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FEATURES

KINK TO SHRINK YOUR DINK
libido-crushing fetishes
page 30
by tyler bourbon

MORE THAN A WOMAN
girls who have it all
page 36
by madame likzcöcheŋtitž

PDX’S FOOD FETISH
just put it in your mouth
page 48
by ray mcmillin

VIVA’S MAGIC HOLIDAY
ms. las vegas goes to the opera
page 54
by elle stanger

INSIDE STUFF

GREEN ROOM DIARIES
PG. 18
MISS EXOTIC OREGON 2016
PG. 22
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOTH
PG. 26
STRIP CITY – FETISHAPHOBIA
PG. 29
PINUP CALENDAR
PG. 32
SLUTSCAPADES
PG. 41
TRAP CLUB JOURNALS – ASHLEY MADISON
PG. 45
EROTIC MUSE
PG. 46
CLASSIFIEDS
PG. 52
TERRIBLE FETISHES
PG. 56

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WAYS TO STAY PAID DURING LEGALIZATION

GREEN ROOM DIARIES: BY SATIVATORY RAY

Apparently, one of the readers of this column has confessed to selling weed and wants to know if I have any suggestions regarding how to keep in business, while the state takes over. This one is for them. The rest of you can just keep turning the page—there’s probably a naked girl on the other side of it.

BEAT THE RECREATIONAL DISPENSARIES WITH QUALITY AND SERVICE

Before you go burning down the neighborhood dispensary (and accidentally smoking out the entire block), keep in mind a few things that will prevent recreational marijuana sales for adults from becoming as cheap and easy to obtain as medical marijuana is for cardholders. First, the letter “O.” Second, the letter “L.” Finally, add a “C,” hell...add two. If you’ve ever driven from Gresham to Barbur Blvd at 10:45 pm to stop the shakes, you understand the ways in which regulations governing liquor sales can be a pain in the liver. Well, thanks to the OLCC (Oregon Liquor Control Commission) being the only organized group in Oregon, pot smokers can expect the same early curfew treatment from weed stores. Further, when the stores are open, it’s illegal for anyone without a medical card to purchase more than an ounce of weed (or less) and it will cost a few bucks more than the medical stuff (until January, at which point recreational is legal). Shit, you could probably just buy the non-medical stuff and tack on a fee, bringing along some funyuns and cigarettes for the ride—killing the game. Even better, become a pizza delivery driver who sells weed, just like you did in college—only now, you don’t have to worry so much about...well, who are we kidding here? No one who drives pizza for a living worries about insurance or right-of-way, let alone the amputated arm of the law. All I’m saying here, is that if you were to find a way to set up a Pot-za Hut chain, you’d never work another day in your life. Until then, though, you can just remember that bringing drugs to people is a lot more of a selling point, than asking people to come to you for drugs.

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Around the turn of the century, I would often get asked to help my friends and family set up a new computer, purchase a graphics card or figure out how to wire a network for gaming. In 2015, folks ask me what a URL is, what FTP means, how to “delete stuff from the Internet” and all sorts of other questions left behind by the legacy of Steve Jobs. Condescending tone aside, the fact that everyone has access to a mini-computer (one that makes the majority of its users as lazy as something that would serve as a good example for being lazy), means that no one knows how to work on it. Along the same lines of how anyone born after the establishment of Jiffy Lube has no idea what their car engine looks like, technology is taken for granted by a bunch of n00bz, who rely on 1,337 fools like me to show them why they shouldn’t just click on everything that says “click here.”

Thanks to a new set of laws that allows anyone to grow a few marijuana plants in their home, we can all anticipate literal tons of moldy, seed-filled garbage to hit the market in about six months or so. Imagine the shitstorm that will hit Portland when amateur growers learn that their plants can’t identify as their preferred gender, or that farmers with a work ethic will produce better yields. Piles upon piles of vegan, free-range, artisan schwag, will result in a bunch of would-be growers in need of some serious assistance in recouping the fifteen dollars they spent at the garden supply store during their first trial run at “it’s a weed, it can’t be that hard to grow.” This is where the paragraph above this one begins to justify my word count this month. Like the technical arena, botany is not something that has just been sitting around collecting dust for years, nor is it a field that can be mastered by first-timers. Thus, the idea of skilled veterans charging people for consulting services, is not exactly a far-fetched concept.

GET REALLY ILLEGAL

Again, letting the word “hypothetically” just kind of sit there on the table like, ya know, take it or leave it—if you’ve been running pounds from California to Utah for a few years, the prospect of doing something slightly legal and socially accepted may be a turnoff for you. Here is a list of things that I would only consider doing if I was a Batman villain (or a one-time pot kingpin), in no particular order of profitability:

*Sell weed to kids. It’s still just as illegal as it used to be, but now it’s up there with alcohol in terms of being seen as “cool” or “hip” by the popular students. Better yet, in a few years, all of the alternative teens will have moved on to harder stuff and you’re back in business moving real drugs.

*Undercut recreational prices by flipping medical weed already being sold in dispensaries. Ten dollars a gram for medical, while they’re charging fifteen bucks for recreational? How about twelve dollars for anyone... just talk to Steve over there by the dumpster. He has a card.

*Rob a liquor store and blame it on “laced weed” you got from one of those new dispensaries with the whole art-deco theme and a logo that features a commercial font.

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If Megan Fox traveled into a club I was working at, directly from a weed farm, while wearing nothing but coconut oil and consent, and told me I could do anything I wanted to her, I would ask her one thing: “Can I pick your music?”

There is nothing more rewarding than watching a talented dancer not bat a fake eyelash upon hearing something outside of her comfort zone. Only a stripper would be cool with the idea of being naked in a room full of potentially dangerous strangers, while at the same time fearing the act of bouncing one’s butt cheeks to a song that isn’t played eleven times a shift. Now, I know that dancers reading this column are probably doing a mental inventory of all the terrible Puddle Of Mudd Zombie songs that DJs have forced upon them, but let us not forget that the job of a DJ is to see a song like “How You Remind Me” and instantly delete it from whatever hard drive it’s currently infesting. No professional disc jockey working in Portland strip clubs, should be without at least a few hundred gigs of Tom Waits, Love and Rockets, Wu-Tang, KMFDM and Mike Patton side projects. The only reason you’re not seeing much of this type of DJ, is because, one, dancers don’t let DJs pick music and, two, shitty DJs keep giving dancers reasons not to let them pick music. Upon interviewing new DJs, club owners should request answers to things like “please name two songs by Pharcyde,” instead of just asking “Can you go six hours without meth?”

