

Who La La!

A zine so nice, we made it twice

Couldn't help but come back for more?
We don't blame you! flip through
even more pages of dirty art,
writing, food for thought, and more
in the second installment of
Perverts Weekly. Tell a friend!



MADE IN U. S. A.

Perverts Weekly

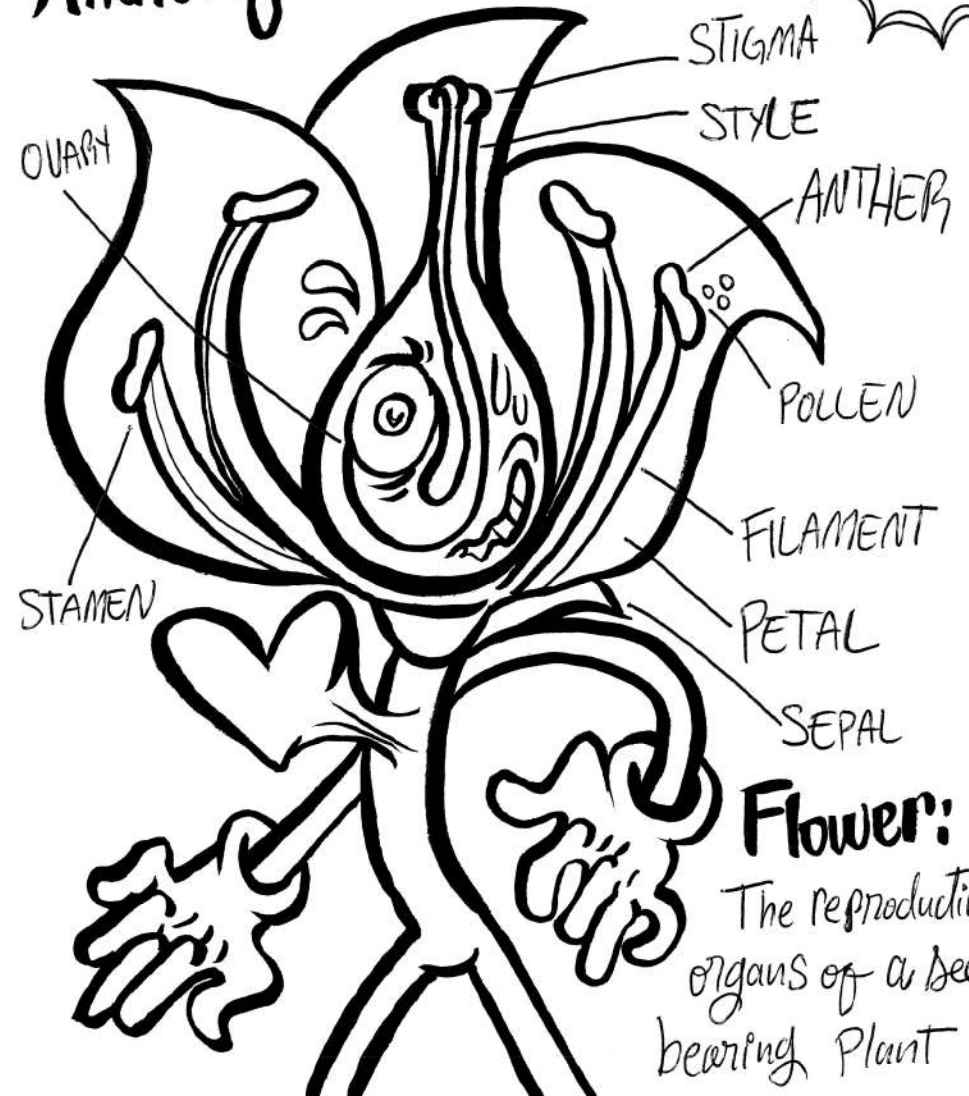
ISSUE
2

BY: TWOLIPS TOOYAH

Adults Only!

