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Legs Boobs Lingerie

PARTS
OF ME
IN MAUI
JUNIORS



ADULTS ONLY
SALE TO MINORS
IS PROHIBITED

Legs Boobs Lingerie

VOLUME 6 NUMBER 2

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In every political system other than complete anarchy there are rules and regulations. In their most humanitarian form these laws are designed to protect the rights of the individual. But legislators have long struggled over the question of regulated morality where sex is concerned. Some citizens feel that they are guaranteed totally free sexual expression under our laws, while others consider themselves violated and offended by certain modes of sexual display. There are also those to whom the knowledge that particular sexual actions exist is extremely disturbing. Each of these groups continually attempts to gain influence in our policy-making legal bodies so that what they feel to be their rights are protected. Small wonder, then, that our government has such trouble defining obscenity and morality in a manner which will please even a small majority of the people. A person can only believe in what is right for himself or herself, and the passing of innumerable laws, whether lenient or restrictive, will not change a single viewpoint as to what is right. To mediate in such a conflict, we have only the basic law of the land to turn to. The Constitution of the United States is our supreme guide in the matter of personal freedom. It does not attempt to question morality or propose value judgments. It very clearly gives each man and woman certain freedoms and it specifies what conditions these freedoms, including the freedom to read, write, and view what we desire, are to be controlled. There are those who would like to restrict our constitutional freedoms in matters of sexual morality, but there are a great many others who see such attempts to be in direct opposition to the spirit of our basic legal principles. Your opinion may be the final consideration of a legislator who is about to make an important decision regarding his vote in a situation which directly concerns your moral freedom. Write your congressman—only you can preserve your rights!







My first time was in a parking lot in the back seat of his car. We were both Juniors, but he was a little bit older, and he'd "been around." The odd thing about it, I think looking back on it now, is that the thing I most remember feeling during that whole first-time experience isn't him. It's the door handle. Everytime he moved, he pushed my shoulder into it.



JUNIORS





It didn't take me too long to figure out that I was supposed to get something out of it too. So with my new boyfriend, I make sure that everything comes together.

I look at it this way: Maybe I can't give up smoking, but I can sure as hell switch brands.





PARTS OF ME

"I'm just too big of a girl to be contained in a flimsy outfit," sighs Shiloh. "Parts of me can be stuffed in, but they usually get free!"







secrets

"I've got this secret spot," confesses Lil. "I go there when I'm really depressed or lonesome. Which means I go there a lot. It seems like I'm always finding myself alone again, having to start from scratch. I have so much trouble meeting men. I know it's just because I'm such a reserved type, and I scare a lot of them off because they think I'm too aloof. But I can't help it, it's just the way I am. So I have to go in for the singles scene. You know, the pick-up bars and places like that, where everybody knows what you're looking for. One night stands aren't really my thing, but when it's all you can get, you take it. But it's not the kind







of life where you're likely to make many permanent attachments or even meet many guys you would even want to get to know much better than one night in the hay. Some of those guys are on some kinky trips! There was one who . . . no I'm sorry, I really can't tell you that stuff. It's too embarrassing, even for me. But lots of guys get off in weird ways and that leaves me cold and all alone."



BLAND FANTASY

"I remember when I was a child," sighed Charlotte. "People would ask me what I wanted to be and I would always reply 'A spider of course!' They would always laugh and pat me on the head. They just never believed me. Still, I managed to hold on to my dream, even though it took a long while. I guess it's true for everybody, but I've had some weird jobs along the way. There was that crazy magician: He kept telling me to look in his hat for the rabbit, but the only rabbit he had could have been kept in a thimble! After him, there was the stint on that cruise ship. That was a nice job until I began going to the ship's sauna











to sweat off some weight from those heavy buffets. I thought the ship's purser was kind of cute, so I invited him to join me. Well, he was timid and brought along a friend

to help him! The friend was sort of sexy so I didn't mind. But the next time half of the crew showed up! That was a little much, so I jumped ship at the next port.







