

love
60

ISSUE
#5

WITH ARTICLES FROM:

MELO
M. FROM NEW YORK
BABY B
H.D. CAMPBELL
AND MORE!

LOVE IS A
BATTLEFIELD!



A
Beryllium Media
Publication

A black and white photograph of a cluttered library or bookstore. The room is filled with tall bookshelves packed with books. In the center, there are large stacks of books on the floor and on tables. A person is seen from the back, standing on the right side of the frame, looking at books on a shelf. The overall atmosphere is one of a vast, somewhat chaotic collection of books.

**Q: Which Would It Be Easier
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Choice A?

Or Choice B?

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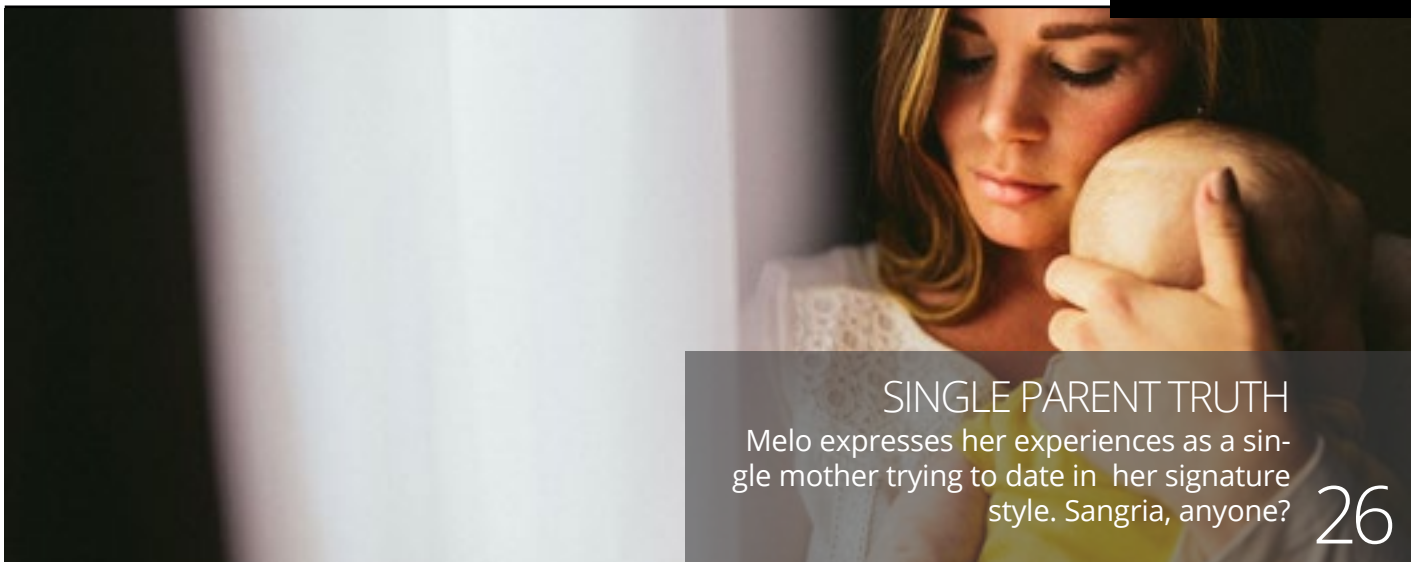


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EDITORIAL



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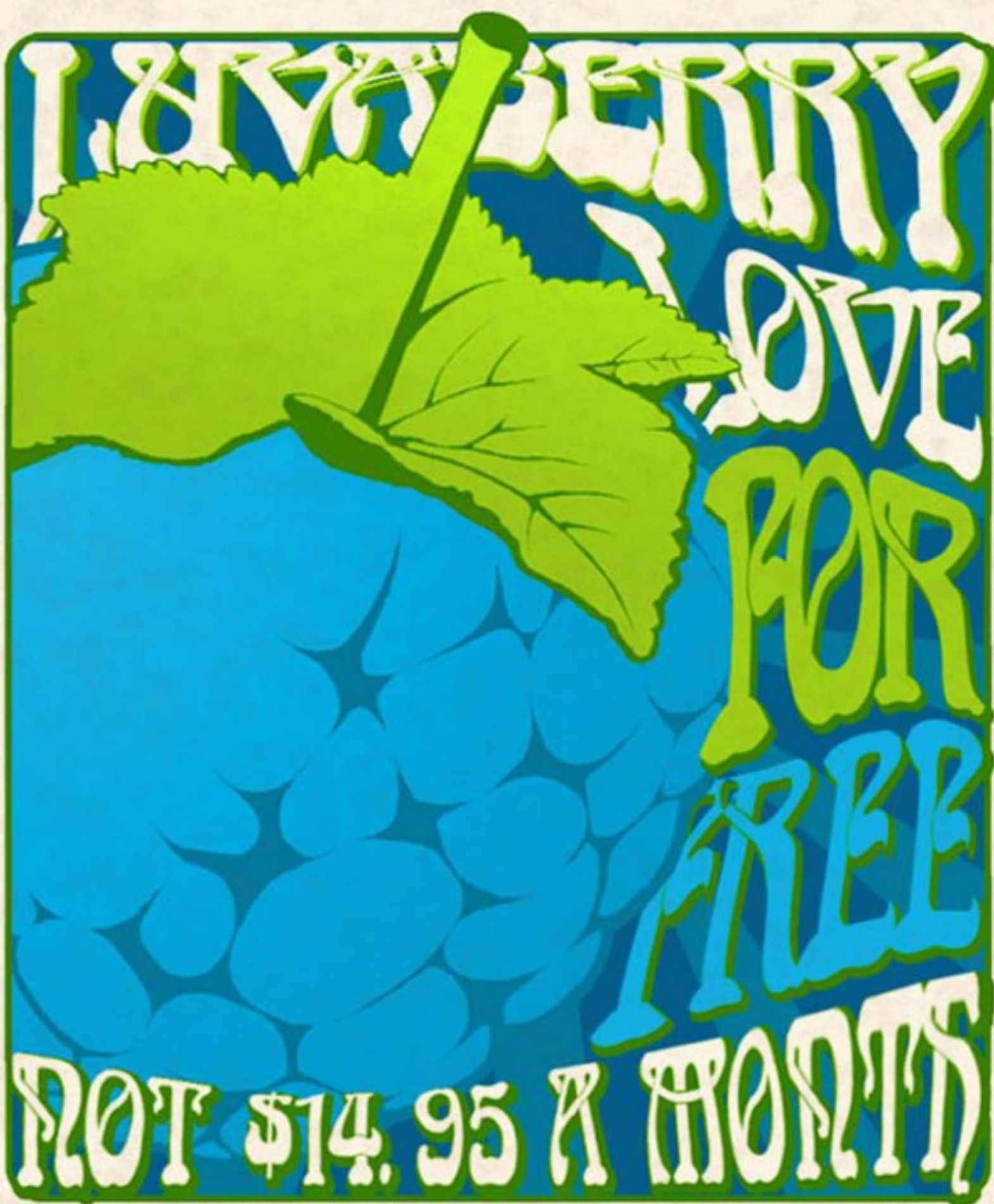


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Hey, everyone! Sorry for the long delay. This issue is aptly named "Love Is A Battlefield" due to the term being a double entendre. From hard drives which stored all of our information (including the original logo design) stop working to our cloud drives going offline (which stored all of our articles), this issue was truly a battle to complete. Even through all of this, love conquers all (another double entendre). Before we get into this issue, I would personally like to thank Melo, Reggie, and M from New York for all of their help and patience. I couldn't have done this without you. I would also like to thank my sister Alpalonnia Riley for helping me sort out all the frustrations with dealing with all of the mishaps from Issue 4 to Issue 5. And last but not least, I would like to introduce a new writer writing under the pen name Baby B. Her salacious story "Meet Me On The Roof, Sexy" is a good read. I would also like to introduce M from New York's friend The Client for telling his point of view in the story "My Misadventures As A Foot Fetish Model: From A Client." It's definitely an interesting read. Anyways, that's enough for now. Happy Reading!

-H.D. Campbell
Editor-In-Chief



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COMING SOON!

