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THIS BOOK IS ABOUT SEX. SEX IS NOT LOVE. LOVE IS NOT SEX. BUT THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS IS CREATED WHEN THEY COME TOGETHER. YOU CAN LOVE GOD, YOU CAN LOVE THE PLANET, YOU CAN LOVE THE HUMAN RACE AND YOU CAN LOVE ALL THINGS, BUT THE BEST WAY FOR HUMAN BEINGS TO SHOW LOVE IS TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER. IT'S THE WAY WE SPREAD LOVE THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE: ONE TO ONE. LOVE IS SOMETHING WE MAKE. PASS IT ON • THIS BOOK DOES NOT CONDONE UNSAFE SEX. THESE ARE FANTASIES I HAVE DREAMED UP. LIKE MOST HUMAN BEINGS, WHEN I LET MY MIND WANDER, WHEN I LET MYSELF GO, I RARELY THINK OF CONDOMS. MY FANTASIES TAKE PLACE IN A PERFECT WORLD, A PLACE WITHOUT AIDS. UNFORTUNATELY THE WORLD IS NOT PERFECT AND I KNOW THAT CONDOMS ARE NOT ONLY NECESSARY BUT MANDATORY. EVERYTHING YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ IS A FANTASY, A DREAM, PRETEND. BUT IF I WERE TO MAKE MY DREAMS REAL, I WOULD CERTAINLY USE CONDOMS. SAFE SEX SAVES LIVES. PASS IT ON • AND BY THE WAY, ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN CHARACTERS AND EVENTS DEPICTED IN THIS BOOK IS NOT ONLY PURELY COINCIDENTAL, IT'S RIDICULOUS. NOTHING IN THIS BOOK IS TRUE, I MADE IT ALL UP.



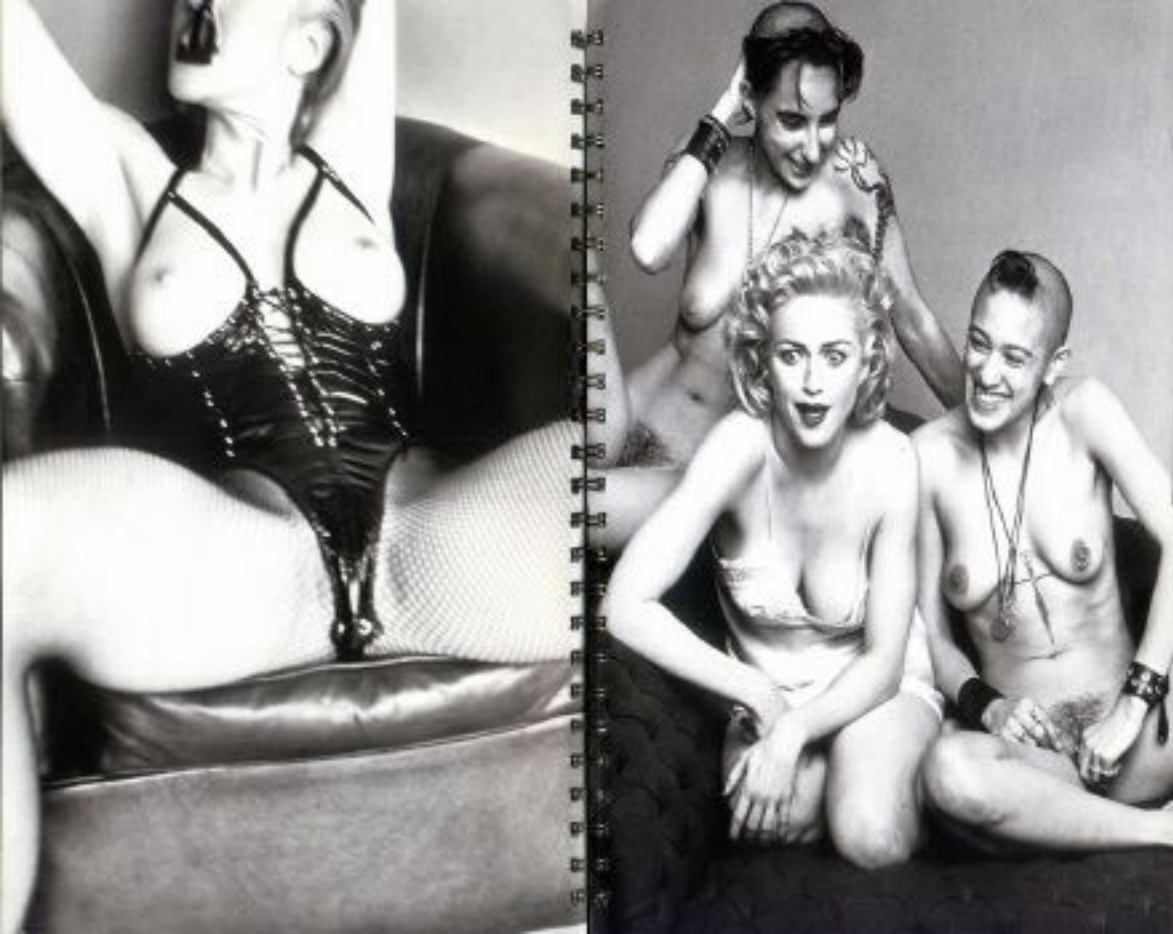


My name is Dita,  
I'll be your mistress tonight,  
I'll be your loved one, darling,  
Turn out the light,  
I'll be your sorceress,  
your heart's magician,  
I'm not a witch,  
I'm a love technician,  
I'll be your guiding light  
in your darkest hour,  
I'm gonna change your life,  
I'm like a poison flower,  
Give it up,  
Do as I say,  
Give it up and let me have my way,  
I'll give you love,  
I'll hit you like a truck,  
I'll give you love.....

I'll  
teach  
you  
how  
to  
fuck.





