

HOOKER

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Ladies of the Night

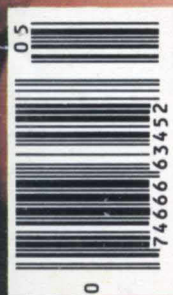
**GEORGINA
SPELVIN**

STILLS FROM HER
BLUE MOVIES &
X-RATED HITS!

**'SHAME OF THE
OLD WEST'**

**THE RETURN OF
WHORES WITH
HEARTS OF GOLD**

**CONFESSIONS OF
A LAS VEGAS
CALLGIRL!**



NIGHT DESK

Welcome to another sex-packed, star-studded and informative issue of HOOKER!

We tracked down elusive blue movie queen GEORGINA SPELVIN on location in San Francisco for her latest sex epic "Urban Cowgirls" and she told us the true story of her rise to fame, and her secret on how she has remained at the top of her profession. It's a frank interview, with pictures from some of her classic sexpix.

You'll also be treated to HOOKER'S specialty. Breathtaking beauties. Ladies of the night exposed in the light of day as only HOOKER can do. Like our city girl with a country urge, a Hollywood starlet with a casting couch of her own, and a beauty who just can't stay indoors—or in clothes!

Our interview with a Las Vegas call girl resulted in a real eye-opening piece that describes in lurid detail what goes on in the notorious 24-hour city.

In this issue, the lowdown on the way the Old West really was from the real-life Katie Elder in "Shame of the Old West." It's a wild and wacky tale from an old broad who was there and ought to know wherefrom she speaks!

As always, our regular features . . . "Dear Hooker" reveals the secret desires of a fellow hooked on mouths . . . still more outrageous entries as our first annual erotic photo contest comes down to the wire and the competition heats up . . . what's hot and what's not in adult erotica and the blue movie world, with uncensored stills . . . pictures of couples at their most intimate moments . . . humor, comment and so much more.

There's the latest too on a subject dear to our hearts. The return of whores with hearts of gold . . .

And if you think this is something, wait 'til you see what's up next issue!

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TWO FOR THE SHOW

On Stage & At Home

Up, Fuck, and Away! I'm Viva: the All-World Girl! I tug on Superman's cape. I spit in the wind. I pull the mask on the old Lone Ranger. And I like to mess around with men, men, men!

Actually I'm not quite that zany, although some of the stuff I get hired to do you wouldn't believe. This interview is supposed to be the naked truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about what girls like me do in Las Vegas, so why should I blush and be shy just because a couple million red-blooded guys are reading what I have to lay on them? I blushed only once. That was the first time I ever did it. Once I did it I never blushed again. Cripes, a gal can't blush if she's going to live life in the fast lane.

So hang on to your dicks, fellas! Viva's back in Vegas!

And I'm back in style. Notice this swank penthouse suite. Swell, huh? Perfect for entertaining ballbearing hunters and high-rollers. The way to a man's dick is easy when his cash is burning a hole in his pocket. Get the picture? I'm the first to admit I'm a World Class Hooker. The only point of discussion is what I'll do for how much. And I'll do almost anything as long as the price is right!

Don't get me wrong. I'm no *femme du pave*. I'm no lady of the pavement. Nobody's ever going to roast me with a theme song like "Knowing I'm on the Street Where You Walk." I'm almost a sex-therapist. I only take in-calls. I help guys let off steam. When they're losing. When they're winning. Horniness is in direct proportion to their tension. Guys who gamble have lots of tension. Either they're losing and they're mad, or they're winning and they're happy and they want more. That's where I come in. My phone hardly ever stops ringing. When I'm in Vegas. Shoot! That's why I have an answering service. To kind of

run interference for me.

