

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

02242
OCTOBER 1995

EXCLUSIVE

THE UNABOMBER SPEAKS

**GUCCIONE
RESPONDS**

WORLD RECORD
GIRL GANGBANGS
251 MEN IN ONE DAY!

JEFF FOXWORTHY
AMERICA'S FIRST
PLATINUM REDNECK

SEX MAGIC
SACRED RITUALS
FOR ENDLESS ORGASMS



\$5.99



10 >
56





Dyanna
produced a
strange,
snaking wand,
and the
two women
eagerly
sucked on it
together.
Taylor closed
her eyes
and trembled
with
excitement.



But
co
pla
the



But that was just a taste of what was to come. Dyanna bent Taylor back and placed the tip of the pointed staff against the mouth of her companion's throbbing core. She ordered Taylor to be still.





Taylor woke up desperately aching for Dyanna. *Was it only a dream?* she wondered. Then she discovered a fingerless black glove lying atop the nightstand.

OT 12





One night Taylor leafed through a few of her boyfriend's magazines and found herself strangely drawn to the pictures—especially those of two women together. She drifted off to sleep with a magazine splayed open on the bed, and soon awoke to find herself in a chrome-plated future world ruled by an oddly familiar brunette. She gazed in awe at her mysterious mistress.

PHOTOGRAPHED AND STYLED BY CARL WACHTER





It took all of Taylor's strength not to jump whenever the paper-thin edge of Dyanna's fingernail grazed her glistening, goose-bumped skin. She had never felt so vulnerable and exposed; the urge to cover herself fought with the desire to throw her legs wide open. She tried vainly to hold back the rivulets of moisture that insisted on trickling down her thighs. Dyanna, laughing, waited to lap up every drop.





LYDIA AND NICK

Mrs. Rollinson was wearing supertight jeans and a tiny cropped top that barely skimmed the bottoms of her voluminous breasts.

Twin sideways crescents of pearly white bobbed above her taut, tanned torso as she strutted past Nick, the pool boy.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL





"Call me Lydia," she purred as she invited him inside to cool down. Nick seemed nervous, so Lydia loosened him up with small talk about college and cars before taking him by the hand and leading him to the bedroom. But he didn't need much coaxing when she asked him to help her wriggle out of her jeans.



The air-conditioned chill bit into their bare skin. Lydia lovingly fingered Nick's firm young muscles, then slipped her hand down into his pants. He unbound her blouse and gasped.







Lydia sank slowly to her knees. She sucked long and hard until a sudden noise made her jump, thinking her husband had arrived home early. Nick groaned in frustration when she popped him out of her mouth.




It was only the breeze.
Lydia lay back and
brought Nick between her
breasts, sliding him
in and out until he was
hard as a pipe and
ready to be mounted. Her
long blond hair fell
like a gentle shower.





Makeup by Melanie Randolf; lighting director, David Hinds

Their furtive coupling became increasingly frenzied as they kept trying to squeeze in "one last time" before Lydia's husband came home. They cut it so close that Nick passed him in the driveway when he left. "Good night, Mrs. Rollinson," he called back. "Thanks for the tip!" 



It was only the breeze.
Lydia lay back and
brought Nick between her
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long blond hair fell
like a gentle shower.

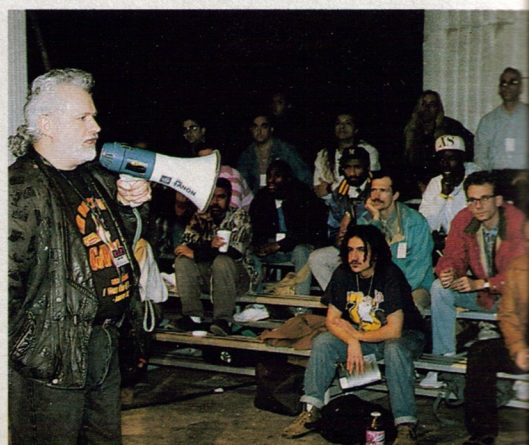


When asked why he wanted to climb Mount Everest, George Leigh Mallory replied, "Because it is there." When asked why she wanted to have sex with 251 men, Annabel Chong answered, "Because they came." And came, and came, and came.



ANNABEL CHONG'S WORLD-RECORD GANGBANG

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF SCOOP SYNDICATION



More than a year ago, Annabel Chong, sultry sociology student and part-time porno queen, surveyed the landscape of American erotica and saw that there were still mountains to be climbed. Her goal? To set the world record for the most men screwed in a single day. The previous record, 125 men, set in Norway in 1991, stood in her way but Annabel looked at it as a challenge.

Babe Ruth's home-run record—broken. The four-minute mile—long gone. Records and goals, all made to be broken. Still, the higher the goal, the sweeter the victory. It was this competitive spirit that motivated Annabel Chong to take on 251 men. A record that may not be equaled in our time.

Let us examine this by running out a few quick stats:

- Taking an average of five foot eight as the height of the men Annabel fucked, they would stretch the length of five football fields if laid end to end—which, in a way, they were.

- Giving everyone the benefit of the doubt and supposing that the average length of an erect dick at the event was six and a half inches means that Annabel accommodated 1,631 inches of penis in one day (counting only single strokes).

- Assuming that the going rate for one great screw from a professional like Divine Brown is \$100, Annabel could have raked in \$25,100 in one average workday. A tough job, but someone's gotta do it.

But inches and riches were not the point. In order to achieve the record and secure her fame, Annabel had to find hundreds of men who would be willing to have sex with her, one after the other. The very idea expanded the notion of sloppy seconds to near-galactic proportions. How hard would it be? As it turned out, not hard at all. Annabel advertised on videos and in magazines that she wanted men to come and fuck her. Her warm and welcoming invitation said, "I'm really looking forward to meeting you—and eating you." An international army of stud muffins rushed off their applications. Many hopeful Romeos sent photos of themselves naked. Some just enclosed pictures of private parts. Others requested anonymity. All who were selected were accommodated in their desires.



(Far left, top) Ron Jeremy, after being the 251st man to enjoy Annabel's favors, entertains the crowd with his imitation of Yasir Arafat singing "My Way." (Far left, bottom) Get your numbers from the Takeacheck machine. The line forms to the right as Annabel goes for the gold. (Center, top) On your mark, get stiff, fuck! Nos. 1, 2, and 3 take their turns with Annabel on the Roman dais. (Center, middle) Annabel and a small circle of fresh friends. (Center, bottom) "Number 78, front and center, and strip!" Bullhorns rule the Stud Holding Pen. (Top right) Annabel displays the form that made her a champion. (Bottom right) The line to the dais stretches out of sight.





Born in Singapore but raised in England, Annabel is a Los Angeles-based sociology student. She earns money to continue her studies by making one porn movie a month. The glowing star of *Anal Queen*, *Sordid Stories With the Pink Stiletto*, and *I Can't Believe I Did the Whole Team* freely admits that making adult films is ideal for someone as sex-mad as her. Like many guys and most porn stars, she'd rather not bother with the complexities of dating. "I don't need to go out on a date and be nice to someone in order to get laid," she says. "I can just fuck, take a shower, and go home. People have called me a bimbo, a slut, and a whore. But I just enjoy my body. I love sex. Even when a guy is very studly, I can't get enough. I've had 12 men at one sitting, but it wasn't enough. I needed more. Setting the world land sex record just seemed like the natural next step. I wanted to know if it was possible for a person to have too much sex. I yearned to test my limits, push the envelope, go for the gold."

The fateful day finally arrived. All the finalists were present, along with a video-production team, masses of mind-boggled media, and the glitterati of porn. Chief among them was the reigning sultan of smut, Ron Jeremy.

As the lucky men—who would all be using industrial-strength condoms, of course—lined up to pleasure her, Annabel told them, "Hang loose, stay hard, and fuck me really hard."

Adult-film-industry veteran Dick Nasty was also one of those to stand and wait his turn. The 38-year-old from Dulwich, London, whose real name is Richard Shead, has made more than 500 films over the last six

In the thick of the main event, Annabel takes no prisoners. (Center) "You. Get it up and get up here." (Bottom) It's at moments like this that you know this film will not be just another exercise video.


years. He shared his wisdom with the amateurs in the line, saying, "The best advice I can give for today is to relax. If you think about what you're doing and who is watching, you'll tense up, limp up, and wimp out."

But limp was not the order of the day. As insurance against such a potential disaster, the producers of the video had salted the set with a group of gorgeous "fluffers"—girls who used their extraordinary oral talents to keep the men tight and tuned for Annabel.

Annabel came out of the gate with a bang as the countdown to F-hour reached zero. It was all they could do for the fluffers and the fluffees to keep up with her. Not until she'd had 100 men did Annabel take her first break for some fruit juice, a rubdown with a moist towel, and a well-earned breather. Then it was on her back for business as usual. After 25 more screws, Annabel had equaled the previous world record. But Annabel didn't stop there.

She carried on fucking and, after No. 250, yielded the stage to emcee Ron Jeremy, who had boffed all five fluffers while he was waiting. Jeremy made a few brief remarks about the import of the event. Then the still-horny Annabel returned for one final screw with the ever-ready Jeremy—during which she came and came until Jeremy came and went.

Annabel was still ready for more. "Two hundred and fifty guys isn't enough," she said. "I could do with a few girls too for good measure—and a few dogs and cats."

