









© **004** SEX SURVIVORS GIRLS

• 082 GILDA ROBERTS

• **020** hot reality tv series • **104** sharka blue & claudia rossi

• 027 PRIVA

· 112 SABRINA SWEET

⊕ **035** SHARKA BLUE

• 050 TERRI SUMMERS



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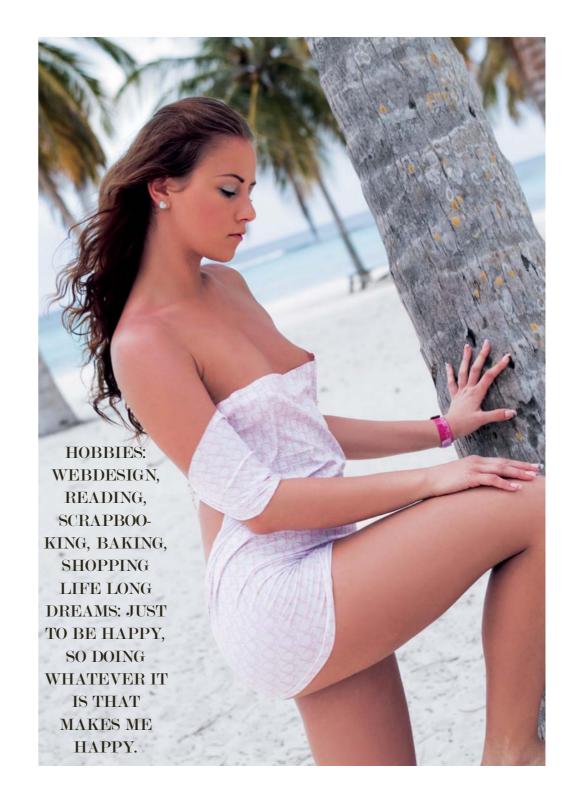
Gilda Roberts

TURN-ON: Honesty, manners, independence, humor,

TURN-OFF: Vulgar vocabulary, anti-socials, cheapo's, bad breath, dirtiness and no sense of fashion.

thoughtfulness, nice skin.







Sabrina Sweet

"JUST KNOW YOU HAVE TO WORK HARD TO GET WHAT YOU WANT".

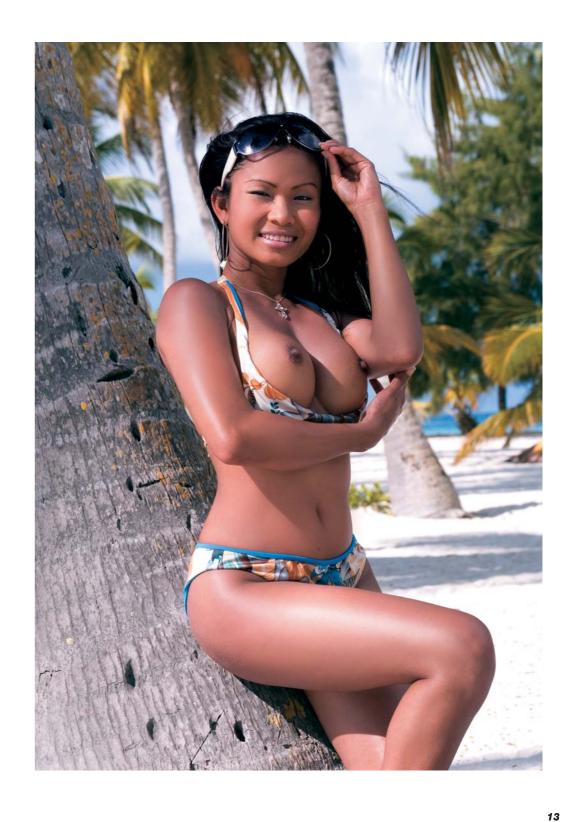




Priva

"I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH THE LAMBORGHINI DIABLO SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL".





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Priva

HOBBIES: SINGING, DANCING, PLAYING THE PIANO, READING, WRITING





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Sharka Blue

MOVIES – Thriller, Miyazaki's Spirited Away, My Sassy Girl, My Tutor friend, Ditto
MUSIC – R&B, Alternative, Hip Hop, and Pop 50 Cent, Amy Winehouse, Britney Spears
TV SHOW – Monster Garage
ACTORS - Salma Hayek
VACATION SPOT – My bed and the ocean
DREAM VACATION SPOT - Greece
DRINK - Coke
FOOD – Curry chicken and coconut shrimp

DESSERT – Chocolate chip cookies
RESTAURANT – Pink Pepper
TURN-ON: Guys who are intelligent, funny, and driven
TURN-OFF: Bad hygiene, arrogance, and immaturity
PETS – Dogs
COLOR –Pink and green
CAR – Ferrari Enzo
SPORTS – Skating



Claudia Rossi



MOVIES - Comedy & Hardcore MUSIC -Hip-Hop, R&B, Slow Jams, Alternative, Trance TV SHOW - Parental control, Yo Momma, Survivors. ACTORS - Michael Caine, Sandra Bullock, Nicole Kidman, Sharon Stone. **VACATION SPOT** – The Caribbean DREAM VACATION SPOT - Rome.

DRINK - Lemonade.

 ${f FOOD}$ — Mexican and Japanese.

DESSERT-Chocolate~chip~cookiesRESTAURANT - Pink Pepper STORE – Any candle shop, Borders Books and Music **PETS** – No, but I would love to have a cute puppy! COLOR – Red and black. CAR – Acura 3.2 CL. Dream car... Mercedes Benz McLaren . SPORTS – Spinning. SEXUAL POSITIONS – All.

