

SEX

PHOTOGRAPHED BY STEVEN MEISEL

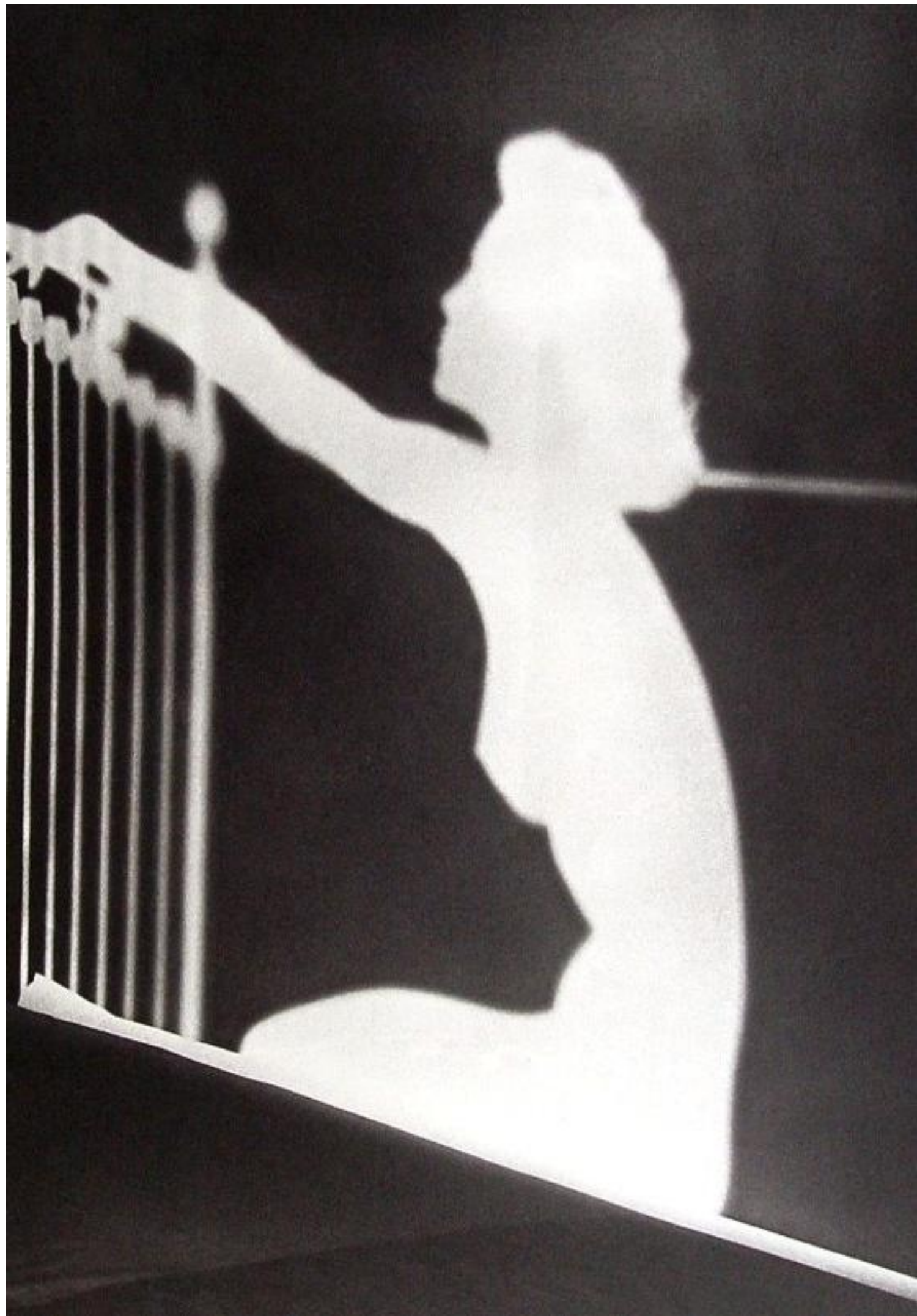
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THIS BOOK IS ABOUT SEX. SEX IS NOT LOVE. LOVE IS NOT SEX. BUT THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS IS CREATED WHEN THEY COME TOGETHER. YOU CAN LOVE GOD, YOU CAN LOVE THE PLANET, YOU CAN LOVE THE HUMAN RACE AND YOU CAN LOVE ALL THINGS, BUT THE BEST WAY FOR HUMAN BEINGS TO SHOW LOVE IS TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER. IT'S THE WAY WE SPREAD LOVE THROUGH THE UNIVERSE: ONE TO ONE. LOVE IS SOMETHING WE MAKE. PASS IT ON • THIS BOOK DOES NOT CONDONE UNSAFE SEX. THESE ARE FANTASIES I HAVE DREAMED UP. LIKE MOST HUMAN BEINGS, WHEN I LET MY MIND WANDER, WHEN I LET MYSELF GO, I RARELY THINK OF CONDOMS. MY FANTASIES TAKE PLACE IN A PERFECT WORLD, A PLACE WITHOUT AIDS. UNFORTUNATELY THE WORLD IS NOT PERFECT AND I KNOW THAT CONDOMS ARE NOT ONLY NECESSARY BUT MANDATORY. EVERYTHING YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE AND READ IS A FANTASY, A DREAM, PRETEND. BUT IF I WERE TO MAKE MY DREAMS REAL, I WOULD CERTAINLY USE CONDOMS. SAFE SEX SAVES LIVES. PASS IT ON • AND BY THE WAY, ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN CHARACTERS AND EVENTS DEPICTED IN THIS BOOK AND REAL PERSONS AND EVENTS IS NOT ONLY PURELY COINCIDENTAL, IT'S RIDICULOUS. NOTHING IN THIS BOOK IS TRUE. I MADE IT ALL UP.



SEX

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SEX BY MADONNA

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My name is Dita.
I'll be your mistress tonight.
I'll be your loved one, darling.
Turn out the light.
I'll be your sorceress,
your heart's magician.
I'm not a witch.
I'm a love technician.
I'll be your guiding light
in your darkest hour.
I'm gonna change your life.
I'm like a poison flower.
Give it up.
Do as I say.
Give it up and let me have my way.
I'll give you love.
I'll hit you like a truck.
I'll give you love.....

teach
you
now
flick.







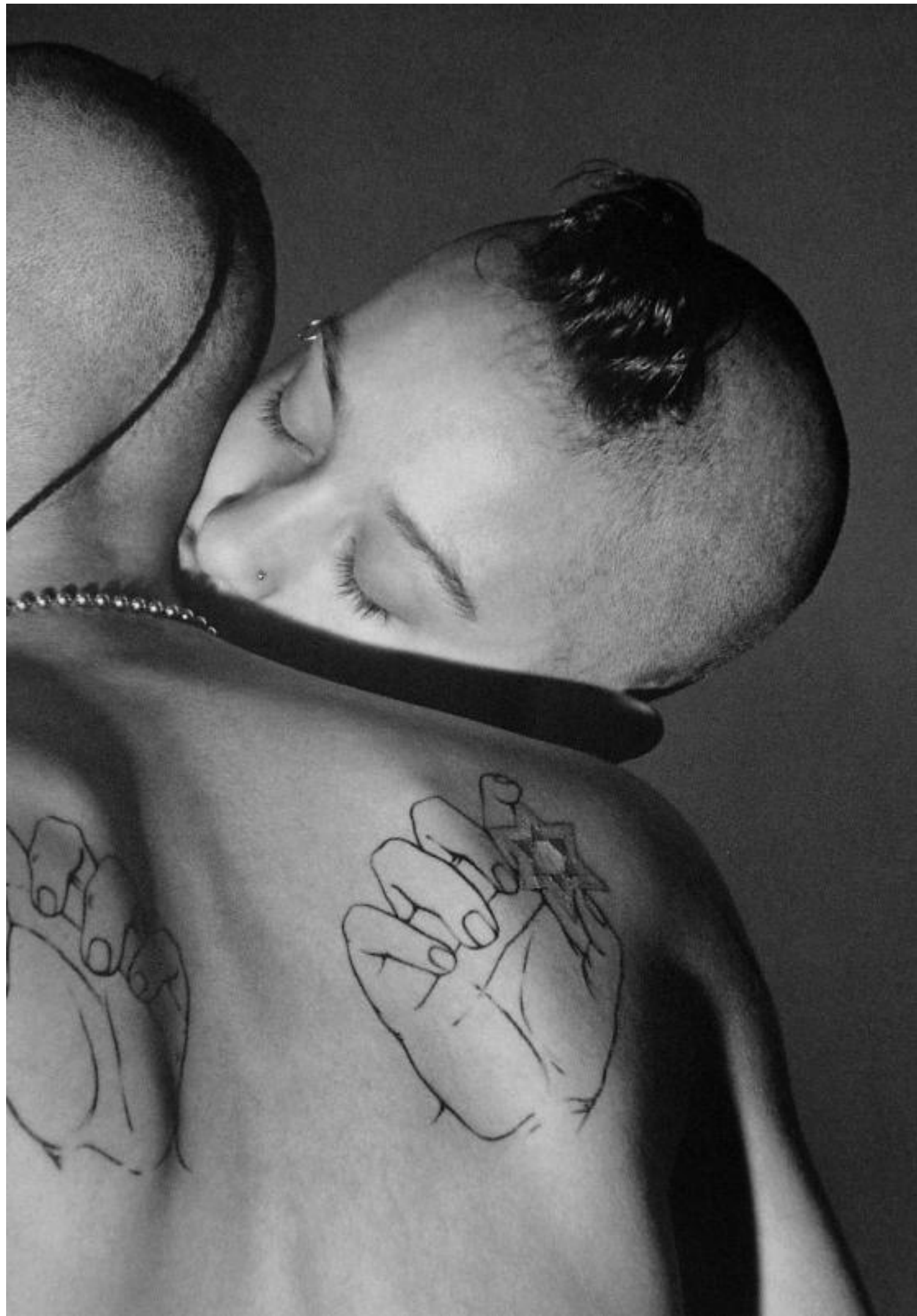




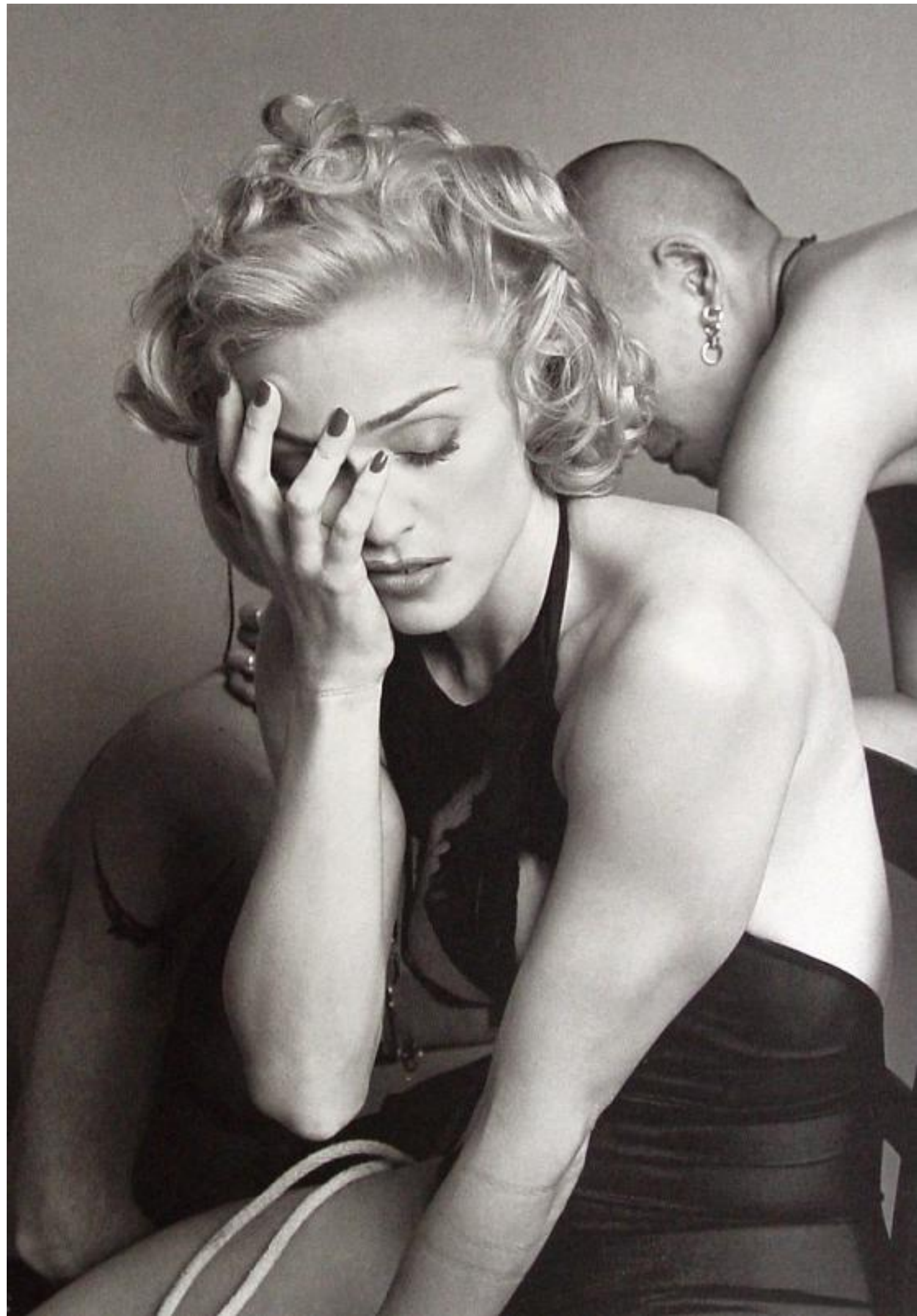








I don't see how a guy looking at a naked girl in a magazine is degrading to women. Everyone has their sexuality. It's how you treat people in everyday life that counts, not what turns you on in your fantasy. If all a person ever did was get off on porno movies I would say they are probably dysfunctional sexually, but I don't think it's unhealthy to be interested in that or get off on that. I'm not interested in porno movies because everybody is ugly and faking it and it's just silly. They make me laugh, they don't turn me on. A movie like *In the Realm of the Senses* turns me on because it's real. I've been told there are some good Traci Lords movies but I've never seen them. I wouldn't want to watch a snuff movie. I wouldn't want to watch anyone get really hurt, male or female. But generally I don't think pornography degrades women. The women who are doing it want to do it. No one is holding a gun to their head. I don't get that whole thing. I love looking at *Playboy* magazine because women look great naked.



We could use the Cage.

I got a lot of Rope. I'm not Full of

Rage - I'm full of hope. I'll light

the candles, burn them till they're

nice and soft and when they

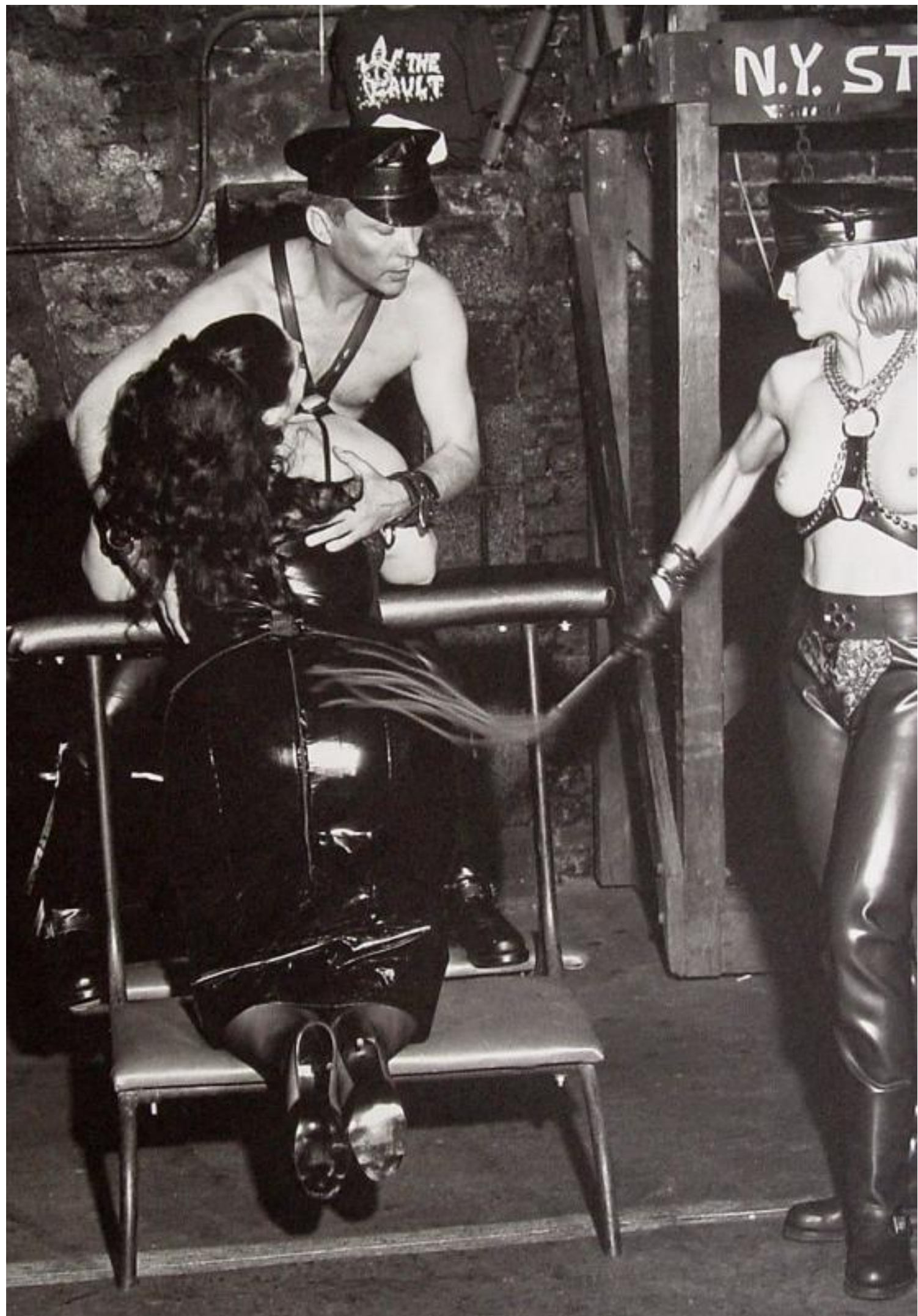
start to drip I'm gonna get you off.

