

PRIVATTE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE/LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

34

DAS WELTGRÖSSTE GANZFARBIGE SEX-MAGAZIN

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PRIVATES NECKISCHES

PIN UP MÄDCHEN

MARIE –

NAB UND MOLLIG,

ABER NICHT WOLLIG

DIE TATKRÄFTIGE BIBLIOTHEKARIN:

VERLEIH FÜR ZWEI

Und vieles mehr



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We at Private wish to promote a more liberal attitude towards sex, and a better understanding of all sexual inclinations. We believe that sex is both natural and enjoyable, and therefore it is most definitely wrong to attempt to hide or feel ashamed about it. Furthermore we know, that good erotography has a both positive and stimulative effect on human sexuality.

Mit Private möchten wir eine freiere Lebensanschauung im Sexuellen und Verständnis für alle sexuellen Einstellungen erleichtern. Wir meinen: Sex ist etwas Schönes und Natürliches, vor dem es keine Geheimnistuerei oder Schamgefühle geben sollte. Wir wissen: Gute Erotografie hat eine positiv anregende Wirkung auf die menschliche Sexualität.

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PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY



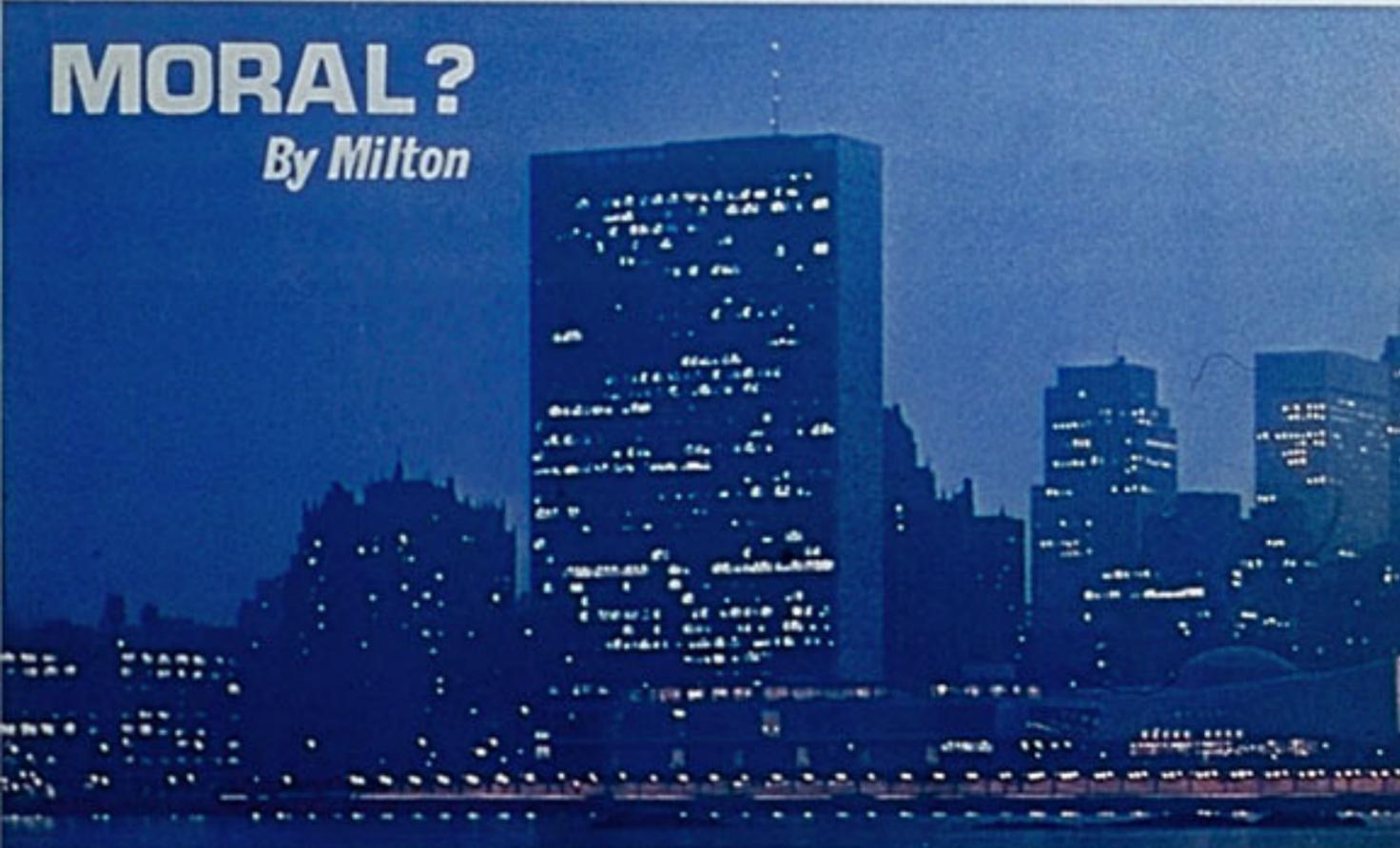
82 PAGES
ALL IN COLOR

82 SEITEN
ALLES IN FARBE

82 PAGES
EN COULEURS

MORAL?

By Milton



One night I had this dream. A dream which millions of people have had since the creation. I dreamt about a happier society. But there weren't any streets of gold, no countless treasures or fantastic palaces. Nor were there extravagant banquets. And I wasn't even a king, with hordes of exquisitely beautiful, witty, clever and willing women who kissed my hands in competition for my favours, in the presence of blessed prelates.

No one bowed or sank to their knees as I walked by. Nor was there proof that fairy tales really existed.

In my dream society, I found instead all the parodies of human existence—about everything we train for and adapt ourselves to. The inhabitants were abused and nervous in their artificial towns—just like guinea pigs.

There were inexpensive supermarkets with scientifically programmed effects to provoke purchasing; subways—man's saddest means of transportation; cars with territorialism and speed/status hunger built-in; alarm clocks—created by the devil himself; television tubes flickering with programs made by idiots—for idiots; an unbelievable rat race after everything one "must" have and nerve-wrecking strikes which ended with "victories" counted in pennies that were eaten up by inflation even before they were paid out.

In order to cope with life until their last days, people ate nerve-calming pills repeatedly and found happiness inside bottles of liquor.

People died prematurely of heart disease.

Children raced restlessly through the streets and squares in an apparent war between the generations.

People worked hard and from all the money they earned, the government let them keep a small sum to play with (used for pathetic, insignificant impulse purchases).

At sterile, impersonal hospitals, lonely people died alone behind removable white screens—right in the middle of the welfare society.

Brainwashed, robot-like soldiers shot reflexively on order at other people.

The prisons contained an exotic blend—individuals, who thought differently than the government, were mixed together with murderers and bicycle thieves.

Working hours were decided way above the heads of the people. Workers became hungry only when the clocks indicated it was feeding time.

Accidents occurred. Trains missed a little red lamp and maimed more than killed. That's when planes were considered more merciful and effective. Every day some experienced pilot pulled the wrong lever or pushed button number 2 before number 1. Ironically, no cripples were sent home. Bodies were distributed instead to their relatives in small plastic bags. The newspapers were filled with authentic or invented sensations—good news didn't sell as well.

Where was the happiness, what was so wonderful about that miserable world?

I discovered that love was free and belonged to everyone—without obstacles or prejudices. The churches did not preach

about sin and purification, heaven and hell. They preached instead about love, real love, love without double morals or sex discrimination.

This was the happiness in my dream.

Every person's sexual qualities were respected: no one laughed mockingly at the transvestite, homosexuals weren't "hunted", no one called the promiscuous, "loose bitches", and they were all as worthy as the innocents were. There was no head-turning in the presence of the celibate. Prostitutes had the same intrinsic value as housewives and those working in the professions and vice versa. The tolerant and humane opinions on what would otherwise be called wrong, spared many a nerve and hindered quite a few suicides.

I was strolling in a park one summer afternoon. All kinds of people were there: elderly ladies were knitting, students were studying and older men twirled their canes while gazing at the children playing. There were also lovers, open and without shame: stroking, kissing and loving. Shyness was unnecessary. Desire and lust were satisfied, girls caressed each other, youths and men displayed their tenderness was unnecessary. Desire and lust were satisfied, girls caressed each other, youths and men displayed their tenderness—free and happy. Sexuality was a natural part of one's existence. It didn't need to be hidden. Variations within generous bounds blossomed spontaneously. Nothing was called sinful.

Then I awoke and all that I had dreamt was there. Everything, except the freedoms of love. I was back to reality and to hell.



Eines Nachts hatte ich diesen Traum. Einen Traum, seit Urzeiten der Menschheit abermillionfach geträumt. Mir träumte von einem besseren Leben. Aber da waren keine goldenen Straßen, keine unzähligen Schätze oder phantastischen Paläste. Niemand bat zu erlesenen Festmahlzeiten. Und ich war kein König, umschwärmt von unbeschreiblich schönen, tüchtigen und willigen Frauen, die mir die Hände küßten und um meine Gunst wetteiferten. Niemand sank bei meinem Erscheinen auf die Kniee. Nirgends ein Hinweis, daß hier ein Märchen Wirklichkeit geworden wäre.

In meiner Traum-Gesellschaft stattdessen fand ich alle Parodien menschlichen Lebens vor, alles wonach wir streben und woran wir uns anpassen. Die Bewohner vegetierten wie Haustiere in ihren Kunststädten. Nichtssagende Kaufhäuser reizten mit ausgeklügelten Effekten zum Kaufen an. Untergrundbahnen, das beklagenswerteste Transportmittel der Menschheit; Land verschlingende Autos mit eingebautem Hunger nach Status und Geschwindigkeit; Alarmsirenen, ein Werk des Bösen selbst; flimmernde Mattscheiben, mit Programmen von Narren für Narren; ein unglaublicher Wettlauf nach allem, was man haben „muß“ begleitet von nervenzermürenden Streiks, deren in Geld gemessene „Siege“ bereits aufgezehrt waren, ehe sie sich noch auszahlen konnten.

Um bis ans Ende ihrer Tage durchhalten zu können, schluckten die Leute unablässig Beruhigungstabletten, suchten das Glück im Inhalt von Flaschen. Die Menschen sahen einem frühen Herztod entgegen.

Angesichts eines offenen Generationenkampfes streunten durch diese Einöde rastlose Kinder.

Von den Mengen Geldes, die harte Arbeit einbrachte, ließ die Führung die Leute eine geringe Summe behalten — für pathetische Nutzlosigkeiten als Eingebungen des Augenblicks.

Inmitten dieser Wohlfahrt starben die Leute, in sterilen Anstalten, allein und abgeschirmt durch weiße Wände.

Roboterhafte Soldaten erschossen blind gehorchend ihre Mitmenschen. Die Gefängnisse füllte ein Sammelsurim von Individuen, vom Andersdenkenden, über den kleinen Dieb bis hin zum Mörder.

Wann zu arbeiten sei, bestimmte die Regierung über die Köpfe der Menschen hinweg. Hungergefühle erwachten in den Arbeitern, wenn eine Glocke die Zeit der Abspeisung ankündigte.

Unglücke waren an der Tagesordnung. Züge überfuhren ein Rotlicht und verstümmelten mehr Menschen als sie töteten. Flugzeuge waren da als gnädiger und zugleich wirkungsvoller angesehen. Täglich bewegte ein Pilot einen falschen Hebel, drückte einen unrechten Knopf. Ironischerweise bekam man keine Krüppel zu sehen. Nur Leichen wurden sauberlich verpackt heimgesandt. Die Zeitungen strotzten von authentischen oder erfundenen Sensationen. Gute Nachrichten liefen da weniger erfolgreich.

Und wo blieb das Glück? Was war das Schöne an dieser miserablen Welt?

Ich entdeckte, daß die Liebe frei war und jedem gehörte, ohne Schranken und Vorurteile. Die Kirchen ereiferten sich nicht über Reinheit und Sünde, nicht

über Himmel und Hölle. Sie predigten vielmehr die Liebe, die wahre Liebe, ohne Doppelmoral und Unterdrückung.

Das war das Glück in meinem Traum.

Die sexuellen Qualitäten von jedermann fanden Respekt. Niemand mokierte sich über den Transvestiten, der Homosexuelle war kein Freiwild, das Schimpfwort „loses Flittchen“ gab es nicht. Ein jeder war so gut wie der sogenannte Unschuldige. Prostituierte galten nicht weniger als Hausfrauen oder berufstätige Frauen. Die Toleranz und menschliche Einstellung zu dem, was anderswo als schlecht galt, verschonte viele vor seelischem Leid und verhinderte eine Menge Selbstmorde.

