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TRIPLE X

70



FOR ADULTS ONLY



**Exclusive
interview
with pornstar**

**Claudia
Jamsson**

God's Will
the latest film
by Nic Cramer



Elsa

Jane Darling

Katy & Gilda Roberts

Tiffany Hopkins

Chloe Delaure & Yasmine



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RESPONSIBLE EDITOR

JILL STERN

ART&PRODUCTION DIRECTOR

NAN DUBOIS

ART ASSISTANT

X.ROSELL

PHOTOGRAPHY

Rob Russell, Marc Lelong
Pierre Woodman, Mandala Studio

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Tiffany Hopkins
Underwear party

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Claudia Jamsson

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God's Will The Sex Factor

Katie
Morgan

- Height 164 cm.
- Weight 43 Kg.
- Chest 88 cm.
- Waist 60 cm.
- Hips 89 cm.



Dominica

• Height	162 cm.
• Weight	50 Kg.
• Chest	86 cm.
• Waist	63 cm.
• Hips	90 cm.

Absolute power absolutely
corrupts and Will is having the
sex of his life to prove it.

God's Will

GOD'S WILL is a sexual parody, both in theme and style, about WILL, a smug, conservative and self-important TV-host, and his adventures while he fills in as God for one month during which he is constantly fucked by porn stars. Events are set in motion when God (KATIE MORGAN) and Devil (STEVEN ST. CROIX) try to settle a bet on whether this man (Will) can be corrupted, which turns out to be much easier than they thought as it becomes clear that the self righteous Will is a phony as he greedily jumps at the chance to increase his carnal pleasures and indulge in sexual debauchery.

GOD'S WILL (Gottes Wille) ist eine Sexparodie, sowohl was das Thema also auch den Stil betrifft. Sie handelt von WILL, einem blasierten, konservativen und eingebildeten TV-Moderator und seinen Abenteuern, die er erlebt, als er einen Monat lang Gott vertritt und in dieser Zeit ununterbrochen mit Pornodarstellerinnen vögelt. Die Ereignisse überschlagen sich, als Gott (KATIE MORGAN) und der Teufel (STEVEN ST. CROIX) darum wetten, ob dieser Mann (Will) korrumpiert werden kann, was sich dann als viel leichter herausstellt als man angenommen hatte, denn wie klar zu erkennen ist, handelt es sich bei dem selbstgerechten Will in Wirklichkeit um einen Schwindler, der keinen Moment zögert, schamlos die Chance zu nutzen, seiner Fleischeslust verstärkt zu frönen und sich vollkommen der Wollust hinzugeben.

GOD'S WILL est une comédie sexuelle, aussi bien quant à son sujet qu'à son style, autour de WILL, un suffisant, conservateur et fatué de sa personne présentateur de télévision et ses aventures, tandis qu'il essaye de remplacer Dieu pendant un

mois, au long duquel il ne cessera pas de baiser avec des actrices porno. Les événements se déclenchent lorsque Dieu (KATIE MORGAN) et le Diable (STEVEN ST. CROIX) font un pari pour savoir si l'homme (Will) peut se livrer à la corruption, ce qui devient bien plus simple que prévu, des que l'évidence montre que l'exigence de Will est, en réalité, un bluff, et qu'il n'hésite pas à tirer profit impudemment de son opportunité d'augmenter son plaisir charnel et se laisse emporter par la fièvre sexuelle.

GOD'S WILL (la voluntad de Dios) es una parodia sexual, tanto en su tema como en su estilo, sobre WILL, un estirado, conservador y creído presentador de televisión y sus aventuras mientras sustituye a Dios por un mes, durante el cual no dejará ni un instante de follar con actrices porno. Los acontecimientos se precipitan cuando Dios (KATIE MORGAN) y el Diablo (STEVEN ST. CROIX) hacen una apuesta sobre si el hombre (Will) puede ceder a la corrupción, lo que resulta ser mucho más fácil de lo imaginado, cuando queda en evidencia que el autoexigente Will es, en realidad, un farsante que no duda en aprovecharse desvergonzadamente de la posibilidad de incrementar su placer carnal y entregarse por completo a la lujuria.

GOD'S WILL (Volontà di Dio) è una parodia sessuale, tanto per tema quanto per stile, su WILL, un compiaciuto, ospite TV conservatore e tronfio, con le sue avventure nel ruolo di GOD per un mese mentre è costantemente scopato da star del porno. Il tutto inizia quando God (KATIE MORGAN), e Devil (STEVEN ST. CROIX) cercano di scommettere sul fatto che quest'uomo (Will) può essere corrotto, cosa che si scopre essere molto più facile di quanto si pensasse quando diventa più che chiaro che il bacchettone Will è un impostore, e si lancia con cupidigia sulla possibilità di aumentare i suoi piaceri carnali e di indulgere sulla débauche sessuale.



Venus

• Height	173 cm.
• Weight	54 Kg.
• Chest	90 cm.
• Waist	66 cm.
• Hips	86 cm.

Let God's Will be done.

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Imperialism wrapped
in sexual fantasies.





Mia Bangg

- Height 169 cm.
- Weight 48 Kg.
- Chest 89 cm.
- Waist 61 cm.
- Hips 89 cm.



Trina Michaels

- Height 170 cm.
- Weight 49 Kg.
- Chest 94 cm.
- Waist 63 cm.
- Hips 91 cm.

Jane Darling

PLEASURE FALLS

VITAL STATISTICS

HEIGHT: 170 CM.

WEIGHT: 51 KG.

CHEST: 94 CM.

WAIST: 62 CM.

HIPS: 90 CM.



PICTURES BY ROB RUSSEL





Jane Darling





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Jane Darling

PLEASURE FALLS





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Katy Caro & Gilda Roberts

Wet Bitches

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Wet Bitches



Katy Caro

- Height 168 cm.
- Weight 54 Kg.
- Chest 80 cm.
- Waist 66 cm.
- Hips 91 cm.



Gilda Roberts

- Height 184 cm.
- Weight 52 Kg.
- Chest 86 cm.
- Waist 62 cm.
- Hips 88 cm.





