



*Adventures From The Bedrooms of African Women  
Presents*

# **PAINT YOUR PLEASURE**

*an adult coloring book*

*Illustrated by  
Lynette Barnes*

We want you to think of this coloring book as a companion fun activity book to go with your favorite *Adventures From The Bedrooms of African Women's* website.

We have embedded scannable QR codes that will take you to our website to enjoy related content. You'll also find quotes from some of our favorite posts by our regular sexperts, guest and anonymous contributors.

We hope that as you color and read, this book serves as a tool to encourage you embrace your body and celebrate your sex and sexuality.

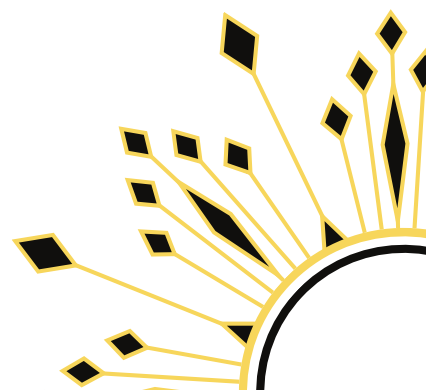
Fire up your iPhone camera app or your Android QR code reader app and get interactive!

*adventures*

*from the bedrooms of African women*



She said check his nails! The very top of his finger, at his nail bed. Is it wide? Or narrow or small? That is a sure banker way to tell. If that nail bed is wide, girl, you have struck the golden dick!





I love the me that I am now,  
even as I work towards  
growing into the me that I  
envision.



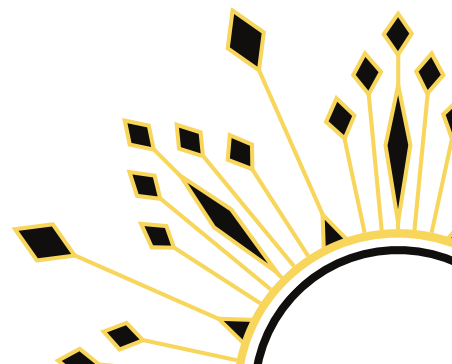




"She's natural too," my brain whispered. "I wonder where she does her hair from."

"Could she be using that expensive salon that naturalistas flocked by the dozen in town?"

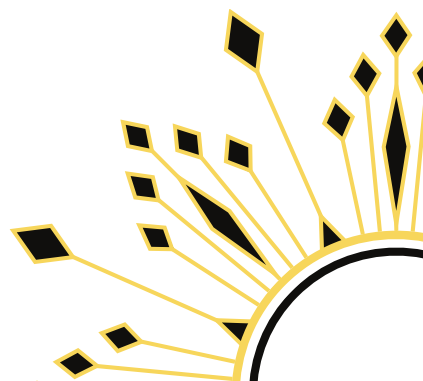
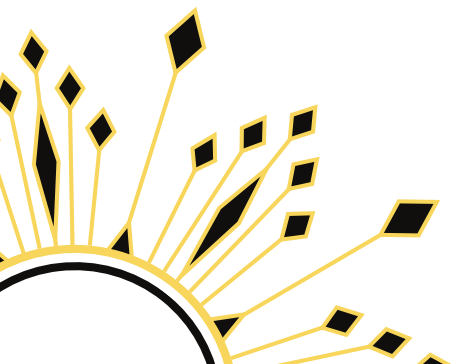
"Who is she?"







