And money.

# Cont.

*Early in the year, I began to find that my hotwife and cuckold stories were becoming more and more popular. By the end of the year they were my bestselling books by far.*

"If you say so," he said, this time looking down at her as he moved up her body. When he kissed her lips, I felt an errant jab of jealousy, but as I watched him rub his thick cock against her wet pussy, it passed in a flash. He teased her endlessly as she begged for him until finally, he couldn't wait any longer.

"I'm gonna fuck you so hard," he said, leaning up and looking down. And then, as I leaned over her, all three of us watched as he plunged his big cock into my wife's cunt in one thrust.

Kelly screamed, he collapsed onto her, and I leaned back and captured every second of it as he began to pound her again and again. Her nails scraped his back as they fucked, and I was so damn hard I could barely focus.

"Is it good, baby?" I asked, moving up so I could look down her body to where they joined.

"It's so good," she whined. "His cock is so big. I love it so much."

"Fuck, she's tight!" He said, looking up at me in surprise. I nodded and kept on filming, and they kissed again as they fucked harder and faster.

"Do me from behind," she said, finally untangling herself from our new friend. As she rolled over and sat up, I took her spot in the center of the bed, this time with my cock out waiting for her mouth. When he pushed her forward and slammed into her again, she wasted no time taking me down her throat until she gagged on me.

Somehow I held the camera still as I moved from her sucking me off to taking his cock, and it felt like we stayed that way for hours. Every once in awhile I tilted her head back so I could look into her lust-filled eyes, and she'd smile at me before going back to my cock.

"I'm gonna come soon," he said, looking up at me. I wasn't sure if there was a question in there, but I knew that Kelly had the answer.

I sat back as she pulled him out and then rolled to her back again. He was inside her a second later, and she pulled him close, kissed him on the mouth, and told him exactly what she wanted.

"Are you sure?" He asked, speeding up his thrusts.

"Yes! Please, I want it so badly."

"Is that right, baby?" I asked, tugging on her hair until she had to look at the camera. We needed to go all the way for this to work. She had to say it out loud. "You want him to come inside your married pussy?"

"Yes!" She said, before grabbing him once more. "Please come in me. Please come in my pussy. I want you so badly."

Her voice was now a string of pleading moans without words. I slid down the bed, my phone in hand as they fucked, and I could see his body begin to tighten as she pulled him to her.

"Oh god yes! I can feel it!"

"Fuck!" He screamed, leaning up as he reached down and grabbed his cock. I leaned closer as he pulled out for a second, coating her stomach with his come before pushing back into her soaking wet pussy. He held himself within her, jerking himself off with one hand as he struggled not to fall.

Kelly rubbed her clit with his come as she started to let go.

"Don't you dare pull out," she moaned, beginning to shake and tremble, her orgasm exploding through in her burst after burst of glorious release. "Yes!"

He held himself still, buried within her as she clenched around him, and I caught every fucking second of it on tape. When he finally kissed her mouth, I zoomed in to capture their tender moment, and it was the sweetest thing I'd seen all day.

"Thank you," she whispered before kissing him one more time.

"You two are the best," he said with a laugh. I put the camera down as he finally stood up and found his bathing suit one more time. "We still have most of a bottle though. Want to head back to the pool?"

"Do you mind if we meet you there in a few minutes?" I asked, nodding down at my erection.

"Oh shit, no worries. I'll bring the glasses out."

The second the door closed I was on top of her, my cock buried within her used cunt as she kissed me again and again. Her smile turned to a laugh as we fucked joyfully, and even then I couldn't help but look at my phone lying on the bed.

"Was it good?" She asked.

"I think it was the best," I said. "I got it all; he came so much. Christ, you sounded like you were in heat."

"That's the point, isn't it?" She asked, grabbing me by the ass while I fucked her harder. I could feel the mess he left behind, but it only made me want her more as I bottomed out within her before arching my back and filling her one more time.

"God, I love you," I said, kissing her again. "This one is going to make us a shit load of money."

"Slut wife on vacation, part one," she said, giggling as she pulled on her bikini bottoms.

"Part one?" I asked, grabbing my phone. She leaned up and kissed me again.

