

PRIVATE

A BERTH MILTON PUBLICATION.

68

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST FULL-COLOR SEX MAGAZINE

MORAL:

THE ANTIQUE VS. PRESENT TIME

ANNELIE:

A LUSTFUL SESSION

EMELIE:

THE FIRST DATE

READERS REQUEST

PRIVATE ART ♡ PRIVATE POST

ROSALYN:

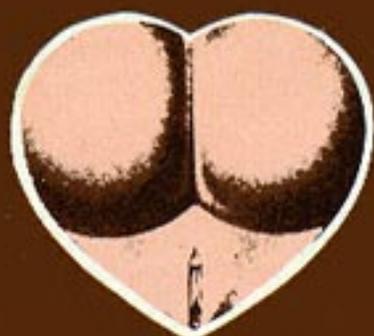
THE HAPPY SUCCESSFUL WHORE

CUNT CONTEST ♡ MILLE BAISER

SOFIA: A SECRET MEETING

DEBORAH: A JOYFULL MORNING

AND MUCH MUCH MORE



TRADEMARK

PRIVATE: THE SEX-BOOK TO BRING HOME.



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The PRIVATE POLICY

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.

PRIVATE PROGRAMM

Mit Private möchten wir für freiere Anschauungen im Sexuellen und um Verständnis für alle sexuellen Ausdrucksformen werben. 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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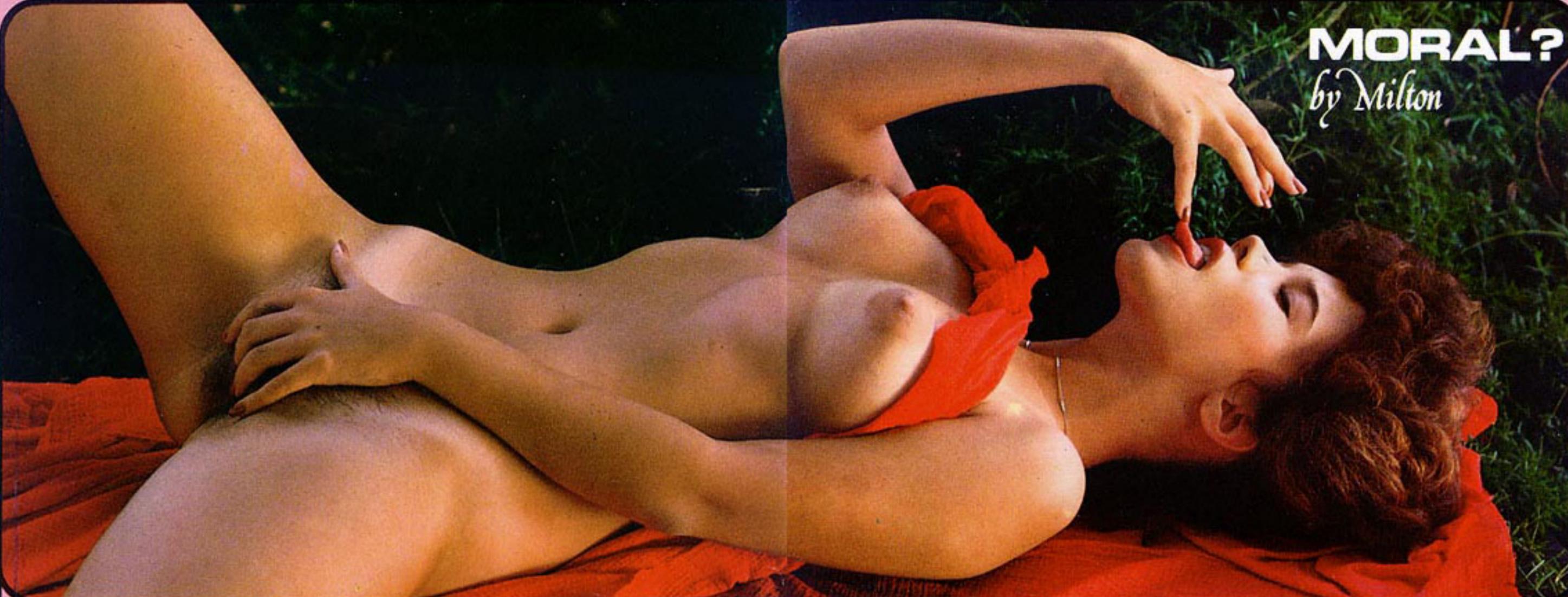
68

TEXT IN
ENGLISH

DEUTSCHER
TEXT

MORAL?

by Milton



ANTIKE CONTRA NEUZEIT

Unsere Leben folgt einer abwärtsgerichteten Spirale, hat ein Philosoph einmal gesagt und dabei an unsere abendländische Gesellschaft gedacht. Diesem Bild nach müssen wir auf den Stand der Antike zurückgesunken sein. Unser heutiges, niedriges Niveau ist ein technisches. Erhalten gebliebene Schriften und geschichtliche Forschung zeichnen die Antike als eine Zeitalter des "moralischen Verfalls" nach. Neben den Menschen, den Freien, vegetierte das Heer der Sklaven, wie überhaupt ein Menschenleben nicht viel wert war. Zumindest in diesem Punkt haben wir der Antike einiges voraus, und das auch nur in unserem Lebensraum.

Ist aber damit die Sklaverei bei uns abgeschafft? Oder hat sie sich nur in andere Bereiche verlagert? Vieles deutet darauf hin. Wir müssen uns fragen, ob die Beziehungen des Menschen

zu sich selbst und seinen Mitmenschen von Freiheit geprägt sind.

Wir erleben heute eine Renaissance der Körperkultur. Der Sport feiert Triumphe. Im Mittelpunkt steht das Körperliche als Tempel des Individuellen. Die Parallele zur antiken Kultur mit ihren Huldigungen an die Schönheit des Körpers ist unverkennbar. Mit der Befreiung des Körpers geht auch die Entfesselung der Sexualität einher. Der Unterschied zur Antike liegt wohl größtenteils in unserer heutigen Fähigkeit, mehr Wissen anzusammeln und daraus Schlüsse zu ziehen.

Niemand wird dem neuerwachten Interesse an Körperkultur etwas Böses nachsagen. Wie denn auch? Da schießen die Aerobic- und Fitnesscentren wie Pilze aus der Erde. Männer und Frauen, umgeben von einer Aura der Gesundheit und Vitalität, bevölkern die Straßen und Strände. Das

THE ANTIQUE VS. PRESENT TIME

We live in a spiral that goes down, a wellknown philosopher said about our western society. This theory actually says that we are standing on the same level as the time of the Antique but lower and in the other hand more technical. Through the scripts left behind and general researching work, we know that the Antique time was a "moral decadence"

A humanbeings life was not worth much at that time, and one was either a free man or a slave. In that matter we are a step further on than the Antiques, in any case here with us. On the other hand we have another kind of slavery: The political and medical one.

The society of the Antiques and ours has so many parallels and things in common that you cant help comparing. Nowadays we can experience a renaissance concerning body-culture. All the athletic associations which came up after the latest war have already reached the top with the

new interest: "your body is your temple". There are close parallels with the Antique culture where artists and politicians saw the beauty in the humanbeings body. Connected with that there also came an independence concerning the feelings in your body with a newborn freedom of sexual feelings.

The difference between the time of the Antique and the present time is that we now have an experience of the passed time that it could not possibly have itself. In other words we have the final results in our hand and i think this is the real purpose of history to learn something about the cause and effect. No one can maintain that the new interest for body-culture is bad. We can notice how solar radiation and institutions for body-training, grew up as close as hamburger-restaurants. The tiny, pale, skinny guys on the beaches, quickly were replaced by big brownish Tarzantypes who shine from freshness and vitality. The feeling for your own body, and everything you can

Bewußtsein vom eigenen Körper und seinen Fähigkeiten hat wie eine erfrischende Welle unsere Gesellschaft erfaßt.

Die Gedankenwelt der Alten ist noch heute unser geistiges Fundament. Sokrates lebt in uns fort. Ja, wir sind sogar auf dem besten Wege, die überlieferten Horizonte zu erweitern.

Unsere neuen Hilfsmittel des Gedankenaustausches machen es möglich. Wir kommunizieren miteinander, wie es zeitgemäß heißt. Wir gewinnen Erkenntnisse, finden Antworten, die einst fernab alles Greifbaren lagen. Unser nimmermüder Entdeckungstrieb hat Früchte getragen, von denen unsere Vorfahren allen falls träumen konnten.

Aber jede gefundene Antwort hat fast stets auch neue, ungeahnte Fragen aufgeworfen. Die Probleme lösen einander ab. Man denke nur an die Sexualität, die Quelle und Anhäufung menschlicher Verwicklungen überhaupt. Nicht wenige Denker und Historiker sehen in den echten und vermeintlichen Irrungen der Sitten der römischen Gesellschaft den tieferen Grund von Zersetzung und Verfall des Imperiums. Aus dem historischen Verstehen vom Niedergang der Moral und des menschlichen Zusammenlebens ziehen wir Lehren, die uns vor ähnlichen Fehlentwicklungen bewahren. Könnte man denken.

Die Wirklichkeit ist weitaus ernüchternder.

Was uns Menschen des ausgehenden zweiten Jahrtausends auf den Nägeln brennt, ist die Schwierigkeit, ja man möchte sagen die Unmöglichkeit der zwischenmenschlichen Verständigung. Wir lassen für uns elektronisch beflügelte Maschinen über Kontinente hinweg kommunizieren. Sind wir uns damit nähergekommen? Wir haben mit den Errungenschaften von Medizin und Chemie die Zwänge der Fortpflanzung abgestreift und uns, wo Tabus herrschten, nie gekannte Freiheiten geschaffen. So wir uns damit nähergekommen?