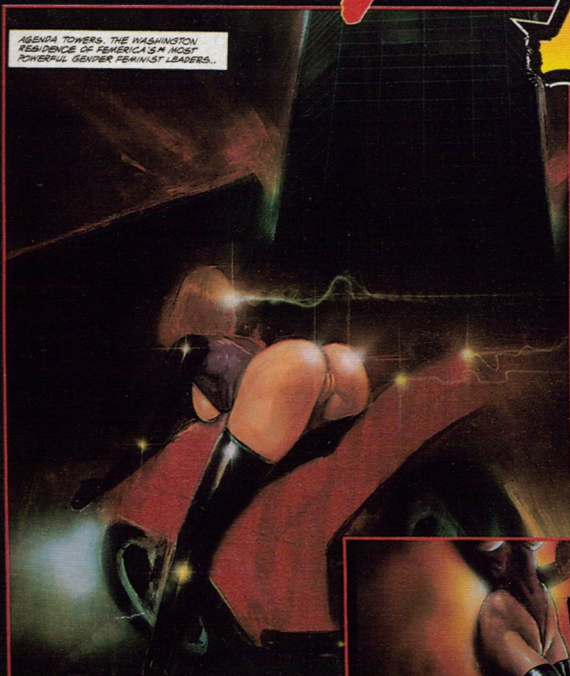
For more information about obtaining the video that was made to document this event, call 1-800-293-4681. 



(Top) Another man done gone. This could be No. 202 or No. 204, but at this point, who's counting?
(Bottom) The champion of the world. Annabel alone on the victory platform.

BACKLASH

EPISODE 9: LADY'S KNIGHT



Our Story Thus Far:

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a spike-heeled stiletto pump stamping on a human face... forever!"

The year is 2024. A secret team of radical, man-hating, lesbian gender feminists have taken over America. The sadistic **SUBORNA ROSS**, the head of the **WOLLENSTONE CRAFT HEALTH-CARE ALLIANCE**, rules this country with an iron fist. Those who refuse to serve end up as mindless sex slaves...or they end up dead. **ROBERTA LINDSEY**, a politically correct Antioch College student recruited into Wollenstone's executive branch had been assigned to Suborna's top-secret **"DOUBLE•YY PROJECT"**, a plan to identify aggressive males in the womb and have their sex changed to female. When Roberta refused to follow Suborna's orders, she was marked for a fate worse than death by the sadistic Suborna. Roberta escaped with the aid of the mysterious **MOSTRESS W**, queen bee of the underground resistance movement, and has been transformed into a symbolic heroine of the resistance movement, code named: **BACKLASH!** Having infiltrated **AGENDA TOWERS**, an exclusive apartment building where Femamerica's leaders live in splendor and debauchery that rivals that of ancient Rome. Alone, outnumbered, the fighting female fury stands ready to battle the handpicked bodyguards of **ANDREA DORK**, the propaganda mistress of Wollenstone...

WRITERS: Caragonne & Thornton **ARTIST:** Mark Beachum **LETTERS:** Lopez



ARE YOU
INTO PIERCING,
WHIPGIRL?

I HOPE
YOUR BLADES
ARE SHARPER
THAN YOUR
WITS.

MY... ALL
THAT PENT UP
AGGRESSION...

OH!!!

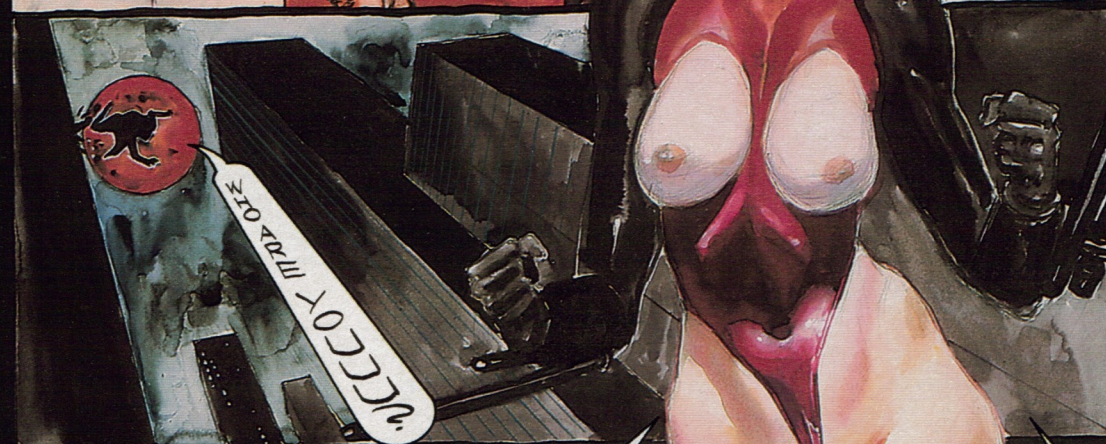
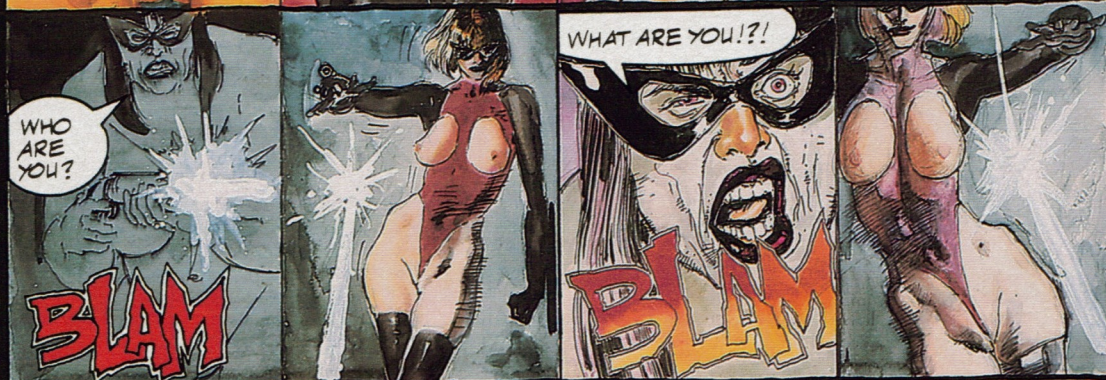
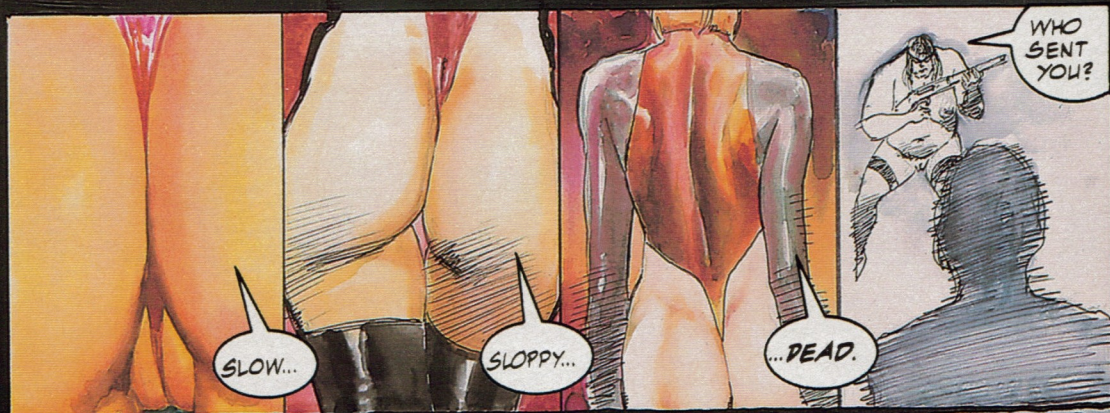
TSK! SUCH
A MESS. WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
DEAR...

...IS IT
THAT TIME
OF THE
MONTH...

CALL ME
BACKLASH



NEXT:
**THE DOUBLE
YY
PROJECT**



CALL ME THE
AVENGER OF THE
LOST NIGHT.
THE VOICE
OF THOSE YOU
SILENCED.

THE JUST
REVENGE
FOR ALL YOUR
SINS.

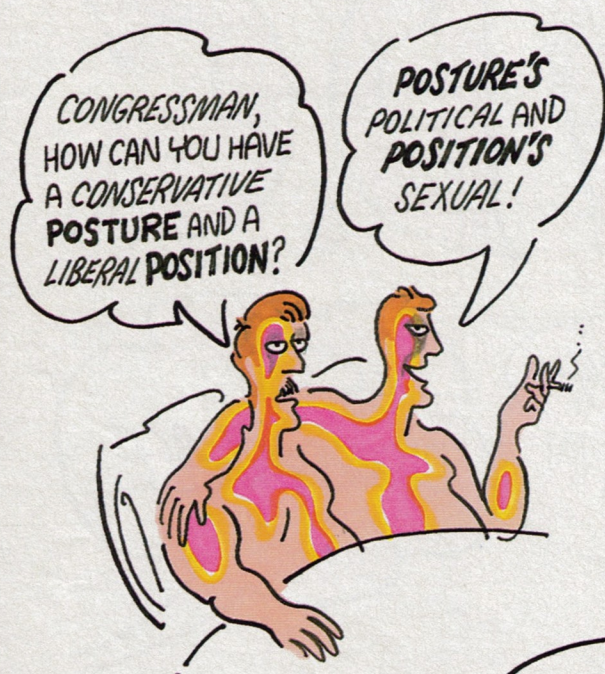
WASHINGTON A.C./D.C.

