

A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark blue dress with white polka dots, is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. Her right hand is placed on her chest. The background is slightly blurred, showing a light-colored curtain and a wooden floor.

Cass4guys

— THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN —

ISSUE 00

A SMALL INDEPENDENT MAGAZINE

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Letter from Cass4x

Welcome to the very first issue of Cass4Guys.

If you're reading this, you're one of the first people to join me on what I hope will become a long and exciting journey. I honestly couldn't be happier to finally have you here.

This magazine has lived in my imagination for a long time. I've spent countless hours planning, writing, designing, choosing photos, and obsessing over every little detail so that this first issue would be something I'm proud to share with you.

As a little thank-you for being here from the beginning, this first issue is completely free (and that's why it's number 0). Everything inside is also available on my website, cass4x.online, so think of this edition as my way of saying, "Come in, get comfortable, and let's get to know each other."

Starting with the next issue, Cass4Guys will cost \$20. Not because I want to hide things behind a paywall, but because creating every edition takes a surprising amount of time and care. Between producing the magazine and keeping Reddit and cass4x.online full of fresh free content, it's almost a full-time adventure. Your support helps me keep creating, and make each new issue even better than the last.

My dream isn't simply to share photos. I want to create a magazine you'll look forward to the next one. A place where you'll find the images you long, captivating stories, fan art, community contributions, and little surprises that make you smile... and maybe keep you stuck on some page for a while.

So make yourself comfortable. Pour yourself a drink, put your phone on silent for a while, and enjoy every page. I hope this is the beginning of a long journey that we take together.

Thank you for being here.

Enjoy the magazine...

Love,

Cass4x

BACKPACKING, GETTING READY

I just turned 18 and finally my lifelong dream of going backpacking could actually come true. For years, a friend and I (let's call her Anne) had been planning it. Talking about it in class, mapping out routes, promising each other that the moment we were both 18, we'd sling our backpacks on and go.

We were on our final year of high school. She had a boyfriend, and I had just started dating the guy who's now my husband. Neither of them were thrilled about the idea of us two girls going off alone. They both tried to talk us out of it. But this was something we had built up in our heads since forever. We had to do it. Alone. Now, in mid-year holidays.

I remember my boyfriend was quite easy to convince. Either he let me, or that was it for us. But Anne wouldn't risk such a move with her boyfriend. He was really cute and nice, and she wasn't the best looking girl at school. She was very nice, I loved her, but truth be spoken, she was thick... fat actually, but that's a word I try to not use for people I like.

So, I went to his place one afternoon to convince him. He was surprised I was there alone, but invited me in nonetheless. We sat in his room, and I laid out the plan. How Anne and I had dreamed of this trip, how it wasn't about danger or boys, just freedom. He pushed back, saying he didn't like the thought of her hitchhiking, sleeping in tents. For a while it was back and forth like that.

Then it changed. I don't remember the exact moment, but suddenly we weren't debating anymore, we were just talking. About Anne, about their relationship. He admitted things I didn't expect. That they hadn't done much at all. Just kisses, some touching, maybe a handjob once or twice. That was it.

It didn't line up with what Anne had told me. She used to act like they were doing everything. Blowjobs, sex, the whole deal. But hearing him, I understood. She only said those things because of me. Because I always told her about my own cheating, about the guys I was with. She didn't want to look naive next to me.

I didn't feel betrayed. Not at all. If anything, it gave me a rush. I liked knowing she had to invent stories to keep up with me. That I was the one actually living it, while she was pretending.

Before we knew it, his parents called for dinner. After that, he offered to take me home. I said no. Not until he admitted he was okay with Anne going with me. He laughed a little, like I was being stubborn, but I meant it. I wasn't going to leave until I got what I came for. He insisted to give me a drive anyway, so we went to his father's car. He started the drive and we continued to talk until he finally sighed and said the truth: that it wasn't the trip itself that scared him. It was me.

I didn't say anything at first. Just waited.

He said Anne had told him things. About me. About what I did.

I knew exactly what he meant. The things I'd shared with Anne, she had passed them on to him. That kinda upset me but I played nice anyhow. I started asking questions, carefully. Not directly, but enough to make him

reveal how much he knew.

