

TALES OF THE DISCONNECTED

by Dominic Lyne

3: Sex



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Foreword

The title pretty much sums this one up. It's all the time's sex is mentioned, although there was some very interesting sexual escapades that didn't appear in Tales of the Disconnected for various reasons. Some of these 'missing' tales include fucking in some artist's van in the woods. Fucking some other guy in another woods, then outside a housing estate in pretty much full view and almost getting caught. Blowjobs in graveyards, shops and the time I fucked a guy and he got shit absolutely everywhere are all nowhere to be found. I guess some things are best kept locked out of public view...

The Entries

05-10-2004 - Tainted Love

Speaking of listening to music, I don't think Marilyn Manson's music properly left my hi-fi for the whole four days. We talked to it; we sorted out the shit between us to it; we cried to it; we fucked to it. Oh, how we fucked to it. Marilyn Manson was the soundtrack to every single fuck we had this extended weekend – except when we did it in the bathroom. I think we fucked an albums worth of tracks. *Sodomising Love Fuck* the new album by DomiSam featuring 10 fucks recorded over four days; limited edition version includes the bonus track: 'Piss Fuck Enema'. Fuck dudes none of us escaped unmarked - I got about 5 bite marks all over my neck and my insides cleaned out by Sam's piss; Sam got shit-loads of bite marks all over him from when I fucked him – looking at him you'd think I was a fucking vampire or something. Ahh, was all fun though.

09-10-2004

Ok, so I got to add an entry today because Sam's insisting I do so he can watch me type... what it actually means is he can watch TV. Anyway might as well update I guess. So better get in my time machine and say what's been happening. Haha and whilst I'm doing that Sam can roll me a cigarette.

Friday - Sam arrived earlier than we'd planned. We fucked then went to the shop to buy some food. I brought sensible stuff like microwave Prawn Curry, Spring rolls and cigarette papers; Sam brought about £5 worth of crisps. Went back to mine, sat back and watched *Bully* whilst Sam ate shit-loads without my help... ok lie, I ate half of what was eaten.

Later that evening I err... hmm... well... sucked him off for a bit but he got too loud so I stopped as I didn't want to wake anyone up; we fucked instead. Always good.

Curled up to sleep listening to *Thirteenth Step* by A Perfect Circle. I hugged him all night.

Saturday - woke up still hugging Sam, I wanted to stay there all day but realised we had to go to the shop to gain more food, so I pulled myself out of bed, walked down stairs and made a cup of tea. After a shower and a fuck - well technically 2 for me - we're ready to go shopping. Sam excelled himself today, spending about £6 on his crisps... no sorry OUR crisps. Once again we got stopped by some fucking townies asking us if we 'had a fag'. A dig at us, or reasonable question? Who knows; who really cares?

Fuck, Sam just made me a fucking well good roll-up... I'm training him well.

10-10-2004 - The Letter

Ok, this is fucked up. Very fucked up. Well, actually this sort of thing is likely to happen to me anyway. Want to know what the fuck I'm going on about? Ok, I'll tell you.

I got a letter on Saturday. It's very rare I get a handwritten letter, but there was one sat on the side waiting for me when I went downstairs that morning. I looked at it, I know the writing of everyone who's likely to write to me by hand and the writing on the letter wasn't any of theirs. When I opened it I almost cried, it was from some guy I fucked like ages ago as a dare. He'd fucking written to me!! He'd been round my house once and remembered perfectly my second name - which I have no idea I gave him - and my address! How fucking freaky is that? Sort of made me regret fulfilling the dare because all its resulted in is me receiving text messages and phone calls - all of which have gone unanswered, and lucky for me I got a new phone so they no longer reach me.

It's a long story; well it isn't really. When I got back from New York in March, my bro dared me to find someone who had a publishing deal of some sort and fuck them in the hope of benefiting from it. I agreed to do it, being someone not to turn down a challenge and found my target. We met up in April and the dare was put in place. My victim and I spent the day in the pub chatting away, I made sure we were hidden away in some dark corner just in case my mates walked in a saw me with this fucking camp-as-hell minging sod. Anyway, things got complicated. I went for a piss and when I returned my phone was flashing with a new message, it was from my victim telling me how much he liked me and shit; although I was freaked out a bit, I had a task to fulfil and I wasn't going to end it then.

Pub closed. We returned to mine and I tried to keep my distance from him but he pounced on me; I was like ‘eww but we might as well fuck’. It was the worst fuck I ever had. He kissed like a horse, his overhanging belly pinned me to the bed and his dick was like a fucking mushroom - short, a thin stem with a fucking massive head - well not massive, but in proportion with the rest it was. I clock-watched my way through the whole affair, bored out of my brains as this guy tried to fuck me. He eventually came then just lay there on top of me, so I forced him off me and spun round onto my back. ‘Did you come?’ I asked.

‘Yeah,’ he panted.

‘Oh right.’

‘Why?’ he looked puzzled.

‘Just wondering.’ In truth I hadn’t felt his cock go anywhere near me, all I’d felt was his immense body weight crushing me against the bed.