18+

Anatomy of the Flower:

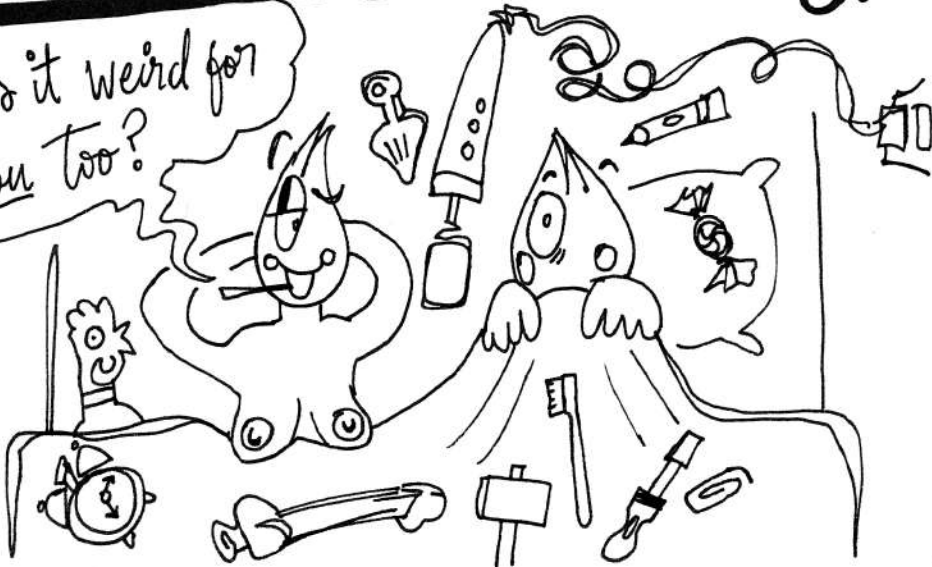


That's All Folks!

Did you enjoy This?
Hate it? Let me know
What you Think @

Whatsittooyah.Straw.Page

Was it weird for
you too?



STOP!

This line is not for the
FAINT of HEART!
Be Warned! For REAL
Perverts only!

There's a few rules here...

- Be 18 years or older to read!
- We don't judge each other here
- Have fun and be yourself
- Share this with other fellow perverts

Searching For Love

S P T G A L Y Y L F
I O U S K A E N O O
R L O P E U A B R R
O Y E O F X R T G E
T O K T R E N A A P
I O A G A S N S S L
L O M K A A E R M A
C N U O L D Y O I Y
M P D Y U R A P A Y
N I G N I T A D A T