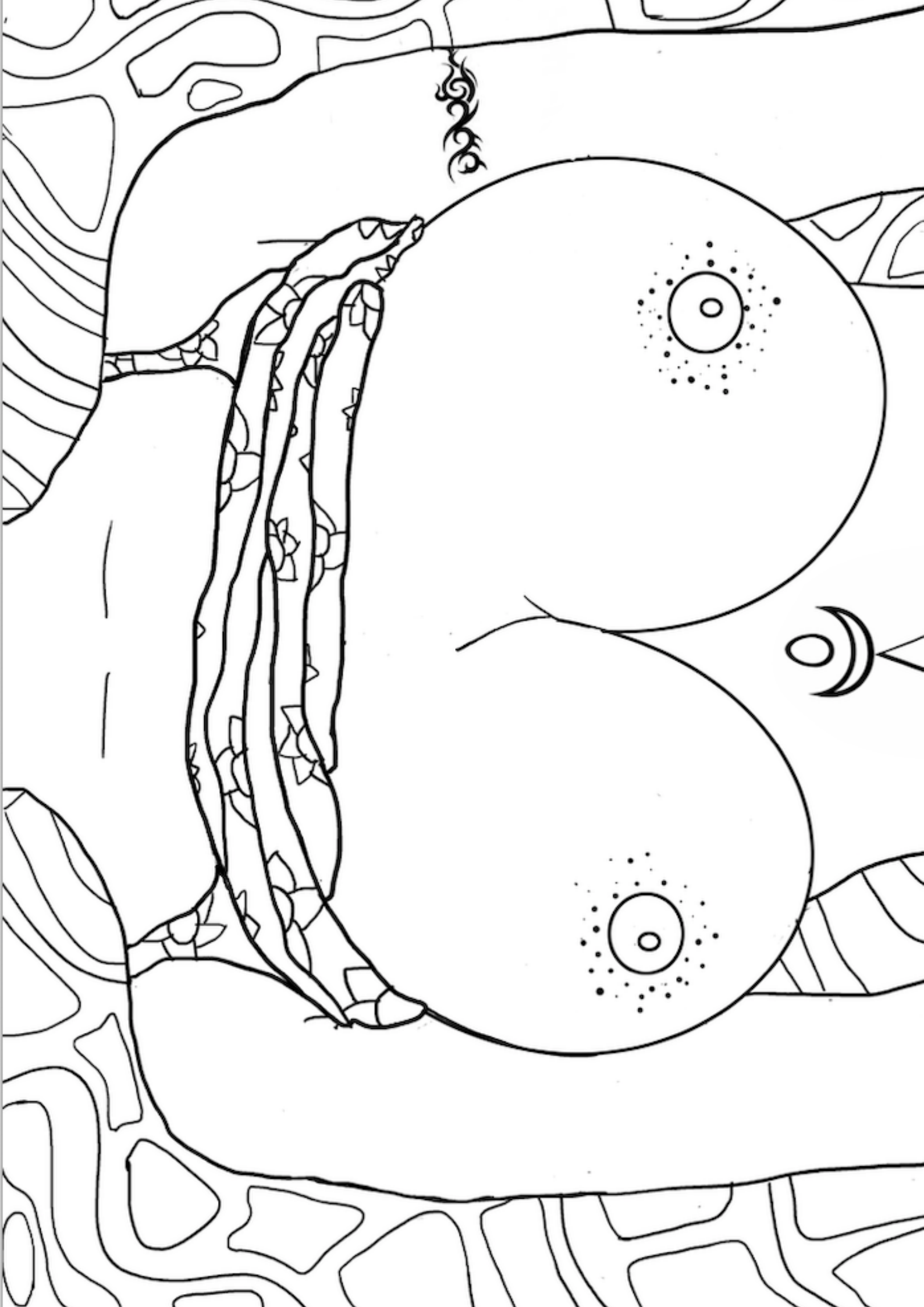
More times than I could count, our eyes locked and that awkward, sexual tension-filled silence followed. During such moments the room suddenly felt too small and heated up.



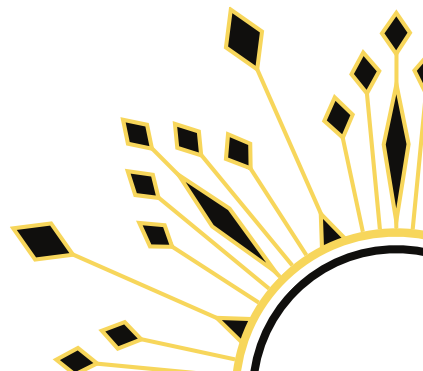
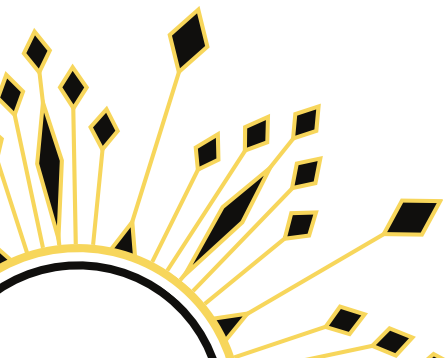


I love my breasts. They are big,  
curve gently downwards, and  
swoop upwards where they  
are topped off by rather  
magnificent big brown nipples  
(even if I say so myself).





Needless to say, my body  
has changed. My breasts  
are huge. I can actually  
suck my own nipples.





