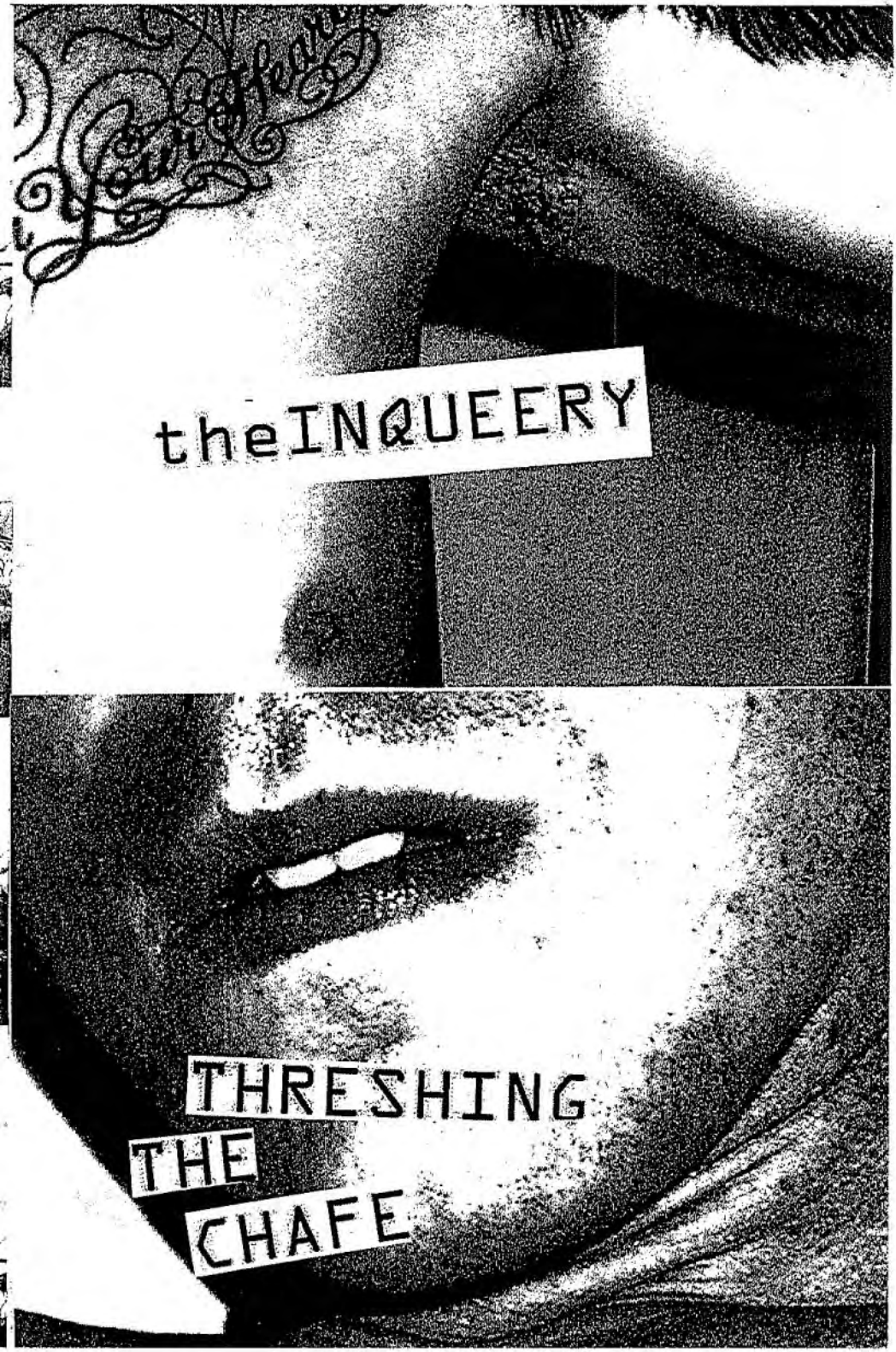
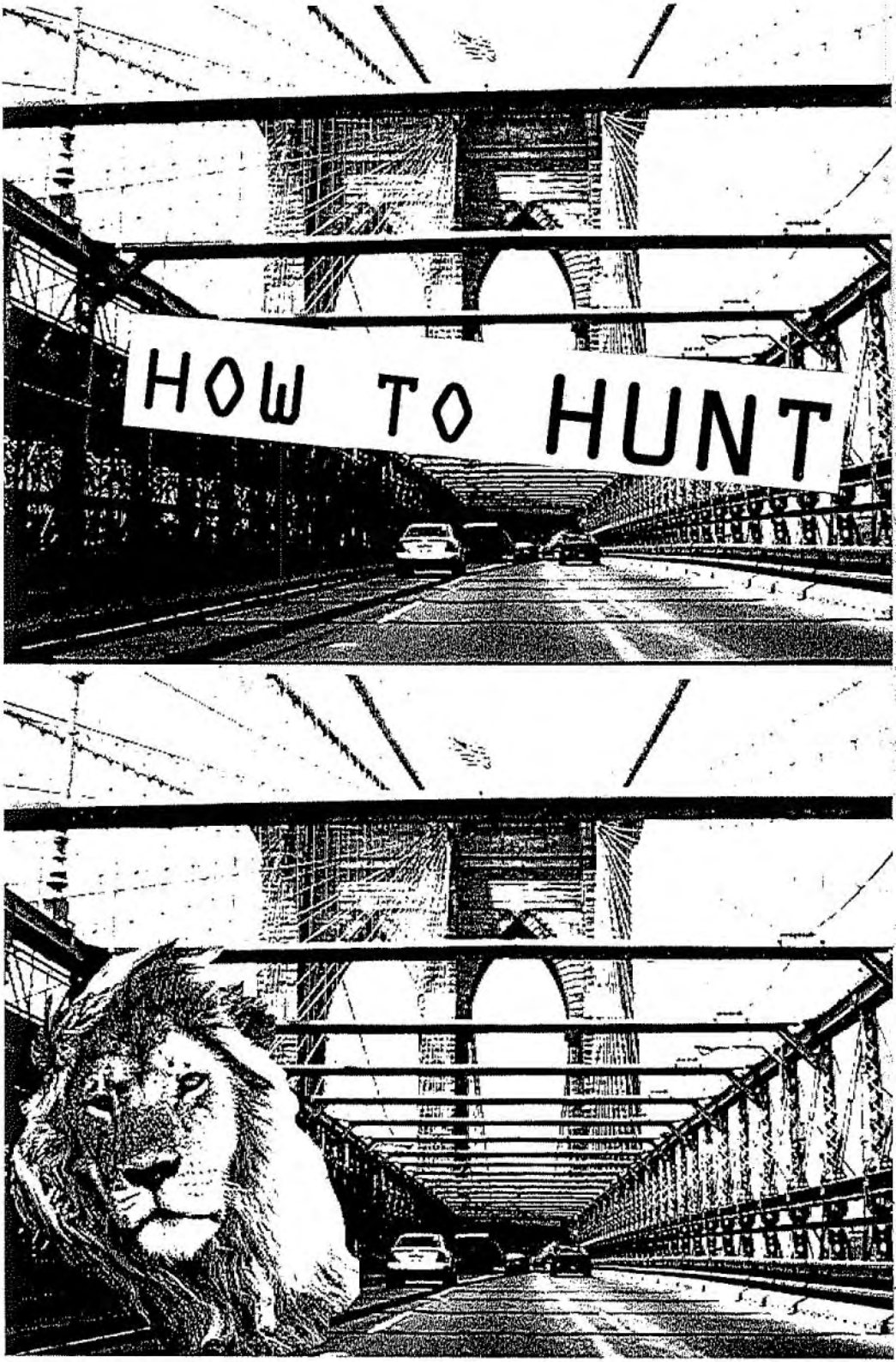
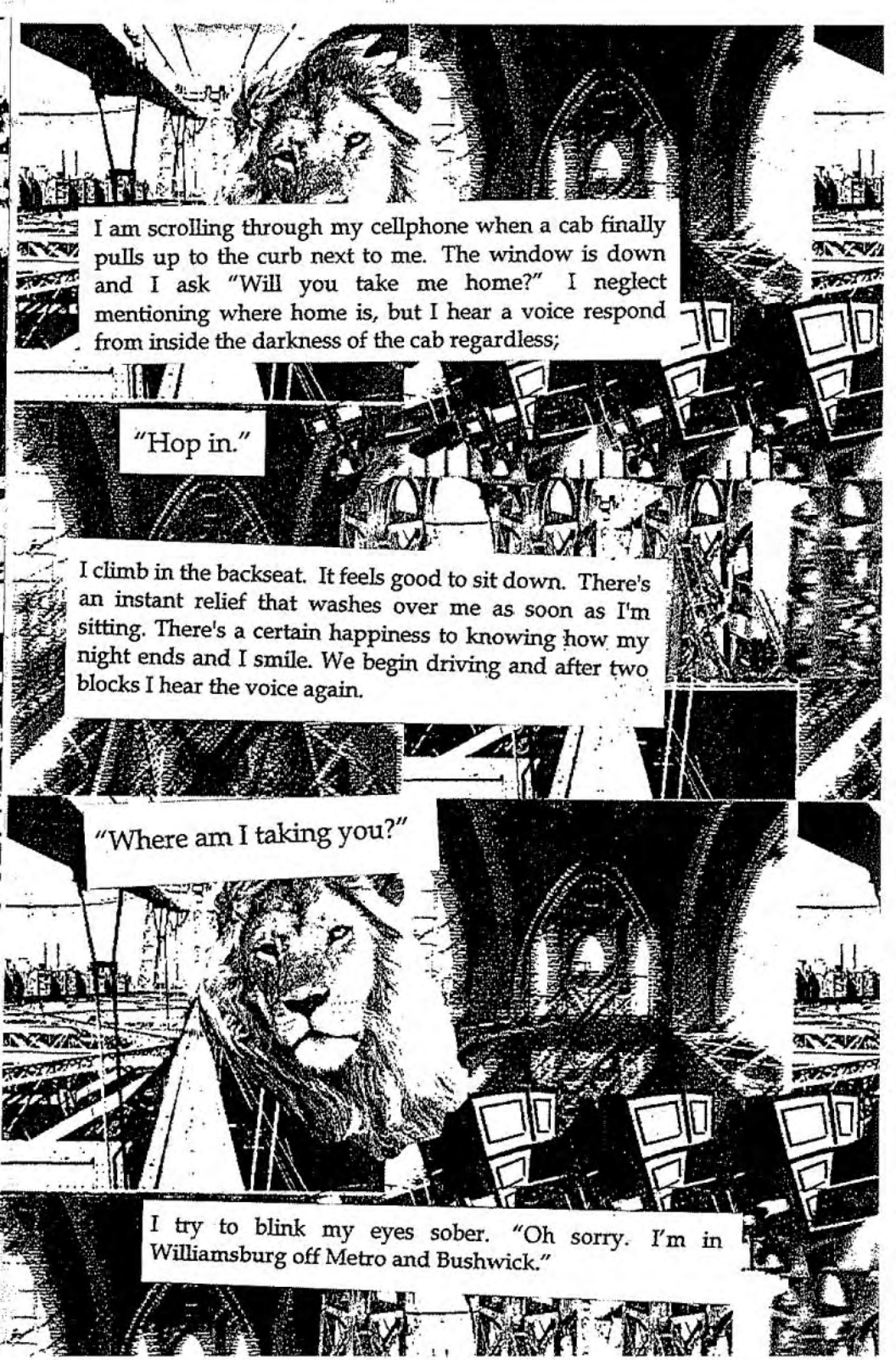