Gewaltige Zugewinne der Wissenschaft liegen zwischen der Antike und der Neuzeit. Aber wie einst rennen wir voll Hilflosigkeit gegen die Wände an, die Menschen von Menschen trennen.

Sexuelle Freiheiten enden für viele, die sie erproben, in schmerzvoller Auflösung. Freiheit, dieser verheißungsvolle und beglückende Zustand, ist noch lange kein Ersatz für menschliche Verständigung. Schlimm, wenn wir diese Einsicht aus den Augen verlieren. Auch auf dem Gebiet, das uns hier interessiert, den sexuellen Beziehungen, ist es an der Zeit, die Begriffe in ein neues, ihnen gemäßes Licht zu rücken. Wir werden zu lernen haben, daß Freiheit nicht im menschlichen Vakuum stattfindet. Daß zur geliebten Freiheit auch das verbindende, überbrückende Wort gehört. Dann erst finden wir eine sicherere Grundlage unseres Daseins, gleich wieviel andere Menschen wir daran teilhaben lassen.

Das, scheint es, trennt Neuzeit und Antike.

do to it sweeps like a fresh wave through society. When the genius of the Antique time established the philosophy that our society still is building on (I am thinking of the computer-technique that was built up by the thinking of Sokrates, and that we still use the chronology of the old Antique), they grounded a thinking-system that not until today is developing its social aims in view.

The groundideas which formed the thinking are still working and not until today one has found methods to go further. The communicationsystem has through electronic computers and satellites been cut down so much that we reached the surface of another sphere of thinking. When you suddenly solve such problems you will run into new ones that never came up earlier. One could not possibly know about problems like windresistance and aerodynamic when you never managed to get the first aeroplane up in the air or make the first car go faster than 40 km an hour.

In this manner our civilization will have problems that we earlier never have seen as a problem. One of the big problems during the Antique was sex -promiscuity.

Some people claim that it was because of that the whole Roman-society fell into decay and that the society-structure got loosened up. It is through studying this we can develop further and we can avoid traps and problems that earlier civilizations have been up to. One of the problems that we already noticed and that we have to deal with is the communication towards each other.

In spite of increased speed between computer-terminals and different parts of the world, we humanbeings have not come closer to each other. The facts are nearer by now and this had the opposite effect, it parted the humanbeing. Through the enormous freedom of today, with the birth-pill and the emancipated woman, there has to be the same level of freedom in the communication between people.

Today we have a responsibility that has no counterpart in history. We have no Lords or priests to obey, no slavery-market to be sold on and we are not forced to obey the one we are getting married to. The sexual freedom has exploded in its fertile soil. Group-sex and "threesomes" have become more common, just like the days during the Antiques.

Surprising to many people who curiously have tried these "news" is that unfaithfulness, painful breaking ups, and divorces still follow inspite of all freedom. Now is the time to define faithfulness and unfaithfulness and that has a lot with communication to do. To be faithful to somebody sexually can mean that you must stick to the agreement you have. Then it does not matter how many people there are involved in your sex-life. The communication about this could be, and is the fundamental stone that we can build our society further on to. The people who lived during the Antique-time never understood this.



ANNELIE: A LUSTFUL SESSION

Du kennst mich doch noch,
oder?
Rühr sie doch mal an, meine run-
den Reize, meine festen Formen.
Na, weißt Du noch?

Remember me?
I want to show my well built body
to you again, getting you to know
me, touch me.



PRIVATE



Knackiger Körper, sagst Du?

Wie wahr, wie wahr!
Ich bin direkt verknallt
in mich selbst.

I'm proud of everything.
My breasts, my ass and
my cunt. All to please, and
be pleased by.







Tief drinnen in mir,
da fegt ein Feuer.
Du willst es doch
löschen, nicht?
Gerade Du!

Sometimes my cunt
burns like a smooth
fire. It demands a
touch, a hard pole
deep inside.







Was hab' ich denn an Dir allein? Ich verglühe in allen Falten und Spalten. Wo seid Ihr denn, Ihr tollen Spritzer?

But it is not enough. Both my holes are burning, longing for hard cocks to be pulled quickly and fast.





Hitze! . . . heiße Höhlen. . . Hilfe! Holt den herrlichen Hammer her!



You must help me! Fill my holes. I'm wet and willing and my cunt is open for you.







Meinen ersten Auftritt in PRIVATE darf ich mir als schönen Erfolg enrechnen. Die Leser schickten schmeichelhafte Briefe, und der Herausgeber bot mir eine ständige Kolumne an. Auch in Zukunft freue ich mich über Ihre vertrauensvollen Zuschriften.

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Neulich brachte er gar mal einen kompletten Gummidreß an – mit Hose, Wams, Maske und Handschuhen. So einen, wie Sie ihn schon öfter mal in PRIVATE gezeigt haben, etwa in der Nummer 55 in dem Beitrag über Prostitution. Innen in der Maske war noch so etwas wie ein Ball, den man in den Mund nehmen sollte. Das war mir dann doch entschieden zuviel.



Ich fühlte mich als Frau ganz einfach lächerlich gemacht.



Es gab eine Menge hin und her, und die Stimmung für eine schöne Liebesnacht war dahin. Um ihn zu besänftigen, habe ich ihm etwas vorgestrippt – das erste Mal in meinem Leben. Sogar eine Kerze habe ich "zweckentfremdet". Naja, wenn's ihn vom Überdruck befreit? Diese Befreiung jedenfalls kam auf der Stelle.

Wenn ich mal ganz ehrlich bin: Ein wenig Gefallen an dem Spiel fand ich auch. Und daraus könnte sogar noch mehr werden. Bei meinem Mann, da bin ich mir sicher, sind das Lesefrüchte aus PRIVATE.

Im Grunde genommen kann ich die komischen Klamotten natürlich überziehen – wenn's sein muß. Aber eben dazu hätte ich gern mal Ihre Ansicht gehört.

Viele Grüße
Joan B.

Liebe Joan,

bitte vergessen Sie eins nie! Sex ist geben und nehmen, genießen und genießen lassen. Die schöne Grundlage dazu haben Sie in Ihrer Partnerbeziehung. Wenn Ihr Mann nun einmal diesen kleinen Tick mit dem Lederzeug hat, und Sie machen ein Problem daraus, dann kann ich ich leider nicht ganz folgen. So furchtbar ausgefallen sind solche Sachen heute nämlich nicht mehr.

Wenn Ihr Mann sich fetischistisch angehaucht gibt, so können das durchaus Lesefrüchte unseres Prostitutions-Artikels sein. Dann und wann mal die lose Lebedame des Mannes mimen, ist ganz gewiß keine Schande. Und viel gefahrloser – und folgenloser, als Sie denken – weil's der eigene ist.

Ihr Mann, da bin ich mir sicher, möchte Sie ganz einfach mal in ungewöhnlicher Aufmachung sehen. Was spräche dagegen?

Übrigens, hautenge Lederkleidung, mit gekonntem Charme zur Schau getragen, kann hinreißend schick und echt erregend sein. Glauben Sie mir.

Ich hoffe, ich habe Ihnen etwas Entscheidungs- und Lebenshilfe gegeben. Lassen Sie doch mal wieder von sich hören.

Ihre Mlle Baiser



Liebe Mlle Baiser,

Ich bin 32, seit einigen Jahren verheiratet, und das sogar recht glücklich. Auch unser Eheleben hat einen besseren Klang als nur eintöniges Bumsgeräusch. Wenn nicht mein Mann ein paar Töne machte, die ich als falsch empfinde.

Seit einiger Zeit nämlich gibt sich mein Mann mit der Reizwäsche, mit der ich ihm manchmal unser Liebesspiel verzuckere – und gegen die ich nun wirklich nichts habe – nicht mehr zufrieden. Nein, jetzt muß es Lederzeug sein, Miniröckchen, superhohe Stöckelschuhe und all so ein Firlefanz sein, der ihn angeblich mächtig heiß macht.



Ich frage mich schon, woran er mehr interessiert ist: An der ausgefallenen Kostümierung oder an mir.





Dear Mademoiselle Baiser,

I am a 32 years old woman, and I would like to hear your opinion as a woman, regarding this subject. The following story is:

Me and my husband live quite a happy life together, and have been doing so for several years.



Our sex-life is rather vivacious including different sort of games that makes everything much more fun than the same old "up and down."



However my husband lately wants me to dress up not only in the usual negligée outfit that I do not mind wearing, but now he wants me rather extravagant, things that makes him horny, like

Since my appearance in PRIVATE no. 42 and 44. The Editor and the Company have very kindly asked me if I would consent to answer some letters in future PRIVATE.

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super mini leather skirts and shining black shoes with extremely high heels and so on, and I cant help wondering if he is interested in me or my outfit. One day he even brought a complete rubber suit. With trousers, torso, gloves and a mask. Inside the mask there was a little ball to be put in my mouth. I refused to wear it as I felt humiliated as a woman. We argued a lot about it and the lovely night that we had planned did not end up well at all. Just to please him, I stripped for the first time in my life.



I also took a candle and put in my cunt just in front of him.



He could not wait for me and came immediately watching me. I realized that I also had a good time while doing this and I have a lot more to give.

I remember seeing in PRIVATE No.55 in which you had the articles about prostitution, and several photos with girls wearing things like the ones my husband now demands me to wear. I am quite sure he got the ideas from PRIVATE.

Actually, I do not mind putting on these clothes but I would like to hear your point of view before deciding whether I should wear this stuff or not.

Yours sincerely
Joan B.



