

# Hubba Hubba!

Yet another installment of Perverts Weekly  
'Cuz you just couldn't keep away!  
This time, we feature stories and  
experiences from Vile the Kinkster and  
More. As usual, you can expect your  
fix of perverted illustrations, comix,  
writing, and you know what? Just go  
ahead and find out what's in it!

## Perverts - Weekly -

ISSUE  
3  
18+  
Adults Only!

BY: TWOLIPS TOOYAH



# STOP!

This zine 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

That's All, Folks!

Did you enjoy this?  
Hate it? Let me know  
What you think @

Whatsittooyah. Straw. Page



R X

VS

Sex

If you're taking medication of any kind on a regular basis, you'll know the pain of balancing treatment with side effects. This is especially true for any meds related to mental health, mood stabilization, you get the idea.

For those who don't know, drugs can have quite an effect on your libido. Depending on what you're on, your feel good chemicals, or dopamine levels may change. You may have decreased sexual appetite or even struggle to have an orgasm. Geez!

With the case of any prescriptions, you'll have to weigh the pros and the

cons for yourself and see if it's worth the side effects. For certain perverts like myself, a large portion of my quality of life is owed to sexual pleasure and gratification, so what's the point of being stable if you can't even get off?

This issue of Perverts Weekly comes to you hot and heavy at the



tail end of the year of our lord 2024. Modern medicine in today's standard has come a long way since the days of hammering spikes into your frontal lobe. Still, neuroscience isn't an exact science yet.



Take my experience "dating around" for the right fit, for example. Fluoxetine and olanzapine were the first two things I took regularly to treat bipolar. This two headed beast treated the depressive and manic symptoms respectively, promising stability. However, it's not as fine tuned as I'd hoped. As it turns out, the human brain is more complex than we've figured the ins and outs of.

I wasn't able to feel or express extreme negativity, but putting out the fires of my negative feelings also dampened the positive as a side effect. I couldn't feel that sad, but not that happy or satisfied either. Way to go, modern medicine negating the point of it to begin with.

Satisfaction didn't come easy. And man, I didn't cum. When the everyday hobbies and regular things that normally brought me joy couldn't deliver, my reliable option to get myself off wasn't viable either. The flame of desire had been put out, too. This was a frustrating beginning in my search for the right meds that led to more disappointments, another diagnosis to be comorbid with, and lots of ups and downs.

Sometimes, I'd find something that worked, but not for long. Most fun was when something worked for problem A, but worsened problem B. When putting your head and heart through these seemingly pointless gymnastics, you'll probably wonder why you don't just give up.

At the end of the day, you're the only one who can decide what is worth enduring and what isn't. My (supposedly) sane and solid advice, however, is to prioritize your safety first and then your quality of life follows suit.



"Double Masectomy"  
using each letter only once?

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.





# Boy Toys

With Bryan Kudos



# Gear up

In our world, socially acceptable self expressions are restricted to safe, but rather unimpressive and seldom unique modes of dress and bodily ideals. Society messages us to behave, look, and act in a certain way in order to be attractive. **A deviant by the name of Vile** explains their feelings on expressing their kinky desires through gear fetish and putting themselves out there in a way that is not only important to them, but outside the status quo and why...



"Sometimes, it's very hard feeling desirable as a trans person.

Anyone can do gear, IDGAF what gender or size you are. Bros like @laxrig (on bluesky/twitter) are out here and people think he's hot as hell. People love that dude's tummy, are u FR.

I think the authority and power exchange that comes with wearing gear is highly erotic. It's like being put in my place or taken as a prisoner or as a spoil

because I was an opposing force. Or taking someone else as spoil for that matter~ That's my main drive for liking it.

My kink for gear started circa 2020 when everyone started wearing masks daily and I wish it was more common.

I thought the idea of wearing a gas mask around was cool and also highly erotic. To be honest, it's probably a lot safer than an N95 would be if you wore a biological filter. I found out my dad had gotten some military gas masks after a warehouse flood and the MCU-2/P happened to look extremely similar to the MSA Millennium gas masks that are very popular with the drone community and other rubber dolls. However, my father wanted to remain in possession of them. I was not pleased about this and may have snuck one of the 3 of them out of the house. It's ultimately for the better though because my pervert research discovered the rubber gasket on them is much less reliable than the MSA and is prone to degradation. The rubber has to be treated or replaced.