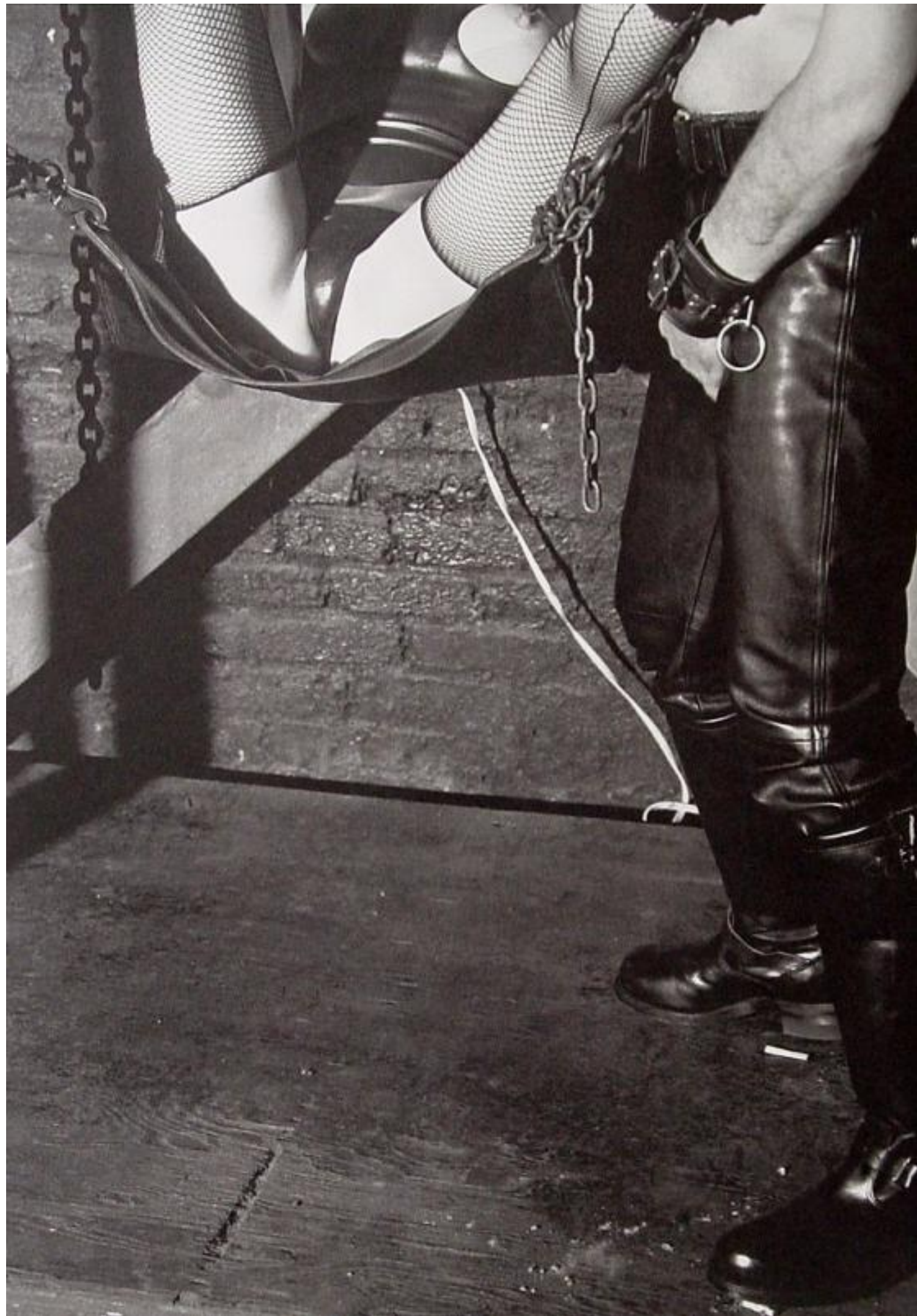
This is not a crime
and you're not on trial.

Bend over, baby,

I'm gonna make you

Smile.







Doctor: Do you feel that it is possible
to experience pleasure and pain at the same time?



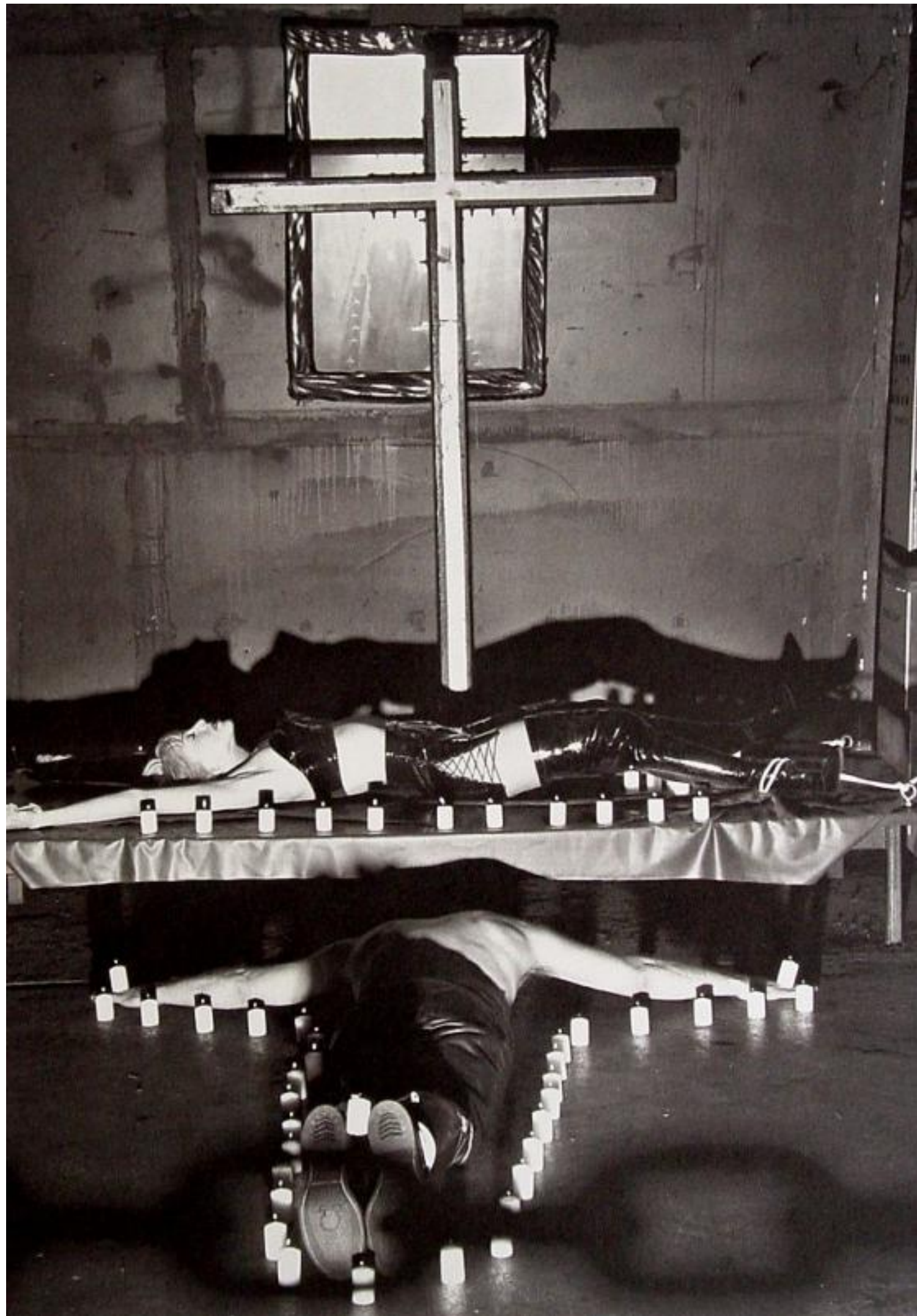
Dita: Sure! That's what ass fucking
is all about. It's the most pleasurable way to get
fucked and it hurts the most too. All your nerve endings
are in your ass, but if you're not excited, or if you're not doing it right
things can really go wrong.



There is something comforting about
being tied up. Like
when you were a baby and your
mother strapped you in the
Car seat



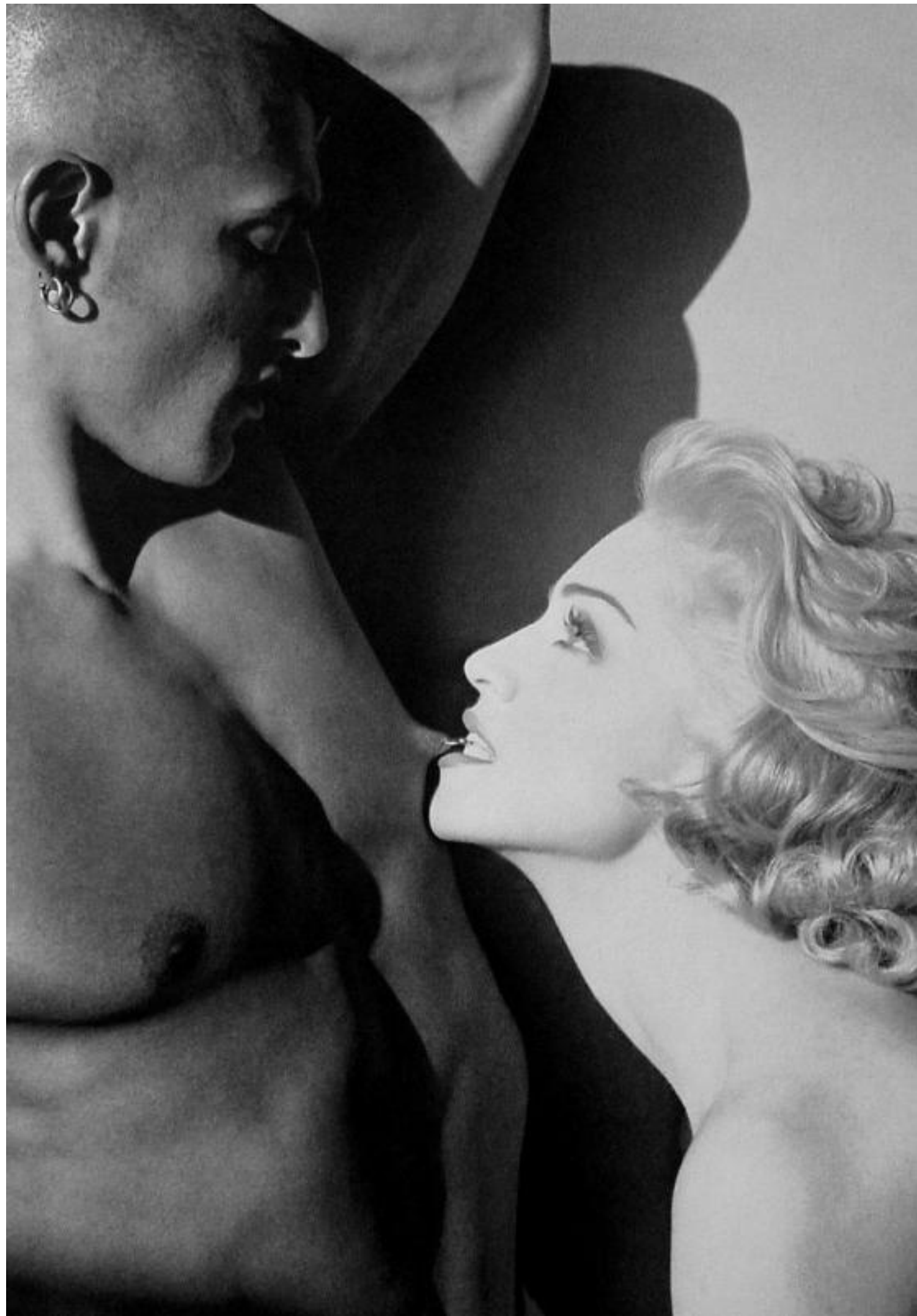
She wanted you to be
Safe. It was an act
of Love





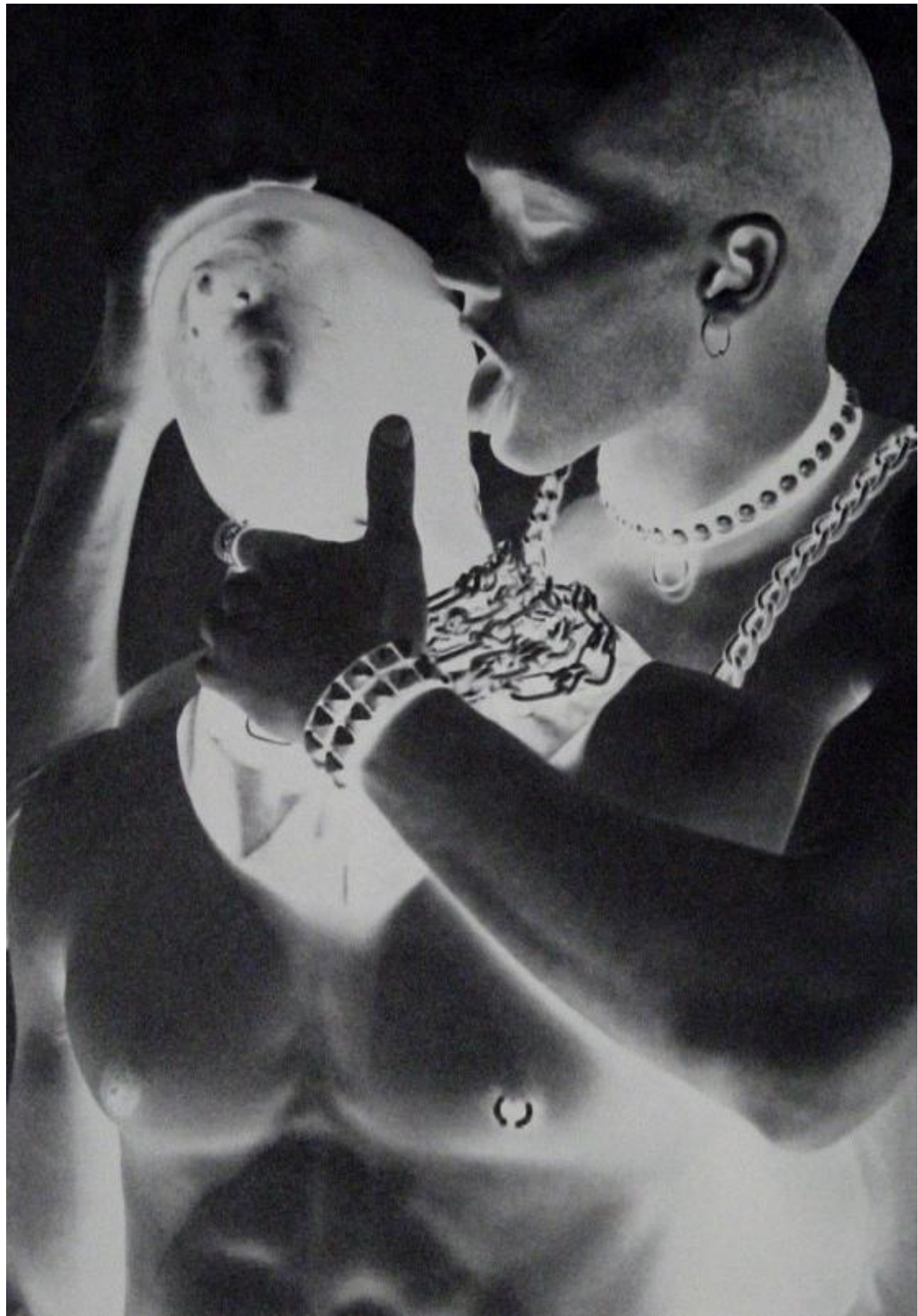
Some people want to be punished. Some women want to be slapped around. Some men do too. I think for the most part if women are in an abusive relationship and they know it and they stay in it, they must be digging it. I suppose some people might think that's an irresponsible statement. I'm sure there are a lot of women in abusive relationships who don't want to be, who are trapped economically; they have all these kids and they have to deal with it. But I have friends who have money and are educated and they stay in abusive relationships, so they must be getting something out of it. The difference between abuse and S & M is the issue of responsibility.

I talked to a dominatrix once and she said the definition of S & M was that you let someone hurt you who you know would never hurt you. It's always a mutual choice. You have an unstated agreement between you that this is the dialogue you have, an unconscious agreement. I don't even think S & M is about sex. I think it's about power, the struggle for power. S & M can involve sex, but it doesn't have to. It's a head trip.



Only the one
who hurts you
can comfort you.
Only the one who
inflicts the
pain can take
it away.









Ritz Carlton Hotel,
Cannes

Hi Johnny

Me and Ingrid are laying naked on the
sundeck, rubbing suntan lotion on each other. I'm
feeling very relaxed cause Ingrid just ate my pussy,
so you'll forgive me if this note is sloppy and short
as I am feeling very hot and ~~slipping~~ squishy inside

Now Ingrid is calling down to the sailors
below while straddling the railing. You'll be ~~the~~ flattered
to know she calls them all Johnny.

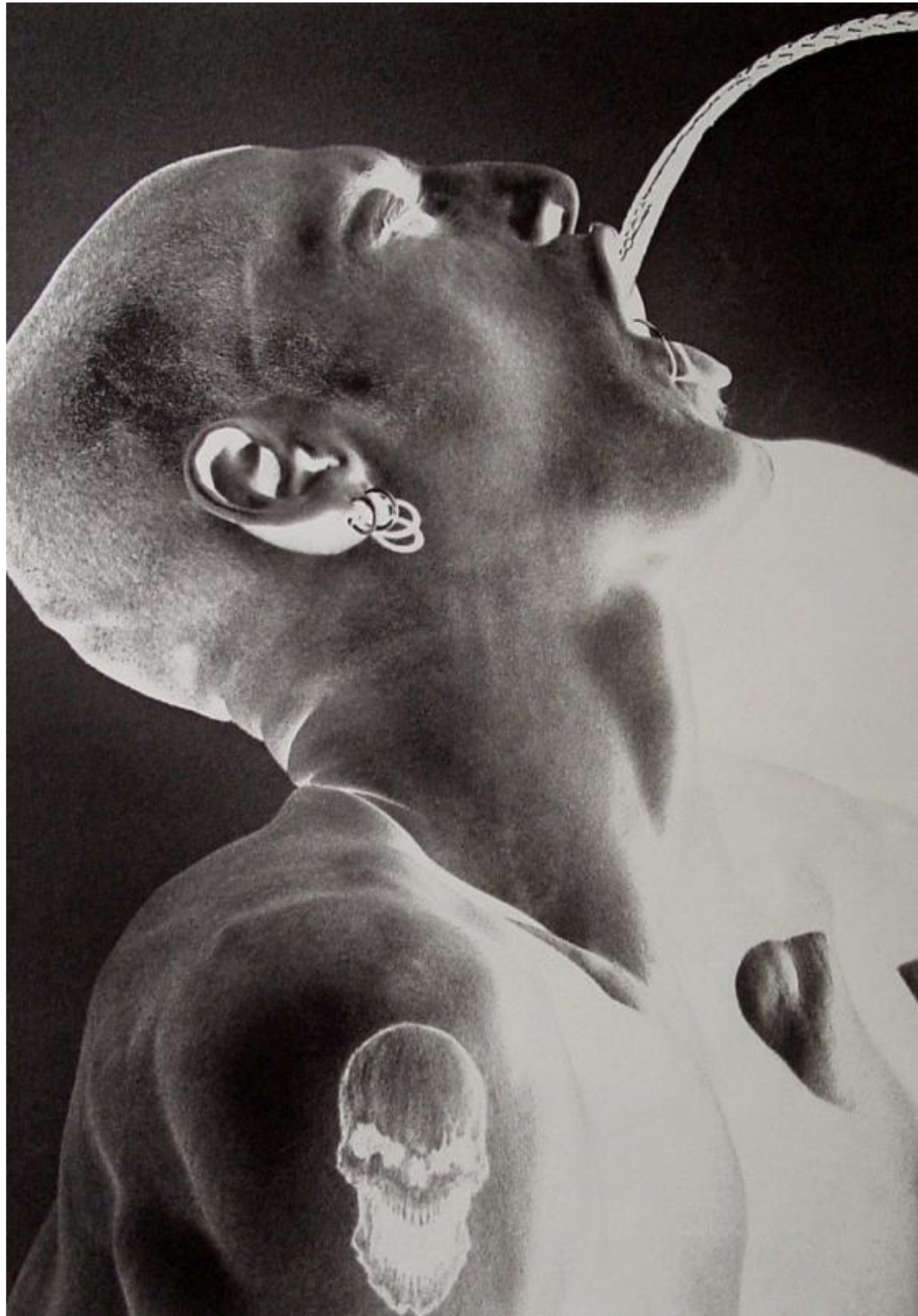
I hope she's careful and doesn't slip and
fall cause her pussy is so wet right now it's dripping
and she's kind of leaning over too far. Of course I don't
mind cause I get a perfect view of her ass,
which is pretty fucking righteous!

