

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

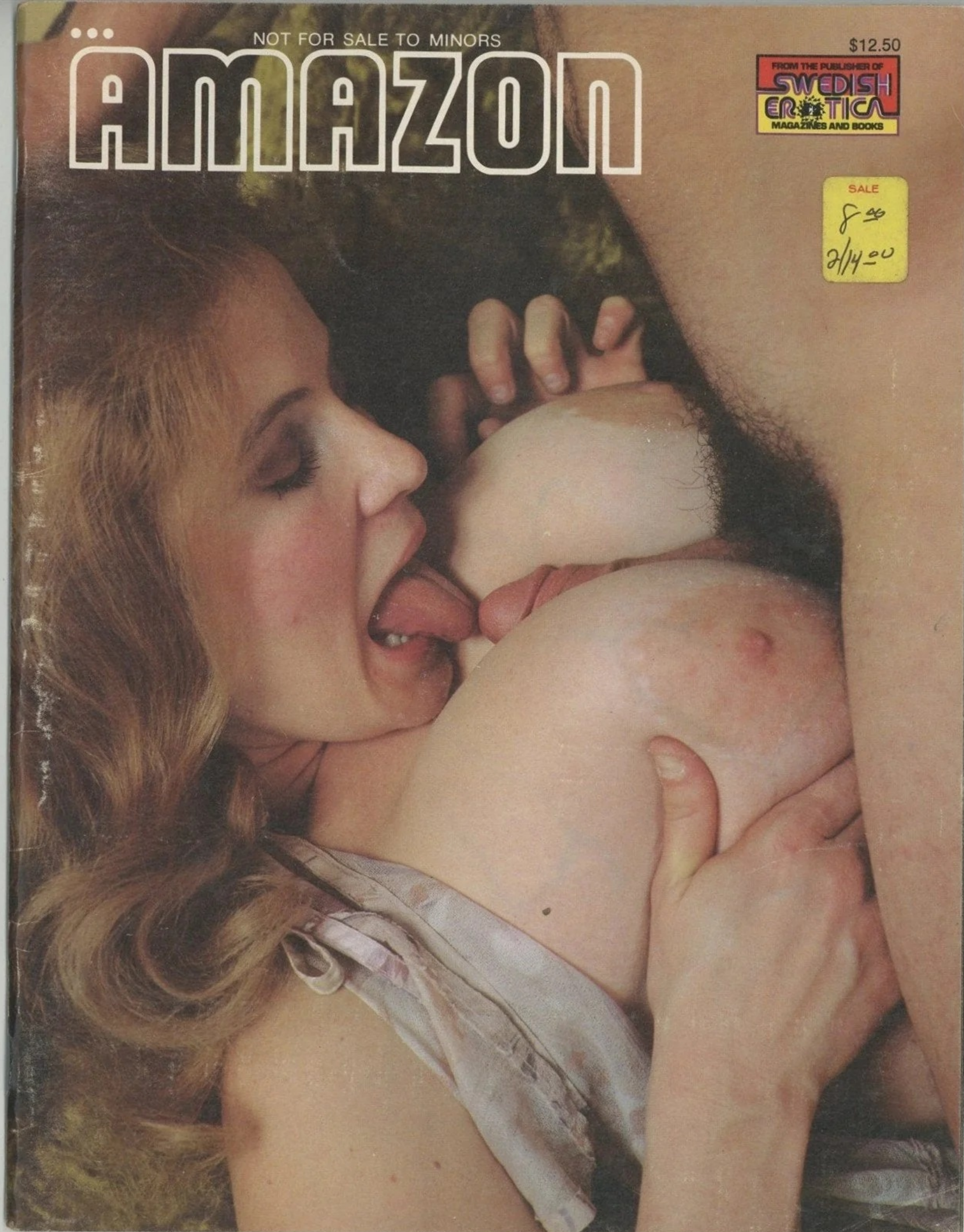
# AMAZON

\$12.50

FROM THE PUBLISHER OF  
**SWEDISH  
EROTICA**  
MAGAZINES AND BOOKS

SALE

8.99  
2/14-00





Gail  
writhed  
on the chair,  
right hand  
deep  
in her cunt.  
When  
all else failed  
she could  
always  
jerk herself  
off.



**T**hese days, almost all young women admit that they enjoy fucking. This may seem natural to the younger generations, but there really was a time, and that in the not so distant past, when a proper young lady could never admit that she knew anything at all about sex, much less that she loved to suck and fuck. She would have been branded a whore, even though she never accepted anything material in return, and banished from decent society forever.

