

Barbara Balldini

Better a slut
than no sex at all
An Intimate
Correspondence



Kyrene

Barbara Baldini

Better a slut
than no sex at all
An Intimate
Correspondence



Kyrene

Barbara Baldini

Better a slut than no sex at all

An Intimate Correspondence

Kyrene

Barbara Balldini was born in Tyrol, Austria, in 1964. Today, she lives with her family in Vorarlberg, Austria. A qualified sex educationist, she runs the first sex counselling and tantra institute in Vorarlberg. With her two stand-up shows, entitled “Von Liebe, Sex und anderen Irrtümern” and “Heart-Core ... SEXtra LUSTig,” she has had great success in Austria and beyond. She also writes commentaries for print publications and hosts radio programmes.

1st edition 2012

Kyrene Verlag Innsbruck-Wien

All rights reserved

Translated by Daniel Ostermann

Setting: Joe Rabl

Cover Layout: Thomas Krismer

Cover Image: Werner Branz

ISBN: 978-3-902873-17-0

www.kyrene-verlag.com

*For Patrick,
my tower of strength*

Content

Foreplay

Slut Fever

Swallow, or where to put it?

Fucking Strangers

Tongue Acrobatics

Through the Backdoor

Good Sex Takes Courage

Sex Toys Are Fun

Bedroom Whispers and Other Thoughts

Blind Trust

The Thing About Being Faithful

Love Is Free

Naked Truths

Subservient Love

An Erotic Evening, or Good Housewives Reminiscing

Closing Words, Afterplay, or “Let’s cuddle for a bit”

Acknowledgments

Foreplay

I love sex. And yes, by God, I have reasons enough to say so. In order to love sex you have to have sex. A lot of sex. And I mean *a lot of sex*. Good sex, it goes without saying. And women who know a lot about sex can't be nice girls. Well, I never wanted to be a nice girl anyway. After all, nice girls go to heaven. And who really wants to go to heaven? Well, if you ask me, I don't. To sit on fluffy white clouds and sing "Hallelujah," surrounded by sweet little angels, is not my thing. Not that I have anything against a hallelujah, don't get me wrong. But I prefer a "Hallelujah-jah-jaaah" here on earth, beneath a strong guy, to one beyond all earthly pleasures anytime. And so you understand what I mean, I will let you take a little peep through the keyhole. You are gagging for it, aren't you?

Yes, I know quite a bit about sex. And more than a bit about men. A little about women and plenty about myself. Which brings me right to the point. Good sex begins with oneself and requires self-awareness. That is, to be aware of one's self. Ha, got you. For who really is aware of themselves? And how long does it take someone to become aware of themselves? Their abysses, their longings, their wildness, tenderness, physicality, lewdness, motherliness, shyness, recklessness. Their fear and their beauty, their awkwardness, their abilities, passions, possibilities, their strengths and weaknesses?

No, I wouldn't dare claim being aware of all that, far from it. One thing I'm absolutely sure of, though, and that is the power of my body, and that, as woman, I'm very attractive to men, and to what is in their pants.

The thing is this: women ultimately have the power over men. We literally reign over them. Honestly. Who, I ask you, decides when he may stick his thing in, where and how? Please don't pretend you don't know. The boys may stand on their heads naked and wiggle their toes or whatever. In the end, it's up to the female alone whether the bed sees action or not.

If you believe that a ready and willing girl is highly coveted, loved and courted, you're wrong. Men want to conquer. Easy prey doesn't

interest them. And if it does, it does so only until they have reached their goal. Men love the hunt more than they love the prey. The longer a quarry plays hard-to-get, the more turned on the hunter. So, ladies, even in the days of emancipation, let yourselves be conquered. But never give it all up. For heaven's sake, keep your autonomy and your freedom. Even if you live under one roof with the guy you love. Because this is the only thing he will idolise and adore you for. He will be grateful for never being quite sure of what comes next, what you will do next, or which project you will undertake next. Now you're home, now you're gone for a while. Now you love to iron and run the household, now you get someone in to do the job for you for a while. After all, you earn your own money. And that's just how it should be.

Please don't ever forget, never ever: you are his wife, not his mother. And neither are you his therapist or his best buddy. *You are his wife.* Never his "bunny," his "sweetie," his "honey," his "baby," or whatever stupid pet names there may be. You can be his whore, why not. His bitch and his slut. That's okay too. Only, at all times be aware of the following: *you* decide who you are, what you are, and when you are what you are. This is what he will love you for. No, what he will adore you for. He will be mad about you and he will not be able to imagine anyone better than you, you alone.

How do I know? Well, as I said before, I know quite a bit about men. I live what I feel. I say what I think. And I do so with great pleasure. Did you know that men exaggerate widely when it comes to their conquests, while women prefer to sweep the odd affair under the carpet as an "accident"? Even though women, as far as the number of their sex partners is concerned, have long since arrived where their mothers under no circumstances wanted them to be. A fact which men not even dare think about. But this is also as it should be.

Whatever you are, ladies, be so with conviction. This, and only this, means real freedom. If you are, it doesn't matter whether you're a mother or a housewife, a nurse or a chef, a teacher or a social worker. The conviction and the love for what you do automatically makes you a queen.