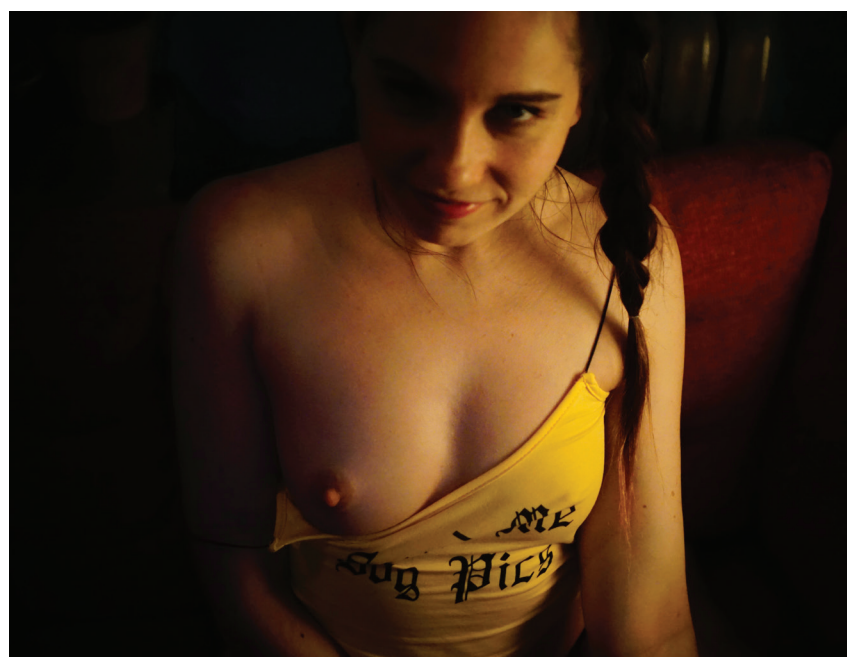
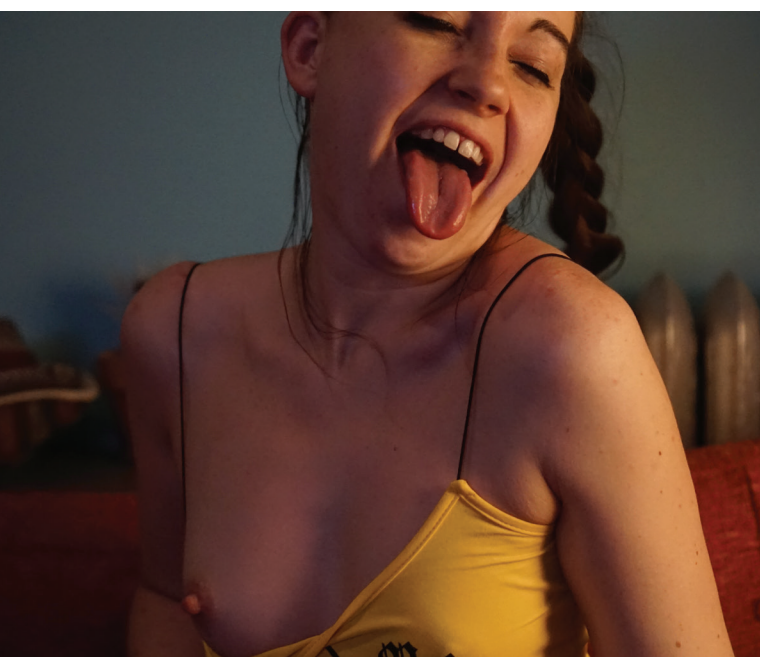
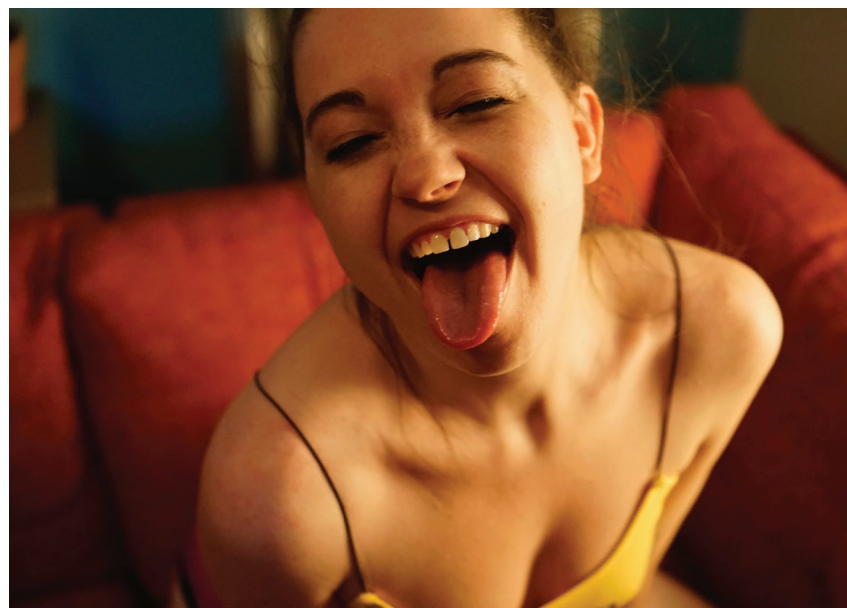
"Of course. Everyone knows trilogies sell the best."

And then she was walking out the door, her cute ass wiggling as she made her way back to the pool.

"Part one, it is," I said, shutting the door behind me as I began to scan the pool for recruits.

We were going to have a very busy vacation.

# Send Dog Pics!



*May 23rd. Piper tried on her new shirt and I was lucky enough snap some silly pictures.*

# Jessie at Twenty-Four

Jessie didn't like most people, which made fucking them both easier and more difficult.

Why she fucked anyone at all was a matter for debate, although if you listened to the people who knew her you would most likely hear about her low self-esteem, her daddy issues, or her eagerness to do outrageous things as long as it garnered her attention.

Which was a load of shit.

Jessie didn't especially care about attention, her self-esteem was quite fine thank you, and as for her dad there wasn't much to say. He was a perfectly decent father, their relationship was as stable and normal as anyone's, and the last thing she wanted was someone to replace him. Or stand in for him.

If you asked her—which almost nobody did—she would tell you that she liked sex. She would say that she especially liked come and she liked the physical sensation of having something penetrate her. Possibly she would say that from a young age she was fascinated with penises. And if she was in the right mood she might even confess that fucking someone—especially someone she didn't know—made her quite happy.

But since you didn't ask, and since she most likely wouldn't tell you anyway, you'll have to make do with her story.

Which begins in the middle. As most good stories do.

So, let's begin with Jessie at twenty-four.

She did not graduate from college in spite of five years of sporadic coarse work, and she did not plan on remedying that situation. Jessie is a bartender. A job she might say both suits her and doesn't.

On this particular morning—or should we say evening?—Jessie is downstairs with the bar manager after they closed. It's four am and they've shut down, cleaned up, and cashed out the register. In other words, they are done with anything resembling work.

Jessie is on her knees in the small office and she is currently unzipping Trey's pants. She is not smiling up at him nor is she especially eager to please him. In fact, Jessie is on her knees unzipping her boss's pants out of a combination of curiosity and boredom. One of the waitresses had slept with him a few weeks back and had let slip that his cock, while not overly large, was a "good one."

It was the sort of thing that left Jessie wondering, and so while she wasn't overly fond of Trey, she nevertheless found herself in his office with one hand in his pants. As for Trey, he was pleased and surprised by the situation.

He had not attempted to seduce her, largely because she was his best bartender, but also because he assumed he had no chance. Which was absurd.

If you asked, Jessie almost always said yes.

When she managed to pull his cock out of his pants, he began to slowly grow hard. She had intentionally left the light on, and she sat back on her heels as she caressed him gently. Since the first time she had watched a cock harden, she was fascinated by the process. His skin began to tighten, the thick head began to appear, and it grew longer and fatter with each passing second.