Dear Joan

One should always remember that sex is a matter of giving and taking of pleasing and being pleased, and you seem to have the ground basis in your relationship. I can't see why you make a problem out of it, that your husband wants to see you wearing these quite modern pieces of clothes.

He might have a slight fetichistic side that he discovered when he read the article about prostitution, but you never have to feel ashamed about acting as your husbands hooker. It is actually safer, cheaper and much more healthy than anything you can imagine. Your husband wants to see you in something quite different than the negligée. I don't see any obstacles why you should not dress up as he suggests. Maybe I should add they can be wonderful to wear these things especially when they fit your body nice and tight.

Whatever decisions you make, I would like to hear from you again.

I wish you both luck.

Yours Mademoiselle
Baiser



WOMAN

Sie reizt der Gedanke, einmal vor der PRIVATE-Kamera aufzutreten? Sie haben nur noch nicht den Schritt zu uns gewagt? Sie sind eine Frau mit Erfahrung? Emanzipiert, liberal, von attraktiver Erscheinung?

Dann sind Sie womöglich ein PRIVATE-Modell!

Unser Angebot: Großzügiges Honorar. Auslagen, Flugreise, Hotel, Kleidung, vielleicht ein neues Land kennenlernen – alles auf unsere Kosten.

Bitte einsenden: Ein paar Fotos zur Probe (Polaroid-Qualität genügt). Und natürlich Name, Anschrift, und eine Telefonnummer.

Wir melden uns dann ggf. bei Ihnen.

You might have thoughts of becoming a PRIVATE-model but haven't yet contacted us.

You are probably a sexually experienced woman, emancipated with a liberal aspect on sex and with an interesting look.

I offer you the chance of an exciting opportunity. Well paid modelling fee and all expenses paid.

And of course, the opportunity to see new countries.

Please send us some photos (polaroids will do) also your name, address and a telephone number, then we will contact you.

MAN

Sie haben viele weibliche Verwandte und Bekannte? Sie kennen Damen, die auf obige Beschreibung passen? Und die an unserem Angebot interessiert wären? Dann sollten Sie noch heute mit uns Kontakt aufnehmen!



MILTON GIVING INSTRUCTIONS

You probably know a woman who fits in to the above description; your wife, mistress, sister or just a friend.

Why not contact us now.



EMELIE:

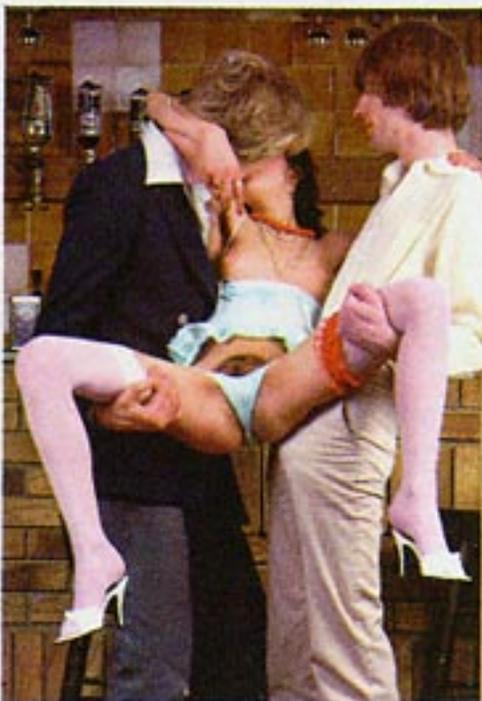
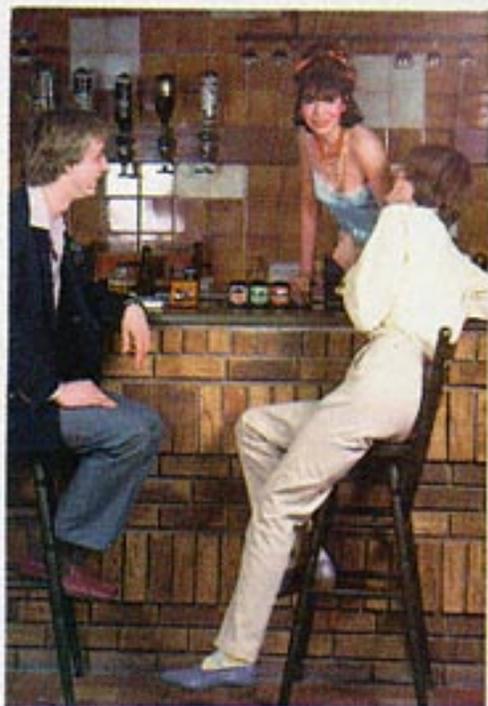
THE FIRST DATE



Mein Steckenpferd ist Reiten.

Eben, ein Ritt zu Dritt. Dazu braucht's ein paar hilfswillige Burschen. Aber die sind schnell zur Stelle. Und mein Dank läßt nicht lange auf sich warten.

My hobby is fucking, and the best I know is to do it with complete strangers. I invited two guys who helped me in my house. Thanks guys. I am very grateful to you.



Alle reden von Abrüstung.
Aber die beiden hier? Die
reinsten Waffenträger sind
das. Gleich werd' ich sie
entschärfen.

I really enjoy having you both
here. You seem so well
armed with your big cocks. I
can't wait any more. Give
them to me.







Nur keine falsche Scham! Lippenbekenntnisse, das ist das einzige, was hier noch hilft. Der drohende Zeigefinger ist längst schon – pardon! – im Arsch.

I'll warm you up and offer you my hot lips and thrilled pussy. Oh, your finger in my ass is just lovely. Let me have your dick there too.





Zum Schluß steht einem der
Schaum vorm Mund. Ach herrlich,
so ein Ritt in rascher Runde!

This was a perfect first date! Pour it all
over me. Over my face and breasts.
Wet me down.







PRIVATE POST

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

EXPRES

Es war der reinste Männertraum.

Dieses Mädchen, die Julia, lern- te ich kennen, als ich nach stumpf- sinnigen Besprechungen in Ports- mouth mit dem Wagen nach Lon- don zurückfuhr. Die Kleine war per Anhalter unterwegs. Und mir kam weibliche Gesellschaft gerade recht.

Nach ein paar Meilen nur kam unterhaltsames Gequassel in Gang. Sie fragte mich nach allem Möglichen aus, auch Persön- lichem, ob ich verheiratet wäre, und was ich denn von jungen Mädchen hielte und davon, wenn sie für alte Herren schwärmen.



"Oh, das ehrt mich", sagte ich trocken, "immerhin bin ich schon 45!"



"Klasse!" fand sie. "Ich jeden- falls bin schon über 18. Mach dir nichts draus."

Dazu bestand auch gar kein An- laß. Schließlich sah sie nicht einen Tag älter aus. Doch clever, wie sie auftrat, schien sie ganz eine Frau, die wußte, was sie wollte – und in diesem Fall von mir. Darüber ließ sie mich überhaupt nicht im Zwei- fel. Ihr Minirock war bereits auf dem Weg hinauf zur Gürtellinie.

Ich, der ich mir bisher nie viel aus jungem "Weibervolk" ge- macht hatte, stierte auf einmal mehr auf die Prachtschenkel ne- ben mir als auf den Asphalt vor

mir. Mann, oh Mann, ging da eine Ausstrahlung von dieser süßen Haut aus! Ob 18 oder nicht, jeden- falls konnte ich gut und gern ihr Vater sein. Mich zog es hin und her, und hinterm Hosenladen zog es unerträglichsten. Ich versuch- te, eine amtliche Miene aufzuset- zen und wieder so etwas wie Ordnung herzustellen. Aber im Widerstreit von rechter und linker Hirnhälfte, siegt meist die rechte: die Emotion.

Mein Entschluß kam blitzartig, aber eisern: Entweder steigt dies süße scharfe Biest auf der Stelle aus – oder es spielt sich ganz schwer was ab. Und das gab ich ihr unmissverständlich zu verstehen.

Sie verstand. "Ich dachte schon fast, du stehst auf was anderes", frozzelte sie ebenso mädchenhaft wie durchtrieben.



"Du wirst gleich merken, wie ich stehe", brachte ich hervor und vergrub meine Hand in ihren Haaren. "Komm, Kleine, mach's mir mit dem Mund!"



Diese Aufforderung brauchte sie gar nicht. Sie war eine Könn- rin. "Du hast es aber mal nötig", stöhnte sie mit vollgestopftem Mund.

In der enge des Wagens, und ohne den Mund von mir zu lassen, brachte sie es fertig, sich das Höschen abzu trampeln. Und dann begann sie mit dem gleichen wilden Eifer an sich selbst zu spielen, wie sie auch mich mit ihren Lippen verwöhnte.

"Siehst du meine Mädchen- möse?" machte sie mich weiter an. "Die gehört gleich dir."

In diesem Moment war ich aber nur auf Blasen aus. "Gleich kommt dein Sektfrühstück", konnte ich gerade noch Grunzen. Denn ich merkte, daß gleich der Korken knallen würde.



Er knallte ihr mitten in hier hüb- sches Gesicht. Der Schaumwein floß in Strömen.



Mir war, als sei mir die Absolu- tion erteilt worden. Und sie, die Julia, blieb bei all der Nässe trock- ken: "Wie bei der Feuerwehr- übung", meinte sie lakonisch.

Ich nahm die Julia mit nach Hause. Wir badeten zusammen. Wir aßen zusammen. Und dann widmeten wir uns weil sie es nun mal versprochen hatte – ausgiebig ihrer Mädchenmöse.

