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Robert Ratsby on Fame, Falling in Love, & Finding His Own Way

Interview by Frankie M. Gouda
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The Mozzarella Hotel & Suites smells like strawberries, warm peach cologne, and money.

Late afternoon light pours through floor-to-ceiling windows as Robert Enid Ratsby lounges on a velvet chaise like he was born in it. His long black hair cascades over one shoulder. He's wearing a simple charcoal sweater and soft grey sweatpants that sit dangerously low on his hips, offering a teasing flash of bright pink lace.

He stands when I enter, sage-green eyes lighting up with genuine warmth and a hint of heat.

"Miss Gouda," he says, voice low and velvet-smooth. "You have no idea how much I've been looking forward to this!"

We settle close on the chaise. His cologne curls around me — ripe peach, strawberry, and something darker, almost sinful.

He is breathtaking. And he knows it.

We begin with the obvious: the 2016 Balmain dress moment that changed everything.

Robert laughs softly, running a hand through his hair.

“That photograph... I still can’t believe how fast it spread! One minute I’m a relatively unknown model from rural England, the next I’m on every screen in the world wearing a woman’s dress.” His eyes sparkle. “Best decision I ever made. I realised that day that fashion doesn’t have to have rules. Neither do I.”

He speaks openly about the backlash — the hate comments, death threats, and fashion houses that initially refused to work with him.

“But the love I received from the LGBTQ community? The gay kids who told me I gave them permission to be themselves? That made every hateful message worth it!”

When the conversation turns to family expectations, Robert’s expression turns wry but fond.

“Society certainly had opinions,” he says with a dry chuckle. “Especially the conservative crowd who love running their mouths. They expected me to settle down with a ‘nice girl mouse,’ dress ‘properly,’ and produce a few perfect children to carry on the Ratsby name. But my parents? They never once tried to shove me into that box.”

His voice warms noticeably.

“Randall and Mitzie Ratsby loved me from the moment I was born. My mum especially — she’s the one who taught me how to apply makeup properly and how to walk in heels without tripping over my own feet! She always told me to wear whatever made me feel beautiful.”

He smiles, soft and genuine.

“I was lucky. *Very* lucky...”

The conversation drifts naturally toward his own journey with love and identity.

“I’ve known I was pansexual since I was twelve,” he says without hesitation, a soft smile playing on his lips. “Even before I had the proper word for it. My first real crush was on this incredibly kind, funny trans boy at school. The way I felt about him... it just felt right. Natural. It taught me early that love isn’t about gender — it’s about the person. My parents were wonderful about it. Mum especially — she’s always encouraged me to be exactly who I am.”

Robert’s voice softens as he reflects on Angelique La Croix next. Their very public romance, the way the world thought they were endgame, and her coming out in 2019.

“Angelique gave me something precious,” he says quietly. “She taught me that love doesn’t have to look the way the world expects. When she told me the truth... it hurt, yes. But I was never angry with her. How could I be? She was finally brave enough to be herself. I like to think I played a small part in giving her that courage.”

The shift in the room is palpable when we reach the topic everyone wants to hear about.

Geronimo Stilton.

Robert leans forward, elbows on his knees, voice dropping into something almost reverent.

“I’ve been watching him for over a year,” he confesses. “Every broadcast, every article, every little moment he appears

on screen... I stop whatever I'm doing. My heart does this ridiculous little flip, and I'm suddenly a lovestruck idiot again. It's pathetic, really."

He laughs, but his eyes are warm.

"I've never felt this way about anyone. Not even Angelique. With her, it was admiration and affection. With Geronimo... it feels like my soul finally found the missing piece it's been looking for my whole life."

He talks about the moment he first saw Gerry on television — how something in his chest just clicked.

"I was in London doing a late-night photoshoot. Exhausted. Ready to collapse. Then there he was on the screen — shy little smile, those big earnest eyes, talking about journalism like it was the most important thing in the world. I couldn't look away. I've been gone ever since."

He's going to Americheddar soon. First time. And yes — it's for him.

"I posted that announcement on my birthday because I was tired of pretending I wasn't completely gone for the man," he says, voice soft but determined. "I want him to know I'm coming. I want him to know I'm serious."

