

# EXPOSE!

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APRIL 1981

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Hot Fiction:  
**AQUANYMPH**

The Turn-on of  
**SPIKE HEELS**

The New Erotic Craze:  
**ENEMAS ARE IN!**

Our Search Goes On:  
**THE KINKY LADIES OF AMERICA!**

Special Issue:  
**WOMEN WET,  
WILD & WICKED!**



# EXPOSE!

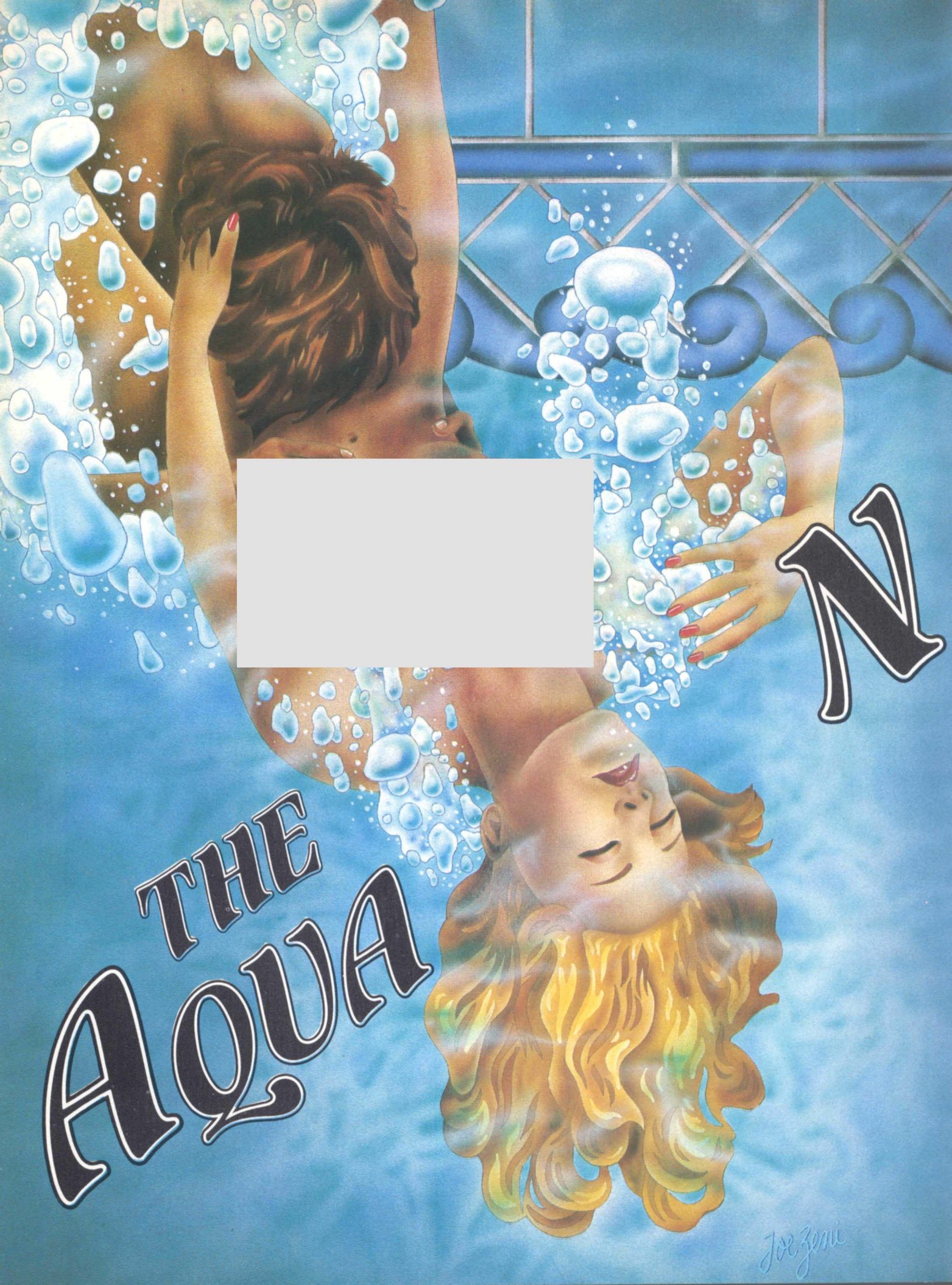
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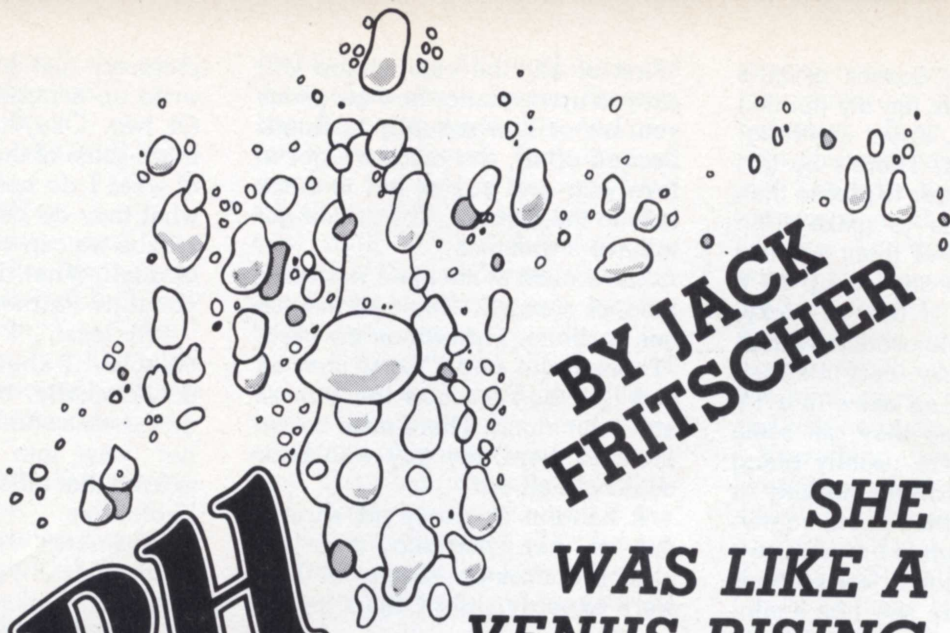
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# THE AQUA

Joe Zoni



# YMPH

BY JACK  
FRITSCHER

## SHE WAS LIKE A VENUS RISING FROM THE SEA . . . HER BODY THE COVE OF PLEASURE FOR MANY MEN . . . THE GIRL OF OUR ULTIMATE WET DREAMS.