Die hatte wirklich noch ihre Jugendfrische – rosig, eng ge- schlossen und nur hier und da ein paar neckische Kräuselhärcchen. Julia jauchzte vor fröhlicher Ver-

zückung, als meine Zunge sie da unten abkitzelte. So richtig klatschnaß wollte sie, es haben, hinten und vorn in der Spucke baden. Ich bin mir sicher, die nicht enden wollenden konvulsivischen Zuckungen, die dabei über sie kamen, waren nicht die Übertreibungen einer Unerfahrenen. Die waren naturrein.

Es kostete mich allerhand Mühe, meinen übermäßig Angeschwollenen in ihren engen Eingang zu zwängen. Aber Welch ein unbeschreiblicher, sagenhafter Genuß. Zum höchsten gesteigert noch, weil sie mit ungezähmten Kräften nachhalf. In der schönen Kunst des Kopulierens war meine Julia ein Wunderkind.

Hinter mir kauert sie lässig in unserem Lotterbett und will wissen, was und an wen ich schreibe. Ach so, an PRIVATE. Dann bestell mal schöne Grüße und sag, die reiferen Herrschaften, das sind die besten.

It was almost like any man's dream. I had met this girl, Julia, on my way back from Portsmouth to London after a most straineous day with boring business meetings. Julia was a hitch-hiker looking for a lift when I first saw her. We had only been driving a few miles when she started puzzling me with a lot of questions about whether I was married, what I thought of young girls and how she just adored older men.



"Thank you", I told her, "actually I'm only 45!" "That's alright, dear," she said, "don't worry, I am over 18."



I am a very sensible man without much knowledge of younger women. Now suddenly I could not tear my eyes from her. I felt myself blushing and my dick was at full mast. I was old enough to be her father and it was a long time ago since I had seen such a young complexion. Confusion hit me. The girl was apparently just as horny and she was obviously no virgin. I tried to keep an air of neutrality with her, but this young, sexy creature overwhelmed me. If I wasn't allowed to touch her, my trousers would burst.



Even if she was 18, she did not look a day older, but it was soon obvious that she knew what she wanted from me like any grown-up female. -It did not take long before her mini-dress was well on its way upwards ending somewhere around her hips.



The effect on me was sudden but fast. I realized I could not go on driving with the nympho-baby sitting next to me, so I pulled over and told her either to strip completely - and do something to my already erected cock - or to get the hell out of the car.

"Well, I was beginning to think you might be a queer", she said with her girlish smile. "Well, I'm not", I said while grabbing her by her hair leading her open mouth directly onto my penis. "Suck me, road-bitch!" Which is what she did. -Quite professionally she let her tongue dance up and down my shaft. "What a bullet!" she moaned, "so beautiful and it feels so strong. . ."

She had managed to take off her panties without taking my cock out of her mouth, and with enthusiasm she began masturbating herself still sucking me off like hell.

"Look at me", she said then, "look at my randy schoolgirl-cunt -

it's gonna be yours before you know!" "Just keep on sucking," I replied, you'll be ready for black coffee in no time: Here comes my cream. . ."

Having jammed my penis right down her throat I felt how the first shot almost choked her, and quickly I pulled it out of her mouth just to let the following shots splash around her face with a tremendous force.

I felt newly born, and she looked like a newly baptized baby with my sperm all over her face and hair. "Gee," she said, "this was just like the fire brigade showing off!"

Finally, we arrived at my place, where we both had a shower and a bite to eat before I got to know her baby-pussy which was about just as wonderful as she had promised me, and as tight as any common woman's arsehole.



She didn't have much hair but a little around her tighs. She laughed excitedly and asked me to wet her thoroughly.



A sticky cunt was what she craved. She also wanted me to lick her ass and I think she came, when I did so. The pleasure I felt, when I entered her narrow, almost untouched cunt with my swollen dick, was almost as strong as the orgasm I reached soon after. When she felt my hot come, she convulsed and came in waves.

This incidence rewoke me and I notice how new strength has returned.

Now, while writing this, she calls from the bed asking me to tell that experienced men are the best. So I have better stop here.



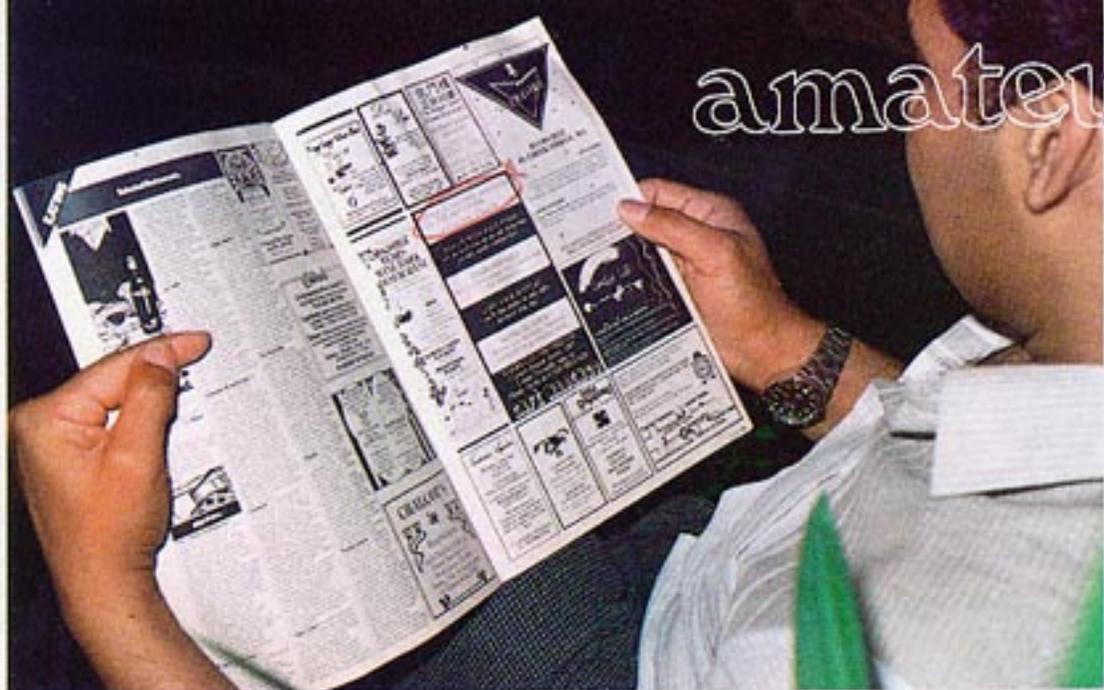
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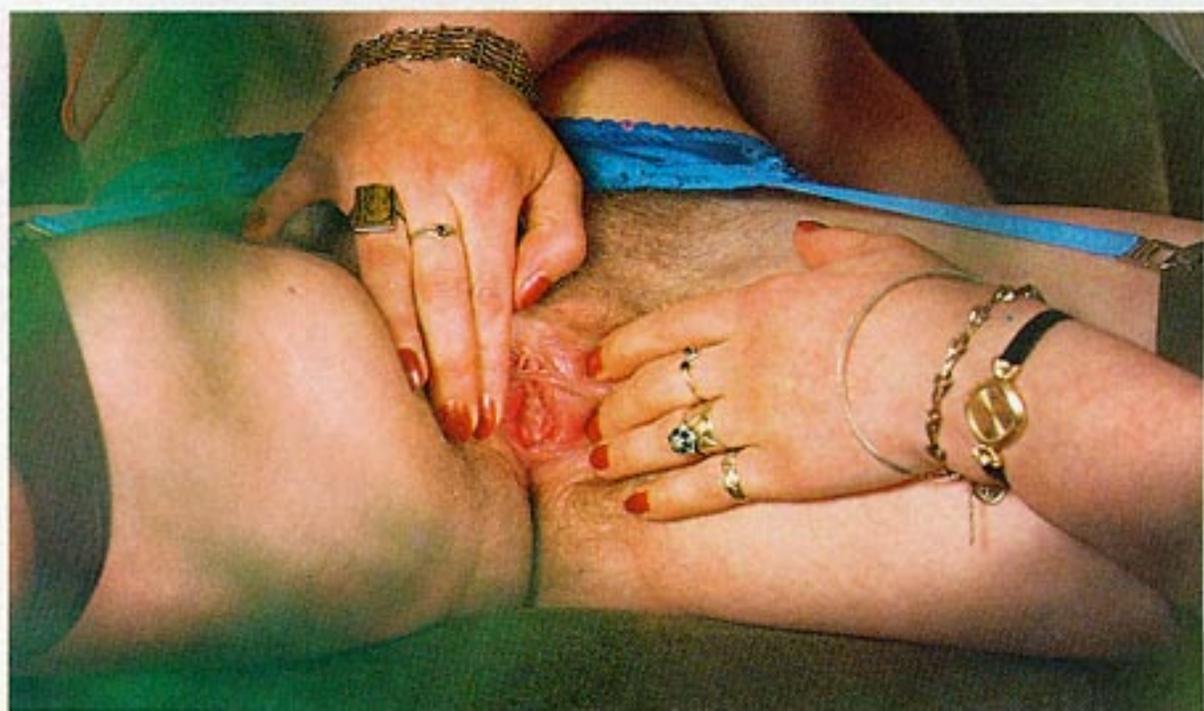
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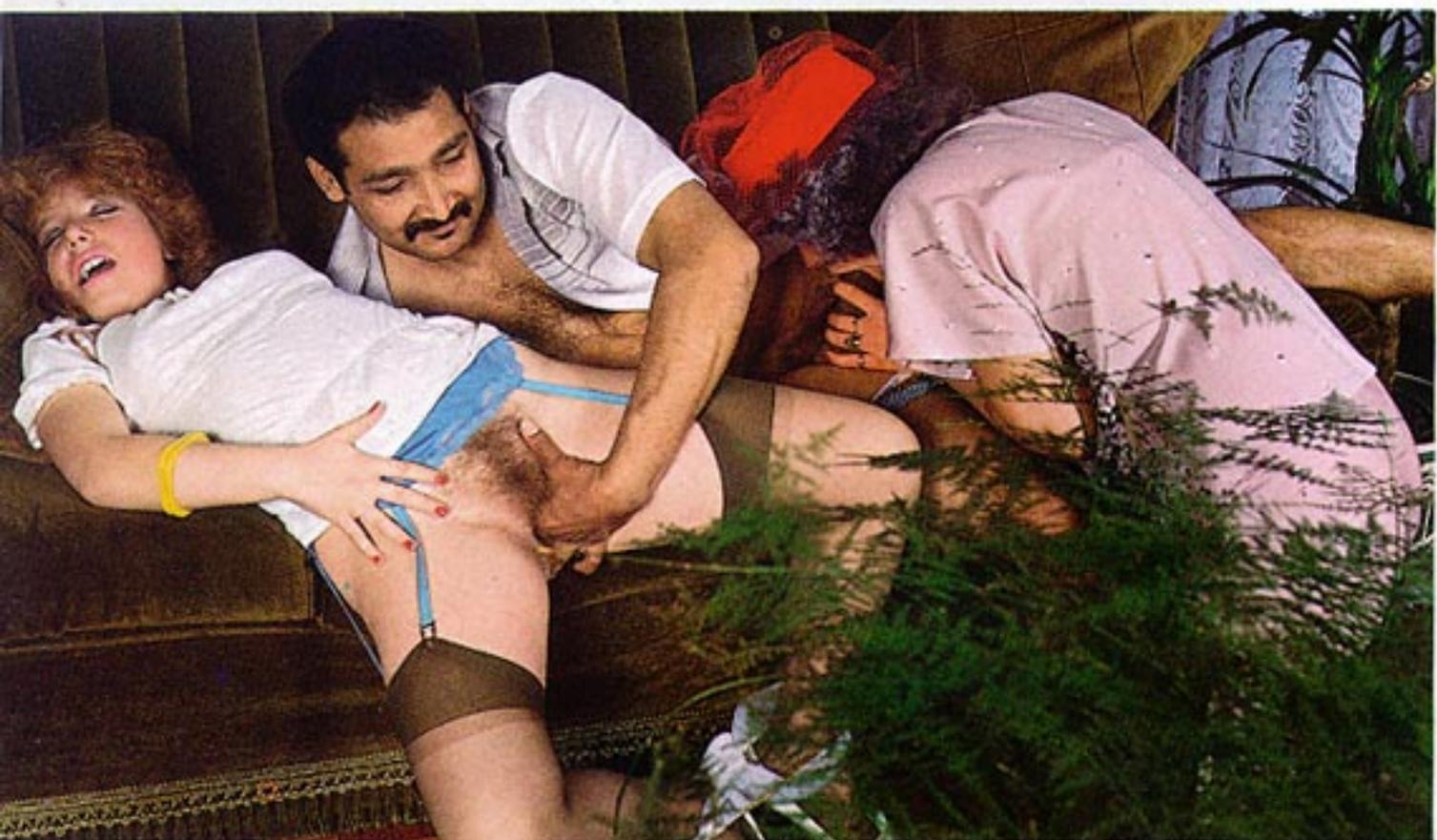
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The fantastic youngster who takes everything.