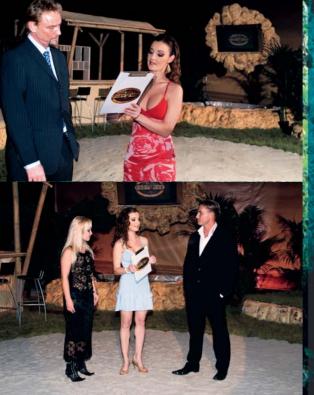


DIRECTED BY J.F. ROMAGNOLI you don't win, you fuck 09°59'45'N 4 04 23 0 THIS YEAR SEX SURVIVOR II IS GOING TO BLOW THE **RATINGS RIGHT OUT OF YOUR PANTS!** After the resounding success of the ates her innate talent, or so he says, there's no telling how much cum first season of Sex Survivors, ace but for show host Louise (Judith Fox, these wild women will have to nourdirector J.F. Romagnoli is back with in a cameo appearance), he's merely ish themselves with just to survive. a team of naughty naked women in "blinded by a little tart desperate for sultry Santo Domingo. The crew of Sex Survivor II wants to be number one in the ratings, and that means The rest of the contestants have to Sharka Blue, Sabrina Sweet, Gilda they have to suck harder and fuck go one further, which they do in a Roberts, Frank Gun, Horst Baron, longer than ever before. spectacular orgy in which Claudia Lauro Giotto, Nick Lang and Zenza Rossi, Gilda Roberts, Priva and Raggi. Meanwhile the show's sleazy produc-Sharka Blue shag like their future in er Giovanni (Horst Baron) is screwtelevision depended on it. Claudia This year Sex Survivor II is going to ing contestants and trying to alter the and Sharka get so worked up they blow the ratings right out of your outcome of the show. For him, there have to cool off in an idyllic lake pants! is only one perfect formula for the while massaging each other's clits, outcome of sex survivor, and that's while perverted Priva's cute little arse **DEUTSH** 90-60-90. He figured this out after a gets blasted with coconut milk, Gilda Nach dem überwältigendem Erfolg casting couch encounter with Pat is on the receiving end of a pile drive des ersten Teils von Sex Survivors, in the soft sand ... for when food is (Gilda Roberts) and spraying her meldet sich der innovative Regisseur face with his hot jism. He appreciscarce and the competition is tight, J.F. Romagnoli mit einem Team von

SEA SORVIVORS II







wunderschönen nackten Frauen unter der Sonne der sinnesbetörenden Insel Santo Domingo wieder zurück. Das Team von Sex Survivor II will die Nummer Eins auf der Erfolgsskala werden und das bedeutet, dass es noch heftiger und länger blasen und ficken muss als bisher.

Giovanni (Horst Baron), der pervertierte Produzent, nimmt sich derweil die Kandidatinnen vor und versucht, das Ergebnis des Wettbewerbs zu manipulieren. Für ihn gibt es nur ein perfektes Erfolgsrezept in Sex Survivor, und das heißt 90-60-90. Das wusste er sofort, nachdem er das Casting mit Pat (Gilda Roberts) gemacht und ihr seinen warmen Samen ins Gesicht gespritzt hat. Er schätzt ihr angeborenes Talent, das sagt er zumindest, aber für die Hostess der Show, Louise (Judith Fox, die einen Cameo-Auftritt hat), ist er nicht mehr als ein "geiler Typ, geblendet von ein kleine Nutte, die um alles Erfolg haben will."

Die übrigen Kandidatinnen müssen sich selber übertreffen und deshalb wird eine atemberaubende Orgie organisiert. bei der Claudia Rossi, Gilda Roberts, Priva und Sharka Blue alles geben, weil sie wissen, dass ihre Zukunft im Fernsehen davon abhängt. Claudia und Sharka sind dermaßen aufgegeilt, dass sie sich zum Abkühlen in einen idvllischen See zurückziehen müssen, um sich dort gegenseitig die Klitoris zu streicheln. Und während sich die perverse Priva den Hintern mit Kpkosnussmilch geschmeidig macht, ist Gilda im weichen Sand das Ziel eines harten Bolzens... Wenn Essen knapp wird und die Konkurrenz hart ist, kann man sich leicht vorstellen, welche Menge Samen von diesen begierigen Frauen geschluckt werden muss, damit sie richtig ernährt werden und so einen weiteren Tag überleben können. Zu diesem Team wolllüstiger Abenteurer gehören Claudia Rossi, Priva, Sharka Blue, Sabrina Sweet, Gilda Roberts, Frank Gun, Horst Baron, Lauro Giotto, Nick Lang und Zenza Raggi.

Sex Survivor II wird dieses Jahr selbst die gewagtesten Erwartungen übertreffen!

FRANCE

Après le succès retentissant de la première saison de Sex Survivors, le grand réalisateur J.F. Romagnoli est de retour, et cette fois, il entraîne une horde de femelles en chaleur sur l'île sulfureuse de Saint Domingue. L'équipe de Sex Survivor Il veut se glisser en haut du podium... pour cela, elles devront sucer encore plus en profondeur et donner tout ce qu'elles ont dans le string.

Et c'est Giovanni (Horst Baron), producteur de shows très chauds, qui se chargera de mettre les participantes à rude épreuve pour peaufiner le spectacle. Pour lui, il n'y a qu'une seule et unique mesure pour réussir dans Sex Survivor, 90-60-90. Des mensurations dûment réfléchies après avoir rencontrer Pat (Gilda Roberts) lors d'un casting et lui avoir abondamment badigeonner le visage de sperme. Il faut dire qu'il apprécie énormément son talent inné, ou du moins c'est ce qu'il dit... Parce que c'est Louise (Judith Fox, dans un caméo remarquable), une des invitées du show «aussi tarte que désespérément ambitieuse » qui l'aveugle.

Le reste des participantes devront donner le meilleur d'elles, surtout lors de cette impressionnante partouze au cours de laquelle Claudia Rossi, Gilda Roberts, Priva et Sharka Blue jouent leur avenir télévisé... Claudia et Sharka s'en donnent tellement à cœur joie qu'elles finiront par piquer une tête dans un lac idyllique avant de se masser mutuellement le clito. Pendant ce temps, Priva s'abîme le cul sur le cocotier pour quelques gouttes de lait de coco que Gilda essaye de recueillir les pieds dans le sable chaud ... Lorsque les ravitaillements se font rares et que la compétition bat son plein, inutile de vous dire que ces sauvageonnes s'empiffrent de sperme, ça c'est de l'instinct de survie.