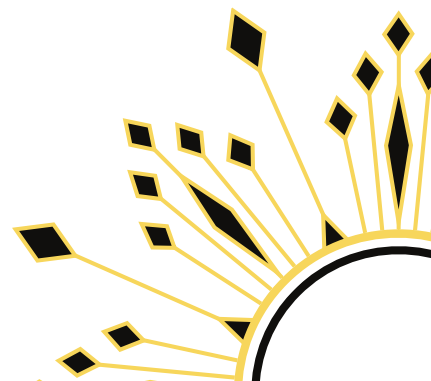
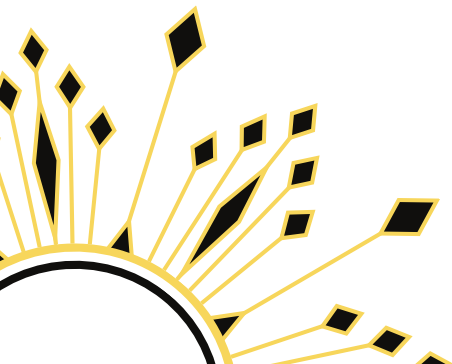


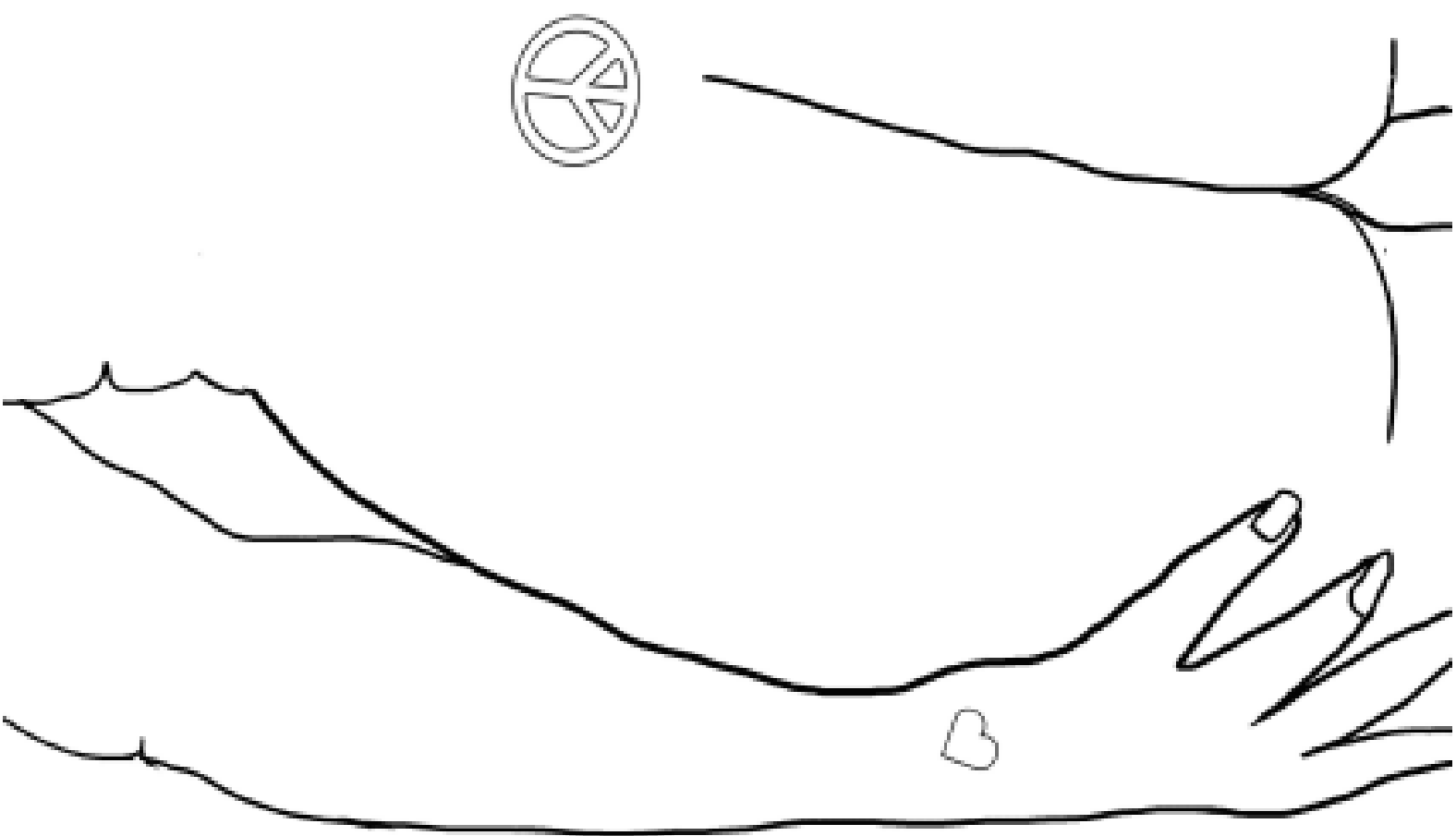
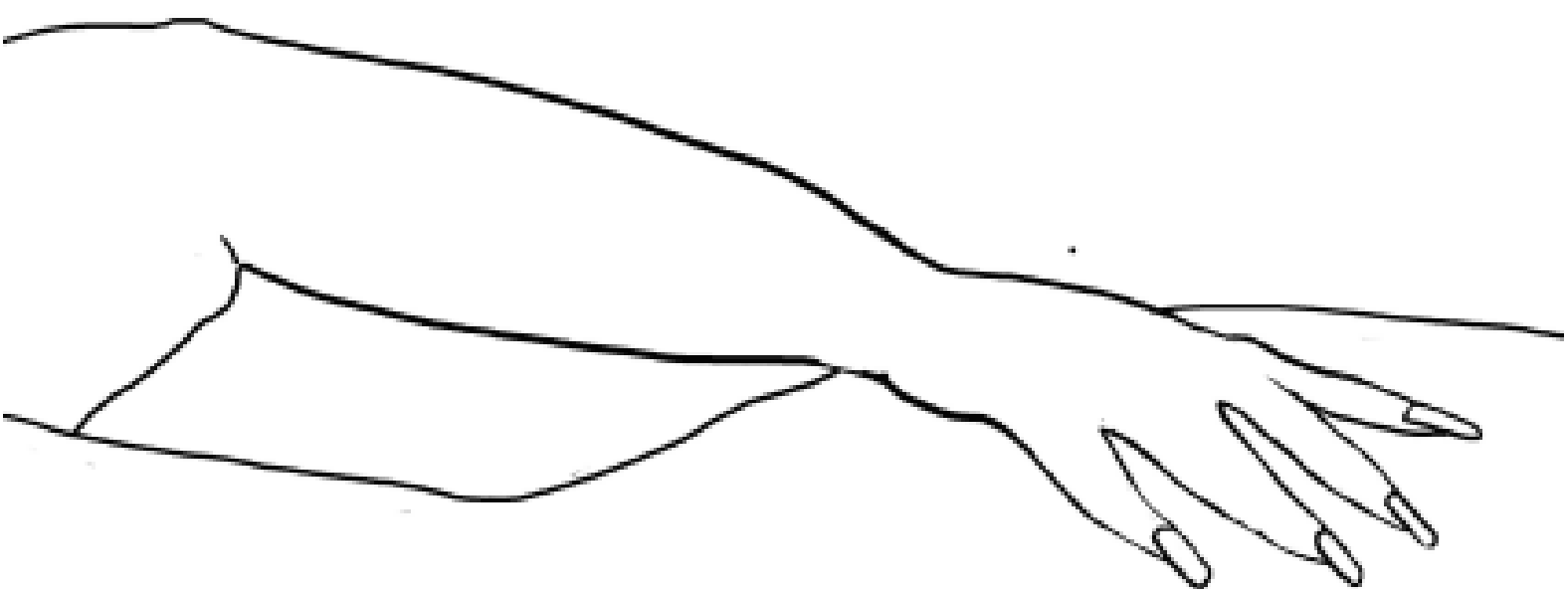
Aged over time. Like fine wine.

Accepting.

Freeing.

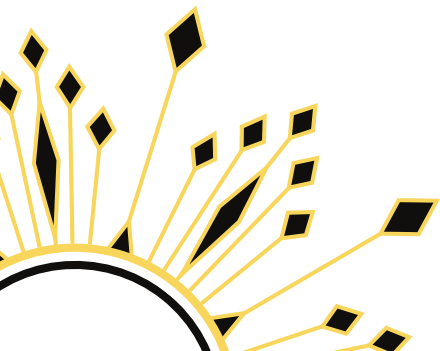
Babe is my physical manifestation  
of a place where I'm free to be me.

