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CHANCE SEX

I was feeling pretty good yesterday, driving down route 611. The temperature was fast approaching 90 and it was already humid. My V-neck top was damp and clung to my body.

I had on my favorite designer panties, which are much sexier and more practical than a thong. Thongs leave too little to the imagination. Bikini panties are enough to arouse and sustain someone's interest, but the crotch area can still easily be moved aside for easy access.

My pussy was wet and my panties were getting soaked just thinking about what I planned to do. My denim skirt was the right length and wouldn't be an obstacle if I met the right guy. I knew I looked hot enough to get what I needed – a good fuck.

By the time I'd pulled into the parking lot, it was nearly 11 a.m. I was teetering on the brink. It wouldn't take much to make me come. I grabbed a cart, entered the store, and puzzled over which aisle to cruise. After a brief deliberation, I chose the lumber aisle. I love the smell of wood, and men who work with their hands.

I sighted a likely target and walked slowly toward him. He spotted me, too. I was so wet I imagined everyone could hear squishing sounds as I placed one foot in front of the other.

I stopped right beside him, just close enough to rub shoulders, and looked at the two-by-fours, which I had absolutely no use for. I turned to him, and he asked if he could help me. I smiled, licked my lips, and said, "Perhaps, but not here."

Leaving the cart behind, I headed for the restroom and entered the stall at the far end – the big one that accommodates wheelchairs. Seconds later, I heard footsteps approaching. As soon as he filled the doorway to the stall, I pulled him inside, closed the door, and backed him up against it. As we started kissing, I untied his work apron. I wanted to do him first because I knew I'd come as soon as he touched me.

When I unzipped his pants freed his hard-on, he moaned before I even got him into my mouth! I slid down to my knees and slowly engulfed him, swirling my tongue around the crown before taking in his entire length. I was

sucking him off like he had the last dick in existence. He started fucking my face and groaning as if he wanted to shoot his load down my throat. But I put a stop to that notion by backing away and telling him to suck me off.

When I sat on the toilet lid, he knelt between my legs and started licking and sucking me right through my panties. The wet heat from his mouth had me frantically humping his face. At some point he pulled the panties aside and really let me have it.

I climaxed in a series of little orgasms. As long as he kept his mouth and tongue on me, I came. Finally, he stopped and let me catch my breath.

He looked wild-eyed, and I knew I was in for a good hard fuck. He looked around, and when his eyes fell on the baby-changing table, I knew what he had in mind. He made me face the table and told me to get a grip. I was so horny I did as he said, but I couldn't keep still. I rubbed my tits against the hard surface and shifted from side to side while he donned the condom I'd slipped out of my pocket.

Then he pulled down my panties and pushed his cock into me. I came again immediately, lov-

ing the feel of his erection filling me up. He started thrusting then, driving his dick into me like a well-oiled tool. I felt the pressure starting to build again, and didn't care if he was ready or not. After slamming my pussy twice more against his thrusts, I came, grinding myself against him. He was coming, too, and I felt him stroke deep into me several more times before he fell against me.

Neither of us was able to move right away, but when I was ready, I pushed him off me, straightened my clothes, and left him in the stall.

I headed straight for my car, not bothering to look back—I never fuck the same guy twice. One day, maybe, but for now, it doesn't get any better than this!—

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FAMILIAR FRIENDS

Linda and I had just returned from the most awesome party ever.

We'd thrown a surprise birthday celebration for one of our coworkers at a private club, complete with strippers—two hot-looking men and two even hotter-looking women.

After each stripper had given the birthday girl a lap dance, anyone else who wanted a lap dance got one, even me.

The stripper I'd chosen was a redhead who reminded me a little of Linda. Her movements were so erotic that I wished I could do more with her. I'd never had a lap dance from another woman, and I couldn't believe how good it felt and how wet I'd gotten.

Back at my apartment, Linda and I changed out of our clothes and sat on the sofa eating ice cream and reliving some of the party's highlights. I told Linda how much one of the strippers reminded me of her and how much fun the lap dance was. When she asked me if I'd do it again and I told her I would if I had the chance, she put on

some music and told me I was about to get a gift.