He said he knew I'd been with guys behind my boyfriend's back. That I didn't hide it from Anne. That I bragged about it.

I leaned back in the seat, letting him talk. I pushed here and there, pretending to clarify, but just to know.

By the end of the ride, he hadn't given me the approval I wanted. But I knew he was thinking of me and the things I did and Anne wouldn't.

He slowed to a stop and told me goodnight. But I didn't move. I told him I wasn't getting out until he said it. That he'd let Anne come with me.

He shook his head, said we'd been over it. No way he'd let her go backpacking with me alone. I told him to come inside for a moment, that we needed to continue talking.

He refused at first. Said it wasn't a good idea. That it was late. That my parents were probably around. I knew those were anything but excuses. He was afraid. I just looked at him and said they'd be asleep. He stared at me, cut the engine and followed me out.

The house was dark and quiet. My parents had already gone to bed. I led him straight into my room. Closed the door and turned the lock.

We sat on the edge of my bed, and for a while neither of us spoke. He was stiff, unsure, still clinging to his refusal. I told him again how much this trip mattered, how long Anne and I had planned it.

He kept trying to push back, but softer now. Not like before. I could feel the shift. The more I pressed, the more he folded, until his arguments weren't about safety or trust anymore. They were only about me. About what he knew of me. About how afraid he was Anne would do things influenced by me and the distance and the opportunity.

I leaned in close, so close he could feel my breath on his ear, and said: "But that's me, baby... she's not like that... you know that."

He froze.

"She doesn't do the things I do," I whispered right at his ear, dragging it out. "Not even to you. How on earth could she do it to any other guy?"

I let it hang there between us. His jaw tightened. He didn't move away. He didn't answer either.

My hand slid onto his knee, light. He looked down at it, then back at me, shaking his head but not moving me away.

"You shouldn't," he muttered.

"But you like it," I said. I was young, but I already knew.

I let my hand drift higher, slow. He stayed frozen. When my fingers pressed against the inside of his thigh, he whispered, "Stop..." but it didn't sound like he meant it.

I tilted my head, watching him squirm, then leaned in again. "She doesn't do this, right?" I murmured. I rubbed over the fabric of his jeans, firm enough that there was no mistaking my intent. His body betrayed him, hard under my palm, even as he tried to look away.

He said her name once, almost like a plea. I answered by unbuttoning him. Smooth, simple, no pause. He grabbed my wrist but it was weak, half-hearted. I pulled him free, heavy and stiff in my hand, and stroked slow.

"You see?" I whispered, eyes on him. "I'm not her."

His head tipped back, a low sound breaking from him. He was breathing hard, trying not to look at me, but I kept going, slow and steady, making sure he felt every second.

I leaned down and let my tongue slide along him, just once, teasing, and when he shuddered I smiled against him. Then I took him into my mouth, deep, steady, not giving him space to think.

His hand came to the back of my head, not pushing, just holding there, caught between guilt and need. I worked him with my mouth and hand, listening to every sound he tried to swallow down.

He tasted salty on my tongue. I spat in my hand, stroked him slick, and went back down.

He groaned my name. Not Anne's. Mine. That was all I needed to hear.

I worked him deeper. Every time I pulled back I let him see the mess on my lips, then swallowed him down again. His thighs were trembling under my palms. He tried to hold himself back, biting his fist, but I didn't stop.

"Have you ever been sucked like this?" I asked, knowing the answer before he said it.

When his hips jerked I pulled off fast and wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. He cursed under his breath. "Not yet." I told him.

I pushed him back flat on my bed. Climbed over him, my knees pressing on either side of his hips. His cock was wet against my thigh, leaking, throbbing. I ground myself against it, slow, still clothed, making him feel how hot I was through the jeans fabric.

He tried to speak but I cut him off with a kiss. First one was messy, teeth knocking, but then I took his mouth hard, sucking his tongue, biting his lip. His hands gripped my waist, not pushing me away anymore.

