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# HUNGER

Last March, I attended a weeklong sales convention in Chicago, one of my favorite cities. One day after a meeting, a group of us went to the top of the Sears Tower, walked up and down the Magnificent Mile, and ate real Chicago-style hot dogs at Millennium Park.

One of the men in the group, Aiden, was originally from Ireland and spoke with a thick brogue that warmed me down to my toes. He was tall with a muscular build, dark wavy hair that made me want to run my hands through it, and a well-trimmed goatee. Naturally, he had all the women flirting with him.

On the last night of the convention, Aiden and I stopped at the hotel bar for a drink and I finally got the nerve to ask him if he was seeing anyone. He said no and asked if I was. I told him I'd split with my husband about a year earlier and hadn't been with anyone else since. Looking deep into his vivid blue eyes, I knew that after my year long drought, Aiden was the first guy I wanted to fuck.

"How'd you like to come to my room and sample some Texas peach before we leave tomorrow?" I asked, as my mind screamed out for me to climb his body like a scratching post. My heart beat wildly in my chest as I sipped my drink, awaiting his answer. His gaze held mine as he smiled slowly and said, "Nothing would please me more, Serena."

As soon as we were in my hotel room, Aiden placed his hands on my shoulders and said, "I want you," then gently unzipped my dress, letting it fall to the floor. I stood there in my lacy underwear and black high heels.

Aiden easily picked me up, carried me to the bed, and slowly pulled off my panties. I was excited and nervous as he dragged them down my legs, planting hot, wet kisses along my skin every few seconds.

"You are beautiful," Aiden said as he stopped kissing me long enough to undress. Without his clothes, he looked like a Greek god. He had a lean yet muscular build and the thickest cock I'd ever seen. I couldn't wait to take him into my mouth and my pussy. I started stroking it, then licked from the tip down to the base until I reached his balls. Working my way back up to the head, I stroked him with one hand and caressed his balls with the other. Aiden let out a primal growl and said,

"My turn," as he spread my legs and hooked them over his shoulders. He lapped at my juices and sucked on my clit. My hips began to move wantonly against his lips as he sucked even harder. I laced my fingers into his dark curls, bringing him closer to me as I cried out in ecstasy.

I kissed him when he'd finished, tasting my tangy juices on his lips and tongue. He sucked on my nipples as I stroked him, guiding him toward my center. I let out a whimper when his fat cock entered me. He gave me a

wicked smile, and I felt him grow even harder inside me. He seemed to be waiting for me to adjust to his size.

“Fuck me, Aiden!” I screamed, wrapping my legs around him, pulling him in deeper. He started to move, steadily driving his cock in and out of me with long, hard strokes until I was overcome with another wave of exquisite pleasure.

When he pulled out of me, still rock-hard, I moved around until I lay atop him. His cock was inches from my lips and I sucked on it while he tasted my peach. When I came this time, I could make as much noise as I wanted because I had his juicy dick in my mouth to muffle my moans.

“I have never been with a woman who comes as often as you do,” Aiden said between hot kisses. “I could fuck you all night long and never tire.”

Thank heavens for that, I thought.

I had a hell of a lot of alone time to make up for. –

## MADE FOR EACH OTHER

in the middle, Sadie and I took turns sucking and licking his dick – I love the feeling of sharing a cock with another mouth. Jackson watched us, and the longer Sadie and I sucked, the more his cock began to twitch and jump. When the pleasure became too much, he pushed me back, flipped me onto my stomach, and began fucking me from behind. Sadie slid her sopping-wet pussy in front of me, and I began to eat her out. It didn't take long for Sadie to come, flooding my mouth with her juices as Jackson continued drilling his cock into me.

Then Jackson pressed on my clit and the orgasm that had been building crashed through me in continuous waves. I never thought of myself as multi orgasmic, but with Jackson's relentless thrusting and Sadie tweaking my nipples just right, I couldn't seem to stop coming. Finally, my body began to relax and I collapsed onto the bed.

I didn't have to tell Jackson to get his dick, which was still hard, out of me and into Sadie. She'd moved beside me and was guiding Jackson between her legs. When Sadie and I went one-on-one, we sometimes used my strap-on, so I knew she liked it hard and fast. That's exactly what she was going to get from Jackson.

She wrapped her legs around his hips as he worked his cock in and out at high speed. Jackson swings a mean dick when he gets going, and this was one of those occasions. Each time Jackson slammed into Sadie, he grunted and she moaned. I loved watching my two favorite lovers screw, and it looked like they were enjoying themselves, too. I dipped my fingers in my pussy, then fed them to Sadie. She sucked hard, swirling her tongue around them, trying to get all the cream. Then she let out an unexpected gasp and started coming, arching up under Jackson. Her climax tripped Jackson's switch and he let go, finishing with a roar

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you with a red  
face and horns,  
he comes to you  
disguised as  
everything  
you've ever  
wanted.***

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and several deep strokes, leaving behind lots of yummy come for me to eat out.