**Plate carriers**, or tactical vests, are also something that catch my eye. There's something about the visual intrigue of a bunch of pockets that could have any little gadget or doodad in it. With the utmost sincerity, I'm not much of a boot licker, but military doodads are nifty. I'm very partial to glow sticks. I thought the idea of decking my plate carrier out with service dog patches was quite cute, as I happen to have overlap with the furry fandom. Quite a few plate carriers happen to have places for morale or sticker patches. There are quite a few people that share overlap between gear and the pup community as well. There's something quite erotic about the way that a plate carrier fills out the form and makes someone's chest quite a bit more barrel-like. Not unlike stays in an Edwardian whale bone corset, you can pad out shirts to make your silhouette more appealing with shoulder pads. You don't necessarily have to even buy military grade stuff, there are motorcycle grade or sports grade shoulder pads.

The hardest part for me is finding BDU's in my size or cargo pants. I'm a size 24 on a good day and most online retailers, such as 5/11, only carry up to a size 20. It's so hard to find them in my size because I have such a big butt. If I could find some BDUs in my size, I would be delighted. I like that they fit kind of baggy, they are super hot ;w;

Wearing men's pants is kind of a no go because I am so booty and thighlicious. But you can dress up any pair of black pants with knee pads of a similar caliber to the shoulder pads." - @mossvile on bluesky

# Tapes On The Top Shelf

A story I heard from a friend

A buddy and I were swapping stories the other day about how sexuality entered our lives. It comes to no surprise that we'd been introduced to the idea early on. This was not on purpose, but we'd stumbled upon the concept by accident.

It seems the harder adults tried to shield you from sex, the more it found you in life. My philosophy is to educate children on all things that could be used against them, you never know when they'll pop up.

My buddy was originally playing a Sonic The Hedgehog game on Sega Genesis when the cartridges started acting up, prompting the hunt for new entertainment. They weren't even 5 years old when they'd climbed the top of a shelf in search of VHS tapes and found porn. At first, there was no audio. Was the lady screaming? What were they doing?



They then played it on the living room TV, blasting the dirty tape at full volume, prompting their teenage sibling to come into the room and intervene.

Of course, there was an effort to keep the material out of little hands, but nothing can ever be 100% certain in this life. There's always a risk of things being found, especially when your kids are smart about being stupid.

At various points of my life, I'd accidentally found my own parent's sex toys and porn stashes in search of flashlights, batteries, and other innocuous items. None of these things were in locked boxes or

anything, but they weren't out in the open. Just accessible enough, unfortunately.



That being said, I wouldn't put my own toys behind a 10 digit combination lock and a sphinx's riddle just because some kids might find it when they're digging where they're not supposed to.

They say that curiosity killed the cat...

But satisfaction brought it back.

When I hear about others' stories or recount my own of seeing sexually explicit materials as a child, I find a