What most dancers don’t realize is that, at the end of the shift, it really doesn’t matter whether or not a certain song is played, as long as the money turns out to be good. Aside from a beyond-degrading musical selection (anything from a Disney movie, Tori Amos, that song about talking to angels, etc.), there is no single genre or artist that will cause a customer to be like, “To hell with the gorgeous woman, I hate this band so much that I’m unable to continue my life as a tipping customer.” On the other hand, a dancer who is busy screaming at their DJ because of an incorrect song selection will, in fact, push away the lonely man who thought he left his screaming female counterpart at home to enjoy a night alone.

Every now and then (as in, six to seven times a day), while working as a strip club DJ, I would discover music that made me think, “Hey, this would be a really great song to play for a dancer. I wonder who would enjoy it.” Usually, the answer to that question is to the tune of “whichever girl will actually let me play it,” which is sad, considering that decent music is now being paired with a girl who looks like one of those public service announcements about animals (“this is what Kristin looked like before she was rescued...”). Raggedy Andrea gets the privilege of dancing to Alabama Shakes, while Cover Girl Gloria is making everyone listen to the same garbage by Garbage (unless I choose to play Sarah McLachlan and get hella metal for Raggedy Andrea).

If dancers were forced to behave like DJs, it would look something like this: dancer discovers new move, dancer performs new move on pole, DJ freaks out and yells from the booth, “What are you doing? I don’t know that move! What happens if you fall??? That trick SUCKS.”

Do the right thing. Beg your club manager to hire a DJ with both real-world DJ skills (this means having a résumé that includes a variety of clubs, weddings and paid events that require catering to a variety of crowds, while absolutely zero merit should be lent to social media). Then, make sure that the DJ understands how strip clubs operate on a technical level (radio is a good background, but avoid morning show douchebags—opt instead, for college radio graduates). Next, make sure they can keep their junk in their shorts and sexual harassment to a reasonable minimum. Finally, as a dancer—let the fuck go and dance. The person behind the booth will be doing their job, as your tips guarantee their wage. If you hear Tom Waits mixed into Tupac, there’s a reason. If your request for Overplayedtron or Modest Rat is ignored, and the DJ opts instead for a track by Band You’ve Never (Heard Of), there’s a reason. If the person in the booth is not an “agenda DJ” (as in, boss didn’t hire them due to a sick Soundcloud mix, that was actually just a bunch of mish-mashed dubstep, but boss never got around to listening to it, so hashtag-yolo swag tough shit), the music being played while you dance is likely something enjoyed by those weird people who give you money...customers.

On the other hand, there is no greater boner-killer than the gorgeous woman who chooses to pair her routine with terrible music, that no one attracted to the female form could ever appreciate. Even lesbians hate Evanescence. This is a cold, true fact that will not be up for debate until sometime in the mid-2050s when daddy issue rap-rock for entry-level goth teens becomes vintage enough to be sold on Hawthorne. Another favorite of mine, is having to respond to a dancer’s terrible taste in audio with “Oh, this is your friend’s band?” Now you’ve not only ruined any enjoyment I would have obtained as a customer sitting next to a subwoofer, but you’ve gone the extra mile and made it clear that you’re the type of stripper who hangs out with guys in bands. In Portland, I can already picture the corner near the fridge, where empty beer bottles and cigarette butts pile up near the cat box full of black mold. This kind of ruins the fantasy.
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FETISHAPHOBIA. You won’t find this word on Google, though you will get a small layer of articles regarding fetish vs. phobia and some loosely interpreted content—trixing to make some kind of a connection between the two. Allow me to clear some things up for you.

The human mind is an infinitely complex thing…

Over the years and years of punishing all of my major organs with various toxins, inebriants and narcotics, I was barely able to find my way home from the black hole my life had sucked me into. It’s funny how the little things can take you back to that dark space. Even more horrifying, was the shocking realization that I had not only listened to—but, found guidance—in the music of Tori Amos (and once or twice, even Avril Lavigne) while spending two years getting off meth in a Bremerton basement.

All it took to spark this horrifying memory was a little, redheaded girl on Vocal Idol Factor, who sounded like that one ginger-piano-broad that I used to hate having to play in strip clubs (back when the twirlers dumped a stack of banged-up CDs on you at the start of your shift). And, next thing you know, the remodeled development of my brain cells (which had been previously reserved for self-destruction) decided to give me a detailed flashback of crying in a glass of box wine, listening to this shitty music, which has suddenly become my friggin’ guiding light? The paragraph you have just read, is a testament to getting off hard drugs.

When you’re dangling off that slippery slope—somewhere just after an overdose and right before suicide—the music of Tori Amos is probably not where you want to go. I’m pretty sure, she was telling me to just go ahead and do it. Maybe, she’s one of the last remaining sirens of ancient mythology, who used her piano to drive lost souls into the jagged rocks. (Note: Google image search for “sirens,” provided primarily redheaded examples of these murderous songstresses)

When searching for any gingersphobic terminology, I found no specific terms to define a fetish for redheads, though I quickly discovered the phobia, Kokkinomallisophobia (Greek for fear of redheads). There is a pattern developing here with the Greeks and a general fear of redheads. Aside from scarlet-tressed evil mermaids, go ahead and cover all witches, demons and vampires in crimson locks while you’re at it—a blatant atrocity of medieval gingersphobia stereotyping.

While researching my own fetish (redheads), I discovered I’m just the kind of guy that likes to play with matches—because everybody else seems completely terrified of them. Does that make me fetishaphobic? Does that exist? Fuck yes, it does. And, the redheads have that market on lockdown. So, Firotchophiles and Gingerphobes unite! You are both kin-dred spirits. To fuck that which you fear the most, couldn’t be any more liberating in this case. Wait, technically, let me reword that—to BE fucked by that which you fear the most, couldn’t be any more liberating—’cause Gingers fuck YOU! My first was a ginger, as well as a good percentage of the women I ended up in bed with for most of my life. But I was never looking for the fire—it always found me and it always burned.

Desire and fear go hand in hand. One man’s trash is another’s treasure. For every dude who wakes up in a cold sweat, because he dreamt he was in a car accident and lost his leg, there’s a broad that wants to fuck his stump. It’s the yin and the yang of what’s wrong and what’s right, within the blurred lines that define our sexuality. If gingers aren’t your thing, read on. Here are a few more examples of how easily it is to confuse fetish with a phobia.
Taking “getting dirty” to a whole new level, this fetish involves getting off on messing up pretty people in a non-violent way. Practices include playful behaviors such as tearing of their clothes, messing of the hair and smeared makeup. Advanced players find themselves covered in mud, refried beans or whatever else is handy in the dumpster out back. Warning, this play can advance to other fluids and waste-based bodily functions. But, that’s another fetish we won’t be discussing and a big fuckin’ phobia in my book.