I didn't think Linda was serious, but when she pulled off her nightie and straddled my hips, I was really hoping we were about to cross the line from BFFs to fuck buddies.

Then she took some of the ice cream and spread it over her nipples. Her tits weren't as big as the stripper's, but she had big nipples that looked amazing with Rocky Road on them. As Linda raised her arms over her head and started a slow undulating dance, her hips moved in a circular motion, grinding her pelvis against mine. Her chocolate-tipped nipples moved temptingly in front of my lips, and I couldn't help but cup her breasts and lick off as much of the dripping sweetness as I could.

"I think my boyfriend would pay any amount of money to see this," I said between licks. "Mine, too," she moaned.

Then I pulled Linda toward me for a deep kiss. As our tongues took turns exploring each other's mouth, Linda grabbed my



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T-shirt and pulled it up over my tits.

“Now it’s my turn to have tits a la mode,” she said with a wicked grin. Linda scooped up some of the Rocky Road with her fingers and spread it around my nipples. The sudden cold felt decadent on my breasts, and when Linda sucked my nipple into her mouth and dragged her tongue around the tip, I felt a rush of moisture pool between my legs. The sensations I was feeling were enough to make me cry out with pleasure and wish I had another set of lips at my other breast at the same time. Then Linda stuck her ice cream-coated fingers in my mouth for me to suck on, and I moaned as she dry-humped me.

The pleasure and pressure grew, and I couldn’t ever recall needing to come so bad in my life. I wriggled out of my panties and lay back on the sofa, with Linda still on top of me. Linda again dipped into the Rocky Road and spread a trail from my belly button right down to my cunt. She followed it up by dragging her tongue along the same path until she reached my pussy. I raised my knees to give her better access to my throbbing core.

I lay back on the sofa and Linda lapped, sucked, and fingered me to several orgasms.

“Make me come, Linda,” I pleaded, as I shamelessly pushed my hips toward her face.

Linda diligently lapped, sucked, and fingered me to several orgasms, and it was incredible. She couldn’t seem to get enough of my pussy and kept eating me out until I became too sensitive and begged her to stop. Then we changed places and I finally got to have my way with her. I gave her the Rocky Road treatment and teased her to no end. I’d never eaten another woman’s pussy before, and I loved the way Linda tasted long after I’d lapped up all the ice cream from her cunt.

After Linda had had more orgasms than I could count, we finished up in the bedroom in a sixty-nine that involved not only more Rocky Road, but lots of whipped cream, too. As for telling our boyfriends? We might clue them in to our arrangement at some point, but we’re content to keep things between us for now. —



**COME PLAY
WITH
ME**

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THE MASKED MYSTERY

When my husband and I went to a friend's masquerade party, things ended up getting really crazy. I had dressed as a flamenco dancer and Tom had gone as Zorro. When we got separated from each other, I had no worries. I looked forward to dancing with my girlfriends and trying to guess who the other masked men were, and I did just that.

I was having a great time chatting with everyone and just enjoying the party when Zorro came up and pulled me onto the dance floor. Knowing it was Tom, I didn't hesitate to go with him, and soon we were swaying on the floor in each other's arms.

We danced for a while until Tom dragged me toward the back of the house. I knew the stairway to the second floor—and the all-important bedrooms—was back there, and I started to get excited. It's not totally unheard of for my husband and me to disappear during parties to have a little fun on our own, and almost everyone knew that if they couldn't find us for more than a few minutes during a celebration, that's exactly what we were doing.

Anyway, I let my husband pull me up the stairs and into one of the spare bedrooms, giggling like a schoolgirl the whole time. I loved how, even after 15 years of marriage, we still behaved like newlyweds half the time. Inside the bedroom, Tom started to strip me out of my flamenco costume, lifting my top over my head and dropping it at our feet before pushing my skirt down past my hips and letting it fall as well. Then I stepped out of the pool of red cotton at my feet and moved to the bed, lying down and posing for my masked man.

He quickly undressed, kicking off his boots, pulling down his pants and unbuttoning and throwing aside his shirt. But he kept the hat, mask, and cape on.

