

UP AND DOWN AND IN AND OUT AND SO GOOD YOU WILL SUCK COCK!

LAVAGINA

ATENAS, 17 DE MAYO DE 2012

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Número 4



FUCK YOU, BORIS!

Αντί προλόγου,
παραθέτω το παρακάτω απόσπασμα από
το κείμενο Πολλές φορές τη νύκτα
του Ανδρέα Εμπειρικού:

Τέλος από ένα υπόγειον με άνοικτους φεγγίτες,
σάν πίδακες ἀγαλλιάσεως,
σάν πίδακες ούρανομήχεις,
και άλλες φωνές μέσα στή νύκτα:
«Γαμῶ σε, ὡς τὰ ἔγκατα τῆς γῆς!
Γαμῶ σε, ὡς τ' ἀστέρια!»
Και εἰς ἀπάντησιν ἀπὸ τὸν ἴδιον χῶρον,
μὲ οἴστρον καταφάσεως,
μὲ οἴστρον ταυτίσεως ἀπολύτου μὲ τὸ θεῖον:
«Ναί! Ναί! Γάμα με, ἀδελφέ!
Τοῦ Παραδείσου βλέπω φῶς!
Τοῦ Παραδείσου νοιώθω γλύκα!»

Ανδρέας Εμπειρικός,
Οκτάνα, Εκδόσεις Ίκαρος,
Α' Έκδοση 1980

Βασίλης Ζηδιανάκης
ΑΤΟΠΟΣ Contemporary Visual Culture
Αθήνα, Μάιος 2012







Schlampella und die Bang-Boat-Kids

Es war ein Tag wie jeder andere. Was soviel heisst wie: Es war kein Tag wie jeder andere. Schlampella kurvte mit ihrem Motorrad den Berg hinunter zum Strand. Die Sonne schien, der Himmel war blau und das Meer still. Für einen Augenblick schien es so, als würde die Sonne nur für sie lachen und sie lachte zur Sonne zurück. Flugs montierte sie ihren Stringtanga, während sie beschloss, ihr Bikini-Oberteil (oder was sie Bikini-Oberteil nannte) gleich ganz wegzulassen. Die Sonne lachte, der Himmel war blau und das Meer war still. Totenstill. Auf ihrem Smartphone lief der bananenweiche Hit „Pon de Replay“ von Rihanna's steil-starken Debütalbum „Music of the Sun“ aus dem Jahre 2005 in nahezu voller Lautstärke:

Bewegt euch alle, los
Lasst mich sehen, wie ihr euch bewegt
Und tanzt, bis der Rhythmus endet
Tanz, bis die Sonne den Mond ablöst

Es war gegen drei Uhr nachmittags. Ein nahezu perfekter Nachmittag am Cabo de Gata. Schlampella war eine Kaugummi-Power-Frau. Sie düste mit dem Motorrad an. Mit mindestens 100 Sachen. Sie fühlte sich frei. Wild. Wild. Wild. Sie setzte ihre Sonnenbrille (Marke: Dior) auf und versuchte zu meditieren. Meditation bedeutete in diesem Fall für sie „bräunen und die Seele baumeln lassen“. Breitbeinig lag sie da. Gemeinsam mit ihren nackten B-Cup-Tittchen natürlich. Insgeheim genoss sie es: Oben im Berg die Guardia Civil mit den Feldstechern in den Händen, und sie unten - oben ohne. Genaugenommen war es aber auch schon ein Thema für sie gewesen: Obenrum dürfte es ein

Schlampella and the Bang-Boat-Kids

It was a day like any other day. Which means: it was not a day like any other day. Schlampella curved down the hill to the beach on her motorcycle. The sun was shining, the sky was blue and the sea was calm. For a moment it seemed the sun was only laughing for her and she was laughing back to the sun. Quickly she put on her thong, while she decided not to wear her bikini top (or what she called bikini top) at all. The sun was laughing, the sky was blue and the sea was calm. Deadly silent. Rihanna's banana soft hit „Pon de Replay“ from the steep-strong debut album „Music of the Sun“, made in 2005, played in almost full volume from her smartphone.

Everybody move run
Lemme see you move and
Rock it til the grooves done
Shake it til the moon becomes the sun

It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. An almost perfect afternoon at Cabo de Gata. Schlampella was a bubblegum-power-woman. She jetted in on her motorcycle. With minimum 100 miles. She felt free. Wild, wild, wild. She put on her sunglasses (brand: Dior) and tried to meditate. In this case, meditation ment „sunbathing and to dangle the soul“. Legs apart she lay there. Together with her naked B-Cup-Tits, of course. Secretly she enjoyed it: the Guardia Civil with binoculars in hands on top of the Mountain, and her at the bottom – topless. Strictly speaking, she did think about it: there could be a bit more up above. Schlampella has thought about it a lot and she got informed about it: the operation is not really complicated, and the use should cover the costs. Secretly, she thought: there could be a bit more up above. More police.

bisschen mehr sein! Schlampella hat schon oft mit dem Gedanken gespielt, und sie hatte sich auch schon darüber informiert: Die Operation sei nicht besonders kompliziert, und der Nutzen würde die Kosten wohl decken. Ingeheim dachte sie sich: Obenrum dürften es ein bisschen mehr sein. Mehr Polizisten. Mehr Feldstecher. Mehr Show. Mehr Bühne. Mehr Sonne. Und vor allem: Mehr Geld. Und überhaupt: Von allem ein bisschen mehr!

Also, ich bin bereit für euch
Kommt, lasst es mich euch zeigen
Ihr wollt grooven?
Ich zeig euch, wie ihr euch bewegen sollt!

Schlampella nickte kurz ein, während Rihanna immer noch im Smartphone tanzte. Schlampella träumte von ihrem Freund Bimbo: Er hätte eine kleine Auseinandersetzung mit Schwachkopf und Vollidiot gehabt. Nicht der ganz grosse Streit, aber dennoch ein Handgemenge, in dem Bimbo Vollidiot sein Knie in die Weichteile bohrte und Schwachkopf Bimbo darauf seine Faust ins Gesicht wuchtete. Auch Tausendsassa und Beserker spielten im Traum eine Rolle, wenn auch eine Untergeordnete. Tausendsassa gab den Taugenichts und Tunichtgut der für Beserker den Stoff verkaufte. Und Beserker spielte quasi Beserker himself, der neben dem Drogengeschäft auch noch ein paar abgetakelte Perserinnen auf dem Strand am Laufen hatte. Schlampella gehörte da freilich nicht dazu. Sie träumte. Wild. Wild. Wild.