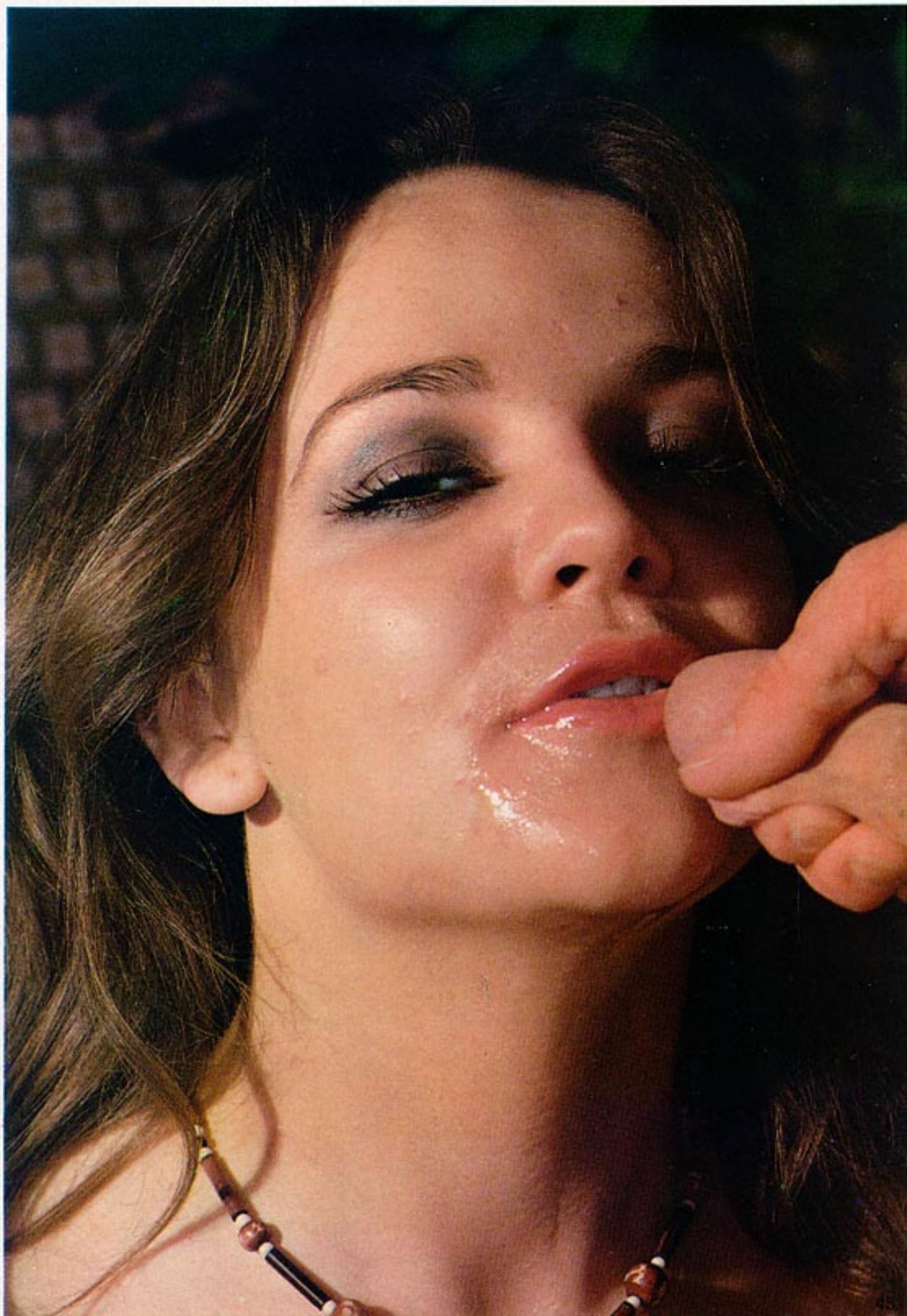




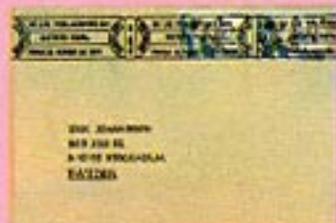




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ORDER FORM AT GATE-FOLD

It happened to me!

Special female experiences.

She was sexy and mysterious and she did everything he asked, everything, but he had to pay. It had been another of those days. The endless pack of files on my desk made me feel like a hurdler preparing to run a 1500 meter race where the hurdles grow in height as the race progressed.

My marriage was the same way. I felt little hope for regaining any sort of feelings, sexual or otherwise, for my wife. She was the mother of my children – that was about it. She knew I was bored, too. And even if she did not know about the affairs, she knew that I thought about them. But if she minded, she didn't say so. She spent her days going to exercise classes and shopping with her friends – friends who live lives that makes them become very similar girls.

My secretary and clerk were gone for the day, and now the office was empty. I could cross down a couple of aspirins without being reminded of how many I had already taken today. I replaced a lid on a plastic bottle, and was just about to drop it back into my desk drawer, when I heard the other office door open.

The fact that the door was left unlocked didn't bother me half as much as the thought, that I had to talk to a client. At least when they called on the phone, I could hang up when I had had enough.

However, when I saw the woman my attitude quickly changed. The first thing I noticed about her was that underneath her open and obviously very expensive furcoat she was only wearing stockings, suspenderbelt and a neckless. And of course extremely high stilettos with a wriststrap that finished it off perfectly.

She pulled out a long cigarette from her pocket and held it securely between two fingers as she moved her head back, ruffling her long, white blond hair, probably a wig, I thought. As she lit her cig, she stood sideways towards me, displaying the perfect curvature of her breast, outlined by the bright light behind her.

She took a deep drag on the cigarette, then, as she turned towards me, I noticed for the first time, a strange sense of familiarity about her, like I'd seen her photograph in a magazine or something. She smiled into my eyes, came up to me, fished my wallet out elegantly from my inner pocket. With an even bigger smile she opened it and took out two 50 dollar bills. By the time she

secured the cash in the prop of her black stockings, her secret finally dawned on me.

She was giving me time to let it all soak in, standing there with one hand coolly resting on her cocket hip while she slowly puffed her cigarette.