I laughed as I saw his naked flesh under the cape, but my chuckles stopped when he climbed on the bed and started to kiss me. Still, it was strange being naked while my husband was in costume, and I tried several times to untie his cape and mask or push off his hat, but he stopped me every time. Oh, well, I thought, he's just really into this role-playing thing right now. Then I gave in and



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lost myself in his sensual kisses and caresses.

Our hands were trailing all over each other, and I loved how Tom was taking things slow for once, instead of rushing like he usually did when we snuck away at parties. I relished the way his lips lingered on my skin before he moved on to kiss another patch of bare flesh, and the way he fingered my cunt, slowly and gently, avoiding my clit, made me swoon.

Then there was the actual fucking. Usually Tom humps me like a dog in heat, but this time he started off slow and built up his pace over time.

In fact, he took so much time getting to the fast and furious fucking that we probably screwed for more than 20 minutes before either one of us came. But when we did, my God, it was amazing! I screamed my head off, my climax too explosive to keep quiet. And instead of silencing me, Tom let me make all the noise I wanted, though he was quiet except for a few loud grunts with his own climax.

We kept fucking, our bodies moving together fluidly, until we were both exhausted. Then we kissed and caressed each

other for a few minutes before finally getting dressed and heading back to the party. My Zorro snuck out of the room a moment before I did, and he must have moved fast, because when I got downstairs, I couldn't find him anywhere.

A few minutes later, however, Tom was back. He'd taken off his cape, and he asked me where I'd been all night. I thought he was kidding, but there was no joking in his voice. He was actually asking me where I'd been. "With you, honey," I said, looking at him curiously.

He returned my look of confusion, telling me that was impossible; he hadn't seen me since we'd split up a couple of hours earlier. I didn't believe him, but I didn't say anything, instead asking where his cape was.

"Someone spilled punch on it about an hour ago, so I had to take it off. It's out in the car," he replied.

An hour ago? But he'd been wearing it while we were in bed not five minutes before. This was impossible. And that's when I saw him – the other Zorro. He was walking out the back door and I caught him out of the corner of my eye. For a split

Water Fun

second I wondered who he was, but then I started laughing. Tom couldn't figure out what was so funny, and I refused to tell him, so he just slung his arm around me and led me outside.

He'd had enough partying and was ready to go home. Before we left, I thanked our hosts for a great time and told them that I thought it was their best party yet. Tom agreed, but for very different reasons, I'm sure.

I still haven't told my husband what happened that night while we were separated, but I plan to show him this magazine when my letter runs so he can finally learn the truth.

I have a feeling he's going to take out that Zorro costume a lot more once he finds out what a turn-on it really is!

SUPER EROTIC
SUPER SEXY
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Before Bobby and I started dating, I wasn't very adventurous as far as sex was concerned. Aside from occasionally doing it doggie-style or maybe sucking my boyfriend's cock, I pretty much stuck to the basic missionary position. And the only places I'd had sex were the bedroom, the living room, and the backseat of a car. Then Bobby came into my life.

We were out at the beach one afternoon with a bunch of friends when Bobby started getting frisky.

"Hey, babe, whaddya say to a quickie?" he asked.

I gave him a look that could melt steel. "You're kidding, right? You want me to fuck you on the beach, where people can see?"

"Aw, c'mon, babe, it'll be fun," he said. "We'll do it in the water and no one will ever know."



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I had every intention of saying no, but when I opened my mouth, the only word that came out was, "Okay."

I found myself being pulled into the waves, with barely enough time to kick off my sandals before we were waist-deep in the ocean. The water felt good, like it had when we'd gone swimming not too long ago, but this time, the waves felt sensual instead of playful. As the water lapped at my skin, I started to imagine Bobby's tongue lapping parts of my body and suddenly I was lost in a daydream about sex with my hunky boyfriend.

He broke me out of my daze when he started kissing me. Already turned on by my fantasy, I responded eagerly, my tongue slipping between his lips to tangle with his. We were getting hot and heavy in the middle of the ocean, but no one seemed to notice or care, and suddenly all my anxiety about being with Bobby in public vanished.