It also began a to curve up and to the left. Jessie sat back and watched it, leaning in to take him partially into her mouth when she felt he needed the encouragement. With one hand around the base and the other on his balls, she eventually decided that he was done. The transformation was complete, his cock was fully erect, and that was the end of that mystery.

It was a nice cock.

It was vaguely pleasant to look at, thick enough to feel good in her grip, and curved enough as to be unusual. In fact, the more Jessie looked at it, the more she understood her colleague's review. If she was to bother fucking him, it would most likely feel interesting if nothing else. And she suspected, if she was being honest, that it would even feel good.

Jessie did not however stand up and let him fuck her.

Her legs were tired from her shift, and while she was enjoying herself, she had other plans for him.

But she did take him into her mouth, and she did stroke him up and down feeling the skin move over the blood engorged tissue beneath. She took him deep into her throat on at least four occasions, largely to see if she could do it, and she worked her hands expertly over him until he was moaning in his boots.

"Fuck, Jessie, I'm going to come."

"I hope so," she said sincerely.

Trey took that as a sign of eagerness on her part which while true, was not the full story. His orgasm meant very little to her, but the end result was something else. And so Jessie sucked him harder, stroked him faster, and due to years of practice and an honest enjoyment of the thing, she got him off in under three minutes.

The moment she tasted his come on her tongue, she pulled back, wrapped both hands around him, and watched as the rest of his re-

lease spilled from the tip of his cock. Some of it ran down his length and over her hands and some of it dropped to the floor. It was nearly clear in color and while mildly salty it didn't have a particularly strong flavor.

When he appeared to be fully done, she took him into her mouth one more time, and was delighted to feel him squirm and shake as she licked his now overly-sensitive glans with her tongue.

"Fuck, let me go," he said, irritation heavy in his voice. He stepped back and took his cock in his own hand, squeezing it one last time until a final drop left him with a sigh and a moan.

"Oops," Jessie said, looking up at him with a nearly apologetic look. He shook his head as she wiped her mouth, but before he could say anything more to her, she was out the door, up the stairs, and through the back exit onto the quiet and empty city street.

In a darkened corner, once she was sure no one was looking, she brought her hand up to her face.

There was still a not insignificant amount of his come on her palm and fingers, and away from the prying eyes of Trey and anyone else, she licked two of her four sticky fingers clean. Once she had tasted him again, she undid her jeans, pushed them down just enough, and then shoved her hand into her panties. Now, as she rubbed his come into her pubic hair and vulva, she finally felt herself begin to grow wet with excitement.

It took her six minutes to come, during which not one person walked by.

When she was finished, she zipped up her jeans, adjusted her coat, and made her way around the corner and down the block to the subway station. She slipped her headphones on as she waited for the train, and then eventually rode the nine stops home to her small apartment.

Jessie climbed the three flights of stairs, opened the front door, undressed completely in the front hallway, and then felt her way into the bedroom and under the covers.

"Welcome home," he boyfriend mumbled, taking her arm and wrapping it around his sleepy body.

"Love you," she said, kissing the back of his head, before falling soundlessly and easily to sleep.

# What is a cock shot?

*May 16th. I found myself taking a lot of cock shots as I struggled both with my own body image and what it felt like to photograph myself. Can a penis be sexy on its own? What can I get away with? Do I have to nerve to hare?*

*And maybe more importantly, should I?*



# Looking out over the Brooklyn Bridge

Her apartment looks out over the Brooklyn Bridge. It's an inheritance in the form of a rent-controlled apartment from a father she barely knew. Leaning too far out the window as she smokes, she tells me she was raised there. At least for the first few years.

I can see the bridge from the bed, but my eyes are focused on her ass peeking out from the bottom of her shirt. Part of me worries she'll fall. Another wonders if she'll climb into bed with me even though she spent the night on the couch. You're taller she had said tucking me into the mattress on the floor.

When she turns and sits on the sill I look at her eyes, because she's wearing nothing beneath that shirt and her thighs are too dangerous. Not that it's her fault. I'd never blame her for thinking she's perfect.

She takes another drag before flicking her cigarette out the window and I almost don't notice her hand on the buttons. They open casually like a conversation about the weather. It's a beautiful day they seem to say, although I hear there's rain in the forecast. Her breasts are as I've imagined a thousand times before.

When she leans her head against the wall the shirt falls open all the way and I still can't tell if it's an invitation.

"It's your turn," she says and I realize she's talking about the blanket. I wonder if I blush as I gently pull it off, revealing my naked body sprawled on the bed. The pillow props me up and the muscles in my legs look strong from the right angle. My cock is hard.

"What if we don't touch. Other than that I mean."

She nods at me again and I look down, desperate to touch myself but too afraid to break whatever mystery is happening.

"Not at all?" I ask, gripping the sheets with white fists.

She stands and walks towards the bed, the shirt on the floor behind her. When she straddles me it feels more explicit than erotic, but I don't care. I've never seen her like this. I've never heard her like this.

"Not at all," she says, lowering herself until I can feel the warmth of her pubic hair and the skin beneath it against my cock. Her hands are on her shoulders, and I wonder if it's even possible to fuck without someone putting something somewhere on purpose.

When she begins to slide up and down, the wondering vanishes. I struggle not to move, because the truth is I want to kiss her more than fuck her. I'd give anything to touch a shoulder, to feel her breasts against my chest, to press my lips to her collarbone.

Somehow she pushed down on me and I'm standing up straight between her legs. She looks down before grabbing my gaze again and holding it tightly. I can't look no matter how badly I want to, but I can feel it. In the slowest, most painful motion ever executed, I feel her envelop me. It's not until I feel myself grow dizzy that I realize I've been holding my breath.

The smile that covers her face when she sits back—taking all of me—is new and different. It's a look I realize she's never shown me before and may never again. But just as soon as I fall in love with the curve of her lips she begins to move. Her eyes close, her hands move to her knees and she's moving up and down, letting me fill her each time.

We're fucking, I know that's the word for it, but it doesn't sound right. It's not love either, I'm smarter than that, but it's also nothing in the middle. It's something else I don't have words for.

Maybe it's what waves do to the sand.

