

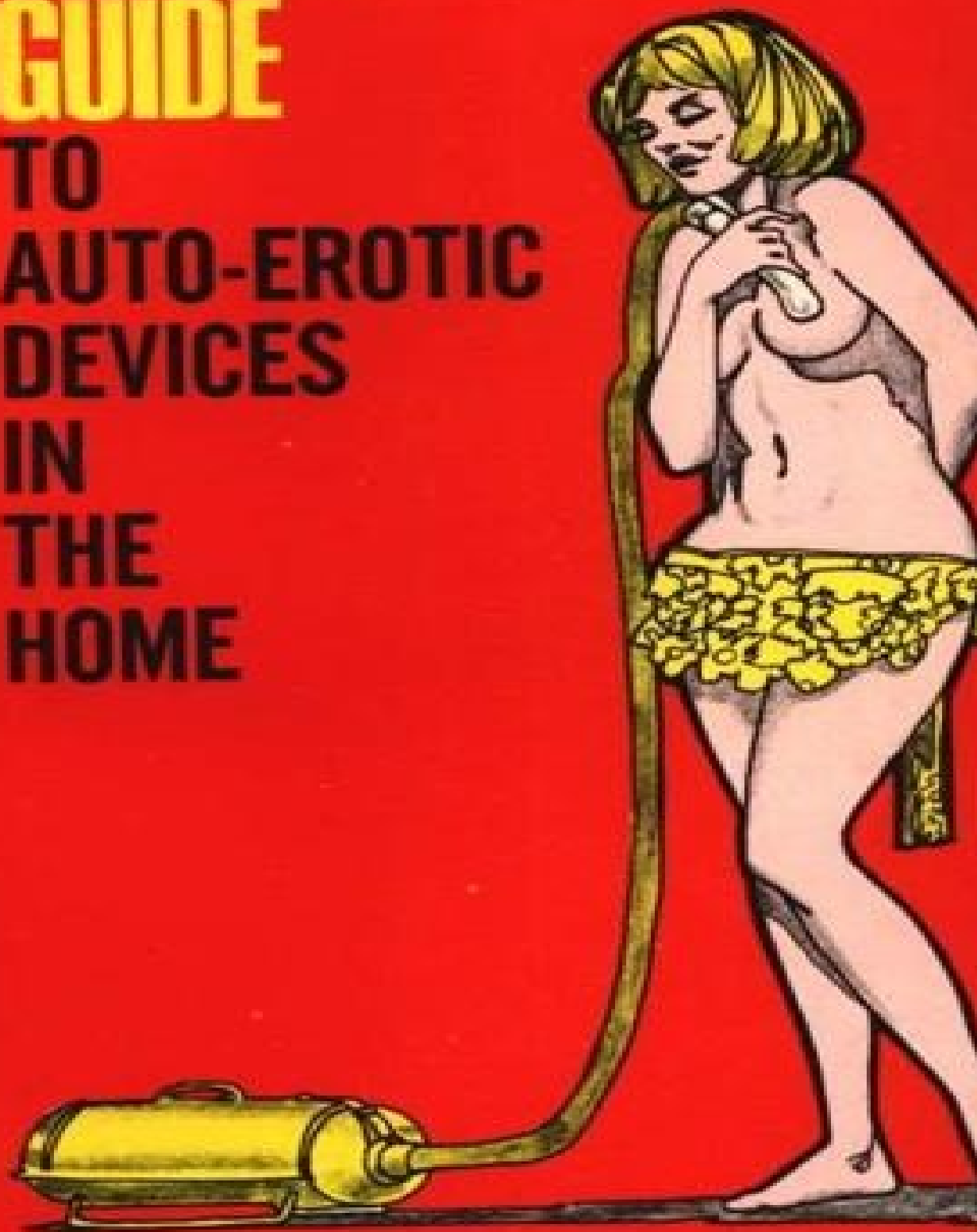
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A HOUSEWIFE'S GUIDE

TO
AUTO-EROTIC
DEVICES
IN
THE
HOME



By Jane Long

A Housewife's Guide To Auto-Erotic Devices In The Home

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INTRODUCTION

IN THE PROCESS OF HELPING MY HUSBAND investigate various aspects of human sexual behavior and misbehavior during the past five years, I have come across a considerable stock of material dealing with an interesting but seldom discussed phenomenon in modern American life. There have been numerous publications dealing with women and their auto-erotic practices, but none, I think, which deal exclusively with the subject matter presented in this book.

Briefly, I present the material published here simply to show the public that one need not invest large amounts of money with dealers of sometimes questionable honesty in order to have access to an auto-erotic device. Indeed, as the evidence presented here shows all too well, the average American home provides a veritable wealth of implements and tools which the tired or frustrated housewife (or career girl!) may use as supplements to or substitutes for the more customary male organ, in order to gain a fuller amount of sexual satisfaction. All it takes is ingenuity and determination, plus the effort, and a woman can find herself surrounded by devices that will give her as much pleasure as she can handle.

Ordinarily, I would be willing to leave the presentation of this material to my husband, who is an established author. However, his current commitments do not allow him time at present to work the material into suitable form, so, with his consent and encouragement, I have attempted to present myself. I must say at the beginning, that without his moral support, I should long ago have forsaken the typewriter to experiment with some other mechanical devices in my own home!

There is one lesson that becomes evident through a reading of the material presented here and speaks with an authority not to be denied. That lesson is a testimonial to the undying human sex drive, its urgency and need to express itself and to be satisfied, regardless of the complications and surrounding circumstances. More than ever before, I have come to realize that all women possess this basic drive, and even the strictest training, the most rigorous repression, will not eliminate it from the personality. Granted, it will sometimes express itself in obscure and bizarre ways, but it will make itself known in some guise.

I cannot personally testify to the efficacy and usefulness of all the devices and techniques for solitary sexual pleasure advocated by the subjects interviewed for this book. Nevertheless, I am convinced that all the women were very serious, and I firmly believe that all of them used their particular devices with great success. To describe these tools and techniques is not to advocate their use, of course; that is not the point of this book. I am only interested in making known to a wider public the discoveries we have made over the past five years.

Women ought to realize, before spending large sums of money on fancy tools which may or may not perform as advertised, that simpler and less expensive remedies may well lie closer at hand. At least one friend, who read this book in manuscript form, has advised me that she has taken it to heart and has gained a great deal of satisfaction from adapting some of the ideas explained here. If others are inclined to do so, that is their business, but I should warn them that nearly every woman interviewed arrived at success only after a long and sometimes arduous period of trial and error. Possibly the techniques described here are so highly individualized that they cannot be widely used; I do not know. Experimentation might well be in order for those who want to try out these devices for themselves.

-JANE LONG

SANDRA K—, THE AUTHOR OF THE first autobiographical narrative to be presented seemed most unlikely to be a devotee of masturbation. An airline hostess for a transcontinent carrier, she was the picture of a healthy beauty and friendliness. Her honey-blonde hair fell to her shoulders in a pleasing bob; her figure seemed voluptuous enough to please the most discerning lechers. However, as she confided to me her good looks did not compensate for a quirk in her personality which shouted “Freeze!” whenever a man came close to her in an amatory situation. I put it bluntly, this lush and beautiful woman was frigid. Perhaps it was due to a combination of erroneous early training and her own exceedingly attractive features; she told me that very early in her life she had nearly been raped by an over-anxious suitor, and that ever since she had been unable to feel at ease with any man except in a business situation. She was twenty-four, just at the height of her charm and beauty, at the time of the interview, she spoke calmly, without shame or reticence, as she began the following account:

It was all Al's fault when he tried to press me into giving in after our junior prom. I don't know what he expected—I was only sixteen at the time—but when he came on so strong, well, it just turned me right off, that's all. No matter how much I liked him, and that was a lot, I couldn't have given in to him after he nearly ripped my evening gown off! I don't wonder that I could never get really interested in sex with him after that. And the sad thing was that it was the same with other guys, too—they were always pressing me, so eager and aggressive and... well, just brutal, is the only way I can think of describing it.

I did give in, just once, and it was even worse than Mother had said. Perhaps it was my fault, letting Paul be the one, but I was almost desperate, wanting to know if I really could or not. And he was so big, and so eager; I really think I might have been able to give him some pleasure, and could have gotten a lot myself, if he'd just been more patient and understanding.