I truly had to marvel at Sharon's ingenuity. The last time I'd seen her, her hair had been short and some sort of semi blond. She'd never worn much make up before, at least not to the perfectly applied degree she had now. Her cheekbone jettied in majestic definition from the rest of her face. Her eyes, brushed with strokes of silver green, seemed more opened and alive than I remembered. Her nails were long and sharp, and the red polish made her hands resemble her clothes of her vulture back from the hunt.

Apparently tired of my silence, Sharon approached my desk, placed her palms on the polished oak and leaned forward enabling me to look across the gentle curves of her perfect tits, and the thought that had entered my lounges only a moment before, started to grow anxiously.

For a hundred bucks, I would have thought that she wanted to do more than just stare, Sharon smiled.

I left my chair and went over to where she stood in cold anticipation. My fingers actually trembled slightly, Sharon was so composed it was overpowering. I felt her breast for the first time, I sighed, feeling that wonderful instant old euphoria that's unique to unwavering previous breasts, untouched breasts. My thumbs crossed her nipples repeatedly, exciting them into tight erections, then my tongue flicked the peaks of her breast while her hands simultaneously caressed the nap of my neck.

Her mouth was slightly opened as it met mine. I immediately became absorbed in the warmth of her kiss. Her lips were hot, yet soft and tender. Our tongues pressed anxiously against each other, and when hers came fully into my mouth, I sucked it lovingly. Never can I remember such an oral ruff. A new energy seemed to come into my body, along with the sense of a new found freedom. Sharon must have felt it, too, because she was as eager as I was. The inhibitions we had previously sepered through were now gone, replaced by an aura of excitement and pleasure. My need for an orgasm started to overpower me. Sharon's role was to make me come, I had paid

It happened to me!

for it and I was to be in command. The fact that she hadn't worn any underwear, one of those unexpected surprises, the very side of which brought me closer to coming I knelt in front of her and pressed my face into her vagina.

When my tongue touched her inner folds of skin, I found a thrilling taste similar to the fragments emanating from behind her neck. Her hands ran through my hair, as my tongue strained to find its way inside of her. She moaned as the flat surface of my tongue pushed over her clitoris. Her pleasure, however, was identical - it only wanted to see how wet she was.

My fingers joined my mouth between her legs, spreading the lips of her cunt apart, drawing the wetness from inside of her and striking into long lines across her thighs. The muscles in her legs tightened in anticipation as moist liquid literally floated from her. It was apparent that her legs did not intend to hold her up any longer so I eased her down on to the soft pile of the rug. She bent her knees outward, allowing my mouth the full spread of her vagina. No sooner had my tongue reunited with the false of her slit than her hips thrust upwards in an attempt to orgasm. And then, I pulled my tongue away, and she sighed in suffering. I bobbed three kisses in her clit and slid my hand under her ass, lovingly licking her all over as she pumped in ecstasy. Quickly, before she came, I pulled off my clothes and fell on top of her inserting my solid penis with a long curving thrust. Her fingernails jabbed into the flesh on my ass and I suddenly felt myself torn. One part of me cursed the fact that I was about to come so quickly, yet the other pleaded me onward toward the rushing eruption that had built so strongly. I held my penis still inside of her, hoping to expand the peak of my orgasm. But when Sharon professionally began tensing her abdominal muscles over the head of my cock, my holding period burst wildly into the past. Semen spread over the walls of her womb as Sharon relaxed underneath me, having climaxed herself powerfully.

My penis began to slowly withdraw to its flaccid state as it remained inside of her. "You finish it", I told her. Sharon's face turned towards mine for the first time since we came. Her eyes looked at mine as we shared the same thoughts. It had to be a turning point. The past told her not to do as they asked, but the future urged otherwise. Her right hand began to move and then stopped: She did not want to make the step alone, so I reached down, and picked up both her hands, pulling them slowly over her vagina and lowering them. Immediately her expression changed. Ye-

ars of sexual imprisonment were gone. Her red fingernails guided two fingers across her vagina in an act previously un-discussed and practically only in PRIVATE.

By the time her eyes reopened, glistened with passion. The fire was burning steady inside of her. I watched her. Her orgasm came before my penis had become totally hard. Her scream was a stranger to a spout. Sharon's smile was bigger than I ever remembered it. Raising off her back she kissed the nipples on my chest slowly lowering her mouth towards my waist. The past was dissolving as fast as ice in boiling water as she spread my legs and lay down on the floor between them. Grabbing my cock firmly in her hand, she thrust her mouth over it, sucking passionately. I popped myself onto my elbows so I could watch her closely. I wanted to see that it was Sharon sucking my cock. I wanted to watch her close her eyes, not in dread of what she was doing, but for the love of it. She took as much of me as a mouth would allow groaning quickly, when it becomes too deep down in her throat. Then her hands began rubbing my balls kneading the inside of my pride.

She removed her mouth from my cock, and robbed her fingers tightly, around it, stroking it with her saliva. Sharon dropped her mouth back on my dick. Saliva foamed eagerly across her tongue, as she hungrily slid up and down on my shaft. Her tongue whipped back and forwards lapping at every bit of sensitive flesh.

Semen spurted from me, jerking up towards her face, before falling over my penis, still held by her fingers. Her mouth greedily sucked the rest of that hot liquid which dispensed from the tip of my cock. Her face was smeared with cum as her fingers searched for traces of semen to rub onto her breasts. Her make-up had become smeared, revealing more of her natural face. Sharon seemed much more familiar now.

She looked into my eyes and smiled. It was the same smile that had reassured me through comfortable and bad times. It would not be the last either. I smiled back because I had the right to. This problem had been hers, too. We both realized that every other trouble, we had, had been resolved jointly: while this one had been different now seemed a reared thought but it had been all too real for the past five years.

I guess I'll see you again sometime, "Sharon said". Yes, I replied. Then feeling an overpowering urge to brake the charade, I added, "in about two hours, when I am coming home for dinner". I heard her laughing as she went out the main door.

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TUULIKI NURMI, 21 from Finland, she works on the ferry between Finland and Sweden and is as free as a sailor can be. She doesn't mind to fuck with one man twice, but prefers two at the time.



THERESE LLADO, 22 years old from Spain. She works in a club in London where she shows her beautiful tits. There is nothing wrong with her pussy either, or what do you think. She needs one orgasm a day: "I need the cum to feel alright". She says.



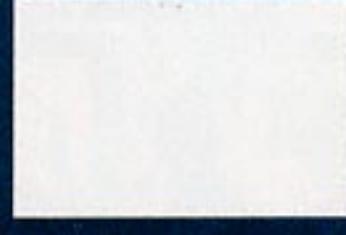
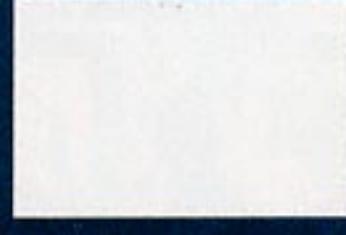
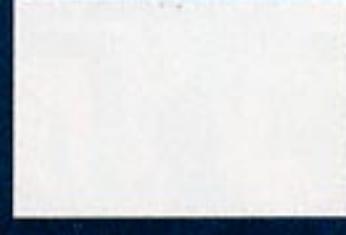
LISELOTTE CHRISTIANSEN, 19, Med. stud.
from Copenhagen. Like to study sex on her sparetime. She enjoys older men
looking at her naked body. It gives her the right kick.



KIM HAZARD, 23 from England. This girl has filmdreams and would not turn down an invitation to appear in sex films. As she says herself: "It must be marvellous to fuck and get payed for it".



NICOLE DUPONT, 29 year old model from Paris. Likes to fuck both with a woman and a man at the same time. She want the whole: Both the hard that a man can give her, and the soft love that a woman can.



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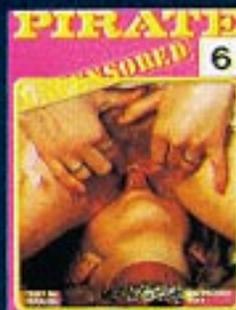
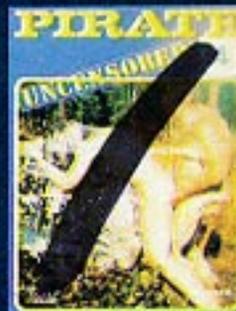
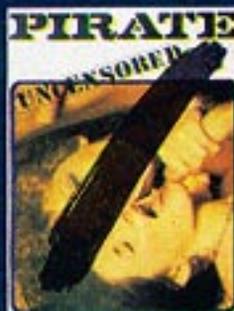
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MY FLOWER I WILL GIVE YOU



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MEIN HEIMLICHER TRAUM

Du hängst einem geheimen Traum nach, und auf einmal geht er in Erfüllung. Diese Erfüllung fiel mir als wunderbares Geschenk zu meinem zehnten Hochzeitstag buchstäblich in den Schoß. Davon handelt meine Geschichte.

Wenn der lange nordisch-dunkle Winter auf dir lastet, sehnst du dich nach nichts mehr als nach südlicher Sonne: Mein Mann buchte uns ein Ferienhaus in Spanien. Den Zeitpunkt wählte er mit Bedacht. Wir wollten unseren Hochzeitstag am Mittelmeer verbringen.

Endlich war der langersehnte Tag der Abreise da. Mit unserem Wagen rollten wir durch das vorsommerliche Europa dem Süden entgegen. Die Sonne war schon da, die Wärme, aber die Touristenschwärme gottlob noch nicht.

Viva España! Licht, gut essen und trinken, locker-legere Urlaubsstimmung. Wir blühten so richtig auf. Exotisch macht erotisch. Schon die ersten Tage waren wie ein Traum. Mein Mann – sagen wir, er heißt Sven – tat ziemlich geheimnisvoll, als er kurz vor unserem Hochzeitstag damit herausrückte, er habe jetzt das richtige Geschenk für mich gefunden. Was das wohl sein mochte? Meine Ahnungslosigkeit stachelte meine Neugier nur umso mehr an.

