SPEARHEAD PHALIA



April-June 2023-2023





WORDS

CONTRIBUTERS

Robert Jeyes John Thompson Pup Rockey Charles MacPhee Randy Boyd

DESIGN, PRODUCTION, DISTRIBUTION

WARNING

MAY CONTAIN SEXUAL CONTACT!



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Phalia, is the official newsletter of SPEARHEAD TORONTO LEATHER/DENIM SOCIAL CLUB April-June 2023 Issue Deadline for submissions - May-31, 2023

INC. It is designed to reflect the opinions of its members and fellow clubs/affiliations. Original articles and artwork are welcome. Such submissions will be published at the discretion of the Publications Committee, which also reserves the right to edit all material to conform to space available. To submit material or to make advertising enquiries, contact the Publications Director or any Spearhead Board Member.

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Check our website at 473 Church Street, Suite 231, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2C5. www.spearheadtoronto.com





PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I hope everyone is enjoying the nice weather to date. Long range is calling for a very hot summer so stay hydrated during the summer.

The last couple months have been pretty busy, it all started with a wonderful anniversary dinner at the Blake House. We capped it to 50 people and we had 40 people in attendance. Everyone had a great time. A few appreciation awards were handed it to John T., Scott L. for all their hard work as Vice President and Elected member of Public Relations. Also awards were handed out to Pegasus, Woody's and Flash for their continued support. The President's award was given to George Pratt for his community support for the past many many years.

Our Easter food drive followed a couple weeks later and it was given a major boost when one of our affiliate members went out and donated \$700 in food. Well done!

In May there was another Daddy Next Door event in Oshawa in Spearhead received the money from the raffle. Happy to say we raised \$710.

We started to go back to monthly meet and greets at various restaurants around the village with the next one scheduled for June 10 at Hair of the Dog. Unfortunately I will be on holidays when it happens so I won't be there.

Last item is that the constitution committee has finished the changes will be sent out to the board by the time Phalia comes out so be prepared for a special member's meeting sometime in the fall.

Until next time stay safe....

In Brotherhood Robert Jeyes President



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VICE-PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Greeting to all of you.

As we approach Pride month and all of its festivities we should remember our past and look into the future as we enjoy our present. We have come a very long way from our humble beginnings as a group and there is a lot to look forward to in the coming years.

Since my last post, we have had our Easter Food drive and I would like to thank those who donated there time, cash or food that made this one a success and I look forward to our next one in the fall for Thanksgiving.

At our Open General Meeting, (OGM), we welcomed back two of our old members and welcomed four new members to the social club and I look forward to seeing them in the future for social events or one of this years up coming fund raising events.

Till then, I wish you the very best of summers filled with fun, food and of course laughter.

Charles Macphee





ARCHIVIST MESSAGE

Good afternoon, gentlemen.

What a strange April we had with record-breaking temperatures followed by way too much rain, no sun and depressing working weekends spent indoors. May is upon us, with hopefully tons of sun, warmth and the long-awaited blooming of the trees and flowers signaling summer is finally here.

Our work schedule has been chaotic but slows down in July and hopefully we can start attending meetings, meet and greets and some of these new leather events that are happening in the city.

We haven't stopped archiving and have been waiting for slower times to begin the huge process of photographing and creating a library of all the physical items in the inventory in hopes of finding them new homes in the leather community or archives.

Since the end of the pandemic our time has been severely limited and moving forward, I will be stepping down as your Official Archivist in November, but my commitment to you is to have the archives fully digitized, the sets of phalia donated to the pre - decided archives and all physical items will have found new homes before I fully step down.