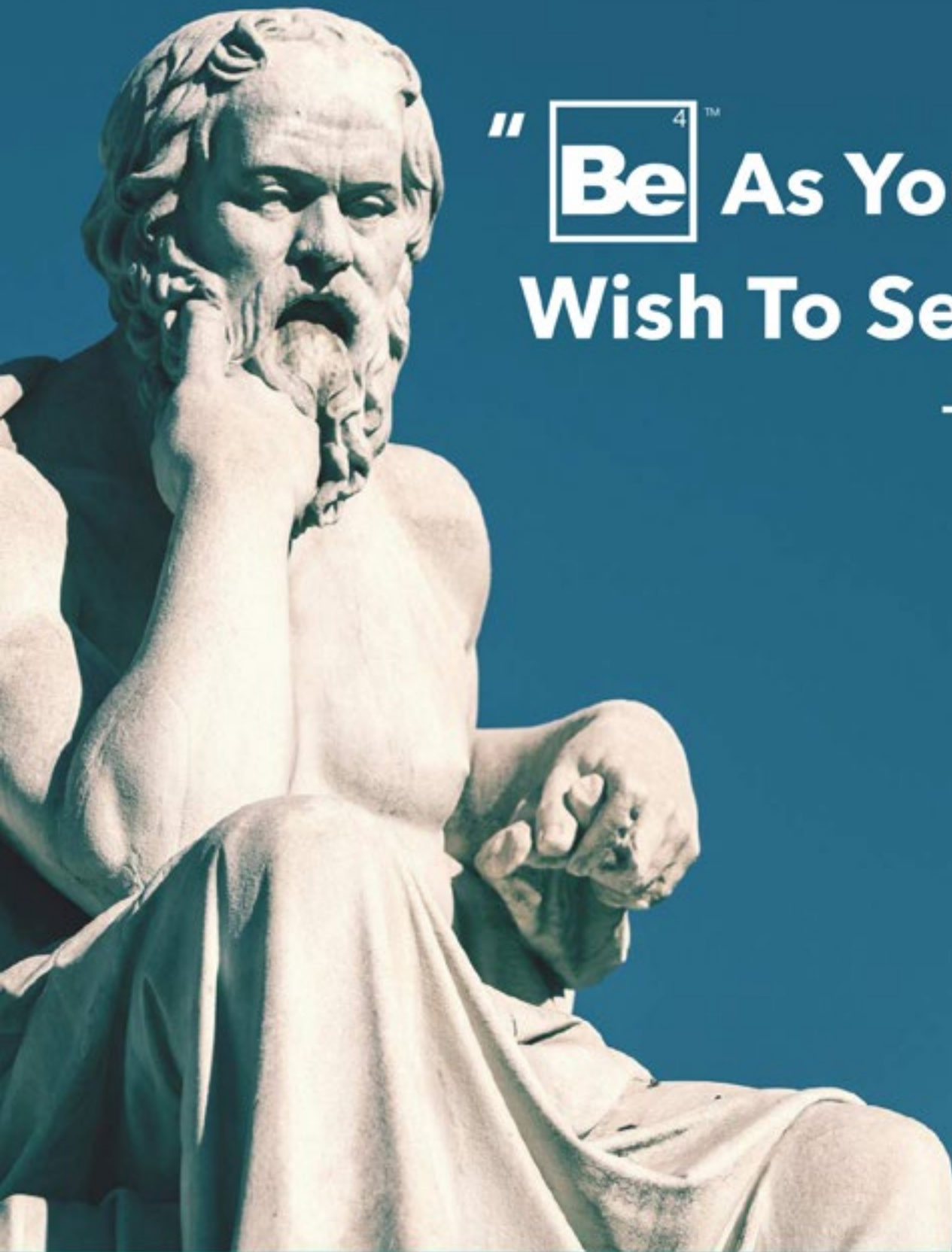
WHAT ISN'T LOVE...

Sometimes, it's hard to get into someone's heart if they have suffered a serious breakup. We ran across this Reddit of some stories that makes you understand why your potential significant other isn't so keen on getting into another relationship. Some are really messed up.

Don't believe us?

**Click Here To See
For Yourself!**





**"  As You
Wish To Seem."
- Socrates**

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Humor Me



On the lighter side, have you heard this one yet?

"I told my girlfriend that it looked like she was drawing her eyebrows too high. She looked surprised."

If you're looking for more good love jokes, this page on **Reader's Digest** may be a good place for a good laugh!

**Click Here To
Laugh Some More!**

Here's A Question



Why do guys (and
women) go MIA
or ghost for
weeks or months
then pop up again
later like
nothing is wrong?
Seriously...
Why?

[Click Here To Answer!](#)



Top 10

• *love* •
Articles
On The Web

#10



An Alpha (male or female) needs love too... it's just that their traits in a partner may be a bit demanding than others. Do you have what it takes to date an Alpha? If you're not sure, **YOU CAN CLICK HERE TO FIND OUT!**



Drink and be merry? If you want a better marriage, scientists say that you and your significant other should have the same drinking habits. It may not be rocket science but it is a pretty interesting study.

CLICK HERE TO READ MORE!



#9

**DON'T WORRY
THE REVOLUTION
WILL BEGIN
SHORTLY**



**SUPPORT THE
MOVEMENT!
TAP HERE &
GRAB SOME GEAR!**

**teddy
skull**



#8

In a world of over 7 billion people, there should be more than one way to skin a cat... or even masturbate. **Mashable** has found at least 8 different ways someone could masturbate.

**CLICK HERE IF
YOU CURIOUS
TO FIND OUT.**




Sometimes, your partner does not have to be the center of attention...and this may be a benefit to you. According to **Today**, there are 7 reasons why introverts would make a better partner.

**CLICK HERE
FIND OUT HOW!**


#7

#6



All isn't fair in love and war...especially when it comes to a fight with your significant other. There are some rules of engagement when it comes to battling your current lover.

IF YOU WANT TO READ 12 RULES, CLICK HERE!



Could more sex make your relationship happier? Is that an obvious yes?

**CLICK HERE TO READ
PSYCHOLOGY TODAY'S
CONCLUSION!**

#5

#4

Are you still friends with your ex? According to **Business Insider**, it may say more about your personality than you realize.

**CLICK HERE
TO READ
THEIR
CONCLUSION.**



So what is considered successful dating? If you don't know (and don't be ashamed...many of us don't), here is a video for 3 tips for successful dating.

**JUST CLICK
HERE TO SEE
IT FOR
YOURSELF!**



#3



I
am
not my
mother

teddy
skull

ishmael

SUPPORT THE MOVEMENT!
TAP HERE & GRAB SOME GEAR!

#2

So you have finally gotten into a relationship...you want it to last, right? According to **Business Insider**, there are 2 traits for a lasting relationship.

**CLICK HERE
FIND OUT
WHAT THEY
ARE!**





#1

Men...sometimes it is hard to find the right words to say to a woman even if your actions may show it. Have you ever been curious on what would be the sexiest things to say to a woman? According to Best Life and MSN, there are 13 things you can say to woman that is considered the sexiest. Still curious on what they are?

**JUST CLICK HERE
TO FIND OUT!**

love
 60
THE APP

**COMING
SOON.**

WWW.LOVE360MAG.COM



Readers - & - Writers

Let The Voices
of The Readers
Be Heard.



Just Friends

By: Melisa "Melo" Pellerano

How many married couples do you know that are seriously just living together? No sex, no love, no desire to love and just basically raising kids, paying bills and running a household? More than likely you know a few or it might be you. How many people live together but are NOT in any relationship other than friends? I am talking about the opposite sex for a moment because I know several men and women that are doing this. Yes, it is the "NEW ROOMMATE" scenario.

This new fade has been around for years but I believe no one ever talked about it. I think it all makes sense so why not? I mean you both get place to stay, food, gas, bills are split depending on your agreement and no offense to my female friends but having a man around can benefit you more than a girlfriend at times. Think about the male's point of view and how many stories to hear just from him opening up to you and vice versa. I think that living together can really make or break the friendship and though there might be occasion-

al sex, it is nice to just have a friend to talk to you other than your best friend sometimes. Children listen better to a man versus the woman many times and even the dog has more respect now LOL I know men that are living with their "supposed friends" too to help them with bills, kids and etc. but I am told it is NOT RIGHT for "Melo" to do this. LOL No, I should struggle and work 3 jobs until I find my soulmate. Please, I am a grown woman and I can do what I want plus who are we to judge right? I love the saying, "Why do you ask me why I am still single? I don't ask you why you are still married. It is so true, because we all tend to want someone but to only benefit us. No one lives together for "LOVE" anymore. All you need is love by the Beatles used to be the way of life but now it is money,, greed,,,and sex! We all have too much to pick from now with social media, it's too easy to cheat and have affairs. Plus why bother and just be single right? I don't know why people are all doing this nor do I want to dwell on it but I will say this, two incomes is better than one. If you are respectful and

have trust for the kids and agreement, there's nothing wrong with a little help now and again. Friends can live together, man and woman without being romantically involved but I will say emotions can and will happen which may result in good and bad.

Wild sex can be even better when it is right there and you have to stay quiet so kids don't hear you. Having a person to talk to, laugh with and even watch movies and chill with the kids can show you that not all guys are cruel spineless souls and not all women are money hungry evil demons. I feel with social as it is these days, our children are almost open to so much that it may be done with class and style. So if you are one of these couples, married or not, just remember you must do what you have to do BUT.....why not be open minded, stay single and still split the bills, kids and life 50-50? LOL No one wants to spend 20 years in hell pretending to be in love and the kids know it too. When people ask, just say "We are JUST FRIENDS". 🤝

Do You Have A *Story Submission*

Do you have a story to tell and you want it possibly included in Love 360 Magazine? Just submit it here and you may get published in the next issue!

Story To Tell
About Love?

Submit It To

love  **60**

And You May Be
Published In Our
Next Issue!
Tap Here To
Get Started.

Strong. Sassy. Real. Melo.



In this new world of searching for love and finding oneself, one woman tells her story of navigating through the jungle known as **"The World of Dating"**.

Read about Melo's journey to find happiness (as well as her survival of horrible dates) here at **Heart 2 Heart w/ Melo.**

<http://melo.love360mag.com>

Powered By : *love* ♥ 360



SINGLE PARENT TRUTH

By: Melisa "Melo"
Pellerano

As a single mother, I often think to myself, "How am I going to do this?" "Are there any support groups for single parents?" Now I know why people drink and OMG where's the wine?

I know that in today's society there are both single mothers and single fathers. Doing it all, 100% of

the time. Now I am not talking about every other weekend, or calling your ex for help with the kids and any financial support you may need for their school uniforms or etc. I am talking 100% alone, no support from your child father or mother. This is a known issue in our country and I am finding that more and more single parents are coming forward. I be-



After a while I thought about some things: How trying to find love after a hard break up can be painful, scary and hopeless but adding on children and trying to juggle a job, school and even another part-time job for extra cash doesn't make dating any easier.

lieve this all has to do with the dating life and trying to balance it all. Many are finding that love is so hard to find as a single parent, a true single parent. Most of the time, I forget my own name and find myself staring at the walls but yet men expect me to text them or call and then get mad if I had a crazy day and just don't want to. It's called handling my business, kids and life. If you can't deal, then help me or stop calling LOL, I have a motto: Unless you are doing the 3

Fs- feeding me, f\$\$king me or financially supporting me, you have no say! Again, probably another reason I am still single but

After a while I thought about some things: How trying to find love after a hard break up can be painful, scary and hopeless but adding on children and trying to juggle a job, school and even another part-time job for extra cash doesn't make dating any easier. I know from personal experience and meeting strange

men during my six years of single life have had me speeding home to my children and just thanking God I had them to hug and kiss after an awful date or even worse situation. But it is really hard to relax on a date or actually focus on the person you are with. I have a hard time focusing at work since I am waiting for a text or call to pick up my child from school or my daughter got into a fight.