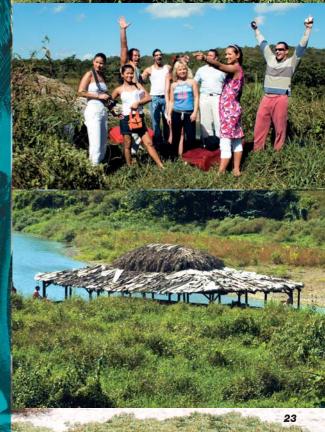
Un casting débordant d'aventurières plantureuses, dont Claudia Rossi, Priva, Sharka Blue, Sabrina Sweet, Gilda Roberts, Frank Gun, Horst Baron, Lauro Giotto, Nick Lang et Zenza Raggi.

Cette année, Sex Survivor II risque bien de vous faire exploser le

ECDAÑOL

Tras el éxito arrollador de la primera temporada de Sex Survivors, el innovador director J.F. Romagnoli ataca de nuevo con un equipo de bellísimas mujeres desnudas bajo el sol de la sensual isla de Santo Domingo. El equipo de Sex Survivor II quiere ser el primero de la clasifi-





DIRECTED BY J.F. ROMAGNOLI

BASED ON THE HIT REALITY TV SERIES. SEX SURVIVORS

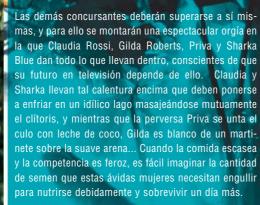
cación, y eso significa que deberán chupar más fuerte y lar durante más tiempo que nunca.

Mientras, Giovanni (Horst Baron), el pervertido productor se pasa por la piedra a las concursantes e intenta mampu lar el resultado del conci so. Para él, sólo existe una fóren Sex Survivor, y es 90-60-90. mula perfecta para el éxit

Lo comprendió al instante después de realizarle un casting a Pat (Gilda Roberts) y regarle la cara con su caliente semen. Aprecia su talento innato, o eso dice, pero para la azafata del show Louise (Judith Fox. qua hace un cameo), no es más que un "vicioso cegado por una putilla que busca desesperadamente el éxito."







El reparto de ardientes aventureras está compuesto por Claudia Rossi, Priva, Sharka Blue, Sabrina Sweet, Gilda Roberts, Frank Gun, Horst Baron, Lauro Giotto, Nick Lang v Zenza Raggi. Este año, ¡Sex Survivor II va a superar las previsiones más atrevidas!

ITALIANO

Dopo lo straordinario successo della prima stagione di Sex Survivors, l'innovatore regista J.F. Romagnoli attacca

di nuovo con una squadra di bellissime ragazze nude sotto il sole della sensuale isola di Santo Domingo. La squadra di Sex Survivor II vuole essere la prima in classifica, e ciò significa che dovrà succhiare più forte e scopra per più tempo che mai.

Nel frattempo, Giovanni (Horst Baron), il perverso produttore, si scopa una dopo l'altra le partecipanti al concorso e cerca di manipolare il risultato dello stesso. Per lui, esiste una sola formula perfetta per il successo, a Sex Survivor, ed è 90-60-90. Lo ha capito immediatamente, dopo aver realizzato un casting con Pat (Gilda Roberts) ed averle innaffiato il viso con il suo caldo sperma. Apprezza il suo talento innato, o almeno così dice, ma per la valletta dello show Louise (Judith Fox, che fa un'apparizione quale artista invitata), non è altro che un "vizioso accecato da una puttanella che cerca disperatamente di aver successo."

Le altre partecipanti al concorso dovranno dare il meglio di sé, e per farlo organizzeranno una spettacolare orgia nella quale Claudia Rossi, Gilda Roberts, Priva e Sharka Blue daranno tutto quel che hanno, coscienti che il loro futuro in televisione dipende solo da questo. Claudia e Sharka sono così bollenti che sono costrette a raffreddarsi immergendosi in un idilliaco







DIRECTED BY J.F. ROMAGNOLI BASED ON THE HIT REALITY TV SERIES

SEX SURVIVORS II











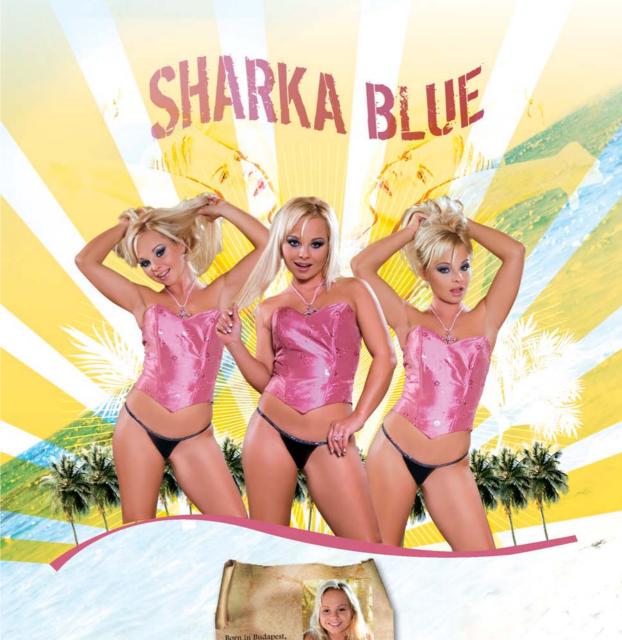












Sharka Blue SURVIVOR LIFE 01.11.2007 PART(I)