You see, Mother had always taken the attitude that sex was just something women had to put up with after they got married, and one of the most disagreeable things, at that. I don't think she ever got a bit of sensual pleasure out of anything in all her life, poor thing. And she was always telling me these horrible stories about men; it's a wonder that I could even go out with boys at all, I suppose.

After I'd been burned so badly those first times, I didn't have much to do with men for a long time after that, not in a serious way. I had a few dates, of course, but not that many. In college, for example, I might have averaged two dates a month, and a lot of those were just Coke dates or library dates. Most of the time I could work it so that I didn't have to worry about getting into any tense situations with the guys, so that problem really never came to the surface. Occasionally I had problems, but not very often.

The ironic thing about it all was that I believed all along that I wasn't really frigid. Sometimes I used to wonder if maybe I was just feeding myself a line, or refusing to face up to the facts of my own shortcomings, but most of the time I knew deep down inside that I was capable of feeling desire and passion. It was during my sophomore year that I began to become more aware of this feeling and then I found it to be true.

You see, it was about that time that I discovered erotic literature! That really made the big difference for me. The university had a tremendous collection of so-called “dirty books,” and since I had a part-time job in the library, I had easy access to the entire collection. I didn't know what to think the first time I found myself back in that part of the library; it all seemed so strange and foreign to me. But I was curious, and I began browsing around through the shelves. It didn't take long for me

discover that I had a real empathy for that kind of reading matter.

~~And then I also discovered that one could buy books almost as good at certain newsstands around town.~~ That furthered my interest in sex books, and I read as many as I could borrow, buy or steal. The more I read, the more I discovered that I really wanted to experience all those sensations, to do all those things—or most of them, anyway. I could never go the sadism and masochism bits, but just about all the rest were okay with me, even the Lesbian parts, though I never had much real desire to try that.

Now, you may say that this is ridiculous, this girl who could hardly bear to be touched by a man avidly reading the lewdest and most pornographic books she could find. I don't claim that it's the most reasonable thing in the world; all I'm saying is that this is how it was. Make anything out of it you can—it's the honest, solid truth.

Anyway, there I was—nineteen, and for all practical purposes a virgin, but reading the most lascivious stuff I could find, and loving it too. I used to sit up with a start, after I'd gotten pretty deep into a real juicy novel, and realize that I *was* excited, like I'd never been excited with a man; that I was feeling all the things the girls in the book were feeling — my nipples ached and throbbed, my pussy dripped and tingled with the loveliest feelings, I really hungered for—well, for something, I didn't quite know that.

The more I read, the more certain I became of what it was that I was looking for. It was an orgasm, of course. Honestly, there were times when I couldn't sleep at night because of the great hard knot of tension in my loins! I suspected that a lot of descriptions of orgasm were highly exaggerated, but even so, they sounded wonderful. And some of the writers described women who were feeling exactly what I was feeling.

Then one of the books I happened to pick up really turned me in the right direction. It was set in a girls' school, very Lesbian, of course, but with this added touch: a lot of the girls were since dedicated do-it-yourselfers. That was my first real reading about the subject, but in this book the author must have described every conceivable wrinkle on that delightful practice. I mean, those girls were doing it to themselves in every possible situation and with the most amazing variety of techniques! And what's more, a lot of those accounts carried a great deal of conviction and sincerity.

That was when I first began seriously considering it for myself. Not that I jumped right in and started wetting my fingers, of course—I'm not the impetuous sort. That's just not my way of doing things. But I was turning it over in my mind all the while. I could tell that by the dreams I was having. Man, were those ever some wild things! I'd never had an erotic dream all the while I was growing up, not ever, but after I'd been doing that reading for a month or two, and checking through some of the illustrated volumes in the library, I started having these wild dreams. And always they were dreams about me with a man! Isn't that odd? I checked myself occasionally to see if there was any change, mean, I'd go out on a date and deliberately let a fellow try something a little bold with me. Very disappointing! Always the same—as soon as I felt his hand on my thigh or my breast, this powerful physical revulsion came over me. And quite often, I'd *wanted* him to touch me there! So don't tell me how illogical women are; I know it all too well myself.

But as for these dreams ... I can recount the first one perfectly. I suppose I'll remember it as long as I live, it was so vivid and so real. In this dream, I was wading around in a creek that used to run through the property my folks had for a summer home. It was a nice creek, deep in spots, and cool, not cold—just the right sort of thing for wading. After a while, I came to this pool, all rimmed around with trees and bushes. It was a *warm* day, and I was sweaty and dusty, so I decided to have myself a little swim.

Since it was so deserted, I felt perfectly safe in stripping down naked. Besides, I'll have to admit that I always got a sort of sneaky little satisfaction out of going naked, admiring my body, that sort of thing. Just a bit narcissistic, I agree, but I liked doing it. Well, off with the clothes and then a bit of admiring myself and finally into the pool. I splashed about for a few minutes, and just as I was getting out, I realized I was being watched.

I looked around, and out from behind a clump of bushes there stepped this absolutely gorgeous hunk of man! He was naked too, and there, sprouting out from the base of his belly, was the biggest, loveliest, sexiest-looking prick you could imagine. I know, I'm being illogical again, but that's the way it was. This thing of his, it must have been eight or nine inches long and nearly as big around as my wrist—what a friend of mine calls a real “womb-stuffer.” It was covered with golden-brown skin; I was a nudist, I suppose, and got a tan all over. But the color of his prick contrasted so prettily with the dark, curling hair around it that... well, it was just lovely!

I wanted to take it in my hands, to feel it and strip the foreskin back and expose the big head and lass it and do all the groovy things a girl is supposed to do to a man. He just stood there, smiling at me in a sort of wordlessly inviting me on. I went over to him as if I were in a trance, more like a zombie than a live girl. But I went, and when I got next to him I just reached right out and took it in my hands. Oh, it was so warm and lovely and hard! And feeling it, I knew that I wanted more than anything for him to put it between my legs, to slide it up into the lips of my pussy and then farther on until he'd split my maidenhead apart and literally filled me with hot, hard, manly prick.

That's just what he did, of course. But he took a long time, ever so long, in doing it. He made sure I was ready for him before he pressed me over onto my back and when he did, my thighs just seemed to fly apart of their own accord. He even kissed me down there, which I've always thought must be the most exciting sensual act possible, even though I've never actually had it done. When he was sure I was ready, he got over me. You would've thought that I'd have had difficulty in accommodating him with what with his thing being so large and me being a virgin, but in a dream I suppose practical difficulties like that don't matter much. Anyway, it wasn't a problem for us because he went in just as easy as could be.

The whole scene was like that, a fairy tale of a seduction. Sure, I know it doesn't happen that way in real life, but I've often felt since then that this dream was a projection of what I *wish*, it would be like. I know that two people meeting each other cold wouldn't do the things we did so easily and naturally, and especially, an inexperienced young thing like me wouldn't have had such superb orgasms as I had with that dream man.

And I really did, you know—that's when I woke up, when I was having the first one. I came awake and my nightgown was up around my neck; my breasts were bare, and I had one hand on my right nipple, just squeezing away at it. My other hand, the left one, was right between my thighs, and I was using it to massage the lips of my pussy. I'd clenched my legs together, and I was humping myself up against my hand; I was getting a glorious orgasm out of it! I lay there for a long while, sort of between sleep and wakefulness, and I must have brought myself off four or five times. It seemed I was both conscious and still dreaming, if such a thing is possible, and this man was driving himself in and out of me with long, easy strokes. Each time his prick swooped down into my vagina, I'd have another orgasm, until finally I couldn't come any more and... well, that's where the dream ended. Poor fellow, he never did get to come! Perhaps that was my subconscious working its will; I've always thought that having to lie there and be... well, *spewed into* would be unbearably degrading. So, in my dream I suppose I took care to insure that such a thing didn't happen to me.

That was my first dream. The others ran to a similar pattern, though sometimes they didn't have

man in them. I never had a dream about myself with a woman, which may or may not be significant. In the dreams that didn't have men, I would most often be admiring my body in a mirror, and then I start manipulating my vulva with my fingers. And always, whether a man was in the dream or not, I wake up just as my orgasm started—always to find my hand down between my legs and my sex organ just going into ecstatic pleasure.