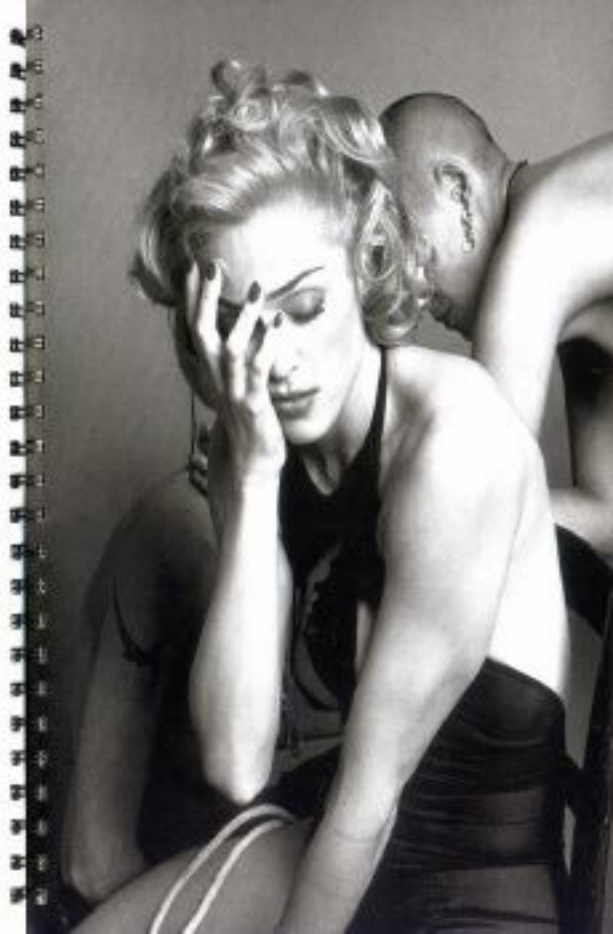








I don't see how a guy looking at a naked girl in a magazine is degrading to women. Everyone has their sexuality. It's how you treat people in everyday life that counts, not what turns you on in your fantasy. If all a person ever did was get off on porno movies I would say they are probably dysfunctional sexually, but I don't think it's unhealthy to be interested in that or get off on that. I'm not interested in porno movies because everybody is ugly and faking it and it's just silly. They make me laugh, they don't turn me on. A movie like *In the Realm of the Senses* turns me on because it's real. I've been told there are some good Traci Lords movies but I've never seen them. I wouldn't want to watch a snuff movie. I wouldn't want to watch anyone get really hurt, male or female. But generally I don't think pornography degrades women. The women who are doing it want to do it. No one is holding a gun to their head. I don't get that whole thing. I love looking at *Playboy* magazine because women look great naked.







Doctor: Do you feel that it is possible  
to experience pleasure and pain at the same time?



Dita: Sure! That's what **ass fucking**  
is all about. It's the most pleasurable way to get  
fucked and it hurts the most too. <sup>all your nice feelings</sup>  
in your ass. but if you're not excited, <sup>if you're not using it right</sup>  
things can really go **wrong**.



There is something comforting about  
being tied up. Like  
when you were a baby and your  
mother strapped you in the  
car seat.



She wanted you to be  
safe. It was an act  
of love





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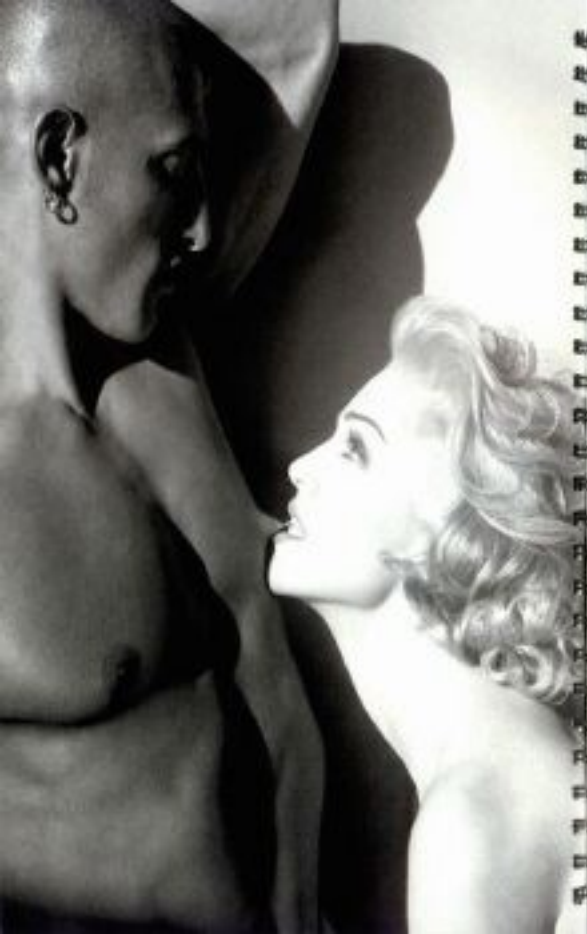
some people said it to be possible that some way to be  
 changed around from one to the other. I think the film was  
 just a waste of time on an artistic, cinematographic and story  
 level as well they say so it, they don't know what a  
 camera crew people might think that, it an interesting  
 subject. I've seen films and a lot of more in general  
 relationships who don't seem to be, who are supposed  
 to be, they have all these kids and they have  
 and will do. But I think I think who have money and the  
 money and they say in cinema relationships, so they  
 are in the same relationship and so on. The audience  
 seems to be in the line of something.



I think it is interesting how all the time the  
 audience of a film and that you can see the  
 who the film could mean that the film is about a world  
 where they are interested in what happens and what  
 that is the audience and that, it is interesting  
 to see a film that is a film in which the film is a  
 about people, the strength of the power, it is a film  
 and, but it seems to be in the line of something.

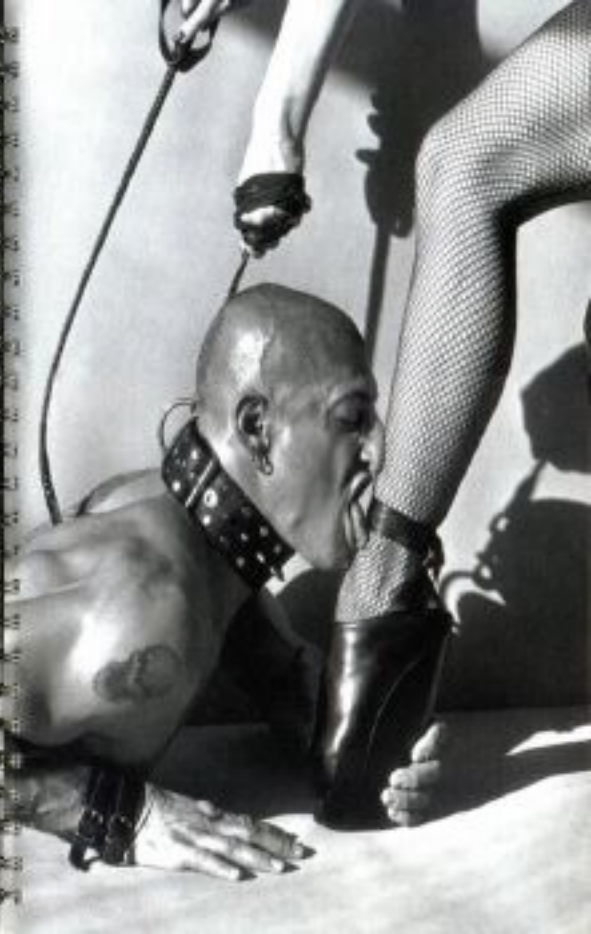






Only the one  
who hurts you  
can comfort you.  
Only the one who  
inflicts the  
pain can take  
it away.