I'm only human. Even the Vegas showgirls only do a couple performances a night. Some guys expect me to be always available. Let me tell you that my availability depends on all sorts of things. Personally, I'm always hot to trot. I'm not like your street hookers who are mostly frigid. I like sex. Like it? I love it! Men are the only thing I know that can burn me down. Right to my very soul. You know: some of these ranchers, business guys, pro jocks, and just some real ordinary joes. Sometimes I like the kind of unassuming guy who's out in Vegas, and away from his girlfriend or his wife for a couple of days. These guys need stroking like their women back home never bother to give them. That's one of my talents, I guess: knowing how to turn a guy from the Midwest or the South every which way including loose. Guys who live with women need more of a release when they're on vacation than guys who are swinging singles.

So I admit to liking sex. That doesn't make me a bad person. A minister I balled told me that for sure. He said that Heaven loves a woman who dedicates her life to pleasuring men. I like that idea. But I don't want anybody to get the idea I'm some sort of Mary Poppins in goody twoshoes. Because when good old Viva's in Vegas I can assure you that all hell's a'poppin'.

That reminds me. The way the world is now means that there's a lot more Asians coming to spend their cash in Nevada. Now I'm not one to judge any male by anything but the color of his greenstuff, but one thing I learned in Tokyo serves me very well here in Vegas. And that is this. Japanese businessmen will pay a lot just to go to lunch with a voluptuous Western woman. Yeah. Six hundred bucks. For lunch. No sex. Just lunch. They

have this thing about being seen with an American woman who will sit quietly next to them during a business lunch.

A girl doesn't have to do anything except let the guy rest his hand on her knee. That implies all kind of status. For an Asian guy to have a Western woman at his side is killer in the Japanese business world. I spent six weeks in Tokyo and made over seven thousand bucks. Just eating lunch. For sex a girl gets paid a lot more. And when I'm balling Asian men, I can be a lot more available. I mean that Asian's don't wear a girl out. They don't make a girl sore. They're not like balling these rough-and-tumble American construction workers who can rub a girl raw with their big nine-inchers! Okay. What business doesn't have its built-in liabilities?

Vegas is wonderful. I hardly ever see it by daylight. Vegas is a night trip. Noise. Neon. Traffic. Furs. Casinos. Cash. Cars. Cunt. Class. You name it. Vegas has it. Rich bitches sashaying their butts around. Gold chains hanging down between big tits. Purses full of Kruggerrands. Tits and ass. For days. Tits and ass. If a guy wants tits and ass, Vegas is the T&A Capital of the World. There's probably more pussy available here than anywhere this side of Washington D.C. But Vegas pussy is high-toned twat with a splash of jewels, furs, feathers, and perfume. In the States, money is the way men keep score of how well they're doing. In Vegas, men keep score by how expensive are the women in the company they keep. Sooner or later, the best of the international set of World Class Hookers all show up in Vegas: eyes sparkling, teeth flashing, tits jiggling, ass bumping, and pussy dripping.

Only a Bozo would hire a Bimbo in Vegas. You don't know from Bozos and Bimbos? Let me

tell you a thing or two. Bozos are guys who are chumps. Two-bit types with fresh cash. More cash than they're used to having. They have big mouths and bigger ideas. They act like the louder they whoop it up, the richer they sound. They figure that their new big bankroll automatically turns them into something besides a Stud Mouse.

And a Bimbo. Well. That's a chick with big tits and a bumpy ass and a brain about the size of a beebee in a boxcar. Too much makeup. Too much perfume. Too much to take. For me, anyway. Strictly a no-class act. Bimbos are the kind of girls a man fucks until their teeth rattle. The kind of cunt that chews her Dentine while she's

"In Vegas, men keep score by how expensive are the women in the company they keep."

getting fucked, and sticks it on the headboard when a guy kneels across her tits and tries to stick his dick in her face for a good old blowjob.