"Wet dreams?" she asked. "All dreams should be wet dreams." She sat perched up in a golden King Neptune chair.

She knew how to turn even the jaded Hollywood reporters and photographers on. They threw questions to her. She puckered her red lips. She smiled. Flash-cameras dazzled the crowd gathered around the curvy blonde with her luscious legs tucked tight down into her formfitting mermaid tail. A national poll of adult theatregoers had picked her as the Erotic Star of the Year.

"What's your sign?" The question came from a severely tailored young dyke from one of the women's lib magazines.

"Pisces with an Aquarius moon," she said, patting her greenscaled hips.

"Don't you think your image hardly helps the women's movement?" the dyke asked, pursing her hardbitten lips.

"It's not the women's movement I'm trying to help get hard," she said. Her voice sounded like Mae West and Bette Midler mixed in a

tuna can. "I just wanna see men's movement. Ya know what I mean?" She did a one-two take on the dyke. "Ya *don't* know what I mean," she said.

The reporters roared with laughter. Flashguns shot off. The dyke flipped her shorthand pad closed and steamed past me for the exit. Suddenly, she stopped at the door and turned to shout, "You're nothing but an X-rated Esther Williams!" Then she sped through the exit. I myself never was much for movements of any kind that didn't have a sense of humor about themselves. I guess that's why so many men loved Stella Maris . . . she was born with a sense of humor about herself.

"Stella Maris," she said. "That's my real name." She was chewing two sticks of Juicy Fruit. I could smell her sweet hot breath across my desk. "I'm Italian. Sort of. Stella Maris means something in Italian like Star of the Sea. I saw it on a church once. Right on the cornerstone it said my name, Stella Maris Church. I think that's nice, don't you?"

I stared at this looker over my

typewriter. I see dozens of girls every day who ask me my opinion about something, about anything, about themselves. There's no girl on earth more eager to please than a girl who wants to make it in Hollywood. Most of them are just pretty enough to get felt up by a few agents and, if they're lucky, fucked by a couple producers and, if they're real lucky, cast in a non-speaking part as an extra in a TV pilot. By the time they get some screentime, they're usually going down for the third time hooked on sex, drugs, or their own vanity. Every once in a while I recognize a face on screen for a few seconds and then I never see her again. Now you know how far a blowjob can get a girl. And how much farther a fuck.

Lots of aspiring young girls are good sex; but that's not what makes a star. A star is a good fuck with that something extra. Stella Maris had it. I knew it from the minute she walked into my office wanting me to write up a phony PR release for her portfolio of glossy pictures.

"I don't have much experience," she said. "I mean I've never really taken acting lessons. Except for when I'm playing out fantasies at home alone, or . . ." Her voice trailed off. She stopped chewing her gum.

She was beautiful. Tall. Lean. Graceful. Golden touchable skin. She looked like a Venus rising from the sea. A whole new 10!

"Or . . . what?" I asked.

Her hand played with the small beads of sweat rising on the tan cleavage between her perfectly shaped tits.

". . . or when I'm with other guys. Is that okay to say that? I mean, I guess it will have to be. I don't want to be in great big Hollywood movies. I've always fantasized about being in X-rated movies. Do you think that's normal for an All-American girl to want to be a porn star?"

"Honey, every woman in the USA would like to be a porn star."

"But I want to be a *big* porn star. Bigger than Lovelace or Chambers. I want to make classic erotic films bigger and better than "Deep Throat" and "Behind the Green Door."

"That's a tall order," I said.

"First of all, the competition will eat you up no matter how gorgeous you are or how sexually talented. Second of all, the camera's got to love you, and you've got to make love to the camera. Third, you got to have a gimmick."

She looked at me like I was some kind of shmuck. She handed me her portfolio. Threw it on my desk. "There," she said. "Open that up and look and see how the camera and I get along! There must be ten pictures there any guy with balls could get off on!"

A handful of glossy pix slipped out of her portfolio onto my cluttered desktop. Some of them were expertly shot. Others looked

*"There's no girl  
on earth more  
eager to please  
than a girl who  
wants to make it  
in Hollywood."*

muddy. Like they had been shot by a friend with a darkroom. No matter. Throughout the whole range of camera-work a certain *something* about Stella Maris rang true.

"Who shot these?" I asked.

"Several men."

"What kind of men?"

"Men I know," she said. She rubbed her index finger lightly around her wet lips. She looked directly at me. Her other hand toyed with a gold amulet hanging on a golden chain around her neck. She wore the sign of Pisces dangling seductively in the cleavage between her incredible tits. Fuck! Guys could fall for this fish—hook, line, and sinker! "They were all shot by men I know. By men who hired me. For pictures. I mean I didn't have sex with them. Well, not with all of them. Just the ones who figured out how to turn me, you know, a little bit crazy. I just want you to know that I have a special talent. And I needed the

pictures, just like I need you to write up a public relations piece. Or two. Okay? I mean, I had to trade some of those guys a little bit of what I do best for a little bit of what they do best. Just think of it. Maybe we can make the same kind of deal. What do you think? How about it? Partners?"

"At least," I said, "you're not taxable." I knew times were hard economically, but to see a girl as gorgeous as Stella Maris bartering her way into a business deal proved that inflation makes strange bedfellows.

"Partners?" she asked again.

"Partners," I said with some hesitation. "We'll see."