Everybody loves a bad girl or a bad boy. But, this fetish separates the babies from the ballers. You’re going out with a stripper? Dude, awesome! Too bad she shanked her ex-boyfriend in the parking lot and took off with his BMW. This one is way better than that crazy bitch who knocked over that liquor store. Bro, you’ve got some legendary taste for women. A true type-A Hybristophile, gets off on nothin’ but lyin’, cheatin’, dirty criminals (who apparently have a problem with the letter “g”), with an even bigger turn-on for rapists and murderers. Charles Manson had a whole god-damned family of Hybristophiliacs.

This is absolutely the biggest “no thank you” on the list for me. Sexual “pleasure” inspired by (the thought of) having your sexual organs torn out at the root. Is this some kind of payback for the term, “Boy, I tore that pussy up!”, with a heartfelt, “Girl, I yanked that boy’s frank’n’beans til he cried for his momma.” As terrifying as this all sounds to me, I could think of one group where this behavior should be strongly encouraged – pedophiles—it’s time for you sick fucks to step up and take matters into your own hands. You can take all those hot, sexy rapists and murderers from the Hybristophiliacs with you!

Since we’re all going to Hell, it’s probably best you get your sacrilegious freak on and kneel at the altar of Jackhammer Jesus (you should remember him from last month’s Sex Toys From Another Dimension available at XMag.com). Fucking religious objects and artifacts has been going on since before there were testaments. Phallic antiquities have been present since the first man found something he could shove up his own ass. You can bet, that they crafted the first dildo, long before they got around to the wheel. But, back to religion, I was starting to shift over to the creation side of things. I’m obviously confused—I think I’ll go say three Hail Marys and shove some papal anal beads up my ass.
The fetish and desire of licking someone's eyeball sounds a little mild after those above, but really...the eyeball? Of all the wonderful parts of the body to lick, suck, nibble and slobber upon, I'm sorry to say, the eyeball comes in probably dead last for me. If I were forced into this act, I'm pretty sure I could be the licker—but, the lickee? Hell fuckin' no!

If your desires summon the love of strange, new, extraterrestrial, robotic, supernatural or otherwise non-human life forms, have we got the fetish for you! We all know that aliens are out there, waiting to eventually fuck us or kill us all. In the meantime, all you hostile planets and alien races can find hordes of Exophiles in mass gatherings, at comic, cosplay and sci-fi conventions across the globe. They've all been preparing for the intergalactic revolution that will enslave all of the earth's most loyal deviants, who can't wait to get fucked by a purple, three-headed, 16-inch alien cock. I'm gonna pass on this one—I'll take my chances with the redheads.
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Whether it’s bloodsucker, ass fucker or somnophilia (people who get aroused by intruding or interrupting their partners sleep with sexual advances)—just ask Bill Cosby), everyone has some sort of fetish to satisfy their kink. Of all the fetishes to have as a married person, you don’t want to admit your secret wheelhouse is sometimes oiled by visions of ladyboys dancing in your head. But hey, this is a progressive world and we seem to be opening up about our orientation and our preferences. So, as I delve deeper into the recesses of my perverted mind and reveal some of my most “fetish,” like behaviors, I hope you will keep an open mind.

First of all, saying that my adoration of the shemale is a “fetish” seems a bit off to me. To covet or obsess about something is a fetish—yet, for me, it’s much more complex than that. I feel it should be categorized as a “desire.” All humans have specific desires, including the innate ability to want and desire things they can’t have, things that scare them, turn them on or even repulse them. Desire drives us to feel good, and how each individual goes about achieving that desire, is often viewed as promiscuous or obscure in the minds of many who would call it a fetish. From live suspensions, to lovers who like to lick your armpits in bed, it has been going on for centuries and every person out there—whether they will admit it to another or not—has some kind of fetish that they find hard to communicate about with others. As most people are quick to objectify and judge others’ strange beliefs or actions, our perception of what fetishes are have been skewed. What is coined an abnormal obsession, could be completely healthy and have a positive influence on you and your partner/partners’ sex lives.

To hell with the social norm that tells you idolizing feet is your fetish—it’s what you love and it makes you happy. So, as a grown woman who loves to sit down late at night, in her dark room with the curtains drawn; watching Danni Daniels or Nina Lawless, it comes from the heart when I say—that shit gets me wet. Now, my rational brain knows most transgenders do not dig sex with women, but this does not deter me from rubbing one out to Danni going balls deep in some guy’s ass. Yes, I loved women for years—I loved the touch, taste and smell of them. But, overall, I always went back to the dick. These days I have a very solid, loving relationship and the sex is still great, because we can pass the fuck out after the first round, sleep like the dead, wake up and repeat. That, my friends, is a man who takes care of my needs. And, when he takes care of my needs, I reciprocate and take care of his. The point is, I’m not a sexual deviant and I have a healthy sexual relationship with my man.

Regardless of my killer sex life, I still have a need, (be it not often these days) to find and indulge in such desires as I spoke of earlier. A sweet piece of that transsexual from Transylvania may have started my quandary early in life, but it blossomed into what I think is a healthy need to rub one out to chicks with dicks on occasion.

Now, I know I’m not the only one with this fondness for cock, ass and titties all at once, but I’m probably one of the few who would write about it. In March of this year, the porn industry reported a significant increase in transgender-porn subscribers. The amount of traffic these sites are receiving is on the rise and the increase in acceptance to the community has blossomed with new viewers. I have to admit, back in my 20s, I went on a drunken rant to my hillbilly buddies about how if the opportunity arose and I was approached by one of these bootylicious Amazons, I would waste no time in mounting that stallion. The looks I got were priceless, but much to the shock and awe of the room I announced this to, I was scorned and judged unfavorably on my desires. I shook off their quick-to-criticize remarks and went on my merry way. I was very much an “I do what I want” kind of girl. Since those days, surgery and hormone treatments have come a long way in the transgender community. These once out-of-body experiences, were not completely fulfilling for trans individuals and have now become much more accommodating to embody their personas in a more complete way. With the marvels of modern cosmetic surgery, some of these transgenders have started looking better than ever and have set the bar very high for newbie pornstars trying to make it into the world of 9-inch cocks and double-G cups. Speaking of which, I won’t forget to mention some of the hottest transgenders in the industry today. Just a quick top ten list, so you can indulge on a night like this, in some of the same awe-inspiring footage I’ve come across.