How can you find the right person after your marriage or rela



ship ended in devastation?"

I am sure it doesn't put you in a "hurry to jump" into the dating scene, but after months of just work, kids and no social life or intimacy, you do tend to get that "dating itch". You might start looking on line or just going out with friends to start meeting people. How do you balance and find good quality people? Very carefully and it takes practice, patience and lots of praying.

I remember nights weeding through pages and pages of social

media, free dating sites and even dating sites I paid for, just to find the same men in every form of pathetic and Lord are you serious would be screamed by me out loud? Trying to find Mr. Right was like pulling all of my gray hairs out with a tweezers. At some point I said "F&*K it!!" and dyed my hair.

Not finding a sitter or in my case, leaving your older children to watch the younger just for 1 hour of "Mommy Time" can talk a toll on anyone. Plus being a single parent doesn't

leave much desire for any man to beg to see you again when hardly have time to breathe, can't relax because you are on 10 cups of coffee and been up since 5am to fit in gym, overtime and possible review of kids homework after doing your own LOL I honestly have lost track of how many dates would be interrupted or ended due to my children fighting or screaming for me to come home. Ohhhh those amazing dates of a pretend normal life, a gorgeous man and even a romantic dinner, just



blurred out with my phone vibrating for 15 minutes straight to a point of the man saying, "Just answer the damn phone!" Wow, slap me back to reality!

Yes, our children come first, of course they do but for single parents, we don't get that every other weekend break or that 50/50 split. Many times, we are it! Just this week I heard a man call into a radio station complaining that he has no life after his divorce. How not only does 60% of his check get taken

out for support, but now he has his kids every other weekend and has to buy them things during that time too. How he is trying to find another woman in his life but can't because of his kids and his ex-wife taking his time and money. Oh cry me a river sweet cheeks! Try having them 24/7 and 100% of your pay goes to bills and kids. Stop being a baby and grow up. Your ex didn't make them alone, weren't you there getting pleasure too? I worked two jobs, online schooling and raised three

children alone. Let a man complain to me for having his kids every other weekend or let a woman getting child support money and her ex taking the kids when she needs a break, complain. Anyone that knows me, knows I go off like a Pitbull on steroids and a big juicy steak bone. I have actually scared myself at times going off about it LOL. How can anyone that is getting help from their ex-spouse or baby daddy/mommy if you want to go there, complain to me, one who gets nothing at all?

Boy please, be happy you get alone time and stop making babies.

How can people that get help still complain? Because people don't realize what they have. I know I have reached out to my ex and even offered to bring the kids to him in another state, maybe split the cost in half to help him but nope, no response just ghost. He is waiting for all the kids to turn 18 and thinks it will go away. LOL Good luck! It keeps racking up all of you deadbeats! Plus while he is dating freely, traveling and enjoying the true single life without kids; I am driving all over like an Uber driver on Drunk Fest, making costumes, taking payday loans out to pay bills and keep food on the table, and listening to my children cry about not seeing me or needing more stuff for school. Yup, but I can get welfare right? No! I make \$10 too much a month. Oh wait, I can get family to help or housing. No! Again, make too much and family is broke and I am sure I owe them millions for years of help.

People tell me to just stop dating, sure why not right, why do I deserve love and happiness from a man? Or just don't think about it and wait for him to come? That is my favorite one and since I have established

that he has already died or gotten lost in previous posts, I am thinking he may not know where to find me. Some say "Ask God and let him guide you" Yes, I feel this may work for a bit but after night, after night of the same old thing, same arguments with my children, same stupid texts from men, same conversations with my journal, I might need to run out dressed up and sexy and just pretend for one night, I am NOT me! I will be Michelle Lee I did that last weekend and Wow! Loved it so much I think making a date with myself was the smartest move I have done in years.

I love my babies but Mommy needs her ME time or living with her might be crazy LOL If you are a single parent, hang in there, I promise it gets better and just learn to laugh at those silly crazy dates, be careful and never bring strangers around your kids. The world is on all of our shoulders but a single parent has double, if not triple the weight. Always be grateful and blessed on who you have in your life because not everyone has someone.

Plus Sangria or Hennessey, and lots of comedies to watch help me when I can't go out but sure need to pretend I am far... far away. LOL 🍷



CAN A BROTHER FIND LOVE IN A COUNTRY CLUB?

By: H.D. Campbell





It's Thursday night. I've been working on the magazine after my 9-5 until I received an interesting text. I was just invited by a potential lover to meet her at the Dallas Bull. I had my hesitations...a black man in a country club? I'm not talking golf and tea sandwiches here...I'm talking 4x4 pickups, Toby Keith, and shotguns in the back window. This doesn't help that I come from a town which only integrated its prom in 1999! Even in 2017, racism still exist. And seeing many instances for myself as a black child growing up, it's hard to shake those fears of the thoughts of the ignorant. Fear, however, is sign that action must be taken. Fight or flight? I chose to fight that fear back and accept her offer.

After getting fresh and clean, I jumped in my truck to head out on this new adventure. Let's turn on some riding music to get the blood flowing. Will I go with my usual Jay-Z? I'll keep the spirit of that in mind but I am in the mood for something different. As I was scrolling down my iPod, I saw Darius Rucker pop up on the scroll. I loved this work with Hootie & The Blowfish but I was skeptical about this album **Learn To Live**, his first country album. I'm not gonna lie, it was jamming. It ended up becoming my riding music for a minute. After hearing about the album's success, it was just another statement of social taboos broken and that black musicians aren't just segmented as rappers or R&B singers (even though Darius did

have a R&B album that was pretty good as well.) So in the wake of these broken taboos, a question lingered in my mind for awhile now. Can a brotha find love in a country club? We are about to see.

As I drove over there, it occurred to me that this ISN'T my first visit to a country club! The thought of that first visit was a bit bittersweet. After finishing the commercial for Love 360 and getting started to write the articles for the first issue, I swiped right and matched with a woman from Tinder. After formal introductions, we began chatting. During the chat, she told me she was home bored. It was a beautiful Saturday night. I suggested we go out and grab a drink. She was a bit reluctant about meeting

anyone online being that she joined Tinder a few days before. I told her to bring some pepper spray and a gun. If I get out of line, she has my permission to spray me and shoot me in the thigh. She began laughing. I was kinda joking. I don't know if that help build up her confidence but she acquiesced and met me at The Roundup here in Tampa. Once I saw her, I introduced myself as if we were the oldest of friends. With only 5 seconds of meeting one another, we walked in the club with my arm draped across her shoulder like we were BFFs. Once we sat down, we had a few beers and began talking. The conversations ranged from family to career to judging the drunkenness of the couple two tables away. The conversation then turned toward Love 360 and I told her about what I plan to feature in the magazine including the Weekly Sex Positions. I was hoping not to come off as pervert as I was discussing how

I think people should know more positions than just missionary, doggy, and cowgirl. I must not have being that she was listening to me without any hint of disgust. The conversation became more interesting when told me she didn't have any panties on. I won't go into more detail being that this isn't the True Confession section but I can say it was a success at least in one aspect.

Afterwards, we began to talk on the phone for hours at a time every night and continue to hang out when both of our schedules were free.

Unfortunately, I

forgot that this is the age of online dating...meaning if they sense that the grass is greener on the other side (i.e. if there is someone else they are interested in or if you say something that they may agree with), they will more than likely go there and graze until they go to another field (another person) or go back to the prior field (the text after 3 or more months of silence). To conclude this, she found another field and went to graze there. Amazingly enough, she tried to get back to the prior field. After a few days of talking with her, I saw that nothing changed. I kindly



directed her out of the field. I honestly don't have the patience for dumb shit.

After reminiscing about that situation, I finally make it to Dallas Bull. What caught my eye was that the parking lot was damn near packed and this was a Thursday near 9 p.m. Looked like the start of an adventure so I headed to the door. After passing the gold guy sitting in the chair, I entered. Of course, you had to go through the usual club entrance proceedings. I was given a few quizzical looks but nothing close to what I expected. I walked in and it was half of what I expected and half of a surprise. One thing that caught my eye was the wide age span of people there. There was people around my age (I was 34 at the time), there was those much older (I would guess around 60 or so) and there was the usual crowd of 20 somethings that are usually enjoying the nightlife. What surprised me more was that the music playing wasn't Country! It was **Freak It by Lathun**. I haven't heard that song since I was a sophomore in high school and here, literally 20 years later, you have people in cowboy boots and hats line dancing to the song. The line dancing was not what I expected either. I was thinking it was some advanced version of the square dancing we were forced to do in elementary school. To my amazement, it looked more like a different version of the Bus Stop. Before I became enmeshed in the scenery, I went to look for who I came here to see. I barely spotted her. She did not look as her profile picture portrayed her. Looks like I'm gonna have to grin and bear it. I walked up to her with a similar expression I did with the woman I mention before. She wasn't as receptive as the prior. I went with a different approach...try to match her mood. I couldn't tell at first but as Lathun spoke of "you say you like 'em black and hard babe", I could sense that she seem annoyed. I was like "Damn...I just walked in." From what she told me, a guy asked her to dance and as she said yes, I

appeared with my arms wide like I knew her my whole entire life. Confused, I asked "didn't we both come here to meet up?" She replied "No. I came here to dance. You were just a side thought."