anal
clitoris
gspot

orgasm

FOR VAGINAL
USE ONLY

asexual
dating
makeout
poly

breakup
foreplay
nudes
yearn

Solution

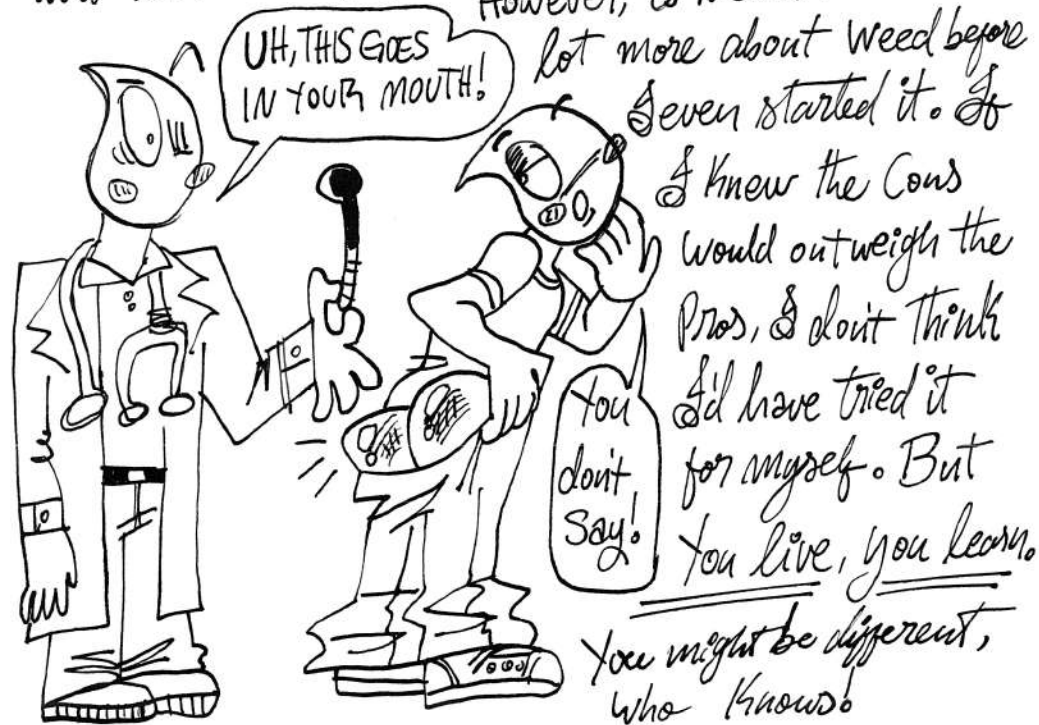
S P T G A L Y Y L F
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L O M K A A E R M A
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N I G N I T A D A T

love
LOVE

CANNABIS USE: IS IT SAFE?

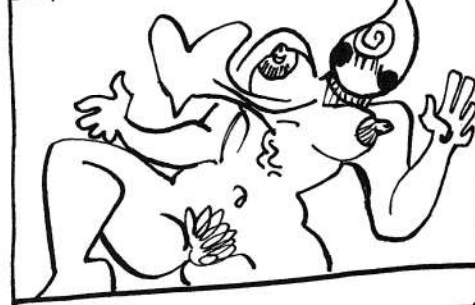
Don't ASK me, ASK your doctor!

Everyone has a different experience with drug use and how responsible they are with it. I sure as hell was NOT responsible with how I used Cannabis at a point! It did help that I live in a legal state and that I did wait until I was of age to purchase from a dispensary. However, I needed to know a



THINGS THEY DON'T TELL YOU ABOUT WEED

1 | Weed makes you horny



2 | It's really BAD for BI POLAR



3 | It's really bad for your thoughts



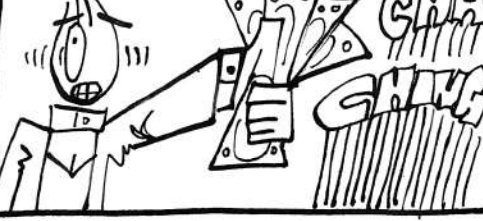
4 | It stops being fun



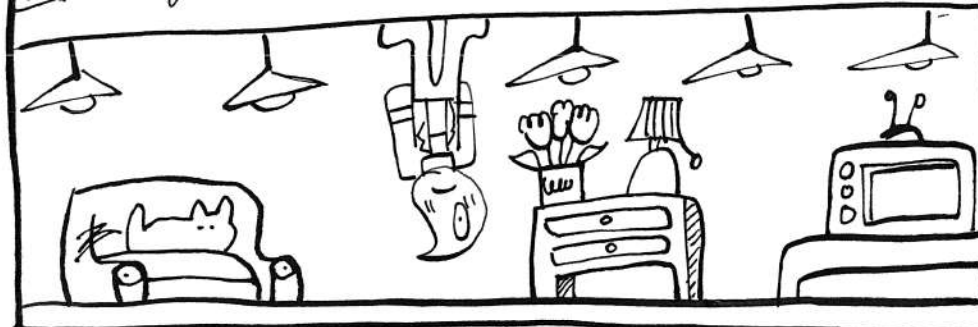
5 | It makes you stupid



6 | It costs money!



7 | Nothing's ever really the same afterwards



HYPERS@X- UALITY:

WHAT IS IT? AND WHAT'S
THE DEAL WITH IT?