Wilton Hotel  
Conce

Hi Johnny

We did spend one evening naked on the  
 sundeck, making fun of each other. I'm  
 feeling very relaxed these days, just like my pussy.  
 It will become me. It's this girl's sleep, and I want  
 to lay feeling very hot and the squishy inside.

Now I want to call you. I want to know  
 how she's doing - her name is... I want to know  
 to know she will - then, and I'll be there.

I hope she's coming to see me. She and  
 I'll come for your ride and I'll be a companion  
 and give you a lot of fun for you. Of course I don't  
 want cause you to get sick of her ass  
 which is really a good thing.

I hope you're having fun with Miss F and  
 thinking about it. Sex is great. We do have  
 cause. I want to see you. I'll be there.  
 you'll be the only way to get her pussy  
 and she'll love you. I'll be there. I'll be there.  
 to me and she really enjoyed.

So are you hard yet?



I don't think you know  
What pain is. I don't  
think you've gone that way.  
I could bring you so much  
pleasure  
I'll come to you when you say.  
I'm not gonna hurt you.  
Just close  
your eyes





Sex with the young can be fun if you're in the mood. If you're feeling impatient or you feel like you want someone else to take charge, do not have sex with someone inexperienced. But it can be really arousing. One of the best experiences I ever had was with a teenage boy. I think he was a virgin. He hardly had any pubic hair. He was Puerto Rican. He was uncircumcised. He lived in my building and he used to come over to my apartment all the time and just watch me put on my makeup and get ready to go out. He hung around me all the time. He never went to school, so I started giving him reading assignments. I'd have him read out loud. Like Henry Miller's *The Tropic of Cancer* or something really arousing. Whenever he got ready to leave he'd kiss me goodbye, but the kisses started getting more and more daring on his part and I just went with it. Then one day his parents kicked him out of his apartment and he wanted to know if he could spend the night at my house. I told him he could but I only had one bed. So we both got in it and I couldn't sleep, so I had sex with him and it was really awesome because he was so young and so in wonderment of it all. He was fearless. He would do anything. He wasn't very big. He was just a baby. See, I'm not a size queen. But it was excellent. He went down on me and I think I had an orgasm in two seconds. I was so turned on; it was probably the most erotic sex I ever had. But he gave me crabs. That's what you get. So you win some and you lose some.

I wouldn't want a penis. It would  
be like having a thick leg. It seems  
like a contraption that would  
get in the way. I think I'll never



I  
don't  
need

to have  
between my legs.

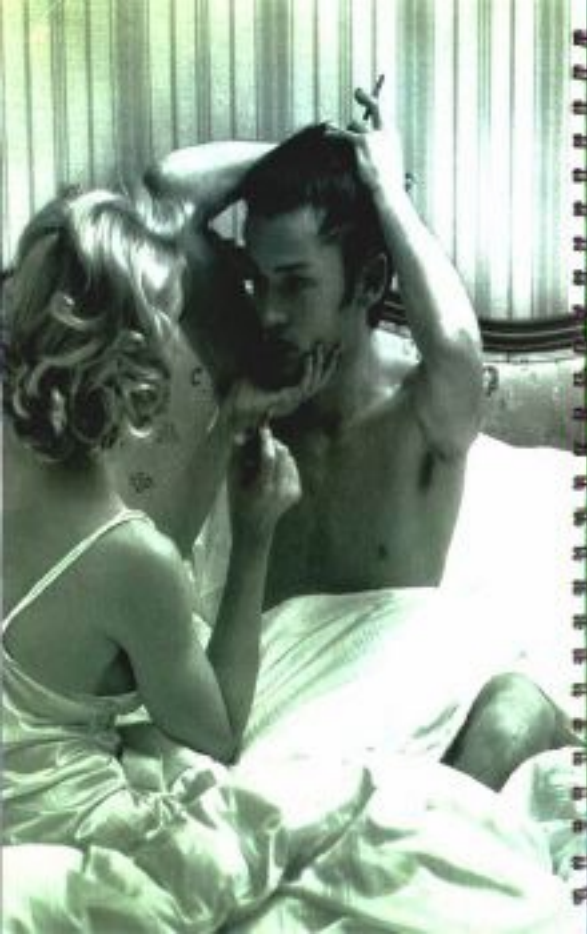
I'll never  
in my  
brain.



The best way to seduce someone is by making yourself unavailable. You just have to be busy all the time and they'll be craving to see you. Then you don't fuck them for the first five dates. Let them get closer and closer but definitely don't fuck them. Be disinterested. Not too disinterested, they'll think they're barking up the wrong tree. But it's always good to play hard to get. Good perfume is really important too. Everyone is a sucker for garter belts. You wear a dress and stockings and garter belts. You don't let him have you, but at some point you have to make him see that you have a garter belt on. No underpants is also a big turn-on. Sucking on your finger every once in a while doesn't hurt, like in the middle of dinner. Telling jokes is good. And on every date you have to say one really disarming thing.







There's no better way to wake up in the morning than with my lover's cock inside of me. Usually he takes me from behind. This is my favorite position because I can lie there pretending I'm sleeping while he slides himself in and out of me. I let him think he's being so clever, getting off without me knowing it. For chance! But I let him think he's getting away with something anyway. After he's worked himself up a bit, I put my finger in my mouth for a little lubrication, then I sneak it down between my legs and rub my clit until I'm so excited that I have to pretend that I have just woken up. My pussy's getting too juicy and my body is starting to move with less, so I sit and stretch and yawn and give a little hint of annoyance and annoyance, and so he doesn't take me for granted. I tell him to stop and let me sleep. Because he can change my mind he continues to grind me, but I don't want to come yet, so I pull away from him and he lies there, panting like a sullen child, frustrated and hard. I turn around and kiss him sweetly and say, "Mhmm later," and pretend to drift off into sleep. When I'm sure he thinks I'm a rotten girlfriend I thumb on top of him and slide his dick, which is always hard (thank God), inside of me. I don't mind continuing this scenario in the driver's seat. This is the best way for a girl to get fucked without any digital manipulation, 'cause you can move your pussy any way you want. You can take his cock deep or shallow and you can be sure your clit is getting worked good 'cause you're pulling his cock right on top of it. It's so easy for me to come this way and it's only a matter of seconds before I do. I reach my come, push out of me, and I get my fingers in it and he realizes that it's hard I could break them. He tells me he wants to come and I say, "Wow, for me, baby." So he slaps my breasts, which I love almost as much as when he slaps my ass. Not too hard but hard enough to sting. Like a cat in heat I drag my clit on that beautiful piece of flesh just above his dick. I am painting him with my pussy, showcasing my art of fucking. He goes on to try ass like he's working a jackhammer. Digging his fingers into my flesh, moving my pussy on his cock faster and faster. He says, "I'm gonna come, baby. I can't hold it any longer!" I love that helpless sound in his voice. I tell him not to feel his eyes when he comes. I want to look in them. I want to see the question of surrender when he loses control. When he comes to me. Finally I'm ready, I let his train go riding through me. Going up the inside of my pussy, fucking me from behind. We come together, waking up the neighborhood. I fall on top of his chest, and drift back into sleep, and I dream that my lover's cock is inside of me, and he's taking me from behind sliding himself in and out of me. (continues on page 158)