I wish I could stop playing with myself and
thinking about sex. I'm gonna have to go now
cause I have to finger fuck Ingrid or she's
gonna freak. It's the only way to get her away
from the edge. Really! Hurry and come over
here with some other forms of ~~the~~ entertainment
for me and the lovely Ingrid.

Yours Truly,

Ps. are you hard yet?

XX DITA X



I don't think you know
What pain is. I don't
think you've gone that way.

I could bring you so much
pleasure

I'll come to you when you say.

I'm not gonna hurt you.

Just close
your eyes



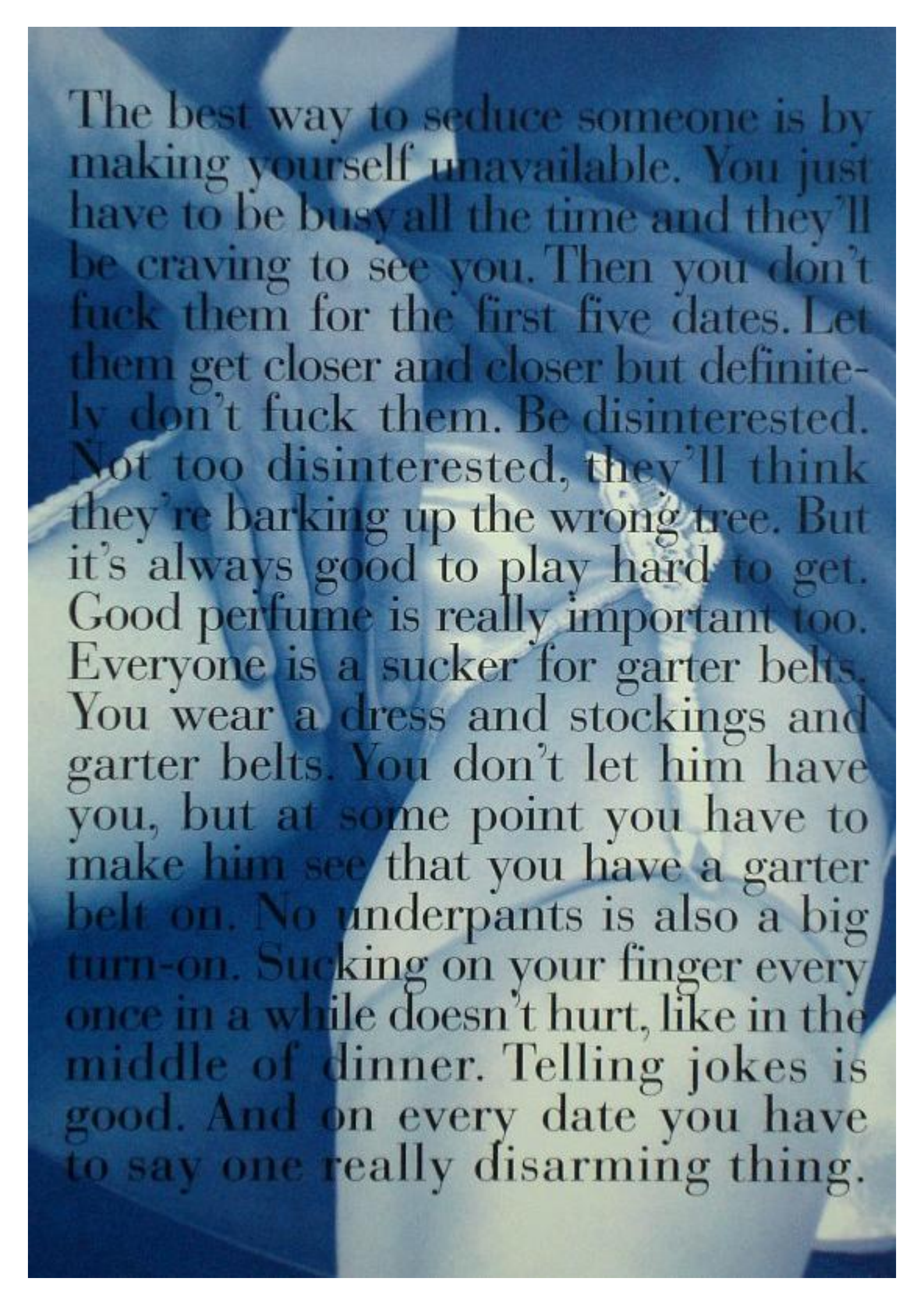




Sex with the young can be fun if you're in the mood. If you're feeling impatient or you feel like you want someone else to take charge, do not have sex with someone inexperienced. But it can be really arousing. One of the best experiences I ever had was with a teenage boy. I think he was a virgin. He hardly had any pubic hair. He was Puerto Rican. He was uncircumcised. He lived in my building and he used to come over to my apartment all the time and just watch me put on my makeup and get ready to go out. He hung around me all the time. He never went to school, so I started giving him reading assignments. I'd have him read out loud. Like Henry Miller's *The Tropic of Cancer* or something really arousing. Whenever he got ready to leave he'd kiss me goodbye, but the kisses started getting more and more daring on his part and I just went with it. Then one day his parents kicked him out of his apartment and he wanted to know if he could spend the night at my house. I told him he could but I only had one bed. So we both got in it and I couldn't sleep, so I had sex with him and it was really awesome because he was so young and so in wonderment of it all. He was fearless. He would do anything. He wasn't very big. He was just a baby. See, I'm not a size queen. But it was excellent. He went down on me and I think I had an orgasm in two seconds. I was so turned on; it was probably the most erotic sex I ever had. But he gave me crabs. That's what you get. So you win some and you lose some.

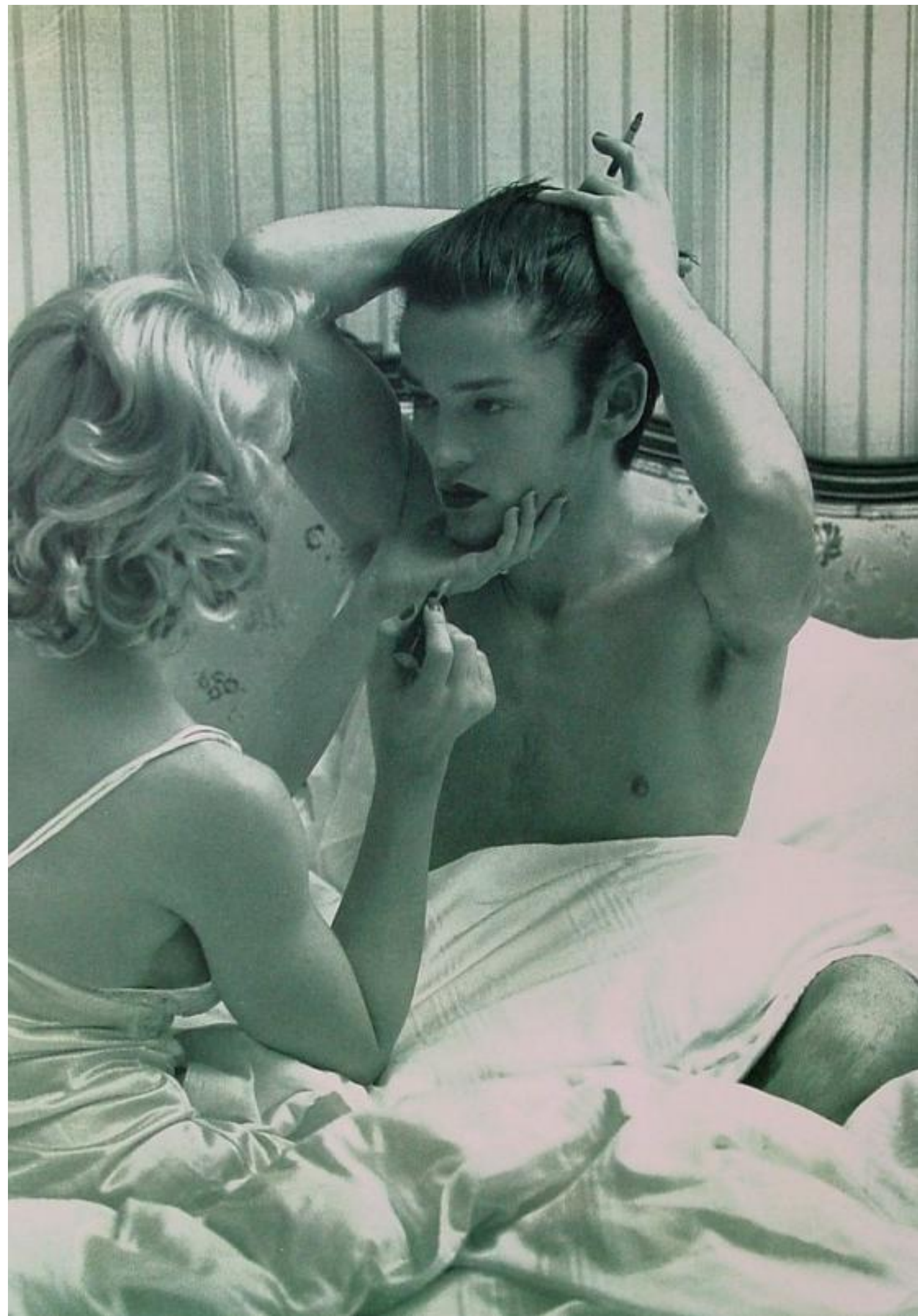






The best way to seduce someone is by making yourself unavailable. You just have to be busy all the time and they'll be craving to see you. Then you don't fuck them for the first five dates. Let them get closer and closer but definitely don't fuck them. Be disinterested. Not too disinterested, they'll think they're barking up the wrong tree. But it's always good to play hard to get. Good perfume is really important too. Everyone is a sucker for garter belts. You wear a dress and stockings and garter belts. You don't let him have you, but at some point you have to make him see that you have a garter belt on. No underpants is also a big turn-on. Sucking on your finger every once in a while doesn't hurt, like in the middle of dinner. Telling jokes is good. And on every date you have to say one really disarming thing.



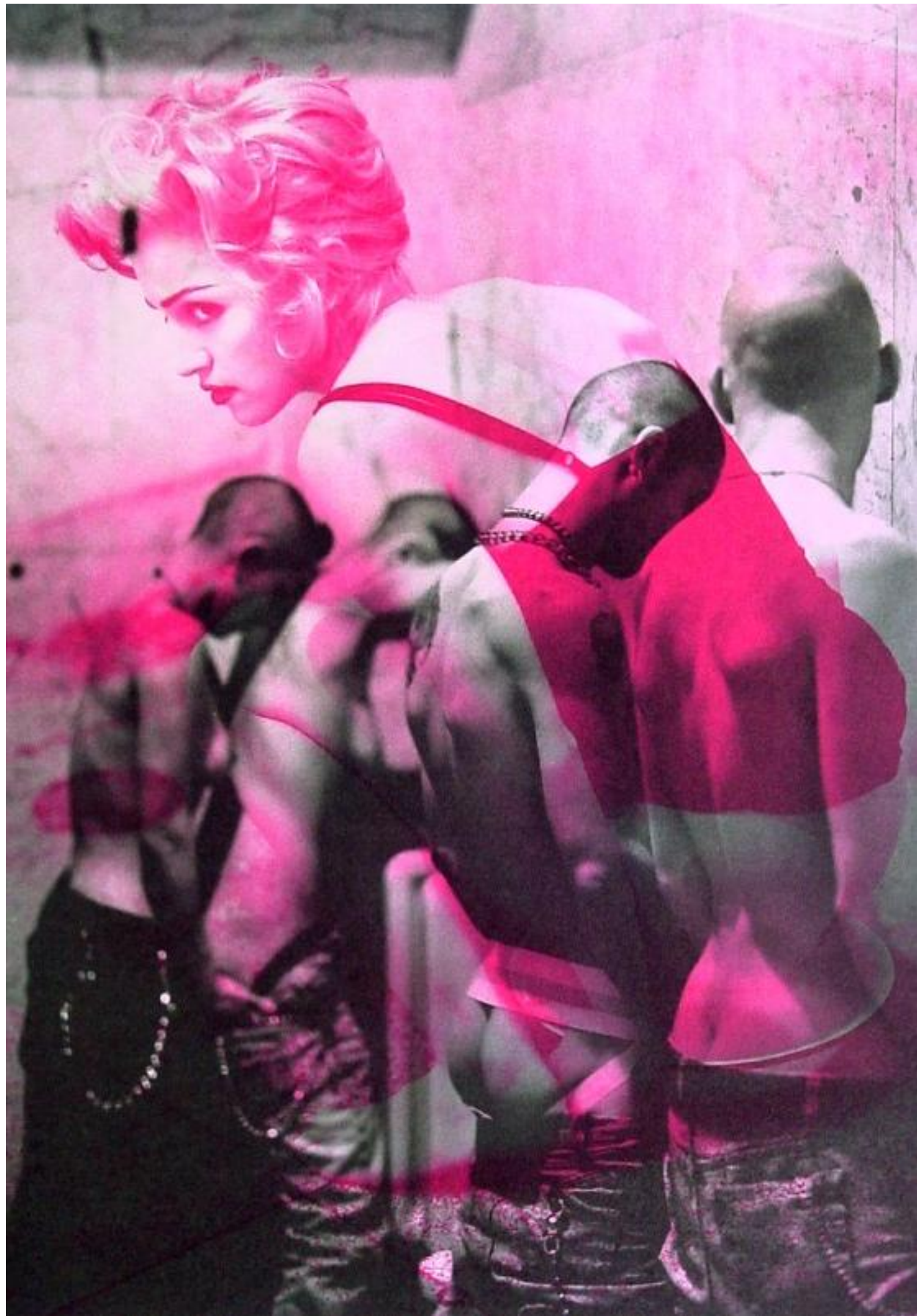


There's no better way to wake up in the morning than with my lover's cock inside of me. Usually he takes me from behind. This is my favorite position because I can lie there pretending I'm sleeping while he slides himself in and out of me. I let him think he's being so clever, getting off without me knowing it. Fat chance! But I let him think he's getting away with something anyway. After he's worked himself up a bit, I put my finger in my mouth for a little lubrication, then I sneak it down between my legs and rub my clit until I'm so excited that I have to pretend that I have just woken up. My pussy is getting too juicy and my body is starting to move with his, so I stir and stretch and yawn and give a little hint of surprise and annoyance, just so he doesn't take me for granted. I tell him to stop and let me sleep. Believing he can change my mind he continues to grind me, but I don't want to come yet, so I pull away from him and he lies there pouting like a sullen child, frustrated and hard. I turn around and kiss him sweetly and say, "Maybe later," and pretend to drift off into sleep. When I'm sure he thinks I'm a rotten girlfriend I climb on top of him and slide his dick, which is always hard (thank God), inside of me. I don't mind continuing this scenario in the driver's seat. This is the best way for a girl to get fucked without any digital manipulation, 'cause you can move your pussy any way you want. You can take his cock deep or shallow and you can be sure your clit is getting worked good 'cause you're guiding your own weight on top of him. It's so easy for me to come this way and it's only a matter of seconds before I do. I watch my come gush out of me and I wet my fingers in it and rub his nipples that are so hard I could break them. He tells me he wants to come and I say, "Wait for me, baby." So he slaps my breasts, which I love almost as much as when he slaps my ass. Not too hard but hard enough to sting. Like a cat in heat I drag my clit on that beautiful piece of flesh just above his dick. I am painting him with my pussy, mastering the art of fucking. He grabs on to my ass like he's working a jack hammer. Digging his fingers into my flesh, moving my pussy on his cock faster and faster. He says, "I'm gonna come, baby. I can't hold it any longer!" I love that helpless sound in his voice. I tell him not to close his eyes when he comes. I want to look in them. I want to see the moment of surrender when he loses control. When he gives in to me. Finally I'm ready. I let his train go riding through me. Tearing up the inside of my pussy, fucking me good and hard. We come together, waking up the neighborhood. I fall on top of him drained and drift back into sleep, and I dream that my lover's cock is inside of me, and he's taking me from behind sliding himself in and out of me. (continued on page 154)



Pillow Talk? Some people do it really well. Some people do it so badly that you break up laughing and you just can't go through with it. I had a boyfriend who laughed every time he came. Some people know how to talk and some people don't. With some people it's an affectation and they think that's what you want, that you need that. Other people know how to do it and it just clicks. It's like phone sex. Some people know how to do it and some don't. Phone sex can be excellent. It's an absolute necessity if you're separated from somebody you love. Thank God for Ma Bell. Screaming and loud noise making really annoys me. I hate it when guys come and don't make any noise and you can't tell if they came or not. But one time I was fucking this guy and every time he came he was so loud I finally had to smack him. I was sure the whole neighborhood could hear us.







New York

Dear Johnny,

Things have not been the same since you left. I hardly ever think about my pussy. I get the same way with chocolate. First I can't get enough and then if you so much as mention the word truffle I get queasy.

It's not that I get sick thinking of my pussy, it's just that it needs a rest. I guess worse things could happen to a girl. Did you have fun with ~~me~~ Ingrid and me? I suppose we can get to be annoyingly demanding but we were both sooooo horny and we had a week alone to torment each other till you arrived. After seven days we were dying for your cock. Thank God we found those trojans in my cosmetics case cause we were gonna break down and use Zip Lock Bdgs.

By the way I don't mind sharing you with Ingrid cause I love you ~~both~~ both and I'd rather have you eating the same pussy I do at home than eating out. See you on the weekend!