Wrapping my arms and legs around him, I jumped onto him and let him take the lead, doing whatever he wanted to me. He started by slipping his hand inside my bikini bottom and sticking a finger in my cunt. I thought the saltwater would bother me, but it didn't, and I got lost in the feel of his hand on my mound. I felt so deliciously naughty, letting him touch me while anyone could catch us, and it excited me so much that I came from just his one finger wiggling inside me.

Then I was ready for the next step, and Bobby was more than happy to oblige. After pushing his swim trunks down just enough so that his cock sprang free, he shifted the crotch of my bikini aside and lifted me up so he could slide my pussy down onto his dick, which I could tell was as hard as steel as it pressed against my leg.

I moaned as I felt my walls stretch to accommodate him, and then I settled into place, his cock buried deep inside



SURPRISE!!!

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me. It took me another minute to figure out how to move, since I'd never fucked anyone in the ocean before, but when I started pumping myself up and down on his shaft, I found it pretty easy. The water supported us both and made my movements more fluid.

I was having a blast fucking him, my body bobbing up and down in the water as I slid along his dick, and I couldn't believe I'd waited so long to try something that was so incredibly arousing.

When Bobby started moaning and thrusting up into me, I knew he was getting close to his own orgasm, and since I'd already come once, I wanted him to come first. Wrapping my arms tighter around his neck, I started riding him as hard as I could, bouncing as fast as possible on his dick while we swayed along with the motion of the water.

It took only a few seconds before he was coming, and when he exploded inside me, I felt myself let go, too, his

climax setting off my own. I continued moving with him for another minute or so, until both of us had finished coming. Then we broke apart to rearrange our bathing suits before wading back to shore. Just like Bobby had said, no one knew what we'd been doing. Even our friends figured we'd only kissed a bit and were just having some fun in the waves. And they were right, but we were having a lot more fun than anyone thought.

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On The Road

When he pulled the car off to the side of the road, I got excited. We'd been waiting all night for the perfect opportunity to be alone together, and we'd finally found it. Climbing into the back seat after him, I lifted my skirt and showed him I wasn't wearing panties. His smile grew and he quickly raised his ass off the seat and pushed his jeans down. He'd gone commando, too, and his rock-hard dick immediately sprung free. I quickly straddled him, guiding his cock into my already-wet pussy and settling my ass on his thighs. The whole day had been filled with foreplay, and there was no need for more. All I wanted to do now was fuck him.

Easing myself up and down his length, I rode him slowly. His hands clamped onto my ass, kneading my cheeks as he helped me bounce faster and faster. Even though the car was cramped and I couldn't thrust as wildly as either of us would've liked, we seemed to find our rhythm pretty quickly, and things heated up at

warp speed. Then he started to thrust up into me, his hips slapping against my ass as we fucked wildly. We were both shouting loudly as we screwed, and I was glad the road was deserted.

The windows steamed up and I could only imagine how much our little car was rocking. But it didn't matter what kind of commotion we made, as long as we sated our desire for each other. It took only a couple of minutes, then he shot his load deep into me and I cried out, "Fuck!" I screamed over and over as he poured his come into me. Then I came, and it was his turn to moan as my pussy gripped his dick like a vise, not letting go until I'd spilled all my juices.

Soon we were back in the front seat, driving home again. I knew we'd be pulling over again shortly, though. My skirt was still up around my waist and I kept catching him stealing glances at my pussy as I played with it, spreading our combined juices over my hot mound. It's okay, though. We had nowhere else we needed to be—

When The Boys Are Out...

My girlfriend Leanne always comes over to my house when her boyfriend goes out of town. She hates staying in her apartment by herself, so if she knows she'll be alone, she packs a bag and heads to my place until Bryan returns. It sounds innocent enough, but really there's more to it than that. You see, whenever Leanne comes over, we eventually hook up.

I'm bisexual, but Leanne only likes men—except for me. She's never been with any other woman and she says she doesn't want to be with anyone else, either, which is fine with me. Last Friday, Bryan had to fly to Vegas for a friend's bachelor party, so Leanne came to my house after dropping Bryan off at the airport. We had dinner and decided to watch a romantic comedy—something that didn't require too much thought—and sat on the couch together.