theINQUEERY
THRESHING
THE
CHAFE

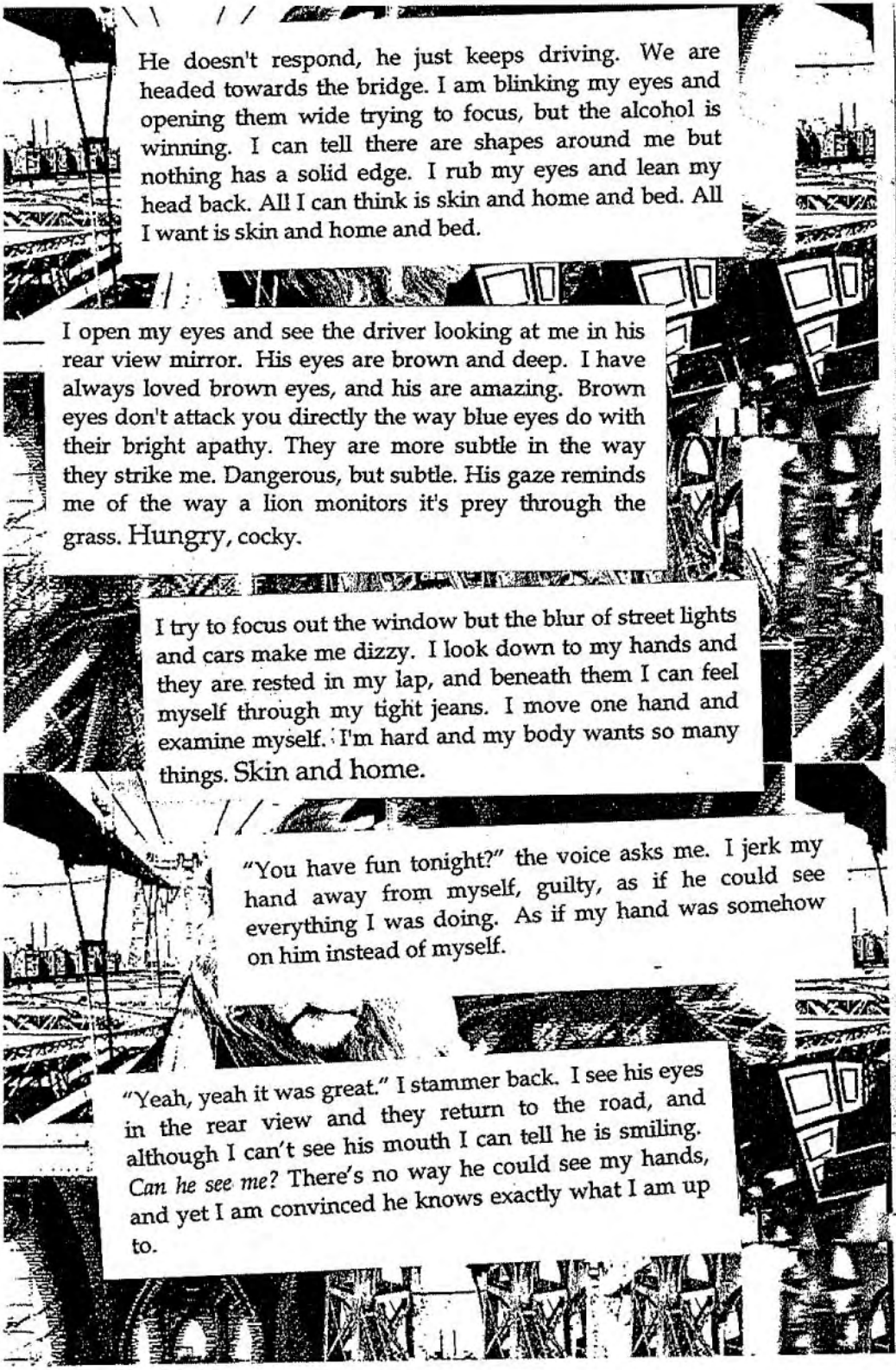
Stories by
BRANDON B.
drawings by
DANNY
COEYMAN

"If you can't feed a hundred people, then just feed one."

Mother Teresa


HOW TO HUNT


I am scrolling through my cellphone when a cab finally pulls up to the curb next to me. The window is down and I ask "Will you take me home?" I neglect mentioning where home is, but I hear a voice respond from inside the darkness of the cab regardless;
"Hop in."
I climb in the backseat. It feels good to sit down. There's an instant relief that washes over me as soon as I'm sitting. There's a certain happiness to knowing how my night ends and I smile. We begin driving and after two blocks I hear the voice again.
"Where am I taking you?"
I try to blink my eyes sober. "Oh sorry. I'm in Williamsburg off Metro and Bushwick."