Lone XIX
DITA



When I was a child I used to sit on the toilet backward and wait for the burning sensation between my legs to go away. I did not understand that if only my finger had found it's way to my pussy the aching would have subsided. That all the twisting and pulling and rubbing and scratching of my arms and my legs would not satisfy my hunger. That the wetness in my underpants had nothing to do with my mother overdressing me. But as a child I did not have the words to ask, so I stayed on fire and burning, tormented and yearning until that glorious day when finger found flesh and with legs spread open and back arched, honey poured from my 14-year-old gash and I wept.





Doctor: Tell me about your dreams.

Dita: I never know when I'm going to have a sex dream. They just come out of the blue. I usually have lesbian sex dreams with people I know. Once in a while a stranger steps in, but generally it's people I know and generally it's with people I would be just horrified to have sex with. Like my maid.

Doctor: You had a sex dream about your maid? Is she cute?

Dita: She's not cute. In fact I just fired her.

Doctor: Did you fire her because of the dream?

Dita: No, I fired her because she can't clean. Maybe that's why I had a sex dream about her. Because I tend to get involved with lazy, irresponsible people and maybe that was a gross exaggeration of it. Me having sex with my maid who can't clean.

Doctor: I am the doctor here. Tell me, how did this dream begin?

Dita: It started off with me being arrested in Paris. What's wrong? Why do you have a dirty look on your face? Should I go on?

Doctor: Yes, go ahead please.

Dita: I can't talk when you have that look on your face.

Doctor: It will be gone in a few moments.

Dita: Okay, I was in Paris and I was getting ready to get on a plane. I'm standing on a street and all of a sudden I'm surrounded by French police and they are saying, "We are sorry madame, but we are going to have to arrest you." I said to my manager, "They've got to be kidding. I didn't do anything. What are they going to arrest me for? It must be a joke." He said, "Well, you have to go, but don't worry, we'll get you out. It's a mix-up." So they took me in to the police station, they strip searched me and took me into the showers and scrubbed me. I'm totally freaking out. I'm screaming, "I haven't done anything! This is a really mean joke!"

Then they throw me in a cell and slam the door. I'm sitting there really upset trying to figure out ways to escape and they come in and say, "We're going to let you hang out with some of the other prisoners now." So they take me into this room, a big huge room with row after row of beds like in an orphanage and I walk down the rows and each bed has the last name of the person who occupies it on the end. I get to this bed that has my boyfriend's name on it. And I see that he's

fucking somebody and I'm horrified. It's this little blonde chick. So I pull him off of her and I notice that it's Cyndi Lauper.

Doctor: Very interesting.

Dita: So I pull him off and I said, "You disgusting pig! How could you fuck somebody? And most of all, how could you fuck Cyndi

Lauper?" All of a sudden we were in another room and I was beating up on him, saying, "How could you do that to me? How could you do that to me?" He says, "Oh, man! She's not the only person I fucked. I fucked your maid." I said, "You fucked my maid? You disgusting pig! How could you fuck my maid?" He said, "Not only that but I fucked Stephanie Seymour."

So I started beating up on him and then he started doing all these weird gymnastic routines...this doesn't sound like a sex dream, I know...

Doctor: Please go on.

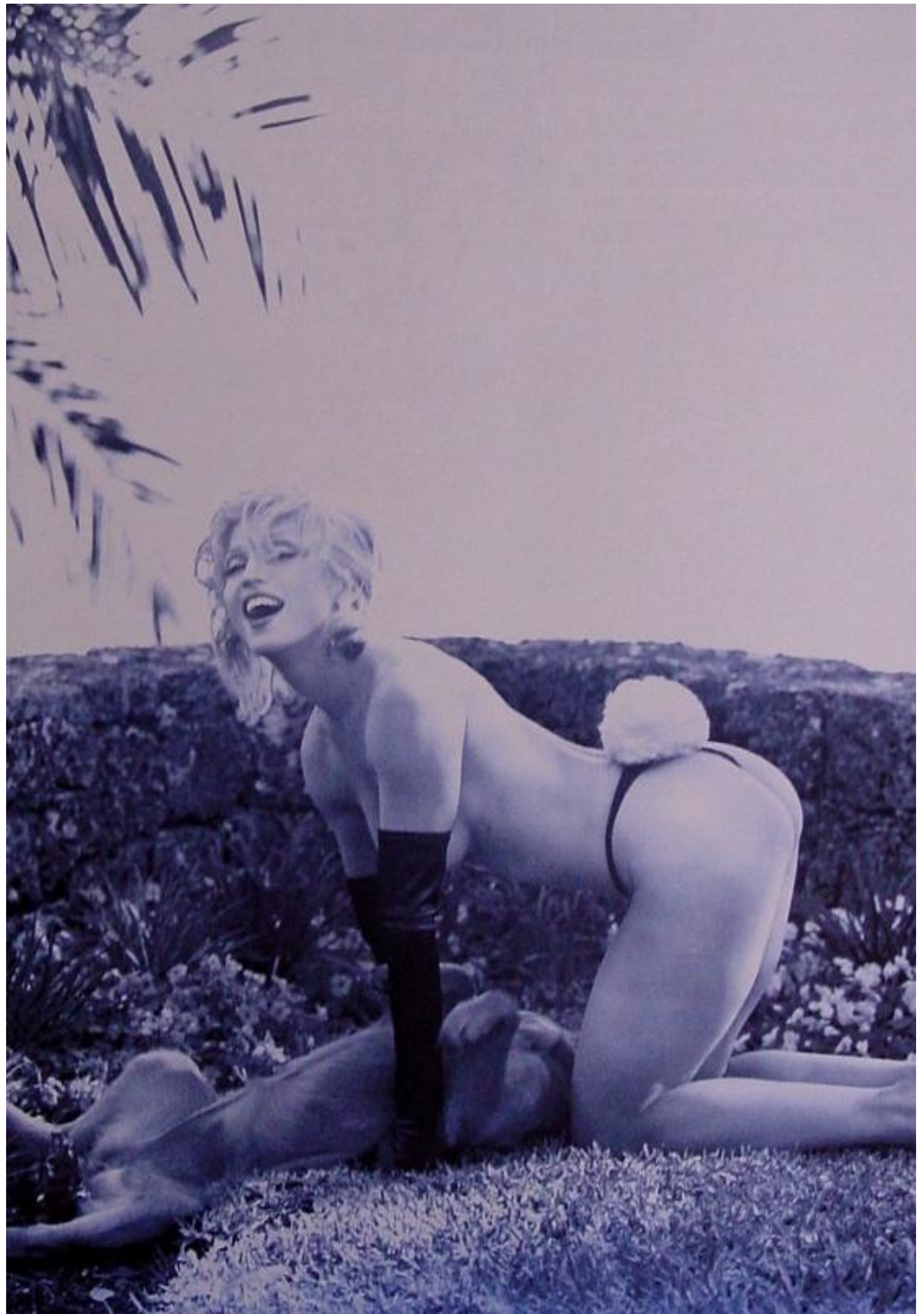
Dita: So he's doing handstands and one handed handstands and then he lowered himself to the floor and started humping the floor. I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "I'm free-jacking, man. I'm free-jacking." I said, "What's free-jacking." He said, "Yeah, you don't know me. I was free-jacking before you met me and I'm doing it now." And he just humped the floor.

I got really, really upset and I ran into this other room and I saw a pay phone and I called up my manager and I said, "You've got to get me out of here! Don't you realize this is a publicity stunt? It's only so the French can have something to write about in the newspapers for the next couple of months. I haven't done anything. Get me out of here!"

He said, "We'll be there. We'll do what we can. There's a lot of bureaucracy..." So I got really mad and I hung up the phone and I sat down in this chair and I started crying. Pretty soon somebody was rubbing me on the back and patting me and massaging the back of my neck and saying, "It's going to be alright! It's going to be alright." It was kind of sexual and I was kind of responding to it and I looked up and it was my maid. She was doing this to me. And then I woke up. But I was attracted to my maid. And that's the last sex dream I remember.

Doctor: How long was this before you fired her?

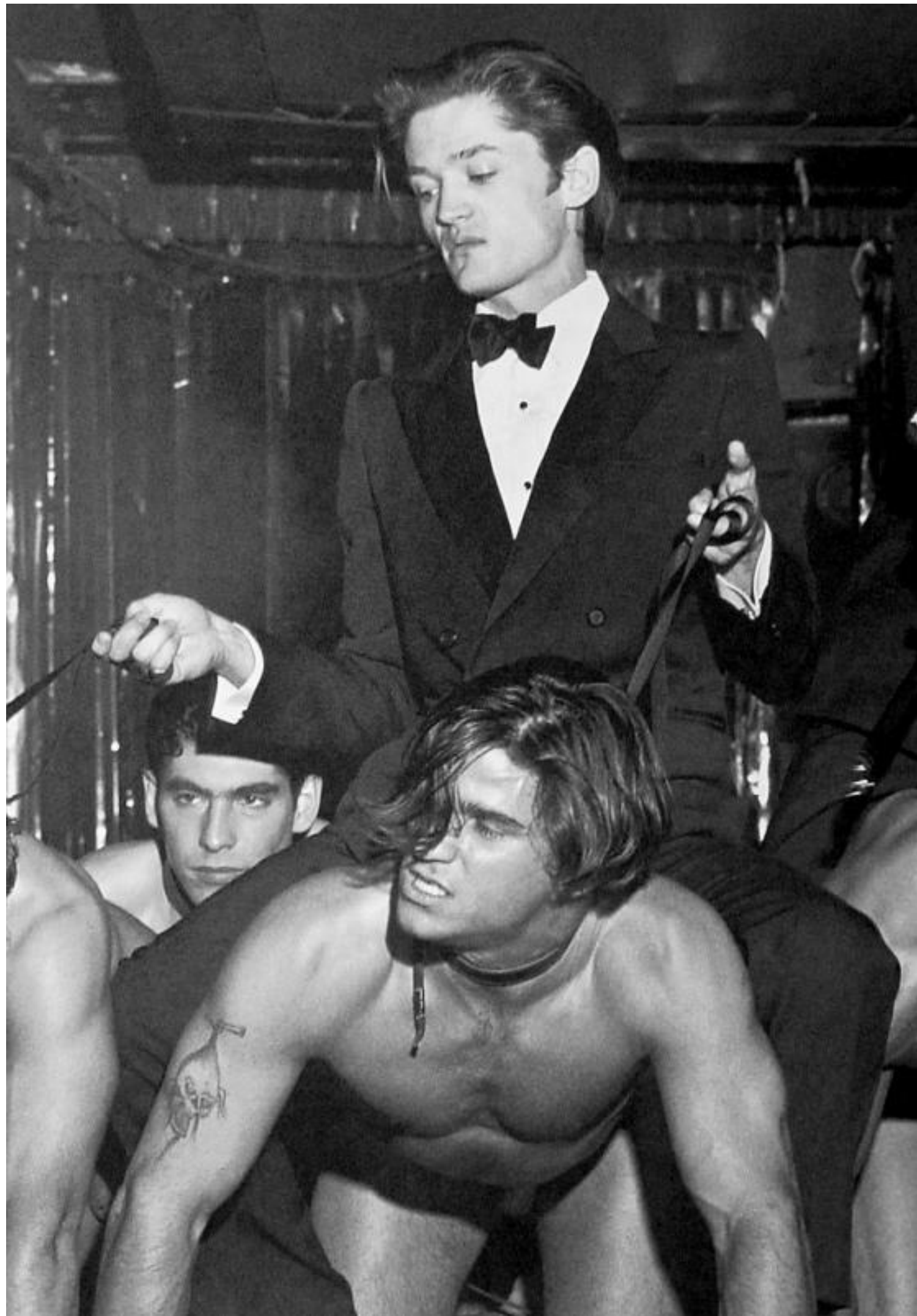
Dita: Actually, I think I fired her that day.

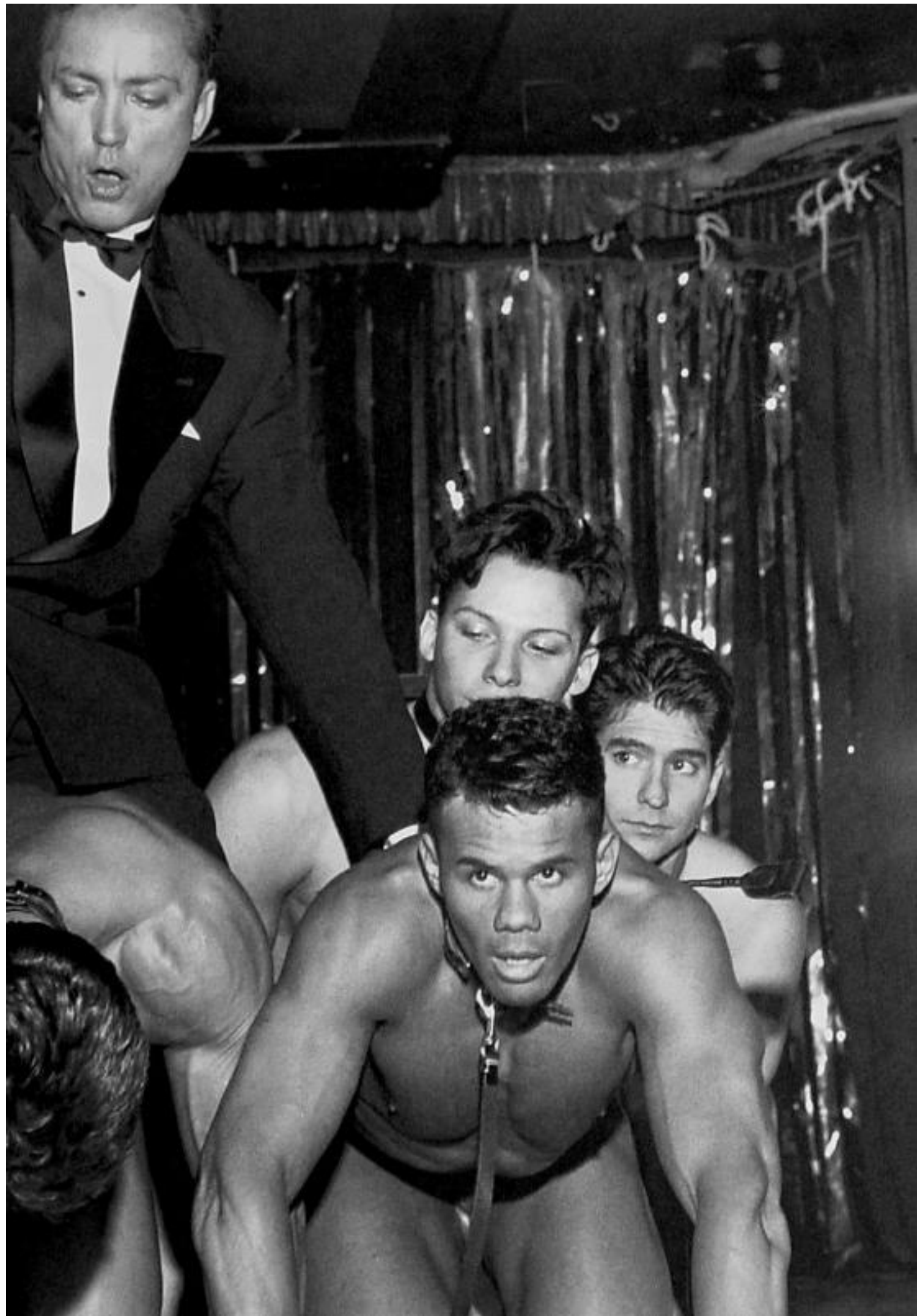


When I first moved to New York I thought about working in a topless bar. I was really naive and read the Village Voice and it said "Dancers Wanted" and I was a dancer at the time, I was studying at the Alvin Ailey School and I thought, "God, a hundred bucks a night!" That's good money. So I'd go to these agencies and these big fat disgusting bald men would be in these offices and they'd say, "Okay, take your clothes off. Let me see you in your underpants. We'll put some music on and you can dance around." I'd go, "Oh, it's that kind of dancing." But I stuck around anyway. I was kind of scared, but I thought "What could they do to me?" So I'd get down to my underpants and dance for them, but I'd never take the jobs. They were always in New Jersey. Besides, I got a job nude modelling for art schools. It was easier. But I kind of like the atmosphere in topless bars. I mean there are good bars and bad bars, but I always have a great time when I go. I also like gay male strip places. Straight male strip places are disgusting. Those guys can never dance. Only the guys at the gay clubs can dance and they always have really good bodies, not real beefy stupid bodies. More slim and beautiful. The guys at the Gaiety have the best bodies and they are really great dancers. But I love topless bars too. I like all the guys in the front row in the baseball caps. They are usually truckers or Japanese men. It's always interesting to scope the crowd.

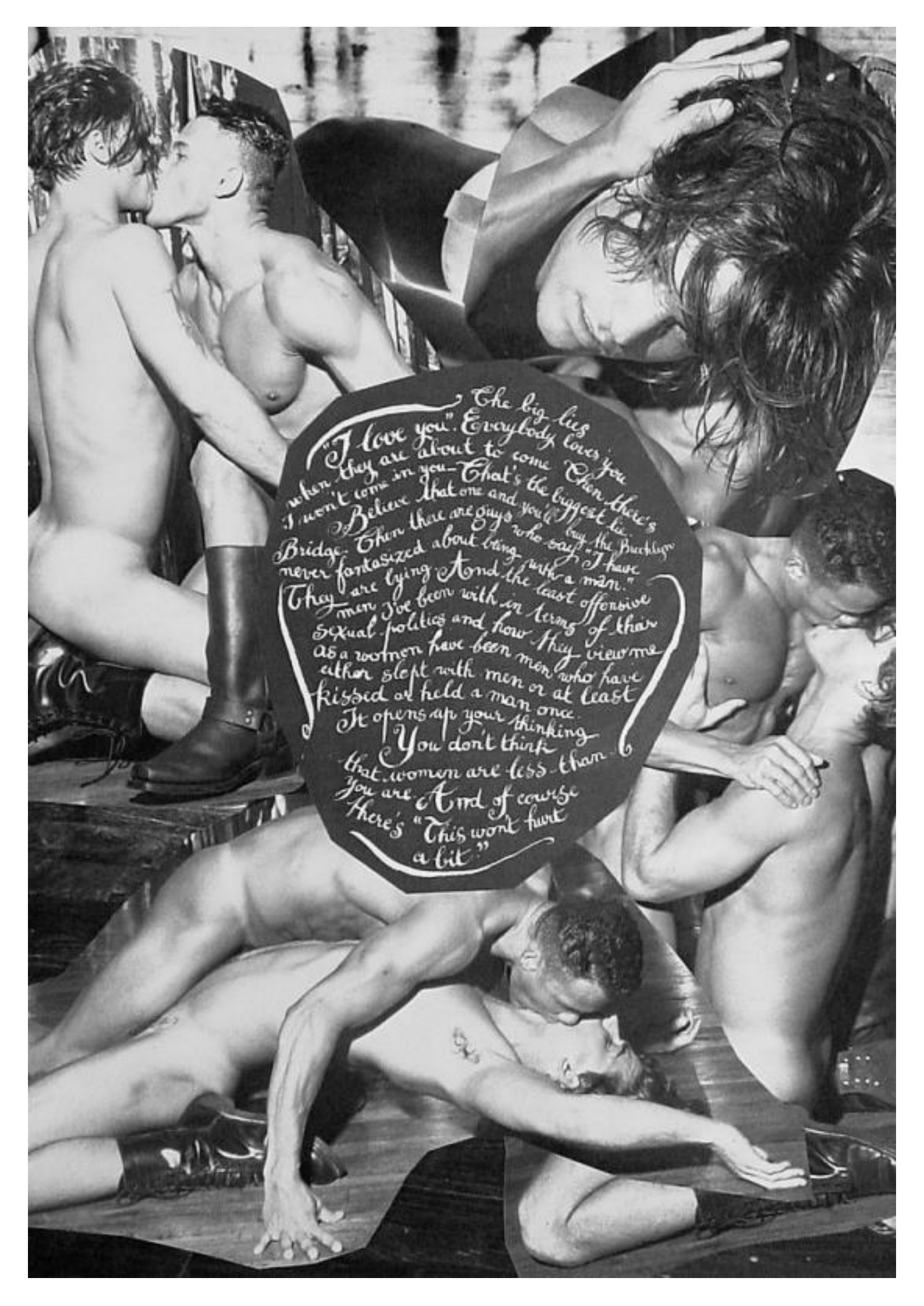












The big lie
"I love you". Everybody loves you
when they are about to come. Then there's
"I won't come in you." That's the biggest lie.
Believe that one and you'll ^{buy the Buckle} Bridge. Then there are guys who say "I have
never fantasized about being with a man."
They are lying. And the least offensive
men I've been with in terms of their
sexual politics and how they view me
as a woman have been men who have
either slept with men or at least
kissed or held a man or at least
It opens up your thinking
You don't think
that women are less than
you are. And of course
there's "This won't hurt
a bit."





