

Airy Faerie

Beltane, 2006

May Day!



Publisher's Notes

Fae Faerie Blessings, and welcome to the 2006 Beltane issue of the Denver Faeries' Airy Faerie. Even though most people think about love around Valentines' Day I am thinking about it as we approach Beltane! The main reason for this is that a few weeks ago Phoenix gave me a pleasant surprise, while walking around the park near work, he asked me if I wanted to celebrate our love with a hand fasting on Beltane. Of course I didn't have to think about it, and quickly said yes! So now we are gathering the Denver Faeries together to share this day with us. As well as pulling out our hair, or at least I am, trying to figure out what to say, and what is going to be happening at the ceremony. Of course the bachelor party and honeymoon are no brainers! I have never been good at talking in front of a group, no matter how close I am to them. (And picturing them naked doesn't work for me. It is much more difficult to concentrate with a hard on!) I guess I just need to trust in myself and just let the magic flow. Much easier said than done. I wanted to share with you this big news as I have connected with many of you via e-mails and snail mail and feel like we really are one big family. We are planning to start our Beltane/Hand Fasting ritual at 3:00pm (Mountain Time) on Sunday, April 30, 2006. Any energy you can send would be greatly appreciated. If you are reading this after that date we would still appreciate any energy. OK, now that I spent all my space talking about the hand fasting let me get to this issue.

In this issue, among the stories, poems, games and naked men, you will find a sort of birth announcement. Phoenix and I not only are sharing our loving partnership with everyone, but also our creative partnership. I won't tell you what we are working on here; I'll let you find the notice elsewhere in the issue about our next little adventure, our little bundle of joy!

As always, this issue contains graphics of male nudity, as well as gay sexual activities. If you are offended by such material, or if you are too young to view it, please do not go any further, if you haven't already. I know you guys like to peek ahead at the artwork.

OK, with that out of the way, let's get this issue going! I hope that you enjoy our little fae-zine. Please remember you can always send us your comments. We like to know what you guys are thinking – the good, the bad, and the perverted!

Many Blessings and Naked Hugs,
DragonSwan

(Soon to be Mrs. DragonSwan-Phoenix, or would that be Dragon-Phoenix or Phoenix-Swan or Dragon-Phoenix-Swan?)

Publisher's Notes, Too

No, DragonSwan and I have not broken up, and no, he's not two-timing on me. The Falcon has jumped into the fire and has been reborn into a Phoenix. There will be more on the name change next issue when I run my article about the perpetual questions related to faerie names.

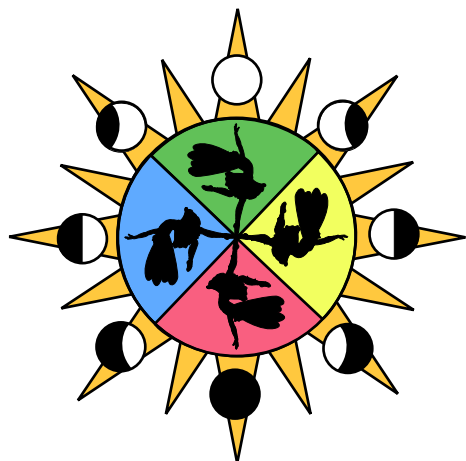
This issue is special in the fact that we have two articles on our 101 series. P'chE has recapped our session on "What is grounding?" and Cielo has recapped our "What is Heart Circle?" session. All of our 101's have helped us refocus our energy as a group. Also, thanks go to Beast for supplying the next installment in the articles about the Sabbats.

I also want to say a special thank you to Damian. The poem on the next page was part of an email closing he wrote on the faerie list on Queernet. It was a beautiful, quite voice in the middle of a heated discussion where people were losing sight of the fact that real people were on the other side of the internet. The words struck a chord in my heart and Damian graciously granted his permission for me to reprint it in the Airy Faerie.

Faerie Kisses and More Naked Hugs

Phoenix - soon to be the Mr. half of whatever DS decides the name of our relationship will be.

Airy Faerie



Beltane, 2006

The Airy Faerie is a publication of the Denver Radical Faerie Tribe.

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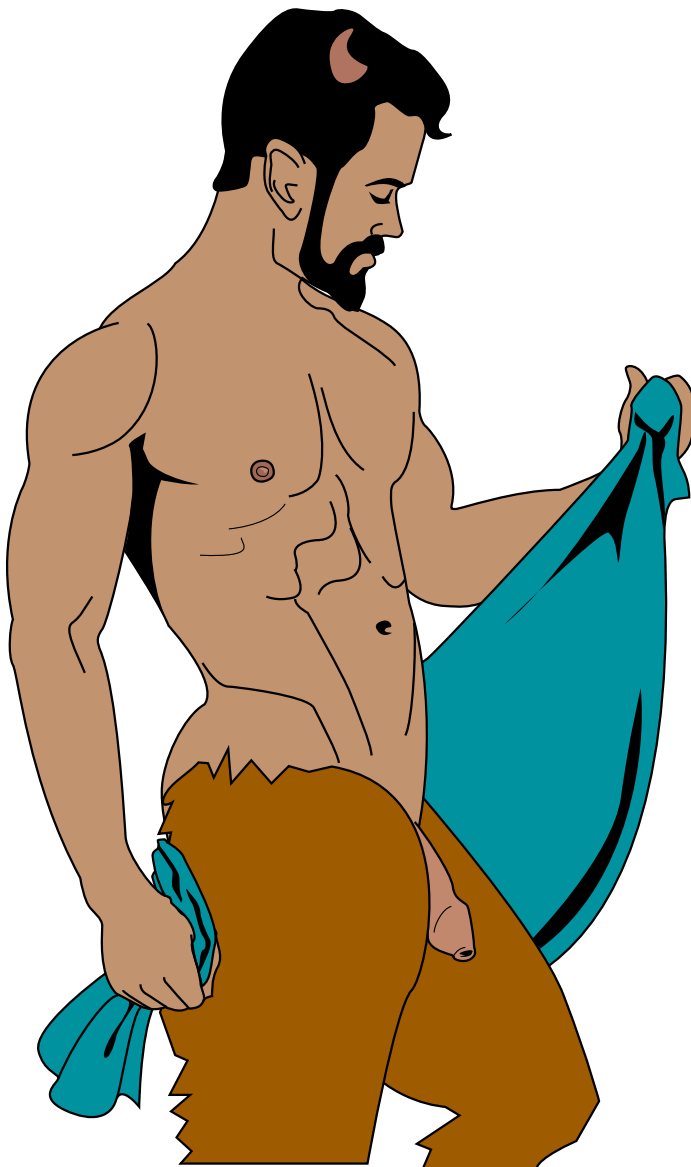
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Silent Words

by Damien

sitting quietly alone,
staring at a screen,
hearing words in my head
spoken by imaginary voices, and
wondering if those voices
sound
anything
at
all
like the person who wrote the words.



White Water Rafting

By Phoenix

Standing on the banks of a river watching the world go by,
Just like I've been taught.
Let the thoughts flow in. Let the thoughts flow out.
Nothing sticks.

Going nowhere.

What if I jump into the rushing waters of the spring run off?
I am grounded! I am a rock in the stream of life!
The waters rush around me.
The pounding force will wear me down.

Still going nowhere.

What if I'm one of the sticks that is on the river?
It is moving, that should be better, right?
I float on the river enjoying the ride – and get stuck in the rocks.
Going nowhere.

I feel like someone is ready to break my neck.

What if I'm a single leaf that is floating on the river?
It is moving and small enough to not be caught by the rocks.
It is a nice ride. But I get shoved aside because I'm small
I'm caught in the still waters on the side.

Going nowhere.

But what if I'm the ant that is on the leaf that is in the river?
I'm in charge of my destiny.
I can avoid the rocks and enjoy the thrill of the rapids they create.
If I get stuck, I can use my energy to move back into the river.
I am in control and it feels good.

Now I'm going somewhere.

A river is a nice image to help clear the mind,
But is no way to live my life.
Why should I sit on the side and watch life pass me by?
I need the power to navigate the rocks.
I need the energy to get moving.

I am ready to jump on the raft and go white water rafting.