Hypersexuality is an excess of sexual thoughts and/or behaviors that impede on a person's ability to function or enjoy life. The idea is that sex is making things hard for you. Ahem, too hard. I think that a common misconception is that people enjoy hypersexuality, since sex is typically something seen as pleasurable. However, there's a time and a place for sexual thoughts and urges, and hypersexuality doesn't respect this. In my personal experience, I've found it most troublesome when at work. I'm sitting and trying to focus on some problem-solving, but my body is demanding something else of me.



I've also found it to be a lot of trouble when I was trying to go back to college classes online. I have a very weak sense of self control as is combined with the fact my classroom was my bedroom. So essentially, that was my last and final attempt at taking college courses since. I definitely did not pass my classes, a lot of that thanks to a pervasive sexual urge that wouldn't go away.



THINGS to KNOW...

- * It can be caused by changes in medication, traumatic events, and more
- * Not all hypersexual people like sex, but not all of them dislike it, either
- * Hypersexuality alone doesn't speak on a person's morals
- * It's more often than not uncomfortable and exhausting to have thoughts and feelings of sex on the brain constantly
- * If you are hypersexual, you're not the only one.



24/7

Sex on the brain

Meet . . .

Linda Back AND Small

Both adults are hypersexual. Linda is a sex worker and enjoys what she does. Peter is an IT Specialist and likes his job. The hypersexuality makes it difficult for him to work.

Peter



I can't focus!



His line of work requires a lot of focus and professionalism in the office. He is rather shy and reserved, so it's very distressing for his fantasies to follow him here.

Peter is not promiscuous in daily life and finds relieving his urges to be more of a chore than a treat.



Linda might take a lot of pleasure in her sexual craft, but it still takes a lot out of her. Sex is in every corner of her mind and she has trouble with the thoughts of it when she wants to take a break from sexual gratification.



Linda has many sexual partners to keep track of and is at risk of pregnancy and catching STDs in her personal work/life balance.

Peter is waiting for Mr. Right to come along to have sex. Waiting for so long has left him feeling burnt out and depressed and anxious that a partner won't be compatible with his disordered appetite. **BOTH** of them suffer in unique ways from hypersexuality. Both are worthy of respect and a sense of peace and comfort.





DO NOT DISTURB

A little pussy

Never hurt anyone!

THAT'S WILD!

IT'S GONNA GET WET AROUND HERE!

DO NOT DISTURB

ADHD And Its Effect On Sexuality

ATTENTION DEFICIT HYPER DISORDER is honest to god a very outdated name for what I've got. People tend to see it as a disease that affects learning. The reality is more like this... ADHD is a neurotype and a spectrum that affects the dopamine reception and the frontal lobe among many other things. Across the board, ADHDers don't have enough reward chemical naturally to get them through things that aren't novel, pleasurable, or challenging. If there's one thing I learned in my diagnosis journey, this neurotype affects ALL aspects of life, including sexuality.