Ouch.

Of course, I was surprised. Firstly, I felt like I was "catfished" because she looked like the older, less attractive sister of the woman on her profile. Secondly, the attitude matched her looks and I was not impressed. Still, because I was raised to not tell this woman which side of my ass to kiss, I laughed it off. "Oh come now," I replied, "I can't be that bad. Look at this face." I showed a toothy grin. She was not amused. "Man," I chuckled, "tough crowd." As soon as the words left my mouth, the song changed to

**Confused, I asked
"didn't we both
come here to meet
up?" She replied
"No. I came here
to dance. You
were just a side
thought."**

Cupid Shuffle by Cupid. Man... it was 2016. Why were they playing such old songs? It must have just been me with that thought. She, and most of the people just standing there, ran to the dance floor to dance. Man...from what I seen, she sucked at dancing. Look, I understand having two left feet but she was off beat and looked like she was having a control full body muscle spasm rather than dancing. But what do I know...I'm just a magazine editor. Anyways, the night started off on the wrong foot (pun intended) so I went to grab a bottle of Bud Light and sat

at the bar to figure out the shitshow that has become this meet up. I began to shake my head at woman who looked like **she was doing the mating dance of a flamingo**. It must have worked. As I watched, some guy who may have been in his 60s walked up to her. I noticed that they both staring back in my direction. What it her father or something? I didn't know what else to do so I just lifted my beer in the air like I was giving a toast. Neither of them smiled. He walked away with a worried look on his face and she began walking towards me in a furor. What did I do now? When she approached me, I asked, "Why did you leave the floor? The song isn't finished yet." She replied, "That guy you saw me with is the one who wanted to dance with me before but chose not to because he saw that I was with you." And with a ferocity I couldn't have expected, she continued, "But now he will not dance with me because he's afraid that you may beat him up or something!" Wow. I didn't know which to be more amazed at...this woman's blatant disregard of us meeting up or at the guy's preconceived notion that the big black man would attack him? Either way, I have had enough of this.

"Look," I finally said, "Go do you. I'll go my own separate way. Besides, I don't think we have much chemistry anyways." She agreed. She then proceeded to dance with the 60 year old. I kinda felt a bit bad that a Willie Nelson clone was dancing with the girl I came to see. But as I watched then both look like they were having full muscle spasms together on the dance floor, I thanked God for my luck. No need for feeling defeated. Let's turn this lemon into lemonade. I then just enjoyed the club more as a people watcher than trying to focus on one person. I noticed the mechanical bull that everyone was posing on. After realizing it was inop, I became less impressed and kept it moving. Then I noticed this one kid on the dance floor dancing like Kevin Bacon from Footloose. He had some moves but I couldn't


see him dancing at a hip-hop club or dancing salsa. With my trusty Bud Light in my hand, I continued circling most of the club enjoying the scenery. Apparently, someone was watching me watching everything else. Suddenly, this 20-something cute blonde in some cowboy boots approached me. With a disarming smile and cup in her hand. "You look lost," she said. "I am," I replied, "but it's part of the adventure." "Is dancing part of the adventure," she asked. "Nope," I replied, "I was hoping to find some love here." Suddenly the song Cotton Eye Joe came blasting from the speakers. She gave me a sly smile and held her cup to me. "Since you're not gonna dance," she said, "watch my drink." What!?! Who do she think she is...Rick James? By the time I was about to reply, she was already on the floor! Even if it did look like a mass crowd River dancing...I'm not gonna lie, it was alright watching her dance. The jeans were tight enough. The boots were high enough. And she had a nice body as her blonde hair swayed across her face. Our eyes kept connecting as she kept looking back at me while she danced. Did she enjoy watching her? Was she afraid I was gonna to drink her drink? No need for that...I was en-

joying my Bud Light. She can have her girly drink.

Just as I thought to be petty and "accidentally" drop her drink, the song ended. As Kenny Chesney started belting through the speakers, she strolled back to my direction. "Why didn't you come out on the dance floor with me," she asked. "I was protecting your drink," I answered. She laughed. So just as I was about to turn on the charm, a guy and another woman approach us. The two started talking to her like they were old friends. I can't

remember the conversation the three were having but I did gather that they were old friends and that they all rode together. During the conversation, the guy put his arm around the blonde. I didn't think much of it until she started whispering in her ear. Oh shit... this guy is her man. And here I



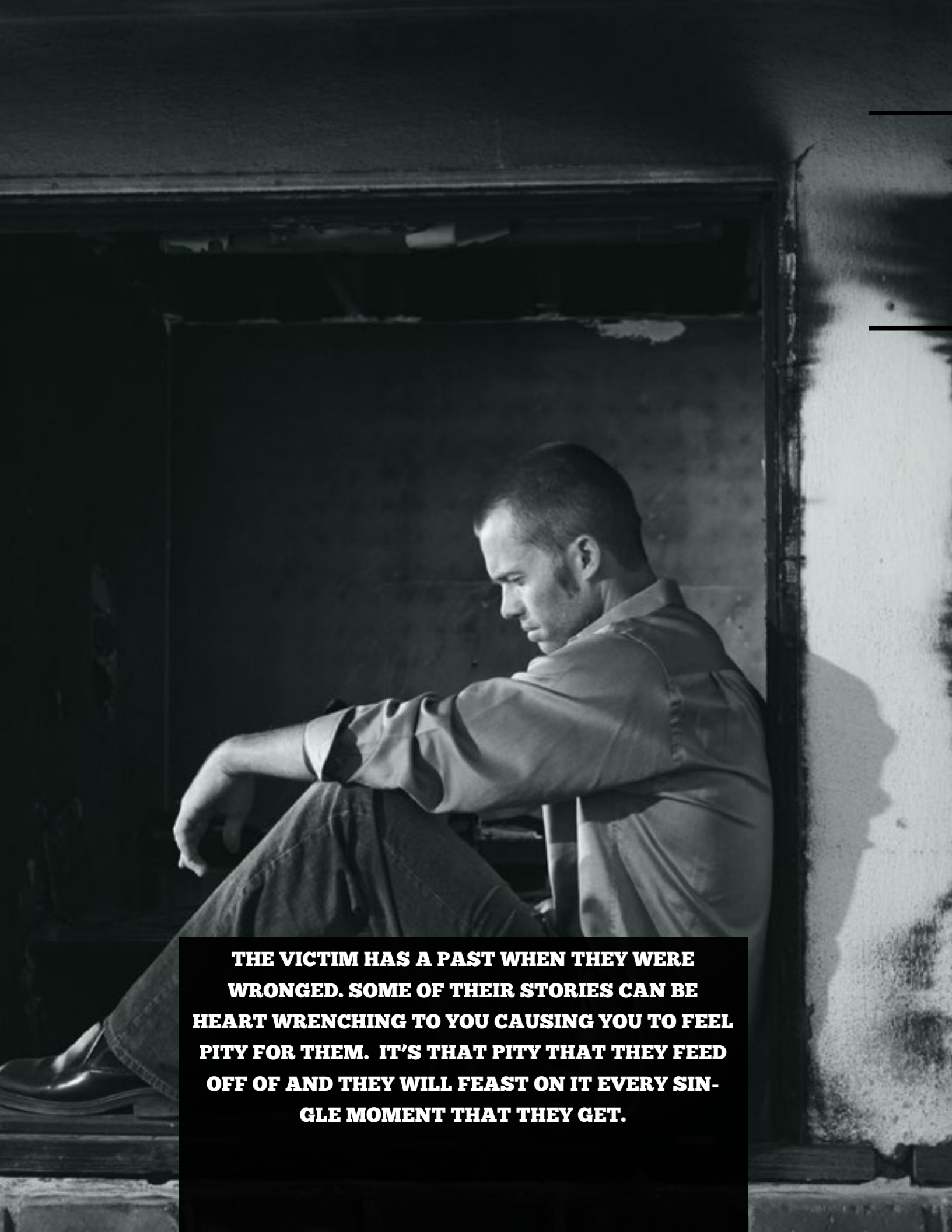


was thinking my luck was about to change. After a quick conversation, they both walked away and left us alone. Once they left, we continued our conversation. She finally introduced herself as Stephanie. "So that's your man, huh," I asked. "Yes," she sighed. "Damn, Steph," I replied, "you don't sound happy about it. Don't you like your men in tight jeans, cowboy hats, and boots?" "Nope," she answered. "So what kind of men do you like," I asked. She comes intimately close to my ear and whispers, "I want a

Kevin Gates nigga." Her words! It is 2017...there wasn't any bad connotation to the word "nigga" in her tone. I whispered back in her ear, "be careful what you ask for...you may just get it right now." She then turned to me and gave me a sly smile. I smiled back. Just as I was about to continue this favorable conversation, her female friend appeared. A cute brunette, Steph introduced her friend Jessica. She smiled at me quickly then spun back to Steph. They spoke amongst themselves and Steph's face went a bit grave. They both then walked away from me without a goodbye from either one of them. They both beelined to Steph's boyfriend who even in this dim light I can see looked super pissed. After seeing that expression, damn near anyone can guess that Steph's boyfriend was pissed that she was flirting with me. As he glared over in my direction, what else could I do but lift my Bud Light in the air like I was giving a toast...again!