This raft is now boarding.
We don't want anything that will slow us down.
Please leave all unnecessary baggage of the past behind.
We need to ride light and fast as we head into the future.

Oh? You want to know where the raft is going?
I can't tell you - I don't know.
And that's why it is going to be fun!

What is your choice? Watch the river or enjoy the ride?

What is Beltaine?

by Beast

When Phoenix reminded me it was time to write about Beltaine for the Airy Faery I agreed to come up with something, but also told him, “but it is my least favorite of the Sabbats.”

Hmmmm. Why is that exactly?

I think it is because Beltaine has always seemed to me the most self-congratulatory and self-consciously heterosexual (and thus most excluding to Fae Folk) of the festivals of the year. It’s all “Sacred Pole goes in Sacred Hole. As above so below. *Hieros Gamos*¹. Blah, blah, blah. Ho Hum.” With men chasing women (pant pant titter titter) and women chasing men (hee hee la la la) and people drinking too much mead and having nasty and probably well-deserved hangovers the next day. Being a faggot, I am sitting this whole thing out on the sidelines offering up an occasional half-hearted cheer, (“Go. Team.”) whilst distractedly shaking my pom poms in the general direction of the whole debacle. Being both the authors and the main protagonists of the Dominant Paradigm, you’d think the hets would be more relaxed about the whole thing, but they need to keep reassuring themselves and reinforcing their sexual stereotypes. At least pagans are being a bit more mindful of the whole thing: “Let’s fuck! It’s fun, healthy, and SPIRITUAL!”

Am I being negative?

Yes. I know I should be thinking that “It’s not just about sexual energy, it’s about creative energy, and we faggotwitches are so darn creative!”

Anyway, so I am rolling around in these angry and irritated thoughts the way a dog rolls around on a Smelly Dead Thing In The Grass. It’s fun for a while, but then you realize something reeally stinks and it is impossible to get away from it because it is you.

Then something rose up from my memory that saved me in my extreme stink...

Ok, you know the whole Sacred Pole in Sacred Hole–The May Pole. There is a third element that I was forgetting.

The Ribbons!

Yes, the filmy, colorful, silk ribbons that get grabbed by the grubby hands and woven somehow during the clumsy in-and-out dance into a beautiful hand-crafted condom for the Sacred Pole.

We faeries are the ribbons!² All our beauty and uniqueness and



delicacy (like silk) and incredible strength (also like silk) are the sacred strands that make the pole-in-the-hole more than the sum of its parts (and “parts is parts” as we all know). We are the Third Thing that makes the whole come together as one and move from the place of the animal into the realm of the divine (Yes, they are all one and interpenetrate/interweave with each other just like the hole and the pole and the ribbons).

So now I can live with this Sabbat, thinking of it this way. And the fires of creation are birthed in the earth and rise up through the column of life and are sent forth in a shower of color and light into the world. We are an expression of this and a medium of this expression in the world.

Have a Blessed Beltaine!

¹“Holy Marriage.” See http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hieros_gamos

²I have a sneaking feeling that another faery sometime talked about this somewhere and I am remembering what he said. If so, thanks to you whoever you are and I hope you don’t mind me writing down what you said so that others can benefit from it the way I did!

Beltaine or Beltane?

By Phoenix

Eagle eyed readers may have already noticed that the cover says this is the Beltane issue and Beast’s article is about Beltaine. We are talking about the same thing. Of all of the Sabbats, this one has some of the merkiest origins, so there are many thoughts as to the origin of the Sabbat, who it was honoring and thus even the spelling of the Sabbat’s name.

I have seen the name spelled either of the ways you see here. In *Sabbats*, by Edain McCoy, she uses Bealtaine when discussing the Sabbat, and includes Bhealltainn as the Scottish spelling.

According to her, scholars have traced the name back to either being related to Beltene (an Irish death god), Beli (a Welsh god), Belanos or Belios (a Celtic fire god) or even Baal (a Phoenician vegetation god).

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Faerie 101: Grounding and Centering

Lead by Prof. Hank McCoy notes taken (therefore slightly opinionated) by P'chE

We begin many of our gatherings, most certainly our rituals and circles by first grounding and centering.

Now what does this mean? How many other instances in our lives are we asked to center, to focus, to prepare ourselves for the ensuing experience?

When we are preparing to concentrate on a specific task, we are simply doing just that, concentrating. We are clearing our minds of the clutter, confusion and intricate details of our busy daily encumbrances. We need to overcome the emotional scatterings and calm our minds into a meditative 'rooting', pulling energy from inside the earth's energies, visualizing what will remove that nervousness, anger, hostility, danger, fear from our current state of being and bringing us into a peaceful existence with the energy within us and of those surrounding us, including the nonphysical energies of the place in which we are gathered.

Especially when magik is being attempted, it makes for a very difficult task to concentrate only on one's own energies and not call upon those closely aligned. It will exhaust us and the accomplishment will be unsuccessful. In a very new trilogy, *The Inheritance*, the very young and talented author, Christopher Paolini, writes of a mythical fantasy world inhabited by dragons, dragon-riders, fairies, elves, gnomes, witches, humans and some very evil and vicious creatures. It is a story of how these diverse beings can exist and how they must rely upon each other and the skills they learn. Some of these skills are of course magikal but if the magik is not fully learned and the individual calling up a specific form is not fully concentrating, dire unpredictable consequences can result.

So be it with much of what we do when we are grounding and centering. We have many varied and personal tools with which to ground and center. What works for one may not work for others. It is our task to discover our individual devices for our entering this grounding and centering state. Some reference *The Spiral Dance* by Starhawk as an excellent tool.

One of the essentials expressed in grounding and centering is to let it become a natural and very simple experience. Forcing such a state rarely works. Calmness and turning off the world around one, concentrating on the now helps. Acknowledging the intrusions of outside thoughts or tasks or mental ramblings helps some to continue on into the journey being attempted.

Visualizations used to assist in calming and grounding may vary from realistic scenics such as a meadow, a mountain stream, a broad old spreading tree, a cave, any physical sight bringing pleasant memories while someone else may use sounds or colors to traverse into that area. There is no right or wrong way in which to make the journey. It is a personal and individual journey, therefore whatever works is correct.

Giving oneself the time to make the journey and establishing that memory of calmness, pleasant existence, of whatever it may be that provides a removal from a busy, hectic pace of everyday living is what makes grounding and centering occur. The person leading is only the instrument in achieving the task.

May your journeys all be pleasant and enlightening, empowering and resourceful.



Faerie 101: What is Heart Circle?

By Cleo

What would Harry Hay say if we asked him this question? Unfortunately, we do not have him here to guide us. However, he has set upon us a vision of community. With that vision the Denver Faeries sat down for a bit, in heart circle style to hash out, “what is heart circle?” The circle comprised of mixed generations and perspectives. Some of us new faeries and some of us elder faeries but all faeries from birth. What follows is a rehash of our pow-wow circle. But keep in mind that all have our own ideas of what heart circle is and what it does for each of us. Oh, and please share – this is not a finite list.

- Heart circle is a space and time for confessions of the heart.
- Speak from the heart. Honesty.
- Allows for all to share as equals equally.
- Helps to further our collective vision of fae-dom. Are certain things discovered during heart circle? Community building?
- Allows all that share to start, direct and finish a thought without interruption.
- The circle teaches us to listen. Teaches us patience with response. Teaches us not to think of what we are next to say but to listen to “what is now.”
- The circle harbors and creates a sense of acceptance for all no matter what is shared. Where does this acceptance come from?
- It is a safe space.
- The circle forces, through our own choice, ourselves to function in a way we are unaccustomed – functioning outside of our own boxes can create magic and perspective.
- Heart circle is a sacred space because it is one of the only things that faeries claim as their own that possesses rules.

Comments on Heart Circle

- Heart circle may not be for everyone. It can be scary, engrossing, intense and emotional. Among other things, realize we may all come for different reasons.

The Lovers by DragonSwan

The tradition of using cards as a tool for divination has always interested me. As a child I often asked my mother to read my cards. She used a deck of regular playing cards, and an old worn out booklet. As I grew up, I discovered the Tarot, and was fascinated, but disappointed. Being gay, I wanted something that spoke to me. So years later I began creating my own Queer of Faerie version of the Tarot. Not being one to start at the beginning, for me the obvious place to start was the Lovers card, the 6th Major Arcana.