I sat up, pulled my shirt over my head, tossed it aside. His eyes locked on my tits, and I laughed low. "She might be chubby, but do her tits look better than mine?" I grabbed his hand and shoved it to my chest, made him squeeze. His thumb flicked over my nipple and I moaned.

I unzipped my jeans, shoved them down just enough, no ceremony. My panties were already damp, sticking to me. I rubbed myself over his cock, fabric sliding against him, both of us breathing ragged.

"Has she ever done this to you?"

Of course she hasn't.

Then I pulled my panties aside and stayed there, his cock tip brushing my pussy.

"So... You're a virgin or have you had sex with someone other than Anne?"

"I'm... I haven't..." He couldn't answer, but that was enough information for me.

"Do you want to wait for her? I can just walk away if you wish" I teased, knowing perfectly well he wouldn't.

"No... No, I don't want to wait anymore... Please".

There he was. Begging for it.

I sank down on him in one slow push.

He gasped, eyes wide, both hands clamping my hips like he couldn't believe it was happening. I clenched tight around him, grinding down until I was full, until I felt him hit deep.

"See?" I whispered, leaning over him, my lips brushing his, my tongue all over. "You didn't need her to lose your virginity."

I started riding him steady, hips rolling, tits bouncing against his chest. Every thrust made the bed creak, but I didn't care if my parents heard. His nails dug into me, his face twisted up like he was fighting the guilt with every thrust, but his body was giving in.

I went harder, faster, smacking down onto him, my moans getting louder, raw. I told him how good his cock felt, how Anne would never know how to use it like I did. I made sure every word cut him while his cock kept sliding deeper into me.

I kept riding him, letting the friction build. His hips lifted, hands clenching my waist, trying to hold me down. His breaths were short, ragged, gasping, and I felt him stiffen deep inside me.

I leaned forward, pressed my tits to his chest, whispered into his ear, "Come for me, baby."

It didn't take long. His body tensed violently, a low groan ripping from his throat. His cock twitched, pulsed, and then I felt him spill deep inside me, warm and hot, shuddering with the release. I kept my hips moving, slowly, letting him ride out every shiver, his hands gripping me tight.

As he came down, his breathing ragged, I felt my own body tightening, ready to let go. My own pleasure built, wet and heavy, and then I came with a scream I tried to swallow, hips bucking, nails digging into his chest. My walls clenched around him, my thighs trembling, juices sliding down onto the sheets.

He groaned again at the feel of me contracting, holding him, and I laughed low, pressed my mouth to his neck, biting and sucking, making sure there were marks to be left. He tried to speak, but it came out broken and helpless. I felt it all—the push, the pull, the heat—and let it last until we were both gasping, sweating, shivering from the release.

I rolled off him slowly, catching my breath, feeling the mess we made, and smiled down at him. He was still trembling, wide-eyed, his cock softening but still leaking. He didn't speak, just looked at me.

I propped myself on one elbow, looking at him.

I brushed a strand of hair from his forehead and spoke low, steady. "Now you let us go backpacking," I said. "Or you'll break her heart when she finds out you didn't wait for her."

His eyes flicked to mine, panic flashing.

"Let's be nice," I added, running my nails lightly down his chest. "Let's protect her from our cheating."

He swallowed hard, still speechless. I french kissed him before getting up to get my clothes from the floor.

"You understand?" I asked, pulling my shirt back over my head. "You don't get to tell her no. You don't get to ruin this for her. You just smile and say yes, and no one gets hurt."

He sat up slowly, staring at the floor. I could see it settling in. What we'd done.

I tugged my jeans up, zipped them, and leaned back against the wall, watching him. "It's so easy baby. You tell her she can come with me. You'll be the supportive boyfriend. You'll keep your mouth shut. And so will I. Noone gets hurt. That's perfect, innit?"

He nodded, finally, eyes still down.

I smiled and unlocked the door. The house was still silent. My parents still asleep. When I looked back at him one last time, he still hadn't moved.

"What you waiting for? Get clothed and go home, baby." I said. "It looks like you need some rest".

The next day, my friend Anne called me early. She had convinced his boyfriend so that we could go backpacking. "That's great news!" I said over the phone. "Congratulations on convincing him... Care to share how you achieved it?"