Bimbos and Bozos deserve each other. Remember that the next time some dippy chick tries to cruise you for a pickup. Unless you're a Bozo yourself, you'll check her out to see if she's a Bimbo or not. How can you tell? The only answer is: class will tell. If it has to be explained to you, you're like the jerk who walked into the yacht showroom and asked "How much is it?" The salesman answered: "If you have to ask, you can't afford it!" Point and counterpoint. If you have to ask how to spot a Bimbo, you're a frigging Bozo. But rest easy. Chances are if you were a Bozo,

you wouldn't have gotten this far into this interview. Bozos never listen to a woman talk. That's why they can't tell a Bimbo from a real-woman All-World Hooker! The more liberated a man is in his social relations with women, the more sophisticated and hot are his sexual relations. I mean some sex scenes, after all, are so kinky and farout that you have to be pretty wise to each other's sensitivities to get down and really do it to it the way you best know how.

This one John, you know, *client*. Clients are called *Johns*. Yeah. See. We girls have names for the guys the same as the guys have names for us. A two-sided coin. You should hear some of the talk after midnight when the girls talk about the boys. We compare notes. So you'll be glad to know that the secrets I divulge here are based on actual true experiences of quite a few very fine ladies who know how to hook a sheep better than little Bo Peep. Anyway, this one John said to me: 'You're a runner, a gunner, a four-alarm stunner!' I said to him: 'You betcherass, buster.' He said: 'I came to Vegas to bet, gamble, whore around, and take my chances.' I said: 'You came to the right place.'

Las Vegas is the place where when you go there, everybody let's it all hang out. All these Midwestern types coming out to spend their hard-earned cash on girlie shows. They spend money like water: gambling, drinking, paying hard ticket prices for the shows just for the privilege of being fucking S-H-O-C-K-E-D! I guess it makes them feel better when they get back to Kalamazoo to be able to say to their friends: 'Omigod. Vegas is so full of sin, and sin is so expensive.' Take it from a girl who's had sweet nothings whispered in her ears by men from all over the US of A. I'm just part

of their whole religious outrage trip. Do I make myself clear? The Moral Majority needs women like me in places like Vegas in order to make them feel good about themselves. Funny, isn't it? They don't feel good about themselves before they come out here and do it. They feel good about themselves after, repeat AFTER, they get their nut off, and then, satisfied, go back to Peoria to repent.

If any of those do-gooders don't like my blowing the whistle on them, after I've blown their dicks on them, well, fuck 'em, if they can't take a joke! I guess with the New Ronnie Raygun Administration, we're all supposed to be like the First Lady.

"When a guy's pussy-hungry . . . sometimes a girl who looks like Godzilla starts to look like a Goddess."

You know: live in a white house with security, fuck in the missionary position, and sleep with a small gun under the pillow. I got a News Flash for all the Nancy-Rosalyn-Jackie First Ladies: The only first ladies in America are the working-class Hookers.

There's two cities in this country that everybody has a sex-opinion about. Vegas and Frisco. Gomorrah and Sodom. I mean just turn on the TV and what do you get? Electronic Churches telling you how you ought to live your life. Personally, I think every manjack in the US ought to wake up and smell the coffee. First these kinky church dudes are going to go after us hookers, and if the men of America don't stand up for

us, then they're going to find that the Moral Majority is going to go after the Johns next. So if you guys out there are listening, and not just beating your pud looking at the pix in this rag, think about this. You will be targeted to be next on their holier-than-thou hit-list.

Being a hooker is a relative thing. A girl can't be a hooker without a John. A man can't be a John without a hooker. We need each other, not just sexually, but in these hard, righteous times, we need each other politically. You may think it strange for a hooker to have strong opinions about stuff and things, but I believe strongly in the private rights of consenting adults to engage in victimless sexual encounters. I think that the only immorality is hurting someone else, or yourself. And I also think that it is wrong to try to get the government to legislate personal morality and behavior. For example, it's just as much a subtraction of individual rights to legislate that people can't drink, like in the days of Prohibition, as it is to be against abortion. I'm personally against abortion, just like I'm personally against motorcycle helmet laws, but I just think that for those who aren't personally against stuff like that, they should have the freedom and the right to choose whether they're going to carry a pregnancy or wear a fucking helmet.

