

EXPOSE!

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DEC. 1980

PREMIERE
ISSUE!

The Turn-on of:
SILK STOCKINGS

She-Male in Heat:
SENSUOUS SULKA!

In Search of
THE KINKY LADIES OF AMERICA!

THE EROTIC ART OF
BILL WARD



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DECEMBER 1980 VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

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BY DAY
THEY'RE
ORDINARY.
BY NIGHT
THEY SWING
INTO A
HIGH-WIRED
SEX-AND-
FETISH ACT—
WITHOUT NETS!

BY DR. JACK FRITSCHER

LATEX LOVE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Latex is the latest frontier of fetish sex. **EXPOSE** assigned our crack-interviewer, Dr. Jack Fritscher, to uncover Latex Donna and one of her rubber-lovers, Mike.

DONNA: Mike and I have news for you. Latex and latex love—what I refer to as good old rubber-fucking—is the Main Fetish for the 1980's.

MIKE: Donna and I never do nothin' nice and easy. We like to know we're way up front with whatever's going down. And if my Main Squeeze says we do it in latex, then, as far as my dick is concerned, it's Rubber City all the way!

EXPOSE: Whatever happened to leather and, well, nylon, and even fur as sex-and-fetish turn-ons?

DONNA: I turn off whenever Tom's hairy dick turns on to something that used to have a lot of excitement in the fact that it was unknown to most people.

MIKE: Latex has replaced leather. Everybody and their nerd friends are into leather. I don't mean to knock them, but sometimes the greatest treason is to do the right

thing for the wrong reason.

DONNA: Like fucking in leather because the Joneses have a jones for it.

MIKE: Fetish love can't be shared around like a sexual Tupperware party.

DONNA: Fetish love is something that's a very private expression of a very private turn-on. Nothing makes me come like latex. Nothing, at least recently, turns Mike on like some good times with rubber goods.

MIKE: Leather used to have a real mystique. It was hard to get and when you saw a couple in leather, you could figure they meant the

signals they were putting out. Now leather sex toys and gear are mass-produced. I expect Ed McMahon some night will announce, "Heeeeere's Johnny!" and Carson will come out in full leather.

DONNA: Needless to say, we don't much watch *The Tonight Show*. We're into our own show every night. Like Mike, I used to like leather a lot, but now that everybody's doing it, leather has been betrayed. Fetishes should never be mass-produced for the consumer public. Nothing ruins something faster than popularizing it.

EXPOSE: Won't that happen to

latex too? How do you justify the pictures we've taken of you and Mike. Aren't you letting the latex cat out of the rubber bag?

DONNA: No way. Latex is too expensive for openers. Not everybody can afford it. Latex has an elitist, snob appeal. Not that you have to be a shit to be into latex, but let's face it: who wants to do what everybody else does? That's about as much fun as fucking in a suburban bedroom with the 2.3 kids asleep down the hall. How erotic can a man and woman get in a chintzy, frilly bedroom with framed snapshots of her mother on the bedside table?

inner-tube repair kit between scenes just to keep your latex gear together. Rubber requires more care than most people care to give. Latex, unlike leather, separates the adventurers from the fetishists. A fetishist will spend hours, days weeks working over whatever turns him on. Mike takes care of all my latex for me and for himself. True fetishism is the basis of true passion.

MIKE: And true passion is the hardon behind a really good fuck.

EXPOSE: Brass-tacks time—what, to you two, is a really good fuck? I'm hearing a lot of good philosophy, a lot of good erotic thought, but I'm here to find out stuff I can jerk off to, and go out and screw some rich bitch into unconsciousness with.

DONNA: You're weird. I like weird guys. The more offbeat the better.

MIKE: Are we normal, Donna Baby, huh? Are we Normal?

DONNA: What the fuck is normal? Of course we're not normal. Nobody's normal anymore. Normal went into meltdown along with the nuclear family!

EXPOSE: Bad pun.

MIKE: But true.