Each time I think she might fall forward and let me hold her and kiss her she bites her lip and sits up straighter. I don't even know if I'm the one she's feeling, and I can't stand it. Faster and harder she moves until I realize I'm going to come. It's a surprise because this is not what it's felt like before.

"I know," she says, stopping for a moment. I'm deep inside her and this time she leans forward until her hands rest on each side of my head.

"I want to kiss you," I whisper, her mouth inches from mine.

"It's okay," she says, not moving any closer. "You can let go."

She moves again, this time at a new angle; her body is so close to mine I can taste her. Her nipples barely brush my chest as her lips part. My mouth is open and aching and she's clenching around me until I can't hold back.

I cry out something as I begin to come and she doesn't let me go. Her mouth barely on me. Her chest so close we might as well be the same person. Her thighs pressed against my own as she opens her eyes wide.

The sigh that leaves her is not a quick grunting and moaning of release. She doesn't come like thunder or something wild. She comes slowly, like waking up from a deep sleep. Even as my own body lingers on the edge of pleasure and pain she's coming with every muscle, tendon, and bone. For a moment I think she'll devour me, but at the last moment I feel her for less than a second.

Her lips brush mine for the first time, but it's so quick I wonder if I imagine it. But then she's leaning back, pushing down onto me and her mouth is open in another cry I can't hear. I lift myself from the bed, needing to be even closer as I let go one last time. It looks like she's going to pull out her hair but instead she squeezes me again and she's done.

I watch the muscles in her arms grow slack as her legs release me. Her hands fall. So does her chin.

It feels like hours that we linger in silence. I'm still inside her but even that doesn't feel real. When she finally sits up and moves off of me, the ache of separation is overwhelming. I watch her stand and find her shirt, but she doesn't put it back on. She places it on a chair before sitting back on the window sill. She looks outside and then back at me.

I have no idea what she's thinking.

But I do know what to say.

*As a New Yorker, it's always amazing that some things never get old.  
The Brooklyn Bridge for example, is always breathtaking to see.*





# Beth Gets All Three

*One afternoon in April, out of sheer boredom, I decided to see if I could Photoshop myself into an orgy. With myself. It was somewhat successful and completely ridiculous.*



She lay on the bed watching as the three of us closed in on her.

The plan was relatively simple. But it was also one she had fantasized about for as long as she could remember, which meant that when she touched herself for the first time, she was already soaking wet.

“Are you guys ready?” I asked, stepping up to my old friend first. He nodded and raised his arms so I could pull his shirt off over his head. Kev, the third one, laughed as he unbuttoned my shirt, but by the time we were all stripped down to nothing but our boxer briefs, no one was laughing.

“Are you really gonna do it?” She asked, raising her ass off the bed as she slid her panties off and tossed them to the floor.

“Fuck you?” Rob asked.

“No, I mean, yeah that too, but the other part. You know.”

“Look how shy she is?” I teased as I pushed Kev in front of her. He was the only one of us she hadn’t fucked, but that was going to change soon. Hell, everything was going to change soon.

“That’s already hot,” she said as I rubbed him through his shorts, feeling him grow hard as he watched her touch herself.

“Are you ready buddy? You ready to fuck my wife?”

“I’ve been ready since the day you met her,” he said, turning and kissing me full on the mouth. I heard her gasp as I kissed him back, my hand finally releasing him from his shorts. He was hard in an instant, and I slowly jerked him off as she watched, her eyes unable to look anywhere else.

When Kev crawled onto the bed and opened her legs, I moved up next to him, more excited than I could remember. Reaching down, I grabbed his cock one more time, winked at my wife, and then opened my mouth around him.

“Oh fuck!” She said, watching me suck him down my throat, wetting his cock with my saliva. As I worked my hand up and down him, all the while blowing him, he grew even harder in my mouth.

With one hand I touched her, spreading her pussy as I got him ready, and out of the corner of my eye I could see Rob practically falling over with excitement.

“I think she’s ready,” I said, letting his cock leave my mouth with a loud pop. “Go on man, do it. Fuck her hard.”

“Oh god, please yes!” Beth cried as he leaned over her, his glistening head against her wet lips. And then as all four of us watched, he pushed into her, penetrating her fully in one powerful thrust. Beth kissed him, pulling her to her as they fucked, but before I could lose myself in the visual, I felt Rob behind me, pushing his hard cock against my ass.

“My turn,” he said, shoving my shorts down and taking me in his hands. I was still on the bed, kneeling near my wife’s head, and as Rob leaned in and took me into his mouth, she turned and gasped one more time.

“Fuck, it’s all so good,” she said, watching my old friend blow me just inches from her face.

“He’s getting me nice and hard, so when Kev is done with you, I can take his place. Would you like that?”

All she could do was grunt and moan as our friend fucked her harder and faster, his expression indicating his impending release. He kissed her neck and her breasts, his hands on her ass as he bottomed out within her, and then all of us watched as he arched his back and began to come.

“Come in her,” I moaned, Rob’s hand and mouth still doing impossible things to my cock. “Fill her before I fuck her too.”

He cried out one last time, thrust deep inside her and then fell back, his cock making a loud pop as it left her. Beth turned to me and gripped my thigh as she watched Rob deep throat me one last time, knowing what was next.

I grabbed my old friend by the hair when I couldn’t stand it any longer and pulled him up to me. His mouth met mine as I felt my

# Cont.

wife take me between her lips. We kissed roughly as I reached between her legs to find her soaking and trembling.

"I can't wait," I said, finally letting him go. "I'm not gonna last long."

"That's fine with me," Rob said, holding her legs open as I moved between them. Just as I slid into her, feeling Kev's come soak me, the other two boys kissed and groped one another until the last of us was naked.

I rolled Beth to her stomach and pulled her back to me, slamming into her cunt as she turned to the left and watched Kev gripping Rob's cock in front of her. She moaned words we couldn't understand as she witnessed the final blowjob, the last bit of her fantasy playing out just inches from her face as I fucked her from behind.

"Let me taste him too, please," she moaned. Kevin was kind enough to oblige her, but it was all I could do to see let alone pay attention. I fucked her harder and faster, but after that mouth on me and after watching her, I was done. I gripped her ass and pulled her to me just as she began to share Rob's cock.

