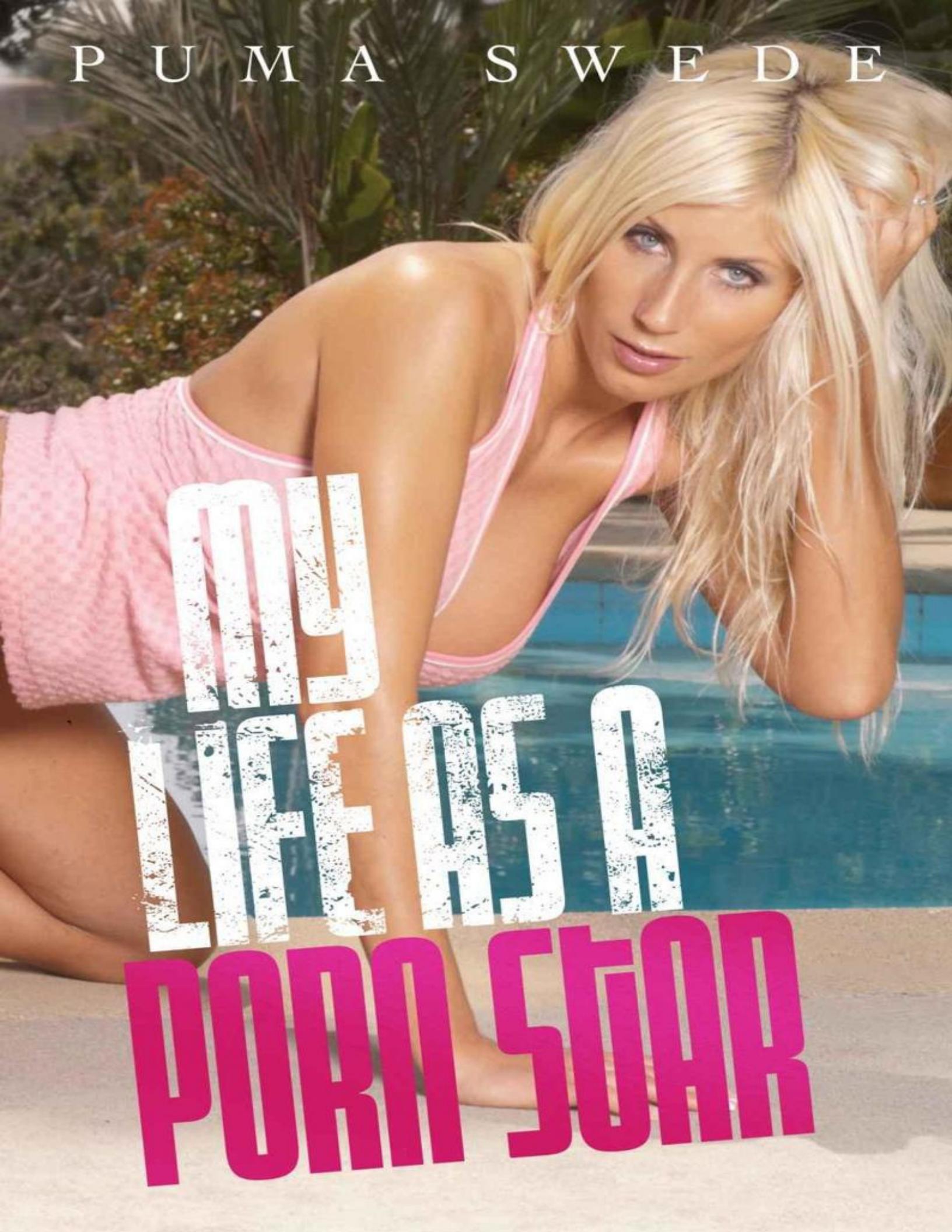
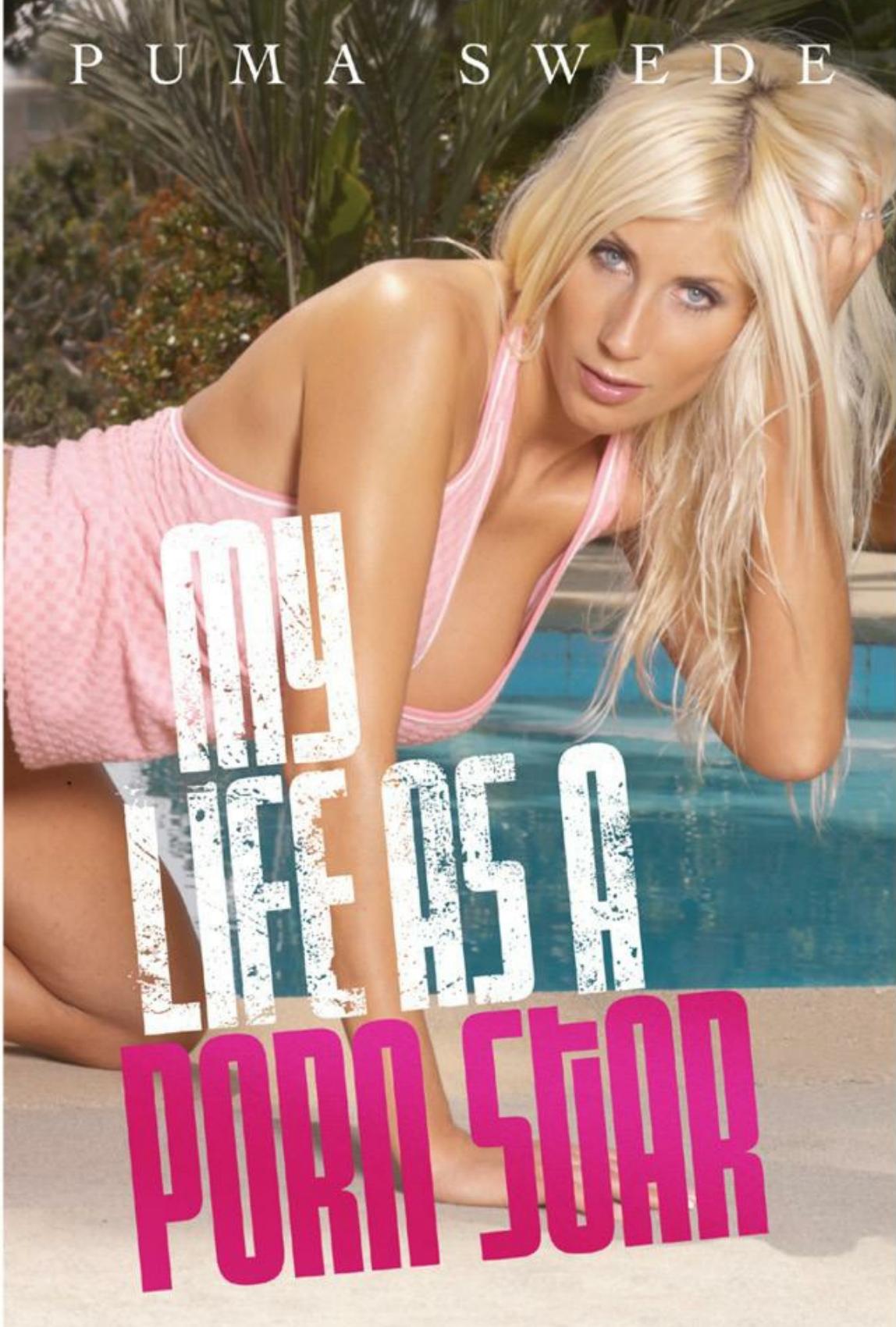


P U M A S W E D E



MY
LIFE AS A
PORN STAR

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Puma Swede
with Jan Ekholm

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ISBN: 978-91-981399-0-7

A DAY ON THE JOB

Puma scores the lead role in the porn musical ‘Rocki Whore Picture Show’, enjoys a lesbian sex session and ends up in a wheelchair straddling legend Ron Jeremy.

“What the fuck, Robert! I can’t act and I sure as hell can’t sing. I’m great at fucking and that’s it!”

I laughed out loud and watched in amusement as Robert, my heroically patient agent, took a deep breath and rolled his eyes.

I was a hopeless case, that much I knew. Plus, my sense of humor straight outta Southern Stockholm always had difficulties — how shall I say this — “getting through” to Americans.

As one of Robert’s stars in his stall, he had no choice but to put up with me.

I liked Robert. He was a fun and creative porn entrepreneur around the age thirty-five and always ready for business. But he dressed like a blind man’s clothes hanger.

You’d never catch Robert in a suit. The dress code, no matter the occasion or season, was always some no-name brand jeans and a t-shirt, topped off with a knit sweater come winter.

In an earnest attempt to boost this guy’s style, one Christmas I decided to give him a Hugo Boss shirt. I saw it on him once before it disappeared into the back of his in stylishly pitch-black wardrobe.

For a little over two years, Robert had managed my career from a second hand desk cluttered with porn DVDs and AVN awards (the porn world’s answer to the Oscars) in a three-room office on Ventura Boulevard.

The name on the door was Big Love Talent.

Perfect.

I remember the first time Robert and I met. It was an ordinary weekday evening at the home of my dear friend and fellow porn star Nikki Benz. Robert, resourceful as he was, had brought along some “pastries”. But these weren’t just any shitty Dunkin Donuts. He proudly reached into the paper bag and pulled out a half dozen “edibles”, or baked goods laced with marijuana.

A few carrot cakes later we were deeply immersed in a philosophical conversation about the big questions in life. We had managed to discuss how

it sucks getting cum in the hair and the inexplicable price curve for douches when Robert suddenly began scraping the white frosting off the pastries smearing it all over his face.

Nikki and I just stared at him.

Grinning from ear to ear, Robert exclaimed:

“Ladies! I just got a facial from a five-man gangbang! Someone get me some baby wipes!”

Nikki and I sat there staring, high as a kite, wondering where the hell these five gang bangers were hiding. In the end, the only thing left to do was to burst out laughing.

In spite of the jizz joke, or perhaps because of it, I signed with Robert a few weeks later. One thing that spoke strongly in his favor – besides the carrot cake, of course – was that he agreed to a 5% agent commission. That was my requirement, take it or go eat another carrot cake for all I cared.

Anyway. That afternoon at Big Love Talents, Robert had thrown out the crazy-ass suggestion I should audition for a role in Wicked’s upcoming feature film ‘Rocki Whore Picture Show’, a porn parody of the musical ‘Rocky Horror Picture Show’.

I could hardly stop laughing. I mean, Robert might as well have suggested I try out for a role alongside Johnny Depp in the next ‘Pirates of the Caribbean’ – that’s how insane it was. No one, not even my own mother, wanted to hear me belt out tuneless show numbers in broken English.

“But you have to understand, Puma, Wicked asked for you by name,” he insisted and leaned over the desk to emphasize how serious this was. And yes, it was serious indeed. Wicked is a giant in the porn industry, and they make big budget features.

There’s not one sane performer out there – except for me – who would ever think to argue over a role in a major Wicked film.

So no, Robert wasn’t going to let it go. I couldn’t blame him. The golden days of the LA porn industry were over, making the Greek economy seem like a financial role model. You had to grasp for every straw, and in his head Robert had already cashed in his commission on my fee, even if it was only five per cent.

I gave in.

“Yeah, fine. I’ll do it. When’s the casting? But tell the Wicked people I sure as hell don’t plan on doing any singing.”

Some days later I was called in for an audition at the Wicked office in the

Valley. The city's porn elite is a small world, and I recognized most of the other people sitting around waiting in the Wicked office lobby and halls.

In the crowd I waved to Randy Spears, Tommy Gunn, Annie Cruz, Xander Corvus and Nikki Hunter.

Some of them were studying lines, others had brought a guitar and were practicing some tunes. Seriously, when was the last time you saw a porn star show up at an audition with a goddamn guitar?

If it weren't for the unnatural amount of silicone in the room – well, maybe not so unnatural for Porn Valley – you might have mistaken the whole thing for an American Idol audition.

Everyone seemed super-prepared. Yes, everyone except me. I hadn't even opened the script they sent me. I had absolutely no idea what role I was supposed to be reading for.

"Puma Swede!" an assistant called, before ushering me into an office where director Brad Armstrong and his wife, porn star Jessica Drake, were seated together behind a desk with a couple of other people from Wicked.

I waved at Brad and Jessica and flashed them a smile. We didn't know one another all that well, but ever since we'd met at a swinger party a few years before, we always exchanged pleasantries and laughs when we bumped into one another. They were a nice couple, really down to earth.

Like so many other porn directors, Brad Armstrong had launched his career as an actor before winding up behind the camera. Smart move. It didn't take many titles before he became something of a Stephen Spielberg of the porn world, rolling in AVN awards and fat budgets. If you've seen his sci-fi porn epic "2040", the biker movie "Speed" and the porn parodies "Men in Black XXX", "Risky Business" and "Harry Potter" (featuring a grown-up Harry who discovers the perks of being equipped with a wizard's dick), then you know his style. He makes amazing mainstream porn. A super hard genre these days, but Brad clearly knows what he's doing.

That's when I launched my personal marketing campaign with a speech that should have been filmed and used as a cautionary tale in PR and advertising classes all over the world:

"I don't know why I'm here. I can't memorize lines and I can guarantee no one wants to hear me sing."

Brad burst out laughing.

"Don't worry about it. We have the perfect role for you. No vocal solos and just five lines. All you need is blonde hair, a tan and a super-toned body."

I was instantly intrigued.

“I got this. Especially the blonde and toned part.”

“Get naked,” said Brad.

I did as he said and spun around.

Brad lit up.

“Perfect! You’ll play Rocki.”

The others nodded their heads in agreement.

I did a double take. They wanted me to play Rocky? A dude?

No, nothing twisted like that, they explained. In Brad’s grandiose interpretation of the classic musical, Rocky had been transformed into Rocki, the perfect lab-created woman. Who, among other things, has sex with her transvestite creator. I thanked him for entrusting me to play the perfect woman, and left Wicked’s offices with a lead role in my back pocket.

A few weeks later, the script arrived.

No funny business. Just like Brad said, there were five lines, group vocals, and two sex scenes: one girl-on-girl and one orgy.

I glanced through the list of actors and discovered that porn legend Ron Jeremy was going to be on board. Immediately, I thought of my no-list.

A no-list—is something most US porn stars have. It contains the names of the people you don’t want to have sex with, and film companies and directors have to respect it when casting.

About fifteen guys were on my no-list. Half moonlighted in gay porn. Others had ended up there for other reasons. One guy had such an extremely bent dick that he had injured a bunch of girls. Ron Jeremy, however, was not on my no-list, but surely anyone would understand that I didn’t want to have sex with him, without me explicitly needing to include him?

When it comes to sex at work, it doesn’t usually matter to me what my co-stars look like as long as they’re professional. But in Ron Jeremy’s case, it actually did matter. He seemed really old, really fat and – here comes my judgmental side – rather unhygienic.

Ron Jeremy might be the biggest legend in the industry. He might be capable of sucking himself off. It didn’t matter. I still had no intention of having sex with him. I also realized that I didn’t want to have sex with a guy playing a transvestite – it seemed a little fucked up. I called up Brad to voice my concerns.

“Brad, you can’t pair me up with Ron Jeremy. And please, can I have sex with Randy Spears instead of the tranny?” I asked in my most adorable

Daddy's girl voice.

"You won't get around the transvestite. He's your creator, so you've got to have sex with him. But we can nix Ron, that's no problem."

Awesome. I was cool with this.

Wicked Pictures is notorious for long, demanding days of filming, and "Rocki Whore Picture Show" was no exception. Despite the breakneck pace, the mood was high in the freezing, dilapidated suburban mansion chosen to represent the castle from the movie.

There were chefs outside in the garden cooking up delicious grub – always a great way to boost morale – and between shots we actors got to lie around wrapped in blankets, chatting,

playing with iPads, updating our Twitters and studying our lines.

I was lying around chit-chatting when they told me to get ready for my first go in front of the camera: a girl-on-girl scene with Brad's wife Jessica.

One of us was supposed to fuck the other with a strap-on. Me likey! Especially when I'm the one who gets to do the fucking.

I made a quick move to snatch the strap-on, but Jessica had more say in the matter, so when she asked to wear the cock, I had no choice but to kindly hand it over.

Jessica 1, Puma 0.

Who knows – maybe Jessica had heard about the scene where I really got into it and practically fucked the shit out of a chick with a strap-on. Hardcore — that's just how I like it. They don't pay me to make love. My job is to fuck or be fucked.

Jessica and I got into position in a room that was supposed to be the transvestite's laboratory.

I was clad in gold boots and a gold corset; Jessica wore an old-fashioned white petticoat and bra.

"Quiet on set. Roll cameras. Action!"

Like 99% of lesbian sex scenes, this one started with a few minutes of licking and caressing. Next, I lay down over a gymnastics horse and let Jessica fuck me calmly and carefully from behind. All of a sudden, she started belting out a tune that went something like this:

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

Why the hell was she singing "fuck me"? I was the one being fucked here.

All in all, what can I say? This porn musical thing sure was shaping up to be a bizarre experience.

But the sex was as mainstream as it could be. All the rough stuff, like choking, spitting and slapping, was out of the question.

Still, I had fun. And I walked away from it all with one more strap-on session under my belt – pun intended. The film’s final scene was much more demanding. The grand finale was a giant orgy.

Brad Armstrong, usually the picture of calm, was running around yelling, while the girls lined up to douche and the guys worked on their erections.

Timing and preparation are crucial when fifteen to twenty people are coming together to have sex. But Brad had done this before and he ended up getting it all under control. We were placed in six different groups in the largest room of the mansion. Heavy red curtains hanging over the windows, old couches and armchairs and the transvestite’s royal throne in the middle really made it look like a room in the castle.

For Jessica Drake, the scene started with double penetration, and two DP’s were going on in two different groups. Others were instructed to start with oral sex.

Ron Jeremy had two Asian girls at his disposal, and clearly thrilled about it. As for me, I was grouped with the tranny. Shit luck.

The transvestite had been a pain in the ass during the entire filming – he was played by an unknown new guy, so I won’t even mention his name here – and I grew even more annoyed with him when it came time to talk about our scene.

The point of these discussions, which take place along with the director, is to go through the positions and figure out where the guy is going to blow his load. The hope is that there will also be some kind of chemistry between the actors. With the tranny, the chemistry level was below zero. He gave a disinterested shrug and mumbled something about a blow-job and doggy-style.

I started sucking his half-limp dick enthusiastically, hoping it would eventually get harder than a pack of boiled noodles. When I gave him a hand job, he looked at me in horror and told me to be careful.

What the fuck?! What did this guy have between his legs anyway, a fucking dandelion?

The worst part, though, was that he didn’t even look at me.

He only had eyes for Ron Jeremy’s Asians, who were messing around beside us.

“I loooooove Asians,” he said suddenly, batting his fake lashes.

Great, what the hell am I supposed to do with that information? Maybe I don't like the look of everyone I work with, either. Especially guys like you, dressed in an idiotic wig, fishnets and a corset. But right now our job was to fuck like professionals.

Of course, I said no such thing. I just kept sucking and stroking his limp, skinny dick.

Oh well. My efforts eventually started to pay off. The transvestite's cock went from the

consistency of jelly to Play-Doh – imagine that! — and we went at it doggy-style for a while.

Then suddenly, without saying a word, he pulled out and went over to one of Ron's Asians.

Well, I can damn well improvise too, so I quickly pulled myself together and

started fooling around with the other Asian girl. Ron Jeremy, on the other hand, playing the wheelchair-bound doctor, ended up completely outside the action.

I had actually started to like Ron. Not that I wanted to have sex with him – no, no, not that. (I mean, seriously, does anyone really want to have sex with Ron Jeremy?)

Chatting with Ron during filming breaks I had realized he was funny. Smart. Even though he showed up on set carrying all his belongings in a plastic bag, and walked around wearing the same sweatpants and freebie promo tee three days in a row.

But damn, this dude was driven, and had tons of projects going on at once.

Like his own rum brand, called, amazingly enough, Ron de Jeremy. "An adult rum, best enjoyed naked". Break out the Ron de Jeremy, kids, it's time to party!

On one occasion, Ron and I sat around talking about Sweden. Ron entertained me with long, fascinating stories about his grandmother, who used the Grand Hotel in Stockholm as a hiding place for Jews during World War II.

When Ron showed up at the Grand sixty years later, he was treated like a king and shown photographs of his heroic grandmother.

"Shit, Ron, you're actually a cool guy! I thought you were some stupid dude who only knows how to fuck in front of a camera," I blurted out, in painfully blunt Puma style. Ron said nothing. He had fallen asleep.

Poor Ron suffers from narcolepsy, and not a mild case either. He could fall asleep anywhere, and at any time. Since Ron's character was handicapped, we often found him asleep in the wheelchair. Sometimes while the cameras were rolling and Brad was waiting for Ron to say his line.

Now it was orgy time though and Ron had no problem staying awake. Quite the contrary. To my horror, I saw he was now out of his wheel chair and dragging himself across the floor in my direction (Ron really stayed in character, I've gotta give him that!).

I felt a wave of panic coming on. I knew I couldn't just run off set and try to escape Ron without ruining the entire scene.

Eventually, Brad realized what Ron was up to and shouted, "Ron, back in the wheelchair! Back in the wheelchair! Now!"

But Ron wasn't planning on turning back. He continued dragging himself along the floor, slowly but purposefully. I turned to Brad, who shook his head and threw his hands up in a defeated "what-the-hell-am-I-supposed-to-do-about-it" gesture.

There was simply no turning back. So I decided to bite the bullet and make the best of it. Check Ron Jeremy off my been-there-done-that list.

I looked down and saw him lying there on the ground – the man! the myth! the legend! – with his belly sticking up in the air and an expectant gaze on his face, right in middle of this sea of bodies engaged in some serious fucking. The entire situation felt completely absurd. There were moans and oohs and aahs coming from all directions. A cameraman yelled, "Now switch to anal sex!"

The air was thick with the smell of sex.

I noticed right in the middle of all this that a laugh was starting to bubble up inside me. I was able to contain myself and with a huge amount of self control, I pushed it back down and got back to work – and back to thinking about the best way to have sex in a wheelchair.

Ron Jeremy's bulk was truly one-of-a-kind. But he got away with his generous volume because he was so well-endowed, and experienced. After ten thousand rounds in the sack – if you take Ron at his own word on his sex statistics – he turned out, not surprisingly, to be great at oral sex and finger banging.

Plus, he was very thoughtful and kept asking every two minutes if everything felt all right.

The only annoying thing was that Ron insisted on kissing. Apparently, he

really got off on that.

My thinking was: ok, I can fuck and suck, but I sure as hell don't want to make out!

Finally, Ron was ready to fuck me in the wheelchair. Then came the next surprise:

Ron liked to fuck in a one-two-three-four rhythm: three light strokes followed by a hard thrust which, I assume for the sake of authenticity, he followed with a loud grunt.

“Huuuuuhh!”

And every time Ron got the feeling, he shouted eagerly at the cameraman:

“Camera! Camera! Film over here!”

Next, it started to rain. A shower of sweat. I don't know if it was his age, his weight or a combination of both, but Ron perspired like a Thai monsoon.

His glasses steamed up. My body was drenched. Not being someone who gets off on massive amounts of perspiration, I had to summon all of my nonexistent acting talent to hide how much I was suffering and trying to keep my face free of his sweat.

“Oh, Doctor, you're so warm,” I said and wiped Ron's face as best I could with the paper towel handed to me by a sympathetic assistant.

Ron gave another hard thrust accompanied by a: “Huuuuuhh”.

After about an hour, the orgy began to approach its end.

Time for the synchronized cum shots. With over ten guys involved, this was no easy feat.

Not a drop of cum could be missed by the camera, and no two guys could cum at once. They all had to give warning the second they were about to blow.

Brad had set up a preliminary cum shot schedule and Ron and I were the fourth couple in line.

But when it was our turn, Ron had no plans whatsoever to cum. He was just getting warmed up.

“No, not yet! We're fucking right now!” he shouted gleefully, sweat pouring down his face.

“Ron, give me your fucking cum,” Brad yelled, increasingly irritated at his disobedient actor.

When Ron was finally ready, he wanted me to count down.

Five, four, three, two, one... then he pulled out and came on my tits.

What a champ!

Ron was obviously pleased with his performance.

“I love Sweden”, he said with a big grin.

When the last guy had blown his load and the cameras were turned off, Brad approached me.

“Damn, I’m really sorry things turned out the way they did. But you know, when I saw you and Ron together, it made me excited. You two were so dirty.”

I felt myself starting to laugh again. Instead, I gave Brad an angry look.

“Brad,” I said as sternly as I could, “you really owe me for this one. “

Then I went off to take a shower. The remains of Ron Jeremy’s load lay like a dried film over my tits.

A long day on the job was over.

STOCKHOLM IN THE EIGHTIES

A Finnish upbringing, a tricky toilet phobia and an obsessively outdoorsy dad who gets blacklisted from PTA meetings. Welcome to Puma's childhood.

My dad took an uncomplicated approach to child rearing:

“Do your best, respect your elders, look people in the eye when you greet them. And remember, always have a firm handshake!”

If I violated any of these basic rules – or if, in a moment of reckless abandon, I yelled out my entire arsenal of Finnish swear words – *perkele! vittu! saatana!* – at some kid standing out in the yard, or did the naughty “milk, milk lemonade” rhyme in front of my parents, I had one of the following punishments to look forward to:

Luunappi or *tukkapöllö*.

Luunappi meant that Dad would thump his long, thick middle finger, with its bent nail and all – the result of all the paddles his spanking-happy teachers had smashed onto his hand during seven years of schooling – so hard into my forehead, it made my skull throb.

Tukkapöllö meant he would grab the tufts of hair closest to my ear and pull them straight up in one quick tug.

Both hurt equally badly, and afterwards I wasn’t quite so cocky. For at least a week. Or for a few days at any rate.

Luunappi and *tukkapöllö* – two cornerstones of a Finnish upbringing – had followed along with Mom and Dad in the removal van when they left their hometown of Oulu in northern Finland in the early sixties to start a new life in Sweden.

Dad had gone across the Baltic Sea first to do some recon. With a stern look and half a tube of Brylcreem in his hair, he thundered into the Stockholm harbor on his motorbike like a Nordic version of Danny from “Grease”, and quickly realized that Finnish manpower was in sky-high demand.

All Swedish companies wanted a tough Finnish workforce who wouldn’t whine, call in sick or pussy out. Especially in the construction industry, and that suited Dad just fine. He had grown up on a farm with howling bomb alarms, surrounded by freshly slaughtered animals, and anything other than

seriously hardcore outdoor labor was unthinkable for him. And his body was perfectly suited for the job – a flagpole with bones and muscles (like father, like daughter...). Plus, he spoke loudly and a lot, and never half-assed anything – just like me. When he drank, he drank. No fancy Martinis, just vodka straight up.. He sat at the kitchen table taking mouthfuls of schnapps from a tumbler and listened to the static on the police radio for entertainment.

Later, though, he did develop a bit of a beer belly. Let's hope it's not genetic!

My Mom was in many ways his complete opposite. A short, plump and warm woman who had no need to be heard or command respect. She got a job as a housekeeper and became a 'mother hen' who always made sure homework was done and there was dinner on the table.

Like so many other Finnish families, Mom and Dad ended up in Tumba, the Stockholm suburb whose claims to fame were hockey player Sven Tumba and "Tumba Tarzan", the notorious criminal used by parents as a scare tactic against their children ("if you don't eat your dinner, Tumba Tarzan's going to come and get you!").

Mom and Dad moved into an apartment in one of the many identical rental barracks, which came furnished with the drab wall-to-wall carpeting, green kitchen cabinets and woven, dark green wallpaper that were the hallmarks of 1970s's high-fashion home décor.

Mom took the theme and ran with it, adding green kitchen chairs, a green kitchen table and a couch with green upholstery. Green was the new black, you see.

The icing on the cake was a monster of a TV set which, during its later years, required the assistance of a coat hanger to show a picture – and a least a half hour to warm up. Typical Dad. You didn't just go around throwing things away. Anything modern was just junk. We were the last family in Tumba to have a microwave, dishwasher and mobile phones.

In 1976, right in the middle of these charming Finnish immigrant surroundings, I entered the picture as the family's second-born daughter. My big sister Jaana, fifteen years older than me, immediately became my biggest idol. She moved away from home just a few years after I was born – I tried not to take it personally! – and every time she came home to visit, it was like Christmas for me. Jaana was the coolest girl I knew. Madonna times ten, at the very least.

Heavy makeup, super-teased hair, and big gold earrings. When she showed

up at my birthday parties, I was so proud I nearly shit myself. My friends' jaws dropped. "Wow, your sis is the shit!"

Jaana's cameo appearances in my everyday life were the only glamorous aspect of my childhood. There wasn't much in the way of glamor out in the woods, where our outdoorsy family spent most of its time under Dad's iron leadership. According to his philosophy, it was simply not okay to just sit at home.

"Let's go out there and build something," he used to exclaim. Mom rarely came to the rescue. Dad was the one who made the decisions in our family. We ladies could have our say if we absolutely had to, but he had the last word. *Perkele!*

Dad was so obsessed with all things outdoors and DIY that I wasn't even allowed to have Barbie dolls. If I wanted something to play with, I had to pick up the toolbox and build it myself. Of course I dreamed of owning Barbies from time to time, but you know, kids are excellent at adapting and making do. So instead of suffering intense doll cravings, I made huge farms out of pine cone animals or drew pictures of RVs (my absolute favorite). And when I wanted to put some glamor in my life, I designed my own cardboard earrings, which I stuck on my ears with Blu-Tack.

Just because I was a girl, according to Dad's logic, there was no reason why I shouldn't be able to change a tire or the oil in a car. Who knows, maybe my tomboy upbringing was a sign that Dad would have preferred to have a son instead of two lip gloss-obsessed daughters. At the same time, though, I was a bit of a Daddy's girl. Being the youngest, I got away with a lot. Things were significantly tougher for my sister.

Our family also included two Rottweilers. Large portions of our weekends were dedicated to them and their constant tracking competitions. I spent my fair share of chilly mornings at the Botkyrka Dog Club, eating sandwiches with *lenkkimakkara*, thick Finnish sausage, while Dad and the dogs raced around the tracks.

Occasionally we visited relatives in Oulu. Mom and Dad always wore matching sweaters from the Dog Club to the buffet on the ferry between Sweden and Finland, where they would eat their standard fare of meatballs with mashed potatoes and boiled vegetables.

Fuck that! I stuck to hamburgers. It was the one thing I would eat without complaining through my entire childhood.

On the whole, I was a pretty sweet and uncomplicated child. But I had a

couple of quirks, and food was definitely one of them.

By the tender age of seven, I had come to the conclusion that I couldn't eat meat, since it meant that some cute little Bambi somewhere had had to give up its life. Being a vegetarian was an unknown concept in my parents' world, so my Dad tricked me into eating hamburgers. Or *hajpatsu*, the made-up name he gave them.

"What's *hajpatsu*?" I asked skeptically.

Dad glared at me across the dinner table.

"It's made in a factory," he said convincingly. "It doesn't come from animals, it's synthetic."

Gullible as I was, I bought his explanation. And from that day on, I ate hamburgers at least four times a week. Preferably the 6 oz. patty from the fat Turkish dude by the train station who always read porn mags as he sat by the grill.

Otherwise, my diet consisted of junk food and candy in amounts that would have any modern-day school nurse on the phone with social services in a heartbeat.

The differences between my eating habits and those of my classmates were at their most obvious when we went on field trips. While the rest of the class drank watery fruit juice and ate soggy ham and cheese sandwiches from a brown bag, I gobbled up cheese doodles, candy bars and cinnamon buns, and washed it all down with a can of soda.

No, my mom definitely wasn't a bad parent because of the lunches she made me. She just wanted to make sure I was eating at all, even if it was one hundred percent junk.

My picky eating habits might have been manageable, but my toilet phobia was harder to live with. It had been with me for a long time – I think I actually developed it the very moment I was potty trained.

My toilet phobia was so bad that under no circumstances could I piss or shit anywhere but at home. Outside in the woods might have been an exception – outdoors woman that I was – but only if Mom or Dad lifted me up while I did my business.

Otherwise, there was a risk ants might start crawling up my legs. And ants, those horrifying insects, scared me as much as foreign toilets.

Clueless as they were, my parents believed my toilet phobia would disappear as I got older.

How wrong they were.

The phobia ruled me with an iron fist and made my life a living hell as my school days got longer.

From two or three in the afternoon I would sit at my school desk writhing in agony with the need to pee, until the last bell finally rang and I raced straight home.

My mother, knowing it was a matter of mere seconds, prepared for my arrival by unlocking the front door and standing at the ready to take my jacket. But sometimes – quite often, actually – I fell short of the finish line and peed in the stairwell.

Things would only get worse.

There was the art of surviving week-long horse riding camps, for example. Somehow, and I don't recall how, I managed to bring myself to pee on occasion. But taking a shit – in the outhouse! – was unthinkable. So I held it in. For an entire week.

When I got home I was so constipated that Mom had to stretch my ass cheeks as far apart as possible while I squeezed and bit her shoulder. I'm not sure if you can imagine this, but squeezing out a week's worth of tightly packed shit is indescribably painful.

When I returned home from camp the next year, Mom had a new trick up her sleeve. She began the procedure by pulling out the hardest, outermost turd with a crochet hook while I lay face-down across her lap. After that, it was easier to squeeze the shit out. What's that you say? TMI? Well, I'm just telling you what it was like to be me.

Besides the lightning fast sprints home at the end of every school day, I didn't make much out of myself at school. I was the funny one, neither a beauty nor a badass.

The school cafeteria, where the cool kids hung out during breaks between classes, was unknown territory for me. I didn't even communicate with the male sex – not that I didn't want to, I just had no idea how. Me, go up and talk to a boy? What the fuck would I say? It was completely out of the question.

My parents had placed me in a Finnish class at the Storvretsskolan school. We weren't a regular Class A or Class B like everyone else; instead, they called us FI. The Swedish students took advantage of this easy target and immediately called us 'Finnish Idiots'. And maybe we were a little odd, us FI'ers. Hardly any of us owned a pair of jeans, for example. We all donned the Finnish fashion staple—sweatpants.

I didn't get my first pair of jeans until the seventh grade. For so long, I had dreamed of owning a pair of blue Levi's 501s, so you can imagine how excited I was the day my Mom drove to the outlet after work to make my denim dream a reality. As soon as she opened the door, I grabbed the bag out of her hands and opened it. In it was a pair of green Levi's 505s. Picture my disappointment. I never felt particularly cool wearing them.

That same year, my FI class received some shocking news. We were going to have gym class together with the Swedes. That meant we would have to share the locker room and showers. Shit, some of the Swedish girls had even started wearing bras, while we Finns were still just wearing sport tops.

The thought of being naked in front of the Swedish girls was terrifying. Or worse – it was unthinkable.

During lunch break before the first Swedish-Finnish gym class, we FI girls held a crisis meeting. We put our heads together and, using a little creativity, we came up with a solution to the problem: as soon as gym class was over, we would change really fast without showering and then bolt, hoping that the Swedish girls hadn't made it to the locker room yet.

The Swedish girls went straight to the gym teacher and told him that the Finnish idiots hadn't showered. Next time gym class came around, the entire class had to suffer a long lecture about the importance of good hygiene. Everyone knew whose fault it was. And the hate was mutual. Those little fucking tattletales!

My best friend at school was Nina. She was the fattest girl in the class. I was the skinniest. Together we looked like the female version of Laurel & Hardy. Nina wasn't exactly bullied, let's just say she was reminded of her body weight on a regular basis.

While I barely touched my school lunches and wanted nothing more than to go play outside, Nina preferred to sit around stuffing her face. So we had a deal going. If I kept her company at the table, she had to spread the butter on my sandwiches. If, against all odds, I decided to eat potatoes, it was her job to peel them for me. If I was too tired to even go to the lunchroom, she had to carry me on her back.

That last part might sound a little cruel. But thanks my fairly strict junk food diet, I didn't weigh much.

Although we were the Finnish idiots, order and camaraderie in the class were good for the most part. But things did get a little out of control on one occasion when the three toughest kids in the class launched a regime of

terrorizing the teachers and disrupting lessons with screaming and fighting.

When no warnings seemed to help, our class teacher called a special parent-teacher meeting to discuss the problem kids. My dad was, of course, in attendance, and was happy to share his hands-on solutions with the group.

“Vittu! All you have to do is stick their fingers under the lid of the desk and bang it shut three times. If that doesn’t help, get some tree branches from the forest and whip them ‘til their asses turn red!”

The teachers and the other parents stared at him with huge eyes. They had no idea of his well-established reputation as the neighborhood terror.

There was head-shaking and muttering. No, old-fashioned child rearing techniques from Oulu weren’t welcome in 1980s Tumba. Instead, the teacher explained that it probably would be best if my dad didn’t come to any more parent-teacher meetings from now on.

A well-behaved girl whose father was banned from the classroom. Something told me we were the first of our kind in the history of the school.

Only my family, only the Jussilains.

Puma school photo year 4



RIDE, RIDE, RIDE

... But only horses for now. Puma lives at the stables and wonders anxiously when she'll lose that pesky virginity of hers.

It's 2:45 pm, Christmas Eve. Skrefsta stable, somewhere in the gap between the 80's and the 90's.

The phone rang furiously inside the office.

Mom was on the phone, and wanted to talk to me.

"Don't you want to come home now? Dinner's ready, and the Christmas parade is about to start on TV."

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming," I sighed, not exactly thrilled about the prospect of going home to dine on liver casserole. "I'm just going to keep riding a little longer. *Heippa äiti!*"

I can honestly say that my horse obsession was my sister's fault. She introduced me to the world of stables when I was six years old, and I spent the first year being terrified of all the gigantic beasts standing around kicking the stalls. But my fear disappeared the very moment I started taking care of Molle, the sweetest horse at the stable.

I took my gig there seriously. Maybe a little too seriously. I practically got hitched with Molle and shacked up with him in the stall. I was there every single day, constantly, taking care of him. My entire existence outside of school revolved around Molle, scooping his poop and grooming him until the poor guy was nearly bald.

When my friends started going to parties, I was at the stables.

When my friends started hanging out with boys, I was at the stables.

I was as much of a horse geek as a girl could possibly be.

I didn't care. Well, maybe I did care a little. If any of the older chicks at the stables asked if I'd had sex with a guy, I always gave them the same less-than-convincing reply:

"Yeah, once," I told them.

Next came the follow-up questions designed to mess with me and test me, things like: "Do you know what a boner is?"

I shook my head unhappily.

"It's when the guy's cock is hard," the sex experts explained in a tone of superiority. "Surely you understand that a guy has to be hard in order to

fuck?”

No, I didn’t understand. So I went home and looked up “boner” in the dictionary. Found nothing.

The worst part was I had to live with my obvious lies for years. Meanwhile I made do with the giant panda Mom had won me at Gröna Lund amusement park. He was my masturbation buddy who lived among the other stuffed animals on my bed. Once my horniness really kicked off in my teens, all it took was a few minutes of rubbing on him in missionary position each day (and yeah, later in life I met men whose performance never came close to that giant panda).

So, just imagine. I didn’t even have my first make-out session until I was eighteen years old. The hotly-awaited event took place on a beach in Oulu, my parents’ hometown. Wasted on apple cider, and full of liquor courage, I decided to make out with the first guy who came along. With my usual luck, it wasn’t a hottie but a thirty-something loser with thinning hair and stone-washed jeans.