I suppose I shouldn't say stuff like that, but like Margo Saint James, who is the founder of COYOTE, the association that defends the rights of hookers, I just want to get my two-cents worth in! Just because hookers are fuckable doesn't mean that we don't have brains in our heads. Johns sometimes, you know, want us to play dumb. Do I look dumb to you? Does this penthouse look dumb? Do you think that a lady who comes into intimate contact nightly with a

broad cross-section of American men who always want to talk about their marriages, their business, their problems, is going to be dumb for long? Shit. I could write a fucking dissertation on the State of American Men Today.

Dudes come to Vegas. They're dissatisfied with their old ladies, their jobs, their sex lives. I help them experiment. Do you know how many marriages and careers are saved by hookers who listen to these guys and help them figure out that while a roll in the Vegas hay is terrific, maybe what they got going for them back in Keokuk, fuck, is far and away better in the long run, and they just better hotfoot it back to the little woman as fast as they can. Do you know how many? Plenty.

Excuuuuuuuse me! Viva will now climb down off her soap box as fast as Marilyn Chambers climbed off the Ivory Soap label.

What your hot-dicked readers want I'm sure is a little inside dope on how a girl sets herself up in Vegas. As I said, I'm no *femme du pave*. Concrete ain't my beat. To get a job hooking, a girl has to get to know another girl. Once they establish a rapport, the Vegas hooker will decide whether or not the new Miss Meat will work out in a highbutton town like this.

The way it is, is this: I'll say to a new recruit, once I've gotten to know her, "Go to the house phone and call the bell captain. Tell him what phone you're calling from. Say you'll stay there about ten minutes or so." Meanwhile, he can cruise by and check her out visually to see if he's interested in representing her. If he is, he invites her around for an interview.

In Vegas, the bell captains are pretty much on top of everything. They keep records on what the girls will or won't do sexually, on how well-endowed

they are. Johns come in with all kinds of preferences. Some want legs. Some, tits. Big boobs. Big, big boobs. Some want ass. Some want to fuck. Some to eat. The combinations of hooker and John make Olympic gymnastics simple. Anyway, the bell captain is the best protection a girl can have. If he thinks something is up, he knows what room is being used, and he comes and damn well checks on what's going down. Which is fine with me. I like to know I can let go and really party without having to worry about some crazy John turning into Jack the Ripper.

Bell captains are different from pimps. Pimps own their whores. Pimps keep all the money. The bell captains simply get a cut of what a hooker can command in price. That makes for a basically good relationship. Nobody's out to screw over anybody else. Not that fuckups don't happen. But you can see that no John is going to take advantage of a situation when he knows that a bell captain has the rights to the keys to the room and will fucking use them at the first instinct gut-level feeling that something's not kosher.

Prices for ladies in Vegas vary. So do the perks. You know: perks are those little extras that the casinos sometimes throw in to help a lady make her conducting of business a little more comfortable. Sometimes it's carefully diluted drinks. When a John is drinking doubles and is ordering for his Good-Luck Hooker, the help knows enough to serve me Seven-Up and Coke mixed together to look like a hard drink.

Also, if a John is coming on strong, I get him to give me enough chips to play along with him. I use only about twenty percent of the chips. I drop the other eighty into my purse and cash them in later. Sort of like

built-in tipping before the fact.

I only charge four hundred for an hour session. But I'm not a clock-watcher. Anyway, these guys are usually so horny they shoot it off before we ever get down to something serious. That reminds me of one hilarious trip that I know is going on here in Vegas. There's a transsexual drag queen from Frisco who has been working Vegas for the last five years, earning enough money to complete all the operations necessary to transfer *him* into a *her*. I mean, this person has gorgeous blonde hair, an incredibly beautiful face. Really good bone structure. Tits for days. Created out of hormone shots. Slender and petite and feminine. O my. But down in those little nylon and lace panties hangs a big dick that's not long for this world. As soon as little old Suzie Q can get the bucks together, it's off to Johns Hopkins for the last of the operations that will slice off his/her big uncut prick and build the new her a functional, fuckable pussy. How's that grab you when a well-hung guy volunteers to cut it off to become a woman? Takes all kinds.