- Briana Top
- Mia Isabella
- Sirena Real
- Ava Sabrina London
- Danni Daniels
- Sarina Valentina
- Jane Marie
- Mariana Cordoba
- Bailey Jay
- Angels CID
All stunning in their own way, these ladies are by far some of the hottest stars in “shemale” porn today. My confession, however, isn’t over. I’ll admit, it’s not something I normally shout at the top of my lungs about, but what the hell—it’s my hope that this article has been somewhat enlightening to our readers. And, even though corporate suits and celebrity husbands hog all the media attention when it comes to getting caught under the sheets with these taboo ladies, it’s not so far-fetched to think that while your lover is lying right next to you, he/she is thinking about that chick’s dick in his/her ass. No scandal, no tabloid to exploit your hidden secret—just honest, guilt-free tranny porn at bedtime. Share it if you like or keep it to yourself, but either way, I say enjoy yourself and don’t let other people make you feel like your habit is unhealthy or strange. Unique qualities are what make each of us individuals—even if we have an appetite for the more unusual things in life. Stay safe, masturbate and have lots of sex this coming holiday season—I know I will!
Nothing is demonized in our culture as much as kinky sex. This comes as no surprise to those of us who have been to museums of torture devices. Historians inform us that once The Church gained authority to create and enforce laws, people (mostly women) who were caught having extramarital sex, masturbating, engaging in kinky things or homosexuality, were haphazardly accused of being witches and were consequently burned alive, split open from the genitals or tortured in other horrifying scenarios. This sort of cultural history does not lend itself well to shame-free sexual experimentation.

Meanwhile, danger, taboo and eroticism are a great recipe for sexual intrigue. The kinky lifestyle, therefore, is simultaneously feared and exalted. If you’re not turning your face blue yelling about how kinky people are going to hell, you may spend some of your time wondering what those folks are up to and how can you bring some of it into your own life.

Fetish is one of those strange words with different meanings, depending on the audience receiving it. In traditional psychology, a fetish would be an attachment to a normally non-sexualized object, such that a person needs said object to get off. A more popular understanding of it, is just something that turns you on.

A standard work for the sexology field is a book by Jack Morin called, *The Erotic Mind: Unlocking the Sources of Sexual Passion and Fulfillment*. In it, he explains that everybody has a *core erotic theme* (CET). In popular vernacular, your CET could be understood as your fetish; to find it, think of a few of the hottest sexual encounters you’ve ever had or your favorite sex fantasies, and look for commonalities between them. I recommend writing these down with as much detail as possible. And, by “as much detail as possible,” I mean, so much detail that you can’t finish the story because you get distracted by your throbbing genitalia.

When you think about it, you might find a lot of your hottest sexual experiences or fantasies involve sex in public places. So, what is it about that exact scenario that really gets you off? Is it the idea that you just couldn’t wait to fuck each other and needed sexual release so intensely, that you had to fuck right here, right now? Or was the appeal in getting caught, because you were taught to think sex was wrong and want to prove to everybody it’s not?

Talk about it with your partner. You might long for a three-way and they’re not into it. But, if you realize that the real appeal is being the center of attention, you can devote a night to having that desire met instead. Another night you can indulge their desire to analy penetrate you, by recognizing that their real desire is to have you submit to vulnerability and compromise by bowing at their feet, while they describe their fantasy to you. Kinky sex for vanilla people.

What about sex by yourself? Not everyone has stable partners, but everybody can indulge their fetish every day if they want to—and, I’m not just talking about Internet porn. I already mentioned one good way to play with your fetish by yourself—writing erotic stories for fun about your favorite fantasies. You can also change the way you think of masturbation and fetishize everyday activities.

My favorite way to clean my house is to masturbate while I do it. No, I don’t put my dirty or chemically-soaked hands inside my panties, but I do visualize my genitals, exercise my pubic muscles and swing my hips. When I breathe in, I imagine the breath going into my genitals. When I breathe out, I imagine the pleasure emanating from my pelvis through my whole body. When I vacuum, I enjoy the vibration of the machine against my pelvis and imagine the hose as an extension of my genitalia. Do this a few times and chores might start to seem more appealing. Do this a few hundred times and, like a sexy, Pavlovian dog, seeing a vacuum may just get you hot, no matter where you are.

With enough practice, you can find the eroticism in anything, even abstract concepts. You might find pleasure in fantasizing about fucking a quasar, the concept of melancholia or the feeling in your mouth when you eat a banana. The first step is to recognize the feeling of pleasure you get when you are seeing, feeling or thinking about your erotic object. The name of the game is amplifying your pleasure. Focus on that feeling—that thought. Smile to yourself and know that life is full of pleasure—any or all of which, can be sexualized.

Imagination is not just for lonely Dungeon & Dragons players in their parent’s basement. You too, could have a fulfilling, erotic fantasy life. If you’re into exploring a quasar fetish, try masturbating to pictures of the universe. What is it about quasars that you like? They’re engulfling, they’re mysterious. Think of the qualities that appeal to you and let them excite your body. Breathe in that excitement and wiggle it around in your genital area.

30 Rock’s Jenna Maroney and Paul L’Astname, may well be TV’s most openly-kinky couple (Paul is a “gender dysmorphic bi-genitalia pansexual”), but even they eventually lose steam. Upon awakening to realize they had fallen asleep without their typical kinky nighttime sex, they discover a new routine—“normalizing.” Like Jenna and Paul shopping at Bed Bath & Beyond and getting off on the idea of kitchenware, you too can turn any mundane activity into a subversive sex act. All you need is a little intention, perspective and a willingness to explore.

Dr. Helen Shepard is a Clinical Sexologist with a practice in Eugene. She can help you explore your core erotic theme and brainstorm ways to use it in everyday life. You can reach her at EugeneSexology@gmail.com.
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The Ashley Madison Hack

The Ashley Madison website hack from a couple months ago, has now breached international headlines with the double lives it has exposed. Their slogan, “Life is short. Have an affair,” has been swirling through the news everywhere. As a former sugar baby and stripper, I was shocked by the response from American society. Affairs have been a part of life and marriage for thousands of years. However, the taboo is when people are forced to be honest about it. Not only with the ones they “love” the most, but publicly with the world. Government officials, federal employees, military leaders and many more were faced with the glass houses they lived in shattering. Only to leave them freshly-bleeding publicly, in puddles of hypocrisy.

Why the double standard? Why is adultery acceptable as long as we do not speak of it—speak no evil, hear no evil, maybe? Why would a younger, single woman date a married man for free? Especially, knowing he is consciously untruthful on a regular basis. What makes the wives of these married men (exposed by the Ashley Madison hack) think these affairs do not involve “sugar” (aka money and gifts)? Women, check your bank account balances—younger women who are single, do not date married men for free and remain silent and happy. This is the topic which has been tip-toed around, even with all the international media buzz. We still remain unable to be completely honest about the situation revealed, let alone the real root issues.