Am Vorabend des magischen Tages speisten wir in einem intimen Schlemmerlokal Meeresfrüchte, dazu ein süffiges und sehr delikates Weinchen. Nach einem Segeltrip einige Stunden zuvor brannte noch die Sonne in unseren Körpern. Wir berauschten uns an den lukullischen Genüssen und an sinnlichen Erinnerungen. Unter dem Tisch spürte ich die leisen, aber elektrisierenden Berührungen meines Mannes.

Nachher schlenderten wir am Strand entlang unserem Bungalow zu. "Weißt du", sagte mein Mann und zog mich in seine Arme, "mein Geschenk für dich soll ein Zeichen meiner Liebe sein. Du findest es drinnen im Haus. Nimm es ganz für dich. Wir sehen uns später." Auch beim Rauschen der Wellen entging mir nicht der Ernst in seiner Stimme.

Da wurde mir nun doch leicht unheimlich zumute. Das klang alles so verschwörerisch. Mit gespannter Erwartung betrat ich das Haus. Da,

im Schlafzimmer! Da lag jemand im Bett. Ein fremder Mann, und noch dazu ein nackter! Im ersten Augenblick war ich völlig schockiert. Dann erbot. Und dann ging mir ein Licht auf.

Oft, im Höhenflug der Liebe, hatten mein Mann und ich uns gegenseitig unsere geheimsten Wünsche und Träumereien anvertraut. Und dabei hatte ich ihm mein tiefstes Sehnen offenbart: Einmal in meinem Leben ein Erlebnis mit einem zarten Jüngling.

Da lag nun mein Traum vor mir. Nackt und wohlgestaltet und mit unverhohlener Begierde in den Augen. Heiße Lust stieg in mir hoch, und doch wußte ich nicht, was zu tun. Seine erregte Männlichkeit wippte im Rhythmus der Herzschläge. Im schwachen Licht schimmerte dunkel seine Haut. Nein, so ein Geschenk kann man nicht zurückweisen.

Als ich mir mein dünnes Kleid vom Körper streifte, war jeder Rest von Befangenheit verflogen. Worte fielen keine. Zwischen uns herrschte stillschweigendes Einverständnis. Dann war meine Nacktheit seiner Nacktheit ganz nahe. Er nahm meine Brüste in seine Hände. Sie bewegten sich jünglinghaft linkisch, wie auch sein ganzer Körper sich vor lauter Geilheit zusammenkrampfte.

Behutsam berührte ich sein hartes, etwas spitzes Ende mit meinem Mund, und wie meine Zunge die Eichel umspielte, kam er augenblicklich. Aber ein Jüngling ist eben ein Jüngling, und der schlafft nicht gleich beim ersten Mal weg. Breitbeinig auf ihm sitzend trieb ich mich, und auch ihn noch einmal, dem Höhepunkt in die Arme.

Der Junge schien sich nicht von mir losreißen zu können. Er wurde sogar gesprächig, aber von seinen unverständlichen Worten drang nur die Wärme ihres Klanges zu mir.

Ich habe ihn nie wiedergesehen. Und die eigentliche brennende Frage, wie mein Mann das alles eingefädelt hatte, ließ ich auf sich beruhen. Das Glücksgefühl, das wir lange danach erlebten, brauchte keine Erklärungen.

„Sonja“

MY SECRET DREAM.

I would like to tell about my secret dream that finally became reality. Best of all was perhaps that I received it as a gift by my husband, when we celebrated our tenth anniversary.

After a dull winter up here in Northern Sweden my husband decided to invite me on a vacation trip to Spain. He planned it so that our vacation date met with the celebration. We had talked about going away, leaving the children with grandmother, on that magic date.

After a nice car ride through Europe we finally reached a small town in southern Spain. It was just before the tourist season and both the beach and the nightclubs were adequately filled. The whole trip was wonderful and I hadn't expected more than I had already received. We were also living up erotically due to the warmth of the sun and our spending living. One day, my husband (we can call him Sven) came up to me and told me that he had now prepared my real gift. I got very curious but had to promise not to ask too much, but to wait and see. The same evening we dined well in a small fish restaurant. We had been sailing along the coast during the day in a small rented boat and felt warm and hot from the sun. After enjoying a very refreshing white wine my husband started telling me how he experienced me, meeting me the first time. I got a little horny by his tale and when he noticed this he started caressing my feet and legs below the table.

He bent over the table and whispered that it was time for my gift.

Slowly we walked along the beach to the house, where we stayed. At the door Sven stopped me and took me by the arm.

—I want you to know, he said very seriously, that I give you this because I love you. The gift is in there, and he pointed towards the bedroom. I felt a little uneasy as I entered the house. Sven did not want to join but said that he had to meet someone before tomorrow's fishing trip. With a low heart I entered the bedroom. There, stretched

along the bed, lay a naked youth. At first I was chocked, then mad. But then I understood. In our sexual plays we had often told each other what we would like to do. a.o. I had mentioned that I would like to make love to a young boy.

And now here I stood in front of a very young boy lying in my bed. He watched me hungrily and the long slim cock rose gradually. I got very hot and did not know what to do. I went closer and from a simple candle beside the bed, parts of his brown body could be seen. From the excitement between us small pearls of sweat broke out on his upper lip. The intoxication from the wine and his body took over completely. I sat down on the bed and started to caress his stomach and breast and he shook from excitement. Suddenly our difference in age hit me. The feeling of shame that was added to my lust brought tears to my eyes and I took off my thin dress as carefully as possible in order not to disturb any of the spirit. Naked I lay down on him and he started caressing my breasts.

His body was tight from anticipation, and when his fingers reached my wet cunt, he started shaking. I took his hard dick in my mouth and when my tongue circled his balls, he erupted. I smeared his whole dick with his come and he entered me. In his excitement he never slackened. When I rode him rhythmically I felt that he came again and the flexes in his body made me come as well.

The boy would not withdraw from me. We lay still for a while and he caressed me all the time, while he spoke to me in a strange language. I did not understand much of what he said, but the warmth in his voice together with his caresses said more than words. Then he left me, after another round of hot love, and I never saw him again. I don't know where my husband got hold of him or how he arranged it, and I never asked. Afterwards, we both experienced a hectic love life and I guess we have never ever been so happy.

”Sonja”

This story is continued
from PRIVATE 67.

ROSALYN:

*THE HAPPY
SUCCESSFUL WHORE*





The total dedication can be given by two men. It is a pleasure in several phases. To get filled and used is a lovely feeling. To be able to give satisfaction to two horny men simultaneously is also nice. The best is when we all three come together; when the orgasm is reached gradually and you can anticipate its strength long before.

Den Himmel auf Erden, den können dir zwei Männer geben. Höher und höher heben sie dich in die Glückseligkeit. Verströmen sich in dir, bis du überläufst. Und du gibst die Freuden mit vollen Händen zurück. Du spürst, wie der Höhepunkt langsam naht. Und wenn er losbricht mit dreifacher Gewalt, wird dein Traum wahr.





Wenn du aber willst, ziehst du die Verzückung in die Länge. Kostest ihn aus, den steifen Ständer, der dir in jeder Stellung einen neuen, wundervollen Kitzel schenkt. Empfang ihn von hinten, sag ich dir, niemals kommt er dir härter vor.

It is then lovely to break it, prolong the ecstasy by changing positions. The wonderful prick of a man can feel so different in various positions. From behind I often experience it a little bigger and harder.





Wenn die Hitze deine weichen Teile am weichsten gemacht hat, nimmst du beiden in dich auf. Sind deine beiden Löcher bewohnt, kannst du, glaub mir, nicht mehr an dich halten.

When the sensation turns into heat, I invite them into both holes. I cannot hold back the orgasm; when both dicks ram into me.





Wenn du was für Männer übrig hast, kennst du sie auch, weißt genau, wie sie dich bespritzen wollen: In geilen Güssen in deinen Mund.

In advance we have agreed how they shall come. Most men want the experience when I take their load in my mouth.





Hast du's nicht auch schon immer geahnt? Es ist so herrlich verrückt, sich über und über mit Samen "besudeln" zu lassen. Das ist der Paukenschlag nach klangvollem Konzert.



It is so beautifully "forbidden" to soil yourself completely with seed. It is a great ending to a great time.



PRIVATE PROFILE

NAME: Sofia King
BUST: 35 WAIST 22 HIPS 34 HEIGHT 5'7" WEIGHT 110
SIGN: Gemini AGE 22 NATIONALITY English
TURN-ONS: Wet bodies
TURN-OFFS: Drunk men
HOBBIES: To walk around the beach doing nothing
ENTERTAINMENTS: To fuck with more men than one
BEST BOOKS: Anything by Norman Mailer
BEST COLOURS: Blue and green
BEAUTY: Dark evenings with moonshine
AMBITIONS: To live in the sun
DRINKING HABITS: Milk, juice, wine and old whisky
PHYSICAL ACTIVITIES: Besides making love I go to a gym.
SEXY EVENING: With one or two who really want to fuck.
PROUDEST ASSETS: All of me
SEXIEST OUTFIT: My soft skin
SELF ALTERATIONS: Just to live as I do
FIRST SEX EXPERIENCE: When I was 12 with a boy next door
BEST SEX EXPERIENCE: With three sailors, in Marseilles
BEST SEX TECHNIQUE: To suck and fuck
MASTURBATION: Now and then when I feel hot
ORGASM: Every time I give and take with joy
FANTASIES: To teach a very young boy everything and then have him as a secret lover

SIGNATURE: Sofia



SOFIA:

A SECRET MEETING





Hab ich ihn doch endlich einmal wieder bei mir. Keine Gelegenheit läßt er aus. Die paar Stunden, die er sich von seinem Geschäftsbesuch freimachen kann, verbringt mit mir.