Hingehen, wohin man will, und tun, was man will, ohne sich auch nur Gedanken zu machen.
„Warum bloss, hast Du das getan?“, fragte Bimbo Schlampella im Traum. „Du bist ein Schwein, und lebst wie eine Sau,“ antwortete Schlampella Bimbo im Traum. Darauf machte Bimbo aber grosse Augen. Verdammt GROSSE Augen sogar! Sowas war er sich offensichtlich nicht gewohnt. Warum? Warum? Warum? In „primitiven Gesellschaften“ von „Wilden“

More binoculars. More show. More stage. More sun. And most of all: more money. And generally: a little bit more from everything!

Well I'm ready for ya
Come let me show ya

You want to groove
Im'a show you how to move

Schlampella nodded off, while Rihanna was still dancing in the smartphone. Schlampella was dreaming of her boyfriend Bimbo: he was having a little row with Schwachkopf and Vollidiot. Not a big row, but hand-to-hand fighting, where Bimbo drilled his knee into Vollidiots crotch and Schwachkopf hit Bimbo's face with his fist. Tausendsassa and Beserker played a role as well, even though only a small part. Tausendsassa played the good-for-nothing and the sad dog, who sold gear for Beserker. And Beserker played quasi Beserker himself, who had next to drug business some run-down Persian woman running down the beach. Schlampella didn't belong there, as a matter of fact. She was dreaming. Wild, wild, wild.

To go, wherever it pleases, to do, whatever you fancy, without spending a thought. „Why, why did you do that?“, asks Bimbo Schlampella in her dream. „You are a pig, and you live like a pig“, answers Schlampella Bimbo in her dream. After that Bimbo gets big eyes. Damn HUGE eyes! Obviously, he wasn't use to this. Why? Why? Why? In „primitive company“ along „savages“ the word „Why“ doesn't exist. Wild. Wild. Wild.

„Why, why did you do that?“
„Because I was stoned“.

„Why, why did you do that?“
„Because I didn't feel well, and no one else was there for me“.



gibt es das Wort „warum“ nicht. Wild. Wild. Wild.

„Warum bloss, hast Du das getan?“
„Weil ich bis oben hin zugeröhnt war.“

„Warum bloss, hast Du das getan?“
„Weil es mir nicht gut ging, und kein anderer für mich da war.“

„Warum bloss, hast Du das getan?“
„Fick Dich doch selbst, du Arschloch!“

Wild. Wild. Wild. „Arschloch“, war das Stichwort, das Schlampella unvermittelt weckte. Vielleicht war es aber auch der Kaugummi, der zwischen ihren Zähnen klebte und sie dadurch störte? Aber vielleicht war es auch einfach nur der dicke Moroschwanz, der kehlentief in ihren Gaumen steckte? Vielleicht war es aber auch der Moroschwanz, der in ihrer Mumu steckte oder der verfluchte Moroschwanz, der verdammt tief



„Why, why did you do that?“
„Fuck you, you asshole!“

Wild. Wild. Wild. „Dickhead“, was the keyword, which woke up Schlampella abruptly. Or maybe it was the chewing gum which stuck between her teeth, what woke her? Or perhaps it was the fat Moroschwanz which stuck in her palatine? But perhaps it was the Moroschwanz, which stuck in her pussy or the damn Moroschwanz, which stuck damn deep in her ass. Hard to say, retrospectively, Schlampella felt like a tortured lab monkey. She was shivering of fear, while she was taken by three emigrant kids in a problem-kid-style. She shivered so badly, that she couldn't take the thought of thinking where the kids came from so sudden — out of nowhere. And if they maybe had a bad time at home, before they arrived with boats on the Spanish coast and raped Schlampella. In this unacceptable moment, she didn't want to hear



in ihrem Arsch steckte. Rückblickend schwer zu sagen, fühlte sich Schlampella doch wie ein gefolterter Laboraffe. Sie zitterte vor Angst, während sie von den drei Einwandererkids im Problemkind-Stil rangenommen wurde. Sie zitterte derart vor Angst, dass sie sich gar nicht erst damit auseinandersetzen wollte, von wo die Einwandererkids so plötzlich - wie aus dem Nichts - herkamen. Und ob sie es in ihrer früheren Heimat, bevor sie mit einem Boot an der Küste Spaniens landeten und Schlampella vergewaltigten, möglicherweise schwer gehabt hatten. In diesem unzumutbaren Moment wollte sie nichts hören von Hunger und Armut auf der Welt. In ihrer verzweiferten Lage versuchte sie sich einzig auszumalen, ob die Guardia Civil oben im Berg wohl immer noch mit ihren Feldstechern in den Händen zu ihr runterglotzt? Die Polizei, dein Freund und Helfer oder wie?

Diese Frage lässt sich einfach und zuverlässig beantworten: Als Schlampella wieder zu sich kam, befand sie sich im Spital von Almeria. Ein wilder Mann in weissem Kittel, sprach, in einer Sprache die sie kaum verstand, eindringlich und gestikulierend auf sie ein. Später wurde sie von ihm untersucht. Er nahm ihr Blut ab und es schien ihr, als hätte er seine Nase zwischen ihren gespreizten Beinen versenkt. Es tat ihr alles weh. Als sie an einem Spiegel vorbei kam, sah sie ihr zerschundenes Gesicht. Ein geschwollenes Auge und der ganze Körper mit blauen Flecken und Kratzern übersät. Jetzt musste Schlampella kotzen.

Ein paar Tage später wurde Schlampella aus dem Krankenhaus entlassen. Die Guardia Civil nahm sie mit. Unter dem Vorwand, ihre Anzeige aufnehmen zu wollen. Sie ging mit. Auf dem Posten war sie alleine mit drei Bullen. Einer davon sprach ein paar Brocken in ihrer Sprache und forderte sie auf sich auszuziehen. Was hätte sie denn auch

anything about hunger and poverty in the world. The only thought she had in her despair, if the Guardia Civil was still staring from the mountain with their binoculars in hands? Police, your friend and helper, or what?

This question is answered simply and certain: when Schlampella got conscious, she was in Almeria's hospital. A wild man in doctor's overall spoke insistently and gesticulatingly, in a language she hardly understood. Later he examined her. He took blood and it seemed to her, that his nose was drowned between her spread legs. Everything was hurting her. As she passed a mirror, she saw her battered face. A swollen eye and the whole body was spangled with blue bruises and scratches. Now, Schlampella had to puke.

A couple of days later, Schlampella was released from hospital. The Guardia Civil took her. Under the excuse to take a complain. She went along. At the police post she was alone with three men. One of them, spoke some words in her language and invited her to undress. What could she do? They were three! One held her, while another slapped her and the third tried to put his bat first in her cunt and shortly after in her asscunt. That hurt! Schlampella thought she is gaga or she is going to be. She was thinking of Bimbo and their last fuck. Schlampella thought to get out. She was thinking about ripping her clothes. She was thinking about ripping her skin. That hurt!