Immer noch in diesem Traum. An einem sommerlichen Abend schlenderte ich durch einen Park. Ein buntes Volksgemisch. Ältere Damen, Jugendliche, vielleicht Studenten, ein paar Herren mit schlenkernden Spazierstöcken waren in die Betrachtung spielender Kinder versunken. Und dazwischen auch Liebespaare, offen und ohne Scheu ihren Küssen und Liebkosungen hingegeben. Befangenheit war überflüssig. Wunsch und Lust fanden Befriedigung. Mädchen streichelten einander, Jungen und Männer zeigten ihre gegenseitige Zuneigung, frei und glücklich. Sexualität war ein natürlicher Teil des Daseins. Sie bedruffte nicht des Verbergens. Variationen in großzügigen Grenzen blühten spontan auf. Das Wort Sünde schien getilgt.

Da erwachte ich. Und mein Traum war Wirklichkeit. Alles, außer der Freiheit der Liebe. Ich war in die Hölle zurückgekehrt.

MARIE





A lot of guys like to slap my huge posteriors and my lovely fleshy thighs. They appreciate when I part my legs and display my cleanshaven, wide open cunt. And I like to expose myself, to worm in front of a man and make him horny, to see his cock erect and know it will soon penetrate me.

Viele Männer klatschen mir gern eins auf meinen großen runden Hintern, meine herrlich drallen Schenkel. Sie genießen den Anblick, wenn ich mit meiner kahlen Pflaume offen daliege. So wälze ich mich gern vor einem Mann, sehe, wie sein Schwanz schwillt, und weiß, daß er gleich in mir steckt.

Beaucoup de mâles jouissent à fesser mon gros cul rebondi et mes délicieuses cuisses puissantes. C'est le pied pour eux quand j'écarte bien grand les cuisses et que je présente mon con rasé. J'aime m'exposer, me contorsionner devant un type que je fais impitoyablement bander, savoir qu'il va me planter peu après.

Veel mannen houder ervan om op m'n ronde billen en krachtige dijbenen te slaan, naar m'n geschoren kut te kijken met m'n benen wijdopen. Ik houd ervan me te laten bekijken, 'n man geil te maken, te zien hoe z'n pik stijf wordt en weet dat ik die de volgende minuut in me krijg.









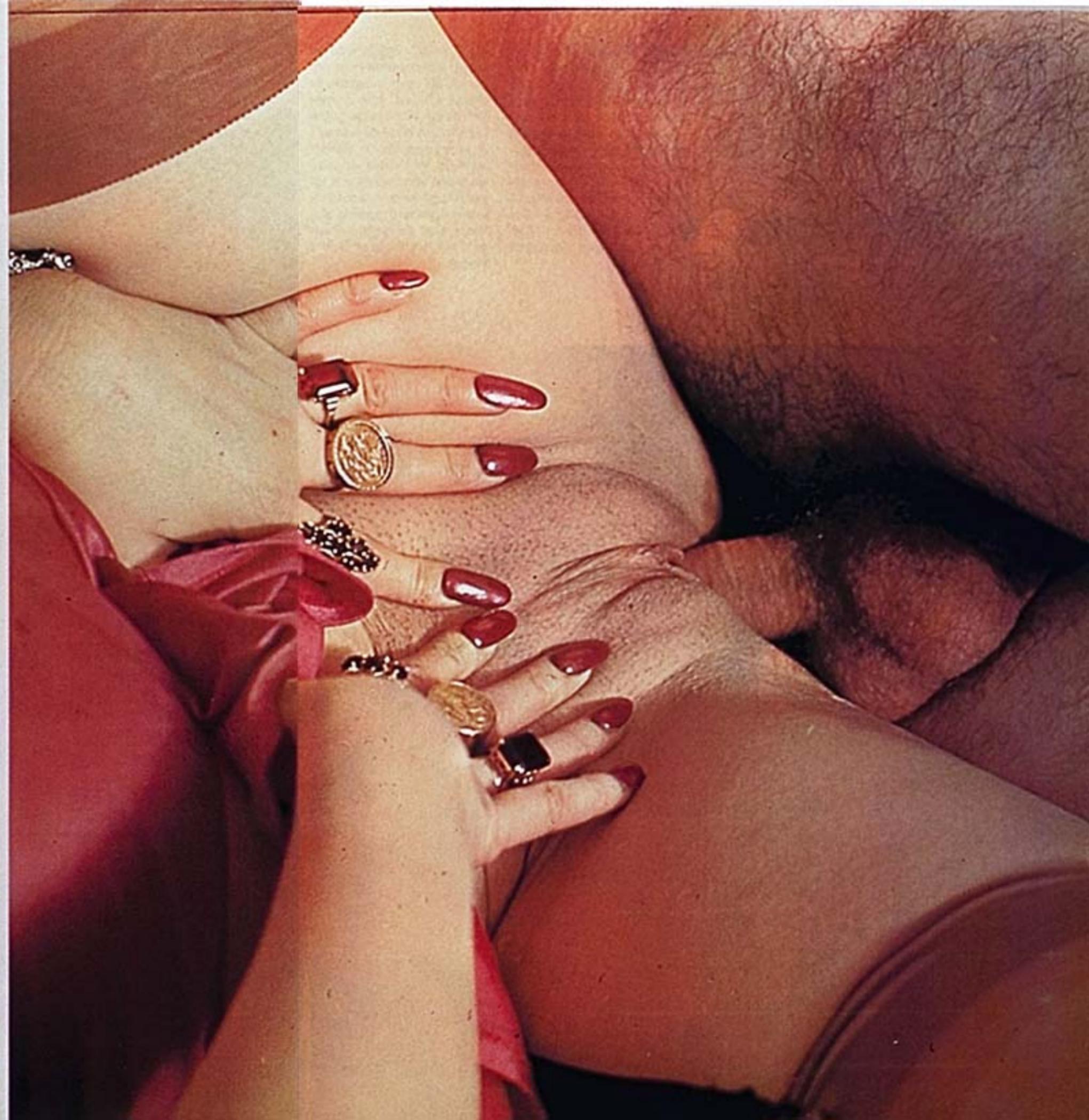


Fingers, cock and tongue. All I can get into me suits me fine. My smooth pussy is always a success. It must be quite something to have a plump female on her back with every detail of the love nest visible, and a clitoris, that pops out at the slightest touch. My cunt gets jucier along with my lust. The moist scents and smacking sounds excite me as well as my fucking partner. I'm lying down fat and heavy consuming the prick, but don't get the idea I'm motionless. I twist and turn my body like any little horny beast.

Finger, Schwanz, Zunge. Alles, was ich in mich kriegen kann, tut mir wohl. Meine nackte Fotze macht immer Furore. Es muß ein ganz besonderer Reiz davon ausgehen. Jeder Winkel offenbart sich dem Auge, und bei der leisesten Berührung reckt sich der Kitzler hervor. Mit der Geilheit kommt immer mehr Saft in die Spalte. Die schmatzenden Geräusche stacheln uns beide an. Mein molliger Körper empfängt seinen Schwanz. Unbeweglich bin ich trotz allem nicht. Unter ihm winde ich mich wie jedes andere Nymphchen auch.

Doigtés, braquemart et langouze, tout ce qui me rentre me fait du bien. Ma lisse cramouille fait toujours florès. Il y a quelque-chose de cochonnement excitant à contempler une femme avantageuse paradant sur le dos avec sa chatte bien en vue et un clito que se dresse au moindre attouchement. Et mon baveux qui jute au rythme de mon excitation. Ah, ces odeurs humides et ces clappements qui nous affolent, moi et mon vicelard de baiseur. Lourde et charnue, je prends de la bite ; ça me grise et je me tords comme un vulgaire bourrin en chaleur.

Vingers, lul en tong vind ik heerlijk. M'n gladde kut is altijd 'n succes. Iedereen wordt geil 'n mollig wijfie op de rug te zien liggen met wijdopen kut en 'n clitoris die uitspringt bij kleinste beroering. M'n kut wordt vochtiger, ik steeds geiler. De natte odeur en smachtende geluiden maken mij en m'n neukpartner geiler. Mollig lig ik daar en neem z'n lul, geloof niet dat ik stil lig, nee ik slinger. m'n hele lichaam geil rond als 'n echte geile meld.



When I fuck, I don't fool around. I jerk up and down and try to get the pole as deep in me as possible. The deeper the better. My shrill cries and sexy moans fill the room and I use the entire obscene vocabulary of a port whore in order to stimulate us to new breathtaking efforts. The taste of come is delicious. I lap the hot sperm eagerly from my fingers to the bitter end.

Wenn ich ficke, lasse ich alle Hemmungen fallen. Ich stoße wild auf und ab und versuche, den Schwanz in seiner ganzen Länge zu verschlingen. Je tiefer, desto besser. Gepreßte Schreie und Lustgestöhn füllen das Zimmer und vermischen sich mit herrlich-vulgärem Vokabular. Wie bei einer Hafennutte. Das feuert zur letzten gewaltigen Anstrengung an. Mir schmeckt die Sahne. Gierig lutsche ich von den Fingern die letzten Reste.

Quand je baise, je me permets tout ; je fonce avec mon bas-ventre pour que le braquemart me rentre plus profond. Mes rauques gémissements et mes appels poissards de grossière putain des ports nous entraînent dans de violents efforts renouvelés. Je trouve au foutre qui colle à mes doigts un goût divin et j'en lappe jusqu'aux dernières gouttes.

Als ik neuk, neuk ik wild en vurig, schok op en neer om de lul zo diep mogelijk in me te krijgen, hoe dieper hoe beter. M'n sexige gillets klinken door de kamer ; ik schreeuw als 'n walletjesmeid, m'n ruwe vulgaire woorden stimuleren ons tot geweldig hete krachtproeven. Spermadruppels zijn heerlijk en de laatste druppels slik ik gierig van iedere vinger.











READER'S OWN PHOTOGRAPHS

Send us your pictures:
colour prints, colour transparencies
or black and white



Dear Mr. Milton, My wife and I enjoy your magazine very much. We both get very excited over pictures of women with great jets of spunk dripping down their faces. My wife is a real raver, isn't she?
P.B. Surrey, England

Meine Frau und ich schätzen Ihr Magazin sehr. Über Bilder mit Frauen, denen der Saft in dicken Strahlen über das Gesicht läuft, können wir fürchterlich scharf werden. Hoffentlich gefällt Ihnen eins der beiliegenden Fotos. Meine Frau ist ganz schön wüst, nicht?
P.B. Surrey, Großbritannien

Dear PRIVATE, We hope you like these photographs as much as we do. Since we already enjoy the reputation of being a horny family you may print our name, etc. Keep publishing your lovely PRIVATE sights.
Fam. de Roover Holland

Hoffentlich gefällt auch Ihnen dieses Foto. Da wir ohnehin schon im Ruf einer freizügigen Familie stehen, haben wir nichts gegen den Abdruck unseres Namens. Bitte auch in Zukunft solche PRIVATE-Bilder.
de Roover Niederlande





Dear Mr. Milton, I have the pleasure of sending even more colour slides—self-portraits—just like the others. I guess you could call this one “Drilling for oil—Dutch-style!” A PRIVATE reader Holland

Dear PRIVATE, I enclose a photograph of my wife and me for publication. We consider this to be one of the best positions for a good fuck. Yours sincerely, G.M. England

Hier noch einige Farbdias – Selbstportraits wie die anderen. Was könnte man da sagen? „Ölsuche – auf Holländisch“?

PRIVATE-Leser Niederlande

Ich lege ein Bild bei von meiner Frau und mir. Wir finden, es ist die beste Stellung für einen guten Fick. Ihr G.M. Großbritannien



Dear Milton, As you can see, my wife is very adept at pleasing me. Being from Thailand, she really knows how to serve a man. Your Chaophya article in PRIVATE 33 certainly verifies what I've known for years: Asian women go all out to satisfy a man. T.R. Luxembourg

Wie Sie sehen, meine Frau versteht es, mir das Leben zu verschönern. Als Thailänderin fällt ihr das nicht schwer. Ihr Bericht vom Chaophya in Bangkok in PRIVATE 33 bestätigt in der Tat, was ich seit Jahren weiß: Asiatischen Frauen ist wirklich am Wohl des Mannes gelegen. T.R. Luxemburg



Dear Milton, We are sending you this picture of us "Spanish-fucking" because it is one of our favourite positions. My boyfriend goes absolutely wild when I massage his glorious penis between my breasts—before going down on him. We hope you will think our picture is attractive and exciting enough to be placed next to the other stimulating pictures in PRIVATE B.A. & R.T. Belgium

Wir senden Ihnen dieses Bild von unserm spanischen Fick, wie wir sagen. Das ist eine unserer Lieblingsstellungen. Mein Freund dreht fast durch, wenn ich seinen herrlichen Penis zwischen meinen Brüsten massiere – ehe ich dann auf ihn gehe. Man sieht so richtig, wie meine Brüste diese schöne Männlichkeit wie weiche Polster umhüllen, so wie nur ich es kann. Ist es eine Veröffentlichung wert? B.A. und R.T. Belgien

Dear PRIVATE, Even though I am married I masturbate very often looking at PRIVATE's pictures. My orgasms are increased both in strength and duration. Seeing Anita in No. 22, my favourite PRIVATE girl, showing me her pretty wide open pussy and beautiful big heavy tits, my cock rose at once and I masturbated. I sincerely thank Anita for revealing herself in that exciting way. I very often look at her when I am masturbating, imagining my load is squirting over and inside her extremely pretty cunt. Thanks to PRIVATE for a delicious and exciting magazine. J. S. West Germany

Ich bin verheiratet. Trotzdem onaniere ich sehr oft zu PRIVATE-Bildern. Meine Orgasmen haben an Dauer und Heftigkeit zugenommen. Wie ich Anita in Heft 22 sah, mein PRIVATE-Mädchen, mit ihrer weit offenen Muschi und ihrem kräftigen Busen vor meinen Augen, da stand er auf der Stelle, und ich masturbierte. Für Anita in ihrer aufreizenden Pose verspüre ich warmen Dank. Ich betrachte sie oft, wenn ich es tue, und stelle mir vor, wie ich mich in ihre überaus schöne Fotze ergieße. Vielen Dank für Ihr erlesenes Magazin. J.S. Deutschland



DEAR READER

Since its inception nearly eight years ago, PRIVATE has become for millions of people all over the world a new sexual creed.