After that, I finished up my beer and headed out the door. No lie,

I was kinda worried for my safety after pissing off so many white people on their own turf. Keep in mind that I was the only black person there. And with the memories of many country boys keeping shotguns in their back window, guzzled down the last drop of that Bud Light and hauled ass out of there. The fear may have been a bit exaggerated but fuck that. Better safe than sorry. I looked back and couldn't find Steph in the crowd. I did, however, see the woman I first came to see and Faux Willie Nelson still out there doing the flamingo dance. At least that brought a smile to my face as I remembered to rush back to my truck. Once I got back in my truck and made that left onto US 301, I was relieved. So back to the question, can a brotha find love in a Country Club? Darius Rucker probably could but not H.D. Campbell! Maybe next time I'll come in some cowboy boots and huge belt buckle. That may increase my chances. ❤️



THE VICTIM HAS A PAST WHEN THEY WERE WRONGED. SOME OF THEIR STORIES CAN BE HEART WRENCHING TO YOU CAUSING YOU TO FEEL PITY FOR THEM. IT'S THAT PITY THAT THEY FEED OFF OF AND THEY WILL FEAST ON IT EVERY SINGLE MOMENT THAT THEY GET.

The Victim & The Martyr: Two Personalities To Avoid In The Dating Scene

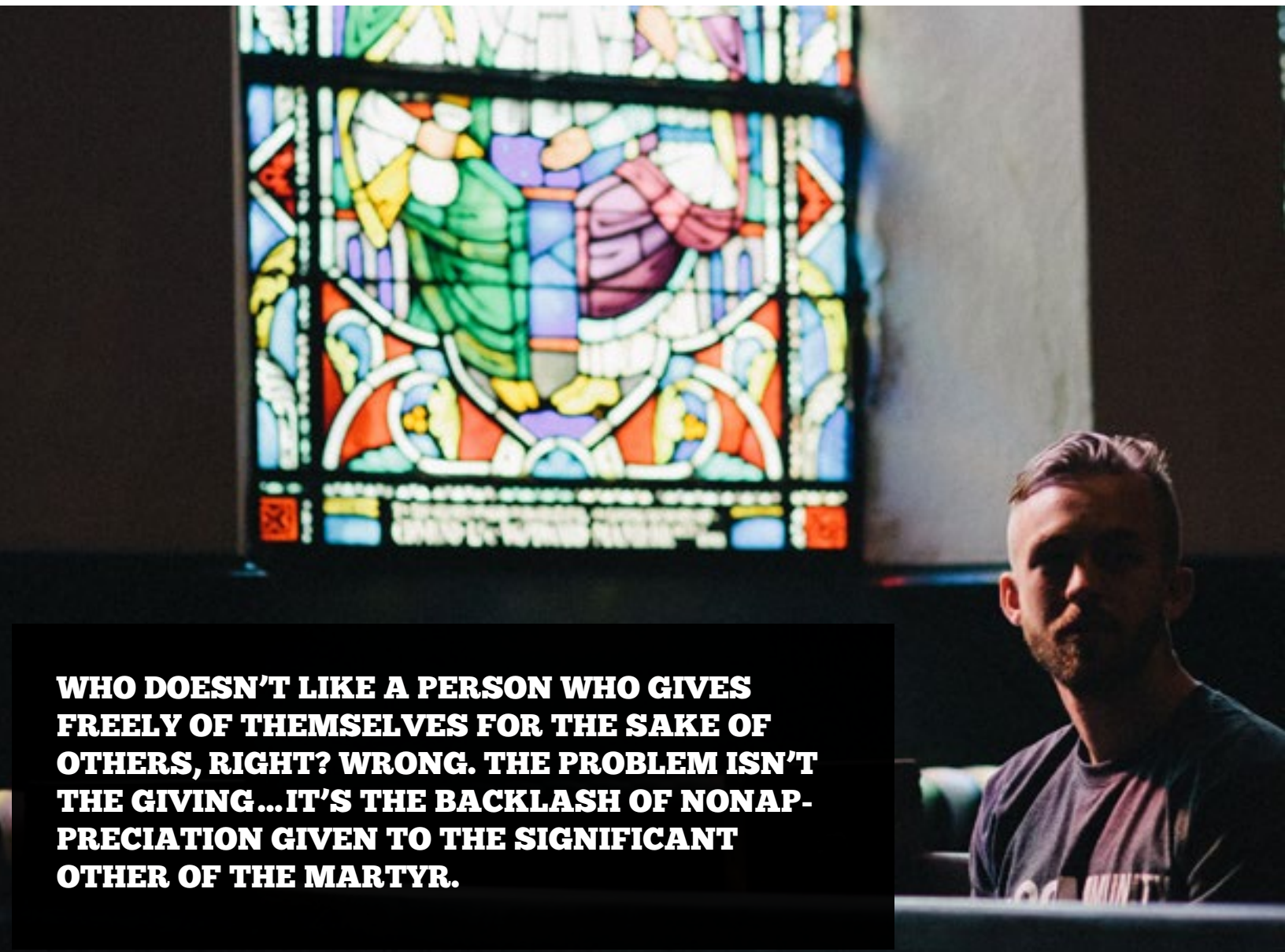
By: H.D. Campbell

It's been more than a year since I have been single. As I have tried dating in this day and age, I have come to the conclusion that some people do not want to be in relationships. They "say" that they want a relationship but their actions prove otherwise. Other than dealing with the usual selfishness that exists in the world of single-hood, some self-centerness reaches astronomical levels that are beyond comprehension. What makes this self-centerness worse is that it's justified in the mind of the person in question. Because of this justification, they will not only drain the time of the one unluckily caught up in their web of pity but they could even drain the energy out of their soul if they're not careful. These parasites takes the form of The Victim and The Martyr. Unfortunately for me, I had the displeasure of meeting the both of them. Luckily, I was able to escape their clutches to live to tell about it. Here are my observations for those who haven't met the acquaintance of these soul suckers:

THE VICTIM:

The Victim has a past when they

were wronged. Some of their stories can be heart wrenching to you causing you to feel pity for them. It's that pity that they feed off of and they will feast on it every single moment that they get. Even if you bring up painful moments of your past to share with them, they see this as a form of competition to outdo you and find a detail in their past stories they may have forgotten to tell you to play that card until you begin to pity them again. Although you may feel like they deserve your sympathy, you also feel a bit robbed. Or course their past was traumatic but was it as traumatic as yours? Sometimes it was, especially when it comes to things that may have happened in their childhood. Other times, however, you wonder why in the hell would they put themselves in that situation? I usually ask this question is when the victim dealt with these circumstances in their adult years. The worst part is that once you allow them to attach onto you, they begin to drain your self-worth in a sense. You even begin to ask questions like "what can I do to help" or "was my situation that bad"? This is usually the crux of the situation because THEY CANNOT BE HELPED! I understand why this may



WHO DOESN'T LIKE A PERSON WHO GIVES FREELY OF THEMSELVES FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS, RIGHT? WRONG. THE PROBLEM ISN'T THE GIVING...IT'S THE BACKLASH OF NONAPPRECIATION GIVEN TO THE SIGNIFICANT OTHER OF THE MARTYR.

seem cold but here is the reason for this conclusion...during the time of their life, there was a moment when a good person did appear in their life. This person offered them the help that would have been beneficial to the Victim's life and the Victim would have lived damn near close to a "Happily Ever After". Once the Victim notice this, they frantically ran away from that person. Seems counterproductive, right? Why run away from the help you claim to want? Because they do not really want the help. What the victim wants is not for the

problem to be solved but for their problem to become their identity in the eyes of others. This "identity" continues to feed off the sympathy of others while being wielded as a sword to those who may crush this identity. This identity, in my opinion, gives them relevance without the work of building something meaningful such as a long lasting relationship...unless it's a relationship of parasite to host. If I was to give some advice, I would tell you to run away from them before they run away from you. After dealing with a few of

Victims, I would say that it would be better to be considered one of the people "who couldn't handle them" in the eyes of the Victim. Gain some peace of mind with a small amount of regret rather than fighting a moral battle with yourself to prove to the Victim that you're not like the rest of them only to lose your identity in the process. Even through your personal battle, either the Victim will enjoy watching you struggle or not even care. Some people can't be saved because deep inside they don't want to be saved. Save your energy.



Depart from their presence. Or stay... and get your soul sucked from your body. I would advise against that option. Just keep in mind that this is not the only soul sucker out there...let us not forget about...