Where the stuff will be going Canada's LGBTQ2 + Archives

Economic Development & City of Toronto Archives

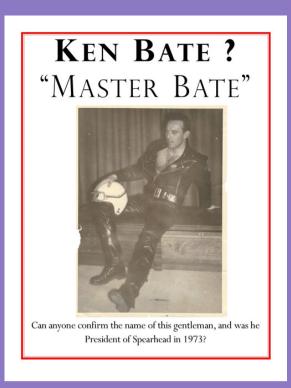
City of Toronto Archives –

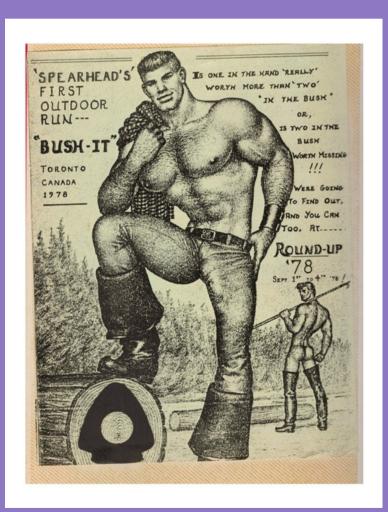
Western University Archives & Decial Collections, Western's Pride Library.

If you have any items, articles, posters, or photographs that you would like to donate to the archives, we will plan to copy them and return them to you in a timely manner The entire inventory is being brought into the 21 st Century by being digitized onto portable hard drives and finally uploading to the cloud for prosperity. Moving forward all submissions to the archives should be done digitally through Archivist@spearheadtoronto.com

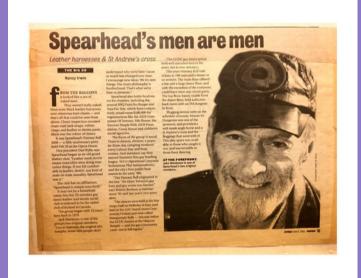
John Thompson Spearhead Toronto Archivist

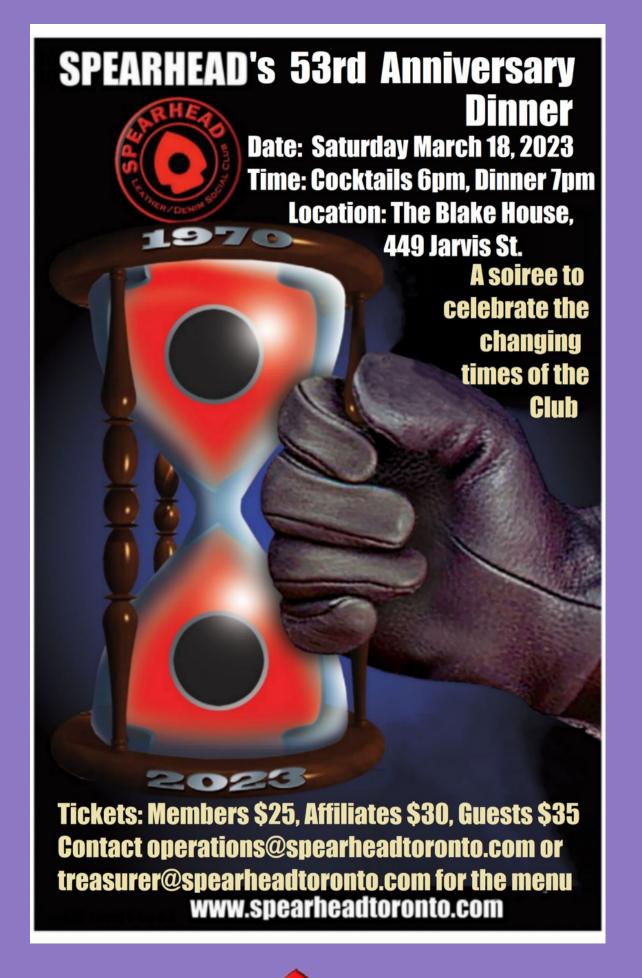














Webmaster

Hello everyone, this is an update from your Webmaster Randy. To find out about upcoming SPEARHEAD events please visit the website www.spearheadtoronto.com/events.html

There are updated photo galleries from the Anniversary Dinner and the Easter Food Drive www.spearheadtoronto.com/galleries.html

Also the lastest issue of Phalia is available on the website www.spearheadtoronto.com/phalia.html

Congratulations to the recipients of this year's Appreciation Awards which can be found on the home page of the website www.spearheadtoronto.com

As a reminder if you need to change your email address for any reason, please let me know or a member of the Board so that you can continue to receive info pertaining to the Club.