Come Mr. DJ
Won't you turn the music up

What was happening? The one who was holding her was now trying to penetrate her from the back with his dick, while the second tried from the front and the geezer with the bat rubbed his ballbag. What was happening? The geezer with the bat now tried to force the instrument deep down

anderes tun wollen? Sie waren zu dritt! Einer hielt sie fest, während ein anderer sie ohrfeigte und der Dritte seinen Knüppel zuerst in ihre Möse und gleich danach in ihre Arschmöse einzuführen versuchte. Das tat weh! Schlampella dachte gaga zu sein oder es gleich zu werden. Sie dachte an Bimbo und ihren letzten Fick. Schlampella dachte daran auszusteigen. Sie dachte daran ihre Kleider zu zerreißen. Sie dachte daran ihre Haut zu zerreißen. Das tat weh!

Komm schon, Mister DJ
Dreh die Musik doch mal richtig auf

Was ging vor? Der eine, der sie festhielt, versuchte nun von hinten mit seinem Schwanz in sie einzudringen, während es der Zweite von vorne versucht und der Typ mit dem Knüppel seinen Hodensack reibt. Was ging vor? Der Typ mit dem Knüppel versuchte das Instrument nun tief in ihren Hals zu schieben. Weit, weit, weit über den „Point of Gag“ hinaus. Die beiden anderen Bullen lochfickten sie nun richtig hart und monoton in ihre Ficklöcher. Das tat weh! Das war der Neunziger-Jahre-Rocco-Siffredi-Stil. Fett und hässlich.

Als Schlampella in der Wüste von Tabernas wieder zu sich kam, merkte sie ganz genau, dass ihre Kaugummi-Power-Frau-Ära spätestens jetzt vorbei war. Sie hatte noch eingetrocknetes Sperma im Gesicht und guckte zur Sonne. Die Sonne lachte. Für einen Augenblick schien es so, als würde die Sonne nur für sie lachen und da ging es Schlampella zum ersten Mal auf: „Wie abgefickt ist doch die Gesellschaft in der ich lebe!“ Schleck mich. Schleck mich. Schleck mich.

Hgb Fideljus, 2011

her throat. Far, far, far over the „Point of Gag“. Now the other two cops hole-fucked her hard and monotonous in her fuck-holes. That hurt! That was the Nineties-Rocco-Siffredi-Style. Fat and ugly.

As Schlampella regained consciousness in the desert of Tabernas, she really realized, that her bubble-power-woman era was over, now. She still had dried sperms in her face and she peeped to the sun. The sun was laughing. For a moment it seemed, that the sun was only laughing for her and then Schlampella realized: „The society I live in is so fucked up!“ Lick me, lick me, lick me.

Hgb Fideljus, 2012









ΑΤΟΠΟΣ Contemporary Visual Culture

ἀ-τοπος, ον, out of place, and so, 1. strange, unwanted, extraordinary, Eur., etc. 2. strange, odd, eccentric, δούλοι τῶν αἰεὶ ἀτόπων slaves to every new paradox, Thuc.; τῶν ἀτοπιωτάτων ἀν εἰρή Dem. 3. unnatural, disgusting, foul, Πνεῦμα Thuc. II. Adv. – πῶς, marvelously or absurdly, Id., Plat. *Liedhel Scott dicit.* **72 Salaminos str. 104 35 Athens**

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Diary of a pierced and tattooed independent escort (1)

Sunday 25th December 2011

Squirting: Collaboration or Conquest?

Right.

This has been building up for some time, but an incident with a client last night has meant that I felt the need to explain a few things...

Gushing or squirting is the feature of many a porn movie, there's been quite a bit of scientific research on it of late, and it's something many guys find a huge turn on.

I have made a number of women gush / squirt and I agree that as someone who gets a huge amount of pleasure from giving pleasure, the whole visual 'evidence' if you like, of an orgasm, is really quite enjoyable.

The thing is, I don't squirt.

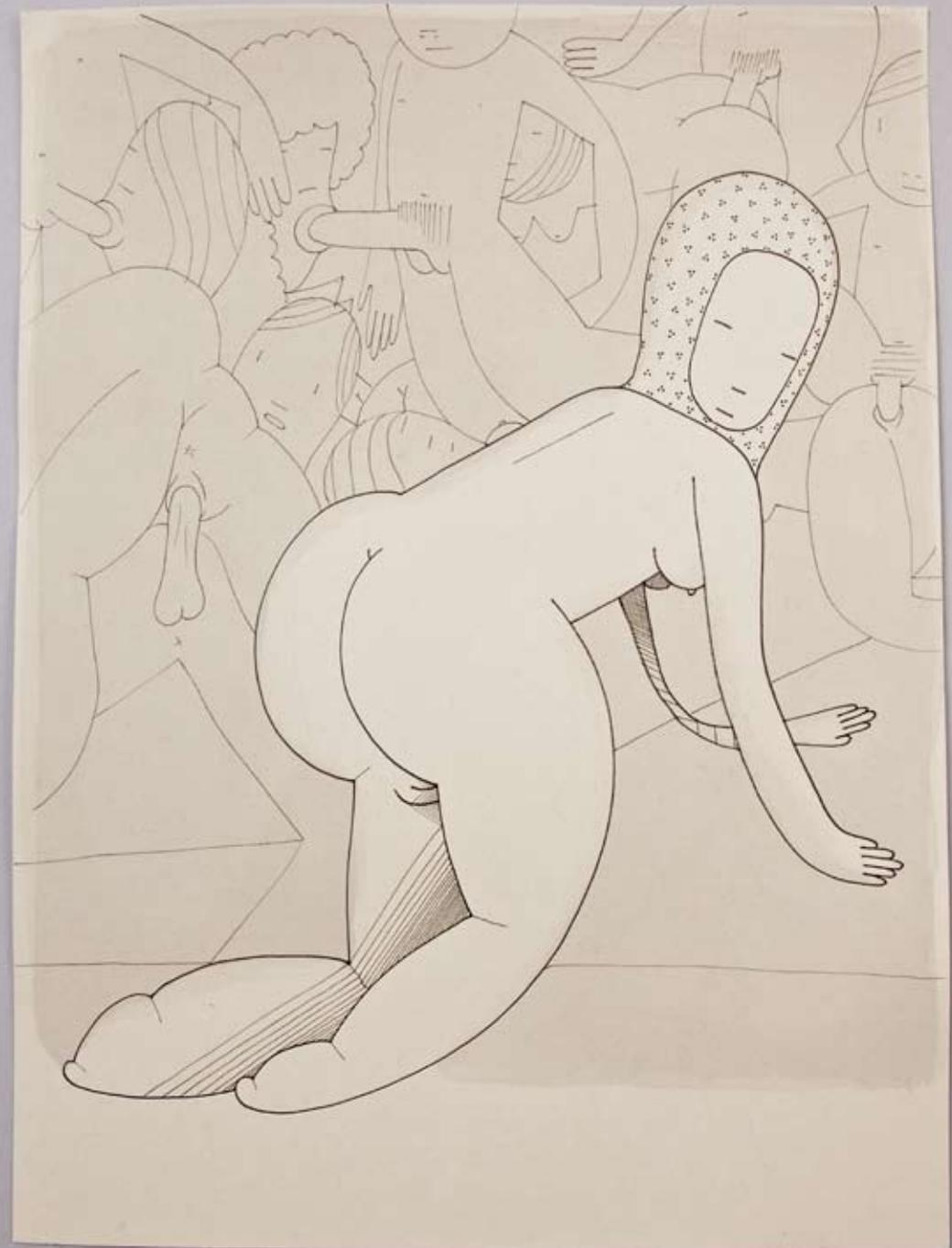
That's not to say it isn't biologically possible. I, as many women do, have all the right bits, but from years of experimenting I have found the stimulation required to provoke female ejaculation feels for me, quite unpleasant. Have you ever bent your arm back too far, or over stretched a joint in a horrible way? It's that sort of 'ew, that's just a bit sore / wrong / let's not do that again' type thing.