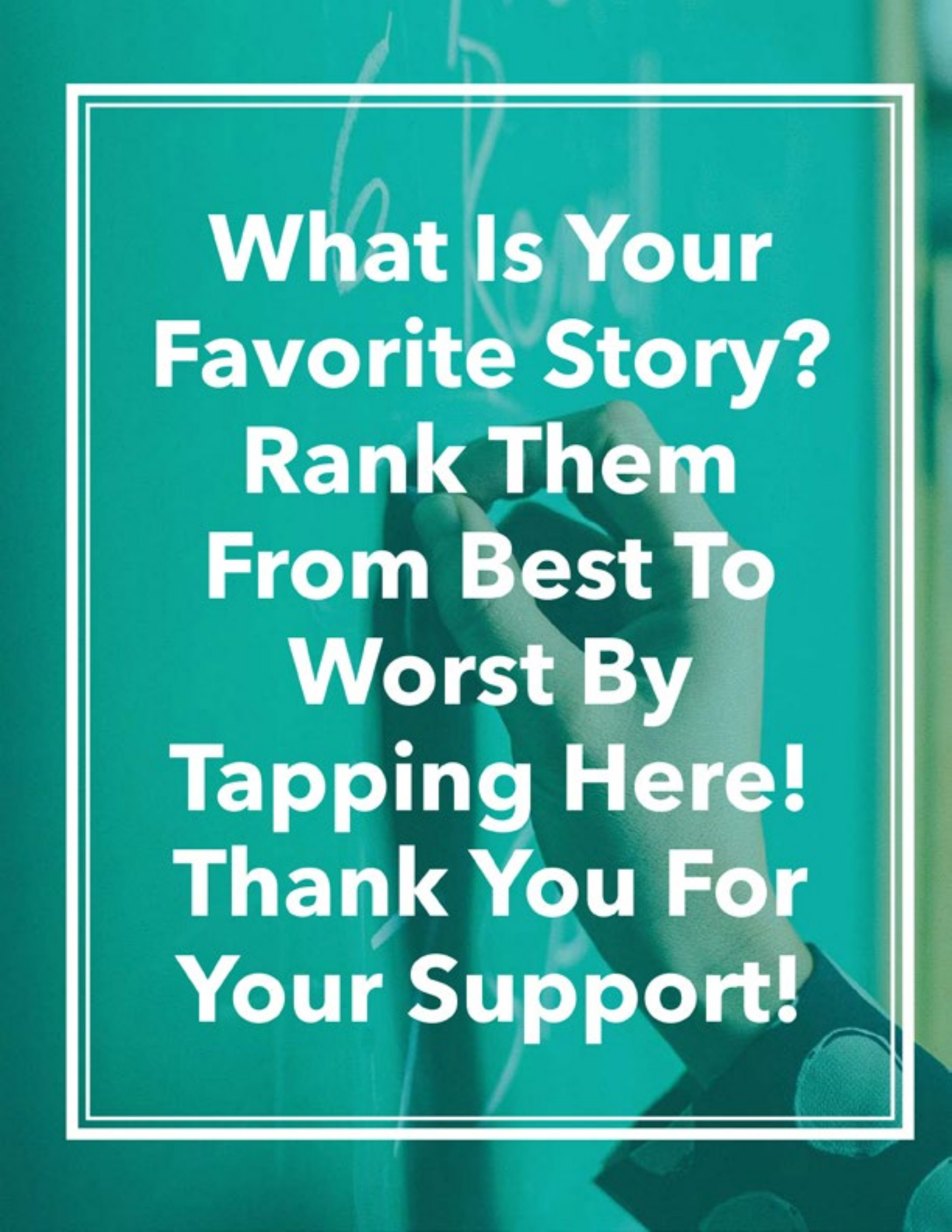
THE MARTYR:

The Martyr, in this instance, is someone who helps out anyone indiscriminately without receiving the accolades for doing so. At first, this may seem like a great trait. Who doesn't like a person who gives freely

of themselves for the sake of others, right? Wrong. The problem isn't the giving...it's the backlash of nonappreciation given to the significant other of the giver. Because the Martyr feels that they must act magnanimous around the rest of the world because of their "giving nature", they feel that they could only show their true nature to their significant other including the disdain of those who they are helping. The significant other first becomes a listening ear for their exasperations of their situations. Once the Martyr began to feel comfortable around the listening ear, they then become more emboldened to show their tyrant nature. Suddenly, everything you do is wrong...the way you walk, talk, and even chew when it comes to these Martyrs. Why? Because of their "giving nature", they feel that this gives them the permission to judge and, to a degree, "torture" others who are not as helpless as those they help with their mild sadistic actions. My advice: if you can flee the Martyr, do so. You will never reach their "holier than thou" status because there is someone who occupies that position (and in their mind, it isn't Jesus...). If you cannot flee them, start developing really, really, really thick skin. Let's keep it real...you may be a bit selfish...and that's ok. You should also give to those in need but never to the point that it began to negatively affect you financially, mentally, physically, etc. Not only will that negativity affect them but those close to them. However it won't affect everyone...the Martyr but still keep up the façade. Because of this, be ready to become the representative of all things wrong in the world in the eyes of the Martyr. Just make

sure that you stand up for yourself. If not, the Martyr would take advantage of every opportunity to show their tyrannical nature with forms of verbal abuse, mental abuse, and so on to you while being altruistic to others. You aren't Mother Teresa...you are you. If the Martyr don't appreciate this, kindly show them the exit to your life, if possible. Let them save the world and be pissed off for doing it. You have a life to live. If you plan to stick it out, good luck and Godspeed.

In conclusion, Martyrs and Victims are more prevalent than you may realize. To the rest of the world, they are bastions of the human spirit that society should be indebted either their actions or their experience. Like a good emotional vampire masquerading as a kind and giving person, they hide in the shadow of their goodness to feed off your spirit to satiate their self-centered hunger. The problem is that it's hard to identify them until you have invested some time with them. Once they have been identified, however, they are hard to separate from (like most parasites). To not separate from them will leave you in a state of confusion questioning your own moral standing and a drained spirit. They are surrounded by negativity either by their own design (intentionally or unintentionally) and this can have an impact on your life if you stay around it long enough. And like vampires, they'll end up changing you versus you changing them. If my advice seem to be the similar to both, it is by design. If possible, strap on your running shoes and haul ass the opposite way of the Victim and the Martyr. You'll thank me later. 🖤

The background of the image is a teal-colored overlay on a blurred photograph of a hand tapping a screen. The hand is positioned in the lower right quadrant, with fingers extended towards the center. The entire image is framed by a white double-line border. The text is centered and written in a bold, white, sans-serif font.

**What Is Your
Favorite Story?
Rank Them
From Best To
Worst By
Tapping Here!
Thank You For
Your Support!**

Let's spice It Up!

(Warning: This section contains
sexual images and stories
that are not suitable for children.
Viewer discretion advised.)



Weekly Sex Positions



This selection of positions is brought to you by 100 HOT SEX POSITIONS by Tracey Cox. Here are 4 positions for your pleasure. All we ask is if you wouldn't mind ranking them from best to worst. So let's get started...

The Cow:

Hard to find a bed but the urge hits you? The cow is the perfect position for spontaneous sex. With feet wide apart, she bends over until her palms are flat on the floor. He enters from the back and hold her hips so he could thrust. This position is good for G-Spot stimulation and clitoris stimulation once you both are stable.

The Straddle:

She lies on her side as she bends one leg at the knee and bring it upwards. He then kneels behind her straddling her leg and entering her from a sideways angle holding her shoulder to keep her from moving. Definitely a good change up from doggystyle without losing the discipline of stroking inside of her.



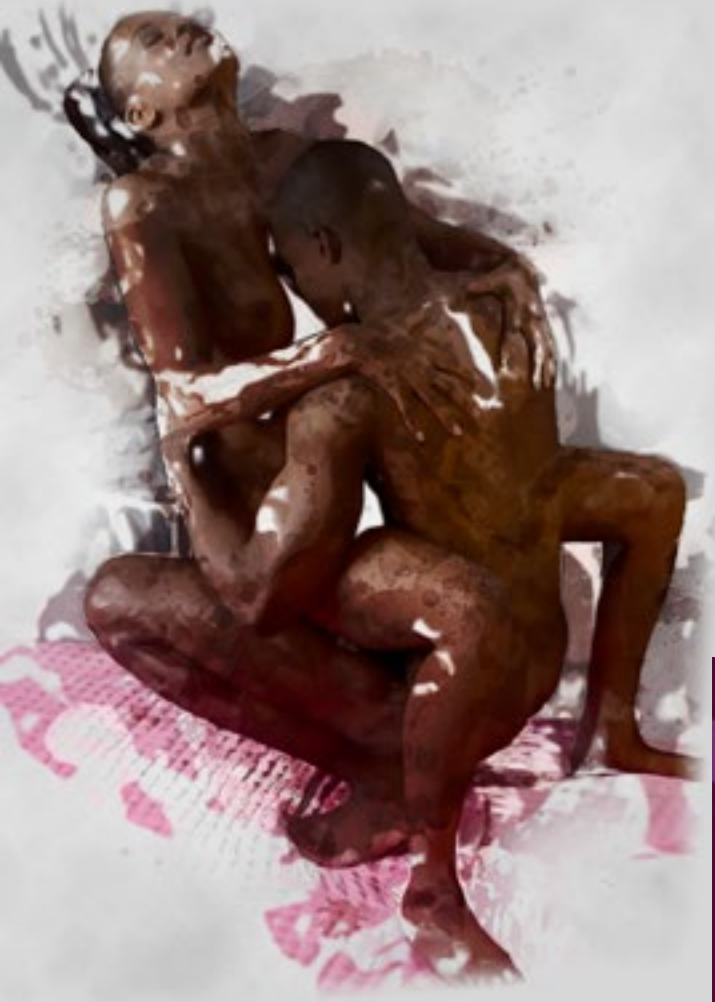
Be As One:

As she sits on top of you with her legs open, she places her legs in crook of your elbow to stabilize her sitting. He sits up so they are looking into one another's eyes providing an intimate connection as they both have control of their pleasure. With her legs between his elbows, he could lift her up to take complete control.

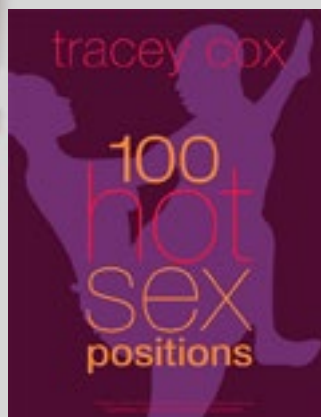


Sensual Squat:

With the man squatting with his legs apart, she sits on him as someone would sit backwards in a chair. She would hold on to his shoulders as he holds on to her hips and nuzzle his face into her chest. Once his legs give out, he can maneuver on his back as she can take control on top.



Make Sure That
You Rank Your Favorite Positions
At Love360Mag.com Or You Can
Tap Here To Get Started!!!



If you want to check out
more sex positions the four
shown,
you can always purchase
**100 HOT SEX
POSITIONS**
from Amazon by
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NSFW List

Here are 4 online articles
that will get your blood
flowing (in certain areas.)