PRIVATE is the world's leading erotic magazine. Created in 1966 by Berth Milton, its dynamic editor, producer and publisher, PRIVATE was the first colour magazine in the field of erotic publications. PRIVATE also represented an entirely new concept in the industry—a top-quality publication which took itself seriously, both visually and textually. Furthermore, PRIVATE has always considered its thousands of readers around the world seriously and with respect. As a result, PRIVATE POST and READER'S OWN PHOTOGRAPHS are now included in each issue, proving we do respond to our reader's requests.

In the very beginning, Berth Milton, who can perhaps best be described as an artist with a social conscience, foresaw that the relaxation of relevant legislation would present an opportunity for producing an erotic magazine publication. One which addresses itself to the vast number of normal human beings and whose aim is not to titillate or shock, but to stimulate and enlighten.

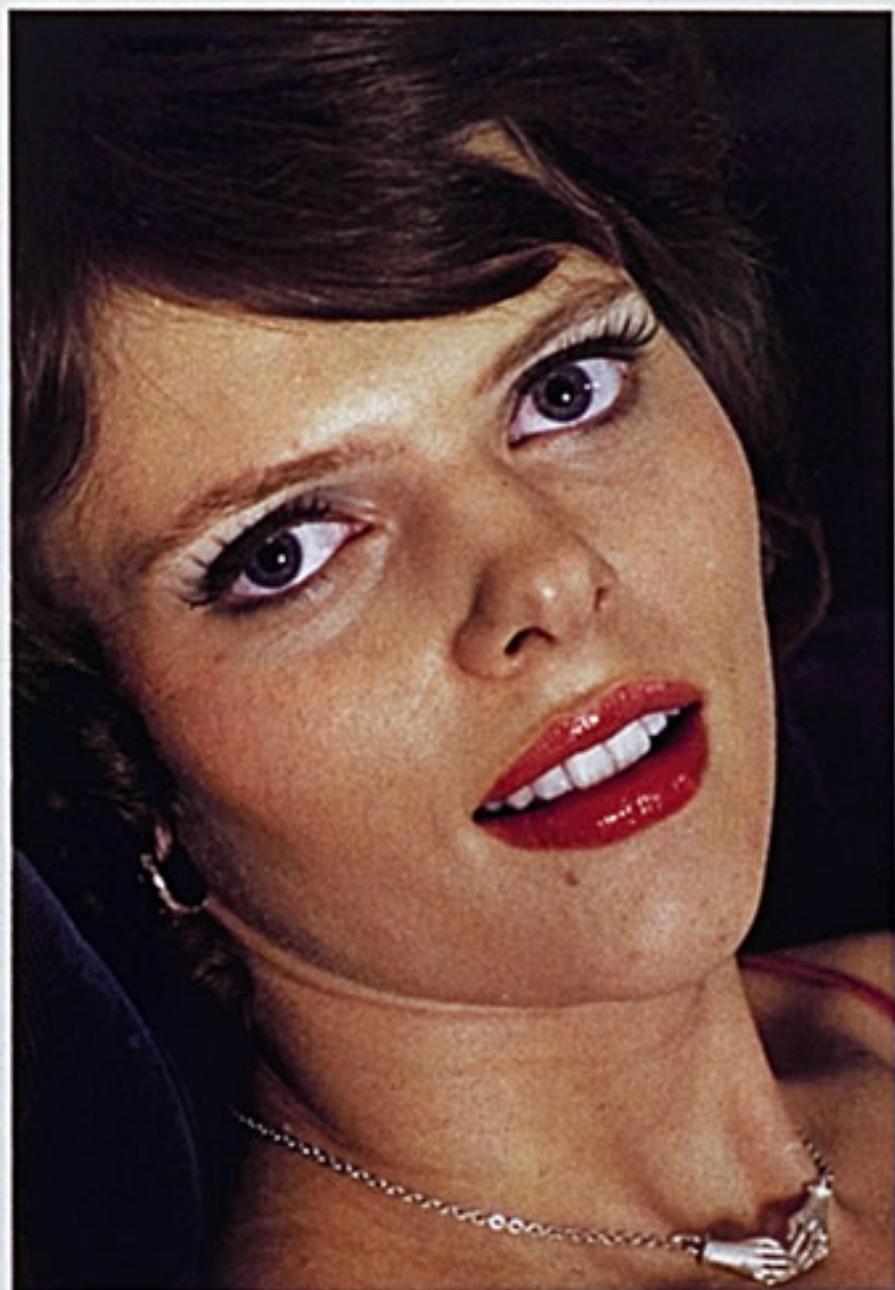
Even today, PRIVATE maintains this philosophy and presents it in an 82-page picture-packed colour format. PRIVATE is so popular that we still print our previous issues to meet the growing demand worldwide. In fact, PRIVATE is the only publication which re-

gularly reprints its back copies—some are even considered collector's items.

But increased sales are not the only indicator of greater acceptance and appreciation on the part of our readership. Nor is the opening of new markets such as Japan, West Germany, Holland, the United States of America, Australia... We would therefore like to present the following quotations from sources outside PRIVATE'S sphere of influence:

The German newspaper 'Bildzeitung,' "Milton's style is unmistakable; only the best is good enough for him. He is a real wizard with the camera and even his colleagues acknowledge his superiority without envy. To him photography is as much an art as it is a passion. Using his own talent and initiative he has created a magazine which in quality far outstrips all similar publications."

The Illustrated Presidential Report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, "The unquestioned quality leader in pornic magazines comes from Sweden. PRIVATE eclipses all other magazines, regardless of country of origin, in quality of photography and reproduction, not to mention aesthetics of design and layout, selection of models, etc. It features a 'gatefold' centerspread that *Playboy* could never dare try, and it is in a multi-language format."



JEANETTE

"You certainly got some very special qualifications", a lover once told me after lovemaking. "What do you mean", I said, "Ah tu es touche", he burst on. But then I was not touche, I knew what he meant alright. I'll show you. See what he meant?

„Deine Talente sind ja ganz was Feines.“ Es war „danach“, als ein Liebhaber so zu mir sprach. „Und das soll heißen?“ – „Ah, tu es touché?“ fragte er rasch. Aber dann war ich es doch nicht. Mir ahnte schon, was er meinte. Sieh nicht weg. Merkst Du's auch?

Décidément, tu es particulièrement douée pour ça, me disait un amant après l'amour. Il était en plein dans le mille. Vous voyez ce que je veux dire ?

„Jij moet het speciaal goed kunnen“ zei 'n minnaar 'ns tegen me. „Wat bedoel Je?“ zei ik. „Houd Je niet dom“ zei hij. Maar ik was niet zo dom, ik wist precies wat hij bedoelde. Ik zal 't Je tonen. Kijken wat hij bedoelde...?





I like to prove my liberalism by posing like that for mens magazines, especially my national one, PRIVATE, but that does not mean I am always running around posing nude. I still got plenty of time for men. Of course I have, as I think sex is very important for a girl's development. If I meet a guy, I fancy during the day, be evening I'll be fucking him, why the hell not? Anyway, which guy wouldn't want to get between my legs...

Meine Freizügigkeit stelle ich gern unter Beweis, wie hier in einem Herrenmagazin – in PRIVATE, der Nummer eins in Schweden. Das heißt noch lange nicht, daß ich unentwegt posiere. Für Männer bleibt mir noch genügend Zeit. Ein Mädchen, das sich entwickeln will, finde ich, kann auf Sex nicht verzichten. Läuft mir ein netter Kerl in die Arme, male ich mir den ganzen Tag aus, wie ich ihn abends rumkriege, oder richtiger: reinkriege. Keine Sorge, wer wollte schon nicht zwischen meine Schenkel dringen...

J'adore exposer mes charmes dans des revues masculines, de préférence ma compatriote PRIVATE. Bien sûr, il m'en faut plus que ça. Je consacre beaucoup de temps aux hommes. J'aime les déguster. Je rencontre un type ; mon imagination se met en branle et, le soir, je me l'envoie. Sans remords. Dis-moi, mon gros, si tu n'aimerais pas être entre mes cuisses ...

Ik houd ervan m'n liberalisme te tonen in 'n herenblad, namelijk PRIVATE, dit wil niet zeggen dat ik alleen maar naakt poseer, ik heb genoeg tijd over voor mannen. Juist omdat ik weet dat sex veel betekent voor 'n meisjes ontwikkeling. Als ik 'n jongen ontmoet, maken we overdag lol, 's avonds wil ik geneukt worden. Hoe dan ook, welke jongen wil niet tussen m'n benen...?







"ITS YOUR WIFE"



BLIND DATE

By Lucienne Camille

Robert Spencer, an elegant globetrotter, was not aware how his evening would turn out to be. Having decided on a last minute decision to stay in town for the night, he now wondered if the airhostess he had met at the terminal, or the girl from the escort agency, would show up. However, he thought, as he took the elevator up to his suite, with two dates one will have to show up. "Hullo, what's this?" He had picked his messages from the hotel reception and now glancing through them he noticed a familiar handwriting on one of them. "Oh my God." He whistled, "Not another one." Apparently his colleague, Paul, knowing he was in town had arranged for one of his many girlfriends to come and entertain Robert. Now panic-stricken, Robert became worried, "What am I going to do if they all turn up? Well," he thought, a smile on his lips, "I've just got to do my best. Isn't it said that two birds in the hand are worth more than one in the bush?"

The house telephone in his suite shrilled exactly at 8 pm. He had hardly put it down when it rang again and again. The night for Robert Spencer had just begun. The girls were all there and were surprised at seeing each other. But Robert confidently and bravely explained the situation and much to his surprise they all agreed to stay. No one wanted to spoil the evening.

Fine white wine, glimmering glasses and music from the radio filled the spacious suite. The atmosphere was cheerful and everyone obviously felt at ease. The girls were talkative with the conversation ranging from paintings to different intimate girlish escapades.

Robert surveyed his guests with pleasure. The plump girl, the eldest of the three, had a willing body. Her plump thighs kept brushing his much too often to be accidental. That was Sarah, the girl from the escort agency. She was telling her love story. The girl with the long blond hair, pearly white flesh and blue staring eyes looked thoroughly Scandinavian. She was Eva, the airhostess and he revelled in her slim curves as well. The conversa-

tion had now switched to various sexual experiences. Robert sighed. Lust, that's what she was, the black girl his friend Paul had sent. She was all lust with her big white-toothed smile and her red dress, clinging so tightly it revealed her naked body underneath. She turned and smiled sensually at Robert. No bra, he noticed, in fact none of them wore bras. He stared at the black girl again. She had big mysterious nipples under the thin dress. They looked firm, free and inviting. Michelle had big black eyes, a wide mouth and pouting lips which she often licked. She smelled of sex.

Robert's day dreams were braken suddenly by Eva who was pulling her skirt up to her thighs revealing her sleek healthy skin. "I got this glorious tan sunbathing nude in Sardinia," she said. "I like sunbathing nude." Sarah's plump thighs brushed against Robert's once again. He suggested another round of drinks, still focussing his attention on their vital feminine parts. Mean-while, his ears strained involuntarily to the soft, lazy music. He thought to himself-I've got only tonight.

"Let's have a super orgy," said Michelle, "all wild and gorgeous." Without any further explanations, the three girls began undressing at once. They were all whispers and giggles. Robert froze, then smiled at the idea of sharing himself with three females. It sounded very appealing.

Eva and Michelle moved on to the sofa where he was nursing a bottle of wine with Sarah. Eight lips shared the bottle mouth, three knickerless girls surrounded Robert, their babbling generating delightful expectations. They struggled with his well pressed suit. It came off in seconds. Now he was also stark naked. His hard, erect penis between three over-sexed females, plus a bottle of wine for lubrication.