DONNA: Of course we're not normal. We'd rather be natural than normal.

MIKE: What's normal for the run of the crowd ain't good enough for us.

*"True fetishism is
the
basis of true
passion."*

MIKE: We figure most couples would be better off sexually in their marriages if they had a separate room—like in the basement or the attic—where they could go off and act out their fantasies in weird gear that they could never wear where their kids might see them traipsing off to the bathroom in a latex hood.

DONNA: In these inflationary times, anybody into sex ought to have a place in the house or in the apartment that is set aside for hard balling. I mean who can afford to go out to a sleaze-bag motel?

MIKE: Let's not knock low-rent rendezvous. We've had good times swinging from chandeliers in

places we'd prefer not to be caught dead in.

DONNA: That's for fucking sure. All that neon along the gables, flashing on and off even through the crummy drapes. And those mondo weirdo closed-circuit video fuck-tapes.

MIKE: The best latex gear is made in England. The British always seem to be frontrunners in the kink department. So a guy has to be patient with Trans-Atlantic mailorder. On top of that, latex ain't leather. You can fuck the shit out of leather and it only gets better. Latex takes care.

DONNA: You need a bicycle

DONNA: Hopefully some of those pictures will show how we boogie down on doing what comes naturally. Tell him, Mike, about playing "Peeping Tom."

EXPOSE: I think our readers are gonna like stroking to this.

MIKE: I like to pull on all my rubber gear and come into Donna's apartment like I'm a Special Services Plumber. She's wearing next to nothing and offers me a doobie to smoke to get a little high before I start to snake out her plumbing. I go into the bathroom and try to keep my hardon from poking straight on through the rubber.

MIKE: Donna's got a two-way mouth. She can talk dirty and she can swallow dick deeper than Linda Lovelace. And she looks so high-toned and pretty to be such a kinky slut. Don't you, bitch? Jeez. I almost love you.

DONNA: Keep up that talk, Mike, and I'll wrap you up tight in layers of rubber till you beg me to sit on your face.

MIKE: Sometimes Donna and I play "Carnival."

EXPOSE: What's "Carnival"?

MIKE: You want to play? Donna, this here mild-mannered Clark Kent reporter wants to play "Carnival." Look at the bitch smiling at the thought. "Carnival" is when Donna sits on your face and you try to guess her weight.

EXPOSE: You two have quite a sense of humor.

DONNA: Of course. Sex is the most fun anybody ever has. We have fun all the time.

MIKE: Anyway, when we're serious, we're serious, and I want to say one more thing about jerking off. Any healthy-minded man—I don't care if he's straight, bi, gay, or just plain kinky—is gonna beat his meat. To anybody watching, it's all about the same thing. What's different between straights and kinks is the subject matter, the sex object, and what they're thinking about or reading or watching while they're jerking. Masturbation is the greatest private time a man can have for pulling his head together. I mean, I'm good at the kind of work I do, and it takes a lot out of me by day. By night I have to get myself back together. Either I jerk off, thinking about Donna, or I beat off looking at videotapes I've made of her, or I call her up on the phone.

DONNA: Mike's right. I like to take care of my needs too. In fact, some nights I call Mike on the phone. Just like the Bristol Creme commercial where that foxy chick calls the guy up for a drink. She says she's downright upright. Ha! So are we. We talk dirty over the phone while we both beat off until we come. You can do all sorts of obscene phone call numbers on the nights when we can't get together.

MIKE: Some nights Donna just invites me over to her apartment to watch her finger and lick and suck

herself to orgasm. I sit off to the side and whip my dick with a handful of grease. Shit! I dig watching her fingering her clit through the rubber. I like watching the look on her face when she pushes into her cunt the latex dildo she made from a plaster cast of my dick. You know what a trip it is to see an exact life-sized replica of your own cock going up inside your woman's twat while you're nosing down next to her one hand shoving the dildo in and out while her other hand tweaks her clit along to a perfect pitch of penetration and clit coming? And all this ACTION going on while we're both wearing skintight layers of latex!