If this public outing of an affair website was not deemed wrong (morally and/or ethically), then why did the CEO of Avid Life Media (operator of Ashley Madison) resign? Noel Biderman, long time CEO of Avid Life Media, resigned shortly after the hack went public. Who will bravely fill in his hot seat is still unknown, but should be interesting to follow.

Now, let’s think strip clubs—how do they fit into the equation of infidelity? What would happen if all men had to be honest about going to a strip club? Which is worse: a profile made online in the heat of the moment that never gets used or going to a strip club to blow off some steam, where there is a monetary exchange for a naked woman providing the physical/tangible service of a lap dance? Or, what about the very extreme of creating a profile on Ashley Madison (or any other dating site) and going through with actually having an affair? The world used to be so black and white. However, with modern technology, there is no guarantee of privacy to be found anywhere. We exist in the grey area in this day and age, where promises were once words taken seriously. Now, we are adding public accountability to the equation of trust and love. Will we all pass the test? Can we be honest about our intimacy issues, enough not to have to be publicly outed and shamed about our sexuality, to tell our own truths?

“Some journalists have turned the focus of the criminal act against Ashley Madison inside out, attacking us instead of the hackers.” Avid Life Media. The root issue of the Ashley Madison hack, is the need for people in monogamous relationships (married or not) to not be truthful about their intimacy needs with their partner. Honesty and trust are the roots of the issue. The fact a website for cheaters exists, is just the result of supply and demand in this capitalist society. Ashley Madison was warned by the Impact Team, the group who hacked the website, with a warning entailing the potential future ramifications of a release of collected information. Ashley Madison and/or Avid Life Media did not take the threats seriously. Thus, they are already facing lawsuits from individuals whose lives have been harmed by the release of this private information. Ironic, huh?

Live John-and-Jane Does all over the nation are stepping forward, to try to get back what they perhaps already took from themselves. Should those using an affair website really have the moral high ground legally in the Ashley Madison hack? Already, the information the Impact Team released about Ashley Madison users is helping people in the middle of divorces provide proof of adulterous behavior. Thus, allowing more power in the negotiations in the terms of divorce settlements. Divorce attorneys nationwide have to be throwing a party—like little kids on Christmas morning.

As a society, is this hack going to cause enough waves to make us think and change? Will we continue to sweep these sexuality and intimacy issues under the rug? Has this incident exposed enough powerful people, that we are willingly and honestly able to realize that this is a root issue, which needs to be addressed more openly in American society? Let the discussion begin!
Sara Jane has just purchased her first house. She is an attractive, gregarious woman of forty-five. We are sipping wine at a dinner party and she whispers to me that she is an escort. I like her immediately.

"I love my clients. I really do. And, I've been working sex for years, but I'm so sick of hiding it. I closed the deal on my house today. I want so badly to "out" myself, to make a statement, but then what? Would I get arrested? Would anyone come after me? I just feel like we are poised for a change."

Weeks prior, I was in my kitchen, having tea and grapes with Mary. She had recently experienced a loss in her family. She rubbed her eyes and cracked a joke, "I have to go home and cry. Just kidding, I have a client at noon—I have to go beat someone."

Whores and their clients are EVERYWHERE. No, they are not going to rise up, destroy and consume you, but if you are reading this and you truly believe that you don't know any whores, believe me, you probably do. Why do the majority of sex workers remain secretive about their work? Well, a fear of persecution is perhaps the most likely reason.

The sale of sex acts has always existed in any society where commodities exist, simply because sex is a commodity. An exchange does not have to result in a tangible object or result, to be a commodity. People pay other people for massages, speeches, and handjobs, and yet, at this exact moment, only one of those transactions is criminalized.

In 1910, suffragette Emma Goldman, at the forefront of what would become the foundation for today's feminism and fight for equality, wrote a scathing critique of America's perception of prostitution. In, The Traffic in Women, she criticized a world that is seemingly shocked by the existence of prostitution and is simultaneously too afraid to discuss practical means of change in that society. One century ago, before white women could even vote, the dawn of industrialization was affecting the role of women and the sex trade.

"Although prostitution has existed in all ages, it was left to the nineteenth century to develop it into a gigantic social institution. The development of industry with vast masses of people in the competitive market, the growth and congestion of large cities, the insecurity and uncertainty of employment, has given prostitution an impenetrable ever dreamed of at any period in human history."

It is amazing how little some things have changed. Whether by "choice" or due to social conditions, sex work offers a means of income to people who can't survive in the current economic climate. There is a need to decriminalize prostitution in the world and Oregon is a good place to start. Oregon is one of the few states in America, that allows same-sex marriage and legalized marijuana. While Nevada has regions that allow for the sale of sex acts, no state currently is fully hooker-legal.

Why Oregon Should Decriminalize Sex Work?

A strip club should not be the place to buy, sell or perform sex acts. Overwhelmingly, my stripper peers are frustrated and upset by the people who pester them for more. And, some strippers speak in whispers about the women who do "extras." In dressing rooms, there are often warning signs regarding prostitution stings, although I've never seen one occur.

As a stripper, it took me years to graciously, politely deny solicitations with the words, "I don't mind that you asked, but I don't offer that service." The funny thing is, I've sold sex before. But, I don't do it out of a strip club. And, men looking for a masturbation show in a no-contact club, are going to be disappointed. It happens quite often that strippers are solicited for sex, simply because no other in-person opportunity exists.

Men don't always trust back-page ads and they simply don't know where else to look. I've been paid with the expectation of offering a climax, and I always politely decline, because a strip club is not a place for that activity. And, what happens when patrons, often intoxicated, feel that they didn't get their money's worth? They get angry. They refuse to pay or they become physically violent. It happens all of the time.

Providing venues for sex work, would lessen the occurrence of rape and abuse, that is so likely and almost inevitable for street-working sex workers. In speaking with one young woman on 82nd, she told me that about five years ago, "the girls" had been worried about the serial killer that had just gotten one of them. "They found her body behind a dumpster. The cops found it. She was just folded in two. All cut up. There was no heartbeat. They found her body beside a dumpster. The cops found it. She was just folded in two. All cut up." Assaults and murders occur, because safe spaces for the work do not exist.