The black girl, her nipples now hard and dark, stood over him laughing. She jiggled her tits for emphasis, obviously very proud of them. She glanced at Robert teasingly. His lips glistened and his eyes brightened at her exciting body. This was it, he thought, spontaneous, unplanned. The orgy had developed so quickly.

"Perhaps you could help," sighed Michelle, offering him her mushrooms titties. His warm lips circled around each of them in turn. She gasped and sighed. Someone was between his thighs, parting them. Damp hot lips mouthed his erection. The lips slid up and down lovingly. Excited sighs and gasps were heard everywhere. Michelle purred, swayed her tits in Robert's hungry mouth and hissed, "Such them, suck them!" Eva's long blond hair made a startling contrast to her tanned skin. Her light cunt hair was a mass of curls hiding the volcanic furrows between her thighs. "Show me your cunt," he demanded. She opened her long thighs, parted her labia and laughed, her mouth open and inviting. Robert caught hold of her and there was a tumble of arms and legs as they fell on the fur rug. They kissed eagerly, hungrily. He untangled her legs as she lay beneath him. Now her legs were wide open. The head of his cock touched her pussy and without hesitation he plunged it into

her to the hilt. She was wet—oh so very wet. Fingers dug at his buttocks, a tongue licked at his asshole and a surge of brutal animal passion overcame him. Their bellies met as he slid down into Eva, deeper and deeper.

With Robert in her delicious willing cunt, Eva bucked against each of his thrusts. The friction was heard as he pounded savagely into her. She screamed a scream of ecstasy and tossed her head from side to side. Her body quivered uncontrollably as Robert banged and rammed. Their climax came much too soon. An electric current flowed between them as their everlasting juices mixed together. They disengaged themselves. It had been a good fuck. Eva, with eyes shining and hair all disarranged, stood up, "Girls, that was some fuck. Now he's all yours!"

Robert, sprawled across the floor, looked at the other two eager faces: white and chocolate. He smiled lazily at the soft, fuzzy dark cunt, bushy mounds and pouting cunt lips above. Excitement rose in him again. Although laughing, Michelle's and Sarah's eyes were wild and daring. He yielded to their two sucking mouths which attacked him. Eager hungry kisses explored his whole body: biting his tiny nipples, licking at his ass and the separation leading to his balls. Greedy lips sucked on his limp member, licked at the left over residue of cunt juice from his fuck with Eva. Floating bodies moved on him increasing the moments of intolerable pleasure. His hands grabbed at their bodies, fondled and squeezed their spongy tits, fingered their hot juicy cunts and pinched their turgid clitorises. He looked down, pleased with himself, at his responsive erection. Afraid that words might destroy the lustful atmosphere, Robert quietly flattened himself on his back. Sarah rose and crouched over him. He grabbed her plump breasts and felt her large swollen cunt lips enveloping his manhood.

Robert shuddered with pleasure. Black cunt was a delicacy to him and his happiness mounted as Michelle's gleaming body straddled his face and mouth. Her graceful limbs sprawled across his overpowered torso. She offered her open slit and fires rose in him as he devoured her delicious hot dark venus. She closed her eyes, her wild wide mouth opened and groaned delightfully, as he sucked and kneaded her long rigid clitoris. The only sounds were the moist sucks as he laved her cunt and the slurping noises as Sarah bounced up and down on his pole. They continued to drive Robert toward a higher pitch of excitement.

The black girl was on his face looking right at Sarah while she straddled his very hard prick. The girls tits swayed and touched each other. Their tongues darted in each others mouth. Cheerful excited grunts arose from them. With all the excited bodies it was like a scene from a French farce. Robert thrust his member even higher up Sarah's incredibly wet canal. Delightful whispering sighs filled the stillness of suite 69 in the Hilton hotel. Eva now joined the trio. "Hmmmmm," she gurgled with Robert's balls in her mouth

"Boy oh boy," he sighed deeply as he continued in and out of Sarah's tormented cunt. She screwed him as he chewed on Michelle's delicious pink clit. Their bodies complimented their own excited pleasures. Lust filled the air. Lust built and increased in them, bringing them nearer to orgasm at every move they made. With trembling lips, Sarah moved quicker forcing his cock deeper in her. Squeals of anguish came from the black girl and she rolled of Robert. Sarah now arched her back and increased her pace. Then with shuddering pleasure she gasped and collapsed on top of him. Her body became rigid as she reached a quivering climax. Robert quickly rolled sideways, disengaged himself from her limp body and shamelessly grabbed the black girl. "Your turn now," he grunted. She came to life, "Oh not here," she said. The rug is great but not for my knees. What have you got that big bed for?" Robert grinned, so she wanted it dog-fashion. An exciting ache came to his standing, hard prick. "I want you goddess," he challenged. His mind now blown from sheer lust and happiness, he picked her up and carried her triumphantly to the king-sized bed.

He threw her on it and the sweat bounced from her gleaming body. She stared at him with her huge exotic eyes. He liked the way she tossed and rolled on the bed. He piled her on her knees, the way they both wanted. She arched her torso and raised her small brown ass in the air. He parted her godly venus and plunged into her. Michelle's cunt muscles grasped at his prick. Robert moved with her, feeling his member being ravaged by her exotic gyrations. Passion, pure animal passion, crept over him once again and savagely, lustily he banged and loved her. She screamed and tossed her body from side to side while raising her ass higher. Robert obligingly plunged deeper, watching his elongated penis disappear. He took her with abandon. The violent penetration made her wilder and tears streamed down her cheeks. Oh what a beautiful cunt, Robert thought as he poked and screwed her sensual world. He groaned with loving pleasure, while kissing her back, biting her shoulder and fondling her firm exciting breasts.

The last of the burning flames roared through them. Their climax together was a sublime explosion—a shared orgasm of a thousand divine pleasures. Her body trembled from a final spasm as floods of both their come cascaded down her black thighs. Exhausted now, they lay there in complete silence. She moaned softly and Robert kissed her half parted lips. The other two girls, who had been watching, joined them in the enormous bed. Each curling their body into a naked ball, they went to sleep.

More encounters of submission and abandon occurred during the evening. At dawn, Robert woke up alone and sore. Damp patches showed where the girls had been fucked. He staggered weakly to the bathroom cheerfully recalling the night's orgy.

A night of orgasms, a night of consummate debauchery.

THE LATEST PLAYGROUNDS



CHATEAU ROMANTIC

an
exclusive inside
Private report by
MILTON



Wenn Sie einen auf die Schnelle haben wollen, dann sind Sie beim Chateau Romantic nicht an der richtigen Adresse. Gehen Sie lieber ins nächste Eros-Center. Wollen Sie aber einen ganzen Abend für sich oder in Gesellschaft verbringen, dann sollten Sie die 35 Kilometer von Frankfurt bis zum Chateau Romantic nicht

SEX FUN



RELAXATION

If you need a quick one, Chateau Romantic is the wrong address. Go to the next Eros-Centre or to the bar around the corner, and you will be taken care of in less than half an hour. However, if you want to spend the whole evening alone or in company and don't hesitate to go 35 km outside Frankfurt, then a place like Chateau Romantic will do. You don't just pop in there for a mere look. You stay, have a drink, maybe eat, watch the floor-show and have a ball. All for reasonable money. It is good to be incognito too. There is little risk to run into "wrong people in the wrong place". How to get there? Easy! Just dial number 06073/2070 and the sensual voice of an attractive hostess will give you exact instructions as how to find the way.



LIVE SHOWS



scheuen. Eben mal hineinschauen tut man nicht. Man bleibt. Nimmt einen Drink, isst etwas, läßt die Shows an sich vorüberziehen und unterhält sich ganz nach Lust und Laune. Von Geldschneiderei kann keine Rede sein. Und ebenso wenig vom Risiko, unangebrachte Begegnungen zu erleben.

Wie nun dorthin kommen? Am besten ruft man die Nummer 06073/2070 an. Eine einschmeichelnde Stimme gibt dann genaue Anweisungen. Und wie steht's mit Mädchen? Dafür ist gesorgt. Sie können freilich auch Freundin oder Frau mitbringen. Wenn nicht, so findet man hier eine, Freundin versteht sich, seine Frau wohl kaum.

Das Sex-Programm kann sich sehen lassen. Der Manager hat mehrjährige Erfahrungen in Stockholmer Klubs gesammelt. Von dort holt er sich viele seiner besten Nummern.

Diese Art von Zerstreuung wird sicherlich an Boden gewinnen. Für ein bißchen mehr Luxus auf diesem Gebiet wird der potentielle Besucher gewiß auch etwas höhere Preise hinnehmen. Man kommt ja trotzdem her, um sich des Daseins zu freuen. Das Château Romantic bietet keinen Luxus. Es ist gleichwohl gepflegt und läßt Atmosphäre nicht vermissen. Wenn alle neuen modernen Hotels und Motels sich einen Hauch dieser Stimmung zulegen könnten, wäre schon viel gewonnen. Die Übernachtung in einer der üblichen Herbergen hat für einen Reisenden allen Reiz verloren. Tritt in das Standardzimmer, isst das Standardmenü im Standardrestaurant. Alles in allem: standardeintönig. Ein bißchen Varieté mit Pfiff, ein bißchen Sauna, ein Hauch von Erotik könnten nicht stören. Mal abwarten!



And if you get lost en route, just call again and you will be properly guided to the right place.

Girls? You bet! Amateurs and pros. But you may bring your own wife or girlfriend. However, if you lack such an attribute, you will find one in a jiffy. A girlfriend that is. Not necessarily married.

The sex cabaret program is OK and rather varied. The manager has many years of experience from leading sex clubs in Stockholm, where most of the best contributions come from.

This type of entertainment will probably gain more and more appreciation. But the tentative visitor will most likely agree to somewhat higher prices in trade for more

luxury. Anyway you get there to enjoy yourself. Château Romantic is not very luxurious, but it is clean and proper and has a certain atmosphere. I believe that a major part of all the super-modern, practical motels and hotels, now built all over Europe by chain enterprises, would gain from a slight touch of a similar atmosphere. A traveller or businessman could have more fun than patronizing today's dull establishments, i.e. to enter a sterile standard room, then study a standard menu in a standard dining room and "enjoy" the standard bore. Some variety, a mixed sauna and a girlfriend atmosphere couldn't possibly hurt. Let's hope!

PRIVATE In PRIVATE you will find an honest portrayal of the new Swedish concept of sexual freedom. The frank picture-material, articles and reports show in an unique manner the emancipation and honesty towards sex as enjoyed by Swedish women. There is an interest in PRIVATE for all; whatsoever their sexual tastes. Erotic art, lesbianism, exhibitionism, masturbation, troilism, sex orgies, fellatio, cunnilingus, close-ups, orgasm, transvestism etc. The original PRIVATE photographs are refined, inspiring and aesthetic showing many varied unexpurgated coital positions. Text in English.

PRIVATE In PRIVATE finden Sie die unverfälschte Darstellung einer neuen Auffassung von sexueller Freiheit, wie sie sich in Schweden schon weithin durchgesetzt hat. Die freizügigen Bilder und Berichte zeigen auf unüberrroffene Weise das Mass an Emanzipation, das viele Menschen schon für sich errungen haben. PRIVATE spricht jeden Geschmack an: erotische Kunst, Masturbation, Exhibitionismus, Nahaufnahmen, lesbische Liebe, Orgien, Fellatio, Cunnilingus, Orgasmus, Transvestiten usw. PRIVATE Original-Fotos bringen in unerschöpflicher Vielzahl raffinierte Coitusstellungen für verwöhnteste Ansprüche. Fast alle PRIVATE Texte in Deutsch.

PRIVATE Dans PRIVATE vous découvrez la description authentique de la liberté sexuelle à la suédoise. A-travers illustrations, enquêtes et articles directs, vous faites connaissance d'une exquise façon avec l'emancipation et l'ouverture dont les femmes suédoises jouissent à l'endroit des choses sexuelles. PRIVATE pense à tous et à toutes, satisfait tous les goûts: art érotique, amour lesbien, exhibitionisme, auto-érotisme, amour à trois, bacchantes érotiques, pompier, minette, feuille de rose, orgasme, travestisme etc. Les photos de PRIVATE sont des originaux raffinés, évocateurs et inspirateurs présentant un grand nombre de positions coitales variées et intégrales. Text en français.

PRIVATE In PRIVATE troverete un onesto ritratto del nuovo concetto svedese della libertà sessuale. Il franco materiale fotografico, gli articoli e i rapporti dimostrano di un modo unico l'emancipazione e l'onestà verso il sesso, goduta dalla donna svedese. PRIVATE è d'interesse per tutte le direzioni sessuali. Arte erotica, lesbismo, esibizionismo, masturbazione, troilismo, orgie sessuali, fellatio, cunnilingus, orgasmo, travestimento ecc. Le fotografie autentiche PRIVATE sono raffinate, ispiranti ed estetiche, dimostrando una grande varietà delle posizioni del coitus. Testi in inglese, tedesco, francese ed olandese.