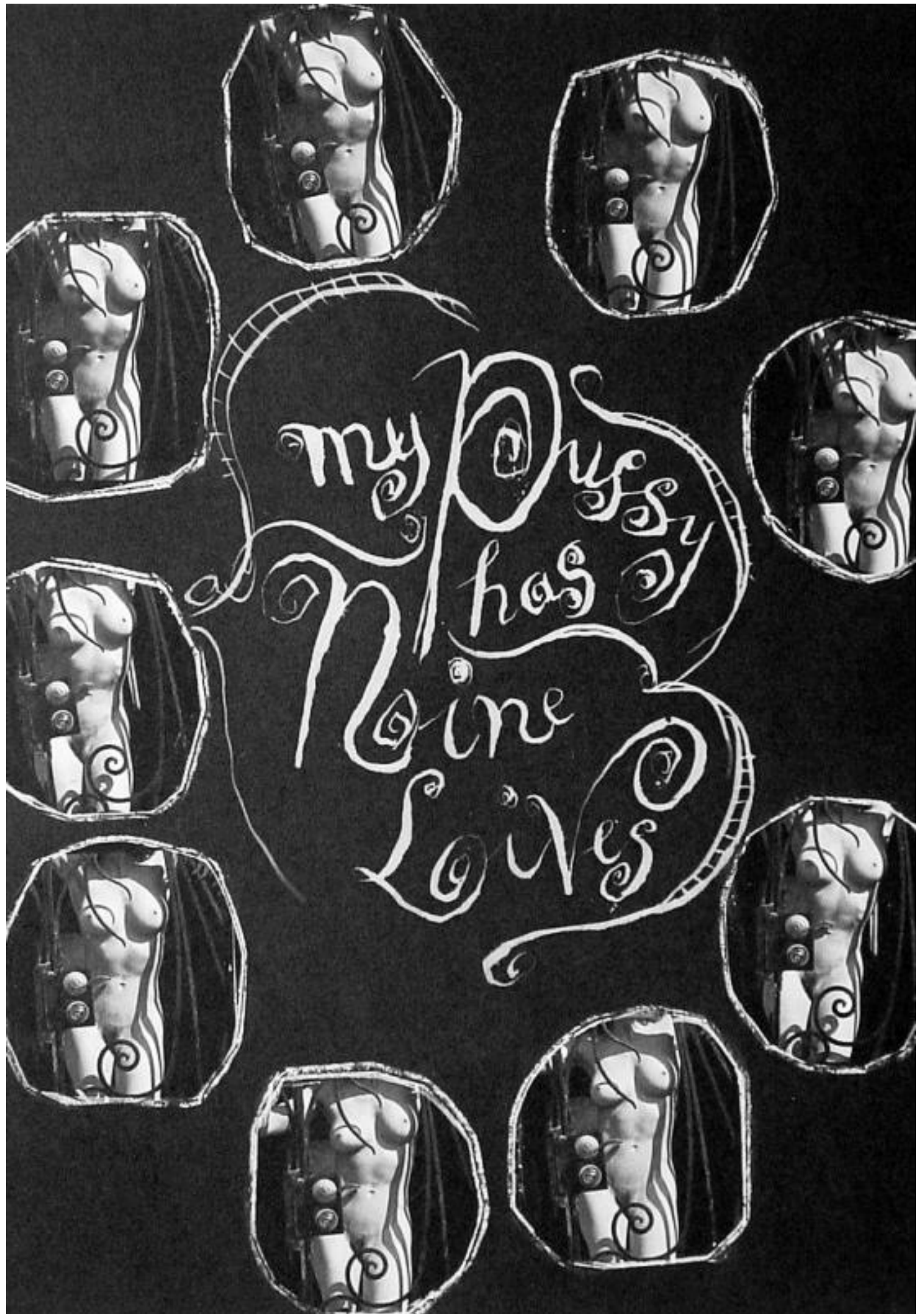


**OR CLOSE
CURTAIN**

Do Not Touch Curtain
When You Dance on Stage



my *Our* has
Nine
Loves





New York

Dear Johnny,

Ingrid's Birthday is coming up and I wanted to plan a party. I can't decide between a big huge to-do or something small and intimate. What do you think? ~~It's~~ Ingrid's been kind of tense lately and I want to cheer her up.

Since we've been home she hasn't been herself. My kisses used to make her smile. Now she always wants to be alone. She doesn't even want me to lick her pussy ~~anymore~~. She must be in love. I told ~~her~~ you not to introduce her to Ben: everyone falls in love with him and he belongs to no one. He never calls her and she just sits around sulking and eating hot buns.

What a bore! I'm glad I never slept with her, even though I make myself come all the time thinking about ~~her~~ it.

Anyways help me decide about the party and whatever you do, don't make Ben just bring lots of silly gorgeous men for us to torture. By the way what kind of cake should we have for the beautiful heartbroken her? Angel food? Devil's food? Spice cake? or Cream filled?

Miss Having you Inside Me,
Love

LaDita XX









I like my pussy. Sometimes I stare at it in the mirror when I'm undressing and wonder what it would look like without any hair like when I was a baby. Sometimes I sit at the edge of the bed and spread my legs. And stare into the mirror and wonder what others see. Sometimes I stick my finger in my pussy and wiggle it around the dark wetness and feel what a cock or a tongue must feel when I'm sitting on it. I pull my finger out and I always taste it and smell it. It's hard to describe it smells like a baby to me fresh and full of life. I love my pussy, it is the complete summation of my life. It's the place where all the most painful things have happened. But it has given me indescribable pleasure. My pussy is the temple of learning.







New York

dear Johnny,

I came back from dinner early this evening. I didn't even feel like going out. Can you believe it? I guess I'm a little frustrated. Ingrid and I made plans to meet at our favorite restaurant tonight and she showed up with some hairdresser. At first he seemed all right, but then he started saying things like "I love women. They make me feel like I'm gonna live forever." & I thought I was gonna be sick. He spent the whole evening talking about celebrities and motorcycles. I felt like I was in the movie "Shampoo" and I only had a small part.

You ~~would~~ would have hated him. He had a tattoo of Yosemite Sam — holding a blow dryer. And he kept ordering Long Island Ice Teas. Loser. I don't know what she sees in him. But she's still hung up on Ben, so I guess this is a distraction for her. Aren't I enough? He doesn't even look like he's into giving head.

She'll go home with him, he'll eat her pussy like it's an obligation, then he'll come before he even gets inside her and she'll run home to cry on my shoulder. I can read him like a book but I can't say anything to her. She never listens. I guess that's why I'm frustrated.

If you were here I wouldn't even care, cause you'd eat my pussy like it's an obligation you don't mind having!

Do you think I'm jealous? I don't mind sharing Ingrid with you or Ben, I just hate the idea of sharing even an inch of her beautiful flesh with this Sergio Valenti character. ~~It~~ I guess I'm selectively jealous.

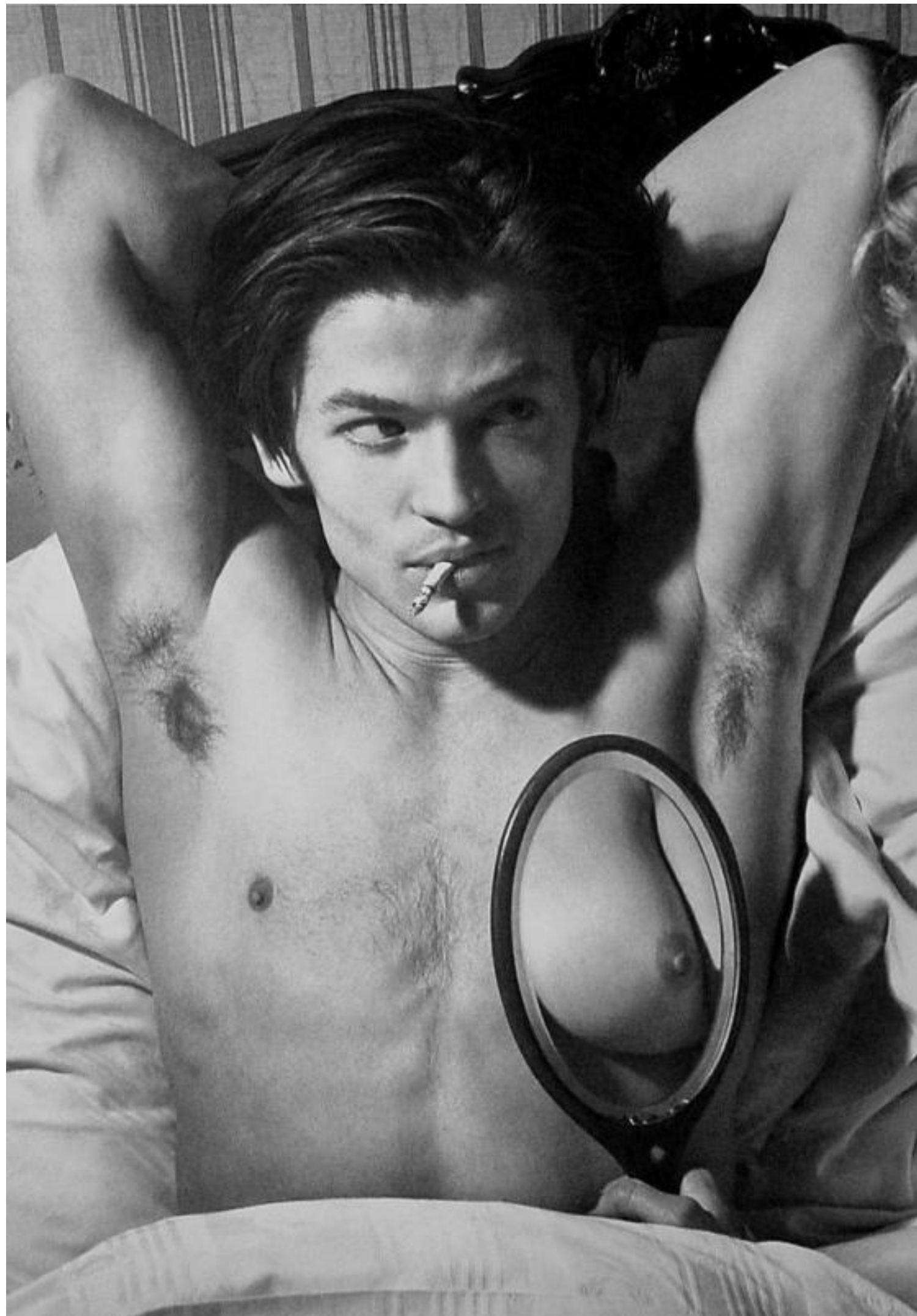
So here I am, lonely and bored, waiting for you to come back from your fishing trip. Waiting for Ingrid to come back from her fishing trip.

I hope she doesn't come back with crabs.

Only five more days till her birthday.

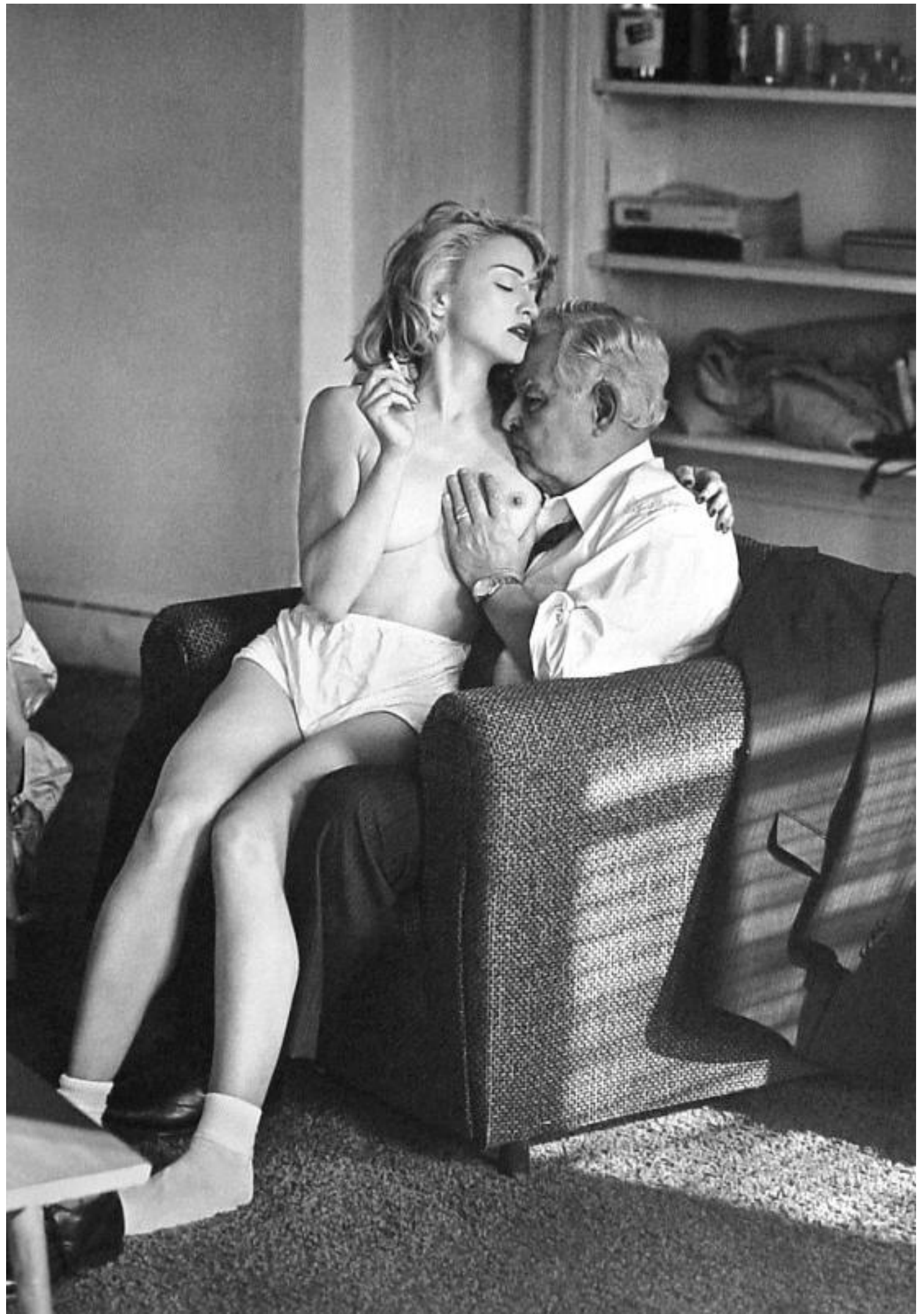
Can't wait to see you!

♡♡ DITA



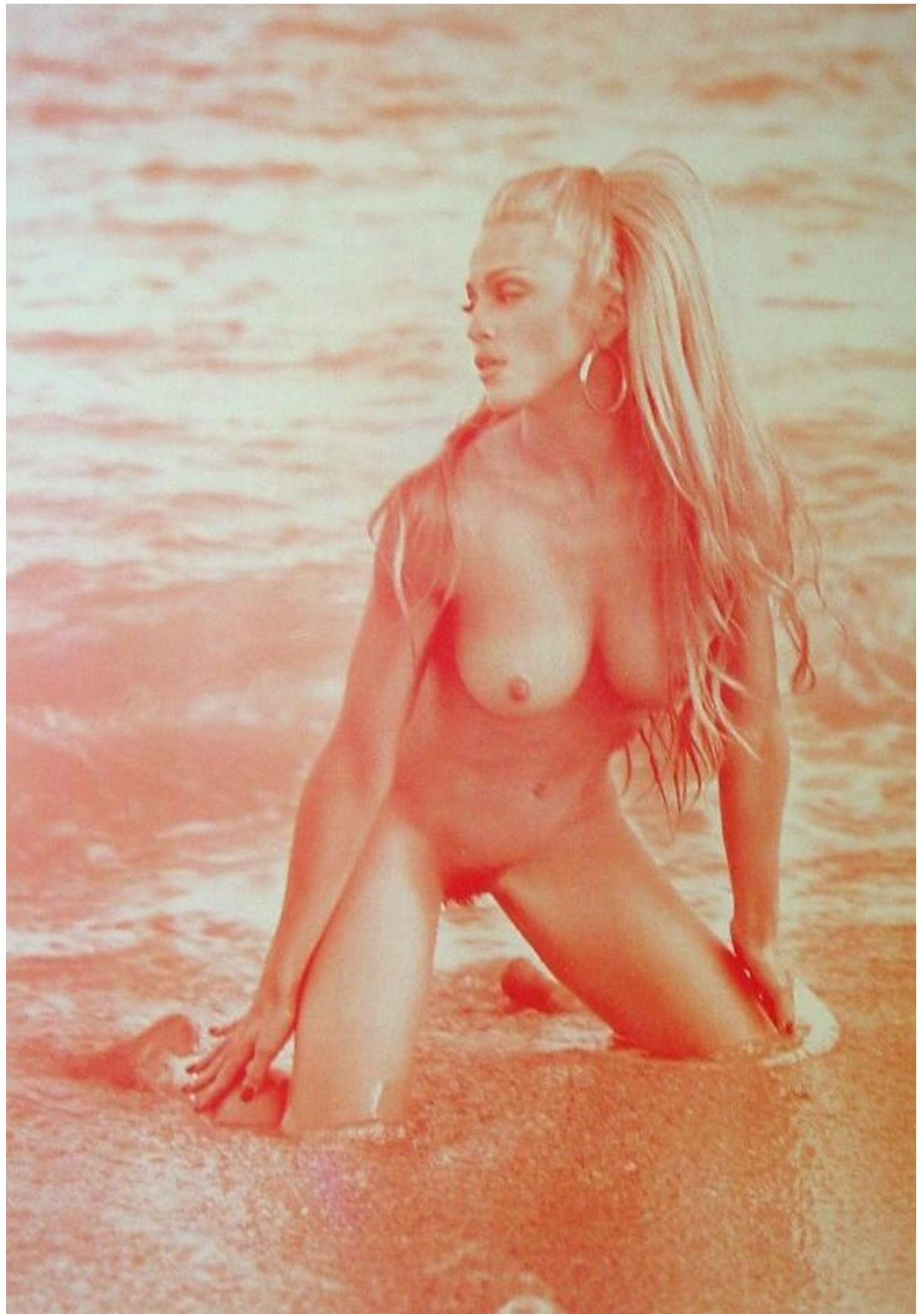


I had sex with someone who wasn't grossly obese but he was pretty overweight. It was the first and the last time. I really liked this guy a lot. He was handsome but he was overweight. I wanted to be unbiased because I really liked him, but the only way I could fuck him was on top because he crushed me. I had to sit on him because his stomach was in the way. That must be what it's like to fuck a pregnant woman. They always say that women aren't into appearance as much as men are, but it's not true. I think women are just as moved by appearance, but they are willing to accept a situation where the man is less attractive because of the who earns the bread situation. There are so many women with the ugliest guys. I swear to God, if they didn't have money, forget it. Two hundred fifty pounds, five seven, bald, disgusting misogynist pigs. Deep down inside these women know, but they ain't gonna tell nobody. If I see someone who's not necessarily conventionally beautiful, I can still be attracted based on their intellect or whatever. But fat is a big problem for me. It sets off something in my head that says "overindulgent pig."