Katy Caro &
Gilda Roberts



Wet
Bitches



Wet Bitches

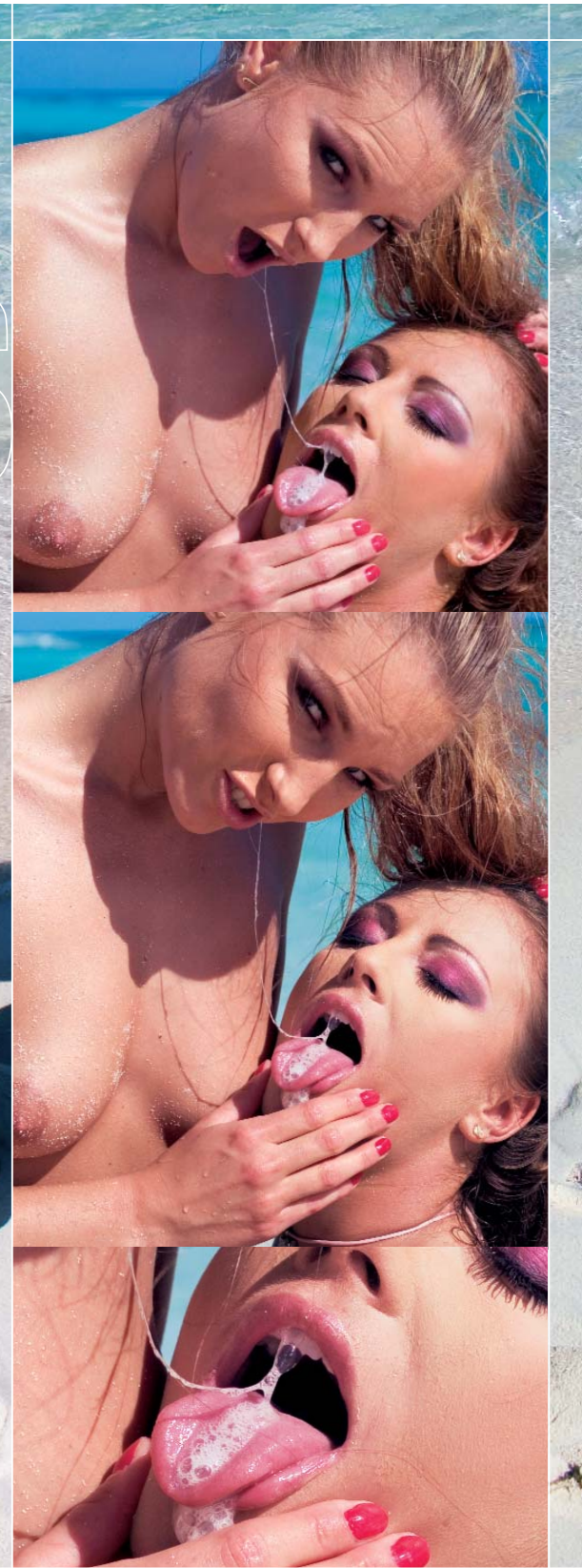
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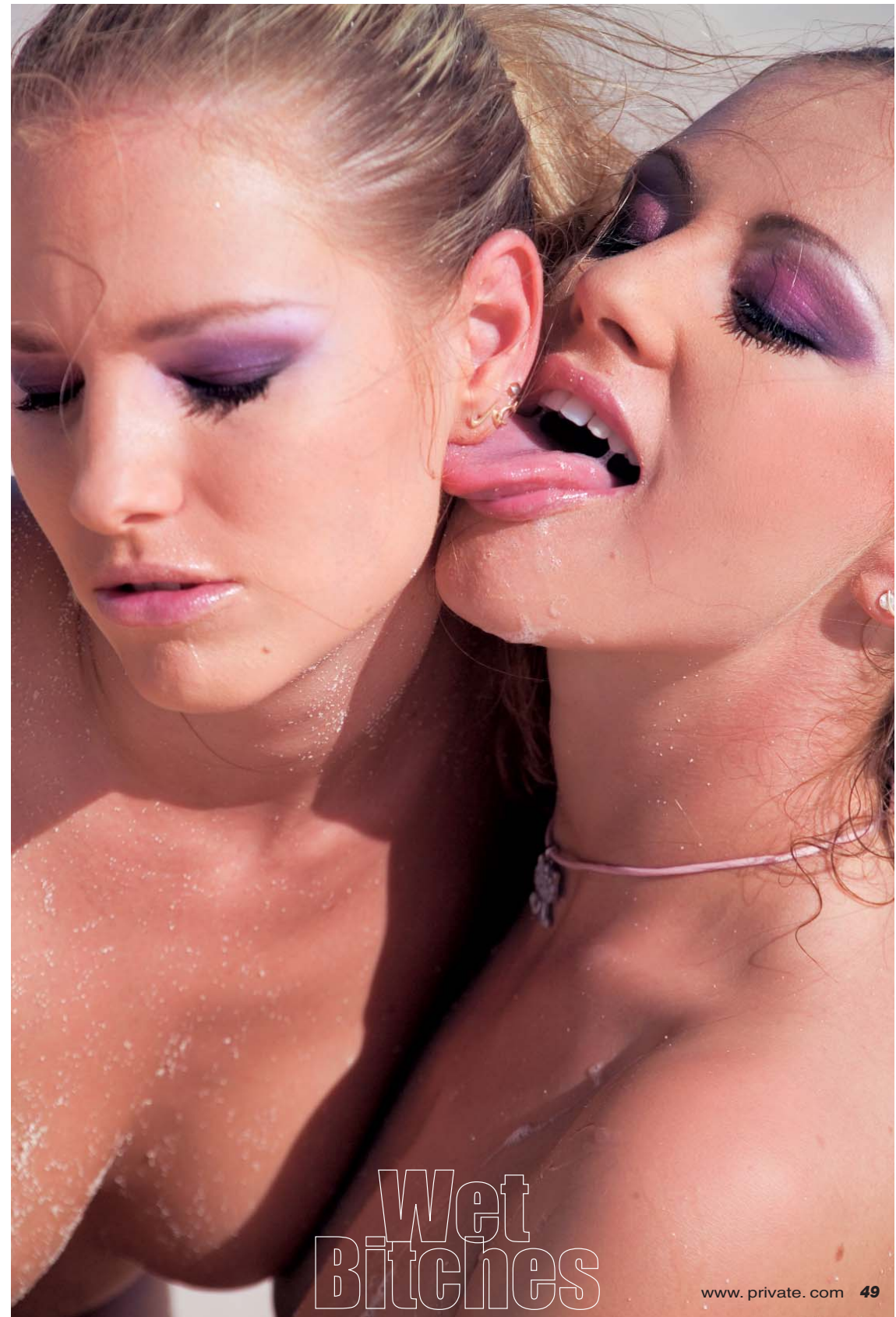
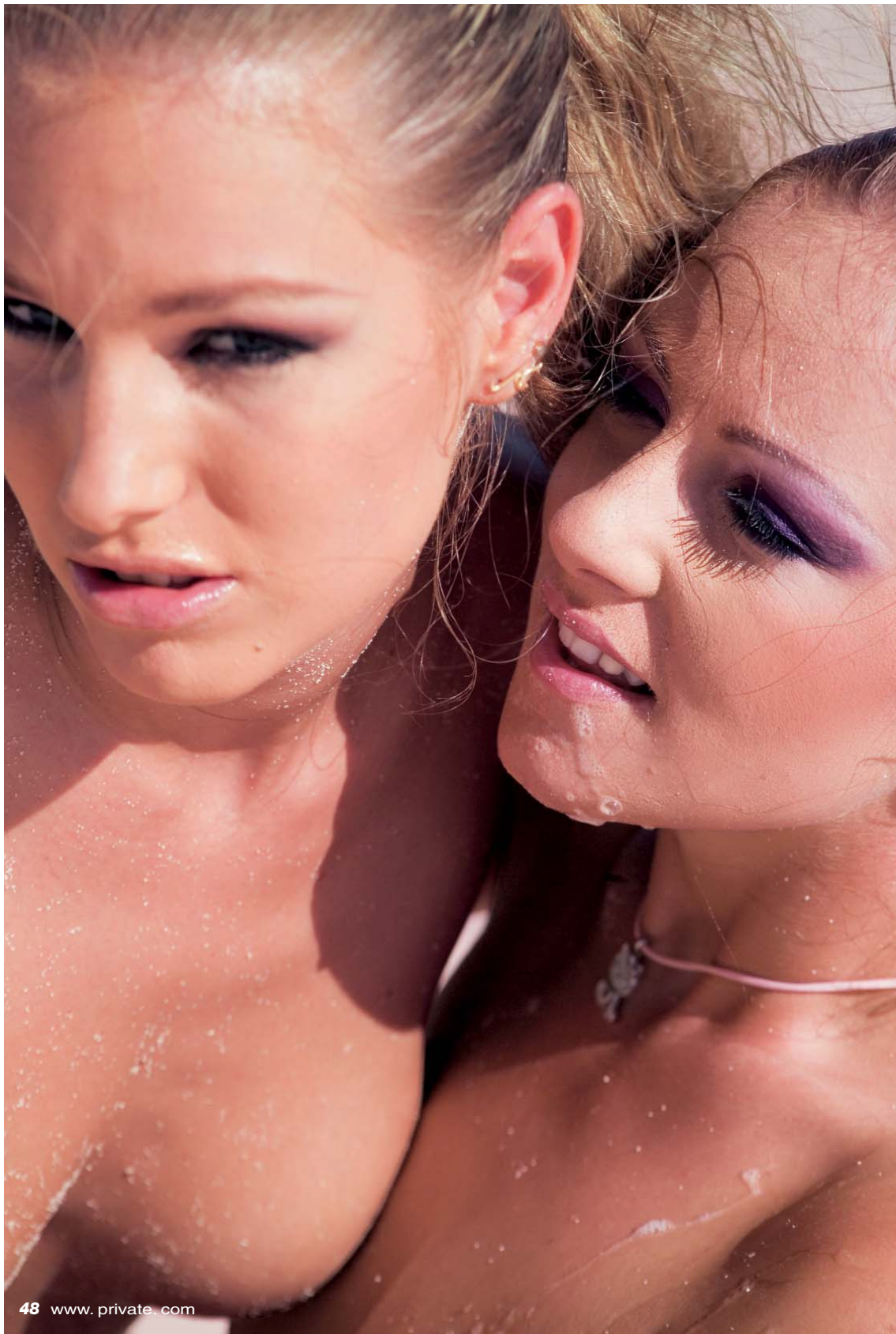
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TIFFANY HOPKINS UNDERWEAR PARTY