"You don't want to ball me?" Stella sounded surprised and a little bit hurt.

"Of course. Of course I want to ball you," I said. But in my thoughts, considerations of her potential as an on-screen fuckable commodity were winning the race with my interested dick. I try never to fuck with my clients. It's a bad idea to get your meat where you earn your bread. "Of course. Any man in his right mind would want to ball you."

"Thanks," she said. She smiled and pulled the Juicy Fruit out of her mouth and rolled it up in a gum wrapper. "Then you'll do it?" she asked.

"Ball you or write your press release?"

"Both," she teased. "In whatever order you want."

"Don't you want the PR copy written first?"

"I trust men," she said.

"You're going to be very popular in Hollywood."

"And I trust you especially," she said.

"Why's that?"

"I don't know. I'm a creature of instinct. I follow my instincts. Always. I'm never wrong. At least hardly ever. I was wrong about a couple lifeguards in Santa Monica. But that was three months ago when I lived over by the ocean. Right after I first arrived in California. I was just nineteen then. Now I'm twenty. I've been around some. I know what I want. I know how I want to get it. And my instincts tell me to trust you." She smiled and reached into her hand-

bag. "This is for you," she said. "It's a kind of retainer fee."

"It's a key," I said.

"To my house," she said. She stood up to go.

"Your apartment?"

"I told you I trust you." She smiled and turned her fanny to go out the door. She stopped. "I told you. I act on instinct. You'll see." She blew me a kiss. Just like later on I'd get used to seeing her blow kisses to an admiring press and public. "Bye . . ."

And she was gone, leaving me stunned in her wake.

What could I have said to her? She trusted me. I couldn't take too much advantage of a woman's trust. Could I? No. I couldn't. I had to pace around my office. The portfolio Stella left with me was too hot to put down. Inside the sealskin folder were more pictures of her in various wet poses as well as a collection of writings from her diary.

Dear Diary:

For the first time I confess on the written page that one of my earliest dreams as a young girl came repeatedly after one summer when all us kids played Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher down by the big old creek that ran through the fields just outside our town. I woke up one night in a cold and clammy sweat. I felt all wet between my legs. Water had beaded up on my forehead.

What had I been dreaming? I could feel the dream. All the boys in the neighborhood put their heads together. They decided to kidnap me and take me out on their raft in the creek. I felt them carrying me across the open field. I felt their hands feeling up my body. I felt like a fish out of water. I wanted to get away. But they were stronger than me. They carried me out onto their raft. One of them, the biggest boy of all, stuck his pole in the water and pushed us all off from shore. Another boy unzipped his pants and peed over the side of the raft. His water made little fizzy bubbles in the surface of the creek.

In the middle of the stream, the boys stopped the raft and dropped the rusty old bucket filled with cement that they used for an anchor. I knew what they were going to do. I had heard that they had a

clubhouse, like Atlantis, under the creek. This was a dream. Remember. Anything is possible, and permitted, in a dream. They lowered me over the side of the raft. I felt the warm air on my skin turn to the cool chill of the water as the surface of the creek rose slowly up around my feet and ankles, past my knees, and up the inside of my warm thighs. When the shock of the cold water lapped at my little pussy, I think I felt the sweet warm sensation of cuming for the first time. Their hands touched me here and there as they lowered me deeper into the creek. The ring of cold water rose up over my buttocks, up my back and around my

*" . . . they liked  
to watch me  
lying there with  
one hand on my  
fresh-water pussy  
and one hand on  
my breasts."*

belly. My pert little tits floated for an instant on the cold surface. I felt my nipples harden for the first time. The water rose higher around my throat. My chin bobbed on the surface. I gasped for what I thought was my last breath. The water rose up over my face. My hair floated like a mass of seaweed on the surface.

I felt their hands lowering me give way to hands pulling me down deeper by my feet. I was surprised that other boys had dived off the raft and were reeling me into their underwater lair. I was more surprised when I realized that I could breathe underwater. Breathe better, in fact, than I ever could breathe on land. Air, I suddenly thought, had seemed so thin to me. I found all the oxygen I needed came into me through the water. I opened my eyes. The world under the creek was beautiful.

The boys made me cry, until I discovered they only wanted to make me happy. They kept me in a

special room, built out of nets, in the center of their underwater hideaway. They kept me naked with the nets draped all around me. The only time they bothered me was when they wanted to play with me. And that made me feel so good that I learned very quickly to lie back in the nets with my legs spread nicely apart. I knew they liked to watch me lying there with one hand on my fresh-water pussy and one hand on my breasts.

Everything was so innocent. Everything was so right. I did everything those boys wanted. And after I did it, I wanted to do it all again. With all of them. I guess I must be some kind of throwback or something, to the times when humans lived in the sea. I must be some kind of descendent of the Mermaids. At least that's nice to think . . .

And think about it I did. This girl didn't need a publicity folder. She needed a keeper. Or so at least I thought at first. Then I began to realize what a wonder she was. The more I read of her diary, the more I understood about this girl whose main turn-on was anything wet and wild! I wanted to keep contact with her; so I called her on the phone. She asked me to drive over to her place in Nichols Canyon the next afternoon. I told her I had a draft of her PR story ready for her approval. Actually, I felt I could write nothing about her until I got more of the mystery of her underwater lifestyle cleared up. For that reason I arrived up in Nichols Canyon about an hour earlier than she had mentioned. I parked down the road and walked up through the bushes that surrounded her sunswept swimming pool.

Now I'm no more of a Peeping Tom than the next guy. But what I saw going on in that shell-shaped pool made me stand stock-still in the shade of the shrubbery. The pool was sunsplashing blue. A small tape cassette wired to large poolside speakers was playing the haunting love-sounds of dolphins courting. I got hornier than the dolphins themselves. Because there was Stella, naked as a fish, floating on her serene back in the pool. Her luxurious hair floated like a crown around her head. Her

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tits poked up above the surface of the water. Her nipples were beaded around the aureole with crystal droplets of water. Her crotch rose and fell with the tidal-lap of the pool licking up at her golden pussy. Her eyes were closed. A smile rested on her face.