After three of those dreams, two within about a week's time, I decided that perhaps my body was trying to tell me something. That was when I really began experimenting in earnest, trying to find some method, besides using my hands, that I liked and that would satisfy me. I took a lot of satisfaction, too, because even though I still had problems with men—and do even now, for that matter—I could imagine myself into the fast compelling erotic moods any woman ever felt. Or at least they seemed that way to me, anyway.

Now here's another odd thing about my life and hard times with sex: even though I was having these incredibly pleasing dreams, and would wake up to find my vagina literally gushing out those orgasmic juices, I simply could not *make* the same thing happen when I deliberately set about trying to do it! I'd use exactly the same techniques that I'd used in the dream, and ... a big nothing! That really surprised me, and I couldn't understand it at all. But no matter what I did, no matter how horny a mood I got myself into before actually starting to masturbate, I just couldn't make it happen the way it had happened in the dream.

I began to get desperate. I reread that book that I mentioned, the one about the girls in the boarding school, and I deliberately and conscientiously set about experimenting with everything I'd read about in that book. I utilized every device, every technique those girls used, even down to and including the dildo. Yes, I eventually bought one of those rubber gadgets during a stopover in Tokyo; I used it that night in the Tokyo Hilton and took my own maidenhead! But it didn't help any; in fact, it was worse with that than with any other method I'd tried up until then. I finally sold it to a girl on another airline for twenty dollars—she said she was going to use it to amuse her boy friend, who wanted to see a girl do it to herself with one of those devices.

I even gave up the effort for a while, the search was so frustrating and disappointing. But I suppose I'd already gone too far by then; the idea had gotten under my skin, and try as I would, I just couldn't forget about it. And, too, I kept having those dreams—and they didn't help me either! I'd experimented for a couple of weeks, never with any real success, and then I'd swear off for three or four days, until the pressure became too much to bear. Then I'd go back and try some more. I was persistent, I'll say that much for myself. I could usually get a fairly good sensation out of most of the methods I tried, but never anything like the feeling I'd have when I woke up from one of those erotic dreams.

It's comical to remember the day I finally made the big breakthrough. I'd just come off a two-week run, which was a lot longer than normal, but I'd filled in for a girl who'd taken off to have an abortion, and then a couple more things happened—I'd been all over the United States and once on a transatlantic run. When I got back into my apartment, it was all dusty and moldy. So, after I'd slept about twenty hours straight, with no erotic dreams, I got up and started cleaning my apartment. I really gave it a wall-to-wall cleaning, something it had been needing long before I took off on that jaunt.

I was vacuuming out the bedroom, I remember, and I was in my usual summertime house-cleaning costume, which is to say, I was nude. Okay, there's my narcissism coming out again, I know, but it's just the way I like to operate. Well, there I was stripped to the buff and whirling around that apartment like nine devils were after me. I hadn't realized that I had this erotic mood coming over me until all of a sudden I looked up and saw myself in the mirror, across the bed. I had the vacuum cleaner tube in one hand; I'd been vacuuming off the baseboards.

I'll have to admit that I do think I have just as nice a body as those girls who pose for magazine centerfolds. ~~Not that I've ever actually seen any of those models in the flesh, but lots of the magazine~~ passengers leave their magazines behind, you know, and some of them have mighty revealing pictures.

Anyway, as I was saying, I stood there turning this way and that, admiring myself in the mirror. I moved over closer to the mirror so I could see more detail, especially down between my legs, the part I most like to look at. You see, I have this peculiarity: I have a lot of hair up high, on the love mound itself, but I'm nearly bald, I guess you'd call it, down where the lips and clitoris are. It's odd, or I think so, but it makes it handy for viewing, if that's what a person likes—and I like it.

I accidentally touched the vacuum cleaner tube to the skin of my thigh as I was standing there admiring myself. It attached itself to my thigh, right on the inner side, about halfway between my knee and my crotch. I pulled it off, impatient with myself for dawdling around, but then I realized I had felt sort of *good* when I tried pulling it off. Even my thighs get very sensitive to the touch when I'm excited like that, and I saw that I'd hit upon something very interesting.

Well, I forgot all about cleaning my apartment once I'd made that discovery! I immediately began thinking about what I could do with my new toy, and started experimenting with it. I touched it to one of my breasts, very lightly, so as not to get the nipple sucked down into that tube. Mmm, groovy feeling! After playing with it for a moment or two, I forgot all about hurting myself, and I just clapped it right onto my nipple. Great day, I nearly flipped right there! The suction pulled some of my breast down into the tube, of course, and gave me the wildest sensations I'd ever felt in all my life.

Oh, I really had myself a ball that afternoon with my new plaything. It was a few minutes before I got up enough courage to try applying the tube where I knew I wanted it most, down on my pussy; I was worried about the suction maybe pulling my insides out, or something like that. But after a while the tension was too much, and I was far too excited to stop what I'd begun, so I screwed up my courage and started moving the tube down. I touched it to parts of my body as I edged down to the vital point, all along the way it gave me the best feelings I'd ever had.

When I got it between my thighs, I paused for a moment, still not quite brave enough to go ahead. But I couldn't pull back, not then, not when I was so worked up and tense and ... well, just plain horny. I brought it closer and closer to my sex; even before I made contact I could tell it was going to be good, because the wind whipping around my sex was very stimulating. But lord, when I actually got that tube placed on the Lips of my pussy, I nearly leaped right off the bed! It was like an electric shock, but a lot more violent, and of course it was highly stimulating to me.

I used a finger to keep the thing from getting a perfect suction and possibly doing some damage, but even so, it sucked up a lot of my pussy into the tube. Sure, the edges of the tube were a little sharp and it hurt some, but that wasn't enough to make me stop. It would've had to hurt like hell before I would have backed up, because I'd actually started to come. Yes, for the first time in my life, I was *making* myself have an orgasm! Not like before, when I'd had them involuntarily, at the end of a dream, you see.

Ah, I couldn't believe it was finally happening to me, but it was, and I was lying there on my back with my pussy throbbing away like it had never done before, not even during one of my dreams. It just went on and on, those lovely tingling throbs that radiated out from my twat in waves of the greatest sensual pleasure a girl could ever hope for. Finally, when the feeling began to taper off, I flung the vacuum cleaner aside and just lay there for a long time, wondering at the magic I'd made happen. I could see now why lots of women were crazy about sex, what with the incredibly thrilling sensations I'd just had.

After that, I really started working on my new discovery. I went down to a hobby shop and got

myself some of that modeling plastic that's like clay, and I made a little nozzle, or a ring, for the end of the vacuum cleaner tube, so I could use it without scraping my flesh against the sharp edges. It took some work to get it just right, but I finally got it to where I could use it with a maximum of enjoyment. Then, at every opportunity, I'd retire to my bedroom and hook up the vacuum so I could have a long love session with myself. I still do it that way, and as far as I'm concerned, I'll be doing that way forever; I can't imagine doing without that lovely sensation. My biggest problem right now is having to wait through the flights when I'm away from the apartment.

Usually, you see, we're home about every third or fourth day. For a woman who's had a lot of sex that might be a short enough interval, but remember that I have a long dry spell to make up for! And those years when I might have been enjoying my body but wasn't—I've got to fill in that empty space. So when I get back off a flight, I can't wait to get into the apartment. The ride back from the airport is sheer torture, knowing that soon I'll be home and can get my gadget hooked up and give myself another helping of that lovely sensation! And when I get inside, I literally *run* to the bedroom and straddle down for my first session! I mean, I'm like a little girl with a new toy.

All I have to say about my method is that it works for me. There may be lots of other women out there around in just the condition I was, passionate but unfulfilled. Well, if there are, I'd like to notify them that they might very well have the solution in their hands whenever they start cleaning house! It may not work for everyone, but I can assure you, it worked wonders for at least one girl!

SOME WOMEN TURN TO MASTURBATION naturally in the process of growing up; others are driven to it by the strength of their sexual needs. When those needs are strong and are not being satisfied by more orthodox means, the suffering woman will go to great lengths to satisfy them. Unsatisfied needs, if sufficiently strong, may lead to frustration, anxiety, or even psychotic manifestations of discontent. Under the circumstances, then, one finds it difficult to condemn a woman who employs a socially frowned-upon method of relieving her sexual needs and thereby avoids even more dramatic consequences.