So, if a person is looking for a blowie from a pretty lady (and who is the state government to deny them), that person should be able to enter a venue where the exchange and services are clear, maintained, safe and legal for all.
There will be issues that require mitigation, no matter the circumstance, venues, and so-called allies can be corrupt, but as it stands, the exchange of money for a sex act in Oregon, is a misdemeanor or a felony, and that is atrocious. Sara Jane, the escort, laid it out perfectly, “I can fuck somebody, I could fuck ten people a day if I want, that I meet on Tinder, or online, or on the street, or in a bar, whatever. And, that’s not a crime, but the second I ask for a fee? Then it becomes a crime. That makes no sense.” Similarly, consider pornography: you can film it, produce it, perform in it, sell it, advertise it and watch it, but if you have sex for money without filming it, you have just committed a crime.

In speaking with Detective Brendan McGuire of Portland Police Bureau’s Sex Crimes division, I asked him if he thought that the current political climate in Portland, would allow for decriminalization in the next decade. He didn’t seem so sure. And yet, that shouldn’t depress proponents of free range sex work—let’s keep in mind that Oregon said “no” to gay marriage a decade ago and then just legalized it last year. Progress comes in waves, as long as we keep marching with

Ethics and laws are two different things. It has never been considered unethical to smoke weed, but it was quite illegal. And, while post-Measure 91 changes are still being implemented, people are rejoicing because their activity has been decriminalized. Folks who smoke marijuana, ALWAYS HAVE, despite punitive measures. Making something illegal, does not reduce its demand or supply.

The Prohibition Era is a favorite example: once alcohol was made illegal, organized crime made it an empire—driving up costs, deaths and detainees. The 1970s declaration of a “war on drugs,” only increased power to the cartels that supplied and controlled the flow of narcotics and D.A.R.E education in elementary and middle schools, has been proven longitudinally ineffective.

In the United States, approximately thirty percent of the nation’s federal prisoners, are locked up for marijuana offenses. And, since the federal corrections system has overpopulated for marijuana offenses. A 2009 study, noted Utah as watching the most Internet porn and many of us weren’t surprised.

And, the conservative and radfem rhetoric hasn’t changed much; people tend to confute sex work with trafficking. These are two very different things.

Sex work is an exchange. Trafficking is force, fear and coercion. Sex work is a job. Trafficking is pimping. Amnesty International made headlines this summer, when it stood up to media pressure and against ignorant Western celebrities, and denounced trafficking, but supported legal sex work. Their statement reads as follows:

“We have chosen to advocate for the decriminalization of all aspects of consensual adult sex work that does not involve coercion, exploitation or abuse. This is based on evidence and the real-life experience of sex workers themselves, that criminalization makes them less safe.”

We reached this position by consulting a wide array of individuals and groups, including, but not limited to: sex workers, survivor and abolitionist groups, HIV agencies, women’s and LGBTI rights activists, indigenous women’s groups, anti-trafficking groups and leading academics.”

There is overwhelming statistical evidence to support the fact that people are more susceptible to STDs and STIs, in regions where there is a lack of access to healthcare and social services. Sex workers who face discrimination and harassment are less likely to be able to practice safe sex, when those resources are not made available to them. Until May of 2014, NYPD considered condoms as evidence, when making prostitution arrests.

On TheRedUmbrellaProject.org, Audacia Ray explains further;

“The practice of condoms as evidence, is a discriminatory one that is used as part of larger stop-and-frisk profiling practices. The use of condoms as evidence, is very much a gendered-version of stop-and-frisk – police typically stop trans and cis women, gender non-conforming people and people (including trans and cis men) who are perceived to be gay. Also targeted, are people of color and people who they perceive as dressing or acting like they are selling sex, by wearing outfits the police deem as being lewd, standing or walking in public places—talking with passers-by.

The practice of condoms as evidence, negatively impacts indoor sex workers as well, and furthermore, has the potential effect of encouraging traffickers to withhold condoms from their victims—further harming the very individuals anti-trafficking laws seek to protect. Banning the use of condoms as evidence, is not a matter of condemning the sex trade – it is a common sense measure to ensure that people can protect themselves and other from STIs, including HIV, as well as unwanted pregnancies.”

In short, treating sex work as a crime, perpetuates damages to all. Ancient Greek and Romans enjoyed the establishments of brothels, which were taxed and regulated by the government. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the Catholic Church, and the Puritans thereafter, experienced a range of lenience to prostitution.

Emma Goldman explains, “Pope Clement II issued a bull that prostitutes would be tolerated, if they pay a certain amount of their earnings to the Church. Pope Sixtus IV was more practical: from one single brothel, which he himself had built, he received an income of 20,000 ducats.” And, of course, the United States Treasury would certainly benefit from taxing sex-for-pay businesses, rather than spending money on prisons, probation, parole and non-preventative public health programs.

Perhaps the most humorous example of accidental enlightenment, is the case of Rhode Island. In 1980, lawmakers accidentally removed the section that defined prostitution as a crime and it went unnoticed for twenty-three years. In that time, the number of women involved in prostitution seemingly increased. Rape cases were reported to have declined 31 percent. And, a 39 percent decrease in gonorrhea was also noted.

Whores are everywhere. And, they want to work—safely. If you think you don’t know any hogs, you do. And, you know plenty of Johns. So do I. The difference is, my buddies aren’t afraid to tell me the truth and that’s a beautiful thing.

This week, Sara Jane is settling nicely into her new home, with her male partner. She still keeps her work a secret and may have to for the rest of her career. Mary is doing better and she wears her leather kitty suit and beats her clients, when she can. Days later, I’m having coffee with a man I met on Tinder. He is a traveling artist, an intelligent young man with a kind smile. I ask him if he has ever paid for sex. He blushes, “Well, yeah.” I tell him that I like him already.

EroticMusePDX.com
Of all the things Portland is obsessed with, food falls into the rare category of appropriate fixations. Say what you will about the little city that couldn't, but we have our food game down tight. Whether carts, diners, greasy spoons or overrated doughnut shops, you're unlikely to find bad food in the Rose City. Why, if Portland is nationally known for our mediocrity, do we excel at one of the most easy-to-fuck-up markets—that being food? Here are a few reasons why Portland's food fetish is the only thing worth the perpetual stream of hype that our city thrives on.