Those terrible times have, fortunately, vanished, but there are still large areas of ignorance about the sex drive of the female human animal. There are still men who believe that their own drives are more powerful than those of any woman and who, foolishly, try to prove it.●



# Insatiable Amazon

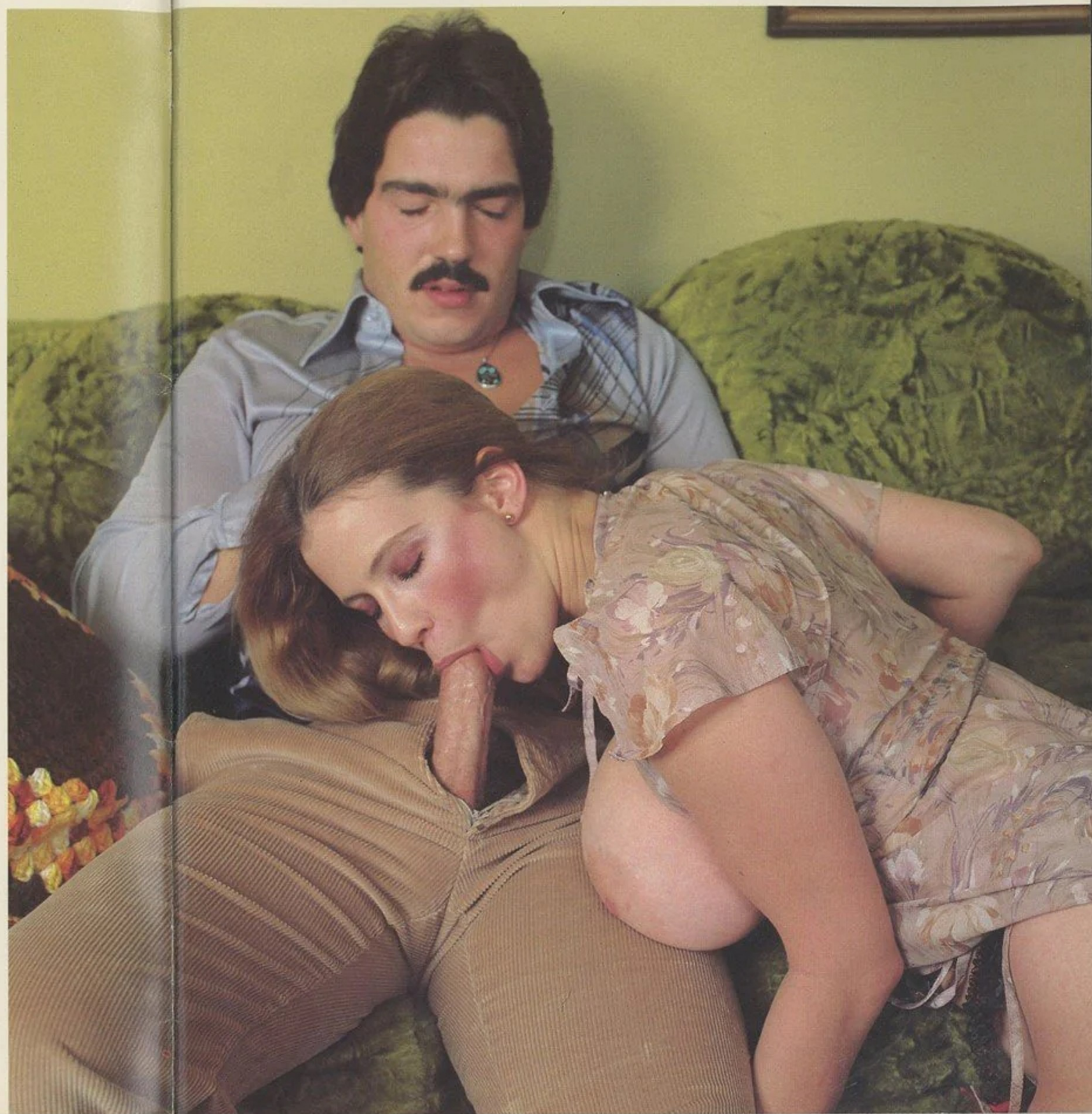
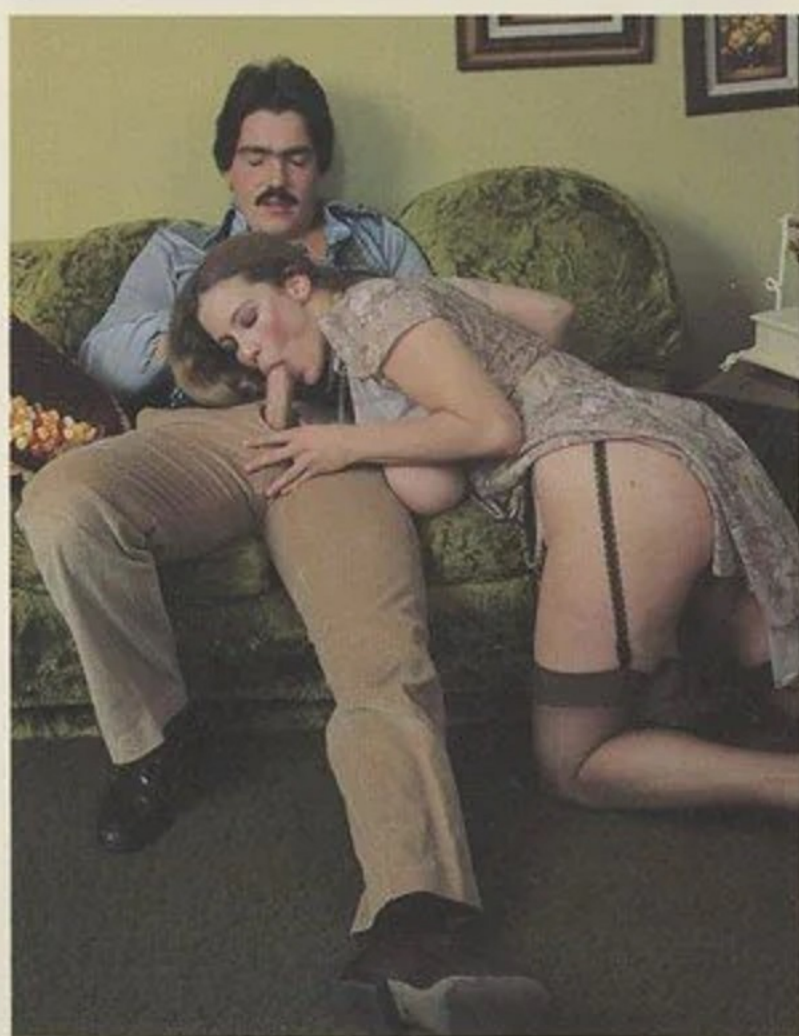
Sex had been an obsession with Gail since she'd been twelve years old and discovered, quite by accident, that when she rubbed her little pussy against something a pleasant sensation was produced. Gail was smart and it didn't take her long to learn that the "something" she rubbed against her snatch could not, whatever it might be, feel as good as her own hand. Specifically, it was the middle finger of her right hand, which, when rubbed gently against the little bump of flesh just above her pee hole, produced the nicest sensations of all.