When I ask if he's nervous, Robert lets out a genuine laugh.

"Terrified!" he admits. "What if he doesn't feel the same? What if I cross an ocean and he looks at me like I'm just another flashy model? But then I remember the way he smiled during that one interview last year and... I'd rather risk everything than spend the rest of my life wondering what if."

He speaks about his future with the same openness. He wants to slow down. Travel for joy. Do more charity work. Maybe step behind the camera. Find something real.

“I’ve made more money than I could spend in three lifetimes,” he says quietly. “Now I want something that actually matters. I want a life that feels like home.”

The conversation flows easily, but the flirtation between us has been simmering since the moment I walked in. Robert’s gaze lingers. His fingers brush my shoulder. His voice drops when he compliments me on how easy it is to talk to me.

“You know, Miss Gouda... you’re very easy to talk to. Dangerously so. I’ve said more in this one interview than I usually do in six months of press.”

I laugh, cheeks warming.

“I’m just doing my job.”

Robert’s smirk deepens, eyes sparkling with heat.

“No,” he murmurs, leaning in just a fraction closer. “You’re doing it dangerously well...”

ROGUE Magazine – OFF THE RECORD

Bonus Scene (Fully Revised & Extended, 5/18/2026)

Robert Ratsby & Frankie M. Gouda

The recorder gave one final, soft click.

For half a second, the luxurious Mozzarella Hotel suite was perfectly still. Then the air turned thick, electric.

Robert Ratsby stood barely an arm's length away, sage-green eyes dark with hunger. His long black hair spilled over one shoulder like ink. The grey tank top clung to every ridge of his chest, and the soft sweatpants did nothing to hide how hard he already was.

Frankie M. Gouda — short dark hair slightly mussed, toffee-brown fur flushed, big round eyeglasses fogging at the edges — felt her heart slam against her ribs.

He stepped in, cupped her face with both paws, and kissed her like he was starving.

It started deep and filthy, his tongue sliding against hers while his paws roamed down her sides, gripping the generous curve of her hips and yanking her flush against his cock. Frankie whimpered into his mouth. Robert reached up, gently removed her glasses, and set them safely on the nightstand before kissing her again, harder.

He walked her backward until her thighs hit the edge of the massive velvet-draped bed. He lay her down, crawling over her, never breaking the kiss. His paws worked open her blouse, revealing full, heavy breasts cupped in deep burgundy lace. He dragged the lace down and latched onto one dark nipple, sucking

hard, tongue flicking, while his other paw shoved her skirt up and ripped her soaked panties aside.

When his fingers brushed her dripping pussy he groaned against her breast.

“Fuck, you’re soaked,” he rasped, voice wrecked. *“Been dripping down your thick thighs the whole interview, haven’t you, you greedy little cum slut?”*

He kissed her again, swallowing her embarrassed moan, then slid two thick fingers deep inside her. Frankie cried out, back arching. Robert curled them viciously, pumping while his thumb circled her clit and his mouth devoured hers.

He didn’t let her come yet.

Instead, he pulled his fingers free, shoved his sweatpants down, and lined up his thick, leaking cock. He rubbed the head against her slick folds, kissing her slowly and filthily.

“Tell me you want it, doll face...”

“I want it...! Please, Robert...!”

He pushed in slowly.

Frankie winced at the stretch, a sharp little pinch as he sank deeper than anyone ever had. Robert froze instantly, eyes snapping to her face. He cupped her cheek, thumb stroking her toffee-brown fur.

“First time, doll face?” he asked, voice soft but laced with dark delight.

Frankie blushed furiously and nodded, shy and embarrassed.

“No man has ever... looked at me the way you do,” she whispered. “Not like this...”

Robert’s expression softened. He leaned down and kissed her — slow, deep, almost sweet — while he stayed perfectly still inside her, letting her adjust.

“Then I’m going to make it so fucking good for you,” he murmured against her lips, kissing her again and again until the discomfort melted into pure, overwhelming pleasure. “You’re safe with me, Frankie. Just breathe, baby... that’s it.”

Only when she started rocking her hips did he move.

He built speed gradually, fucking her deeper, harder, while never once stopping the kisses. He swallowed every moan, every whimper, every broken cry of his name like he was starving for them. His long black hair curtained them both as he drove into her, hips snapping, knot already starting to swell.

