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# EROTICA FROM PENTHOUSE

AN EXCITING  
NEW COLLECTION  
FROM WRITERS  
WHO BARE  
THEIR SECRET,  
SENSUOUS LIVES

THE EDITORS OF  
PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

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# Sexy Stories To Keep You Up All Night

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Vibrations of love ... Dial "S" for phone sex ... The video revolution meets the sexual revolution ... The joys of mental sex ... The new bisexual frontier ... The Professor of Desire ... Sex in exotic climates ... The sexual voyages of a sailor ... *and so much more!*

## **EROTICA FROM PENTHOUSE**

Today, more people enjoy a sex life than ever before in history. And erotica both reflects and contributes to this newfound freedom. In **EROTICA FROM PENTHOUSE**, ordinary people describe their most intimate moments in their own uncompromising terms. It's liberated. Literary. And wonderfully sexy.

Also edited by John Heindenry

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*THE PENTHOUSE LETTERS MORE LETTERS FROM PENTHOUSE*

Published by WARNER BOOKS

## Introduction

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It is a little sobering to realize that the dark ages of erotica extended to within only a quarter-century or so of our considerably more enlightened times. In 1960, D. H. Lawrence's 1928 masterpiece, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, was finally declared to be not obscene by the British courts. That was the opening shot of what later came to be called the Sex Revolution. In another five years' time, other landmark works like Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* and *My Secret Life* by the anonymous Victorian businessman who called himself "Walter" were being enjoyed by an appreciative American and British public. Today the erotica of the average man and woman is commonplace.

This phenomenon—ordinary people describing their most intimate moments in whatever terms they choose—is peculiar to the twentieth century. Lawrence, no doubt, would have denounced this democratization of bawdy literature—his own rather pedantic version being primarily a vehicle for high-minded moralism. But Miller, Anais Nin, and other pioneers of American erotica would likely have found this trend something to cheer about. After all, they used to write about the pleasures of the flesh mainly for money and for the fun of it.

As such, they were much more in the tradition of Francois Rabelais, whose own works were the high-water mark of the last great sex revolution in Western civilization. That all too brief undraping of the European libido occurred in the early 1500s and came to an abrupt end when an outbreak of syphilis swept across the continent, helping to usher in the Counter Reformation and Inquisition.

In our AIDS-plagued time there is no guarantee that the tradition of unrestricted erotica will continue. But, science has caught up with the Rabelaisian temperament. Discoveries like the Pill and penicillin, as well as the work of theorists and researchers like Freud, Kinsey, and Masters and Johnson, have made it possible for more people to enjoy a better sex life than ever before in history. Erotica reflects and contributes to this freedom, and is also a bulwark against anal-retentive reactionaries who continue to confuse a deadly virus with the wrath of God.

The tradition of erotica in *Penthouse* is a long one, dating back to its founding by Bob Guccione in 1965. Like the reader letters, the erotic stories published in *Penthouse* and its sister publications are all guaranteed true and they offer a peek into the bedrooms of people from all works of life. Most of the stories collected in this volume were not written by professional writers (though writers have interesting sex lives, too), but by secretaries, policemen, lawyers, cartoonists, teachers and even a stonemason.

As editor of *Penthouse Forum*, I buy and assign such stories every month, and I am always amazed at the extraordinary variety of erotic life that exists beneath the conventional facade of so many people. It is as if I were a collector of orchids who continues to find new species after species, each one as rare as the last.

The only restriction I impose on contributors, other than the assurance of authenticity, is that an erotic story tell a tale between consenting adults. Erotica has outgrown its morbid Victorian preoccupation with cruelty, the exploitation of children, or for that matter with the mere cataloguing of copulation after copulation. It has even outgrown moralism—which is not to say that many of these stories do not contain a moral. Today's erotica is staking new ground—trying to be judged not on high-minded" redeeming literary, artistic, or social values". Whatever those are, they are the invention of blue-nosed courts; and literature—erotic literature included—has an obligation to tear them down.

Rather the erotica of today and tomorrow should be judged for its erotic value. If it's bad erotica, ignore it. ~~But if it celebrates the joys of the flesh in a way that entertains, then we should celebrate it,~~ pass it along to friends, and maybe even try to write some ourselves.

For obvious reasons, the names of the writers of these stories have been changed to protect their privacy and that of others described in their tales. But that is the sole concession made.

The groupings are only loosely thematic. But I have tried to represent the male and female points of view as equally as possible. After finishing the book the reader may find that modern erotica has another trait differentiating it from the pornography of the past—feminism. Good sex is mutual sex, and by extension good erotica is mutual erotica. Perhaps in some future court, sexually explicit literature will be judged by that salubrious criterion alone.

—John Heidenry

# Prologue

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# ARE WOMEN TOO EASY?

By Bruce Travis

Women go to bed with me much too easily. In fact, women generally give in too easily. I know this assessment is provocative. Women, if they read no further, will think this is some kind of arrogant boast. Men will probably misinterpret my conclusion—a call on women to put up more resistance to seduction. And both sexes will assume that I'm advocating a return to repression and Moral Majority rule.

No. All wrong. What I'm talking about here is a *tactical shift* in the ground rules of the seduction game to make the play more exciting. For example, some of the most intense erotic pleasures occur before the decision is made to go to bed. And those suspenseful, anticipatory, teasing, toying, breathtaking, heartstopping moments of escalating arousal and resistance are too often lost in the accelerated art of modern romance.

Look at it this way. If exquisitely prolonged foreplay before actual penetration is desirable, if exquisitely prolonged intercourse before orgasm is desirable, it stands to reason that exquisitely prolonged seduction is likewise desirable.

Yet the 70s systematically destroyed seduction. It wasn't just the instant lovelock of LSD-eye contact or the instant intimacy of encounter ecstasies or even sexual sophistication that destroyed it. Or maybe it was. Sophistication, that is. I have the feeling that after casual sex became common, not to say commonplace, most intelligent men and women grew adept at sizing up the opposite sex.

From the first mutual glance, from the very quality of initial eye contact, they knew just whether they'd eventually sleep together. This development removed a lot of suspense, or a lot of romance and I suppose, a lot of frustration in some cases. But there are those who believe romance is more than sublimated sexual frustration.