‘Wanna fuck me now?’

‘Why?’ I just wanted to go to sleep so I wouldn’t have to look at his face until the morning.

‘I want you to.’

‘Ok,’ I sighed as I sat up. He lay in front of me and I couldn’t even get my cock hard for the simple reason that a mount of lard doesn’t turn me on. I went to bed instead.

Morning came and he asked me if I’d be interested in writing music for his lyrics. I agreed, he promised to send me some lyrics. The dare completed he could now just fuck off out of my house. I called him a cab and kicked him out. Then it all backfired.

The victim didn’t want to send me the lyrics by e-mail but meet up in person, which meant that I’d have to go

through the ordeal of his mushroom dick all over again. ‘Fuck that’ I thought, I’d completed the dare, it didn’t work out, oh well, never-mind. The problem was that he really liked me, meaning he thought that we had a possible future together. Yeah right! Every fucking message and phone call went unanswered, unless he phoned from a different number and then he was met with: ‘Sorry dude? What you say? Bad reception can’t hear you.’ Click, line goes dead as I’d hung up.

So I thought I’d heard the last of him. That was until that letter arrived. Grr, how the fuck could he remember my address so clearly? Hmm, I could either reply to the letter, which would mean he would write back; or I could just ignore it, but then he might turn up out of the blue. Either way I can’t win. Why can’t people realise that a one-night fuck is only for one night?

10-10-2004

WEEKEND FUCKOMETER: 5

20-10-2004

WEEKEND FUCKOMETER: 5

02-11-2004 - Halloween 2004

After an uneventful night out, Sam and I find ourselves alone together, we take a few photos on his

camera; we fuck, then curl up and go to sleep, hugging each other all night.

We awake. All my face-paint and fake blood has rubbed off onto Sam's pillows so they're all stained red... whoops. Sam's nan leaves a cup of tea outside his door for me, which was well nice of her... so I drink it. We go have a shower to wash off the face-paint; then Sam makes breakfast - bacon and eggs - whilst eating it I phone Bro to tell him to meet us in London. Sam and I then go watch a bit of TV, play fight, which leads on to another fuck. Bro phones, he's at Waterloo, so we leave to go and meet him - we end up having to go to Embankment to meet him as he can't find his way to Euston... nevermind.

23-11-2004

Necro-Lust

Found something quite funny out today... until 2003 it wasn't illegal to perform 'sexual penetration of a corpse'... so you could fuck as many dead bodies as you wanted.

However, these days under *Section 70* of the *Sexual Offences Act 2003*, 'sexual penetration of or by a dead body' now carries with it a maximum of 2 years in jail.

Note: *After these entries the nature of how I wrote about Sam and I changed. It became less about the sex and more about the actual emotion of love, the small things. It became more caring, less graphic, more 'considerate'. So ends the talk of sex with Sam.*

01-11-2005

So, we got home at 7:30am today... a good 12hours since we left... last night was a chuckle, I dragged Mark to RedEye and well, got drunk and had fun... I think a one sentence will sum it up... guy in the green top (it's a 'don't mention last night to me again' kinda thing)... oh I danced with some girl who gave me a hug at the end of the night for being 'so cool'.

Chatted to Mike and Gang after... well tormented should have been the word, but meh... then when they caught the bus, we went on a quest back to Waterloo... we ate some cat burger thing from some place near Charing Cross... it was freezing, so we sat in front of this warm air-vent thing outside of Embankment for a while and I went and flooded a phone box with my piss.

Note: *The guy in the green top was some random guy I ended up sucking off in the toilets of the club.*

03-02-2006

Of all the places we chose to do it, we did it in someone's back garden. We were pissing ourselves laughing. It was a giggle. Then we went on our ways. I walked as far as my route would allow, then I went off in one direction, he went in the other.

09-05-2006

Being the first and – up to now - only student who managed to get porn onto the college notice board, I've now taken it to the next level. I will now be the first student to submit a dissertation which contains gay porn cut with images of destruction... woohoo... the advantages of doing video to music haha.

10-05-2006

Walked round to Nick's last night for a few drinks... it was a laugh... had a good-old chat [*read as fuck*] into the godforsaken early hours of the morning, so I ended up crashing there.

So yeah, woke up today in the House of Queers and as I was walking downstairs for a smoke, I heard the guy who owns the house saying to Nick that I was 'a nice guy, shame I don't see him for more than 5 seconds'... haha when I came into his vision he got his more than a 5 second chat... went out for a smoke then decided to go home to shower and wot-not.

24-05-2006 - Pet Hate #3005

Haha talking to Gemma yesterday kinda made me sound well shallow and difficult lol... but meh... I'm not really... honest lol...

So anyway... I said I'd post this for giggles... so yeah, here's one of my pet hates.

I hate it when you fuck someone you don't know - nor want to know - and they want to talk after it. I mean

they wanted a fuck and they got what they wanted. If they'd wanted a cup of tea and a chat afterwards they should have said. I mean I hate how having edged towards a door to make my escape, I then find myself an hour later listening to them telling me their life story... I mean sorry, if you're not a friend then why would I care? Well - here's where it gets shallow - that is unless you're really good looking. But meh... you know I'm gonna start charging people who insist in post-fuck chat...