"Fuck!" I cried out, coming inside her with everything I had.

Normally I'd be done.

I knew it was true, and yet there was still more to come. Which meant that when Rob spun her about until her legs were around him and thrust his cock into her in one fluid motion, I stayed as hard as ever. Even Kev was still watching and jerking off, and the room felt instantly like a dream.

I moved up next to her and kissed her mouth as Kev did the same on the other

side. Her feet were off the bed as Rob stood between her legs, fucking her for all he was worth.

"I can't believe how much come is inside you," he moaned, leaning down to kiss all three of us when he had the breath. "It's all so fucking hot!"

"Don't stop," Beth said, arching up to meet him as Kevin and I took her hands and pinned them above her head. We held her tightly before forcing her legs open wider, all of us glued to the connection of their sweaty bodies, and none of us able to speak.

Our mouths moved from her breasts down to her stomach and then back again. Rob let me taste him, and her, before I shoved him back inside her, and when Kev offered her his cock she took it in her mouth and closed her eyes.

Just when I thought he was going to come again, Beth let go and began to scream.

"Oh god, it's happening, it's fucking happening!"

She looked back and forth at us desperately while her entire body began to shake. I could see her clenching around the thick cock inside her, and her eyes rolled back into her head as she came. Beth grabbed us both as we jerked off over her and she screamed and screamed as she came, harder and louder than ever before.

"It's so good!" She yelled one last time, before biting her arm and letting it all out. Rob kissed her neck as he too began to let go, holding himself deep within her as he finally came.

The four of us were lost, swirling in time and space as we came and I lost track of who

was who. Someone came on Beth's stomach and someone else her lips. Rob pulled out and coated her pussy and then it was sobbing mouths, ancient groans, and slippery bodies next to one another as our relief and release turned back to laughter.

Beth's expression was one of disbelief as we kissed her gently, barely able to move. She let her head fall back to the bed as I rolled to my back. The other two followed us as well until there were four beautiful naked bodies exhausted and satisfied on the soft down comforter.

"I love you," she said. "All of you. That was so fucking hot. I still can't believe it happened."

"Well give us a few minutes, and maybe we can remind you," Rob said, looking over at Kevin. The two of them had never so much as kissed before, but as Beth and I watched, they pulled each other close, their hands and mouths on cocks and thighs teasing each other back towards excitement.

"I think we're just getting started," I whispered, kissing my wife on the cheek.

"If anyone ever asks," she said, fixated on the two noisy boys beside her, "tell them I've seen it. Tell them I know what heaven is."

"That's funny," I said moving down her body until I was kissing her stomach. "I always thought heaven was right here."

And then I opened my mouth on her cunt, and nothing else mattered.

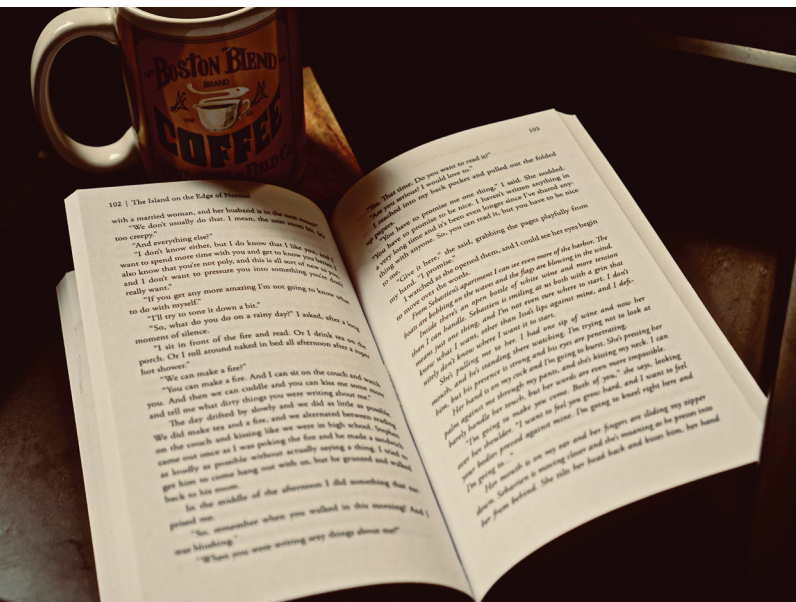
We were just getting started.



# Book Photos

*Throughout the year, I took more and more photos with my books in them, hoping to find a way to promote erotica with dirty pictures. It felt more natural and fun than just posting covers and asking people to go buy a copy.*

*It also gave me much needed breaks from writing, a thing I learned about photography this year in general. It's such a shift in energy, focus, and medium.*



# Her Little Friend

“So what if I’m being bratty? What are you gonna do? Spank me?”

She was squirmy, wiggly, and difficult to say the least. I had her on her stomach on the bed, and I was holding her hands firmly behind her, but she was not being helpful. In fact, it was clear that she wanted to be punished, and she wanted it to happen her way. She wanted my hand on her ass, bringing out her favorite color, and she wanted to feel the sting on her cheek. She wanted me to hold her down, take her over my knee, and make her beg me to stop until I couldn’t help myself and I had to fuck her.

“I don’t think so,” I whispered as I loosened my grip. “You don’t get to chose how I punish you.”

“What are you going to do?” There was still defiance in her voice, but it was wavering. A sliver of uncertainty slipped in between her words as if she suddenly remembered my options.

“Well, if you don’t want to be a good girl, I’ll simply have to make a phone call.”

“Are you going to make your friend spank me again?” There was hope mixed in with a hint of snark.

“No Babygirl. I’m going to call your little friend instead. What’s her name again? The cute one with the blonde hair and the big eyes? The one who always sits on my lap when you’re not looking and whispers in my ear?”

“Lilly,” she whispered with horror in her voice.

“That’s the one. If you can’t be a good girl, then maybe she’ll have to do.” I was leaning over her, but no longer touching her body. My lips were inches from her ear and her whole body quivered as I spoke.