All in all, I couldn't have hoped for a better outcome. We'd finally hit on the perfect combination for our threesome. I thought I might miss the thrill of trying out new candidates, but we've been having such a great time together that I think our days of looking are over.

## GROCERY-STORE SEX

Grocery-store manager is not up there on any list of "sexiest jobs," but maybe it should be. During my years as the manager of an individual store that was part of a large chain, I had some of the best sex of my life. My favorite thing was getting blowjobs from the hot, young cashiers.

One of my most memorable experiences was with Selena, an 18-year-old girl. She was Hispanic, with long, curly hair. She would wear long skirts with no underwear to work. The first time I called her into the front office, she closed the door behind her and we started kissing. I took my cock out and she was on it like a pro. She sucked me dry, then went back to ringing up customers as if nothing had happened.

The second time I called her into the office, a week later, I pulled up her skirt and was surprised to see that not only was she naked underneath, she was also soaking wet. I bent her over the desk and slid my cock into her, right there during store hours. Unfortunately, another cashier paged me to do an override. I pulled my pants up and put on a smock from the meat department to hide my raging hard-on. If anyone noticed, they didn't say a thing. When I got back to the office, Selena finished me off with a nice, slow blowjob and I came in her mouth. I loved the idea of her out there at the reg-

ister with a mouthful of my come. I think she did, too.

Being in a position of authority, I knew that my employees looked up to me, especially the female ones.

If a new employee needed help with her training, I was always available. When Jane, a recently divorced mother of two in her forties, started with us, I knew she was struggling.

I offered to meet her at the store early in the morning to go over the computer system. Even though she was a good ten years older than I was, this woman was a knockout. She had a huge pair of tits and wore low-cut shirts with tight jeans. As I instructed her on the register, I accidentally bumped into her chest. Her face turned red and she said her big tits were always getting in the way. I told her I didn't mind and would love to see them. She hesitated for a second, but there was no one around, so she lifted up her shirt—bra and all—and out spilled her perfect rack. I started sucking on her nipples and pinching them really hard, which made her moan. Jane pulled down her jeans, and I lifted her onto the conveyor belt and got on top of her. I wanted to fuck her so bad, but I knew there wasn't time. Instead I jerked myself off, coming all over her big, beautiful tits. After that morning we started dating, until she eventually got a job at a law firm.

My buddies envy me for getting it on at work. The really perverted ones want to know if I ever do anything kinky with the food. And the answer, of course, is yes. I was dating this woman Rose, who I knew from outside of work. One night before closing she came to pick me up. I was busy counting money and closing up, so I didn't really pay attention to what she was doing. When I looked up, she was sitting in the chair across from my desk with a basket of vegetables. She pulled out a zucchini and started licking it up and down, making it really wet. Pulling up her dress, she moved her panties to the side and stuck it inside her. just the tip. I just about exploded when I saw that. After she finished putting on her little show, I lay down on the floor and told her to get on. She rode me, and I made her come several times.

But my all-time favorite thing to do at work was to stop the security cameras from recording, but keep the one in the office rolling, so I could watch myself getting blown on all four TV monitors. There I would be sitting, my pants off and my cock getting sucked by some little slut. I'd look up at the monitors and watch as the girl's head moved up and down and think,

I have the best job in the world! Then I would shoot my load and send her back to work----

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## AMAZING TURN ON

I had only meant to spend a few minutes in the bookstore, tracking down the latest releases from my favorite erotic fiction authors. Before I knew it, the place was about to close.

I always lose track of time when I start to read, especially if the book includes lots of hot, steamy sex scenes. I really get into it and love how turned on I get. That night was no exception. I felt flushed and my thong felt damp and I wished my boyfriend hadn't gone out with his friends because I was going to have to take matters into my own hands when I got home.

When I stepped outside the store, the cool night air made my hot skin tingle. I had on a long cape and had to hold it closed over my thin dress, but the breeze still slipped through, creating goose bumps on the naked skin above the tops of my thigh-highs. It was quiet and the only sound was the click of my heels as I turned the corner onto a seldom-used side street toward my car—and stopped with a gasp. The other thing that gets me going is a badass muscle car like the one parked directly in front of mine. It looked just like the Mustang 390 GT that Steve McQueen drove in Bullitt. In my book, you just can't get any hotter than that ride. I was still enjoying the buzz I'd gotten from reading the books, but the sight of that car just flat out did it for me.

I looked around, and since no one else was in sight, I walked slowly toward the car and stopped in front of the grille. I placed my hand on the hood. It was still warm. I started circling the car, letting my fingers caress its smooth lines. By the time I reached the back, my heart was



pounding. When I'd reached the front again, I took one more look around. Then I set my bag down, reached under my dress, and pulled my thong down and let it fall to the ground. I caressed the bare tops of my thighs and felt my pussy getting wetter and wetter. I brought my fingers up to my mouth and sucked my juices from them. Mmm... sweet.