Anyway, this transsexual, or partway transsexual, has been turning tricks in Vegas, because he/she says, balling guys who are hot, horny and loaded is an easy boogie. He/she has her sex foreplay down so well, with all that blonde hair and big tits, that she always gets her Johns off before they ever get down to the business of actual fucking. They really like her. They tell her she's the hottest woman they've ever been with, and here, when they go back to the factory and tell about this red-hot mama they made it with, the Great Big Joke is on them, because they have no idea that they have not in fact made it with a woman, but have gotten their rocks off by fucking around with a semi-transsexual who at this point of

surgery is nothing more than a jazzy drag queen.

Men. I tell you. Any woman who deals with them knows you guys are really easy to fool. That's not meant to be a put-down. It's just the truth. When a guy's pussy-hungry and on the prowl, and when he's been gambling for three days straight sometimes a girl who looks like Godzilla starts to look like a Goddess.

For an all-night tour of duty, I ask for and get in the neighborhood of two grand. You laugh. How dare you, you sunuvabitch. Shit. Yeah. Okay. I know you're kidding. Two thousand is a lot of smackers. But cheap goods have little value. Guys enjoy sex the more they have to pay for it. That's a Las Vegas axiom, because in Vegas money is the way of keeping score on everything. I mean a John earns brownie points with his buddies if he can brag the next morning that he fucked all night long with a two-thousand-buck hooker. And if the guy is not too snookered, and if he's kind of the type I'd like to fuck with anyway, believe me, he gets his fucking money's worth from me.

Also, while I have some affiliation with certain bell captains around town, I also have my place here. So if I meet a John I really dig, I can bring him back here and give him a better financial deal, because we don't have to cut in the bell captain, and I can still make my bucks. I can get away with it because of who I am and, especially, who I know. Other girls aren't so lucky. There's been more than one pretty face around town scarred up for not playing it straight. Serves the little uppity bitches right too, if you ask me. Business is business.

Any of you guys out there figuring you have a fantasy about balling some Vegas showgirl, you can stuff it back in your pants. Mainly like while these

performing chicks are sometimes available to really high rollers, you don't even need to bother to ask to rent a minute of their time unless you have a Lear jet and a lifestyle that won't quit. Your best bet is to plunk down your bucks for the shows and diddle yourself through your pockets. The showgirls just ain't hookers. Believe me, that life is hard. Too hard. I performed here for a couple seasons when I first started out. I soon found out that performing as a hooker was a lot easier than being on constant call for shows where gayboy dancers try running their hands up your crotch just to piss you off.

But thank God for crotch-watchers. If cowboys didn't like to come in from the tables every once and a while for a little R&R while watching some long-legged pussy bumping and grinding its hot, horny way on top of a runway bar, where would us hookers be? Our relationship with the showgirls is one of tease-and-please. The showgirls tease you guys till you're crazy. And they don't put out. They leave a guy with blue balls when they sashay their feathered butts offstage. So after their warmup tease, guess who's waiting in the lobby to please? You got it. In a sense, the showgirls provide all the fantasy and foreplay. By the time a guy gets to a hooker, he's ready to shoot. And when a guy has blue balls, price is no object. Right? Just like a hard cock has no conscience. So a stiff prick knows no budget.

I can never figure out why sometimes guys have a hard time paying for sex. I figure a guy can go into a bar and order a drink that's exactly what he wants. He can put a coin in the jukebox and play exactly the selection he wants. He can rent exactly the kind of car he wants. He can stay at the hotel he

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wants. He can play at whatever kind of gambling he wants. So what's the hangup about cutting through all the bullshit, and levelling with a hooker and telling her exactly what he wants. She's not going to put him down. All she's going to say is the same thing as a bartender, car rental agent, or croupier is going to say: You got the money, honey, I got the drink, the car, the game, or the tits and ass.

Never let any politically correct little feminist bitch tell you that hooking degrades women. Do I look degraded? I got a good life. I got sex. I got interesting connections. I got real estate. I got an end-date for how long I'm going to milk this whole love-for-sale thing. I ain't going to do it forever. I won't need to. My investments are already paying me nicely, and I've got better securities going for me as a result of my body than any little shopgirl protecting her so-called purity could ever hope to have.