DEUTSCH KEISTER

Hildegard hails from Munich, where she's used to the fact that her gams attract quite an international bunch of guys. "If I like a man, I don't care where he comes from. I'll do anything to please him. French, Greek or English, who cares? Just so that he appreciates my looks and also takes his time to give me what my body desires—good sex!"



WAITING



"I think it's the feel of the panties that does it to me," says Amori. "There's something about the way the material rubs on my snatch that just gets me so turned on I have to grab the first man I see and get it on! My husband is a traveling salesman, so I can't wait around for him to return







and take care of the fire.
 I'm lucky though: I live next
 to a freeway offramp and all I
 have to do to attract a man is
 to open my drapes and let him
 get an eyeful. In no time at
 all, his car suddenly stalls
 and he arrives at my door in
 need of a phone. He phones the
 auto club and I get the emergency
 service!"









IN MAUI

Aiko moved from Hawaii to the mainland about a year ago, and she's having trouble adjusting: "In Maui,"

she says, "a girl and a guy could go off in the hills and get it on with Mother Nature as the only witness. The





only place I can
get it on in private
is in my living
room! There are
just too many
creeps who won't
let a girl do
what's natural in
the open! I'm
thinking of re-
turning to the
islands on my va-
cation just to
make sure things
haven't changed.
There should be
more than a few
men who remember
me and still know
how good it can
be in the bushes,
sugarcane field,
or dormant vol-
cano!"



THE HERO'S DILEMMA

By Mark Shores

The proud trees that lined the Avenue des Champs Elysees were green with leaves that had budded during the winter. Toy sailboats floated lazily in the pool at the Jardin des Tuileries. Aging fishermen stood on the cobblestoned walks that bordered the Seine, their cane poles stretched out over the water. Sidewalk shops and cafes bustled with people. Lovers kissed unashamedly in the flower-scented gardens beyond the Church of Saint Germain des Pres. It was that time of year when people the world over returned to Paris, if only in their reveries.

This was Gary's first visit. His

father, an iron-willed immigrant whose determination and genius had made him one of America's most powerful millionaires, preferred the Islands for vacationing. His mother, a delicate Englishwoman, would invariably choose the Riviera. Gary had no particular reason for choosing Paris. He could just as easily have gone to Rome or England. All he really wanted to do was get away from the States for awhile.

He had been called a coward. And no amount of his father's money would erase that stigma. He alone would have to learn whether or not it was a label he justly deserved.

It had happened at a bachelor

party given him by several of his fraternity brothers a few days before he was to have been married. One fellow, drunk, obnoxious, had used his intoxication as an excuse to settle a minor grudge with Gary. The words had become bitter, harsh.

Gary, a tall, thin man, found himself worrying about having to fight his antagonist, a heavier, more burly individual. Then the boy had swung at him, hitting him on the jaw. Gary hadn't fought with anyone since he was a child. Not wanting to fight, feeling that might further spoil the party, he had turned his back and walked away.

The following morning, his fiancée



had called and upbraided him for letting the fellow make a fool of him. She wondered why Gary hadn't at least taken a punch at him in retaliation. And Gary, tenderly nursing a swollen jaw, had tried to explain that he just didn't want to let the matter continue.

"Were you afraid, is that it?" she had asked.

"Do you think I'm a coward?" he had answered.

"If the shoe fits," she had said very slowly.

The marriage was called off. Gary told his fiancée he would not take for a wife a woman who had no respect for him. And then he had taken a plane for Paris, hoping that he might somehow learn if his concern for the party had been his only reason for not fighting the fellow who had struck him.

The madam, a heavily rouged woman with sly eyes and a rotund figure, greeted him as he entered the foyer of her house.

"A woman," Gary said in his best schoolboy French. "I would like a woman, s'il vous plait."

"Ah, but of course," the madam answered, sizing Gary up with her eyes and the expertise of many years' practice. "It will cost you fifty dollars in American money, M'sieur."

Gary reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his billfold. Wordlessly, he withdrew two twenties and a ten and handed them to the woman. He knew she was gouging him. But he didn't care. "I would have a pretty girl," he said, releasing his fingerhold on the bills.