It may be a problem of communication. Women don't realize that many, many men appreciate the subtle gradations of a slow but intense and *smoky* seduction. They believe that men still want what they used to want—the selfish ego satisfaction of instant seduction success.

But now that men tend to sense, or scent, success from the beginning, the symbolic value of an instant consummation is diminished. And if men don't display eagerness for instant sex, that is, going from first kiss to first fuck without an intervening candlelit dinner, women feel they are being rejected. However, as I learned recently, women don't always have to be sweet-talked out of a first-night fuck.

I was at the party of a friend when I spotted Delilah (not her real name) leaning against the refrigerator and smiling at me as I looked for an opener.

“I'm looking for an opener,” I said, as I rifled my friend's kitchen drawers.

“Men always are,” she said, winking at me.

That was Delilah, full of teasing, sexual insinuation in her eyes and her smile. She had glossy auburn hair and a fresh-scrubbed Irish face sprinkled with freckles. I was completely charmed. But I couldn't tell whether the come-hither wit was a put-on or a come-on. There was the same mystery

about her clothes—a starched white-lace, high-collar blouse and Brooks Brothers ladies-floor cardigan. She was prim and ladylike, befitting her position as a securities analyst of a Wall Street investment banking house.

She said her job was to analyze computer-generated performance charts in search of erotic stocks.

“Erotic stocks?” I asked. “What are they like?”

“The ones that have been building a base for some time and are already rising in volume and velocity. I have to get a feel for what I call their ‘hot plateaus.’ ”

I liked the way she touched me for emphasis. I liked her so much I was nervous asking for her number.

“Uh, would I be remiss asking for your phone number?” I said as we parted.

“Remiss?” she said. “You’d be a fool not to.” On the way home I felt that I was falling in love.

A week later we had dinner out together for the first time. Our knees touched under the table. It provided a genuine erotic subtext of innuendo to even the driest discussion of commodities, futures and leveraged options. We skipped dessert and went back to her place.

We sat on her bed drinking wine and listening to Neil Young records. I savored each moment of anticipation. And then, just as I could suppress it no longer, she said, “Would you like to sleep with me?”

Let me interrupt this story for a moment to cite some ancient wisdom on the central question of contemporary seduction that Delilah’s question raised. I found this gem in a book called *Miss Rona*, the autobiography of Rona Barrett. It’s not a piece of Miss Rona’s wisdom, but rather a proverb from one of the ancient elders of Hollywood, Louis B. Mayer of MGM, on the relationship between the frustration of desire and the theory of narrative form. According to the mystical mogul Mayer, “There’s only one good plot and that’s a delayed fuck.”

Yes. The delayed fuck. In my opinion this is a neglected source of erotic *intensity*. It doesn’t have to be the prudish and narrow-minded slow-down that gave delay a bad name when we were teenagers. So much of recent erotic literature has been a misguided or simple-minded reaction against *this* kind of delay. For instance, Erica Jong’s “zipless fuck” in *Fear of Flying* and the fully clothed stranger-fuck of *Last Tango in Paris*.

Do you remember that scene in *Last Tango in Paris* when Brando and Maria Schneider are lying naked together a few weeks after their introductory fuck-at-first-sight? Schneider playfully asks Brando to see if they can “come without touching each other.” Brando waits a few seconds, then jokingly asks her, “Did you come yet?” But it seems to me that with an artfully delayed fuck two people *can* get so horny for each other that they practically can both come just by looking into each other’s eyes. I know it can happen.

The full sexual potential, the often thrilling sexuality of love locked gazes, is almost never realized. Erotic eye contact or “grokking” (to use the term from *Stranger in a Strange Land*, popular in the psychedelic era) used to lead to instant psychedelic seductions. In an artfully delayed fuck, eye contact can almost become “like giving head with the eyes,” as one woman I know put it.

But let me get back to the woman on the bed who asked me if I wanted to sleep with her. Well, sure I did, but I had noticed lately that the less time I spent with someone before we slept together, the less time I wanted to sleep with her afterwards. In fact, with some women I couldn’t bear to spend the night afterwards. I didn’t mind fucking a stranger. But *sleeping* with one was different.

Somehow, deprived of the *longueurs* of a prolonged seduction, I never built up the romantic illusions that are so often the sublime products of sublimated sexual frustration. I never got to endow a woman with the magic—or to savor the magic already there within. I talked about this matter with

friend who was really popular with women—so popular that he had a hard time finding any who would put up serious resistance, or allow him to enjoy a teased-out seduction. He told me how he'd given the problem a piquant erotic twist.

He started playing hard to get. “What I'd do,” he told me, “is get to the point with a woman where we were close enough or intimate enough that we both knew we'd end up sleeping together if one of us made the first move. We'd both want to, you see, but I wouldn't make the expected move. I'd make her seduce me. And I wouldn't be an easy lay. I'd make it hard for her. I'd make it frustrating. We'd end up at the end of an evening sipping an after-dinner cordial in a bar and she'd be leaning up against me, rubbing her leg against my thigh, whispering “Let's go back to my place” in my ear, and kind of punctuating that with her tongue, if you know what I mean.

“And sometimes I'd go back to her place and sometimes I wouldn't. But if I did I wouldn't always do what she wanted. I'd resist, playfully, until she ended up moaning, getting really frustrated and bitchy just the way men used to get. Then when we'd finally do it, it would be so hot, so intense, we would almost be like lust-crazed teenagers tearing into each other.”

Sorry for that delay. I was just about to tell you what happened after that sweet, sexy securities analyst asked me flat out to sleep with her. The thought did cross my mind to do with her what my friend did with women—play hard to get. But that was a little too calculated and even mean-spirited for my taste. And besides, she looked so winsome and sultry there, sprawled out on her covers, limbs akimbo, giving me hell with her eyes that, even though I theoretically wanted to resist, I thought it might be misinterpreted as ungallant.

But three days later, as we were lying in bed together talking about that moment, we came up with another solution.

“Did you like it when I asked you?” she asked me.