I will raise
you from
the ground
and without
a sound you'll
appear and
surrender
yourself to
me, to love.













I have always dreamed of lying on a beach, completely naked. It's late in the afternoon and the sun is still blazing but it's less cruel now. I'm slightly drunk and the flies are buzzing around my body, tickling my arms and face. My skin is warm from the sun and there is so much heat coming off my body that I must lie close to the water so the waves can lap at me and cool my limbs. The roar of the ocean is in my ears and the sand is shifting beneath me.

Sometimes the water comes up to my knees and sometimes up to my chest, splashing in and assaulting me, then running away mischievously. My pubic hair glistens like a wet spider web.

I am open. I am on display to the sea and suddenly I smell heliotrope and jasmine and a shadow looms over me and there stands the most beautiful girl, skin glistening with oil. Long hair and a shy smile. She comes to see if I'm okay. She kneels down beside me but I pretend I'm sleeping and don't move. She puts her ear on my breast and listens. Satisfied with my heartbeat she starts to rise, but her eye is caught by my ruby earrings glistening in the sun so she reaches to touch one sitting on my ear like a drop of blood.

I quickly grab her hand. At first she's startled but when I smile she laughs realizing I've been pretending. She doesn't move away. She moves close and I can feel her soft breath on my skin. The flies are buzzing and the sky is golden and her smell is intoxicating. She doesn't take her eyes away from mine.

She asks me if I'm all right and I tell her I'm thirsty so she playfully grabs a handful of the sea and splashes it on my face. I pull her down on the sand with me and tickle her until she's in a fit of laughter, and before I can blink she has leaned up and kissed me—like a naughty schoolgirl with her soft pink lips. Warm sensation starts expanding in my belly. I stare into her eyes and she is fearless.

I'm on all fours now and the sun is beating down on my back and the waves are teasing our legs. She doesn't move so I shift my weight and I'm straddling her, directly above her, and small beads of sweat trickle off my neck. One lands on her neck so I lean down and lick it off. Again I am met by a penetrating stare, inviting me to do as I please. So I lean down to kiss her lips, already parted, and we eat each other hungrily, taking turns to explore one another's mouths with our tongues. Her teeth are like miniature pieces of china that I am feasting from. She bites my lip a little too hard and I punish her by pulling away.

After what seems like an eternity of staring I move up over her, brushing my breasts against her face. She grabs them with her hands, gripping them firmly and guiding my nipples into her mouth one at a time. Sucking on them, licking them, biting them.

Suddenly the wetness between my legs has nothing to do with the waves that are bathing us. My pussy is soaked from within and I want her to touch me and feel me touching. I move back to kiss her and yank up the long T-shirt she wears as a dress. I discover she's wearing no underwear. Suddenly her finger finds my pussy and she is finger fucking me and playing with my clit and giggling.

I tell her she'll make me come in a second if she doesn't stop and she replies

Good, 'cause I'm dying of thirst and I want to drink your pussy juice!" She starts to rub faster and faster plunging her finger in and out of me, sometimes tickling my asshole. I devour her mouth, and I play with the nipples of her small, boyish breasts.

I'm just about to come and she tells me she wants to taste me, so I crawl up to her mouth and lower my pussy on to her lips and her tongue touches my clit and she begins to suck and I am destroyed.

Her hands hold my ass as I rock back and forth on her face. Strange sounds come out of my throat like a baby crying as I pour the purest part of myself into her. I fall back on the sand exhausted from the heat and the alcohol and the excitement. She tells me **how sweet my pussy tastes** and I tell her to take off her T-shirt and lie on her stomach.

I pull myself up and stand over her, staring at her beautiful tanned ass and long legs. I part her legs with my feet and marvel at the pink wetness of her pussy. Falling to my knees I wet my finger and start tickling her asshole, making little circles and occasionally biting her ass. She asks me what I'm doing and I say, "What you want me to do."

The sun is starting to set and circling seagulls have become voyeurs. My finger finds her **clit** and I rub it and she begins to moan and purr like a little dove. "Put your finger inside me," she begs, but I tease her and say "No, first I have to make an offering to the sea." I continue to spread her legs out so her asshole and pussy are open wide, ready to be fucked by nature. Her back is arching and the muscles in her ass are straining and she begs me to make her come, so I tell her to turn over and keep her legs spread. She does and I sit there staring at her beautiful cunt, trembling in the rosy light. I crawl toward her until my nose is almost touching her and I smile deeply—the sea, the heliotrope, her animal scent that reminds me of musk and vanilla.

First I kiss her inner thighs and lick **her outer lips** tasting the salt of the sea. Then I kiss her clit but very gently because it's engorged with blood and erect as my cock I've ever seen.

"Suck my pussy, baby," she says to me like a prayer, and I do. I plunge my tongue into her soft wetness. Her pelvis starts gyrating and she starts to groan and my tongue goes back to her clit licking faster and faster. I take my fingers, first one then two because she is so open and I finger fuck her tight little gash while sucking on her cluster and harder until she grabs the back of my head and pulls it into her pussy.

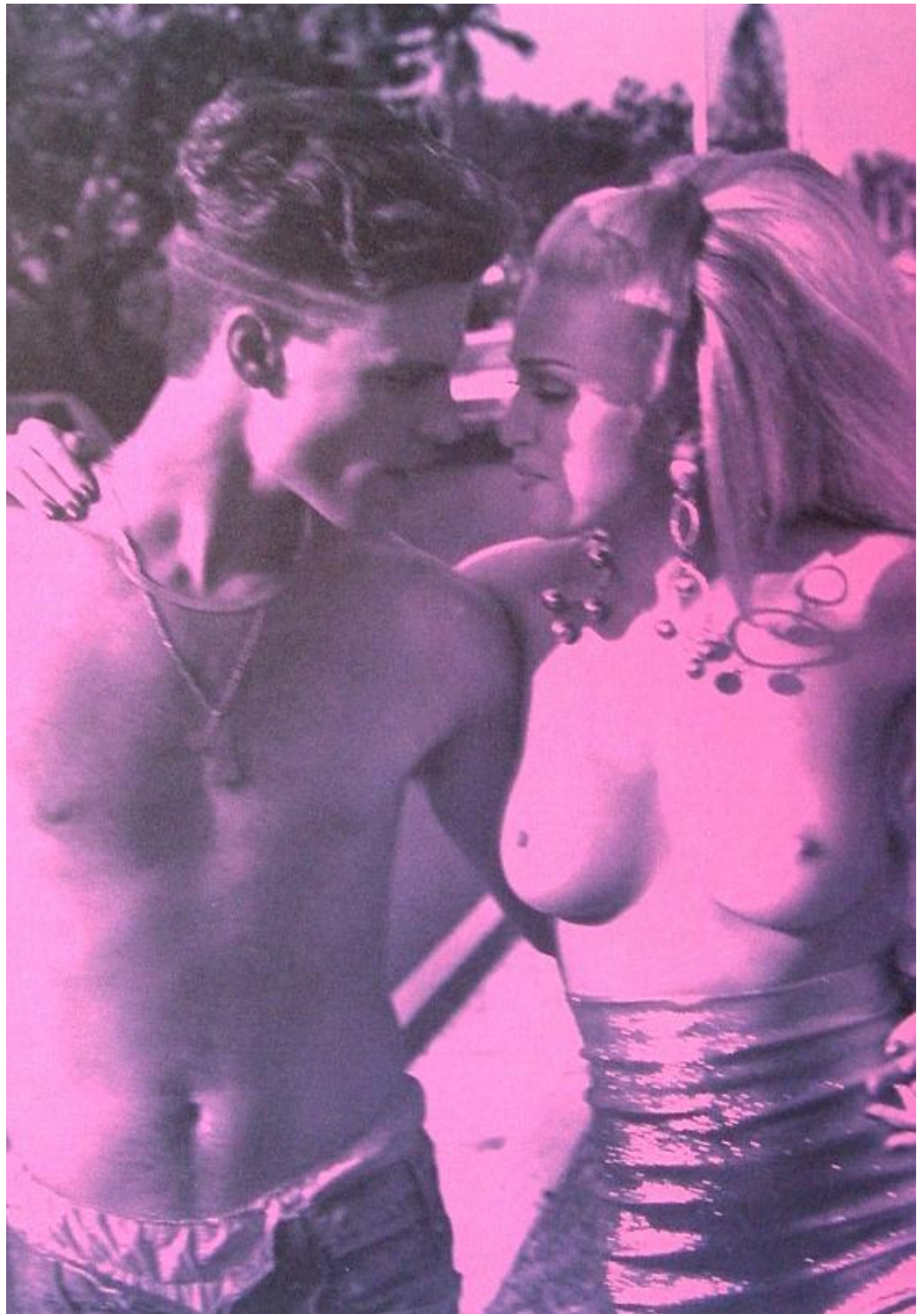
When she comes she cries out like the seagulls circling above us. Her body shudders again and again and I drink in every drop of her sweet nectar. Then I crawl up next to her and kiss her gently, letting her taste her own pussy. She smiles and I notice she has a space in her teeth like mine. I fall onto my back and look into the fantastic sky, red now but turning pink and violet.

The sky is the color of **pussy**.

I am content.

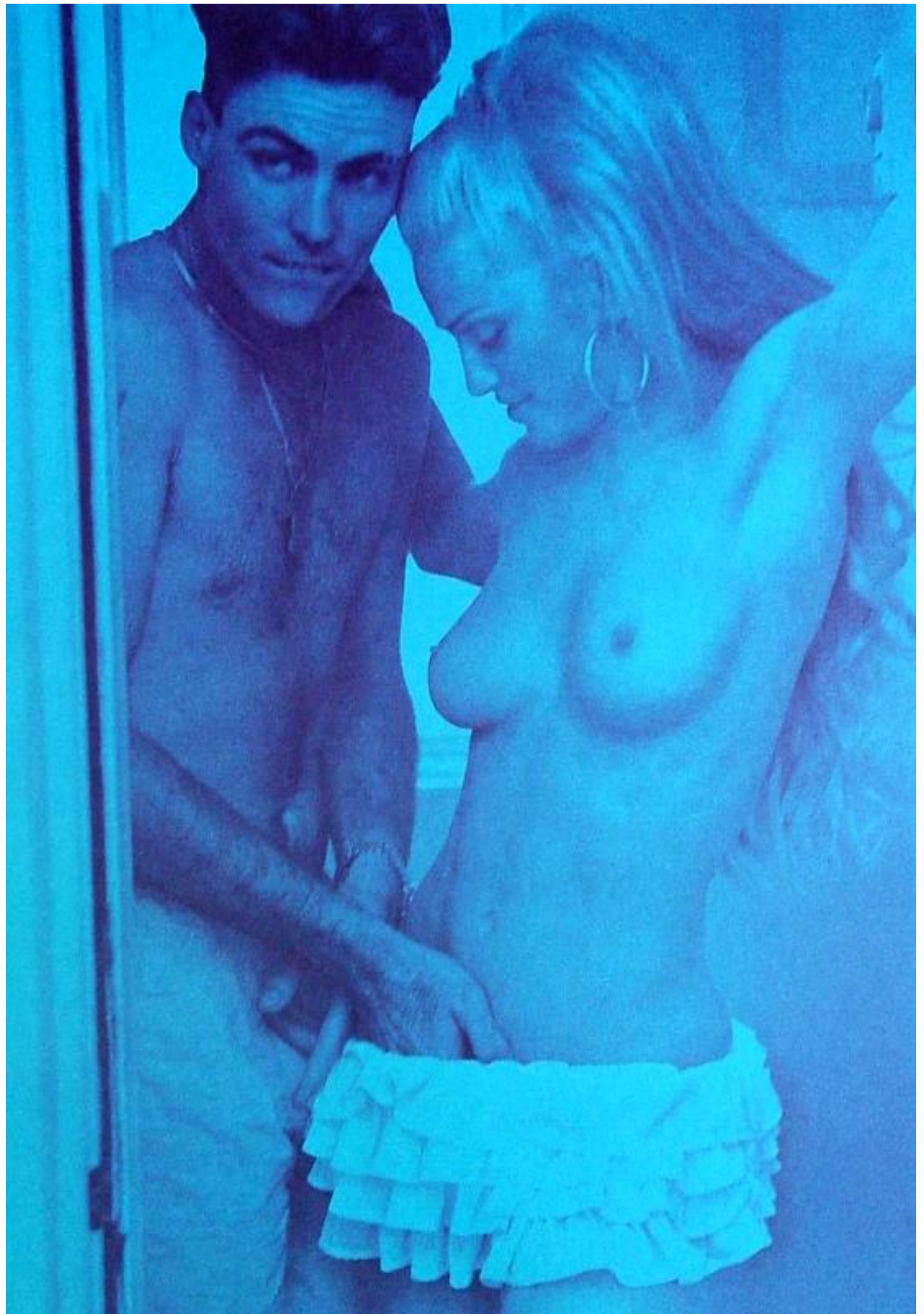
I find her hand and squeeze it.

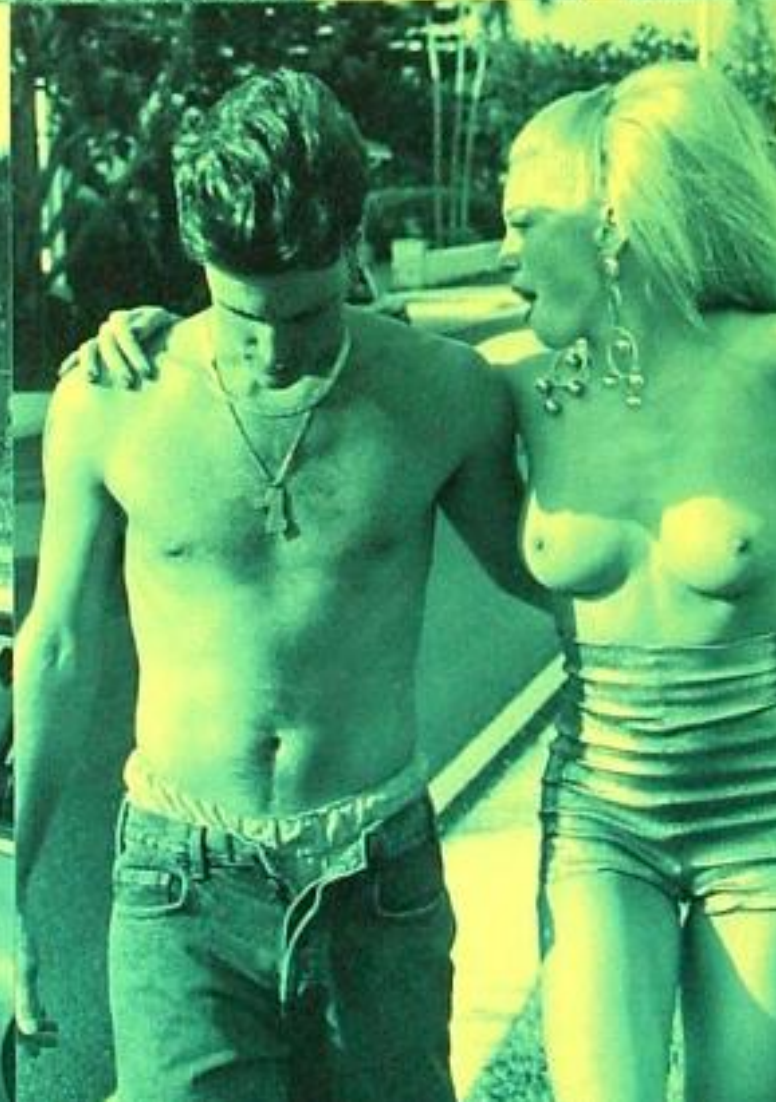
"What's your name?" I ask.



I don't think you have to have a language in common with someone to have sexual rapport. But it helps if the language you don't understand is Italian. I practically come listening to people speak Italian and I don't understand it that well. When they say, "Are you hungry? Let's go get some spaghetti," it sounds like they are coming on to you. It's really arousing. Sex can overcome the language barrier because it's all body language anyway. But if you're talking about having a long, meaningful relationship, forget it. I was really into this Italian guy and I had this fantasy about him. He lived in Rome with his mother. I sat there with a dictionary piecing together sentences and I finally realized that he was madly in love with me in three days and he wanted me to stay in Italy and marry him and have a baby right away. That wasn't too appealing, but the sex was good. Sometimes when you can't speak it kind of frees you up. They're whispering all this shit in your ear and they could be talking about the theory of relativity for all you know. They could be calling you a cunt bitch whore from hell. They could be saying, "As soon as you come I'm going to kill you," and you're yelling, "Yes! Yes!"