Portland Is Populated By Adult Children Who Can't Cook At Home

This is a lethal combination; a constantly-stoned demographic with the dietary habits of an overweight Southern teenager, but who is also typically unable to care for themselves outside of a vegan, co-op housing situation. I currently live in Salem, and even though our city is technically a metaphor for everything about the chain restaurant, one can only take so much Applebee's. Hence, I can now cook for myself (increasing my sex drive, as well as willing participants in associated activities). However, when I lived in Portland, the only thing I used my range for was knife hits. Even though the service can vary from above-decent to Indian Tech Support Scammer, you can get soul food at 3:00am under the Morrison Bridge. Take into account the dozens of bars that feature breakfast until sun-up cheap eats, but likely get freebies and perks on the service industry can not only hook you... seriously, WTF?), any average Becky or Moon-pass (and access to whatever barbershop did her hair... seriously, WTF?), any average Becky or Moon-pass (and access to whatever barbershop did her hair... seriously, WTF?), any average Becky or Moon-pass (and access to whatever barbershop did her hair... seriously, WTF?), any average Becky or Moon-pass (and access to whatever barbershop did her hair... seriously, WTF?)

Portland Loves Cultural Appropriation

... and from this, food is the easiest way for artistic, liberal white people to appear “authentic” in their presentation of something African, Chinese, Thai, Philly or GMO-filled. Whereas the Rachel Dolezal of the world have to actually take at least eight inches of black dick in order to receive a hood pass (and access to whatever barbershop did her hair... seriously, WTF?), any average Becky or Moon-shadow can look up a recipe to a Somali dish that no one from Somalia will ever have the opportunity to eat. Taste buds don't discriminate on the same grounds that people do and it is completely possible to fool a group of white-hating minorities, if an experienced-vanilla chef is hidden in the back, behind a bunch of Rasta-lion tapestries. Even better, for those of us white folks who aren't afraid to drive northeast of Sandy Boulevard, Portland's displaced communities are still kicking ass on the authentic food circuit. However, there are a few times when these two demographics don’t mix—see the time Reo's Ribs tried to open up a BBQ spot in racist-ass Lake Oswego. Seriously, the neighbors complained about smoke... from a rib shack... that sells smoked ribs. I'm just gonna assume it was too “urban” and the note sent to “you people,” didn't get properly postmarked.

Portland Is Out Of Shape

I went to Seattle a few weeks ago and was convinced there was some sort of fat people Burning Man taking place the same weekend. Everyone I met in Seattle, even larger or curvier-bodied people, was in shape. Sure, this may have more to do with the fact that the city was built on a pile of displaced communities are still kicking ass on the same grounds that people do and it is completely possible to fool a group of white-hating minorities, if an experienced-vanilla chef is hidden in the back, behind a bunch of Rasta-lion tapestries. Even better, for those of us white folks who aren't afraid to drive northeast of Sandy Boulevard, Portland's displaced communities are still kicking ass on the authentic food circuit. However, there are a few times when these two demographics don’t mix—see the time Reo's Ribs tried to open up a BBQ spot in racist-ass Lake Oswego. Seriously, the neighbors complained about smoke... from a rib shack... that sells smoked ribs. I'm just gonna assume it was too “urban” and the note sent to “you people,” didn't get properly postmarked.

Portland Loves Marijuana

There's a scene in Half Baked where Jon Stewart's character plays an “enhancement smoker,” insisting that everyday activities are considerably more enjoyable while stoned. Having lived in Humboldt County (another area that doesn't fuck around when it comes to food), it takes a lot for me to even remember that I've been smoking pot all morning. However, places like Slappy Cakes (deep fried bacon FTW) remind me how I grew these man breasts and why I will continue to let them blossom: marijuana-complimentary food in Portland, is arguably better than food with marijuana baked into it. I'm holding my breath for weed-infused bacon, though. Someone get on that.
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When did you begin dancing? Where?

Magic Gardens, October 1996

When did you tell your family?

I told my mom shortly after I started. We'd discussed it theoretically as a feminist conceit and she seemed to largely agree with my thinking. However, when I actually took the stage, she was appalled. “What if your father found out?” she said. That Christmas, he did. I intended to strip in Duluth, MN (there’s a fabulous strip bar there called Club Saratoga) to make some money while I was home for the holidays. I think one of my brothers told my dad while I was working a shift, and when I got home, the shit had hit the fan.

In what way did “shit hit the fan”?

My dad tends to be very open-minded and his religiosity tends to favor the New Testament: forgiveness, Mary Magdalene, acceptance...but, when I came home from my shift at Club Saratoga, it was straight out of the Old Testament: eternal damnation for “encouraging lust.” Honestly, I was surprised. My dad is a theologian and one of the best thinkers I’ve encountered. I thought he would think it through and come to the same conclusions I had. However, at the end of the day, most dads don’t want their daughters dancing nude for money.

How has your relationship with your father evolved, since that initial reaction?

He’s come to have a grudging respect for my career; he especially likes it when I meet famous people and he can tell his congregation about it from the pulpit. But, he still hates what I do. It’s sad. I feel like I’m forever trying to win his approval and it just isn’t gonna happen. Even though the events in the opera happened nineteen years ago, not much has changed.

Why do you think this opera was made specifically for you?

I think Christopher Corbell [the creator] was casting about to find a local work that might work well as an opera. Opera is such a passionate art form;...
in “Magic Gardens,” I’m passionate to the point of evangelism about stripping and strippers. And, in that Christmas scene in particular, there’s a lot of Sturm und Drang.

That said, I never in a million years, imagined some wildly-talented composer would come into Mary’s Club on a day shift and ask for permission to translate my little book into an opera. It’s one of the coolest things that has ever happened to me. And then, to get to know Christopher and collaborate on the libretto—it’s incredible! He also wrote two songs for my French vocal trio, Bergerette. We sing the greatest hits of the 12th-17th centuries—songs that survived the ravages and dementia of time. His songs are the best in our repertoire. This town, this century, is so lucky to have him!

Have you ever regretted dancing?

Very briefly, two years ago—when a man I was dating (and quite smitten with) suddenly ended the relationship because of my job. He was a child psychiatrist. He worked with crazy children and their often-crazier parents. It wouldn’t take much for one of the latter to wreak havoc on his career. His exact words were, “Maybe if I worked with adults or if you weren’t so famous.” The conflict of interests seemed clear to me and I wished for two seconds that I could escape my past. But, I can’t. Ultimately, I’m so grateful for the career that I have and all the inspiration and wonderful relationships that exist in my life because of it.

In regards to your relationship with the psychiatrist, it seems that the stigma of stripping is still very real—for people from all levels of education and background. And yet, a lot of people seem shocked that a stigma still exists. In what other ways have you witnessed discrimination or poor treatment due to a “stripper bias”?

Honestly, it’s been rare. My parents’ treatment of me vis-à-vis, my career, is the hardest to stomach. I guess in NYC I was occasionally shocked that people who should be more open-minded—writers, rockers, etc.—were still of the opinion that mine was a really tragic destiny and I should be quiet about it. Of course, encountering that just made me more evangelical. I think the East Coast tends to be more hidebound in general, but I expected more from New York artists.