Knowing the owner could return at any moment, I quickly took off my cape and spread it over the hood—I didn't want to scratch the paint. I looked around one last time before climbing up. I lay on my back, placed one hand on the hood of the car, and let the other fall between my legs. In spite of the cool night air, my pussy was wet and warm. I touched my clit and began rubbing, slowly at first, then dipping my fingers into my cunt.

I closed my eyes, imagining I was driving the car, and my fingers took on a life of their own, moving faster and faster. I felt the pressure building inside me as my heart raced, pushing me toward the finish line. Suddenly I cried out as my body quivered in release and my juices spilled into my hand and onto the cape. Through the pleasure, I continued rubbing my clit, moaning and trembling uncontrollably until I calmed down.

When I opened my eyes, I was startled to see a tall, good-looking man standing in front of me with his arms crossed over his chest.

"Thanks for keeping my car warm," he said. "Got anything left for me?" "That depends," I said, hoping he had the correct answer to my next question. "Do you have a condom?"

"Never leave home without 'em," he said, smiling. Then he reached into the back pocket of his black jeans and pulled one out.

I smiled as I brought my left hand up to my lips, licking my fingers clean again. I slid off the car and watched as he unbuttoned his jeans and freed his cock, which was already stiff and oozing pre-come. He was definitely bigger than my boyfriend, and I briefly wondered if I should let this go any further, but as he rolled the condom onto his erection I knew what I wanted—to fuck the driver of this badass car.

Turning around, I placed my hands on the hood of his car and spread my legs as if waiting to be searched. Then I felt him slide my dress up over my hips and press his cock against my bare ass. His firm hands moved up along my thighs, and just when they reached my hips, he drove his full length into me in one quick move. I was so hot that I came just from that initial thrust. He waited until I stopped moaning before he began fucking me, going deeper and harder with each stroke. I didn't know how long we were at it, but I never wanted him to stop.

It seemed as if we'd been fucking for hours, although I'm sure it was only a matter of minutes. However long it was, it felt incredibly decadent, but in the best way possible. Feeling as if I were about to overheat, I reached down to rub my clit. As soon as I did that, I cried out and started coming again. Whether my unknown driver was ready to come at that precise moment or not, I'll never know, but I'm certain I heard him shout something before he slammed into me one final time, pinning me to the car.

As we both took deep, ragged breaths, he slowly pulled away from me and pulled my dress down. I reached for my cape and turned to see him buttoning his pants. I retrieved my bag and thong from the side walk and headed for my car. Turning to get a last glimpse of the car, I saw him leaning against it, looking slightly amazed by what had just happened. Then he smiled and looked as if he were about to say something— or, worse yet, ask me my name. He hadn't a clue that if it hadn't been for the car, it never would have happened. But he'd probably figure it out.

As I got into my car, I said, "Have a good night, and thanks for the ride."—

## *FUN TO WATCH*

One night my boyfriend, Tyler, and I went to a club and I was getting very frustrated. Tyler and I had yet to have sex, and I was still a virgin. I'd been trying to get him to pop my cherry for weeks, but he kept saying that he didn't think he was good enough. I thought maybe going out to a club and dancing would get him riled up, but when I tried kissing him, he turned away, embarrassed by my public display of affection. So, when another guy asked me to dance, I said yes. I figured it was time to take myself off that damn pedestal Tyler had me on. Soon Matt and I were making out and he put his hand up my skirt.

I knew Tyler was staring at us as Matt began to run his hands over my body, cupping my ass at one point, then reaching around to play with my pussy, but I didn't care. When Matt asked me if Tyler was my boyfriend, I lied and said he was just some guy I'd met that night. He seemed pleased with that answer, and asked if I wanted to go outside with him so we could "get to know each other better."

I jumped at the chance. He was incredibly sexy, he seemed into me, and we'd already gone farther than Tyler and I ever had.

I had the keys to Tyler's car, so I led Matt through the parking lot to the

shiny SUV. As soon as we got in, we started making out, and then he started feeling me up. Soon he was fingering my pussy under my skirt, and I was going crazy. When he pulled the straps of my dress down and took off my bra to suck my nipples,

I noticed that the windows were starting to fog.

When I turned my head, I saw Tyler standing outside and watching us, but I really didn't give a shit. Matt had three fingers inside my tight pussy and one of my legs was upon the dashboard. My tits were hanging out so Matt could get to them, and my hair had fallen free from its clip. A moment later, Matt fingered me to a wild orgasm.

I was still shaking from my climax when I decided to fuck him. Matt was happy to oblige, and he pulled out what looked to me like a monster cock. Matt knew exactly what to do, and he soon had me flipped over the seat, my legs parted and my cunt wet and ready.