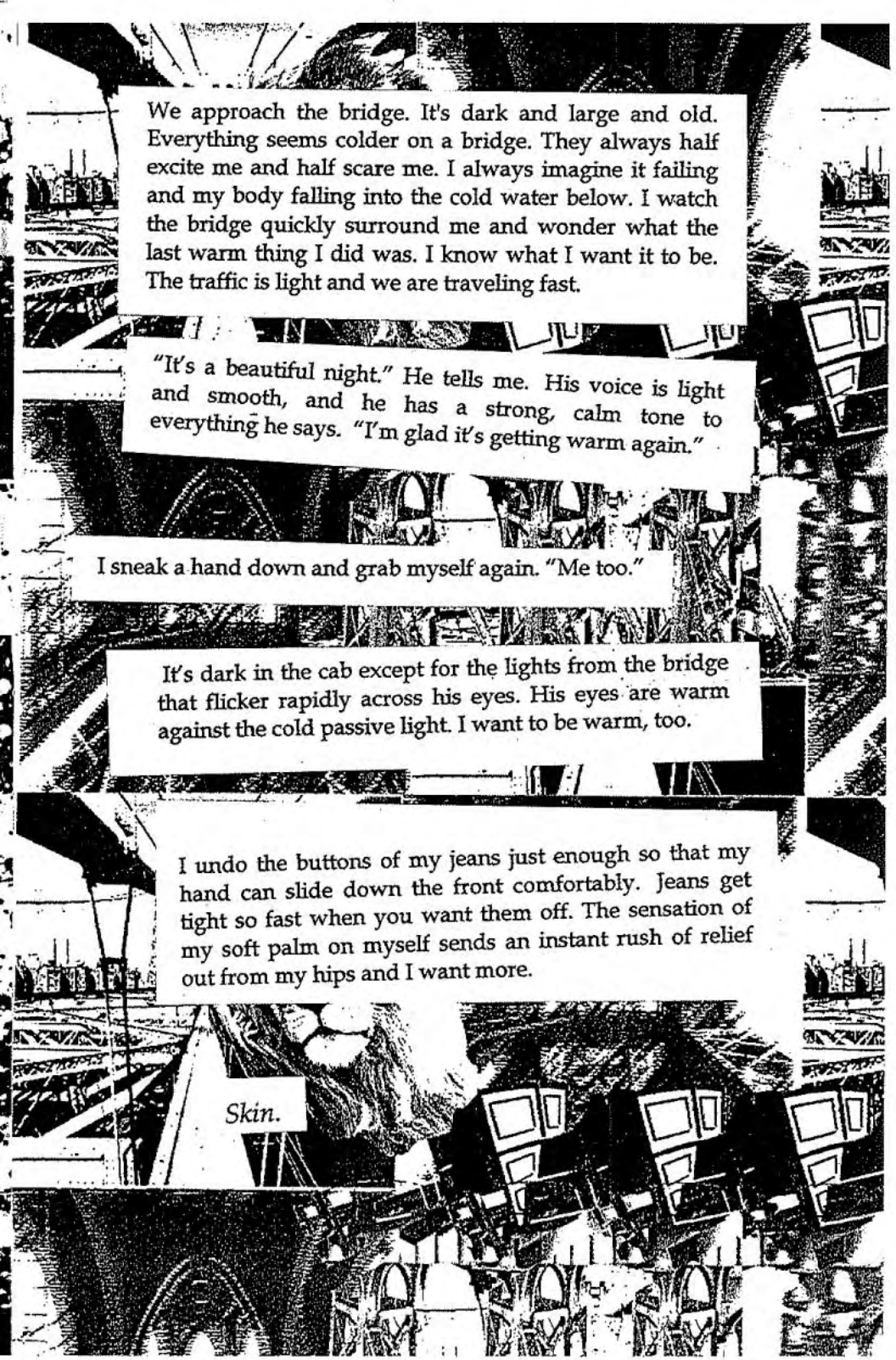
He doesn't respond, he just keeps driving. We are headed towards the bridge. I am blinking my eyes and opening them wide trying to focus, but the alcohol is winning. I can tell there are shapes around me but nothing has a solid edge. I rub my eyes and lean my head back. All I can think is skin and home and bed. All I want is skin and home and bed.

I open my eyes and see the driver looking at me in his rear view mirror. His eyes are brown and deep. I have always loved brown eyes, and his are amazing. Brown eyes don't attack you directly the way blue eyes do with their bright apathy. They are more subtle in the way they strike me. Dangerous, but subtle. His gaze reminds me of the way a lion monitors it's prey through the grass. Hungry, cocky.

I try to focus out the window but the blur of street lights and cars make me dizzy. I look down to my hands and they are rested in my lap, and beneath them I can feel myself through my tight jeans. I move one hand and examine myself. I'm hard and my body wants so many things. Skin and home.

"You have fun tonight?" the voice asks me. I jerk my hand away from myself, guilty, as if he could see everything I was doing. As if my hand was somehow on him instead of myself.

"Yeah, yeah it was great." I stammer back. I see his eyes in the rear view and they return to the road, and although I can't see his mouth I can tell he is smiling. *Can he see me?* There's no way he could see my hands, and yet I am convinced he knows exactly what I am up to.



We approach the bridge. It's dark and large and old. Everything seems colder on a bridge. They always half excite me and half scare me. I always imagine it failing and my body falling into the cold water below. I watch the bridge quickly surround me and wonder what the last warm thing I did was. I know what I want it to be. The traffic is light and we are traveling fast.

"It's a beautiful night." He tells me. His voice is light and smooth, and he has a strong, calm tone to everything he says. "I'm glad it's getting warm again."

I sneak a hand down and grab myself again. "Me too."

It's dark in the cab except for the lights from the bridge that flicker rapidly across his eyes. His eyes are warm against the cold passive light. I want to be warm, too.

I undo the buttons of my jeans just enough so that my hand can slide down the front comfortably. Jeans get tight so fast when you want them off. The sensation of my soft palm on myself sends an instant rush of relief out from my hips and I want more.

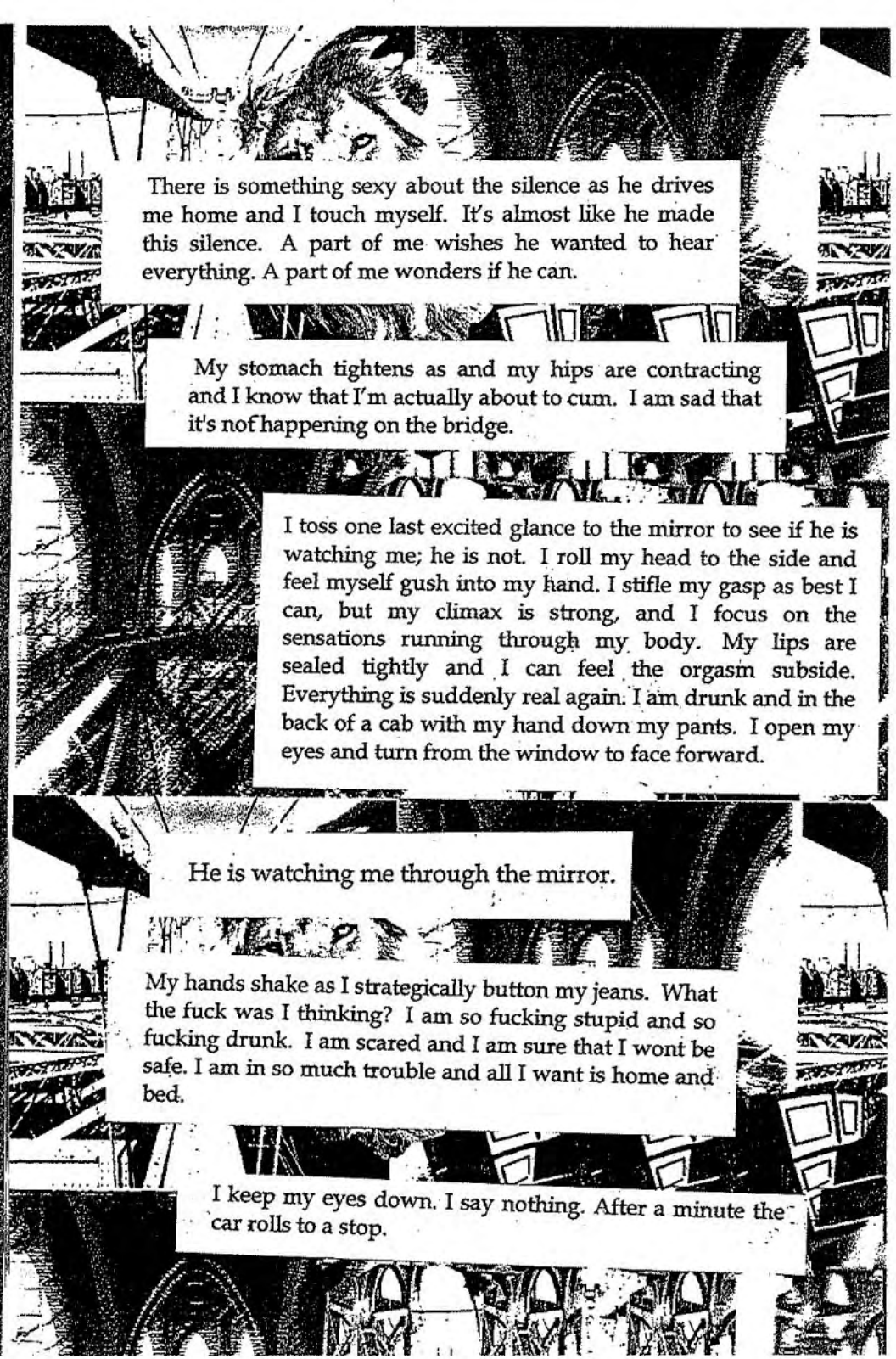
Skin.

I am watching his eyes watch the road. He blinks slowly. He is driving fast and usually that makes me nervous the way bridges make me nervous, but tonight it enhances everything. The window is down and the breeze cracks against my face and tosses my hair around. My hand is firmly wrapped around myself and I can feel the tires rumbling against the emotionless, watching bridge. It is carrying me home, it's taking me there, and at any moment I feel like it can choose to end it all and send our vehicle plummeting into the frozen water. It stays steady. Nothing can be heard but the wind, and nothing can be seen in the dark.