EXPOSE: I think I'd settle for watching Donna pull her tits up through her latex and suck on her own nipples.

DONNA: Anything's possible in a world where everything happens!

EXPOSE: Let's discuss that after this taping. For sure!

MIKE: Donna's the Queen, let me warn you, of Blue Balls Heaven. She'll tease you a long time till you're real crazy.

DONNA: But I always deliver. One way or another. I'm gonna getcha, getcha, getcha!

EXPOSE: Tell me. You really made a plaster cast oh Mike's dick?

MIKE: The bitch is full of sexual surprises. With every other woman I've played with I always knew the script. You know: what she'd do next, what her next line was, what the fuck she'd be doing in 10 years. With a woman like Donna, I never know what surprise to expect next.

DONNA: I had a real good time casting Mike's cock. So did he.

MIKE: I had a bone on all the time.

DONNA: First I shaved his crotch. And after he was shaved, I put Vaseline all over his dick. I warmed it up in the palm of my hand and smoothed it real slick from the base all the way up to the head. You guys don't know how good a hard dick feels to a woman's hand.

MIKE: You women don't know how good a woman's hand feels on a guy's hard dick.

DONNA: I slicked him down real good. His cock was drooling with excitement.

MIKE: She licked the clear bead of pre-lube juice off my dick. Right

through the grease. Her lips got all wet and shiney.

DONNA: Then I quickly mixed up some plaster of paris and packed it around his dick. He stayed hard the whole time.

MIKE: You bet. She sat on my face and made me eat her out through the slit in her latex panties for the 20 minutes it took to dry. She made my cock like a rock.

DONNA: Sometimes, when Mike's on the phone and we're talking nasty, I suck on and wet-down and shove in the latex dick I had cast from the plaster mold. Just think, with that, Mike's got a hardon forever! He's the kind of man that women like me really go for. We're both "perverted!" Or at least kinky for sex in latex.

EXPOSE: So what really turns you on in rubber, Mike?

MIKE: Donna's spoor. Her smell. Her warmth. Her heat in latex wrapped around her hips and butt

*"Some guys even
pay me
just to get into
different
poses while they
. . . beat
their meat."*

and tits and twat. The way a light perspiration wets her lips. The way heavy juices start running and wetting her pussy. I don't mind admitting to nosing right on down into her sweet secret parts and sniffing her wherever I can get at her through the rubber.

DONNA: Mike always uses his nose. He tells me there's nothing, not even coke, like doing two lines of "his Donna" before he follows his snorting action with his tongue. And then his dick. Nothing makes Mike's cock stand at attention more than my wrapping him in rubber. All I have to do is let him know . . .

MIKE: Donna orders me.

DONNA: All I have to do is order him to put on his rubber suit and it's hardon time in the A-OK Corral!

EXPOSE: Why is that? And I don't

want a cheapshot pseudo-Freudian answer. Leave the philosophy to the other magazines. I want to know what makes a pair of good-looking kinks like you two tick.

MIKE: I guess I prefer a woman who knows what she wants. By day, I give all the orders. Where I work nobody would ever guess what my nightlife is like.

DONNA: They'd have a shit-fit.

MIKE: Me too.

EXPOSE: What's your job, Donna?

DONNA: Currently, I'm a word-processing operator. I used to be a waitress and a model, but I went to one of these Wang Word Processing Schools.

MIKE: And nobody processes a wang like Donna.

EXPOSE: Do you two ever have sex without rubber?

MIKE: Do you think the pope shits in the woods?

DONNA: Latex makes better lovers.

EXPOSE: Why specifically?