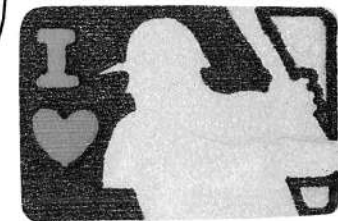
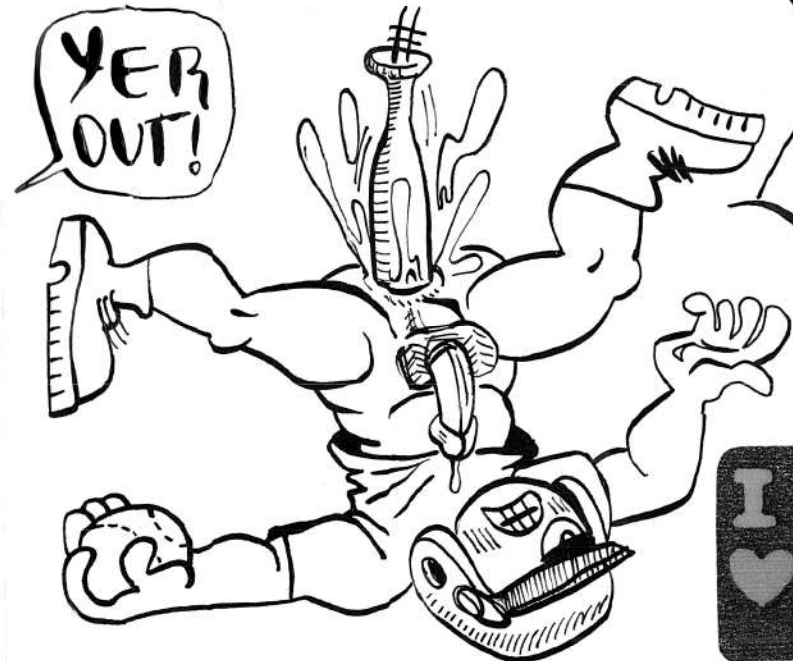
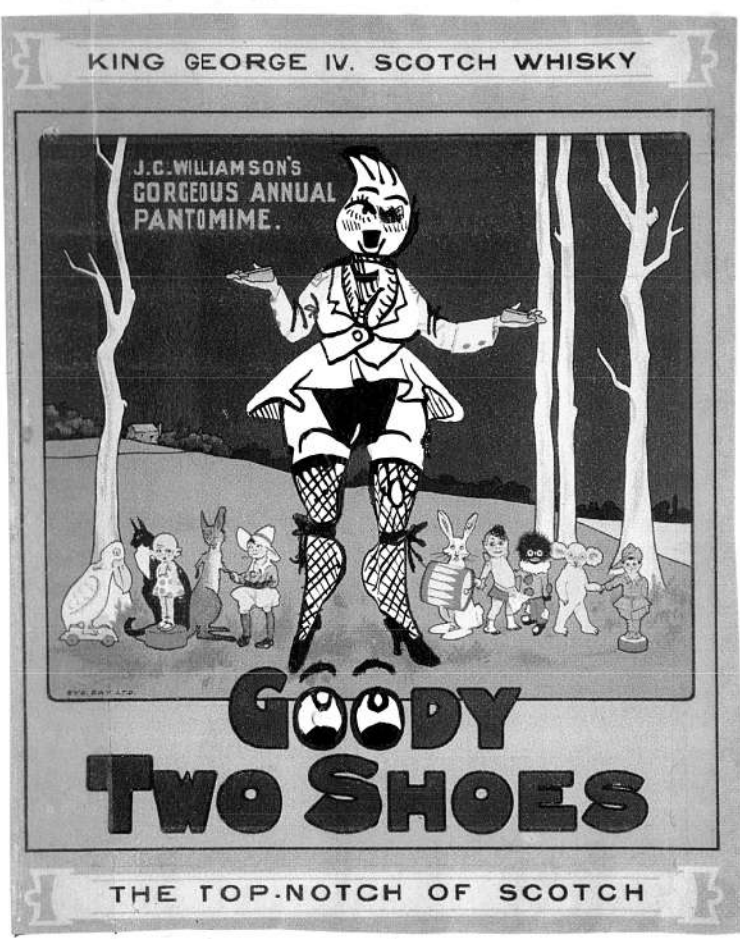
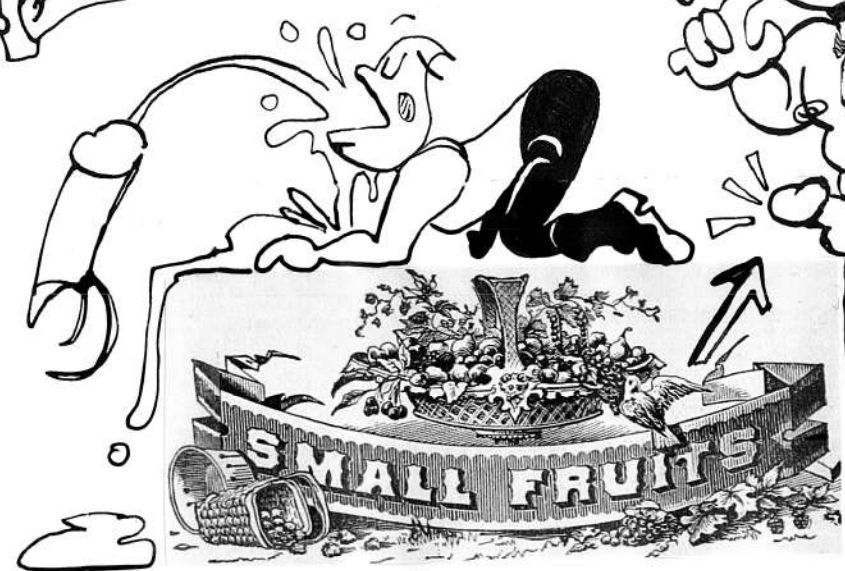
common theme is that once an adult or someone older and in charge finds out, they're very quick to sweep this under the rug. There's no discussions or education on what they'd seen, they just try to pretend that nothing happened.