*Pillow Talk? Some people do it really well. Some people do it so badly that you break up laughing and you just can't go through with it. I had a boyfriend who laughed every time he came. Some people know how to talk and some people don't. With some people it's an affectation and they think that's what you want, that you need that. Other people know how to do it and it just clicks. It's like phone sex. Some people know how to do it and some don't. Phone sex can be excellent. It's an absolute necessity if you're separated from somebody you love. Thank God for Ma Bell. Screaming and loud noise making really annoys me. I hate it when guys come and don't make any noise and you can't tell if they came or not. But one time I was fucking this guy and every time he came he was so loud I finally had to smack him. I was sure the whole neighborhood could hear us.*





New York

Dear Johnny,

Things have not been the same since you left. I hardly ever think about my pussy. I get the same way with my tits. First I don't get enough and then when I get as much as Norton the sweet Truffle I get pussy.

It's not that I get sick thinking about pussy, it's just that it needs a rest. I guess worse things could happen to a girl. Did you have fun with me and Norma and me? I suppose we can get to be amazingly comfortable, but we were both sooooo horny and we had to work alone to breast each other till you ordered. After seven days we were dying for your cock. Thank God we found those tablets in my panties, else cause we were gonna break down and use Zip Lock Bags.

By the way I don't want wearing you with David Cass. Love your tits and I'd rather have you every time pussy I do a home. This coming day. See you on the weekend!

Love XXX  
DITA



When I was a child I used to sit on the toilet backward and wait for the burning sensation between my legs to go away. I did not understand that if only my finger had found it's way to my pussy the aching would have subsided. That all the twisting and pulling and rubbing and scratching of my arms and my legs would not satisfy my hunger. That the wetness in my underpants had nothing to do with my mother overdressing me. But as a child I did not have the words to ask, so I stayed on fire and burning, tormented and yearning until that glorious day when finger found flesh and with legs spread open and back arched, honey poured from my 14-year-old gash and I wept.

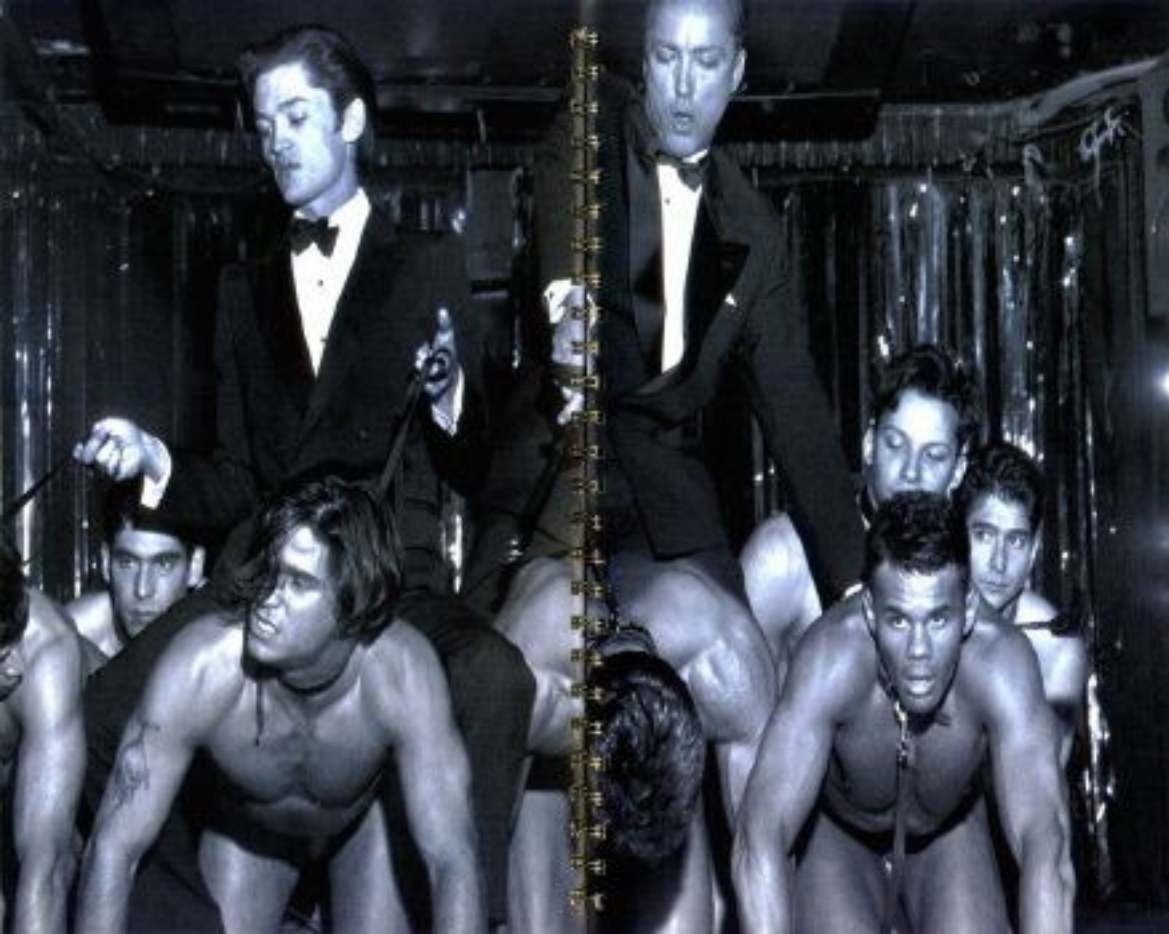




When I first moved to New York I thought about working in a topless bar. I was really naive and I read the Village Voice and it said "Dancers Wanted" and I was a dancer at the time. I was studying at the Alvin Ailey School and I thought, "God, a hundred bucks a night! That's good money." So I'd go to these agencies and these big fat disgusting businessmen would be in these offices and they'd say, "Okay, take your clothes off. Let me see you in your underpants. We'll put some music on and you can dance around." I'd go, "Oh, it's that kind of dancing." But I stuck around anyway. I was kind of scared, but I thought "What could they do to me?" So I'd get underpants and dance for them. I take the jobs. They were always besides I got a job nude modelling for art schools. It was easier. But I kind of like the atmosphere in topless bars. I mean there are good bars and bad bars, but I always have a great time when I go. I also like gay male strip places. Straight male strip places are disgusting. Those guys can never dance. Only the guys at the gay clubs can dance and they always have really good bodies. Not real beefy stupid bodies. I like all the guys in the front row in the baseball caps. They are usually truckers or Japanese men. It's always interesting to scope the crowd.