Silver Spirit Measurements: 89-67-73



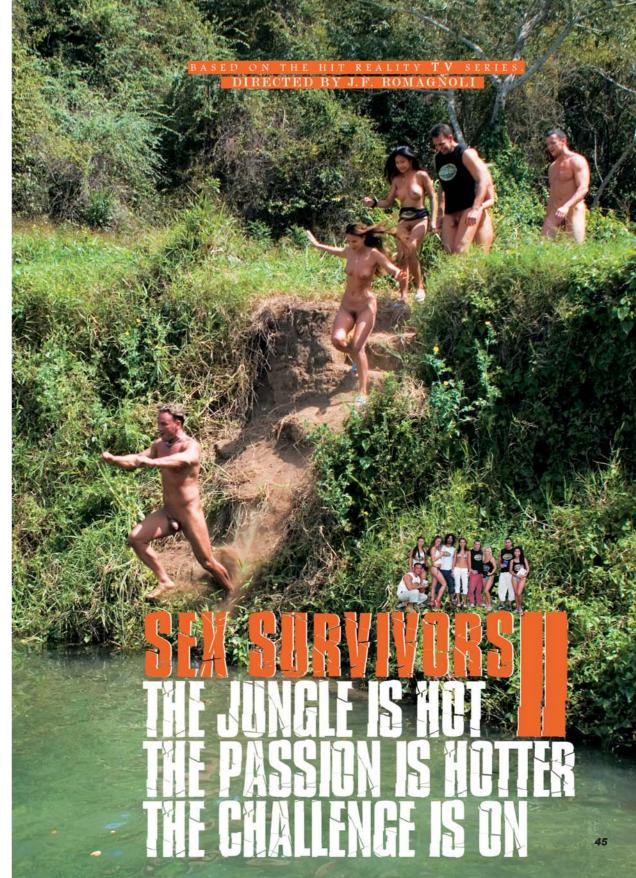




















DEUTSCH

EIN WENIG ÜBER MICH...

Lieblingsgericht: Hmmm... weder Rosenkohl noch Bohnen. Ich liebe Fleisch, Teigwaren, Pommes frîtes, Knoblauchbrot und typisch holländische Gerichte.

Lieblingsgetränk: Coca Cola!!! Aber hin und wieder trinke ich auch Crystal und wenn es heiß ist, trinke ich am liebsten kaltes Bier.

Freunde: Um die Wahrheit zu sagen, ich hatte nicht viele feste Freunde, aber ich habe die Boys immer gerne geküsst und mit ihnen geflirtet!

Auf diese Weise habe ich berühmte Leute wie Kevin Costner und Shaq O'Neal kennen gelernt. Letzteren lernte ich Las Vegas während eines Baskettballkongresses kennen und dachte zuerst, er sei ein "Gorilla" des Clubs. Aber eigentlich passierte dann nichts, denn zu jener Zeit hatte ich einen festen Freund und ich bin dann sehr treu!

Mein erster Freund war blond und hatte blaue Augen. Ebenso wie mein zweiter und dritter Freund, mit dem ich 7 Jahre zusammen war. Meinen ersten One Night Stand hatte ich 2004 im Marriott auf den Champs Elysées mit einem berühmten Amerikaner, der im Fernsehen verkündete, dass er mich heiraten würde. Wie es aussieht, lief es in dieser Nacht gut.

Später war ich dann eine Zeit lang mit einem russischen Fußballspieler zusammen. Er spielte in der Nationalmannschaft, aber ich bin nicht gerade begeistert von verheirateten Männern. Anschließend drehte ich völlig durch mit diesem supersexy Pornodarsteller durch, der halb Spanier, halb Italiener ist. Er ist in Spanien sehr bekannt und arbeitet bei Tele 5 und wurde im vergangenen Jahr zum besten Darsteller gewählt: Andrea Moranty.

Meine Lieblingsstellung: Die Missionarsstellung, ganz eng zusammen. Mich begeistert es, zu blasen. Das könnte ich stundenlang tun, aber normalerweise halten das die Männer nicht so lange aus!! Ha, ha!

Ich werde angeturnt von: Weißen, sauberen und gerade ausgerichteten Zähnen, von gepflegten und amüsanten Gentlemen!

Ich verabscheue: Schlechten Geruch und Unsicherheit.

















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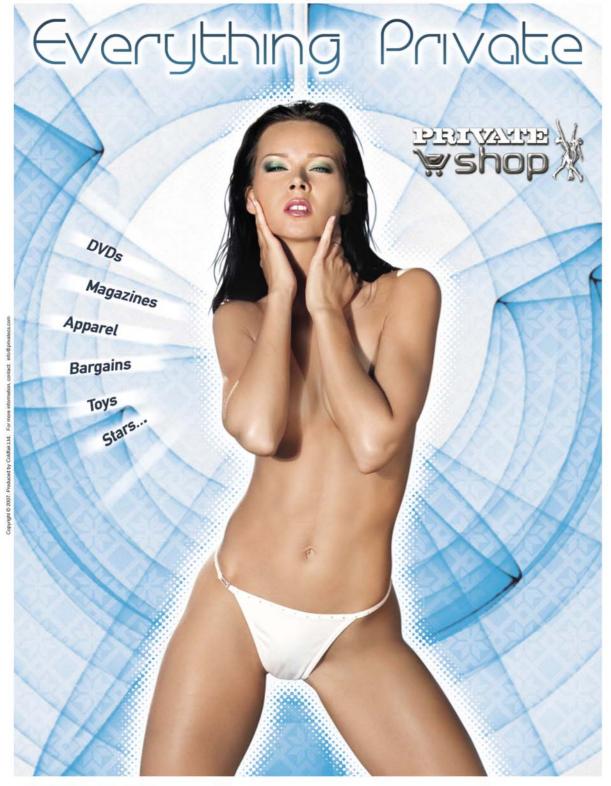
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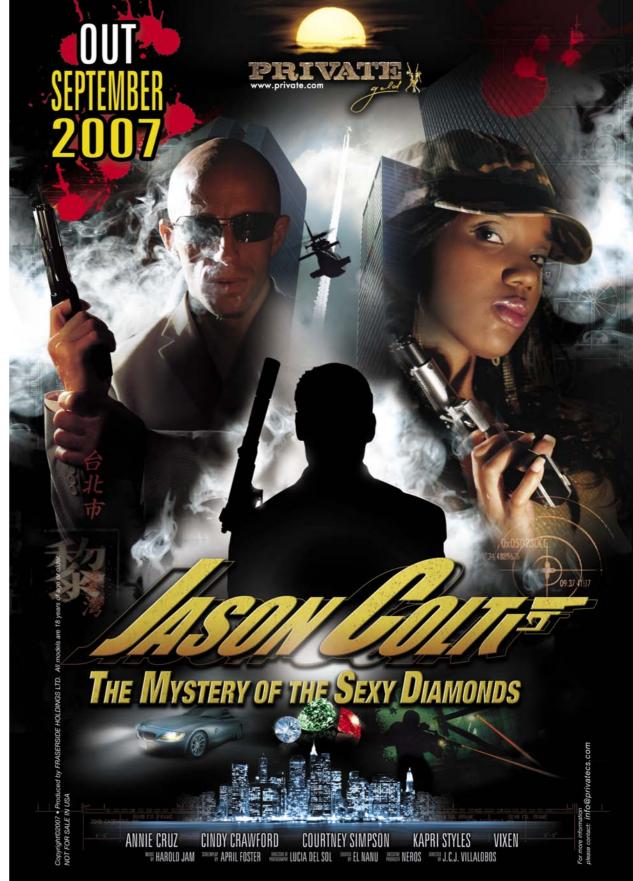
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Volley Fall