Two men hold and support each other while remaining individuals. They hold and share one heart, one passion, one love. They are naked as a symbol of truth and pride. Nothing is hidden, and they feel no shame. The garden, like love, is a place of great beauty, new life, one of nature’s miracles, and both of them need to be tended to with care and compassion if they are to grow and thrive. The sun - fire - desire - passion is the power behind the Lovers, empowering their life together. May the Lovers embrace you, with warm naked hugs, and soft tender kisses.

- Heart Circle IS faerie magic because it is faerie ritual at its most sacred.
- Heart Circle can be time consuming. Consuming because of the topic, because of where the energy comes from and because heart circles can contain large numbers.

What some of us thought the rules may be (which ones are close to the truth?)

- No one should leave/enter during heart circle.
- If you do leave, you cannot re-enter.
- If you do leave/enter, you do so as the totem is being passed.
- To speak one must possess the talking totem (stick, shawl, other) and otherwise stay silent (except for the well meaning “hissssss.”)
- Members of the circle must not retort to individuals but speak subject to subject, not subject to object. That is – do not approach others’ passion with your own but respond to the thought. (“I” statements people!!). In this way Heart Circle is training for those in attendance. Where else would we learn to think and speak as such?
- Respond only to others after heart circle.
- Heart circle can have a topic and not just be free-flow.
- The circle can evolve as all participate.
- What is said in heart circle stays in heart circle.
- The rules of Heart Circle change with each group.

Lovers and Fools in the Tarot by Phoenix

The words that DragonSwan wrote about the Lovers card were what he said about the card when it was first published in the Airy Faerie, Winter 1999 Issue. This was back in the days when the tribe did the old cut and paste mockups and ran to the local copy store and spent a fortune on making copies for everyone. Each time I go through the old editions and see this art, I ask “When are you going to work on the tarot deck?”

Well, that time is now. After working as a team to put the Airy Faerie together, we have decided to start putting energy into seeing a tarot deck that speaks to our lives as Faeries come to live. We know that it will take a while to truly understand the energies that need to go into a creation of this nature. We know that at times it will be work. We also know that most of the time it will be fun.

We know that we want the deck to be playful, while having the spiritual connection at the same time. If you think this deck is going to be rated anything less than XXX, you don’t know us very well.

So, while the Lovers card got things started, those lovers have become a pair of fools and are looking forward to the challenges of the next couple of years. Please visit my on-line journal, <http://jwrphoenix.livejournal.com>, to keep up to date on the progress of the deck. We will be discussing things with our local tribe members, but you can participate too by adding your comments to my posts in the journal. We will keep you up to date in these pages as well, but these will be snapshots of the deck itself whereas the journal will be the story of the journey in creating it.



Quest for the Crystal Phoenix

Chapter 13: A Voice in the Wind

by Orpheus

Apollo and Johnny were riding in silence. After the initial adrenaline rush of defeating the troll, Apollo slipped into a funk. Not only had he nearly been raped, he hadn't really done anything to defend himself. He kept apologizing to Johnny. The faerie kept telling him that it was not uncommon for someone to freeze the first time they were in a dangerous situation. He said that the palace guards have told him that many times over the years. The prince kept focusing on the fact that he didn't actively contribute to their defense. After the twentieth time of reminding the prince that he had never been trained to fight a troll who is twice as tall as the prince, probably three or four times heavier, that they survived and that the faerie was there to help guard the prince, not the other way around, Johnny let the prince ride in silence. He was actually looking forward to spending some time at his mother's home in Faerie Aerie. He hoped that a nice hot bath and his mother's gift of knowing exactly what to say at the right moment could penetrate the prince's head. Her gift drove him crazy when applied to himself, but at a time like this, it might actually be useful.

The lengthening shadows around them as they exited the last of the forest on the edge of the city only added to the gloom of the silence. Johnny looked at the lone oak that was in the meadow between the forest and city and remembered the days when that tree marked the boundary of how far he could venture without supervision.

"It's about time you showed up!" A female voice shattered the silence and stepped out of the oak's shadow. She was dressed in a white lace gown. A white parasol was open to shade her from the last ray's of the sun.

"Lily! What are you doing here?" asked Johnny.

"Waiting for you, obviously," she replied in a huff. "I have been waiting for you for hours. Moth told me to meet you and that you would be here at precisely two minutes until five o'clock. I have been waiting, melting in the hot sun and nearly two hours later you finally show up."

Off in the distance, a clock tower bell chimed. "Listen to that Lily. It is the Tower chiming the hour. Shall we count?" Apollo could hear some cynicism in his friend's voice that he hadn't heard before. They waited for the Quarters to finish and counted the booms that counted the hour. "Hmm, I counted five, just as mother said. I don't know why you never believe her. She has never been wrong in her predictions. Why would you think today would be different?"

"Moth has been wrong! She said you would be a 'giant among men.'"

Johnny let out a groan. "I had forgotten that one, but she didn't say when. I have a sick feeling in my stomach that mother may have gotten it right." The faerie let out a sigh, "Never mind. Let's get

going. The sooner we get to the house, the sooner..."

"That is why the Moth told me to wait."

"Hold it. You know that father has told you to never use that name for mother in public."

Lily's irritation grew. "Public? There is no 'public' here. It is just the two of us."

The prince had been listening to the two faeries bickering. Although Johnny never talked about his family, but based on watching people at home, this had to be his sister. He cleared his throat, "Excuse me for interrupting your reunion, but what am I? Nothing?"

Before Johnny could say anything, Lily said, "Yes. You are a human and in Faerie territory, so you don't count for anything. You keep your mouth closed until you are given permission to speak." Lily turned back to Johnny,

"Honestly brother, you should train your pets better than that. I don't know why I waste my breath trying to remind you that you are of royal birth and need to maintain certain standards of behavior. I can't imagine why Grandmother hasn't clipped your wings. It's bad enough that you spend your time with that freak, Viola, but I have heard that you spend time at the castle of the Evil Queen, which has been forbidden to all faeries for years. And now, I find you on the road with some catamite. Couldn't you at least pick up something at least a little more adult? Or is robbing the cradle the only way you can find sex partners these days?"

"Lily, that was uncalled for. Viola is our cousin, and she was my friend before she had her...well, before. She is still the same person inside, so why would I not be her friend due to her misfortune."

"She was a freak long before that."

"And when mother learns of your manners when meeting her guest, she is going to have a fit."

"Well, then I guess it's a good thing that she's not here. If you hadn't kept interrupting me, I would have already had a chance to tell you that she's not here, which is why she told me to wait for you. Queen Holly has called all of the senior members of the family to a meeting. Moth has packed up the house and has gone to attend. She has arranged a room for you at the Cock's Inn. Being the Queen's Head Attendant, I was tasked to inform you of the change in plans."

"Head Attendant?" chuckled Johnny. "So that is what they call the ladies who sit in bathrooms and hand people towels." Lily's face grew red at the insult. "Well, dear sister, you being so close to the Queen and all, would know then that I have been assigned as a Faerie Godfather to someone who happens to live with the Evil Queen, as you call her. Since Grandmother made that assignment herself, my time there can hardly be forbidden, can it?"



Lily laughed. "That has to be the most absurd thing I've heard in years. It's a good thing that Grandmother limited nose growing spells to wooden puppets, otherwise you would poke people's eyes out by telling lies that big."

"Excuse me for interrupting again, but it isn't a lie. I was there when Queen Holly made the announcement," said Apollo.

"And why should I believe you?" Lily turned toward him. Her eyes were ablaze with the irritation of his presence. "You probably would say anything to please your master."

"First, I would ask, what grounds have I given you to doubt my word? In the land of my birth, people are believed to be honest until proven otherwise. But if that is not enough, then I suggest that you ask my Great Aunt. She was there and can confirm this as well."

"And just who is this old biddy?" scowled Lily. "And why would I believe anything she would have to say?"

"It might have to do with the fact that when she was last visiting the 'Evil Queen', the heralds' announced her name as Queen Holly Jasmine."