Pictures by Mandala Studio



- Height 162 cm.
- Weight 46 Kg.
- Chest 89 cm.
- Waist 60 cm.
- Hips 90 cm.

TIFFANY HOPKINS

UNDERWEAR PARTY

At 19 Tiffany was a young French girl bored to death while studying commerce. One night she was out at a dis-
cotheque with her boyfriend when she met Anastasia, a
porn actress. She became fascinated by her and the world
of hardcore and shortly afterwards she filmed her first
scene, directed by Max Bellocchio and got fucked by
Philippe Dean. She loved it!

Tiffany, eine kleine, 19 Jahre alte Französin war gelang-
weilt von ihrer Handelsschule. Eines Abends war sie in der
Disco ihres Freundes und lernte dort Anastasia, eine
Pornoschauspielerin, kennen. Sie war fasziniert von ihr
und der Welt des Hardcores. Schon kurz darauf drehte sie
ihre erste Szene unter der Regie von Max Bellocchio und
fickte in ihr mit Philippe Dean. Sie war begeistert!

À l'âge de 19 ans, Tiffany était une petite française qui
s'ennuyait avec ses études de commerce. Un soir, à la dis-
cothèque avec son copain, elle fit connaissance d'Anastasia,
une star porno. Elle fut fascinée par la fille et le monde du
hardcore, et peu après elle tournait déjà son premier film,
réalisé par Max Bellocchio et avec Philippe Dean comme
partenaire. Elle adore depuis ce moment!

Con 19 años Tiffany era una francesita que se aburría estu-
diando comercio. Una noche estaba en la discoteca de su
novio y conoció a Anastasia, una actriz porno. Quedó fas-
cinada con ella y el mundo del hardcore, poco después
rodaría su primera escena dirigida por Max Bellocchio y
 follando con Philippe Dean. ¡Le encantó!

A 19 anni Tiffany era una francesina che si annoiava facen-
do studi commerciali. Una notte mentre si trovava in
discoteca con il suo ragazzo conobbe Anastasia, un'attrice
porno. Rimase affascinata dalla ragazza e dal mondo del
hardcore, poco dopo avrebbe girato la sua prima scena
diretta da Max Bellocchio e scopando con Philippe Dean.
Rimase esterrefatta!









TIFFANY
HOPKINS







TIFFANY HOPKINS UNDERWEAR PARTY











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TripleX 70



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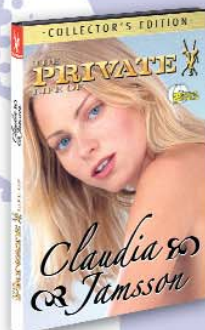
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" I DON'T MIND IT IF YOU LOOK AT OTHER WOMEN BUT DO YOU HAVE TO DO IT WHILE YOU'RE FUCKING ME? "

Private Investigations

by Chuck Darrows

From the balcony area of the bar I could keep my eye on the comings and goings of everyone that frequented the place, the ebb and flow of its life's blood. The 'Geneva' was a rather unique and cosmopolitan bar, reflecting the city's full diversity and located right in the centre. That's where I set up my base to carry out my research project, the basic theme of which was the systematic description of the human relationships of the multifaceted urban tribe, over a set period of time. The specimens that I observed there turned out to be a real mixed bag, particularly since the city had become a kind of crossroads at the epicentre of the Mediterranean coast. At the 'Geneva' there were few singles like myself, but then who else would get involved in this kind of exercise if not someone like me? However, my presence there had not gone unnoticed. A few of the waiters and waitresses were already aware of my monotonous interests. At the same time, a fair number of the specimens that I was observing were also observing me, though none of them ever bothered me. Yet it was through this symbiosis that my investigations were about to take a quantum leap forward.

The cataloguing itself was proving most fruitful, I had a typical couple of office lovers, obsessed with touching and kissing as if the world was going to end at any moment; a bunch of pensioners who regularly got together to play cards; some teenagers playing out their rituals between classes, or not; a pair of lesbians still too uncertain to show their affection in public, the gays, a bit more daring and sure about their sexual choice, and many, many more. The delight with which I had started to fill in all the little details, based on certain precise quadrants that I had elaborated myself for that very purpose, often went beyond a strictly scientific interest, reaching a level of excitement that was directly sexual wherein ideas and sensations often became confused in my head. Furtive fumbling, both male and female, was the order of the day: the lesbians hidden away in a dark corner, sneaking shamefaced kisses between hesitant sips; a wide range of different races engaged in polyglot, and often misunderstood, courting rituals... The blending of customs from a wide range of cultural backgrounds was everywhere to be seen. Even though the data kept on accumulating, with mathematical precision, confirming some of the hypotheses that justified it, as time went by it became increasingly evident that, no matter how hard I tried, I could not avoid becoming emotionally involved, too much so, until one day the door just seemed to close behind me. I became a predator, justifying my actions by the need to run some field tests on the different tactics that I had been observing. The need to get down to the cutting edge, make that leap from the theoretical to the practical, to suck it and see. The truth was that this could all be summed up in a few words, I was getting horny as hell, the beast inside me had woken up...