Fuck it, I was on a mission. It was going to happen, and that’s all there was to it.

All I remember of the make-out session was that he was rough, awkward and reeked of stale beer. I didn’t care. I was extremely satisfied. Especially about the chafing on my chin.

A milestone on the road of life.

Horses, horses, horses. They were my life, my future, my everything. I just knew it. I was going to live just like “Little House on the Prairie”, and I would have two horses. My career plan was to work as a stablehand. Maybe I would study to become a veterinarian (but only if I could get hold of the *Veterinarian For Dummies* book).

Dad, who had changed jobs and was now proudly employed as a garbage man, was not happy about my plans. He thought I should be a car mechanic.

“That way you can get paid under the table.”

Or possibly consider a career as a house painter.

“That way you get to be outdoors?

Ah, the great outdoors. Especially nice in the winter when it’s twenty below. Fuck that!

I graduated from the ninth grade with an A- average. A beautification of reality, to say the least. But we just smiled and said ‘thank you’ when our

patriotic Finnish teachers at *Storvretsskolan* started handing out A's and B's to boost the Finns' GPA over the Swedes'.

Not that I was a bad student – bringing home an F in any subject to Dad would have doubtless resulted in a hard *luunappi* – but I certainly didn't study any harder than absolutely necessary. I didn't have time. I had Molle to take care of. He was more important than any algebra equation. So it was easier to cheat, a subject I became an expert in over time. I wrote long crib notes on my bony arms. Or, even better: if we had a test with a native Swedish teacher, I created crib sheets in Finnish so they wouldn't understand what was on the paper. "No, that's just a note from my Mom," I would say, gazing at the teacher with innocent eyes.

After ninth grade I continued at the Media Program at Tumba high school.

At the same time, I went through a makeover and came out on the other side as a hippie with a frequent shopper card for the thrift store.

To my mother's horror, orange velour pants, a pink housecoat and blue suede clogs became my year-round uniform.

There had been something of a makeover on the home front as well.

I had just come home from horse camp when Mom asked me to sit down on the couch. She had something to tell me.

She looked serious.

"You and Dad are getting divorced, aren't you?" I said, more like a statement than a question.

"How did you know?" asked Mom, clearly surprised.

She had probably prepared a long presentation, which I had effectively destroyed.

"I don't know, I just knew it," I said. And it was completely true. I really had sensed it. Not that Mom and Dad had been fighting nonstop or anything.

It was just in the air.

Of course, being involved in a divorce is never fun. Still, I couldn't help feeling a teeny, tiny sense of relief. Shameful relief. Dad's domineering and controlling ways meant you had to be constantly on edge, making sure not to piss him off so you didn't end up with a *luunappi* or *tukkapöllö*. Especially when Dad got a job as a garbage man and started going to bed at 8 o'clock every night. God forbid anyone made noise after that..

Relieved as I was, I was also a little worried. Worried about Dad. If he would really be able to make it on his own without Mom and me.

But he did. He moved to an apartment in the neighboring suburb of

Norsborg and got himself a German shepherd to keep him company. Now that we were a good distance away from Dad's yelling, things got a lot quieter at home. A little too quiet, maybe. I didn't have a rebellious teen phase, I didn't slam a single door (my only signs of revolt were the hippie clothes, which Mom truly despised and which often got "lost in the wash"). Instead, Mom drove me to the stables every day without so much as a sigh, and on Sundays we had a tradition of going out to play bingo.

I never lived in Dad's new apartment. But he was always there for me when I needed him. Like a magical leprechaun, he came by the stables every other night and left a bag with a hamburger or candy bars hanging on the stall door.

On the few occasions that I slept over at his house, he liked to share his words of wisdom with me over a breakfast of sugar-drenched pastries:

"Remember to watch out for wine, AIDS and drugs."

"Sure, Dad, of course."

Sometimes Dad showed up to watch my equestrian competitions. That was fun, and I always felt proud, especially when I ended up on the winners' stand. It's just too bad that Dad couldn't keep quiet up there in the bleachers. As soon as I rode out in the ring, he starting whistling and stomping his feet. The horses were scared shitless, and the other parents stared in horror at the Finnish wildman.

When he was told to calm down, his mood took a turn for the worse.

"*Vittu*, why the hell can't I stamp me feet?" he grunted. "It's my daughter out there!"

Eventually, he showed up. My first boyfriend, Mats. A black-haired, twenty-three year old techno freak and wannabe DJ from the Stockholm suburb of Mörby.

Skinny as a beanpole and jumpy as a pedophile fresh out of prison.

He took my life by storm. Well, maybe that's a bit of an exaggeration. One morning he gave me directions to the copy shop in Hammarby where was I doing my high school internship. He worked there. That was the icebreaker.

Mats had cool friends and went to cool clubs. When I got to go with him to the warehouse rave club Docklands downtown, it wasn't only the first time I was exposed to Stockholm nightlife. It was also the first time I felt I fit in

somewhere outside the stables.

“Wow, this is really my kind of place,” I thought as I danced my ass off to hardcore techno, surrounded by club kids clad in vinyl tank tops, hockey getups and platform shoes thicker than the patty of a Quarter Pounder.

I wore orange velour pants and a neon blue top. And pigtails. I looked awesome.

Mats had cool friends, but to be honest, he really wasn’t all that cool himself. To begin with, he was a virgin, just like me. And he didn’t have the slightest idea how to get rid of his virginity, just like me. We liked each other, Mats and I, and we really wanted to sleep with each other. But it was a super long stretch of hanging out on the town, going to movies and his friends’ house parties where I was always the young drunk chick puking on the sofa before I dared to set foot in his ground floor one-bedroom flat – right across from the laundry room – in a depressing 70s building.

On the Big Night, there were so many nerves in the air that I could hardly stop farting. The question running through my head was whether or not I should take my clothes off before we went to bed.

After a long deliberation with myself, I arrived at my decision: no!

“Aren’t you going to take your clothes off?” Mats wondered, surprised, when he saw me crawl into his rickety twin bed fully clothed. He had just started unbuttoning his jeans.

“No, I always sleep with my clothes on,” I lied and pulled the covers up over my super flared jeans and blue-and-pink striped, long-sleeved shirt. So Mats didn’t dare undress either. He quickly buttoned his pants back.

So there we lay under the covers, stiff as boards, with our clothes on, wondering what was going to happen next. One hour later, we had our answer: absolutely nothing.

In the morning I woke up with an alarming need to pee and rushed home. Yep, you got it, my toilet phobia hadn’t gotten any better since horse camp and Mats’ toilet was definitely not a place where I could attend to my morning needs. My God, his apartment was so tiny! He might hear me pissing!

Surprised, Mats watched me leave, probably wondering if it was something he’d said.

But we didn’t give up, Mats and I. The next few Friday nights in a row, we stocked up on bottles of Absolut Vodka which we chased with Coke in the hopes of drowning our jitters.

We nearly became alcoholics in the process. It took four strenuous months of trying before our clothes finally came off and we took our first few fumbling steps towards getting laid. You might say it was a shaky debut, with two eager virgins trying to do everything they'd read about but never tried.

Nipple pinching (ouch!). Finger fucking (is that actually supposed to feel good?). Hand jobs (mine were so rough that Mats was sure he was going to lose his foreskin).

It would get better though, a whole lot better. Soon Mats and I would be fucking like rabbits on Red Bull. Always a fan of drawing, I documented our sexual adventures in great detail in a black sketchbook. I have no idea why, I guess I just wanted to have a sex diary. I should have realized you have to be careful with diaries. Especially fuck diaries. Careful not leave them lying around open, risking my horrified mother finding it the hands of my nosy three-year-old nephew.

Yes, that's exactly what happened one night right before the entire family sat down for dinner at my Mom's.

"What the hell are you drawing this kind of stuff for? You can take this and go hide it away somewhere!" my Mom said angrily before throwing the book at me.

Things were pretty tense around the dinner table that night.

Dad, however, had a more relaxed attitude about his youngest daughter's sex life:

"You two fuck like rabbits," he said to Mats and me one time, and gave us a hundred-pack of condoms as a gift. Seriously, how did he have any idea about the frequency of our fucking?

Was I in love with Mats?

Hell yes I was!

"I'm going to marry Mats and be with him forever," I told my sister during a walk in the woods (once an outdoors woman, always an outdoors woman).

My big sister Jaana, with thirty-five years of life experience and one or two crash-and-burn relationships under her belt, laughed coarsely.

"I'm going to remember you saying that."

"I'll show you," I muttered.

Mats and I did have our whole lives ahead of us. But why wait, I thought, so I said goodbye to Mom and moved into his dusty one-bedroom apartment where I had to accept that piles of VHS tapes and vinyl records were going to take up most of the space. Plus Mats' DJ equipment, of course. Depeche

Mode were his household gods. And if Mats wanted to put me in the mood, he would turn on “She’s a Model” by Kraftwerk. So much cooler than Finnish pop.

Without really realizing how it happened, we were soon emulating dull married life, with the high point being the nightly horror movies we watched together. (Mats was obsessed with horror movies. He kept a log of everything he’d seen since 1985 and was a regular at sketchy video stores that supplied him with banned movies from under the counter).

At first, all the horror stuff was fun, but after a while my head was so full of Jason Voorhees, Freddy Kruger, torture and guts that I hardly dared walk home by myself from the stables.

Otherwise, the main thing Mats and I had in common was a total lack of interest in food. We could really see eye-to-eye on that.

Mats and I ate dinner at McDonald’s. Five days a week for an entire year. No exaggeration, at least 260 Big Macs for me and at least as many Quarter Pounders for Mats.

If we ever tried our hand at the cooking-at-home thing, we made overcooked pasta with packaged cheese sauce (usually diluted with water since we rarely had any milk in the fridge).

No wonder we looked like two malnourished skeletons. Morgan Spurlock should have made his movie “Super Size Me” about us. Except he would have to call it “Super Slim Me”. We were the perfect cautionary tale for the McDonald’s diet.

We were so puny that our friends constantly made fun of us:
“Do your bones rattle when you two have sex? Hahahahaha!”

I graduated with decent grades. You could honestly say it was a combination of cheating and regular bribes to my media teachers Kurt and Holmer. In a lucky coincidence, they both had two horse-crazy daughters, and I supplied them both with enough horse posters to make up for my mediocre test scores.

While I waited for my “Little House on the Prairie” life to get started, I worked at various odd jobs. I also managed to be unemployed for a year. Suited me just fine. Gave me more time to go to the stables and hang out with Molle.

When I ended up telemarketing computer accessories at Supplies Team, I discovered that I was a natural at sales. Who would have thought? I had the competitive drive that was needed, and sneakily, I managed to buddy up with

customers when I called them on the phone:

“Well, hello darling! Why don’t you buy something? I’ve got to do a thousand kronor worth of sales to reach my budget.”

It went better than expected. I made rookie of the year in sales.

The time flew by. Mats and I had in record time become as exciting as a middle-aged couple with a routine life and nine-to-five jobs. He had his music and his horror films. I had the stables. When we were together, we usually hung out at home or went to the movies. If we happened to end up at a party – which became an increasingly rare occurrence – Mats always patted me on the knee around midnight and said:

“Well, it’s probably about time to hit the hay.”

Time to hit the hay? Who the hell under seventy years of age uses that expression?

I can’t say I was exactly unhappy with our existence – it was all I knew. But still. Something had started to gnaw at me.

Then Mats dropped a bomb:

“What do you think about us buying a house together?”

Okay, I had dreamed of a life like “Little House on the Prairie”. But this was something else entirely. The thought of taking care of a suburban garden and becoming even more boring at the age of twenty-three made me panic.

That’s when shit hit the fan.

After five years together – wow, you might be thinking, time really got away from me; but honestly, there really isn’t much more to tell – I realized we had grown apart. Mats and I had just bought a new car, booked a trip to Los Angeles, and were driving around looking at houses when it was my turn to drop a bomb.

“Mats, I want to break up.”

I then continued with the classic consolation speech:

“It has nothing to do with you. It’s me, I’m young and I don’t know what I want.”

Mats responded with silence. For him, it came as a shock, like a bolt from the blue. For me, it was liberation.

The time had come to move on.

Around the corner, a new era was waiting.

A new, wilder me.

My first sexy photo shoot. Me and my girlfriend took pictures of each other (looking so hot, right?)



ENTER THE PUMA

Sex in the backseat of a Pizza Racer, some serious two-timing and enough one-night stands that Stockholm starts to feel a little too small. Yes, the Puma has definitely awakened.

Okay, I admit it. I wasn't 100% honest in the last chapter. Or rather, I withheld a part of the truth that's not completely insignificant. And I have to tell the truth, because that's what this book is about.

Sure, Mats and I lived the quiet married life without actually tying the knot – that much is true.

But outside our one-bedroom apartment with its wall-to-wall heaps of horror movies, the Puma in me had begun to wake to life. I'm sure you can guess what that means...

It started with a little warm-up in the workplace with a Supplies Team co-worker who had the dubious nickname of Sporty Steve. He was athletic, the kind of guy you could take home to Mom. A born competitor and the ultimate salesman, equipped with the world's biggest ego after his eight-month stint as Supplies Team Employee of the Month.

Sporty Steve and I had taken a liking to each other at the sales desk. Don't ask me why, we were just two horny telemarketers. After a period of flirting, things heated up between Sporty Steve and me at a company kick-off weekend in London.

You might say that Sporty Steve and I did a little kicking things off on our own, in the hotel room and the sauna (once a Finn, always a Finn...), while the others did tourist stuff and drank beer at the pubs, wondering where the hell we'd run off to.

The hotel sheets were probably still damp when I got back to Tumba on Sunday night and sat down to eat dinner with Mats and Mom.

Was I feeling guilty? Yeah, a tiny bit. Because you see, my friends, even Puma has morals . Some, at least. Sometimes.

But once I bit into one of Mom's delicious meatballs, all was forgotten.

I shook loose my morals and kicked off a new routine in my sex life: sex in the back seat of Sporty Steve's Honda CRX, also known as the 'Pizza Racer' for its status as a favorite for entrepreneurs in the Swedish pizza industry.

Car sex was a fun experience. Just a little cramped. I begged Sporty Steve

to buy a Volvo station wagon with a lot of trunk space to reduce the risk of injury. But he seemed pretty attached to his Pizza Racer, so we just folded up tight and squeezed in.

I ended up getting more than sex out of these backseat adventures. I also learned a ton about the most remote and abandoned parking areas in the Stockholm region. You can't just pull into the parking lot of your local Ikea. You'll need a little more insider knowledge than that. My best tip: next time you're in Stockholm and want to fuck undisturbed, drive to the parking lot of Lill-Jans national forest.

Besides, car sex was the only option for Sporty Steve and me, given that we both had significant others who were sitting around waiting for us at home (cue the guilt...).

What started out as a little on-the-job flirting and continued with car sex developed into something more over time.

Was it love?

After yet another night in the Pizza Racer, at the TV tower parking lot if I recall correctly, we realized that what we were doing wasn't working.

We couldn't sneak around anymore. It felt wrong. So we made a decision: We would go straight home and break up with our significant others.

A week later, I packed my things and moved in with Sporty Steve in Sollentuna, another suburb of Stockholm.

A new life began. A life full of parties, sex and soccer games (Sporty Steve was obsessed with soccer, but he never succeeded in winning me over. My interest in sports was limited to riding – in the saddle and in bed).

The first thing I noticed after Sporty Steve and I moved in together was that he was an appearance-obsessed little bastard who spent at least half an hour in the bathroom every morning. He even used a flat iron. Myself, I was still doing the thrift-shop-hippie-chic thing with cheap, shapeless dresses that hung off my body and henna-dyed hair which I wore up in a bun.

"Your jacket looks like a goddamn spring roll," he would complain when I wore my shit-brown ankle-length down-fill coat.

"Fuck you too!" I replied.

Next time Sporty Steve tried a softer approach.

"Flaunt what you've got instead of hiding it."

That worked a lot better.

Next, he convinced me that I ought to be wearing a size x-small instead of a medium or large (thanks for that, McDonald's diet!) and that I should try

putting on a little makeup.

What Sporty Steve didn't know was that my makeover wouldn't stop at tight clothes and makeup.

Completely by accident, he had created a little monster.

A monster who would someday be known as Puma.

But the boob job was entirely my idea. I had it done after watching a TV show about cosmetic surgery.

I had become obsessed with the idea of bigger boobs, and I just wouldn't let it go. The show had mentioned the Viktoria Clinic, and since the clinic was conveniently located in Tumba at that time, I went there and asked to schedule an appointment, preferably that same day. Actually, a drive-thru operation if possible – would you like want fries with that?

"No, it doesn't work like that," the receptionist said, and started going on about how I had to go home and think about the procedure. She also told me to feel free to look up other clinics and shop around.

What the fuck! In Finland, we have this drinking song that goes "Not now, but NOW!". And that's how soon I wanted this boob job. I had already made up my mind.

So of course, the next day, as soon as the Viktoria Clinic opened, I called to book an appointment.

Have you ever had a boob job? Most of it is dead time, waiting, and all you want is to get it over with and walk out of there with a new pair of big-ass tits. Patience has never been my strong suit, but I did my best. I lay there waiting until it was finally time to put me under.

When I woke up, I had a strange sensation of disappointment in my body. I'm not sure why, most likely I was still high on anesthesia, but I was absolutely convinced that the surgery had not been performed.

I saw the whole scenario before me: the doctors had changed their minds. Standing there with their hands full of scalpels and silicone, they'd decided that no, this girl didn't need any implants. She'd have to be content with what she has. And then they stitched me back up again.

Tears of disappointment flowed down my cheeks.

But of course they'd done the surgery. Still, I wasn't satisfied.

"What the hell, these boobs aren't big enough!" I complained three weeks later when they removed the stitches

"You're a DD now. That's big enough for your body. You're going to love them," argued my doctor Charles, who, by the way, was almost as good-

looking as the sexy surgeons on ‘Nip/Tuck’. The word ‘fuckable’ had just run through my mind when my gaze fell on the photos of his family.

“No, I want more. Now! The stitches are still fresh. All you have to do is tear them open and throw in more silicone,” I yelled.

But no, Charles explained patiently, that wouldn’t work at all.

I had to wait for six whole months until my boobs were ready for a bigger challenge.

Believe me. Six months to the day later, I called and booked a new appointment.

Even today, Charles and I have an ongoing discussion about size. I keep telling him that more is more. But that bastard doesn’t agree with me. After my upgrade to an F cup, he refuses, as he puts it, to “ruin my boobs.” And I refuse to go anywhere else. Charles is the best. Too bad he’s so goddamn stubborn.

About one year into the “official” part of my relationship with Sporty Steve, I quit my job at Supplies Team and started a new job as a sales assistant at Fujitsu Siemens’ home computer department.

Maybe it’s a subconscious thing, I don’t know, but I always seem to hunt down my prey at work.

At Siemens, I found him immediately. His name was Hans the Hunk, and he had bedroom eyes and an engagement ring on his finger.

Despite that last detail, it didn’t take long before we were fucking. It started during a particularly wet company party at Centralbadet, an old-school spa and swimming pool in Stockholm. The whole thing was really secretive. Hans the Hunk snuck into the girls’ sauna where I sat waiting for him (you know, me and saunas...). Then, while the rest of the staff was eating dinner, we went over to US Video, a notoriously seedy porn shop, where we rented a private booth. I brought a dildo I’d picked up for five bucks from some chick’s bachelorette party. Perfect, I thought, and stuck it up Hans the Hunk’s ass.

“Oooouuch! What the hell is that?” he yelled, shocked by my surprise penetration.

Then we both passed out, and didn’t wake up until five in the morning when the US Video staff threw us out on the street.

In the future, we stuck with the office bathrooms. That's just the way it is. If you're into guys who are taken, sex at home is out of the question. You have to be a little more creative.

Hans the Hunk and I thought we were pretty damn clever when we texted each other instead of sneaking away from the desk at the exact same time: "Meet me in the cafeteria bathroom in five minutes."

Our bathroom sex rarely lasted longer than a minute – that's how fast we were! – and before all the body fluids were wiped off, we were back at the table again slinging hard drives as if nothing had happened. But soon people started to catch on to what we were up to.

Hans the Hunk was not boyfriend material. But he sure was hot. Nice features, full make-out-with-me lips and just-been-fucked hair. He thought he was some kind of hotshot, and had dreams of a career as a TV weatherman.

And the sex – it was awesome!

"I feel used. You only call me when you want to have sex," he sometimes sniffed.

Puppy dog eyes don't work on me.

"Stop whining and fuck me from behind!"

I thought I was doing a pretty good job at two-timing when an average week consisted of three evenings at home with Sporty Steve and three nights of sex with Hans the Hunk.

But was that enough? Nope.

In fact, I had discovered another gold mine: one-night stands.

Yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking. You think it's crazy that I didn't discover one-night stands until I was twenty-four. I wasn't exactly the first one out the gate.

But what the hell, I was a late bloomer. All the more reason to work hard to catch up.

And catch up I did. I spent many crazy nights raging around Stockholm clubs like Café Opera, Sturecompagniet, Laroy and Spy Bar, dragging my "poor" victims into bathroom stalls.

My favorite was the employee bathroom in the basement at Café Opera, where you could be left alone. The employees obviously knew what was going on, but turned a blind eye. No one and nothing escaped my clutches. I had sex with bouncers, male sluts, B-list celebrities, drug dealers, glamour models and soccer wives.

I always had crazy girlfriends at my side, and Sparre was the wildest of

them all. Just as blond, busty and vulgar as I was. She loved to go clubbing, and looked just like a perfect Barbie doll, turning heads wherever she went.

Sometimes Sparre had a brief bout of anorexia, but it was never a big deal for her.

“Are you going to come eat with us, Sparre?”

“No, goddamn it! I have anorexia!”

“That’s right, I forgot.”

Sparre and I went out together under the name Villipeto, “the wild predators” in Finnish, and we had only three rules for our nights out:

1. 1. Never tell the other to stop drinking or calm down (the only exception: if our lives were in danger).
2. 2. All nights had to include some form of theft activity.
3. 3. Each night we had to make some kind of profit (sometimes we brought along a cash box, and guys who wanted to come up and talk to us had to first throw in a twenty).

One classic Villipeto move was the time we pulled into the small town of Halmstad in a removal van, which we planned to sleep in (hotels in Sweden are fucking expensive!). After overcoming a few parking issues (it’s not easy to parallel park a giant van, you see) we hit the clubs all night long. Late, around dawn, we drove around a residential area stealing barbecue grills, patio furniture and lawn decorations, and pawned it all off later.

Talk about profitable night (the statute of limitations should be up on that, right? I don’t feel like going to prison for stealing a few garden gnomes).

Another Villipeto raid, though not nearly as successful, involved us trying to sneak off from a house party with the entire contents of the liquor cabinet. Clearly a mission impossible.

We got caught and kicked out. Without our clothes on, for whatever reason. Apparently, the host didn’t share our sense of humor – idiot!

Believe me, the combination of two-timing with lovelorn boys, plus a generous serving of one-night stands, is not for the faint of heart.

I managed to pull it off longer than most people could have. Although it was inevitable that sooner or later, word would get out.

“One of my friends said he saw you making out with someone at a bar,” Sporty Steve confronted me one morning. I could hear a hint of suspicion in his voice.

“He’s lying,” I said convincingly, making sure to look him straight in the eye. “I don’t make out with other guys. It must have been Sparre, we look a lot alike.”

And Sporty Steve believed me. Every time. He wanted to believe me. I’m not proud to say this, but once I realized I could get away with my lies, I started taking bigger risks.

It became like a sport and I lost control, to say the least. Lies led to new lies. New lies led to more and more intricate lies. Finally, I couldn’t remember what I had said from one day to the next (“what, you said something completely different yesterday,” Sporty Steve would point out. In his desire to believe me, he must have thought he was dating the only twenty-something with Alzheimer’s).

I made a half-assed attempt to clean up the mess by moving out of Sporty Steve’s apartment and into my own one-bedroom in Sollentuna. I explained this with the standard excuse that I “needed a little time to myself” – which really meant I needed a little more time to fuck other people.

It was hard to let go of Sporty Steve. In spite of everything, he was the world’s best boyfriend. Thoughtful and full of surprises. Even if he was a bit boring in bed, despite the occasional threesome with Sparre.

So we kept seeing each other. And the mess continued. Not least because of Hans the Hunk, who had started referring to us a couple since he got the idea that Sporty Steve and I had broken up.

Not wanting him to be disappointed, I let him believe it.

When it came time for my first glamour model trip to the US, the number of lies and hidden lovers was almost comedic.

Of course, both Hans the Hunk and Sporty Steve wanted to sleep over at my house the night before departure. I solved the problem by letting Hans the Hunk sleep over and giving Sporty Steve the honor of taking me to the airport in the morning.

“Call me fifteen minutes before you get here,” I ordered Sporty Steve. That would give me enough time to get dressed and kick Hans the Hunk out before Sporty Steve showed up on the scene.

The problem was that Sporty Steve forgot that little detail. Suddenly he was standing on the other side of the front door, ringing the doorbell.

Imagine my panic. I quickly pulled myself together. I threw Hans the Hunk into the kitchen with his clothes, gave him a quick kiss and said lovingly:

“Lock the door when you leave.”

“But why is Sporty Steve here?” wondered Hans the Hunk, groggy and confused.

“Oh, you know, we’re still good friends. I promised him he could drive me to the airport.”

I had already managed to slam the kitchen door when I heard Hans the Hunk mumble the obvious question: why did he have to hide if Sporty Steve and I were just friends?

You might say that my two-timing phase ended in the worst possible way while I was in the States. Hans the Hunk and Sporty Steve met up at a bar, and gathered the courage to talk to each other.

Over a few beers, they lay the cards on the table. All the cards. And it’s no surprise that from that moment on, I was known as the sluttiest girl in town.

My stock fell like shares in Nokia.

That’s when I realized:

It was just as well, what had happened. I didn’t want to be with any of them. I just wanted to sleep around. From then on, it was all about quantity, not necessarily quality.

Hindsight is 20/20:

Honestly, sleeping with so many guys that you need a logbook to keep track of them is not something I recommend.

Or talk about with pride.

Believe me, it’s nothing but crazy stressful. (Plus, Sporty Steve and Hans the Hunk were two great guys who deserved a better fate than my constant betrayal).

Still... I can’t deny that I had a good time. The wild years around the clubs in the Stureplan area were my belated teenage rebellion, when I did all I could to make up for what I had missed all those years at the stables. And make up for them I did. And then some.

I wanted to have my cake and eat it too. I wanted a relationship – or two – and I wanted to sleep with everyone who had something of interest between their legs.

Some people probably thought I was a crazy nymphomaniac. Others thought I was just one of the many typical “Stureplan blondes” with fake lips and tits.

“Nymphomaniac” is fine by me. But unlike ninety percent of all the chicks hanging out at Stureplan, I never once slept with someone to get a drink or a

seat at some stupid VIP table.

I've always been perfectly capable of buying my own drinks. I was just out looking for sex. Motived by pure horniness and horniness alone.

In the end, I reached a point where it felt like I had slept with half the city of Stockholm.

I was done.

GLAMOUR MODEL GONE WILD

It might sound like a tired old cliché: a budding porn star launches her career as a glamour model. But what can I say? If nothing else, this Puma learned she does her best work with all her clothes off.

The least possible amount of fabric to cover the skin. That was the main thing.

I knew exactly what I was looking for when I stood in the H&M swim-wear department searching for the perfect getup for my week-long vacation off the coast of Spain with Hans the Hunk.

We were taking off early the next morning. And no, Sporty Steve hadn't been informed of all the details of the trip (like the fact that Hans the Hunk was going to be joining me, for example).

Among the rows of sweatshop-crafted swim-wear, a middle-aged man suddenly appeared, visibly insecure, but fixating on me like a hawk. He broke the ice with an extremely tired pickup line:

“Are you a model?”

“No,” I replied, skillfully avoiding eye contact. Instead, I stole a split-second glance at the potential creep: orange shirt, beige pants and thinning hair. My analysis: one hundred percent creep, no doubt about it.

He went on:

“Would you be interested in becoming a model?”

“Nope!” I replied, and returned to browsing the bikini racks.

“I own a modeling agency. I think you would fit in perfectly as a model.”

“I don’t doubt that. But I’m going to Spain tomorrow, so I don’t have time.”

“Take my card and call me when you’re back,” the dirty old man insisted.

“Sure,” I said, and threw away the card on my way out of H&M.

I mean, me, a model? Don’t think so! And him, an agent? Yeah, yeah, we’ve all read about these so-called “agents” who go around town trying to pick up girls.

Even though it was lamest pickup attempt I’d ever experienced, I quickly forgot about the man at H&M. But believe me, he would turn up again soon.

Just a few weeks later, a girlfriend of mine was supposed to compete in a

glamour model competition at the Hotel Continental in Stockholm. She didn't want to go there alone, so she asked me to come and keep her company.

Sure, why not? I thought. I had nothing better to do.

As I walked around among all the hopeful model wannabes from the Stockholm area, I suddenly saw a familiar face: the guy from the H&M store. Or Peter the model guru, as I'll call him from now on. He was the proud organizer of this low-budget glamour modeling competition.

"How nice to see you again! You have to come back here on Sunday. That's when we run the contest for girls over five-foot-nine," he said with a big, scary smile.

"Oh, I don't know," I replied, true to my don't-really-give-a-shit style. I still didn't trust him. But at the same time, I couldn't help feeling flattered that he actually seemed to believe in me as a model. For a moment, or at least a microsecond, I saw myself on a magazine cover next to Kate Moss.

"Come on, please! You have real potential as a glamor model," Peter the model guru begged.

Sundays in Sollentuna... If you aren't nurturing a hangover from hell, the boredom can take on biblical proportions. Especially if you end up, like I usually did, on the couch in front of the TV with Sporty Steve and his screaming friends watching "Soccer Sunday". So, for a lack of anything better to do, I decided to go downtown and sign up for the competition. What did I have to lose, besides another boring Sunday?

The whole thing looked pretty shitty. I'm sure you can picture it: a charmless conference room in a mid-range hotel that had seen better days (like... in the seventies). Twenty girls -- some pretty, others a little more "my God, what the hell are you doing here?" -- strutting around on a tiny stage in bikinis. And seated at a desk across the room: Peter the model guru, with two serious-faced women -- probably from his stable of models -- jotting down notes beside him.

Ten of the girls would go on to the finale that evening.
And I was one of them – score!

Just when I thought things couldn't get any lamer, then came the grand finale.

First, we had to parade around in a dress; then came the bikini portion again, and finally we had to respond to some questions, Miss World-style – although the ambiance in that conference room never did quite resemble a

Miss World competition.

I went with something about world peace, rescue the dolphins and save the starving children. That seemed like the right thing to say. After all, I'd seen my fair share of beauty pageants on TV. Toddlers and Tiaras, hello?

As you can see, my enthusiasm was somewhat limited. But despite my indifference and lack of nerves – or perhaps precisely because of it – I went and won the whole damn thing.

Was I happy? Hell yes! The first prize was ten thousand krona. Hand over the cash and I'm outta here, I thought. But it wasn't quite that simple. What I had actually won was a series of modeling jobs that may, or may not, have been worth ten grand.

So I was forced to work – that is to say, to writhe in front of the camera and most likely some sleaze-bag photographer – to get my prize money.

Welcome to world of glamour modeling, a parallel universe where nothing is quite what it seems.

Anyway. I wanted that cash, so a couple of days later I went to the combined photo studio/office/lair of Peter the model guru in Skarpnäck, yet another scruffy suburb of Stockholm. It didn't exactly feel like a studio where plastic fantastic glamour models would come to seductively lick their fingers.

The plan for the day was that Peter the model guru, who also called himself a fashion photographer, would snap sexy photos of me in my underwear. Pictures I would need to finagle those jobs that might, or might not, get me ten thousand.

"Try to relax a little," Peter the model guru nagged while I stood posing, stiff as a giraffe, in front of a grayish backdrop in his living room.

The only thing his nagging resulted in was a facial expression that can best be described as "scared rabbit". I must've liked that expression, because I wore it throughout the whole shoot, as I stood there asking myself what the hell I was doing there.

Did Cindy Crawford ever stand around vogueing in the sketchy suburban home of an amateur photographer? Somehow, I seriously doubted it.

But there I was. Even though I looked like a scared rabbit with the rigid neck of a giraffe, those photos actually did bag me a few jobs.

For one of them, I took off to Greece, where a ship owner paid me a shitload of cash to model his sister's evening gowns. Easy money.

Then I traveled to Copenhagen to work with a photographer who had somehow gotten the idea that I was some sort of escort chick. Big mistake!

But he snapped a few pictures, mostly for show, I guess, and I took my money. Then I walked out and went out partying in Copenhagen. Of course, I made a point to get laid. Another time, my job was to walk around naked and body-painted at a motorcycle show in Stockholm. Awesome!

Without even really realizing how it happened, I had taken my first steps – okay, really awkward and wobbly ones – as a glamour model!

Glamour jobs continued to pour in (shit, I still couldn't believe it!). But my relationship with Peter the model guru was already getting worn at the seams.

The problems began with “the contract”. Clever Peter the model guru had quickly made sure to get my signature on a contract that gave him exclusive rights to all of me. He had me under his thumb. Of course I should have read the contract more carefully.

But I was still a naive little glamour model in the making. I didn't know what it meant to sign a modeling contract. I just wanted my damn prize money.

The agreement stated, among other things, that all contacts and bookings had to go through Peter the model guru, that I couldn't gain weight (losing weight, however, was no problem), that Peter the model guru and I would talk on the phone at least three times a week (about what?!), and that he would do a shoot with me at least once a month.

Bullshit, I thought when I realized, a little too late, what I had signed on to. I can book and work with whoever I want.

No one owns me.

So when people started to contact me directly with offers for hostess jobs, I accepted without going through Peter the model guru. He was furious, of course, but I did what I've always done; waved it off and convinced him I'd be better in the future.

To this day, I still don't know if Peter the model guru was cheap, in love or just wanted to sleep with me. But every time we went on a job out of the country, he booked us a double room.

Of course, I refused to share a bed with Peter the model guru, and since he was lying there so comfortably, I was the one who had to fold myself up on couches or sleep on the hard floor.

(Thanks for the slipped disc, Peter).

Need I add that our trips ended in disaster? And not only because of the double rooms. There was a major clash of personalities, too. Peter the model guru was an introvert who wanted to take it easy between jobs. I however,

was an untamed beast who wanted to spend every free moment partying and fucking.

Compared to hard-headed American agents, Peter the model guru was a softy and much too nice for his own good.

During our last US trip together, I met Cleff, an agent with a jam-packed Blackberry and a custom Rolex covered in so much bling you might go blind just trying to tell the time. Cleff wanted to be my agent.

“Dump Peter. He has no case. I’ll call him,” he declared.

“Okay,” I said.

Poor Peter the model guru must have had the shock of his life the next morning when the phone rang and a loud-mouthed American introduced himself as my new agent.

Actually, he threatened to sue the shit out me. It never happened – he was probably just so tired of me – and since that day, I haven’t had any contact with Peter the model guru.

With an American agent at my side and a steady stream of jobs, I started to enjoy life as a glamour model more and more. My “scared rabbit” days felt far, far away. Posing in front of the camera was fun, and it had become pretty easy to boot.

All the pictures I shot were in the classic Playboy style. You know: Vaseline lens, soft and sexy, and legs properly crossed. But slowly, almost unnoticeably, I started to spread my legs and give a glimpse of my inner thighs.

A new career gleamed on the horizon.

Personal message for Peter the model guru: If you’re reading this, I just want to say I’m sorry about what happened between us (really!). You helped this stumbling giraffe at the start of her career, and you should take credit for that. But those double rooms really sucked. Xoxo Puma!

GOODBYE STOCKHOLM, HELLO LA!

As a teenager, Puma hoped her life would turn out like ‘The Little House on the Prairie.’ Instead, she falls in love with a slacker and moves to LA. Not exactly the worst fate ... or is it?

Do you need a glamor model background to succeed as a porn star?

No, but it helps.

It goes like this: when you think you've had it with glamor modeling, there are four paths you can take:

1. 1. Shack up with a prince of questionable sexual orientation and moonlight as a candy striper at a children's home in a South African township.
2. 2. Launch a career as an odd-jobs celebrity, making regular appearances on cheesy reality TV, painting pictures and writing books.
3. 3. Get a job as a grocery cashier, become bitter and sue all the photographers you've ever worked for, claiming they took advantage of you.
4. 4. All of the above are very popular post glamor model career moves in Sweden. Or you could do as I did:
5. 5. Get smart and upgrade to porn star status

Let me put it this way: of course I'm looking for my prince, and I have all the respect in the world for volunteer work... but options 1-3 never really felt like my thing.

And I wouldn't be surprised if a few of my glamor model friends longingly daydream about option 4.

I mean, what do daytime TV, stuffy eight-course meals in a mansion, and bar codes at the cash register have on the life of a porn star?

So for you – and for everyone else – I've compiled a list of handy tips to take you straight to porn heaven, and to guarantee you'll be there to stay.

I wish I'd had this list when I came to LA. It would have saved me from a pitfall or ten. Well, I'm a nice person, and I don't want you to make the same mistakes I did.

So here it is:

Puma Academy:

How to become the next (best) Puma Swede

(Yes, I wrote ‘next best’, because no one can be the next Puma Swede).

1. Have a healthy attitude about your body

This might scare some people off, but one of the first things you have to do once you’ve signed with an agency is to get taken around the production companies and show off what you’ve got. You get naked and they take pictures from the front, side, back – and now squat down and show off that cookie in all its glory.

If you have a complex about a hint of cellulite on your legs or feel uncomfortable with nudity, then a career as a porn star isn’t for you. If, on the other hand, you are mentally and physically satisfied with yourself, are outgoing, and get a kick out of having sex in front of a camera – what the hell are you waiting for? You were born to do porn!

The cool thing about the porn industry is that all types are in demand. You don’t have to be sixteen years old, five foot ten inches tall, and munch on two string beans for lunch. In the porn world it’s okay to have a tiny butt, a huge ass, curves, humongous tits, nonexistent tits... Yeah, you can even make your first film at the age of forty-five. There’s a market for everyone and everything.

But if you prefer to fuck with the lights off, you may be better suited for a career as a spelunker.

2. Get yourself a cool name

Barely any porn stars, particularly women, go by their real names. It’s partly a safety thing – after all, there are quite a few creeps out there – but it’s also important to have a cool, unique and easy-to-Google artist name that people are going to remember.

Maybe you’ve heard the myth that your porn star name has to be your first pet and/or the name of the first street you grew up on. If that were the case, I would be named Bruno Römossevägen. Cute, but maybe not totally kosher.

Instead, I took my name from my beloved Ford Puma, and added “Swede” to it to make it a little more exotic.

The porn world has always been pretty mischievous, and a lot of people intentionally choose an artist name that can easily be confused with the name

of a big porn star or celebrity. For a while there were endless variants on the name Jenna Jameson. I have some ‘followers’ myself, including Puma Black and Sadie Swede. There’s even a Cindy Crawford of the porn world. But it happens to be her real name, so when Supermodel Cindy sued Porn Cindy, Porn Cindy won.

Porn Cindy 1, Supermodel Cindy 0.

Recently, porn star Jennifer J-Ho Lopez was wildly successful in her role as a horny talent judge in the porn parody of “American Idol.”