Meh... well now that's out of my system... lol...

I got a parcel today from my mum... it contained ginger-bread men... I'm happy...

30-07-2006

So the DVD content is now finished. It contains 3 easter eggs as well... 1 of which is Jules and I fucking...

Well, that'll make me the first person at the college to hand in gay-porn as part of their dissertation.

13-08-2006

Oh I know what I was gonna say... my mum saw one of the love bites on my neck when she met me, and was like 'is that a love bite?'... 'It may possibly be so,' I did reply... 'Don't you know they cause cancer?' she said mournfully. 'Oh well.' It seems that everything causes cancer these days... what next? 'You didn't wipe your ass from front to back, don't you know not doing so causes cancer?'

22-09-2006

Giggle, laugh, serious face. I'm cold, cold hearted and dismissive. You had your use now get lost. Sex; sex out of relationship is meaningless. Don't ask me questions about relationship, don't ask me to start hanging out with you. Better still don't talk, I don't want to know anything about you, I don't even want to know your name. Don't consider it instant access to my friendship. If we've fucked then you're not my friend. I respect my friends.

Sex out of relationship is meaningless, just glorified masturbation. Meaningless; forgettable. Don't think it means anything; don't think you're special. You're just a piece of meat to me, on the same level as a blow-up doll. So you want to make it mean something? Well it never will; chances are you don't even register in my mind, I'm most likely thinking of someone else anyway.

There are no vacancies for relationship, and even if there was don't think you'll get anything from me. I hang my love around my neck, you've gotta be something truly special to get close to that. Good luck in trying, everyone has failed so far.

Giggle, laugh, serious face.

10-06-2007 - El Diablo... The Great Seducer

Apparently I'm a slut, just because I slept with someone on a first 'date'. Hmm, but how can I be to blame for that when they made the first move? Well, apparently I seduced them, like an incubus did I descend and fill their minds with thoughts to make a move on me. Yes, quite.

So then I was bombarded with ‘I only made the move because I thought it was what you wanted.’ So now they’re psychic. Why is it that everyone I meet just wants to sleep with me? I’m really considering charging for my time, I mean if they don’t want to actually get to know me then fine pay-by-the-hour it should be. That way my time isn’t being wasted.

So apparently I’m the Great Seducer. I get what I want when I want it and entice people away from their principals. I am Dom, the Devourer of Morals, the Deceiver of the Innocent, a Devil upon this Earth and I will lay waste to your virtues.

09-11-2007 - How fucking random...

I go online and there’s a message waiting for me with the ominous words ‘were you at the fireworks in Guildford? I think I saw you.’

So I reply with ‘yeah I was, wouldn’t surprise me, I’m hard to miss.’

It turns out this guy was one of the two coppers me and Steve walked by. Funny thing was that the only reason I remember them is that both Steve and I were surprised that they hadn’t taken the beer off us, well now I know that the female copper had been on a mission to remove the ‘offensive’ items from our hands but he’d told her not to. Nice of him you’d think, well not really coz apparently he’d been thinking how he wanted to take me into the bushes and suck me off... hmm, ok.

Then he’s like he knows me from somewhere, and I’m like well no doubt he’d stopped me on some of my many adventures, but no, according to him I fucked him a

few years back... how the fuck am I expected to remember that? Kinda flattering that he remembered me I guess.

10-11-2007

I got really angry yesterday coz some stranger told me I have the reputation for being 'a player'. I mean how can someone I don't even know have an opinion on me. How did they hear about it? Who from? Why is it people always seem to talk in whispers behind my back? I'm fucking impossible to get with, or maintain my interest... so how does that make me a player? Or maybe it does. Meh, I can't be fucked even thinking about it.

Note: *This stranger was the guy who shat everywhere whilst I fucked him.*

07-02-2008 - Random Thought

Since I'm sitting at my computer I thought I'd share with you my current random thought. I was just sat there thinking if they were sentient creatures, I wonder what my flesh tunnels would say about all I've put them through. I mean they'd have plenty of tales to tell from over the years. They're like my constant companions who experience everything with me. Told you it was a random entry...

They've lasted longer than any relationship, seen all the naked flesh I've seen, been through all the break ups and adventures, they're never covered up so they'd see *everything*. I wonder how they felt about being used to wake up my ex-Mark when I hadn't bothered to clean

them. Well more to the point, I wonder what they think about all the shit that comes out of my head - at least they can't read my thoughts. I feel sorry for one of them though... he (omg, I've just given it a gender!) had to endure the fucking of the Womble all by himself, well he did have the short lived eyebrow piercing to keep him company, even if it was almost ripped out whilst fucking her - long story...

I guess the annoying rattle they make when I'm having sex or jerking off and they've got their hoops through is their revenge for everything.

God, my brain is such a kid... why am I thinking all this?