Best regards,
Randy
Webmaster
SPEARHEAD Toronto LDSC



SPEARHEAD

ANNIVERSARY DINNER 2023

























SPEARHEAD

UP COMING MEETINGS

Here are the date for the upcoming year board meetings and general meetings for 2023

January 14th

February 4th

March 6th

April 15th

May 13th

June 10th

July 8th

August 12th

September 9th

October 14th

November 11th

December 9th

OGM February 11th

OGM May 6th

OGM August 5th

AGM November 4th





EASTER FOOD DRIVE

March 2023





















CATALINA

Note from the author:

The following is a portion of a longer tale that should be considered as Fan Fiction based on the writings of S. M. Stirling.

Also the following contains Adult content and suitable for 18+.

The one thing that I really dislike in the whole domination is an on-site inspection. Keith Igleson here. Newly semi-retired from the Technical Section of Directorate

of War, Domination of the Draka. Service to the state. I have enough worries finishing the installations on my plantation of Catalina, the former islands of Catalina, to make the gods shiver in panic. Now they want me to inspect the work on the mass lifter on the big island of former Hawaii. Ah well what the Archon wants, the Archon gets. The directorate at least gave me a means to get back

and forth from the islands.

The ship that they gave me for this was a sleek and a hundred meters long with luxurious accommodations on board for more than a hundred people. It also had three holds, one for rudimentary sleeping quarters for several hundred serfs on two separate decks. The second I had them convert into a serfs' kitchen and

gym. The third hold was for all the technical materials we would need to inspect and possibly get the Loki driven mass driver and it power plant working. The

ships propulsion system used magnetic hydro-dynamics, which meant no moving parts and almost no maintenance. Crewed by a dozen retired janissaries, the crossing would take two or three days depending on the weather. Fine by me, but I really needed to relax this trip since I knew the condition of the installation on Hawaii. I was going to take more than half of the engineering team that I had under my command and a hundred of the plantations planters for the replanting

of the islands lush forest or other labours and my own personal staff and their personal serfs.

The engineering team really needed to see the state of the project with all of its cursed delays and cock-ups. The planters were going to see this as a vacation since they really did not have any real quotes to fill and only the very best of them had been selected for their good service to me and the Race.

I was looking forward to the crossing since I had plans for some enjoyment for myself during the crossings. I was going to supervise a wrestling competition of my serfs using their gym space and I would be getting to be able to ride a buck or two as either a reward or as a punishment for not competing hard enough. Either way I would get what was mine.

We were getting ready to leave when the Technical section threw a Thor sized hammer into the works, they wanted a larger planting crew. Since it was not wise to depopulate the island that meant that I was going to have to see what Security had collected from the ruins of California again. That would add to our travel

time and mean a stop at the ruins of San Francisco this time to see what was available.

My suite of rooms on the ship had been furnished in similar fashion as the main house. A very large bed for multiple partners in the centre of one room with a private bath and closets, an assortment of play equipment for riding my handsome and muscled bucks scattered around an adjoining room. The main space contained my dinning table and work desk. It also contained a smaller table for the bucks to eat at. There were also sleeping rooms and a separate bathroom for them connected to this area.

I saw that Isaac and his apprentice Michael had already been here to stow what I might desire to wear during the extended voyage and my uniforms for the inspection tour. I also decided to inspect the serfs quarters and mess to see that all was in readiness for the trip including a large view screen that I had installed. The techs thought that I was crazy but when I told him how I intended to use it they relented. Just the thought of seeing my bucks all oiled up and wrestling on it caused my cock to twitch.