01



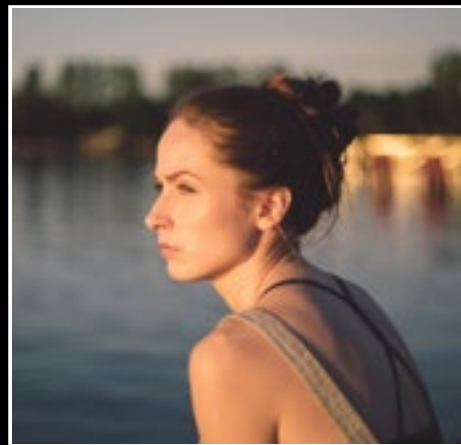
Never judge a book by its cover...even you teachers. If you ever wanted to learn about men from a female's point of view, would you take some advice from a prostitute? Before you say no, keep in mind that they may know something about men that you don't. You don't believe us?

CLICK HERE TO SEE WHAT COMMITMENT CONNECTION LEARNED THAT MAY BE USEFUL TO YOU.

Even with the new positions shown earlier, do you know what would make sex better? According to **Today**, if a woman gets this every night your sex life could greatly improve. So what is it?

TAP HERE TO FIND OUT!

02



03



Ever thought of ways to boost your sex drive? Reader's Digest has found 31 different ways to do it.

CLICK HERE TO GET YOUR BOOST!

No wants a one minute man. Some people don't care for marathon sex either. So what is the average length of time for sex? Lifebuzz has that answer.

JUST TAP HERE TO FIND OUT!

04



Rankings For The Weekly
Sex Positions of
Love 360: The Magazine
Issue #4

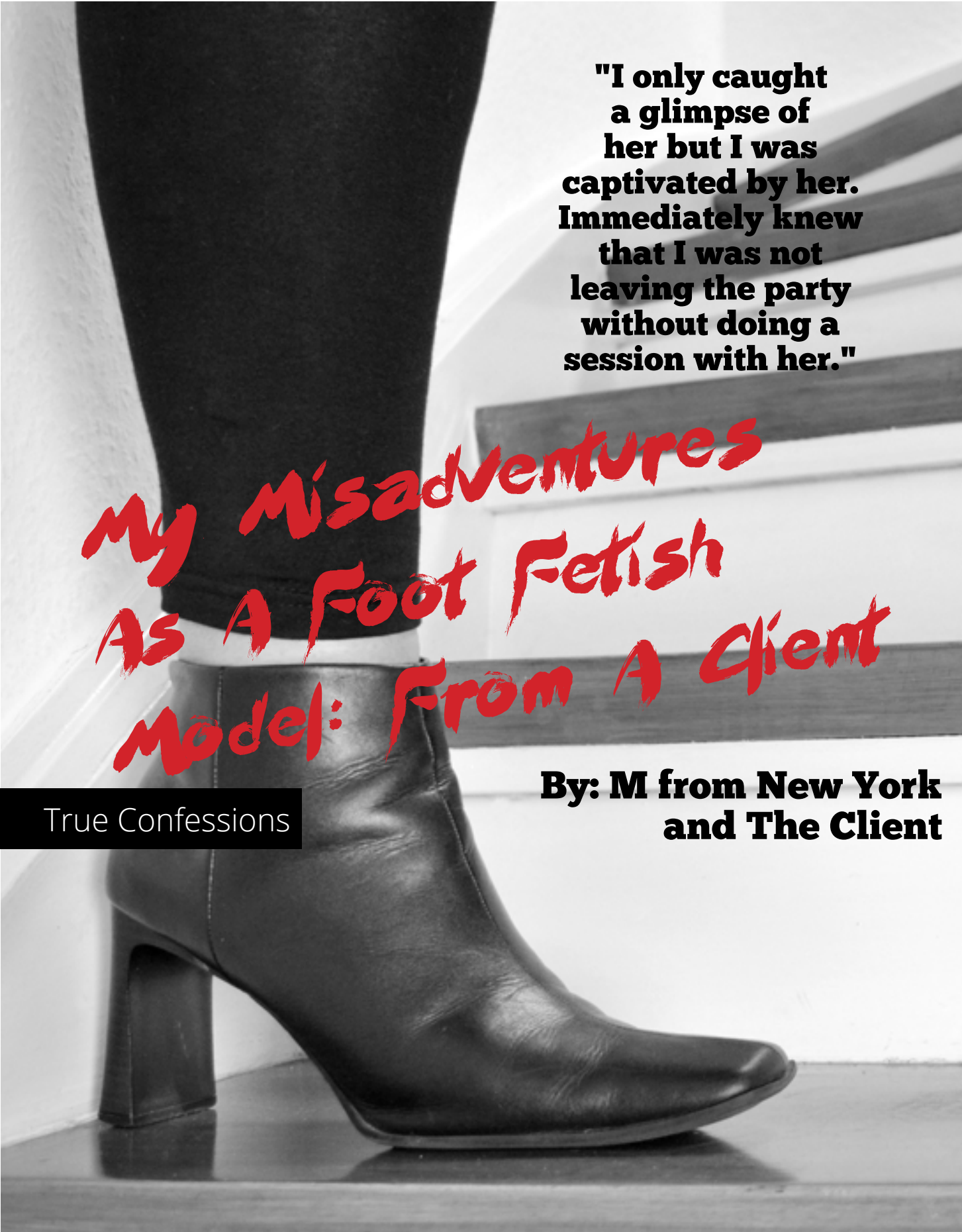
1. Clit Control
2. Crouching Tiger
3. Backseat Driver
4. Primal Pumping

* For The Readers Who Already Voted,
Thanks For Your Participation! For Those
Who Haven't, The Polls Are Still Open. If
You Want To Test Out The Positions Your-
self And Rank Them, *Join The Party And*
Tap Here!



**True
Confessions.
Sometimes
A Story Is
Too Good
To Keep To
Yourself...**

love ♡ 60



**"I only caught
a glimpse of
her but I was
captivated by her.
Immediately knew
that I was not
leaving the party
without doing a
session with her."**

**My Misadventures
As A Foot Fetish
Model: From A Client**

True Confessions

**By: M from New York
and The Client**



Twas a cold night end of February, I found myself biking down the street next the water. The wind was fierce but I didn't notice much. Reason being that I was really excited to try this new foot party with all the 40+ girls that it promised. I had been going to foot parties for a while now but it was just this fun little place with maybe 20 girls or so. They were nice and all but I was getting pretty bored. I mean I already knew the models so they'd just all expect me to do a session with them and to be frank, some of them I didn't even like that much.

I only sessioned with them because I was being nice. So then I read online about this party with 40+ girls, I was intrigued. I then rsvp'd and now here I am. Once I got in, I realized this was nothing like the other party. There was not even much room for the meet and greet. So I waited for someone to come up and try to convince me to do a session with them...because that's what I always did. After waiting for the model to make the first move, I realized that this party was indeed different. I observed that everyone was busy doing their own thing so

after a while I realized I had to make the move. This is pretty hard for me because I'm kinda weirdly shy especially around all these sexy looking girls. Suddenly, I realized I had to pee. I decided to go take a leak and use the time to boost my confidence up a bit to talk up one of the girls. As I'm heading to the rest room, a model walks up and takes the room before I could. I only caught a glimpse of her but I was captivated by her. Immediately knew that I was not leaving the party without doing a session with her. I decided to wait for her to get out

even though there was another room right next to it. I waited quite a while. I held it in because I didn't wanna risk losing my chance to get a session with her. The door finally open and all the waiting was worth it. Her beauty was beyond comprehension. Spurred into action, I gathered my strength to approach her. From her nice and sweet demeanor, I felt that I could just go up and talk to her. So I did it. I don't know if she found it weird but kept it honest. I told her "I was waiting to see you for a while but I really needed to take a leak. So could you wait for me?" "Sure" she replied. I'm pretty sure I broke the world record for "The Fastest Pee Taken". No need for a trophy, however, my award awaits me...I hope. I zipped up and ran out as soon as I could. "I wouldn't be able to have any fun that night before I did at least 10 minutes with her," I thought. I finally get out of the bathroom and there she stood. With all her charm and beauty just striking me, I couldn't get over myself. To say that I was so fucking excited to do this would be a grave understatement. After looking for a room quite a while we finally found a corner room to session in. I had \$200 on me and I was determined to use it all with her. Normally, \$200 would give me 100 minutes but of course I couldn't just take all the time and not tip her. I then decided to do only hour with her. Now, I'm not the kinda guy who goes to parties to get the side stuff that the models offer under the table (and believe me, this was definitely

the type of party where a lot of under the table...or rather between the legs.) As for me I'm just doing my foot thing. This decision makes it hard to stay entertained for long because my fingers begin to hurt after 5 minutes of massaging. Then after 15-20 minutes, I will eat the feet out. On some occasions, I would do 30 minutes or 40 but that's where I'll usually excuse myself and leave...not tonight however.

This night was special...better yet, just fucking amazing! I sessioned a whole hour with her and came back for more after I went out to get more cash! Perhaps it was her strong red painted nails and those sexy stockings. Man, I fucking love stockings. I remember how I began kissing her feet and rubbing them thru the stockings. After a while, we got rid of them. I then gently massaged them for a while. Of course I kissed them afterwards. I liked them and worshipped them as a queen like her deserves. From what I could see, she was really enjoying herself. I licked the sole, the toes, then sucked on the toes. I was able to put all of her toes in my mouth at once. I even gagged on them. With her help, we were able to get the wolf arch in my mouth and I gagged on that as well. She was just consistently pushing her feet down my mouth. I licked them more passionately than I ever did in my life. I was having a lot of fun exploring all parts of her feet. I had them in my face. I licked them. I kissed them. I licked between her toes, her heel



afterwards, and finally her arch. I was having a blast and by the looks of it so was she.