Meredith S—, a tall, willowy blonde of thirty-four, provides an especially good example for holding this point of view. Though she is the mother of six children, she has retained her youthful figure to a degree that most mothers would envy. She has also retained the strong sexual appetite which had led her into an early fruitful and happy marriage. However, Meredith is one of those women who seems to be contraceptive-proof. She told me she had diligently *used* every contraceptive device and technique known to medical science, then ruefully pointed to her flock of children as living proof of their inadequacy.

“It's not that I'm opposed to having children,” she hastened to assure me. “But I think three or four would have made a nice, happy family. Six is a bit much!”

After the sixth child had arrived and she and her husband had considered all the alternatives, they decided to take steps to remedy the situation and prevent any further pregnancies. He consciously adopted the practice of *coitus interruptus*; withdrawing his penis from her vagina before ejaculating. Unfortunately, he happens to be one of those men with “a short fuse,” and so lacks the staying power to ensure that Meredith is fully satisfied before he proceeds to his own orgasm.

“I knew it would be a problem when I agreed to do it that way,” she told me. “Herb has never been able to perform for long periods of time; he blames it all on me and says that I'm too exciting for him to hold it back. Oh, sometimes he can bring me off before he starts coming, but even then, usually, he has to pull it out right when I'm in the middle of a big juicy orgasm—and for my money, that's worse than not even having one at all! I like for a man to stay in there and finish it up good.”

The strength of her husband's religious principles forbade a sterilization for either of them, but the intensity of Meredith's sexuality demanded that her needs be served. I could understand her plight after eleven years of marriage, during which she had enjoyed very fulfilling and frequent sexual climaxes, she found it immensely difficult to adjust to the new regime. Here is her story, in her own words:

I thought I'd die from frustration that first time, after the last baby. When Herb started making love to me, getting me really in the mood—and after that long period of celibacy after the birth, I was especially ready to be put in the mood!—he started in just like always, except that this time I knew what was going to happen. I mean, I could taste the frustration even before he... did what we'd decided he was going to do. The knowledge interfered with my enjoyment of it, I suppose, and all I could think of was that he was going to take it away from me just when I wanted it most.

You see, one of the best points of sex, to me, is the feeling of having my man inside me, with the very special thing of his, and then knowing that I've caused him to experience the most exquisite sensations a man can feel. Used to be, when he started to come, to swell and pump and spurt out that lovely, hot cream, that's when I got the most satisfaction from sex. Not the most pure physical

pleasure, perhaps, but certainly the most satisfaction—just knowing that I'd made it happen again for him.

So, when he started getting tense and screwing me faster and faster, until his prick was whipping in and out of my body like a highspeed piston, I knew he was close—he could never disguise it. I hoped he'd renege on our deal and leave it in me; I know that right then, I'd gladly have faced another pregnancy just to keep him in my body. I tried everything I could to make it so good he'd forget; I gripped him so tight with my legs that I wonder I didn't break his ribs; I rubbed my breasts up in his hair until they nearly came off; I said all the sexy things I could think of, using all the words he'd taught me so well. But he kept to the bargain, damn it, and just before he started coming, he eased out and slipped it out of me.

I nearly cried when I felt that big, thick, lovely tool slide out of me! And even worse, to have to lie there and feel him spurting his cream out onto the cheeks of my ass, that was just pure torture! I fumbled around, trying to get it with my fingers and stuff it back into my cunt, but I couldn't reach it. I tried moving my rump around and spearing myself on his lance, but nothing worked. It was gone, and he was shooting, and I was left high and dry! Well, not too dry, because usually I froth and foam a tremendous amount when I'm aroused, and also, he was flooding my butt with his sperm, but it wasn't the same thing—you know what I mean.

Ah, what a hard time I had of it for a while! To have to be there and go through all the old motions just like we used to, all the while knowing that the supreme joy was going to be withheld from me—that was sheer, unmitigated torture! The only thing that kept me going, I think, was another part of our bargain—we'd agreed that he'd do it to me the old way, leaving his prick inside when he came, while I was having my period. Our doctor had assured me that I couldn't get pregnant when that time of the month came around, so I made Herb agree to it. We'd never been very strict about laying off the stuff at that time anyway, so it wasn't any new experience for either of us. But now, getting my period rationed out to me (in the complete sense) every twenty-eight days, that was a new experience altogether. Let me tell you, I used to count the minutes, almost, until the spotting started and I could enjoy sex the way it's meant to be enjoyed!

But even that wasn't enough for me, of course. You see, we'd ordinarily done it every night, or at least about three nights out of four, plus any time during the day that we could get off by ourselves for a few minutes. So having to do without, except for a few times every month, was really a switch for me. I used to curse the day my period ended, because I knew then that it *would* be a long time—over three weeks, closer to four—before I could start living again.

Sure, I tried “home remedies,” as you might call them. It didn't take me very long at all to realize that the status quo wouldn't suffice. Having another man was out—there'd be the danger of getting pregnant, plus the fact that I didn't *want* another man—and the idea of making it with another woman just doesn't do anything for me. I mean, I like to have something rammed deep inside, touching even an inch of my cunt, if I'm going to have anything at all!

So, within a month after Herb and I started this new schedule, I was diddling myself, or trying to. But there was a difficulty; I suppose the root of the difficulty—apart from not having any root!—was the way I'd learned to make love. I was a virgin when I met Herb, but I didn't stay that way very long. He split my cherry on our fourth date, and after that, I knew I had to get married—either that or start working as a prostitute! It was that good, right from the start. But it wasn't until we'd been married about six months, when I'd had lots of time to practice different ways of going about that heavenly pastime, that I really got into high gear and started hitting peaks that I'd never dreamed of before.

I think part of it was due to the way I'm constructed. See, there's really a large space between me

clitoris and the opening of my vagina. At least, it seems large to me, and Herb swears that he never saw anything like it on any of the other girls he had before he hooked up with me. Do you know that I can put four fingers crosswise between those two places on my body? I don't know how long that is in inches, because I never bothered to measure it, but it must be three inches, at least. What this means in sexual terms, is that I can't excite myself the way I've heard some women can, by hunching down and touching my clitoris to Herb's prick as he strokes it in and out of my body. But there are compensations, nevertheless.

You see, I've developed another method that worked even better for us. That is, I pull my knees up alongside his body until they're touching my own shoulders, sometimes even extending up over his shoulders. Now, since I've had so many children, you can well imagine that my... er, receptacle is a trifle larger than when we were first married. I But by using this particular position, even now, it seems to alter the angle of my vagina or something; anyway, makes it fit very snugly and nicely around Herb's prick. He likes it a lot, especially if I let my legs down and then bring them up again—he says it makes my cunt do just incredible things to his prick. And from my angle it's better too, because I can easily rub my clitoris into his belly—especially now that he's developing a little pot, it hangs down so nice and convenient. Ah, well, that's all by the boards now, except for those certain times of the month.

But anyway, to get back to my point—excuse me if I wander, but I want to make sure you understand everything—the way I'm put together makes it a lot more difficult for me to masturbate. Most of the literature I read, the “how to do it” books, all said just a gentle massage of the vulva and clitoris would be sufficient. But not me, I've got to have stimulation inside! So I began experimenting with other objects trying to find something that would give me at least a part of what I really wanted. I went through everything I could find around the house—candles, a broomstick, pop bottles—I really worked on myself with my fingers, but couldn't get nearly deep enough to get the effect I wanted. I even invested twenty-five dollars in a fly-by-night company offering a mammoth dildo.

They delivered the goodie, all right, and I was really eager to try it. I didn't mention anything about any of this to Herb, of course; I imagine that if he'd known all the anguish I was going through, he would have done something—probably would have gone back to the old system, which I couldn't bear the thought of either. I mean, I would've given my left arm to have about a month of solid screwing, with him leaving it in every time he came, but the prospect of going through another pregnancy was enough to leave me shaking with fear.