She was the perfect female laid back deep into the wet reaches of her turn-on. She broke her smile only occasionally. Just enough to match the cooing, blowing sounds of the male dolphins wailing on the tape. She never opened her eyes.

I rose up to watch her more closely over the privet hedge and fence. This girl Stella could rattle a guy's cage. If I had any doubts about her X-rated star quality, this keyhole peepshow in daylight brighter than the lights on any movie set dispelled them.

Watching the long lissome tanned golden body of Stella Maris floating in the warm wet of her Southern California pool convinced me to do anything and everything I could to help this ambitious and offbeat girl become a major erotic film star.

I found out right away that I would never be Stella's one and only fan. I guess that's sort of what I liked about her: the honesty that she would never swim with only one man. Stella was born to the breed. She was molded for play. Her body was the cove of pleasure

for many men.

A crash from the poolside house caught my attention. Stella's eyes did not open. Instead, she called out a man's name.

"Jim?"

A young man appeared at the door of the poolside house. He was wearing the green shirt of a well-known pool cleaning company in Beverly Hills.

"Jim," Stella called, "are you all right?"

He turned to the naked woman floating in the bright pool. He squinted. His hand rubbed his tool.

This was going to be better than a screentest!

*"She was the perfect female laid back deep into the wet reaches of her turn-on."*

This was in a sense a true test of Stella's sexual athletic ability, of that certain something that clicks physically on the set before it can ever click cinematographically in the camera.

Jim was the perfect leading man. He could have been an X-rated star himself. Stella opened her eyes and stared at him. Her hand moved

to her sweet little clit. She smiled.

"Rub it for me," she said. "Rub it good and solid and hard for me. Rub it for me. Look at me and rub it for me."

Stella had a good sense for a scene. A feel for it. She might even, I thought, turn into a major director of underground sex films.

"Strip off your shirt," she called. Her voice was smooth and luscious. "Let me see your chest and shoulders. Let me see those strong swimmer's shoulders of yours. Let me see those muscular arms that stroke me, that breast-stroke me so good. Let me see those hard-working hands stroking your swimmer's belly. Let me watch those big hands rub your dick." Her voice trailed off and under the taped sounds of the wild dolphins.

Jim followed Stella's every direction. He seemed awestruck by her shimmering body floating so casually and relaxed in the big pool. He stepped out of his worn torn sneakers.

Stella smiled in the water. Grinned. Flashed her wide smile: red lips and perfect white teeth. Anticipating the long lean fuck-dive of this sturdy Pool Man into the water, she rolled from her back to her belly and dived deep down into the pool. Her evenly tanned body arched up. Her perfect buttocks rose poised above the surface. Between her thighs, I could see the triangular patch of her cooze. Smooth skin. Clipped pubes. She dived deep. Her perfectly arched feet pointed her exquisite toes straight up at the sun and sky. Then trailed down into the bubbling water.

The light was so perfect I could see Stella swimming like a fish with long lingering strokes below the surface. Limber arms. Perfect grace. The long lean body of a sea goddess. She had it all. She had it both ways: sea goddess and sea urchin. The perfect Divine Tramp. Just like Marilyn had it on dry land!

Stella was a sport of nature. Something new, different, and hot!

I hoped that her Pool Man had some idea of the kind of Class Act he was about to fuck with.

Stella broke the surface of the water. She seemed, for all her time beneath the surface, to be breath-

ing without any exertion. "Drop your trousers," she called to Jim. "Let me see what I want to see. Let me see what I do to you."

At the side of the pool, Jim unbuckled his pants. His hands fumbled with his belt and zipper. Behind him, a naked statue of Poseiden, God of the Sea, stood, holding his trident, poised under a coat of whitewash. Jim stepped out of his khakis. His tool arched up at an angle tight along his belly.

"You're beautiful," Stella called.

"You're beautiful," he said.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

He walked to the edge of the pool. His toes locked down around the marble lip. His strong legs bent slightly and propelled him straight up into the warm California air. Looking directly at Stella, the Pool Man, hardon roaring against his gut, dived neatly into the water.

Stella dropped her legs low in the water. Her arms and tits and hair floated around her shoulders.

Jim cut like a knife between her legs spinning her around, holding her strong thighs in his arms, sucking his mouth up against her under-water pussy, tonguing her clit, licking her belly, rimming her butt, rising to her tits, diving to her cunt. Swimming in a frenzy of sexual heat. Turning her. Twisting her. Pulling her down under the water. Pulling Stella's laughing face down down to his dick. Pushing her mouth down on the heavy bait of his hook. Fucking her face in slow-motion deep water thrusts. Breaking the water singularly and together. Clawing wildly. Romping. Two sea animals conjoining in splashy copulation. Making sounds in the water much like the dolphins.

And then they almost stopped. Floated for a moment. Adrift on the tide of their lust. Their genuine lust. I had watched Stella boil up the lust in the Pool Man. I had watched her boil up the lust in herself. She was no fake who would call for a stand-in for nude scenes. She was the genuine fuckable article.

Jim's mouth went down on her

tits. Stella's hands guided the dorsal fin of his erect tool straight toward the sea-cave of her cunt. She teased her clit with his cockhead as she teased his cockhead with her clit. Rubbing the two together. And then, perfectly positioned, cock-to-cunt, Stella pulled Jim's face up from her bobbing breasts and kissed him hard on the mouth. She opened her lips and felt his tongue pass deep down her throat. She pushed back on his tongue and drove her own tongue deep into his mouth. Together, guided by her hands, they rammed their hips toward one another.

*"Let me see  
those muscular  
arms that stroke  
me, that breast-  
stroke me so  
good."*

The water exploded like a depth charge between their legs and up their torsos.