DONNA: Latex is my second skin. You can feel everything you feel when you're stripped buck naked. But Latex also layers you into a deeper, almost forbidden sensuality. Sensuality is a step beyond—a sophisticated step beyond—pure genital security. Something like a protective insulation against all the things the world shoves at you. Yet you feel everything precisely because the latex holds the world and your partner at a tiny micrometer away from actual touch of your body. Talk about a healthy mind-fuck! I feel like a serpent in a second skin. I feel like I'm floating in a hot skin that is my own but strangely not quite my own. It's that element of objective, foreign feeling that heats up the actual sex play. I think in a former existence I was the serpent in the Garden of Eden. I tempted Adam and I tempted Eve. That's why I let your photographer take all those pictures. I want to be a serpentine temptation forever!

EXPOSE: Just like Mike's latex cock is a hardon forever.

DONNA: Sensual sexuality is about life-stuff like in the Eagles' *Hotel California* album: "Some dance to remember. Some dance to forget." I think some people fuck to remember the good things from all their past lives. Some fuck to forget what happened at work in

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the afternoon. As a model, I'm hip. I've tripped with every kind of guy there is. I like men. And not just, you know, the Hollywood-handsome types. I like ordinary-looking guys. In fact, some of the guys that turn me on—especially if they let me lead them on into latex the way Mike does—are by some women's standards not too, well, photogenic. But that's my bag. I like men with offbeat faces and offbeat bodies. I could probably have Robert Redford if I wanted him, but I don't think he's into a latex trip—and he's not offbeat enough to me to be fuckably hot. Give me a trucker or a cop or a good old traveling salesman any day. Guys like that are the best sex!

EXPOSE: Donna is very beautiful, Mike. Most guys would want to be with her anyway they could.

MIKE: Donna can have her pick of any man she wants. Even guys who think they're mainly gay can't turn her down when she comes on with her latex and discipline trips. I've had to handle all of that. It's cool. We're a grown-up pair of people playing grown-up games.

DONNA: I used to run an ad, you know, in the classifieds of some of the tabloid papers. I was very serious: *Dominant Latex lady, Mistress Donna, will rap with and wrap you in rubber love . . . discipline . . . bondage*

EXPOSE: You were good at your trade?

DONNA: If money in America is a way of keeping score, I made a lot of bucks. A lot of bucks.

MIKE: Donna quit taking on clients because she felt her work and her fun were beginning to overlap a little too much.

DONNA: That's about the time I met Mike.

EXPOSE: So Mike called "Mistress Donna" and hired her by the hour?

DONNA: Mike was like the Man Who Came to Dinner! He paid me a cool hundred to play out his rubber-wrap fantasies for an hour—and we've been together ever since.

MIKE: Donna is my own private hooker. She's my mistress. She's a bitch, slut, cunt, virgin,

everything a woman can be. Donna will do anything. I mean anything. If a man can get a hardon just thinking about something—no matter how far out, Donna will do it. Bodies are her toys. Minds are for mind-fucking.

DONNA: You're my toy, Mike. Show the man what you've done for me. Show him some of the pictures. Show him how a man looks hooded in latex with his face buried in my pussy. Show him how I look to you with my legs open and my labia pulled apart and my big boobs hanging down in your face. Show him what man-scum you are when I want you to be my latex-scum lover.

MIKE: Uh, I like to do some of these things; but not all of them.

DONNA: But you do them all.

MIKE: Because Mistress Donna wants me to. I do what Mistress Donna bids. As long as my Donna is dressed tits-to-toes in latex. In her street clothes or naked, she and I are only fairly attracted to each other. Where we really become one and where we really get our scene together is in our worshipful fetish for rubber. By day, Donna's a beautiful woman. By night, Donna's everything to me: Latex Goddess and Latex Whore and all the stops pulled out in between!

DONNA: If any one thing has to be in any sex scene to make it truly complete for me, no matter how hot it was otherwise, it would be rubber or latex.

MIKE: Including latex hoods, restraints, and clothes. Including rubber gloves and gas masks and enema bags. Including rubber bedsheets and hard rubber mouth-gags and rubber jockstraps. Including rubber cat-'o-nine tails. We're going camping in the woods in the not too far distant future—just as soon as our heavy rubber sleeping bag tailored for two arrives from our latex dealer in London. Can you imagine what we're going to feel like? Both of us dressed in rubber and zipped up inside that latex sleeping bag. By the time we come out of that little scene, we're going to know each other's fucking souls, man!