"This has gone far enough," shouted Lily. "It isn't enough that my brother lies to me, but you are saying that you are somehow related to the Queen of the Faeries? That borders on treason!"

Lily turned her back on Apollo and Johnny and took a deep breath, and then slowly turned around. "Your idea has merit, for a human. I will call your bluff. Grandmother told me to contact her if there were any problems. When you didn't arrive on time I sent her a message. She replied that she wasn't worried but to call her the moment you arrived."

Before Johnny could say anything, Lily collapsed her parasol, quickly waved it in the air, flung it over her shoulder and then used it like a fisher would cast their rod. Apollo watched a spark fly from the end. Lily opened her parasol again with a loud snap punctuating the motion. "Now, we wait."

"Nice display, sis. Especially after you said that there was no 'public' here to witness it. When I need to talk to her, I simply say, 'Grandmother, I need to talk to you as soon as possible' and..."

"And 'the old biddy' answers you every time." Apollo turned to see the Queen of the Faeries stepping out of a doorway that was in the side of the oak. She walked past Lily, ignoring her completely and gave Johnny a motherly kiss on his cheek. She turned to Apollo and gave him a full court curtsy before giving him a similar kiss.

"Grandmother, what are you doing?" Lily asked in amazed indignation. "You are a Queen and he is a mere human."

"A mere human, child? If you had paid once ounce of attention to what both your mother and I told you, this is Prince Apollo, future king of the reunited kingdom."

Lily's eyes flared as she looked at her brother. "Why didn't you say something?"

"According to my sources," said the queen, "you never gave him that chance. I would certainly expect better manners from you. This is something that we will need to discuss later."

"Yes, Grandmother" Although her voice was subdued, her eyes betrayed her rage at being reprimanded in front of her brother.

The queen turned to look at the prince. "It is good to see that

you have arrived unharmed. When I learned of your encounter with that troll, I was poised to send in some help. But when Johnny decked him with that sucker punch, I knew that I was overreacting."

Almost in unison, Johnny and Apollo said, "You know about that?"

"Yes. The rabbit was watching the bridge. He told the squirrel, who told the finch, who told Talks2Birds, who then told me."

"So, is that why you were not worried when they didn't arrive on time?" asked Lily.

"No. I didn't worry because you contacted me at five o'clock Fransancisco time," snapped the queen. "Since you are in Faerie Aerie, you called me two hours before they were supposed to

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Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

arrive. Something else we will need to discuss. Now as I was saying, I am proud of how you two conducted yourselves in that situation.”

“But I didn’t do anything,” said Apollo.

“That may be true, my child,” said the queen. “But have you been told that trolls have a way to mesmerize humans? Johnny, I know that is not the lesson plans until Year Four, but all things considered, please add Troll Bypass Spells to class when you return to Resquad. And yes, Lily, he is stationed at my sister’s home. If you would pay attention to official court press releases for your information instead of reading the *Vidalia Gazette*, you would have known this.”

Johnny was starting to feel sorry for his sister. This was her third reprimand in as many minutes. Pulling the attention back to himself, he said, “If you had not mentioned it, I was going to ask you.”

“And you made me proud when you triggered the spell that gave you the strength to defeat him.” The queen let gentle tones fill her voice. “Apollo, as hard as it might be to accept that Johnny did the actual task of defeating the troll, not every battle is yours to fight. In the grand scheme of life, this was Johnny’s fight. He needed to learn that he could conquer his own fear of the troll to be able to take action. But more importantly, he needed to know that he cares about something other than himself, and through that caring he was willing to risk his life.”

“You’re right,” said Johnny. “Up until then, I was worried that I would hesitate at the wrong moment and it would be too late. When facing Oscar and realizing what was going to happen, I didn’t even think about it, and it felt good.”

“As for you, young prince,” Holly said softly, “you are a smart lad and our words are of small comfort for you when you feel like you should have done something. Maybe a quick lesson is in order to give you something to think about.”

“That would be nice,” said Apollo.

“You have been studying magic for a while. Let’s see what you have learned. Can you turn yourself invisible? I believe that should have been one of the first lessons.”

The prince did as requested. Lily laughed at the demonstration.

“I guess he failed that test,” she said. “He only turned his body invisible and forgot his clothes.”

“What do you have to say to that, Apollo?” asked the queen.

“And you can reappear now.”

“Since you said this was a lesson, I figured this was a test. You asked if I could turn myself invisible and I took your words literally. You did not ask if I could turn both my clothes and my body invisible.”

“I am impressed. Rose is right in praising your reasoning abilities. Most people think of their clothes as an automatic extension of themselves,” she replied. “I did not realize that your control had progressed to that degree. Can you make your clothes invisible, yet remain visible yourself?” She looked at Lily and quickly changed her mind. “Knowing my grandson, I had better change that. Please make only your shirt invisible.”

The prince did as requested. They progressed through a series of different tests of his control. He turned just his head invisible; his

right hand and left boot; his legs and right sleeve. She pushed him a bit further than Johnny ever had. The queen reminded him that his clothes were touching his body. The clothes touch the air. The air touches everything. Through that connection, he can turn anything invisible. With her guidance, he even managed to turn his horse invisible without being in direct physical contact. The strain was starting to show on his face, so the queen halted the tests.

“Now,” she said, “think back to the situation earlier today. How could you use that ability in your defense?”

The prince thought about it and his face brightened. “If the light wouldn’t cast shadows, I could turn invisible and they would not immediately know where I went. If there would be shadows, then maybe turning only part of my body invisible would be enough to distract them with humor, giving my companions an extra moment to react.”

“What about having your sword invisible?”

“I thought about that and wondered about the ethics of having an invisible weapon. When people eventually learned that it was there, people would wonder about what else I was hiding.”

“Very good,” said the queen. “Many people would not have given that a second thought. Have you ever watched the guards practice with double swords? Think about starting the fight with both visible, but then turning one invisible. Your enemy would not know where to parry the second sword. They know you have it, so you are not butting against that ethics issue.”

“Or an invisible arrow, shot into the enemy camp?” said Apollo, more to himself than to the others. “The person falling dead for an unknown reason would add a terror factor. The survivors would be distracted by wondering what happened and if it would happen to them. Thank you, Your Majesty, you have given me much to think upon.”

“I am rewarded by seeing the light back in your smile. I will talk to Hilda and have her start working with you on some of the combat uses of magic.”



Airy Faerie

"I look forward to the lessons."

"I am amazed," said Lily. "I did not realize that a human had that kind of talent. I thought that was only something a faerie could do."

"Lily, he was not lying when he called me his great-aunt. That means the blood of my mother is in his veins. The Evil Queen, his grandmother, is your great-aunt. Right now, I think a certain Spoiled Princess is more of a concern to me than anything she ever did." She turned to face Apollo, "Before I forget, Rose says that she misses you, but to tell you that you are not to worry about her. She is having a swell time."

"Swell?" asked the prince. "Now I am worried. She hates that word."

The queen laughed and ruffled his hair. "She said you would say that. She picked that to let you know that things will be different when you get home. Now, your father has something else to say about things. He is worried sick about you. Rose doesn't know about the troll, but your father has sources as good as mine. It comes from being a monarch. He knows that Myrtle is not in residence at the moment and has requested my assistance in getting you to the valley tonight. He says he would understand if you want to stay in the inn as arranged by the princess, but if you want, I can grant his request."

"I have missed his council and am eager to ask him his thoughts on some of the ethics questions we talked about. If it would not be an inconvenience, I would appreciate it."

"My apologies, Apollo," said Lily. "My words were rude and hurtful. If I had known that you were important...that we were related, I mean..." She paused looking for the right words.

"Accepted. If I may offer you something that my father has taught me?" Lily nodded, so he continued. "He told me that I should always approach everyone as if they are important, since in their eyes, they are. Even if they don't hold a royal title, they will feel honored by the royal treatment. If they do hold a hereditary title, then you have not offered a slight to their honor by treating them with less than they feel they deserve. He told me that I should treat everyone as a family member, because in one way or other, no matter how distantly, we are related."

"Wise words," said the queen quickly. "I wish my sister had listened when Mother had given her that same advice. Through you, she has been learning. Now, let's send you to your father for his next bit of fatherly advice."