So, you may be thinking well, ok, fair enough, you don't squirt, you don't describe yourself as squirting, it's not in your enjoys list, why Natalie, are you having a rant?

Well, the problem with me not squirting is that there are a number of guys out there who see me as a 'challenge'. They will get me to squirt, is what they proclaim at the start of the booking. I just need to relaaaaaax....

I had the unfortunate experience of meeting one of these gentlemen last night, the result of which I have a pussy that's that sore, I have just had to cancel 3 bookings and a trip to Blackpool. I couldn't even have a pain free wank this morning (I gave up after about 10 seconds), and I'm the type of girl who doesn't get out of bed before I'm given myself a multiple orgasm.

I think the problem with this session in particular was that the guy kept touching me in the



same place... at the time I just went numb so whilst it was uncomfortable at the time (he kept denying he was touching my G-spot, even though I could feel he was) it was only really after the session the pain kicked in. I have been in constant throbbing pain since then and really annoyed at myself for not just ending the session. I think he has bruised me, so I'm really hoping I will have recovered in a couple of days... huge apologies to everyone I've had to cancel on, but it would be unfair of me to provide a service when I'm not 100% and there is no way I want anything near my pussy right now.

So, the moral of the story for punters:

Just because someone can biologically do something, does not mean that they either want to, or will enjoy it. Respect a girl's boundaries.

The lesson for me:

When anyone starts prodding my G-spot like the broken button on a coffee machine, I need to give them a warning, then, if they ignore this, they don't get to put their fingers inside me again.

Collaboration, or conquest?

In my view, the best sex comes from collaboration. Once either party changes that dynamic to one of a 'conquest', here endeth any chance of fun or enjoyment, for the recipient anyway.

So, if prodding my G-spot (even with my electric tooth brush) doesn't work, what does?

Why, thank you for asking!

I would like to share that my vaginal wall differs somewhat from the majority of women when it comes to nerve endings. I am really sensitive and I can easily and consistently have 4 or 5 orgasms one after another without any clitoral stimulation, during regular pussy sex. I can do this all day. It's not uncommon for me to have a dozen orgasms in a session. Seriously. Quite often guys are in disbelief at my orgasms, but they are all genuine and very easily achieved! All it takes is one finger, although a nice meaty cock is my orgasm giver of choice. I usually come within about 60-90 seconds of a cock entering my pussy. This is quite different to many of the women I have met, which is reflected in studies that show only 26% of women orgasm regularly (vaginally) during sex, without any clitoral stimulation. How many of them can cum 5 times in a row I wonder? ...and for 3 or 4 hours per day? This may explain the link to my lack of squirting. If my G-spot is significantly more sensitive than 74% of the female population, then the fact repeated finger prodding hurts is hardly surprising.

Onwards and upwards....

xxxcarrie snatchxxx









hey. how about i
give you a massage
and as a reward i
can lick your asshole?



i am not sure if i
got an orgasm.
you stopped doing
the right thing at
the wrong moment!

you have to help me with
this. was it my dick in
your mouth, my tongue
on your nipples, my hand
at your clitoris or my
finger in your butt?



i am SOOO
horny !!



your nose smells
like my butt.



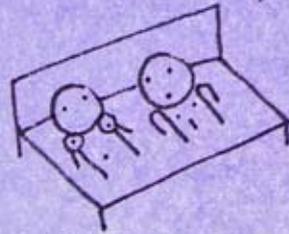
i ran into this
cub and 8 of his
friends, that i
accused to the
police because of
domestic violence.



our periods
just synchronized !



well. the amount of sperm
and the pressure of the ejacu-
lation was on the top! but on
one point i was not sure to
make it. after so much
time i got really tired. short
of breath and soft! then you
started to play with your muscles
and in no time it got intense.
very tight!! when i saw the
orgasm in your face i could
not hold it any longer.
not a second!

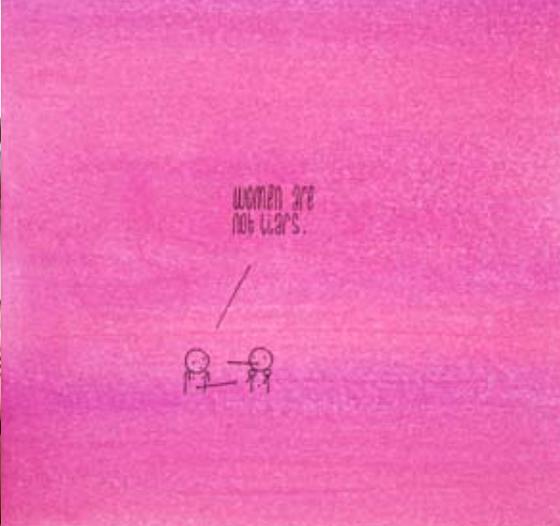




VOINA

Fuck for the Heir - Medved's little Bear!
www.free-voina.org

How to snatch a chicken.