I oiled up my new toy with baby oil the day it came. All the kids were at school except Chris, who was two then, and while he was taking his nap, I started to work on learning how to use it. I didn't think he'd mind donating a little of his oil, if it made mommy feel a lot better! The dildo was a real monster; I'd decided that if I was going to order one, I might as well go whole hog and order the nine-inch model. After all, I'd always wondered what it would be like to get fucked by one of those really well-hung men, so I figured why not find out this way? I'd often wondered if I was even physically capable of taking such a monster. Herb, you see, is only moderately well-endowed; he has about six and a half inches, though it's as wide across as three of my fingers held together—makes a very pleasing fit!

This gadget even had a little knob down at the end, so I could get the entire nine inches in, if I felt up to it. The manufacturer had truly thought of everything! And it was broad, too—seemed almost twice as big around as Herb's. I was really eager for it that afternoon because I'd been waiting for it to come in the mail, and the delay, the anticipation and all that, had really gotten me worked up into a fine state. I did it in bed, in our bedroom, where I thought I'd feel more at home with the sexy thing

stripped off, made sure I was really moist and hot down there, and then started teasing myself with my new toy.

I rubbed the head of that thing over the lips of my pussy, trying to make myself believe it was Herb's and not just a rubber toy; the feeling was good, but I could tell the difference. It didn't have quite the feel of a hard dick, and it certainly wasn't as warm or friendly to the touch. But I figured that a girl had to put up with a few shortcomings if she was really serious about doing it to herself, so I forged ahead. I rubbed it back and forth along the slit, threatening to ram it into my cunt all the way—though I really wouldn't have dared; it was much too large—then I lifted it up and rubbed it over my clit.

That got me all the more ready for the real thing, and finally, when I couldn't stand it any more, I angled it in the right direction, and slowly started working it in. I saw right away that I could get it inside my cunt; that wasn't much of a problem. After all, we women *are* pretty flexible down there, you know! It was the length that I was worried about. It didn't exactly feel bad, going in that first time, but I knew it wasn't a real prick; it just didn't have the same zing that Herb's prick has. But I thought maybe I'd feel more excited about it once I got it sunk deeper, so I began pushing it further and further into my cunt.

I did everything I could to make it feel like I was actually getting screwed by a man; I raised my legs and tensed up my stomach muscles and tried to make my cunt as small as possible, figuring that if the passage was narrower, it would be that much more thrilling, having that tool plow its way inside. And all the while, of course, I was measuring it with my free hand, trying to see how much of it I had taken and how much was left. I was really surprised to find that I could get the entire nine inches of that thing inside me with no problem whatever; it didn't even feel close to my cervix, though I'm quite certain that Herb has touched it lots of times with his prick. Does that make sense? Shouldn't I have touched it, at least, with that big thing?

Whatever the reason, it certainly didn't give me the satisfaction I was looking for. It wasn't because I didn't try, because I was very conscientious about working with it. I must have worked with that gadget for two weeks or more. Always the same thing, I could get myself keyed up to a tremendous pitch, just trembling and shivering with passion, but I simply could not bring myself down off that plateau! It was the most maddening thing I'd ever felt—except for those times when Herb would pull his prick out of me, of course.

Finally I got tired of the frustration, not to speak of the tension which I couldn't get rid of, and I threw the miserable thing away. I never bothered with one of those battery-operated vibrator gadgets that you stick inside; somehow, the idea of being fucked by a flashlight battery really turned me off, but good. So I was up the creek, it seemed, and I set about trying to convince myself that I'd simply have to adjust to the new situation. Talk about a hopeless task! That seemed absolutely impossible; I *knew* I couldn't do it, and what's more, I didn't even want to. I just wanted to come more often in that special way.

I found the answer in an odd fashion; it's rather gross, but since you want the explicit details, I'll go ahead and give you the story just the way it happened. It was after one of our real good times, you see, when I was having my period. Herb had mounted me and given me just a wonderful time of it. I hadn't gotten all I wanted, not by any means—who could ever get enough of that incredible stuff?—but still he'd made me come till my legs almost dissolved. I made him stay on me for a long time after he'd had his come, hoping that maybe he'd get another hard-on and repeat the performance, but no such luck! Besides, I just loved the feeling of his big prick resting inside me; it always feels good, even when he's not doing anything with it. And too, as long as he was still inside me, I couldn't drip—and

was a mess, since he'd creamed an extra large amount, and I was bleeding, besides. So I was just lying there enjoying it.

Finally he decided that it was all over for the evening, and he slid off. I got up to go to the job afterward, pinching the lips of my pussy together to keep the goo from running all over me and the bed. I was sitting there on the stool, still pretty well turned on and wishing I could do it all over again. In fact, I was in a pretty randy mood, if you want to know the truth of it. After a while, most of the spunk had dripped out and I'd finished my business, so I got ready to leave and go back to bed.

I put in a tampon before getting up. That was when the idea hit me: I pulled that little white tube out of the box, and it struck me that there was something I hadn't tried before. The idea had never occurred to me before. That's odd in itself, since the tampon is so closely associated with a girl's vagina, but it's the truth. I must have sat there for two or three minutes, just looking at that tube and thinking about the possibilities. Then I acted, shoving it between my legs and guiding it into place.

Since I was already still worked up from my session with Herb, I didn't need much exciting. It felt good, real good, when I slipped it inside, a lot better than when I'd played around with the artificial penis. It's sort of humorous, looking back on it; here was this grown woman, a mother six times over, sitting on her john in the middle of the night and titillating herself with a device that was meant for quite another purpose. But I didn't worry about that then; I had another purpose in mind.

I worked the tampon back and forth a few times, enjoying the feeling it was giving me. I used one hand to work the tampon and the other to caress my clitoris, which made it all the better. And then I had an even better idea: I'd use the thing as long as I could, and then I'd expel the absorbent wad of cotton from the tube, getting it far up inside me. Maybe that would do something else for me, I thought. I might add that there was enough of Herb's sperm left inside to lubricate the thing and make it very slippery.

When I pushed the cotton wad out of the tube, I knew immediately that I'd found the answer. I don't know what the reason is—in fact, I don't much care—but I found it extremely exciting to have that ball of cotton up inside me and move it around with the string that hangs out. I'd never known that before, but now, when I needed it most, I made the discovery that I value more than anything else I've ever learned. I went ahead with it that night, working the tampon around with one hand and caressing my clitoris with the other. It didn't take me long, considering how little luck I'd had before, to reach an orgasm that was as satisfying as any I'd ever had, I believe.

That set me on the right track, and believe me it's made a real difference in my life. I'm a lot easier to live with now; Herb's noticed the difference, though I've never gotten up the nerve to tell him what's going on. He thinks I'm adjusting to our new birth control system, and I let him think so; I just can't bring myself to tell him that I'm doing it to myself with a tampon! Besides he'd want to know if it was good, and I'd have to say that it's about as good as it ever was with him, and that would probably hurt his ego. So I just keep quiet and go on with my new method. But I sure do use a lot of tampons, I'll tell you that!

When Herb went off to work the next day, and I'd gotten the older children off to school, and the smaller one out playing, I immediately began to think about what I'd done the night before. Some women, I hear, are apologetic and ashamed of the things they do to themselves, but I was beyond that. I just faced up to it and accepted it for what it was—a way to solve a problem that had been about to drive me insane.

I knew lubrication would be a problem; I'd been well oiled the night before, thanks to Herb. So I solved that with the help of a dollop of petroleum jelly; that made it slick as could be, the perfect solution. I lay on my bed this time, my legs spread wide and my fingers just flying. I discovered that

by wiggling about in a *certain* way I could actually move the tampon around inside me, once I pushed it out of the tube. I mean, I'd pull it nearly out with the string and then give this little motion that would cause it to be sucked back up inside my vagina. Back and forth I worked it, and all the while I was tickling my clitoris with the other fingers, and soon I had myself a lovely orgasm.

Since that time I've worked out the technique even better, though the basics are still the same. I suppose I do it to myself once a day, on the average; some days I'll do it as much as three times—that's my record—and then I might go two or three days without it. I still go through the motions with Herb, of course; he deserves his pleasure as much as I do, and if I can help him get it without any danger, why not? But now I don't feel so bad when he pulls it out and wastes his come on my buttock or the towel underneath. After all, I've got my insurance, and I don't have to do without that good feeling. I just get it in a slightly different way, that's all.