The mess area was large enough to accommodate everyone I was happy that the ship could carry all the planters without having to double bunk them. I was hoping to give the bucks a space to play on their own but with all of the new ones I would need the second deck would have to be for them until they learned their place in this world. Maybe on the way back I might allow the two groups to mix and allow them some play time.

Now it was time to get everyone on board and give them the news about our little side trip. Having the serfs see the ruins would also give them something to consider since they could still be among the rubble and starving instead of my property and cared for. I heard a few grumbling about the delay of the contest but they were short lived by the hard looks the foremen gave them and they boarded without another word.

As we sailed by the still smoking ruins of southern California I had the feed displayed on the serfs view screen just to drive home that they were much better off than other survivors and I heard that they were very quiet, some in tears, from the foremen and crew.

The former capital of the alliance had been hit using a kinetic launcher from space. The space rock had hit in the centre of the bay and most of the city had been just washed away by the giant wall of water the impact had created and the earthquake that followed days later. That is what you got when you hit an active fault with a very big rock.

It was nearly mid afternoon by the time we anchored in the bay and was met by a vessel from Security. I went ashore with just a few of the foremen and a couple of



the technical crew just in case we might get lucky. We knew the odds were long but they still were finding military techs coming out of surviving deep bunkers.

As I expected, most of the new ones were shell shocked starving civilians and in rough shape. With food and a firm hand they would adjust well. That added seventy four more men to my plantation even though they had said they wanted

a hundred. You take what you are given. Along with the new bucks I was able to get some black security batons that had a side handle and holster belts that had been discovered in a police warehouse in the outskirts of the city. I could use

them as rewards for the foremen and the boss boys making them in a way a status symbols.

As we finished up in the signing their ownership papers my eye was drawn to a video monitor displaying a sole male in a holding cell. He was wearing a camouflaged jumpsuit of some type, very interesting. I waved at the monitor and asked, "what about him, how much"

With a shrug the security officer replied, "Newly caught in the last hour, we were going to hold him till we had more to process. Clear of radiation or biological contamination. Want to have a look?" I nodded and we headed to the holding cell to inspect the really fresh meat.

As we approached the cell he looked up, in a way assessing the situation without nervousness or anger, very interesting indeed. I stood close to the bars with several of the guards close behind me but he did not move an inch.

"What's your name meat?" I yelled at him and banged the bars with one of the new batons. I want to see if I could get a reaction.

His replay was crisp and without any emotion "Richard Bellingham, Captain, CT20130715. I was the senior civil defence engineer for the Southern California area" Well this was an Odin sized surprise, a British or Yank military officer. Now I could have fun training this one. It was obvious from the Security officer's

reaction that this was not something he was expecting since any military dirt side had been routinely sent to one of the destructive labour camps or if their speciality was need to one of Security's conditioning camps. Making him a very rare buck indeed. It also meant that he might warrant meric citizenship if I could swing it for him.

Well I wanted to see what I had to work with and ordered him to strip. He paused and saw that one of the guards was getting ready to enter the cell to force him to comply before he drew the zip fully down and let the jumpsuit drop too his ankles. No underwear, interesting, just a leather cord, probably for his polymer dog tags. There was a lot of potential from what I saw. Time for a more physical inspection and I pulled out my leather gloves before the guards and I entered the cell.



He stood in the centre of the cell watching me and the two guards approach him but did not react. Good I like it when they are not totally broken. I got no reaction when I lifted the chain over his head putting it in pouch on my belt or when I looked him directly in the eye. He did react as I ran a gloved hand down his back and grabbed an ass cheek. I then gave his semi-hard cock and balls a good squeeze and really got a reaction but not one I was expecting he seemed to enjoy it.