There's nothing degrading about trading money for sex. If the man is willing to pay, and if no victimization is involved, then both parties know the rules. If this is using me, as the song says, then you can use me till you use me up. As long as you know my meter's running, and you can afford the fare. But I'm not going to fight that fight. You guys know: hookers and Johns are a combination as old as Eve chomping down on Adam's apple. That wasn't Original Sin. That was Original Hickey. Actually, the only time I feel sort of sorry for a guy is when I find out he's shorting the wife and kiddies by dropping too much cash on hookers. Some guys have the same jones for us ladies that they do for booze or gambling. Those addictions are

something other than the kind of upfront, affordable, adult-to-adult kind of games I'm talking about when I talk about the way I live my professional life.

Obviously, I'm into being a hooker. I really dig it. I figure I've made it with about 4,000 men. All types. Guys don't seem to mind. In fact, they kind of like the benefit of all my experience. So much so that sometimes some of these sex-cowboys start fantasizing about how nice it would be to marry me and take me away from all this. "All what?" I say. Hell. I love sexual variety. It's the spice of my life. It lights up my life. Do I look like Debbie Boone? I mean some of these fellas want me to drop everything and pin on an apron and come back and cook and clean for them while they work—just so they can figure on having a hot fuck whenever they want it. Let me tell you all, you big-dicked handsome studs, that whether you're big and hot or just plain ordinary garden-variety sex, this girl ain't never going to settle down with just one pair of balls and one schlong. Hookers were never meant to be wives. And certainly I'd never be any man's mistress. At least not on an exclusive basis. Regular. With other guys thrown in on the side. Sure. But never exclusive. Shift. I ain't no nun.

What can I tell you about the Vegas scene that won't be like everything else you already know, or that anybody else could find out on their own if they had the right "in" to some of the more private action that goes on off the main Strip? What I can tell you is about this private little club-theater.

Yeah. For sure. The PS Club. The Pussy Snatch Club. You're not going to find it in the Yellow Pages. But if a guy has the gonads to pursue his hard dick around Vegas, and if he has the cleverness to ask the right

people at the right time, he'll get a little card with a handwritten address that when he flashes it at the door, will get him inside a playpen of earthly delights that Downtown Upfront Vegas refuses to admit exists. Very few tourist-types ever get there; it's mainly for the natives. You know: the guys who work here. I mean what's a showgirl or a hooker to a guy sweating away in the casinos? Just old meat they're bored with watching.

When a Vegas man wants some fast, heavy, intense action, the Pussy Snatch is the only game in town. Figure it. If Vegas is intense for the visitor, think how intense it is to live here. The guys working here are as hard and professional as the women. Vegas is life in the fast lane. When a man is intense all day or all night, in all this fluorescence and neon, you can bet he's a hardballer with a little bit of hungry kink on the side. And the place he can get it is the Pussy Snatch Club. Strictly a *hands-on* sex palace!

Let's have a round of applause for Lust!

One of my best lady friends—yeah, sure, she's that close of a ladyfriend. We're bosom buddies. If you catch my drift. Her name is Liz and she's worked performing at the Pussy Snatch for about five, six months. She says it's the easiest money she's ever made. The Pussy Snatch pays her some rockbottom wage, but what she doesn't earn on her paycheck is incentive for her to pick up in tips.

The way the Pussy Snatch operates is a lot like Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried Chicken. A man goes inside and there, live on stage, is the best Box Lunch in the world. It's a little private theater. The girls bump and grind it out on stage, stripping down slowly, showing a little shoulder, a length of smooth arm, the top of one big

boob, the brown aureole crown of a nipple that just peeks out over the top of a dropping silk bra, then a pair of outrageously big knockers that bounce and swing any which way they can, then running a long-fingered hand down inside their panties they start some clit-flicking that turns the panties dark-wet with cuntjuice, then off come the panties, and a lot of lip-smacking play starts, with one girl shoving a big black dildo prick up inside another girl moaning in ecstasy, while the audience looks on.