The woman nodded, her eyes shining at the sight of the greenbacks. "You will, M'sieur. Believe me, you will have the prettiest girl in my establishment. Please, go upstairs . . . take the second room on your right. Her name is Simone. She . . . ah . . . she is most talented."

Gary crossed the carpeted floor and walked up a flight of ancient stairs. The hallway was semi-darkened. He could hear someone sighing behind one of the closed doors.

Reaching the door the madam had directed him to, Gary tapped lightly. "Come in," a soft voice said.

He opened the door and stepped inside. A young, black-haired girl was sitting on a bench before a small makeup table. Wearing only a pair of slit panties, she was brushing her

hair. "Ah," smiled, looking up at Gary, "what does a handsome young man like you need in a place like this?"

Gary smiled and took off his coat. "Back home, that's the man's line," he answered. "But, to tell you the truth, I'm here because I haven't slept with a woman for two or three weeks and I am in need of one."

"You're an American?" she asked. It was more of a statement. "Is this your first trip to Paris?"

Gary had removed his pants and shirt and now sat on the edge of the bed as he unlaced his shoes. "My first. And probably my last. I'm one of those yokels who likes the States. I wouldn't have left except that I had to straighten out my head."

Simone rose from the small bench and crossed the tiny room toward him. Her breasts were full and ripe-tipped, yet showed no sag. Her trim body was flat at the belly and curved just enough at the hips. Her thighs were slender. The slit panties opened with each step she took, tantalizingly revealing bits of lustrous black hair at the triangular vee where her thighs joined. She sat beside him and ran

her fingernail up his thigh. "How much did Marie charge you?" she asked, now resting her head on his shoulder.

"Fifty dollars," Gary replied. "She said you were the prettiest, most talented girl in the house."

Simone smiled again. "I am," she said, suddenly raking the length of his back with her nail. "You will see."

His shoes and socks off, Gary stood up and stepped out of his boxer shorts. Simone feigned horror when she saw his masculinity. "Mon Dieu," she exclaimed. "I am not in business to accommodate stallions."

Gary was facing her. He took another step toward her as she sat still. "Accommodate me, Simone," he said, his maleness starting to thicken. "Make me forget I've got a problem . . . if only for a little while."

"If only for a little while, mon cher," she answered, her eyes half closing as she reached out to grasp his manhood and guide its pulsating head to her mouth.

Gary sucked in his breath as he felt her hot lips encircle his staff. His belly quivered as the girl expertly sucked





him deep inside her mouth. Her tongue began to writhe over and around it like a sensuous snake. Her hand held it firm. Her mouth moved up and down. Gary watched, carried away by the unbelievable pleasure this personal intimacy was giving him.

After a few moments, he began to rock back and forth in cadence to her mouth movements. His fingers dug into her shoulders as he thrust deeper and deeper down her throat. She groaned and let go of her hold on his

manhood to reach behind him and hook her nails into his soft buttocks. Her tongue worked slavishly as she increased the tempo of her mouth motions. Tiny beads of sweat appearing on her forehead. She had taken everything Gary had and was caressing it deep down her throat and with her tongue. Her neck arched. Her breasts bobbed up and down with each stroke.

Gary felt the flood of his passion bubble toward freedom. Groaning, he held Simone's head in his hands



and kept her motionless as he maintained his own stroke until it had begun. Then, with a loud groan, he slammed himself into her mouth and stood quivering as she sucked from him everything he had to give. The experience was ecstasy. Gary remained immobile, letting her do everything with her lips and tongue, his passion spurted into and filled the cavern of her mouth.

"We are not yet finished, M'sieur," she smiled. "The madam charged you twice what you should have paid. Let me make love to you again and that will make everything fair. She need not know."

Gary smiled. "I don't think I could, Simone. You really drained me."

She stood up and removed her panties. "We shall see, mon cher," she answered, her voice soft as she moved toward him. "But first, do you think you would like to do that to me?"

Gary stared as if mesmerized by the sweet-scented thatch of glistening black hair that covered her pubes. She took another step. He could see the soft folds of flesh that guarded





the entrance to her womanhood. Her thighs were smooth and soft. "I'd like to try," he answered.