Asked for her thoughts on this in a number of interviews, the real J-Lo didn’t seem too thrilled about the whole thing:

“Don’t these people have anything better to do with their lives,” the Latina starlet sighed.

The answer is obviously no.

Giving yourself a name nearly identical to someone else’s definitely gives you a lot of misspelled Google hits in the beginning, but it’s actually a short-sighted move. Why follow when you can lead? Give plenty of thought to your choice of name. Remember, you’re going to live with your porn star alias for years and years to come.

3. Register your domain name

Okay, so you’ve got your porn star name. The next step is to register the domain name so you can get yourself a website.

And here is a really fucking important piece of advice: make sure that YOU are listed as the owner of YOUR domain name. NOT some webmaster, boyfriend or manager.

I’m speaking from experience here. Things can get pretty pricey if you’re forced to buy off your domain name from a scummy ex-boyfriend or former agent who listed himself as the owner when you asked for his help with registration.

If you can’t be bothered to learn HTML, you’ll need a webmaster you can pay to maintain your site – but this is crucial: maintenance and maintenance only! Write up a contract that’s valid for a year or so. Mention in the contract that all the footage on the site belongs to you, as well as the domain name.

4. Choose your image

Of course, a little acting talent never hurts if you want to succeed as a porn star. But this is how it works: the closer your porn character is to the real you,

the better and more believable it is.

If you have a hardcore personality, pick jobs where you get to play out your hardcore side. If you're naturally soft and sensual – stay soft and sensual at work.

Myself, I'm pretty hardcore, and that's become my image as a porn star. I do pretty much the same things on film that I like to do off-camera. Talk about a win-win situation!

And when a job offer doesn't feel right, you have to say no – don't let yourself be talked into anything. I personally have a very large comfort zone, but I always decline when I get offers to do things I don't feel comfortable with. Remember, making porn should be fun!

5. Think long-term

A career in porn isn't something you try out for a week before going back to your office job. Even if you only make three films, those films are going to be out there forever. The world around you is going to find out about it.

People are going to talk. That's how it is.

Of course you can test the waters for a year. But it's better to look at it as a five-year project you build up step-by-step into an awesome career. As a suggestion, start with solo gigs (job opportunities are limited here, however, since solo films aren't particularly in demand).

Then continue with girl-on-girl scenes and go on to one guy, two guys, anal, double penetration, and so on – if you feel comfortable with it.

Within the porn world, everything new is worth money. If you get fake tits a little bit into your career, everyone's going to want to shoot you again. The same deal if you decide to do your first scene with two guys. Not to mention your anal scene debut. That's cash, baby! But let it take time. Recognize your own value, and milk the studios for all they're worth.

Myself, I'm moving forward slowly and have just started doing anal. Next year I'm planning to sell my first double penetration. For an ass-load of cash, of course!

And once again: dare to resist attempts to persuade you. Your agent might not be thinking as long-term as you are, and may feel you should do the whole range during your first year alone. But I swear: it's worth the wait.

6. Go to America

Sure, you can build up a perfectly decent porn career in England, Spain or

Eastern Europe. But the pay isn't great and the working conditions are tough. That's why everyone wants to come to the US. It's the biggest market, and that's where the money is.

There's only one problem: in order to film in the US, you need at least one American photo ID. When I moved here, a work visa was enough, but laws have become significantly stricter since then. And even worse: the FBI love to raid porn sets. If it turns out an actor doesn't have the right form of ID, no agency or film studio is going to do a shoot with you.

So... what to do? Marry an American! Or get yourself a student ID (you'll have to crack a book or two between porn gigs, though).

A tough pill to swallow, but it's the only way to do it right now. At least until Puma Swede Productions kicks off in Sweden and wakes new life into the fine Swedish porn tradition. Yep, it's actually happening. Aspiring European porn actors no longer need to cross the Atlantic to become a star.)

7. Find an agent

Let's say you've bagged a super hot American that you're hooking up with (for free, of course!). Or that you've enrolled to study at a California university. In other words: you've got an American ID card in your wallet.

What's next?

Sign with an agent.

And here comes the good news: unlike in Hollywood, you don't need any training or industry experience to book a meeting with LA's porn agencies. On the contrary, fresh meat is all the rage. All companies want new faces.

When it comes to choosing an agency, my advice is to go with your gut and make personal contact. You can either choose a giant like LA Direct Models, where there are tons of job inquiries, and the competition all the more breakneck; or a smaller agency where you won't risk getting lost in the crowd. Like 101 Modeling or Spiegler Girls, who only work with twenty-odd girls.

You might choose to work for all film studios, or you might sign with just one company and become a so-called "contract star." You'll get an advance and you're guaranteed jobs, but in exchange, you won't have as much freedom.

That's it! Tear this list out, save it, and follow my career advice no matter what. I promise this time next year you'll be the next (best) Puma Swede!

But wait a second. Am I forgetting something?

Of course! The guys.

Most of my career advice is directed toward the ladies. But believe me, almost every single day I get emails from guys with big dreams of being a porn star. And they all have the same question. A question that keeps them lying awake at night. A question that can break – or build up – the male ego:

How big does my dick need to be for me to become a male porn star?

Yeah guys, if only it were as simple as a specific minimum length. Sorry, but there isn't one. Still, Mr. Four Inches should really consider a different career, because you do need an above-average length. You see, sex on film is a little different than sex at home. On film, you have to be able to fuck from the side so the camera gets the full view. If you're too small, you just won't reach.

In other words, if you're built, well-endowed and can easily get – and keep! – it up, your chances of getting hired are pretty damn good.

But even a guy with a mediocre dick can get a job if he can get hard and cum on command. Take Marcus London, for example. He definitely doesn't have the biggest dick in LA, but he fucks like a machine. That's why they hire him.

My best tip for guys who want in to the industry is to go around the studios and offer to do a test scene. If you do well, you'll get paid – if not, you won't. It's not a sure thing the studios will bite, because time is money and an inexperienced guy unable to get hard or cum on command disrupts the schedule. But it's worth a try.

Another way to get a foot in the door is to shoot for Bang Bros in Miami, a company specializing in "reality porn". They're always looking for new guys off the street.

Or why not combine business with pleasure and get yourself a porn star girlfriend? A convenient way of getting into the porn world and sweet-talking yourself into a job. Just make sure you don't become a parasite, mooching off the girl. You'll make a name for yourself as a "suitcase pimp" – and no, that's definitely not a compliment.

But wait a second – let's rewind. As I'm sure you remember – I hope – I still hadn't become a porn star when we left off during my last trip to the US as a glamor model. With a new American agent at my side – and Peter the

model guru on his flight home to Sweden, without his model star.

To make a long story even longer, you might say it all began with a phone call to my agent Cleff.

There was a booking inquiry from a guy named Rex. He claimed to be a photographer and wanted to book me for a full-day job, eight hours of Playboy style nudes.

“Wow, that’s great,” I thought and told Cleff, who was proudly wearing a gold-and-platinum bracelet that weighed in at least a few pounds, to book a meeting so we could find out whether this guy was for real, or a potential axe murderer.

The next day Rex sauntered into Cleff’s office. You know the type – LA slacker, twenty-five plus, wearing jeans and a faded T-shirt, the whole outfit at least three sizes too big, with a tacky Levi’s belt to keep his jeans a least a half-inch off the ground.

Rex immediately started pimping himself, naming off all the music videos and ads he’d filmed and all the stars he knew.

He was the shit, simple as that.

“Yeah, I know Hillary Duff. Yeah, I can get you into Playboy. Yeah, I’m going to do a shoot with you, you’ll get eight hundred dollars for a full day. I’ll pick you up at ten tomorrow morning. Yeah!”

Then he looked through my collection of skimpy tops, push-up bras and hot pants and chose what he wanted me to wear. He didn’t seem to have any particular plan for the shoot. We were just going to take some kind of photos at some unspecified locations.

Maybe that should have raised a red flag somewhere in the back of my mind. But there was something about Rex’ cockiness that appealed to me. Although he really wasn’t my type, I liked his self-confidence and his attitude about life: play it by ear, take things as they come.

I knew immediately: Rex and I were going to have sex. It never fails. I have an insanely accurate intuition when it comes to predicting who I’m going to sleep with.

That night I called my friend Karina in Sweden:

“I’m going to do a photo shoot with this guy tomorrow. And I think I’m going to sleep with him,” I said.

Karina took a deep breath. She was used to my guy shenanigans at this point. Nothing surprised her anymore.

“You’re fucking crazy. I don’t understand how you can be so damn horny

all the time. Is he hot?"

"No, not exactly," I replied. "But he's like, cool. Fuckable. They don't all have to be so fucking hot."

"Yeah, yeah. Call me tomorrow and let me know how it went," she sighed.

The next morning, at ten o'clock on the dot, Rex showed up at Cleff's office in the Valley. He swore up and down that he would bring me back exactly as he'd found me in eight hours.

Normally, you take off immediately to do the shoot, since photographers want to get as much out of their time with you as possible. Rex wasn't in any kind of hurry whatsoever.

"We can chill for a little," he said and invited me back to his loft apartment downtown. Wow, I thought, a cool house filled with cool people. And a rooftop pool!

But Rex' apartment wasn't all that cool. More like a mishmash of office and studio devoid of any style, with a giant bed in the corner. We would presumably end up there before too long, but until then we sat on his hideous cream-colored leather sofa surrounded by high-tech gadgets and video screens. I sat there feeling a little unsure about the situation while Rex carried on enthusiastically pimping himself. Where the hell did he get all that energy? To impress me, he showed me music videos he claimed to have directed and produced himself.

In my imagination I was already filming a George Michael video with the rest of the entire modeling elite when Rex suddenly burst my bubble:

"Wanna go down to the beach?"

"Sure," I said, starting to realize this might not end up being the most demanding day in my career as a glamor model.

At Santa Monica beach, Rex' spiritual side came out. We talked about life, dreams and love. Mostly for the sake of appearances, he snapped a couple of shots of me in the surf.

While I was drying off, it finally came out: the question that had been hanging in the air all afternoon. Flashing his most charming smile, Rex asked:

"Wanna have dinner with me tonight?"

This guy wasn't wasting any time. It was quite clear that he had a plan, and it did not consist of taking pictures. It consisted of getting me in bed.

I said yes, and Rex did it up big, taking me to the rotating restaurant on the thirty-fifth floor of the Bonaventure Hotel. Okay, so there was no *hajpatsu* on

the menu, but filet mignon, a banana split and a couple of strong rum and Cokes would do the trick as well.

Rex kept piling on the charm, and trying to impress the horse chick from Southern Stockholm with his celebrity name-dropping. And yeah, it was working. I was having a good time.

But after two hours, I wanted to take off. I had already called Cleff once to tell him we were going to be late. And I really didn't want to do it again.

"What are you so worried about? Cleff's gonna get his cut," Rex said, clearly worried about not getting laid after investing so much time and money in me.

I let myself be persuaded. I called Cleff and improvised some bullshit story about a lost purse we had to go back and look for.

Instead, we went to Rex' place and had sex.

It was every bit as undramatic as it sounds. The clocks didn't stop. It was more like yeah, now I've done that. My first LA dude. Gotta call Karina and tell her about it.

While I was picking my clothes up off the floor, Rex turned to me.

"I want to see you again!"

Spoken like a true LA romantic. We exchanged numbers and Rex threw a couple extra hundreds in the envelope with my fee. Like a real pimp after a job well done.

Over the next few days, Rex messaged me like a horny teenage boy. I had a ton of jobs booked, and we decided we should get together towards the end of my stay in LA. Rex told me he had scored tickets for a talk show.

"It's super hard to get tickets like that, but you know, I've got connections."

Naïve as I was, I let myself be impressed. Wow, like, a TV show. I had no idea that any asshole can get those tickets..

We had fun, for sure. Rex played Mr. Hot Shot, as usual, with equal parts charm and cockiness (even though his clothing style betrayed who he really was: a sad sack without any real direction in life).

The day before I was supposed to fly home to Sweden, Rex thought it would be a good idea for me to take my stuff over to his place so he could take me to the airport.

Cleff wasn't at all happy about his model spending the night at a client's house. But I had finished all my jobs and Cleff had gotten his cut, so what did he have to complain about? I packed my bags and headed over to Rex' place.

Later that night, as we spooned under the covers, Rex didn't want to let go:
"Can't you stick around another week and stay at my place?" he asked in his softest voice.

"I can't," I said. "My vacation is almost over. I have to go back to work on Monday."

Rex quickly changed his tone, trying a new tactic:
"Do you want new boobs? I know people. Let me buy you some bigger boobs."

I actually didn't feel like staying in LA. But Rex' offer made an impression. An American wanted to buy me new boobs! I liked the way Rex thought. Better a new pair of tits than a bouquet of flowers. Silicon lasts longer than roses.

Whatever. The boobs would have to wait. I gave him a farewell blowjob in the airport parking lot (almost made me miss my flight, which was probably Rex' plan) and we said goodbye.

Twelve hours later I burst through the door of my apartment in Sollentuna. Back to day-to-day reality in Sweden.

Back to my nine-to-five as a receptionist at the Laser & Surgery Center in Old Town Stockholm.

The many miles between Sollentuna and downtown LA didn't stop Rex from trying to court me. Actually quite the opposite. When I got home from work every other day, a huge bouquet waited for me in the stairwell. And one day a thick package showed up in the mailbox: Rex' unwashed T-shirt and a teddy bear with his cum on it. "So you don't forget how I smell." Aww ...

I can't say that I was in love with him. It was more the excitement that appealed to me. That a hot-shot American was making all these efforts for my sake. And to be honest, sitting at a reception desk for eight hours a day wasn't all that much fun. I had started to miss LA.

Can you guess what happened next?

Yeah, I'm pretty predictable, I know. After five weeks in Sweden, I quit my job, moved my stuff over to my sister's place, and told everyone who would listen that I was going to try my hand at glamor modeling for three months in LA.

Then I booked a flight to LAX. To see Rex. To... yeah, to do what exactly? To be honest, I wasn't exactly sure.

As soon as I landed, something didn't feel right. Not right at all. Rex was a

different person. The passionate lover who sent me flowers every day was gone, replaced by someone distant and disinterested, with his thoughts somewhere else entirely.

“A bunch of shit has gone down. Sorry, baby.”

I was sorry, too. Rex mostly lay around staring at the ceiling, three cell phones constantly at his side. Sometimes, without warning, he ran off somewhere, but never told me where.

The few times Rex and I went out to eat together, he always had to stop by some parking garage or dark alleyway to drop off some packages.

As naïve as I was, I didn’t get it at all.

I wanted things to be like they were before. Most of all, I didn’t want to give up and go home. I didn’t need that kind of humiliation, not after just a few short weeks.

So I bit the bullet. I did a few glamor jobs. I spent endless, uneventful days in front of the TV or on the roof trying to tan my pale Finnish skin.

The entire time I thought to myself: I don’t want to go home, I don’t want to go home...

‘Prude’ is really the last thing you can accuse me of being. Still, it came as somewhat of a shock when, in the car one day on the way to yet another parking garage, Rex opened up to me:

“You know what baby, before you came here my buddy Tory and I did a porn scene. I was in it, and Tory filmed it.”

My jaw dropped. At first I didn’t know what I should say. Then I made myself clear:

“If you keep doing porn, I’m going to break up with you. I don’t want anything to do with the porn industry. I’m a glamor model,” I said with pride in my voice.

Of course I’d seen a porn flick or two over the years. But I absolutely did not want to be anywhere near the porn world and its broken people. That was the image I had of porn actors.

“No, no! I was just testing it out,” Rex insisted, his explanation hardly convincing. “It’s just that there’s this chick Shay I’d been into forever and I finally got the chance to fuck her. I’m not gonna do it again.”

But just a few weeks later, I came home to find that Rex’ video camera wasn’t in its usual place. Believe me, at this point, after way too many days sitting around the apartment doing nothing, I knew exactly where everything was supposed to be.

I understood immediately. Rex was doing porn again. When I called him, he answered slickly:

“Hey baby! Everything okay? I’m with Tory.”

Of course he was with Tory.

“We’re going to have to have a talk when you get home.”

“About what?”

“We’ll talk about it when you get home. Say hi to Tory for me!” I said before hanging up.

Rex really wasn’t the sharpest knife in the drawer; that much I had realized by this point. But he must have understood that I had put two and two together.

I looked up the number of a photographer I’d become halfway friends with. I called him and asked if I could stay at his place for a couple of days.

“I have a feeling I’m going to have to get out of here later tonight,” I explained.

“Absolutely, no problem. Did something happen?” the photographer wondered. He had met Rex a few times and pointed out that he was ‘questionable material.’

“I’ll tell you later.”

I packed my bags with tears in my eyes. The very moment I pulled the zipper shut, Rex walked through the door with his camera bag in his hand and a freshly filmed porn scene in the camera.

I confronted him immediately.

“Your camera was gone, and you were with Tory. You were filming porn again, weren’t you?”

Rex understood it was pointless to deny it.

“Yeah, I was.”

“Okay. I’ve packed my bags. I’m leaving you now.”

Rex was silent. No excuses or attempts to persuade me to stay. But suddenly he piped in:

“Now that you know the thing about the pornos, there’s something else I should tell you.”

“Yeah, what’s that?”

Go ahead, pour a little salt in my wounds.

“While you were in Sweden, I met a Canadian model. I fell head over heels in love with her – too. I’m in love with both of you. While I was in Canada two weeks ago, I asked her to marry me.”

I felt dizzy, my head pounded. Complete and total humiliation. I didn't want to hear any more. But Rex went on:

"I got down on one knee and proposed. But she said no."

My shock turned into rage.

"Oh, well, great! I can be your second choice," I hissed.

"The whole thing made me so confused. That's why I did the porno."

I shook my head. What an idiotic explanation.

"Okay, I'm leaving now. Talk to you later," I said, taking my bags and slamming the door.

In the weeks that followed, I was plagued with confusion and one question wouldn't stop running through my head: what the fuck was I doing here?

Crashing at the home of a photographer and his buddies was not the solution. It was just borrowed time.

All I knew was that I didn't want to move back to Sweden—as a failed glamor model.

Rex called and asked if we could see each other again, I said okay. What did I have to lose? Maybe I could stick with Rex until I found something better?

We decided to start over. As friends. And I would move back to his place.

"I was confused before. But now I know you're the one I want," Rex insisted and kissed me on the cheek.

"It's okay, Rex," I said. "We'll move in together again and see what happens."

What followed was a great time – probably our best days together. Rex' thoughtful, charming side made a comeback. The nightly package drop-offs continued though, with me in the passenger seat as the world's most naïve sidekick.

What was in those boxes – videos or mobile phones? Why did Rex switch phone numbers so often? And why did he want me to go to the bank and deposit stacks of hundred-dollar bills into his account? Couldn't he do that himself?

I went around wondering these things, but never asked. I didn't want to stick my face in his business now everything was going well. I didn't want to destroy the honeymoon phase.

A few weeks later, over dinner, Rex finally opened the door to his secret world.

"Baby, now I know I can trust you, so I'm going to tell you something: I

sell weed. A whole lot of weed. That's why I have three cell phones and drop off packages in parking garages."

My first reaction: wow, Rex is a drug dealer! It was like an added kick, extra excitement. Who gave a shit if all the talk about him being a successful film director and photographer was mostly an exaggeration?

I took in everything Rex told me about sales and production. I sat through weed meetings. I accompanied Rex to the unassuming townhouse in the outskirts of LA where he kept his indoor crops. From the outside, you couldn't tell anything. Inside the heavily monitored doors were secret greenhouses with long rows of plants, grow lights and watering devices. There in the heat of the lamps, Mexicans cut, packed and ran quality controls.

After visiting the greenhouses, our car was always jam-packed with weed and bills.

Just a tiny stroke of bad luck, a completely routine pullover, and my US adventure might have ended very differently.

Locked up at the Central California Women's Facility, for example.

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH

...until death do us part. Puma runs off to Vegas to get hitched. Guess how long her vows of loyalty last? As a newly minted porn star, it isn't easy being faithful.

The expiration date on my three-month visa was fast approaching. Shit, I really didn't want to go back to Sweden. I definitely didn't feel I was done with LA. And let's be honest, go back to my 8 to 5 job didn't sound too appealing.

I was happy here. I was happy with Rex. Now that everything else was working out, I wanted to give modeling another shot. My career had been flagging a little, but goddamnit, I wasn't ready to give up my model dreams just yet. I didn't sign up as a sidekick for a weed dealer.

With just a few days remaining until my trip home, Rex asked me one morning:

“Babe, what do you say we run off to Vegas and get married? Then you can stay here as long as you want.”

His proposal was slightly more practical than romantic. But then again, I've never really been the romantic type. And with the prospect of a real Vegas wedding in sight, I didn't hesitate:

“Hell yeah! Let's do it!”

We took off to Vegas the very next day. As always, Rex wore ill-fitting jeans and a faded promo tee (where the hell did he get all his ugly-ass t-shirts from?). I was in a tight top with strategic cutouts and an equally snug pair of jeans.

Definitely one of the world's skimpiest bride outfits.

There was no time to waste. We were here for a reason, so we drove straight from the airport to the Marriage Bureau. We swore up and down that we were 100% unmarried at the time, got our hands on the sought-after marriage license, and were immediately surrounded by screaming promoters from the various marriage chapels shouting over each other to win us over with their package deals and specials. Everyone wanted to make a proper couple out of us – probably because we looked like such freaks.

We snatched up the cheapest option and took a taxi to the chapel that was tucked inside a Downtown villa. The villa might have been a truly idyllic

location – thirty years ago or so. The cracks in the façade were painted over in half-assed fashion, and the red wall-to-wall carpet had stains of all conceivable – and inconceivable – origins, and the whole place felt run-down and ramshackle. At the same time, though, there was a hint of formality in the air. You didn't just come here to get married on a whim – you got married here with a promise to be forever faithful. A promise that would crack as easily as the exterior paint job.

Inside the chapel, we were greeted by the wedding officiant, a classic Vegas old-timer with a toupee, eighties-style suit and the shit-eating grin of a used car salesman.

Rex and I were a little ashamed to pull out the plastic engagement rings we'd scored from a vending machine. But the officiant didn't even raise an eyebrow when he saw them. The absence of a bouquet, however, was more than he could handle.

“You have to have flowers!” he said, outraged, and had me pick from one of the chapel's three loaner bouquets in pink, red or gold plastic. I went with the pink one.

I stood there, plastic flowers in my hand, as he gave me quick instructions on how to waltz down the aisle and place myself at Rex' side.

“Music, please!” the official called to his assistant, who then pressed the ‘Play’ button on an antique tape player. The chapel rang out with a cheesy version of the wedding march that had obviously been played thousands of times before from the same aging cassette.

Rex and I looked at each other and smiled, struggling to hold back our laughter. This kind of thing just did not happen. In movies, maybe. But not in real life.

On the first attempt, I tottered forward too quickly on my long legs. Not okay. The official gave the signal to his assistant to stop the music and rewind the tape. Then he turned to me and explained that I would have to start over from the beginning.

“What!? Is the way I walk the most important thing here? I thought our love was all that mattered,” I said.

But no, the officiant wasn't having any off-tempo, fast-paced aisle-walking in his chapel.

“Do you two want to do this right or what?” he insisted, possibly with a hint of suspicion in his voice. Maybe he had started to wonder why we were in such a hurry with the whole procedure.

On the second try, I got the ‘here comes the bride’ thing down. Rex and I repeated everything the officiant said – including the part about being forever faithful; God must’ve really gotten a good chuckle out of that one – and then we were done. Or so we thought.

“The wedding package you chose includes five photographs in front of this pretty floral backdrop. Please take your places,” the official said, pointing to an insanely ugly backcloth covered in white plastic flowers.

“Thanks, but that’s all right. I’m a photographer. We were planning on taking the pictures ourselves back in the hotel room,” Rex explained, eager to get out of there. And I knew why. We had agreed to head to the strip club afterwards to celebrate.

But the officiant wasn’t going to let this obviously phony wedding slide out of his hands that easily. If he couldn’t take our pictures, he at least wanted to sit down with us and talk about life, God and love.

“You are two young people who have chosen to follow each other on the path of life,” he began. I didn’t hear much more. My thoughts escaped to practical matters, like which last name I should use from now on. I looked at Rex. He was sitting there daydreaming, too. Most likely about our imminent strip club visit and which girl he would pick for his first lap dance.

Twenty minutes later, we were done with the officiant. He handed us the certificate almost reluctantly, and Rex and I rushed out onto the street, laughing, freshly married and yeah, actually kind of happy in the middle of all the madness.

Have I mentioned Rex’ and my sex life?

No?

Well, if our wedding was crazy, our sex life was even crazier. We liked to experiment. We did everything except what was considered ‘normal’. And we did a lot of role-playing.

One of our favorites was “playing dead.” The setup was simple: I went somewhere in the house and died, just keeled over from a combined heart attack, stroke and overdose. When Rex found me lifeless on the floor, he tore my clothes off and fucked me in some kind semi-necrophilia game. The problem was that I got so wet from it that it wasn’t a particularly authentic experience.

“What the fuck, you have to be dry. Dead people aren’t wet,” Rex growled.

“I can’t stay dry! Dying is such a turn-on,” said the horny corpse.

Another game was “prisoner in the bedroom,” where Rex left me in a

locked room and came in to fuck me whenever he felt like it.

That was one hell of a boring game. Especially when Rex sat down at the computer to beat off and forgot all about me.

He did that often, and over time his beating off in front of the computer started to get on my nerves. In the beginning, I just shrugged my shoulders and thought yeah, yeah, all guys look at porn sometimes. But after waking up night after night and finding Rex with his hand down his pants in front of the screen, looking at pictures of female bodybuilders, anorexic girls, MILF:s, you name it, I started to question his behavior.

That's when Rex admitted:

"I'm a sex addict. I have an addict's mentality. A few years ago I was hooked on drugs and alcohol. Now, I've replaced that with sex. I beat off until my balls are about to fall off, my penis turns blue, until it hurts so much I just can't take it anymore."

Back in LA, as a respectable housewife, I started to feel that I had finally started to get my life back in order. I stayed away from Rex's dealing business and found my way back into glamor modeling. I shot pictures for photographer's portfolios, and even got a couple of pictures published in magazines.

But that wasn't enough. I wanted more jobs, more attention, more me! me! me! That's when I realized that I needed to get myself a website, build up a fan base, start making a little more cash.

But if you're going to have a website, you can't have a Finnish name that no one can pronounce. What was I going to be named? Puma, of course, because I love cars, and especially my sorely missed Ford Puma that sat waiting for me in my sister's driveway. And 'Swede' just had nicer ring to it than Puma Finn.

The next step was to buy the domain name pumaswede.com. Or, more accurately: for Rex to buy it.

(Those of you who read my career guide in the last chapter know I'd just made a huge mistake!)

I hired a webmaster to set up a simple home page with innocent naked photos, and voila! pumaswede.com was in business. Well, it wasn't quite that easy. Sure, a fan or two found me there, and I got a bit of traffic by trading photo galleries with other glamor girls. But I wasn't cashing in. No one wanted to pay one measly dollar for super-exclusive access to the galleries of

the one and only Puma.

What the hell is wrong with a naked Puma, I thought.

‘Your age is what’s wrong with you!’ the experts explained to me quickly.

Yes, it was true. Apparently I was much too old – my God, almost thirty! – to do the innocent girl-next-door thing. As a busty blonde with cock-sucking lips, I was expected to deliver a little more than that.

Go hardcore or go home!

Guess I’ll go hardcore then, I thought. I really didn’t need to think too long about that one.

“Let’s do this, go get the camera!” I yelled to Rex, and got in position on our bed with dildos, vibrators and butt plugs, spreading my legs for the camera.

Rex didn’t take much convincing. He started snapping pictures like crazy. With him getting fifty percent of the profits from my website, you could almost see the dollar signs lighting up in his eyes.

Now, you might think it’s a little odd that I could change my mind about porn at the drop of a hat. But for me, this wasn’t porn. I was only fucking myself.

Not for one second did I feel uncomfortable spreading my legs in front of the camera. Instead, I thought, shit, why the hell didn’t I think of this earlier? I liked showing off. Big fucking deal.

After the solo scenes, it wasn’t long before I was shooting and filming with other girls. That opened the door to LA’s largest porn agency, LA Direct Models, and got me jobs with Hustler, Vivid and other studios.

Of course, I remember my first girl-on-girl scene very well. At first, I wasn’t so sure about my co-star, the super MILF Deauxma from Texas. I never even fantasized about trying someone that mature.

But what a winning ticket Deauxma turned out to be! A super-hot bi, equipped with unbelievable 32G breasts I just couldn’t get enough of. We hit it off immediately.

Deauxma took care of me with Southern hospitality, offering advice and letting me borrow her clothes. Then we started looking through the script and I discovered to my horror that Deauxma and I weren’t just going to have sex in front of the camera, we had to talk to each other, too!

“It’s going to be fine, Puma,” Deauxma assured me, as we practiced my Swenglish lines.

By some strange coincidence, my Swedish friend Karina was on set during

the filming. As a visitor, that is, not as an actor. But poor Karina wasn't down with watching her best friend lick a nearly fifty-year old pussy, so while I filmed she found a dog she could go for a walk with.

I, on the other hand, was having a lot of fun. I was playing a Swedish exchange student – of course, what else!? I was the weakest player on the basketball team, so I was sent for “private lessons” at the home of my horny coach.

After a few minutes of awkward dialogue, we ended up in the jacuzzi for a little student/teacher sex. Innocent, but still pretty hot. When Deauxma and I kissed, it felt real. We really got into tasting each other. Then we made love like you do at home, when you're in love. The grand finale was the strap-on – it was the first time I got to actively fuck someone. Cool, but I was kind of nervous that I might hurt her. After a few minutes Deauxma squirted so hard I was pushed out of her backwards at ninety miles an hour.

Since then, I have been obsessed with strap-ons, as I'm sure you know by now.

“Thanks for a wonderful day, Puma. Hope to see you again soon,” said Deauxma when we were through.

I hoped so too.

Eight hundred dollars was my fixed rate for shooting with a girl. Not bad for licking pussy – and getting my own pussy licked – and significantly more than what I made for an eight-hour job as a glamor model.

Rex quickly realized there was money to be made with me eating and fucking pussy. Even though I already had an agent, he convinced me that I needed a manager. And the manager would be him, of course.

“What's mine is yours,” we had told each other at the chapel.

As my “manager”, he took twenty-five percent (“I'm worth that much to you, aren't I, baby?”). LA Direct Models took ten percent on top of that.

So I was left with sixty-five percent.

Let me put it this way: I eventually wised up.

A year-long, all-you-can-eat pussy buffet.
Not much to complain about there.

I got to live out my bisexual side and get paid for it. But in the end, I decided I wanted to move on. I'm a restless person, and if nothing new is

happening I get bored.

It was time for a new challenge.

Cocks.

Rex was thrilled, because he knew this step would mean even more money (for him).

But, he added, this was very important:

“If you get to fuck other guys, it’s only fair I get to fuck other girls.”

Plus, Rex wanted me to *film* him doing it with other girls. In our home.

Yeah, yeah, whatever, I thought. I didn’t have the strength to argue. Rex’ ideas were just stupid. Instead I took off to Malibu and shot my debut with the opposite sex.

I was full of anticipation as the day approached. Hustler Magazine had commissioned the shoot for their centerfold. Very prestigious. I was just fine with starting on that level. Like I said, it was my first scene with a guy, and Hustler didn’t want to waste it.

To create a cool atmosphere for the shoot, they set up a classic Western saloon with a bar, a stage and cowboy extras on the scene. I was supposed to play a burlesque dancer getting fucked in the saloon by veteran Christian, the male version of me: a super nice, well-built Nordic type with ice-blue eyes.

“Everything okay?” the team kept asking as I was getting ready.

Well, of course everything was okay! I was getting my makeup done by professionals, and had prettier extensions than Pamela Anderson. When I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror, I felt sexy as hell.

Since everyone knew it was my first scene with a guy, I got tons of help and instructions. My co-star Christian was totally cool. His dick didn’t hesitate for a second, even though the whole thing dragged on, he knew exactly how to position me, especially my thighs and lanky legs, so they captured the light just right.

“Focus now, Puma. Focus!” I thought as Christian and I shot stills in a nice doggy-style position. It almost felt more like glamor posing than shooting a porn. With a little bit of luck, this might end up on the cover. I just had to make sure I looked fucking sexy. No frightened rabbit looks today, please.

When it was time for a break, Christian approached me.

“What do you say, should we fuck a little during the break to keep things going so we don’t lose the feeling?”

“No, I’ll be all right,” I answered and flashed the friendliest smile I could. I mean, Christian was hot, but off-camera sex was something totally different

than on-camera. And after all, I was married. Mostly for politeness' sake, I tugged on Christian's dick a bit. That would have to be enough.

Over at the monitors, I heard a cameraman mutter:

"Damn, sometimes I wish I was the one who got to stick my dick in the Hustler girls."

I smiled to myself.

To be totally honest, working with a guy actually felt easier and more natural. There's just more of a routine to the whole in-and-out business. The camera was just an extension; a bonus, really. The only new part was the practical details. But I learned quickly. I sucked it all in, literally.

After a few hours, Christian and I had had sex on the bar and on the stage while the extras threw punches and played poker in the background.

"That's a wrap," yelled the photographer after Christian sprayed a fine mist of his genetic fluid all over my tits.

But I had no desire whatsoever to wrap things up.

I was in my element.

I had finally found a job that made me happy and I enjoyed every second. A job where, for once, I wouldn't have to quit after six months because I was so bored.

And the audience could see that Puma Swede enjoyed herself on camera. For real, no faking, no games. They loved the six-foot-tall Swede with her melon tits, white-blond hair and broken English.

So my career took off.

Puma Swede was here to stay.

Or should I say, Puma Swede was here to fuck.

The sweet smell of success. Who doesn't love it? I'd started to feel like the master of the porn universe.

I enjoyed every single time I had sex in front of the camera. I did three scenes a week, never any more than that. I could have filmed every day if I wanted – the offers were pouring in – but I had told my agent not to book more than that. I didn't want my job to start to feel like a routine.

I also didn't want to film for small, unknown studios (too much work, too little money). And I stipulated they tell me in advance who my co-stars were so I could say no to male performers who weren't in my taste.

"No problem, Puma, no problem," my agent said to everything.

Soon I started doing scenes with more hardcore characters. This was completely my own choice because I like hardcore sex in my private life.

Why not try to have as much fun at work as possible?

One scene that got a lot of attention was “Bitch Slapped” for Red Light District. Lots of people thought I looked like I was suffering – for real – in the scene, and got a bad taste in their mouth. All I can say to those people is: well shit, maybe I do have some acting talent in me after all.

The truth is, I was having the time of my life when John Strong and Sasha led me to the couch in a leash, grabbed a gag ball and a flogger and promised me a fuck I would never forget.

Of course, things got a little ridiculous when both guys were a head shorter than the Swedish amazon, and only moderately hardcore. But they did their best and pumped as hard as they could.

“You like that, don’t you? You like being fucked hard, yeah?” John Strong snorted and pushed a little harder, sweat running off of his body.

I spit the gagball out, turned around to him and answered:

“If you don’t start fucking me harder than this, I’m going home right this minute!”

Immediately the cameraman yelled:

“Cut!”

Oops! Wrong answer. I’d forgotten that I was supposed to be submissive. New take, this time with a frightened look and closed eyes, as if I could barely stand being fucked in such a brutal way.

As we approached the end of the scene, the director asked if I would consider going a step further than what I had signed up for: double vaginal penetration. For a higher fee, of course.

“No, thanks,” I answered politely but firmly. I still didn’t feel ready to take that step. I might’ve been brand spanking new in the industry, but I had learned one thing already, and that was that you should wait to do those types of scenes if you’re trying to build a lasting career.

Meanwhile, my website was growing, the number of members was rising quickly and I was cashing in. The Internet was still a goldmine in the 00s, so I gratefully accepted.

Accepted getting recognition and gaining star status for what I was doing. Fucking on film.

It was an intense feeling. And a little bizarre.

PUMA'S LIST:

My favorite female co-stars

I love cock as much as the next girl – but sometimes there's nothing better than having a really great female co-star. Girls know what other girls want. The following females are my favorites.

Sandy

One of my best friends. But don't think for one second that that's why I'm listing her. Sandy really is a fantastic co-star. Extremely sexual – and extremely bisexual! – and she knows exactly how to satisfy a girl. We've fucked a bunch of times, both on film and on camshows, and shared guys in private, too. She's always truly horny, and she makes me cum every time.

Sandy is like horniness in a bottle that you can open up and just – ahhh! I think I might be a little bit in love with her, to be completely honest.

Julia Ann

All I can say is – whoaaa! Julia Ann is a great girl with an amazing personality. Plus, she's a little older, which means she takes care of you in an almost motherly way.

Julia Ann is not the type that licks pussy just so it looks good in front of the camera. The way she does it feels nice for real. She really knows her foreplay, it's not all just making out and striptease. Unfortunately, I've only gotten to try her out once, but hopefully there will be more of Julia and me in the future.

Phoenix Marie

Phoenix Marie can do everything. Not a lot of talk beforehand, she gets going without wasting any time. And I can yell insults without her taking it personally. Not every girl can handle that. Phoenix is also a super expert when it comes to anal sex. She gave me all the tips on how to prepare for an anal scene; what to eat, when to take Imodium, how to warm up the butthole... To put it shortly – an amazing girl with a great sense of humor. And a big, sexy ass!

Deauxma

One of the hottest MILF's in the industry. Deauxma looks fantastic. Just like Julia Ann, Deauxma really gets it going for the camera. She's sensual, likes

long foreplay and is a huge squirter. I've slid out of her several times. Afterwards she lies there shaking for several minutes. I'm like, "are you ok?"

Working with Deauxma is a pure pleasure. I would almost consider adopting her as my real-life MILF.

2006 continued to be an awesome year. My life was a like a success story movie with the skimpiest possible wardrobe, or no clothing at all. All I had to do was to work a job I loved, sit back and watch the cash flow in.

Someone else, however, saw his life go crashing down, from Mr. Hotshot to Mr. Freefall.

I'm talking, of course, about Rex.

Rex' weed business, which was once so successful, had "gone up in smoke" after people had leaked names to the cops. As if that wasn't enough, Rex already owed tens of thousands of dollars to the last kind of people you want to owe tens of thousands of dollars to.

With his shrinking income, it became harder and harder for Rex to finance his porn dreams. I was thankful for that. His attempts at being an actor/director had been nothing but embarrassing.

Against my will, I had filmed a few episodes in his series "Young Dumb and Bummed." The theme was Rex having sex with homeless girls. In the films, Rex drove around in his car and picked up young girls from the street, wearing cheap, scraggly clothing so they would look homeless. Then he drove them back to our house, fucked them in our bed and threw them out on the street when he was done with them. The younger they looked and the more bored they were, somehow turned on Rex the sex addict.

I always felt ashamed in front of these girls. The whole thing was so low-budget. And Rex, who had developed a bit of a beer belly and was having some trouble getting it up, was hardly the world's hottest porn star. Plus, he still went around with the naïve dream that he was going to be a rock star someday, so he always wore a mask in his films – sunglasses, an Amish top hat and a wig with corkscrew sideburns. A pimped out Amish guy... now there's a fucking turn-on!