Well, the movie turned out to be more romantic than comedy, and about 20 minutes in, we were cuddled together in the

middle of the sofa, our arms wrapped around each other. Then we were kissing. I don't know who made the first move, but it didn't matter. Her lips were soft, but the force behind her kiss was powerful. My head swam with all kinds of sexy thoughts as her lips crushed mine and our tongues tangled together. The kiss was full of fiery passion, and I felt myself melting into her touch.

We shifted a moment later, lying down on the couch with Leanne on top, her hands under my body while mine were free to roam over her slender back and firm butt. We were both wearing loose-fitting shorts and T-shirts, and when I slid a hand into her shorts, I found that she wasn't wearing anything underneath. I moaned loudly when I touched her bare skin. It was definitely going to be a good night.

Our kiss ended when I started lightly fingering Leanne's pussy. She was already damp, and started panting as my fingers played at her opening.

She tried to return the favor, but it was impossible for her to move the way she wanted while I had my hands down her shorts, so I continued to drive Leanne wild.

I slipped a fingertip into her pussy, letting it go in only to the first knuckle. She could feel my finger at her entrance and started writhing and wiggling, trying to take more of the digit into her body. I refused to let her have her way, though, and pulled my finger away, leaving her groaning.

She kept whining about how I'd left her unsatisfied, so I slipped my finger back inside, this time pushing in until it was buried up to the second knuckle. Leanne started moaning again, happy that she was getting what she wanted from me. But it still wasn't enough, and she bucked her hips several times, trying unsuccessfully to force the rest of my finger into her pussy.

The harder she tried to get me inside her, the more I resisted, pulling out as her pussy fought

to suck me inside. Eventually she won, though, and I pushed my finger deep into her, burying the entire digit in her warm, wet folds. She loved that, and she couldn't stop moaning and writhing.

Eventually that wasn't enough, and I added a second finger. I began thrusting my fingers in and out of her.

It was exactly what Leanne wanted, and her moans started getting even louder. Every few thrusts, I'd curl my fingers up and reach for her G spot, stroking that spongy area the same way I liked my own stroked. It was driving her crazy, and I felt her juices flowing freely as she got more excited.

I could tell she was on the verge of an explosive orgasm, and I wanted to be able to give her what she needed.

I was getting pretty hot, too, but I put my own pleasure on hold a little longer so I could help Leanne get off.

I put everything I had into fin-

ger banging her, and it seemed to be working. Her moans were getting louder, her body was writhing above mine more uncontrollably, and her pussy was flooding with liquid proof of her arousal. All I had to do now was push her over the edge. With my free hand, I started kneading her ass, working from the outside of one cheek and getting closer to her tight little asshole.

Then I started running a finger up and down between her cheeks before ending at her puckered hole. I traced circles around her crimped opening, teasing her, but when I finally pushed my fingertip past her tight sphincter, she let out a yelp and came.

My fingers didn't stop moving—in her pussy or her ass—until she was completely spent and lying limp against me. Then I pulled my hands away from her body and started to rub her back, calming her after her explosive climax.

The rest of the weekend continued in pretty much the same fashion, with Leanne

and I taking turns making each other come. It was our usual girls' weekend, and by the time Bryan came home, she was ready for a break from our passionate lovemaking.

Of course, we're both already looking forward to his next trip out of town!—

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TEACHERS PET

I'm 19 and my lover is 43. She teaches at my old high school, but nothing ever happened while I was a student. In fact, I kind of hated Ms. Mall then.

It wasn't until I ran into her one day after I'd started college that I thought of her as anything other than a bitchy old woman. I was working at the video-rental place near my college, which was in the next county from where I'd gone to high school. When I saw Ms. Mall, I was surprised. She lived around the corner from me, and there was a video store down the street. It made no sense for her to drive nearly an hour to rent a movie here. She looked surprised, too, and I assumed it was because she wasn't expecting to run into a former student. When I took her video, though, I understood why she was shopping so far from home.

"I never pegged you as a porn fan,"

I said, trying to make her even more uncomfortable.