She made a sweeping motion with her hands and walked over to the oak. She knocked on the trunk and touched a large knothole and pulled. A door opened in the side of the tree and Apollo could see his father's campsite inside.

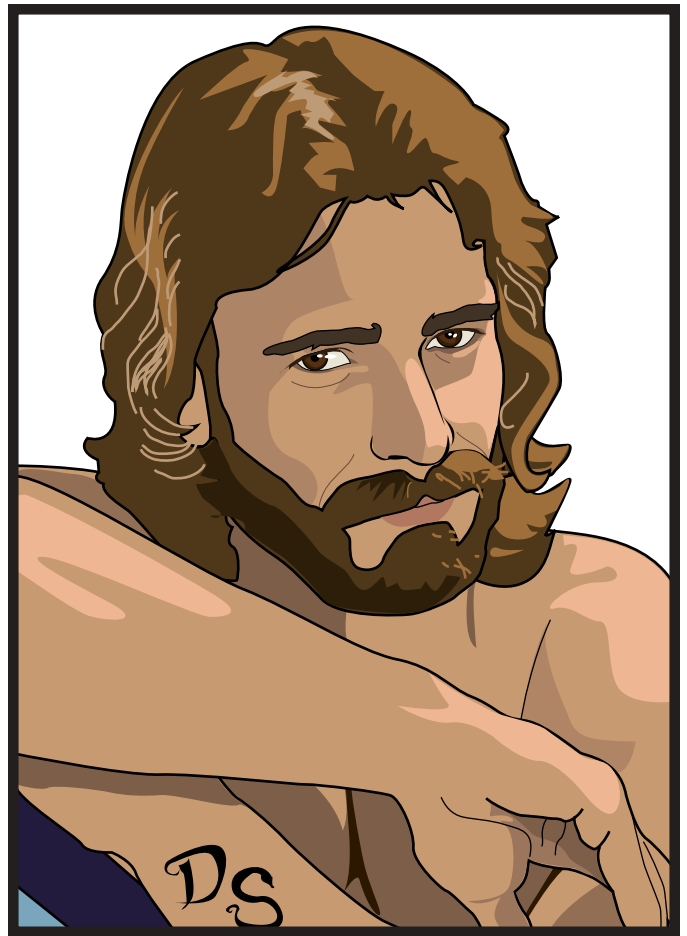
"I didn't know you could do that, grandmother," said Lily.

"Now you know why I am Queen and not my older sister, Robin. She never could learn the High Magicks."

Holly gave Apollo a hug and ushered him to the tree. After hugging Johnny, she said, "You will need to ground when you arrive. You will be charged with a lot of energy and will feel sick when you step out the other side. A grounding will take care of it."

"Thank you for the warning."

Just as Apollo was about to step in the TreeDoor, he stopped



and turned around to face Johnny. "Where are your manners, my friend and teacher? We have been in the presence of a lovely vision of Faerie maidenhood and you have yet to introduce her to me? She is a gem that needs to be honored. She is the one who put the 'fair' in the word Faerie. Please tell me her name that I may tell the stars to watch over her when she rests."

Johnny just about choked as he heard someone talk poetic about his sister. Lily, on the other hand, was blushing with the praise. The mock gallantry was ignored in favor of hearing someone other than herself chastise Johnny for poor manners in front of the Queen. The fact that the words were coming from a mere human, was ignored, because she knew she was the fairest of the faeries.

"Johnny," chided the Queen, "I am ashamed of you. After all the kind words I said of you earlier, and now I learn that you have forgotten the base courtesy of introducing two strangers." She turned slightly so that Lily could not see her face and winked at Johnny so that he would understand that she knew the truth of the matter.

"My Prince, I am ashamed at my forgetfulness," Johnny said as he bowed to Apollo and gave his own wink as he raised up. "My one thought was of myself and washing away the dirt of the road. Please accept my humble apologies as I rectify the error of my ill behavior. Honored Sister, may I be allowed to introduce you to my companion?"

Now that they were in full court formality, Lily reclaimed her balance that had been lost under the Queen's reprimands. "Most certainly. I had been hoping that you would do so as his approach was like the sun making an appearance on a cloudy day."

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Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

"Honored Sister, this is Prince Apollo Phoenix, heir to the combined thrones of the kingdoms of Adbalm, Riangle and Rysbal. His mother's mother's mother is the same as our own, Queen Amaranth MorningStar. He is the chosen GodSon of Lord Apollo. I have the pleasure of having been assigned as his Faerie Godparent."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, dear relative," said Lily demurely.

"My Lord, this is Princess Lily Hortensia, known in the village of Faerie Aerie as 'The Lily of the Valley.'"

"I am likewise delighted to make your acquaintance. Having just been introduced, I must regret in my hasty departure. We shall have to wait until another time to break bread together."

"Let me know when that day shall be and I shall bake it myself. Safe journey to you."

Apollo bowed to Holly and Lily and headed back to the TreeDoor. As he stepped into the doorway, he heard Holly ask Lily, "So which were you? A person given the prince's courtesy because you deserved it or because you think you earned it?"

Lily's response was lost to him as he led his horse into the tree. After passing to the other side, he was beyond caring what that response was. His head started spinning and was about to fall down when Johnny grabbed him. "Quick, grab the tree," said the faerie.

Apollo turned around and all signs of the TreeDoor were gone. He hugged the tree in the same manner as Johnny and listened to the grounding exercise that Johnny was saying. After a few minutes, the dizziness gone and they led their horses to the corral.

"That was weird. What happened?" asked the prince.

"As far as I can guess, there is a lot of energy going into compressing the space between the two sides of the doorway. As we stepped through, we must have picked up some of that, which is why we needed to ground."

They made quick work of unsaddling the horses and brushing them down. With the horses taken care of, they picked up their things and headed to camp. They both agreed that a dip in the lake was called for, so as soon as the clothes were taken off and put away, they went on down to the lake, where they found Adam and Rondar watching the sunset. After a quick hug of hello, the four were soon splashing in the water. It was not long before Apollo's stomach grumbled and he realized that he hadn't eaten since he left Chtôkcôrrâl that morning. When he mentioned that to his father, he was told that supper was almost ready and that Adam had just been waiting for him to arrive.

Adam and Rondar got out of the lake, dried themselves off and headed up to camp to finish the supper preparations. "I am proud of you, Addie," said Rondar. "Most parents would have been eager to get every detail of his adventure... hovering over them to make sure that they are alright."

"It was a bit of an effort, I'll admit," said Adam, "but I can see that he is physically fine. If I have learned anything about my son this summer, it is that he needs to think about things for a while, but he will come to me when he is ready."

Sure enough, halfway through supper, Apollo told his father how brave Johnny was when he face the troll and how ashamed he



was at his own lack of action. He told him about Queen Holly's lesson, but he still felt that he could have done more.

"As your former weapons teacher," said Rondar, "let's talk about this for a moment. What is one of the first things that you are taught when working with a sword?"

"Never draw your sword on an unarmed man," came his reply.

"Correct," said Rondar. "So even though Oscar was twice your size, he was unarmed and your instinct to defend yourself was at odds with your training. That will change soon enough. Do you like your gymnastics class?" Apollo nodded, so he continued. "Well, that will change too. All those tumbles and flips you have been practicing are going to come in handy as you start classes in wrestling and more physical, unarmed forms of defending yourself. By the time you are ready to start your Walk, you will know multiple ways to combat someone like Oscar. By then, your reflexes will be so automatic that you won't have time to freeze."

"I can only hope," said the prince. "But still..."

"But nothing," said his father. "There will be times you can't fight and you have to remember the other lesson you have been taught. Hate it as you might..."

"It is better to be a living king whom is thought to be a coward, then to be a dead king who was foolish enough to prove to others that he wasn't," finished Apollo.

"That's it exactly," said Adam.

"As much as I don't like it, I will try to remember," said the prince. "Father, something Queen Holly said puzzled me. She said that she had already known about the encounter and told me how she had heard about it. She also said that you had already heard about it. How is that possible?"