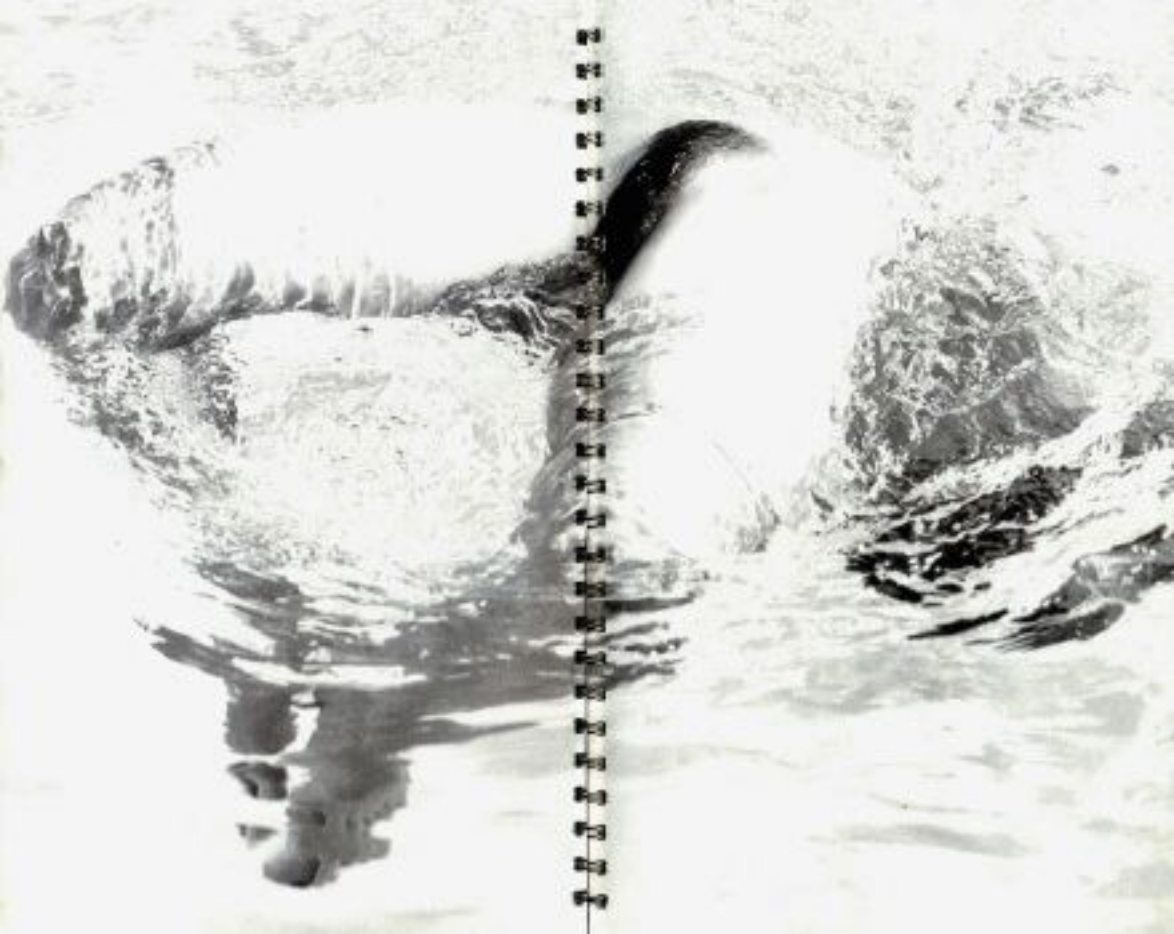












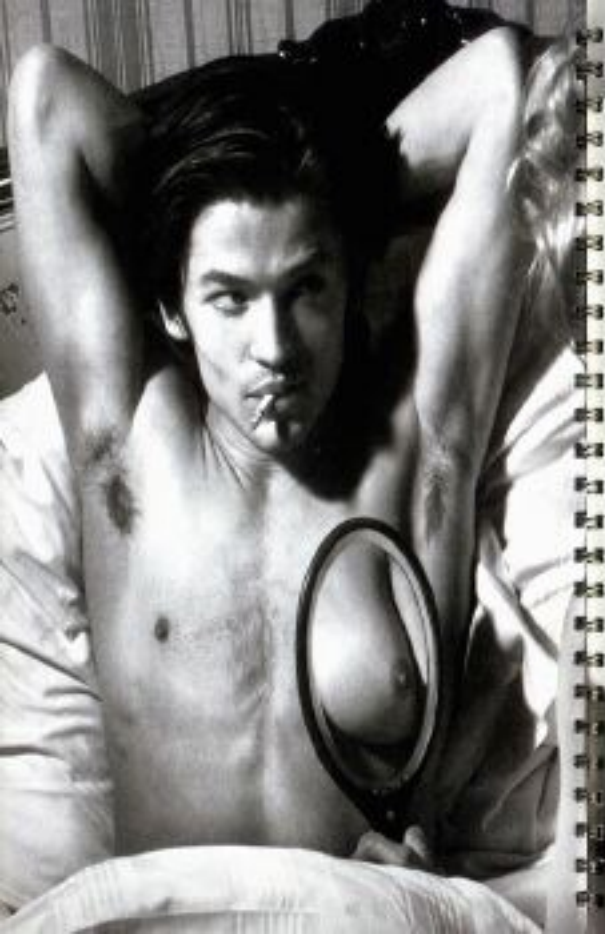


I like my pussy. Sometimes I stare at it in the mirror when I'm undressing and wonder what it would look like without any hair like when I was a baby. Sometimes I sit at the edge of the bed and spread my legs. And stare into the mirror and wonder what others see. Sometimes I stick my finger in my pussy and wiggle it around the dark wetness and feel what a cock or a tongue must feel when I'm sitting on it. I pull my finger out and I always taste it and smell it. It's hard to describe it smells like a baby to me fresh and full of life. I love my pussy, it is the complete summation of my life. It's the place where all the most painful things have happened. But it has given me indescribable pleasure. My pussy is the temple of learning.