The nice thing about this, of course, is that I get all the pleasure I want, with absolutely no risk of getting pregnant again. It's very nearly as intense a pleasure as I get with Herb, and worry-free, so I don't see how you can beat that. I know it's made a far different woman of me, that's for sure, and I get along a lot better with my family and everyone else. And just imagine—all with a simple little device found in almost any home!

OCCASIONALLY A WOMAN WILL TAILOR her masturbation patterns to fit her fantasies rather than satisfying herself with a simple, run-of-the-mill technique that would ordinarily do the job she requires. Nearly all women fantasize to a certain extent while they are masturbating, but some actually turn their fantasies into reality, or attempt to do so.

Antonia B—, our next subject, exemplifies this phenomenon. A lush Mexican-American beauty of twenty-eight, she was living alone at the time we interviewed her, though she had earlier been married and has since remarried. She was very tall, with ample breasts and hips; her Mexican heritage showed clearly in her dark, flashing eyes and long black hair. She expressed a great contempt for men in general, remarking that her husband (whom she had recently divorced) had shown no imagination at all in his lovemaking, and that other candidates whom she had “interviewed,” so to speak, had not impressed her very favorably. We had earlier discerned that most women of Mexican descent, contrary to all the mythology men so assiduously circulate, are far from passionate, uninhibited sexpots; in fact, our research has led us to conclude that they are one of the most inhibited restrained groups of women one could find. However, as Antonia's narrative makes amply clear, she did not conform to that pattern.

I could have been happy with Octavio, my husband, if only he would have given in and done even a part of what I wanted. He had a good job, and he believed that a man should work hard and provide for his family. He's a handsome devil, and best of all, he has a prick on him like most men only hope to have. Yes, he's really well-hung—about eight inches, I guess. What a pity that he has no idea how to use it! That always amazed me, that the good Lord would put such a magnificent tool on a man, and then fail to give him the knowledge of how to use it to please a woman!

We used to have fierce arguments about that. You see, the trouble with Octavio was that he'd swallowed a lot of the Anglos' crap about respectability, and he wanted to be respectable too. Now I figure that the best way to be respectable is to have a lot of money—that seems to me to be the main qualification; that, and the ability to speak good English. Now, Octavio, he wanted the money, but he thought you had to go all out in every way to gain this respectability. He was living up to the whole thing—going to church, using good language, not getting drunk, the whole Anglo bit. And when he found out what I wanted from him in bed, that was just too much!

It's not that he was exactly a—what do you call it? a Puritan?—no, he was not that; he liked getting his nooky. He knew that prick of his belonged in a woman, and did he ever love to put it in me! I think that was why he married me—I was the only woman he had ever known, he told me, who could take every inch of his prick without flinching. I was also the only one who had shown much liking for it—that helped convince him too!

Still, it was a struggle for him. I mean, he had screwed me on our third date, and he never missed a chance after that, and so he knew that I was not totally “respectable”. I knew he wanted to marry me; he was obviously looking for a wife, now that he had a good job and all that. But he had this funny idea that really “respectable” girls didn't allow their husbands to fuck them before they made that trip to the altar.

Ha! I showed him, I showed him real good! The thing that really convinced him was when I took

him to Horn's Hill, where all the college kids went to make out. You see, the town where we lived at that time had a very exclusive private college that catered to upper-class Anglo kids. Horn's Hill was one of their favorite make out places; on warm spring nights, the cars would be bumper to bumper along its drive.

We drove up there and parked one night, early in May. We were among the first to get there, and there was plenty of parking space. By nine-thirty, though, there were more cars there than at a drive-in movie, and every one of them had a college sticker on it! I told him to look for himself and see just how really "respectable" Anglos behaved. He said it wasn't anything, they probably just drove up there to neck a little but he didn't think they were doing anything real serious. That really burned me, him having the truth right there before him and being too dumb to see it. So I made him a little proposition: if he'd take me home and stay with me, I'd get us up real early the next morning and we'd go back to the Hill, before the grounds crew went out to clean up, and then we'd see what we could see. He bitched a little about having to get up at five o'clock, but I told him I knew what I was talking about.

Finally he agreed, and we went back to my place. We had us a real good time that night, because—respectable or not—he had this real horny nature, see, and once he was in my apartment he couldn't help it, he just had to give his cock some exercise. And he really did, too. Let me tell you, it was hard getting up that next morning, but we made it. I nearly chickened out myself when I sat up in bed to turn off the alarm. There he lay, next to me, just as naked as the day he was born, with that beautiful endless prick laid out. What is it you call it that men have early in the morning? A piss-hard? Yeah, he had one of those, and I damn near choked up, just looking at it!

But I kept to our bargain and passed up the chance. I got him up, and we drove back to the Hill. Man, talk about a grubby after-sex scene! The ditch along the road where everybody parked was nearly solid with soiled tissues, discarded rubbers, and I don't know what all else. It looked like even the horniest stud in the world had been there, with a couple of hot-assed bitches to cool them down, and what a mess they'd left! We parked the car, and I made Octavio get out and walk along the edge of the road with me. Do you know that in less than fifty yards, we counted thirty-nine rubbers? And they were all full of spunk, too! Some of them were even still warm and soggy, like the people had been there not an hour before. Two or three of them had blood on them; I guessed that either some girl had laid herself out right in the middle of her period, or she'd let some lucky guy split her cherry for her.

Octavio didn't say a word, but I could tell it made a big impression on him. I told him he must know they weren't all married, else why didn't they just stay home to do their screwing? And they weren't all from guys jerking off either since we picked up a couple of rubbers and you could smell the fish smell of cunt on them. That finally convinced him, that the real swells didn't bother much about whether they were married or not; all they cared about was getting their regular share of available ass.

It was about a week after that, that he got up his nerve and asked me to marry him. I knew what I went through; he was still hung up with this thing about "nice girls don't give in before the wedding." But he knew that I could give it to him like no other girl he'd ever had, so what could he do? He dithered around for a while, and then he married me.

It was great for a while. I guess our good days lasted about a year, maybe two years. But then he started having these desires for variation, and they were just too much for him. He couldn't take doing the things I wanted a man to do. So, in the end, he just cut out and asked for a divorce, and now he's courting some Anglo babe. I hope she's so respectable that he don't ever get a hard-on! What a loss that guy is!

Yeah, the problems we had. I'm getting to that. It was bad enough, just getting the things in the

straight sex fine that I wanted. I mean, I like to use all the positions; I don't see anything wrong with getting over a guy and working your box down on him. In fact, I see a lot that's right with it, because you can really get a great come that way. And I like it lying on my side, too; I can just bang away for hours like that when I've got a guy that can take it. Dog fashion, sitting, standing, all those ways are good too.

Octavio would play along a little, but it got worse and worse, the longer we were married. I think he actually had this thing about sex in the regular, old-fashioned position, though. I mean, there were times when I wanted to get on him, or sit in his lap with his prick sticking up in me, and he actually couldn't get it hard! And this before he was twenty-five years old! Can you conceive of such a thing? Really, it was too much for me.

And as for the other things I wanted... well, forget all about that! It nearly turned his stomach to French me; it was all I could do to get his face between my legs. And as for sucking me off, he just couldn't manage that at all. And I'm a girl who dearly loves to have her pussy eaten till it just cries out with joy, so having to do without that little treat was a real cross for me to have to bear. He wasn't much more interested in having me go down on him, either. No, I don't just live to suck a man's prick the way some girls do; I mean, I'll do it and like it if the guy really wants me to, but I just don't think it's the answer to every world problem. But every once in a while, I get this real strong urge to have a man's tool in my mouth, to feel him stiffen up and shoot out a big, hot load of cream. With Octavio, that was just impossible. It really made him uncomfortable for me to kiss his prick, and he simply would not allow me to stay on it long enough to do any good.

But the real thrill, the number one joy of my life, he wouldn't buy that at all. In fact, I never even asked him straight out to do it to me; I just mentioned the possibility a few times, and he was always so horrified that I could tell it wasn't very likely to happen. What is it, this great joy of my life? Well, you may think I'm some kind of a nut or something, but the fact is, I think that the best way of all for a guy to do it the normal way first, and then give me a long, hot flow of piss! Yes, I'm one of those girls who likes to be pissed in!