He was a tight fit, and I felt deliciously dirty with his big cock ramming into my virginal pussy and my breasts hanging over the back of the seat, swaying as he worked up a rhythm.

## BOTH WAYS

His strokes were deep, urgent, and my pussy was making wet sucking noises as he pumped in and out.

When I turned my head to look out the window, I saw that Tyler had moved closer, only a foot away, and was stroking his cock as he watched Matt fuck me. When Tyler came, spraying his come all over the side of the car, I came strongly, too, thanks to Matt's deep penetration. Finally, Matt came with a groan, pulling out and shooting his load all over my ass.

Still panting, Matt and I straightened up and got out of the car. That's when Matt saw Tyler standing there.

As we drove home, Tyler told me that even though he was still kind of mad, he was also really turned on from watching me with someone else. When we got back to Tyler's place, we finally fucked. Then he told me that he had gotten so aroused watching Matt and me that he didn't care if I fucked other guys, as long as he could watch sometimes. Of course, I agreed. This night had already been better than I'd ever dreamed.

Over the next few months, I fucked five or six different men while Tyler looked on, and I realized that I liked to be watched just as much as Tyler enjoyed watching. We both get so much pleasure from those situations that I don't think we'll ever stop!—

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I guess I've always been bisexual. I remember one particular drunken night in my early twenties when someone dared me to go down on my best friend at a party. I'd never tasted another woman before, but we were both a little drunk and a lot horny, so I was keen to go for it if she was. Needless to say, it was a night to remember.

A few years later, when I met a man I knew I could love, I had to confess my secret urges for the taste of a hot woman. As I'd chosen well, my boyfriend was more than willing to accommodate my extracurricular bedroom activities, and not much later, we hooked up with a single chick I had met on an Internet dating site.

We met at a local hotel, and she instantly put us at ease with her big smile. Lana was really confident, and we were happy to let her lead the way. She gave me the most amazing clit-whipping with her tongue. I was so hot, and my pussy was pulsating with every stroke. As I wriggled around on the bed in ecstasy, I could see pre-come already dripping from my boyfriend's cock.

Then she gave my boyfriend a blowjob. He told me afterward that there's nothing that compares to having some random chick wildly suck his dick. Where I "make love"

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to his cock when I give him head, he said Lana just blew him in the most outrageous way.

After that, my boyfriend fingered Lana's cunt, and after he had her nice and warmed up, he dipped his cock inside her, getting himself nice and wet. Then I grabbed hold of his dick and guided his throbbing member toward her ass. My boyfriend loves anal sex, and though we've tried it a number of times, I've always had a hard time getting relaxed enough to really take him deep inside my ass. Lana, though, seemed to have no trouble, so I knew she and my boyfriend would get along just fine.

Lana took every inch of his hard length into her ass, and although I was looking for signs of discomfort, I didn't see anything on her face or in her body language but utter passion and enjoyment. My boyfriend was really pounding her ass, too, but Lana loved it. And then she came, her ass squeezing his cock tight as she flooded the bed with her juices. The whole time I was watching them, I was playing with myself using my favorite pink dolphin vibrator. When my boyfriend pulled out and yanked off his condom so he could come all over her tits, I brought myself off, too. All three of us finished with gratifying moans and squirms.

During the course of the night, as we continued to experiment with various positions and combinations, the sheets became soaked and the head board came away from the wall, leaving several dents from the hard pounding. There was also a pile of used condoms and wrappers in the garbage can and cigarette butts piled high in the small bedside ashtray.

The next day, my boyfriend asked me why I would allow him to sleep with another woman. I told him that it was my job as a good girlfriend to make sure he was happy, especially sexually, and to deliver anything he wanted in the bedroom. Now, we don't have an open relationship per se, but as long as we're both present, he's welcome to have sex with as many women as he wants. He gets to have all the anal sex he wants with willing and able partners, and I love that I, too, get to have wild and crazy sex with all the hot women we bring home.—

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## GREAT YEAR AT SCHOOL

It was late, and I'd just come back from the gym, sticky with sweat. I can't fall asleep if I feel dirty, so I took off my clothes, put on my robe, and went to the girls' shower. But, to my dismay, all the showers were in use, so I decided I'd creep into the boys' shower.

I didn't hear anyone in there, so I opened the door slowly and walked in. But when I rounded the corner to the showers, I was confronted by none other than a tall, handsome football player who happened to live on my floor. He was naked, having just come out of the shower, and was in the process of drying off the massive cock that came with having such a big, muscular body.

Right away my pussy started getting wet, and I knew that I was going to let him fuck me. The lust I felt for him must have been on my face, because he smiled, dropped his towel, and walked right up to me with his dick in his hand. I let my robe fall to the floor and leaned in to kiss him.