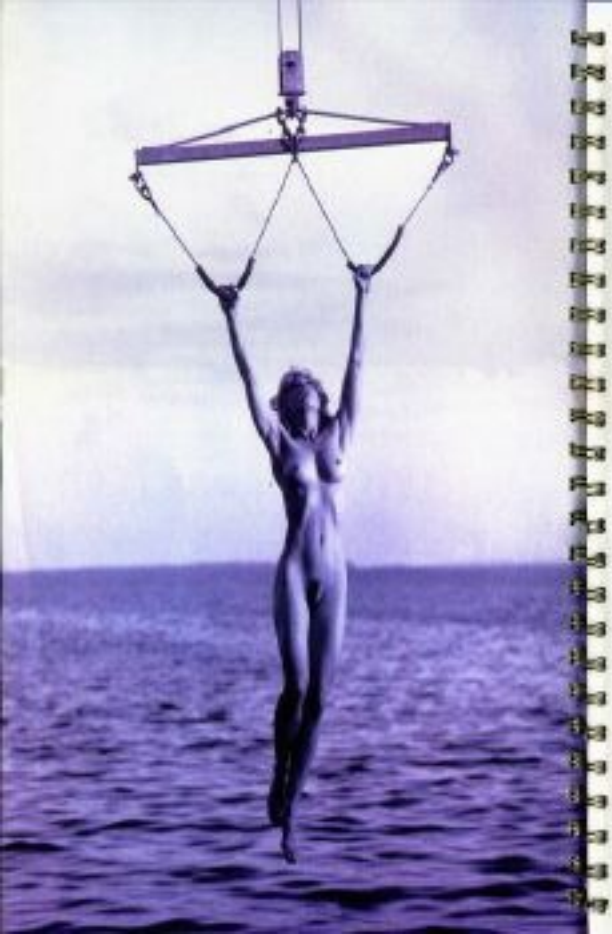




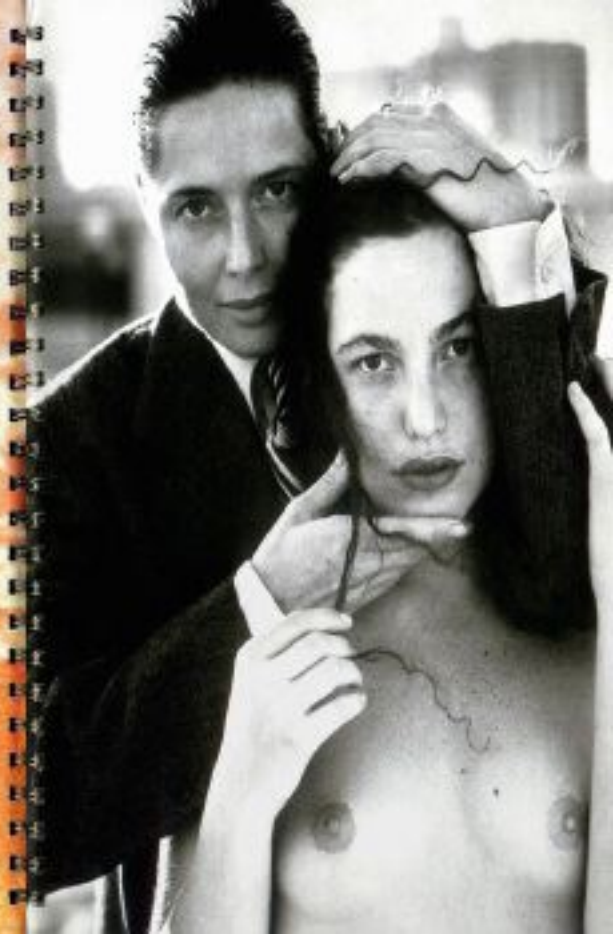


I had sex with someone who wasn't grossly obese but he was pretty overweight. It was the first and the last time. I really liked this guy a lot. He was handsome but he was overweight. I wanted to be unbiased because I really liked him, but the only way I could fuck him was on top because he crushed me. I had to sit on him because his stomach was in the way. That must be what it's like to fuck a pregnant woman. They always say that women aren't into appearance as much as men are, but it's not true. I think women are just as moved by appearance, but they are willing to accept a situation where the man is less attractive because of the who earns the bread situation. There are so many women with the ugliest guys. I swear to God, if they didn't have money, forget it. Two hundred fifty pounds, five seven, bald, disgusting misogynist pigs. Deep down inside these women know, but they ain't gonna tell nobody. If I see someone who's not necessarily conventionally beautiful, I can still be attracted based on their intellect or whatever. But fat is a big problem for me. It sets off something in my head that says "overindulgent pig."





I will raise  
you from  
the ground  
and without  
a sound you'll  
appear and  
surrender  
yourself to  
me, to love.







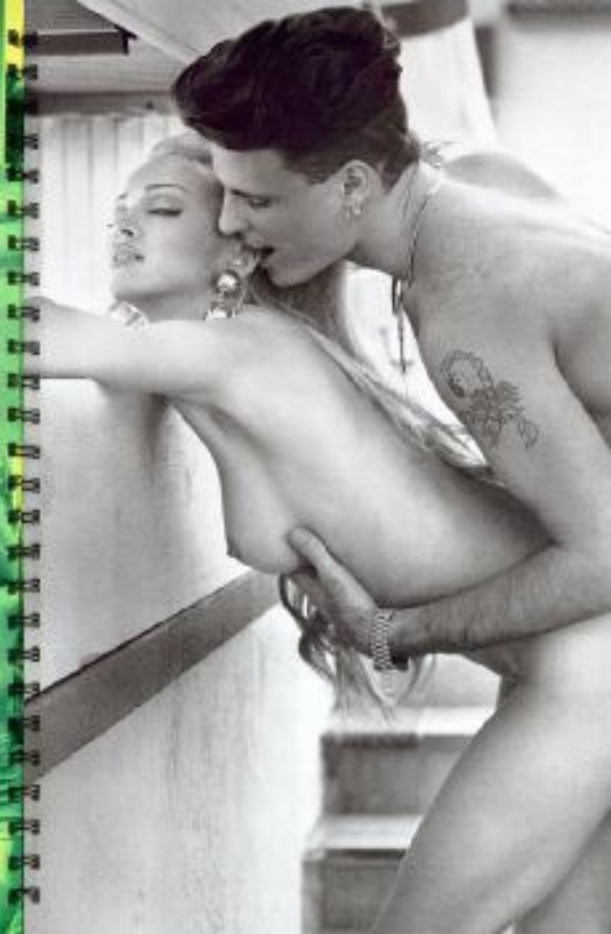






I don't think you have to have a language in common with someone to have sexual rapport. But it helps if the language you don't understand is Italian. I practically come listening to people speak Italian and I don't understand it that well. When they say, "Are you hungry? Let's go get some spaghetti," it sounds like they are coming on to you. It's really arousing. Sex can overcome the language barrier because it's all body language anyway. But if you're talking about having a long, meaningful relationship, forget it. I was really into this Italian guy and I had this fantasy about him. He lived in Rome with his mother. I sat there with a dictionary piecing together sentences and I finally realized that he was madly in love with me in three days and he wanted me to stay in Italy and marry him and have a baby right away. That wasn't too appealing, but the sex was good. Sometimes when you can't speak it kind of frees you up. They're whispering all this shit in your ear and they could be talking about the theory of relativity for all you know. They could be calling you a cunt bitch whore from hell. They could be saying, "As soon as you come I'm going to kill you," and you're yelling, "Yes! Yes!"