Nothing at the Pussy Snatch is simulated. It's all real action.

The girls perform singly and in pairs. On stage. The whole point is to prickease the audience to coming up with cool green bills wrapped through their fingers. A man with folding money can have a taste of just about anything he wants at the Pussy Snatch. Liz, the night I saw her last, masturbated herself sitting on a chair, just like Liza Minnelli in "Cabaret," and when she was oozing and wet, she bumped her way to the lip of the stage, dropped her long gorgeous legs over the edge and spread her thighs. Shit. A line of men formed like they were lapping up the fountain of youth. I don't know how many licks she gives for how many bucks. I guess it depends on her mood and how hot the guy tonguing her is. But she came, and she came, and she came, until she finally came away with a fistful of dollars that would make Clint Eastwood look like a piker.

It was hot, watching those guys, one after another, get up out of their seats in the audience and go up and kneel between Liz's thighs, burying their faces in her wet snatch. Knowing her as well as I do, I could tell when a guy was really good at eating her out. Some guys just aren't afraid to stick their big

strong tongues straight on into a warm pussy. One guy swung on her clit with his teeth and nearly drove her up the wall.

That's when she called in reinforcements. Three more girls came out from backstage and started to work their way through the audience. Naked. They were all naked. Except for their high heels. O yeah. And one was in thigh-high boots. Beautiful bodies. Curvaceous. They slowly walked through the crowd of men sitting and holding the bucks in their hands. They'd walk up to a guy and push their pussy into his nose-range and sight-line, and you could just see those dudes los-

"... the guy's face lit up like he was about to have a close encounter of the pussy kind."

ing it. They'd cough up the bills and then muff-dive right on in while the girls played with their own nipples. The rule of the house is that a guy can stay down as long as he doesn't have to come up for air. Once he pulls back to gulp some oxygen, his time is up—sort of like watching loops in a booth at the back of a bookstore where the quarters can't keep the machines going long enough.

Even with the "Night Train" music playing over the sound system, all you could really hear was the sound of pussy-eating. And is that place straight! No faggots allowed. That makes straight guys feel more comfortable doing sex with women while they can be seen, because being seen by another

straight guy is a lot different from being watched by a faggot.

There wasn't a man's mouth in the place that didn't taste like pussy after the first half-hour. It must have been Stiff Prick City on every man worth his salt in that joint!

Then Liz climbed back on the stage and asked for a little audience participation. Right up there in the rose-colored spotlight. What she had in mind was some good old-fashioned fucking with the woman on top.

Two or three guys raised their hands to volunteer their stud services. Liz played it like she was some fucking virgin on "The Dating Game," groping the guys' crotches, oohing and aahing, saying, "O that's too big," and, "O that's way too big"; you know, making these horny guys feel real good, until finally she said, like Goldilocks, "O this one's just about right!"

When she whispered loud enough for everyone to hear, "Come on and fuck me, Daddy," the guy's face lit up like he was about to have a close encounter of the pussy kind. The other two guys got a big kiss and hauled their hot nuts back down to their seats where a couple other girls came over to feel them up and console them.

Liz's "Daddy" was one of those big fuckers who works as security. He towered over her, but she sure as shit knew how to make him forget the fuck that he was up on stage and being slowly stripped by a real luscious looker. I kind of got the feeling that the guy was a bit of an exhibitionist and didn't mind at all that everybody was watching as long as they didn't touch or get involved. Security-bodyguard types are like that. Believe me, I know.

Anyway, Liz stripped this guy out of his clothes. Just dropped them right there on stage. His dick was up and hard and big

and mean, and Liz played it for all it was worth. He stood there, like some giant athlete waiting to be serviced by a woman who had the guts to go for it. Obviously, this guy had played a lot of football back in high school. I like the type. Big. Beefy. Muscled. In shape. Hung. Arrogant. Knowing what he's got. Macho.