Stella's head reared back. She was a seahorse raised from the water on a trident spear. She cried the cum-cries of the wild dolphins. He roared into her. She clawed into him. They sank beneath the splashing waves. Then rose and broke the surface. Then they sank in one another's arms to the bottom of the pool. For a long time, or for what seemed a long time, they made no sound. There was only the recorded cry of the dolphins in the clear California sunshine. There were only thin strands of bubbles rising up slowly from the pair locked in the exhaustion of their lovemaking on the blue pool bottom.

I figured I'd better leave the way I arrived. No need to embarrass Stella's Pool Stud. No need for her to know what I'd witnessed. So I went back through the bushes, damning myself for not having

brought my video camera. I drove back to my office and called her on the phone. I said I was sorry I couldn't make it. She said she was sorry too, because she had been exercising and was in top shape to see me. I liked that. *Top Shape*. Yeah, I said into the phone, for sure.

Months later, when a producer, who had read the press releases I wrote weekly for Stella Maris, needed a scriptwriter for his X-rated version of the old MGM swimming movie "Dangerous When Wet," Stella suggested me. I wrote the script, or rather ground it out, in three days. The point is that, if you remember the opening sequence from that film, I based it on Stella's afternoon delight with the Pool Man—except, for the erotic sake of the picture, I surrounded Stella with a whole school of mermaids. Lots of wet tits and pussy squirming and swimming underwater in glorious Technicolor Cinemascope with dolphins calling and the sounds of bubbles gurgling up their thighs and tits on the Dolby soundtrack.

All the pictures Stella made back-to-back that first year were glossy big production numbers. Stella, from the start, was a high-button act. I saw to that. She begged me to be her manager. I agreed. I had a feel for what the public wanted.

Just like John Derek ordered Bo Derek to rise from the sea in commercial films, I scripted Stella's taste for wet.

We made money hand over fist. Stella was invited to appear in her mermaid tail on NBC's "Tonight Show." I arranged for her to be rolled out in a wheelchair. She flipped her fins. She wore her long hair down and full over her naked breasts. She was so perfectly modest, and Carson was so genuinely funny about the whole gimmick, that the NBC censors figured the viewing audience would hardly notice that Stella wasn't wearing a bodystocking.

"This is a major star," Johnny Carson said. "She has the kind of

chest that puts new meaning into the phrase 'Boob Tube.'" The audience roared. "She's sort of an X-rated 'Jaws.'" Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water . . . no wonder Charlie the Tuna uses the breast-stroke to swim upstream to spawn!"

Stella was a hit.

I scripted her next picture to open with an X-rated version of that scene in "From Here to Eternity," where Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr make love on the beach with the waves crashing in on top of them. Stella had written in an entry in her diary that the first time she had come without touching herself was watching that famous wet scene on late-night TV while her parents were out. She had been entranced with the idea of making love on that margin of sand between real earth and real ocean. She had not been able to control herself when the man and woman were doused with the crashing wet spray and rolling force of white surf.

Her movies were grossing big at the X-rated box offices. Her name was up in lights. College film societies began to book her films in as underground/underwater "cult" classics. Adult bookstores noted a brisk upsurge in the sale of her movies on video cassette. The money was rolling in. She was famous the way she wanted to be famous.

I was balling with her every night. I wanted it. She wanted it. She needed it.

One night, laid back on her big heart-shaped waterbed, she said, "I want to do something bigger, better, outrageous. I want to top everything I've done. Everything you've done. I want us to be so weird and far out that the world will have a hardon forever. They'll never forget us. I want us to make a movie that will shock the public. Entertain them. Get them off. I want it erotic, beautiful, and very, very, very different. I want to make one last film, one last truly great X-rated spectacle. Then I will retire forever from films. Just one

great last big splash. Will you write it for me?"

I got up from the waterbed. Her firm, warm body had left traces of its secret moist smells on my mouth and hands and dick. I could smell her hot musk dampness on my body. I walked over to the cold salt water aquarium tank that gurgled under hidden fluorescent lights against the far wall.

"Will you think up something special for me? Please. For this one great last movie."

I drew a blank. She was right. We had to make one last shot at a picture that would play the theatres longer than "Deep Throat." There's only so much anyone can do in a career before they start repeating themselves. And Stella and I never wanted to do the same thing twice. Never.

"Something different. New. Outrageous. Something shocking. Something so mixed with terror and beauty that audiences won't be able to take their eyes off the screen." Stella rose like a goddess off the waterbed. She walked to me by the aquarium. Her long graceful fingers touched my cheek, my chest, my belly, my dick, my balls. "I love you," she said. "I think I love you." She raised her hand. Her fingernails were manicured and painted a deep aquamarine. "I want to be better than James Bond in his movies. I want to do it everywhere and any way I can underwater." She raised her graceful arm and slowly dipped her tanned white hand into the cold saltwater aquarium. Her nail polish glowed iridescent among the sealife in the fluorescent tank.

"It doesn't matter," I said.

"What?" She moved her hand toward a sea anemone. She fingered its spongy filaments.

"Love," I said. "It doesn't matter in an X-rated world."

Stella's mouth formed a small beestung pout. Thoughtfully, she fingered into the nickle-sized opening of the anemone. "I suppose," she said, "it doesn't." She circled her finger around the

soft tentacles of the anemone. She poked down into its dark hole, stroking the simple sea creature, causing it to open wider, fingering it to full open bloom, masturbating its soft wet tissues until its dark pink inside rolled its lips back in a gaping shudder of primitive orgasm. She slipped almost all of her small delicate hand into the briney thing's thrusting hole. Its tentacles rose and fell with the tidal pump of the water, licking around her wrist. "You're right," she said. She smiled into the tank, feeling the sea creature's cool mucous membranes orgasming around her warm hand. "This is all that matters."

"Come on back to bed," I said. "Let's fuck."

Stella was a woman of wild animal passion. She could never get enough.

"I want it all," she screamed while she was coming. "I want it all."