“Maybe she’ll take off her pretty dress for me and kneel on your pillow. Maybe she’ll make me hard in her mouth without needing a slap to remind her to focus. And maybe, as you lie here watching, she’ll open her pale thighs, and I’ll fuck her perfect cunt as I tell her how much better she is.”

She was crying as the words came out, and finally, I caressed her hair once more. She sat up and threw herself into my arms, burying her face in the crook of my neck.

“I promise,” she moaned. “I promise I’ll be good. Please don’t call her. Please.”

I held her tightly, kissing the top of her head as she sobbed loudly.

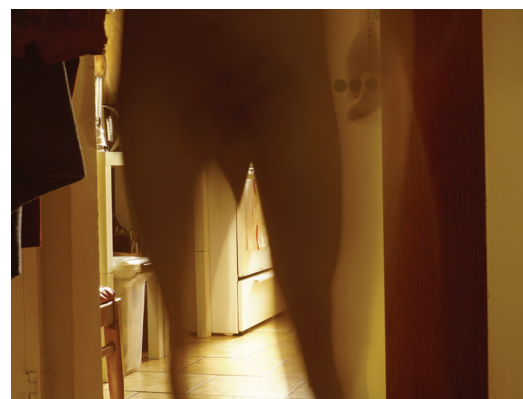
“You’ll try, Babygirl. I know you’ll try.”



*It was also a year where I wrote more honestly about some of the games I play with my partners, especially some of the ones that had made me nervous to share in the past.*

# A Blurry Year

*They year had many ups and downs, and I found myself feeling blurry and not fully present on more than one occasion.*



# Wanting to Love

Coming on her freckled face I know she's not the one.

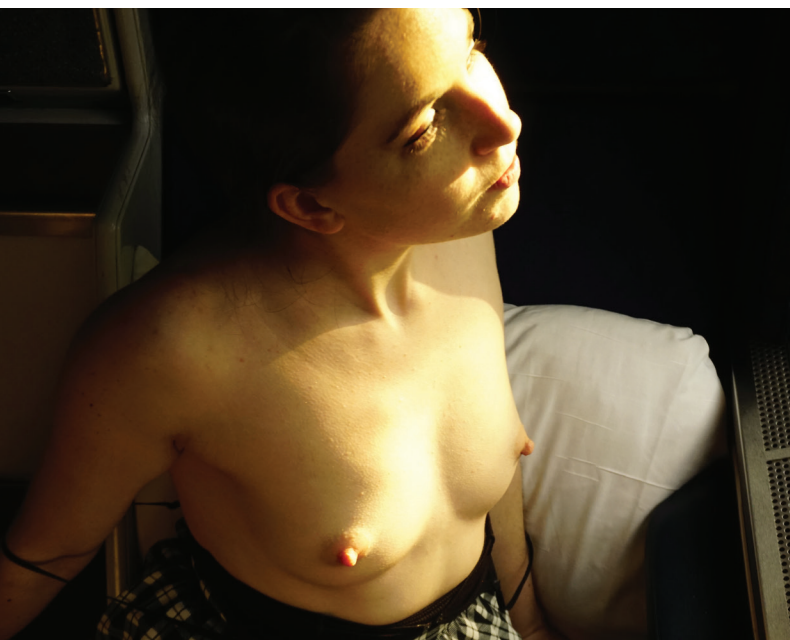
It's a ridiculous concept, I know that, but it doesn't matter. Her eyes are big and green and my come is running down the side of her nose as she smiles up at me. She licks her lips and then kisses the head of my cock one last time before pulling her shirt back down.

I want to love her. I want to feel the need and the longing that love offers.

She stands up and wipes her mouth with the back of her hand. She leans in and kisses me on the cheek. Somehow she manages to zip up my pants as I stare at her eyelashes and fantasize about what our children would look like.

When she turns to head back into the thick of the party I stare at her ass bound by tight jeans. I lick my lips like a pervert on television. I'd pay anything to fuck her.

I love you, I say, the words silent and meaningless.



# Let's Fuck

I'm feeling sweet and tired and nostalgic today all wrapped in an allergy infused daze. The rain is gentle but the damp air feels cold as it creeps through the windows.

The rest of me, the parts we don't speak of, are moving between wanting to fuck a stranger and wondering if I'd have the energy to kiss a friend. The screen flashes through memories, half of them naked ones and the other half unfilled desires, and I wish I had so I'd feel something new.

I'm going out tonight and maybe the noise and the crowds will clear my head and maybe my lust will find an outlet and maybe I'll stay up there, fuzzy and at peace as the world rushes by me.

It's Friday in New York and I want everyone and no one.

Let's fuck without meeting. Or touching. Or fucking at all.

Let's fuck without knowing a damn thing.



*While I mostly wrote longer bits of prose this year, I occasionally tried to return to the early days of Quickies in New York with super short stories.*

*The photo on the right of me and Piper was taken by our dear friend Her Dirty Little Heart who is featured in many others.*

**I**t was raining when she started to suck my cock. I had offered her a ride home, she said yes, and now she was saying thank you. But between her mouth, the barely working windshield wipers, and the pounding rain, I was struggling to stay on the road.

“I have to pull over, or I’m gonna crash,” I said, pulling her up gently.

Her smile nearly did us in too, but she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and leaned back in the passenger seat as I leaned forward and almost pressed my face to the windshield. I could barely see her out of the corner of my eye—such was my focus—but I was eighty percent sure her dress was hiked up the exact right amount.

“You know we can’t fuck, right?” She said, as I finally saw what I was looking for. I ignored her as I turned left, slowed down, and then pulled up under the low railroad bridge. It didn’t stop all the rain, but it was secluded if not dry.

“Are you sure?” I asked, turning towards her. Her hand was in her panties, and my dick was still out and still hard.

“I was only trying to say thank you for the ride,” she

said, slipping her underwear off completely. “Besides, I’m only sixteen.”

“You’re twenty-four,” I said, leaning in closer. She shrugged but opened her legs wider.

“Well, I’m married then. My husband will kill you.”

“Your husband would pay to watch us fuck,” I growled, my hand moving down to my cock as I watched her. My brain was a blur of chemicals and hormones, and it was centered on one thing and one thing only: I wanted to be inside her.