Looking back at your career, what, if anything, would you have done differently?

Sometimes I regret having left New York City after so brief a residency. I love that city and feel very at home there. However, I’m not sure I would have ever finished my book had I stayed there and that was more important to me, as well as the main reason I returned to Portland after living there only eight months. I figured I’d write the book and move back in a year. But, it was eight years before the book was finally released.

What would you like to see happen in this industry?

More respect for workers of all stripes. More love and celebration of the feminine in general. And, I’d love it if the little mom & pop clubs that are ubiquitous in Portland, would catch on nationally. Could we franchise Magic Gardens? Mary’s Club? Devils Point? For me, that is the best way to see a naked lady—in a small, unassuming neighborhood joint that’s just part of the fabric of everyday life. Completely normal and completely fabulous. Also, I’d like for Mary’s Club to be on the National Register of Historic Places.

What are some things that you would change?

I would reopen Magic Gardens and require that the motherfucking Pearl District had at least one wino bar or strip bar every eight blocks.

“Viva’s Holiday” will premiere at The Star Theater on December 2, 3 and 4, 2015.

I wish I’d accepted Nick Tosches’ offer to take the Concorde to Paris and gamble at the Ritz. Once upon a time, writers made MONEY. (Note to self: always travel with a passport, even if it’s just to NYC)

Oh, and Sean Penn wanted to get breakfast once, but I was hosting my writing group and turned him down. Kinda wish I hadn’t.

Sean Penn seems like a douchebag. I wonder if he’s a good tipper.

He was awfully sweet to me and tipped well, too. He seemed humble. I’ve no doubt that when you’re that famous, you have to be a douchebag most of the time, just to keep the douchebags at bay.

What do you think writers can do in the future to make money? Maybe we should type naked on a stage.

Sex work! Unless you have a trust fund, you’ve got to make big sacrifices to be an artist. It was always the case, but it’s worse now. Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Kerouac, Twain—they all had to sell their souls at one point or another, oftentimes by working in advertising or on Hollywood baubles. Those options remain. I always maintain that sex work is much more honest and noble than working in advertising. Puke!

What is next for you?
2015 has been such an “I didn’t know I had this on my bucket list until it was actually happening” kind of year. Sometimes, your life decisions take you on paths that you could have never imagined. For example, when your sub suddenly asks you to call her by your crush’s name right when you are about to fill her tiny twat full of cum. “Charity,” you bad baaaad girl…bucket list item, check.

You know how when you’re gettin’ down with someone for the first time and there’s that slightly awkward moment, where you both know it’s about to “happen” and you decide to “put on some music” and you’re both kind of embarrassed to suggest a particular band or genre, ‘cause you know that your new hook-up will most certainly judge you based on your “let’s-fuck-to-this-song” choices? And, next thing you remember, you’re sort of coming out of your whiskey-induced blackout and you’re ass pounding one of your hottest friends (even though you don’t even “like” anal), while Marilyn Manson is blasting on the speakers and you’re like, “Why the fuck have I never done this before?!”? Trust me, you most definitely want this on your bucket list. Purely as a side note, I seem to recall, in the heat of Whiskey-Manson passion, telling her something regarding my masturbations like Tiger Lily, mermaids, Moira, etc.) As a 7-year-old, I was yelling at the screen saying, “Duh, just have a threesome!” Some solutions are just too obvious.

Anyway, my love for Tinkerbell was born during those formative years. All I wanted was to be Peter and to realize my love for her and live happily ever after…with a 4-inch tall, sassy fairy with jealousy issues, but eternally loyal. And then, as a teenager, the cinematic masterpiece, Hook, came out and suddenly my childhood fantasies “came to life.” No longer were they cartoons in my head—they were “real” people. And, Tinkerbell happened to be Julia Fucking Roberts!!! Suddenly, Tink wasn’t just a tiny, poufy troublemaker deserving of love and attention—she was sexy-as-hell. And, a REDHEAD (never been into blondes that much). That scene where she becomes human-sized for a few brief moments and finally kisses Peter. OMG.

At the end, she confesses, “You know that place between sleep and awake? That place where you still remember dreaming? That’s where I’ll always love you, Peter Pan. That’s where I’ll be waiting.” If there was ever a more romantic story, I don’t know what it is. In any case, I had recently discovered masturbation and my life-long fairy fetish was officially underway. *fap fap fap*

Fast forward to my adult dating years, and I end up falling in love with a petite goddess, who has pretty much ruined me for short girls until the day I die. Related: I had a legit 5’2″ fetish for several years but, recently, I believe I have been converted to the theory that 4’11” is the “perfect height.” (Mental note: more cuddle testing needed). You’d think this Tinkerbell crush could simply reside nicely in the recesses of my Terrible mind, but then, one day, during a fuck-ten-girls-to-get-over-your-ex science experiment, you somehow find yourself face to face with a naked 5’3″ sprite with the cuuuuuutest pixie cut, wearing fairy wings and holding out a handful of glitter; who stares you in the eyes and says, “fuck me, Peter.”

My entire life flashes before my eyes and it all leads up to this moment. “Come here, you pixie devil!” I say as if I had rehearsed those words my entire life and proceeded to cover each other in pixie dust, in ways glitter was never meant to be used. From there, it was the second star to the right and straight on ‘til morning, if you know what I mean.

I try my best to keep this lil’ fetish in check, but if I had a dollar for every time I’ve said “I’m sorry, would you mind putting on these wings?”, I’d… well… I’d have a fist full of dollars, I can tell you that much.

Fetishes are funny things. Although relatively common, I don’t really understand foot fetishes (do you know how much bacteria are on feet?) and I don’t really understand latex fetish-es (No furl? No glitter!! WTF is this shit???) But, I do have several friends in the kink community, and once in awhile, I come across someone else’s fetish that really piques my curiosity. I can only imagine what kind of process they’ve gone through to develop such a uniquely-interesting kink and/or fetish.

An old photographer friend of mine used to describe in detail how his favorite thing was to start with a naked girl and dress her, piece-by-piece, posing her along the way. Panties first, then stockings and on and on, until she was fully dressed in a dainty dress, pearls, fancy high heels and all of the accessories. Every detail was important. Turns out, he liked playing with dolls as a child and was shamed by his parents for “acting like a girl” and then met girls that accepted him and his fascination with dolls and would play dress up with him. And, as he grew into adulthood, a sexual element was introduced into his otherwise rather innocent fantasy. This is the part that fascinates me…

So what is YOUR fetish/kink? Email me your stories at JoshTheTerrible@gmail.com
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