This sextrip was on Liz. And the guy was savvy enough to dig it. She laid him back on a fur-covered platform. The lights beamed down on top of the two of them. He put his big muscled arms behind his head. His dick stood straight up at full attention. Liz straddled his legs, towering over him, swaying to the music, fingering her clit, descending slowly toward his huge meat, teasing the head of his wet cock with the slick ooze of her cuntlips, slipping just the head of his dick inside her twat, then teasing, twisting her hips, making his tongue flick out of his mouth like a sex-crazed cobra, then pulling off, causing a thin gossamer thread of lube-juice to stretch like a cobweb in Indian summer from the head of his pussy-wet dick to the snapping lips of her twat.

The guy was breathing hard. Liz had him where she wanted him. What a show! This guy would have sucked her asshole he was so gone on the trip she was topping him with. He reached with one of his big meathooks of a hand and stroked his dick up, feeling the sticky wet of her cunt up and down his big shaft. The stage lights heated up to a deeper, wilder red. The music picked up in volume.

Liz was licking her lips and fingering her pussy, and eyeing the big dick that she was building up to a climax that would put new meaning into the phrase Squatter's Rights. With the expert moves of a gymnast, Liz bent her knees and folded

down, aiming her finger-spread lips straight on target, right at ground zero, swallowing up the big mushroom head of jock cock, and then feeling the long thick shaft of this man's man dick stuffing her so full that she started moaning, then screaming, in an ecstasy that I knew from fucking around with her myself was no stage acting.

This lady knew how to wrap her pussy around the real thing!

The guy, of course, went bananas. Thrashed his back up off the fur, like some big pro-wrestler bouncing off the canvas, as he pussy-pumped his load up into Liz's streamlined hips and big tits. Fred and Ginger never danced together vertically better than these two perfect strangers "danced" horizontally. The whole bit took no more than ten minutes. And none of it was out of the ordinary for the Pussy Snatch. The only reason I bothered to bring it up is that I figured you might like to know a little bit about the way Vegas is to the people who live here.

Funny. That sort of shocks people: that not everybody in town is a tourist. Lots of people live here all the time.

I guess I'm just one of them. I'll stay in Vegas as long as Vegas is good for me and I'm good for Vegas. After this town, who knows? I've got all that real estate. Maybe I just ought to retire and start paying handsome men to fuck with me. You know, like in "American Gigolo." Not a bad idea. I'd sort of get off on looking the way I look and fucking some guy who can't figure out why I'd ever want to pay for it when I don't need to.

I guess the old saying about the world's oldest profession holds true in Vegas as much as it does anywhere: "Old hookers never die. They just start buying it back!"

HUMOR

(continued from page 17)

you pay her handsomely, she will delight in beating you to a pulp, spanking you, stepping on your nuts, or forcing you to listen to Liberace records while you vacuum her carpets with your tongue.

Where are the bargains, you might ask at this point in our cost-conscious conversation. Are there any bargains in beaver? Not really. Another classic rule of sensuous capitalism comes into play here—you get what you pay for. If you pick up a frazzled, chain-smoking, alcoholic tramp in a low-life bar around the corner from a trailer park, you may get a half-hearted hump for the price of a six-pack or less. She will be worth precisely that much, as far as her erotic skills. If you pay five hundred bucks for a few hours with an aspiring "starlet" you met in a Beverly Hills singles lounge, you will, in all probability, have your scrotum drained in the most chic and daring way imaginable. The dish who performs these athletic and appetizing acts upon your private parts will be smooth, sexy, fashionable, charming, and will smell like a dewy garden. You have received exactly what you bought.

The rules of female free enterprise I've laid out here may seem to be rife with conflict, risky, and bewildering, and they *ought* to seem that way. Dealing with an attractive woman over the red-hot, leaking, tension-filled subject of sex should be that way. It always is. Dealing with prostitutes is not all that much different from any other phase in the ongoing battle of the sexes. The real difference is that with a whore, you go in with your eyes open—you always know the bottom line.