With his weed business and porn career in the shitter, Rex's only income was the twenty-five percent he slimed off of me. A set-up I had increasingly begun to question.

But Rex could be unbelievably manipulative and persuasive when he wanted to be.

“What the fuck, you can’t fire your manager when you reach the top! And besides, who’s better suited to manage your career than me, your husband? I have only your best interest in mind. But I have to get paid for it, you get that, right?”

So I hesitated. I didn’t dare take the big step and dump him. But every day I felt more and more that he and I weren’t working.

While my thoughts circled around Rex and my future, his biggest source of worry was something entirely different: namely, the imbalance between my fucking and his. I had sex with at least three guys a week, while Rex had to make do with his right hand.

As a solution to this problem, he suggested that we start swinging.

“Sure, why not?” I thought, always open to new things.

Two microseconds later, Rex and I were members at Lifestylelounge, where Rex immediately started looking for couples that would suit us. There was just one problem: the hot chicks that Rex wanted to fuck always had significantly older and less attractive husbands.

“It’s important for me that I get laid. You get to do that at work,” said Rex. I took a deep breath.

“No! If I have to have sex with someone for free after a long day of shooting, he at least has to be somewhat good-looking.”

Let’s just put it like this: Rex’ and my swinging adventures rarely ended on a good note.

Are all porn stars swingers, you might be wondering?

No, not all of us. But it’s an easy step to take.

We like sex, we’re exhibitionists, and we’re used to having sex with lots of people, in front of even more people.

But the LA swingers community isn’t saturated with porn stars (and thank God for that, otherwise it would just feel like unpaid overtime). The swinger scene is significantly bigger than that, and includes all types of people of all ages from all parts of society.

Sometimes, porn star status actually feels like a disadvantage when you’re out swinging. I ran into a lot of guys who recognized me and thought they needed to fuck at 300 miles per hour just because that’s how I get fucked on film. So I had to ask them to take it down a notch and remind them that, listen

dude, there are no cameras rolling and we're not making a porno right now.

But of course, other times I showed up with an insatiable appetite, lay down right in the middle of the orgy and just wanted it faster and harder, more and more.

You could say there are two types of swinging.

The first kind:

Couples dinners ending in a partner swap

Just as stuffy and grown-up as it sounds. Two couples agree to meet at a restaurant where you get a feel for the other while having a nice meal and hopefully a good time. If things feel right for everyone involved, you go to someone's house, or rent a hotel room, and have sex with each other.

Before these dinners, all couples tend to have a few code words they use to discreetly let each other know whether or not they want to have sex with the other couple.

Rex and I always used "cucumber" (let's do this!) and "pickles" (it's a no-go, I don't want to have sex!).

Unfortunately, however, this didn't work out so well in our case. My repeated "God, I could really go for some pickles!" or "does anyone know if they have pickles in this place?" usually went unnoticed by Rex when he wanted to fuck the girl. Which was, like, every time.

Once, just to get back at Rex who had ignored all my "pickles" throughout the entire dinner, I let the guy take me up the ass.

Of course, despite some "communication issues", Rex and I had one or two fun couple dinners, with awesome sex for dessert. But I definitely prefer the other kind:

Swinger parties

Why? Because there's less dead time and more potential couples to swing with. Meaning less chance of going home disappointed.

I really love the feeling of walking from room to room in a swingers club or huge hotel suite, where people are having sex as far as the eye can see.

I remember especially one night in Vegas. A couple from Lifestylelounge had rented a penthouse at Mandalay Bay, and at least seventy people showed up. I really enjoyed the intense feeling of so many strangers letting themselves go and having uninhibited sex with one another.

I quickly found a decent-looking forty-something, took his hand and led him into one of the bedrooms, where we proceeded to have sex in an armchair. Then I wandered into the living room where an orgy was

underway. All the sofas, armchairs and floor space were being used to the maximum. Hands, tongues, fingers, dicks and vaginas were everywhere and freely available. There was moaning. The furniture was rocking. The air was filled excitement and sex.

My summary of the evening: penetration by three men, sex with two women, at least one thumb in my ass. An all-you-can-fuck buffet.

Being a swinger isn't without its controversy. Here's my take on it: swinging can bring a dying relationship back to life. Swinging creates excitement, some extra spice. And most importantly: as a swinger, you're not going behind your partner's back.

Plus, my experience is that swingers are the most fun, friendly, and open-minded people I've ever met. Their sense of self-confidence means that there are rarely control issues or jealousy in the relationship.

But, I should point out, swinging is not for everyone. It requires sexual openness, trust in your partner, and, of course, a desire to have sex with other people in the first place. You should never let anyone talk you into swinging.

My best advice is to let the girl be the one who controls the situation and sets the pace. For example, you don't have to swap partners the first time you try it. Start by going out to dinner with the other couple, but wait with the sex. At the swingers club: get started slowly, just get a feel for the atmosphere, have a drink at the bar and check out the other couples. Next time at the club you might have sex with each other, but nobody else, and get a kick out of being watched.

The most important thing is to have fun with your partner. Be open, happy and horny. Be respectful and listen to each other's wishes.

It took a quick visit to Sweden for me to see my relationship with Rex with new eyes. That's when I understood: this wasn't working. I had to get out of this.

I'd been blind and stupid for way too long, and let myself be won over by Rex's cheap lines and manipulative ways.

Just take the BWM M5 I got as a gift for my thirty-second birthday. I'd always been crazy for fast cars and I was thrilled when I saw it parked in front of the house – with a big pink bow around it.

But who ended up having to make the monthly payments? Even the down payment? I did, of course. After all, Rex had no money.

There was a problem with my divorce plans, however, and not a minor

one. Everything was in Rex's name – the websites, the cars, everything we'd bought together – because as a new resident, I hadn't built up any credit.

And because bad news rarely comes alone, Rex and I hadn't even been married two years, which meant I would have to deal with Immigration to figure out how to stay in the US as a non-married person.

My lawyer was worried:

"Can't you wait two months to divorce him? That way, you'll hopefully get an extension on your green card without having to interview with the immigration authorities with Rex by your side." he wondered.

But no, I couldn't wait.

"That won't work. Rex is going to cost me all I own. I'm so done with him. We'll have to figure out another solution."

I secretly started hunting for my own apartment. I'd had it up to here with shithole houses with stained wall-to-wall carpets — and bathrooms guaranteed to reawaken my toilet phobia – when I happened to drive by an "apartments for rent" sign at a cute complex with a prime location just off of Sunset Boulevard. I knew it instantly: this was where I wanted to live!

My credit score was still pretty much zero, but with some sweet-talking, charm and a couple of months' rent in advance, I managed to get around that little detail. I drove off with the keys to my very own LA apartment in my purse, and a big grin on my face. What an enormous relief.

I felt stronger just knowing I had my own place. So strong that I drove straight home to Rex to drop the news of our separation.

Of course, Rex broke into a panic. Not because he was heartbroken to see me go, but because his cash cow was about to exit the pasture.

"I want a hundred thousand dollars for your domain name," he screamed.

I knew the website would be the first thing Rex brought up.

My friend Sandee Westgate, also a porn star, had recently gotten a divorce, and her website was also in her ex-husband's name. His price quote for transferring it to Sandee's name was one hundred thousand dollars as well.

And Rex wasn't finished:

"And I'm keeping both cars, the BMW and the Toyota," he said.

"You mean the cars that I paid for?" I reminded him.

But I knew it was hopeless.

"The cars are in my name. If you drive away with them, I'm calling the cops."

What could I do? Shit! The only thing to do was to hand over the keys; I

had no choice. But I had to have the last word somehow. I had to leave a little souvenir to remember me by. So before I handed over the keys to my cars, I had my two cats Turbo and Sandy piss on a couple of rags, which I then tucked under the car's upholstery.

I laughed to myself when I was done. Those cars weren't going to smell very good after a few days in the LA sun (thanks for your help, feline friends!).

In the end, Rex got twenty thousand for the domain name. Totally fucked up, but what can I say, money comes and money goes, and I can honestly say it was worth every penny.

Because I was free.

Finally, finally free.

COMING OUT AS A PORNSTAR

It hurts, just a little, when word of Puma's porn star status makes it home to her family back in Sweden...before she has a chance to tell them about her new career herself. But after tears comes understanding.

I had just gotten my big break as a porn star when Bingo Rimer, a buddy of mine and Sweden's number one glamor and celebrity photographer, came to visit me in LA. The plan, aside from hanging out and occasional partying, was to do a photo shoot and interview me for his men's magazine, *Moore*.

During lunch at Mel's Diner on Melrose Avenue, Bingo suddenly burst out:

"Puma, I have an idea! You should have your own page in every issue of *Moore* where you answer all my readers' sex questions."

"Yeah, why not?" I thought, as easily persuaded and optimistic as usual.

Of course, it did sound pretty cool. I mean, there's not a sex question out there I can't answer. Who better than me to play sex counselor to the Swedes? Shit, someone should give me my own TV show!

Anyway. At that very moment, I didn't realize the consequences of a monthly sex column with a photo of "Puma the porn star" gracing the top of the page.

Because even with the Internet, being a porn star across the safe distance of the Atlantic was something altogether different than showing up in a Swedish magazine you can pick up in the checkout aisle of the store where my family shopped for groceries. My family still believed I was working as a glamor model in the US and knew nothing about hardcore films, strap-on's and orgies.

So why hadn't I told them anything?

Somehow, I just couldn't.

Over and over, for almost a year, I kept putting it off. I wanted to tell them face to face, so they could see I was okay. But I couldn't leave the US while I waited for my green card.

The idea of dropping the bomb over the phone felt much too hard. Can you imagine that conversation? "Hey Mom... everything's great, it's really sunny here," and then: "yeah, by the way, I'm doing porn now." No, somehow I just

knew that wouldn't go over well.

My first column in Moore hadn't been out more than a few days when my sister called and woke me up at the crack of dawn. Shocked, upset, and full of questions.

"What happened? What made you start doing porn? Did Rex put you up to this? You have to stop this immediately!" she said, almost screaming.

Next, Mom called in tears.

"Where did Dad and I go wrong? Are you trying to rebel against us? Do you have something against our family?" she sobbed, unable to understand.

Shit. Of course I understood their concern. Concern over how I was doing and what I was doing with myself so far away in LA. The shame of having your daughter or sister out there baring it all for everyone to see. Everyone else's reaction. Our relatives in Finland, what would they say?

At the same time, no one, not even my closest family members, had the right to tell me how to live my life.

I called up my sister and made her an offer:

"You're happy with your job, right? So let's make a deal: I'll stop doing porn if you quit your job and start working at McDonald's instead."

She sighed, realizing it was pointless to argue. She knew my stubborn side better than anyone. But she was stubborn, too. I knew she wasn't going to give up her attempts to persuade me that easily.

There was still one person left to talk to. Dad. How did he react to the news when my sister called him up and squealed me out? I really had no idea.

All I knew was I absolutely had to call him before he called me. With a growing sense of uneasiness, I dialed his number.

"*Terve isi*, how are you doing?" I started out, trying to sound as relaxed as possible.

"I guess you've already heard about what I'm doing here in the US?"

"*Kyllä*, and I have only one thing to say: do what you're doing, and do a goddamn good job of it. And watch out for three things: wine, AIDS and drugs."

Dad sounded neither angry nor shocked. As long as I followed his three-pronged life advice, everything would be okay. He was completely convinced of that.

"Yes, Dad, of course," I replied, amazed he had taken the news so well.

There was silence. Neither of us had any idea how to continue the conversation.. All I could hear was long-distance static. Finally, Dad said:

“Yeah, yeah. I’ve got to go take the dogs out now.”

“Okay. *Heippi isi*,” I said and hung up. I was relieved, incredibly relieved.

And that was the end of discussion for Dad. There was nothing more to say. He was a real straight shooter. Why make things harder than they had to be?

For Mom and my sister, however, the discussion was far from over. For a few rough months, they called me regularly, alternating between despair, tears, anger and total lack of understanding.

Anger and misunderstanding were okay. I could handle that, because I believed in my career and I knew I was suited for it.

But the desperation and tears, my loved ones begging and pleading – that was much harder to deal with, especially over the phone.

Eventually it passed over. After all, time heals everything. Today, more than seven years later, my family has accepted my choice. And it feels good to know that my beloved Dad, who unfortunately passed away in 2008, isn’t rolling over in his grave about my decision.

My family finally understood I chose this profession on my own, that no one forced or talked me into it, that I’m the same person they’ve always known, and that I’m not doing it to act out or punish anyone.

Of course I know my chosen occupation isn’t the most popular one. Just think how much easier it would have been if I worked as a school teacher instead of fucking professionally. Mom, with her belief in old-fashioned monogamy, will never quite understand. Still, she never turned her back on me. I’ve always been welcome at home, even when things were at their roughest.

One understanding, however, has developed over the years: no job details at the dinner table, please. And that’s okay with me. I’m happy not discussing my recent shoots, strip club tours and sex expos when I’m at home visiting my family.

But there will always be hard moments for my family. Like when Finnish relatives, neighbors and work colleagues ask what I’m doing in the US. Do they know, or don’t they? Have they seen my movies? Are they testing Mom and my sister? If so, who should be ashamed? Me, for doing porn, or them for watching it?

I love Mum and my sister for their understanding and because they love me no matter what.

I know I’m a very lucky girl.

Coming out to my friends, however, was not as big a deal. Lots of my girlfriends reacted by saying I was “made to do porn” (whatever the hell that means). Everyone has stood behind me faithfully, though they do get tired of friends of friends trying to milk them for information about me.

Some porn stars tell everyone they meet about what they do, almost bragging about it, because they know it earns them interest and attention.

That’s never been my thing. There’s no reason go blabbing about it. Not because I’m ashamed, not at all, but people have so many preconceived notions about the porn industry. They think there must be something wrong with people who work in porn. They might even *want* there to be something wrong with us.

I want people to get to know me first. Then I can tell them what I do. The reaction is almost always the same: “What, you’re a porn star!? No way, you seem totally normal!”

They’re even more shocked when I tell them I neither do drugs, nor was I abused as a child.

No matter how mainstream porn becomes in the future, these judgments will never go away, I can promise you that. And I know one other thing for sure:

The day I stop doing porn, I won’t be able to go back to my old job as a salesperson or receptionist.

That’s fine with me. I’ve made my choice.

Me and my buddy Sparre



FREE FOR A HUNDRED FUCKS

Puma enjoys the bumping single life with her best pal Nikki Benz by her side. The money is rolling in, and she's traveling the globe to expose herself at sex shows. Life is good!

“Shit, I’m so glad the crazy old Puma is back. Cheers to the single life!” Nikki Benz, my super hot bestie, raised her wine glass for a toast. We looked at each other and laughed.

“To the single life! No more of this boyfriend bullshit. Tonight we’re going to party and get laid,” I yelled, a little too loud as usual, and knocked back the fourth – or was it the fifth? – glass of wine of the evening.

We were having drinks at BOA, the Beverly Hills steak house whose clientele mostly consists of scantily clad reality TV stars who especially love the taste of a meal when somebody else is footing the bill. It was where Nikki and I always kicked off our nights out with huge seafood platters and generous amounts of wine (which flowed even more freely on the nights when BOA lured us in with their half-price wine list. A hundred-fifty dollar bottle for seventy-five bucks – what a bargain!)

Once we were sure our seafood was swimming in sufficient amounts of Cabernet Sauvignon, we threw ourselves headfirst into the Hollywood nightlife, partying and hitting on everything that moved (this was more my thing, to be honest. Nikki’s always been a little more picky).

Or, if no one interesting turned out, we went home and had sex with Nikki’s or my neighbors.

The staff at BOA loved us. They thought we were a couple. And why ruin the pretty picture they had of us? We let them believe we were two crazy lesbian porn stars.

Nikki Benz was my ever-faithful wingwoman. During my recent hard times with Rex, she was always there to support me and listen to my endless problems with Rex. Now, she was my partner in crime, and, like me, she was newly single. Together we made a deadly duo. Two horny singles, dead set on catching up on all we’d missed out on during our failed relationships.

They called us Hollywood’s oldest teenagers. It was a name we wore with pride.

Nikki was also a porn star. Born in Toronto, she moved to LA the same

year I did. Nikki's career took off as soon as she arrived in the city. She counted among her many accolades the honor of being named Penthouse Pet of the Year.

Nikki was as close to perfection as it comes. She always looked perfect. Shit, she even fucked perfect.

I can't say that Nikki and I were immediate friends. The first time we met – at the 2006 Sex Expo in Toronto – I thought Nikki was a total ice queen for shutting down my offer to trade content to upload to our websites.

First, Nikki pretended she didn't understand my question. When she finally replied, I didn't hear what she said, only that it was a definite 'no'. Man, did I feel stupid – talk about "lost in translation" – so I hurried away from her booth like a loser.

So my first impression of Nikki wasn't so positive. I mean, could she look any more intimidating in her pinstripe mafia suit?

Just over a year later, our paths crossed again. We were going to be in the same movie together, an all-lesbian feature with a few other girls, and as we chatted during a break I realized to my surprise that Nikki was sweet as shit. Plus – and this is important to me – she had really big tits and my sense of humor.

"We should go out and party together. I'll call you in a few days," Nikki said before we parted ways.

Yeah right, I thought. She's never going to call. LA people say that all the time without meaning it. But Nikki called, and sometime during our first night out partying, a friendship took shape. Maybe because Nikki never told me to stop drinking or calm down, neither that night nor any other later night. There's nothing worse than people who have opinions about my drinking – or my behavior.

If Nikki thinks I've had enough, she'll just tell the bartender to give me something non-alcoholic. By that point I don't notice the difference anyway.

Typically Nikki. The classic hero who always cleans up after me and saves the day every time I lose my grip (which happens pretty much every time we go out).

I have no idea, and I don't really wanna know, how many times I've been kicked out of clubs. That's when Nikki points out the obvious that I apparently missed: "What the fuck were you thinking, standing up there on the speakers dancing without any panties?"

But in front of other people, she's always steadfastly on my side and

apologizes for my behavior in front of angry bouncers, saying: “She’s from Sweden, she doesn’t know better.” Or: “That’s how they do things in Sweden.”

The best thing about Nikki, besides being so good at cleaning up messes, is that we can talk to each other about everything. Life is about more than porn (...right?). With certain porn stars, everything is just porn-porn-porn and nothing else. Spend an evening with them and you end up feeling like a gynecologist.

Over time, Nikki and I have become so tight, and have so many inside jokes, that the world around us sometimes doesn’t understand a damn thing. Or they think we take it too far, that our hijinks are tasteless.

Like the time we went to a porn expo in Berlin, and Nikki had dyed her hair dark brown. Nobody recognized her. So we went around telling people that Nikki Benz had died in a car accident. Several of her fans started crying.

Did we go too far that night? Oh, yeah. I guess you need a sick sense of humor to get our jokes.

Back to the single life.

I was really enjoying living alone. My one-bedroom apartment was no luxury penthouse, and my décor ambitions included an Ikea bed (the Lack model), a kitchen table (which doubled as a storage space), a used sofa and a bookshelf that was actually a shoe rack. But it was all mine, and I didn’t have to worry about anyone other than me! me! me!

Suddenly I could throw all my clothes off as soon as I got in the door and just let them lie where they fell (I’ve always preferred being naked at home, much to my neighbors’ amusement).

I could party with Nikki seven days a week without anyone having an opinion on the matter.

I could leave my suitcase unpacked until my cleaning lady Marlena came and took care of its contents. And poor, dear Marlena, she really took care of everything. She even cleaned my dildos and lined them up in the dish rack to dry.

Aside from my newly attained freedom, I was also earning more money than ever. The porn industry still hadn’t started its downhill slide, my fees continued to rise, and with Rex’ twenty-five percent out of the picture, I got

to keep almost all of it for myself.

Shit, if only life could continue like this!

(By the way, Rex called on a regular basis to try to convince me to take him back as a manager. Things might get out of hand otherwise, he warned me – ever so thoughtful, that guy).

Speaking of my cleaning lady Marlena. She really got her fill of tidying up suitcases – and dildos! – during the wild year of 2007.

Almost every weekend I went on strip club tour around the US (an important source of income for porn stars, but more about that later). Other weekends, there were sex and porn expos across the globe, where I had the cushy job of showing up, spreading a little porn glamor and promoting my latest films.

Do I need to mention that I love going to sex expos?

The best part about expos is meeting my fans. Like you! The feeling of standing there on the stage, surrounded by screaming admirers who adore me, taking pictures, asking for my autograph... I can't get enough of all the attention. I never want to stop showing off my naked body.

And it's not just the numbers that my wonderful fans show up in. It's that they come from all walks of life. Ever since I slipped into the MILF category – in the US, it's not unusual to end up there even as a twenty-five-year-old – my fifteen- and sixteen-year old fans have grown in number, especially in Scandinavia. And they all want me to take their virginity. My fans range from businessmen in suits to dudes in jeans and t-shirts, couples, lesbians, retirees...

And they really know what's up. They follow me on Twitter and Instagram, they know exactly what I'm doing from day to day and they show up with big boxes of candy because, of course, they know I love candy.

"I loooooooooove you! I'm your biggest fan!"

Doesn't matter that the dude in front of him claimed to be that too...

I live on their love – and candy.

Talk about an ego boost and a poor diet.

So which sex expo is the high point of the year, you may ask?

Everyone who knows anything about the porn industry knows that the AVN/AEE (Adult Entertainment Expo) in Las Vegas is the most important expo in the porn world. Of course, it has gotten somewhat smaller over the years, and lost some of its glitz and glamor. But still, a few thousand porn workers, fans and celebrities (Gene Simmons and Dave Navarro are a couple

of regulars) show up every January for four days of partying, mingling and business at one of Vegas' mega hotels.

On the last night, the red carpet is rolled out. It's time for the AVN Awards, the porn industry's own Oscars, complete with screaming fans and hordes of TV cameras and reporters vying for our attention as we glide across the carpet wearing something foxy for the occasion.

I have personally never won an AVN Award (I know, it's chocking, ha!), but I have been nominated for two categories: "Web starlet of the year" and "best group sex scene" (my scene with Ron Jeremy and the transvestite in "Rocki Whore Picture Show").

The AVN Awards are usually just as stuffy as the Academy Awards (the after parties are much wilder). But in 2009, porn icon Jenna Jameson caused a major scandal when she climbed up on the stage to present the nominations for one award and said:

"I am never going to spread my legs for this industry again."

The audience became furious, booing and yelling at her.

Things were restored to order later when Tera Patrick, presenting the nominations for "best double penetration", replied:

"One thing is for sure: I am going to continue spreading my legs for this industry!"

Everyone cheered.

Drama, arguments and fights are par for the course during AVN week. As the alcohol haze descends, the pickup attempts become more and more uninhibited. People walk into the wrong hotel room with the wrong partner. Arguments come to blows. And there's plenty of good-old envy, jealousy and complaints: "What the fuck, how did she get the award for best anal sex scene?"

But I don't care about that kind of thing. I'm a drama-free person. I'm happy mingling at the main bar, meeting everyone I've worked with throughout the year and doing some networking.

There's also quite a bit of shooting that goes on during AVN since everyone is in the same place. Quick and convenient, no travel expenses or dead time. Just: "Come to room 1909 at seven and we'll do a scene."

But I've saved the best for last: the parties. The pre-parties, after-parties, gala parties, studio parties, house parties... you name it. But as you know, "what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas". All I can say is I have always gotten my party on big time during AVN.

When I come home, I'm a shell of my former shelf. I usually need a spa day to scrub the Vegas off me.

Another can't-miss event is the Venus expo in Berlin. You know the deal. Germans and porn. Things tend to get pretty hardcore with that combination.

During my year of single-hood, I went to Venus with Ava Devine, one of the craziest porn stars I've ever met. Thirty-eight years old, a total nymphomaniac, half-Chinese, with an amazing personality which never goes unnoticed. Always horny and always down to fuck, suck or give a hand-job. But also a super sweet girl.

Imagine Puma, just ten times crazier. And it's not often I end up in someone's shadow.

The first time Ava and I met, we'd barely introduced ourselves before Ava had pulled off her panties and showed me her clitoris.

"Look, Puma. My clit is as big as a baby dick. I could be a hermaphrodite." I cracked up laughing. Typical Ava.

Trying to make sure Ava and I made it to Berlin without any mishaps ended up being a travel guide's worst nightmare. As soon as we reached the LAX airport, Ava kick-started her patented nympho show by running around and grabbing guys by their crotch.

"Ah, I fucking love your cock."

I was just like, wow, we're going to get thrown out before we even board the plane.

However, Ava was only getting warmed up.

On the plane she immediately found a new victim: a poor little flight attendant — cute, well-groomed in a classic, flight attendant sort of way — whom she grabbed between the legs during the drink service and gasped,

"Oohhh, you look good! You're so big!"

The poor pretty-boy flight attendant looked horrified at the horny porn star with the eye-popping cleavage as he tried to release himself from her kung-fu grip.

After the meal was served, Ava unfastened her seatbelt and stood up.

"I'm going to find my flight attendant. I want to fuck," she declared, now even hornier than before.

I immediately pictured an emergency landing in Canada. I saw Ava and me being taken away in a police car, the two nymphomaniacs whose libido attack shocked the flight attendant and threatened the safety of the aircraft. An arrest

and astronomical fines. And worst of all: we would miss the Venus expo.

So, mostly in an attempt to avoid a disaster, I accompanied Ava to the galley at the back of the plane. There stood the unassuming flight attendant, sorting meal trays. The guy, who was a total lightweight, didn't stand a chance when Ava pushed him up against the wall and started grinding against his crotch.

"What do you say, wanna fuck? I'm sure there's a staff room somewhere we can use?"

The flight attendant was completely speechless. He just stood there staring in shock at this overly promiscuous creature who was trying to devour him. Despite his nervousness, there was no mistaking what was going on between his legs. A boner had started to rise up under his uniform pants.

"Um, we can't do this here," he stammered. "But we can meet at the airport as soon as we land. Take my number and call me!"

Ava never called her flight attendant when we arrived. I think she had moved on to the taxi driver instead. Still, in the hopes of getting the fuck of his life, the flight attendant offered Ava and me first-class service for the rest of the flight.

So yes, traveling with nymphomaniacs has its perks!

Once we arrived at the Venus expo, Ava and I were placed at our individual podiums where we gave out autographs to happy fans. Or more precisely, I gave out autographs. Ava wasn't having any of that dull shit, just writing her name on a photograph. She was pulling out guys' cocks and giving them a few jerks with her right fist.

When they came up to my podium expecting me to touch their unwashed balls, the disappointment was palpable. Suddenly I came across as a frigid old prude.

Yet another first for me.

One late afternoon, Ava climbed up to my podium, sweaty and breathless as usual because her right hand never got a break, and asked:

"Puma, Puma, do you have a model release agreement on you?"

"No, it's not something I usually carry around in my purse," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I was thinking about jerking a guy off and I wanted to get it on film. But I have to have a release for the dude to sign first."

"Just jot something down on a piece of paper," I suggested. "It doesn't need to be long."

Ava then went into a little back room behind the podium with her thrilled admirer. There was no time to freshen up first. Just a little spit in her palm and she was ready to go.

Ten minutes later Ava emerged again, sweatier than ever.

“Puma, do you think this paper is okay?” she wondered.

Ava had in her hand a crumpled cocktail napkin, where she had written in chickenscratch: “I (the guy’s name) give Ava Devine the right to publish this scene filmed with me.”

“Ava, that looks terrific,” I said, impressed by her creativity.

A few days later the film could be downloaded from Ava’s website.

Seeing Ava in action during an entire Venus expo was an experience I swear I’ll never forget. A crazy, horny show where you never know what’s going to happen next. And Ava doesn’t even drink, so when the rest of us went out to party in the evenings she stayed back in the hotel room. In the mornings she came down to breakfast in various stages of frustration.

“Shit, I was so fucking horny last night. I didn’t have anything better so I had to get myself off with my curling iron,” she sighed.

At other times, she was clearly satisfied, having sucked off some lucky bastard she found in the hotel lobby.

Besides Ava’s wild shenanigans, my crazy night at the legendary KitKat Club was the high point of my visit to that year’s Venus expo.

If you’ve never been to the KitKat Club all I can say is: go! There’s no place on earth more hedonistic and kinky than this techno fetish club, owned by the Austrian porn director Simon Thaur. “Do what you want, but stay in communication” is KitKat’s motto.

Works for me. I like to do what I want, and communicate at the same time, loudly!

To fit in at KitKat, I had put on a strappy creation that hardly covered anything on my body. However, I didn’t have much use for it anyway. It was gay night at KitKat – which meant a nice mix of leather, latex, rubber, harnesses and drag queens – and why the hell wear anything at all when there’s nothing but gays in the house? So I undressed and went around naked for the rest of the night.

KitKat lived up to my expectations, and then some. It was all-in. The expression “no, thanks” simply didn’t exist. Can I stick a bottle up your ass? Yes, please! Should we run a train in standing doggystyle? Absolutely!

As one of two or three girls in the whole club that night, I enjoyed plenty of attention (the more me-me-me the better!). I spent the whole time surrounded by a squad of German gay guys who appointed me as their officer. It was my job to give them orders. Suck him off! Lick his asshole! Fuck him, now!

But you know how it is. No matter how high up in club heaven you might be, it's inevitable: you've got to piss sometime. What the fuck do I do now? I had already taken a glance at the KitKat bathrooms, and all I can say is you don't need to suffer from severe toilet phobia to feel a certain sense of doubt about sitting down in there. You don't even want to know what kinds of liquids were running down the walls.

"You can piss in my boot," suggested a helpful leather-clad gay guy.

"Awesome," I said. "Hand over your boot before my bladder explodes."

I popped a squat over his boot and readied myself. Three guys reached their hands out, eagerly expecting me to piss on them. And I, who hardly knew the meaning of the word 'embarrassed', suddenly felt a little.... ehh. I had a hard time getting anything out. I closed my eyes and squeezed, and finally, with an enormous effort, I let loose. Hands were showered. The boot was filled.

The dude with the boot high-fived me, stuck his foot down in the boot and sloshed away.

Shit, what a killer night, I thought as I continued partying until long into the morning.

Later that same year I traveled to the Sexpo in Mexico City. A gigantic expo with tons of stages where you could do pretty much whatever you wanted. Except fuck. Me, I got fingered by a guy until I squirted. Those crazy Mexicans rushed forward to worship the hand of the guy who had done the heroic deed.

Early one morning I was chosen to visit a TV studio to appear on the country's biggest morning show. Nobody spoke English and I didn't understand a thing they were saying, either. I mentioned something about "cono muchos grande" – I think that means "big pussy", but I could be wrong. In any case, it seemed to go well, because everyone laughed and applauded.

But I've saved the best for last:
Finland.

My beloved, crazy Finland.

My second homeland.

What strikes every time I go to Finland is that every tiny village, no matter how remote, seems to have its own sex expo, or at least a sex club.

And the best part of all: there are no rules here. You just go for it. I never need to take it down a notch, and everyone is happy and drinks till they fall over (or get in a fight).

I remember one winter, it may have been 2010, when I was standing on a stage in a freezing barn in Oulu, my parents' hometown, by some funny coincidence. I was the porn star from the US who, along with a Finnish male porn star, four Finnish strippers and an English male stripper, had been sent there to warm up the locals with a hot little strip show.

It ended up turning into something entirely different. A barn fuck, you might say.

The idea came to me during a break between strip shows. I thought the audience looked so cold standing there watching us, so I suggested to the other girls that we turn our attention to the audience and get them to play around a little. That should warm them up.

“Anyone out there dare to take on the challenge of getting naked?” We started with a little finesse when we took the stage next time. Clothes came off instantly. It was almost too easy. The next challenge:

“Anyone brave enough to suck some dick?”

Heads ducked toward crotches – evidently there were no inhibitions in there at all. And then there was fucking. Which turn into threesomes.

“The first person to cum wins a Puma DVD,” we called out encouragingly.

The pace fired up. We just stood there watching, completely fascinated. The entire barn was on all cylinders, young and old, in the middle of the Finnish wilderness.

Things tend to get even crazier at the Sexhibition in Helsinki, the high point of the year for all Finnish sex freaks. The fucking and drinking just don't stop.

Always a *shotti* when you take the stage. Always a *shotti* when you get off stage. Towards evening, after a long day of shows, you're pretty worn out. And that's when the after-parties begin.

In 2011, I was there with porn star Shay Lynn and stripper Tyson Brown, who is known for his massive mamba cock which he always goes around slapping in people's faces.

The three of us, however, paled in comparison to Finnish porn star and firefighter Mr. Lothar. His expo shows were insanely popular. Not surprising, considering that he pulled up girl after girl from the audience and fucked them. Wash his dick between fucks? Not a Finnish porn star. Up with the next girl and in with the cock. That was apparently his thing, crowdfucking. The whole thing was filmed, of course, and available on his website.

I, too, was offered a taste of Mr. Lothar. I declined politely but firmly.

Everyone who performed during Sexhibition had to have some kind of theme for their show. I, of course, had missed that memo and had to improvise something on the spot.

“Are there any rules, anything off-limits?” I asked the organizer.

“*Perkele!* Rules? Take a *shotti* and do whatever you want,” he replied, and took a shot to that.

Thanks, Finland!

Free from all rules, I did a strap-on show (of course – what else?). I started by picking out a few lucky girls from the audience and fucking them with my beloved strap-on. One of the girls even got to test it out by fucking me.

Then it was the guys’ turn, and I invited up a group of guys who got to take turns fucking me with a dildo. It was a huge success, a total shit show, with everyone trying to get up on stage. Several people fell and knocked their heads bloody on the edge of the stage. But what’s a little blood to a bunch of drunk and horny Finns?

A killer show, as simple as that.

After yet another hardcore tour, I returned to LA, where Marlena was waiting for me, ready to clean off my used dildos.

Around the world as a porn star.

So much more fun than being a rock star.

NIKKI TELLS ALL

Not only is she one of the world's hottest porn stars, she's also Puma's best friend. So of course it goes without saying that Nikki Benz gets her own chapter to share her experiences with the farting amazon from Sweden.

Hello dear readers and Puma fans! Nikki Benz here.

Just think, my loud, crazy bestie Puma has written a book about her life. And just think that I, a run-of-the-mill porn actress from Canada, get my own chapter in the book to talk about whatever I want.

“Nikki Benz, guest author.”

Me likey!

“Tell them about our craziest experiences,” was my quick briefing from Puma.

There is no shortage of crazy experiences when it comes to Puma and me. The question is, which ones can be published? What are the freedom of press laws in Scandinavia? Could Puma be sued if I out some poor fucker or talk about going shopping for drugs?

But maybe I should start on the safe side and talk about what happened when Puma and I met for the first time?

It was at the Sex Convention, a huge porn fair in my hometown of Toronto. The year was 2006.

I was sitting at a giant podium writing autographs when Puma, the six-foot tall amazon with blonde hair and big tits, walked up to me.

She said something unintelligible to me in some language I didn't recognize.

I couldn't understand a word.

She repeated her gibberish.

I still had no idea what she was trying to say.

She gave it a third try.

I wasn't sure, but somewhere in Puma's gutteral gurgling I thought I heard a question about trading scenes for our websites.

At that time I had an exclusive contract with TeraVision which would have made this impossible. I tried to explain the situation as politely as I could. I don't think Puma heard what I said though. She suddenly just blurted out

“bye” before walking away.

After our failed attempt at communication, we didn’t talk to each other again throughout the entire convention. But I saw her several times, always at least a head taller than everybody else.

To tell you the truth, I think I was a little afraid of her.

About a year later, Puma and I met up again. We were going to be in the same movie together, an “all-girl-on-girl” movie with ten chicks going at each other, and Puma’s was the only face I recognized. I looked at her, and saw that, despite her “I-could-eat-you-for-breakfast” look, she had a friendly smile.

“Heeey, I saw you in Toronto,” I began, eager to break the ice from the sex convention.

It actually worked, and for the rest of the day Puma and I sat together and chatted every chance we got during breaks. After we’d wrapped up and were ready to go home, I asked Puma if she wanted to go out and party with me some time.

“Yeah, whatever,” Puma said, probably as tired as I was of the standard “we’ve got to get together sometime” bullshit you always hear in LA, which almost never means anything.

But I really did want to see her again so I called. We decided to meet the next night at my friend’s club, Area.

Of course, Puma looked fantastic when she walked into the club. But who the hell is that she brought with her, I remember wondering. It was someone named Makeup Jerry. Some weirdo reeking of body spray and wearing excessive eyeliner, which, I suppose, is how he got his name. To this day, I still don’t know who Makeup Jerry was – a wannabe rockstar, male escort or the first member of Puma’s entourage? I’ve got to remember to ask Puma about that sometime.

Anyhow, there we were, the three of us. An odd trio where none of the members knew each other particularly well. It could have ended badly, but actually we had fun. We drank, danced and laughed. And we got pretty wasted.

Then, all of a sudden: an evil fart smell started spreading around us. I swear, you can’t possibly imagine how bad this was. It wasn’t the sort of smell you would ever expect from a human. It was a stench that could have been used as a chemical declaration of war.

I looked skeptically at the others. I tried to read their faces to figure out

who was to blame for the odor.

The air had barely cleared and become safe to breathe before the fart smell came back, again and again and again. It actually got so bad – and believe me, I’m not exaggerating when I say this – that everyone in the club had started to scatter in various directions. It was like Moses parting the Red Sea (except he didn’t fart!).

Puma, Makeup Jerry and I were suddenly left standing alone in an empty circle. We were the foul-smelling three musketeers from hell.

Makeup Jerry was the one who finally dared to say something.

“Nikki, is that you farting this whole time?” he asked.

“No fucking way!” I yelled.

That’s when I understood. Oh my god! It was Puma who was dishing out these evil odors. And all of a sudden, that’s when I realized how cool she was. I mean, if she could just let one (or ten) rip like that in front of me and the rest of the club, she was really something special. We could definitely be friends. And now we are.

(Now I know – all too well, I must say – that Puma has serious farting issues. It may have something to do with her bizarre eating habits).

But farting aside, the first word that comes to mind to describe Puma is “awesome.”

Puma has an awesome personality and an awesome perspective on life. She is extremely outgoing and makes new friends everywhere she goes, sometimes in the strangest places. Puma has the ability to light up a room and make everyone laugh. And anyone who isn’t laughing is an idiot with issues. Puma never takes no for an answer and she hardly ever gets mad.

I’ve only seen Puma get angry one single time. It was when I found her hidden stash of Dumle, a type of Swedish licorice candy she’d brought back to the States. I love that shit, and I ate all of it one time while she was out. Huge mistake! It was especially stupid to take a picture of the pile of empty Dumle wrappers and send it to her phone.

Above all, Puma is a loyal friend who I have come to know very well. We’ve cried together, done colonics together, slept together. We’ve seen all of one another’s sides and holes, both physically and mentally.

Our main activity, however, besides fucking, is partying. Goddamn, do we know how to party! I mean, there’s a reason they call us Hollywood’s oldest teenagers. It’s a name we’ve earned, even though we prefer “Swenz” (short

for Swede + Benz).

And as the world's craziest and most irresponsible teenager, Puma's job is to get us kicked out of clubs and parties (and the best part is that Puma is usually too wasted to even realize that we've been kicked out; she's just happy to keep going).

I remember one time in Vegas. For some reason we had ended up at an Asian rave. Writhing on the dance floor, Puma suddenly got the irrepressible urge to jump up on one of the speakers and start stripping. There was applause and screaming from the dance floor, but the bouncers who kicked her out weren't too thrilled about it.