Well, I told her, I loved it. But I tried to explain how I sometimes missed the Age of Delay, the long slow seduction, the thrill of surmounting every sensual gradation on the way to all-the-way.

At first I thought she had taken offense.

“Oh, I see,” she said. “I know what you want. You want me to be a cock-teasing bitch—the kind that leaves you high and dry, gasping for more, until she gives in and makes you feel like a real stud. Is that it?”

Well, I said, that wasn't exactly how I'd put it. But I did concede that I liked cock-teasing girls. The ones who curl their tongue around the tip of your cock. The ones who can make licking their lips seem as if they're licking your cock.

I thought she might be offended by my analysis, but she just laughed. She was *into* it. “I like to tease cocks,” she admitted. “I don't like to hop right into bed, but I guess with the ratio of men to women I do feel this pressure to be a sex bomb on the first night. I like the slow build-up. In fact,” she continued, “tell you what From now on this lady is going to be *very* hard to fuck. At least for you,” she added, with expert cock-teasing bitchiness.

Well, I'm here to say a kind word for cock-teasing. And the reverse—cunt-teasing, or whatever you want to call male resistance to seduction.

The whole of the next week she refused to see me. Wouldn't even take my calls at her office. The Saturday afternoon she called me up and asked me if I wanted to help her shop for a sexy camisole. Choked with lust, I could barely manage to mumble agreement to meet her at a New York store specializing in classy silk undergarments like camisoles, teddies, tap pants and the like. When I got there she dragged me into a dressing room, whipped off her jeans and proceeded to try on one after another heart-stoppingly seductive undergarment of the camisole sort. All the while, she was giving

me delicious come-hither glances, rubbing against me in the close confines of the dressing room, giving me head with her eyes.

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Half an hour later we were in a cab speeding up to her apartment, necking madly, urgently. But when we pulled up to her place she drew herself away, hopped out and said she was having dinner with her older brother that night and would see me next weekend.

The following Saturday night we met at a movie theater and spent about 119 of the 120-minute movie with our tongues in each other's mouth and our hands in each other's pants, trying to suppress gasps of lust. This time she hopped into a cab right outside the movie theater and didn't even let me get in with her—though she practically had to slam the door on my, uh, hand to keep me out.

The next weekend she invited me over to her place and answered the door wearing just her camisole. Pulling me over to her couch, she opened my fly and we had probably the most furious spasm of sex I'd ever experienced. Since then I've held out on *her*, with equally intense results.

It's my opinion that the artfully delayed seduction is the way to have the best of both worlds, the hot, feverish lust that's bred of repression and resistance, and the playful intimacy of post-Victorian sex. Now there are some who might say this is artificial, that it's not spontaneous. And that's true. I am talking about *artfully* delayed seduction. Perhaps it might be better if people put up more resistance to seduction “naturally”—if their resistance was sincere.

And perhaps with the return of repression in the 80s, with the shadow of herpes hanging over everyone, women will make it more difficult for men to get into their pants, and vice versa. And then I'll probably be lamenting the loss of the Golden Age of Easy Sex.

But I don't think so. I think both men and women should put up more resistance to seduction, not out of fear, but because of the pleasure principle. The longer people take, by the time they finally get around to actually doing it, the more they will have eroticized every sensory nerve, every look, every glance, every touch, every signature of the other's being.

And so when they finally do it, the sex will be not only less impersonal, but more exciting. Impersonal sex has gotten a kind of down-and-dirty reputation for being more exciting than genuinely intimate sex. If people would only learn to take longer to seduce each other, that first fuck—so often anticlimactic—would be infinitely hotter and more personal.

# *Not Just Your Average Relationship*

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# OUR FIRST VIBRATOR

By Michael Fletcher

When I asked Liz what she wanted for her birthday, I expected her to say perfume or jewelry. But she had something else in mind.

“A vibrator? Are you serious?” I said. She giggled nervously, but I knew that she meant it.

Liz was easily embarrassed and almost virginal in style. But her lascivious streak never failed to surprise me. She could charm dinner guests while playing with my cock under the table. I looked forward to shopping.

A few days later I visited a store called the Pleasure Chest, a 7-Eleven of sex toys and paraphernalia. Men in three-piece suits with blond, manicured girlfriends perused cock rings and crotchless panties. A gay couple in black leather and studded chokers examined a giant two-headed dildo with “lifelike veins.”

The vibrators on display ranged in size and color from monstrous flesh-colored models to butt plugs that resembled night lights. Some were expensive semi-orthopedic devices with sponge-covered balls affixed. Others were strap-on affairs that promised stunning orgasms for me woman daring enough to wear one. Options included variable speeds and intensities, hand crank, AC-DC adaptors, kits with lubricants and spikey rubber sleeves.

I eventually decided on two sleek, white missile-shaped models like the ones that turn up occasionally in drugstores. Each package portrayed a woman smiling beatifically as she held the little bullet to her cheek. “Eases muscle tension,” the copy proclaimed. The big one, about 10 inches long, was an inch-and-a-half in diameter near the ridged bottom and tapered to a point. The other was no longer than four inches and nearly the same thickness.

When I handed the boxes to a clerk in black leather and crew cut, he looked up in mock horror. “Two?” he intoned. “Aren't we being a little piggy?” I mumbled something out of embarrassment, but he paid no attention. With the nonchalance of someone who had tested vibrators a thousand times, he threw batteries into each one, twisted them with a flick of the wrist, then flipped them back into the box. Like a waiter reciting the specials of the day, he then advised: “Remove the batteries after each use. Keep them clean. Don't use them in the tub. Have a nice day.”

Liz tore the wrapping paper away like a kid. “You really did it?” she cried. Then she started giggling “Two! Oh, my God.”

I slipped the big one out of the box and turned it on. Liz gasped. “Jesus, it's loud, isn't it?”

“Don't worry,” I said. “The neighbors will just think it's an electric toothbrush.”

With the thing still buzzing in my hand I put my arms around her and lifted her skirt from behind. I slid it down her ass and between her legs. The sound was muffled as it disappeared beneath her skin and touched her pantyhose. I drove it between her thighs and poked it through to the front. Liz's mouth dropped open with pleasure. I kissed her deeply while lifting her gently to her toes with the vibrator pressing against her cunt. She was moaning now as her weight brought the buzzing bullet into direct contact with her clitoris.