I realize I am holding my breath and let out a staggered exhale through my nostrils. I cautiously watch him in the mirror and every once in a while he glances back. He never says anything though, and he still looks like he's smiling.

A smiling, hungry lion.

We are no longer on the bridge suddenly. It happens so fast. The sound of the whipping wind dies down as we are forced to stop at the intersection. It's a silence that sneaks up on me, and for a second I stop moving, scared that the rhythm I was used to on the bridge was now too loud and noticeable on the street. I am watching him in the mirror. He doesn't look back and so I feel safe.



There is something sexy about the silence as he drives me home and I touch myself. It's almost like he made this silence. A part of me wishes he wanted to hear everything. A part of me wonders if he can.

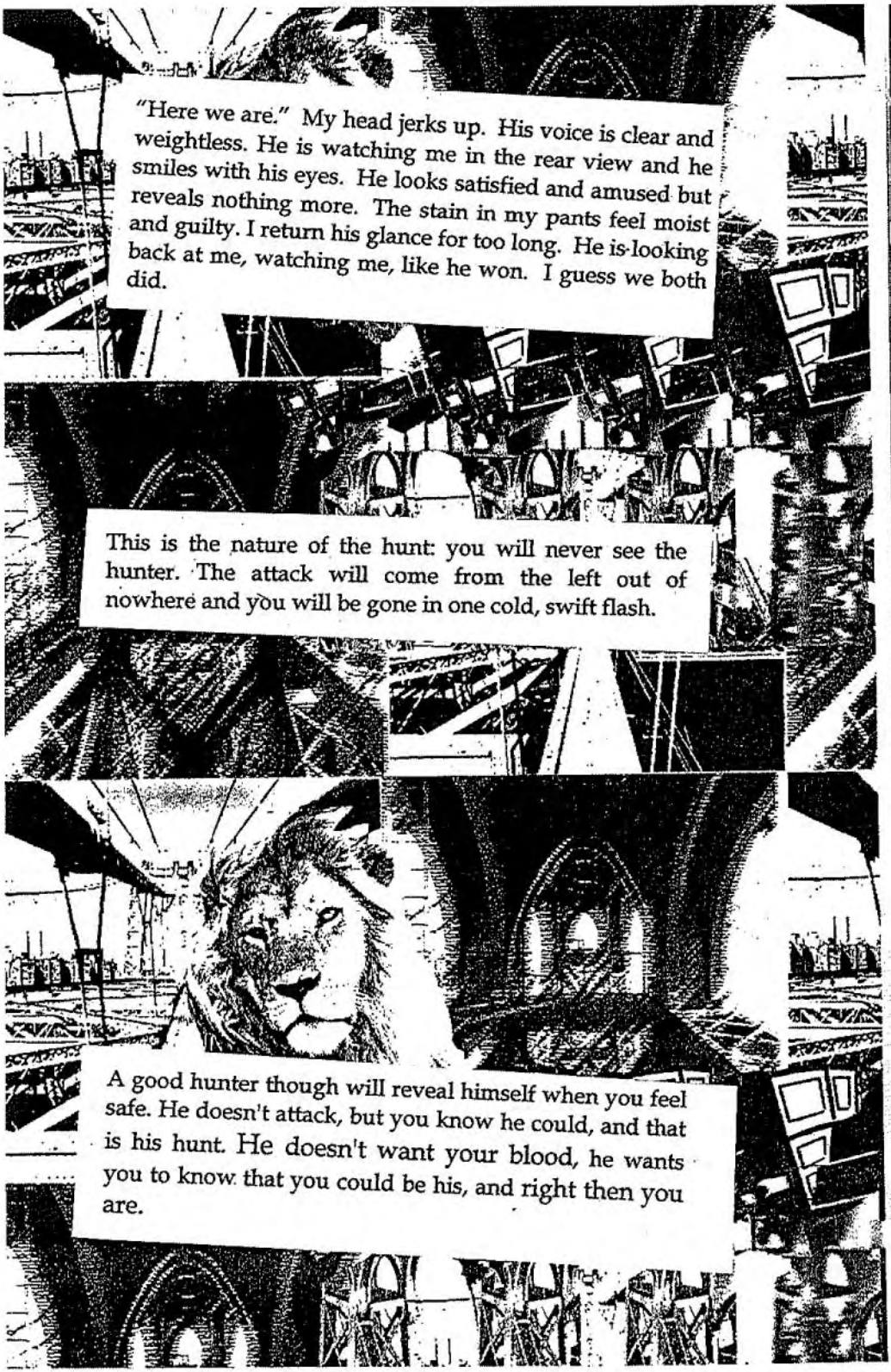
My stomach tightens as and my hips are contracting and I know that I'm actually about to cum. I am sad that it's not happening on the bridge.

I toss one last excited glance to the mirror to see if he is watching me; he is not. I roll my head to the side and feel myself gush into my hand. I stifle my gasp as best I can, but my climax is strong, and I focus on the sensations running through my body. My lips are sealed tightly and I can feel the orgasm subside. Everything is suddenly real again. I am drunk and in the back of a cab with my hand down my pants. I open my eyes and turn from the window to face forward.

He is watching me through the mirror.

My hands shake as I strategically button my jeans. What the fuck was I thinking? I am so fucking stupid and so fucking drunk. I am scared and I am sure that I wont be safe. I am in so much trouble and all I want is home and bed.

I keep my eyes down. I say nothing. After a minute the car rolls to a stop.


"Here we are." My head jerks up. His voice is clear and weightless. He is watching me in the rear view and he smiles with his eyes. He looks satisfied and amused but reveals nothing more. The stain in my pants feel moist and guilty. I return his glance for too long. He is looking back at me, watching me, like he won. I guess we both did.
This is the nature of the hunt: you will never see the hunter. The attack will come from the left out of nowhere and you will be gone in one cold, swift flash.
A good hunter though will reveal himself when you feel safe. He doesn't attack, but you know he could, and that is his hunt. He doesn't want your blood, he wants you to know that you could be his, and right then you are.

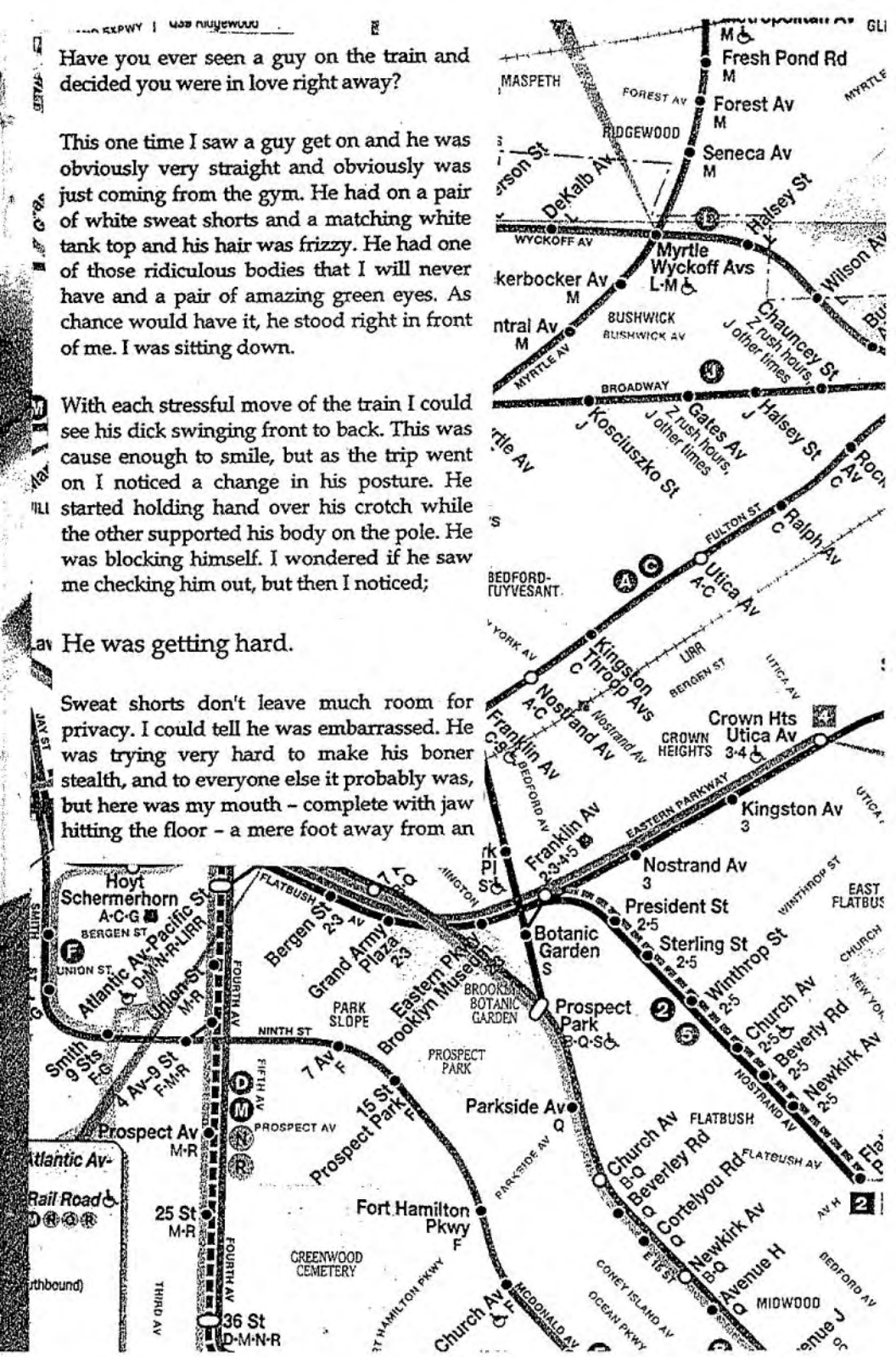
Have you ever seen a guy on the train and decided you were in love right away?