“Feel that fat cock stretching you open?” he growled against her mouth, biting her bottom lip. “Gonna *ruin* this tight virgin pussy until you’re gaping and dripping my cum for days...”

He flipped her onto her stomach without pulling out, yanking her hips up, and slamming back in from behind. One paw fisted in her short dark hair, the other cracked hard across her full ass, leaving bright red prints on her toffee-brown fur.

“Fuck, listen to how sloppy and wet you are,” he snarled, pounding deeper. “Greedy little breeding whore... pushing back on my cock like you were born to take it... Gonna fill this cunt until it’s overflowing with my load!”

He kept her like that for long, brutal minutes, spanking her ass red while he railed her.

Then, without warning, he pulled out with a filthy wet sound. Before she could even whimper at the loss, he sat on the very edge of the bed, thick cock glistening with her cream, knot swollen and angry.

“Get on my lap, doll face,” he growled, voice rough. “Now...”

He yanked her up by the hips and pulled her onto him in one smooth motion, impaling her completely as she straddled his thighs face-to-face. Frankie cried out at the sudden fullness, her heavy tits bouncing right in front of his face.

“*Fuck yes,*” Robert groaned, gripping her thick ass with both paws. “Ride me... Bounce on this fat cock like the desperate breeding toy you are...”

He guided her to ride him hard, sucking bruises into her heaving breasts while she moaned and whimpered above him, kissing her messily the whole time.

Then he stood suddenly, still buried to the hilt, and carried her back to the center of the bed. He laid her on her back, hooked her legs over his shoulders, and started fucking her even harder — fast, deep, relentless strokes that made her tits bounce wildly.

“*Watch us,*” he snarled, turning her head toward the full-length mirror beside the bed. “Don’t you dare look away... Watch me ruin this pretty cunt while you come all over my cock!”

Frankie’s eyes locked on their reflection — her toffee-brown fur flushed dark, short dark hair wild, heavy tits jiggling with every brutal thrust while Robert’s thick cock disappeared inside her again and again.

The sight pushed her over the edge.

She came hard, screaming his name, walls clenching around him like a vice.

Robert's hips stuttered.

"Fuck, Frankie...! I'm gonna—!"

He slammed in deep one last time, knot swelling and locking tight inside her as he came with a guttural roar. Pulse after pulse of hot cum flooded her, so much that her belly slightly bulged. He kept grinding against her, kissing her through both their orgasms, swallowing every broken sob and whimper.

They stayed locked together, panting, kissing lazily while his knot throbbed inside her.

When it finally went down, he pulled out carefully and gathered her into his arms. He pulled the covers over them both and held her close, one paw gently rubbing her back while the other cradled her head against his chest. He kept kissing her forehead, cheeks, the tip of her nose, her swollen lips — soft and sweet.

"You were perfect," he whispered. *"So beautiful... took my knot so well, love..."*

Frankie curled into him, still trembling. After a long, blissed-out silence, she whispered shyly against his chest, "...What would you do if I actually DID get pregnant from this?"

Robert paused, then let out a low, wicked chuckle that vibrated through her. He tilted her chin up so she had to meet his eyes.

"If you were carrying my kit?"

He kissed her slowly and deeply, then pulled back with a filthy little smirk.

“I’d keep you right here in this bed for the next three weeks, doll face. I’d fuck you every single day until you were so full and round you could barely walk. I’d suck those pretty tits until they started leaking milk for me, and I’d drink every drop while I bred you again and again. I’d spoil you rotten... and I’d make damn sure the whole world knew exactly who put that baby in you!”

Frankie bit her lip, her voice small and nervous.

“Are you sure that Gerry won’t mind?”

Robert’s smirk turned darker, possessive. He leaned in and kissed her again, slow and claiming.

“He’ll be alright,” he murmured against her lips, voice low and dangerous. “Especially once I remind him of whom he belongs to!”

Frankie let out a soft, breathless giggle, cheeks still flushed.

“Well, in that case... Geronimo Stilton is gonna be one lucky mouse!”

Robert laughed warmly and pulled her even closer, pressing one last tender kiss to her forehead.

“You’re safe with me, Frankie. Always...”