by Donald Pricker

There were just two matches to go before the end of the league and only a disaster could prevent us from being the champions. My name is Hank and I am the coach of the Porto Bello Beaches, a first-division women's volleyball team. Since the moment we made it to the top category, two seasons ago, we have never won a match, not even a miserable tournament or a summer league. Ok, ves we did win a couple of pre-season beach volleyball matches. But in this league, yet to finish, we had lost only one match, and competition was hard, very hard. My girls had demolished all the statistics one could ever think of. The Popsicle Stars, another up and coming team, was hot on our heels and we were playing against them on that fateful May 15th, on their home grounds. If we won, mathematically we would the champions; if not, the Popsicle Stars would be even with us and everything would be decided the next week.

Thanks to the confidence the team's management board had in me, I could sign up a series of promising volleyball stars that very soon turned us into a superb team, a well oiled playing machine, a steam-roller on the courts all over the state. I must confess that so much responsibility prevented me from not thinking all the time of most of my players, but not in terms of sports and strategies, as some of you would think. Rather, I was obsessed with them; with their delicious tits bouncing up and down each time they leapt up to the net to hit the ball, their powerful and well shaped legs, not of a great team, but part of gorgeous bodies. I am really proud for having contributed to their youthful and sportive splendor with my intense and hard training sessions. Oh yes! I adore my females, individually and as a team. Mentally I had passed the line that separated my professional dedication to them, from the sexuality I felt for them: they had the devil at home.

That was probably the last chance I was going to have to fuck any of them, taking advantage of different factors such as the possible euphoria for the final victory, the stay at the hotel far from home, and that only two of the boyfriends had come with us. Yes, my girls' boyfriends! I knew those boys kept an eye on me, day after day, at the training sessions, at the games..., so I did not feel tempted to fuck any of those delicious pussies. Generally those boys are all brawn and no brain, decorative but exchangeable articles for those marvelous creatures, mutts laying at the feet of my warriors. I have had to put up with killer looks, threats, although I even made friends with some of them. On the other hand, Helga, the team's masseuse had to go away due to family problems; she was the one who kept the sharpest eye, she was their guardian angel, a hefty lesbian who, I was told, drooled as much as I did or even more, for their pussies. All I wanted was their bodies, at least one of them. A trophy like that interested me far more than the bonus that awaited us, more than the next game, more than the damn league, or even my

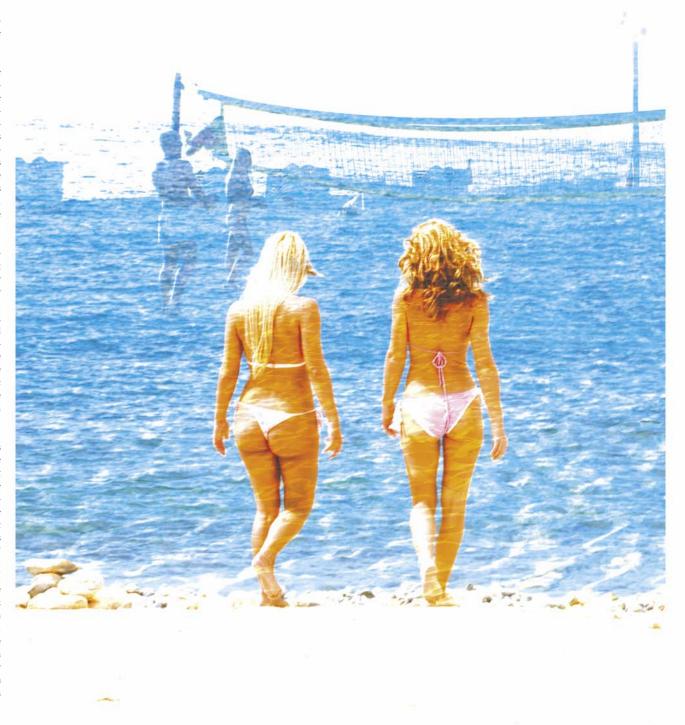
immaculate reputation. Who cared about winning or losing? I had to have a physical memoir of these girls, more physical than even their titanic efforts as players.

My girls were at their best and we won against the Popsicle Stars in a match that the next day's press qualified as tremendous. Needless to say they played like they had never played before, even with an entirely hostile public. I even refrained from giving them instructions; they calculated the strategies of their opponents and all I had to do was to take care of changing the players and enjoying the spectacle of their splendid bodies crushing the enemy. Excited and overflowing with the enthusiasm of an imminent victory, free of all the stress I had put into them or that final lap of the league, we all embraced each other when the referee called signaled the end of the match.