It took her a minute to respond, but then she delivered a cool, "There's a lot you don't know about me." Looking her over, I

realized that outside of school she was kind of hot. Her comment sounded almost flirtatious, so I took a chance: "Planning to watch alone, or do you have a date to watch this cinematic gem with you?" "Well," she said, drawing out the word. "I was going to watch it alone, but if you want to join me, I suppose I could wait until your shift ends."

Holy crap, I thought, she's propositioning me! I told her my shift ended at 5, and she said she'd shop in town while she waited. At 5 p.m. On the dot, she was back, and I was more than ready for a home-school session.

We drove to our neighborhood, and I parked in my own driveway before running around the corner to her place. As soon as I rang the bell, the door flew open and she ushered me inside. Then she led me into the living room and had me sit on the couch with her. The DVD menu was already flashing on her TV.

For a while we both watched a bit uncomfortably, sitting on opposite ends of the couch, our cheeks flaming with embar-

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rassment. After about 15 minutes, though, we started to inch closer together on the sofa. Another few minutes in, I casually slung my arm around her shoulders, the classic boob-grabbing move, and when she didn't shy away, I inched my hand down to lightly squeeze her tit.

That was all it took to unleash Ms. Mall's wild side. She was on top of me, her chest pressed against mine, her hips grinding away in my lap. It caught me off guard, so I stumbled through the first few moments like a kid who'd never been with a woman before, but soon enough I had her where I wanted her. For such a conservative-looking older woman, she sure knew how to move her body just right. And when she started to take off her clothes, well, her body was hot!

As soon as she was undressed, I flipped us around so she was lying on her back while I knelt between her spread legs. Then I unbuttoned the fly of my jeans, whipped my dick out, and moved in on her. The sight of her naked body, all the grinding on my groin she'd done, and the sex sounds coming from the porn stars on-screen had combined to make me horny as hell. I was afraid that if I didn't get

my rock-hard dick inside her soon, I was going to explode in my pants.

It seemed Ms. Mall felt the same way, thank God. As soon as I had my cock out of my pants, she reached for it, pulling me to her dripping-wet sex. I groaned as her pussy engulfed my dick, its warm, wet walls wrapping tightly around my shaft and bringing me pleasure I'd never expected. Then, when I was halfway inside her, she relaxed so I could push in to the hilt.

I started fucking her pretty quickly after that, really working up a sweat as I banged into her over and over again.

Ms. Mall was sweating, too, and screaming loudly with each thrust.

She was a real wild one, bucking under me and trying to meet me thrust for thrust. Her long nails scratched my back and shoulders as she clung to me, trying to fuck me harder, and I gave her exactly what she wanted, banging her with abandon.

After a few minutes of hard fucking, I shot a huge load deep in her pussy, and while I was still pumping jizz into her, she



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came, too. Her body convulsed beneath mine and she started sighing and cursing, really going crazy as she climaxed.

The movie was still on, and the actors were nowhere near finished with their drawn-out coupling. We weren't done either. As soon as we'd had a minute to collect ourselves, Ms. Mall was ready for some more action.

Now our porn-and-sex dates are a regular thing. She's proved to be a great teacher, too, though I think it has more to do with the subject. Sex is more enjoyable than high-school math, after all. —

Working Part Time

I knew when I went off to graduate school in New York City that I'd need a part-time job. While most of my friends worked in the library or spent hours at night and on weekends waiting tables, I chose something a bit more unconventional: I'm in charge of an eight-year-old boy.

I pick Jack up from school, make him a snack, help him with his homework, whatever he needs. I like to think of myself as a big brother, but my friends are always teasing me that I'm a nanny (or a "manny"). Every day at 2:30, I stand on the

street in front of Jack's school with the crowd of other nannies—mostly ethnic women in their twenties and thirties. For the most part, these women are not all that hot, but there are a few exceptions. Sierra was in her early twenties with these ridiculous curves that she showed off by wearing half-shirts and tight jeans.

One day I suggested a playdate with my kid and the boy she watched. When the kids were absorbed in a DVD, I grabbed her and threw her up against the refrigerator and we started making out. She was really nervous that the kids were going to walk in on us, so I pulled her into the laundry closet. I pulled down her jeans so fast that I think she got denim burn! My dick practically burst out of my zipper. I shoved it into her and started fucking her really hard as she bit down on her hand, trying to stop herself from moaning too loudly. It took me less than a minute to come inside her. Back in the living room, the kids were still glued to the TV.