She took a final step forward. Now, her belly was against his mouth. Taking his head between her hands, she guided him to where she wanted him to go. His tongue slid lightly over her delicate flesh and the soft hairs that covered her woman's mound. When her hands stopped moving him, he knew where she wanted him to go. Hooking his hands into her buttocks, he drew her

even closer and buried his mouth over her damp womanhood.

"Oui," he heard her murmur. "That is it, mon petite, mon cher. That is it."

Snaking his tongue out, he drew it up and down the length of the warm folds of flesh. Simone shivered. Her nails again began to dig into his shoulders. Reaching inside, he dug his mouth even deeper, his tongue constantly searching. Simone made a little movement. One of her hands reached down to pull her belly taut.



The motion exposed her love knob. Gary hungrily sucked it into his mouth and began to run the flat of his tongue over it.

Simone groaned and began to undulate against his mouth. She was wet with desire. "Unnhhh," she groaned, her hips making slow, circular motions.

Gary began to move his tongue harder. He shifted so that his tongue-tip now rippled back and forth over her swelling knob. He knew she was going to reach the same fulfillment he had felt just moments before. The skin of her belly rippled as she strained, tightening the muscles. She now slammed herself against his mouth, forcing him to dig deeper, suck harder. And then, with a long moan, she stiffened and released herself to him. Gary took everything,

his lips and tongue never stopping their tantalizing motions until Simone actually dug at his hair to move him away from her. "Enough, mon cher," she said, smiling. "Enough."

And, when she was lying beside him on the bed, her forearm over her eyes, a slight smile on her generous mouth, she said, "Where does an American learn such things?"

Gary was on his side. His hand trailed over her naked body. "You said twice," he answered, his manhood already swollen. "Were you serious?"

Absently, her hand dropped toward the rigid staff now pressing against her hip. "But of course, mon cher," she answered, rolling to her side.

She had curled her arms around

his neck and was just touching her lips to his when the door burst open! A heavy-set man with dark eyes, a day's stubble of beard, and curly black hair stood in the doorway. "Liar!" he yelled, his face mottled with rage. "Cheat! Whore!"

Simone seemed genuinely concerned. Screaming, she rolled away from Gary and placed herself on the opposite side of the room from their unwanted caller. "Mon Dieu," she said, over and over again.

Gary's first instinct was to pull the sheet over his nakedness. But, the man continued to let out a torrent of verbal abuse on Simone, Gary felt anger reddening his face. "Who the hell are you? What the hell are you doing here?" he asked, getting to his feet. "Go on . . . get out of here!"

"This is not your affair, mon ami,"

the man replied, not taking his eyes away from Simone. "Get your clothes and leave! This is something I must settle with this pig of a woman."

Simone's eyes were bulged wide with terror. Her fists were clenched and shaking as she said, "He thinks I cheated him. M'sieur. He is wrong. But he will kill me. Please. Help! Help me!"

Before Gary could answer, the man pulled a long switchbladed knife from his pocket. There was a slight 'snicking' noise as the blade flicked out and flashed in the dim light. "Get out of here, American!" the man said, now facing Gary and waving the blade back and forth in front of his stomach. "Else I will take you before I start on the woman!"

Simone screamed again and dropped to her knees in fear. Gary could hear people hustling around in the hall way. He knew the gendarmes would be here soon. So, why should he stay? This wasn't his fight. The man had already told him that. All he had to do was pick up his clothes and leave. There was every possibility that the man wouldn't kill Simone. Why stay? Why take chances being a hero against an enraged knifer?

Why?

He hesitated. And then the answer hit him, and hit him hard! Because this was his chance . . . perhaps his last . . . to prove to himself that he wasn't a coward!

"You'd better leave," he said, starting to circle slowly with the knifer. "The gendarmes will be here soon. You have more to lose than anyone!"

The man's eyes narrowed. He crouched, his knife at ready. "You are a fool," he said. "This is not your fight."

"Oh yes it is," Gary replied, allowing a wry smile. "Perhaps my biggest one."