I could feel his rod stiffen against my belly as our tongues probed each other's mouth, and I reached down and started stroking his meat very slowly. He let out a moan of pleasure. Then I got down on my knees and took the head of his throbbing cock into my mouth. I held it there, gently sucking and massaging it with the tip of my tongue. Then I pulled my head back, dragging his stiff dick with me, and there was a loud pop as it slipped

out of my still-sucking mouth. Then I leaned in again, taking his cock a little deeper this time. Slowly, I began to move my head back and forth, then pulled away again.

By now, his cock was quivering. I leaned in a third time and took him so far down my throat that my nose was pressed against the base of his cock and buried in his pubes. With my hands free, I reached down and started rubbing my pulsating clit. It felt so good and my pussy was so wet that the juices ran down my fingers and dripped onto the floor.

When he'd had enough of my mouth, he gently pushed me down to the tile floor and knelt over me. Then he climbed on top of me and began to grind his cock along the outer mound of my pussy. I couldn't take it anymore, so I whispered for him to fuck me. His dick was big, and he knew it, so he whispered, "Take a deep breath," then slowly pushed into me.

I gasped as he entered me, but it felt wonderful, too. I'd never had my pussy so full of cock before, and the sensation of him sliding in and out of me was amazing. I grunted with each thrust as my fingernails dug into his back, and soon he was fucking me hard, our bodies making a slapping sound as our pelvises came crashing together. But he wanted more.

He pulled his dick out of me and told me to get on my hands and knees, and I did, sticking my ass high into the air.

He placed his hand on top of my crack and used his thumb to probe my soaking-wet cunt. When he had enough lube on it, he pulled his thumb out of my pussy and brought its tip to rest in the center of my pink, puckered asshole. I let out a low sigh as he began to push his greasy thumb into my ass. He worked it in slowly, gaining a bit of ground and pulling it back, only to go back in a little deeper.

I moaned when his first knuckle slipped through the tight boundary of my sphincter. Then he grabbed his cock and guided it into my hungry cunt, thrusting in balls-deep.

I came with his pecker deep inside me, my tight twat spasmodically squeezing the cock that filled it. From the noises he was making, I was pretty sure that he was close, too, but he wasn't finished with me yet. He pulled his thumb out of my ass and began to replace it with his cock. I wasn't expecting that, and I tensed up and pulled back when I felt his dick probe the outer circle of my backdoor.

"I've never done that," I said.

"I'll be gentle," he replied as he pulled me back by my hips. Then he slowly slipped his cock into my virgin asshole. My ass was incredibly tight, but he used the same technique with his rod as he had with his thumb. He pushed inside a little bit at a time, slowly pulling his cock back and then in a little bit deeper, and soon my sphincter relaxed and he had his pelvis pressed

against my ass cheeks.

I began to grunt in pleasure as he started to build a rhythm. He began slowly, sliding deep into my asshole, then pulling almost all the way out, before going back in. He lightly slapped my ass, then started butt-fucking me a little faster.

Now he was grunting, making animal noises, and when he couldn't hold out any longer, he pulled my ass flush against his body and arched his back to get as deep as he could. I felt his fingers dig into my ass cheeks as his cock exploded deep inside me with a torrent of thick come.

When he pulled his cock out, he gave my ass one final slap and sat down on the floor. I turned to face him, still on my hands and knees, and I leaned in and kissed him.

It turned out to be a great school year for the both of us!—

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## DIRTY WORDS

I always bring a book when I travel, and when I had to take the train to Boston for a meeting, I was thrilled to have time to start my new book. It was a murder mystery that had been getting rave reviews, so I was looking forward to getting lost in the plot in hopes of making the trip go faster.

The train was fairly empty, since I was leaving so early in the morning, and I found a seat in the back of the car. I shoved my bags into the over-head compartment, grabbed a blanket, and curled up in my seat with my book and started reading.

I was drawn into the story from the first sentence, and I found myself forgetting where I was. Then, about a quarter of the way into the story, the mystery was put on hold so the main character could fuck a fellow detective.

As I read through the graphic scene, I couldn't help but get turned on by the author's steamy words. My heart was racing, my pulse pounding, and my pussy throbbing as the couple in the book moved to the bedroom and started taking off their clothes. I don't know what surprised me more, that the book included such an erotic scene, or that I was so aroused by it.

I reached under my blanket and started rubbing my pussy through my slacks. The more clothing the characters took off, the harder I pressed, trying to stop the ache between my legs. It wasn't enough, though, and as the story progressed, I unsnapped my pants and moved my hand inside my panties.

I could feel how wet I was through the thin cotton of my underwear, and I knew I wouldn't be satisfied if I didn't do something more, so I pulled aside the damp crotch of my panties as best I could and wiggled my fingers past the bunched-up material. Now my fingers were pressed against my warm, wet pussy, and I could feel my heart start to pound even more.