I soon set my eyes on the perfect prey: a couple of timidly flirtatious Islamic girls, both wearing their prescription shawls, and always accompanied by a young Arab lad, obviously on the make. They appeared to be students. The frequency with which they had been coming to the bar recently allowed me to make a cautious approach. One day I sat down at the next table, strategically placing a book in Arabic on the table, taking full advantage of my fluency in the language. The rest was a piece of cake. My extensive library of Arab books, I always carried, had a couple of new vol-

umes, and the fact that for several days in a row I religiously paid for the drinks we had, were the two fronts on which I kept up my attack. I kept this up, not every day but regularly, in a seemingly natural way, for three or four weeks until I had them eating out of my hands, by which time I was sick and tired of wanking myself off at home dreaming of that pair of desert beauties, who had become branded in my memory with fire.

My flat was also in the centre of the city and, in truth, my behaviour - completely artificial - like some talented product of the Actor's Studio, mustn't have seemed too threatening. That day only one of the girls, Fatima, turned up, accompanied as always by the boy and, in an offhand manner, I invited them both back to my place to check out my library of Arab books and my collection of popular oriental art. When we got back to my apartment I told them to make themselves at home and they spent some time checking out the shelves and looking through the editions that most caught their attention: 'I've got the collection spread out all over the house...' I explained indicating a shelf packed with knick-knacks and votive figures in clay and wood. However, just like me, the Arab boy basically had other things on his mind, and he was soon trying to cop a feel of Fatima. She was playing him with some skill, first pushing him away and then leading him on. While I was in the kitchen making the coffee I heard them talking in Arabic, saying things that they obviously assumed I didn't understand, using a variant dialect from the western foothills of the Atlas Mountains.

However my speciality went far beyond a mere knowledge of the main language, and I understood Fatima when she said that she was going to call Nawal and ask her to come over for some fun, then at least we'd be matched off if things got really interesting. Nawal was the other girl, who generally played the chaperone when we were in the bar, and with whom I got on particularly well. So far everything was going according to plan and, when I came back with the coffees, I found Fatima stretched out on my sofa, completely naked, with the guy down on his knees eating her out as she chatted away to Nawal on her mobile: 'You don't mind if Nawal comes, do you?' She asked, with her shawl still covering her head and her eyes beginning to lose focus as Hamal chewed on her clit. The coffee cups rattling about on the tray revealed my excitement, so I put the tray down on the table, before I spilt the lot, pulled my trousers down and shuffled over so she could get a good look at my swelling cock.

Fatima, eyeing it up at close range, keyed something in on her mobile and closed it with a snap, like a castanet, then she grabbed a hold of my balls and gleefully played her lips around my knob end, delicately, exasperatingly, getting ready to take it all the way in: 'Now I'll show you how we do a desert kiss is...' she promised, taking me in and sucking my cock in a way that set my pulse racing. By now Hamal, having expertly pleased her with his mouth was taking his pleasure reward and shagging her like there was no tomorrow. With a cock fully inserted at both ends, Fatima started uttering guttural phrases that I couldn't quite catch, obviously having a ball, yet somehow in complete control. She had the most perfect body, I hadn't seen such a svelte, sensual female form in many a long year: dark-skinned, smooth and perfectly curved, absolutely lacking in sharp angles... And what a pair of tits... My god she had the most perfect tits! Her expert sucking had swollen

'Now I'll show you how we do a desert kiss is...' she promised, taking me in and sucking my cock in a way that set my pulse racing.



"the policewoman completely naked, except for her cap and belt, with Hamal handcuffed, sitting on the toilet as she strode over him, plunging her cunt violently down on his cock with colossal fury."

my knob end up to twice its normal size; I'd never seen anything like it: 'Get outa there Hamal; I need the man to fuck me.... Just look at the cock on him... I can't wait to get this monster inside me...' she said as Hamal withdrew smiling, not a word of complaint, and stood back to watch, masturbating himself all the while to keep it up. Fatima sat me down on a chair then climbed on top and began her long, sensual gallop. With my gland so swollen she had difficulty in squeezing it in, if it hadn't been for the her plentiful lubrication we could have had problems, the clutching pressure of her cunt as it slid tightly over me drove me wild, the slut knew exactly how to play me to her best advantage. She was so sexy; with her shawl covering her head, leaving her face in full view, a silken-framed oval, with nothing to spoil my view, not a hair out of place, just her beautiful face. Her tits were a sight for sore eyes; my hands groped and squeezed their smooth skin, soft as silk to the touch, each one tipped with a nipple of purest organic granite. Her cunt contracted, squeezing my cock hard, almost to the point of pain, driving my pleasure to a peak: 'I think I'm gonna come' I gasped 'If you keep on doing that', she in turn let out a shuddering groan of pleasure as she clenched herself around me, pushing her tits into my face and jerking her hips back and forth with increasing speed. The inevitable happened as my hips started to jolt in extended spasms of ecstasy. As soon as her orgasmic convulsions ebbed, she slid me out and, falling to her knees, held my cock before her lips and, using both hands, milked me until she'd squeezed the last jet of cum either into her mouth or liberally splashing her face. Oh delight of delights, then she slid it all the way in, deepthroating me until I almost fainted. Finally, using her fingers she scooped the cum off her face, licking them clean, greedily swallowed every last drop of it down. When she was done she lay back on the floor exhausted while I remained sitting, staring blankly into space and wondering whether, if I was an anthropologist then she was an atrophophagist, or maybe we were both one or the other, or even both...

Standing there in the corner, Hamal was wanking away, patiently awaiting his moment, but then the doorbell rang: 'That... must be... Nawal...' said Hamal falteringly, and wandered off to the door. It occurred to me that he might be about to surprise some poor innocent neighbour coming to borrow a cup of sugar or something. Who knows, maybe even to join in the fun... That is the experiment! In the end it turned out to be Nawal, who'd found the door open. Spotting Hamal starkers she took a hold of his cock and led him off to the living room as if he was a golf cart. Pretty soon the little bitch was as naked as the day she was born. 'I can see that you don't waste any time, Fatima... Queen of whores... Slut of the harem...' she said chuckling. She wore only a necklace round her slender waist, chains on each ankle and, of course, her shawl. The hair on her snatch was abundant, dark and thick, comforting at first sight. I guessed she must be a brunette too. Her ass was awesome, imposing, rounded, with a freckle the size of a lentil in the centre of her right cheek. She began to do a belly dance that had me mesmerised, I couldn't take my eyes off her. Hamal flung himself at her clumsily, but she skipped aside, playing the prey to his predator, the trophy to be caught... I pulled Fatima towards me and thrust my cock deep inside her as she wrapped her long legs around my waist, locking me in position as I went at it hammer and tongs, all the while keeping a watchful eye on the thrill of the chase taking place around me.