I put it between us and we held it with our crotches while embracing. Liz began to grind against me. ~~I pulled down her pantyhose and took off my shirt and tie. We kissed deeply. My hand played with her cunt.~~ It was open and wet as her outer lips gave way to my fingers.

I moved down to kiss her breasts and suddenly jumped. The vibrator was between my legs. Liz was rubbing it over my ass and against my balls. I felt a boiling sensation against my peritoneum, a buzzing throughout my testicles and inside me. "That feels weird," I shuddered, "but wonderful."

Liz smiled lewdly as she roamed with it all over my thighs and crotch. "A cock of my own," she giggled. "How do you like that?"

I was fully erect. I knew I would come in seconds if I entered her. So I took the vibrator and used it to caress her breasts and stomach. She closed her eyes and slowly parted her legs, pushing a pillow beneath her. "I'm the birthday girl," she whispered. "And I want my present now."

I felt like spurting my come all over her stomach. But I wanted to climax with her. So instead I knelt beside her on my haunches. I stroked her face with one hand and nuzzled the buzzing vibrator into her opening. Its quivering tip just barely nudged her cunt open. Liz moaned and whimpered and finally pleaded, "Oh, please, don't tease me."

Our lovemaking always had an element of taunting. When she was excited, I made her admit that she was a hungry little whore. That admission caused her last inhibition to snap and she would grow even wilder, bucking her hips and in a low guttural voice begging to be fucked.

So I teased her with the dildo, pushing it in slightly and withdrawing it. "We have a hungry little cunt tonight," I murmured.

"Please don't do this," she sighed. "Stick it in me. Please."

Bringing her knees up she swallowed three fourths of the vibrator. I pulled it out and slowly slid back and forth again and again. It made wet smacking noises as it parted her pussy. She moaned softly, lost in the pleasure coming from between her legs. Then I began pumping her with a steady rhythm. I watched her buck to meet every thrust. The buzzing went from loud to soft as the shiny white cylinder slithered deeply in and out of her.

My voyeurism became rampant now. Wanting to see her pleasure herself, I placed her hand over my own on the vibrator. She grabbed it without hesitation and then she began plunging it into herself even faster than before.

While Liz was fucking herself furiously with the 10-inch dildo, I leaned over to retrieve the little one from the bedside table. My cock brushed her face. With her eyes still closed, Liz parted her lips and stuck out her tongue to find me. In a moment I was inside her warm mouth and her cheeks were contracting feverishly while she kept the big dildo tight in her fist.

She sucked me with groans of pleasure, arching her head and neck from the pillow. I snapped the little vibrator on and moved it down her stomach, toward her clit. When I penetrated her with it her jaw went slack and her body stiffened. My cock fell still shiny with saliva from her mouth.

"Oh, honey, keep it there. Please don't stop," she begged. I held the little vibrator lightly against her exposed clitoris and knelt back to watch.

It was a view I had never been privy to before. Liz's body was stiffening as if taking an electric charge. Her hands fell limply to her sides, but the big vibrator still jutted from her thick pubic thatch held only by her muscles. From the look on her face, I knew we were in the countdown stage.

Suddenly her torso arched upward and a low, breathy "*Ohhhh*" came from her lips. She shook and quivered and gasped for nearly a full minute. I was voyeur and participant, feeling something close to wonder to see her in that state. She was so out of control, so abandoned to the pleasure coursing through her cunt, that I felt a small pang of jealousy. When her breathing returned to normal, I fought

back my own greed and whispered in her ear, “Happy birthday.”

I knew Liz would soon get horny again, but I was anxious. I reached over for a bottle of baby oil on the bedstand and dripped some onto my cock till it glistened. With one hand I lubricated myself until the oil made a popping sound. With the other I parted her cunt.

Kneeling between her legs, I pumped my erection, waiting for her eyes to open. I knew she loved to watch me do this. It reminded her of porno movies we had seen. When she finally looked at me a smile spread across her face and she raised her legs in the air. I slid into her with ease. She squeezed her cunt muscles in welcome.

“You feel so warm and big,” she said. “Just let me lie here and get fucked by that big thick cock.” She bit my lips, sucked my tongue and begged me to fuck her. “I’m so open, I’m so wet,” she groaned as I slid in and out of her.

After about 10 thrusts I was ready to come. I wanted to hold back, but Liz was milking me with her cunt. I slowed down, and began to lick her breasts when I heard one of the vibrators snap on. Liz was pressing the small one—still wet with her juices—against my ass. The buzzing tip suddenly slipped all the way in. I started thrusting furiously, feeling nothing but that churning inside me and my come coursing up through my cock.

“Shoot it,” she cried. “Shoot it into me, make me take it.” I pushed my cock deep inside her. Liz was moaning—for me, for my pleasure—while holding the vibrator against my ass. With my last spasm I fell on top of her and we shared a deep, wet, tired kiss.

The two vibrators became a part of our sex lives. We named them Ho and Joe and even took them with us on weekends to the country. It was on one of those weekends that I raised the subject of her Christmas gift. She mused for a moment, then looked up at me with an innocent smile and said, “Batteries.”

## **THE INDELIBLE AFFAIR**

By Natasha Sarnoff

Max Perry owned a Greenwich Village jazz club and had made a lot of money. But the time we spent together wasn't in the city. He loved to fish. That's what he was doing the first time I saw him on Fire Island on a hot July day while I was still married. With my 14-month-old son slung on my hip I walked to the shoreline.

“What do you catch doing that?” I inquired.

“Usually not much,” he answered.

His mouth was full and sensual, and behind his aviator sunglasses I knew his eyes were traveling up my body. The baby pulled at the bra strap on my bikini, exposing the white flesh below the tan line and the outer ring of my nipple. Max examined the breast coolly. His detachment excited me, and I waited until he had finished looking before slowly pulling up the strap. I am tall with long legs, a flat belly, narrow hips and straight dark hair.

Max flung the rod over his shoulder and the line whistled past me beyond the low-breaking waves.