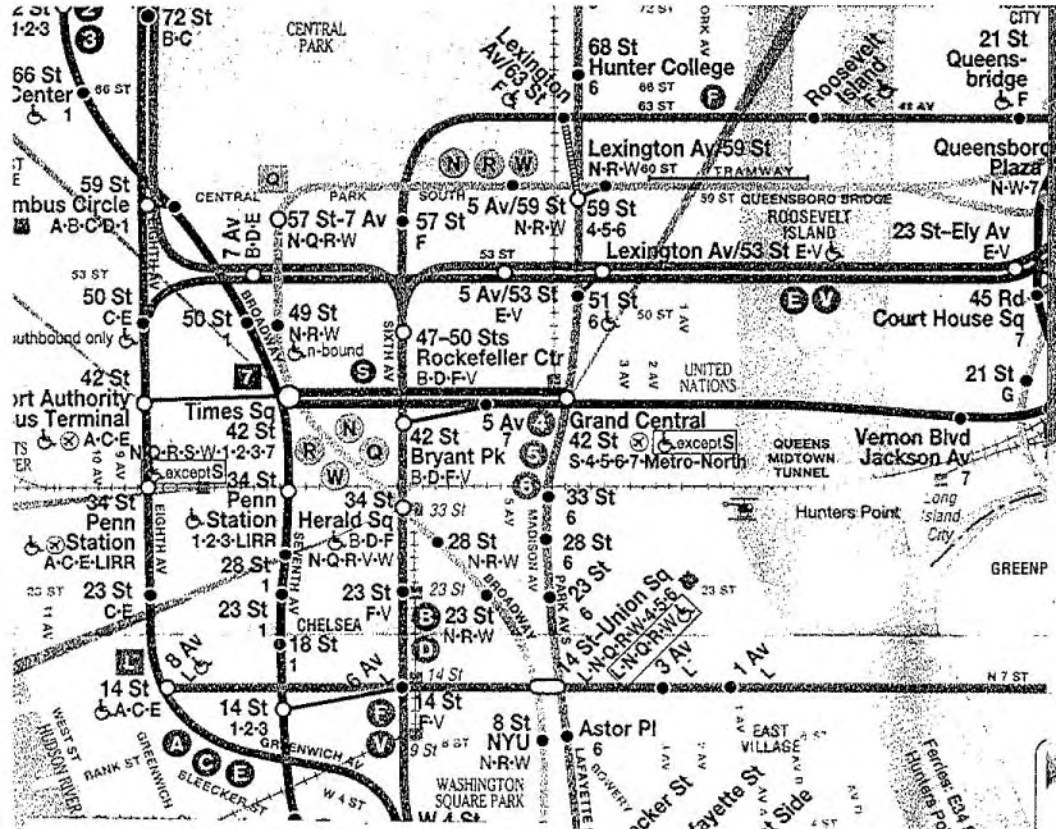
This one time I saw a guy get on and he was obviously very straight and obviously was just coming from the gym. He had on a pair of white sweat shorts and a matching white tank top and his hair was frizzy. He had one of those ridiculous bodies that I will never have and a pair of amazing green eyes. As chance would have it, he stood right in front of me. I was sitting down.

With each stressful move of the train I could see his dick swinging front to back. This was cause enough to smile, but as the trip went on I noticed a change in his posture. He started holding hand over his crotch while the other supported his body on the pole. He was blocking himself. I wondered if he saw me checking him out, but then I noticed;

He was getting hard.

Sweat shorts don't leave much room for privacy. I could tell he was embarrassed. He was trying very hard to make his boner stealth, and to everyone else it probably was, but here was my mouth – complete with jaw hitting the floor – a mere foot away from an