I flipped Fatima over and took her from behind, fucking her savagely, ramming the full length of my cock into her with every thrust: 'Oh fuck me... Fuck my cunt... Only my cunt...' she gasped excitedly. I checked out her prim little asshole, the girl was obvi-

ously an anal virgin, what an irresistible sight it was. Little did I care whether her intention had been to egg me on or not, once the seed of the idea had germinated the idea had taken root in my brain I knew that she was going to get her virgin asshole reamed come what may. I slid my glistening cock out of her palpitating cunt, spread her cheeks, spat on her asshole and forced my index finger in there, just to see how she'd take it. Far from freaking out or pulling away she momentarily froze and, as I began to work it around, stretching her a little, gradually, timidly, she began to respond, pushing back onto my hand: 'You are a pig... We thought you were going to show us your work... Your books...' she said turning and spitting at me. As she this I dipped my spit-laden tongue into her asshole, pulling her cheeks apart with my fingers and, as she was beginning to writhe, pushed the tip of my cock in there. Her whole body began to quiver as I gradually pushed it in. As she began to relax, releasing herself completely to my skill and experience, the tightness eased off. I pulled back, until just the tip of my cock tickled her anus, and then slowly slid it back in, centimetre by centimetre until I had her squirming like a stuffed pig with the full twenty centimetres deep inside her, testing the elasticity of that tight little hole to the limit with my balls slapping heavily against her sodden cunt lips. Having anally deflowered her, and not wishing to do her any damage, I pulled out and set to work on her cunt with a vengeance. I'd awoken the beast in her, released a lust and a need like nothing I'd ever seen in any other woman. She started to scream obscenities in her strange accent, her whole body shaking and jerking about convulsively. I completely lost my bearings, hanging on to her waist for dear life and slamming my cock into her as hard and fast as I could until I started to cum and in our spasms we fell to one side. The combination of cum and cunt juices flooded out of her around my cock and when I pulled it out she flung herself onto me, drinking deeply, like someone dying of thirst in the desert.

After that second round we took a well-earned rest. Fatima was hugging me, kissing my neck, my chest, working on my dick trying to get it up again. I took hold of her wrist and stopped her: 'Let's check out the others...' I said, she smiled her agreement and gave me a kiss. We got up and wandered out onto the terrace, my flat was an attic with a large terrace offering a sensational view of the city. There we found Hamal and Nawal, rocking back and forth on the sun lounger, which was squealing strenuously, locked in a voluptuous embrace: 'I'm going to have to grease that thing one day...' I said absent mindedly. Nawal had her legs locked around Hamal's waist and he was fucking her in a frenzy on the creaking sun lounger, a sound that a number of the local dogs had begun to take exception to: 'Hey! That's some party you've got going there, doctor!' said a voice from the end of the terrace, which tuned out to belong to one of my doctoral students, Luisa, who I'd shagged once in the library. I don't know about the dogs but I could see that this bitch was really in heat. She'd got her scholarship by sucking cocks, no doubt about that, although that was just her hobby and she was, in fact a very promising research graduate, a specialist in urban tribal graffiti, and about to be appointed to the faculty as a full professor.

I was aware that she'd recently moved into my neighbourhood, from the students residence, where she'd gained a certain well-deserved notoriety, but I never realised we were neighbours. All she had to do was hop over the low wall separating our terraces, and that was exactly what she did, although with a certain athletic grace it has to be said. What a perfect evening, the warm breeze caressed our naked bodies and Luisa came over and asked to be introduced to everybody, which I did. Nevertheless, the passionate kiss she gave Fatima did surprise me a little: 'This isn't what it

looks like...' I said, whispering in her ear 'I'm in the middle of some very important field work...' She patted me on the back and, turning round, loosened her silk dressing gown, letting it slide to the ground. Much as my profound scientific beliefs prevent me believing in muses, goddesses, sylphs or any of that, Luisa's body was a work of such imperious grandeur, that the only possible explanation for it had to be intelligent design. When Hamal caught sight of her majestic breasts his eyes widened and he came instantly and violently, leaving Nawal only half satisfied. He approached her from behind, his cock still palpitating and spitting out jets of cum. Drawn helplessly towards her, like a moth to a candle, he grabbed her tits, caressed her ass and started to kiss her neck and shoulders... Luisa, of course, had him right where she wanted him, a handy starter to warm her up before the main course... Her jet-black hair, her large, round, light-brown eyes... God but she was awesome. And worst of all, there is nothing in the world so dangerous as a woman that is both beautiful and intelligent, and knows it. As you have probably gathered, by now the research was getting completely out of hand. Hamal, far from being overawed by Luisa, soon had her on her knees sucking his cock. I sat down on the sun lounger between Fatima and Nawal; put an arm around each one as they teased my cock back to life...

The impatient ringing of the doorbell brought me out of the sweet dream state into which I'd fallen. The last clear memory I had was of almost drowning in Nawal's copiously gushing cunt... The bell rang on insistently. I got up and bad temperedly, hurried along the corridor until I reached the interphone next to the front door. A voice demanded that I open the door immediately, in the name of the law, it was the police: 'Wake up! Come on, wake up! I shouted desperately 'We've got a visit from the police! You have to get dressed now; they're on their way up here... The bastards!' I exclaimed vehemently, struggling into my clothes. We'd all fallen into a kind of stupor, logical I suppose after five hours of non-stop shagging. However, I soon had Fatima and Nawal sitting at a table in the dining room, pretending to study. That was the first time I saw them without their shawls. What life it brought to their faces, framed by their beautiful hair... However by this time I had begun to fear the worst, judging by the voices echoing up the stairwell: 'They have no right... Just think of the children who could have seen them... They should be ashamed of themselves...' Now I understood, my fascist neighbour, the peeping Tom, the guardian of false morals, that fucking impotent, perverted, retired bastard had gone and called the police, almost certainly in a fit of post orgasmic angst, having wanking himself off as he spied on our little open air session. In fact now I remembered spotting the evening sun glinting off what must have been a pair of binoculars in his window while Fatima and Nawal were sucking my cock. They arrived at my door accompanied by my nosy neighbour; the bastard had the face of a perverted pederast if ever I'd seen one. I motioned for the police to enter: 'There he is, that's him, officer... Him...' he said pointing his finger right in my face. When he tried to come in too I barred the way, warning him that if he crossed the threshold of my flat I'd have him up in court for trespass, and informing him that we didn't accept beggars, encyclopaedia salesmen or any other kind of riffraff in the building. Following which, and to my great satisfaction, I slammed the door in his face. This seemed to amuse the policewoman; there was one of each sex, which gave me hope that I might get a sympathetic hearing in that quarter at least. By now my body was pumping adrenalin hard and fast, and I no longer had much control over my actions: 'So what's that noise?' asked the policeman. Who was kidding who? We both knew exactly what kind of noise was coming from the bathroom. Fatima and Nawal were sitting there obviously scared stiff, although they managed to keep it

together. The policeman told me that he had received a complaint and that he was going to have to fine me for exhibitionism and obscene conduct, that is if they could confirm the original complaint. I don't know how but I managed to convince them that, OK, the party might have got a little out of hand, but that it had all taken place inside the flat, and if anyone had seen me out on the terrace naked it must have been because I had nipped out for some fresh air or to smoke a cigarette, or something... That the guy who'd made the complaint was a peeping tom and that I should be reporting him, rather than the other way round. Anyway, amazingly, it worked; the benefits of a classical education I suppose. Then the policewoman asked me if she could use my loo. She already knew exactly what she was going to find there, but if she needed a piss then there was little that could be done... In the meantime I chatted away amiably with her partner, who accepted a lemonade and seemed to be getting on well with everyone, although perhaps rather too well with Fatima. Pretty soon she was giggling at all of his jokes, even going as far as to caress his truncheon in a most suggestive way. Finally, she stood up and, taking him by the hand, led him off to one of the bedrooms. Nawal and I breathed a sigh of relief; the party was all set to enter a new phase. However, we couldn't quite figure out what was going on in the bathroom, from where nobody had yet emerged. When I peaked around the door I found the policewoman completely naked, except for her cap and belt, with Hamal handcuffed, sitting on the toilet as she strode over him, plunging her cunt violently down on his cock with colossal fury. Meanwhile Luisa, with one foot on the side of the bath and the other on the bidet, on either side of the toilet, was thrusting her cunt into the policewoman's face: 'Officer, I guess I'll just leave you to it.' I said, picking up my notebook and jotting down some of the new data that I'd come across during the course of that afternoon. Nawal, started pulling my trousers down and kneeling to suck on my cock: 'Just a sec...' I said 'Let me get this down... OK, that's it.' I tossed the notebook onto the couch, pulled her up, sank my tongue into her mouth and slid two fingers inside her knickers and up into that succulent cunt of hers: 'You are hot to trot babe, let's go and see what Fatima's up to... She may be in trouble with the law...' I whispered. Nawal giggled and, with her slacks and knickers around her ankles waddled along in front of me, pulling off her sweater.