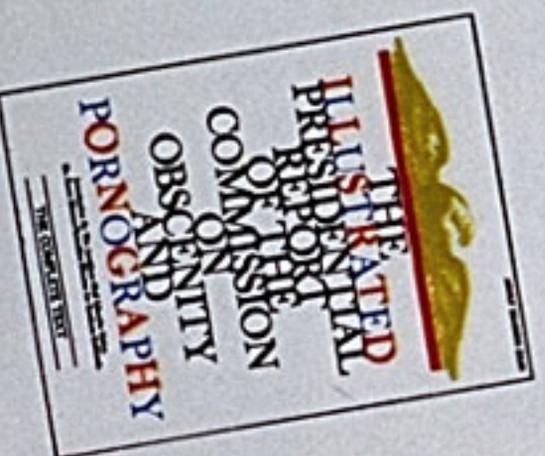
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\$2,000,000 SPENT OVER TWO YEARS ON EXTENSIVE RESEARCH PRODUCED THE 900 PAGES REPORT OF THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON OBSCENITY AND PORNOGRAPHY. THIS REPORT IS THE BASIS OF THE BOOK.

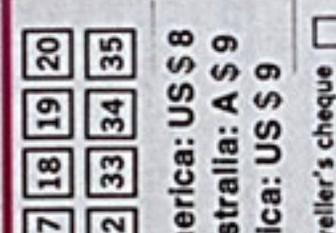
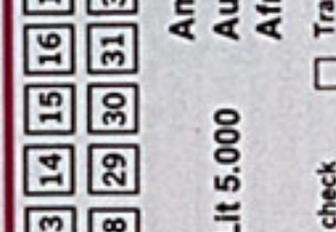
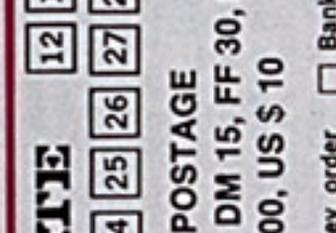
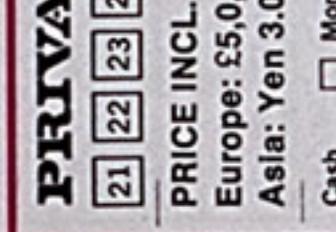
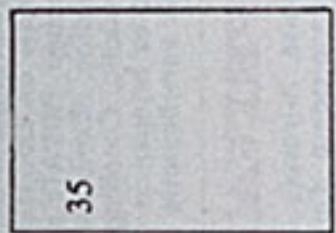
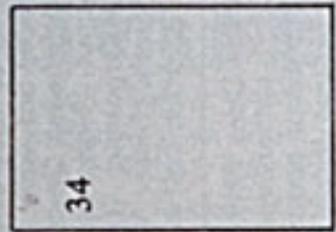
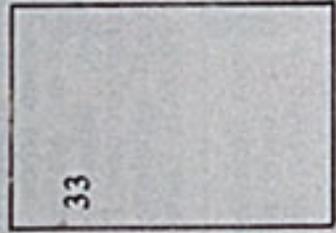


"The Commission found no empirical scientific evidence showing a causal relationship between exposure to pornography and any kind of harm to minors and adults."

"Studies found that a substantial number of married couples reported more agreeable and enhanced marital communication and an increased willingness to discuss sexual matters with each other after exposure to erotic stimuli."

"People with more education are more likely to have experience with erotic materials. People who read general books, magazines, and newspapers more, and see general movies more also see more erotic materials. People who are more socially and politically active are more exposed to erotic materials."

"The unquestioned quality leader in porno magazines comes from Sweden. Private eclipses all other magazines, regardless of country of origin, in quality of photography and reproduction, not to mention aesthetics of design and layout, selection of models, etc. It features a 'gatefold' centerspread that Playboy would never dare try, and it is in a multilanguage format."



PRIVATE

21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35

PRICE INCL. POSTAGE

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America: US \$ 8

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Photo by
MILTON



PRIVATE POST

Tell us your views, comments
and your own erotic experiences
PRIVATE PRESS AB, Fack, S-104 62
Stockholm 17, Sweden

IMPROVED SEX LIFE...

In recent issues, you have asked for readers' experiences of how PRIVATE has improved their sex lives. It has certainly done a great deal for mine!

I had heard of sex magazines like yours, of course, but it was only when I visited Amsterdam on a short business trip that I actually saw one for the first time. I could hardly believe the explicitness of what I saw with my own eyes. I bought a copy of PRIVATE and took it home.

Not long after I got home, I plucked up the courage to show it to my wife. I thought I had really done the wrong thing then! She was furious and said she never thought I would be interested in anything pornographic. So I just tucked the magazine away in a desk drawer and forgot about it.

About a month later, when I was looking through my desk drawer for some envelopes, I came across the magazine again and was faintly surprised to see that it had been moved from where I remembered leaving it.

I decided to set a little trap, to see if my suspicions about the magazine would be confirmed. I placed a small note in the pages of the magazine saying "Are you enjoying yourself, darling?" and put it back in the drawer.

The very next day, when I returned from the office, my wife was waiting for me with an expression of shame and contrition on her face. "Did you know all the time?" she asked me. "I'm sorry I was so cross with you for bringing the magazine home... it was just that it... made me feel very excited, and I didn't want to show you that I was. I was ashamed of my feelings."

I told her that there was nothing to be ashamed about. Didn't it say in the front of PRIVATE itself that "sex is both natural and enjoyable, and therefore it is most definitely wrong to attempt to hide or feel ashamed about it"? I suggested to her that we take the copy of the magazine to bed with us and enjoy everything it had to offer to the full.

That night brought incredible new experiences to our married life. For the first time ever, my wife sucked me to a climax and swallowed everything it had to offer to the full. first time. We made love four times in one night instead of the usual one (and that wasn't every night either).

What topped off a wonderful experience was when my wife woke me at six in the morning, just as the sun was coming through the curtains, by sucking my balls and cock.

What you are doing at PRIVATE is, in my opinion, nothing less than creating a revolution. I truly look forward to the day when your magazine can be sold openly throughout the world, because on that day, many fears and myths and sexual hang-ups will disappear for ever—just as mine and my wife's did.

Thank you so very much,
Bernard K. London

Dear Private,

A couple of months ago, I had a party at my house, which turn out to be a swing. I have never seen other couples making love before, and instead of being disappointed with my guests, I became very aroused about the whole affair. My husband seeing my reaction did not waste time and wanted to make love, not only to me but with another girl together. It turn out that this girl was bisexual and have all along fancied me. Soon I was having my tits kissed and sucked in turn by both my husband and her. To my surpris, I became very excited, and I could felt the heat and wetness between my legs. The girl whispered something to my husband, and with deliberate wildness she attacked my cunt, Her long and hot tongue darted in and out of my very hot hole and her lips devoured my clitoris which had become very hard with desire. I raised my head, to see my husband fucking the kneeling girl from behind, while she was eating my cunt. The urge of excitement rose higher within me and I had a terrific orgasm followed by my husband and the girl reaching theirs too.

The interesting part of that evening was my first lesbian affair and now whenever I saw magazines like Private featuring two girls and a man, I am out of my mind with excitement which often result in masturbation. Also my husband And I have found a new sex life by always having a threesome which we both enjoyed together.

H. Olsson
Sweden.

BLACK MODELS?

I am a student at the College of Education in Abraka, Nigeria. One of my fellow students returned recently from a trip to Europe where he acquired certain types of magazines. Amongst them was PRIVATE and I must say I was pleasantly shocked by the contents.

You see, there is nothing here to compare with your exciting PRIVATE, nor anything at all resembling those beautiful ladies whom you have as models.

Is it possible to subscribe to PRIVATE? Or can it be purchased at all in Nigeria? Further, would you be interested in some African models, male and female, since some of my friends have now indicated their interest?

We are very serious about being able to purchase PRIVATE and to appear in it in the same way as your other models have. In No. 27, the issue we have here, you used a black male model with a young white girl. We would like to pose for you as couples: 2 Nigerian males and 2 Nigerian females. We are all young, rather attractive and have been inspired by your remarkable photography. Would you be interested in photographing us?

J.G.K. Abraka, Nigeria

**Of course.
Please send
me a couple
of testpictures.
Polaroid will do
regards
Milton**

Dear Sir, I had the opportunity of going through your PRIVATE no. 19. This is the first time in my life to read a magazine which gives real facts about porno acts openly. My wife and I tried these porno acts as per your magazine and attained heavenly happiness. After the first porno acts our appetite for sexual acts has increased enormously.

We like to clairfy some of the doubts regarding porno acts. When I lick my wife's cunt, more fluid comes out from the cunt due to our excitation and I taste it. Is it harmful for me to taste that fluid? It is harmful for my wife to taste my semen? Is it possible to have sexual intercourse during menstruation? We like to have a catalogue of books which gives detailed information about different ways of porno acts and the hygienic points to be observed during porno acts.

After returning to our country, we like to have your magazine "PRIVATE" regularly. Please let us know whether you are having any selling agents in India or any other way to get your magazines in India. After our porno acts, we have come to the conclusion that pornography is not an indecent literature but it is a science which deals with techniques to attain maximum sexual happiness.

Thanking you very much for having shown the way to heavenly happiness and soliciting your early reply.

A. Jeyarajan
8960, Kempten
75, Immenstatder Strasse
West Germany



After the last orgy Buffo assembles his crew and gives order for take-off. Though Pussy and Prick are fascinated by the supererotic, bizarre atmosphere, they do wish to enjoy some privacy all by themselves. Prick reveals his plan to pinch a space ship.

Kaum, daß die letzte Fotze zugefaltet, der Rest der Tropfen versiegt, scharft Boffo sein Gefolge um sich: take-off! Pussy und Prick, von den bizarren Boffianern wohlig gebeutelt, sehnen sich nichtsdestotrotz nach einer Schäkerei in aller Abgeschlossenheit.



Après la dernière orgie, BUFFO donne à son équipage les instructions de décollage. Bien qu'étant envoûtés par cette étrange atmosphère d'érotisme forcené, Pussy et Prick veulent être seuls. Prick explique son plan de vol d'un vaisseau spatial.

Na 't laatste bacchanaal verzamelt BOFFO de bezetting en geeft aanwijzing voor take-off. Ondanks dat Pussy & Prick gefascineerd zijn door de supererotische en bizarre atmosfeer willen ze graag voor hun zelf zijn. Prick heeft 't plan om 'n ruimteschip te stelen.

Pussy provocatively exposes her wet cunt to Buffo, who immediately gives in, all according to their plan. He grabs Pussy, throws her on a bed and fucks her furiously. Always horny Pussy offers him all possible assistance. Meanwhile Prick attends to his deed.



Wir kapern ein Raumschiff! Prick plant Verschwörung, Pussy übt Betörung. Ihre weiblichen Waffen verfangen selbst bei einem kosmischen Glücksritter wie Boffo. Dem bleibt, beim Gerangel mit Pussy, Pricks Verrat verborgen.





Avec sa mouillante cramouille, Pussy nargue Boffo, lequel, comme prévu, ne résiste pas. Il empoigne Pussy, la comprime sur le lit et la besogne férocement. Ah, la garce, toujours le feu au cul! Prick en profite pour opérer



Provokatief en demonstratief toont Pussy haar natte kut aan BOFFO, die dit niet weerstaan kan. Hij grijpt Pussy, drukt haar op bed en naait wild met assistentie van de altijd geile Pussy. Ondertussen voert Prick z'n plan uit.

The plan is a success. While the exhausted Buffo takes a nap, Pussy sneaks aboard and Prick manages to start, although all controls differ from Earth standard. Pussy views her loved one deeply moved by admiration. Her nipples stiffen and the cunt gets all wet while the ship leaves the fantastic planet X.

Gloria Viktoria! Während Boffo noch jämmerlich japst, ertern Pussy und Prick frohgemut sein Raumschiff. Unerhörte Pracht umfängt sie. Prick gelingt es, dieses technische Ungetüm in Bewegung zu setzen. Pussy schmilzt vor Bewunderung für ihren Gefährten dahin.



Le plan réussit car Boffo a sombré dans le sommeil. Ils décollent, bien que les commandes soient d'un modèle inhabituel. Pleine d'admiration pour son ami, Pussy a les tétons qui durcissent et la chatte qui ruisselle, tandis que le vaisseau quitte la mystérieuse planète.

't Plan lukt. Terwijl BOFFO uitrust sluipt Pussy aan boord en Prick start de machine. Vol bewondering kijkt Pussy naar haar geliefde, haar tepels worden stijf, haar kut druipnat, terwijl 't vaarvig de fantastische planeet X verlaat.