“We don’t have a condom,” she said, reaching out and taking me in both hands. She pulled me to her and began to rub my cock against her wet lips until I was slick with her excitement.

I could hear the rain on the roof, and it didn’t sound like it was going to stop any time soon. Our ride home should have been fifteen minutes, but we were already ten minutes past that. As she held me there, barely inside her, I wondered what she would do if I acquiesced. Would she let me go if I said she was right? Or would she be on me faster than I could say thunder?

# Sex in Cars

“We don’t need to fuck,” I whispered. I pulled back ever so slightly, my hand a blur as I jerked off just inches away. “I can come right here instead. Just like this.”

“Fuck, that’s not fair. You can’t make me the bad guy. It’s not fair at all.”

I stopped and sat back on my knees, my head tilted to one side and pressed against the roof of the car. I looked out the front at the field beyond the tracks, and I wondered how far we could get if we drove all night. It was fifteen miles to the highway and then eighty to Chicago. We could be in a hotel before dinner, and we could fuck on a proper bed and never go home.

“Hey, where did you go?” She asked, touching my leg.

“I’m here,” I said, leaning down once more. I kissed her mouth more softly than I intended as I settled in between her open thighs. Our bodies were aligned perfectly, and neither of our hands was necessary at all.

“Please,” she said, shaking her head. “We can’t. We shouldn’t.”

“I know,” I said, thrusting into her. “But I can’t help

myself. I’ve wanted you for too long.”

She kissed me again as we began to fuck, but instead of the fast and dirty ride I had planned on, we moved slowly as if the rain had made all speed impossible. Her breath filled my lungs, and for a moment I felt every bit of skin against skin as our bodies slid together effortlessly. She touched my face, and both of us moaned louder and sweeter as we grew close.

“You have to pull out,” she said, biting my lip as I arched my back and buried myself inside her. “It’s a bad time of the month.”

“Are you sure?” I asked, holding her by the chin as I fucked her more quickly. “I’m so damn close, Sarah. Are you sure?”

“Yes,” she moaned, wrapping her legs around me. “Please!”

I felt her start to shake and clench around me, and then I was done. Thankfully the headrest held as I pushed back on it, lifting my body from hers just as I began to come. I looked down and watched as my release landed

# Cont.

on her stomach and her pubic hair. With one hand I finished myself off even as her fingers did the same.

“Oh fuck!” She cried out, closing her eyes as she clenched around her hand and bit her lip. I fell back to my seat, managing not to knock the car out of gear in the process. I lay against the driver’s side door staring at her body, her thighs open and her hands limp at her sides. She was beautifully explicit, and for a moment I wished I had my camera.

“That was close,” she said, a brief giggle escaping her mouth.

“I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. You made it. At least I think so.”

She reached between her legs, tentatively this time, as if to make sure.

“What if it doesn’t stop raining?” I asked.

“Then we’ll have to stay here forever.”

“What if I love you?”

“We’d have to stop all this,” she said, shutting her legs. I wished I could take the words back, but it was already too late. Sarah pushed her dress down and sat up straighter as she cracked the window just enough for some fresh air. The windows fogged up in an instant.

“I’m sorry,” I said, leaning forward. Maybe the rain had slowed. Perhaps I could see the far side of the field and the long straight road that led to the interstate. Hell, maybe if it cleared up I could see all the way to the lake.

“I just wanted to say thank you,” she whispered.

“I know,” I said, turning the key and starting up the engine once more.

I pulled out from under the low bridge, and the rain hitting the windshield sounded like breaking glass.

If anything, I saw less clearly than before.

*I wrote two books this year about sex in cars, and they were both a whole lot of fun. Part nostalgia, part fantasy for what might have been, and part taboo messy shit that somehow crept its way in.*





# The Bath

I can see the light shining through the window. The curtain is old and yellow, and the wooden frame surrounding the warped glass is chipped white paint.

But none of that is important, because she's lying against me in the hot water of the bath. We have an old claw-foot tub that is probably older than my grandfather, but it's deep and it holds us both. For a moment I wonder how I ended up there, naked in the tub with an eighteen-year-old girl wrapped up in my arms as I kiss her hair and slide my hands up her soapy breasts.

I'm a year older, but she's smarter than I am and we both know it. I can't do anything but look and feel, but I suspect she's thinking something. Her mind is probably going somewhere I can't begin to comprehend, and I guess it doesn't matter.

Before we crawled into the tub, we had never so much as kissed. We were friends who took long walks and had long talks over diner coffee. And if I stared at her when she leaned over on occasion, she was decent enough to

ignore me.

But now, on a spring afternoon, the walking is done. My silly suggestion is met with a soft yes as we walk up the old stairs to the bathroom. She stands in the doorway looking at the light as it bounces off the dilapidated fixtures, but before I can say anything, she pulls her t-shirt off over her head and rests it on the wicker basket which holds our towels. Her jeans follow quickly, and when she turns to face me, it's with a joyful grin and a splash of freckles.

I run the water before undressing, and then our two teenage bodies slip into the warm wet tub as easily as we do everything else.

When I touch her hand, she leans back and sighs. When my fingers slide against her thigh beneath the water, she parts her legs. As I grow hard against her back, she turns and kisses my cheek before finally finding my mouth.

Our kiss is delicate and sweet. Fingers grace my chin and cheek. A hand slides between thighs without grasping or pushing and all I remember

is the feel of her wet skin against my body because nothing had ever felt better.

Somehow she turns over as I slide under the water and her hair blocks the sun. Or rather, her hair lets the sun pass through it casting a shadow on my chest which she traces with her fingers. I want to watch, and I want to pay attention, but she's now sitting on top of me, and I'm so hard I want to tell her I love her.

When she leans down to kiss me, she slides ever so slowly up and down my length, and I realize I have no idea if she's done this before. Or even if we're going to do it now. We're so close, but she is a woman who can make choices and change her mind, and I'm willing to do anything at all because it's already perfect.

But when she sits back up it's to take me in one hand and rub me against her parted flesh. She smiles and blushes as she holds me firmly, and every once in a while she closes her eyes and lets me enter her a bit.