There, in the middle of the courts was where my redemption started. As I was embracing them and congratulating them for the victory, I felt someone eagerly fondling my testicles; what's more, several of them were eagerly fondling me. I was confused and at the same time excited. In the midst of the cheers by the fans of our opponents, who most admired our game, my girls fondled me and there, flying up and down, suspended in the air, my vertigo focused on my testicles almost casing me to ejaculate without even having reached a full erection. I had to take advantge of the situation and this was it; my libido was at its peak. Surely my most secret desires were about to come true: 'Peter, help...!' was the only thing I could utter from up in the air, among the joy and shouts of my team.

The party in the changing room was something out of this world. The girls grabbed hold of me and put me in the shower, while some of them undressed with no shame at all, took photographs and opened bottles of champagne that they generously poured over me and Peter. The symbolism of this excited me even more. I was about to take my clothes off myself but something told me it was not the moment: " I know this is not what you want, but it is not bad to start with...; the third lap has yet to come...' whispered Kate McKenzie before kissing me on the cheek. That was all I needed to hear, besides the victory chants. I could not bear it any more; I was going to explode; the stress of the game and the tension in my fully erected cock were driving me mad. I did everything I could, between cheers, kisses and hugs, not to show I had a full erection. With resignation, I understood that these girls who were so dedicated to their sport, just as I had taught them with nearly mind-blowing vehemence, also needed a safety valve for all that stress and emotion, and that my erection and their safety valve were perfectly compatible on such a historic day like today.

Our hotel room -- the one I shared with Peter the assistant coach- was next to the one occupied by Lola Ferreri and



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Caroline West, my two favorite wingers; a dangerous duo on the courts. They were also known to be the most forward and hottest girls on the team: "Peter, it is today or never. If we don't fuck tonight..., it's all over..., I off...", I told him. He agreed. His eyes revealed that he too had wet thoughts about them: "I can't stand the thought of their boyfriends fucking them; not tonight. It has to be me... both of us..." I said, remembering how a few days ago I spied on Caroline and Louise Philips fucking with their boyfriends in the ladies changing room; one of the best jack-offs—even though painful-I had had in many years.

As we were unpacking our bags, someone knocked at the door; there they were, the two of them, speeding things up: "Well coach, I think it is time we got to know each other better, don't you think so?", suggested Lola as she removed the top she was wearing, uncovering her breasts, free from the yoke of her bra. I stood there with my mouth open and drooling, with my powerful and immediate erection putting me in absolute evidence in front of Lola, my own Lolita. The desire, the hunger for sex had been gnawing at their guts, like us: "We cannot wait until dinner...", cried Lola, as she approached me, took hold of my shaking hands and placed them on her breasts. Her stiff nipples sent shudders through me. Her warm and soft skin, treated with after-shower lotions... and this clean smell, sports cleanliness: "Oh..., Lola you can never know how much I have desired this moment...", I said before she grabbed on to my bunch under my track suit. Before he even knew what was taking place, Peter had Caroline straddling him and locking her powerful legs round his waist. She covered his mouth with a long drawing kiss.

As though she was tackling an opponent, Lola threw me down on the carpet, deftly lowered my trouser and underwear, and swallowed my prick without even a doubt, just as she leads up to block a shot over the net, but not before turning around to put her splendid ass before my face: "I know, ever since you took me into the team..., lick it..., lick my ass and my pussy...", she said. I had to remove her trouser and lace panties; it seemed to excite her, but I am sure not as much as I was. After having freed her of her clothes, I lubricated her ass and inserted my tongue, preparing it for penetration, when the moment came. Her pussy was dripping with lust; she was hotter than a Mexican road. Orally satisfied -at least I was; my tongue was failing at times- I proposed we went to the shower, the place where I quenched my sexual imagination when I think of them after every match. I told her this. She understood and smiled with mischief, with part of her hair covering face, giving her a devilishly suggestive look: "Come on..., let's celebrate...", she said already standing up and pulling me by the hand. For a moment I was beholding a goddess who was taking me to heaven. In the meantime, Peter was being straddled genuine Texan style by Caroline: "Man, this is too much..., what a beast!", he exclaimed as he caressed Caroline's breasts, who without stopping, glanced at my cock and licked her lips as though she was a vampire enjoying the sight of a future victim.

Occasionally the hot shower soothed us. We soaped each other as we enjoyed our bodies, exploring and nibbling each other. Her body was a perfect sculpture chiseled through rigorous training and a strict diet, besides the massages and care with Nordic perfection by Helga: "Has the masseuse ever licked your pussy?", I asked without ceasing to kiss her all over the body. Lola grabbed me by the ears, and purring like a kitten approached her mouth to my ear and said that she had. In fact Helga had done it to all of them. It seemed like Helga had an advantage over me. For a moment I would have loved to be a woman, lesbian and masseuse to be able to have tasted all those pussies: "She has been doing it since we found out that her tongue relaxed us much more than her hands...", confessed Lola as I pinched her right nipple and with the other hand stimulated her pussy. Things one finds out. She hung on to my shoulders and wrapped her legs around my waist. My cock penetrated her smoothly: "Fuck me hard..., coach...; show me who the boss is!", she said as she licked my ear. I held on to her powerful buttocks and started fucking her upright with no other support than my legs on the shower tray: "Take this...! Like it...?" I panted as I pumped hard. I leant her against the wall to relieve the weight and she deftly slipped my cock out of her pussy, to rub it against her ass until she drove me mad: "Turn around..., I want to fuck you from behind", I ordered. She obeyed me instantly, knowing that I had her fully dominated. She placed her hands on the wall and arched her back as much as she could to offer me the splendor of her two holes, nearly vertical, gymnastic perfection to which I had contributed with my hard training sessions. Lola playfully gyrated her ass just at the moment when I was most anxious to penetrate her anus: "Coach..., your cock is dripping..., hmmm..., like it?" cried this wonderful and naughty creature.