East Hampton

Dear Johnny

You were here for such a short time and now you're gone again. I hope you don't stay in L.A. for too long. I hear the smog is really bad and all that sun rots your brain. But you have Ben to keep you from going Hollywood once, so I'm not worried. Wasn't Ingrid's party a blast? Those margaritas tasted sooooo good. I lost track of how many I had, but the next day my liver reminded me.

Well when you and your friends rode up on your Harley's ~~last~~ my pants. I watched you ride up from my window and I wanted to run downstairs, straddle your bike and let you eat my pussy while all your friends watched. Why do motorcycles, tattoos and dirty hands always send me to my knees? Proof that I am nothing but white trash. Do you think it's bad that I'm attracted to all your friends? ~~Do you think it's bad that I'm attracted to all your friends?~~ It makes me want to fuck you more, knowing you have such fuckable friends.

The girls were pretty fuckable too. By the time everybody arrived I had to do a Woody check. People seemed to be in such a good mood. I think the margaritas had something to do with it. I tried to be a good hostess and make sure everyone's needs were met but after a ~~while~~ few drinks I decided everyone could meet their own needs.

The D.J. you found played the best stuff. My \$100.00 Juicy shirt was soaked from dancing so I took it off and nobody seemed to mind. ^{USO DID. INGRID} We were ~~wearing~~ wearing matching Christian Dior demi-cup bras and that made me feel even closer to her. When the D.J. played a slow song we got glued together and just to show Ingrid how much I love her I let her french kiss me and smear my lipstick. ^{AND NOBODY SEEMED TO MIND}

You weren't jealous were you? I noticed you had your hand huffing down Juliette's pants. Were you helping her fuck her shirt in? Don't blame you. She looks like she just stepped out of a Zeffirelli movie.

Did your friends have fun? Todd spent the whole night talking to a gorgeous Lesbian and Ben sneaked out halfway through ~~the~~ the dening. Who's heart was he breaking this time?

All in all I'd say the party was a great success but I was glad when everyone left and we were finally alone. You fucked me so good we cracked the toilet seat.

I saw a movie the other day where a girl sticks a rag up her lover's butt and pulls it out when he cokes. Should we try this?

Miss you something awful, Harry Buck!

your devoted nympho Dita x



Sex was like a game to her

like Jeopardy! or Hollywood Squares.

like Monopoly

or Trivial Pursuit.

Her body was a weapon,
not a fatal weapon.

more like a stun gun.
more like a fun gun.

She did it to remind everybody
that she could bring happiness
or she could bring danger.

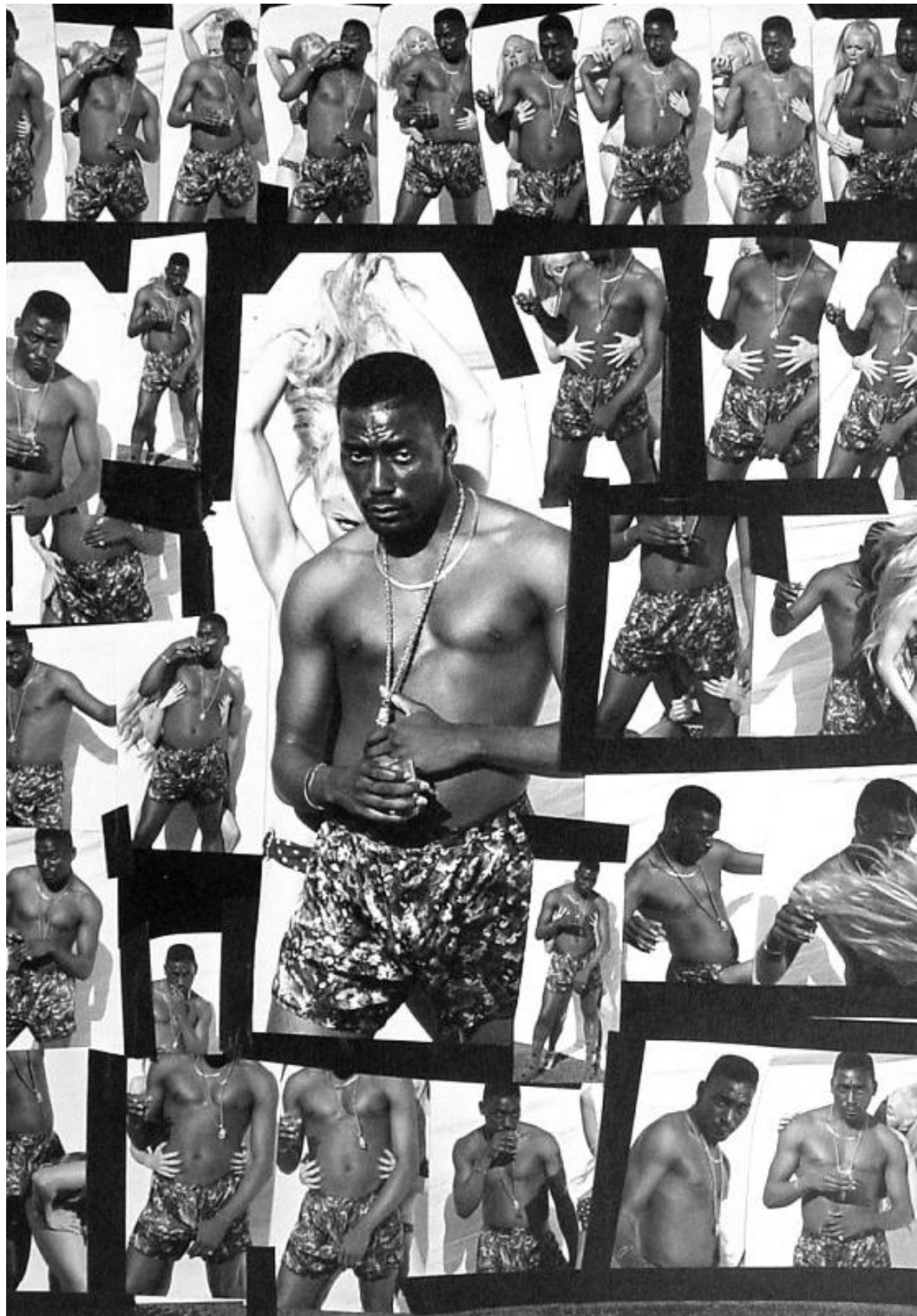
kind of like the lone ranger

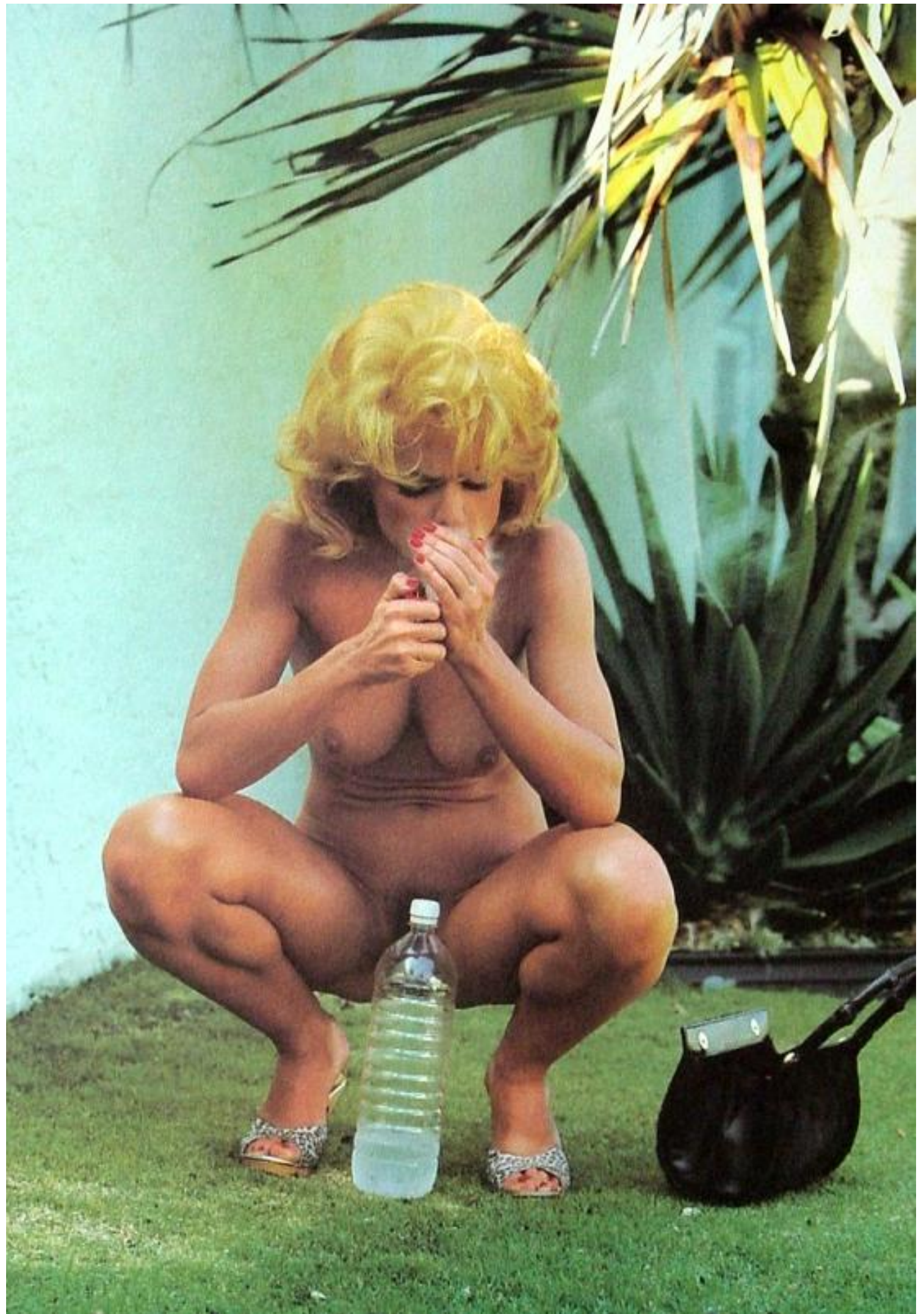
only the horse she rode in on was high.

She was an avenger of the libido dead.

a sister of mercy.

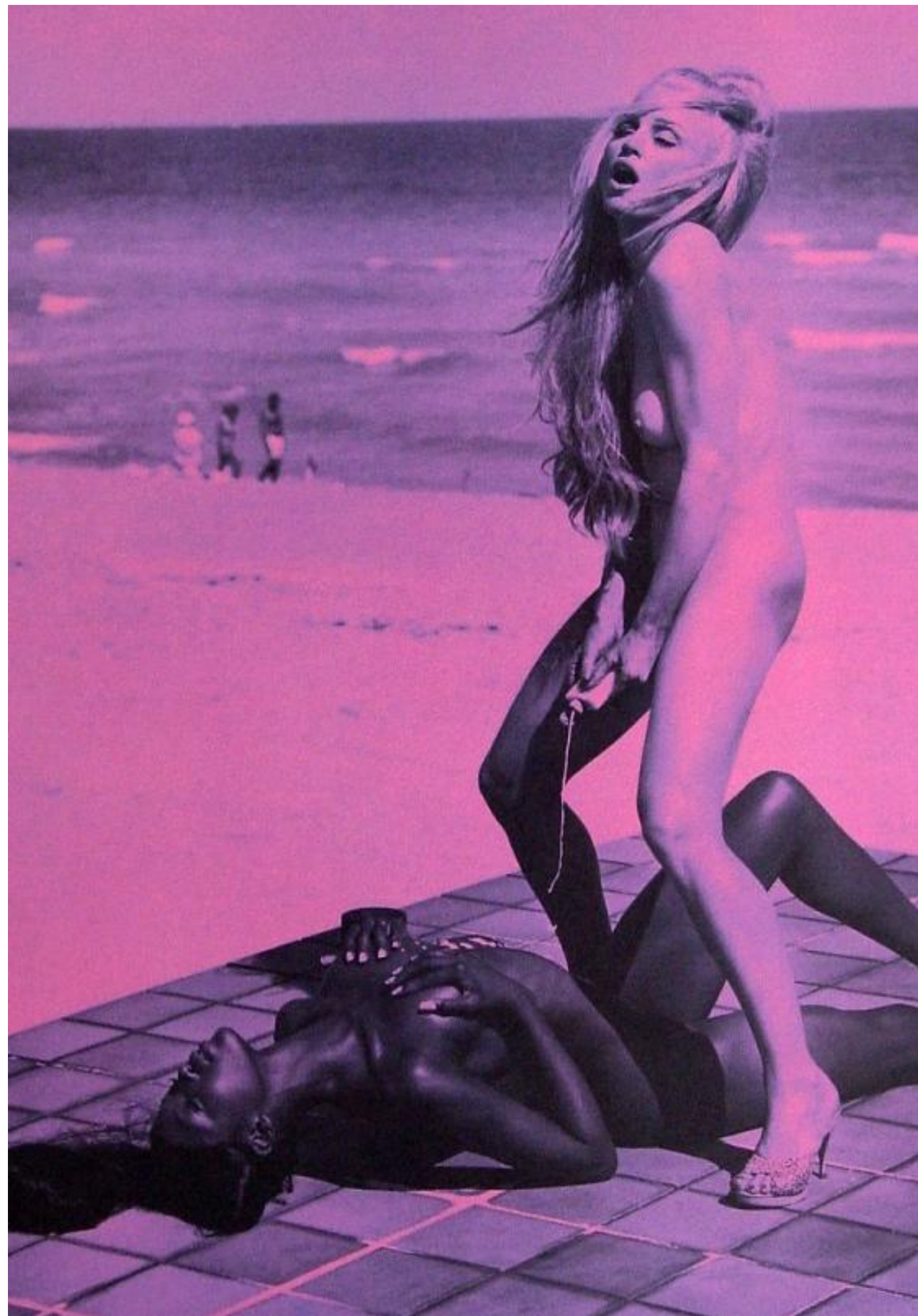
our lady of head.







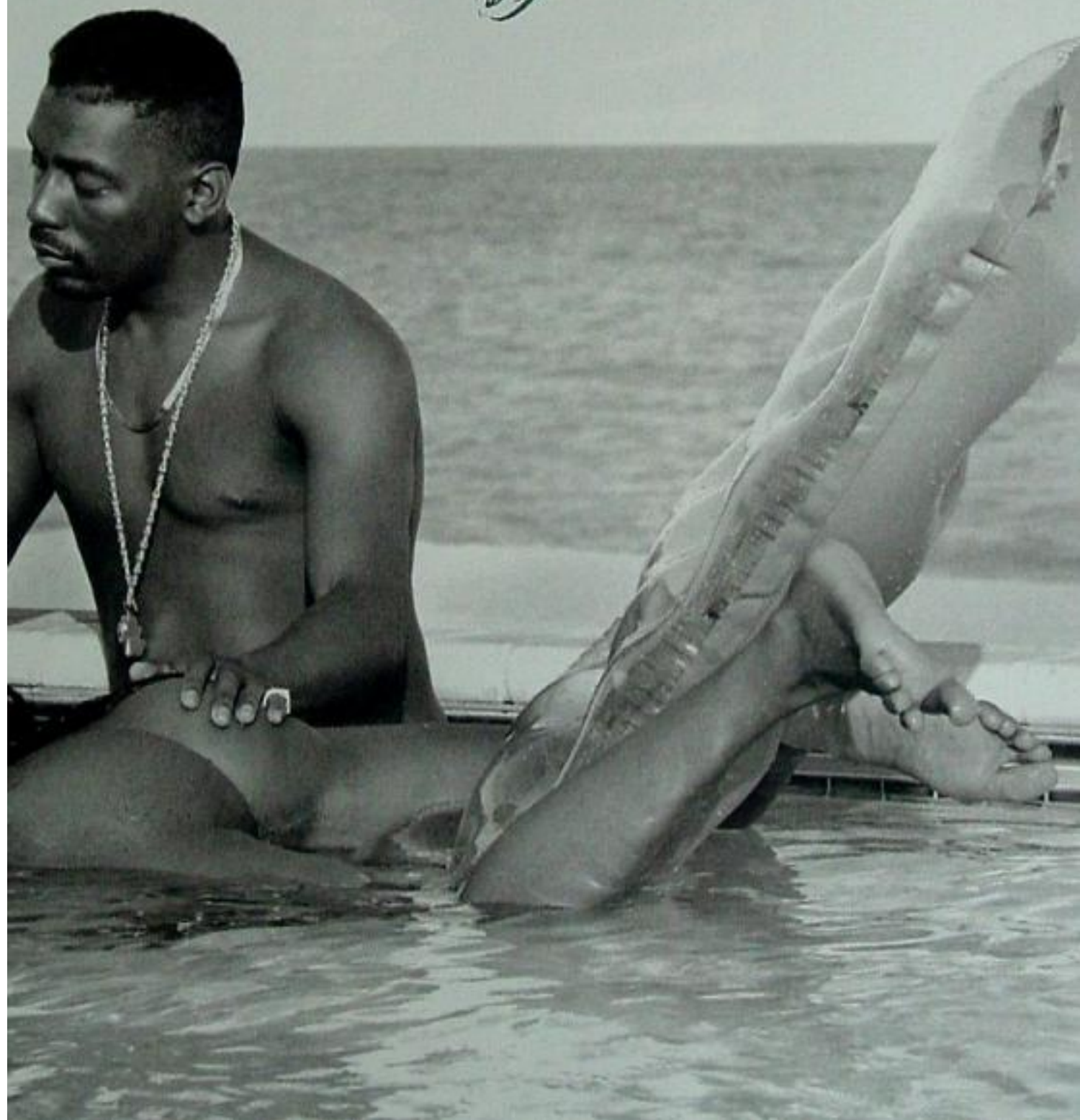




How do you give a good
blow job?