That particular night in Vegas was unreal.

Puma and I had decided to do our own version of the movie "Hangover", and I have only the vaguest memories of the race to get wasted that followed. I'm pretty sure that we successfully convinced a group of guys to piss down on to the street from a fifty-fourth floor hotel balcony. Then we went to mingle at some high end fashion party with a sparkling glass of my yellow piss in a cocktail glass (don't ask why). "Oh, that looks so good, what are you drinking?" we were asked by number of people. "Here, try some," we said. And then, yeah, we locked a couple of fashion snobs in a closet. Just for shits and giggles. The snobs in there weren't exactly giggling after an hour or so. Whatever, that's just what we do. Nothing wrong with a little spontaneity.

Then Puma had the brilliant idea of making a bed outside on our balcony and sleeping there. After all, the theme of the night was "Hangover", and the guy in the movie passed out on a Vegas rooftop, so why not? I don't remember anything more until waking up next to Puma half naked late the next afternoon, out on the patio for some reason. We screamed when we saw each other's faces, fried as they were by the Vegas sun.

Like I said, it's not easy keeping Puma under control. But there were a few times when Puma actually took on the role of the responsible one. Well, one time at least.

We were on our way to a sex convention in Germany. The itinerary included a six-hour layover in Amsterdam. Since I'd never been there, I demanded that we check it out.

"We've got to go into the city! I want to see the Red Light District with the girls in the windows and smoke legal weed."

So Puma, who definitely knows her way around Europe, took us to a cafe

with space cakes on the menu.

“Two cappuccinos and two space cakes, please.”

Fucking amazing! We took pictures of everything like two stupid tourists, stuffed our faces with the marijuana-filled muffins and waited for something to happen. But nothing happened. After half an hour, we went to the next coffee shop to try to find some shit to smoke instead.

Puma stepped up to the counter and smiled:

“Hey, we’re new at this. Can we get two beginner’s joints, please?”

The waitress gave us two spliffs filled half with tobacco, half with weed. We smoked, and suddenly the cake and the joint hit with full force at the same time.

I completely freaked out. My head was spinning. I had to hold tight to the arms of my chair to keep from falling into a heap on the floor.

“Oh my god, everyone knows I’m high,” I whimpered, trying to focus my vision on Puma, who was floating somewhere out there in the fog.

“Nikki, everyone in this place is high,” Puma explained kindly before cracking up.

I don’t have any clear memories of how we got back to the airport. All I know is that Puma dragged me — thank God for those Finnish biceps — through the streets of Amsterdam. Then we had a hysterical laughing attack on the train and panicked about passing through security.

Without Puma, I don’t think I would have made it out of Amsterdam to this day.

But there is actually a disadvantage to our close friendship, and I know our fans are deeply disappointed about it: it’s almost impossible for us to work together. That would almost be like incest.

The last time we filmed together, we practically raped Tommy Gunn, and he’s a veteran.

We had fun as usual, Puma and I. It was awesome working alongside Puma with photographer Suze Randall. She’s been in the porn business for thirty-five years and knows every single star on the scene.

So yeah, you might say that Puma and I were pretty damn excited. Hysterical, almost. While we were getting ready, we warned Tommy that we were going to eat him alive if he wasn’t careful. We also threw in a few jokes about his cock. He responded with what was supposed to be a confident laugh, but I think he knew he was up for a challenge. Puma and I started the scene with a little lesbian action in an outdoor bed. It went well, and it turned

out to be some pretty cool shit. Then Tommy got in between us. It didn't take long before he had to slam on the brakes:

"Hey, hey, hey! Take it easy, ladies!"

But "take it easy" isn't in Puma's or my vocabulary. So we just kept on fucking around, joking and using our secret filthy jargon with Tommy's cock in our mouths. We just couldn't stop, we were so into it. A less experienced guy might have broken down. A pro like Tommy could handle it though, and the scene turned out really good.

Another guy who didn't appreciate our Swenz jargon was my fuck buddy Steve. We saw each other every now and then to have sex, and one evening Puma wanted to join us. I don't know why, but for some reason Puma had decided to break poor little Steve down. Throughout the entire dinner, she kept hounding him:

"Think you can handle this? You think you're man enough to fuck both of us at once, huh?"

"I can handle just about anything," was Steve's response. At that time he was still feeling pretty cocksure of himself.

But we all know how delicate boys really are. Once you call their ability into question enough times, sooner or later it'll stick in their heads. So, not surprisingly, once we got to the bedroom his dick refused to raise its gaze from the floor.

"Yeah! We broke him down!" Puma screamed before reaching out to high-five me.

I was convinced that I would never hear from Steve again (kind of a shame, I thought. He was great in bed – when Puma wasn't around).

Well, just a few days later, Steve called.

"Hey baby, want to hang out tonight?"

Boys will be boys. . .

Tommy Gunn and Steve are hardly the only ones who think Puma and I are immature. Of course, I admit it. We are immature, sometimes. We do our best to live up to our name as Hollywood's oldest teenagers.

But we love our lives and we're not hurting anybody (except for maybe a fragile ego or two). We're good citizens and we pay our taxes. We're successful. So nobody's going to tell us how to live our lives.

Life should be lived to the maximum.

That's Puma's and my philosophy. We come, we fuck shit up and we leave.

Puma, my best friend.
I love you!
Long live Swenz!

Me and Nikki at the Playboy Mansion



PUMA ON TOUR

These days, being a porn star isn't all fame and glamour. In between tours every other weekend, Puma spends her time doing webcam shows and selling her used panties on the Internet. But who's complaining? Not Puma, that's for sure.

It was a Thursday afternoon like any other, and I was hanging out at the apartment.

In my birthday suit, of course. I was blasting Nikki Benz' latest hip-hop mix on the computer.

Nikki made them especially for me – at least one mix CD a month – in an attempt to fix my terrible taste in music. At least that's how she described it. I've never understood what she has against my Euro-style techno – you know, that oomph-oomph-oomph shit. And yes, after about the fifteenth hip-hop mix, I'd actually started to like the stuff Nikki gave me to listen to. On a really good day I could even recognize a Drake track and say something clever about Kanye West. But I still didn't exactly have the urban thing down. According to Nikki, I still danced like a Finnish girl. And of course, she was totally right.

Meanwhile, stacks of Taco Bell bags and KFC boxes were piling up all around me, along with Starbucks cups and dirty laundry. The takeout boxes had started to give off an unpleasant odor. I knew what that meant: Marlena hadn't been here to clean in at least a week. Where the hell was she, anyway? Wasn't she supposed to be here yesterday? I've got to call and check on her.

Outside the window, the Hollywood sun was shining seductively. A few hours of chilling by the pool sounded tempting as hell. Add some color to my pasty Finnish complexion, then head out for the night with Nikki, paint the town red, and maybe get laid.

But forget about it.

A porn star's gotta do what a porn star's gotta do.

And for most porn stars, when Thursday afternoon rolls around, it's time to pack up and get ready to head off for the weekend strip club tour.

You know how it is in the US. Every podunk town, every neighborhood in every city has a strip club. Going there is no big deal. Everybody does it. For the pre-party, the afterparty, or just to check out some T&A over a beer after

work.

For American porn stars, strip club appearances have always been a way to get a little extra cash. But now, because of the crisis in the porn industry, porn star tours are more common than ever. The strip club owners, of course, are thrilled about this new development. Famous porn stars on stage attract audiences – in big numbers.

Tickets to a strip club night with Puma means two or three kick-ass twenty-minute shows. In between them, I go around giving private lap dances — for a shit-ton of money, of course! I determine the price by the song, and my background in sales means my negotiation skills are unbeatable. Plus, I get income from DVD sales, signed photos and Polaroids.

And don't forget the tips. Monday morning after a tour I roll up to the bank with plastic bags filled with crinkled, unsorted dollar bills. I can imagine the tellers are thinking – “oh no, not this chick again!”

Of course, cash is a strong incentive for getting out there on the road. But I would never spend my precious weekends at strip clubs if I didn't have fun doing it. What could be more fun than running around naked in a sexed-up ambiance with a bunch of other naked ladies?

Plus, it gives me a chance to meet my fans. My wonderful fans who come up and talk to me, invite me over to their place for a barbecue or take me on shopping sprees (thank you, thank you, thank you, my darlings!)

On this particular Thursday I was booked at a club called Silk in Milwaukee. A super laid-back city where anything goes – well, almost anything, at least.

Let me just say that after countless weekends on the road, I've become somewhat of an expert about the laws various states have about strip clubs. Ask me what the rules are in, say, Lubbock, Texas and I can list off exactly what is and is not allowed.

San Francisco's laws are the easiest to remember. There are no “don'ts”, only “dos”. Dudes sitting by the stage beating off? No problem, man, just don't forget to grab a cum rag when you're done. Fill your asshole with milk and squirt it out all over the stage? Terrific idea, why not!

In other cities, like in the Bible belt, you can't even simulate sex or use skin-colored dildos.

Crossing the line of what's allowed is what I do best. I just can't stop. I must have some sort of disorder, but I get off on giving club owners a nervous breakdown.

As a tour veteran, I've experienced the entire spectrum of clubs — from Canada's ultra modern to the not so fancy/elaborate/luxurious/lavish in Florida where the changing room is a rundown mobile home with holes in the floor where homeless cats come in to take a piss.

Sitting in a trailer like that, with a Snickers bar for dinner and a ramshackle parking lot for a view, I admit I sometimes have to wonder: what the hell am I doing here, hanging around like a trailer trash slut in a stripper outfit?

Then, the next day I'll be standing on stage at an awesome club with a huge crowd screaming "PUMA!" below me, and having the time of my life.

Shit, just four hours until my flight takes off. I was going to be really late. I had barely started getting ready — I hadn't even put any clothes on. There were still two unpacked suitcases lying on the floor. It was just that it was so much more fun to sit around blogging. I was deep in an entry about my recent adventures: "I don't think I've ever had so much sex in my life. Fucked all day and all night, and after this morning's anal session I shat sperm for breakfast."

Nicely put, Puma! Shit, I should write a book someday...

I took a swig of my lukewarm cinnamon dolce latte from Starbucks and contemplated my fate. My suitcase wasn't going to pack itself, goddamnit, so I had better get on with it.

If I was ever organized enough to have packing list, it would have looked something like this:

Five sets of customized stage outfits (police, cheerleader, military, burlesque and Swedish schoolgirl)

Four pairs of sky-high platforms

One strap-on with a matching 'ring toss'

2 dildos

1 remote-controlled car

1 whip

40 DVDs

50 photos to sign

1 CD with my strip jams

10 T-shirts

1 roll of plastic wrap

3 jars of body paint

1 huge pair of fuzzy dice

You might be wondering what I was doing with a remote-controlled car in my suitcase. Perhaps it's something I like to play with when I'm alone in my hotel room?

No, I don't ever get that bored.

The remote-controlled car has a dildo on its roof. My "dildo mobile" makes a very popular final act to the shows I do in cities where the laws are a little more laid back. I like to play games with my audience, and what's more playful than letting the fans steer my dildo-mobile right into my pussy? Five bucks buys you a shot behind the wheel.

My painting class is usually a big hit, too. I start by spreading the plastic wrap over the stage (it's just safer that way, don't have to deal with club owners going postal if someone spills a little paint). Then anyone who wants to can come up and paint on my body with body paint. When the amateur artists are finished with their masterpiece, I pick up white T-shirts and press them to my body. If they want to go home with a one-of-a-kind piece of Puma artwork on a T-shirt, they can pay eighty bucks. What a steal. I mean, a Puma piece is worth a fortune on the art market — at least on eBay.

If it so happens that close contact with strippers and remote-controlled cars are against the rules of the club or the city, I have another trick up my sleeve. I pick up my huge fuzzy dice and challenge the audience to a game of dice. Totally innocent. If they get a lucky roll, they can win DVDs, photos ... or me!

The mood at Silk that Thursday night was awesome as usual. I had been there a few times before and really enjoyed it. Silk was no shithole – it felt more like a luxe Vegas club with its cool orange, black and red decor and black and white photography on the walls.

"Buttons" by the Pussycat Dolls bumped on the speakers while a super hot girl writhed on stage with her pussy two inches from some lucky guy's face. It didn't take a genius to realize he was going to pay her for a private lap dance within the next five minutes.

It was just past eight o'clock and Silk was already filled over capacity. This was going to be a killer night.

The club manager greeted me with a huge grin and showed me into a cramped, dusty room backstage where ten girls were rushing around getting

ready in a cloud of hairspray that threatened to put a new hole in the ozone layer. Just about all of them were perfect tens, clad in sexy lingerie, bikinis and fishnets.

These girls were tight with each other; you could tell they'd been working here for some time. The room was filled with laughter and voices, hard-core but from the heart.

And here, right in the middle of their tight-knit circle, I showed up, the invading porn star from LA who was going to spend the next few hours competing for the spotlight – not to mention their tips. Lots of touring porn stars are aware about this very moment – the meeting with the club's house girls is always a little awkward. Because that's just how it is, no matter how big of a star you might be, you don't want to feel excluded. You want to feel like you're one of the gang.

But it doesn't have to turn into a catfight. It's all about how to conduct yourself. I always try to be nice, and I like (just about) everyone. It's hard to be bitchy back to that. And because I am the way I am and get along with everyone, I get tons of new numbers after every tour.

The girls at Silk welcomed with me questions and admiration.

"You're awesome, Puma! I love Sweden," exclaimed one girl, who was very cute but probably had no idea how to locate Sweden on a map.

She was interrupted by a petite blonde in a bikini:

"I love to fuck. Do you think I've got what it takes to start doing porn?"

Brilliant career counselor that I am, I sat down with her and offered some good advice.

Then, the clock struck ten. Time for me to take over the stage. I got off to a great start with my favorite song, Peaches' "Fuck the Pain Away," dressed in a police uniform.

As you know, I'm half-Finnish, so dancing has never been my strong suit (believe me, plenty of people have tried to teach me to hang from the pole — and no one has ever succeeded). So instead of acrobatics, I played with and teased the audience like I always do.

I pulled a couple of dudes up on the stage and grinded up on them. I let the cute one touch my tits a little. Then I bent down and rubbed against their packages. As a grand finale, once they were nice and horny, I told them to hold on to the pole and stick their asses out in the air. Before they knew what had hit them, I had pulled off their jeans and boxers and hit them with the whip, hard.

A few times, guys have gotten really angry when I've pulled out the whip. Guess they felt a little humiliated! But not tonight, these guys had a sense of humor. And anyway, who wants to piss off a Swedish Amazon with a whip in her hand?

While I was at it, I made sure to play with a few of the house girls on stage. Huge applause. The dollar bills sailed through the air. Make it rain, baby!

At the end, it was time for the remote-controlled car to make its debut. Even more shouting and applause. Everyone wanted a turn, but no one managed to find the right parking spot. It's harder than it looks, especially with everyone trying to snatch the remote control from your hands.

At 3 am, two more shows, four private lap dances and a couple rounds of autographs later, I caught a ride to the hotel with the club's roadie, Bruce, who was a dead ringer for Austin Powers' Mini Me. Most porn stars travel with their own roadie, but I usually manage without one. Having to be responsible for another person just adds unnecessary stress. I can sweep up my own dollar bills, thank you very much. I threw myself in the hotel bed, fucking exhausted but satisfied with the way the evening turned out.

I fell asleep in front of "Chelsea Lately."

Tomorrow, more of the same.

Being a porn star is no easy job this day and age.

We often get compared to yesterday's rock stars whose albums only archaeologists remember. We make pornos that no one wants to pay for.

But while rock stars bitch about illegal downloads destroying their lives (translation: they can no longer afford their private jets), we porn stars are a little more creative. We take matters into our own hands, so to speak.

I mean, what's the point of whining about new developments in technology? YouPorn and RedTube are here to stay. Deal with it!

And deal with it we do! Life is full of sources of income for the industrious porn star.

Strip club tours are just one of our most important side gigs.

Here are four others:

Webcam shows

They're live, they're personal, and they put you in direct communication with your viewers. Webcam shows are the biggest thing in porn right now.

Everybody's doing it. Me personally, I'm online at least a few times a week.

The advantages are clear: instead of going to a shoot – which takes at least half a day including driving to a location, getting makeup and hair done, taking pictures and shooting the scene – I can earn just as much cash by lying in front of my webcam for a few hours, at home in my own bed. Sometimes I don't even need to pick up the dildo, I can just smoke a cigarette in front of a smoking fetishist or show my size-ten feet to someone who fantasizes about cumming all over them.

Like most other porn stars, my cam shows are available on Streamate or my personal website. There are thousands of cam shows to choose from, but as a porn star I have the advantage of name recognition, and I always end up high on the list. Plus I usually tell my 145 000 Twitter followers the next time I'll be online.

As a webcam star you decide the price per minute yourself. I think I'm worth \$9.99. The interactive part is important, of course. My viewers can chat with me, and I respond to them. I promise Larry that of course, no problem, in a few minutes I'll grab my butt plug. And John, soon you'll see my deep throating talents in action with a dildo, just like you asked for.

Some guys choose to turn on their own cams so I can see them. That can get a little weird sometimes. Imagine my shock when a familiar face from my high school in Tumba showed up on the screen, wanting me to watch him stick a dildo up his ass.

The kinkier the requests, the more fun I have. Anything that goes against the so-called norms is cool with me. Although, anyone wanting something special has to pay for an exclusive cam show. Not everyone is going to appreciate me pretending to be some dude's mama, or act like I'm fucking a guy in the ass.

Sometimes I do cam shows with a girlfriend of mine. We mix some dildo action with a little pussy-licking and making out, and if lucky even squeeze in an orgasm or two. My favorite cam show buddy is Sandy, who is one of my very best friends. We do our cam show and make it into a girl's night. It doesn't even feel like work — we're just having fun.

Cam shows are one of the best things that ever happened to a lazy person like me. I can work from home, whenever I want. And even better, I don't even have to get out of bed before the dollars start pouring in.

Clothing sales

Hollywood stars never let anyone see them wearing the same dress twice. We porn stars have a similar rule — except for us, it's all about the underwear.

So what happens with all the sexy outfits I wear in my films, you may ask?

No, I don't wear them while I'm lounging around the apartment. I'm smarter than that: I put those babies on the auction site abiBids where my beloved fans can bid on them — unwashed, of course. Sometimes I even get requests for panties that are "extra worn in." I fulfill those requests with a few pumps of body lotion or a little perfume (I know, it's crazy, but some people think my pussy smells like Jean-Paul Gaultier. No disco pussy here!).

These sales may not generate a ton of income, but at least I'm self-sufficient when it comes to underwear. And that's how it should be!

Special-order films

Fans wanting something more exclusive than a private cam show can order a customized DVD. It's usually solo films they want, where I'm lying down masturbating while saying the customer's name, or following a specific script. It might be a striptease in the kitchen or role play where I'm a mother-figure dominatrix hurling out abuse and insults.

Other times, the requests are a little more bizarre, and, of course, the sicker they are, the higher the price tag they come with. Someone once ordered a film of me sticking an enema up my ass and then shitting everything out into a bathtub. I can honestly say that I had some issues trying to look horny while getting the shit out, and my poor camera man suffered even more as he tried not to puke. But the customer was satisfied, and really, isn't that all that matters?

pumaswede.com

Five years ago, a porn star might have thousands of members on her website paying a fee to access exclusive material and "members only" galleries.

Now it's 2013, and most people have realized that "exclusive" material can be found elsewhere for free.

All is not lost, however. I still have a group of loyal members who get exclusive scenes and cam shows, video blogs and behind the scenes footage and other cool stuff.

As a porn star today, you have to be more than a pretty fuck.

You also have to be an entrepreneur with lots of irons in the fire. Like me.

What do you think, should we make another list while we're at it? All right then!

PUMA'S LIST:

My best films

Six years in the industry, three scenes a week. That would mean I've done over nine hundred scenes. There haven't actually been exactly that many (even Pumas need their Christmas vacation, you know!), but there have been quite a few. Here are my favorites.

“Can He Score 6” (Bang Bros 2010)

The Bang Bros guys in Miami are the kings of “reality porn.” The idea behind “Can He Score” is that normal guys get to wish for a chance to fuck their favorite porn star. The big question, of course, is whether the guy’s wish will come true – and will he actually be able to get it up in front of the camera, and then cum when the time is right? I really like the idea and the element of surprise. The guys get the shock of their lives when their sexual fantasy suddenly shows up on their doorstep.

For my scene, I went to the bowling alley where the guy worked, and he didn’t believe his eyes when I walked in the door. I immediately started making out with him, and then we took off to a hotel room. They guy had a huge cock and was totally stoked to finally meet someone he could fuck however he wanted. As is always the case with amateurs, there were some issues with getting hard and shoot the load. The first time, he came in the condom. But young and horny as he was, he was able to squeeze out another one, this time on my tits.

I had fun in that scene – there’s nothing quite like being able to fulfill someone’s fantasies.

Lesbian scene with Phoenix Marie (Brazzers, not yet released)

This was what I call a perfect day on the job. My mission, should I choose to accept it, was to fuck the beautiful Phoenix Marie in 3D—with a strap-on. You’d have to be crazy to turn *that* down.

What I like most about Phoenix is that she is down for whatever. I decided to test her first, and then fuck her harder and harder until she told me to stop. I should’ve known, Phoenix never said stop. Instead, it turned into one of the

most hardcore scenes I ever done with another girl. Afterwards I was completely worn out.

“Shit, you fuck like a guy,” a number of people pointed out. And yeah, I definitely wear the pants with a strap-on.

“Reverse Bang Bus 31” (Bang Bros 2011)

Another “reality porn” series where porn stars drive around in a white van, by now a well-known feature in South Beach, picking up normal guys and fucking them in the backseat.

My day in the van didn’t go exactly as planned. The first guy was so nervous that he couldn’t get it up. He was thrown out immediately. The next guy, however, was a lot more fun. We had amazing sex on the floor of the car – it’s just too bad that there are some space limitations when you’re as tall as I am. Afterwards we were both hungry, so we grabbed a bite to eat. I had a flash of genius and told him to cum on my fries. He was happy to comply, and I gobbled them right up.

I really like shooting reality series for Bang Bros, because you never know how it’s going to turn out. No script, no pressure. Suits me just fine.

“Girls in Costumes” (Brazzers 2012)

A classic series from the big-name production company Brazzers, where the theme is girls from different occupations. I had the honor of playing a gardener — and we all know about my green thumb — who shows up in a guy’s garden wearing a tank top, hot pants and a cowboy hat. When I was done pulling weeds, I was supposed to ask the guy if he needed help with “anything else.”

That scene could have turned out just like a normal porno, but my co-star James Deen and I decided to say to hell with the vanilla theme. Instead, we started hitting and spitting at each other. The director had no idea what was going on, and he stopped us in action to ask if we were there to fuck or to fight. Good question, actually.

After that warm-up, James and I kept at it, and the next take was at least as wild as the first. The director just sighed and gave up. We fucked so hard that we both walked away limping. I looked like I’d gone for a ride in the spin cycle. And that’s exactly how it should be.

“Deep Anal Drilling” (The Ass Factory 2011)

I've always been sparing with anal scenes, mostly to keep the price up (it's more fun to go to work when a bonus is beckoning). This was my fourth and by far my best anal scene, directed by Jules Jordan and co-starring Johnny Sins, who is one of my favorite actors.

We filmed in a modern house by Santa Monica Pier, and since Jules does most of the work himself, there was only a small team there on set. Johnny and I started things off with two vaginal positions before it was time to go in through the back door. I asked Johnny to start out slow, since after all I'm not equipped with a bottomless pit. But once I got warmed up, we picked up the pace. Jules thought it almost went too easily. But what can I say, as long as you're properly warmed up and relaxed, getting fucked in the ass is fun.



Me and Sandy during webcam show

LOVE IS BLIND (HERE WE GO AGAIN...)

Rising from the ashes, Puma meets an English lad eight years her junior, falls in love and gets engaged on a beach at sunrise. But those Brits aren't always the perfect gentlemen they seem...

Another crazy AVN convention in Vegas behind me. Four days of total mayhem. Sex, parties and rock n' roll. No, five days, actually. Nikki and I decided to stick around for an extra day of partying. After all, why quit while you're on top?

But as we all know, partying can take its toll. No one is twenty-one forever.

It was a wrecked and broken Puma who came crashing through the apartment door that Monday afternoon.

Worn out as hell? Check! Sore throat from screaming? Check! Fading spray tan? Check!

It was going to take me the rest of the week to get back into decent condition — if that was even possible.

Before I even had time to take my clothes off and throw them in a pile on the floor, the phone rang.

“Das ist good Puma!”

I sighed.

I had heard that line a thousand times before. It was Robert, my tireless agent. He was still convinced that German is the national language of Sweden.

Robert sounded unabashedly perky. What was he taking to get himself back in working order, just two days after AVN? I want whatever he's on!

Ignoring my sigh, Robert pushed on:

“Can you fly out to Vegas tomorrow? Brazzers wants to book you.”

Seriously, WTF! Everyone knows you can't book a shoot the week after AVN. It's an unwritten rule in the porn world. If anyone should know that, it's Brazzers, one of the biggest companies in the industry.

I took another long, deep breath.

“Robert, what the hell! I just got back from Vegas like, an hour ago, and now you want me to go back there tomorrow? Can't they find someone else? I can't deal with this!” I moaned.

“No, they want you and nobody else. You’ve got to go. All you have to do is go there, have a little sex and go home again,” said Robert, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to be a jet-setting porn star.

Even more sighs, and not the orgasmic kind. I slowly saw my recovering and spa days with Nikki fading away into the horizon.

“Shit! Fine, I’ll go. But you owe me one for this!” I growled and went out on the balcony for a cigarette. My mouth tasted like I’d swallowed an ashtray.

Later that night, I checked my booking details on Robert’s website. I saw that my co-star was a guy named Keiran Lee.

Who the fuck is Keiran Lee, I wondered. I Googled his name, and nothing came up.

What the fuck was this!? Had Brazzers hooked me up with some Chinese dude from off the street — right after AVN — as some sort of sick practical joke?

I saw the setup: me, a horny MILF who was going to fuck some innocent Asian boy and steal his virginity.

But it was too late to back out now. My flight was leaving in less than twelve hours, and I had no desire whatsoever to cancel on Brazzers.

I went to bed, irritated, dreaming of revenge, and with splotches of a fading spray tan all over my body. Somebody was going to regret this. I just wasn’t quite sure who.

The next morning, I felt about sixty percent recovered – no too bad, actually – but still aching all over, when I stepped in to Brazzers studio in Vegas. I have no recollection whatsoever of the flight there.

I couldn’t help but smile when I saw the expertly styled classroom scene. I was playing the super strict teacher keeping the naughty schoolboy after class for detention. His crime: he was drawing dicks during class. I’m sure you can imagine the punishment.

While I changed into my sexy teacher outfit, I was approached by a young guy who wasn’t half bad-looking.

“Hey, I’m Keiran,” he said with a fancy English accent, and reached out his hand.

Ha! So much for my preconceived notion that everyone named Lee must be Asian. Keiran was as British as it gets. And apparently, he was a pretty big porn star in Europe to boot.

Keiran was easy to talk to; we hit it off immediately and I got a good feeling about him. At least until he told me we had met just a few days ago at an AVN party. Apparently, he had tried to talk to me, which isn't exactly easy when I've had a bit to drink — okay, a lot to drink. According to Keiran, I had responded to him with some incomprehensible gurgling, and then walked away.

“So now that I’m working for Brazzers and they asked me who I wanted to shoot with, I said: book me with Puma. I have to get her back for acting like such a bitch,” he said, and burst out laughing.

What the hell was I supposed to say to that? I didn’t even remember the guy’s face, much less any failed communication that supposedly took place between us.

For once, I didn’t know what I was going to say. Me, a bitch? Puma the sweetest Swede who likes everyone and everything, you know that.

I apologized politely and blamed it on the alcohol. And that wasn’t even a lie.

Keiran just kept on laughing, and I started to get a bad vibe. Was this just a revenge fuck from his side?

I was just being melodramatic as usual; the scene actually went well. In the classic Brazzers style, we started with a little cock worship, making big eyes as I measured his dick with a ruler. Then a couple of positions on the teacher’s desk. Keiran did his thing, I did mine. Two professionals getting the job done.

Afterwards, we exchanged numbers like any two civilized work colleagues. I promised to call the next time I was in London.

Keiran apparently thought that promise lay too far ahead in the future.

“Listen Puma, I’m going to be in LA for a few days before going back to England. Do you want to go out sometime?”

I actually had no desire to go out with Keiran. But not wanting to be seen as a ‘cold bitch’ again, I agreed.

“Sure, call me someday if you feel like it.”

And Keiran felt like it. A lot.

He called again and again. First I agreed to meet with him. Then I regretted it and cancelled. I didn’t want to be some conquest that gave him bragging rights in England.

Sure, we had already fucked on camera, but that’s a totally different ball

game.

But Keiran had already proven to be a stubborn little bastard, and I was forced to come up with one pathetic excuse after another — from cat corpses in Torrance to dramatic hospital visits. The next day Keiran said:

“Drive me to the airport and we can fuck in the car.”

There wasn’t even a question mark at the end of his sentence. It sounded more like an order. Did Keiran really believe that he was so irresistible?

But no, he hadn’t made that big of an impression on me, although I was a little flattered by his persistence — I couldn’t deny that. Plus I had a rule: don’t mix business with pleasure (and I really tried to stick to that, even if I wasn’t successful one hundred percent of the time).

So thanks, but no thanks, Keiran.

That’s where the story with Keiran might have ended (or should have ended, all things considered).

But what could I say? With his ultra-British charm offensive, Keiran had apparently succeeded in sowing a tiny seed of interest in me. Otherwise I wouldn’t have started Skypeing with him—for several hours a day. Shit, I ended up feeling like I was living in his time zone, and not in California where my body was.

Over time, I discovered that Keiran was so much more than just a hard-driven porn star. He was smart, funny and interesting, we shared the same sense of humor and he had a great outlook on life. Our friendship developed further, and during the weeks that followed we sat in front our laptops and talked to each other about absolutely everything. Until the topic of our conversations drifted into pure declarations of love.

Suddenly there was no turning back. In three months, Keiran would come back to LA to work, hopefully for a longer period of time. We decided he should come straight to my house.

I actually remember what date it was when I stood in the arrival hall at LAX waiting for Keiran: April 3, 2008. The day that symbolized the end of my freedom and singlehood.

Did I oppose that idea with a single cell in my body?

Hell no I didn’t!

But I was definitely nervous. And as you know, I have a weak stomach that easily gets upset, sometimes resulting in gas poisoning in clubs, and other times showing its discontent with uncontrollable Finnish *ripuli* (for

those of you who don't speak Finnish, try doing a Google translation!).

I noticed that my stomach was acting up as soon as Keiran and I got in the door, and three months of pent-up arousal demanded to be let out right then and there! We tore each other's clothes off and I wound up straddling Keiran as he lay on his back on the hallway floor.

Suddenly I realized that fuck, there was something really wrong with my stomach. I had to take a shit, stat! But before I could tell Keiran to stop, the diarrhea came squirting out. Half landed on him, half ran out onto the wall-to-wall carpet.

All I wanted was to sink through the carpet (well, if it weren't so dirty). Of course I had no idea what to say. Could I even say anything at all?

Fuck! *Vittu, vittu, vittu!*

Should I go for the classic line about him accidentally fucking me in the ass? As a porn star, I doubted he would buy it.

"Uh, what just happened?" Keiran finally asked, more surprised than he was disgusted.

"I think you fucked me a little too hard," I said.

"Sorry about that. I guess I should go take a shower."

While Keiran showered, I kneeled down and scrubbed the carpet like a crazy person. It wasn't exactly coming out easily. Why do all American apartments have to have wall-to-wall carpets? So unhygienic. This carpet was going to smell like ass for a long time, no doubt about it.

When Keiran came out of the shower, he still had an erection.

"Should we keep fucking?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes!"

And that's when I knew.

Keiran and I had just crossed the boundary of disgust that few couples ever get over. If a diarrhea flood couldn't put a damper on Keiran's good mood – or turn him off sexually – then he was really a catch.

There was a serious chance that this guy was going to be man enough to handle me. And my unpredictable stomach.

Keiran was mine, no question.

Fast-forward to three months later. It couldn't have been later than 4:30 in the morning when Keiran woke me up and began covering me with kisses.

"Baby, wake up! I think we should drive to Malibu to watch the sunrise," he said softly.

What the hell was he talking about? Normal people don't choose to get up at the ass-crack of dawn to drive and watch the sun rise. At five in the morning, normal people are lying in bed asleep – or coming home from a night of wild partying. We weren't going to get up for at least five hours, and that was that.

I lay there in a fresh hell while I slowly absorbed the information. Keiran had gone crazy. I mumbled at him angrily as he continued kissing me all over my body.

But as usual, Keiran wouldn't take no for an answer. With an enormous effort, he managed to pull me out of bed, get my clothes on and drag me into the car.

We didn't say much during the car ride. Or more precisely, I didn't say much. It was a one-way conversation. Keiran was throwing around compliments about how beautiful I was, and convinced me how cozy it would be on the beach. I mostly sat there sulking and wondering why I had decided to get together with a complete and total idiot.

One Starbucks coffee later, clutching each other in our arms around the edge of Nicholas Canyon Beach, the worst of my tiredness had disappeared. I was even ready to admit, reluctantly of course, that it was really pretty there. Except for a few early morning surfers, we had the whole beach to ourselves.

While I stood watching the gleaming red sun slowly rise up over the Pacific Ocean, Keiran suddenly got down on one knee.

Before I even realized what was happening, he proposed to me.

"Puma, will you marry me?"

I saw in his hand a turquoise box from Tiffany's. Inside glinted a shiny ring.

I swear, I'm the least romantic person on the planet, but even I was touched.

"Yes," I answered, feeling bashful and at a loss for words. More than anything, I was surprised by my own response. I'm not the greatest believer in marriage.

But there I was, newly engaged, standing on a beach in Malibu and watching the sun rise. Just three months after Keiran had moved into my apartment.

Was I in love?

Hell yes I was.

Who was he, this Keiran Lee who “put a ring on it” in the classic Hollywood style?

A typical English gentleman, I would say. Eight years younger than yours truly (nothing wrong with a little jailbait!). And super romantic, unlike me, with his pockets full of gifts and surprises.

Yeah, you already know. He dragged me to the beach to propose. For my birthday he booked a string orchestra (which I unfortunately never got to enjoy because I had to go to Canada to host a party). Every time Keiran and I went window-shopping and I mentioned something I liked, he always went back the next day and bought it for me. ‘Generous’ was his middle name. Every year there were piles of Louis Vuitton and Gucci packages lying under the Christmas tree.

Unlike most guys from LA, Keiran also dressed well and cared about his appearance. We had a standing weekly appointment for a couple’s mani-pedi.

He was tidy, too, almost to the point of being OCD.

Every time Keiran cleaned the kitchen, all the packages and labels on bottles stood facing the same direction. It was a completely unusual experience for me.

In complete contrast to Rex’ failing attempts at making porn, Keiran’s porn career was on rails. He had started out in the industry at the age of eighteen, and after seven years in Europe it was time for Keiran to conquer the States. He was well on his way to doing so. Brazzers had already signed him as a “contract star,” and later insured his cock for a million dollars.

But enough about Keiran. Aren’t you wondering what kind of girlfriend I am?

I’m perfect, but always unfaithful. And I’m always most concerned about myself.

No, I’m joking. Well, at least a little bit.

I would probably describe myself as a low-maintenance girlfriend without any need for control. You might think that sounds awesome. The problem, I’ve noticed, is that a lot of guys take my lack of jealousy as a sign of disinterest. I just come across as too cool and independent, even when I’m head over heels in love.

Keiran, on the other hand, had a massive need for control.

First I was a little flattered that he always wanted to know where I was, and with who. Although, when it turned into him not wanting me to go out

without him, I should have spoken up. But I let Keiran's explanation persuade me: if I was out by myself, he couldn't protect me. Exactly what it was Keiran was going to protect me from remained unclear.

Keiran's idea of "protection" included him buying me a new cell phone with a new number so my friends from the past, people he didn't know anything about, wouldn't be able to get in touch with me.

In the end, Keiran's jealousy and need for control inevitably infiltrated my work.

"I don't want you working with other guys," he exclaimed at breakfast one morning right before I was supposed to fly to Miami to shoot three boy/girl scenes for Score Group.

I guess it shouldn't have been surprising. But somehow, his total lack of logic came as a shock to me.

"That's just not fair, Keiran," I replied. "You fuck other girls five days a week at work. Fucking is what we get paid for. We met on a porn set, for fuck's sake."

But it was pointless. Keiran wouldn't listen to me. Suddenly there were tears running down his face.

"I don't want you to leave. I can't deal with this. Maybe I should go back to London," he sniffed.

I felt sick to my stomach. How did we end up here? Keiran knew what he was getting into. But he refused to give in.

"Well, it's too late for me to cancel now. I have to go to Miami."

"Go to Miami and do your job. After this though I only want you shooting with girls. And with me," Keiran said, his crocodile tears dried on his face by now.

I sat down facing Keiran at the kitchen table. I was stressed because I had to leave soon, and tired, so tired of these idiotic discussions.

I decided to try a new strategy. I took the financial approach.

"Uh-huh. But I'll lose a lot of my income if I only film with other girls."

Keiran must have thought of that already, because he was quick to reply:

"I'll pay you six thousand dollars a month as a compensation."

I didn't want compensation, I wanted to be self-sufficient. Plus, I could make a lot more than that if I worked. But that was it — end of discussion. I felt completely torn.

Keiran 1, Puma 0.

So I put my career on hold.

Don't ask me why I went along with it. I don't have a logical explanation. I guess I just didn't want to argue. I tried to convince myself that Keiran was asking me to do this because of how much he loved me.

Plus, we were engaged. I still saw the ring on my finger as a symbol of his love. But in reality, it was just a sign of control and manipulation.

Plenty of people questioned my decision. There was Robert, my agent, of course. My friends, who had already started to guess everything wasn't right in our relationship. And my fans, who kept writing to ask why I was only filming with girls and with Keiran.

"We want to see you with other guys," they said.

I was ashamed. I avoided their questions. I didn't want to admit I had been talked into it.

Meanwhile, Keiran continued working with tons of other girls as usual. I was questioned and given the third degree for just saying 'hi' to my male colleagues. According to Keiran, they were all out to fuck me. To avoid conflict, if I was ever seen talking to a guy or in a snapshot with a guy at club for example, I told him all the guys were gay, and there was nothing to worry about.

How did things end up this way? Because I never showed any jealousy? Because I was a fucking coward who never stood up for what's right?

When I look back on that time with just over three years of hindsight, I can hardly believe that it happened. I'd always thought of myself as strong and independent. Why didn't I just tell him "fuck you!"?

Despite, in the middle of all the drama, the hopeless thorns in Keiran's and my relationship, we still had our good times. We could laugh and have fun with each other. We travelled and got along great on our trips. But over time, the good times became fewer and further apart, and our fights became more and more frequent.

I had also started to notice a sort of personality change in Keiran. He had begun to get big headed. LA can have that effect on people.

Keiran was no longer the boy from the small town of Derby.

Keiran was "the hottest new porn star in LA."

But he was no longer the man I fell in love with.

I was more convinced of that with each day that went by.