Sometime during our restless sleep that night the idea for Stella's ultimate screenplay came to me. Nothing blinding. Nothing flashy. Just an image of a sea anemone being stroked open to full acceptance of a gentle hand that probed its tight, dark depths. In the morning, when Stella awoke, with all the innocence of a small girl made pure and rested by sleep, she saw me sitting outside the sliding glass bedroom doors by the side of the shimmering blue pool.

"So this is how screenwriters do it," she said. She kissed my shoulder and padded barefoot across the blue-green tile to the pool edge where she stretched the full length of her lithe blonde body. Her butt was spectacular in the clear morning sun. My tongue wanted to rim her ass forever. "First dip!" she called, and dived into the water like some angel plunging from the heights. Her body, rippling through the water, made my tool stand at full attention. She surfaced at the end of the pool, spewed water out from between her perfect white teeth

(Continued on page 92)

## WETTER IS BETTER

the one mere minutes before.

These, then, are among the pleasures that untold numbers of Americans are experiencing at this very moment—thanks to a basic element, easily obtainable equipment, and a modicum of imagination.

And they are likewise in store for countless other average Joes and Jills in the foreseeable future—for if there's anything more powerful than an idea whose time has come, it's a *sexual* idea whose time has come. When it is one that has long lurked in the deep recesses of the human psyche, it arrives with the all-encompassing sweep of a first-class flood. Some who are presently inhibited, or merely unimaginative, will be initiated by the enlightened and experienced. Others, provoked by the media's continual stimulation of desires they don't know they have, will spontaneously experiment on their own. Either way, wet sex seems destined to be the wave of the future.

This leaves unexplained just *why* we humans have such a passionate subconscious affinity for

dampness. It's a question that may forever remain unanswered, for even among those best qualified to resolve the mystery there is little agreement.

"It's not scientifically established that humans do have such a subconscious fixation," New York psychologist Myrna R. Conova wrote, in answer to my query. "Assuming it's true, I would conjecture that it has to do with prenatal memory; a desire to return to the warm, wet comforts of the womb, where the fetus was protected by immersion in fluid."

Perhaps. But as Dr. Klaus T. Sabatini, a Pennsylvania psychiatrist, points out, wetness as a security symbol doesn't square with wetness as a libido tickler. Dr. Sabatini takes a more Freudian view. "It has to do with guilt. In a nation that largely observes the ritual of baptism, the pairing of sex and showers has a built-in 'perversity' for some, and built-in absolution for others. In the latter case, the neurotic who feels guilt about sex tries to wash away his sin even while committing it. For others, something 'pure'—the water—is being defiled by something 'dirty'—sex. The

sexualization of something perceived as holy appalls prudes—who are frightened and threatened by their own repressed lust—and appeals to the prurient who delight in flirting with evil. Therefore, the prospect of combining water and intercourse has strong 'magic' for everyone."

Tula Thorndike, a young PhD. candidate in anthropology, of Maryland, takes an evolutionary tack. "All life, and therefore all sex, began in the sea. We all consciously remember the circumstances under which we lost our virginity, and most of us get aroused when something—a song, a starry night,—recalls the event. Why, then, is it so astounding that we would have a collective, atavistic memory of losing our cherries underwater as clams or crabs—and have a sexual response to the remainder?"

You pay your money, and you take your choice. This writer is inclined to settle for Angelina's no-frills observation.

"Fucking in water—or with it—is just plain dirtier," she told me over more Cognac afterwards. "That's what makes it such good, clean fun." **X**

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like the strong athlete she was, and said, "I may not love you, but I sure love your dick."

"And my dick loves you," I said. "Stop bothering me. I'm writing a fast treatment for the erotic movie of the century."

"Far out!" she yelped and dived under the surface like a playful porpoise.

Three weeks later, with backers all in line, and the best technical film crew that Hollywood could muster, we were ready to roll the cameras. The arrangement for the special underwater location had been surprisingly easy. It was time for Scene One/Take One on the first day of filming "Slippery When Wet." The script was dynamite. Audiences would remember Stella Maris forever.

The producer had a lech for

Stella. She could do no wrong. And he was right. Somehow, she was that rare creature; the full-grown woman who was not a bitch on wheels. And where Stella was

*"She was a  
seahorse raised  
from the water  
on a trident  
spear."*

concerned, the producer wrote carte blanche. Even I, in his eyes, could do no wrong. He gave us a blank check to shoot what we liked. "You know what Stella can handle. And I figure you know," the producer said, "what audiences will pay their money to see. So do it. I don't care if you

want to hire a hundred pretty girls and rent ninety-nine beautiful costumes. If Stella really intends to retire after this picture, then we've got to wrap up a classic showpiece no man alive will ever forget!" He groped himself and laughed. "Tits and ass, man. Under glass. Tits and ass. Underwater. What a combination! What a gimmick!"

"As long as there's a market for skin at the boxoffice, Stella wants to give 'em the best action there is. She know it's porn. She calls it *erotic art*. But she wants to lay it out with style. Stella," I said, "is a class act."

And she was. She showed up every day, fit as a trooper, going through the long and difficult takes of the shooting schedule. Learning her lines. Keeping tempers cool on the set. Fucking only with two or three of the college jocks hired as brawny extras in the underwater

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fantasy sequences. The tricks that girl showed some of those college boys, I'll tell you, really blew their socks off.

Stella had great respect for the lights and the camera. She had even greater respect for the action. On camera and off.

"Fucking keeps my spirits up," she said. "Every actress rehearses for her role. And my role calls for serious fucking. A girl needs all the help she can get. Right?"

Almost up to the day of the shooting the last big underwater scene, the casting director had not found the right type of stud to play opposite Stella. Casting a male in a fuckfilm causes some complications. Especially when the film takes place underwater. The guy has to be almost an Olympic swimmer as well as a good-looking stud who can keep a hardon in front of the cameras. On top of that, I figured I had Stella's feelings to consider. Sure. She's a pro, I thought. Actresses don't always like their leading men. But in Hollywood films, that doesn't matter. They're only kissing mouth-to-mouth. The tricks Stella performed with her leading men were much more intimate. A honey like Stella deserved the best meat on the studio lot.