DONNA: Rubber and latex are true fetish worship for me.

MIKE: There is no one thing that turns me on so much as to be

wrapped up securely in rubber.

EXPOSE: You're into bondage then.

MIKE: Sort of. When Donna wants it. But it's more than a cheap thrill. I'm more into my body for the tight feel and use of it. In high school I played a little ball. Football. I liked layering on all those pads and jockstraps and heavy canvas pants. I liked the helmet's tight fit on my head. The way the sweat would start building up and I couldn't get my hands on my dick watching those fucking little high school cheerleaders in those tiny pleated skirts and white socks jiggling their ripe little tits up and down. They made my temperature rise and my dick hard. I used to come in my pants just sitting on the bench. I guess I got used to getting turned on by women at an early age while I was all suited up and sweaty. Layers of latex, and love in latex, seems real natural to me.

DONNA: I need latex. Well, not need it. I prefer it in a scene.

EXPOSE: Why? A beautiful woman like you? Your face? Your body? Why do you need anything else?

DONNA: Beauty is only skin deep. Nothing is worse than a woman who holds back because she thinks she's God's gift to men, and she doesn't have to do anything but look chic. I know a lot of those models that you see in the high-fashion magazines. Some of them are cold as ice. They're the cunts. The real cunts. Most of the rest of

*"I'll wrap you up
tight in
layers of rubber
till you
beg me to sit on
your face."*

them are nice enough. The best of them—and I confess to be prejudiced—are into some pretty kinky stuff, and it's beginning to show through in some of that fashion photography. The point is that my looks may get a man's attention; but my trips hold a man's interest!

EXPOSE: May we quote you on that!

DONNA: You may double quote me.

EXPOSE: You have a way with words.

MIKE: Donna has a way with men.

DONNA: I especially like to take on young guys, you know, or even guys a little bit older, without much experience. They've fucked around with a few of their girlfriends, but don't know really too much except the old in-and-out wham bam routine. They sometimes think they're real studs; but most of them know deep down—just the way Mike did—that the only way they can develop their full male sensuality is with a lady who knows how to play full-tilt boogie with her own sexuality. After the sensuality, comes the hardfuck sexuality.

MIKE: Donna's "take" on sensuality and sexuality works real fine.

DONNA: With most guys the element of surprise is the best aphrodisiac.

EXPOSE: In what way?

DONNA: A click. Something

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clicks in their heads. I can see it in a man's eyes when he clicks over the brink into something totally new. Some guys get a little bit scared, even a little bit freaked, but never anything that kills their hardon. I dig the look in a man's face, when he's kneeling in front of me and I start to powder up the inside of a pair of latex shorts. I like to suit my men up in latex to keep their hands off their dicks. I mean directly off their dicks; I don't mind them jacking themselves through the rubber. I already told you I insist on this kind of worship from men.

EXPOSE: Men need to worship?

MIKE: On both knees, on all fours. With tongues and eyes. Feasting on the look of a lady in latex. Sucking Donna's rubber-gloved fingers. Tonguing Donna's rubber-covered feet. Searching with our tongues and hands under her rubber skirt to find her sweet smelling fur patch. Oh, yeah, men need to worship. Any man that doesn't acknowledge the manly act of worshipping the female body doesn't have his balls on straight.

DONNA: I like to watch the *click* happen when I personally, slowly, purposefully take forever to pull the latex shorts up a man's naked legs, tucking his cock inside the dark, black heat of the latex. After I begin suiting him up slowly, like some rubber athlete being uniformed for an exotic Olympic event, I start to strip off my own street clothes. I must confess that I start to breath heavy, playing with my latex, while I lay it all out on the bed, powder it, and start to pull it on my body. Men get real blown away when I start the opposite of a slow strip. They really start to check out a whole new attitude staring at my complete—note COMPLETE—rubber outfit. Instead of being some cheap stripper, I'm a dresser. Every true fetishist is more into putting it on rather than taking it off.