I could no longer resist her foreplay: I grabbed her waist with all my strength and, before going to work on her anus, even though I had already lubricated it well and it was impatiently awaiting my cock, I penetrated her once again in the vagina: "Oh God..., how you drip..., ahhhh, you are so hot!", I said noticing the wetness and temperature of her pussy. I thrust hard into her with the purpose of knocking her out but she was in better shape than I was and did not seem an easy dish: "Fuck me in the ass..., ves... your cock...!", she cried out in excitement. I needed no bidding and entered her anus like a ramrod. Never before had I penetrated such a comfortable ass. She was an athlete in every sense of the word; elastic even from behind. I gave it to her hard as though it was a severe punishment: "Is this what you wanted...? A medicinal cock...? Take it you bitch... here!". Of course the inevitable happened, and I ejaculated abundantly in her anus. Before I could finish ejaculating, she withdrew my prick from her anus and made me cum on her face: "Take this..., you are pretty like this...", I said observing the streams of semen flowing down her face and mingling with the water. My legs started to weaken, and waving my still dripping prick, she enjoyed licking it and caressing her face with it. As we closed the tap, we heard voices in the room; there was somebody else besides Peter and Caroline: "By the way..., where is Kate? In the changing

room she told me that there was going to be something special going on", I asked her. Lola took hold of a towel and started to dry me; I would have given anything to have been able to dry them myself.

My fingertips were completely wrinkled; a clear sign that we had spent a long time in the water. As we got out of the shower we were met with an incredible sight. Peter and Caroline with three other players plus a man I had never met before. Kate was with them. As soon as she saw me, she blew me a kiss before putting the unknown man's prick in her mouth; it was her turn, after Mary Logan. Marla Winters was also there and the man was licking her pussy. From behind me, Lola was fondling my prick and bringing it back to life: "Kate, he is all yours if you want him..., you won't regret it..., he was inquiring about you...", cried Lola. Kate was a splendid woman, all sinew, nearly no breasts at all, but with a gorgeous body. I had dreamt of her many nights. She stopped sucking cock and sprang on me, covering my mouth with her's as she put my drooping cock between her legs and squeezed it: "Hasn't your boyfriend come with you..., he might get upset..., if he sees us...", I said moving her aside to catch my breath. Kate had told me that shortly before they had had an argument at the hotel bar and that he could go to hell. Lola was holding on to Mary from behind who was now riding the stranger.

My cock was throbbing and Kate knew very well how to handle it: "Who is this man? He looks familiar", I asked, licking her flat chest with two large and hard nipples protruding out of it. She said he was the manager of the Popsicle Stars and that they had picked him up at the hotel bar: "Good catch..., I suppose he congratulated you...", I inquired even though I could not make out whether he was asking about the victory or if he sucked well. With her leaning against that wall, I knelt down to taste the honey from her pussy. As I licked her, I inserted my index finger in her anus and thumb in her pussy and started rubbing them together, almost making her gravitate. Finally she could no longer resist the intense gravitational treatment I was putting her through and asked to come down. There was no room on the bed so she lay on the carpet and I penetrated her with all my strength, grabbing on to her neck with one hand and supporting myself on the floor with the other: "Fuck me hard..., yes..., you are great..., hummm..., I love it!", she groaned in excitement. I knew very well what she wanted. I ejaculated in her pussy in a wave of spasms; she wrapped her legs around my waist not to lose even a drop of my sperm: "I'm coming..., you are tearing me apart..., ohhh...!", she panted, reaching an orgasm at the same time.

I got up to take care of Lola, all alone with her dildo. Just at than moment someone called at the door. Without hesitating or shame I opened the door fully nude: "Hi coach, you should not start the third playoff without informing the opposing team. Congratulations for winning..., is the party, so to say, here...?", cried Lorna, one of the Popsicle Stars, an attractive redhead with a milky-white skin and freckles down to her pussy. Behind her were Kate's and Caroline's boyfriends and

one of the hotel waitresses. Needless to say anything about what happened after that: "Your manager is here and he is having the time of his life...". I said as I fondled her wide and comfortable ass. Her skin was very cold but I warmed her up fast; I undressed her and made her get down on her knees to fuck her from behind: "This afternoon my girls gave you a good lesson; now it is my turn...", I said before trusting my prick in her cunt. I gave it to her hard as she seemed to like it, slapping her buttocks to stimulate them and scratching her back: "I love your skin..., oh boy; what do you have in your cunt?", I said as I noticed the smoothness of her pussy juice. The contrast between the temperature of her skin and her cunt was wonderful; it seemed like hot chocolate. She was gyrating her ass so much that I withdrew my prick to avoid ejaculating too soon. She turned around, pushed me on to the floor and inserted my cock so deep inside her that my balls touched her perineum as she turned around. I could grab on to her tits and fondle them as much as I wanted; her cries of pleasure drove me mad; she groaned like a beast being thrashed and that excited me even more. She did not need them; she was flying by herself, like in the courts. I am sure Lorna will be the next player I sign on for the coming season; at least I will talk to her about it later: "Darling you are great..., I'm coming", I cried. Considering my desperate situation, with my prostate about to explode, she accelerated her movements and we both reached an orgasm together.

Absolutely staggered by the fucks with Lola, Kate and Lorna, one part of my recent life drifted past in front of my eyes, with the soundtrack of the others fucking in the room. I recalled the most important moments of my professional life with the first two and the rest of the team; alone in the men's changing room while the girls changed before and after the matches; moments of tragic loneliness. There, surrounded by four walls, thinking of their tender but powerful bodies under the showers, soaping themselves and laughing while they did it. Of course I had fucked them in my dreams, in all the positions and combinations one can think of. I imagined them around me, nude and me giving out my favors; lord and master of my harem. It was midnight and I would have fucked half the team. The others could wait until we played the last match at home.

There was still a lot to go and all the cards were on the table. That year was going to be my last year with the women's volleyball team. A month ago I had verbally committed to train a second-division men's team, and if my calculations were right, that would be my springboard towards the main category: the interstate men's league. But considering the current circumstances, I will probably go on coaching women' teams for the next few seasons. Who knows. I have a few players in mind who would keep my team on the winner's line and that is an opportunity one cannot refuse: "Where is your team manager?", I asked Lorna as she sucked me.