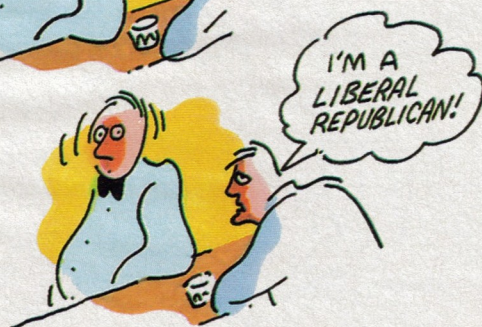
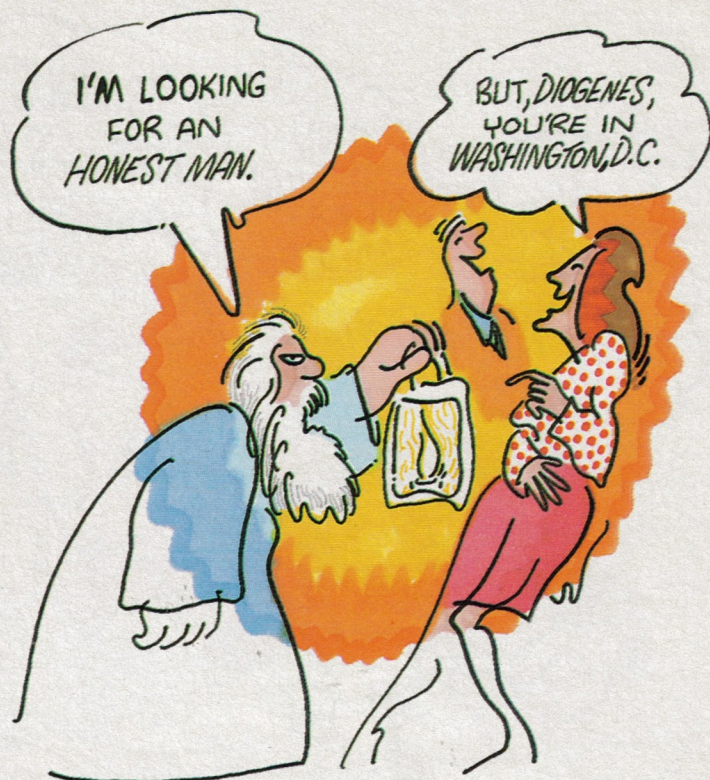
CONGRESSMAN GINGRICH,
HAVE YOU EVER ENGAGED IN
THE ACT OF **ORAL SEX**??

YES, BUT I
DIDN'T **INHALE**.

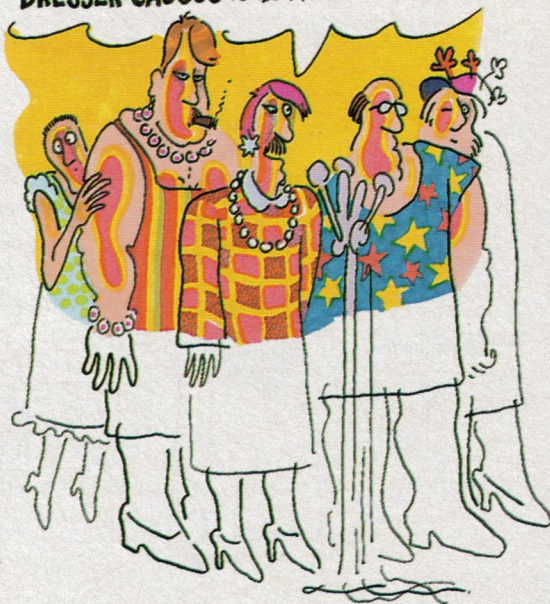


SATIRE BY BILL LEE



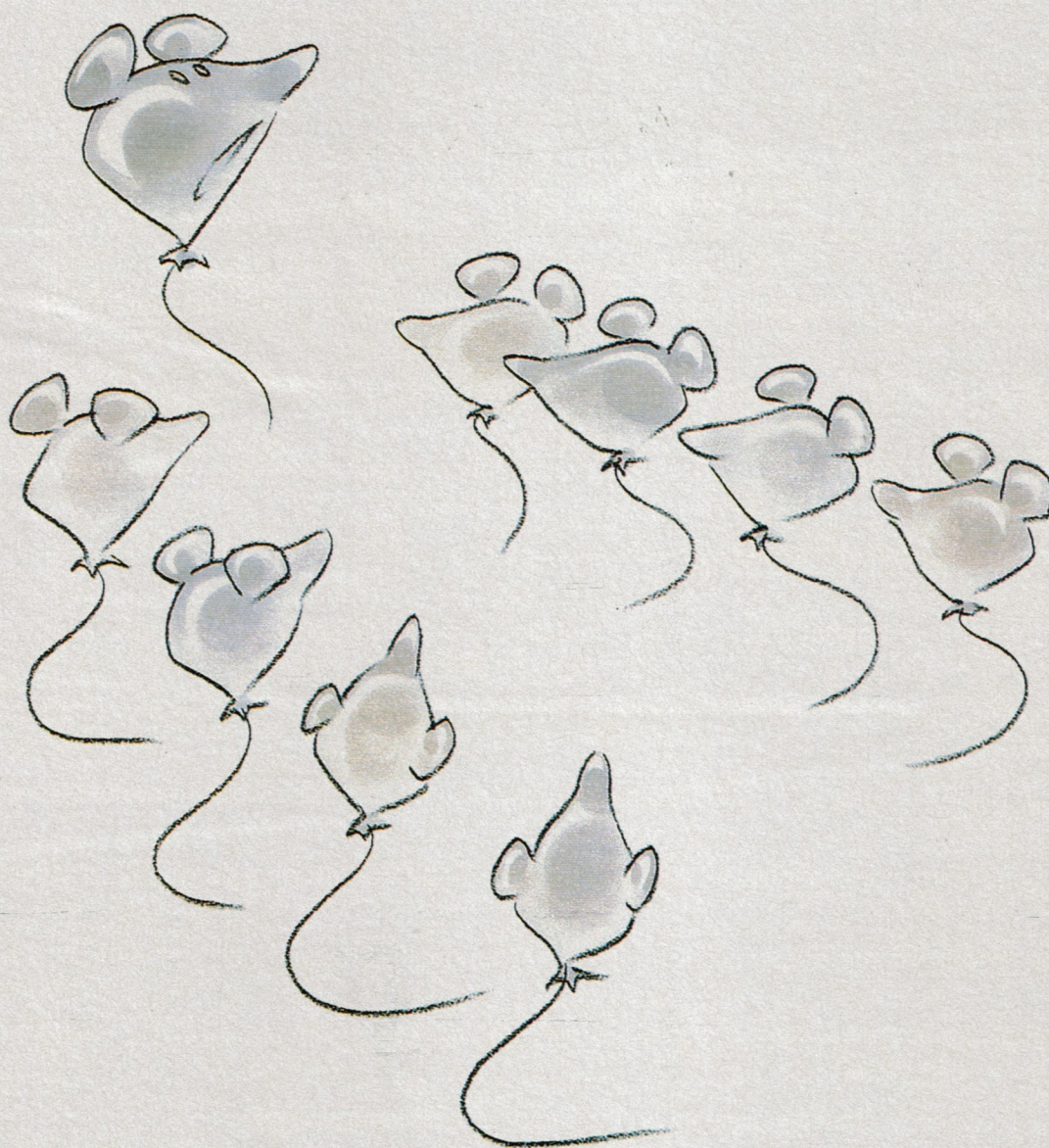


SPEAKER GINGRICH, WE WANT YOU TO
KNOW THAT THE CONGRESSIONAL **CROSS**
DRESSER CAUCUS IS BEHIND YOU...



Ballonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"All in favor of abandoning ship, say aye!"

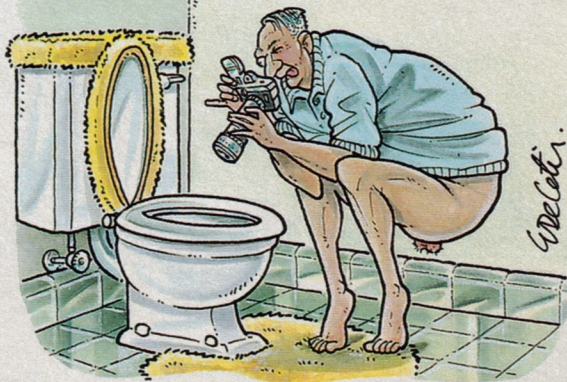
GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

Andre Jean-Pierre LeClair:
mime with an attitude



Brad Q. validates what he considers
to be a sure-fire entry into the
Guinness Book of World Records.



Halloween in San Francisco's Castro District...

Who wants
fruity, sexy, raspberry-filled
fluffy truffles, each
delightfully embraced in a
simply whimsical
origami candy cup?



DeCetis.



Hofmekler's People

Folk Heroes, Part 148.

Pat Buchanan.

Homage to Budweiser

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

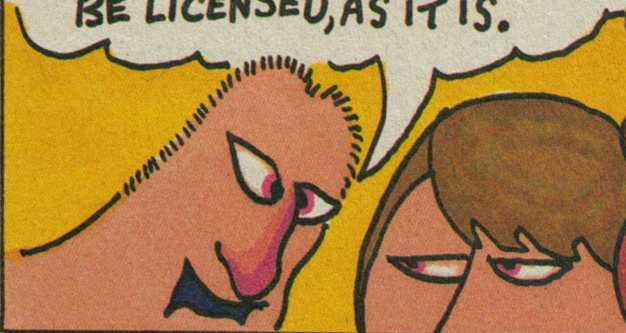
IN AMERICA THERE ARE MORE LAWS TO OUTLAW THE USE OF THE **PENIS** THAN ASSAULT RIFLES...



WE AT THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION FULLY SUPPORT **PENIS CONTROL LEGISLATION** !!!

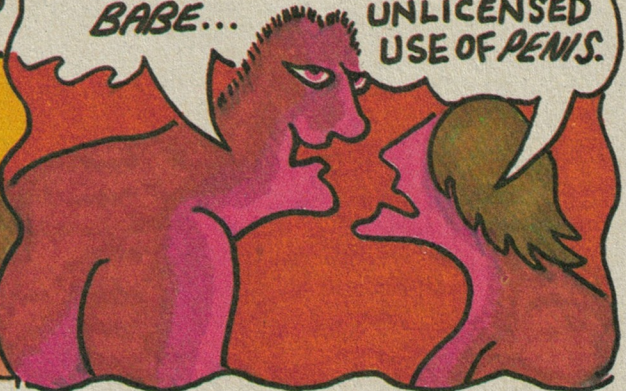


THE **PENIS** CAUSES DISEASE AND OVERPOPULATION; MASTURBATE AND YOU'LL GO BLIND; IT SHOULD BE LICENSED, AS IT IS.



NOW, LET'S GET IT ON, **BABE...**

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR UNLICENSED USE OF **PENIS**.



HUH!

I'M WITH THE BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO, FIREARMS, AND **PENIS**.



I COULDN'T TAKE THAT FIVE-DAY COOLING OFF PERIOD.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT...