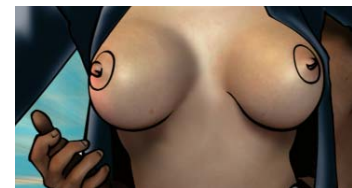
The orgy, I mean of course the field work, was going swimmingly. I was able to observe a wide spectrum of specimens at close quarters, with the female exemplars being of particular interest. Three types of female from different social backgrounds, each representative in their own way: a middle class professional, two foreigners from a different culture, in an alien environment and

finally a representative of the forces of law and order. In my room, fucking Nawal, I attained a previously unknown peak of pleasure between a woman's legs. My bed was big enough for two couples to get it on at the same time, but as the policeman had Fatima handcuffed to the head of the bed, we ended up doing it standing in front of the dressing table. Nawal spread her long legs wide and we watched ourselves giving it rumpy-pumpy in the full length mirror. It's a site I'll never forget. This particular scene had some of the qualities of one of Jean DelVile's erotic/satanic paintings. The light in the room, the sweat streaming down our bodies, the almost devilish brutality of the policeman laying waste to Fatima... The groans and screams of pleasure emanating from the bathroom... My home had turned into a den of lust and fornication; it was like nothing I could ever have imagined. Tomorrow I must go back to the bar to start on the next chapter of my research. I felt sure that some of the examples that I had catalogued could turn out to be of great scientific interest.

I slid my glistening cock out of her palpitating cunt, spread her cheeks, spat on her asshole and forced my index finger in there, just to see how she'd take it.



Her tits were a sight for sore eyes; my hands groped and squeezed their smooth skin, soft as silk to the touch, each one tipped with a nipple of purest organic granite.



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vital statistics

- Height 172 cm.
- Weight 49 Kg.
- Chest 84 cm.
- Waist 61 cm.
- Hips 86 cm.

meet

*Claudia
Jansson*

blond or brunette, always desirable

26 year old Claudia Jamsson is from Hungary. This sensational beauty is a Libra, which means she likes to have balance in her life, and this balance includes sex. Her Libran sensibilities demand sexual balance and that means a cock in her ass as well as her mouth. Claudia now lives in Italy and we talked to her about her career.



Triple X : How did you become an actress?

Claudia : I was modeling in Paris and I met Pierre Woodman, he gave me his number and I called him because I was curious.

TX: What was the first movie you starred in?

C: It was Pierre's 'Domestic Affairs.' And I fucked a black guy, it



don't miss *Claudia in Jamsson*

"Domestic Affairs", "Private Superfuckers #01", "Fashion", "Indiana Mack, Sex in the Jungle", "The Private Gladiator 3, Sexual Conquest", "Faust, the Power of Sex", "Big Member", "Calendar Girl", "White Girls with Black Guys", "Private Life of Dora Venter", "Chicks & Big Dicks", "Facial Shots", "Private - Penthouse Greatest Moments #01 and in TripleX #36



was my first experience with a black guy.

TX: Who has been your favourite partner?

C: I have worked many times with David Perry, we have a good feeling and a good chemistry together.

TX : When did you do your first DP?

C: It was in Superfuckers, I found it difficult to do at first, a DP is always a difficult position, but that's where I lost my DP virginity.

TX : Tell us about the first time you worked with Adamo

Brünett oder blond - immer begehrt



*Claudia
Jamison*



brune ou blonde, toujours désirable

C : It was for the movie Fashion and I did a scene with Nacho Vidal. The filming took a long time because we had to shoot from many angles but this made it a really good scene to do.

TX: Do you prefer to shoot in Europe or in the Tropics?

C: I like to shoot closer to home because it's easier, but I like to shoot on beautiful tropical islands too, because it's like a vacation too.

TX : When you filmed with Kovi you made a scene in a plane, how was it fucking in the mile high club?



Claudia
Jamsson



C : It was good fun and I enjoyed working with Kovi because he is Hungarian like me and he works very quickly. I have never had sex in a plane in real life, so it was fulfilling a fantasy of mine, maybe I'll get to try it in the future for real, you never know.
TX : You starred in Gladiator how was that?
C : It was freezing on set but we warmed each other up by having some great sex and I could see

rubia o morena, siempre deseable



it was a difficult job for Adamo, because the movie was very complicated to make.
TX : What kind of movies to you prefer?
C : I prefer the gonzo style, but it's also nice making a nice glamorous movie with all the make up and costumes.

TX : What do you like to do in your spare time?
C : I like extreme sports like bungee jumping and I like to cook, I'm great at Italian food, you should come around and taste it sometime.

bionda o mora, ma comunque desiderabile.