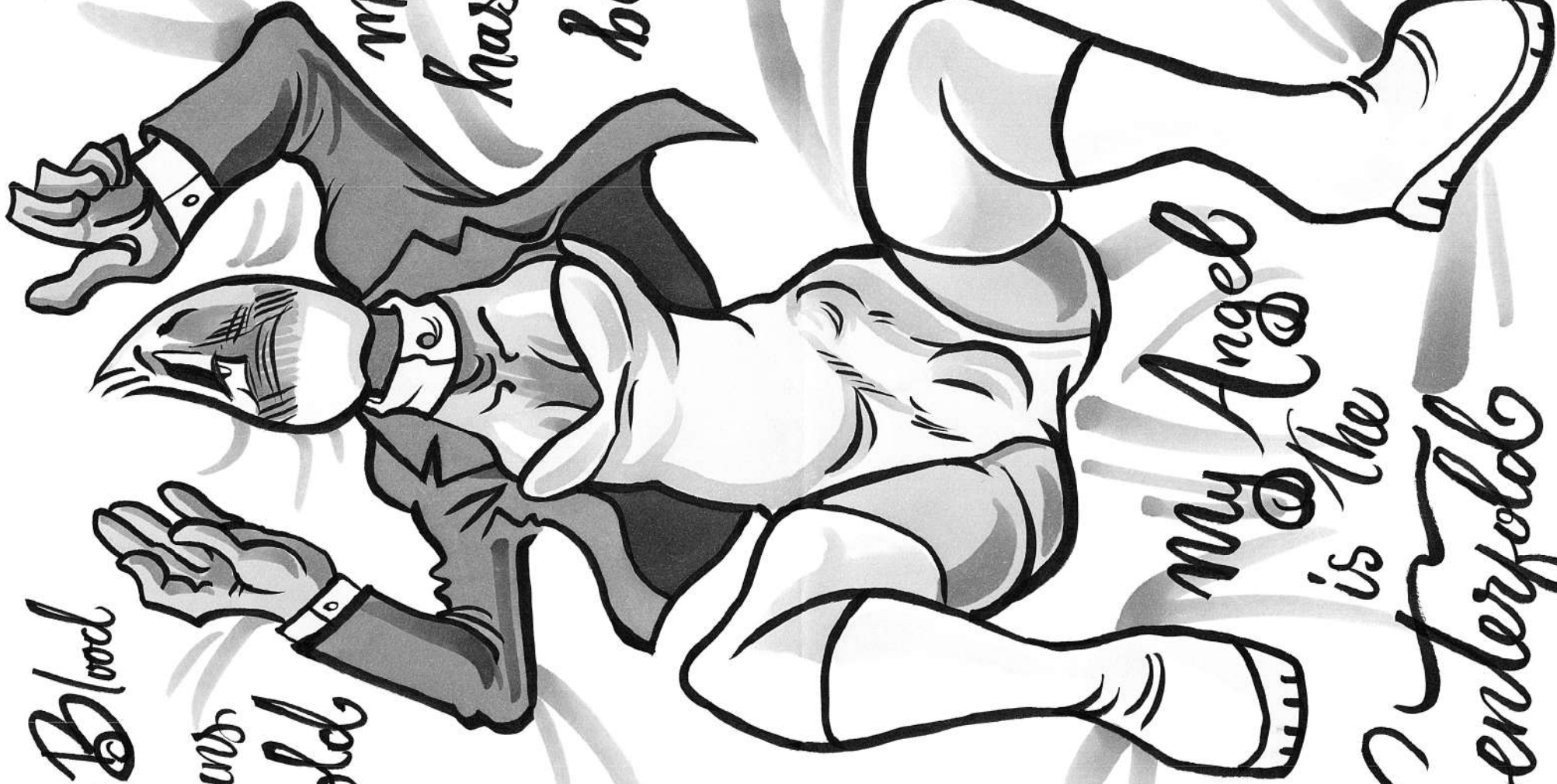
FAST FACTS (FROM SOMEONE WHO KNOWS)

- ★ Since ADHDers don't get enough dopamine, they are pleasure seekers. Many will seek through sex.
 - ★ Many ADHDers are early bloomers and get in trouble as kids. They are more likely to engage in Child on Child sexual abuse, which is unfortunately very common, but not talked about.
 - ★ Life's hard for ADHDers, many may take medication that can lower or heighten sex drives
 - ★ Some antidepressants or mood stabilizers, such as Bupropion, may also act as ADHD treatment
 - ★ We can be awkward! Especially when combined with Autism or other mental comorbidities, making sexual relationships difficult to navigate for those w/ ADHD.
 - ★ Yes, it's possible to either hyperfixate or get distracted in the bedroom. Oh, man!
- These are only a few ways that ADHD affects sex. ASK an ADHDer in your life if you can!