They were an arm's length apart. As they circled, Gary never took his eyes away from the knife. Several times, he ducked backward when the man snaked his arm outward to make a half circle with the blade, then return it to its position tight against his stomach. He knew these were only feints, designed to get him off balance and in a position where he would be vulnerable for one fatal thrust.

Still, the man would have to move soon. Already, the clanging sound of

a gendarme's car could be heard as it approached the house.

Eyes now glazed with white hot anger, the man reached out once more. This time, however, the move was slower, more deliberate. Gary backed away, knowing the feint was but a prelude to a more serious thrust.

With a strangled cry, the man lunged. Holding the knife at belly level, he thrust forward, attempting to slice into Gary's gut, at which time he would rip upward, severing whatever the knife-blade came in contact with.

Gary had kept his left foot back. Using it as a pivoting point, he swiftly sidestepped and slammed his forearm down against the knifer's collarbone. The knifer yelled out in pain as the blow snapped the bone. Quickly, he shifted the knife from one hand to the other and lunged forward a second time.

Gary's heart was hammering against his rib cage. Hot blood throbbed against his temples. Pivoting again, he speared his left fist into the man's nose, then slammed his right fist hard against the unprotected jaw. The knifer's eyes rolled

back into his skull. He stumbled backward. A gendarme burst into the room just as the would-be knifer fell to the floor.

Gary's hands were shaking as he listened to the girl tell the cluster of authorities now huddled in the room what had happened. Occasionally, she would look at Gary and point, then gesticulate madly as the gendarmes also looked at him. After a little while, two of the gendarmes helped the dazed knifer to his feet and escorted him downstairs.

"Will you stay with me?" Simone asked, when only she and Gary were left in the room. "I would have much need for a man like you."

Gary had dressed and now had his hand on the door. He smiled and shook his head. "I've got to get back to the States," he said, opening the door.

"You don't like Paris?" she asked. "You don't like me?"

"But of course," Gary replied. "I will always remember you both."

"Then, why are you leaving us?"

Gary stepped into the hallway. "Because I found my manhood here," he answered, closing the door behind him.





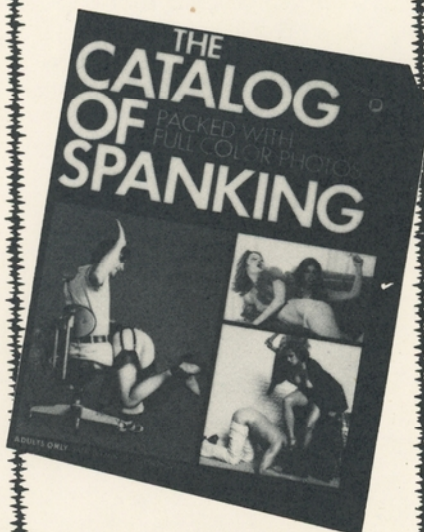
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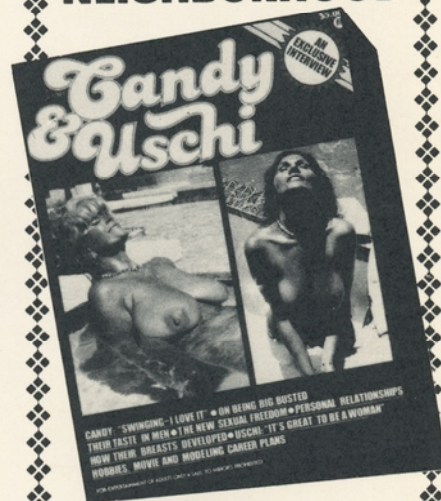
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"This is one of the most embarrassing things that ever happened to me," says Louise. "If my boyfriend ever found out, I'd never get to go anywhere again! I was home alone as usual one afternoon, so I decided to turn on my favorite game show: This one show in particular really turns me on. The show's host is this very sexy blond actor type who gets me hot just by saying the introductions to the commercials! I flicked on the tube and settled in to watch the show. While I was watching, I decided to shave myself

BOOB BUZZIN'





and pretend that the host was watching me! I popped out of my clothes, spread my legs, and soaped myself up. This felt exquisite, and, with my host-heartthrob's eyes on me, I began to get a little sticky between the legs: You know what I'm talking about!