My eyes were glued to my book, where the characters were just starting to fuck, and I rubbed my fingers all over my pussy, feeling the sticky wetness start to coat my fingers.

With my fingers nicely lubed, I traced circles around my pussy, each one getting smaller until my index finger was right on top of my clit. My button was hard and throbbing, and I lightly ran the very tip of my finger back and forth over it.

The girl in the book was riding her partner like a cowgirl from the Wild West, and I could see the scene in my head, the author's words coming to life for me and making me want to come.

I started toggling my clit more, putting a bit more pressure on the hot nub and shuddering each time I felt a sharp wave of pleasure race through my body. I was incredibly aroused now, and as the characters in my book continued their wild romp, I eased a finger into my dripping-wet pussy.

A quiet sigh escaped my lips as my finger slid in slowly and I imagined the girl in the story making a similar sound as the detective's cock slid into her.

I thrust my finger in and out, but the more I fingered myself, the more I wanted—needed, really—to be fucked. I had no one around to take care of me, though, so I simply added a second finger and continued finger-fucking myself.

I was panting now, getting hotter by the second, and my pussy was tingling. Soon I found myself sliding a third finger into my pussy.

I could feel myself nearing climax. I felt impossibly full, my fingers stretching my pussy as wide as it had ever been, and I couldn't stop.

My fingers were working faster, thrusting harder, as I tried to get myself off as quickly as possible.

I gasped as I felt myself go over the edge. I was coming harder than I ever had, and I wasn't even fucking anyone.

I kept pumping my fingers in and out, not stopping until I was spent. When I was done, I pulled my fingers from my pussy and sighed in contentment.

That's when I remembered where I was, and I felt my cheeks flame as it dawned on me that anyone passing through my car could've seen or heard me pleasuring myself. A quick glance around assured me that that hadn't happened, though, as the only other person was several rows ahead of me, snoring loudly.

Confident that I hadn't been caught, I straightened out my blanket, lifted the book into my line of sight, and started reading again. I still had an hour left, and I was really enjoying my novel!—

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DR. ZSTATISTICS

*Is it true that most women do not tell the truth about the number of sexual partners they've had? At least, that's what's happened with many of the women I have met – they all initially withheld information about how many guys they had fucked, only later confessing to all their sexual exploits. So how many men does the average American woman sleep with in her lifetime? I would bet most women have had 30 or more men by the time they reach their thirties.*

According to a 2007 national survey, the median number of lifetime female sexual partners for men was seven; the median number of male partners for women was four. You are obviously way off – or you date women who are way above average in their “sexploration” quotient. Statisticians say that the number of sexual partners ought to be the same, on average, for any large group of men and women. But most surveys find that

men report two to four times as many sexual partners as women do. Are men lying to inflate their sexual reputations?

Are women lying to downplay their sexual experience? This suggests that the old double standard in which men screw anything in skirts and women remain pure until marriage is still alive in our sexual subconscious.

Some psychologists maintain that most men and women don't intentionally misrepresent their sexual histories; they simply use different methods to estimate the number of partners they've had. Apparently, women are more likely to rely on specific enumeration. They tend to say,

“Well, there was John, Tom,” etc. This is a strategy that typically leads to underestimation, particularly if some of their prior lovers were losers they would rather forget. Men are twice as likely to use rough approximation to

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answer the question: “Well, I bang about a dozen babes a year, and I’ve been scoring for the past ten years....” Rough approximation is a methodology known to produce overestimation.

Do some women lie? Sure—to protect their partner’s ego or make themselves look less promiscuous. You seem to get your rocks off by convincing yourself that all women are sluts. Is that why you are so concerned about finding out the “real number”? Stop worrying about the notches on her belt, and rejoice that your sorry ass is getting laid.

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## **NOT TO HER TASTE**

*My girlfriend is not big on oral sex. It takes a lot to convince her to give me head. When she does, she immediately stops when my pre-come comes out. She claims it doesn't taste good and makes her gag. She has even mentioned that she might be allergic to it. Is that possible? And is there any way to keep the pre-come from dripping out until we have intercourse? I love getting head and would do anything to get her more into it.*

It is highly unlikely that your girlfriend has an allergy to your come. Allergies to semen are very rare. And when they do occur, the allergic reaction—whether it’s from oral sex or vaginal intercourse—is accompanied either by a rash or an irritation. Since there is no way of keeping pre-come from leaking out, your only solution to the taste issue is to mask it by donning a condom (you can opt for a flavored one) or periodically dipping your penis in chocolate sauce or something else that will appeal to her.

Drinking more water may also tone down the taste and thin out the consistency of your pre-come.

But I think that her reluctance to go down on you probably has some psychological roots—either from some childhood indoctrination about oral sex being dirty, or possibly a negative earlier experience.