Bill Lee

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Pet Sensation!

June's Pet of the Month Elizabeth Ann Hilden caused quite a stir with her photo layout. Here are but a few of the many responses we received from her fans: I can't get enough of Penthouse Pet Elizabeth Ann Hilden. What a gorgeous female form! I've never seen a woman so breathtaking, so tantalizing, or so sensuous in any previous Penthouse mag-



azine, and I've been a loyal reader for over 24 years.—J. W., New Jersey

I don't usually go for blond, blue-eyed, large-breasted women. I'm really into brunettes or redheads with B cups, but I think Elizabeth Ann Hilden may have just converted me. What a knockout!—M. C., California

Elizabeth Ann Hilden is absolutely the most beautiful Pet ever! She is flawless in her beauty, and delicately sensuous. Elizabeth Ann says it all in her eyes—introspective, vulnerable, shy, sad perhaps? Irresistibly desirable!—D. H., Arizona

I have been a Penthouse subscriber for about five years now, and I think you have outdone yourselves with Elizabeth Ann Hilden. She has the most seductive eyes, the most erotic lips, and the most beautiful tits I have ever seen on any Penthouse Pet. My vote is already cast for Penthouse Pet of the Year.—J. W., Internet

A Different Pet Sensation

Our June issue also featured

Allan Sonnenschein's interview with animal-rights activist Dan Mathews. Here are two differing responses: Hooray for PETA's Dan Mathews! And kudos to Penthouse, as well, for running a great feature on Mathews! When you get the inevitable letters from the gun-toting anti-animal-protectionists who think killing animals boosts their masculinity, tell them compassion is what's sexy!—A. G., Washington, D.C.

I am a registered Maine guide, which means I guide people who like to hunt. I can tell by the article that Dan Mathews doesn't know the first thing about animals. He wants to save them and hug them, which is fine by me, but who is going to save them from him? I have spent many winters snowshoeing through three and four feet of snow to cut cedar limbs for deer and fir growths for small animals. Not once, in all that time, have I seen any member from PETA or any other animal-rights group.

PETA would like to stop all animals from being killed. Where are all the animals going to live? I would like to see groups like PETA held responsible for some of the things they do. If they get a hunt stopped, fine, but if a lot of animals starve because of their actions, because of the limited food supply, they should be held liable for it. If you people know so much about animals, you should know the carrying capacity of the land.—R. W., Maine

Sensitive Soul

In our May issue's "Advise & Dissent" column, Marine veteran Fred Reed lambasted the politically correct crowd. Our readers seem to agree: Finally someone brave enough to tell the bleeding hearts how most of us feel about their "sensitivity." I mean, treating people

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and then went to the head of his cock. He was so huge she didn't know whether or not she could take all of him, but she was going to try. She started out slowly, to see if she could, then began to work on it. In and out his cock went. At this point Mandy came up and began to kiss him. He grabbed her breast and then grabbed Mary's head and began to fuck her mouth. Soon he shot his load in Mary's mouth. The hot, white, sticky fluid was running out of her mouth.
—F. C., Arizona

Klarissa and Veronica got on their knees and started to pour cherry juice on my chest and between my legs. As my soldier stood at attention, Klarissa started to lick the inside of my thighs while Veronica straddled my chest. I started to play with Veronica's clit when Klarissa took me in her mouth. As Veronica climaxed on my fingers, I was about to burst. Then Klarissa stopped. She

us and shares our penchant for sexual adventure. Teri is lying next to me on the floor, wearing nothing more than a sheer silk robe so short that it doesn't quite cover the pretty cheeks of her bare butt. Naked and with a full erection, I am stroking her baby-smooth butt and the back of her legs. As my touch lingers near the top of her thighs, she parts her legs far enough to expose both her pussy and her tightly puckered butt hole.

Tina, a cute blonde with small but perky titties and a smoothly muscled athletic ass, is reclining in front of us. Also nude, she has her legs up and apart, giving us an unimpeded view of her pussy and butt hole, both glistening with her own cunt juice. Teri and I have watched Tina masturbate and fuck herself to several orgasms with a thick nine-inch dildo that looks just like a man's cock. And now she has just asked Teri a most provocative question.

"You want to watch him fuck me in the butt?" responds Teri, looking first at Tina, then me, and then at my big, stiff dick.

"Come on," says Tina, scooting over next to me and giving my hard-on an

fucking her, until her orgasm sweeps over her like a huge wave, leaving her whole body shuddering, her nipples even bigger and stiffer than before, and her pussy sopping wet. I watch her cunt juice wander down to bathe the tight pucker of her ass hole, now fully open to my view.

"Just lay there, Teri, and masturbate," says Tina, moving Teri's hand to her own pussy. "We'll be with you in a minute." Then Tina slips a condom over my hard-on and lubricates it with some K-Y Jelly. About this time, Teri is consumed by another orgasm, this time by her own hand. As she recovers, I help her roll over and stick her ass up in the air. I have a perfect view right up her butt, such a privileged view I can hardly believe it. Her clit and cunt lips are incredibly pink, swollen, and juicy, and her wet ass hole is so "right there" and so welcoming, it might as well have a FUCK ME sign on it. At the same time, Tina starts to masturbate her friend and fuck her vagina with the big faux cock. Teri moans and then eases her butt back to my face, sending my tongue a little deeper up her ass.

"Now," she says after a few moments. "Fuck my butt now." With Tina fucking Teri's wet pussy just below, I put the tip of my cock at Teri's ass hole and watch my whole stiff dick slide completely up her butt as she eases all the way back to me. My cock has never been in a warmer, tighter place in my life, not even Teri's incredible vagina.

"Oh ... my God," she says. "I am so filled up." I start moving my dick back and forth in her ass, very slowly at first, then a little faster. Tina stops fucking her and comes around behind me to finger my butt hole while I fuck Teri's. The French appear to be right—Teri's third orgasm takes her by storm, and then her fourth does the same. Both times her butt hole tightens like a clamp around my rigid dick. I nearly come several times, but manage to hold off. Finally, I can't wait any longer.

"I have to come soon," I tell her.

"Wait ... wait," she says. "I want you to come in my mouth."

"I'll help!" says Tina. As I pull my dick out of Teri's ass, she lays down on her back and I take off the condom. Then I straddle her with the head of my prick an inch away from her open mouth.

"Yes," she says, smiling and looking up at me with those beautiful big brown eyes. She starts jacking me off while Tina caresses my balls and continues to finger-fuck my ass hole. "Just let it go right in my mouth. Come on, big guy. Come in my mouth!"

As much as I'm enjoying the situation, I can handle Tina's probing finger and Teri's perfect touch only so long. I put my hand on Teri's as she strokes my stiff penis for the last half-dozen times, and then watch myself spurt huge gobs of

Barry told me to remove Audrey's clothing and to suck her brown nipples. Audrey threw her head back and moaned.

smiled and turned to sit down. Little by little, she took me in. As I started to move my hips, I felt Veronica start to lick my balls. After Klarissa climaxed, Veronica got on, and Klarissa took over licking my balls while fingering herself. As Veronica cried for more, Klarissa came again. As I started coming inside Veronica, she cried, "Yes! Yes! Come for me, baby!" I came all over Veronica, and Klarissa licked both of us clean.—A. V., Texas

CELEBRITY FANTASY

Judging by the letters we receive, most of us dream about having intimate encounters with our favorite celebrity. If you have—and who hasn't?—write it down and send it to us. If your celebrity fantasy is hot enough, we'll print it here. And remember, even though the celebrity is real, what transpires is created entirely in our readers' imagination.
—The Editors

SUPER FUCK

This is a celebrity fantasy about the sexiest and most beautiful actress I know, Teri Hatcher of TV's "Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman."

I imagine that Teri and I are with Tina, a mutual friend of ours who introduced

affectionate squeeze. "We're all friends here. And—besides, French women say butt-fucking gives them orgasms."

"Hmmm, I don't know about all of this," says Teri.

"Let's just see what happens," I suggest to both of them.

I roll Teri over on her back as Tina watches and opens Teri's robe. Teri gives me a provocative smile and pushes her firm, full breasts together, teasing her stiff pink nipples with her fingers at the same time. Slowly and gently, I spread her legs wide open, exposing her already moist pussy to our full view. Then I get between her legs and lick all around her beautiful cunt, which is shaved bare except for a small patch of hair at the top. Inhaling her womanly essence, I concentrate my tongue-play on her swollen clitoris as she becomes more and more aroused.

Meanwhile, Tina is reaching between my legs and stroking my nail-stiff cock. I feel her hand spreading the copious pre-come she finds at the tip of my penis up and down my rigid shaft. With her other hand, she is playing with my ass hole, sticking her finger just inside the opening. I keep masturbating Teri with my tongue, occasionally tongue-

PENTHOUSE®

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OCTOBER

with respect is one thing, but some of these people need a big reality check. Everything and anything is either an insult or deprives them of their right to something or other.

Keep bringing us the truth in a media landscape full of poor-me-I-didn't-get-what-I-want journalism.—M. B., Wisconsin

I've never written anyone on their column before, but this one really hit the spot.... Fred Reed is so right regarding the sensitivity crap, which has grown to an unbelievable proportion. I'm getting so sick of the few who feel they need to protect the masses from being picked on. Maybe if "feelings" weren't so protected, we wouldn't have so many people picking up guns and blowing people away or bombing buildings. Damn, people, grow up!—E. L., Internet

A standing ovation to Fred Reed for his article on sensitivity and its possible adverse effects on the military might of a so-called superpower. Americans are becoming much too complacent on issues of grave importance, such as gun-ownership rights, unfair legal practices, and growing racial tensions. They are more concerned with political mannerisms that are crippling the infrastructure of our great land. The time will most assuredly come when all the minor nitpicking will take an overwhelming backseat to such real-world problems as pollution, violence, hunger, and unemployment. Hopefully, there are still enough people with enough common sense to realize that sometimes swallowing your "inner child" can help you see beyond the type of propaganda that threatens to transform future generations into a whining huddled mass of insecurity.—G. A., Georgia

SHORT STROKES

I let my tongue run around the head of his hard cock. Then I took my tongue down the shaft and back up several times before I went back up to the head. I proceeded to take only the head in my mouth, letting my tongue circle the head and then sucking it for a while. Then I took all of his manhood into my mouth and started going up and down, letting my hand lightly rub his balls. I enjoyed sucking this long, hard cock. The faster I did it, the closer he came to orgasm.