Kieran and me Las Vegas 2009



THE ART OF CHOOSING THE RIGHT JOYSTICK

Puma ignites a massive scandal with her own personal interpretation of the term “in-flight entertainment.” It’s the only glimmer of light in an otherwise dark year marked by a forced hiatus in her career and a relationship in crisis.

2008 turned into 2009. But for me, it didn’t make much of a difference. My career had slowed to a halt.

Mainly so I would have something to do during the day, and to gain a little perspective on all the things I was forbidden to do by Keiran, I signed up for a college degree in Web Design and Interactive Media at the Art Institute of Hollywood.

It was more fun than I thought it would be. I enjoyed student life. For the first time in years, I felt like a “civilian,” and I liked the feeling. I liked being just another face in the crowd. I was as anonymous as you can get when you’re blonde, busty and nearly six feet tall.

But my dream of continued anonymity was shattered the moment I got out of my early class one February morning. On my phone was a text from my webmaster.

He sounded pretty worked up, to say in the least:
“Puma, you’ve got to go to TMZ’s website. You made their front page news.”

I had no idea what was going on. Why would I, a half-baked porn star, be headline material on TMZ, the most infamous gossip site and TV show in the country?

I immediately found a computer, pulled up the TMZ page and was greeted with the following headline:

“Pilot’s XXX flight – the blow by blow.”
Then there was the “explosive” and, according to TMZ, “extremely graphic” video clip, where “porn star passenger Puma Swede” goes down on celebrity pilot David Martz in his helicopter during an aerial tour over San Diego.

My first reaction was: Shit! What is Keiran going to have to say about

this?

The video was at least four years old, but that didn't seem to matter much to TMZ. Somehow, God knows how, they had managed to get their hands on the recording, which was sure to be discussed in media for days to come.

I read the text. I was still in shock, but I couldn't help laughing at their witty lines, things like "they don't call it a cockpit for nothing", "Puma takes control of Martz' other joystick", and "a new meaning to in-flight entertainment."

Then my phone started ringing. Incessantly.

But before we go on, let me explain what happened the time I took in-flight entertainment to another level.

Rewind to the year 2005. Rex was still my in-house photographer, and his social circle included a famous pilot by the name of David Martz, who was known, among other things, for being the personal pilot to Tommy Lee, and for one or two other "incidents" and investigations on his conscience.

Rex had asked David Martz if we could take some nude shots of me in his hangar in front of a helicopter. "No problem, just come on by," David said. So Rex and I drove to Montgomery Field outside of San Diego and snapped a few sexy photos where I went head-to-head with a helicopter to see who could outshine the other.

"What do you think, you guys wanna take a tour over San Diego in the helicopter?" David asked once we were done.

"Hell yeah!" I said. I'd never been in a helicopter, so you can imagine my excitement.

Somewhere up above San Diego's highways and mansions, I suddenly had an idea. I thought I should do something nice to thank David for letting me hang out in his hangar and tour San Diego from above in his helicopter.

Of course, I had no clue how to fly a helicopter. But at the very least I could, as TMZ so cleverly it, "take control of David's other joystick."

David was totally beside himself when I slipped off his pants and bent down between his legs. We did a little suck-and-fly as Rex sat behind us with the camera filming this utterly bizarre helicopter tour (okay, we may not have been inducted into the mile-high club, but the quarter-mile high club is good enough for me).

My little flash of genius ended up lasting less than a minute. David wasn't exactly the longest-lasting male I ever encountered. And that was just as well, from a safety standpoint.

That's where the story should have ended. And it would have, if it hadn't been for Rex, who a couple of years ago had been forced to declare bankruptcy. Because of course it was Rex who, in his desperate hunt for money, had sold the helicopter video to TMZ. I heard he got ten grand out of it.

And some explaining to do. To David.

You see, as I'm sure you can imagine, getting a blow job while you're flying a helicopter isn't exactly kosher. When the aviation authorities got their hands on the video, David Martz was in deep shit and lost his helicopter license for a long time. There was even talk of a lawsuit, and I thought I might have to go to court. Fortunately, it never came to that.

For me, the TMZ scandal had only positive effects. The traffic on my website shot up a few hundred percent, and I got tons of interview requests. I really could've milked that scandal for all it was worth.

But there was one person stopping me: Keiran, of course.

"You're making me look like a cunt in front of the whole world," he screamed. So no, I was definitely not allowed to give any interviews. He made me put a lid on the whole affair and lock it lightning fast.

But people remember, despite the lid.

I still receive offers to "go for a helicopter ride." It's tempting, but I don't really feel like doing the same thing twice. In true Puma style, I have to constantly top myself.

For my next headlines, I'm thinking a long-haul flight with British Airways.

If there are any pilots out there interested in finding "a new meaning to inflight entertainment" on a transatlantic route – let me know!

The helicopter scandal was a quite a distraction in my otherwise eventless existence. Aside from that, 2009 continued to be a super shitty year. Shitty at home and humdrum at work. Only girl/girl scenes and rolls in the hay with Keiran – what a waste. And no one was happy about it. Well, nobody but Keiran.

Eventually, I reached a point of no return. Keiran would no longer have control over my life. Early one morning, when he was at his most unprepared, I brought it up.

"Keiran, let me tell you something: I'm thinking about starting to shoot with guys again. You have to agree – it's only fair."

At first, Keiran looked surprised. Then he looked disgusted.

“Why are you so goddamn eager to fuck other guys?”

“Because it’s my job. As yours is to stick your dick in a different girl’s pussy every day.”

“It’s totally different. I stick it in, but you receive it.”

I sighed.

“I don’t get your logic. We work in the same industry, we do the same thing, but you seem to think I should just give up my career.”

Keiran stared at me. Was that a glimmer of hatred I detected in his eyes?

“Okay, if it’s so fucking important to you, you can work with five guys – but I get to choose them,” he said as he chomped down on a celery stalk. Keiran was always running around munching on celery, which he insisted increased his sperm count.

The five Keiran-approved guys weren’t exactly the strongest performers in the industry. Far from it. After all, they could under no circumstances compete with Keiran, or, God forbid, fuck harder than him or have a bigger cock.

My agent Robert sighed when I handed him the list of names.

“Das ist not good! No company will book you with these guys. You’ll eat them alive,” he said.

I went back home for another round of hardline negotiations at the kitchen table. And walked away with another list of five names.

If you think that means things went back to being peaceful, you can forget about it.

Keiran’s new thing was to interrogate me about the scenes I was shooting and make unsolicited comments. If he happened to have a day off while I was shooting, it was almost intolerable. He called incessantly and wanted to know if I was kissing the guy I was working with, if I was enjoying the scene and if we kept on fucking after the cameras stopped rolling. Then he watched the films obsessively and got on my case for having an orgasm.

I was feeling worse and worse. My relationship was in shambles, and Keiran was sucking all the joy out of my work. Every time I saw my agent’s number on my caller ID, I half-panicked. I knew every job meant more bullshit to put up with from Keiran.

When the fuck was I going to grow some balls and get the fuck out?

PUMA'S LIST

My favorite male co-stars

This list might have started World War III during my time with Keiran, so that's why I'm throwing it in here now. To play with fire. Even though that fire burned out a long time ago.

Manuel Ferrara

I finally got the chance last year to work with this sexy and award-winning Fuckman... sorry, I mean Frenchman. Before that, Keiran had effectively blocked the opportunities I had to work with Manuel because Manuel is more famous than Keiran is, and has a much bigger cock.

What I like most about Manuel is his personality, his sense of humor and the way he takes his job very seriously. Before our first scene, I found out that he had done his research by watching some of my movies, and before we started filming he asked me what I was into and what turned me on. Manual likes to kiss and eat pussy. For him, it's got to be the real deal. I came hard and squirted during our scene. Manuel's really got what it takes.

Nacho Vidal

Another dream guy I got the chance to fuck last year. Nacho is a silver fox from Barcelona who is widely known as Spain's Rocco Siffredi. He's super hot in a rugged kind of way, with hardcore looks and a dick that reminds me of a Coke can.

The scene we did was for Nacho's personal series. First I got warmed up with Nacho's girlfriend, the ultra sexy Francesca James. Then Nacho joined for a threesome. Nacho is full of energy, and he likes to make eye contact while fucking, just like me.

Johnny Sinns

When Johnny and I work together, we always have fun. He's balls to the wall and goes at it harder than anyone else. Sometimes I wonder if Johnny is actually a robot – he never seems to get tired, and he always has an erection. He cumms on cue immediately when the director needs him to.

Off work, Johnny is a dyed-in-the-wool American dude. Once, when I was drunk, I got Nikki to text him and ask if he wanted to do some extracurricular fucking behind the scenes. "No thanks, I've got a girlfriend," was his reply. A

little while later, Johnny and I were booked to do a scene together. He cancelled on short notice. I hope I didn't blow my chances of filming with him again.

Keiran Lee

I swear, Keiran didn't force me to include him on this list. I'm doing it out of my own free will.

Keiran may have been an asshole, but there's no use denying his acting skills. Not only is he always hard, he knows exactly what position to pick so the girl looks as good as possible. He even puts his hands in the right places to hide a few extra pounds. Keiran is a pro, and that's all there is to it.

James Deen

A short little guy who became famous precisely because he looks like an average American college kid. Despite his modest size, I really like James. We always seem to click. He has a great sense of humor, he's full of surprises, and after eighteen years in the industry he really knows what he's doing.

James is the kind of guy who likes to test how long he can keep at it before the girl says stop. But by now, if there's one thing you should know about me, it's that I'd rather die than say stop. James is just my kind of guy.

If Keiran and I crossed over some sort of boundary of disgust when I took a shit on him the day he moved in, we crossed another sort of boundary just about one year later on the dot.

Our first hands-on fight.

We had just eaten our dinner, which consisted of Chipotle takeout in front of the TV. The mood was perfectly okay as we lay on the sofa watching "Tropic Thunder." But there was a hint of irritation in the air. Something was bothering Keiran. I had become an expert at detecting his mood swings. It was just a question of time before Keiran threw something out there. He was so transparent.

And finally, it came:

"Who is this Peter you're chatting with on Skype? In Swedish! I told you you're not allowed to Skype with anyone in Swedish besides your mom and

sister!"

The ban on Swedish Skypeing was just one the house rules Keiran had established. Almost every day, he went through my Skype call list and if I happened to be chatting in Swedish he was convinced there was flirting, sexting and cheating going on behind his back.

"Peter is an old friend of mine from Stockholm who I haven't heard from in five or six years. It would be ridiculous for me to Skype with him in English," I explained. But of course, it was no use.

"What fucking bullshit! Did you fuck him when you were in Sweden? You know he wants to fuck you. And you want to fuck him! Otherwise you wouldn't be chatting in Swedish."

"We chat in Swedish because we're both Swedish. And no, I don't want to fuck Peter. Besides, he lives in Gothenburg now, so it would be hard for me to see him."

"You are so dumb, Puma!"

Every time Keiran saw that his accusations of infidelity weren't going anywhere, he resorted to hurling insults at me. At this point he knew exactly what would piss me off the most. And calling me dumb or stupid worked every time.

I'm not that dumb. I had also learned where Keiran's weak spot was – I would bring up his dad, who was a sore topic for Keiran.

"And who the fuck are you, Keiran? I guess your dad's hands-on-ministrations caught on to his son!"

I could see Keiran's facial expression go from furious to crazy as soon as I mentioned his dad. His eyes went black. They were glowing with hatred.

I was completely unprepared when he yanked on my hair, grabbed me in a chokehold around the neck and pushed me down on the floor so hard my back started throbbing with pain. Before I could catch my breath, he straddled me and held my face in a steady grip. I writhed in pain, trying to break free. I could taste the blood in my mouth.

With saliva running out of his mouth, Keiran continued his verbal humiliation.

"You are so fucking worthless!"

"You are so goddamn stupid!"

"You are so disgusting for even mentioning my dad – I told you that in confidence!"

But sometimes, with fear comes anger. I had reached a point where I didn't

even care what happened. When Keiran loosened his grip over my mouth I shot verbal assaults right back at him.

“Isn’t this exactly what your dad used to do to you? You’ve become just like your father! The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.”

It wasn’t a smart idea to provoke Keiran. He dragged me up off the floor and stared into my face. He was this close to punching me. But instead he shoved me down on the couch.

While I lay there on the couch, half-numb with pain, I happened to glance at a framed photo on the wall. It was a picture of me and Keiran on a balcony in Vegas. I smiled in the picture. But was it truly a smile? Wasn’t it a little more like a smirk? It was a shitty picture anyway. Even Rex could have taken a better photo.

Twenty minutes later... or was it an hour? I’m not sure. I lost track of time for a while. Came the proverbial calm after the storm. There I was, sitting in the corner sobbing. On the other side of the room there was Keiran, full of remorse, promising it would never happen again.

But it did happen again. Only a few weeks later.

I had gone out for the evening with Nikki and a couple of other girls and, as usual, Keiran had been calling incessantly to check up on what I was doing and who I was with. Keiran made Nikki into the scapegoat of our relationship. According to him, she was a bad influence on me.

The bomb had already started ticking when Keiran called me during my dinner with the girls. I politely asked him if I could call him back later.

“Call me back later!?” he screamed into the phone. “Why the fuck can’t you talk now? How come everyone else is more important than I am!? Are there other guys you’d rather be talking to?”

A few hours later and a few dozen check-up calls later, I walked into the door of our apartment. My whole body was tense. The wine buzz I’d worked up had faded completely. Keiran was sitting in the kitchen waiting, wearing briefs and holding a celery stalk in his hand. I could see the rage in his face.

“I was going through your pictures on iPhoto. Why the hell do you have so many pictures of other guys? And of Rex! Do you still have feelings for him?”

“Those pictures are just memories,” I replied. “Why are you going through my iPhoto while I’m not home?”

“Shut up! You can forget about your fucking iPhoto! I deleted every single

picture. And why did you save an interview with you and Ron Jeremy? I can't believe you fucked him – how disgusting!"

Keiran stood up so quickly the chair fell over. He took a few quick, threatening steps towards me. I backed away and ended up pressed into a corner.

"Uh-huh, and what are you going to do now?" I asked. "You want to hit me? Is that why you're standing so close to me? Are you going to try to choke me again?"

All of a sudden my badass attitude drained right out of me. I felt threatened, trapped and afraid. I saw things were going to end as badly as the first time. Or worse. In sheer desperation, I grabbed a kitchen knife. The smartest thing would have been to wave the knife in Keiran's face. Instead I said:

"I'm going to cut myself if you don't let me get out."

"Ha, you wouldn't dare," Keiran hissed hatefully.

Not smart to question a Finn with a knife. I immediately slit a gash in my arm.

"What are you doing? You stupid cow," Keiran screamed. I could sense a hint of fear in his voice.

I cut a new gash in my arm, this time much deeper than the first.

"What the fuck, put the knife down!"

Keiran started to panic. He couldn't stand the sight of blood. I panicked, too. I had cut a little deeper than I meant to and now blood was gushing from the cut into a puddle on the floor.

Well shit! Was I going to end up in the emergency room?

Neither of us thought that was a good idea, especially not Keiran. He didn't want to risk being faced with uncomfortable questions. So we put our fight aside for a minute and worked together to bandage up my arm.

I still carry with me a memory of that night in the form of two scars on my left arm.

A few days later, it was time again. A new fight, new threats. It started with a Twitter comment I made to a male co-star using wording that Keiran found all too positive.

"You want to fuck him, don't you? Don't you see you're making me look like an ass in front of everyone on Twitter?" he yelled.

Then he took my purse and blocked the front door. I was locked in my own

house. I felt the panic rising in my chest.

In a desperate attempt to flee, I threw myself against the door. I managed to open it, but got no further than a few feet before Keiran grabbed a hold of me by the hair and dragged me back into the house. No, to be more exact, it wasn't Keiran – it was someone else. Something in his head had snapped, this time completely.

"Give me my car keys!" I screamed into Keiran's face as he pushed me down onto the floor. I had to get out of there immediately, as quickly as fucking possible. Otherwise things might take a turn for the very worst.

I bit Keiran's arm as hard as I could. He screamed out in pain and loosened his grip for a second, just enough time for me to get back on my feet.

"I'm calling the cops," I yelled as I ran into the bedroom, locked the door and dialed 911.

"My boyfriend is refusing to give me my car keys. Can you help me?" I sniffed.

"Are you in danger?" asked the voice on the other line.

"No, I just want my keys back," I said.

I could almost hear the policeman sighing into the receiver. He probably had hundreds of more important cases to deal with that evening.

"Ma'am, we don't send out a car for those types of situations," he explained.

Out in the living room, Keiran had realized that I actually was calling the police, that it wasn't just an empty threat.

He picked up the other phone, listened in to the conversation and interrupted:

"Officer, I'm in danger. And I have bruises to prove it."

"No," I said quickly. "I'm in danger. I'm the one with the bruises."

"Okay, we're sending out a car," said the officer. And now I was sure I heard him sigh.

Keiran immediately flew into a panic. He didn't have all of his papers ready for an American residence permit, and a domestic violence situation was definitely not going to improve his odds of being allowed to stay in the country.

"What the hell are you doing? You fucking ruined my chances for a future in the States," he sobbed. All of his anger had drained out of him in an instant, leaving behind a blubbering little boy.

When the police showed up, we had both calmed down. I stood out on the

street and met them as they arrived, trying to explain that everything was okay. Just a lover's spat that had gotten a little out of hand, nothing to worry about. They could go back to the station now.

But the cops wanted to go inside the apartment to make sure everything was okay, to talk to both of us and write up a report. The female police officer stood with me and asked detailed questions about what had happened. When we were done, she gave me a friendly pat on the shoulder and the number to a women's help line.

“Domestic violence.”

That's how low we had sunken.

Me and Keiran, my English gentleman.

The days and weeks that followed were a confusing time. Keiran and I broke up and got back together every other week. There were tears and apologies one day, fighting and chasing down the block the next.

I moved out and into Nikki's place for a month. But Keiran, ever the crafty manipulator, managed to sweet-talk me into coming back. Everything was going to be better, he promised. I could work with whomever I wanted; he would stop interfering with my work. And in my naive stupidity, I believed him, even though my gut feeling told me it had all gone to hell.

Shit, we'd even started to look for a new apartment together.

However, there was nothing to save, and I was the last person to see it. My friends were much more clear-sighted. They tried to tell me about Keiran, saying there were rumors about him and other girls.

If you've been through the same thing, you know you yourself have to be ready to break up. In February 2011, I was – finally! – ready to leave Keiran. This time, for good.

Keiran responded by showing his very worst side. During the last days in our shared apartment, I was forbidden to use electricity and water, and when I packed my bags, he closely monitored what I took with me.

But I believe in karma, and karma is a bitch when she strikes back.

Just a few months later, Keiran got the shit beaten out of him. It was after a soccer match where he played on Vinnie Jones' Hollywood Allstars team. Apparently, he had started talking shit with someone on the other team. Before someone put a stop to the fight, Keiran had gotten his jaw broken in three places. Classic Keiran. He just never could keep his mouth shut.

I'm not one to advocate violence, but if I'd had the strength I would

honestly have done the same thing a long time ago.

For Keiran, the fight ended with three months of metal plates in his mouth and his jaw wired shut. Not exactly a sexy look for porn.

A little devil inside me was tempted to text him and ask what it's like to have the shit beat out of you. Doesn't feel so nice, does it?

But I'm not like that. I'm not a bitch. So instead I just wrote: "Get well soon."

Being bitter won't get you anywhere. Better to focus on yourself and your own well-being.

But it was a tough period that followed. Especially when I found out that the girl he was rumored to be cheating with – something he had vehemently denied to me – moved in with him a week after I moved out.

Luckily, I had Nikki and Sandy by my side.

So, about Sandy. I'd like to end this chapter on the bright side and write a little about my adorable Sandy.

Sandy and I met for the first time at Cheesecake Factory, each over our own slice of thousand-calorie dessert. She was a newly arrived porn star from Budapest, and my immediate impression of her was, "what a fucking cool chick!". She radiated so much happiness, she was so cheerful and open, and the first thing she said to me was:

"My God, you're so pretty! We've got to take pictures together!"

How often do you hear that? And how hot was she, too? I couldn't stop staring at her ass. I knew straight off that I wanted to have her, and her ass, in my life. Right away, immediately!

Not long after, we got the chance to film together for the first time. It was a lesbian scene where Sandy, Sandee Westgate and I played strippers who got so horny at the strip club that we had to lock ourselves in a private room and have wild sex with each other.

That's when I got to experience a new side of Sandy: the passionate and sexual side that gets into a scene one hundred percent. She's a genius with her fingers and tongue, and when she looked up at me with her face buried between my legs, it felt like 'wow – she's really making love to me. She wants to eat me up – or at least eat up my insides.'

Since then, we've worked together and partied together a ton, and we always have an amazing time.

Sandy and Nikki, what would I do without you guys?

Porn star vs. relationship

Now, dear readers, you know all about my dead-end relationships. I've been an open book – not surprising, after all, this is my book!

Anyway, if I had to guess, I bet right now you're wondering: is it even possible to have a relationship when you're a porn star?

My answer: it sure is fucking hard. There are a few couples in the industry who have managed to make it work. But it takes two completely non-jealous people in a completely open sexual relationship.

I mean, I like to suck cock and fuck in front of the camera. I can even get pleasure from it, and have an orgasm. Otherwise I wouldn't have chosen this profession. But – it's not love.

People have a remarkable tendency to confuse love and sex. Just because I'm fucking a guy on camera doesn't automatically mean I'm in or will fall in love with him.

Keiran, who is a porn star himself, should have understood that. But as soon as it's a question of your own partner, jealousy and control issues enter the picture no matter how hard you pretend they won't.

And a jealous porn star in a relationship with another porn star is simply impossible.

On the other hand, it's at least equally as hard, if not harder, for a porn star to be in a relationship with someone outside the industry.

Just imagine: you're sitting in your office and for a moment your thoughts drift away to your partner and what he or she is doing right now. But of course, you probably don't want to know. You'd rather push it out of your mind, because your partner is a hard-working porn star who is shooting a scene today. Later in the evening, you'll see your partner at home. He or she will be completely drained from a hard day at work. Would you ask how her/his day at work was? Or instead, try to convince yourself it's just a job, it's just a job...

In LA there are plenty of “mixed” relationships, usually ones where the girl is the porn star, and the guy a “civilian”. These guys sometimes get the less-than-flattering label as a “suitcase pimp” because they comfortably choose to live off the girl (Rex was a classic example).

The guys' reasoning goes something like this: if I let you sleep with other guys, it's only fair for you to pay for my living expenses. They take advantage of the girl's guilty conscience. She makes bank, he suffers. So

she's got to take care of him.

So, could I see myself giving up my career if I met Mr. Right?

I really don't know (well, yeah, if Quentin Tarantino were the one doing the asking).

I love my job. So why should I have to give up my career to get a man? And can he really be called Mr. Right if he demands that from me? I tend to think he should take me as I am. Or take me from behind, whichever.

But still, I understand the problem. Other people's reactions. Comments like "I jerked off to your girlfriend yesterday".

I'm sure a lot of guys dream of being able to boast to their friends that they're dating a porn star. But what then? Bragging about seeing a porn star is one thing. Taking her home to meet the parents is quite another.

I'm thirty-six now. When I started out in the industry, I thought I would quit the moment I turned thirty-five.

But the thing is, I don't really feel like quitting. I still fucking love my job. I'm in demand. And compared to some of the hottest porn stars in the States right now – 53-year-old Deauxma and 43-year-old Julia Ann, to name two – I'm practically a spring chicken.

So my new promise is to keep at it as long as I'm having fun and as long as people want to keep booking me.

I'm sure one day I'll find Mr. or Ms. Right. But I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

CELEBRITY SCANDAL EXTRA EDITION!

Celebs and porn stars go together like peas and carrots. No one knows this better than Puma, and in this chapter she offers up plenty of juicy details on Swedish soccer pros, TV personalities and British child stars.

My soccer star.

I often think of him when I'm at home in Stockholm and catch a glimpse of the hideous 1970s eyesore that is the Scandic Sergel Plaza Hotel above Sergel's Torg, right in the city center.

It was there, in one of the hundreds of identically furnished rooms, that we used to meet up.

The Scandic Sergel Plaza, you must know, is the ideal venue for sketchy, secret meetings (remember that tip next time you're up to no good in Stockholm). A large lobby with a bar; always lots of people milling around. It's easy to slip into an elevator without passing by a reception desk staffed by service-obsessed automatons with a phony greeting at the ready for everyone and everything.

My soccer star wouldn't take that risk.

We had a routine: first he would send a friend to the Scandic Sergel Plaza to take care of check-in and pick up the keycard.

Later in the evening, my soccer star would pick me up in town with his car. Afterwards, we drove straight to the hotel garage and took the elevator up to the room.

On one occasion, when my soccer star had been drinking, we met near the reception desk. He wanted me to stand just to the right of the elevators. It was essential that the number of seconds we spent together in public was kept to an absolute minimum. Under no circumstances did my soccer star want to go around looking for me.

And I get that, considering his bizarre choice of clothing: a hoodie with a turned-up collar and dark shades. Really discreet, no raising any eyebrows with that one!

I always found his cautionary measures to be a bit extreme. Okay, he was one of the most famous soccer players in Sweden, as well as a professional player in a well-known European team. But shit, we weren't exactly the stuff

of Brangelina. The guy wasn't even married.

The first time we met was during a night out on Stureplan, Stockholm's epicenter of parties and fancy clubs, where we were introduced by a mutual friend. We shook hands ("his handshake is almost as firm as mine," I remember thinking) and exchanged a few pleasantries. Nothing more than that. If I recall correctly, I had already spotted a few potential fucks for the night and didn't want to waste any more time with some soccer pro – famous or not.

A month later, the phone rang. Private number, of course. I was so fucking tired of private numbers. Every time I go home to Stockholm, I receive a steady stream of private number calls from idiots who don't understand the concept of a one-night stand.

"Hey Puma, it's (soccer star)", came the slow, expectant voice on the other end.

"Yeah, I bet it is! Wanna fuck?" I answered, totally convinced that I was taking to a friend playing a prank.

"No, really – it's me! We met recently, don't you remember?" the voice tried to jog my memory.

"It's quite possible that I met (soccer star). But I don't believe that you're him. Send a picture of yourself if you want to convince me."

As soon as I said that, I realized anyone can do a Google image search, so I quickly added:

"And I have to see today's date in the picture somehow."

About a minute later, my phone beeped. Yep, no doubt about it, there was the soccer star in the picture, holding up that day's copy of the Swedish newspaper *Aftonbladet*. It looked like the kind of photo a kidnapper sends to prove his victims are still alive.

I couldn't help but laugh, thinking about the soccer star sitting there posing with a copy of *Aftonbladet* in front of his chest, just to prove his own identity.

The phone rang, interrupting my thoughts. It was the soccer star again, asking if I received the picture. We chatted for a few minutes, and it was very clear what he had in mind.

A romantic three-course dinner with spiritual conversation and a bottle of wine? I don't think so. Instead, he went straight to the point and asked if I wanted to come by his hotel room later to drink champagne.

I like getting straight to the point, you know that. I like adventures and I like champagne. And the only three-course-means I'm interested in consist of

candy, chips and ice cream.

So I said yes.

I remember it was a warm summer evening and that the champagne was chilling in the ice bucket when I showed up at the soccer star's room at the Scandic Sergel Plaza for the first time.

The soccer star looked hot. I liked his hard, masculine features and shaved head. Too bad he seemed like such a wholesome Swedish boy.

But it turned out that his wholesome image was just a front.

Because as soon as the clothes came off, another side of him came out. My soccer star may have been macho on the soccer field, but in the bedroom with me, he wanted to be submissive. No problem – I'm at my best when I get to dominate. So I tied him up tight. The next time we saw each other, I brought out the whip. And sometimes I happened to stick some things up his ass. I had to watch out though, not to leave any visible marks anywhere on his body. He was also into roleplaying. He especially liked it when I put on my police uniform and showed him a little police brutality.

So yeah, we had fun together, my soccer star and I. All that sneaking around made things extra exciting, and the thrill was intense. And he was good in bed – he really knew how to let loose and let go of his inhibitions.

But we both knew it was a temporary thing. That was clear from the start. He had his career in a European soccer team, and I had my career in LA. We just happened to both have a couple of weeks off during a summer in Sweden.

After our last meeting at Scandic Sergel Plaza, we've seen each other out a few times. We just nod discreetly to each other. We have a silent understanding: this stays between us.

So I'm sorry, but you'll have to continue living with the curiosity. I'm not going to out him by saying his name.

During the recent years of his career, my soccer pro has been playing in some far-off country that no one cares about. But when his face turns up in the paper, I always see him in front of me in bed at the Scandic Sergel Plaza.

Or, more accurately: I see him from behind. As I fuck him with a strap-on.

Porn stars and celebrities. Two bizarre creatures from either side of the Hollywood Hills. We've been hanging out for a few decades now, drawn

together like magnets.

The good old eighties and nineties — shit, I wish I'd been around then. At that time, you could barely find an LA rock star who didn't have a porn star girlfriend. Traci Lords and Slash from Guns'N'Roses were the number one porn star/rock star couple. Mötley Crüe's Tommy Lee was the most prolific, hooking up with no fewer than three porn stars: Jenna Jameson, Jesse Jane and Stefani Morgan.

The rock star and the porn star were a match made in heaven. They boosted each other's egos and became even more decadent as a couple. Sex, drugs and rock'n'roll to the third power. They lived their lives outside societal norms and made no effort to hide it. On the contrary. The porn star fucked at work, the rock star fucked groupies after work. In between, they fucked each other. No biggie – everything was completely open.

Soon other bad boys followed in the footsteps of the LA rock stars: Charlie Sheen started a longterm relationship with Ginger Lynn (and later switched to Capri Anderson and Bree Olsen), Bruce Willis threw himself at Alisha Klass, Marilyn Manson hooked up with Jenna Jameson and Stoya, Jonathan Davis from Korn married Deven Davis, and Vince Neil copied his band mate Tommy Lee and filmed a “personal” sex tape with porn starlet Janine LinDemulder.

The pull of attraction between celebrities and porn stars has not gone away since then. Boys will always be boys, and a lot of boys fantasize about sex with porn stars. The difference between boys and celebrities is that the latter can make their fantasies a reality.

But the wild years are over. These days, celebrities are not as willing to be open about their porn star conquests.

Instead, they make discreet requests and require confidentiality agreements.

When a member of Bon Jovi's band asked to meet me last year while he was in LA for a gig, he didn't call me himself. Too bad, because that would've been really cool (and the story might've ended totally differently). Instead, his request came through someone who knows someone who knew me.

It was just about as tempting as the offer I got to go and fuck some prince in a far off county for thirty thousand dollars.

I turned down both the prince and the guy from Bon Jovi.

Of course, the entertainment industry is more business-oriented these days,

and Bon Jovi's sponsors might not appreciate a band member having a fling with Puma Swede. Still, dare to admit that you want to fuck a porn star. Don't make it a bigger deal than it needs to be. Because after all, once you break it down, it's just two people having sex.

"Relax, it's just sex," as Larry Flint says.

But until celebs learn to relax again, we have to deal with having sex while a secrecy agreement rests on the nightstand. I signed one of those myself last year after starting a sexual relationship with a former member of probably one of the biggest girl bands in history and her halfway-famous boyfriend.

The girl band star and I met for the first time at an event in Hollywood. For once I was a little star struck when I saw her in the crowd, so just to have an excuse to go up and talk to her, I pretended to be a tourist wanting to take a picture. We chatted for a moment and some kind of chemistry must have arisen because we exchanged phone numbers and a couple of weeks later I was invited back to her place. The night ended with the two of us having sex while her boyfriend sat beside us beating off.

Since then, all three of us have had sex, and sometimes her boyfriend calls when he's in the mood for phone sex. I'm awesome at that. He usually comes after about two minutes.

At an early stage, the confidentiality agreement arrived with a polite request for my signature on the last page. If I say one word about our sexual relationship to the gossip rags, it's going to cost me all I own – and much, much more. That's what the contract implies. And that's all right with me. Sure, plenty of people would be tempted to sell the story to a tabloid. But I'm not interested. For me, it's enough to watch an old music video of the girl's band and imagine my face between her legs.

On the other hand, there was no one thrusting a confidentiality agreement in my face when I hooked up with one of America's most famous male models – and a regular in the gossip press – at actor Jamie Foxx' Grammy pre-party last year.

It was going to be a killer event, everyone was there. Since we porn stars are good at bringing the party, I was definitely on the guest list.

I spotted supermodel in the crowd from far away. Super hot. After a couple of Jack & Cokes, I felt ready to go up and introduce myself. And hopefully end up having sex with him.

So I walked up and we started chatting. There was zero chemistry between

us. The model wasn't exactly a rocket scientist, if you know what I mean. He didn't even understand what a catch I was. I mean, you might be a hot piece of supermodel ass, but if you don't get how amazing I am, you're clearly not very bright ... Anyway, I didn't want to waste any more time, so I asked him to show me where the bathrooms were.

The supermodel responded with a blank expression.

"Ehh, sure," he finally uttered.

The bathrooms were separated from the rest of the party, so there weren't many people around us. That was just perfect for what I was planning to do. Without saying a word, I pulled him into the bathroom, locked the door and unbuttoned his pants. I nodded approvingly to myself – it certainly looked promising. The supermodel had perfectly toned abs – and a super nice cock. Bending down on my knees in front of him, I suddenly had one of those "wow" moments. You know – "I can't believe I'm here, in a bathroom – with him, sucking his cock!" What the not-so-bright model was thinking at that moment, on the other hand, I have no idea. But his confused expression told me that he still hadn't grasped what was going on.

I love testing people's boundaries, and in my eagerness to find out how long it would take to cross his, I let my tongue find its way to the posterior regions. At first, the supermodel seemed to like the idea of me "tossing his salad", so he willingly spread his legs. But suddenly it was as if the whole thing had become too much for him. After he blew his load, he appeared even more confused than before.

But I wasn't yet done with the supermodel, not by a long shot. I saw an opportunity for some actual supermodel penetration in the future so I bluntly asked:

"You wanna fuck sometime?"

The supermodel just stared at me, saying nothing.

I waited three long and painful seconds for a response before giving up.

"Okay, I take it you don't want to see me again, so I'll go now."

A no is a no. It has no effect on my self-esteem. Not everyone wants to sleep with me, even though I sometimes think that.

I unlocked the bathroom door and took a quick glance at the supermodel. He stood there buttoning his jeans, still wearing a confused expression.

As problematic as it is for the boys from Bon Jovi to be seen with me public, things are even more hush-hush among Swedish celebrities.

I've already talked about my soccer star's rigorous safety precautions.

Come to think of it: is there a single Swedish celebrity who would dare introduce me as his new girlfriend?

Somehow, I doubt it.

But fucking is okay with them.

And that's exactly what I did with a high profile personality from Sweden's most popular Friday evening show on channel TV4.

The very scared Swedish TV personality and I started out as a fuckbuddy thing that lasted just over a year. We actually became friends and would hang out casually, but not too publicly... We did dinners, went to movies, had a weekend in Prague and he even came out to some parties with my friends. The rules were unspoken and no agreements were signed, but it was very clear that he didn't want to be seen with me out in Stockholm. (Just fucking, that's it.). Hanging in LA is one thing, but Stockholm was a little too risky.

Fine by me – at least in the beginning.

The TV personality was a decent guy, a little flashy and always rattling off his grandiose career plans.

During one of his visits to LA, I invited over a few of my porn star girlfriends to join us in bed. The TV personality was as happy as little kid. Must have been a lifelong sex fantasy being lived out right then and there.

The TV personality and I are still occasionally in contact, and when I told him I was writing a book about my life, his first reaction wasn't "oh cool" or some word of encouragement. Instead, he just said:

"You cannot mention my name anywhere!"

Do I sound bitter?

Fuck no! Evidently, the TV personality goes around thinking his career would be over if it came out he was friends with Puma Swede.

I personally think he is taking his stardom a little bit too seriously. And I honestly think it would only boost his cred if it came out that he was banging me.

On the other hand, things would be a little touchier if I revealed the name of the popular – and married – former child star who is constantly calling me at night with vivid, imaginary descriptions of fucking me. Before one visit to LA, he even wanted me to help him find some coke.

Sorry Mr. Child Star, but I've been out of dealing business for ages.

Like I said. I think these celebrities are being a little ridiculous, but I still don't want to reveal names. If you want to know who they are, you'll have to

become a fly on the wall sometime when Nikki, Sandy and I get together for a catch-up session. Celebrity sex and horny stars is always a hot topic of conversation. We tell each other everything, and share with each other the texts and photos sent to us by more or less famous people. Like the amazing photo of my soccer star posing with *Aftonbladet* – I'm never going to delete that one. Others send pictures of their dicks. Trying to impress me, I guess. Or maybe as a precautionary measure. A celebrity dick doesn't have the same power of recognition as a celebrity face.

Too bad George Clooney hasn't sent a photo yet.

Or why not Prince Carl Philip of Sweden? Although I guess it would be easier to hit on his dirty old Dad.

One thing is for sure: there's more to come.

I haven't bagged my last celebrity by a long shot.

Me and David Hasselhoff in the car park



PUSSY POWER

Everyone listen up, Puma has something important to say. About pussy power, and a woman's right to be a slut. “It's time to reclaim the word ‘slut!’” suggests the queen of sluts in the most important manifesto of the year.

Being a girl is no fucking walk in the park.

Why do we girls make life so difficult for each other?

It starts as early as preschool, if not sooner. Girls have a hard time working together in groups if there's not an even number that allows us to pair up, two by two. A few years later you can see the first signs of different leadership styles, and the kindergarten version of social exclusion:

“If she's going to be around, then I'm not playing.”

Boys, on the other hand, may have their conflicts, but they're far less complicated. It's all, “let's all play together and get along.” They run around in big groups – and uneven numbers is not a problem. They agree on things. And if they don't agree, they have it out right away without any backstabbing. Less bitching, more play.

As girls grow older, envy becomes more obvious, the conflicts multiply, the social interactions meaner and more complex. Girls compare one another and look down on each other more or less openly. All other girls are potential competitors rather than friends, and the prettier a girl is, the more desperate the others are to find her flaws or figure out why the hell that bitch is so damn popular.

“How the fuck did she grow such big tits? And what a skinny waist! Who the hell does she think she is!? I bet she gives it up on the first date.”

And they top it all off with a “fucking slut” or “whore.”

What jealous, hating bitches we girls can be!

Seriously, now: why do we have such a hard time appreciating one another and giving each other compliments?

We all know how nice it feels to get a compliment, especially when it comes from another girl (I'd love to hear “God, what amazing boobs you have!” more often from the female gender. I mean, these F-cups cost a damn

fortune!)

Boys, unfortunately, are all too happy to scream out “slut” along with the girls. But is anyone surprised? Guys think with their dicks (sorry if I’m generalizing, but if you’re honest with yourself, I think you’ll agree it’s true for a lot of them). They always have, always will. Their view of gender comes from the Dark Ages: the guy is the conqueror, and there are two types of women, the Madonna and the whore.

Guys love to sleep with the “whore” at a wild party on Friday night. Then at school on Monday, they drop a little “slut” as they walk by her.

And that’s why I’ve decided: we have to reclaim that word. We have to take back the word “slut” and turn it into something desirable, elevate its status.