Talking about her prior experiences might bring these issues to the fore, which might help her get over her inability to enjoy giving you oral. Be understanding, and let her have all the time she needs to work through her psychological aversions.

However, if she says she has blown her prior boyfriends and gobbled down their come without a problem, then she must be having some ambivalence about having sex with you.

If this is the case, and if getting head is that important to you, you are better off getting a new girlfriend

**VIDEO**



# 5 RULES TO TEXTING GIRLS — TEXTING TO IMPRESS

There's a well known technique to texting but one that's badly followed. The essence of texting is communication through the typed word and when you have a girl on the other end of the chat-line, be it Facebook, your phone (through normal sms, software like WhatsApp, Viber or WeChat) or any other chat client the rules of texting are simple.

On following rules for the best sms to impress a girl you end up making quite the impact on your would-be date or romantic partner in ways you never thought possible.

Your aim should be anchored on one goal... You're communicating with her, your girl, and so need to behave as though you're actually there. The trick to impressing girls through texting is to keep the conversation well balanced and catering to their sentiments. Here's how...

## **Rule 1 — *Repondez S'il Vous Plait***

In case you're thinking your mind has skipped to a European channel that's only French for "Reply,

please". This is the cardinal rule of texting. Granted, guys get busy and they may have several legitimate reasons why they haven't responded to a text from their girl. But she doesn't know what your reasons are, does she?

She'll start assuming you're either unsure what to say, don't feel like talking about that topic you left the conversation at, have moved on to chat with someone you feel is more important than her and so on and so forth. Her assumptions aren't wrong. It's just that she wasn't provided the right reason to help her make sense of why you left her hanging.

In this case a simple 'brb' most often does the trick and, guys, please do indeed be right back and not after half an hour or longer. If successfully followed this rule will

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*earn you several points in her book and she will be more inclined to want to know you better and get closer to being a better friend to you, or more if that's the kind of setting you two share.*

*Crucial note: If she takes too long to reply, don't ask her what happened or where she's been or what had her attention. Women aren't men, duh, and so they have a ton of stuff that only women can genuinely understand. Being asked by a guy what she was up to is very insulting, so don't do that.*

### **Rule 2 — Enough With The Creepie-Jeebies**

I'd love to start this rule with the words 'as much as you can afford to...' but that will be misleading for all you guys reading this. Absolutely, and read that word again if you don't mind, refuse to let yourself ask a creepy question or state a creepy fact.

If, somehow, like on Facebook or elsewhere, you catch wind of her birth date or some other special event associated with her don't bring that up in a conversation where you two are only casually getting to know each other.

Other creepie-jeebies include declaring 'same pinch!' or 'coincidence, me too!' too often... Adding fuel to the fire by asking after her family or any other personal stuff without her sharing it with you on her own... Enquiring after her sister, is she has any, or any girlfriends she may have. You'll be making a gigantic blunder asking about these people to her instead of spending time getting to know her in this intro-conversation you two are having.

### **Rule 3 — Pay Attention**

In a world of google, quick searches and information around every corner, take the time to find out more about something she's interested in. If she passes a fact by you remember it and discuss it, if you feel that's what she wants you to do.

In this way pay attention at all times. Fellers, listen, girls provide the most priceless information in the simplest packages, or in this case, sentence structures. You don't need to have a ph.d. in English Lit for you to decipher her meaning, just some good old fashioned calm observation and attention will do.

too well. So find the one for you and give her top priority in your life.

## **Rule 4 – Prioritize**

This can be quite a difficult rule to follow for almost every man on Earth but it's extremely effective and as such should be considered one of the best texting rules to implement. You have to make up your mind on a girl you like better than any other girl in your life at the time. Then you prioritize her. Running after several women will get you nowhere with any one of them. Women are a highly sensitive species and they can pick up on cues you try hiding under several piles of whatever. She will know if you think she's average, forgettable or uber important to you, so make your efforts count.

Like I said it can be very tough to do this because you may be going through stuff or have already gone through experiences that make you want to sprint from commitment. That's perfectly understandable and you're not to blame in any way. No girl in her right mind can make a mouse of a man, BUT...

You'll never find the one girl for you. And that is our sacrifice for freedom. Everything comes at a price, boys, as our race knows only

## **Rule 5 – Turn On Your Sensitivity Meter**

After reading that sub-title your mind has begun wandering somewhere else, I can tell. Get it back in line with the rules of texting. You can be 'da man' anywhere else and any time else, but grow some sensitivity senses when you're with your girl.

- a. She may talk a lot about herself but that's coz she trusts you'll listen and appreciate her.
- b. She may ask a lot about you and not say much about herself because she wants to know more about you, is interested and desires to build trust with you.
- c. She may exhibit a lot of emotions that are too complex for you to balance or understand but that's only because she believes you may be the one to help her make sense of it all.