My Blood

Runs
Cold

My
Memory
has just
been
sold



My Angel

is the

Centerfold

Sugar In The Raw Chapter: At Your Beck And Call



Dazey Will Do teases his lover over the phone

“Tell me, Sunny, how long were you waiting for me like this?”

The tiny daisy stood before Sunshine, caged between his crossed legs as the giant sat back, arms and hands planted behind him, exactly like he was asked. Dazey took in the sight of his partner, seeing him heaving with thick breaths and beginning to glisten with sweat. Gorgeous. He took in Sunshine’s healthy mane of golden swooping petals framing his flushed complexion. Though his only feature was his enormous mouth that usually bore an infectious and confident grin, it was all that Dazey needed to see. In this state, however, his smiley face was now desperate and restless, tongue dashing against his lips as though he was parched. Or hungry, rather.

It had been roughly 45 minutes since Dazey got off the phone with Sunshine earlier. Or was it an hour? It started out as it always did, with the hello’s and how was your day’s. Then the affectionate talk came in. The I love you’s and the I miss you’s.

“Yeah? I miss you too, Sunny. It’s been a while since I’ve been over, you know. What did we even do last time I was there?”

The two usually worked on Sunshine’s novels together when he was over, but last time was a date specifically. Sunshine seldom worked his TV when Dazey wasn’t around, as his hands were too large to manipulate the remote or the buttons. They both watched a movie together, Dazey transcribing the events unfurling as they went so as not to leave his partner in the dark. It was natural for him, and Sunshine relished in Dazey’s animated voice, the way he would pipe up when the action was getting good, and listening intently to the way his words quivered at the suspenseful parts. He hung onto Dazey’s every word coupled with the sound design, fully immersed in the experience. This wasn’t what Dazey was recalling, however.

“Well, we had dinner, I think it was your delightful meatloaf. Then, we watched the second remake of the original Robots V.S. Unankind movie. The last one in the series before they introduce the aliens. It was probably the best out of them so far, so I’m not looking forward to seeing how they ruin

it in the future. But yeah, that’s what we did last time.”

“Mm? That’s all?” His voice shifted from a personable and familiar upbeat to an even more familiar and sensual honeyed one. Dazey twirled his telephone’s cord around his nimble fingers, tracing the plastic and cooing. “I could have sworn there was more. You took me into your bedroom, Lover. Tell me you remember that?”

Sunshine gulped. And Dazey heard. His eyes narrowed into a satisfied smile as he patiently awaited a response. Sunshine cleared his throat.

“Yes, I remember. That was really nice too...”

Dazey couldn’t help but chuckle. He playfully jabbed at Sunshine with the same syrupy intonation.

“Oh, so my meatloaf was delightful, the movie was the best, but our romping around was only really nice? I had some ideas or two about paying a special visit, but I’m getting the feeling you’re not as interested as I’d hoped.”

“Dazey! Come on, you know that’s not what I meant!”

Too cute. Sunshine’s stammering and quickness to correct fed into something Dazey wanted to indulge further. He couldn’t help himself, teasing the man was too fun. They were both older adults and not young lovers by any stretch of the imagination, but playing around with Sunshine like this made him feel like they were.

“So tell me then, what did you like about it? I wanna hear it from you, my Sunshine.” Nothing could compare to the glee Dazey got out of dragging confessions out from behind those enormous and perfectly straight teeth, knowing that he alone turned that dreamy smile into a pout just from the way his partner hissed over the receiver.

“I like hearing your voice when you talk to me like that. When you say all those things to me and you let my imagination run wild. You have a way with words, but especially in that way.”

“Is that so? Then I’m sure me saying sweet nothings to you over the phone is exactly the

same, is it not? I’m more than happy to indulge you from where I’m sitting if listening to me talk is what you get out of it.”

Perhaps dangling this visit to Sunshine’s over his head was a little cruel, but Dazey’s previous statement was empty. He couldn’t bring himself to lead his flame on and stamp him out. He simply wanted to bat him around like a cat would before taking its prey.