We went on like this for months. Another time we brought the kids to a birthday party and went back to her boss's house and did it in their bed.

Around this time, I met Kelly, who was in one of my classes.

She was tall and skinny with blonde hair, and hot in a preppy kind of way. She was really intrigued by the whole male-nanny thing, and I knew that if she saw me with Jack it would seal the deal. One day I invited her to the park and the three of us played kickball together. That night she came over to my apartment and practically threw herself at me. Her favorite thing was having me come on her pussy. I would be on top fucking her and she would tell me to pull out and come all over it. Then she'd let me watch as she masturbated, rubbing my come into her clit and shaking with orgasms.

The Sierra thing ended when she went back to Jamaica, and Kelly and I weren't exclusive, so it definitely didn't stop me from looking around. Some of the moms were really good-looking, horny bitches. I saw them whispering about me and I knew they all wanted to fuck me. I take care of myself and I'm a good 15 to 20 years younger than some of them, so I could see why it was a challenge.

There was one woman who approached me about babysitting her daughter. She was divorced, in her late thirties, with long brown hair, a banging body, and really nice fake tits. When I showed up at her place, her daughter wasn't even there. She

had me change a few lightbulbs, check a radiator. She kept making little jokes about how sexy my ass was, and I knew where it was going. She handed me the amount of money we had agreed on and I gave her a long hug to thank her. She moved her hand to the front of my pants, which made me hard. She told me to sit down and pushed me into a chair in the living room.

Then she got between my legs, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my dick. Before I knew it, she was blowing me and playing with my balls. She really knew what she was doing, so I just sat back and relaxed. When she started jerking me off into her mouth, I knew I was going to come, and I watched as it shot all over her lips. She licked it all up with a smile.

I was about to leave, until she told me it was my turn. She lay down on the couch and I got between her legs.

Her pussy was completely shaven and when I started to lick her she began moaning like crazy. I put a couple of fingers inside her and one in her ass as I flicked my tongue across her clit and she came really hard against my face.

My buddies can call me a manny all they want—it's the best part-time job I've ever had—

Kama Sensations





-> IS THERE LIFE AFTER SEX?

I have been married for more than 15 years. My wife and I never had children, and our sex life is virtually nonexistent. A few times in the past couple of years when we did attempt intercourse, I was not able to orgasm—I'm not sure why. We have a very loving and caring relationship, we cuddle and do things together, and otherwise get along great. Is it possible to be happily married and not have sex? She seems to miss it a lot less than I do, so I try not to impose myself on her and just take care of myself instead.

There are countless sexless marriages —many of which are happy and fulfilling. Women tend to miss closeness and intimacy more than sex itself, so if you are affectionate and attentive it may be enough for your wife. Still, even though she may not have spontaneous sexual desire, you may be able to awaken her libido through

lots of foreplay, kissing, caresses, and massages. Female sexuality tends to be responsive to sensuous stimulation. But it seems like you actually feel guilty about initiating sex with your wife—which may be affecting your ability to orgasm. I advise that both of you see a physician to rule out medical and hormonal issues that may affect your sexuality, and make regular attempts to rebuild your sexual intimacy. After all, no matter how good your marriage is, a satisfying sex life would make it better!

-> KISS OFF!

I just started dating a new girl and I am totally into her. I don't want to screw this one up before I have sex with her, but I have a few important questions. First, I have this sexual secret—when do you think! should reveal it? And what is the best way to do it? Second, she doesn't like to kiss. She says she doesn't like the wetness on her tips and

the texture of tongues. Is that an indication that she is really not into me? Or does it mean she had a negative sexual experience with kissing? Perhaps she was molested as a child or even worked in the sex industry? it makes me wonder if she is or was a prostitute, because they don't like to kiss.

Let's start with that secret. Whether and how soon you should reveal it to her obviously depends on what it is. If the secret concerns your sexual health, you should probably reveal it. If you have an STD, you should absolutely reveal it before things progress past kissing and petting.