MIKE: Guys start coming in their pants when Donna slowly pulls on her latex like a second skin on top of her own skin. She looks so beautiful. She looks so . . . so . . . well, in the best sense,

wicked, evil, MAGNIFICENT!

DONNA: Down, fella. If I need public relations work . . . Hal!

MIKE: Donna's hair tucked in under that rubber hood! Her big boobs hanging so hot and full out of that unzipped latex suit! Her face framed in rubber! Her hands gloved in sheerest latex! Her feet in strong rubber! Her cunt peeking out, giving off whiffs of deep perspiration! It's like it's even more of a turnon to see her good looks sort of hidden from direct view at the same time the rubber conforms perfectly to the warm, full outline of her body. Donna is hot as shit!

EXPOSE: You obviously like the lady.

MIKE: Like her? I'm in lust with her!

EXPOSE: You're not in love?

MIKE: Not with her. Not with anybody. I love only latex. I like Donna because she loves latex.

EXPOSE: You don't seem like a

*"Ain't no man
. . . gonna
keep his hands
and mouth
off those rubber
hammocks
full of sex-hot
mama!"*

creepy pair of freaks who've found each other.

DONNA: Freaks are as freaks do. We're not freaks. But I hear what you're asking. We're fetish lovers. If we clue you into anything here tonight, it's what the nature of natural fetish love-making is all about.

MIKE: Donna and I both agree, right, Donna? We, as fetish lovers, don't find anything strange that consenting adults do behind closed doors.

EXPOSE: Of course, I don't either. I meant no putdown of your sex trip. We all do any number of off-the-wall gymnastics in private.

MIKE: Sex is the most fun I've ever had.

DONNA: Sex is a highwire act, swinging from the trapeze, without a net.

EXPOSE: What about sex and love in your relationship?

DONNA: Sex is one thing. Love is another. Mike and I make sex together. I've tried to figure it every which way, including loose, to see if it's okay that we have agreed to use each other for pleasure. As long as we understand the ground rules, everything's cool. You only get into problems when one person is doing it for fun and the other is doing it for love. That's when you can start some country-western singing of one of those "Somebody Done Somebody Wrong" songs.

MIKE: I prefer to sing, "If This Is Using Me, You Can Use Me Till You Use Me UP!"

EXPOSE: Meanwhile, back on the Rubber Ranch, what do you think about when Donna is in full rubber-latex sitting on your face?

MIKE: Hot latex pussy. Wet lips in all that sweat-beaded crotch hair. Making her clit feel real good. Eating her out. Eating pussy. Thinking about what I must look like with her sitting on my face precisely because she wants to. Getting the juicy taste of her into my mouth, on my moustache, so I can taste her cunt for days.

EXPOSE: Is that why mustaches are so popular these days?

DONNA: I never yet met a man who wasn't a better pussy eater for having a moustache. Show me a man with a moustache and I'll lay you ten-to-one that he's really into heavy oral sex—even though sometimes he might not know it. Any guy with a moustache ought to do a serious inventory of his head. He'll find he digs eating out a fine lady fore and aft.

MIKE: I like to walk down the street, tool around in my car, and talk to the people at work—especially the foxy chicks—you know, real face-to-face stuff. I get off on the fact that they don't even know, standing so close to me, just chattering away, that my mouth and my nose and chin and cheeks, and especially my cunt-licking moustache, have been slick-wet with pussy juice. In fact, sometimes I like to breathe in Donna's smell while I come on to some puritanical little blonde prick-tease who'd shit if she knew where my mouth had been.

DONNA: Mike has the best tongue

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in the west. He's an oral sex specialist. One of the best. My own sex life would be a whole lot better if more men ate with their mouths instead of talking!

EXPOSE: Do you ever have threeways?

DONNA: And fourways. We're very open to experimentation; but it's hard to get a real "pig pile" going in latex.