Throughout the session, we were having the most amazing conversation ever. She told me about how she writes erotica about experiences that actually happens in her life. I was saying I'd like to read it (I actually read her stories afterwards and I got really turned on.) She was interesting and definitely an amazing conversationalist. She was so sweet kind and lovely

My Misadventures As A Foot Fetish Model: From A Client



throughout the session. She asked me what other fetishes I was into. I told her and we went right to work. First, we did some face spitting and spit in my mouth...no lie, I love that shit. While this was happening, I was worshipping her feet whole time. Soon I purposely started choking myself on her feet. After she saw this, we had the discussion on strangling. I pride myself in being able to go the extra mile in that. We then decided to time how long I could do. I was able to go 35

seconds or so without breathing. She was impressed. After an hour, fun time was sadly over. I was out of money...for the moment.

I knew that the fun was not about to end just yet. I rushed to the ATM to get more money. I wouldn't let it go and God knows she deserved it. After grabbing the cash, I smoked some cigarettes then came back to the party ready for more. Once I found her, we continued doing just about anything that night. We searched around for

more. Luckily, the place that was available for the new session was on a bed shared with another pair of people who looked like they were enjoying themselves. The bed was big enough. Why not join them? One thing that really drove me to ecstasy was being walked on. I was so happy that I suggested it. She was just a perfect weight for me to hold. She didn't think so at first. She was so worried and carefully walked on me so she wouldn't hurt me. Jesus Christ! I tell you I was strongly in love at that point. It was damn near perfect but also really wanted her to just walk all over me. It was type of thing that would make me a lucky guy. To be walked on by a queen like her...the feeling of her feet on my face, I ain't lying when I tell you it was the feeling of pure perfect relaxation and serenity. She quickly moved to my stomach out of care not to hurt me. It made my breathing kinda hard but it was still perfect. My world honestly felt at peace. It was perfect. I just wanted to stay there forever as she kept moving around my body. She just made my night all good.

Unfortunately, all things must come to an end. We said our goodbyes but not before we made plans to see one another again. I wasn't gonna ask for a personal session at my place just yet but I definitely asked where the next party would be. Once she told me, I made sure to clear my schedule to session with her again. What can I say? I love what I love...and I'm loving being around this queen. ❤️



MEET ME ON THE ROOF, SEXY

BY: BABY B

A “night to remember” is beyond words sometimes when you truly have one of those nights. I try many times to think back to how it all started and why I can still crave crazy spontaneous dark sexual side even to this day. About 5 years ago, a wild girl's night downtown in L.A. starts off as many others before this one. We are all dressed to impress and drive any man to his knees. The dress code was short dresses, flawless make-up, high heels, and breasts bubbling out of our tops as some of us wore thongs while others wore nothing at all. Yep. This was going to be “a night to remember” with our minds already fogged from the few blunts, several glasses of wine and shots of patron. Waiting in line wrapping around the tall building of a club I can't even remember the name now, we felt the chill of the California air and couldn't wait to get inside.

Out of the blue, comes a big black security guard walking down the line, picking and choosing who gets to go into the VIP. Too tipsy and buzzed to realize he was even looking at us, but then we heard “Ladies, yes you, come with me!” Wow, were we that sexy and hot? Yes, we were!

It was crazy. The club had floors and floors of all different kinds of music, dancing, and beautiful men everywhere. I was in heaven to say the least. My heart was pounding from the alcohol and eyes blurry but still able to see the lights and huge ceilings. We were all dancing and getting more drinks while groups of men kept approaching us.

My girls and I ended splitting up, I found myself on the 2nd or 3rd floor

watching room after room of sex and drugs. Like in the movies, I felt the sexual desire to watch and even thoughts of joining in. Gorgeous men and women of all nationalities, rubbing up on me, and their colognes pierced my mouth causing my lips to tingle. Women touched on my legs and hips as well. I looked everywhere, where was my girls? Any of them? I found myself alone. Wow, here I am in L.A. at a well-known club (so I am told) but surrounded by strangers, drugs, sex, alcohol and loud music. I wanted this and loved every second of it.

As I am feeling the base pulsating through my body starting from my feet to my head, I was feeling my eyes glance over at a sexy young caramel skin man. He was standing there, so quiet watching with his hazel eyes and I remembered him from downstairs. I licked my lips with a smirk smile hoping he would notice my "okay" to come over. As I felt my nipples harden and pussy drip, he comes closer smiling as he sipped on his drink of probably Hennessy or Remy. "Why are you standing here alone beautiful?" he asked. Without words, I lean in and breathe softly along his neck. Maybe it was the drugs in the air, the sex around me or the fact that he smelt like my next meal. I couldn't stop wanting him and tasting his sweat! "I am waiting for you", I replied. I was hoping to give a better response come back but that was what came out.

I was newly single from an awful and controlling relationship with

a man that needed some enlargement pills and possibly a new body all together. This was my night I said in my head. My girls were off, gone from sight which I figured they were together and I was on my own. This is very unusual for me but as he kept speaking his cocky words of sexual desires and I knew I was his prey. I didn't mind...I wanted him! I stayed quiet, barely answering his questions. I knew I wasn't wearing any panties, I told myself I couldn't with the dress I was wearing since it would show a line on my ass even with a thong. I touched his chest as his shirt was slightly opened. "I want you!" I finally said. The noise was so loud in the club I hoped he could read lips. He smiled with eyes like daggers and the dimples that captured my words at times. As the night continued to pass and drinks continued to flow, we first laughed, and then kissed as we danced the night away. This is what I needed. I felt alive after years of hell with an unloving man. I felt amazing and even if it was for one night, I wanted it to be with him.

After minutes of touching, kissing and heart pounding foreplay, he pulls me out of the room we were in. I walked behind him. During our journey down the hall within room after room, I saw more people, more sex, more coke, more drugs and more craziness. My tingles and nerves on fire at this point. Where were we going? Is this real? I was thinking so many things plus the haze I was in I wondered if I would I remember my purse and

phone? Does he have condoms? He was looking back smiling and winking. "Don't worry baby," he said, "Daddy is going to take good care of you." We then go up some stairs and then more stairs. Before I knew it there were couches and another club it seemed. How big is this place? How drunk I am? I couldn't stop smiling. The anticipation was killing me. The music was softer and more like jazz. A waitress comes over with more drinks as he steps away stating that he will be right back. I waited...pussy wet and juices now dripping down my legs. Just the thought made me get goosebumps. About 15 minutes later, the waitress comes by with a note and it says "Meet Me On The Roof, Sexy."

As I go up one more flight of stairs, these winding into a beautiful clear night full of stars and there he was...Mr. Hazel Eyes. Oh My God...even after all of this, I don't even know his name! I walked over dripping of sweat, sex juices and drool. I don't care what his name is. I don't need to know. I just want him! He slowly unbuttons the rest of his shirt, showing his tattoos and silver chain. He takes my drink and we kiss. I look around, we are all alone and it is just us. He pulls me up onto the bar, opens my legs and reaches in slowly. I felt his big fingers inside me, now his mouth nibbling down my neck. His other hand grabbing my neck, slightly choking me, digging deep and telling me how he is going to eat me until I beg him to stop. Now his hand pulling on my chest,

True Confessions



me back onto the bar completely at his mercy. I feel his tongue on my clit, his powerful fingers still forcing themselves to dig against my juices as they are flowing all over his face and my legs. "OH GOD YES," I screamed and beg him to give me all of him. Now he is ripping my dress, pulling it off as he reaches for his groin. I push him off and told him "Give me that dick! Now! Stop teasing this pussy!" He grabs me, throws me on the chair next to me, bending

me over as he pulls my hair. I felt him inside me. He was so big and so good. My legs quivering and shaking with each thrust.

He grabs my leg, holding it up, gets every inch of him deep inside me as I gushed everywhere moaning and screaming with every thrust. We were two strangers fucking like porn stars. I have had my eyes closed this entire time and didn't realize the crowd that has collected around us. He flips me over back onto the bar, I hear our audience cheering and giving us



praise. He is definitely a pro and not shy, I see. I couldn't stop cumming and I want more. I told him to cum all over my face. This must have driven him over the edge, Moments later, he said "NOW!" I fell to my knees and he covered me in his cum. Men are clapping and women are cheering. Then I suddenly heard "OH MY GOD!" I finally realized it came from my best friend since age of 10. Only then, I realized that my make-up is now fucked up and ruined. Oh well, I thought. I am on a rooftop of a club in L.A. He grabs napkins and wipes his sweat

with his shirt. Winking at me and still staring at me like he too was shocked to have several people approaching us acting like we are stars. They were trying to meet us and shake his hand. Wow, I think back to that night many times. I was trying to forget about the experience but thankful that I can't. I even wonder if he thinks of me at times too. I never even asked for his name or number. My girls and I never talked about it but I can still smell his body on me at times. That was one crazy and memorable night. 💕

Do You Have A Confession To Make
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Reach out to
your future
customers
in the
next
issue of



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• *Ever* •

After

**Stories To Remind Us
That Love Still Exist
In This World.**

WILD HORSES & DREAMS

Have you ever been to North Dakota? Neither have I (nor would I have considered visiting in the past) but once you listen to Wild Horses and Dreams by Vic Pellerano, you would consider booking the trip. Wild Horses and Dreams has a pretty old school sound similar to John Denver and Neil Young that's both mellow and refreshing. If you need a break from all the pop stuff that flood our ears today (and we all do from time to time), I would recommend listening to Wild Horses and Dreams and getting lost in a world of the open plains of North Dakota and a simpler life. My personal favorites are High on North Dakota and Tale of the Medora Roughriders. So if you're ready to escape in the world of the North Dakota landscape...



**Check out samples of
his work by clicking
here!**

And on a personal note to Vic, I just want to let you know that I will never give up. Thanks for being the inspiration.





**But
Wait!**

**This May Be
The End Of
This Issue
But Not Of...**

love
 **60**

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