Donald Pricker

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"Sex Survivors II" follows a team
of women fighting a sex game of survival
against their horny male counterparts,
where only the hungriest pussies
and hardest cocks can thrive.

THE JUNGLE IS HOT, THE PASSION IS HOTTER, THE CHALLENGE IS ON.

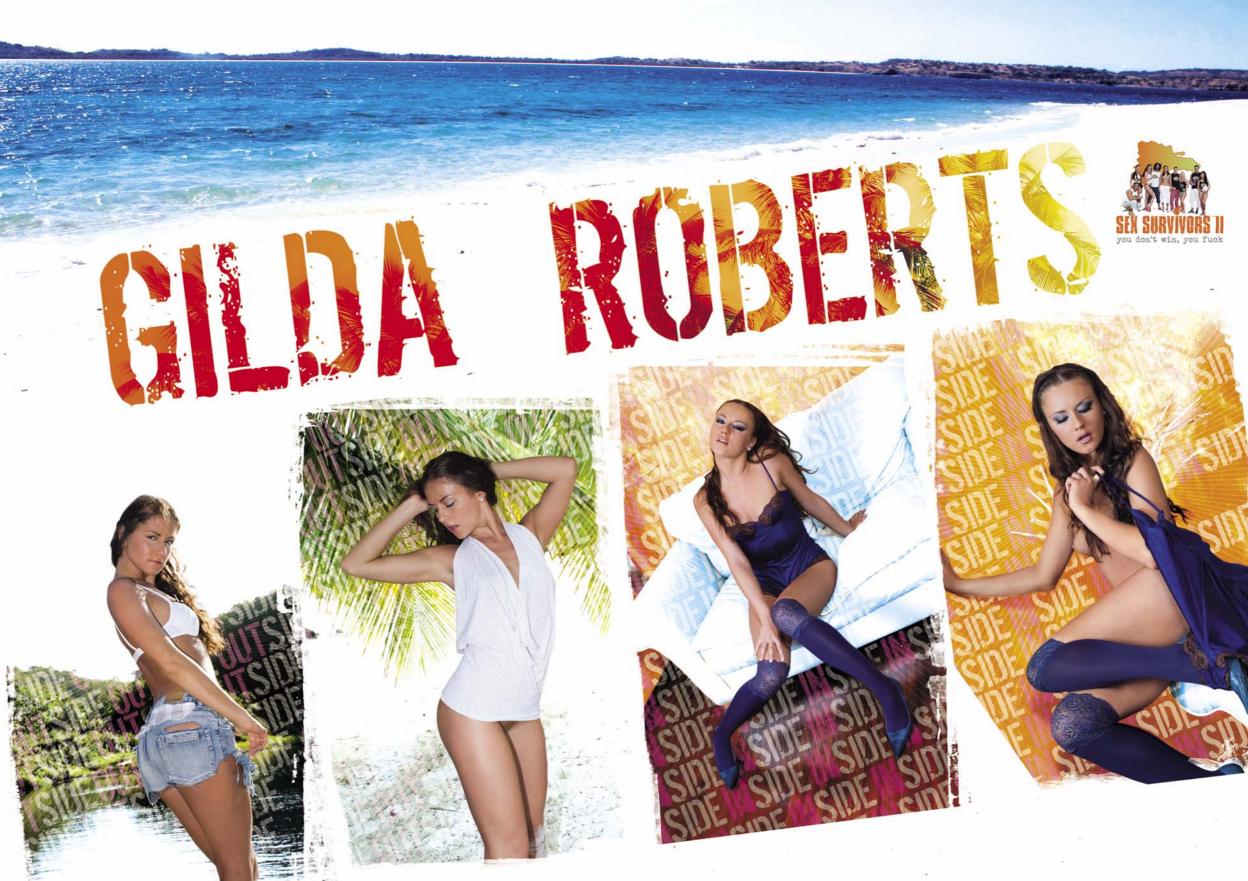


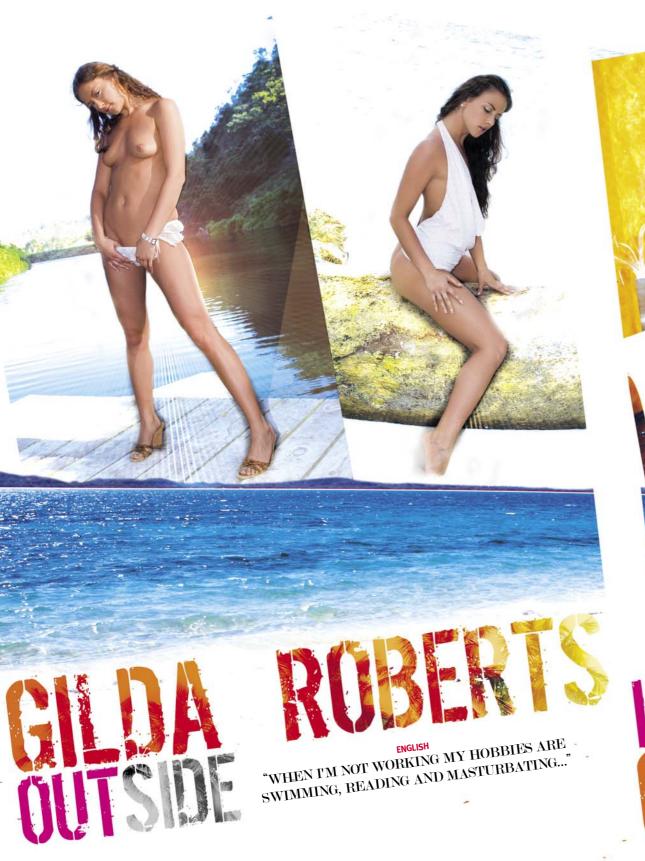
Directed by J.F. Romagnoli.

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