He started rubbing my pussy lips and clit, fast and hard. The more he did this, the faster and harder I sucked his cock. He went as far as placing a finger up into my hot, wet pussy. I was close to coming when he turned me around.—T. L. C., New Mexico

My cock was about to explode, but I managed to withdraw it and place it at her ass hole. She wiggled to get me to put it in, but I hesitated a while to let it

cool down. After a few seconds, I slid it into her ass. I kneaded her cheeks over and over as I slipped the head in. Claire cried out in pleasure. I pushed harder, making sure all the rest went in at once. She screamed "Yes! Yes!" so loud, I was sure someone was going to hear. I told her to shut up. "Do you want someone to come and see us fucking? See me fucking your ass? You'd like that? To get fucked in the ass while someone watched?" Claire only grunted her reply.—E. C., New Mexico

My hand, almost of its own volition, slid up Paul's thigh into his shorts, where I felt his warm, heavy balls. His penis quickly thickened under my playful fingers to its full enormous size and stiffness. His hands traveled lightly over my back, around the sides, and to my breasts. He cupped and gently kneaded them. I felt myself wantonly opening up to my surging feelings of sexuality. My pussy swelled and moistened. I stripped off my shorts and panties and luxuriated in my naked freedom, feeling the sun and warm air on my sex.

Paul leaned over between my widely spread legs and ever so lightly licked off the love nectar that oozed between my pussy lips. I shuddered. I had to restrain myself to hold still and not push my pelvis into his face for more intense contact. He teased me with his tongue as I watched him. I saw my clitoris prominently begging for a touch. Slowly, Paul's tongue penetrated. The tongue-fucking was excruciatingly slow. The delicious tension in my body built up with almost unbearable sweetness. One hand was still playing with Paul's balls and my other was tempted to touch my clit. And then, with sweet fury, I received a tongue-lashing that sent me into quivering nirvana. My orgasm welled up from deep within me, flooded through my body, and exploded like the Big Bang.—T. W., California

Jane turned around, pulled out my rod, and started sucking it. She took it deep inside her warm and wet mouth. Taking a deep breath, she kept my dick in there and started to suck harder. I was about to explode. She was definitely the queen of blowjobs. I held her by the hair and started to move her head even faster. Soon I was coming in her mouth. Instead of retreating, she sucked me even harder and wiped me clean. She stored my come in her mouth and crawled over to Jill and poured it in hers. They both licked each other and started playing with each other's slit, fingering each other hard and rapidly. I moved closer and started rubbing my dick on their tongues.—M. G., Louisiana

Mary got down on her knees and began to give David a blowjob. She let her tongue slide up and down the shaft,

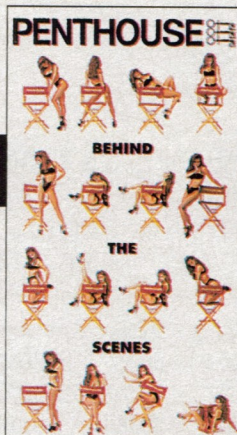
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like my tongue would reach her tonsils. Then I felt Barry's hands stroke my very wet pussy, fingers probing my cunt and massaging my clit. I took a look at the three of us: Audrey and I lying across the bed, legs spread wide and dangling, Barry's face in Audrey's pussy, his hand in mine. Audrey reached over and squeezed my round tits, rubbing my big pink nipples with her fingernails. The combination of visual and physical pleasure with the pressure of her nails was too much for me, and I came—loudly. Barry pulled his wet hand out of my box and his face out of Audrey's pussy, and smiled up at me. I told him to fuck Audrey while I watched. He mounted her small frame and she guided his rock-hard dick into her hot pussy. What a sight!

Barry's big, hairy body bent over this precious, sweet thing, his hard cock going in and out of her cunt. Her hand had moved to my aching pussy. I moved closer, positioning my hand to rub her clit as his dick slid in and out of my fingers. I kissed Barry and put my wet fingers in my mouth, then slid them into his mouth, both of us tasting Audrey's juices at the same time. When Barry was about to come, I grabbed his cock and sucked it dry. The taste of both of their juices together sent me over the top again and again.

We spent the night fucking and sucking and watching and, eventually, napping. The next day, we met for breakfast wearing our business attire and talking about plans we had for one another for that night. Working our booths, Audrey and I gave each other occasional glances, thinking of what the evening would bring.—S. A., Texas

THIS COME'S FOR YOU

She replaced the telephone receiver in its cradle and let the warmth wash over her as the familiar feeling of desire overtook her body. Just the sound of his voice did that to her. And here it was, four in the afternoon of a workday. In spite of a busy afternoon, she languished in the aftermath of their phone call.

Whenever she answered her phone and found him on the other end, she would respond with an immediate tingle. Sometimes she would get lost in just the sound of his voice—such a nice voice. No wonder it sent vibrations of desire through her body. Soft as velvet, smooth as satin, it reminded her of the touch of his tongue on her tits, and it made her squirm to think of him licking the glow of desire between her legs.

His call had been like an oasis in the desert of a routine workday. She couldn't even remember what she was doing before he called. The rest of the day she wore a secret smile, knowing that soon he would fulfill every desire she had (and even some she didn't know she had).

and I swallowed every drop of his sweet elixir. It was then that I knew I had found my own Greek god and that I had been deliciously overwhelmed and consumed.—T. P., New York

TRADE AND SHOW

While working a local trade show, I ran into Barry, an old boyfriend, who was in town on business. He was staying at the hotel connected to the convention center hosting the show, and he invited me to an evening in his room. I couldn't wait!

As I showed my wares that day, my mind drifted to past times with him. Barry had always wanted to have me with another woman, and I started checking out the crowd of possibilities. I had never been with another woman and was enjoying some creative day-dreaming while looking for a suitable partner. My visit with Audrey, the petite brunette in the next booth, turned into flirting, and we made plans to have a drink at the hotel when the show closed that night.

Audrey and I sat close to each other while we drank, our legs entwined under the table. I softly rubbed one of her nipples through her blouse. She responded by resting her hand on my leg and stroking the inside of my thigh. Finally, I looked directly into her deep-brown eyes, licked my lips slowly, and asked her to join Barry and me in his room. She

paid the check, put her lips next to my ear, and whispered, "I want you."

By the time we reached Barry's room, we were both so hot that we barely noticed his presence. We fell into each other's arms as soon as the door was closed behind us. I had no idea that a woman's mouth would taste so sweet or feel so soft. Her tongue gently coaxed mine into her mouth. She sucked softly on my bottom lip, then my top lip, while her hands reached under my sweater. I looked over at Barry. He was sitting on the bed, staring at us. Off came the rest of my clothes, and we joined him, kissing his face, neck, and ears.

Barry told me to remove Audrey's clothing and to suck her brown nipples. First I licked them slowly, alternating between the two. Then I sucked them gently until they both became hard and puckered. As I increased the power of my sucking, Audrey threw her head back and moaned. Barry was licking her dripping pussy, holding her thick patch of dark hair out of the way with his fingers. Keeping my fingertips on her firm breasts, I stopped sucking long enough to see him insert the middle fingers of both of his hands into her hot cunt. He pulled them out and let me suck them. My first taste of a woman's pussy juices!

I transferred the taste to Audrey's mouth in a long, searching kiss. It felt

She was throbbing from just the sound of his voice. They would see each other tomorrow, but her need was much more immediate than that. She only had an hour to go before she could go home and relieve herself. What a long drive home it would be, but thoughts of him would make it very pleasant.

She arrived home wet between the legs, and hurriedly shed her clothes. How good the cool air felt on her skin. As she reclined on the bed, she traced a line from her breasts to her clit and back up again. Nice. She liked the feel of a soft touch encircling her breasts, slowly inching down to her pussy, which was dripping already. Stroking the outer rim of her pulsating pleasure spot, she couldn't help but wish she could feel him next to her, entering her, touching her, licking her. How she loved to feel her love muscle massage his thrusting cock within her. The thought of him inside her pushed her over the edge, and even though she touched herself only on the outer edges of her pussy, she could feel the inner muscle contract from longing to have him inside. Then she concentrated on her clit.

Touching it lightly on the tip until she could hardly stand it, she took it between both index fingers and rubbed it back and forth—gently at first, then more frantically. She kept the clit wet

with her own pussy juice and also with saliva. Ahhh, yes, that's what she wanted him to do to her! It felt delicious. It wasn't long before her whole body went rigid, as she felt the contractions of the first orgasm. She relaxed to enjoy each throb.

The first one was always the most intense. The next to come were like ripples in a pond. She continued to gently touch her clit, and immediately her pussy responded again with a shudder of pleasure as it squeezed out another gush of come. That felt so good, yes, but maybe one more would feel the way he made her feel. Oooh, there it was again, wetter this time.

She continued to stroke the outside of her vulva, but concentrated on her clit. She came time and time again, thinking each one was the last. She would linger between orgasms, never knowing how quickly or slowly the next one would arrive. But she only had to think of his tongue on her clit, or his cock inside her pussy, and there would be another one. She wished he was there to lick up all her juices.

At last she felt drowsy and lapsed into a brief, contented sleep. Awakening, she smiled and sighed his name. That was good, but not nearly as good as the two of them together. It would, however, hold her until tomorrow, when they could continue their duet.—A. P., Alaska

SEXY SAL

When Sal walked in, my wife spotted him immediately. Even I had to admit, if I were a woman, my mouth would drool for him. He was wearing tight, faded blue jeans and a flannel shirt with the sleeves cut off to reveal his muscular arms and his tattoo. The buttons were open on the shirt, showing his muscular, hairy chest. He apologized to us for being late.