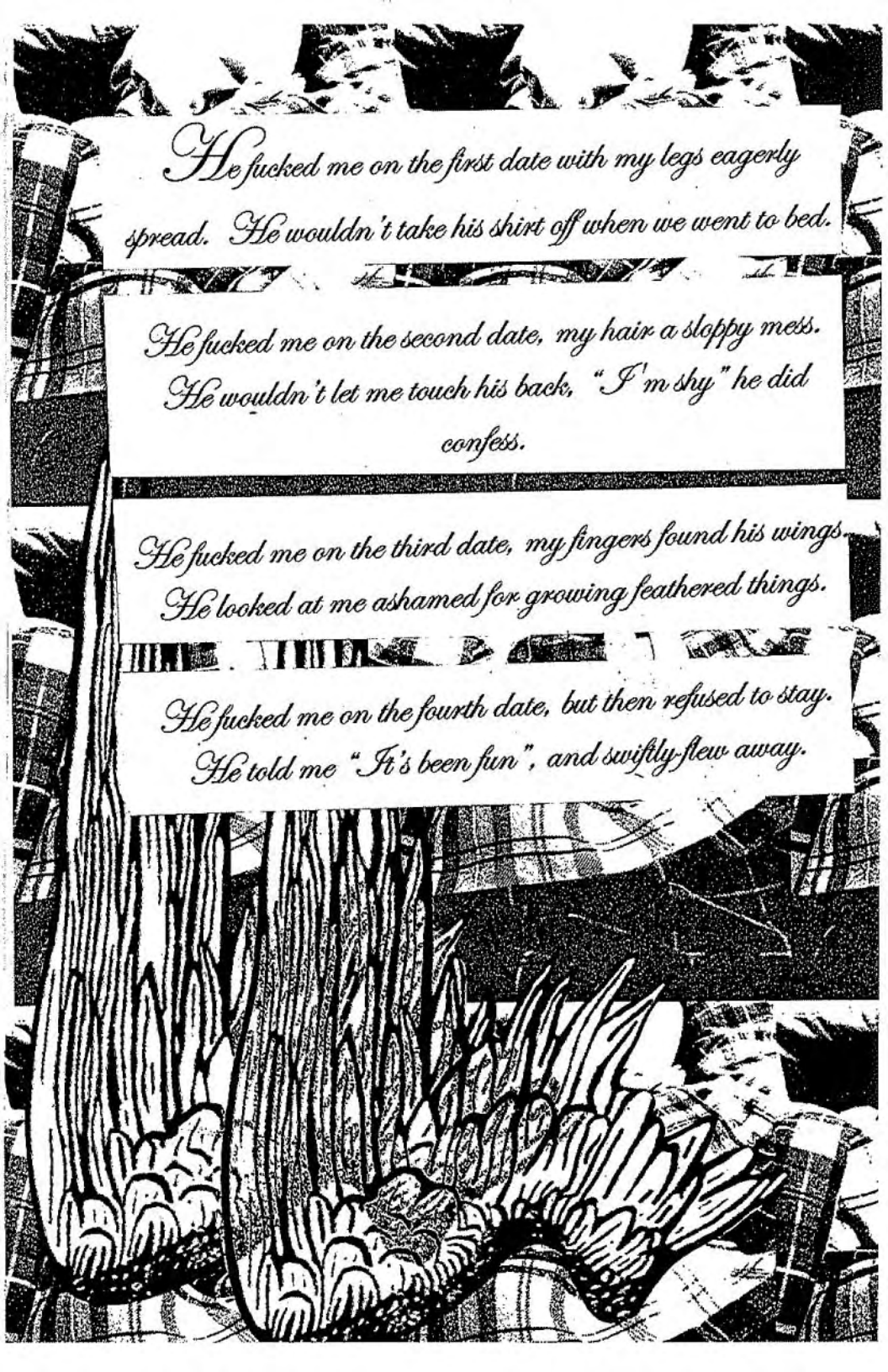


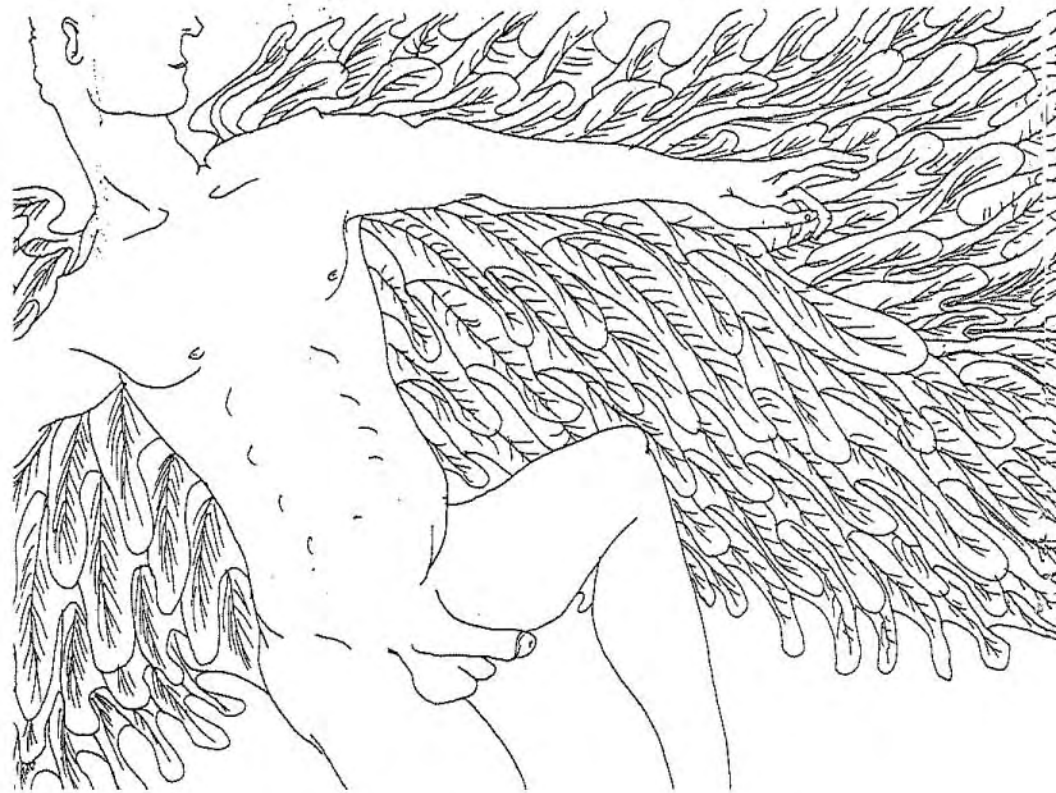


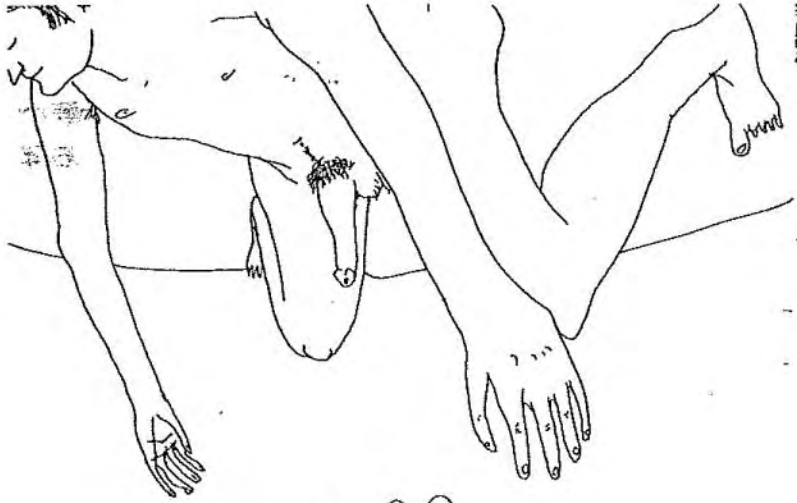
anatomy growing steadily more and more eager.

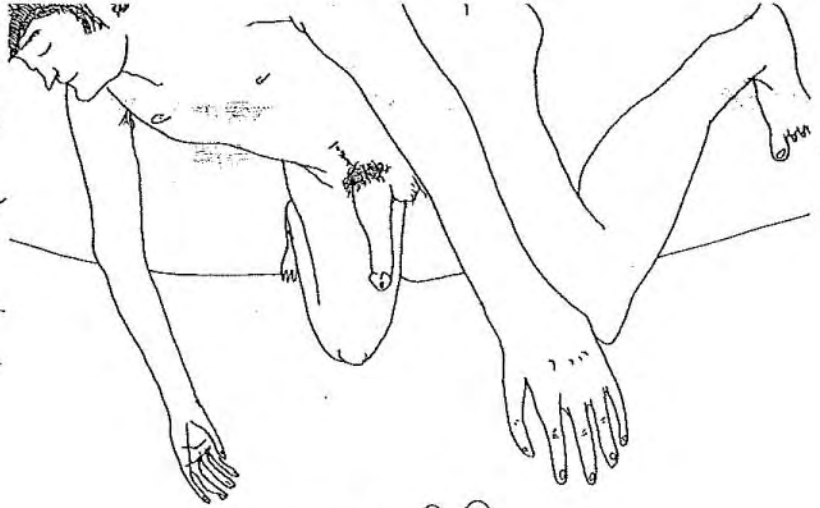
I tried really hard not to look. At least not too obviously. Otherwise he'd move away and I'd be missing out on all of this. He was shifting in place and looked increasingly more uncomfortable with his situation. I could tell that right when he got home he was going to jerk off in the shower and wash the sweat and cum off of himself. I knew he was going to be rubbing his stomach with his left hand when he got close – because everyone that works out is a narcissist – and he was going to imagine the nastiest, hardest, dirtiest sex that he could dream of. When I got home, I was going to think of him.

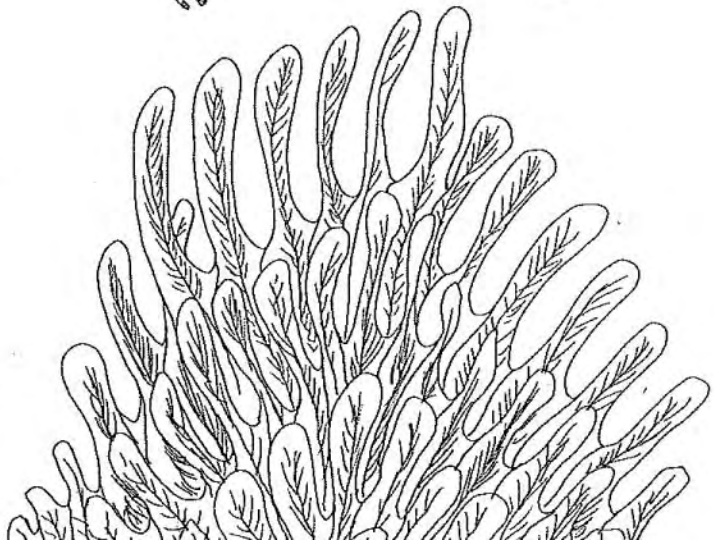
Then my friend got on the train at Bedford. He saw me and smiled. Walked over to me and sat down, and I laughed loud enough for the entire train to hear me when he asked me "Hey B, what's up?"


He fucked me on the first date with my legs eagerly spread. He wouldn't take his shirt off when we went to bed.
He fucked me on the second date, my hair a sloppy mess. He wouldn't let me touch his back, "I'm shy" he did confess.
He fucked me on the third date, my fingers found his wings. He looked at me ashamed for growing feathered things.
He fucked me on the fourth date, but then refused to stay. He told me "It's been fun", and swiftly flew away.









From: Brandon (mebrandonb@gmail.com)
show details 2:37 AM (8 hours ago)

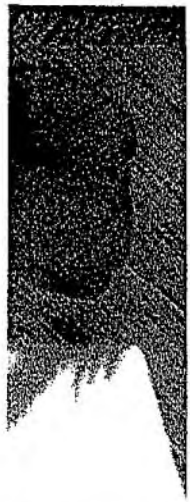
Dear Cody,

I don't know why I am doing this. I don't even really know how to begin. Its been a while – hi.

Do you remember our Valentine's Day? I'm sure you do, it was a lot of fun. I told you not to get me anything and you showed up to my door with 24 roses – in a paper bag from the grocery store. You handed them to me and plainly said "These are for you." I think about how simple that was sometimes and just laugh. You got us wine too, and we finished it all.

I remember a few days prior we had had a conversation about sex. I asked you why we hadn't gone all the way yet. You said you knew how important it was to me and didn't want to take advantage of that. I always thought that was very sweet. I remember telling you "Well, that is very sweet, but can you fuck me please?" You laughed and said "Sure" which made me laugh too. And then it was Valentine's Day.