"The most visible way was directly from Lord Apollo. He was here at the time and knew the instant that the troll touched your GodMark. He was furious and howled in rage and was just about to fly off when Johnny decked the troll. When he left, he told us that the troll is going to have a very difficult time – a GodMark burn can only be cured by the God that created it. No trained healer will touch it and an untrained healer will learn quickly. If they try, they will get likewise burned. In the end, the troll will have to go to Apollo's Temple to seek his forgiveness. If his mood doesn't change,

he was thinking that the troll's testicles might be a suitable supplicant fee to gain an audience with a God. After that he only got a very nasty smile on his face when we asked what it would take for him to actually cure the troll."

They all agreed that given the one 'fee' they didn't want to know the rest. "Father," said the prince, "you said the most visible way. That implies that there was another way."

"You don't miss much do you? Yes, even if Apollo hadn't started bellowing curses, I had already known. The wind told me to listen. While you were on the road, I asked the wind to watch over you and to alert me to any problems. Even if I hadn't, one of my powers as king is to, well, 'know' when something is wrong. When I get that feeling, I just listen to what is in the wind. It hears everything. It takes some time to learn to filter out all the sounds it carries, but with practice you can even tune into words that were said in the past."

"Will I be able to do that?" asked Apollo.

"I don't know. My father never told me about this ability. It may be something that is unique to me and that each king taps into their own ability. I do know that it wasn't something I could do until I took my Vows of Kingship."

"If you can hear when something is wrong, and even the past, why don't you know what happened to mother?"

"You don't know how many times I've asked myself that same question. I know that something was troubling her, but she would never tell me and I had to respect her silence. Cetee said that his father had something to tell you that might shed some on the matter."



Apollo told his father and Rondar what Cetee's father had told him about the papel sedoinpen fruit. He had to be careful in what he said because he had also been told to not reveal the former king's real identity until after they got back to Alphatown. He was given a secret to reveal at the proper time that would validate the truth of his identity.

The king listened to the story and then asked everyone to be silent for a moment. He asked the wind to bring to him any conversation that Queen Iris of Adbalm had that talked about the papel sedoinpen fruit. In a moment he heard her voice talking to an old woman. He heard his wife ask her if she had anything that would end the ache in her heart. The old woman responded that this fruit was magical and could end all physical ailments with the exception of rigormortis. The queen then said that sounded exactly what she was looking for. The conversation faded in his ears.

Adam told everyone what he heard. "Now, why didn't I hear that before?" He hung his head in his hands. Rondar reached over and pulled him into a hug.

"If Iris knew about your gift, it sounds like she was very careful in what she said," he said to his lover. "She only told people that she had a pain that she wanted to cure. If the old woman is Belladonna, as Ctholbêahâssêsbüt suspects, then she was equally careful to not reveal the fact that the cure offered was death."

"And," added Johnny, "if Iris had discovered the truth of the fruit, based on what she wrote in her letter, she knew exactly what she was offered. All that you would have felt from her was her joy in finding a 'cure'. You do have to admit, both women were clever focusing on the 'curative' powers of the fruit and nothing about what would happen after she was 'cured.'"

"It sounds like we have been given the clue to how Iris died, but we don't know why," said the king. "Worse yet, we don't know if she invited death or was she deceived in the matter?"

"Father," said Apollo, "the little I know of my mother has come from what grandmother or you have said. As hard as it is to consider, based on her letter to me, I have to agree with Johnny. I have a feeling that she felt that her death was the only solution. The question is who sought out the other?"

"What do you mean, son?"

"Well, I guess I'm wondering if Belladonna set up the situation in the first place and created a situation where mother would end up seeking her help. Or is it a case that she found out about mother's search and thought she could take advantage and twist it to her purpose?"

Adam agreed that his son had a good point and excused himself to think for a while. Into the silence that followed his departure, Apollo asked, "Johnny, what did you get upset when Lily kept calling your mother 'Moth?' That seems like a simple enough variation of the word mother."

He told him to remember that his father was William Swallow-tail and that they were related to the Monarch. All of immediate family took their names from beautiful flowers and butterflies. Before she married his father, his mother's name was Myrtle Miller. When her gift of predictions got strong, she ran away and hid among

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Quest/Crystal Phoenix continued

the gypsies, where her gift would seem like a part of the sideshow. To make herself seem serious amidst the garish colors of the gypsy camp, she wore brown and grey clothes. When she and father started dating, people didn't like her. They would whisper behind her back that father deserved better than a 'common Miller' for a wife. With her drab clothes, they started calling her Moth. Even after father married her and she started wearing real clothes, they would wonder why he wasted money on her since the clothes would be Moth-eaten before long. People would ignore her predictions, but after a child was nearly killed because of their inaction, they started to take her seriously. After that, the 'Moth' name faded.

Johnny said that Lily felt that her mother's commonness was the reason why Lily could never get the best boyfriends. She feels that being the Moth's daughter scares people away. So she uses 'Moth' as a way to try to claim that the two of them aren't related and that she was superior to her mother.

"What did she mean when she said that your mother packed the house?" asked Apollo. "Even if she wasn't there, couldn't we have stayed at the house? Why would we need to stay at an inn?"

"She meant that literally," said the faerie. "From her days with the gypsies, she got used to having everything with her. As she traveled with father to his different estates, she always found that she needed something that was left at the last place they visited. She got tired of always needing something that was someplace else, so she started shrinking the house and everything in it and transporting it to where she was going."

"That almost makes sense. Bet your father loves saving money too, since he doesn't have to stock up all of his houses."

"That's a good theory," said Johnny, "but not quite true. Father told me once that he wished he could go back to the days with each house being stocked. Because everything from all houses is in the one house, he can never find what he needs for that climate, so he has to go out and buy new stuff everywhere he goes. He said that he's going to try to find the wizard that taught her the 'higitus figitus' spell to see if it can be altered to leave behind anything that hasn't been touched by a member of the household since the last time the house was in that location. When he told that to mother, she laughed. She said, 'Just imagine the stories they will concoct after going through our left behinds.' He thought about some of his old journals that he hadn't seen in years and decided to leave things well enough alone."

"From your description of things," said Rondar, "I'm surprised that her name isn't Myrtle Packrat."

"Hmmm," said Johnny, "big, brown and attracted to bright shiny objects. That would seem to fit. Just don't say that around my sister or she may try to use that to mother's disadvantage."

The prince let out a big yawn. It had been a long day with everything that had happened and it was time for bed. As Johnny snuggled in beside the prince, he said, "That was brilliant what you said about how your father treats everyone equally and then showered Lily with all that mock flattery. She is so vain that she knows your words must be true, but now she is going to wonder if you say that about everyone. So she will wonder if you really think the words were true. It's going to drive her nuts. I love it."

Quietly, the prince said, "I think at first, I meant that to happen, but when she dropped the 'I am mad at the world' attitude and started smiling, I think I really meant each word."

"What?!" Johnny shot up into the air and landed in front of the prince so that he could look at him.

"Yes. She is far prettier than anyone at either castle. If I have to find someone to fit into Queen Ashleigh Ellen's shoes, I think she might be in the running as 'fairest of them all.'"

"Oh, gross. That's my sister you are talking about. You may think her lovely now, but I've seen her in the morning. She makes Oscar wearing that pink skirt look good."

Apollo got out of bed and stepped outside of the tent. "Dear stars, please watch over my friend Lily this evening. She had a long day waiting in the hot sun for my arrival and needs to be soothed with your gentle touch."

He came back into the tent. "Now, can we practice Sex Magic Lesson 1?"

Johnny brightened at the thought but didn't rush back to the prince's bed. "After the way you were talking about my sister, I didn't think you would be interested in continuing those lessons with me. Wouldn't she be a better teacher?"

"How did you say it earlier?" He thought a moment. "You were my friend and teacher before I met her and you are still my friend and teacher afterwards. Nothing has changed. Why shouldn't I want to continue my lessons with you?"

"Let's just say it's happened to me before."

"Let's just say it won't happen this time."



Airy Faerie

Two Little Boys

by P'chE

Once upon a time, there were two little boys who lived in a town - row house. They were very good little boys and worked very hard. Sometimes they worked too hard. They played hard too. Generally they played too hard.

Sometimes they played too hard on the roof of their house as they were working on the roof.

Sometimes they worked too hard in the back yard. Sometimes they played hard in the back yard and had barbecues.