EXPOSE: Pig pile?

DONNA: Yeah. A whole orgy. A big group of people doing a scene together. Latex, as I told you, is a trip for a rather elite sex group. I mean, I never expect to have a pig pile in latex with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

EXPOSE: Mike, what does a tit like Donna's feel like to you in latex? Can you give us your "take" on something as sweet to look at as that?

MIKE: For fuckin' sure! Donna's got skin like a warm peach. Beautiful, full, ripe, soft and yet firm. She's got Big Mama tits. Her nipples are real responsive. All I have to do is look at them and they start to perk up real hard. There's nothing like the feel of hard nipples on big warm firm tits trussed up in latex.

EXPOSE: So you like them covered in rubber and exposed through rubber better than just your normal naked flash of tits?

MIKE: Sometimes what you can't see, and what you can't touch directly is more of a turnon. Fantasy feeds reality.

EXPOSE: Sounds masochistic.

DONNA: Or at least Catholic. Most of the fetishists I know were raised as Catholics. Nothing against the Church. Just the truth of my experience with kinky types.

MIKE: And if not Catholic, then with some heavy religious background. Religion's real good for training your head to get into stuff. I was a Catholic once upon a time, before the Church left me. Jeez. All that incense and singing in Latin and running around in ritual mass clothes. I even spent time—did time, you might say—in the good old Roman Catholic seminary.

EXPOSE: You were going to be a priest?

MIKE: In a sense I still am. Now I worship Donna's big tits and juicy twat. That's all the communion I'm interested in. That's all there is, man. *Et cum spiritu tuo!* With lots of *cum*. I got it all together and got out the day they asked me to take a vow of celibacy. You know, you take your dick and promise never to use it. Not even in your own hand. Catholicism teaches psychic bondage if nothing else. I used to hide out in the garage where the rector's Cadillac was parked and work my dick over reading fuck books that I sneaked in when I came back from holidays at home.

DONNA: I tell Mike it was all that jerking off next to the tires and inner tubes that made him crazy for latex. I've seen mechanics in these tire-changing garages walking around all their shift, smelling of rubber and sneaking glances at centerfolds they've got

hanging up all over the place. Lots of guys are into rubber sex. It's just that it's sort of in the back of their minds and they don't know how natural it could come to them if they had a chance to play it out with some freedom from their real-life ladies.

MIKE: Whatever. I just like Donna's tits wrapped up in the gentle bondage of latex. Look at those pretty boobs, man. Ain't no man in his right mind gonna keep his hands and mouth off those rubber hammocks full of sex-hot mama!

DONNA: I confess without repenting: my own tits turn me on.

MIKE: Fuck! Her tits turn everybody on. We had this threeway, see, with this other chick named Robinette. Good old Robinette! She didn't know whether to shit or go blind when Donna came out wearing her rubber bra.

EXPOSE: Rubber bra?

MIKE: Bra. Yeah. BRA! You like saying that word too? BRA! I like to say it right up against her tits. Bra brrrraaaaaaaaahhhhhh! Latex braaaaahh! Makes me crazy. Sometimes I put my dick up between Donna's latex bra, and then I plow into her chest for fucking hours, just staring down into her face, and watching her squirm, until I come, just feeling my hard dick pushing back and forth, fucking nice and slow and easy between her soft big tits, right under the slick, hot, wet latex of her rubber brraaaaaaahhh!

DONNA: Look, Mike. I think our reporter has a hardon!

EXPOSE: This magazine doesn't send fools out on hot assignments, lady.

DONNA: Well, you tell your readers that we may be a little offbeat, but I hope they can beat off to what some real people are doing.

EXPOSE: You sure as hell are real.

DONNA: You want to find out how real? Mike will be glad to split for awhile.

MIKE: For sure!

DONNA: Put down that note pad and turn off your tape cassette.

EXPOSE: What was it Zorba the Greek said? "There is one sin in life—when a woman invites you to her bed and you will not come." Oh, Donna! **X**