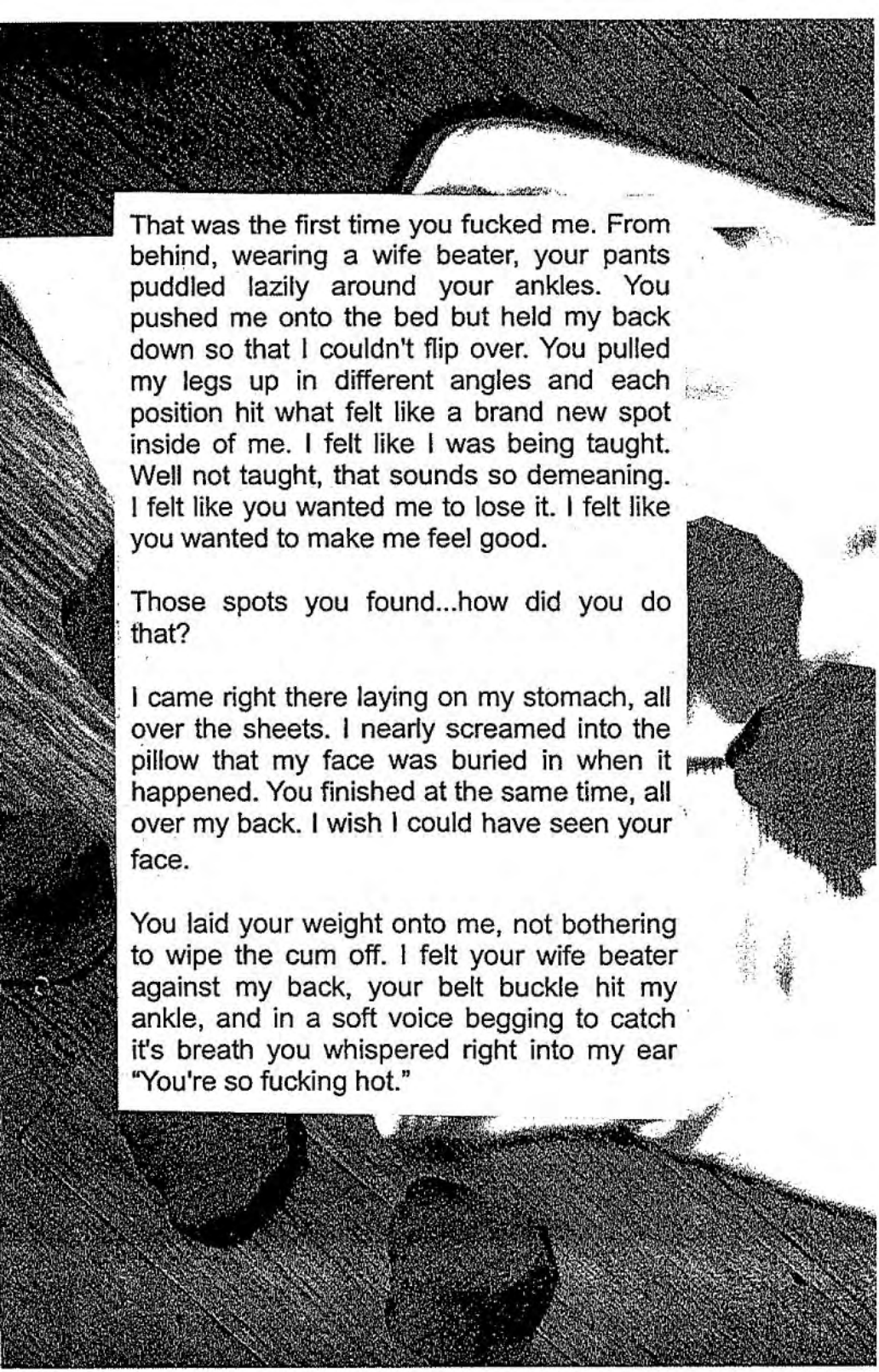
After we got home from dinner you caught me off guard. You came up behind me while I was hanging my jacket and you put your hands around my waist and up the front of my shirt. Your hands were cold – it was raining outside – but I didn't push them away. We warmed them up fast.



You kissed my neck for a long time. You knew it was my favorite place to be kissed. You kissed me and then spun me around and pressed me against the wall. It was cold too, and I could goosebumps all over my skin. You were a little shorter than me but somehow managed to pull my hips up and into yours (how did you do that?). My knees were bent and I was being supported by my back against the wall and my hips against your crotch. I dropped my jacket.

We tumbled to the futon (I have a real bed these days by the way. It's the first bed that I have ever bought on my own and it's really comfortable – you would love it!). You turned me around and forced me face down so that my hands were supporting my weight with you close behind me. You pulled my shirt up and dragged your tongue down my back. I was so hard by then, and I looked back at you to see you taking off your shirt. You were wearing a wife beater underneath. You left it on and pulled down my pants.

In all the times I had ever had sex, I had never been rimmed before. My hands tugged at the bedsheets while holding my weight up and I remember feeling that I must look so dumb – my hair fucked up, my shirt half pulled over my shoulders, my pants around my ankles, an expression of both ecstasy and shock on my face. You reached around and jerked me off while you did this, and in between my sharp moans and loud gasps I would look back and see you behind me, still wearing your wife beater.

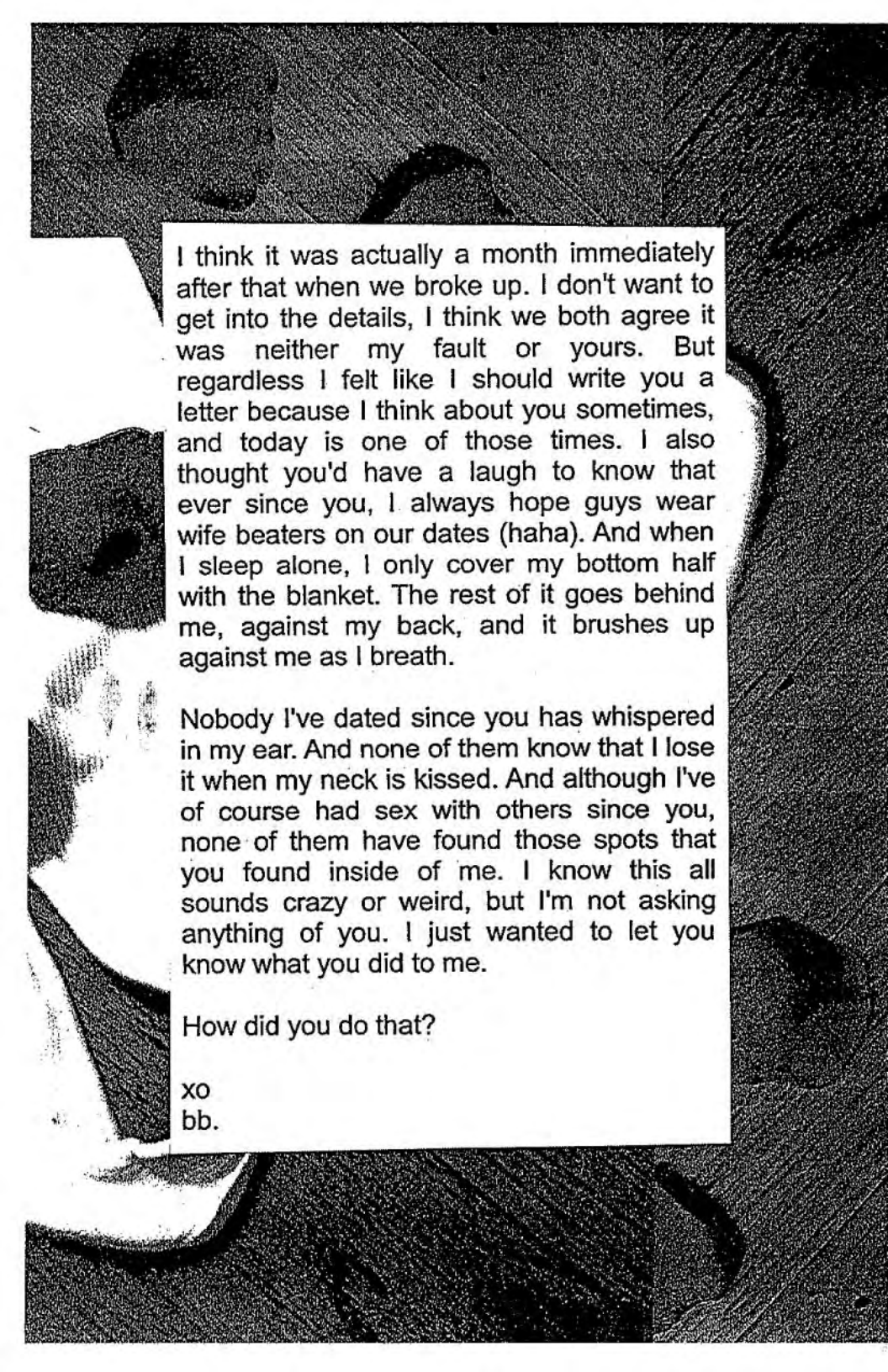


That was the first time you fucked me. From behind, wearing a wife beater, your pants puddled lazily around your ankles. You pushed me onto the bed but held my back down so that I couldn't flip over. You pulled my legs up in different angles and each position hit what felt like a brand new spot inside of me. I felt like I was being taught. Well not taught, that sounds so demeaning. I felt like you wanted me to lose it. I felt like you wanted to make me feel good.