I could see that the Security tech sneer at me, well Hel take him. It was time for you to make a choice fresh meat. "Well meat you have only two choices, the first is a long and painful death in a labour camp, the second is this." At which point I unbuttoned my black uniform pants and pulled out my cock and balls. "Your choices, death or to serve me in any way I wish". He took a few seconds before sinking to his knees in front of me, eyes down, hands behind his back and his mouth slightly open. I waved back the guards and stood directly in front of him close enough that I could feel his breath on my cock then the tip of his tongue on its head. Slowly almost if he was worshipping it he tongued my cock head till I

was semi hard before sucking it into his mouth. The heat of his mouth drew me erect quickly and he started to lick its full length not missing a single spot. I could have grabbed his head and rammed it into his throat till I blew but I wanted to see how well he was willing to serve.

He seemed to know he was getting me close when he let my hard cock slip out of his mouth and started to bath and tease my balls with his tongue and mouth slowly sucking on one the then other. My hard cock left trails of saliva and pre-cum on his cheeks.

When he returned to servicing my dick I saw that he had brought his hands forward and was starting to stroke his now hard cock. I tapped the baton against my leg and told him, "Not yet meat" and he pulled his arms back quickly. As much as I wanted this to last I had to get back to the ship I would give him a ride or two later on. With my dick now covered in his spit again I let it slip from his mouth and began stroking it furiously.

The first part of my load landed on his face and chest, the rest landed on his hard cock and balls. His cock was straining and I gave him permission to relieve the pressure. He quickly grabbed his balls and started stroking his cock rapidly. Till

his large load was mixed with mine on his chest.

As he regained his breath I left the cell and told the Security tech, "I'll take him as well." I could see him start to protest this but I added "you know I could use an experienced engineer on this project. If he does not work out, I'll feed him to the sharks." That at least got a grin from him. As one of the guards led him away to

be cleaned up and processed I told the other one to stuff him back into the flight suit when they were done. He looked at me wondering why. "Simple," I told him, "easier target acquisition" and we all laughed at that.





New Spearhead

Members



Xavier Thrace
Michael Hunt
Daniel "Gustivo"
Kris Joseph
Greg Neely
Aharon Trottie