"Slippery When Wet" was into its second week of shooting Stella's underwater nude swimming with a bevy of about twenty other topless mermaids swinging their fishy tails at the camera. The Assistant Director said he was getting worried. "We're three days behind shooting schedule," he said. "We can't keep working around the fact that there's no actor cast for the final fuck sequence."

"We're trying," I said. "We haven't hit on the right combination."

"What combination?" He took a long drag on his Maduro cigar. "This is a fuck movie. Not 'Gone With The Wind.' We need an All-American guy. We're not looking

for Scarlett O'Hara."

Right on cue, Stella came through. "Look what I found," she said. Her hair was slightly disheveled. Her eyes looked bright, eager, and hot to fuck. "This hunk of man," she said, "is my new Aqua-Stud." She pulled the guy, who was sort of standing head and shoulders behind her, around to her side.

"Who is he?" the producer asked.

"He's been working with the camera crew. He's majoring in film at USC. He's been on the set since shooting started. You could say I've been auditioning him. He's the Best Boy Grip. Actually, I think

*"I want to do it everywhere and any way I can underwater."*

he's the best man. I want him . . . ."

"You've had him," the producer said.

". . . in this picture. In the last sequence. He's perfect for the Aqua-fuck scene."

The guy stood there smiling like a gambler with a royal flush. Stella took control of the whole audition. She unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off his chest and shoulders. He was built. Powerful. Good jock body. She ran her soft hand across the light hair on his chest. Her other hand rumbled the hair on his head. She was a woman who knew the geography of a man's body. She flipped open the top button of his Levis and slipped her hand down into his crotch. Her tongue circled her lips in deliberate concentration. The guy stood still while she manipulated him. She loosened his jeans and dropped them from around his muscular waist. His tool sprang up. She cupped his balls in her hand.

He was a definite rival for John Holmes.

"Do you want to call the *Guinness Book of World Records*?" Stella asked the producer, "or should I?"

She helped the guy step out of his jeans. He stood naked under the producer's examination. His tool rose straight up against his belly. Stella leaned into him. She pressed her pussy against his thigh. His dick stuck up higher than his navel. She laid her blonde head against his swimmer's powerful chest. He could have been a quarterback at any Super Bowl. "He's perfect," she said. "And he's no Hollywood fag. He's straight. God almighty! Is he ever straight. He's a non-stop straight fucking genuine exhibitionist!"

The big guy smiled.

"He does have a certain Clint Eastwood quality," the producer said. "I suppose, with the references he has from your auditioning him, that he'll do."

"He'll more than do," Stella said.

And more than do he did. And so did Stella. The climax of "Slippery When Wet" started out with twenty big-boobed Aqua-Nymphettes gliding in synchronized strokes past the big underwater Cinemascope camera. As the girls churn through their routine, Stella swims into the picture. She's pursued by the Aqua-Stud. She outraces him for awhile, teasing him, darting back around his legs, skimming past his dick. He thinks he is in pursuit of her. Really she is about to capture him. On a signal from Stella, the Aqua-Nymphettes close in and trap the Aqua-Stud in a swirl of nets. Bubbles rise up around his body as the mermaids wind him and bind him in their nets and poke at his body with their spears. Stella swims overhead as he struggles. The nets cinch him tighter. The Aqua-Nymphettes tow his struggling body toward a metal shark-cage submerged in the depths of the waters. He is helpless against them. He is locked in the iron cage, naked, with only a twist

of net wrapped around his body. Nearby, small but vicious sand sharks cruise the waters in their hungry search for sex and food. Stella swims among them, unharmed, like the ruling goddess of the underwater world.

This, remember, is Hollywood, City of Special Effects where anything is possible.

When the Second Assistant Director called: "Quiet on the set," Stella stood on the rim of the massive filming tank. She was posed naked with only a large sea flower in her blonde hair. The Still Photographers silently clicked off several rolls of color film for publicity release. The only mags

*"A honey like  
Stella deserved  
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on the  
studio lot."*

interested in stills from Stella's first film were sleaze-rags. Now, one year and a dozen hit films later, I figured Stella was on her way to the cover of *Time*. She had the mix of high pizazz and innocence that turned boys into men and men into animals. When the Second Assistant Director shouted: "Roll 'em," Stella looked down into the water. Her Aqua-Stud was caged with the sand sharks made docile with downers in their raw meat. She smiled. The Love Goddess of X-Rated Underwater Extravanzas smiled, and dived like a knife in the water, trailing streams of bubbles like a shimmering halo around her nude body.

She swam gracefully through the sharks, stroking their lazy backs, rolling and turning, graceful long arms pulling her through the depths, her long blonde hair streaming behind her head. She cruised slowly behind the iron bars of the fuck-cage. The man trapped inside swam in long circles. He

watched her push her pussy up to the bars. He swam toward her. He ate her out. Tongued her. Licked her. A sand shark hovered curiously around her ankles. Another shark approached and the two sped away nipping and nibbling at one another. Stella pushed her cooze into his face. She placed her knees through the bars. Her tits pressed against the metal and bobbed around over his head while he ate her out. His tool rose big and righteous. The camera man looked through his lens and saw the dick magnified through the water. "Fuckin' whale meat," he said.

Stella had a way of making all her sexmates feel huge with her. She managed to maintain a firm tightness that made men grow to enormous size. She brought out a

lust in males that made them potent and longlasting fuckmachines. What she did on camera with her leading men, she did on screen to the guys watching her in the theatre rows. When Stella's movies played the adult theatres, the aisles streamed with jism. She was a two-or-three-cum hit with audiences who appreciated getting their money's worth, and then some, for the price of admission.