East Hampton

Dear Jerome

Hotel was nice, for such a short stay and how naive  
and simple I hope you don't mind me for too long

I wish the guests really had not all the sun, but after breakfast

but you see, then it kept you what you really need and

it's not worried, just in fact, a day? These paintings

looked so nice and I hope you'll like them, but

the next day we were rounded by

just like you and your family, and you know, today's

time, my wife, I would like to see up from my window

and I would like to see you, please, you

and let you eat my picture, and I hope you'll like it

like to know, today, and I hope you'll like it

and I hope you'll like it, and I hope you'll like it

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all  
the  
day

very  
long



Love, Jerome

She was like a game to her

Her body at Hollywood Regency

Her body only

or Total Pursuit

Her body was the

not a bad woman

was like a star **man**

was like a **fun** girl

She did it to reward me, gladly

that she explained to me

is something **danger**

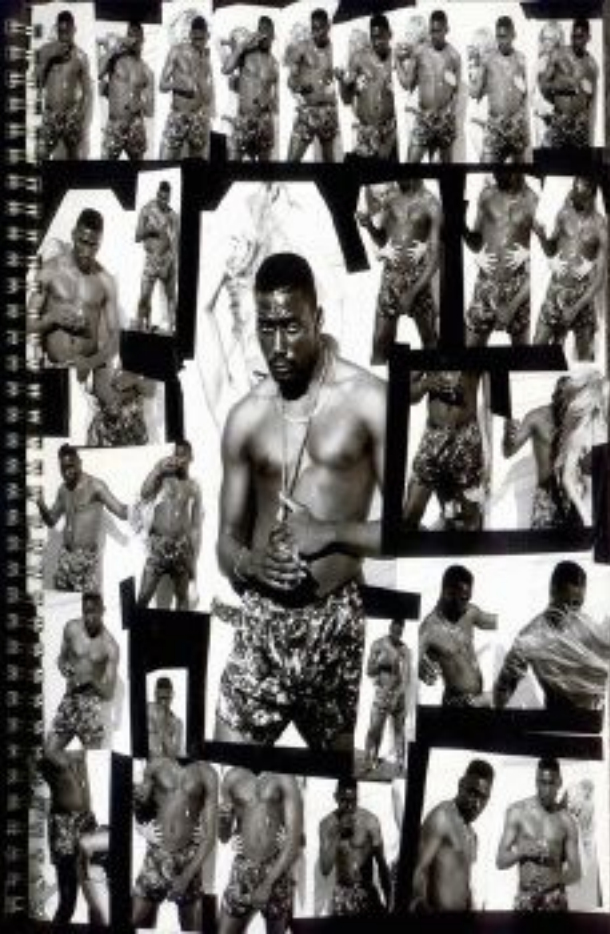
kind of like the first **THU**

with the best she risk in my sight

She was an average of the state that

a star of every

is a lady of head









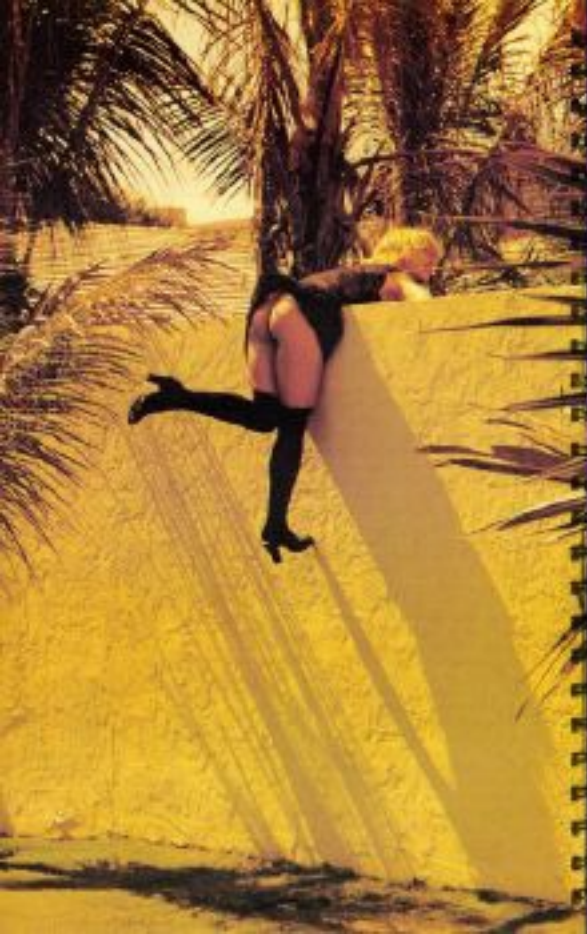
How do you give a good  
blow job?