“I don't fish because of what I can catch,” he continued. “I fish because I like standing here.”

He reeled in the line and smiled at me.



“Can I try?” I asked.

~~His arm grazed mine as he put my index finger through the line and showed me how to release it.~~ handed the baby to him and cast the line in a perfect arc above the water. Max raised his eyebrows in approval.

“Not bad,” he admitted.

“I have an older brother,” I told him. “He taught me to throw a ball. It's the same motion.”

I returned the rod to him and grasped the baby under his chubby arms. His mouth sucked at my shoulder.

“I have to go now,” I murmured. “It's time for lunch.”

“I'll walk you back,” he said. We walked across the dunes to the house my husband and I had rented for the summer. I put the baby in his crib and, knowing what was going to happen next, returned to the shaded deck in back. Wordlessly Max positioned my shoulders against the siding and untied my bikini top so that my breasts fell free.

After examining them for a moment with the same detachment I had noticed on the beach he grasped the nipples and rolled them between his thumbs and index fingers. They hardened instantly and a rush of wetness dampened the crotch of my bathing suit. Then he ran his hands over my belly and pulled the bottom of my bikini down around my thighs. He passed his hand between my legs and then withdrew it. “Open your mouth,” he commanded. I did and he inserted his wet index finger inside.

“Suck,” he ordered.

I was weak with excitement, but knew what I had to do.

With leaden arms I reached up and removed his finger. “I'm sorry,” I whispered. “Not now. I can't.”

A flicker of contempt crossed his face, but then he shrugged. “Are you sure?” he persisted.

“Yes,” I replied.

He picked up the rod and walked off the deck and I went inside. I threw myself face down on the bed, put my fingers between my legs and masturbated.

I was on the beach with my husband the next time I saw Max Perry. I introduced them and we became friends. Max and my husband even began fishing together. Neither Max nor I ever mentioned what had happened between us on the back deck. Not until five years later, after I had ended my marriage and spent a summer in Europe, did Max and I become lovers. But by that time I was ready for him.

I arranged that trip to Europe very carefully, having sent my son to stay with my mother. I wanted to feel free to do as I pleased for the entire two months. I was 31 years old and had been married 10 years. But I was a virgin when I got married, I had remained monogamous during the years my husband and I were together and I knew very little about sex. I intended to educate myself that summer, and I wasn't about to let anything get in my way.

My TWA flight was scheduled to leave for London at 10:30 on a June evening. I arrived at Kennedy Airport early, wearing a pair of blue jeans, sandals, a scoop-necked t-shirt and a slender gold chain around my neck. I carried only one bag. A friend in London had invited me to stay with her, but I hoped that would not be necessary. Before long, I saw what I wanted. He was in his late 30's, about feet 10 inches tall with thinning, reddish hair, pale, freckled skin and a sturdy, muscular body. I got behind him in the check-in line and tapped him on the shoulder. “Listen,” I said. “Would you mind if I sat next to you? I'm very anxious about flying, but I'll be okay if I just have someone to talk to.”

He was an ex-trumpet player turned songwriter on his way to London to write the musical score

for a film. That morning, when the flight landed, I checked into the Hilton with him. While he made his telephone calls I took a scented pine bath and then sat naked in his lap in an armchair with a view of Park Lane and Hyde Park. He kissed me, fondled my breasts and stroked my thighs. Then, after I had stretched out on cool sheets, he unbuckled his thick leather belt and dropped his jeans to reveal a healthy erection. Lying down beside me he gathered me to him.

I whispered, "Please, let me do this my way."

"Sure, baby," he murmured. "Anything you want."

I flung my leg over him and pounded my clitoris against his muscled thigh, moving slowly at first and then gaining momentum. It took a long while. Sweat ran from between my breasts and under my armpits before the tiny organ exploded and a feeling of relaxation flooded my thighs. Although I had virtually masturbated myself to orgasm, this was the first time I had ever come with a man. I felt exhilarated. "I did it," I cried as I fell back panting.

"Good for you," he laughed as he turned me on my back. Opening my legs, he put his cock inside me and galloped until he came.

The musician was the first of many men I knew that summer. My experience with him freed me. I became regularly orgasmic and my appetite for experiment sharpened as I wandered through Europe. In Rome, in the elevator of a hotel, I got off on the same floor with an American doctor and returned to his room with him. Straddled above me with his cock deep in my throat, he gently peeled back my labia and licked me to orgasm.

In Milan I showered with a Italian financier who had me bend over the sink while he inserted a soaped index finger into my anus and massaged my clitoris until I came. I learned to come in every position with a French poet (who could stay erect for long periods) simply by rubbing my clitoris against the base of his cock. By the time I left Europe I was a different person—no longer the unskilled housewife I had been when I arrived. But even though I liked all the men I knew that summer, I didn't want to continue seeing any of them. I had done what I needed to do and wanted to take a break from sex for a while. But that September, a week after I returned from Europe, Max Perry began calling me.

In the beginning I told him I wasn't interested. Over the years I'd seen him with dozens of women, never with any one for very long. The detachment that made him so sexually exciting carried over into the rest of his life and made him an unreliable lover. In an affair with Max Perry two things would be certain: it would be good, and it would be short.

"Max," I repeated in November, "I'm really not interested." I said the same thing in January and then, on an evening in February, he answered me back.

"Oh, for God's sake," he exclaimed, "I'm not interested in you either. But we're old friends. I've known you for years. Why can't we have dinner?"

I hesitated for a moment and then decided he was right.

"Okay," I shrugged. "Why not?"

I met him at a small French restaurant not far from his club in the Village. We sat side by side in a banquette. The sleeve of his velour shirt brushed my arm, and beneath my silk skirt I could feel his thigh pressed against mine. He had just returned from a week of fishing in the Caribbean and his face was deeply tanned. Involuntarily I began to wonder who he had taken with him. After dinner, outside in the cold air of Bleecker Street, I did not want to leave him. With a wet snow falling I leaned toward him with my fur coat unbuttoned and my mouth open, but he hailed a cab and kissed me chastely on the forehead. "Just friends," he gloated as he paid the driver and gave him my uptown address.