Somehow I hold onto the edges of the porcelain tub instead of her ass.



*I published a book called *Sex as I Recall*, which began with this story. It also became the first episode of my podcast, *Dirty Bedtime Stories*.*

*It's a sweet and memorable story, even if it didn't happen quite this way.*

*These photos are a few years old, but worked so well with the story I had to include them.*

# Cont.

Somehow I manage not to lurch at her or thrust up or do anything at all to break the spell that is her closed eyes and her deep and beautiful concentration. I want to kiss her breasts or her shoulder, but she's teasing me, and she's teasing herself; the agony is everlasting.

At least until she opens her eyes.

She leans in and kisses me once more, but now she no longer needs her hand. I can feel myself enter her, and I don't know what to do. Ever so slowly she lowers herself down around me as I penetrate her and fill her, and sex is unimaginable. Even as it's happening, I don't understand the sensations or the emotions. I'm not equipped to comprehend her gesture and her movement.

But when she's done, my cock is buried within her until there is nothing to see; her smile vanishes.

The waves begin as she slides up and down on me, and I think to myself that I'm fucking. We're fucking.

Is she fucking me or am I fucking her? Does it matter?

But it's happening all the same, and I can't believe it. Even as I watch through the blurry bath water, seeing plainly that I'm inside her, I don't believe it. She's too pretty and too smart. She's kind-hearted but not the type of girl to sleep with a boy so poor his bathroom doesn't have a door.

Her hand on my throat makes all of it real in an instant as I gasp. My eyes open wide, but all I see is her smile, and all I feel is her body clenching around me. She squeezes

harder, and I struggle for breath as she grinds down around me, and for a millisecond or less, I see something dangerous in her eyes. I see murder and lust and her pelvic bone hurts as she crushes me.

I grow dizzy as she slides up until I'm barely inside her, and I wonder if I'm going to faint. It would be worth it; I know that even in that moment of disbelief, but it doesn't matter.

A second later she lets go of my throat as she sits back down onto me and screams. It's not a moan or a sigh, but a scream as she begins to come and I can't hold back. I grab her for the first time, taking her ass in my hands as I thrust up and bury my face between her breasts. Her head is thrown back, and she's still making so much noise I wonder if she's okay. I can feel her clenching though, and I didn't know that could happen.

But I come harder than I've ever come on my own, and I realize that I've never done it on my back before. I'm holding her, but the only thing on my cock is the inside of her warm wet body, and it doesn't make sense in the slightest. The dizziness returns as I feel the blood and the come and the rest of me shoot out in a release unlike anything other.

I too lean my head back and cry out as she grabs my shoulders and lets out one long last sound before leaning forward and kissing my forehead.

I can tell I'm growing soft inside her, but she doesn't move. The water is no longer hot, or even warm, but there is nothing we can do. She holds

me and laughs in small bursts as though she keeps finding something new that is funny.

When she finally sits up and brushes her blonde hair back, it's with a smile.

"I didn't know you fucked," she said, shaking her mane before disengaging our bodies. She nestles into the cold water, her back against the faucet, as she rests her legs on top of mine.

"I didn't either," I say, too quietly for her to hear me.

When we finally get out, the sun has mostly set, and the room is dark and chilly. The cracked window lets in a breeze and her naked body is covered in soft hairs and raised skin.

Later, at the diner, she talks, and I listen to her. I tell her a story, and she laughs, and we order coffee until three in the morning.

We never mention the bath.

# Dirty Bedtime Stories

In the last few months, especially with Tumblr no longer allowing adult content, I've been focusing largely on my Patreon and author site.

And of course, the biggest part of that has been the creation of my new podcast Dirty Bedtime Stories.

While I've mostly done audio episodes, I played around with a couple of very dirty video episodes as well, which included me reading in bed while enjoying the story in a quite visceral way. That practice led to more playing, including the creation of some PG13 and X rated book trailers.

It's been a good shift, and I'm looking forward to seeing where the podcast and videos will go next year and what other projects will pop up along the way.



# Year's End

The end of the years has been difficult and beautiful. We lost three friends this year, and between the political climate and personal challenges, it's been a struggle to stay positive and hopeful for the future. But mixed in with those sorrows and losses has been moments of bliss and joy. We had a glorious fall—with brilliant colors—which helped tremendously. Piper and I also got engaged in October and she has a big birthday in December, both of which have brought us much happiness and excitement. While we haven't begun wedding planning, we're looking forward to starting that journey together next year.

Professionally, I published a novel this fall, *Portraits of Alice*, under my real name. It was a scary and thrilling experience, and the reception of the book has been wonderful. I also re-wrote a book I had been struggling with for a long time and I'm excited to see what I can do with it next year. It was the first time that I've taken a full novel (*Shucker* it was called) and started over from the beginning. But now I have *The Oyster Queen* in hand, and I love her and the story more than I can say.

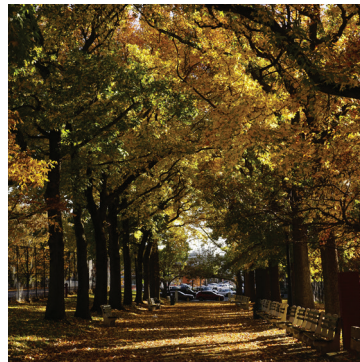
Thank you again for all your love and support this year. With Tumblr no longer allowing adult content, and everywhere else constantly tightening the reins of what they allow when it comes to sex and sexuality, maintaining a sense of community has been not only heart-warming but necessary. As we head into the new year, I hope we continue to fight for sex over violence, love over hate, and a more just and beautiful world where we put compassion and kindness ahead of self-interest and fear.

Much love to you all.

Ben (*Who has been called Guy New York for so long he's almost used to it.*)



*The two novels I completed this year.*



*The gift of a beautiful autumn.*



*Moments after our engagement.*



*My newly designed 4x6 books.*



*I also launched my oyster tours!*



*Many toasts to the friends we lost.*



*We attended some beautiful events.*



*We had incredible trips to Cape Cod.*