I'm a little different, I gather, from most of the girls who have that particular hang-up. I used to go to this psychiatrist, back when I was married, and I told him about what I wanted Octavio to do. He talked to me a long time about it. Near as I can remember, he said that most of the girls who like that want to be pissed *on*, not *in*; they like to be treated like dirt. That's not the way I feel about it at all. It's just like the feeling of that hard stream of warm liquid playing around inside me, that's all—it could just as well be a stream of hot tomato soup. The sensation, that's what really turns me on.

You see, this all goes back to a friend I had a long time ago. It must be ten years now, since I was going with that guy; I was seventeen or eighteen at the time. He was older, nearly forty and he'd been all over the world, picking up tricks with women all over the place. He was real nice, too, spent a lot of time finding out just what ways I liked it. And did he ever love to please me! He had perfect control over his tool; he could leave it in for me for an hour or more without shooting, just working it back and forth real easy and giving me the best feeling you could hope for. And the French, and all the other trimmings, he really dug those, too.

In fact, about the only way he didn't beat Octavio all to hell and gone was in the length department. That poor fellow, he only had just a little over five inches of prick! What a shame! The talent he had, the ideas he had, he should have had a foot, at least. Just goes to show you can't have everything, I suppose. Sure, I'd have married him, if he'd asked me; I was hoping for something like that, but he had this itch to travel, and since he didn't have much money, that meant he had to go it alone. But I'll bet you this: wherever he is now, some woman is having herself a fine old time with him!

Anyway, Gene—that was his name—could sure do me up the way nobody else ever did. He was built for on doing it in the bathtub, too, getting his tool all soapy so it would slide in real smooth and easy—liked that a lot. That's what we'd been doing the day I made my great discovery. See, we'd been playing around in the tub; and, in fact, he'd just fucked me into a fair state of confusion, going at me in dog fashion and tickling my joy button with his finger. I really dug that a lot. Then, after he finished his climax, he started to pull it out. I reached back and grabbed a handful of his balls, which stopped him that pretty decisively, and told him not to take it out till I was ready.

“But I've got to pee,” he told me.

Mmm, that was when I started thinking. I'd never thought of it before, but just then the idea flashed into my mind: why not let him do it inside me? We were already in the tub, so if it was really messy, all we had to do was let the water out and run some more. And the more I thought of it, the better I liked the idea.

“Okay, go ahead and do it now,” I told him. “Let's see what it's like.”

Gene thought that was a real fine idea; he said he'd considered proposing it to me, but he hadn't been sure how I'd react to it. Man, what a reaction I had! I told him to fire away when he was ready and he stayed back there, getting himself into the right mood to do it. And then, when he was ready, he told me he was going to let go.

“Shoot away,” I told him. “See if you can flood me out!”

I was ready for almost anything, because I didn't know what it would be like. I was horny enough those days, even then, to do just about anything in the sex line, as long as it even remotely seemed like it might be interesting. But when he let go with that golden stream, man alive, it was just heaven come down to earth! I can't begin to describe the sensation, except that it's like... well, like having a man piss into your womb, that's all! But talk about react, well! I nearly went through the wall when I felt it start. We'd been drinking beer all evening before we got in the tub, so he was really full of it. It seemed like he'd never never stop—not that I wanted him to, at first. But after a while, it got to be a feeling so good that I just couldn't take any more of it; I had to get away from him, or I'd surely have withered away right on the spot. There haven't been many times that I've had to back off from a man, but that feeling, it was about to tear my insides out!

After that, I was after him all the time to do it again. It seemed we hardly had a date but what we wound up in the tub with him peeing away, just driving me right out of my ever-loving mind with joy. I sure did miss him for a while after he went away, and I never did find another man who liked to give it to me in just that way. Maybe it was something to do with Gene himself, I don't know, but when I tried it later with a couple of other guys, it didn't work out quite so well.

But I never forgot it, either, and once I'd hooked up with Octavio, I started thinking about it again. Except that I knew what would happen if I even mentioned wanting to do it with him; he was so straight and all-fired “respectable” that he'd probably have fainted on the spot. So, that was another little thing between us that helped sour the marriage, I suppose, even if Octavio never even knew about it.

Once I'd moved out and left him for good, I didn't know what to do. Somehow, living with him had sort of taken the edge off my appetite for men. Well, that isn't saying it very well; I still had that tremendous hunger for sexual thrills and satisfaction, but I couldn't find a man who could please me. I spent a good bit of time in looking over the field, believe me, but there was always something wrong with the guys I wound up with—some little way of theirs that turned me off, but good. Maybe I'd gotten too accustomed to having it just the way I wanted it with Octavio, all except for those things I mentioned, or maybe I really was missing his king-size tool, I don't know.

Anyway, once I'd decided I'd had it with men, I started considering the alternatives. Women were out—I decided that right away. No, I don't have a thing against Lesbians; they don't physically repulse me, the way they do some women, but I just don't get turned on at the idea. And besides, I like to be stimulated deep down inside—and how's a woman going to do that for me? So, the only other way out was a little round of do-it-yourself.

You'd better believe I'd found out about that a long time ago, even before I started dating guys. But once I'd gotten turned on to the real thing, I figured finger-dipping was just kid stuff, and I got out of the habit. I was getting enough of the hard stuff from guys, so I didn't really have the need for it. But to drop a husband all of a sudden—and despite all his problems, Octavio really did his duty in the sack, as long as it was just that one way—that put a real burden on me. I mean, I'd been used to having a nice leisurely screw in the morning, after breakfast, and then two or three good ones after he came home from work. And to go from that to nothing, just a cold-turkey treatment, I found that pretty hard to take. So I had to start back with the kid stuff again.

That was quite a come down, or so I thought at the time. I'd had this impression all along that only kids or old maids ever did it to themselves, and of course I didn't see myself as either one of those. I held off for a while, but the tensions kept getting worse and worse. After I'd spent a couple of nights just tossing and turning till all hours, not able to go to sleep or do anything but think about how hungry my pussy was for a little orgasm... well, I started seeing things in a different light.

Yeah, I hadn't been away from Octavio a month before I was frigging myself like mad! I really went to town on it; I'd lie there in bed and just work my poor pussy over till I could hardly move. It worked all right for a while, but then the thrill started wearing off a little. Not much, mind you, but just enough to let me know that I was missing a little of the extra pleasure I just *knew* was there.

That's when I started thinking about myself and what I needed. A good, serviceable prick was one of the questions—none of the guys I knew were quite the sort of man I wanted, and I wasn't about to settle for one of those rubber toys that you pay twenty-five bucks for. I looked back over my career and remembered that what I'd gotten the biggest thrills out of was those times with Gene, in the tub or shower. Okay, I took it from there. Since I didn't have a guy around to do me the honors, why not improvise?

The next thing I did was to get myself down to my friendly neighborhood pharmacy, where they bought me the biggest douche bag I could find. In fact, I got two—one was the kind that looks like a water bottle, and the other was a rubber bulb with a little dingus on the end, sort of like a prick but not nearly as big, damn the luck. I took my toys back to my apartment and settled down to have myself a little fun.

The prospects had already gotten me pretty *excited*; in fact, I nearly creamed my panties when I was walking back up the stairs. I do that sometimes—get so excited that just the pressure of my thighs working against my twat when I walk brings me off. This time it didn't happen, but if I'd lived another flight up, I probably would've had one right there on the stairway! I got into the apartment without a mishap—but talk about something embarrassing, you ought to try having an orgasm in a crowded department store, or on a street during the rush hour!

Anyway, I stripped down to the bare skin and took my gadgets into the bathroom, where I filled them both with warm water. Then I ran myself a nice tubful of hot water and got into it. I like the feel of hot water on my snatch when I'm bathing; it really has a warming and stimulating effect. This time it wasn't any different, though the knowledge of what I was going to do made it seem a whole lot sexier than usual. I lay back in the tub and let my fingers work on my pussy till I was really steamed up and good.