Gail was almost fifteen when she made an even more momentous discovery. That delightful sensation was magnified a thousandfold when the massaging finger was not her own, but the finger of a friend. Preferably a male friend, but in the absence of a male, a female friend was more than adequate. She was clit massaged and finger fucked by half the young men in her New York City neighborhood and a good many from other areas before she learned, one week past her sixteenth birthday, that things other than fingers could be shoved into that tight opening below her clit.



times just looking at her hand, when Gail was alone with nothing to do, would send a tingle of excitement threading its way up her spine, set her nipples hardening, and begin the hot urge between her thighs.

Not that she neglected men. She loved the feel of a hard cock throbbing in her hand, the silken softness of cockhead skin against the balls of her fingers, the hard pulsing as a well manipulated cock shot off its load into the palm of her hand. That was how Gail first learned what cum tasted like, long before she first gathered enough nerve to actually take a cock in her mouth and garner evidence first hand. The boy she had jerked off had watched in awe as she collected his cum in her palm, regarded it for a moment, then licked it off her palm and swallowed it. Three minutes after he had left the cellar in which the action had taken place, a cellar where Gail had already jerked off many dozens of other young men, all the neighborhood knew that Gail was a cum eater. It raised her prestige to such a level that the owner of the local candy store, a gentle-



And so, there was Gail alone in her apartment at age twenty-three, with no man available at the moment to fuck or eat her and a deep, burning urge raging in her cunt. She sat in her upholstered chair, legs spread wide, voluptuously caressing her clit with that well trained finger, dreaming dreams of hot male tongues (or possibly female) lapping eagerly at her smoking clit. She had three successive strong orgasms before something penetrated her lust-drugged mind and told her that it was not necessary to jerk herself off in solitude.





There was that nice looking stud she'd met in the laundry room last night and exchanged phone numbers with. He lived just down the hall from her, in an identical apartment and, judging by their brief conversation, was just as alone as she. With her free hand, never letting go of her clit, Gail picked up the phone, propped it against one thigh and dialed the remembered number.

Now was no time for dissembling. "Andy? It's me, Gail, from down the hall. Are you lonely tonight? Good. Can you guess what I'm doing right this minute? My legs are all spread apart and I'm playing with myself. You can guess where. It feels good, but it would feel so much better if you were doing it for me.