Drink a lot  
of beer first





**T**rying on clothes in the dressing room of Ralph Lauren, he took off his slacks. Looking in the 3-way mirror he realized he was hard. **Could it be the lovely Cuban suborgel who brushed up against him in the video aisle? Could it be the hot father afternoon that made his clothes heavy and made the back of his neck moist? Can't Ralph Lauren afford an air conditioner? Or maybe it was the steam rising from Dr. Zhong's filling the room.** The thought of John Christie never failed to arouse him. In any case he would helplessness and hard, his boxer shorts protruding like a pug's snout. He felt like having a row past of china but for some reason he ended up in the dressing room with everything but. Loose jockey, denim shorts and a wonderful leather belt. **He took his own dressing room shirt.** Staring into the mirror he caught himself smiling. Suddenly, the Cuban suborgel was near the dressing room, talking to him. "Do you need any help?" It seemed like a trick question. Her voice was deep and dreamy like something was caught in it. **"Oh, yes," he said to himself.** He was tempted to answer the question in a most loving manner, but instead he said, "The slacks are awfully big. I'd like to try a size 30." Off she went on a hunt, leaving a trail of Google behind her. Clasp perhaps always aroused him. He believed that always evoke wadded innocence on people with dark skin. **He had but all women in trying on clothes.** Standing in his boxer shorts, he found himself dizzy from the humidity and the head sweat. So he sat down and considered masturbating while working himself in the mirror. Maybe he could do it before the suborgel came back. She didn't seem to be in a hurry. **The idea of her walking in as he ejaculated made him even harder.** He stared at the belt he had chosen, lying on the floor. He liked it but didn't want to buy it. He remembered him of his father. Suddenly her voice was at the door again. "I have your size 30. Are you decent?" "Oh, if you only knew," he said to himself. Without thinking he told her to come in. She opened the door carefully and, seeing him sitting there flushed and dreamy, she tried to avoid looking in his eyes so he wouldn't see. **It's very hot in here.** I wish they'd fix the air conditioner." Her words hung in the air. He didn't respond. He put out their starting at her. She didn't move but checked the size 30 in her hands. **Two could have her laughing.** He noticed she was wearing an adult braided with little red stars that men have been given. Her perfect breasts were peeking out of her slacks. He wanted to lick them. **"Aren't you looking well?"** He asked. **"I think the heat is getting to me,"** he lied. "Put your hand on my forehead and tell me if I have a fever." She stepped forward, holding the strap over up to one hand, and reaching up to his forehead with the other. She touched his skin lightly and felt a definite heat but couldn't tell what it belonged to. **His hand moved with an intention, first to his cheek.** Then his neck, to repeat on the compressive there. **"No heat to tell,"** James it's so hot in this place but I think you're normal." "Oh...". He seemed disappointed. **"Hope so,"** he prayed to himself. **He stared at her 20** for a long time. Then slowly he reached out and touched the Y formed by her legs and stomach. She didn't blush but used their crawling the dirt into a tight ball. He pushed his finger in and out of the Y and felt moisture there. **Without warning she dropped to her knees, lowering the dirt ball from her hands.** Her face came to rest on his leg and he stroked her cheek. The wire on neckline and her head was secondly shaped. She had the most magnificent mouth and its proximity to his erection cemented him. As if she were reading his mind, her hand went into the top of his slacks, found his cock, and slid it through his open to just her mouth. He watched her suck. **Her mouth flared as her lips pulled on him, reading him like every sleeping mouse felt so good.** He noticed his shirt was open a crack but he made no move to close it. He was transfixed by this dark haired Latina, who worked so hard so effectively so innocently, he had no reason to mistrust her. Looking up at her with her long brown eyes, she made him feel dead. She held the base of his cock with one hand and his balls in the other, and through the strains of "Lara's Theme" he heard talk work up inside. **Sometimes he played with her hair** and sometimes he used his hands to guide her mouth on him. Her mouth... her mouth was genius. She knew what she was doing and she did it. **He caught himself in the mirror and noticed how his face glowed with sweat.** "You're beautiful," he said out loud, not quite sure who he was talking to. Suddenly he felt as if he would explode. He threw his head back and moaned. "Oh yes, you are so beautiful," as his blood rushed to the base of his spine. He heard his own heart pounding in his ears. He touched the nape of his neck as the necked lines and heavy bones. **He was alone.** And his own dirt was in his spine, so beautiful wretched spines, she did not swallow it, but had smiling, she let it run out of her mouth like a child spilling milk. "I wonder, where are you? I need you to help some customers." A stern authority came from out of nowhere. She jumped up and wiped her mouth with the size 30. "You'll have to check the dirt out, I have to go back to work." **"I see your number!"** he asked. "No, but my number isn't 120." She unsmiled herself and checked her face in the mirror, perfectly content with what she saw. He could tell she was simple and he needed her. He wanted to know her. He wanted to buy her a hot dog or a big soft pretzel. **"Can I take you to lunch?"** he asked. "Oh, you don't even say anything." She replied. "Wouldn't I have a boyfriend?" With that she turned and was gone, telling over her shoulder, **"You can pay my lunch."**



Dear John,

I wasn't going to write this letter but after thinking long and hard, upon intended, I decided it was best that you know that I know.

When you came back from L.A. and I didn't hear from you I got worried, so I went to your place and when I got to the door I heard strange noises. I thought someone was being strangled, facing patches head the way you gave me and let myself in.

I tiptoed into the bedroom in case there was an intruder, and lo and behold someone was being strangled but not the way I imagined. Ben was breathing in front of you and he wasn't paying. I didn't know if I was turned on or disgusted. I just know I had to get out there.

I guess you were in your own little world. Or maybe you know I was watching and it got you off. In any case I think we should spend some time apart and think this thing through. Now I know why Ben was always so preoccupied. Is that what you did on those fishing trips? I didn't know Ben was holding your rod for you. Did you catch anything?

I haven't told Ingrid yet. I don't see how she's gonna take it. Maybe she'll feel better knowing her competition isn't another woman. As for me, I think I'm gonna be sick. Next time you want pussy, just look in the mirror.

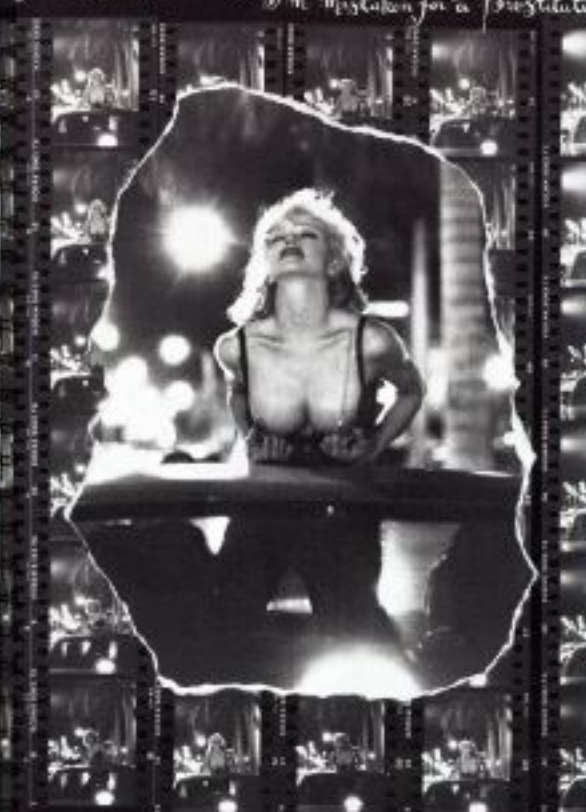
Love fishing

DITTA





*Victor: Have you ever been mistaken for a prostitute?* *Eila: Every time anyone raised anything I do, I'm mistaken for a prostitute.*



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