Prick hands over the steering to the computers while his smart little female pulls her mating routine, huble and full of lust. Wet, arousing sounds mix with her sensual cries as the space ship flashes along en route to new adventures.

Man rauscht von dannen. Prick überläßt es dem himmlischen Vehikel, sich selbst zu steuern. Schon naht sich die liebesbedürftige Pussy. Bald hallen knackige, schmackige Liebeslaute durch das Schiff. Auf! Voran zu neuen Abenteuern!

Prick passe les commandes aux ordinateurs au moment où Pussy, crevant de désir, l'entrepréend de toute son audace. Les clapotements humides et cochons se mélent à ses grincements de jouissance tandis que le vaisseau poursuit son périple.

Prick laat de computers de controle overnemen, terwijl de geile Pussy onderdanig en begerig haar sexspelletje begint. 't Klappen van haar natte kut mengt zich met wellustige gilletjes terwijl 't ruimteschip naar nieuw avontuur verder jaagt.





MAJ-BRIHT BERGSTRÖM-WALAN A QUESTION OF SEX

Head of the Swedish Institute for Sexual Research, Dr Bergström-Walan will answer your sex problems. Write to her at Private Press, Fack S-104 62, Stockholm, Sweden

I am presently treating a male patient, who suffers from a permanent need for pretty girls and erotic adventures. He has tried to force this possession out of the way with hard work, but he cannot manage the problem during his leisure time. During the therapy it has come clear to him, that he has been seeking the same special qualities in other women, that he failed to find with his own mother. After a while he gets tired of the girls as they, by all means unknowingly, cannot meet his demands. He has had some help from the therapy and his sexual fixation is not as intensive anymore. His since-relied longing is the same as yours i.e. to find somebody to marry and share a happy life with. What he wants is a family life.

Now, you write that you are not the Don Juan type, e.i. somebody who is permanently looking for new sexual experiences, because he never gets satisfied. You have no difficulties whatsoever to get orgasm and you have no desire to get "cured" from your nymphomania. However, I am not convinced that you are quite satisfied with your sexual life. You seem to be possessed by an urge for new experiences, but you do not get an entirely psycho-sexual satisfaction. In your profession there is no doubt an element of restlessness—new experiences—new adventures—new destinations.

With some variation we all need rest and stability. That is what you strive after. Up to me you are doing this the wrong way. Try to work on yourself and to find out the reasons for your sexual hunting and insatiable lust. You seem to doubt your own guts.

Most likely you will not be able to handle this problem by yourself. I fear you need psychological help.

You are always welcome to consult me through PRIVATE or directly at Svenska Sexuälforskningsinstitutet (Swedish Institute for Sexual Research) Kungsgatan 15, 111 43 Stockholm, Sweden. Phone: 08/10 35 11.

Maj-Briht Bergström-Walan

Dear Dr. Bergström-Walan,
I am a 24 year-old girl and because of my sexual disposition I now find myself in a difficult situation. Since my problem is rather special, I can only turn to you for sound advice because the doctor's columns in our weekly magazines all tend to give the usual patent answers. Quite simply expressed, I am a nymphomaniac.

These days, however, nymphomania itself is not the problem. Rather the opposite is true. Since I was 12 or 13 I have always functioned in about the same way. I can hardly look at a man without wanting to have him—immediately.
As I have an attractive appearance and sexy body, sex appeal, in other words, it is not difficult for me to make contacts. For the past three years I have been an airline hostess, I speak four languages and often receive invitations to go out. I would say my adventures are generally short-lived. I enjoy them totally and the enormous variety as well. Afterwards, I have neither regrets nor a bad conscience. Instead, I am looking forward to the next adventure which could be tomorrow or in several hours from the previous one. Before getting to the heart of the matter, perhaps I should mention I have absolutely no difficulties with my sex life.

I can have orgasms with almost anyone and sometimes all that's needed is the right caress. I can make love all night with one man or several and reach as many orgasms as I want to.

After 10 years of sex, with over a thousand lovers and adventures, everyone accepts me as a single girl. Although I have

been engaged several times the relationships could not last because of my disposition.
Now to the problem: I am really longing to get married, have a husband, a home, perhaps even children, even though I am fully aware my disposition won't change. I accept my sex life as part of my character. I am used to it and don't wish to give it up. Regardless of which man it is, no matter how much in love we are with each other, I know my unfaithfulness, my affairs, can lead to but these results: friction, deceit, divorce.

Does the man exist whose sexual disposition is compatible to mine?

Dr. Bergström-Walan, have you ever encountered a similar situation which resulted in a sensible solution?

What should I do?

Troubled but no unlucky,
R.M.

West Germany

Dear R.M.,
Occasionally I have visits from persons who want my help with their sexual life. Not only the ones with insufficient sexual desire, who are in majority, but also people with an "excessive sexuality". They ask me whether there are hormones that can cure this "plague" or if they can be operated on to become "normal".

It seems to be as annoying to be dominated by one's sexual desire as to suffer from frigidity and lack of sensuality. More men than women consult me in this respect, and these men are usually instable and restless.

MAJ-BRIHT

BERGSTRÖM-WALAN

IN SACHEN SEX

Die Leiterin des Schwedischen Sexualforschungs-Instituts, Dr. Bergström-Walan, beantwortet Leserfragen. Bitte schreiben Sie an: Private Press; Fack S-104 62 Stockholm, Schweden

Liebe Frau Dr. Bergström-Walan!

Ich bin ein Mädchen, 24 Jahre alt, und wegen meiner sexuellen Neigung in eine Lage gekommen, aus der ich nur schwer einen Ausweg sehe. Von den gescheiterten Ratgebern in den Illustrierten erwarte ich schon gar keine Hilfe. Ich bin, was man so nymphomane nennt. Und das durch und durch. Mein Hang an sich ist für mich kein Problem. Im Gegenteil. Seit elf, zwölf Jahren kenne ich mich nur auf diese Weise. Ich kann kaum einen attraktiven Mann sehen, ohne ihn für mich zu verlangen – auf der Stelle. Und wenn es sich zudem noch ergibt, daß er mich flüchtig berührt, mich gar liebevoll ansaßt oder küßt, dann ist der letzte Widerstand dahin, oder ehrlicher, ich bin außer mir, ich bin sein, wo wir uns auch befinden. Das hat mich natürlich schon in verrückte Situationen versetzt, aber, wie gesagt, die eigentliche Schwierigkeit ist es nicht.

Ich bin nicht auf „Heilung“ aus, ebenso wenig, wie ich mir das von einem Homosexuellen oder einer lesbischen Frau vorstelle. Was ich suche, ist eine einigermaßen brauchbare Lösung, wie ich mich mit meinem Problem arrangiere. Da ich ein ansprechendes Aussehen habe, sexy Ausstrahlung, so wie es Männer mögen, sind neue Kontakte für mich ein Leichtes. Mein Beruf, Stewardess, und meine Sprachkenntnisse tun ihr Übriges. Meine Abenteuer sind meistens sehr kurzlebig. Ich genieße sie, wie sie kommen und in vollen Zügen. Reue und schlechtes Gewissen plagen mich nicht. Ich warte schon auf das nächste.

Ehe ich zum Kern meines Problems komme, muß ich vielleicht noch sagen, daß ich beim Sex keine Schwierigkeiten kenne. Fast jeder kann mir einen Orgasmus geben, manchmal braucht er mich nur zu liebkoosen. Ich kann die ganze Nacht durchmachen, auch mit mehreren Männern, und so oft zum Höhepunkt kommen, wie ich will. Ein weiblicher Don Juan bin ich nicht, der einer Befriedigung nachjagt, die es nicht gibt.

Nach all diesen Jahren mit sicher mehr als tausend erotischen Abenteuern, werden Sie verstehen, bin ich unverheiratet. Einige Male war ich verlobt, aber das ist durch meine Veranlagung immer wieder in die Brüche gegangen.

Nun zu meinem Problem: Im Grunde sehne ich mich nach der Ehe. Möchte einen Mann haben, vielleicht sogar Kinder. Andererseits bin ich mir bewußt, daß es für mich keine Änderung geben kann. Mein Intimleben ist Teil meiner selbst. Ich kann darauf nicht verzichten, selbst wenn ich wollte. Was für einen Mann ich auch kriege, wie wir uns auch lieben mögen, hinter meinen Seitensprüngen, meiner Untreue warten Reibereien, Auseinandersetzungen und schließlich Scheidung.

Kann es den Mann geben, der zu meiner Veranlagung paßt? Sind Sie, Frau Bergström-Walan, in Ihrer Praxis schon einmal auf einen derartigen Fall gestoßen, der eine vernünftige Lösung gefunden hat? Ich bin nicht unglücklich, aber ich mache mir Sorgen.

R.M. Deutschland

Liebe R.M.!

Nicht selten gehen mich Menschen um Rat und Hilfe für ihr Sexualeben an, nicht etwa, weil ihr diesbezüglicher Trieb zu schwach sei, was zwar am häufigsten vorkommt, sondern weil sie an einem zu starken Bedarf leiden. Vielfach zielen die Fragen darauf ab, ob man diesem Übel nicht durch Hormone oder operativ beikommen könne.

Ein übersteigerter Trieb scheint eine nicht minder große Qual zu sein wie geschlechtliche Gefühlskälte. Ratsuchende Männer überwiegen. Oft sind sie instabil und rastlos.

Ich habe gerade jetzt einen Mann in Behandlung, der zwanghaft auf der Jagd nach Frauen und erotischen Erlebnissen ist. Diesen inneren Druck sucht er durch Arbeit zu ver-

drängen – vergebens. Die Therapie hat ihm unter anderem aufzeigen können, daß er bei Frauen nach Eigenschaften sucht, die er, obwohl gewünscht, bei seiner Mutter nie fand. Mit der Zeit wird er die Frauen leid, da sie, freilich ohne es zu wollen, seinen Vorstellungen nicht gerecht werden. Die Behandlung hat bereits Wirkungen gezeitigt, seine Bindung an das Sexuelle beginnt nachzulassen. Sein großes Sehnen ist dem Ihren vergleichbar: Er will eine Frau treffen, die er heiraten kann, mit der er glücklich wird. Er erstrebt ein Familienleben.

Sie schreiben, Sie seien nicht der Typ des Don Juan, der, ständig neuen Intimerlebnissen nachhetzend, niemals echte Befriedigung findet. Ein Orgasmus bereite Ihnen keine Mühe, und von Ihrer Nymphomanie wollten Sie nicht loskommen. Ich hingegen bin nicht so sehr überzeugt davon, daß Ihr Sexualeben völlig befriedigend verläuft. Sie eilen offensichtlich von Erlebnis zu Erlebnis und kommen doch nicht geistigsexuell auf Ihre Kosten. Auch Ihr Beruf macht Andeutungen in diese Richtung.

Der innere Wunsch nach Ruhe und Ausgeglichenheit ist bei jedem Menschen, wenn auch verschieden stark ausgeprägt, vorhanden. Auch bei Ihnen. Meines Erachtens haben Sie bei Ihrer Suche den falschen Weg eingeschlagen. Ich möchte Ihnen raten, sich selbst genau zu prüfen und so zu versuchen, die Ursachen für Ihr unmäßiges Verlangen ans Licht zu bringen. Sie vermitteln den Eindruck eines unsicheren Menschen.

Es ist wahrscheinlich, daß Sie diese Aufgabe nicht aus eigenen Kräften bewältigen und psychiatrische Hilfe benötigen.

Sie können sich auch an mich wenden, und zwar entweder über diese Zeitschrift oder direkt unter der Anschrift:

Svenska Sexualforskningsinstitutet,
Kungsgatan 15,
111 43 STOCKHOLM
Tel. 08/10 35 11.

Maj Britt Bergström-Walan

Private Model !

"We at Private wish to promote a more liberal attitude towards sex, and a better understanding of all sexual inclinations. We believe that sex is both natural and enjoyable, and therefore it is most definitely wrong to attempt to hide or feel ashamed about it. Furthermore we know, that good erotography has a both positive and stimulative effect on human sexuality."

Do you share our opinions? Good, but don't let that be just a passive "yes". Work actively yourself towards these goals. How? Discuss willingly sex and sexual morals with your friends and workmates, or why not honestly and consequently make your stand by becoming a PRIVATE model. Expenses such as travel and other arrangements are of course met by PRIVATE. Payment? You suggest your fee. If for some reason you do not consider yourself as having the possibility to expose yourself openly, then we can make a film sequence with complete anonymity.

We are interested in getting contacts both in couples and individually. When writing to us it is important that you enclose one or more test pictures (which are immediately returned) and indicate the time you can spare for posing. Then we can make a proposal for photographic projects and a financial agreement. Naturally, all letters and photos are treated confidentially.

Sincerely yours.