Then I started experimenting with my douche apparatuses. I tried the water bag first; it was good, especially running the nozzle in and out, but the stream of water wasn't quite strong enough for my taste. You see, one of the parts of intercourse I like best is the guy's orgasm; it's best of all when he's really worked up strong and when he's fresh, so he can fire off a real strong, big load of semen in me. And the same when it's the other thing, the guy peeing in me—I like that to be a real strong spray too. So I had to scratch the water bag because it just didn't have the punch I thought I needed. Okay, I still have the squirt gun, or whatever you call that sort of thing, left as insurance.

I didn't take any chances with it. I worked my fingers over the lips of my sex and across my clitoris till I was about on the edge of having myself a come, and then I started working in the nozzle of the syringe. I'd filled it completely full of warm water, and I got both hands on that thing so I could be steady and give myself a really strong blast of water. Would it work? I couldn't bring myself to squirt for a minute or two—I was that worried about how disappointed I'd be if it happened not to work out just the way I wanted. But then I decided I might as well find out right away instead of wondering about it, and I crushed the bulb between my fingers.

WOW-EE!! Did I say instant pleasure? Man, what a sensation that was! I knew right away that this was the answer, that I'd hit on a really great discovery. The thing that made it go so well, I suppose, was that with the bulb I could get up a lot of force behind the water. When I squeezed it real hard, I shot water into me at least as hard as any man had ever done it. What was even better was that the stream lasted a long time—those bulbs can hold almost a quart of water, you know.

Well, I just had myself an incredible, long-lasting, thrilling orgasm out of that little gadget. It lasted and lasted till I began to think maybe I was going to melt down into come juice, it was that good. But finally it started tapering off, and when it was over all I could do was lie there in the tub with the thing still hanging out of my twat—lie there and remember how great the feeling had been. That's what I did for nearly an hour, I guess. Then I loaded up that syringe again and had myself another wonderful little sex session—except that there wasn't anything little about it! The second time was even better than the first, mainly because this time I *knew* it could happen this way, so I was ready when I started coming—I could help it along by tensing up my legs and wiggling my rump, stuff like that.

Talk about a happy, contented woman! I was living on clouds after I made that discovery. After a while I started looking around to see if maybe I couldn't do a little something to make it even better. I'm awfully greedy in that way, I suppose. I started to wonder how it would be if I varied the temperature of the water in the syringe. You'd be surprised how much difference just a few degrees can make. Maybe a woman is extra-sensitive to heat down there between her legs, but I found out right quick that the water didn't have to be much hotter than just warm before it felt like it was scalding me out. And it could be just cool, but it felt like ice water when I shot it into me! I spent a lot of time experimenting with different water temperatures, from as hot as I could stand it to the opposite extreme. One wasn't any better than another, though sometimes they felt good in different ways.

Then I got my next bright idea—I went back to a pharmacy and this time I bought two more of those bulb syringes. That gave me three in all; I used them to hold different kinds of water—cool, warm and hot. Okay, if they all felt good in different ways, what would happen if I alternated them? I mean, gave myself a shot of hot water and then followed it up with a douche of water just as cold as I could stand it. Or maybe the other way around. There was only one way to find out, and that's what I did.

Back into the bathtub I got, with it all full of warm water again, just like before. I tickled myself with my fingers, after I'd filled the syringes with the different kinds of water, and got myself into

very horny frame of mind. Not that it took much doing—I seemed to spend about half my time those days in trying to get rid of a horny feeling! But anyway, to get on with the story, I got myself all primed up and ready for the big show. Then I lay back in that tub and started shooting the water at myself. And all the while, I kept having this feeling, or memory, about the times I'd done it in the tub with Gene. I started with a squirt of the warm water —great! And then a shot of the hot waterman, nearly turned flips right there in the tub! But then I gave myself a dose of the cold water, and that's when I just about passed out!

Now, I'm not one of those girls that usually loses consciousness when she comes; I don't think I've ever lost my awareness of what's going on, no matter how hard I'm coming or how worked up I am. But this time, when that dash of cold water flowed into my cunt after I'd heated it up good with the other water, this time I just went right out of it altogether. I don't suppose I was out for more than a minute or two, but even so, I was *really out*—all I could see was this dark sky and shooting colors. It was like I'd completely turned into a cunt, and every sense, every nerve felt only the joys of orgasm—that's how intense the feeling was.

Well, after that, I was just a fool about my new toys. I must have run up a tremendous water bill. Lucky for me that the landlord of that apartment was paying the utilities bills! There wasn't a day that I didn't have myself at least two sessions in the tub, always with the same results—just an incredible mind-bending, gut-wrenching climax that seemed to pull my womb right out of my cunt.

With all that right there at home, who needed a man? But I didn't wither on the vine; I kept on having dates with this guy and that, but I never found one that really had the combination of qualities I wanted in a man. I've got a line on a guy now that has a certain amount of promise, but I won't work with him if he doesn't work out too good.* I've got my insurance now, so I don't have to worry about getting juiced. I know what I want from a man. You can mark this down as a certainty: I'm not about to get mixed up with another square like Octavio again! This time I'm going to make sure *before* going to the altar; the guy is going to like to do everything that I like to do, and he's going to like giving it to me just the way I like to get it!

** Note: This was the man Antonia later married, we learned after completing the interview. Presumably he measured up to her exacting demands.*

TIZENS WHO INCLINE TO TAKE A Puritanical view of women and their problems would probably condemn all the examples of so-called “depravity” detailed in this book. My own purpose neither to condemn nor to praise; rather, I would convey a simple understanding. Even so, one cannot occasionally escape feeling real sympathy for women caught in fearsome dilemmas not of their own making, women who face serious problems and bravely struggle to cope with them.

I found Wanda P— to be such a woman. Upon first meeting her, I formed a preliminary judgment one that labeled her as a most unlikely candidate for honors in the bedroom. She was forty-two at the time, slightly graying though still blessed with a surprisingly youthful figure. She gave the impression of being a sedate, matronly housewife. Appearances can be notoriously deceiving, however, as was demonstrated to me in a most convincing fashion. Wanda disclosed a personality of the utmost sensitivity as I conducted the series of interviews which resulted in autobiographical statements printed here. She also convinced me that her erotic tastes were quite as strong and compelling as those of any younger woman I had ever met.

Maybe I have only myself to blame for this problem, but I can't ever be sure of that, not really. Anyway, what does it matter? The point is that I had the problem. I used to tell Henry that it was all his fault, that if he hadn't taught me to love sex so much, I wouldn't be bothered at all. But I was only teasing him; I knew I wouldn't have had it any other way. And anyway, he had a pretty good comeback—he would tell me in return that if I hadn't developed such a strong craving for sex, he would still have had more of his virility and could have given himself to me more regularly. So there's a lot to be said for both points of view, I'll have to admit that.

I married Henry when I was eighteen, fresh out of high school. He was just back from the Army during World War II and I was as green and innocent as any girl ever was, I suppose. He just bowled me off my feet. Who wouldn't have been impressed, being given the big treatment by a veteran, a captain, an officer, a decorated hero, all of that in a man of twenty-three who was also handsome enough to knock your eyes out? No, I don't wonder that I fell for him, fell really hard.

Yes, I was a virgin when I met him. I'd *necked* a little with boys but never anything really serious. I doubt if more than two boys had even felt of my breasts, and as for touching my sex, I don't think those boys even knew I had anything down there! I'm not exaggerating either—we must have been awfully naive and backward back home, either that or the kids nowadays have learned a tremendous amount that I never heard of. But when I met Henry and started dating him, it was all over for me. Really, if he'd asked me to go homesteading in Alaska, I'd gladly have lived in an igloo with him!

He was very suave and polished, of course, what with his experiences with foreign women during the war and all, so he could really handle women well. I was just like clay in his hands, not that stupid, minded, of course. That first time, when he lifted my dress and started caressing my thighs with his hands, I nearly died from shame—but I also came close to expiring from something else, too. My, that was exciting when he touched me like that! Thank heavens nylons were hard to get in those days; that was ever so much better after I decided to go bare-legged and let him put his hand on my naked thigh. I don't know how girls do it nowadays, what with panty hose and all that. Yes, I do know too—their just take them off! But I'm not supposed to wander so much, am I?

At first I was ashamed of myself when Henry would touch me like that. I couldn't help but wiggle and toss myself about; I'd pant like a steam engine and groan till you'd have thought I was dying! But it was just my nature, I couldn't hold it back. He used to laugh and tease me about it, but he also

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