It is nice to have him here again. Each time he comes here on business, he immediately calls me. The few hours he is free, he spends with me.



Das Spiel hat seine Regeln, und an die halten wir uns. Ein stillschweigendes Einverständnis bedarf nicht vieler großer Worte.

We both know the rules of the game. We do not talk much. There is a silent agreement between us, stronger than words can create.





Nur keine Zeit vergeuden mit Nebensächlichkeiten. Unsere Körper wollen ineinander verschmelzen. Wir gießen schon fleißig Öl aufs Feuer.

No sooner in his room than our bodies melt into each other. I enjoy his warm, firm hands and each part of my body turns him on.







Oh, wie hart er ist! Wie groß! Meine feuchte Wärme wartet auf ihn. Ein Fieberschauer schüttelt mich, als er in mich dringt.

His prick is big and hard. I am ready now. Humid, warm and longing I am almost shivering at the touch when he enters me.





Ganz langsam nimmt er mich.
So als wollte er jeden meiner
geheimsten Winkel, jeden
meiner Schleimbäche aus-
kosten.

He takes me slowly, as if he
wants to taste my juice, live with-
in me. And when I fondle him, I
feel small shivers running
through his hard organ spread-
ing to and through my body.







Die Weichheit wendet sich in Wildheit. Härter rennt er von hinten gegen mich an, tief, tief hinein in meine hurenhaft klaffende Öffnung.

The softness turns into animal lust. He rides me stronger and like a bitch I widen my cunt so that he comes deeply into me from behind.





Und dann auf einmal: Halt!
Sein Harter ruckt . . .
rhythmisch . . . rauscht . . .
seine Säfte fließen zu meinen. Er
und ich im Höhensturm.

Suddenly it stops. In a rythm of
cramps his wet cock exudes the
white sauce that adds it flow to
mine. Our juices mix in a wonder-
ful orgasm.





Ah, dieser göttliche
Geschmack.
Dieser Duft von
Mann und Kraft.
Mein Mund segnet
unsere Innigkeit.

It tastes of honey,
filled of strength
and power. With
my mouth I confirm
our night of love.





DON'T MISS



Sabrina

IN THE NEXT
EXCITING ISSUE OF:

INTERNATIONAL PRIVATE

INTERNATIONAL COLOR MAGAZINE - LEADING IN EROTOGRAPHY

69

TEXT IN
ENGLISH

DEUTSCHER
TEXT



DEBORAH:
A JOYFULL MORNING



Strandgut bin ich, die Deborah. Beschwingt wie ein schöner, stolzer Meeresvogel, der bei den weißen Wellen wohnt. Und der nur mit Gleichgesinnten schläft. Die lassen sich nicht lange locken.



My name is Deborah and I feel free as a bird. When I want, I can take my bed down to the beach and find some nice boys to play with. They easily fall for the bait and my lust quickly turns them on as well.





Voller Muscheln ist so ein richtiger Strand. Ich aber trage meine Muschel bei mir. Wenn sie sich öffnet, kannst du vielleicht die Perle sehen.



Oh, I am full of wild hunger and I long for smooth, hard dicks to fill my body.





Mein Hunger ist unersättlich.
Oh, ich kann so furchtbar
gefräßig sein!



It is a hunger that is difficult to
satisfy. I only want more and
more.



Komm doch näher mit deinem Langen, damit ich ihn verschlinge – so wie der weiße Hai seine Opfer reißt.



Push into me hard! You can do better! I long to feel the dicks deep within me.





Na na, der leistet aber tapfer
Widerstand. Himmel, jetzt
wehrt er sich ja wie ein
Wahnsinniger!



Such strong men. Who know
how to take a woman. Power-
full dongs which work me over
without pardon.



Ach, da ist ja noch einer. Jetzt erst fühle ich mich so richtig in meinem Element.



And then both at the same time. I can almost feel how they touch each other within me. It turns me on enormously.





Viel mußte ich hingeben,
diese Ozeane zum Tosen zu
bringen.



And finally they come. Floods
of hot sperm covers me.

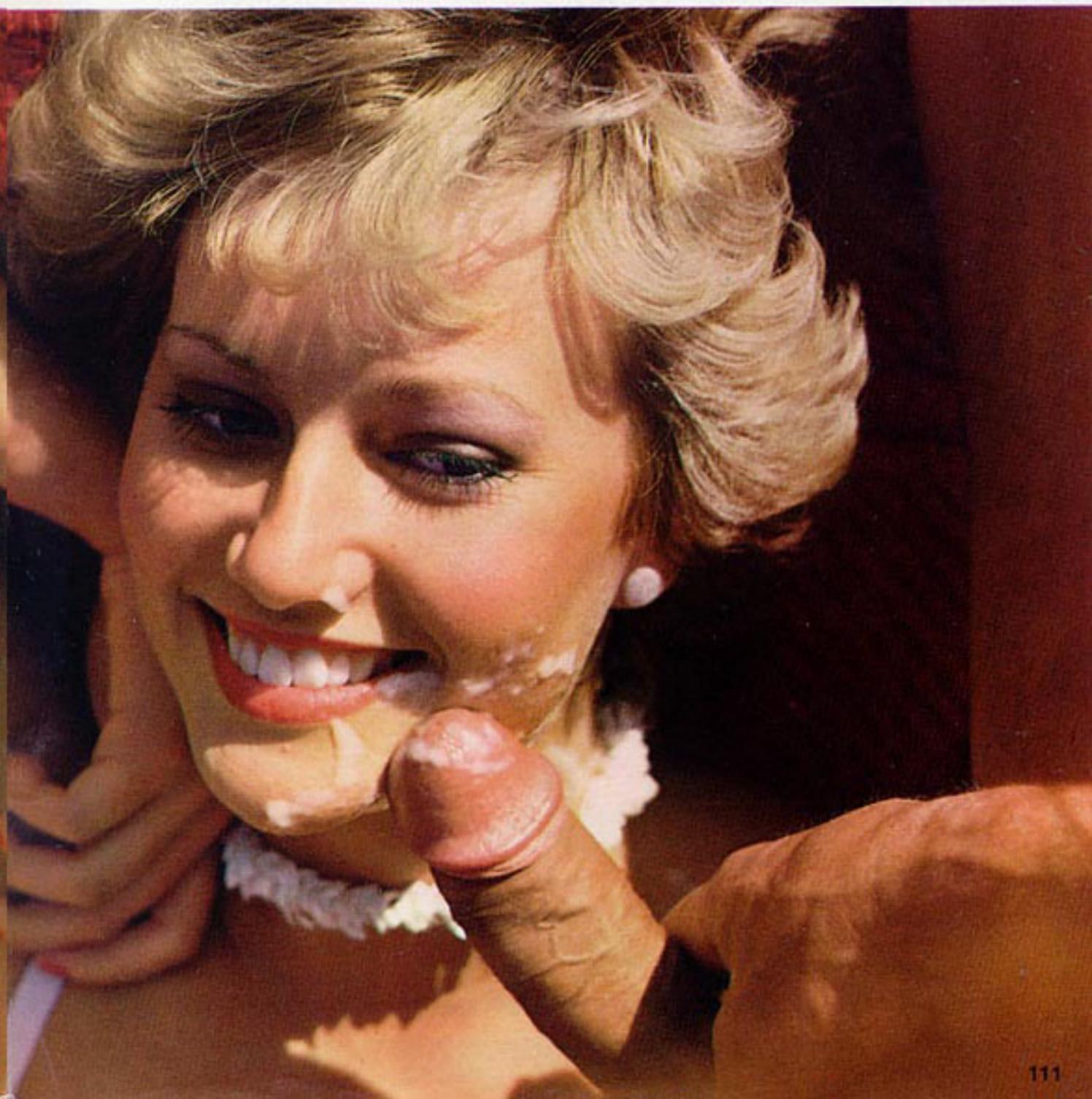




Es rauscht aus ihnen heraus.
Ich höre immer mehr Schaum
pfeifen. Und dann die wohlige
Flaute. Ebbe. Nichts.



I can sense how the stiff dicks
slacken in my mouth. Warm
and sticky they become what I
like most in life.



INTERNATIONAL PRIVATE

EINE BERTH MILTON PUBLIKATION.

68

DAS WELTGRÖSSTE GANZFARBIGE SEX-MAGAZIN

MORAL:

ANTIKE CONTRA NEUZEIT

ANNELIE:

EINE LUSTVOLLE ZUSAMMENKUNFT

EMELIE:

DIE ERSTE VERABREDUNG
AUF WUNSCH DES LESERS
PRIVATE ART ♡ PRIVATE POST

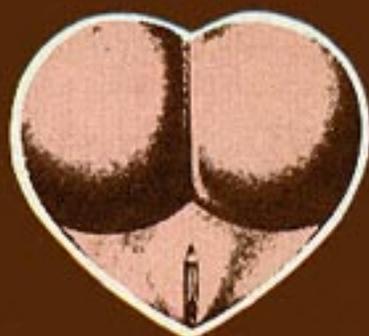
ROSALYN:

DIE GLÜCKLICHE ERFOLGREICHE HURE
FOTZEN FORUM ♡ MILLE BAISER

SOFIA: EIN GEHEIMES TREFFEN

DEBORAH:

EIN MORGEN VOLLER FREUDE
UND VIEL, VIEL MEHR



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