I waited a week before I gave in and called him. "I don't want to be your friend anymore," I

confessed.

~~He lived in a penthouse apartment in the West Village. After he let me in he stretched out on the velvet sofa with his hands clasped behind his head. I sat opposite him in an armchair.~~

“So you don't want to be friends,” he grinned.

“No,” I said, “I really don't.”

“Then why don't you come over here?” he urged. I kicked off my shoes and lay down beside him on the sofa. His hands remained clasped behind his head with that same detached attitude that had first excited me on the beach. I kissed him and he turned to me and with perfect control slowly explored my mouth with his tongue. He reached down and unbuckled his pants and opened the zipper. Then he stood up. “Show me what you can do,” he demanded.

I thought about all the times I had refused him, and I knew he was going to make me pay for those rejections. But I had learned a lot in Europe, and I was going to enjoy making good the debt.

Kneeling before him I took down his pants. I kissed the insides of his thighs and licked his balls. Then, after sucking gently on the tip of his cock, I took him deep into my throat. “That's a good girl,” he groaned, cupping my head in his hands and thrusting deeper and deeper. I ran my hands up and down his legs, moaning, twisting and whimpering with excitement. I was still dressed and I began to unbutton my blouse. “Wait,” he commanded. I writhed until he finished with my mouth and withdrew.

“All right,” he said. “Get up.”

In the bedroom, although I wanted to rip my clothes off, he forced me to undress slowly. When I was fully nude he ordered me to lie down and spread my legs. I did. “Wider,” he insisted. I did so and he sat down beside me and parted my lips with his fingers. He rubbed me deftly, stopping each time I was on the verge of orgasm.

“Oh please,” I moaned.

“Not yet,” he replied sternly.

He turned me over, positioned me on a pillow and came into me from behind, manipulating my clitoris with his hand and stopping each time just as I was about to come. Finally I screamed, thrashed onto my back and guided his hips into mine. He laughed and began to move rhythmically in tandem with me. His control was perfect. When I came, he began to groan and pound at me until he too came with a violent shudder. We lay drenched together and then fell asleep.

Max Perry and I began seeing each other several times a week. All of my sexual experimentation in Europe culminated in our affair. The depersonalized attitude he brought to our lovemaking turned me on in ways I never would have believed possible before my European trip.

When summer came we went to Fire Island, where we had first met. With my son in camp we spent long weeks at the beach. It was there that our most powerful and erotic sex took place. I wore few clothes (never more than a bikini bottom in the house) which Max felt free to pull off whenever he pleased—sometimes when I was cooking or doing the laundry.

Once he bent me over a corner of the dining room table and entered me from the rear and then, just as I found the pressure unbearable, he pulled out, sat up on the table, pushed me to my knees and holding my face in his hands, guided his cock into my mouth, where he came. Seeing my dismayed expression he ordered me to stand up and play with myself in front of him. I did so, my head bent with shame at my excitement. Just as I was about to come he removed my fingers, pulled me up on the table and gently licked me to orgasm with his tongue.

In the mornings we rose before dawn and went out to the beach. In a depression surrounded by dunes Max would take off his bathing trunks, sit down on a blanket and lean back. I would lie on my stomach, my head between his legs, my tongue busy.

Occasionally he would guide my head with his hands, pulling at my ears to direct his motions. I found this way of directing me unbearably exciting, and before we even began I was usually moist and groaning with anticipation. Although I was primed to come at a touch, Max never let me. When he was ready he would turn me toward him and tease me, sometimes with his fingers, more usually with his tongue or his cock. When he finally allowed me to come it was always explosive. One of my most vivid memories is of watching the sun rise out of the ocean with Max's body pounding on top of me.

That winter, with no local beaches available, Max and I went to Grenada, a Caribbean paradise with a number of deserted beaches, where we made love for hours. One night, in the bar of our hotel, Max met a beautiful, dusky-skinned local woman named Elita and invited her to join us at the beach the following day.

“I want you to see me with another woman,” he explained. Just the tone of his voice excited me. Elita sat between us in the car the next day as we drove to the beach. While driving, Max parted her legs and ran his hand along the inside of her thighs. I grew wet watching him, half mad with jealousy.

At the beach Max spread a blanket and lay Elita down on it. She pulled off her skirt and wriggled out of her bikini. Max motioned that I was to take my clothes off as well while I watched them. “Sit there,” he ordered, settling me alongside them. Then, after fondling Elita's firm breasts and spreading her legs with the same efficient and impersonal attitude he used with me, he played with her clitoris until she began to squirm with desire. “Isn't she pretty?” he asked me. I nodded dumbly, my body burning with excitement.

“Keep watching,” Max commanded as he thrust into her over and over again in the hot sun. Finally, when I thought I could bear it no longer, he gestured for me to lie down alongside Elita, dismounted and shoved her toward me. We embraced, pressing our bodies together. Then she hovered over me, her clitoris pressed to my mouth, her tongue between my legs.

“That's nice! Good girls!” Max cooed. After a while he separated us, penetrated me and, with his thumb and forefinger caressing Elita's nipple, rode me until I came. Climbing on top of her he soon reached orgasm with a groan.

We took Elita to the beach every day for the rest of our stay in Grenada. I had a wonderful time and never saw Max happier. Even our sex together improved. It was as though the presence of a third person had brought us even closer.

Max and I continued seeing each other through the following summer and into the next fall. There seemed to be no end to the desire we felt for each other, but I knew our affair couldn't last. We stayed together for two years—longer, Max said, than he had ever been with anyone.

Oddly enough, the end came not after a quarrel or because of another woman. One typical night, after I had sucked his cock and licked his balls for a long time while a jazz recording played softly on the stereo, Max lifted my face to his and said, “I love you.” He had never uttered those words before. I told him that I loved him, too. But I understood that love was not something Max could live with for very long.

Several months later he began seeing other women. Although he told me they meant nothing to him, I knew it was time for our friendship to end. I stopped answering his calls, walked around in a daze and didn't feel normal again for over a year.

I have remarried and gone on to live a happy life. I love my husband. We are close in ways I never could have been with Max, and the sex we have is fine, varied and often thrilling. I try not to think about Max. Sometimes I succeed.