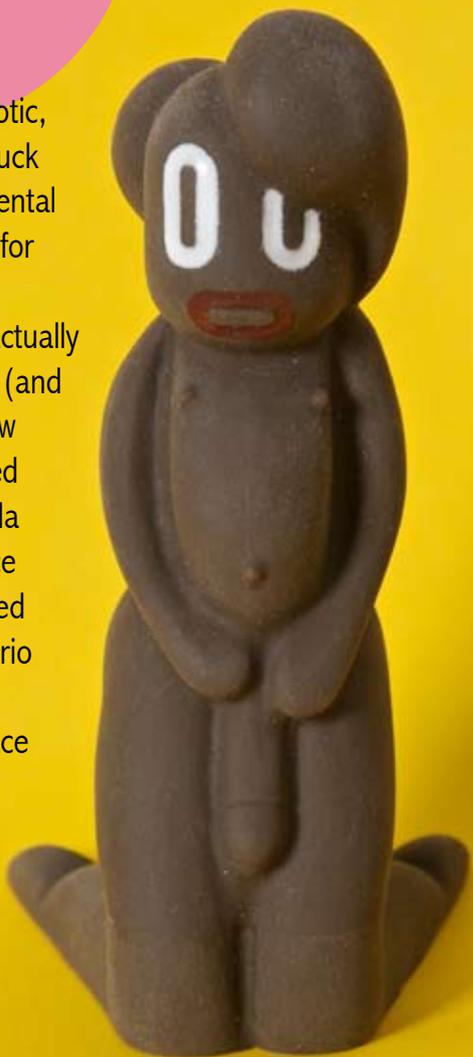




J. the Sex-Machine

excerpts taken from edenfantasys.com
review by Paladin Fantasys

Intended as erotic, sexual art, it struck an immediate mental orgasmic chord for me and others. Even if I didn't actually use it as a dildo (and like others I knew I would), I wanted it to display, kinda like a centerpiece among our lighted and mirrored curio cabinet of sex toys. A playful face to declare the essence and permanence of our new found sexual lifestyle, defiant against being subjugated to the conformity demands of a sexually, narrow-minded, society.



What is so sexual? To start, luxurious silicone. What says safe sex toy better than silicone? How about the evocative gender blend of feminine hairstyle, hips and tush, with large penis and gender neutral breasts? Looking at you with the face reminiscent of an old school blow up doll, what says sex toy better than that?

Perhaps the most pleasing aspect of this toy is that it shows absolutely no sexual discretion when it comes to visual aesthetics. Yet at the same time, it is very discreet about its purpose. Most people would never envision it had a sexual function beyond eye candy. But once you get it in your hands the sexual function begins to reveal itself. I kept thinking parts of it seemed cleaner, while other parts needed more attention. In reality it was already clean, the surprise was realizing J's hair is smooth silicone like my Tantus Ryder, the rest is matte silicone with slightly more drag than my Nexus G-Rider, very nice touch for smooth initial penetration.

I don't own a Jolly Jack, but I'm betting Jack and JSM feel very similar. His overall contours aren't as symmetrical as Jack's and it isn't obvious from the pictures, but J has three distinct bulbs/beads (head, torso, tush). Forming an O with thumb and forefinger and sliding them down over the three bulbs/beads, you can feel a gentle turning, which makes me wonder if it feels similar to The Screw Royal. J the Sex-Machine is more flexible bending forward and backward. Bending side to side is stiffer and with the larger bulge of hair toward the P or G spot, rocking his legs can flex the big hair effectively to rub either.

Okay, so is J plug or is he dildo? Would you believe a near perfect mix?

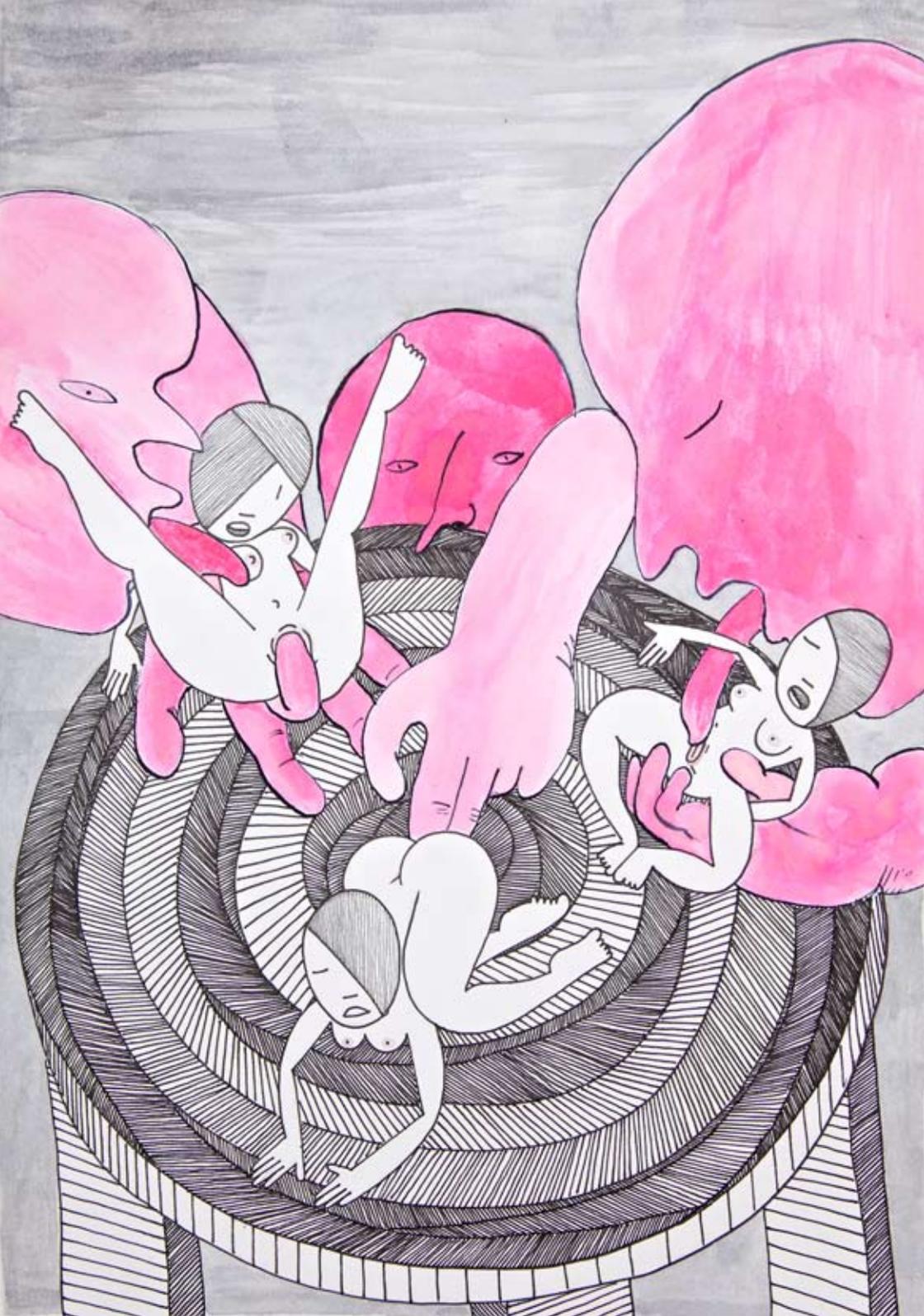
Up to his waist he is plug, stays in place, pleasing and even hides well under clothing. Do you like plugs with tails? J's lower legs stick out and show like bunny ears, or better yet devil's horns, pick your kink! He is even a little bit of a rocker type rider when you sit on him, sliding him in past his nicely rounded ass, fully inserting him into your own, then rock him on his knees.