He very politely shook my hand as he introduced himself, then gave my wife a very approving look and a soft, semi-open-mouth kiss. We immediately hit it off with him. After the nervousness in my wife went away, she was all over Sal, flirting and giggling and playing with his hair and such. It wasn't long before he placed his hand on her leg as he talked to us. The conversation at the beginning was just general get-to-know-you banter, and soon it became lighter, more joking, and filled with sexual hints. After an hour, it was my horny wife who suggested that we should go back to Sal's room, where we could have more privacy.

Walking to his room, Sal and my wife were hand in hand, laughing like they were a young couple in love. I could tell that Sal was attracted to my wife as I noticed him looking her up and down and smiling when he thought nobody was looking. In the elevator, Sal leaned over and gave my wife a deep tongue

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



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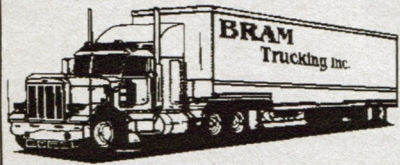
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

kiss while running his hands around her ass. When the elevator opened up, we walked down the hall, all three of us arm in arm. We passed one person in the hallway who had a very curious look on his face. It must have been obvious that we were up to something.

When we entered the room, I went over to the honor bar to make us some drinks. It was obvious that Sal and my wife had different priorities, because when I turned around, they were embraced in a very passionate kiss. Their hands were exploring each other's bodies as their tongues wrapped around each other. I took a seat and figured I'd just watch them get the ball rolling.

Sal unbuttoned my wife's blouse and removed it, exposing her large, round tits in a white spandex bra. I could see that her nipples were rock hard. His large hands cupped her breasts as he felt them through the material. Meanwhile, his mouth was making a trail of soft kisses and nibbles all over her face and mouth, down her neck, around her earlobe, and then down to her cleavage. My wife's face was flushed and she was letting out soft moans. Sal stopped to pull her bra off, over her head, releasing her heavy tits. She practically screamed in orgasm when he placed his lips on first one nipple, then the other, and proceeded to suck, lick, and nibble them.

After working her tits over, he stopped to remove her boots, then peeled off her spandex pants. Under her pants she had on sheer black silk stockings and no underwear. He laid her on the bed and proceeded to take his clothes off. All my wife did while watching this sexy, skillful stud disrobe was smile and lick her lips—as if a present were being unwrapped for her. In no time, he was down to a pair of tight bikini briefs that was straining to hold his cock in. He took his underwear off to expose the biggest cock I've ever seen in person. It had to be at least nine inches long and it wasn't fully hard yet. I took off my clothes while I watched them get it on.

For all you married guys, if you can convince your wife to do it, you'll find that there is nothing more incredible than watching your sexy wife sucking another man's cock. My wife took Sal's dark, thick cock in her hand and just felt it up and down, admiring its largeness and shape. She kept telling him how beautiful it was and how much she wanted it. She lowered her mouth to it and started to kiss and lick its swollen head, then proceeded to slide his cock down her throat. She kept working on him until it looked like he would come.

When that happened she would slow down. One thing is for sure, my wife is an expert at giving head.

Finally, he had had enough and he guided her down on the bed. He ran his hand down her stomach until his fingers ran through her strawberry-blond bush. Her legs were wide open as she coaxed his fingers to her aching pussy. I could smell that both of their sex fluids were flowing fully now. His fingers found her swollen pussy lips and parted them, sliding first one finger, then two, into her dripping snatch while his thumb played with her clit. As he was doing this, he was sucking on her tits. My wife was crazy with lust now, and she begged him to fuck her. Sal pulled his fingers out of her wet pussy and brought them to her mouth. She opened her lips and allowed him to stick them in so she could suck her own juices off.

Sal put his hard body between her legs, slowly bringing his throbbing cock closer and closer to her pussy, until finally his swollen head was piercing her pussy lips. My wife let out a gasp and wrapped her hands around his tight, muscular ass to pull him closer. Slowly, he slid his thick shaft into her, stretching her like she had never been stretched before. After about seven inches were inside her, Sal was in uncharted waters. Soon he was buried to his balls and my wife was filled with more cock than she had ever had. Starting slowly, then with increasing speed, Sal thrust inside her. She lifted her ass to meet every thrust, driving him as deep as possible. I got really close and watched from between their legs, getting a good view of his cock fucking my wife's pussy. It was tremendously exciting to see her pussy stretched to its fullest.

Soon Sal picked up the pace to a blinding speed, and I knew he was about to come. He let out a moan and I watched his ass muscles clench as he started to come in her cunt. It took him a long time to finish coming, and I soon found out why. After resting for a minute, he pulled his wet dick out of her cunt. Then I was able to do what is the favorite part for me.

I got between my wife's legs and spread her lips apart to admire the dripping come that was seeping out of her pussy and down her thighs. I inhaled the smell of his sweat mixing with hers and the strong odors of their love juices. I stuck my tongue into her love hole and pulled out a glob of his come, savoring the salty taste of it mixing with the sweet taste of her juices. Then I proceeded to lick her clean, bringing her to an orgasm while doing this. I couldn't believe how stretched out she was and how much come there was inside her pussy. This drove me nuts, and it didn't take long for me to come. It had to be the most intense orgasm I have ever had.

Meanwhile, Sal must have been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

turned on watching this, because he was standing over my wife with a hard-on again. So my sexy wife, being the sexpot that she is, took his cock in her mouth and proceeded to give him a hot, wet blowjob. Even though he had just come, it didn't take her long to make him come again. Amazingly, he still came in buckets, so much that some of it leaked out of her mouth and onto her chin as she tried to swallow it all. Of course, I helped her clean his juices off her face.—G. E., *New York*

BEACH BOFF

My lovely 25-year-old wife, Leena, is a fitness and swimwear model. She is five foot seven and 120 pounds of firm goddess. Her shoulder-length dark-brown hair, Penthouse Pet-like body, and baby blues will make any man—or woman—beckon for her. A few months ago, we were in need of a romantic week-long getaway. Leena made the arrange-

She took me to a little bar and grill about 20 minutes away, overlooking the beach. When we entered the bar, Leena was definitely the center of attention. Even the female bartender was ogling her. Leena purposely got up from the table several times to make sure I saw her beautiful tight ass and long legs in those damn bikini-cut shorts. My dick was becoming as hard as Chinese math. After dinner, we had a few more drinks and headed out to the car before our passion took control of us.

It was a warm, romantic evening, so I put the convertible top down to allow us to enjoy the cool breeze and beautiful sunset. Leena stripped down to her black bra, exposing her firm grapefruit-size breasts. Next she wiggled out of her shorts to reveal a pair of fishnet thong panties and jumped behind the wheel. "Damn, babe, you sure are full of surprises tonight!" I said as she seductively licked her luscious lips.

Leena was slowly rubbing my jimmy through my jeans shorts and I, in turn, stroked her wet pussy through her panties. Instead of driving to the condo,

Rosemary pulled me up from the couch and slowly undressed me. Then she pushed me back down on the couch, and Leena curled up next to me. Then this blond beauty stripped out of her red spandex skirt and top, leaving her wearing only a bra, a garter belt, and fishnet stockings.

Rosemary knelt down in front of Leena and helped her out of her shorts and panties, pulling her perfect ass to the edge of the couch. Then she licked Leena's freshly trimmed pussy while stroking my clean-shaven cock with her free hand. Leena cupped her firm 34Ds and rubbed them playfully. I slid off the couch and parked my mouth underneath Rosemary's love tunnel. Her pussy was so sweet and hot, just the mere taste almost pushed me over the edge to climax. As I nuzzled deeper inside, she squirmed and increased her frenzied assault on Leena's box. My hands rested on Rosemary's ass while I sucked on her swollen clit. Within minutes she came in a fierce shake, and I pulled her body down to savor her honey.

"Oh, I need your huge cock inside me now!" she cried. I leaped behind her and plunged my rod into that hot hole. She was frantically rubbing her clit as I pumped her from behind. With every thrust from me, her tongue went deeper into Leena's pussy.

After several minutes of long, slow strokes, Rosemary came again. Leena's eyes were switching from me fucking her best friend to her pussy being eaten and back again. I knew that look in her eyes—she was ready to explode. Sure enough, Leena started to buck her hips and Rosemary increased her sucking. Leena let out a loud sigh, and Rosemary obliged by putting her tongue deep inside her. Then Rosemary reached back to feel my swollen sack. "Don't come yet! We have a long way to go!" With that in mind, we switched positions.

Rosemary knelt down in front of me. I felt her hot breath on my hard eight-inch rocket, sizing up the job. My purple cockhead was covered with my precome and her fresh juices. She licked my pulsating head like an ice cream cone. Leena unsnapped Rosemary's bra and set her luscious breasts free. Rosemary brought her breasts up to me and I buried my face between them as she moved her body to the side so that Leena could have a melon to taste. My wife and I were like a pair of salivating wolves ready to eat a fresh kill.

Then Rosemary moved down between my thighs and sucked my cock. Leena kissed my neck and worked her way down to meet Rosemary. I was in total ecstasy. I reached around my wife's body and fingered her wet, trimmed pussy. Rosemary had worked her way down to my sack and was giving it her

My wife took Sal's dark, thick cock in her hand and just felt it up and down, admiring its largeness and shape.

ments, so I really had no idea what I was about to experience. Rosemary, her old college roommate, owns a condo in Malibu, and she just happened to be out of town for the week—so I was told.

Before I knew it, our plane landed and Leena and I were driving our rental car down the coastal highway, heading for a romantic week of sun, fun, and sex. When we got to Rosemary's place, I took the luggage in and unpacked while Leena went out to run errands.

Leena returned later that afternoon, and we made plans for dinner. My wife grew up out there, and she knows all the hotshots from her college days. Somehow, I knew I would not be disappointed because Leena is a very resourceful woman. I showered, changed, and waited for my wife to get ready.