# SWAN SONG SEX

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By Sandy Broca

It was early on a Sunday morning. More asleep than awake, I instinctively reached for Alan beside me. My hand grazed the hairs on his chest, then traveled down, lingering over his flat stomach and coming to rest on his penis. Soft, fat, shrivelled, vulnerable, it elicited the tenderest of feelings—and a challenge to make it harden.

With my fingertips, I began to perform a familiar erotic dance—teasing, gentle pulling, a squeeze, the rhythmic knead. The expected reaction occurred. With pride and pleasure, I twisted in bed so that I could take his erection in my mouth.

He groaned, cleared his throat. And then, in a voice still clotted with sleep, asked, “Should we be doing this?”

Stunned, suddenly made ashamed of my own innocent and natural sexual impulses, I stopped and let his shrinking cock tumble from my mouth. In the four years Alan and I lived together, we had made love more than a thousand times. Never before had he questioned the propriety of priapic pleasure. Then again, never before had we decided to break up—as we had yesterday—with only the logistics of who got to keep what and when to schedule the moving men's arrival to be worked out.

I touched his shoulder to answer him, then withdrew my hand. Overnight, the rules had changed—but we hadn't clarified just what the new rules were. He had told me it would be a month before friends moving to Denver would vacate their apartment so Alan could move in. It made no financial sense for him to leave my apartment to stay at a hotel or with other friends in the interim. Besides, I didn't want him to go, and he was still my best friend.

Last night we had cried together, mourning our relationship that lacked the mutual mandate to continue. In four years there had been countless good times, some admittedly terrible times, much laughter and the kind of warm feelings that couldn't dissipate overnight.

The problems that caused us to break up were not sexual in nature. In fact, we had been compatible and easy-going lovers. Until this morning, sex had been an unquestioned source of pleasure, somewhat routine, but always satisfying. Our forays into erotic variations had delivered less satisfaction. What can you say about a man you seduce in the bath and who, upon leaving the tub, steps on and breaks his glasses? Only that he's sweet and clumsy and your heart goes out to him in a sentimental way that he doesn't always appreciate.

And that, I suppose, was the crux of our problem. After years of bending over thick textbooks, stifled by the poverty of graduate student life, Alan now held a well-paying job where people looked up to him. He wore expensive suits. He didn't want to be a sweet and clumsy puppy anymore. Lean and mean, the Lothario of the Eastern seaboard was more the fantasy image he gravitated toward. No more Mr. Monogamy (yet the ethos was there to the end—an open relationship would not suffice, a break-up was the license required for philandering to ensue). Suddenly Alan had become a freedom fighter in his private war against commitment, hurling his first Molotov cocktail last night. And the smoke had not yet cleared.

Looking at him in the early morning light, I felt a reprise of last evening's tears coming on, but I fought the impulse. My woman's tears had nearly drowned him, he'd shouted at me yesterday. So be it—no tears. Compassion and understanding weren't welcome guests at this moment, either. Toughness

decisiveness—those were the operative emotions in this new lexicon of leaving.

~~I sneaked a glance at his penis. It was semi-erect, making me think that even though he had one foot out the door emotionally, desire still lived at this address. Action was called for.~~

With a courage that was enacted rather than genuinely felt, I assumed a familiar position, my head resting on Alan's shoulder, a thigh sidled between his legs, my hand cupping that twin-sacced, hormone-pumping station that was the probable cause of our problems. I gave his cock an affectionate squeeze. It hardened perceptibly; he shot me an uncertain look.

“Yes, we *should* be doing this,” I informed him.

He wavered. In his mind, I imagined, were all the logical reasons why we should institute a hands-off policy for the coming month. As of last night, we'd “officially” broken up; we needed this time to get accustomed to the idea of no longer being a couple; after making love for more than four years, there was something seedy about simply fucking for physical release; he wanted out—and the biological imperative of the act would send him off in the opposite direction.

A moment's more indecision, and I would be ready to hurl my belongings out into the street. “Aw c'mon,” I coaxed, my thigh hugging his, “I won't tell, if you won't.” A smile curled his lips and his arms moved and encircled me. “All right. You talked me into it. Just make sure you don't get me pregnant,” he warned, imitating the uncertain tone of a teenage girl in the back seat of a car.

The love we made that morning started out tender and familiar. Always the gentleman, Alan made sure I had an orgasm first by placing his hand between my legs and assigning each finger a specific task. His thick thumb located my clitoris and began pressing and circling it. His next three fingers made their way inside my vagina, and his pinky grazed my anus. It was a pleasant routine with no surprises, yet it always yielded the most delicious erotic sensations I had ever experienced.

After I climaxed, I started to reciprocate by giving Alan an all-over massage, starting at his chest and working my way down. When he was good and hard, I straddled his hips and lowered myself onto his waiting cock.

He captured a breast in each hand and began squeezing and plucking at my nipples. However, they were oversensitive from my recent orgasm and I wanted him to stop. Flattening my body over his, I then got him to roll over so that we were in ye olde missionary position. It felt good and right and comfortable and sane; and the thought passed that if one had to be frozen in time, this wouldn't be a bad everlasting position to be in.

I cupped Alan's buttocks in my hands as he thrust and strained. Although I rarely climaxed when he was atop me, I still adored the special contact it afforded. I reveled in the firmness of his thrusts, the sounds and feel and smell of his warm skin on mine.

Suddenly his movements changed from rhythmic to more frenzied and intense. Thinking he was about to come, I insinuated a finger between his cheeks to stimulate him anally. It was the cherry atop the sundae, the action that invariably took him over the edge.

“No!” he practically barked. “Don't do that.”

I retracted my finger and tried to concentrate on moving with him. But he was fucking at a pace I couldn't follow. Frantic, erratic, so deep it hurt. Pounding away at my body I could feel my insides becoming sore, and my enjoyment dissipated.

“Will you come soon?” I asked politely.

If he heard me, he didn't show it. Rather, his thrusts got deeper, harder. I felt like screaming. I wondered if this was what it felt like to be raped. “Alan, please.”

The hell with you, I thought. I brought my finger back to his anal opening and practically stabbed him with it. He moaned, pushed into me cruelly a few more times, shuddered and came to a halt.