From shoulder to below the butt, he is a very pleasing dildo, like a more aggressively textured Goodfella. Appropriate and excitingly pleasing for vaginal or anal thrusting.

100% Art. 100% Sex. 100% Fun.







CuntFish

A Story In Three Acts

By Daniel Rolnik

Act I

I lifted her clit ring and dropped it back against the folds of her vagina like a doorknocker.

“You’re going to have to knock louder if you want anyone to hear”, she whispered

So I tried again, this time applying more force, but there was still no response. I spread Blondie’s legs apart and got my mouth as close as to her pussy as possible without touching it.

“Hello, is anyone there? I’d really love to meet you”, I yelled

Her pussy took a shallow breath as she arched her back and clenched the sheets of my bed.

“I think it just peeked at me”
“Yes, yes! Keep going”

I knocked a third time and the bottom of Blondie’s pussy opened up just wide enough for me to stick my middle finger in. And when she got wet enough I stuck my index finger in too, so I could rub them back and forth.

“That’s it, right there!”

I kept fingering Blondie until she came, but something was wrong. It looked like she was having a seizure and when I tried to pull my hand away to call for an ambulance, I realized it was stuck inside. I yanked as hard as I could, but it only caused her to clamp down harder on me like a Chinese finger trap.



She screamed as her body began to shrink and everything that was human about her melted away onto the floor. And I screamed too, because I was freaked the fuck out. Her hair came off in chunks and I was in the process of picking one up when all of a sudden she started squirting milk from her nipples.

“Goddamnit, that’s disgusting”, I said while blocking the stream directed at my face.

And just when I thought things couldn’t get any worse, she took hold of her pussy lips and tossed them out like giant sails around me. It was warm inside and the only light emanated from a series of neon arrow tattoos that pointed ahead of me. So I walked onwards. I mean what would you have done if you were in my position?



Act II

It felt like I had been walking down her vaginal canal for hours, following arrow after arrow, until I heard someone in front of me croak “Over here”. I rushed towards the voice, where I was shocked to discover a talking toad, hopping up and down.

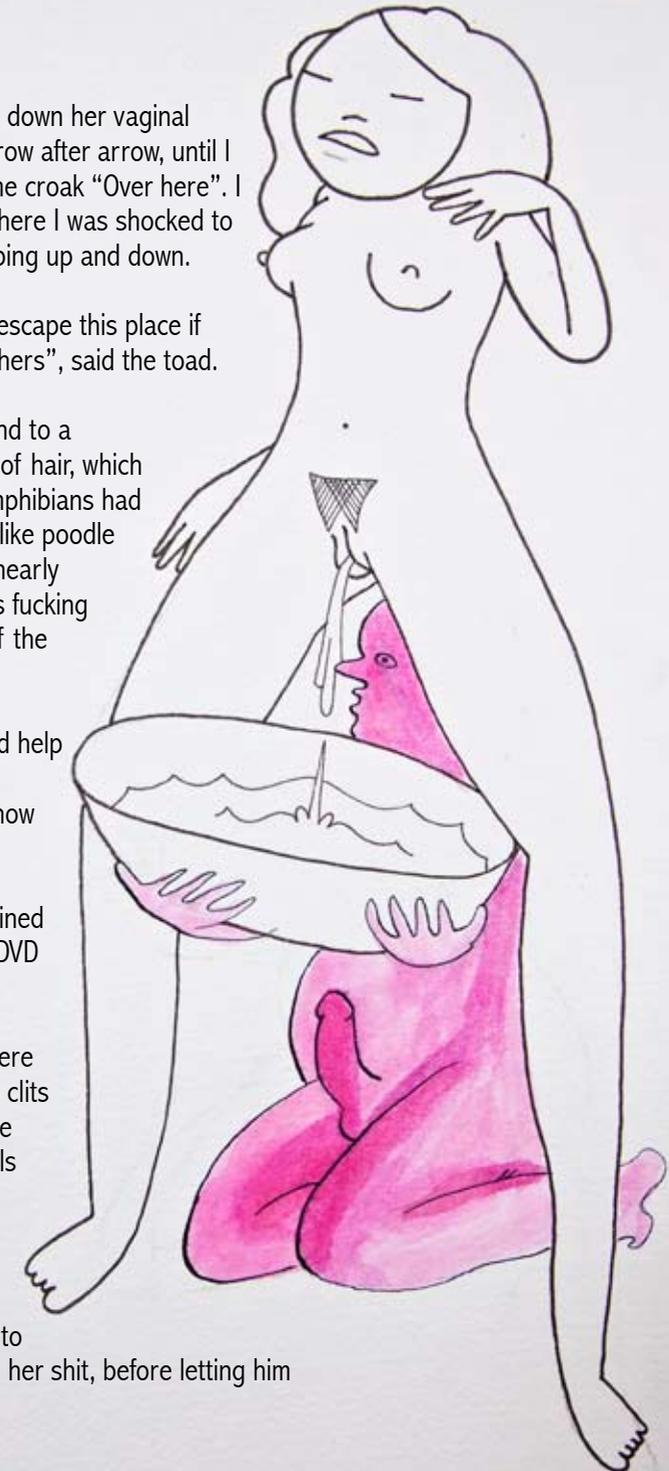
“Young man, I can help you escape this place if you follow me back to the others”, said the toad.

So I walked with my new friend to a shantytown constructed out of hair, which he and a gaggle of other amphibians had built. The whole place smelt like poodle shit and I vomited when we nearly grazed a couple horny toads fucking each other in the doorway of the toad’s apartment.

“I thought you said you could help get me out of here”,
“I can, but first I’ve got to show you something”

The toad took out a cum stained disc and inserted it into his DVD player. He hit play.

Two voluptuous pornstars were furiously licking each other’s clits while some dude poured lube all over them. One of the girls screamed, “Fuck me!” and then squirted pussy juice everywhere as he stuck his cock into her pulsating asshole. She turned around to suck his dick and taste all of her shit, before letting him penetrate her again.



"Make him cum for me!" she yelled at the other girl - who followed her orders and began jerking the dude off until he unleashed a thick load of semen into her asshole. And as soon as he took his cock out of her gaping rectum, she farted out a cum bubble that the other girl popped with her tongue.

The toad turned the movie off and stared at me.

"There's only one way out of here".
"How?"
"Through a cum bubble!"