THE EDITORS

"Mit Private möchten wir eine freiere Lebensanschauung im Sexuellen und Verständnis für alle sexuellen Einstellungen erleichtern. Wir meinen: Sex ist etwas Schönes und Natürliches, vor dem es keine Geheimnistuerei oder Schamgefühle geben sollte. Wir wissen: Gute Erotografie hat eine positiv anregende Wirkung auf die menschliche Sexualität."

Teilen Sie unsere Meinung? Gut. Aber belassen Sie es nicht bei einem passiven Bejahen. Arbeiten Sie selbst aktiv für dieses Ziel. Wie? Diskutieren sie Sex und Moral mit Freunden und Arbeitskameraden. Oder. Warum nicht ehrlich und konsequent erklären, wo Sie stehen, und sich bei PRIVATE als Modell engagieren? Unkosten, Reisen und übrigen Aufwand? Dafür kommt PRIVATE auf. Gage? Sagen Sie selbst! Wenn Sie aus irgendeinem Grund glauben, nicht offen auftreten zu können, lässt sich auch die Aufnahme einer völlig anonymen Bilderfolge einrichten.

Wir haben für neue Kontakte immer Interesse, sowohl paarweise als auch individuell. Wenn Sie schreiben, ist es wichtig, dass Sie ein oder mehrere Probestbilder beifügen (diese werden sogleich zurückgesandt) und auch angeben, über welche Zeit Sie für das Posieren verfügen. Wir können Ihnen dann einen Vorschlag über Photoprojekte und ökonomisches Übereinkommen machen. Selbstverständlich werden alle Briefe und Bilder konfidentiell behandelt.

Mit freundlichen Grüssen,

DIE REDAKTION

"Par le canal de Private nous souhaitons contribuer à la formation d'une optique libérale sur la sexualité et à l'acceptation sociale de toutes ses manifestations. Nous croyons que la volupté sexuelle satisfait à la fois la nature et la beauté. Finis les cachoteries et les sentiments de honte! Nous sommes certains qu'une érotographie de bon aloi active et affine la sexualité humaine."

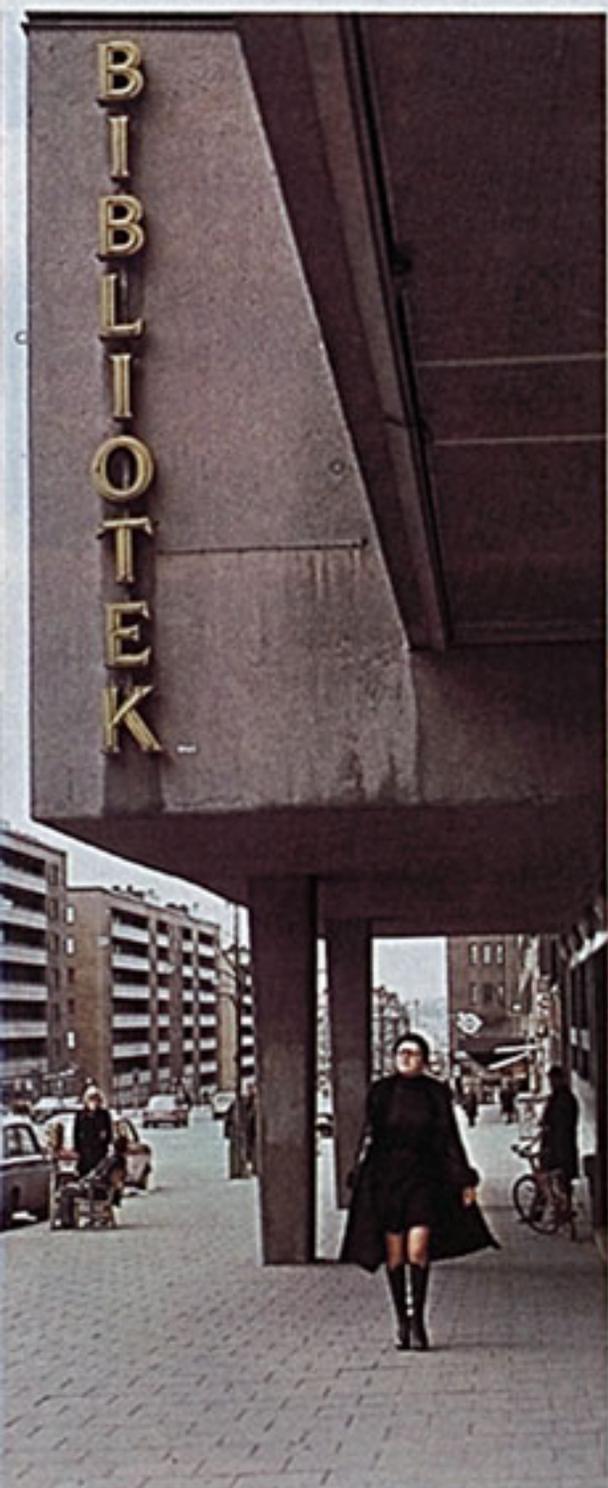
Abondez-vous dans unotre sens? C'est bien, mais ne vous en tenez pas à un assentiment passif. Militez vers le but. Comment? Parlez amour et morale sexuelle avec vos amis et vos camarades de travail. Ou encore affirmez franchement et conséquemment votre sentiment en posant pour la Private. Votre cachet? Dites-nous vos desiderata. Si, pour quelque raison, il ne vous est pas possible de vous produire au grand jour, nous acceptons une séquence photographique garantissant l'anonymat complet.

Bien sûr, nous nous intéressons toujours à de nouveaux contacts - en couples et individuels. Quand vous nous écrivez, il est d'importance que vous nous envoyiez une ou plusieurs photos d'épreuve - elles vous seront retournées immédiatement. De plus il faut indiquer votre temps disponible à poser. Nous vous ferons donc une proposition de projets de photographie et d'un accord économique. Evidemment, toutes les lettres et photos sont traitées en confidence.

Amitiés,

LA DIRECTION

ANNE



I don't believe you ever met a real sex possessed librarian. Not in the library anyway. The atmosphere is a bit too formal there.

Ist Dir schon mal eine so richtig fickwütige Bibliothekarin über den Weg gelaufen? Das wohl kaum in einer etwas blutleeren Bücherei.

Je ne crois pas que tu sois jamais tombé sur une bibliothécaire portée sur la chose, pas dans la biblio en tout cas ; l'air y est trop sec.

Ik geloof niet, dat JIJ ooit een sekskunnige bibliotecaris ontmoet hebt. In ieder geval niet in de koude atmosfeer van 'n bibliotheek.







But when I leave the job and can be myself, I do like to be on the loose and feel free and unrestrained. And sensual. Here is the fact: I love to fuck and I do it frequently and intensively with a lot of guys, anytime, anywhere.

Nach der Arbeit, ja da kann ich in eine andere, süßere Haut schlüpfen. Mich un-gezwungen den Sinnen hingeben. Ich sag's rundheraus: Ein tolles Bumsfaldera, das ist, was ich mir wünsche. Immer, überall und mit allen.

Justement pour ça, hors du trimard, je brise les amarres, je me lâche la bride. Dit tout net, j'aime baiser : souvent, long-temps, n'importe où, n'importe quand et avec beaucoup de ces messieurs.

Na m'n werk wil ik lol hebben, mezelf zijn, me vrij en ongebonden voelen. Sensueel zijn. Ik houd feitelijk van neuken, doe 't vaak en lang, wanneer en hoe dan ook.





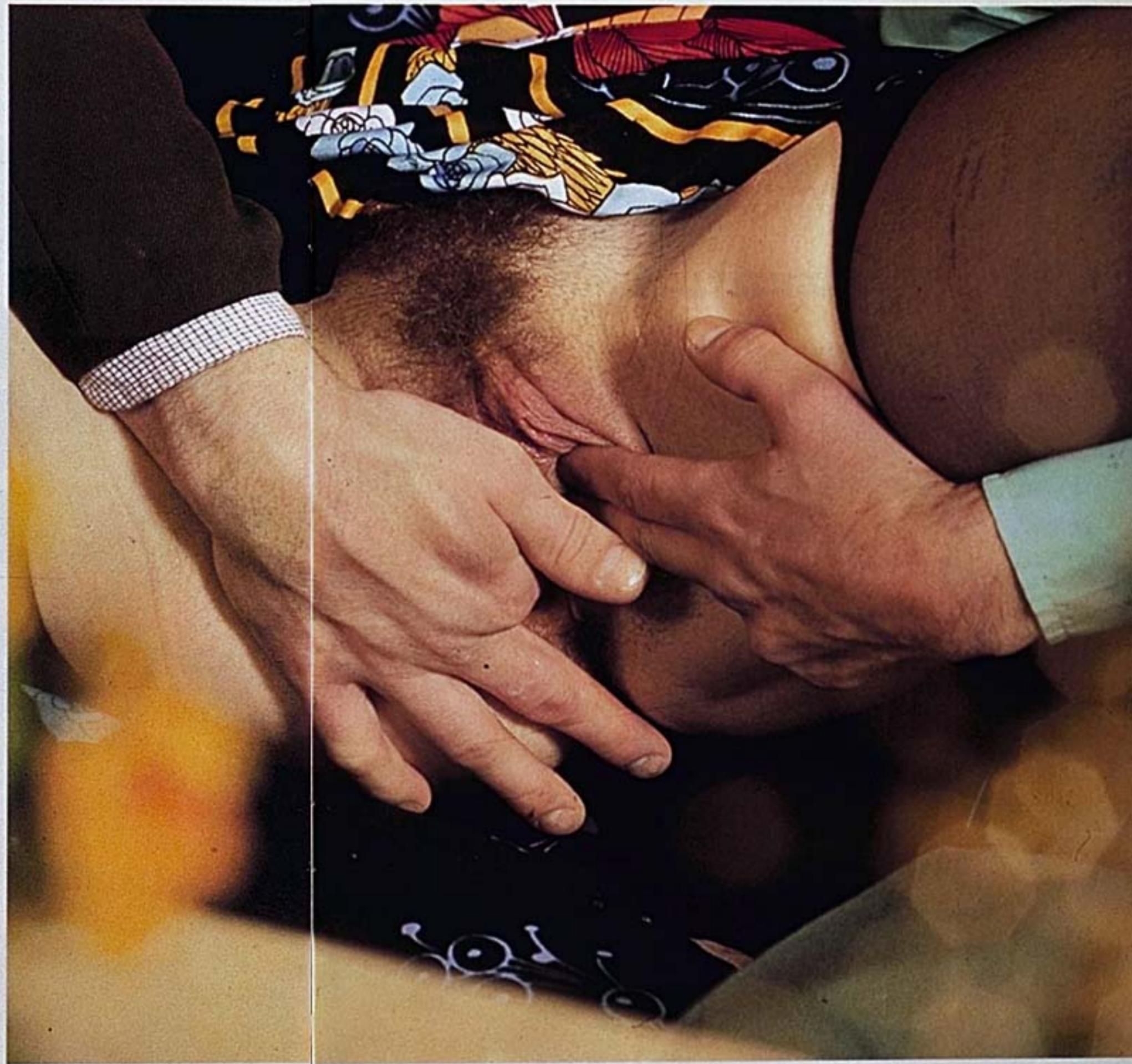


It's like heaven when eager lovers play on my organ. When they tease and tickle my cunt wide open for the celestial intercourses I look forward to. Many times I get several orgasms just from these preparations.

Mein Gott, was so'n eifriger Liebhaber zustande bringt. Rührt die Fotze um, bis sie sich weit aufsperrt, bereit, die Stöße, die gleich kommen, entgegenzunehmen. Wenn er weiß, was er tut, kommt es mir jetzt schon ein paar Mal.

Foutre, comme c'est bon ces amants ardents qui foutent le bordel dans ma cramouille, la taquinent, la déploient, la préparent à la délicieuse saillie que j'attends impatientement. Il m'arrive de prendre deux fois mon pied dès ce lever de rideau.

't Is heerlijk met vlijtige minnaars, die in m'n kut rondwroeten, kietelen, en slikken en m'n kut voorbereiden voor 'n nummer dat dadelijk komt. In dit stadium gaat 't alwel 'n paar keer voor me.