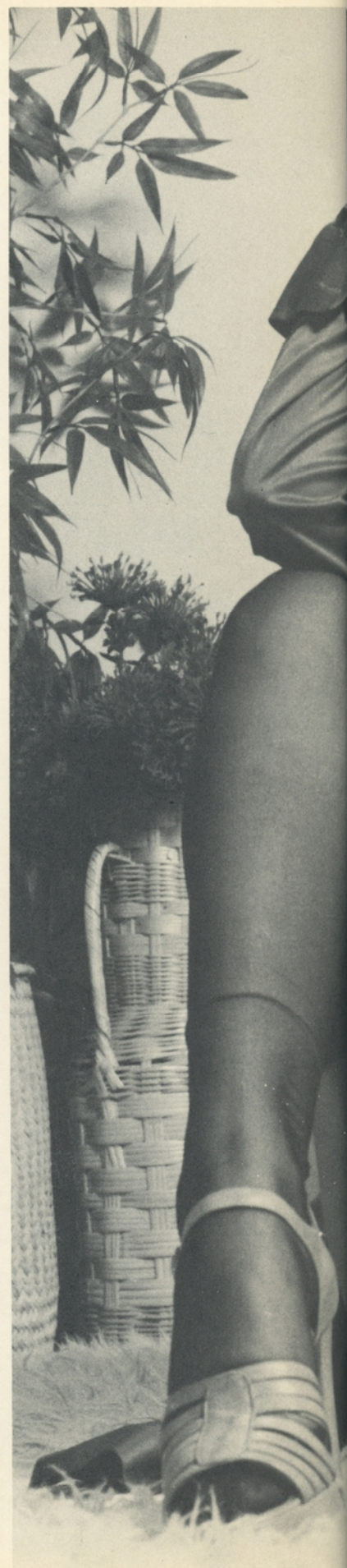




FRUIT PATCH

"Men must think I'm an easy piece," complains Lucy. "I like sex as much as the next girl, but that doesn't

mean any guy who winks at me is going to have a puppy dog following him home panting for whatever he's







got to offer. The other day, for example, I was shopping at the market for a few things I needed for the weekend. While I was in the produce department, this one guy, kind of an old dude, walks up to me and asks my advice on some fruit he wants to buy. Okay, that's cool; some men don't have that much experience shopping, and I'm glad to help. I showed him how to test for ripeness by giving the fruit a firm squeeze. So he thanks me, real nicely, and then says he wonders if it would







work as well for melons
also. And then, right in
the store, he gives my tit
a squeeze! And says my
melons seem ripe enough."





BOGIE MAN



"I've been a Humphrey Bogart fan from when I was a little girl," says Tina.

I remember one scene in particular where Bogie is forced to slap an hysterical woman to calm her down. When he does it, she just melts in his arms and the passion of his gaze is just too much to bear. I still get wet just thinking about it.

Anyway, like I was saying, I'm one of his biggest fans and over the years I've managed to collect a large amount of movie memorabilia about him. I've got movie posters, still photographs used for publicity shots, one of his old ties and just about anything else you could think of that's connected with him.

Naturally, I'm a member of a Bogart fan club, and, last year, I was chosen as our club's representative at the annual convention of fan clubs. I flew to Atlanta the night before the first session and checked into my hotel to get ready. I wanted to be a hit, so I set my hair like one of Bogie's leading ladies used to wear it and put on my finest forties outfit. As I was







admiring myself in the mirror, there was a knock at the door. Imagine my surprise when I opened the door to a guy who looked just like Bogie himself! He wanted to use my room phone, so I let him in. I decided to use my favorite line from 'To Have and Have Not' on him: 'Anytime you need something, just whistle.' He smiled and replied in his best Bogartese: 'Thish could be the start of a beautiful friendship, schweet-hot!' Well, this just knocked me off my feet and into the bed, it was so great to hear. We got it on once for ourselves and once for Bogie's memory. As he left one very satisfied fan, he turned and said: 'Here's looking at you, Kid!' "