Stella opened the door of the steel cage and swam inside, circling around the Aqua-Stud's body. She hovered over his dick and chest. She bobbed suggestively. Her clipped blonde twat touched down hot on the head of his meat. She worked her labial lips like gills over his dick. Her lip-control was famous at the boxoffice. She could work over a

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dick with those lips that were slicker than a handjob. The camera tracked in for a close-up. The screen bloomed with the wild pink flesh of her blonde juicy cunt. Her clit roared up crazy and red. Stray bubbles rushed from her furry pussy shaved back just enough to reveal the full lip action of her labia reaming off the head of his gigantic tool.

Around her the water was deep blue-green. Underwater spotlights threw a rosy flesh glow over her flawless skin. She dropped her incredible tits down toward his face. Her butt and legs floated

*"She . . . turned  
boys into men  
and men into  
animals."*

smooth and lithe in the water. He pulled her to him. And the fucking started. Stella liked hard balling in real life. She liked it even wilder on film. She was rhythmic. Perfect. Total in her passion with this built-and-hung exhibitionist. She liked to be fucked hard and deep. She liked the feel of monster cock nibbling up against her clit while it plowed her into deep ecstasy. She guided him where she wanted him. She took charge of their fuck. He was her fuck-captive in the script. He had no way on the set to act but to follow her wild lead and adlib moves as she tormented and tested the prowess of his hardon exhibition. He knew that to fuck with Stella Maris was to build a reputation as a stud second to none. He had heard that this was her greatest and last picture. He knew that he had been cast to fuck her crazy at her cinematic peak. He knew that he wanted this woman. Camera or not. He knew that his lust for her would shine on screen and millions of men would

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pant for her the way he hungered for her. He knew that women would identify with her and dream about him fucking them unconscious.

He drove his dick into her with a vengeance. Stella made wild cooing sounds in the water. Sharks darted. Excited. The pump of their fucking rocked the shells and seaweed decorating the natural-looking underwater set. He held her by the shoulders and raised her legs, floating her back in the water. She was weightless. He put his hands on her hips and pulled her sleek body down on his dick. Again and again, he lifted her off and pulled her down hard on his dick. Ramming her. Jamming her. Fucking her. With mighty thrusts. Her hair floated in wild streams around her face. Her mouth opened and closed. Her eyes rolled back and closed. And he maintained like some incredible deepsea diver. Pumping her. Humping her. Pulling her down on his dick. Eating her tits. Chawing on her. Making raw primitive bubbles burst out of her fucked-raw cunt, out of her mouth.

"Cheezuz. Gawd," the producer whispered, "he's killing her."

"She loves it," I said.

"You should know." He turned to me. "We'll be lucky if we even get a triple-X rating."

Stella wrapped her arms around the young Aqua-Stud's head. She squeezed his face into her double-barrelled breasts. She mashed her cunt down on his dick. Her tongue sought his mouth, pushed through his lips and teeth. He felt her slick warm tongue slip serpentinely down his throat. She fucked him back. Stroke for stroke. She clenched her cunt down tight on him. Holding him hardon captive inside her twat. She rubbed her clit on the upper root of his dick. Her belly was tight against his. He could feel the full trimness of her seductive body.

On cue, Stella arched her butt. She pulled herself up and almost off his enormous dick. The Special

Effects crew hit their electronic units. Once. Twice. Three times. She lifted off and then slamdunked her cunt down on his dick. Ramming him deep into her. Again and again. Her soft lips set firm and passionate. Fucking her man crazy. Honestly wanting to stroke his cum from deep inside his balls and dick. The special effects shot off exactly as his load was breaking loose somewhere behind his eyes in his head. Colored smoke bombs spewed up in the water surrounding the cage. The sand sharks swam wildly around the cage bars. His load sped down his spine and

*"She brought out  
a lust in males  
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past the small of his back. Underwater flares shot off like sparklers. His nuts knotted up and shot into his dick. He pumped deep into her. She pushed hard onto him. Porpoises swam past. Aqua-Nymphettes dived and rose through the sharks. Her lips tightened down on him. She sucked his juices, wet and white, deep into her dark crevice. Her head reared back in wild abandon.

The producer was ecstatic. "Three cameras shooting at one time. Count 'em. Three cameras. Shit. This is going to be the fuck-footage of the century!"

Stella pulled back. She looked at her Aqua-Stud. Face to face. He kissed her tits and tongued down her throat. His hands caught in a wild tangle of her hair. Then he lifted her bodily. Up and off his cock. She rose floating in the water. Full of his cum. Smiling with the exhaustion of her multiple thrashing orgasms. She floated in his arms.

An underwater cameraman swam in close for a two-shot of Aqua-Stud holding Stella's body. He came in close to her twat and belly. Stella knew the cue. She flexed her hips and butt. She concentrated on her cunt. She forced his cum back down toward her lips. Slowly, in full range of the camera, she ejected the white clots of his hot jism. The white stuff came up out of her immaculate cunt like angels' food. Stella floated back in absolute peace. One after the other, three Aqua-Nymphettes swam over the two resting bodies. They nipped at the white cum floating in the blue-green water. Their tongues licked and nipped at the strings of white jism. They fed on the aqua-seed passed between the Stud and the Nymph.

In the last and final shot of "Slippery When Wet," the camera closed in on Stella's cunt. There, in its full glory, in the tight grip of her strong labial lips, lay a flawless and perfect pearl. The underwater light made it shimmer with iridescence. The smooth look of it tempted every man who saw the film to dive down for this cunt pearl of great price.

The rest, as they say, is history.

Stella doesn't make movies any more. She's dabbling in producing some films. Who knows? Hollywood stars don't make as many movies as they used to. But every once in a while they come back to the screen with a big hit. I figure maybe that's what Stella might do. In the meantime, "Slippery When Wet" continues to break boxoffice records around the world. Stella made her fantasy come true. Audiences never felt she was dirty. Something special about her made them indulgent and forgiving about her X-rated rise to the superstardom of being an international celebrity and personality. Women thought she was daring. Men loved her and lusted after her. And I just keep on keeping on playing around with all the wet dreams of my very own Aqua-Nymph. **X**