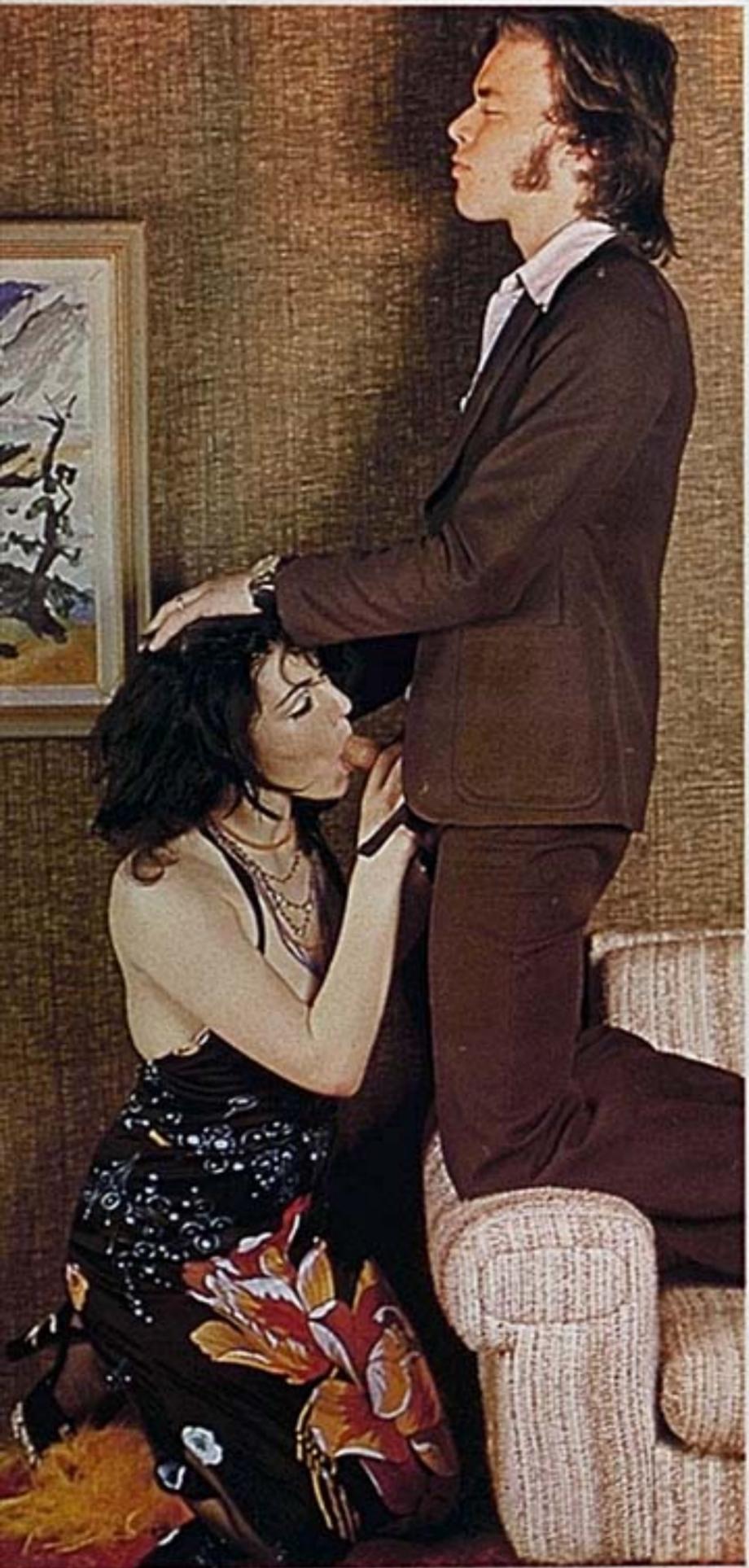
Of course I provide myself. All of me. With kissing, sucking, licking and anything I possibly can, as I get inspired by these two horny stallions. I know they will fuck me all over all night long.

Klar, daß auch ich mich anbiete. Mein ganzes Ich steht zur Verfügung. Küssen, lecken, lutschen. Nur nichts auslassen! Angefeuert von diesen beiden scharfen Hengsten, die mich eine ganze Nacht lang im Bett umherwirbeln.

Je me fais aussi des gouzis-gouzis ; je fais don de toute ma personne, suçant et bisotant, transportée par les deux étalons en rut qui vont me besogner tous azimuths la nuit entière.

Natuurlijk jaag ik me zelf op, ik sta ter beschikking met zoenen, pijpen, slikken, ja met alles, geïnspireerd door die twee bronstige hengsten, die me de hele nacht kapot zullen naaien.





Heaven knows I like to suck a cock. To lick the shiny head while pushing my little finger right up in his ass and enjoy the hot sperm spurt deep into my throat. Oh, I love to lap and swallow it in a state of unbelievable felicity.

Blasen ist das Himmelreich! Meine Zunge tastet die Schwanzspitze ab. Einen Finger habe ich tief in seinem Hintern und spüre, wie der Saft stoßweise hervorsprudelt. Tief im Hals fange ich diese Glückseligkeit auf.

Je suis gourmande ; sucer les noeuds, lui enfoncer mon doigt au cul, sentir le foutre qui gicle en chaudes bordées dans ma gorge, cela me ravit. Et j'avale goulûment cette délicieuse liqueur séminale.

Ik vind het heerlijk om te pijpen, eikel te slikken en gelijktijdig 'n vinger in z'n reet te stoppen, te voelen hoe z'n lading warm in m'n hals glijdt, ik slik 't gelukzalig door.



OK, just pump! Let it spurt right into my mouth. That's my duty as a female, isn't it? Anyway, I enjoy it immensely and leave it to other people to think what they want.

Ja! So! Pump du nur. Spritz drauflos, grade in mich hinein. Mein Schlund ist nur allzu willig. Der ist doch auch ein Stück Weib, oder? Ich genieße in vollen Zügen, mögen sich die andern denken, was sie wollen.

Oui... comme ça... charge bien ta lance, gicle, fais feu en plein dans mon gosier. Ah... comment peuvent faire les peureuses mijaurées pour se passer de ces béatitudes ?

Pomp me vol, laat 't spuiten en schiet't recht in m'n opening, daarvoor ben ik toch vrouw of niet, soms? Andere kunnen zeggen wat ze willen, maar ik geniet in volle teugen.





However, it is also important to be fucked the oldfashioned way with lots of variations and why not by two men like now. This is my love concept: to be fucked and feel the shots of hot sperm being ejected into my cunt again and again.

Ein Fick darf natürlich nicht fehlen. Der gehört dazu. Herrlich und auf die richtige Art, mit allen Abwechslungen. Zwei Kerle sind besser als einer. Was da alles in mich hineinschwemmt! Ja, das ist meine Liebe.

Mais j'aime être baisée comme il faut, suivant toute la gamme, souvent, par plusieurs à fois. C'est ma généreuse façon d'aimer. Qu'on m'en foute dans la chatte et par vagues !

't Is belangrijk om op de juiste manier genaaid te worden, met veel variaties, dikwijls en door vele, graag als nu met twee kerels gelijktijdig. Heerlijk genaaid te worden en te voelen hoe de ladingen in m'n kut lopen.

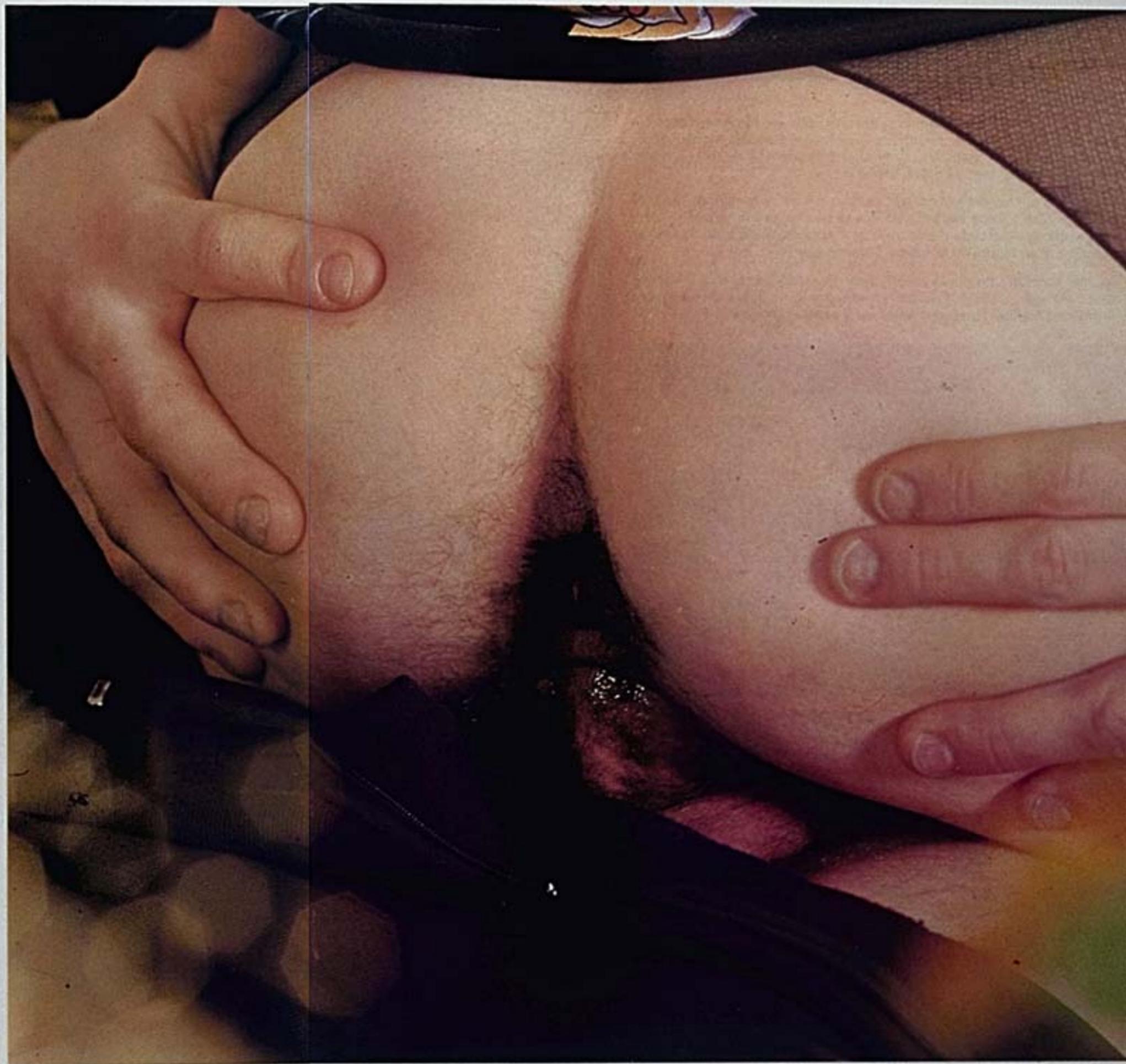


These stallions praise me for my riding excellency. I push down frenetically on the cock, so I can feel the head of the prick touching my uterus. I get orgasms repeatedly while being filled up to the brim with come.

Die Kerle hier finden, Reiten sei meine Stärke. Da bin ich mit von der Partie. Wippe im Takt auf und nieder, rauh und energisch dem Schwanz entgegen, daß er sich tiefer und immer tiefer in meine Spalte bohrt.

Ces types disent que je suis bonne chevaucheuse. Je m'écrase éperdument sur le braquemart pour que le noeud m'entre jusqu'à la garde. Je roule de jouissances en orgasmes, saturée finalement par les décharges de foutre.

De mannen zeggen, dat ik 'n goede neukster ben. Ik zet me op hun pikken, hard en energisch, ik voel de eikels op de bodem van m'n kut! Ik krijg orgasme na orgasme, hun spuiten vullen me.



Oh boy, here he comes again! Jerking his tool in and out and in to the root again. Delightful! My whole body trembles with convulsions. I am nothing but a wide open, demanding bitch. I don't know how much sper I had so far this night. Or how many orgasms. Or intercourses. Still I want more! Maybe YOU.....

Da! Er kommt noch mal. Rein und raus und abfeuern bis ich randvoll bin. Wunderbar! Zuckungen durchfahren mich vom Scheitel bis zur Sohle, rütteln mich durch, weit offen... Wieviel Sperma habt ihr mir gegeben? Wieviele Höhepunkte? Zahllose. Mehr! Komm, Du...

Oh, le voici qui revient à la charge, ce braquemart de frappe. Ah, qu'il est gentil, le vilain. Toute ma chair goulue et béante en est secouée. Sainte vierge, quelle cavalcade d'orgasmes et d'assauts, quels flots de foutre ! Bientôt il m'en faudra de nouveau. Crois-tu que Toi... ?

Ja, hier komt hij, z'n pik in en uit, diep neer, heerlijk! M'n hele lichaam stuiptrekt als 'n slang. Hoeveel sperma kreeg ik ingespoten, hoeveel orgasmes, hoeveel ladingen? Meer wil ik hebben, JIJ ook....?



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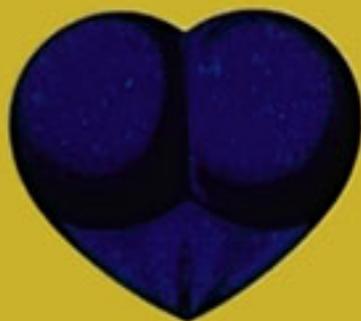
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