A few minutes passed, Leena came out of the bedroom, and wow. She had on a pair of cutoff "Daisy Dukes" that were cut so high they resembled a pair of thong bikini bottoms. The rest of her outfit was just as impressive, consisting of black flats, four-inch silver hoop earrings, and a cropped, oversized sweater. She looked hot! We almost didn't make it to the car after she leaped into my arms and we fell back onto the leather couch.

she took me to a very classy strip club. We'd gone to strip clubs together before, so I was not overly surprised. Leena led me to the dressing rooms to meet a very close friend of hers. Oh my—it was her best friend Rosemary, and did she look good. Rosemary is five foot nine, with long blond hair, long golden legs, and an incredible body. She could pass for Leena's twin sister, except Rosemary's breasts are the size of large melons! She begged us to stay and watch her last show. Naturally, we stayed, and to say the least, it was worth the wait.

We all left, with Rosemary driving and my wife sitting on my huge cock. Leena reached beneath her and slowly stroked my cock. My hands massaged her firm breasts as she ground her rock-hard ass into me. Rosemary had a big devilish grin on her pretty face and she watched, rubbing her own love box through her miniskirt. As soon as we pulled in the driveway, all three of us were all over one another.

Once inside, I went to the CD player and put in some R and B bump-and-grind music as Rosemary poured us some drinks. We sat down on the couch and picked up where we had left off.

full attention. Leena made her way down my tense, muscular body and met Rosemary's mouth. They kissed each other, then both went to work on me. Rosemary leaned forward and put my pole between her melons, squeezing them together and pumping me. With every stroke, Leena licked the tip of my head.

Then Leena turned around and mounted me as Rosemary continued to suck my come-drenched sack. I had one hand on Leena's breasts as I sucked them and the other on her ass. With every slow stroke, Rosemary ran her tongue up my shaft and down again to clean Leena's juices off. Every so many strokes, Leena pulled off me so Rosemary could take me into her waiting mouth for a suck or two before re-inserting my dick into Leena. My sack was again becoming filled with come as I got closer to climax. Leena knows just how to get me to the edge and then

town and go to a supermarket. I look for the perfect stranger, walk up to him, introduce myself, and ask him to give me an hour of his time. I immediately follow up with the simple statement "I'd like to have sex with you."

The reactions vary only in form. All men so far have followed me to a motel. I make it clear from the beginning that I am not a hooker and I only want them to pay for the room. After wild, uninhibited sex (always using condoms), I dismiss them before I take a long, hot bath. Over the years I have learned to target older gentlemen. The leisurely, relaxed pace for foreplay and fucking of men in their fifties and sixties is far superior to the frantic impatience of younger males. Surprising, also, is the wonderful strong libido of these men who are supposed to be past their prime.

I spent a most beautiful afternoon with Frank, 66, who was also the only one I saw more than once and whom I finally introduced to my husband and into our bedroom for threesomes. Dave and I have an open marriage and never deny each other the extracurricular

dered in delight. His fingertips felt the outline of my face. I turned toward him. His hands wandered to my tits and caressed them ever so gently. My nipples were hard and begged to be touched, and he finally leaned down to kiss them. Meanwhile, my arousal had reached a high pitch. I wanted him so much now that I opened his shirt, revealing the mat of gray hair on his chest. I burrowed my head into it and licked his nipples. His trousers came down. So did his shorts. His cannon was loose, but rock hard.

I marveled at this old young man's equipment and its readiness. I enjoyed the sight of it, its scent, its touch. I pushed him onto his back and climbed on top of him in the classic sixty-nine. On my knees, my pelvis over his face, he had all my charms to see, and he murmured his appreciation of them.

I slowly deep-throated him while he touched my pussy. My tits dangled to make contact. Oh, how delicious were his tongue and lips. The vibration of his deep moans exquisitely titillated my cunt, and I squealed in the transport of an intense orgasm. Frank knew I was overwhelmed, and he let up in his ministrations so I could recover my senses. He waited until the super-sensitivity between my legs subsided.

It did not take long until I felt raunchy again. I lowered myself onto his pole, guiding it into my pussy with my hands. He looked at me and smiled. I leaned over and kissed him deeply, smelling my juices on his face. I slowly rose and fell, creating the perfect friction between us. He urgently met my movements. Then he held on to me tightly, rolled on top, and commenced some vigorous fucking. Oh, how I loved it. His pubic bone hit my clit powerfully. My climax began to rise, and I told him so. With a loud groan, his body jerked violently. I came and came as he trembled all over and spilled his come into me.

Frank has become a good friend, and we are delighted to have him come to our bedroom. He is sensuously considerate. He is 67 years old now, and his sexual energy and drive are amazing. —T. W., California

Leena started to buck her hips and Rosemary obliged by putting her tongue deep inside her.

back me down before lift-off. She did this several times, allowing herself to come again. Then she took me over the edge and pulled my cock out. Rosemary immediately grabbed it and sandwiched my throbbing meat between Leena's sweat-covered ass and her large knockers. Together they pumped up and down as I shot a gallon of hot sticky come all over Leena's ass and Rosemary's breasts. Leena leaned forward to allow me to watch as Rosemary took me once again into her mouth to suck me dry.

All three of us staggered into the double shower to clean off, and then we went straight to bed. "Just think, hon, the three of us still have five more days of vacation together," Leena said with a wide grin. Needless to say, the next five days were just as sexually exciting. By the way, Rosemary is coming out to visit us for the summer, so stay tuned for more.—M. R., Virginia

A DIFFERENT APPROACH

Most men are so sweet and gullible. I have yet to meet a member of the opposite sex who would refuse to have sex with me. Occasionally, about twice a year, I take risks. I drive to a neighboring

carnal experience.

I saw Frank at the produce counter, squeezing tomatoes. He answered my smile with a big grin. After my introduction and statement of intent, he followed me to the motel. I was dressed for the occasion in black lace garters and panties under my skirt and blouse. I proceeded with a salacious striptease, dropping my skirt, unbuttoning my blouse.

A warm rush of anticipation permeated my body as I freed my breasts and massaged them. Frank helped me unhook my stockings. I bent down to wiggle my ass just inches from his face. He kissed my buttocks, and slowly stripped the hose down my legs. I moistened from the excitement, and between my legs I noticed the wetness through my panties.

I took Frank's hand and placed it squarely on my sex. He gently rubbed my pussy, and I told him how good it felt. Then he pulled down my panties. His hands went on a trip to all the most intimate parts of my body. They tenderly traveled up my thighs, to the inside, back over my ass cheeks, up my spine, under my arms, over my shoulders, along my neck behind my ears—I shud-

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

HUNG ON A BIG ONE

After starting my modeling career in Hawaii, I recently moved to Los Angeles to work as a swimsuit-and-lingerie model. I'm a five-foot-nine, green-eyed blonde, and—thanks to breast-implant surgery—a killer 38D-24-35. I always had a shapely

rear and great legs, but I grew frustrated with losing assignments to busty women, most of whom had had their breasts enlarged. Hours spent in the gym had sculpted my body with smooth, taut muscle, but my chest couldn't fill out a bikini. Now, heads turn everywhere I go—I usually don't have much on.

I get teased a lot about perpetuating the beach-bunny fantasy, but I tease right back, thrusting my chest out and sinuously stretching my shapely legs. I get real hot from all the attention I get from men and thinking about what my body does to them! And I get turned on by my full, perfectly symmetrical breasts with upturned nipples. Which brings me to the point of my letter.

Along with my obsession with physical perfection, I'm becoming increasingly conscious of men and their bodies. Just as large breasts are symbolic of female sexuality to men, large cocks are becoming the same to a lot of women. I've become obsessed with



them. I always went for big, muscular hunks, but until recently, I'd never had or thought much about big cocks. Bobby, the boyfriend I left behind in Hawaii, was a bodybuilder with an intimidating physique, but his cock was pretty average. Also, he often couldn't use what he had because of steroids. Adding to the irony, Bobby paid for my breast augmentation. Now, in Los Angeles, I can't believe the number of well-hung men there are in the modeling scene. I recently found out that many fashion models pose for the skin trade to get by. Nothing hard core, just fantasy images. With my body and attitude, I have found it easy to get work posing with men as an object of fantasy. As might be expected, most of the men are well-hung.

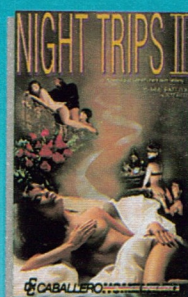
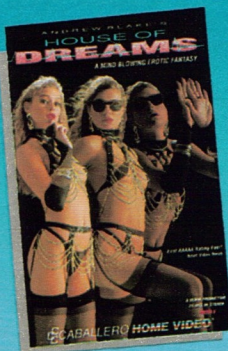
This is how I met Gerry, who has spoiled me for average-size men. He has a lean six-foot-four frame, massive shoulders, a washboard stomach, and the biggest cock I have ever seen. The sexual tension

on our first shoot together was unnerving. His wet trunks revealed the bulging outline of what I later found to be a ten-and-a-half-inch cock. The thin fabric was stretched tight, with the waistband barely containing his length. I was getting wet, and I knew I had to have him.

I got even hotter when he removed his shorts and I saw that it hung halfway to his knees. It was at least eight inches soft, much larger than any erect cock I had seen. I was directed to fondle his cock and appear obsessed. I didn't have to act! I wondered what it would feel like to be fucked by so much cock. I soon found out, as we concluded and went inside the house we were using to shower together. The sexual tension was so intense, it was inevitable that we would make love.

As we embraced, he enveloped me and I could feel his growing erection hot against my body. I had his heavy cock in my hand and gently stroked him to full erection, whispering, "My God, you're so big!" My fingers traced the outline of his muscular ass. His cock grew so big, my hand couldn't reach around its thickness. I pushed Gerry on his back onto the bed. I wanted my first time with that big one to be perfect. As I stroked with one hand above

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XAVIERA

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the other, barely concealing half his length, his giant cock rose massively above his flat muscular stomach. There was room for at least one more pair of hands. It was like gripping a baseball bat.