Those spots you found...how did you do that?

I came right there laying on my stomach, all over the sheets. I nearly screamed into the pillow that my face was buried in when it happened. You finished at the same time, all over my back. I wish I could have seen your face.

You laid your weight onto me, not bothering to wipe the cum off. I felt your wife beater against my back, your belt buckle hit my ankle, and in a soft voice begging to catch it's breath you whispered right into my ear "You're so fucking hot."



I think it was actually a month immediately after that when we broke up. I don't want to get into the details, I think we both agree it was neither my fault or yours. But regardless I felt like I should write you a letter because I think about you sometimes, and today is one of those times. I also thought you'd have a laugh to know that ever since you, I always hope guys wear wife beaters on our dates (haha). And when I sleep alone, I only cover my bottom half with the blanket. The rest of it goes behind me, against my back, and it brushes up against me as I breath.

Nobody I've dated since you has whispered in my ear. And none of them know that I lose it when my neck is kissed. And although I've of course had sex with others since you, none of them have found those spots that you found inside of me. I know this all sounds crazy or weird, but I'm not asking anything of you. I just wanted to let you know what you did to me.

How did you do that?

xo
bb.

the pool

I lay down to bed, my neck still stiff from the stress of the day. I close my eyes. I want to be soft but my body feels hard even against the cotton bedding. I want to be soft and it's all I can think as I try to put myself to sleep, and it repeats in my head over and over. *I want to be soft. I want to be soft.* I don't know what it means but I say it, and my eyes close. I drift off to sleep, my body fatigued.

I am dreaming and in my dream my entire body is made of solid white wax. My eyes are white and my hair is white and I am made of wax. I am stiff and my joints crack with every movement. I am walking and I reach for the cold doorknob and leave my home. I'm looking for something outside.

I walk down the sidewalk and there is nobody in sight. My feet are heavy with each step. I stop on the corner and look up to the cloudless blue sky. It's not a normal blue; it's a new blue.

I bring my gaze lower and across the street on the opposite corner is the frame of a man. He is staring at me and he is solid. His body is red and his eyes are red and he is made of wax. He smiles slightly, as best he can, and the corners of his mouth crack slightly from the effort. He crosses the road to me and we are two feet apart. He looks into me and I see into him. His hands reach out and grab my waist. I am embarrassed; my skin is uneven in certain places and I am aware of it under his touch, but he feels those areas and, there, he holds me tighter.

I wrap my arms around his torso as he pulls me close. His eyes meet mine once more before laying his mouth upon my own. My lips are dry but under the touch of his they become smooth. He kisses me deeply and my body responds. In a dream you can't hide anything. In this dream I am exposed.

I close my eyes as he kisses me and I rub his strong back. His skin, too, is dry but under my touch his skin becomes smooth. Our bodies are wax but together our bodies are warm.

He guides me backwards and my body is pressed against the wall of a building splattered with graffiti. He kneels down and prys my legs apart with both hands. My skin cracks in several places as he does, and each crack that appears he brushes with his lips. He kisses each crack as if to heal them, and under his lips each crack becomes wet and warm. My eyes are closed and I can feel him heal me.

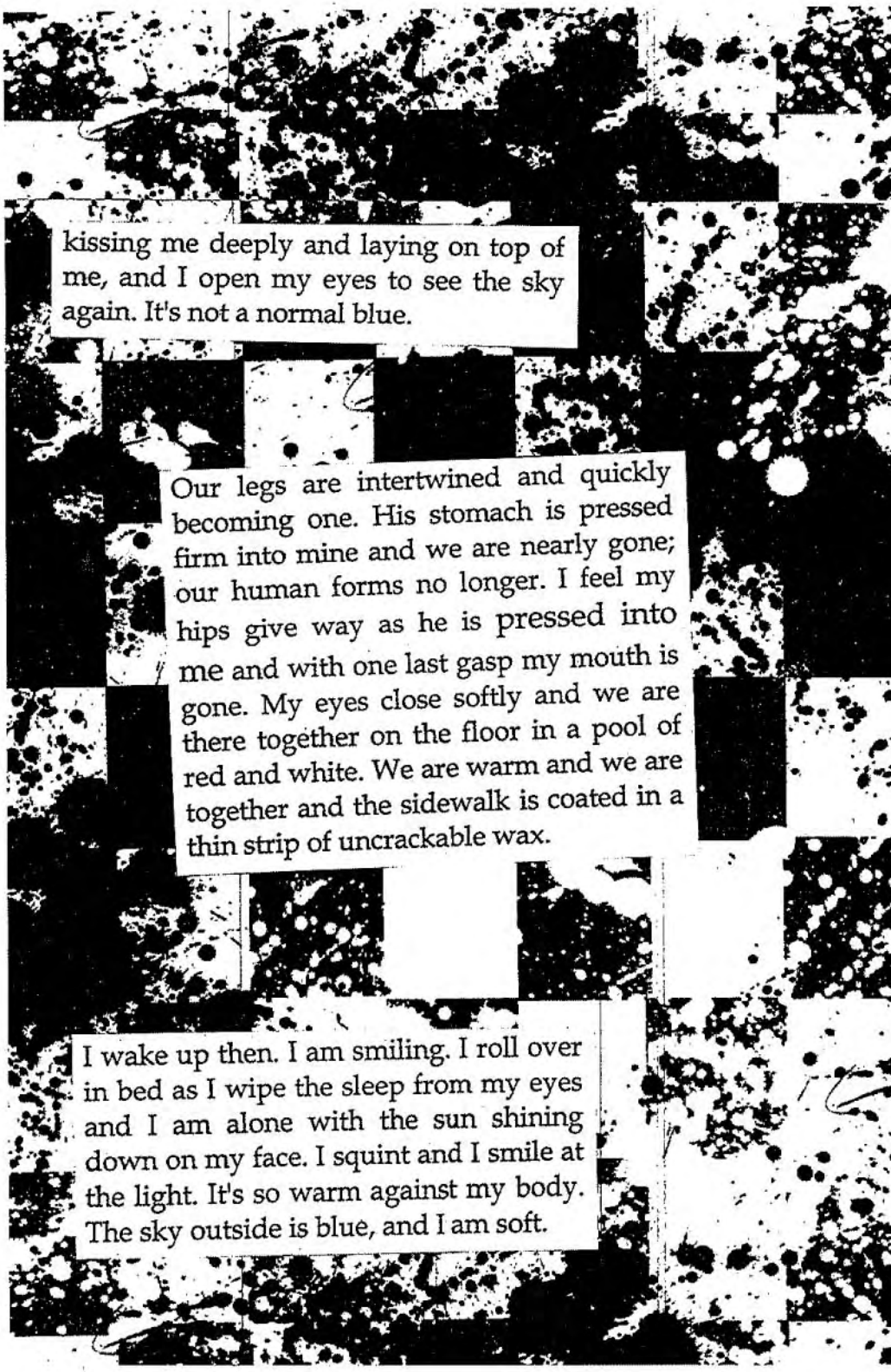
Slowly.

Patiently.

He gently licks my inner thighs and I throw my head back against the wall. My body is unstable and I slip, and it's then that I realize what happens to wax under heat. He is realizing the same of himself as he leaves red fingerprints along my hips and red kisses on the slippery skin of my thighs.

Our legs are no longer sturdy enough to hold us upright and we falls to the ground. He never lets go and guides his mouth across my neck. It is then and only then that I make a sound; one small gasp, and my lips don't crack.

He lays me horizontal and his hands press firmly into my back. I give way under his grasp and his hands are inside of me. The pressure is hot and his fingers melt against my frame. He is


kissing me deeply and laying on top of me, and I open my eyes to see the sky again. It's not a normal blue.
Our legs are intertwined and quickly becoming one. His stomach is pressed firm into mine and we are nearly gone; our human forms no longer. I feel my hips give way as he is pressed into me and with one last gasp my mouth is gone. My eyes close softly and we are there together on the floor in a pool of red and white. We are warm and we are together and the sidewalk is coated in a thin strip of uncrackable wax.
I wake up then. I am smiling. I roll over in bed as I wipe the sleep from my eyes and I am alone with the sun shining down on my face. I squint and I smile at the light. It's so warm against my body. The sky outside is blue, and I am soft.

a production of the INQUEERY
a guide to sex for the inquiring queer

theINQUEERY.com

I dedicate this to David Beckham
Who I masturbate to feverishly.
Also — I love ya, Tommy.
XXX,
BB.

published by
Birdsong Micropress

Birdsongmag.com

flip me over