It turns out the toad had discovered that if amphibian and human semen are mixed together it creates an organic douche - causing a woman to violently expel everything in her uterus. He was just missing the final ingredient up until now, so he gave me a fat stack of pornos and I went to the back room to whack off as much as I could.

The toad turned the mixture into little sticks of gum, which he gave to the female amphibians to blow into 5 giant bubbles we could all fit in. They worked

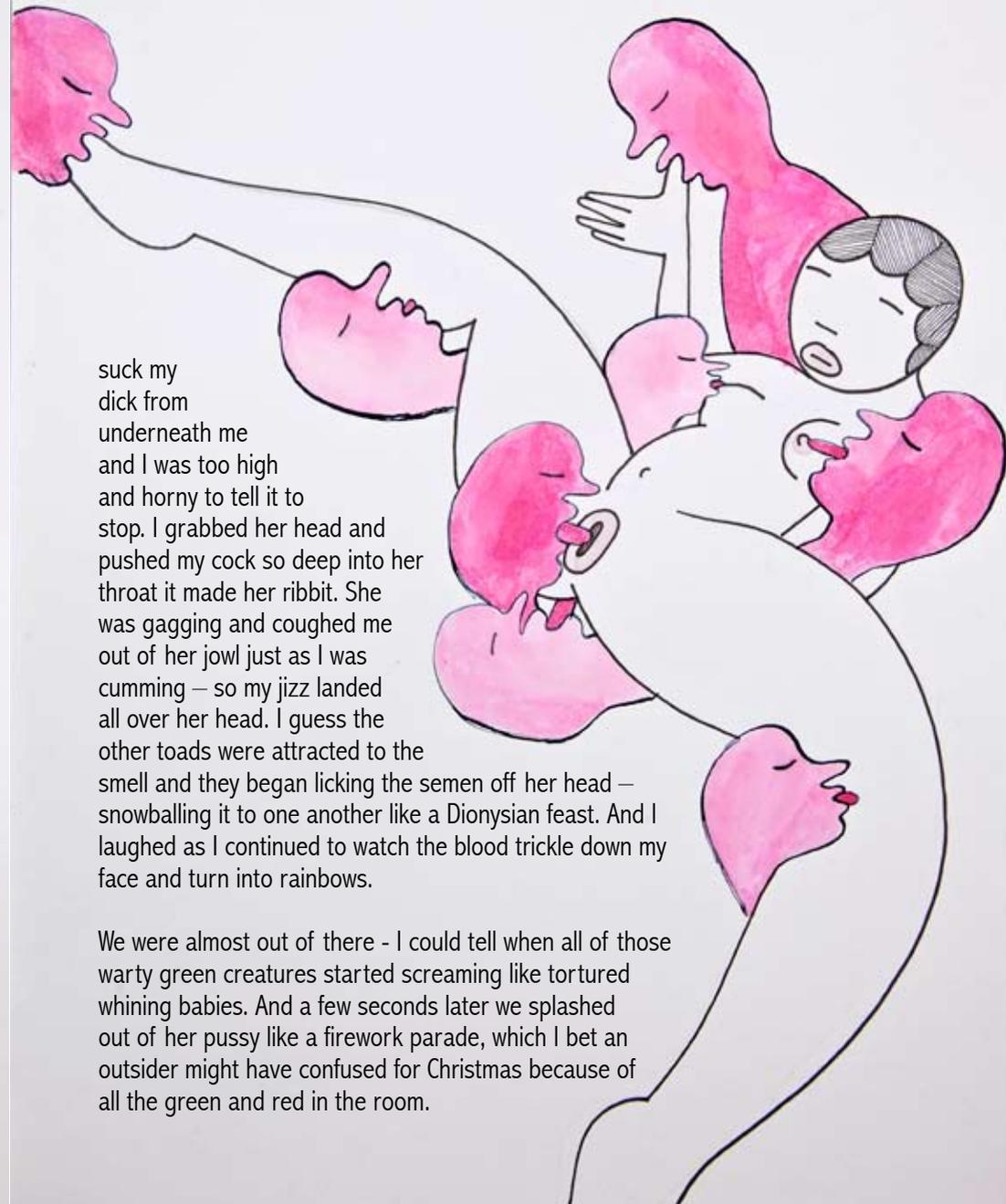
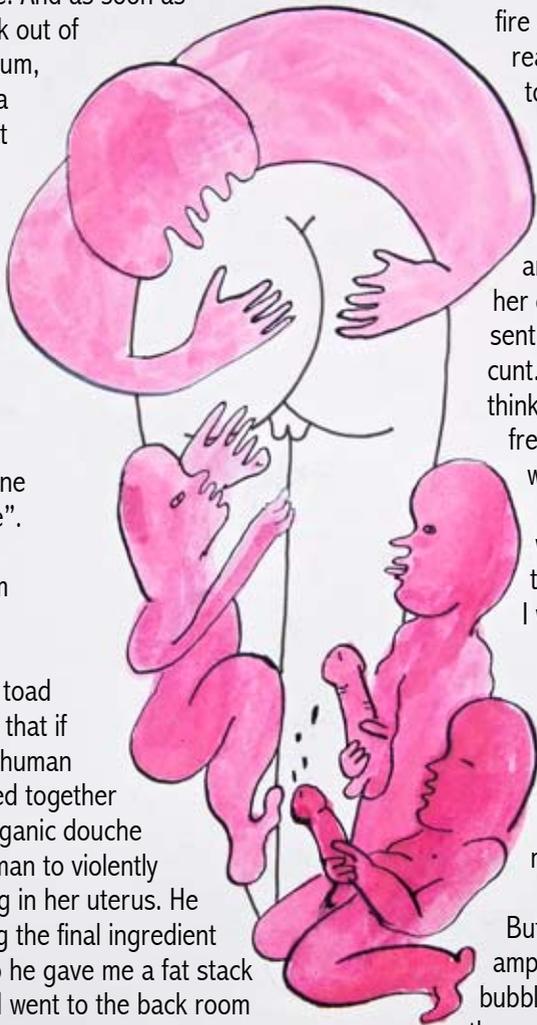
ferverently and when it was complete the toad struck a match to destroy the town they had built before we climbed into our respective orbs, where we sat watching the fire and waiting for the reaction in her uterus to take place.

Act III

A rumble of blood and eggs flooded her cervix and we were sent tumbling down her cunt. I kept trying to think about how great freedom would taste when we made it out, but my mouth was covered in toad slime and I was starting to hallucinate.

I spoke out loud to myself in Spanish "Ahora le ese, chinga tu madre!"