On the other hand, if your secret deals with some psychological issue, such as some sexual experience or preference, I would wait. For example, if you get off on having your toes sucked, wait until she develops some attachment to you before breaking it to her. There are a lot of ways to let her in on it—from the simple “There is something I need to

tell you” if the secret deals with a medical issue or serious matter to playing Truth or Dare if it has to do with your sexual preference.

To answer your second question, there are numerous reasons why someone may be averse to kissing. She may have had a bad experience, or perhaps she is a germaphobe. She may be concerned about her breath (or yours), or she may have some sensory issues (like folks who are sensitive to various fabrics). Finally, there is a chance she doesn't want to smooch you because she's not into you. In that case, wait to see if rocking her world in the bedroom will generate some sparks and be the catalyst for better chemistry. Intimacy may also lead her to develop an attachment and sufficient trust to overcome whatever deep-seated issues she may have.

-> Forgive And Forget

I recently caught my girlfriend



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cheating on me with our neighbor, in our bed. When I walked in on them, I had a slew of mixed emotions: shock, revulsion, anger, sadness, fear of losing her, and—strangely enough—some sort of sick sexual arousal. When they saw me, my neighbor's face got beet red and he promptly got dressed and bolted out. My girlfriend, on the other hand, looked at me in a bold, defiant, and sexual way. We started arguing and ended up having amazing make-up sex, with her blowing me until I came. Several months later, I am still struggling with mixed emotions—part of me wants to forgive her and move on, and another part of me loathes her for what she did. What should I do? She says that since I had sex with her right after! caught her, I accepted what she did and should forgive her.

Forgiveness is like Rollerblading—it is much harder than it looks. Your heart may genuinely grant her absolution for her transgression, but will your mind forget her writhing in sexual ecstasy? Will you be able to trust her explanations

when she returns a few hours later than usual from her job? Will your anger at her betrayal slowly poison whatever desire you have left for her, with resentment seeping into every aspect of your interactions? From the way you describe her reaction to your feelings, I perceive little guilt or remorse. And your having sex with her afterwards is no affirmation of your intention to forgive her. In fact, research shows that the most common male reaction upon discovery of their woman's infidelity is to have sex with her. So your wanting to reclaim the body someone was stealing from you is quite common. Decide whether you want to be with her because you care deeply for her and because she adds happiness and value to your life. That should be the basis of your decision. Furthermore, before you embark on the long route of forgiveness, warn her that she has to earn back your trust. Do not set yourself up to get hurt again.

-> RAIDER OF THE LOST
CUT

I had a very weird sexual encounter a couple of months ago and it's been bothering me ever since. I hooked up with this really hot girl during spring break in Daytona and the sex was pretty good except for one thing I could not find her clitoris, I know it's supposed to be where her inner lips come together on top of her pussy. Usually, it's like a little ball or protrusion. But I honestly don't think this girl had a clitoris! I still went down on her and she seemed to enjoy it when I ate her vaginal hole. And she had an orgasm when I pounded her doggie-style, or maybe she faked it. So, could it be that she didn't have a clitoris, or that it was located somewhere else?

Have you been watching the classic porn movie Deep Throat, where Linda Lovelace's "deep" clitoris gives her orgasms whenever she gives a blow-job? If so, trust me—it's fiction! Seriously, though, there are rare cases when the skin covering the clitoris is

fused, thus not offering much access to the love button, and in some cases, hormonal or medical issues cause the clitoris to atrophy. But the chances of your lover having one of those conditions is very unlikely—unless she was the victim of clitoridectomy (the religious practice of clitoral circumcision). Clitorises vary widely in size, and most likely hers was so small that you simply missed it. From your description it appears that she had a G-spot orgasm when you did her from behind, as chances of her clitoris being located inside her vagina are nil (although some believe that vaginal orgasms can be triggered by indirect internal stimulation of the clitoral network). Stop looking for clitorises in unlikely places and focus on her responses to your touch. If you are uncertain about whether a woman likes a certain type of stimulation, just ask her whether it feels good and where she prefers to be touched.

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GC
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