From what I know personally, this is pretty harmful. I think kids are far more intelligent than we give them credit for. They're capable of taking things seriously and understanding some deep concepts that even the oldest of adults I've met have no ability of grasping.

I'm not saying to shout to the high heavens to kids about sex and to be explicit about it, but I am saying they have the intelligence to be educated and make wiser choices around the matter for their own safety and wellbeing. Being younger than 5 like in my friend's story might make the lesson different from what you'd explain to someone in their double digits, but I think it's necessary regardless.



**KICK!**  
**RVVVVV!**  
**CRASH!**  
**GULP!**





# The Adonis At My Door

## A Formative Anecdote

Does everybody remember their first time seeing the naked body of the opposite sex? In the flesh, I mean. Maybe for some, it's a distant blur, and maybe for others, it hasn't happened yet. But as for me, I remember the first time I saw a naked man. Nothing was ever the same afterwards!

I couldn't have been older than 8 or 9 years old when I was using the family laptop, most likely to surf the web or to play flash games. Then, the doorbell rang. When I answered, there was a sight to behold before me.

A slender, young, college aged ginger covered in freckles wearing nothing but white socks and running shoes stood in my doorway like a sporty statue of David. He came complete with a languid contrapposto pose. He was absolutely beautiful, completely nude, and spared no room for imagination. Everything he had to offer was out on display.

"Is... your mom home?"

Well speak of the devil. She came rushing to the door to politely and awkwardly shoo him away from our house and shoved me aside to keep him and I out of each other's lines of sight.

No further action was taken. My mom didn't report this ding dong surprise to the authorities or anything like that.

There was no talk, there was no checking in to discuss what I'd seen, nada.

I'd always been told that when I'm curious about something, I should look it up.

Google search query: Naked man

And thus began my stumble into exposing myself to the unmonitored and unregulated internet's wealth of porn, starting with gay twink porn.

Looking back, there's a million ways this could have gone much worse.

On one hand, I exposed myself to a breadth of pornography in the absence of an adult's guidance to help me understand what I was seeing and why I was much too young to.

On the other hand, I did pretty well not to crawl into a white van despite my sexuality having been awakened much too soon. Trust me, there were other ways I got into trouble, but that's another can of worms on its own.

If I could wind back the clock, I'd love to have been educated on sex earlier than middle school. As apparent by my story, there's no telling when the question of sexuality will enter someone's life. Knowing more about it can not only be empowering, but lifesaving.