In this fashion, gentlemen, you need to have some class and exercise patience. A girl who demands

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your sensitivity is a girl who shows she's interested in you. And, hey, you become a better man in the process. It's not like you have a hundred other occasions in your life where you can wield the silken cords of sensitivity. What better time than with your girl? What better someone than your girl? What more awesome feeling than having a woman find room to invest her trust, affection, time and love in you?

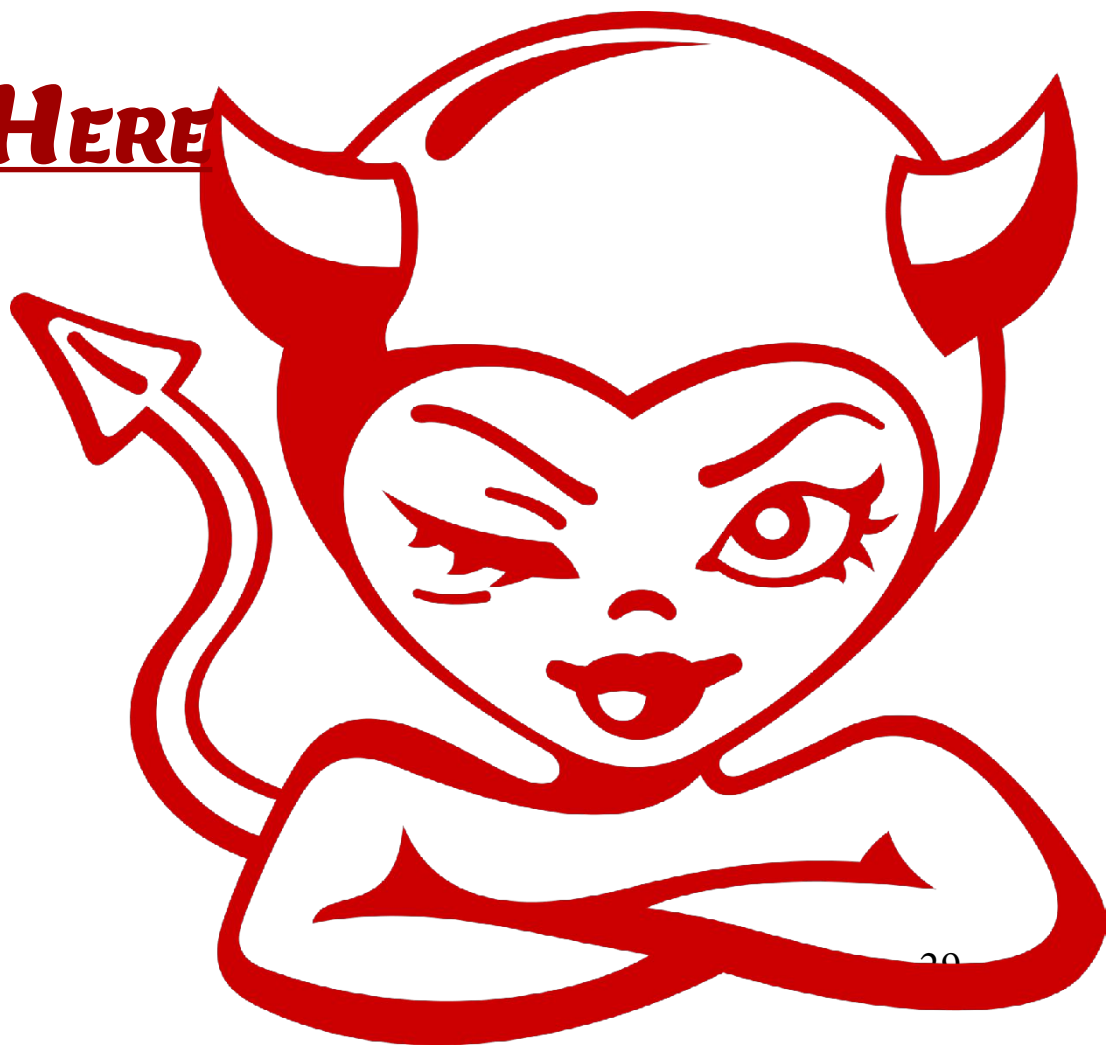
### Final Note

In cases you end up meeting the wrong girl and prioritizing her or following plenty of rules for her, including the rules in this post, all I can say is... You have the positive energies of millions of men across the globe who are going through or have survived that emotional realm of nightmares, break ups, loneliness, depression and more.

When all is said and done, fellers, a good girl and her love is worth a hundred battles. So, once you know the girl you hold dear isn't the one for you and vice versa, brace to face a ton of pain (I'll try covering this idea in a different post) but remember...

Move on with the grace of a lion and the pride of a dragon. Now, go find your goddess and be a gentleman about it.

**[CLICK HERE](#)**





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