New Affiliate

Members



Tim Hogan







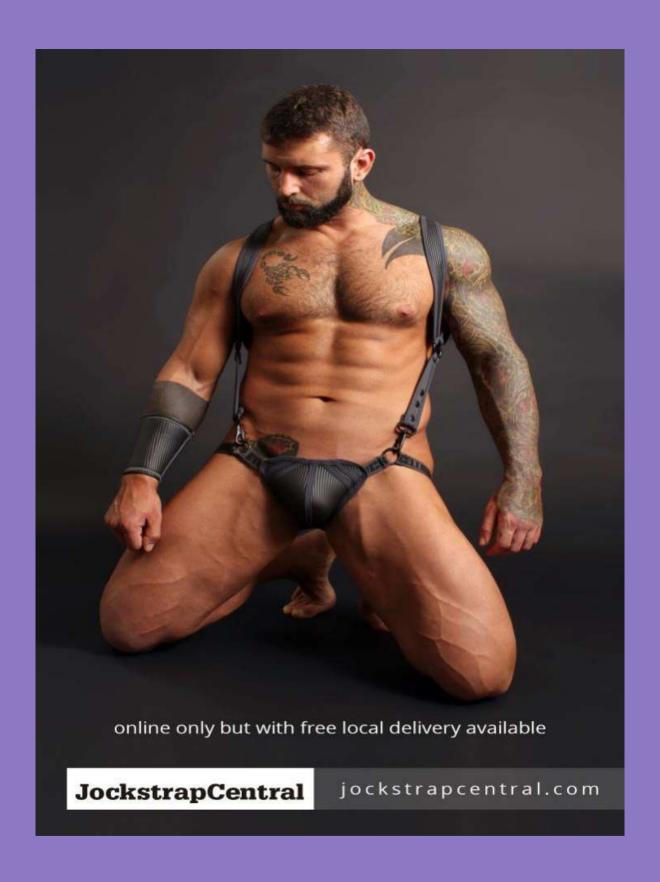


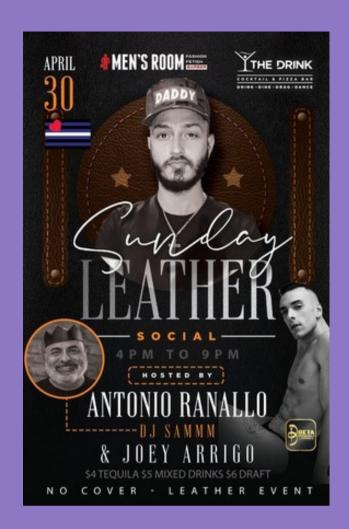


Mingle pictures 2023











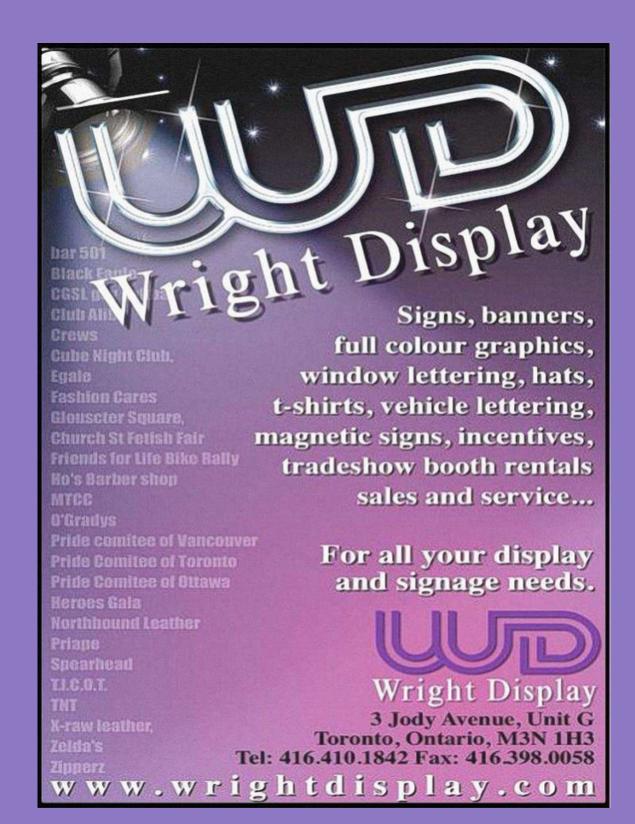


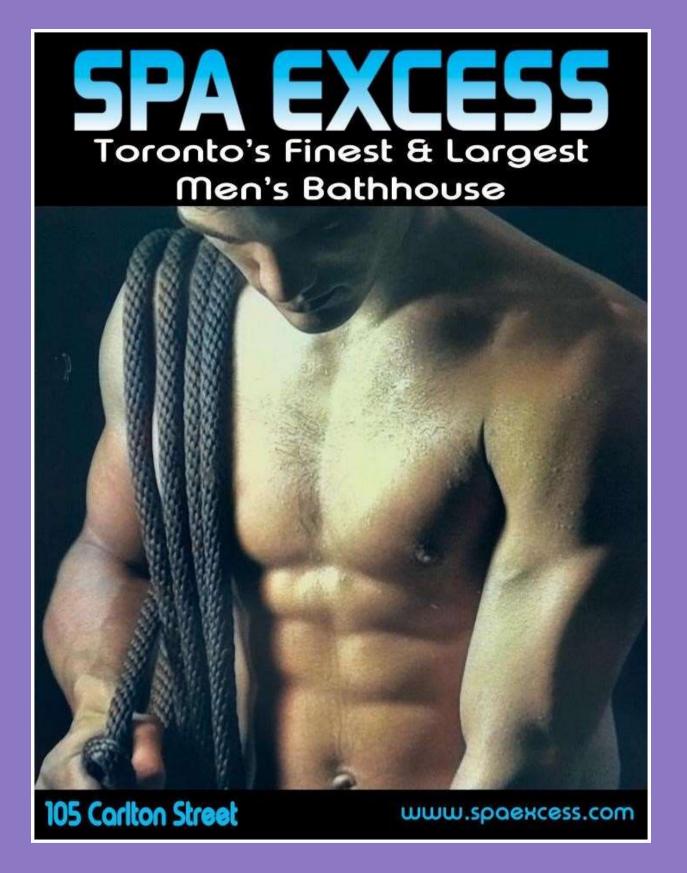


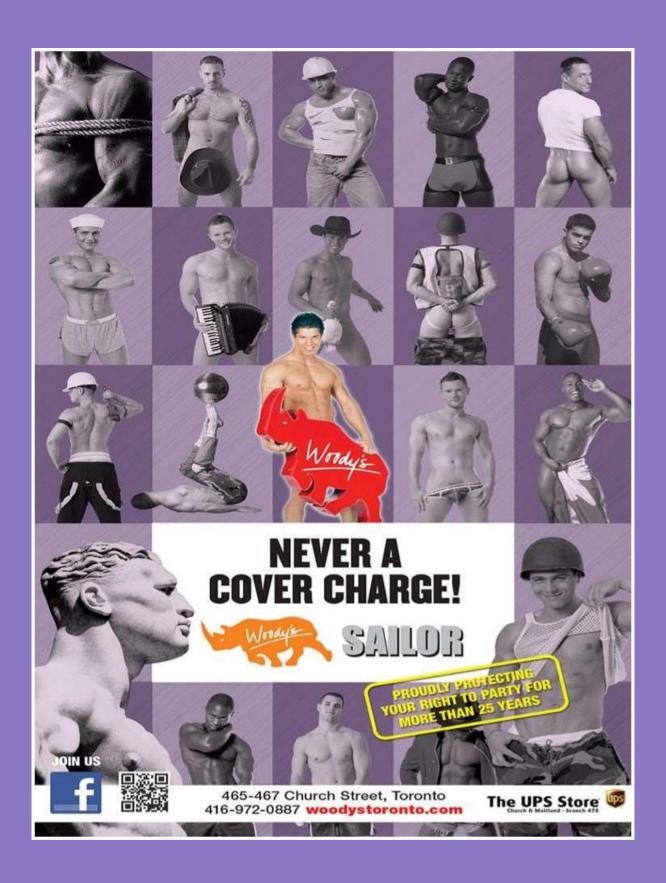












Raffle tickets

A walk in the park

By alex blin



Draw date Aug 5th 2023

Tickets are \$5 each

Avalible from the members of the board



valued at \$130 Cad

THE FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE A LITTLE HUMOR TO LIGHTEN UP THE DAY



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I love this idea 😃

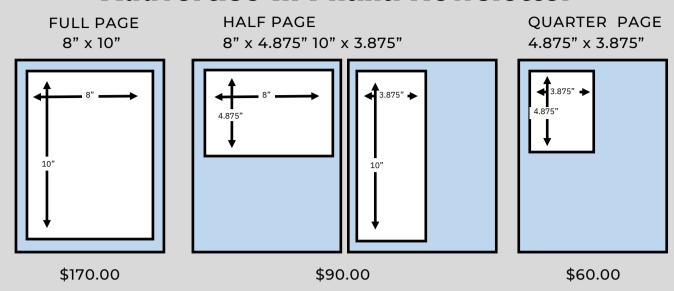








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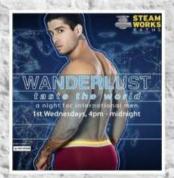
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