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WOODMAN'S

CORNER

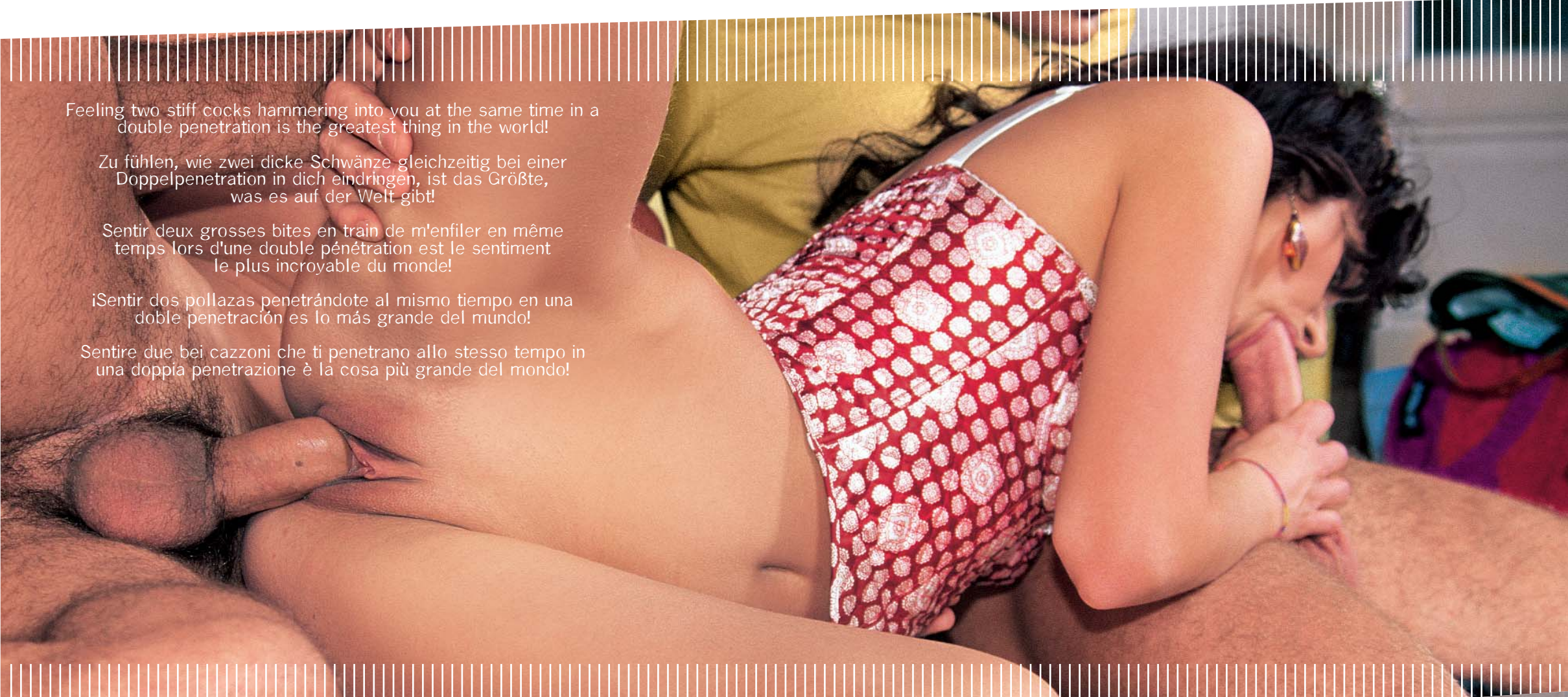
Pictures by Pierre Woodman

Elsa

God's Banquet



www.private.com 95



Feeling two stiff cocks hammering into you at the same time in a double penetration is the greatest thing in the world!

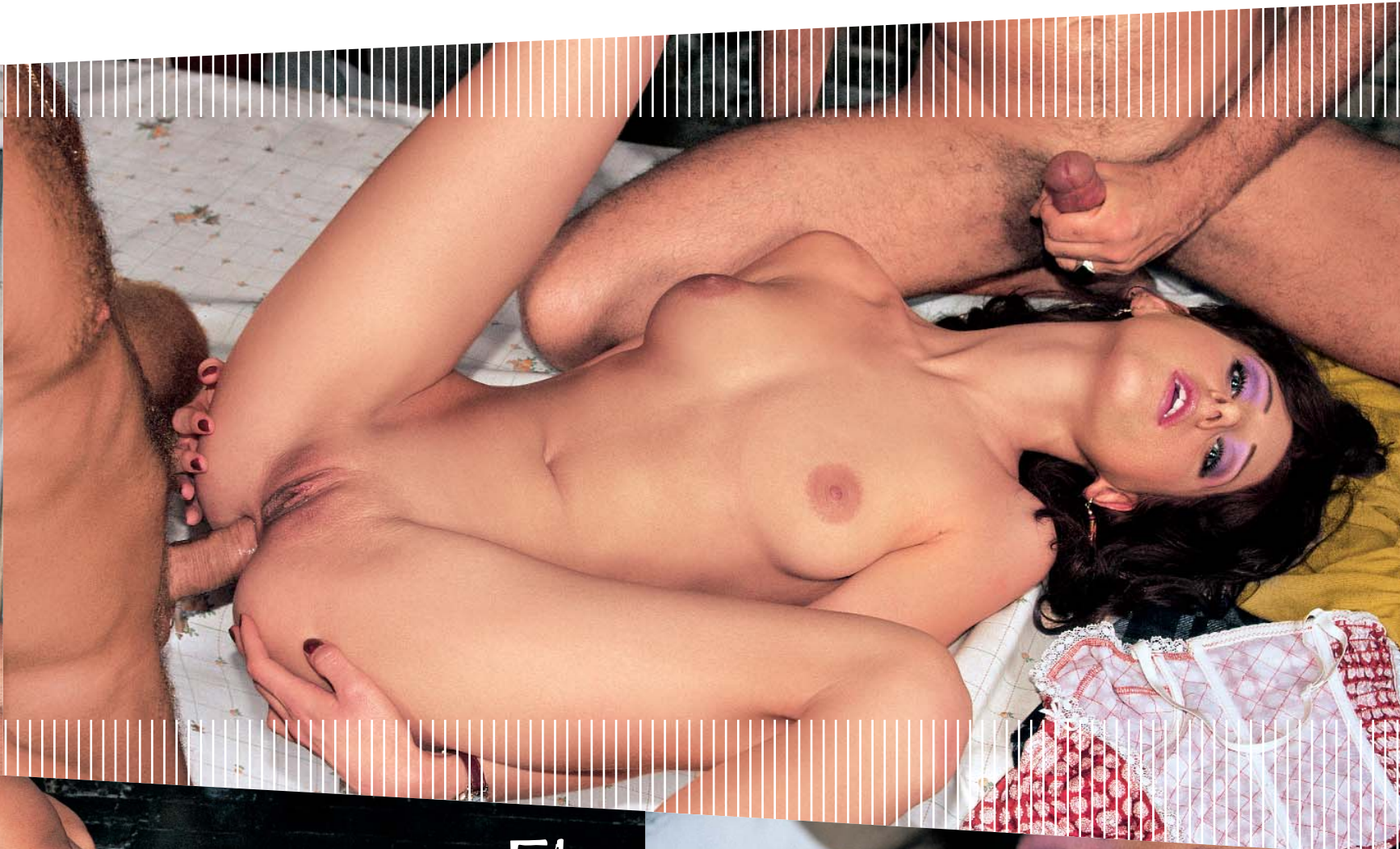
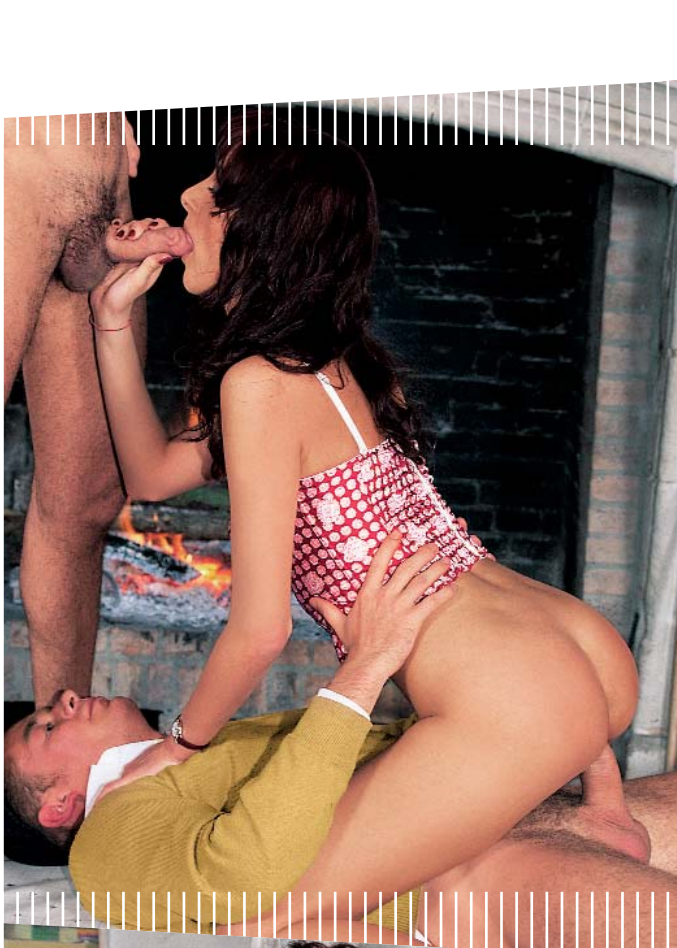
Zu fühlen, wie zwei dicke Schwänze gleichzeitig bei einer Doppelpenetration in dich eindringen, ist das Größte, was es auf der Welt gibt!