“Wh-what I meant was... I liked that you were there in person with me. Knowing that you’re there and you can see me makes me feel... well, to tell you the truth, I feel vulnerable when you’re around me, Dazey.”

Bingo. Dazey didn’t respond. He met Sunshine’s admission with expectant silence. He waited to hear more.

“... I like knowing you’re watching me, my every move. My every breath. It makes me feel more exposed than simply being undressed. It’s almost more intimate than being touched.”

“You mean to tell me you like it when I simply look at you? I see you quite often, my dear. I want to know exactly what you mean.”

“You don’t just look at me, you... see me. And appreciate me. I can feel from the way that you stare that you love seeing my whole body, and it makes me feel like I’m desirable and attractive to you in a different way. It makes me feel small and safe with you.”

“But of course, Sunny.” Dazey set aside the mean schtick for sincerity. “Your beauty could only reflect your winning personality. My Sunshine, seeing you undone before me is my sight to see alone, and I pity those who simply don’t know just the extent of how breathtaking you are. When I see you, I think about how you’re all mine. The curve of your hips as they dip down into those shapely legs you hide under those overalls, your strong chest and the way it falls up and down with your breathing... The way that my gaze labors your breathing even further... I get to see your beautifully dexterous hands get shaky when they trace all over your perfect skin. I’m the only one allowed such a sight because you’re all mine.

Wouldn’t you say so? Correct me if I’m wrong, my little ray of golden sun.”

The Sound of Music was yet another film the couple had enjoyed together. That date was filled with song as they played the movie over a second time, refreshed on the lyrics and the events. Naturally, that night ended just as passionately as Robots V.S. Unankind night did. And Robots V.S. Unankind: Heavy Metal night. And Robots V.S. Unankind: Last Stand night. Dazey played fond memories of these dates in his head, picturing Sunshine as he detailed the giant’s features with delicacy. Dazey was well aware of how much Sunshine drank in the praise, especially when he spoke of him as though he was a graceful performer with an audience of one.

“Mmh... y-yes... you’re right, Dazey. Please go on...”

Dazey could recognize Sunshine’s uneven breathing and eagerness to be mentally stimulated. He had his suspicions on what his lover was doing behind the receiver. After all, neither was a stranger to tantric talks over the phone. They knew the other’s mannerisms well.

“Oh Sunny. I wish I could see you right now and tell you exactly what I see. Wouldn't you like that?”

Two ragged breaths were picked up on. They almost missed Dazey's keen ears.

“Uh huh... I'd like that...”

Sunshine always defaulted to agreeing with every word that hung off Dazey's nonexistent lips when he was either distracted or turned on by him. The tiny floro assumed this was a combination of both. Taking the lead in the conversation didn't mean Dazey was safe, however. There was no way the man could visualize and listen to his picturesque partner become undone without following suit. His arousal was catching up with him, and he could feel himself straining against the pressed dress pants he came home from work in. He opted to unzip the fly, allowing himself to breathe. His tiny hand palmed the bulge gently, bucking into the pressure. Just enough to gauge how sensitive he was, but not enough to affect his speech. Typically, over the phone, Sunshine had no way of knowing without Dazey's explicit word that he

was touching himself. He was a master at control, and unless Dazey was reaching a climax, his breath and speech never gave himself away.

“Why don't you tell me what my view would look like if I was there right now, dear? I could reminisce and imagine every inch of you, but I want to know just what kind of sight I'm gearing up to see soon.”

“Ahm. Uhm, I'm wearing my white tank top and my ripped jeans right now. I'm lying down on my bed on top of the covers on my back with my head on my pillows.”

“And what about your hands? Where are they?”

“Dazey...” Sunshine whined his name breathlessly. Dazey chuckled, amused by the idea of Sunshine snapping his hand away from himself at the question. He was caught with his hand in the cookie jar, so to speak.

“Be honest, my Sunshine. What were you doing just now?”