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Work outfit... who says a team lead cannot dress nicely?



My smoking window in my 20s



No, that's not my husband I'm looking at



Who wanna have some fun with this married lady?

Bitch, Unboxed

Meredith Brooks' **"Bitch"** became a huge hit because it took something that was usually thrown at women as an insult and turned it into a declaration of complexity. This issue we will take a deep look into this 90s hymn for me.

The song opens with:

"I hate the world today / You're so good to me / I know but I can't change."

Me, the singer, wake up irritated by life itself. The man beside me hasn't done anything wrong. Most people pretend they're perfectly rational. I don't.

Then comes:

"Tried to tell you but you look at me like maybe I'm an angel underneath..."

That's the way many relationships begin. We fall in love with an idealized version of someone. He wants me to be sweet, calm and predictable. I know I'm not. Nobody is.

"Yesterday I cried... You must have been relieved to see the softer side."

When a woman cries, people relax because finally she looks like the "acceptable" version of femininity. Anger makes people uncomfortable. Tears don't.

Perhaps the key line before the chorus is:

"I'm a little bit of everything, all rolled into one."

That sentence is the thesis of the entire song. Human beings aren't single personalities. We contradict ourselves daily. You can be generous and selfish. Brave and scared. Faithful and tempted. Strong one morning and a complete wreck by dinner. We are walking collections of contradictions.

The chorus is my music band:

"I'm a bitch, I'm a lover / I'm a child, I'm a mother / I'm a sinner, I'm a saint..."

"I'm a bitch." I know I am.

"I'm a lover." Sometimes I'm affectionate.

"I'm a child." Immature, playful, vulnerable.

"I'm a mother." Also protective.

“I’m a sinner.” You know me.

“I’m a saint.” Sometimes I do the right thing.

The important part is what comes next:

“I do not feel ashamed.”

I don't apologize for being what I am. Take it or leave it.

“I’m your hell, I’m your dream / I’m nothing in between.”

No grays for me. Never.

“Take me as I am. This may mean you’ll have to be a stronger man.”

Wanna have me? Be a fucking man.

“Tomorrow I will change, and today won’t mean a thing.”

Not because today's emotions were fake, but because emotions are temporary. Today's anger can disappear overnight. Tomorrow's confidence can vanish by lunchtime.

The song isn't celebrating being mean. It isn't saying mood swings are automatically healthy, either. It's about rejecting the fantasy that a real woman should be emotionally consistent every hour of every day.

Its message is refreshingly ordinary: stop expecting people to be one thing forever. The woman who laughs loudly at a barbecue might cry alone that night. The loving wife and mother that cooks and cleans and organize everything is also the slut that gets carried away when hormones call her.



Scan me to listen

What comes next?

I want the next issue to have more of you in it. More of your voice, your secrets, your sparks, your beautiful little disasters.

Send me your stories, confessions, hatred, love declarations, art, suggestions, complaints, questions... whatever you would be okay with seeing in the next issue. Make it sincere, strange, funny, messy, gorgeous, furious, horny for life... or all of the above. If it makes you feel something, I want to see it.

Send it here

okcass4x@gmail.com

And yes: the more you send, the more there is to play with. A bigger magazine, packed with more content for you to enjoy, for the same \$20 price? That's the dream. But you have a little responsibility in making that happen, too. Feed the beast. Send the thing you keep thinking about at 2 a.m.

Think of Cass4Guys less as one person talking at you and more as something we're making together: a collective creation, a messy little gang bang of creativity. I bring the vision, you bring the stories, heat, art and trouble. Then we see what we can make each other feel.

When will the next issue be available? When it's ready.

This isn't a periodic thing. If I'm not consistent, why would I expect this magazine to be?

But whenever the next one arrives, I hope a little piece of you will be in it. Don't be shy. I promise to handle it with care and love.

See you when it's ready.

Cass4x

Very soon, the first buyable sexzine, with pictures all of you have been asking for... and much much more. I'll be hearing from you in my mailbox and who knows, maybe your content is actually included (if for some reason you want to write to me and still do not wish it gets published, please make it clear. Otherwise, I'll assume you're ok with me publishing it.)