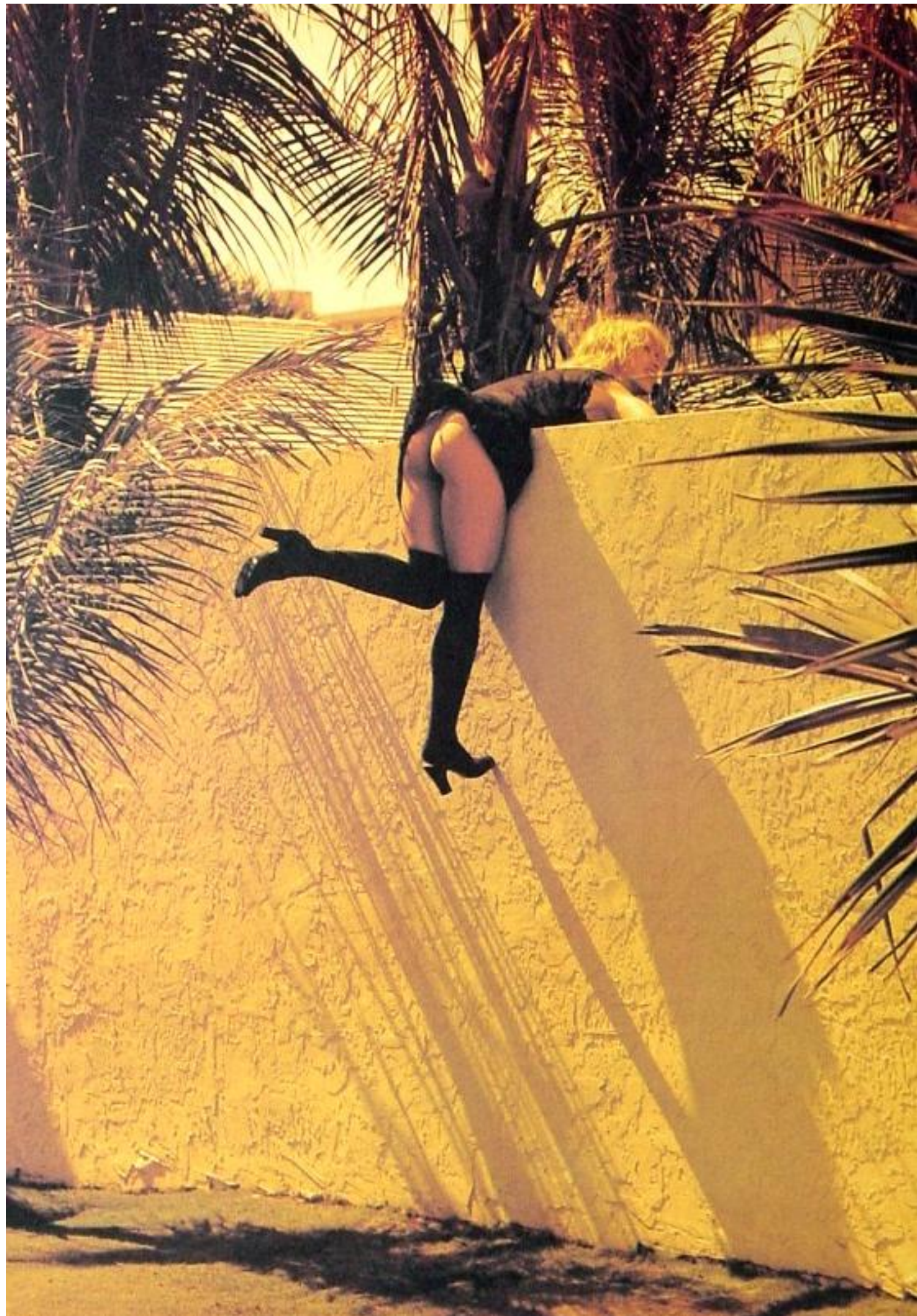


Drink a lot
of beer first





lying on clothes in the dressing room of Ralph Lauren, Ivo took off his slacks. Looking in the 3-way mirror he realized he was hard. Could it be the lovely Cuban salesgirl who brushed up against him in the sales aisle? Could it be the hot balmy afternoon that made his clothes heavy and made the back of his neck moist? Could Ralph Lauren afford an air conditioner? Or maybe it was the theme song from *Dr. Zhivago* filling the store. He thought of Julie Christie never failed to arouse him. In any case he stood helpless and hard, his boxers protruding like a pup tent. He felt like buying a new pair of chinos but for some reason he ended up in the dressing room with everything but. Linen jackets, denim shirts and a wonderful leather belt. He took himself unbuttoning his shirt. Staring into the mirror he caught himself smiling. Suddenly, the Cuban salesgirl was near the dressing room, calling to him. "Do you need any help?" It seemed like a trick question. Her voice was deep and throaty like something was caught in it. "Oh dear," Ivo said to himself. He was tempted to answer the question in a most lascivious manner, but instead he said, "The shirts are awfully big. I'd like to try size 38." Off she went on a hunt, leaving a trail of Giorgio behind her. Cheap perfume always aroused him. He believed that cheap cologne smelled luxurious on people with dark skin. Ivo had lost all interest in trying on clothes. Standing in his boxer shorts, he found himself dizzy from the humidity and the lurid scent. So he sat down and considered masturbating while watching himself in the mirror. Maybe he could do it before the salesgirl came back. She didn't seem to be in a hurry. The idea of her walking in as he ejaculated made him go even harder. He stared at the belt he had chosen, lying on the floor. He liked it but didn't want to buy it. Bel reminded him of his father. Suddenly her voice was at the door again. "I have your size 38. Are you decent?" "Oh, if you only knew," he said to himself. Without thinking he told her to come in. She opened the door cautiously and, seeing him sitting there flushed and dreamy, she tried to avoid looking in his eyes or below his waist. "It's very hot in here, I wish they'd fix the air conditioner." Her words hung in the air. He didn't respond. He just sat there staring at her. She didn't move but clutched the size 38 to her breast. Ivo could hear her breathing. He noticed she was wearing an ankle bracelet with little red stones that must have been glass. Her perfect brown toes peeked out of her sandals. He wanted to lick them. "Aren't you feeling well?" she asked. "I think the heat is getting to me," he lied. "Put your hand on my forehead and tell me if I have a fever." He stepped forward, balling the crisp shirt up in one hand, and reaching out to his forehead with the other. He touched his skin lightly and felt a definite heat but couldn't tell who it belonged to. Her hand moved without instruction, first to his cheek. Then his neck, to report on the temperature there. "It's hard to tell, 'cause it's so hot in this place but I think you're normal." "Oh..." He sounded disappointed. "I hope not," he prayed to himself. He stared at her fly for a long time. Then slowly he reached out and touched the Y formed by his thighs and crotch. She didn't flinch but stood there crushing the shirt into a tight ball. He pushed his finger in and out of the Y and felt moisture there. Without warning she dropped to her knees, letting the shirt fall from her hands. Her face came to rest on his lap and he stroked her cheek. She wore no makeup and her head was beautifully shaped. She had the most magnificent mouth and its proximity to his erection tormented him. As he were reading his mind, her hand went into the leg of his shorts, found his cock, and slid it through his opening into her mouth. He watched her suck. Her nostrils flared as her lips pulled on him, sending him far away. Nothing he had ever felt so good. He noticed the door was open a crack but he made no move to close it. He was transfixed by this dark-haired Lolita, who worked on him so effortlessly, so innocently; he had no reason to distrust her. Looking up at him with her lazy brown eyes, she made him feel drunk. She held the base of his cock with one hand and his balls in the other, and through the strains of "Lara's Theme" he heard little sucking sounds. Sometimes he played with her hair and sometimes he used his hands to guide her mouth on him. Her mouth . . . her mouth was genius. She knew what she was doing and she did it. Ivo caught himself in the mirror and noticed how his face glistened with sweat. "You're beautiful," he said out loud, not quite sure who he was talking to. Suddenly he felt as if he would explode. He threw his head back and moaned "Oh yes, you're so beautiful," as his blood rushed to the base of his spine. He heard his own heart pounding in his ears. His hands massaged the back of her neck as she sucked faster and faster and faster. The dam broke. And his control shot out of him in spasms, in beautiful wrenching spasms. She did not swallow it, but, half smiling, she let it run out of her mouth like a child spilling milk. "Lourdes, where are you? I need you to help some customers." A stern matronly voice came out of nowhere. She jumped up and wiped her mouth with the size 38. "You'll have to buy the shirt now. I have to get back to work." "Is your name Lourdes?" he asked. "Yes, but my friends call me Luli." She straightened herself and checked her face in the mirror, perfectly content with what she saw. He could tell she was simple and he envied her. He wanted to know her. He wanted to buy her a hot dog or a soft pretzel. "Can I take you to lunch?" he asked. "Oh, you don't owe me anything," she replied. "Besides, I have a boyfriend." With that she turned and was gone, yelling over her shoulder, "You can pay up front."





NEW YORK

Dear John

I wasn't going to write this letter but after thinking long and hard, no pun intended, I decided it was best that you know that I know.

When you came back from L.A. and I didn't hear from you I got worried, so I went to your place and when I got to the door I heard strange noises. I thought someone was being strangled. Feeling protective I used the key you gave me and let myself in.

I tiptoed into the bedroom in case there was an intruder, and lo and behold someone was being strangled but not the way I imagined. Ben was kneeling in front of you and he wasn't praying. I didn't know if I was turned on or disgusted. I just knew I had to get out there.

I guess you were in your own little world. Or maybe you knew I was watching and it got you off. In any case I think we should spend some time apart and think this thing through. Now I know why Ben was always so preoccupied. Is that what you did on those fishing trips? I didn't know Ben was holding your rod for you. Did you catch anything?

I haven't told Ingrid yet. I'm not sure how she's gonna take it. Maybe she'll ~~feel~~ feel better knowing her competition isn't another woman. As for me, I think I'm gonna be sick. Next time you want pussy, just look in the mirror.

Gone fishing

DITA







Doctor: Have you ever been mistaken for a prostitute?



*Dita: Every time anyone reviews anything I do,
I'm mistaken for a prostitute.*





lot of people
are afraid to say
what they want

That's why
they don't get
what they

Want.



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CHICLET



DITA



STELLA



DITA VON TEASE IN THE CHELSEA GIRL

WITH

THE STRANGER



BUNNY



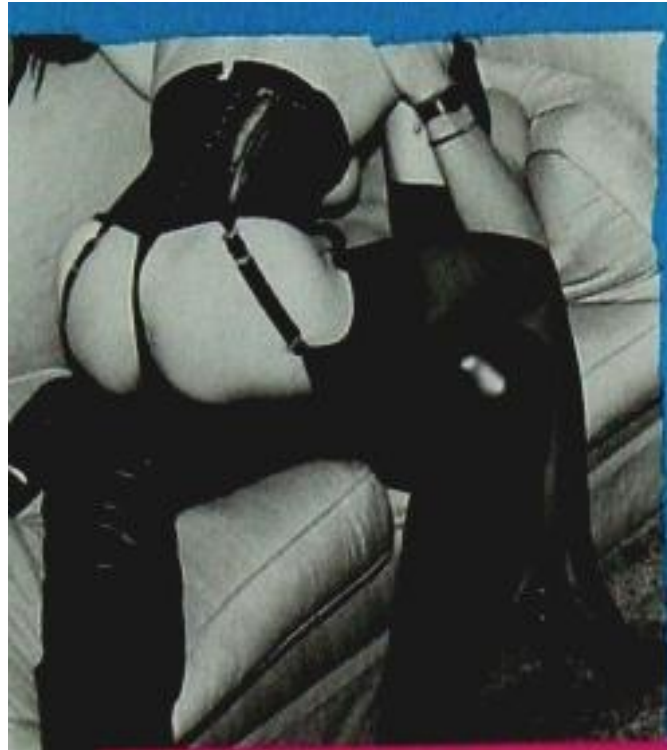
DEX



ADULTS ONLY



It started innocently enough.
My old boyfriend Dex was in town
with his band the Devil's Disciples,
staying at the Chelsea Hotel.



We had been on the road for months - Akron, Pittsburgh, Appleton, Flint, Newark, Delandville, Bakersfield, even Hering, Oregon. I was looking forward to spending time alone with him. I couldn't believe it when his winter bunny showed up. I thought she was still in jail.



I'M BUNNY.
I'M A SCORPIO.
WATCH OUT!



that wasn't bad enough, she showed up with Chiclet - a go-dancer bunny met the halfway house, think they were on mething.

I'M CHICLET.
I'M A CANCER.
I'M MOODY.

I'M DEX.
I'M POWERLESS
OVER ALCOHOL.

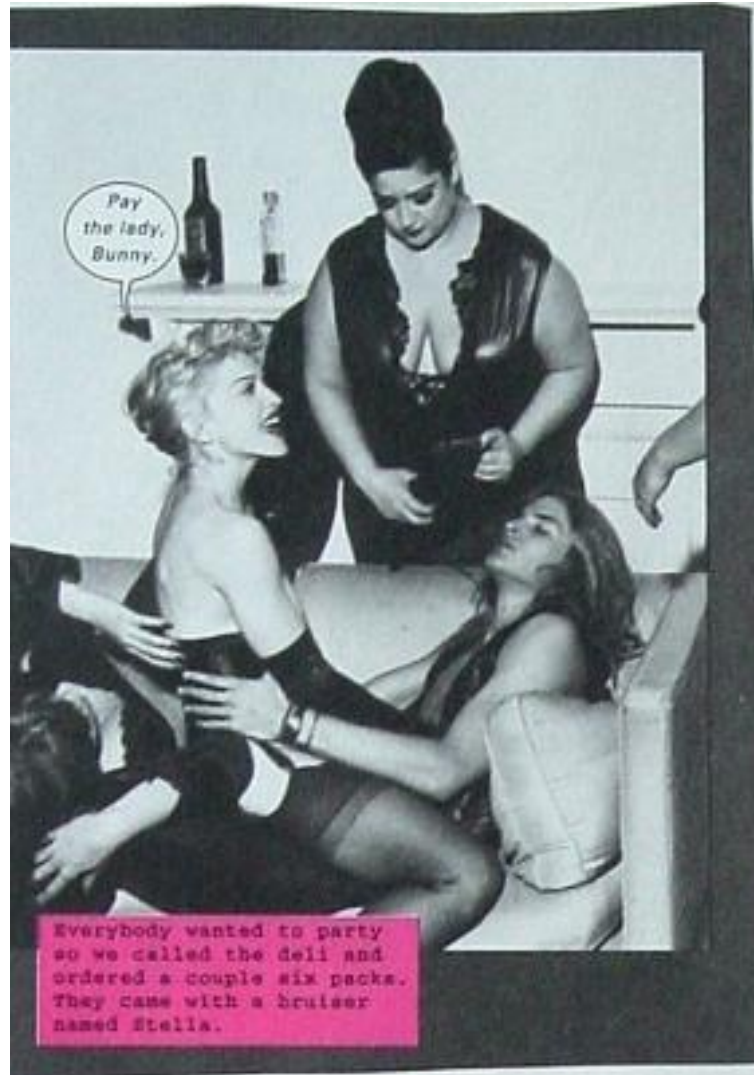


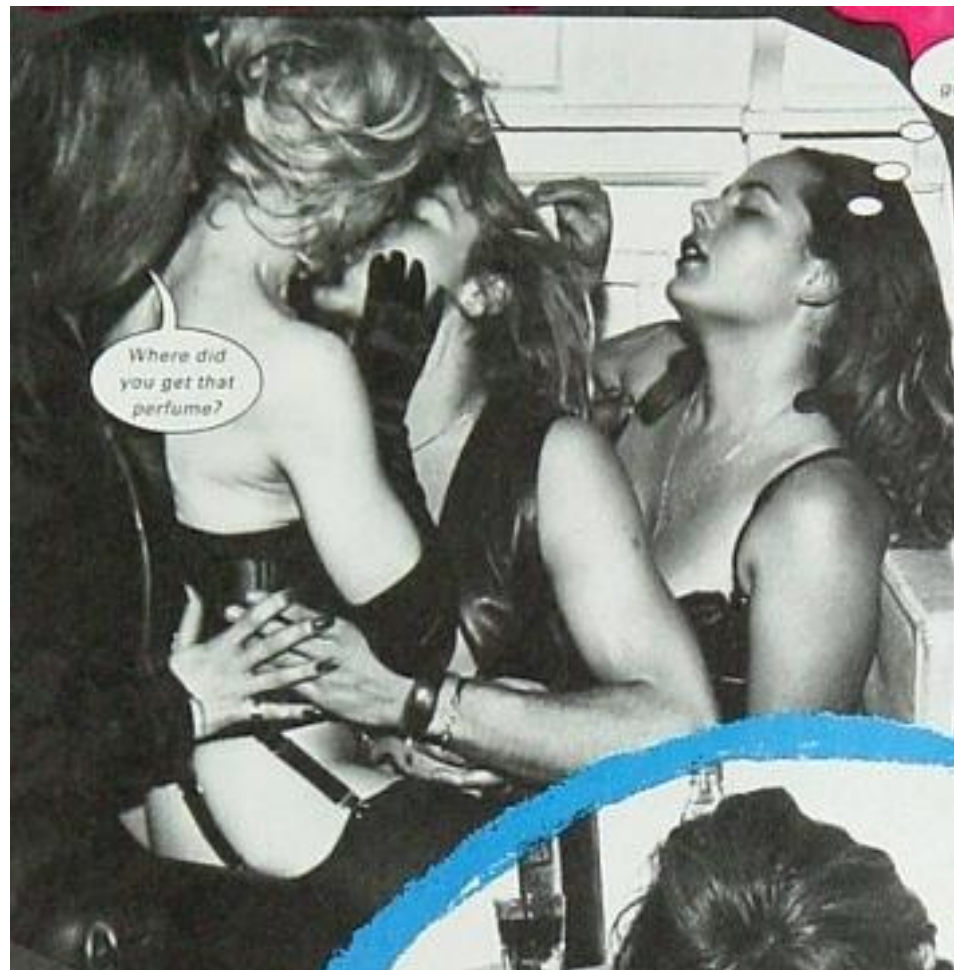
I JUST WANT
TO BE ALONE.



GET OFF ME,
YOU LOAD HOLDER!

Chiclet kept asking me questions. "Why did you get your bustier? Where did you get your gloves?" When I wouldn't tell her she tried to rip them off me.





Where did you get that perfume?

I think I'm gonna heave.

It was getting pretty steamy with Dex. I almost forgot we weren't alone.

Just because she brought the beer doesn't mean she can suck face with my boyfriend!



Where did you get your necklace Dex?

All of a sudden Stella moved in. Dex didn't seem to mind.

I decided to distract Stella and she didn't seem to mind.

Maybe it's the sofa.

Where did you get your eye shadow?

Is that a dead rat over there?

Oh brother!

Just then the door opened and a stranger walked in. Suddenly I noticed Dex and Bunny were doing more than making up for lost time.

Sorry, wrong room.

May I help you?

?!

Then Stella and Chiclet were all over me like a cheap suit. If I closed my eyes I couldn't tell the difference.

It's the rug.

Excuse me! Excuse me!

I didn't like it. So I decided to interrupt this family affair.

This song is called "The Smell of Evil."

Hmmm

Where did I get my boots?

Do you two want to break it up?

Where did you get your stockings?

I said, "Hey, let's dance," and I put on Dex's latest demo tape. But...

Dex didn't do anything to stop his wife and sister and I started to get pissed.

grabbed a big hunk of her hair and pulled her off of him.



I slugged her as hard as I could. She fell backward laughing. I think she was on something. Dex was excited to see us fighting over him.



The next thing I knew I was on the floor. She had me pinned.



Meanwhile Stella opened the closet and a body fell out, breaking up the fight.

As Stella stuffed the body back in the closet, I realized life was too short to worry about Dex and Bunny.



So I kicked back and Chiclet started telling jokes she'd heard in the slammer.



I said to the bartender, "Give me something tall, cold and full of rum." He said, "How about my wife?"

This song is called "Devil's Hair."

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That's rich.

This song is called "Feel My Gun."



What is that smell?

What have I done?

Where did you get your ass?



We finished the beer. Stella went back to work and Chiclet and Bunny fell out, leaving me and Dex with some privacy. Sort of.



Finally everybody left. Even you.

CONTINUED

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