My mouth could only accommodate the huge head of his cock, but I licked him, knowing we would need the lubrication to ease it into me. Aware that it was my first time with such a huge member, Gerry had me straddle him, lowering my drenched pussy lips along the full length of his cock. It seemed to go on forever. He said I could control his penetration better that way. I became dizzy as Gerry rubbed the huge head of his cock against my swelling clit.

In spite of my wetness, he couldn't enter at first, and I felt too small to accommodate his size. Soon I felt the head of his cock enter me as he continued to probe deeper and deeper with gentle strokes. The friction was tremendous and I was panting, drawing him into me inch by inch, deeper and deeper, stimulating areas never reached before. I never felt so full, and he was barely halfway inside me when I was overcome by the first of so many

orgasms that I lost count. The sexual feeling was extraordinary. His cock was stretching the walls of my pussy beyond what I thought was possible.

It took almost an hour of careful stroking to accommodate his length. With his hands on my hips, Gerry was lifting me off and on his huge erection. I was coming on practically every stroke. He was making me come deeper and deeper in my pussy. Finally, he gently but firmly drew my hips down hard against him, pushing his cock in deep. I couldn't stop coming as he pushed against my cervix. It felt like he was in my stomach. I could feel his cock swell even bigger and the urgency of his strokes picked up as Gerry was about to come. This set me off and I came in waves and screamed with pleasure as Gerry grabbed my hips, pushing deeper inside me. Past lovers would often slip out because I get so wet, but with over ten inches of solid cock, he wasn't going anywhere. Gerry pushed even deeper. Then, with a grunt, he filled me with so much come that it soaked the sheets. It set off the most intense orgasm I've ever experienced, as wave after wave in my pussy gripped the huge cock inside me. I collapsed in a drenching sweat on his chest. His spent cock still felt huge with my aching pussy stretched around him. I knew then that I

would never be satisfied with anything less. I've had sex with a couple of lovers since, but they felt so small and they had to work hard to get me off. Psychology is one thing, but is it possible that Gerry has stretched me out? I just think about the size of that cock and I'm ready for more.—C. B., California

What can I say? Spain, the birthplace of Don Juan, has a word for it: *Olé!* That is what you shout when the bullfighter misses death by inches, which is basically your scene—ten and a half deadly inches.

The old saying is, "Long and thin goes too far in; short and thick does the trick." But it all depends on how you are built. We have a silly tradition on the sexual politically correct scene, which pops up all the time. Men are supposed to have enormous apparatuses, but us girls are expected to have neat little pussies, which, although they can expand sufficiently to give birth to a 12-pound baby, are still assumed to be tight enough to grasp a pencil-size pecker with enough strength to give it an orgasm.

The truth is that everyone is different. If there were no women constructed on the grand scale, studs like your Mr. Enormous would have a severely deprived sex life.

My favorite fictional penis is in the legend of Inuvayla'u, who was the head of his clan and had a remarkably long organ. He would lurk behind a convenient fence watching the women of his tribe weeding the fields or bathing in the river, and he would push his prick through a hole in the fence. It would wiggle along the ground like a snake, or like an eel in the water, and no woman was safe from it. He was reputed to be the father of every child in the village.

The female equivalent of that story is a Scandinavian legend concerning a woman whose vagina was so big that she was always complaining that there were no men large enough to satisfy her. One day a man came to her and said, "If I can't do it with my big prick, I'll do it with something else," and he stuck his foot in her pussy. But it was so big, so very, very big, that his boot fell off and disappeared. He dove in after it and wandered around looking for it. After a while, he met two other men. "Good morning," he said to them, "I have lost my boot. Have you seen it anywhere?"

The old saying is, "Long and thin goes too far in; short and thick does the trick."

"No, I'm afraid not," said one of the men. "We're looking for a horse and cart we lost on Thursday."

MESSAGE WITH A MESSAGE

I am a 30-year-old male, and for the past year or so have been seeing a lovely young lady with whom I am deeply in love. Lesley is a drop-dead-gorgeous blonde, 25 years old, with big brown eyes that can make one's heart melt with just a glance. She is very affectionate and is simply a warm, caring, thoughtful person. I find myself thinking of her constantly, and believe that she just might be the person I want to marry.

I believe that she also has positive feelings for me. She even told me at one point that she had a dream one night about the two of us, and in that dream we were in fact a married couple. When she told me of this dream, it was with a warm smile and a gentle kiss.

Now this is where I need your advice. You see, I only know Lesley's first name, because she does not want to tell me her last name, at least not at this time. Lesley is an attendant at a local massage parlor, which is where we met. I have been seeing her almost weekly for the past year. She says I am a unique

client because she considers me to be a friend, as opposed to the other clients, who are strictly nameless men who come and go. We spend our sessions just holding each other and talking. She told me that she must trust me, because she has told me much about herself and her personal background. If at any point I don't visit her, say for a two-week period, she will call, asking me to come see her.

We have dated outside her job, mostly dinner and movie dates, which I value tremendously, but which make her nervous for her job, because her boss would fire her if she found out Lesley was dating a client.

After a recent date, I asked her if our relationship could progress to a more serious state, at which point she started to sob quietly, saying, "We would have to make up a story about how we met." I suppose both of us are leading a double life, because no one knows I have been going to a massage parlor, and she says her family and friends have no idea what she is doing for a living. She says she is doing it strictly for the money, and

that is why she is reluctant to quit, at least at this point.

As for myself, I am willing to overlook the circumstance in which we met, mainly because I don't want to judge anyone else, nor do I want to be judged by someone else's opinion on this. All I know is that this girl makes me feel like no one else can.

As I mentioned earlier, I think about Lesley constantly, and would very much like her to be my life partner.

As for the way we met, I suppose we could make up a plausible story, i.e., we met at my job at the bank, but even if somehow someone found out the truth, I could care less, because I care more for our friendship and mutual happiness. I would certainly tell whoever might know the truth about us to keep it to themselves, because I would not want Lesley to be hurt.

My question to you is, what do you think of this situation, and do you think I should pursue Lesley's love and friendship, or am I possibly just hurting the two of us?—N. R., Canada

You are in what I would describe as a "let-me-take-you-away-from-all-this" situation and, as usual, the crux of the

problem is financial. She wants to keep working as long as possible because she has a job that presumably pays extremely well, and you don't really have sufficient bread to lay the odd hundred thousand dollars on her to keep her from worrying about her future.

Working as a hooker or in a massage parlor is actually a branch of show business, and it helps if you have something between your ears as well as between the thighs, because what you are doing to your clients is entertaining them, in one way or another.

There is one possibility too dreadful for you to have considered, which is that what she says to you is what she says to all the other guys, which would account for her nervousness when she is out on a date. But despite Hollywood's recent portrayals of totally mendacious women, most of us have a basic respect for the truth, so we will discount that dire alternative.

A very real problem however, if you do succeed in seducing her away from her work, is that she will miss the fun and the excitement of meeting a number of different and interesting men every day. Contrary to popular belief, the kind of man who goes to a hooker or a massage parlor does not go because he is too ugly or stupid to get normal dates. It is an expensive pastime to start with, so he is usually in the upper income brackets; he is sexually virile, because whatever his normal activities, he has sperm to spare; and he is usually looking for company that is more stimulating than his wife or girlfriend. This all adds up to some pretty fancy guys, and this fact has certainly caused me problems in my relationships because, with certain notable exceptions, almost any man becomes boring after a while, in the humdrum one-on-one relationship of normal marriage.

With all this to worry about, what the neighbors might say is comparatively unimportant, but even so, should you decide to settle down with her, it would be clever to move to a new area where nobody knows you, or her, so you can at least start over with a clean sheet (or, hopefully, two). This may have its attendant problems, in that it could affect your job. Remember one golden rule: Love on a shoestring is unlikely to last long with someone who has tasted the delights of a thoroughly materialistic lifestyle.

When you say: "I am willing to overlook the circumstances in which we met ... because I don't want to judge ..." you sound like the worst type of hypocritical puritan, and this is the kind of comment that provokes her to reply that she is only doing "it" for the money, which is bullshit. A guy who is wielding a pickaxe on a building site, or following a circus elephant with a pooper-scooper is only doing it for the money, but the girl who takes off her clothes for a *Penthouse* photographer or gives head on a mas-

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relationship, he never made love to me less than three times a day. He also claimed to have fucked to orgasm nine times with the same woman in one night. When cross-examined, this raving macho said, "She had so little to say, there was nothing else to do."

The original Kinsey Report quotes a 39-year-old black man as having five to eight confirmed ejaculations on a single occasion. Kinsey also noted that some married couples were having intercourse on an average of four times a day, seven days a week. In England, during a family-planning trial, one woman logged on her specially provided record sheet that she had intercourse 91 times in one month. This was considered so extraordinary it was left out of the final calculation, lest it ruin the figures for the average frequency of copulation in Britain (about once in four days!).

The most commonly quoted world-class sexual athlete was the French writer Guy de Maupassant, who, as a result of a bet with another writer, Gustave Flaubert, went to a brothel *with a witness* on two separate occasions, the first of which to make love six times in an hour, and the other to have intercourse with 20 different girls in one night.

Your young braggart could be telling the truth, but tell him for me that there is nothing more irritating than a guy who is constantly boasting about his sexual exploits. If he still doesn't shut up, whisper "Bobbitt ... Bobbitt ... Bobbitt" in his ear.

As far as your poor wife is concerned, surely you remember all the books and movies about childbirth? It really *hurts* to have a baby, and some women have been known to die of it. Don't be an asshole. The vagina has the capacity to stretch enormously, but after giving birth it shrinks back to more or less its original size. Some women are larger than others, but if you "bottom" an enormous dong, backed up by two hundred pounds of moronic muscle, it also hurts. Sexual intercourse should be what I've been calling it all along—*making love*. If it's not enjoyable for both participants, it's not worth doing, and certainly nothing to boast about. 

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