Sentir deux grosses bites en train de m'enfiler en même temps lors d'une double pénétration est le sentiment le plus incroyable du monde!

¡Sentir dos pollazas penetrándote al mismo tiempo en una doble penetración es lo más grande del mundo!

Sentire due bei cazzoni che ti penetrano allo stesso tempo in una doppia penetrazione è la cosa più grande del mondo!





Elsa

Vital Statistics

- Height 164 cm.
- Weight 43 Kg.
- Chest 88 cm.
- Waist 60 cm.
- Hips 89 cm.





Elsa

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a film by: **Anita Rinaldi**

TERA BOND-SARAH JAMES-SABRINA ROSE-KARINA



pictures by Marc Lelong



YASMINE

- Height 172 cm.
- Weight 47 Kg.
- Chest 90 cm.
- Waist 60 cm.
- Hips 90 cm.

VITAL STATISTICS



CHLOE DELAUNE

- Height 165 cm.
- Weight 45 Kg.
- Chest 90 cm.
- Waist 63 cm.
- Hips 88 cm.





CHLOE DELAUNE

I love it when a man takes his pleasure from my ass, manhandling it, licking it and giving it a thorough reaming.

YASMINE

I was born in Morocco, which is where I learnt all the sexual wisdom of the harem, the importance of ensuring that the man achieves pure ecstasy.



XXX LATHEE





CHLOE DELAUNE

Ich finde es toll, wenn sich ein Mann mit meinem Hintern vergnügt, wenn er ihn leckt, saugt und dann tief in ihn eindringt.



WASMINE

Ich wurde in Marokko geboren, und dort lernte ich alles über den Sex von den Harems und wie man einen Mann in Ekstase versetzt.



YASMINE

Je suis née au Maroc, et c'est là où j'ai appris toute l'expérience sexuelle des harems pour faire qu'un homme éprouve l'extase.

CHLOE DELAURE

J'adore voir qu'un homme jouit de mon derrière, qu'il le masse, le suce et le perce jusqu'au fond!



XXX LATHER



CHLOE DELAUNE

Me encanta que un hombre disfrute con mi culo, que lo sobe, lo chupe y lo penetre hasta el fondo.

WASMINE

Nací en Marruecos y allí aprendí todo el saber sexual de los harenes para que un hombre llegue al éxtasis

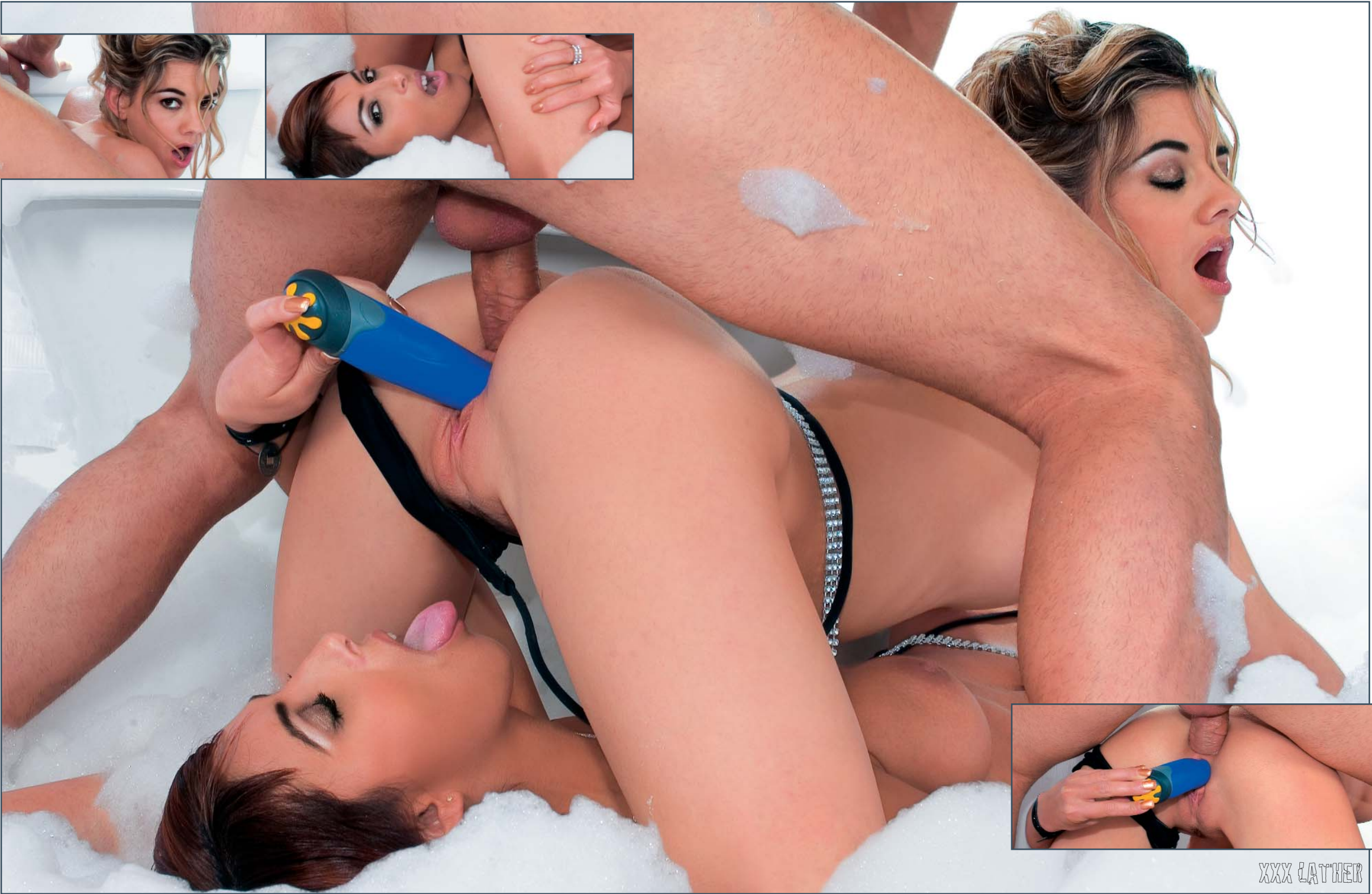
YASMINE

Sono nata in Marocco e lì ho appreso tutte le nozioni sessuali degli harem per far raggiungere l'estasi ad un uomo.

CHLOE DELAUNE

Adoro che un uomo se la spassi con il mio culo, che lo lecchi, lo risucchi e lo penetri sino in fondo.





XXX LATHER



YASMINE + CHLOE DELAURE



XXX LATHEE

Don't miss Alejandra in TX#71



A GATE
to Hell
in the
next issue

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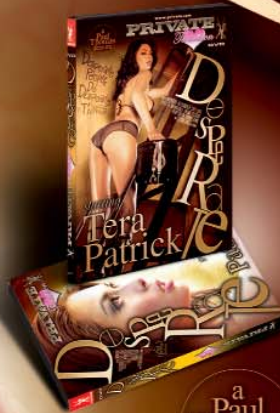
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a Paul Thomas feature



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