All praise the slut. Sluttiness must no longer be something to look down on.

And you know why? Because the slut has the power of the pink taco. Because she’s completely secure with herself and knows how to use its powers.

That’s worth our admiration.

That’s pussy power.

And I know what I’m talking about. I’ve slept with half the city of Stockholm (and I’m exaggerating only a little). But I’ve never been ashamed of it – on the contrary. I slept around for the sole reason that I was horny, and I wasn’t even trying to hide it.

And because I’ve always owned my horniness, I’ve never been called a slut in a negative sense, not now, and not during my Stockholm days.

“Slut” isn’t effective as an insult in my case. It’s completely meaningless to call me that, because it runs off my back like water. “Yeah, I want to have sex with lots of people. So what?” When you put it that way, people usually shut up.

That’s why I have this message for all you girls. You guys might as well listen up too.

Break the rules, and act like a guy. Go ahead and steal their mentality. Be proud of getting laid, and share your experiences. High-five each other when you’ve hooked up with three guys in one weekend. Get yourself a fuck diary. Compete over who can get laid the most. Go out and pick up guys together and split them up amongst yourselves. Sharing is caring. Or as Sandy and I like to say: “Share ‘em, pass ‘em around, fuck ‘em and then toss ‘em.”

Understand that The Pussy is Power.

Of course it's up to every girl to decide whether – or how – to use her pussy power. But don't be afraid to admit that you like sex. Take pride in being a slut. And don't look down at the slut that puts out just to get to the front of the line at a club or get free drinks at the bar. Instead, ask yourself why you let that bother you.

And above all: encourage and compliment each other – “my God, what a hot slut you are!” – and set aside all the bitchiness and envy.

If we girls all support one another, it will be much easier to go out and face the world as a self-proclaimed slut.

So, my friends, fans and haters, thank you for listening. I'm sure this is the closest to a political manifesto you're ever going to get from me.

I'm convinced that tons of girls will stand behind me in the fight for our right to be a slut – and you guys, men and dads should support us too!

Whatever your opinion, I'm sure we can agree on one thing: everyone is entitled to have as much sex as they want. Deal?

Let's say yes to sexuality and sluttiness.

And don't forget who has the power.

Pussy power!

Puma's List:

Ten steps to a sluttier world

1. 1. Step into the ring of action instead of enviously watching from the bleachers.
2. 2. Being a slut is a good thing, remember that. That means that you can have a lot of sex. And sex releases tons of endorphins. Something all the bitchy girls out there could really use a massive dose of.
3. 3. Get together with other sluts around you. Have fun together, encourage and compliment each other. Compete for who can fuck around the most.
4. 4. Never hide the fact that you're a slut. Be proud of it. That way, anyone calling you a slut is just pointing out the obvious and doesn't have the power to bring you down.
5. 5. Be the first to bring up the weekend's conquests. If you catch the guy you fucked trashing you or your willingness to fuck, tell everyone he has

a smaller dick than your five-year-old brother. Trust me, a girl's anxiety over a few extra pounds has nothing on a guy's insecurity about his penis size.

6. If you're horny – take the initiative. Dare to ask for what you want. Don't get caught up in hinting about meeting for coffee or some other massive waste of your time. It's much more fun to swallow sperm. It doesn't taste half bad – as long as the guy didn't eat asparagus for lunch – and it's full of protein.
7. Go out in a pack. Instead of being jealous, invite your hottest girlfriends to go out hunting for guys. Sure, one of them might steal the hottest guy, but you can gorge yourself on the leftovers (not a bad idea – cute guys often have cute friends).
8. Break the rules. Life isn't just about finding a life partner, getting married, having kids and Board Game Night. Get out and sleep around instead. Live your life!
9. Don't confuse sex and love. Sex is a basic instinct. Love is companionship and feelings on a deeper level with someone special.
10. Understand the power of the pussy, and use it for all it's worth.

TAKE ‘EM AS THEY COME

Still very single indeed, Puma challenges herself to a Fall of Fucking, and continues to party more than ever. Will Puma ever grow up? Forget about it! Once a slut, always a slut.

Not that I have any clue what it’s like to come back to work after maternity leave. But that’s how I felt like.

With Keiran – and his need for control – out of my life, I could start working again, for real this time, without his rules and without being restricted to a list of boyfriend-approved cock.

My agent Robert rubbed his hands together, visibly pleased. My no-list was now down to an all-time low of seven. Among the job offers pouring in, I agreed to shoot anal, boy-boy-girl and take on some of the biggest dicks in the industry (unthinkable under Keiran’s iron fist).

I was back in business.

At the same time, the crisis in the porn biz was rearing its ugly head. Many of the smaller production companies could no longer afford my fee. Sorry, dudes, but no amount of negotiating and bargaining was going to convince me to fuck at a discount. Lower your fee just once and it’s over – word gets out immediately. You have to think smart. I prefer to have a handful of well-paid fucks than an endless stream of budget bangs. That’s my motto.

2011 was such a year of change that I actually started going to the gym. That was a bigger step for me than you can even imagine.

It took several attempts before Sandy was able to convince me. Sandy, the health freak who divides her daytime between the gym, work and the hopeless job of being my life coach. I brushed off all her well-intentioned arguments to convince me that “it’s important to get exercise and stay in shape after thirty. We’re not getting any younger, Puma.”

When nothing else worked, Sandy pulled out her trump card:

“There are lots of hot guys at my gym.”

I signed up the next day.

And Sandy was so right. The eye candy factor at the gym was off the charts. My fitness level was, too – so low it didn’t even register. I mostly sat around on some leg machine pretending to work out while I ogled the muscle heads who stood there grunting and dripping with sweat.

It took exactly two weeks before I had stirred up my first gym fuck. I know, that's kind of a long time for a Puma, but it was worth the wait. I took him home and I got a better workout in my bed than I ever did on the elliptical.

So thanks, Sandy!

During my first seven months of singlehood, I lived with Nikki in her three-bedroom apartment in Studio City. That was an unforgettable time. Two of Hollywood's oldest teenagers under the same roof... need I say more?

Both of us worked our asses off, but when we managed to sync up our days off, we always found an excuse – or ten – to party. Because we were worth it.

To be honest, having a roommate suited me just fine, social creature that I am. I've always got something important to talk about. But still – I had passed the thirty-four mark. Maybe it was time to get a place of my own? At least pretend to be a grown-up? I didn't want to end up as a homeless porn star in the midst of a midlife crisis.

One of the advantages of living in LA is that it's never hard to find a place. So when I got off my bony ass and starting driving around looking for 'for rent' signs, it didn't take long before I'd found my new home. A freshly renovated one-bedroom apartment in Encino, right at the entrance to the Valley. As luck would have it, in the exact same building as Sandy.

"The apartment has an amazing kitchen, perfect for cooking," the building manager pointed out during the viewing.

"Excellent," I thought as I counted on one hand how many times I'd cooked dinner since moving to LA. Uhh... maybe twice? Certainly not more than three. There had been moments of culinary ambition, of running into Whole Foods and coming out with five paper bags filled with healthy grub and big plans to be a star in the kitchen like Sandy. But things ended the same way every time. The groceries sat untouched in the fridge for a few weeks until they started developing new colors and aromas and Marlena had to throw it all out.

Next, the agent showed me the walk-in closet. Now we were talking. It was almost as big as the bedroom.

I mean, seriously, who gives a fuck about a kitchen when there's Taco Bell? But a walk-in closet – there's the meaning of life. That did it for me. I signed the papers, we shook hands, and I moved in that week.

And I promised myself: this time I wasn't going to let any guy, no matter how charming or horny, move in and disturb my peace.

I hate routines. They make me feel closed in. Routines make me think about how, as a twenty-two-year-old, I almost got stuck in Sweden with a boring nine-to-five and a Volvo. Shit, imagine if things had stayed that way. You would have never gotten to see me in action. Or gotten to enjoy this book. That's a pretty scary thought, isn't it?

But there's one routine I can't get avoid, and I wouldn't want to, either.

That's my regular HIV/STD test; we do it every two weeks now.

All American porn stars – an estimated twelve hundred or so – have to do it. Sandy and I usually go together to Cutting Edge Testing in Sherman Oaks, a clinic that specializes in testing porn stars. Their tests are currently the only ones accepted by film studios and production companies, and you get your results the very next day.

Aside from HIV, they also test for chlamydia, syphilis and gonorrhea.

We always have to carry the paper with our negative test results with us when shooting before we can let loose in front of the camera. The test can be no more than fourteen days old. If one day more has elapsed, you might as well put your clothes back on and go home. The rules are set in stone.

I've been in the porn industry for seven years, which means I've done an endless number of HIV/STD tests. But no matter how often I do it, I always feel a gnawing sense of anxiety between leaving my blood and urine samples at the clinic and receiving my test results 24 hours later.

As soon as I see the email in my inbox, open it and see a check in the 'Negative' box, I can exhale. But if instead of an email, you get a phone call... I don't even want to think about it!

I have my little tricks to keep things purring down there. I always douche with water and apple cider vinegar after each job. Then I take a couple of natural "pussy health" supplements to restore the pH balance, in case it happens to be off.

Although, no matter how often you test, you can't avoid the fact that there are STD's out there, especially when you're having unprotected sex with numerous partners at work.

During my years in the States, the porn industry has been affected by two

outbreaks of HIV. In both cases, it spread through guys who worked with both men and women.

In the 2010 HIV case, it was easy to track down the guy and put together a quarantine list, since all the American porn performers went to get tested at the same place, the Adult Industry Medical Clinic (AIM).

There was just one problem. The very moment AIM shared its quarantine lists with us, they broke every possible law of confidentiality, which resulted in the clinic being sued by the state, receiving astronomical fines, and eventually being shut down.

It didn't help that the entire industry came to their defense. Shit, we even organized parties to support the clinic and donated money to AIM (see, we porn stars have good hearts!). The fast action taken by the clinic had only helped us out.

But it was pointless. The state refused to listen to a few thousand measly porn workers.

Last year's HIV outbreak was more of a clusterfuck – no pun intended. Because our tests were spread out at various clinics, it was harder to track down the source and place potential disease carriers in quarantine. Instead of actual information, tons of rumors were circulating and no one had an idea whether they were true.

The whole industry shut down for two weeks waiting to hear the results. Like just about everyone else, I mostly sat at home doing cam shows during that time (it's nice when your bed is your home office). When everything had calmed down and everyone been re-tested, we were rolling again. There were scenes to be filmed, holes to be filled.

As a direct result of the most recent HIV case, the authorities managed to push through a condom law for films made in LA County (in other places, like Orange County, however, it's still possible to film without a condom).

The production companies went nuts and demanded to meet with the authorities. "This is the end of the porn film as we know it," they said, outraged. Once again the protests were in vain.

For me, the condom law seems like a pretty smart idea. On the one hand, I'm none too thrilled about fucking through Latex, but on the other hand, it reduces the risk of infection close to 100 percent.

The viewers don't want to see a condom on the screen, the industry insists. And some of the male actors complain about the decision, insisting that a condom ruins their erection. And yet, as a male actor recently Tweeted: "If

you can't put on a condom during a shoot, what the hell do you use for protection when you're fucking off camera?"

He makes a pretty good point.

Not entirely unexpectedly, Ron Jeremy, that old veteran, was the one who fought the hardest to skip the condom during the filming of "Rocki Whore Picture Show" (even though Wicked, the studio that produced the film, has been a pioneer and had enforced an obligatory condom rule for all their films for a number of years already). Ron's argument was that he had been tested just the day before.

Sorry, Ron. No exceptions – not even for legends.

Now that Nikki and I were no longer roommates, we came up with a new tradition: afternoon lattes at the Weirdo Starbucks, our favorite haunt on Ventura Boulevard. We saw each other at least once a week to make sure we got an adequate dose of gossip and catching up.

The Weirdo Starbucks earned its name thanks to the high number of eccentrics and freaks, a.k.a. Starbucks Weirdos, who spent their days there. That suited Nikki and me just fine. We blended right in and happily upped the freak count.

During our latte meetings at the Weirdo Starbucks, we covered classic coffee topics, like work:

"Filming in Miami on Monday really sucked."

"Why's that?"

"First I had to sit around waiting for three hours. Then the dude came in my hair."

"Shit! I hate getting sperm in my hair. It's almost as bad as gum."

"I heard peanut butter should work to get gum out of hair. Do you think that would work with dried cum, too?"

"It's worth a try. What if that was the solution to the whole sperm-in-the-hair problem?"

Or travel:

"How was San Francisco this weekend?"

"Fucking awesome. Gold Club is always amazing."

"Did you make any money?"

"Totally. On Saturday I gave five private lap dances. One guy shelled out a

grand for one song.”

“Wow, you really know how to negotiate.”

“I know – sometimes it’s almost a little too easy.”

And don’t forget men:

“My old fuck buddy started texting me again. He does the old sad puppy dog thing – you know, ‘we had such a good time together, I miss you so much.’”

“They never give up, do they?”

“But he does have a pretty nice cock. Check out this photo.”

“Holy shit! Is it cool if I borrow him for a while, since you’re done with him anyway?”

That very September afternoon, the conversation had turned to my dry spell. I had been single for more than three months. Unbelievable. I should have had a cruise ship buffet of delicious boy toys lined up for me by this point.

But that was exactly the problem. Things weren’t working out very well on the off-work sex front.

“What the fuck am I supposed to do?” I sighed, thinking of all the lame LA boys I’d met recently. Those guys had been good for one thing and one thing only: bragging about everything they owned and dropping names of all the famous people they supposedly knew. To me, there’s nothing more unattractive than bragging. Such a turnoff! I need a wild man who can make me laugh and challenge me in my crazy exploits – and that’s not so easy to find.

Where were these wild men? Had they packed up and moved to Pittsburgh? Or was it possible that I was missing out on the good ones by going out and partying? Maybe I spent too much time dancing topless on the sofa in the naive hope of getting down some hip-hop moves despite the total lack of rhythm that came with my Finnish genes.

“Oh, you’re just going through a dry spell,” Nikki comforted me. “It’ll be over soon enough.”

I wasn’t so convinced.

Suddenly it came to us: the idea. It was so obvious, we both had to laugh. The solution to my fucking problems was right in front of our faces: a challenge.

As a former star salesgirl, I know it’s easier to get results when you have a goal. So if I issued myself a fuck challenge, it would be guaranteed

motivation to get out there and hunt. It only made sense that the more I prowled, the more fucking I would get to do.

Why hadn't I come up with this shit a long time ago?

Nikki and I bounced ideas off each other, as always a little too loudly and eagerly. The curious Starbucks weirdos turned around to stare at our table.

"Nikki, what do you think about this?" I asked. "My goal's going to be to get laid by thirty different guys before December 30th. And then I'll have a point scale for the different types of fucks. The goal will be to sleep with thirty guys or collect thirty points."

Nikki listened and nodded.

"That sounds amazing. A competition is just what you need to get back on track, you little nympho," she laughed and took the last sip of her soy latte.

"Shit, I even have an idea for the name of my challenge," I said excitedly. "30 by 30!"

Next I dug a pen and paper out of my purse and started jotting down rules and point scales. Nikki took on the role of judge and point police.

To be honest, we disagreed on a few things. For example, I thought "father and son" should have been worth more points, considering how difficult it was to pull off. I mean, how often does that happen? On the other hand, it's not hard (pun intended) to find men over seventy to have sex with. But in the end, we agreed on the following scale:

Sex with a girl: $\frac{1}{2}$ point

Blow job: $\frac{1}{2}$ point

Sex with a guy: 1 point

Guy/girl threesome: 2 points

Guy/guy threesome: 3 points

Sex with father and son: 4 points

Sex with a man/woman over 70: 4 points.

Special rules: the same person couldn't be counted for points more than once, and anyone I'd fucked previously or had sex with for work didn't count either.

And there it was! Our "30 by 30" game was ready to roll.

"What the fuck are you waiting for? Get out there and go hunting," Nikki said with a wave of her hand.

I gathered up my things and stood up from the table. I was three sheets to

the wind. And they were about to get a nice big wet spot.

This Puma's hunting instinct had awokened from its winter slumber.

I get lots of email from my fans. Tons of it, actually. And I really love being in contact with them. I would be nothing without my fans, and that's why I want to give back. The least I can do is try to write back to as many people who get in touch with me as I can.

Most people who write to me are sweet as can be. Young boys beg me to take their virginity, older guys send pictures of their cock and describe what they want to do with me. I also get a lot of mail from people just looking for a little contact or wanting to pay me a compliment. And then there are the sex questions – massive amounts of them. A little further along in the book in the chapter "Puma's Got Mail", I've collected a sampling of questions and answers for your reading pleasure.

A lot of people are curious about the porn industry and want to know everything from gossip about my porn star buddies to how to cum on command. Some people have done their research, others ask the same standard questions. And that's when I realize which myths and preconceptions are stubbornly holding on year after year.

So that's why I thought I'd clear up the five most common myths about the porn world. Let's air some dirty laundry.

PUMA'S LIST:

The Top 5 Tired Old Preconceptions about the Porn World

1. All female porn stars come from a broken past filled with abuse and sexual assault.

So wrong! You'll find just as many girls with a broken past in the supermarket line as in the porn industry. This is the most common preconception about girls in the porn industry, and I don't understand why it's so persistent. Is the Linda Lovelace syndrome still on people's minds? It almost feels like people want us porn girls to be unhappy, disease-carrying

addicts being fucked against our wills by satanic reptilian beasts with mutant cocks. People just seem to have trouble accepting the fact that most of us just love our job. In any case, there's no truth whatsoever to this one. During my years in the industry I've only heard of two girls who had a difficult past and were victims of sexual abuse.

2. The porn industry is teeming with drugs. All actors take drugs to cope with their jobs.

Nope, it's not teeming with drugs at all. Of course, I've seen the occasional joint passed around on set, but nothing more than that. Some porn stars may have gotten hooked on harder drugs – it is LA, after all – but they usually end up dropping out. Nobody wants to work with someone with drug problems, since that means showing up late, runny noses and no-shows. Those of us who are true professionals don't need drugs – we love our job.

3. All porn stars are horny 24/7 and are diagnosed nymphomaniacs or sex addicts

True and false, I would say. Of course, many porn stars are extra horny people. I personally have been called a nymphomaniac numerous times, and yeah, there may be some truth to that. But we aren't sex machines. Believe me, even porn stars have their bad days, and that's when we have to fall back on our acting talent. Of course, for guys, it's a little harder to pretend to be turned on. But in those situations it's okay to pop a Viagra, even though no one does it openly. You know, the male ego ... Guys would rather die than admit that their erection isn't organic and 100% free from pharmaceutical assistance.

4. Fake sperm is often used for cum shots in porn

Mostly false. The fake sperm sometimes comes out when stills are being shot before the actual scene, since no one wants to waste the real thing. On the other hand, it's very uncommon to use fake sperm during filming. I've only experienced it twice, when a guy pretended to come in my pussy and my mouth. Fake sperm is usually made of lotion or Malibu Rum. I prefer the latter – nothing wrong with a free buzz on the job.

5. All porn stars have sexually transmitted diseases

Even though we get tested twice a month, the stupid myth remains that we

porn stars are full of STD's. I'd like everyone to know it's quite the opposite. It's safer to fuck a porn star than someone who's out getting picked up at bars every weekend. Hand over your heart: how often do you get tested? Hmm... I think I hear quite a few 'nevers'. GO GET TESTED!

2012. New year, new challenges.

I kick-started my New Year's Eve in classic Puma style with a badass threesome at the Four Seasons Hotel (more about that later).

I'm keeping my promise, and I'm still as single as it gets.

I'm writing a book about the first thirty-six years of my life.

And you know something? If someone had come up to me at the stable twenty years ago, when I was the nerdy horse girl in Tumba, and told me that in 2013 I would be publishing a book about my life, I would have shit myself. Talk about sweet revenge. I wonder how many books the other stall girls have written, especially the 'cool' ones who made fun of me for not having slept with a guy.

What else? I've put together the hottest party posse in LA along with Nikki, Sandy and Diana Doll from Slovakia, another hot blonde porn star. Together, we are the Fab 4. Or the porn world's answer to "Sex and the City."

Club owners love us. They know the crowd-drawing power of four wild porn stars who swear by the motto "as little clothing as possible — and a killer pair of heels".

Now that I think about it, someone should really make a TV series about us (note to self: get on the phone with Bravo). I mean, four funny, sexy porn stars who all are friends, with wildly different personalities – it doesn't get any more TV-ready than that.

There's badass Nikki with her supercharged "Benz power", who no one would ever dare say no to (especially not the poor DJ's she's demanding to play more hip hop). There's luscious Sandy, luring in classy male specimens using LA's most decadent ass. Diana, the huge flirt who ends up with new phone numbers after just about every night out. And then there's me, usually half-naked trying to out-party myself, and I only consider the night complete when I've found somebody to fuck. And the best part is, I don't even get kicked out of clubs anymore. Ah, the sweet smell of VIP – Very Important

Pussy... No matter how often I climb into the DJ booth topless or grab some hot guy by the cock on the dance floor, there's always someone more powerful than the bouncers to quickly come forward and defend me from attempts to throw me out.

Before every Fab 4 gathering, the stream of text messages looks like this:

“R U wearing a burka tonight, or dressed as a ho?”

“Ho from the waist down!”

“But Puma, Y do U even bother putting clothes on? They never stay on anyway!”

“WTF, U still have the go through the motions.”

“Anyone interested in finding a guy for a 3some 2night?”

Once we decide we look sufficiently inappropriate, we meet up for pre-gaming over dinner or drinks at the hottest bar of the moment. Sandy, the Fab 4 foodie, knows her way around the LA scene and takes care of all that. Me, I would be just as happy eating a Happy Meal. I still think 1999 was a great year for food – Big Macs for dinner all week, remember?

Wherever we go, the guys look like they'd rather eat us up than the steak sitting on their plates. And we talk so loudly that the whole place can take part in the conversation, whether it's about prolapsing assholes or commenting on a hot chick's rack.

Occasionally some unsuspecting manager will come up and politely try to get us to “tone it down” as they put it.

That's when I say:

“No, no, no. There won't be any toning it down at this table. You can tell the other customers not to listen to us.”

Once we've gotten some food down the hatch, that's when it's time to focus on the important stuff. The drinking. And partying. We usually move on to Playhouse, Greystone Manor, Sur or AV. It's hard not to notice our arrival. We're like a flock of wild pumas, four blondes who long ago removed the phrase “a mellow night out” from our vocabulary. Four blondes who want it all. Now! Immediately!

One night not too long ago at Hyde, we ended up at the same table as Pauly D from “Jersey Shore” and Connor Kidman Cruise, Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman Cruise's adopted son. As a seventeen-year-old kid, he probably shouldn't have been allowed in to Hyde, but of course special rules apply to children of megastars.

“Connor's a little down tonight. Puma, can you try to cheer him up?” the

promoter at Hyde whispered in my ear.

But of course!

“Hey Connor, how you doing?”

“I’m ok.”

Oh, fuck! How are you supposed to cheer up a moody minor? I had no fucking clue. Instead, I did the only thing that was right: I stuck his head under my shirt between my tits and asked him to motorboat me.

“Wow, thanks,” Connor said with a shy smile. Or was it shock?

Then it was time to move on. We hopped into Connor’s black BMW, Nikki and I in the backseat, Connor at the wheel and the promoter riding shotgun.

At this point, Nikki and I found ourselves in our wildest element. Knowing we needed to have a funny memory from the evening, we took our panties off and starting touching ourselves – mostly so thirty years on we could say we attempted masturbation in the backseat of Tom Cruise’s son’s car. Connor and the promoter didn’t notice a thing, despite our hysterical giggling. They were probably wrapped up in metaphysical discussion. As a little gift for Connor and his dad Tom, Nikki and I left our panties in the car.

A totally average Fab 4 evening, nothing strange about it at all.

Sometimes people ask if we porn stars party more than other people.

Not all of us, I would say. The Fab 4 holds up the party flag higher than most – we never let it fall like a limp dick.

You might say the LA porn scene consists of a bunch of different groups. Lots of people prefer to hang out at home, eat and watch movies. They get tired of all the attention – yeah, we often get recognized, proof that everyone’s watching porn! – especially when people have been drinking. That’s when everyone wants to come up and talk to us. Sure, it’s always nice to meet respectful fans, but some people act like idiots and think it’s their human right to get their hands on some porn star tits and ass. When they do that to me, I get them right back and pinch or punch – hard!

Don’t get me wrong – I don’t live in a bubble and only hang out with porn stars. Actually, I’m so open-minded I even hang out with regular actors. Take Vinnie Jones, for example, the English soccer legend who made a career switch and became a successful Hollywood actor. He’s now one of my closest friends, along with the rest of his fantastic family.

Vinnie looks a little scary and can be quite intimidating. His favorite line

is, “in my house, it’s my rules.” He’s usually dressed in golf or soccer gear. But hiding behind the trappings of a jock is a big, warm hearted guy with a great sense of humor.

Vinnie and I met through Keiran, who plays on Vinnie’s Hollywood Allstars team. When Keiran and I were going through the worst part of our relationship, Vinnie and his family were there to support me. Today we hang out so much I practically have my own room in Vinnie’s Hollywood Hills mansion.

Vinnie maintains a Sunday tradition I really love and do my best never to miss. The day starts with the Hollywood Allstars playing their soccer game, and hopefully the team wins – otherwise there’s a risk Vinnie might get cranky. He’s kind of a sore loser, to put it mildly. But no matter how the game goes, he still invites all the players and hangarounds to King’s Head in Santa Monica for beer, sandwiches and karaoke.

Then some of us head back to his place for some BBQ and more karaoke. During the meal Vinnie entertains everyone with his old soccer stories or the latest celebrity gossip.

And then there’s the most important thing of all: our poker nights.

Right now we’re in the middle of a yearlong poker tournament where twenty-some players are competing for a massive pot. Everyone is super serious about it. It’s gotten to the point that Vinnie has hired professional dealers and set up the outdoor cabana as a poker room with a custom-ordered table and markers – all with the Hollywood Allstars logo. In one corner sits the giant trophy waiting for someone to take it home at the end of the year.

At the moment, Vinnie is winning the tournament. Not surprising, considering his habit of going all-in or buying up other players’ pots to get back into the game if he’s losing. The fact that there are “no more buy ins” seems to make no difference to him.

“It’s my house, my rules” he grunts, and that’s the final word on that.

I just love getting Vinnie riled up at the poker table. I remember one late night when there were only three players left: Vinnie, me and one other person. Because Vinnie had already bought himself in several times, the pot was pretty damn huge.

I went all-in, betting everything against Vinnie.

Vinnie knows how I play, and I know how Vinnie plays. He thought I was bluffing and went all-in, too.

When the dealer laid out the fifth and last card I said nonchalantly:

“Oh, I don’t have anything.”

Vinnie looked at me, already smelling the scent of victory.

“Yeah! I knew it!” he said triumphantly, throwing down his three of a kind.

I sat there silently for a few seconds before breaking into a triumphant smile, and saying:

“Oh, by the way, I have a straight. I think that beats your three-of-a-kind.”

Vinnie’s face darkened. He was pissed. He muttered something about how my little stunt wasn’t cool poker manners. Later he tried to convince me he was just kidding, surely I understood that, right? But those of us who had been playing with Vinnie for a while knew that he doesn’t fuck around with the rules. Rules are rules, even for Vinnie...

I should add that once again, Vinnie showed what a good heart he has. Despite his disapproval of my stunt, he stayed there at the table and helped me win the whole game..

Did you think I had forgotten?

To share the results of the “30 by 30” fuck challenge?

Hell no! I just wanted to be sure I had your attention all the way to the end. So I held out a little. Because I know how badly you want to know whether Puma reached her goal.

Nikki wanted to know, too. So we met up on New Year’s Day, despite us both having a hangover from hell, at the Weirdo Starbucks to go over my conquests and count up my points.

“Shit, this hangover is not fucking around. It needs attention,” Nikki sighed. “I’ve already heard about a lot of your adventures, but entertain me while I sit here trying to recover by telling me about the most outrageous sex you had.”

“Nikki, you know me. I’ve *only* had outrageous sex!”

I sat thinking back on the fall, my Fall of Fucking. The dry spell had definitely been broken. It had been a three-month-long wet spell of wild, lame and awesome fucking.

But of course, there were some experiences that stood out a little more than others.

So I started to tell Nikki about them.

“We’re going to be here for a while,” I warned.

My twenty-four-year-old roadie

My roadie was totally insane. The club had assigned him as my helper during my weekend in Milwaukee, to be my chauffeur and pick up my cash and panties off the stage, which I usually do myself. Other than that, his job was to be nice and keep quiet.

Keeping quiet was the last thing he did. Instead, he managed to beg his way onto the sofa in my hotel room (I didn’t have the strength to argue – I’d just drank a bottle of champagne). It was late and all I wanted to do was sleep, but sleep wasn’t part of his plan. When I got out of the shower, he stood in the middle of the room like a misplaced plant and asked if he could dance for me.

“No! Why the hell would I want to see you dance?”

Would I give him a massage?

“Forget it, dude!”

And on the third try, he asked if I would mind if he gave me a massage.

“Fine, go ahead. I’ll probably pass out.”

Then, out of pure chance – of course! – his so-called massage happened to focus exclusively on my ass and inner thighs. So transparent, but then again who could blame him? And that’s when it hit me: I could actually score a point here, so I asked him straight up if he wanted to fuck. Yep, he sure did. It was just too bad his dick was so small that he only filled the condom halfway. I felt nothing – even crossing my legs didn’t help. I ended up turning my head and asking him if he would mind just jerking his cock off and cum on my ass. Then I turned off the light.

You might say things were a little awkward the next day when he was dropping me off at the airport. But the guy got his three hundred fifty bucks (for the roadie job, not the sex!) and I had earned a point.

The Frenchman’s bodyguard

It was a wild Wednesday night at the VIP section at Colony. I was out partying with Sandy and, as usual, my top had come off long ago. At the table across from us sat a very important Frenchman with his own bodyguard.

“Who the hell is he?” Sandy asked, referring to the Frenchman.

“Who the hell is *he*?” I wondered, fixing my eyes on his sexy muscleman of a bodyguard. Might as well act quickly, I thought, so I went up to him and

said:

“You should get my number so we can meet up this week!”

The bodyguard did as he was told.

To make a long story short: a few days later we met up, went out for dinner and finished off the night with some hot car sex (in a Ford Flex, significantly more comfortable than Sporty Steve’s pizza racer). The bodyguard was a killer lay, so the whole thing developed into a fuck buddy relationship, until he started wanting more. Shit! Why? We were having so much fun. So I had to lay down the rules. Starting now we can be friends, but no more sex. Been there, done that...

Mirko XXX

I met Mirko the Chilean while working for Bang Bros in Miami. I usually don’t mix business with pleasure, but since Mirko was kind of new to the industry I had no problem going back to his place after shooting the scene for a little after-work sex.

Once Mirko and I really got into it, his roommate showed up and asked if he could join in. Apparently, Mirko and his buddy had some deal where they always shared their conquests. Sure, I said. The more the merrier. So we went at it until the next morning, when I hopped into a cab to the airport.

(A somewhat questionable three-pointer since I had already slept with Mirko on the job. But after a little convincing, Nikki approved the three points.)

The Danish billionaire

It’s very possible that this twenty-two-year old Dane was a complete pathological liar. But I didn’t give a fuck. He had no inhibitions whatsoever, which made him very much my type.

The Danish billionaire and I met during a dinner at the Lexington Social Club. By some lucky coincidence I ended up sitting beside him listening to one crazy story after another. Among other things, the Dane claimed that he always traveled with his own doctor because he was constantly collapsing in random places from partying so hard. And all the partying had left its mark. He looked like a burned-out brat with the kind of slicked-back hairdo that was popular among rich kids in Sweden during the 1990s. But I don’t let that kind of thing stand in my way. It must have been when he was telling me about his two heart attacks that we really clicked and decided to step out

together in search of a bathroom.

Escorted by his armed bodyguard, we found a perfectly hidden restroom on the top floor. There, two mad Scandinavians united in the crazy pleasures of the flesh.

Back at the bar, I high-fived Sandy for a point well-earned and ordered another Rum and Coke.

The couple at Four Seasons

This one was a true last-minute score. I grabbed this two-pointer on New Year's Eve while I was out partying and ran into a lovely couple from New York. We were all disappointed when the crowd started thinning out around two. What the hell, we thought, the party had just gotten started. What to do? An after party at the couple's suite at the Four Seasons was the obvious answer.

One New Year's Eve, one hotel suite, two Don Perignon bottles and three party people. That equation can only equal one thing: a threesome. And in our case, a really fucking good one. The grand finale in the morning was an added bonus: a super sensual farewell fuck on the balcony. In complete view of the valet parking staff who stood down below watching. We were providing world-class entertainment. Cheers and Happy New Year!

(Since the threesome took place after the stroke of midnight, Nikki was a little skeptical at first about letting it count. But once again, she decided to be generous.)

I leaned back in my wobbly Starbucks chair and took a deep breath after finishing my long monologue.

Nikki looked at me smiled. Shit, she even looked a little impressed. And let me tell you, impressing Nikki is no easy task.

“Wow, girl! Now you can’t complain about never getting laid. What a slut you are!” she said.

I nodded.

“I know. All I needed was a challenge.”

Nikki went through the stories I told her, disputed a few questionable points, but allowed most things to count, since I’m her best friend.

“Okay, Puma. You had sex a total of twenty-four times. Not bad! My generous point calculation gives you exactly thirty points. Congratulations babe, you did it!”

I threw up my hands victoriously, Abba's "Winner Takes It All" running through my head.

"What did I tell you? Just think how much you can accomplish in this life if you just have a goal to focus on," I said.

"So what happens now?" Nikki asked.

"Want to go to BOA and do some partying?"

"I mean in the future. Now you need a new challenge."

I only needed two seconds to come up with one.

"7 by 7. Seven guys in seven days. Wish me luck!"

Nikki burst out laughing.

Sitting at the table next to us was a couple in their fifties, and they were staring at me with a horrified expression. Apparently, they had heard the entire conversation. As usual, the volume had been a little too high.

I didn't care.

I flashed them a huge smile as I passed by their table.

Because as you know, a proud slut has nothing to be ashamed of.

Am I supposed to write an epilogue now?

I don't really know what that is.

Let me say this:

I'm thirty-six years old. I've lived one-third of my life (I'm planning to live to be over a hundred – cum really keeps you going, you know).

Right around my seventieth birthday, I think I'll sit down and write a sequel to this book. A new autobiography every thirty-five years, that sounds about right.

In any case, when I'm not busy writing, it's highly likely I'll still be standing around topless at the clubs, with my tits sagging down to the floor. Being watched by girls fifty years younger than me, shaking their heads and saying, "grow up, you pathetic old hag!"

But I don't feel like growing up.

Instead, I have plenty of plans for my next seventy years.

I want to have fun. I want to get laid. I want to enjoy what life has to offer – to the max.

I want to open up a swinger's club and a strip club in Stockholm. I want to launch my own dildo and underwear collection. I want to start a production

company and start producing porn movies in Sweden. I want to write a sex education book for schools, and tour around schools talking about sex to the younger ones. I want to continue fucking in front of the camera as long as they'll have me. And, more importantly, as long as I'm having fun doing it.

What I'm NOT interested in doing is living a boring life with routines, a house, a husband and kids.

I have no desire to have kids whatsoever at the moment. I don't hear the proverbial biological clock ticking. Honestly, I think I'm too tripped out on my own ego to be a good mother.

If it happens, it happens. Fine. But I'm not going to panic if I miss out on the baby train. The thing about babies is that you need a father to make one. And where is *he*? The father of my kids who has to deal with me, my job, and preferably everything happening on my terms. Also on the list: forget monogamy. It doesn't work, anyway. Standing in the aisle promising to be forever faithful – how long are we going to keep lying straight in each other's faces? How can you promise to be true forever? Shouldn't God have struck us down a long time ago?

It's more honest – and more fun – to do it with multiple people. Skip all the routines and boredom that destroys most relationships today. I want a nice guy or girl to share experiences with – but there has to be freedom. No jealousy, rules you agree on together, and no controls.

Someone to trust and someone supportive who I can rely on.

Never stand in the way of the other's happiness and well-being.

Take the day as it comes. And the guys as they cum.

That's my life philosophy. That's how I want to live the rest of my life.

Maybe you're horrified after reading the story of my life. Or maybe I've opened your mind to new horizons, gotten you questioning norms and having a more open-minded view of sex.

I hope I've made you laugh at least once or twice. Because my life philosophy includes lots of laughter – there's nothing worse than taking yourself too seriously.

But no matter what your reaction, this is my life.

I love it.

And I hope you're happy, too.

XOXO

Puma

Cleaning the sink



THE CO-AUTHOR GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

Investigative journalism at its most “intimate”. Puma’s co-author goes to Hollywood to get some insight into Puma’s life. To help him really understand what it’s like to be Puma, she offers to fuck him with a strap-on.

DJ Tiësto on the car stereo, a cinnamon dolce latte and loud gossip with a friend on the other side of the headset. That’s Puma’s bag of tricks for surviving LA’s endless traffic jams. This morning is no different. As agreed, Puma picked me up at my motel in Studio City, and we are now on the way to a shoot in Woodland Hills, a neighborhood in north LA.

Puma is tired, but happy. Puma is always happy. Imagining Puma in a bad mood is as hard as imagining her being calm or quiet. As she drives her black Range Rover over the steep hills, she’s screaming directions on the phone to some poor fellow who’s going to end up with a case of tinnitus pretty soon.

At the mansion, located at the highest point in the neighborhood, Puma makes a U-turn into the driveway, and yells “we’re here!” before disappearing quickly into the building, wheeling her leopard-patterned suitcase after her.

While Puma is busy doing the things a porn star does before filming – getting undressed, putting on makeup and stretching, I imagine – I take a stroll around the yard. Up here above the Valley you can see for miles. The sun has just risen over the hills. It’s going to be a hot July day, but for now the thick grass is still wet with dew.

Once upon a time, maybe three or four years ago, this was a high-value residential property. Something happened though – the financial crisis maybe? – and now it’s almost exclusively used to film porn. The family that owns it still lives here, however, crammed into a couple of rooms on the top floor.

In one of the common rooms there’s a sex swing. There are little Post-It notes everywhere with reminders about what to do with used douches, baby wipes and condoms. But the most obvious sign this is a porn palace can be found in the shadow of one of the patios. It’s a gently used vending machine with a selection tailor-made for porn stars in need. Instead of Snickers bars or

bags of chips, you'll find necessities like cigars, douches and whiskey bottles. Beat that, Frito Lay!

Over by the pool, I meet director Andrew Youngman and his assistant Sergej. They've dived right in and are setting up the lights. As we chat, we're accompanied by the first police helicopter of the day circling around above us.

"LAPD seriously knows everything. If I'm filming outdoors, it rarely takes more than half an hour before they show up. Then they come back at regular intervals. They're dudes, of course they want to see the show," laughs Andrew Youngman, who recently moved to LA after a long career in the European porn mecca of Budapest. With his low-key, almost shy vibe, he shatters my stereotype of porn film directors as loud-mouth Larry Flynt wannabes.

It's an odd little group on scene at the mansion today. Andrew, Sergej and the two stars of the day: Puma and Sandy from Hungary, the latter better known in Europe as Vega Vixen. But one person is missing. Or, to be more exact, one body part: the cock. There seems to be a problem with the cock today.