This particular story begins with one of the barbecues. It was around memorial day and they had invited several friends to join them. And the friends came bringing other friends. And they had a good time with their old friends and their new friends.

Some of their new friends became very good friends. And some of their new friends became old friends and some of their old friends, well, they should have remained old friends.

And they planned more parties. And one of the new friends became very close to one of the little boys and they saw a lot of each other. And one of the other little boys liked this new friend, too, but he already had a friend so he didn't say anything to anyone.

And then his friend went away. And the other two friends continued to see each other because, you see, they had a real lot in common. They did the same things and they liked some of the same things. But they didn't do anything!

And then one of the little boys became ill. And all of the friends became worried and looked after the little boy. And the little boy's family got worried and they all looked after the little boy. But it didn't do any good and the little boy died.

And the friends cried.

And the family cried.

But the little boy who was left had to take care of the other little boy's things. And the other little boy's new friend could help him. So they formed an agreement. And they worked together. And they played together.

And they had a tea party at the home of a new friend who became an old friend.

And they worked on getting all of the things together and they became old friends with new friends.

And friendships became mixed up and things happened that strained friendships .

And another friend's friend got their friendship mixed up and so he became much closer to the little boy.

But the little boy is still friends with the other little boy's friend and so he cannot be as close as his new friend wants to be.

And an old friend of the little boy's wants to be closer to this friend who wants to be closer to the little boy.

But the friend who wants to be closer to the little boy calls the little boy's old friend who wants to be closer to the friend and he discusses the situation.

And the three of them discuss each other and include each other on events and wonder why.

And the little boy that is left goes on as does this real story. Use your imagination. You can fill in better details than the actual story but it is pretty dramatic just as it plays.

Film at 10!



Three Men in a Shower

by Cubby

They scrub and they scour,
Three men in a shower,
As playful as playful can be.
When one drops the soap,
The others can hope,
That his ass is as slippery as can be

The baker's the one with his hand on the buns.
He knows what he kneads,
And kneads what he knows.
It doesn't take long to make temperatures rise.

The butcher's the one with his hands on the beef.
He knows his meat,
But now he wants yours,
And he's ready to cover your meat in sticky man gravy.

But the third is not the candle stick maker,
He's long and he's lean,
And his dick is like a taper,
The baker and butcher play to make it take shape.
They play with the soap,
With a glimmer of hope,
That they will be the candle stick taker.

The Cubby Diaries: Puppy Love - Part 2 of 2

by Cubby

The following morning, I was making coffee when Kathy knocked on the kitchen door. She was frantic because Aerio was missing and hadn't been in his bed when she checked on him. She confirmed Aerio's story about Norman's tirade about gays the previous evening. She said that she suspected that her son was gay and hoped that he might have talked to me. A very sleepy Aerio came into the room at that point and asked her if she knew, why didn't she say something to him. She said that it was probably for the same reason that he hadn't told her. I left them alone to talk. After awhile, they came out to the patio to say good-bye. Aerio gave me a hug and said "thanks". I heard him say to Jesus, "Thanks for calling in reinforcements."

A couple of weeks later, Norman paid me a visit. He said that Aerio and he had a nasty fight that night. He said he asked Aerio if he was gay. Aerio said that he couldn't answer that without getting in trouble. He said that if he said yes, then he would be read the riot act about how evil gays were. If he said no, then he would get a lecture about lying and then he ran out of the room. Kathy had stopped Norman from chasing after his son. After cooling down, he knew he needed to talk to someone and he knew I was gay and hoped I could help. I probably said one of the most foolish things I have ever said. "So, it is ok to condemn all gays when it is in the paper or on TV, but when you need support, it is hunky dory to come talk to the local faggot?" I expected an explosion. He said that was why he needed to talk. He realized that he was taking his anger at his father out on his son. He said that he knew that his father was gay and that they only reason his parents got married was for his father to prove that he was a man. When his mother died in a car accident, it wasn't long before his father started having male guests that often stayed overnight. Norman had always worried that he would be gay too and spent his high school years proving his manhood by excelling in football. He said that he suspected that his son was gay and he couldn't figure out what he did wrong to make his son turn against everything he had been taught. He asked how a jock like him could be the father of a sissy. How would that look to the guys on the team? I asked him which he valued more: his career in football or his son. He said his son "of course". I said that it seemed like he was putting his teammates' potential reactions over his son's real feelings. He thought about it a moment. He said that I was right, but he was scared. How could he send Aerio out into the world that will hate him? How could he protect him from the people who would drag him behind a car or leave him in a field to die? I said, "The same way parents have been sending their children into the unknown for generations. You give them your love and make sure they know they have your support." He thanked me for the talk and I had given him much to think about. I learned from Aerio that a couple of days later his father had shocked him with the story about his grandfather. His father said that while he could wish his son would find a girl and settle down to live a safe life, he could also wish that his son would find the person who made him happiest and if that was another man, he would have to learn to accept it.

The absence of the sound of the trimmer brought me back to the present. I looked up and there was Aerio standing by the tub. "May I join you," he asked and without thinking I said sure. When

he stripped, I noticed that he had a hard on. How could I not notice something that was eight inches long? He got in the tub. I expected him to settle on the opposite side of the tub and started to say something about how great the yard looked. Instead, he got in right in front of me and kissed me just as my mouth started to open. His passion didn't let me keep it "friendly". When he released me, I started to pull back from his embrace. He said that he hoped that he hadn't shocked me, but a wise man had told him to be honest about his feelings and that he had been waiting for an opportunity to do that for a very long time. He straddled my legs so his dick was touching mine. When I started to talk, he held his hand to my mouth and said that he needed me to listen. He said that he had known that he loved me since he was sixteen but I had always told him to wait until he was old enough to know what he wanted. He said that he had a lot of boyfriends in that time but none of them measured up to the standard that I had set. He played with my chest hair and said that when he was in bed with his boyfriends and would rub his hands over their chests, none of them had the same warmth as I did. None of them really cared about how he felt. He got the impression that most of them just dated him so that they could meet his father. He reached between us and rubbed my cock. He told me to close my eyes and forget that the person in his lap was someone I still thought of as a child. Instead, I was to picture an adult who knows exactly what they want, and that want they wanted was me. He said to feel how good it felt for our cocks to touch, for chest hair to brush against chest hair and for our tongues to kiss instead of just talk. He shifted in the water and raised up on my lap so that his butt was resting on my dick. He asked if it felt as good to me as it did to him. I told him that he felt so good that he almost forget my promise to not take advantage of him while he was still a child. He kissed me and said that was part of what he was talking about. He reminded me of what I had been trying to avoid accepting. He had grown up and was nearly twenty-two now. He said that I didn't need to be so chivalrous anymore.

He flexed his buns on my cock and asked if I wanted to fuck him. At that moment, he made it very difficult to think about answering that in anything but the affirmative but there was that little voice inside that screamed "go slow." I knew that Peter had given me a lot of freedom in the sex department but I had always told him that I would always let him know before I started playing with someone, especially at home where he might walk in. I told him that we would have to wait until Peter got home so that I could keep my promise to him. "From the way you two were going a minute ago, it's a good thing that he won't have to wait too long." Peter and Jim were standing in the doorway, buck naked with hard-ons pointing our direction.