When he opened his eyes, he found me glaring at him angrily, "What was that all about?" I demanded.

He seemed not to understand. Then, abashedly, "I guess I just really got into it. Why do we have to do it the same way every single time, anyway?"

Hurt, I looked away from him. I'd never insisted we had to make love the same way every time, but I didn't relish being bruised either. He hadn't just made love to me; he'd acted out some sort of revenge fantasy. "Fuck you," I said and turned over. It seemed redundant.

As a freelance writer, one of the few professional perks I have is collecting free advice under the guise of doing research. So I phoned Dr. C. A. Tripp after Alan left for work on Monday. Dr. Tripp is the author of *The Homosexual Matrix*, which presents a theory of sexual "resistance" based on the idea that the obstacles to intimacy (such as anger or fear of losing one's partner) heighten our excitement in bed and make sex so piquant.

"Sex has an awful lot of stuff close to fighting in it, naturally," Dr. Tripp said. "Sex also carries a charge of affection." And it's the combination, the volatility that makes sex at the end of a relationship so different from all that went before.

"When you're together, you struggle for closeness," Dr. Tripp went on. "Succeeding violates all kinds of desires. So a couple back off, and the more they do that, the more they're attracted again. What very often happens is that once a couple agree to separate, they keep up sex."

The good doctor had something there. On Monday night, when I was deliberately cool to Alan during dinner and TV, he couldn't keep his hands away from me. While I was washing the dishes he came from behind, gently taking my breasts in his hands and hugging me until I felt his hardness against my back.

When we got to bed we made the sweetest love ever. Soft, tender, patient, and so filled with emotion that I thought my heart would break because he'd soon be gone.

In two days' time I'd had it rough and I'd had it tender. In the month that followed I came to realize there was no one definition of how a couple make their final sexual peace together, but some patterns did emerge before Alan shook my hand (yes, shook my hand!) and left with his suitcase.

As commitment lessens, so do efforts to please. In retrospect, I can now honestly admit that Alan was not the best lover I'd ever had. Before the break-up, we'd had numerous middle-of-the-night hear-to-hearts when I tried to explain my quite normal sexual desires to him. Cunnilingus, for example. I craved it; he avoided it. So I'd try to talk to him about why he didn't enjoy performing the act. He would deny disliking it, and for about a week we'd have oral sex every time we made love. And then he'd stop, seemingly having forgotten the discussion.

After we broke up, but were still living together, we didn't have cunnilingus again. I can't be sure whether it was spite, aversion or plain denseness that prevented it, but it became apparent that he wasn't terribly interested in pleasing me that way.

Good sex won't keep a partner from leaving. I'll admit it, I tried playing Scheherazade. We were more sexually active in our last month together than previously. Usually, it was at my instigation. I wanted Alan to know he was foregoing a good thing, and I wanted to leave him with plenty of memories. And, even more foolishly, I wanted to "store up" sex for the drought I anticipated.

So instead of doing my work when Alan left in the morning, I busied myself writing involved sexual adventures with a hero and heroine who carried our names. At night we'd hurry to bed and take turns reading the tales aloud and enacting the fantasies that appealed to us most, whenever possible.

It was fun and diverting. Yet, ultimately, it made life sadder. When I asked him after one multi-orgasmic, exhausting session, "Are you sure you really want to move out?" he said yes, and went to

sleep on the couch. I spent the rest of the night feeling humiliated and impotent. Moral: If there is an optimal time to enjoy sex for sex's sake, it is at the end. Second moral: If someone is going to change his mind about breaking up, he will doubtless let you know, so don't ask.

Bittersweet sex is better than no sex at all. It's painful and difficult to end an intimate relationship and sex *can* ease the transition. At least it did in my case. Granted, Alan and I would soon no longer be a couple, but it was reassuring to know I was still desirable to him on a sexual level. And when someone's leaving you, you question your desirability on every level. By remaining sexually active with your partner-not-to-be, you think: He wants me—but he doesn't want me. Confusion and ambivalence are fine buffers against flat-out rejection.

So it seems that end-of-the-road sex can be many things: It's terrible and terrific, sometimes both in the same evening. It's a way to communicate when other channels are closed. And, finally, it's a message that reads “I love you”—but not necessarily happily ever after.

## **SEX DURING DIVORCE**

By Nick Edmunds

I felt skittish and scared and very much like a virgin as my wife led me by the hand to the bedroom of her new apartment. This was our first time together since our marriage had fallen apart seven months ago. And it had been years since either of us had enjoyed any of our lovemaking sessions.

Earlier in the evening, my new girlfriend, Roxanne, had kissed me goodbye and said, “It's okay if you go to bed with your wife. I know you want to.” Her intuition proved correct. Up until now I was not sure whether I wanted to risk making love to my wife—to take the chance of being rejected as a lover as she had rejected the eleven years of our marriage. I was even more afraid to discover what new ways of lovemaking she had learned from new men.

But my dinner date with Corinne and the dancing afterward had been a ritual of reconciliation. Both of us were at that point in a separation where we wanted the other's approval. We made sweet talk, remembering only the good times, and slow-danced like high-schoolers. When we drove back to her apartment, which she shared with a graduate student, I did not have the nerve to hint at sex. We were kissing goodnight at the door when Corinne—honest and forth-right as always—pressed her long body against me in a slow, sweet grind. Mentally I thanked Roxanne for giving her blessing to whatever would happen in the upstairs bedroom.

Corinne's bed consisted of a mattress on the floor piled with pillows and our old Sears set of Noah's Ark animals. The Japanese seascape etchings she had had since college were propped against the walls. Copies of *My Mother*, *My Self* and *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* lay nearby. Kneeling, she turned on the light.

Then she approached me, looking seductive in her Chinese print silk dress. She was wearing more makeup these days, and the dim lamplight made her face shadowy and mysterious. We played at kissing as my hands slid down on her full behind and she slanted her newly flat belly hard against my stomach. Mired in an unhappy marriage, I had seen her only as the source of all my troubles. Now making love to her on an unfamiliar bed was like coming in from the cold; it was like coming home to



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