# GIRLS VS. BOYS

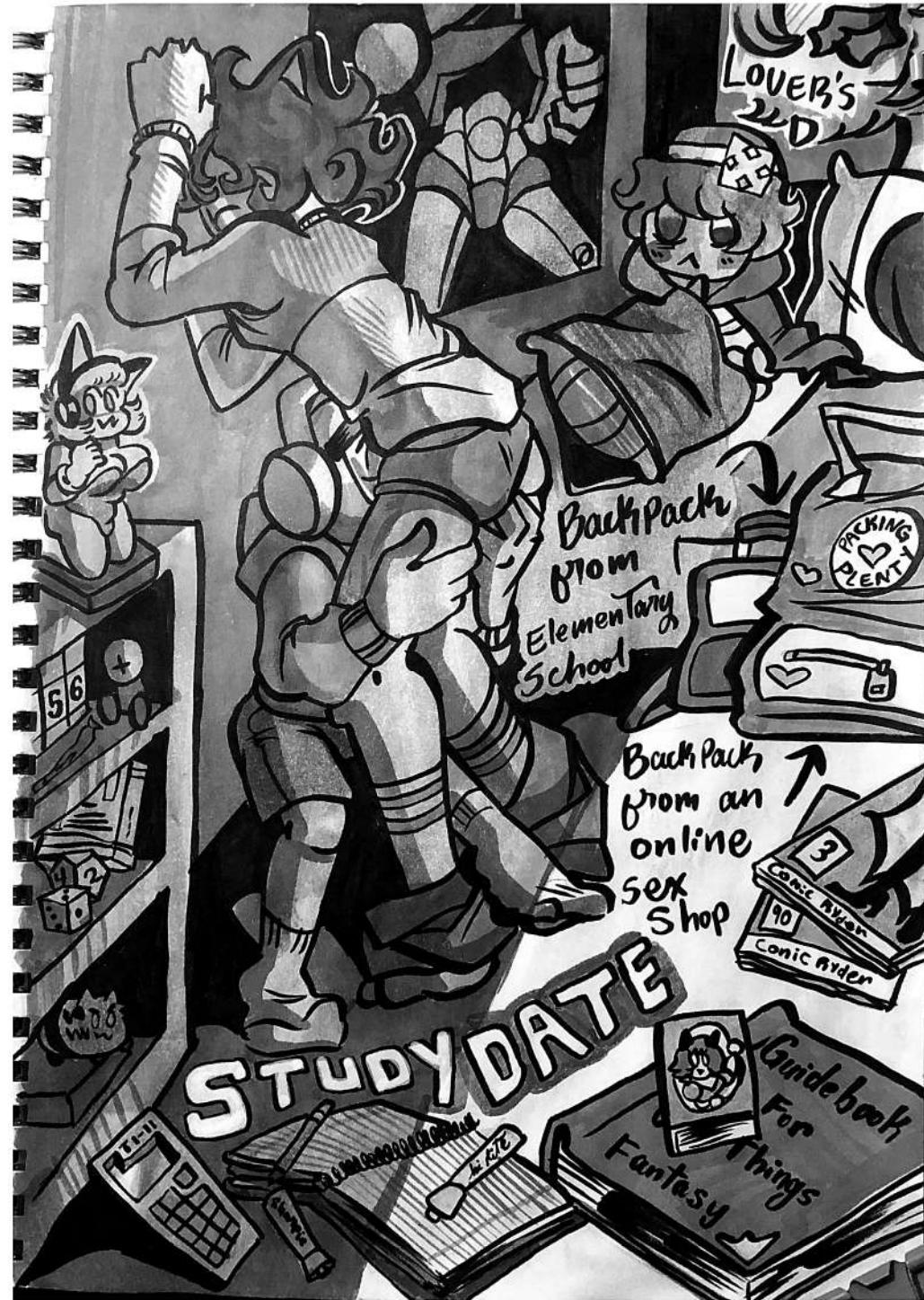
Does the Distinction Matter?

Sometimes yes, sometimes no.  
The Battle of the Sexes  
is an age old question and  
it's not very fair to say who's  
better. There's more nuance than  
that. A lot of Man-hating  
feminists will give you an  
answer, but so will the  
Men + Boys who are a  
little too into Andrew Tate. Truthfully,  
the debate also leaves Non-binary  
folks like myself out of the equation. It's  
hard to pick a side in a game w/no room for you.





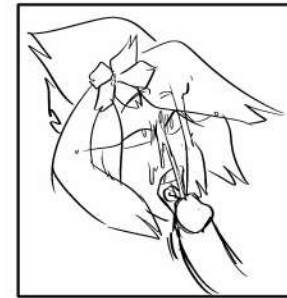
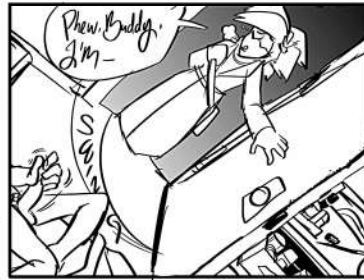
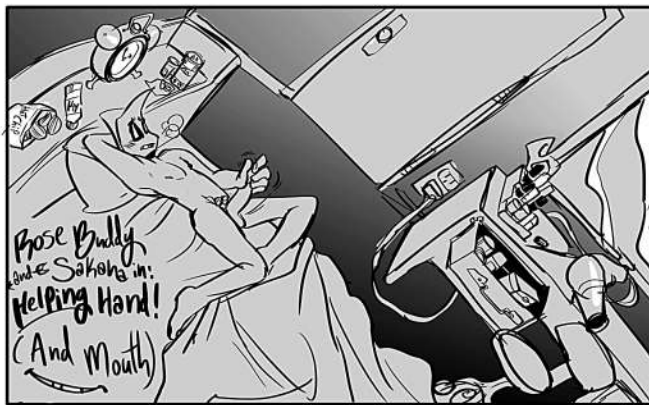
Lucius + Megina



Bryan + Phase



# Unfinished BJ Comic



## Gloryhole GalaVant