After an hour in the tub, I was starting to feel like a prune so I got out to give Peter a kiss. Aerio sat up on the edge of the tub and had a frustrated look on his face for the interruption. "Would you mind if I fucked him?" I asked. He kissed me and I felt Jim putting a condom on my cock. "Who do you think helped Aerio set this up?" he replied. I laid down on one of the lounge chairs and Aerio restraddled my cock, this time with my cock going into his hole. He started slowly and I saw a pained look on his face but in a flash, the

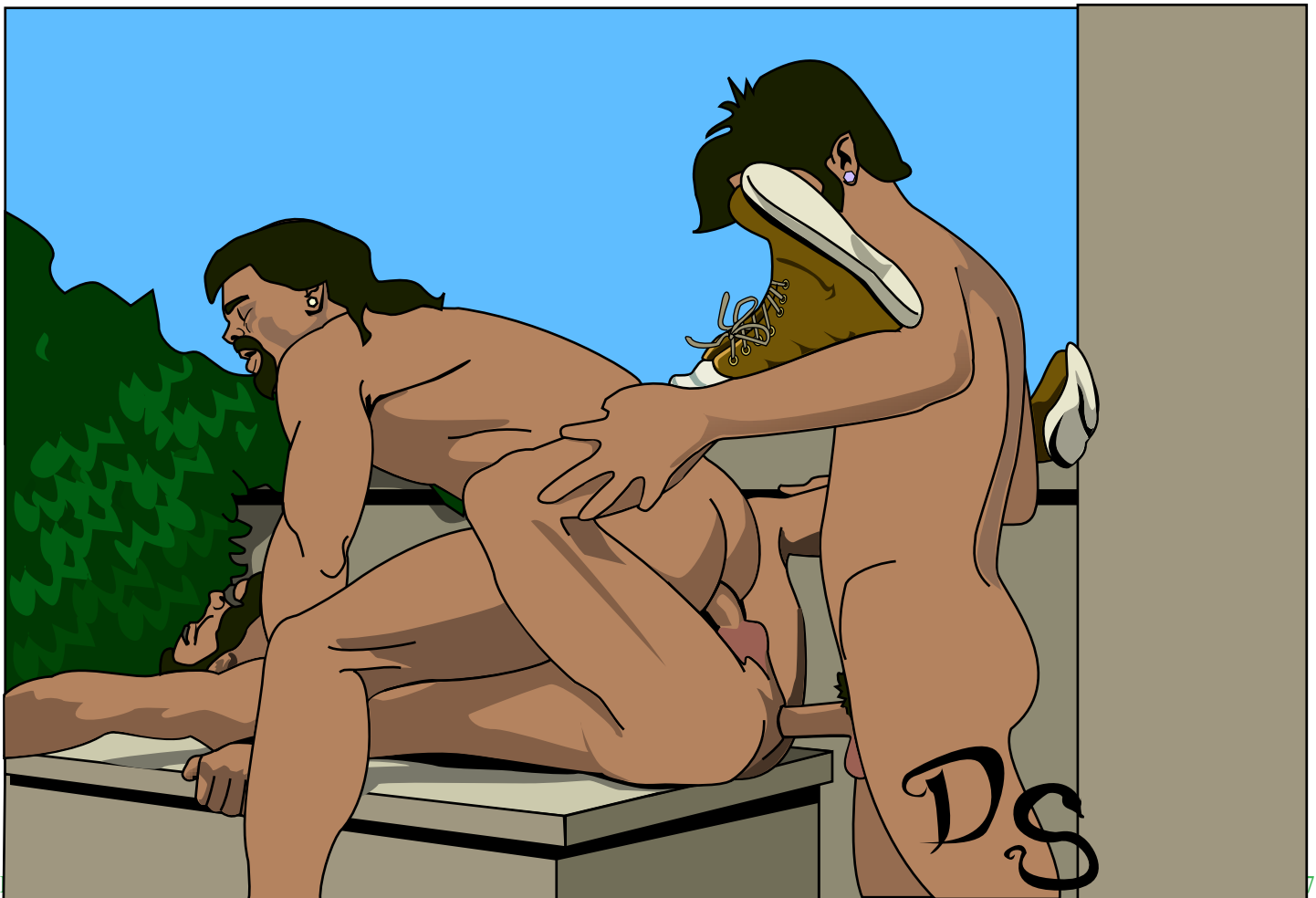
pain turned to a look of bliss. I sat up so that I could hug and kiss him as I thrust in and out. Peter came in behind me and Jim behind Aeric. I kept my dick inside him as we held him in our collective embrace. Peter leaned over my shoulder to kiss Aeric and Jim did the same with me and I started my thrusts again. I could feel Peter's hand on Aeric's cock and could tell that Aeric was getting close so I increased my pace of thrusts to match what Peter was doing. With a loud moan he shot a wad between us which triggered the explosion I had inside him. Peter and Jim started pumping on their own dicks and soon I felt Peter's cum on my back and Jim's growl told me that he had shot as well.

I pulled out of Aeric and took off the condom. Jim grabbed one of the picnic blankets we keep on the porch and spread it out. The four of us collapsed on it in a pile. Aeric said that I was right when I had told him to wait for when there was love involved. He said that if this first sample of real man sex was any indication, then he looked forward to when he learned how to do it right. I told him that I couldn't believe it was his first time. He said that had been one of the major reasons he broke up with most of his boyfriends. The love

wasn't there and he wouldn't "put out" for them. Besides that, none of them were me. He always knew that he wanted his first experience to me.

Jim jumped up saying that this was "National Loss of Virginity Day" and that it called for a present and ran inside. A few moments later he came back and handed Peter something. Peter looked at me and asked if I wanted to make Aeric a member of the household. I looked at Aeric and realized how much I had learned to love my cub and said that I would if that was what Aeric wanted. He quickly said "yes" so Peter handed me what Jim had given him. It was a golden dog tag with Aeric's name on one side and on the other side it said, "If lost, please return me to..." and had our address listed.

As I placed it around his neck, I had a thought and asked how long they had been planning this. Peter asked if I meant that day specifically or since the first time he tried to help Aeric seduce me? Peter pulled the four of us into a hug and spared me from answering. In the embrace of these wonderful men, I realized that it didn't matter how long. All that mattered was that Aeric was still alive and had never asked for the pills or the knife.



Know Your Tarot?

By Professor Percival "Perry" Grinn

You know the drill - words can be found vertically, horizontally or diagonally, forward or backwards. You may notice that the word list is not in the normal alphabetical arrangement. I have kept the order of the Major Arcana in the standard order as listed in most decks to help remind you of that traditional relationship of those cards.

Y	C	E	C	N	A	R	E	P	M	E	T	F	A	U	Z	D	Q	Y	V
R	T	E	C	K	A	I	A	J	L	H	Q	Y	Z	W	I	U	R	N	W
Z	F	U	P	T	H	B	J	R	G	O	N	W	C	C	O	J	N	D	I
G	S	C	S	P	U	C	O	I	N	S	Q	Z	T	W	F	R	G	B	C
F	N	A	M	D	E	G	N	A	H	N	V	N	C	O	X	K	L	K	Y
Q	B	C	P	P	N	K	V	L	N	X	A	N	E	S	W	O	R	D	S
M	A	G	I	C	I	A	N	B	Y	H	U	M	S	I	O	E	W	D	X
M	A	X	X	U	H	P	W	J	P	H	W	E	M	F	X	H	R	G	N
A	V	A	M	W	N	A	J	O	E	V	T	I	B	Z	E	T	I	O	G
B	Z	B	C	T	J	G	R	J	U	S	T	I	C	E	N	A	K	H	A
M	P	L	R	T	G	E	S	I	E	A	D	E	L	E	G	E	N	Q	K
Q	E	O	U	N	I	K	T	I	O	V	F	O	M	E	L	D	U	P	P
T	G	V	L	H	H	E	R	M	I	T	F	E	M	P	R	E	S	S	D
S	Y	E	B	J	H	P	E	Q	I	F	G	O	G	L	E	W	A	K	O
G	V	R	F	S	H	P	N	A	O	D	Y	D	K	N	K	R	W	L	N
D	W	S	W	G	I	W	G	R	U	W	Y	Y	U	S	I	B	O	J	J
V	N	F	I	K	F	V	T	J	G	T	L	X	Q	W	E	K	B	R	C
V	I	H	A	C	L	U	H	V	I	D	K	R	U	T	O	H	O	X	S
U	D	M	O	O	N	F	Y	Z	H	H	S	A	X	C	J	Q	D	F	J
N	N	P	F	E	Q	I	H	N	D	E	V	I	L	G	A	L	L	B	E

FOOL
MAGICIAN
HIGH PRIESTESS
EMPRESS
EMPEROR
HIEROPHANT
LOVERS
CHARIOT
STRENGTH
HERMIT
WHEEL OF FORTUNE

JUSTICE
HANGED MAN
DEATH
TEMPERANCE
DEVIL
TOWER
STAR
MOON
SUN
JUDGEMENT
WORLD

COINS
CUPS
SWORDS
WANDS
KING
QUEEN
KNIGHT
PAGE