"The cock is late," everyone keeps saying.

Finally, the cock calls to cancel. Puma, ever resourceful, picks up her iPhone and starts calling her male actor friends. She's long since taken her clothes off. Her expensive breasts are sticking straight out as she walks around the room with her phone on her ear, a cigarette in her mouth and can of Coke in her hand.

Three phone calls later, the problem is solved.

"A cock is on its way," she tells Andrew.

Then comes the next problem: her period.

"Shit, I knew it was coming soon. But not today!" Puma sighs.

Puma would never cancel a job over something as silly as an unexpected period. It's never happened, and it never will. She sticks a little piece of sponge up there and takes a couple of Ibuprofen to calm the cramps and sits down at the makeup chair where Sandy is waiting for her. By some lucky coincidence, Sandy is a trained make up artist. No extra expenses for makeup today.

Small teams and constant pressure to lower prices, that's the reality of the LA porn industry in 2012. The exquisite full-feature films with elaborate scenery and theatrical ambitions between sex acts – you know, the stilted

dialogue that everyone fast-forwards past anyway – are a true rarity nowadays. To be replaced by short films made as cheaply as possible, with no dead time involved, sold individually for download or compiled in DVD collections.

For the four scenes to be filmed today, Puma and Sandy won't be getting a fee. Instead they're covering Andrew's costs and as co-financers have the right to use the clips as they choose and sell them on their websites. Welcome to the world of indie porn. Puma and Sandy are in control – who needs the big studios?

Like many other people I've spoken to, Andrew Youngman draws parallels between the developments in the porn industry and the music industry. Today, a twenty-year-old guy is about as likely to buy a porn DVD as a music CD. Like the latest rock band, if you want to survive as a porn star, you have to appear live and communicate with your fans in a different way. For a porn star, that means live-stream cam sex and strip club tours.

Andrew Youngman thinks Puma Swede is one of the porn stars who has most successfully adapted to the new reality.

“Puma loves communicating with her fans. Plus she's excellent at using social media to market herself,” he says.

Indeed, the extremely high number of Puma's Twitter followers speaks for itself. She currently has over one hundred and forty thousand, and counting. But Puma isn't just skilled at marketing. She has other talents, too, says Andrew Youngman.

“What I like best about Puma is that she's so unpredictable. You never know what she's going to come up with next. And she has good ideas. That's why I let her create her own characters when we work together. It's easier that way. Even if I had a script, she wouldn't follow it,” he laughs.

Over at the makeup table, Sandy has made the finishing touches on Puma's face. The transformation from the bespectacled thirty-something wearing no makeup that morning to the fully made-over Porn Amazon is nothing short of remarkable. Puma gives me a naughty smile before bursting out:

“Hey you, Banana! I was thinking I should maybe fuck you with a strap-on. So you can really see how it feels to be Puma. Come on, let's do a little investigative journalism.”

I laugh nervously.

Banana – that's the nickname Puma's given me. I wasn't consulted

beforehand. And as this Banana character, I've become somewhat of a half-celebrity on her blog. That's what happens if you meet up with Puma every day and become part of the day-to-day life she blogs about in the most minute detail – from dealing with dead rats to giving grades to her one-night-stands. Since our book project is still a secret at this point, she can't talk about what we're doing. The most she can do is tell her followers she's "hanging out with Banana again today."

Puma's curious fans can't stand the uncertainty, filling the comment fields with questions about this banana dude: "Are you guys sleeping together?" "Does his cock look like a banana?" "How is the banana in bed?"

"No," Puma answers over and over. "The Banana and I aren't sleeping together. The Banana is a professional. He watches me as I let loose."

Me, the Banana. A voyeur. Great!

Despite the dramatic transformation that has taken place over the past hour, I can't deny that even without makeup, Puma still has a special aura. I wouldn't say that in her private life, Puma oozes porn. But she oozes something. She's visible, she has a presence.

It hit me the first time Puma and I met in a photo studio in a posh neighborhood of Stockholm. Despite her puffy winter jacket and librarian glasses, Puma was clearly "mad, bad and dangerous to know." A hardcore woman with a strong handshake, a loud voice and thick skin. She immediately started talking about her hard day on the job. I stared nervously into my coffee cup.

I'm still not sure why Puma wanted me to write her book. I'd had next to zero experience with the porn industry. Up until now. Although once, in the early days of my career in journalism, I did interview Sweden's ten hottest porn stars.

Yep, Sweden actually did have a small porn industry in the early 2000s, and I remember the strange group of characters I met, some of them a little tragic.

Communist politician Göran Eurenius was the odd one of the bunch. When word got out about his moonlighting in the porn industry, it incited a major scandal within the party, leading to his exclusion (even though Göran defended his gang-bang scenes by insisting he was a diehard feminist). Next came Linda Thorén, who had a few successful years in the US up until she was sued by her film company for refusing to do any more anal scenes. I also remember Ingrid Swede (no relation to Puma that I know of) who tried a little

too hard to give the most shocking responses possible to my questions, egged on by her manager who sat beside her.

Compared with these people, Puma seems much more healthy and honest. She doesn't try to be anyone other than who she is. She does her thing on her terms. Puma would definitely never let a manager tell her what to do. She takes care of everything herself.

Still. Getting Puma's life into book form was a challenge I couldn't turn down, and over time I started to get to know the real Puma behind the hard, sometimes slightly forced, shell. Inside is a very kind girl who talks too loudly for the sole reason she's somewhat hard of hearing. Who always tries to grab the bill when we go out to eat. Who can scarf down a six-pack of trans-fat filled, prepackaged Swedish pies in one sitting. Who seems, above all else, so... well, so undisturbed.

But the world doesn't always believe the last part. The world "knows" that Puma is a disturbed and broken person. I've heard that numerous times during my work on the book. And that Puma "causes controversy." An understatement. Puma is so provocative she cost me two friendships, just for being herself. Was it worth it? Hell yeah!

Someone a little more insightful – I can't recall who – did a quick analysis of Puma and arrived at the conclusion that she "thinks like a guy". No matter how old-fashioned that person's view of gender roles may have been, he was on the right track. Just like Puma's ability to provoke says a whole lot about our views on women and men.

I mean, what's the difference between Puma and a male gigolo like Gene Simmons or Ron Jeremy? When these sixty-year old men brag about their thousands of sexual conquests, we roll our eyes a little and sigh, "boys will be boys." When Puma does the same, sleeping with half the city of Stockholm and challenging herself to childish fucking games, she's labeled as "disturbed". A nymphomaniac and a sex addict! With a broken childhood, of course. Sexually abused, no question about it!

It seems unthinkable for a totally healthy thirty-six-year-old woman with a harmonious upbringing to have an insatiable appetite for no-strings-attached sex.

Why should that be?

I've been hanging out with Puma for just over six months. I still don't feel totally relaxed with her nudity as she stands in front of me in the brightly-lit

bathroom of the Woodland Hills mansion – with a full face of makeup and her long, slender body covered with gold glitter spray. But at the same time, nudity is so obviously undramatic for Puma that her comfort level becomes contagious. It's just another day at work, getting into the shower, spreading her legs and inserting a big black dildo she's named Jerome.

"Oh Jerome, Jerome! You're so big!!!" she moans.

Down on the tiled floor, Andrew is lying with the camera pointed up her crotch.

I've been given an assignment, too. Before Puma jumped in the shower, she tossed her camera at me and asked me to take pictures for her blog. I take my job as photographer very seriously. I zoom in and out, testing various angles. It's nice to have something to do, instead of being Banana the voyeur.

After a lunch of big tuna sandwiches on whole-grain bread from Whole Foods – way too healthy for Puma, who sticks with nachos and a Coke – it's time for her to start work with the cock. Mr. Pete is his name – also known as Mr. Peet Stack 'Em Deep . He's a pale guy with a shifty expression and about a thousand films on his resume.

"Puma really stands out! She shows a lot of enthusiasm for her job. Other girls can be so blasé, but not Puma," says Mr. Pete before disappearing into the house with a giggling Puma right behind him.

Andrew is standing out in the yard, ready to start filming. Puma and Mr. Pete take their places for the scene's "story". I'm guessing it didn't require too many hours of script work: Puma plays the glamorous sex bomb lying naked in the backyard, working on her tan. Mr. Pete, the sleazy peeping Tom, is hiding in the bushes, spying on her. As he ogles her and rubs himself between the legs, the unthinkable happens: his phone rings, blowing his cover. At which time Puma turns around, tells the humiliated peeping Tom to come forward, and pushes his head between her legs.

But wait! Who are those guys over there by the pool? In a classic example of perfect timing, a pair of pool cleaners have showed up without anyone noticing. It feels like a meta-film about the hilarious making of a porn film.

Andrew politely asks them to come back a little later.

No reaction. One of the men casually stirs the net around in the water. Both display a remarkable indifference to Puma and Mr. Pete about to get it on in the lounger. But what do I know, maybe they go around crashing porn sets in every Woodland Hills backyard.

Andrew asks them kindly again. Then one mutters something about not

being able to come back, since they've been scheduled to clean the pool right now.

That's when Mr. Pete loses his patience. With his cock at half-mast, he takes a couple of quick paces towards them.

"Don't you hear what the man is saying? Get the fuck out of here! Now!"

For a moment, it feels like a fight might break out any second. Mr. Pete and the cleaners stare at each other, their faces just a little too close. No one says anything. Finally, the pool cleaners pack up their things and slink off.

The tension dissolved, Puma and Mr. Pete pick up where they left off. They're pros, they have no problem getting back in the mood. After fifteen minutes of wild fucking in almost as many positions, Mr. Pete shoots his load on command.

"Wow, he's quick," says Andrew, clearly impressed.

Puma is pleased, too.

"I like doing sex scenes straight through instead of stopping. I don't care if I look like hell. I don't want to pause to dry off sweat or fix my makeup. A good film fuck should feel like a ride in the spin cycle."

But Puma laughs a bit at the scene's story.

"I don't know how many gardeners, car mechanics and voyeurs I've fucked. A lot of people get off on that. And I trust Andrew. He always does a good job, and that's important to me. I want to be proud of my films."

A few nights later I'm sitting drinking wine at Andrew and Sandy's place (at the time, they hadn't yet separated). It's a cozy two-bedroom apartment in Encino. Puma is there, of course, virtually naked as usual. I'm starting to get used to it. She's complaining about a catfight scene she filmed yesterday in a hotel room out by the airport.

"The worst goddamn scene I've done in my entire life. I was so close to just leaving. Good thing it's a special order film so it won't be released and tarnish my image."

'Catfight' is a genre where two girls fight, insult each other and tear each other's clothes off. It's a 'lite' and sexier version of the significantly more violent genre 'ultimate fighting'. According to Puma, yesterday's catfight was not much of a fight since her opponent, a newly arrived actress from London, was neither willing nor able to fight. She mostly stood there dancing around and mechanically repeating the words "you're a bitch! You're a bitch!".

"Plus, she had clumps of extension glue in her hair and cuts and scabs all

over her arms. Tragic!” Puma adds.

Tonight Puma won’t have to catfight with amateurs. She’s doing a cam show at home with her best friend Sandy... and plenty of red wine. Puma’s kind of evening.

There’s no mistaking Puma and Sandy’s super close friendship. They’ve been hanging out together for a few years now, ever since Sandy arrived in LA, and rarely miss a chance to work or party together. They especially like to do joint cam shows.

“I can’t get enough of Sandy’s ass,” Puma shares.

Sandy and Puma are both thirty-six, they’ve been in the industry for a long time and have both started to think about new business ideas. But that’s pretty much where the similarities stop. They make an odd pair, both on the inside and out. While Puma is long and lanky, loud, hardcore, and subsists exclusively on junk food, Sandy is soft and sensual, curvy like a 1950s pinup who believes in natural remedies and eating health foods.

“Puma is fantastic, a real friend. But my fans complain that she’s too loud. They can’t hear me when Puma and I do cam shows together. Puma does things the loud-mouthed American way, while I’m more passionate,” Sandy says, taking her place in the bed with her laptop over her knees. Apparently, there’s a problem with the connection to the streaming site that Sandy has to solve. Unlike Puma, she’s still wearing her bathrobe.

The technical difficulties continue, but Puma and Sandy are getting ready for the show, pointing the webcam at the right angle and lying down in bed among the sex toys. In the background on the nightstand is a stack of yoga books and Paulo Coelho’s “Alph”.

As they wait to get online, they drink wine, laugh, chat about the latest skin crème at Sephora and a new store they’ve discovered that sells douches for just a dollar apiece (they cost four bucks at the big drug store chains, and a hard-working porn star goes through them quickly).

Suddenly Puma discovers a huge black dildo.

“Shit, Sandy! We have to hide this dildo so no one asks us to use it. It’s thicker than your wrist!”

Sandy barely has time to throw the monster dildo out of the scene before they’re online. Now begins the work of pitching their cam show and hunting for customers willing to pay \$9.99 per minute to see them live in bed. For the moment, however, anyone can see them for free. The girls decide themselves when they want to switch over to a paid channel.

Puma and Sandy go after customers like barkers at a Mexican resort destination during high season – only with significantly less clothing. They do everything they can to get the viewers’ attention and keep them hooked. They tease and flirt with the camera. A glimpse of ass here, a flash of boob there. Meanwhile, they’re talking the whole time with the guys who are writing to them in the chat box. Communication is important, and so is the fact that it’s actually possible to have one’s wishes fulfilled by two renowned porn stars.

“Yeah, of course I’m going to sit on Puma’s face! You don’t want to miss it!”

“We’re starting in just five minutes. Go ahead and pay now! We wanna fuck!”

“Definitely, we can pull each other’s hair. No problem.”

“Come on guys! Give us some money! Give us some love!”

“Do we have an IKEA dildo? Of course we have an IKEA dildo! Give us some cash and we’ll pull it out.”

If things were fast-paced before, they get even more so once Sandy and Puma have gotten together what they consider to be a large enough number of viewers and are ready to start the paid show. For now, it’s all about making sure everyone sticks around, minute after minute. Guys that leave the show immediately are not appreciated. Puma and Sandy toss each other around on the bed, kissing and licking, spanking and pulling hair, all the while promising even more hardcore action – in just a few minutes.

“Is it all the way in?”

“Yeah, it’s fucking all the way up in there,” Puma yells as her index finger glides into Sandy’s ass.

Sitting on the wall-to-wall carpet beside the blindingly lit bed where two porn stars are filling each other’s holes and talking dirty to a webcam, I’m struck once again with that out-of-body feeling: am I really here? Is this really happening?

Then I take a look down at my crotch to see whether I can stand up without embarrassing myself. I confirm that there’s nothing stirring down there. Shit, have I already become desensitized? No, it’s nothing like that. It’s just that porn shoots are probably just about as arousing as horror shoots are scary. Sex on a film set, or a camshow watched from the sidelines, feels mostly mechanical. A normal day on the job.

But a fucking cool day on the job, if you ask Puma.

Still, I understand what Mr. Pete and Andrew Youngman are talking about when they praise Puma. She really is an amazingly talented actress. If she even needs to act.

An hour later, the cam stars have managed to use a strap-on, butt plug and various dildos. The credit cards must have been smoking. Puma and Sandy look exhausted as they come limping out of the bedroom and throw themselves down on the sofa where Andrew and I are lying around watching a soccer match on TV.

“Doing a cam show is like going to the gym. Afterwards I need an hour, at least, to decompress,” Puma says, out of breath but laughing.

I asked Puma how much money they made.

“More than you earn in a month, that’s for sure,” Puma laughs.

It’s late by the time all the wine is gone and Puma has gathered up her things. She insists on driving me to the hotel. She’s tired, but happy, as always. As we drive down Ventura Boulevard straight through Studio City I ask her where her carefree attitude comes from.

“I have sex at work – and then I drive to the bank and cash the check. I love my life, I love what I do and I’m proud of it. What’s there to be sad about?”

A few months later I’m sitting in Stockholm adding finishing touches to the book. My time with Puma has been eventful, to say the least. Puma is a handful, that’s for sure, but her happiness is catching.

We managed to pop over to Bangkok to work on the book undisturbed. Curiosity from her blog readers reached hurricane proportions, not least after a trip to a little island off Phuket where I once again got to work as her nude photographer: “Why can’t you tell us what you and the Banana are doing in Thailand?” “Why aren’t you sleeping together?” “If you’re not fucking, what the hell are you doing, you pervs?” the fans asked time after time.

“We’re working on a secret project,” Puma replied patiently. “So no, we aren’t sleeping together. The Banana is a little quiet for my taste. And I don’t think I’m his type, either.”

Aside from the writing and sunburn, the high point of the trip for Puma was the chance to finally see Patpong’s infamous ping pong shows. And while she was already in Bangkok’s red light district, she took the opportunity to take over the stage at a couple of go-go bars. The men were amazed. The bar girls giggled hysterically. They all wanted to come up and

grab her impressive boobs. Apparently, they had never seen a tall, busty Amazon like her. And Puma just stood there enjoying being the center of attention, with everyone's eyes on her. That's where she's at her happiest.

Puma suggested we write a sequel in thirty-five years' time, around her seventieth birthday.

I'll be there, no doubt about it.

See you then. *Hej då!*

Jan Ekholm and Puma - Woodland Hills shoot 2011



PUMA'S GOT MAIL

Puma does much more than have sex all day long. She takes care of her fans and answers their sex questions. Lots of people write to Puma, and Dr. Swede always has a helpful response for everyone. Here's a small selection from her inbox.

Life as beat bait

Hi Puma! I wonder if you ever feel exploited or reduced to “beat bait” for men to jerk off to when you’re playing in porn movies or performing at strip clubs? I think it would feel gross to have all those creepy guys drooling over your body and jerking off to you. Best regards, Stina

Response: Hey Stina, thanks for your email. No, I’ve never felt exploited during my years in the porn industry. And when you say “beat bait,” do you mean that as a bad thing? One time I jerked off fifty guys in two days during a sex expo in Finland. Was I beat bait there? Or maybe like a hand job machine? Regardless, aside from a slightly sore arm, I had a great time, just like all my other days at work. I’ve never had the Monday morning blues. I fuck all day long and eat sperm for lunch, what could I possibly have to complain about?

But it doesn’t matter what I say. The feminists and porn haters will always have their opinion. They “know” how the porn worker feels, “know” how exploited we feel and try to make us into victims. And sure, I’m not saying there aren’t some girls in the porn industry who are unhappy, and they might even be victims of abuse. But they’re a minority.

I’m just using what nature gave me – a pussy. If I can earn money with it, why not? It’s my tool, just like a voice is a singer’s tool. Sadly the second we girls start taking our clothes off, it’s seen as something negative. We’re being exploited for our bodies. We become, as you put it, beat bait.

But I like flaunting what I’ve got. And even better, I like getting paid for it. It makes me feel great afterwards. Plus, we female porn workers earn significantly more than the males in the industry. That’s something all feminists should appreciate. XOXO, Puma

How do I become a male porn star?

Do guys really cum only once during pornos? I mean, the scenes are like 15-20 minutes long, and generally we guys can cum after a two-minute blowjob. Either the films are edited after the fact, or the guys have amazing technique. Maybe they're thinking about Grandma? Love your blog. -K.

Response: The sex part of a scene usually takes 40-45 minutes to film. Then it's edited down to 15-20 minutes. The feeling on a film set isn't the same as getting a blowjob on the couch in your living room. In the porn world, everything has to be angled and set up so it's visible for the camera, and sometimes the action is interrupted just to change the lighting. It's not about the actors' satisfaction, it's about how it looks on camera. That affects the guys, preventing them from cumming left and right after five minutes. The times a guy has been on the verge of cumming too soon, I've witnessed them slap their dick really hard to take some sensitivity off it. I don't recommend this since I don't want you guys to go off and break your cocks. Point is, pull out and let your cock have a breather if you're about to pop your load too soon... *XXX, Puma*

How's anal?

I've never seen your films, but I assume you've tried anal sex a few times. Does it feel good and stimulating? Or is it fun just because it's anal sex? I'm asking because I've been wondering for a long time what part about anal sex turns girls on. Adam

Response: Hey Adam! I personally get off on anal sex because it feels extra perverted. And since I don't do it every day, it feels extra loaded when it happens. Sometimes it can feel really good, and sometimes it's the act itself that gets me aroused. The best is when I stimulate my clit with a vibrator at the same time. *XXX Puma*

Am I too small?

Hey! I have a sort of complex where I think my dick is too small. When I'm erect it's about six and a half inches long, and about five and half inches around. Is that small, or am I just imagining it? Thanks in advance. Peter.

Response: Stop worrying about the size! Get out there and get your cock some action and learn how to use those inches to your best advantage. Don't

forget you have a tongue and fingers to please the ladies with too... Kisses,
Puma

Eating like a porn star

Hey Puma! I love everything you do and my dream is to get the chance to film with you one day (but I'm sure it'll never happen...). I have a question for you about food. What do porn stars eat to stay looking so good? And do the guys have any special tricks for staying hard and being able to spray so much cum? Henrik

Response: Henrik, don't be so pessimistic! It might very well happen that you and I could film together one fine day. Don't give up before you've even tried! Read the Porn Star Academy section of this book, or write to Bang Bros and request a chance to fuck me on their reality series "Can He Score".

When it comes to the porn diet, I think most porn stars try to eat healthily and get regular exercise. Except for me, of course. I never work out and live on sugar and junk food. On a totally normal day, I eat chips, ice cream, cookies and drink tea. That's it! After a challenging day of filming I like to go to a drive through and stuff my face with a bunch of fast food. My favorites are KFC, Taco Bell, Burger King and McDonald's.

My male colleagues have plenty of tricks for keeping an erection and spraying a lot of cum. My ex Keiran, for example, went around munching celery. He was convinced it increased the amount of sperm. Raw meat is supposed to be good for an erection (meat for meat's sake!). The guys also drink tons of protein drinks during shoots. If a guy wants to be considerate of us girls, he'll remember to eat pineapple in the morning before the job, since it will give his semen a fresh taste. He should stay away from asparagus for breakfast. It makes his semen smell and taste not-so-good. XOXO Puma

Unhappy virgin

I have problems with girls, and I'm not sure what to do about it. It's too bad there are no dating sites for younger people. You should start one. I'm 19 and have never had sex with a girl. Weird, right? I lead such a lonely life. Everything I'm saying is true. Kenneth.

Response: Hey Kenneth. First of all: stop feeling sorry for yourself. Girls don't go around offering charity lays, and it's not soooooo totally unusual to

still have your virginity at 19, so cheer up a little. You need to get out and mingle and meet people. The Internet is great, sign up for a dating site or start using Facebook. Going around spreading your self-pity isn't going to get you a laid. Buck up and start hitting on chicks around you. Sooner or later it's bound to happen. By the way, everything I'm writing here is also true. XXX,
Puma

Porn is not reality

Hey Puma! I have absolutely nothing against you personally, but as I'm sure you know there are tons of guys who see you as a role model for how girls are supposed to be in bed. My boyfriend is one of them, just like all my friends' boyfriends. This has led to me and my friends getting cuts around the anal opening after anal sex and gagging when guys stick their dicks down deep in our throats. We don't like that, and we feel our self-esteem deteriorating. Just wanted to let you know. Maria

Reponse: Maria, I was really sad and disheartened after reading your message. Are guys really stupid enough to watch my films and think that's how it works in reality: wham-bam, dick right up the ass without warming up, and then straight down the girl's throat?

I'm just as sad that girls succumb to peer pressure and do things they don't want to do just to fit in and avoid being called a prude or boring. How can we put an end to this pattern? How do we give today's teenagers better self-esteem and the courage to say no? Maybe we should start giving better sex education in schools to balance out today's porn, which often has no more to do with reality than the violence in action movies and video games. To make that clear, maybe there should be warning labels on every porn film: "Don't try this at home. This film was made by professional actors."

When I'm about to do an anal scene, my preparations begin the day before: I don't eat anything after six pm. The next morning I take an enema bottle filled with just water and douche my ass with it until it's all clear. Next, take an Imodium. Two hours before the scene I take another Imodium. Right before shooting I douche again and put a dildo up my ass to warm it up. In other words, it's not surprising that anal sex looks easy on film.

Tell that to your misinformed boyfriends. Or even better, break up with them. And someone tell the school system I want to go on a classroom lecture tour! Someone who knows all about sex should take sex ed into the new

millennium (this is a serious offer to all you teachers out there). XOXO,
Puma.

Styling tips, please!

You blonde porn stars are the most beautiful creatures on earth. If I send you a photo, will you give me some hot styling tips? :D

Response: Thanks for the compliment. Of course you can send me your photos. If I can't offer any styling tips, I can at least masturbate to them if they're inappropriate enough. By the way, are you a guy or a girl? XXX,
Puma

Monogamy or not?

Hey Puma! I'm a loyal fan who has been reading your blog and watching your films for many years. You're the best! I have a question that might be a little weird, but I was wondering what you think about monogamy. After all, you're hardly a "one-man woman". Do you think, or hope, that the traditional couple will disappear in the future? Florian

Response: Florian my dear, your question isn't weird at all. Quite the opposite, it's very interesting. Yes, I hope we're on the way to eliminating traditional monogamy. I think you can already see signs of that today, given the increased interest in swinger's clubs and so-called cheating sites. But the idea of the traditional couple and of getting married and being loyal to your partner all your life is deeply anchored in our genes. It's not going to disappear during my lifetime or yours, even though it doesn't seem to work very well. I mean, can someone point out a single person between the ages of 25 and 40 who has never cheated? No, I didn't think so. So how can we keep standing at the altar, promising each other to be forever faithful? Unless you're a psychic, it's impossible to know what will happen in the future.

Even if we continue getting married, I think it will become more acceptable among couples to have sex outside the marriage, and we will start doing it more openly. That's a development I can really get behind. I don't have anything against traditional marriage and coupledom, and some people are perfectly suited for being an exclusive twosome, but I don't believe in faithfulness as a concept any more than I believe in lying and going behind someone's back..

My hope for relationships in the future is that couples live based on a framework of freedom they set up in advance. No more sneaking around. If you love each other, sex outside the relationship is still just sex. Be honest, sex is fucking great. *XOXO Puma, the “thirty-man woman”.*

Missed chance

What a damn shame that you run around whoring yourself out like that, Puma. Otherwise you might have had a chance with me <3

Response: Oh no, poor me! You sound soooo irresistible – NOT! XXX, The Puma

Licking tips, please!

You’re a girl, and I know you have plenty of experience eating other girls’ pussies, so I’m wondering if you could describe the best way to go down on a girl? I know it varies from person to person, but maybe you could share some basic tips :D Robin

Response: Hey Robin, practice makes perfect. We girls are shaped differently and experience different sensations down there. One tip is to vary between using the whole tongue and just touching the clit with the tip of your tongue. Some people like to be licked everywhere, while some prefer you to concentrate on the clitoris, so give both a try. Also, vary your speed and pressure. You don’t have to dive in straight for the pussy. Start working your way up from her thighs, for example. And don’t forget you have fingers at your disposal too. I personally prefer a combination of fingers and tongue. Good luck to you! Kisses, Puma

Are porn stars sex-crazed?

Hey Puma, I really like you and your sense of humor! I was wondering one thing about the porn industry: are the girls that work in it generally sex-crazed, or is it mostly just for show? There are some people that stand out as being constant nymphos (Shyla Stylez, Tory Lane, Ava Devine for example) but I wonder if that’s for real or just an image. What’s it like working with those three, by the way? Who’s the most fun? Keep up the good work! K.

Response: Ha! Funny you should mention those three very names. A friend

and I were sitting around talking about Shyla and Tory the other day and we came to the conclusion that they have a look that radiates sex, horniness and a desire to fuck all day long. Shyla and Tory are both cool girls that I love working with because they obviously really like what they do. Ava is in a class of her own. The sweetest girl in the world, and constantly in the mood to fuck. In general, you can say that certain girls are acting, while others are truly horny. Then, of course, it also depends on whether there's real chemistry with the person they're filming with. Thanks for the compliments!
XXX, Puma

Fisting

Hey again, sexy! I fisted myself in the ass yesterday. I just wanted to tell you how great it was. It beats all fucking and orgasms. You really have to try it. Sticking in that last finger, feeling the smooth walls and pushing your hand in hard (so that you almost piss yourself!) almost all the way back to the rectum, it's an indescribable feeling! I tried to stick a Coke can in there but sadly, it didn't work. I'm going to buy some gun oil next time. Hopefully that will work better. Thanks for your help. Hugs, fisting and fetish from Lina.

Reponse: WOW! I think my work here is done. Send pictures, for God's sake! *XOXO Puma*

Meet again?

Puma, we met at the Café Opera in Stockholm a while ago and you were wild! How do I get back in touch with you to reconnect? My dick MISSES you!

Response: Oh man! Email me from my website pumaswede@mac.com and attach a photo, I've met a lot of penises at the Cafe. *XXX Puma*

Gross porn stars

Hey Puma! I just have one question: isn't it super easy to get an STD in your industry, even if you take pills and stuff? The guys almost never use a condom. If you think about it, it's a little gross fucking a porn star considering how many dicks have been in there spreading their cooties.

Marcus

Response: Hey Marcus! One thing's for sure, and that's that people out in the bar scene have significantly more STD's than porn stars. We get tested twice a month. I doubt you do that. You might even have caught something without knowing it, and you might be passing it on. If you think it's "gross" to fuck a porn star, then I suggest you just stay away. It's just that easy. *XXX, Freshly tested and clean Puma*

Let go of the need for control!

Hey Puma! My girlfriend used to work at a strip club and she insists she never took off more than her bra. Is that really possible? Should I believe her? Do you know of any stripper who only takes off her bra? I really want to know if I can trust my girl. Eric

Response: The fact that you're even hung up on your girlfriend's past as a stripper shows that you have a need for control and low self-confidence. So what if she took off her panties!? Apparently she doesn't dare tell the truth, because she knows what your reaction will be. If you keep this up, your relationship will go down the tubes. Everyone has a past. Concentrate on the present instead! *XXX Puma*

"Tossing the salad"

Hey Puma! My boyfriend wants me to lick around his anus while I jerk him off. I don't know if I want to. Dear Puma, help me!

Response: Hey girl! Damn, is tossing the salad really that bad? Of course you shouldn't do anything you don't want to do, but personally I think licking around the ass can be really nice, as long as your guy is clean, which I hope your boyfriend gets. Why not give it a try? Do it right after he's taken a shower. You can also ask him to use hair removal cream before if he is of the hairier variety. If you feel that it's not your thing, at least you've tried it and you can tell your boyfriend to shut up about it. *XXX*

What is squirting?

Hey Puma, love your blog! Do you have any tips on squirting? I've been trying for a while with my boyfriend and it feels like we're getting close every time. But it still never works.

Response: Hey! Here are a few tips. The main thing is you need to be really horny.

1. 1. Try the Njoy Pure Wand dildo (do a Google search and you'll find it). I have friends who say it makes them squirt.
2. Once you've put your fingers in your pussy, you'll come to a little piece of skin that feels kind of "spongy". That's the magic spot according to the girls who squirt with ease.
3. Personally the best position for me to be able to squirt is when I'm on top and rubbing back and forth with his cock inside of me. That way my clitoris gets stimulated as his cock is hopefully hitting the right spot inside of me = squirt
4. When you feel it coming, you have to dare to relax and let it happen.
5. If the guy is fucking you with two fingers on the "magic spot," make sure he cups his hand and massages your clit at the same time. If I'm going to squirt from a guy fingering me, he has to do it pretty hard in a back-and-forth motion. I hope that's helpful. Just keep at it and it'll happen. *Love, Puma.*

Superboobs, where are you?

I have a huge problem. I guess I wasn't allowed to nurse enough as a baby, because I'm completely obsessed with boobs. It's incredibly difficult. I want a girl with really huge tits, but currently I can only find girls with smaller boobs (DD or even smaller). It sucks to diss these girls in the hope of finding something bigger, but I don't want to sleep with someone while I'm fantasizing about something completely different. It feels dishonest. What should I do? :(

Response: I have a male friend who likes really thin and toned girls with big racks. His solution to the problem is to buy them bigger tits if they want them. Of course, that can become expensive over time if you tend to be fickle ... But you're far from the only one fantasizing about something or someone else while having sex, but if it's every time, you should probably try to find the perfect girl with big enough tits. *XOXO, Puma*

PUMA PIX

Six years old and very happy. I get to play with my friend's doll.





Me and Katinka, my very first horse.

Dressed for success. At Barbie Junior Cup with Minette (no, we didn't win...).



At a horse camp with Tornado.





Dad and I with our dogs Bruno and Exo on a
snowy winter day.



Molle, my big love!



On the beach in Halmstad, on the Swedish westcoast, with a huge porcelain cat I just stole.





Glamour shot with Swedish photographer Filip Cederholm, 2004.

Glamour shot with Swedish photographer Filip Cederholm, 2004.









You like my mini-dildo?



Looking like a real glamour model, 2005.







I always enjoy my milkshakes with Sandy (film shoot 2012)

Making a film for my website.







Photo shoot with Jessica Jaymes (including spanking!)

A very wild night at the KitKat Club in Berlin, 2007.



Another hard working day at Venus Erotic Fair in Berlin.



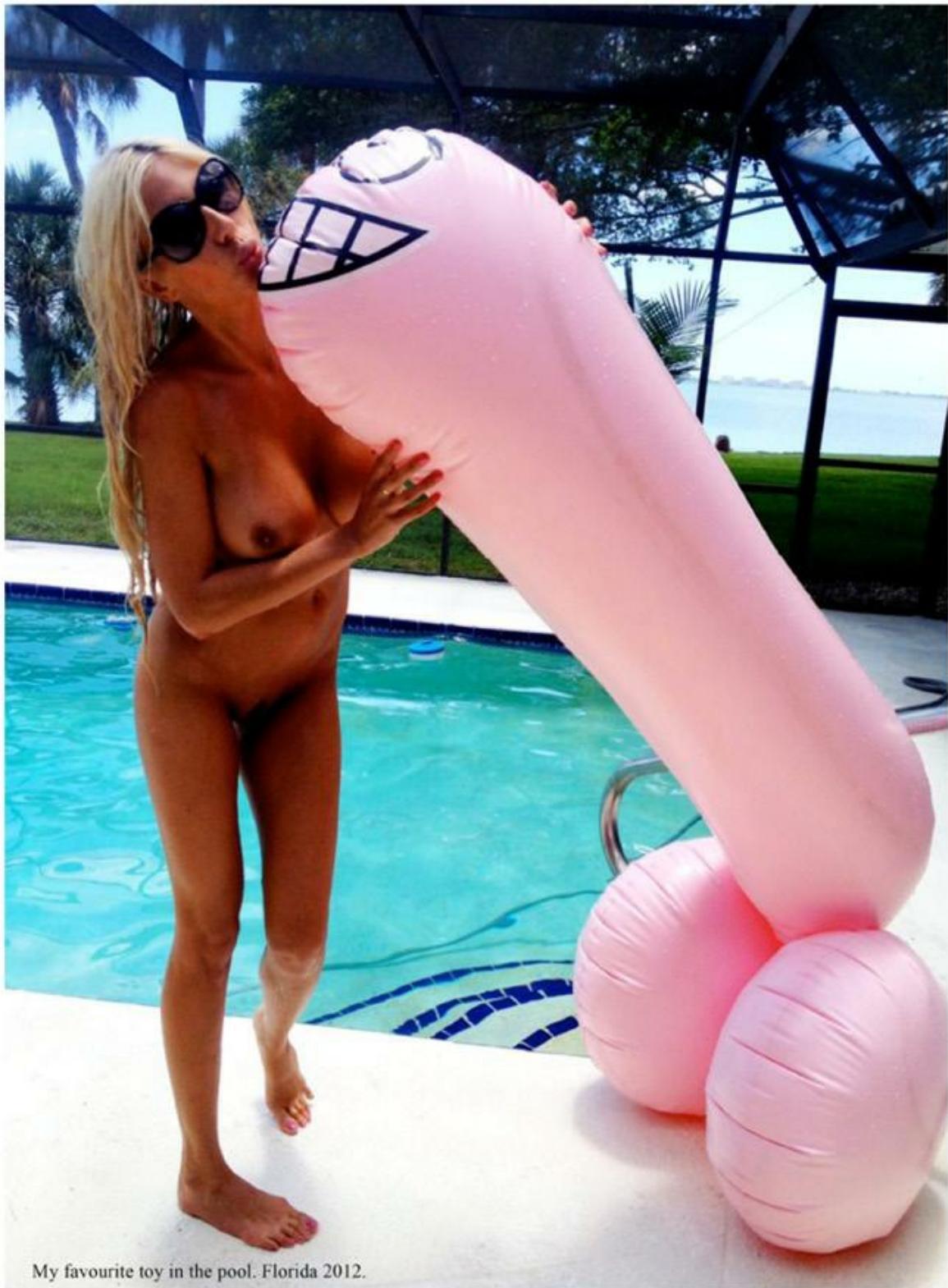
Spanking my audience at a strip club.



I love my fans!



Hugging Vicky Vette at AVN, 2012.



My favourite toy in the pool. Florida 2012.

A fun photo shoot with Bingo Rimér, Sweden's most naughty photographer.









Hanging out with Sandee Westgate.



With Tera Patrick at AVN, 2007.



With Shyla Stylez at a film shoot, 2009.

Getting ready for some lesbian action with Jessica Drake at the set for "Rocki Whore Picture Show".



Surrounded by James Deen and Jules Jordan.



Me, Marey Carey and Nikki, 2007.





Just got engaged with Keiran,
early morning on Malibu Beach.



At a party, 2009.

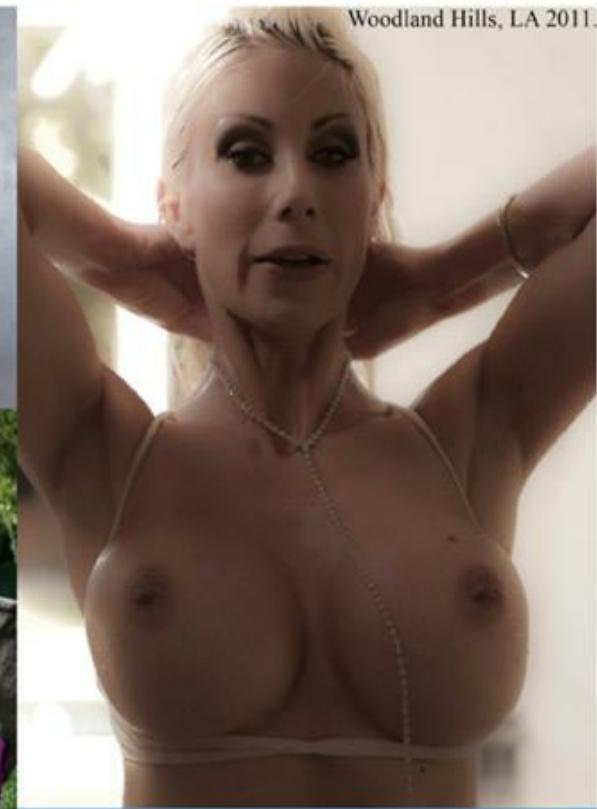


Me and Keiran dressed
up for AVN Awards 2009.



Dinner at home
with Keiran.





Photos - Morgan king

Wet photo shoot with Morgan King



Working hard with my book in Bangkok,
winter 2011.



Photo shoot with
Bingo Rimér,
LA 2005







PumaSwede.com





Puma on Melrose Avenue

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