But one of the amphibians in my bubble must've thought the comment was directed at him, so he kicked me in the mouth. I felt something soft and warm touch my balls as I reached down to pick up my teeth from off the ground. It was a baby toad, who had started to



suck my dick from underneath me and I was too high and horny to tell it to stop. I grabbed her head and pushed my cock so deep into her throat it made her ribbit. She was gagging and coughed me out of her jowl just as I was cumming - so my jizz landed all over her head. I guess the other toads were attracted to the smell and they began licking the semen off her head - snowballing it to one another like a Dionysian feast. And I laughed as I continued to watch the blood trickle down my face and turn into rainbows.

We were almost out of there - I could tell when all of those warty green creatures started screaming like tortured whining babies. And a few seconds later we splashed out of her pussy like a firework parade, which I bet an outsider might have confused for Christmas because of all the green and red in the room.



She was screaming out of her glossy pink lips and it was almost as if she liked all the pain of having her pussy torn open by about 60 toads and myself – who by this time had grown back to my normal size. She moaned in seductive agony as a tail formed from the base of her spine, which she pleased herself with - letting it slide in and out of her scabbed cunt like a serpent. I swear she even smiled at me as she brought it to her long red tongue to taste the swollen flesh of her cunt.

There was no question of it now, we had been stuck in the devil's warm womb.

The toads started at the devil first, swarming together to rip the flesh off both of its arms and legs so only bones remained. It was a massacre – flesh, frogs, and toads everywhere.

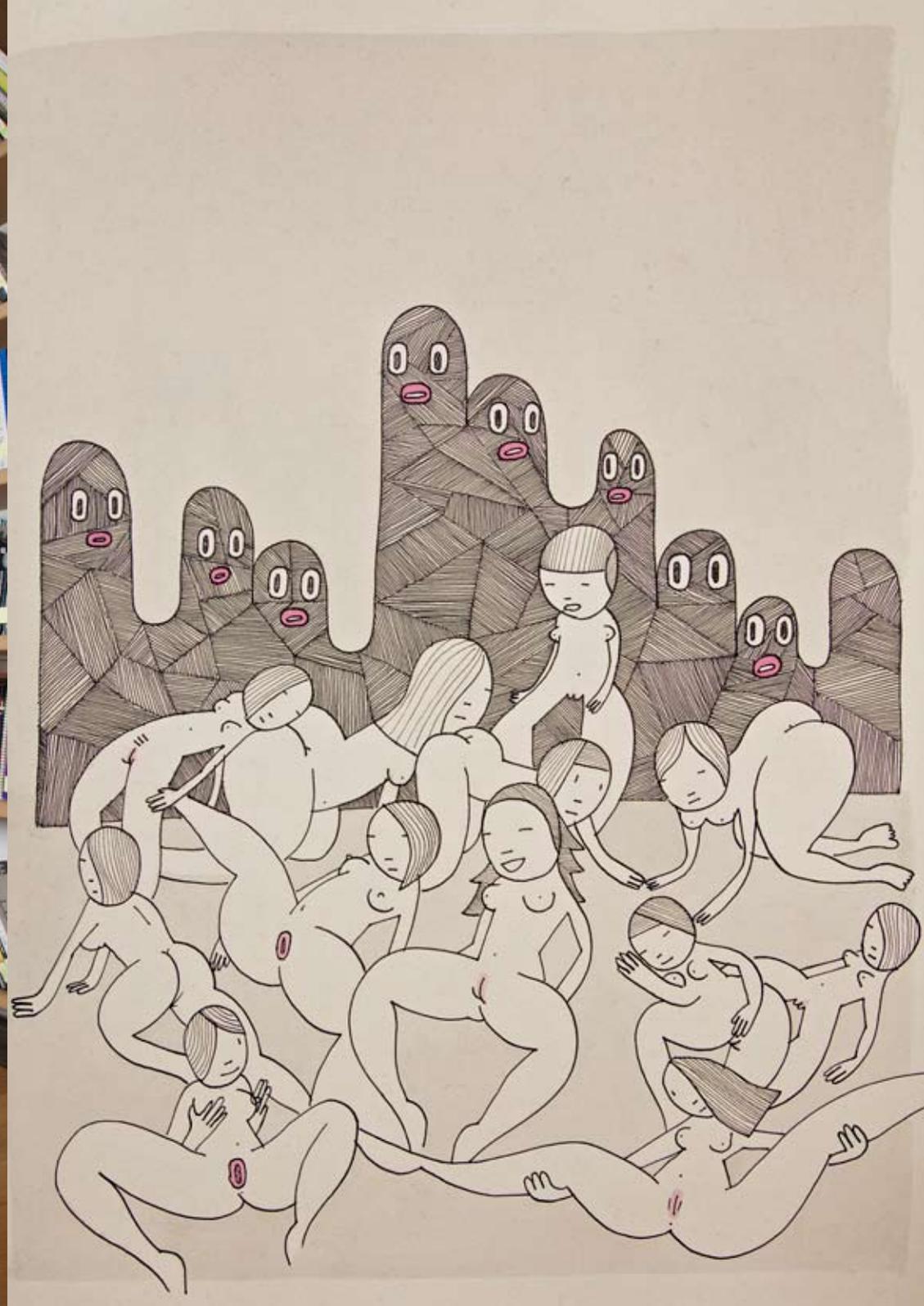
I watched for hours as they ripped her to shreds and by the end of it I was so exhausted I collapsed to the floor. However, the toads continued to desecrate her body and took turns wearing her lips as mustaches and her labia as a ring.

When they finally felt as though they had exacted their revenge, the toads hopped onto me – covering every inch of my skin. And I wore them like a blanket to keep me warm and cuddled through the night.













“LaVagina04”

was published for the exhibition

“FULL OF LOVE”

by Boris Hoppek

Curated by Vassilis Zidianakis and Angelos Tsourapas

at ATOPOS Contemporary Visual Culture, Athens, Greece

May 17 - June 17 2012

SLAVES TO ATOPOS | ISSUE SIX

Drawings for “Cunt Fish” by Boris Hoppek and Nina Zeljkovic

Cover Pot by Nina Zeljkovic

www.benzinheidi.com

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Models: Baby PinUp, Camille, Clara, Ana, Constanza, Marina,

Christina, Katerina, Margerita, Antigoni, Eleftheria, Niki, Kristy,

Elna, Stefania, Alexis, Silvia Rubi, Gabriel, Laura, Tima, Nina,

Kata, Yana, Veva, Marija, Lourdes and Vassilis

Layout, Design, Production: Boris Hoppek & Nina Zeljkovic

Produced and published by Boris Hoppek and ATOPOS CVC

Edited by Nina Zeljkovic

Special thanks to:

Stamos Fafalios, Vassilis Zidianakis, Angelos Tsourapas,

Dimitra Kollerou, Aristoula Karra, Panos Kokkinias, Kati,

Luis, Angelo, Alex, David, Iñigo, Funfactory and Joan

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