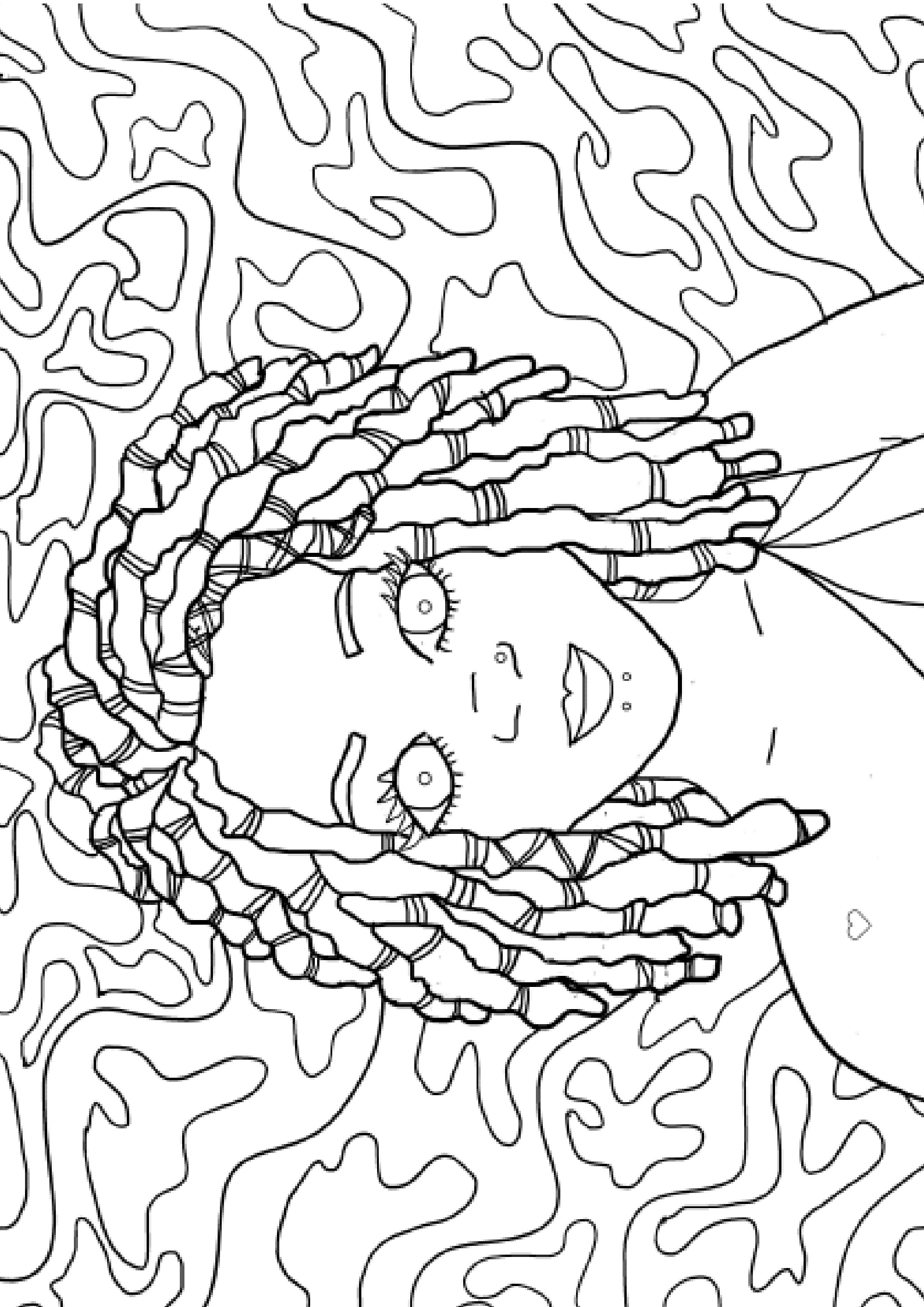




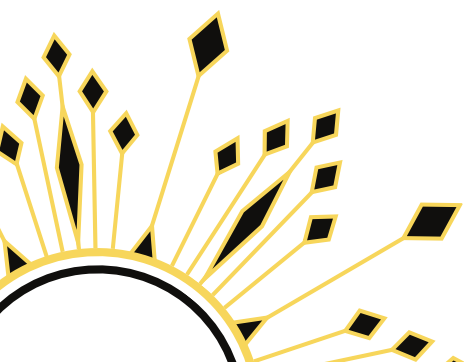
She looked straight into my eyes  
before she broke the silence.

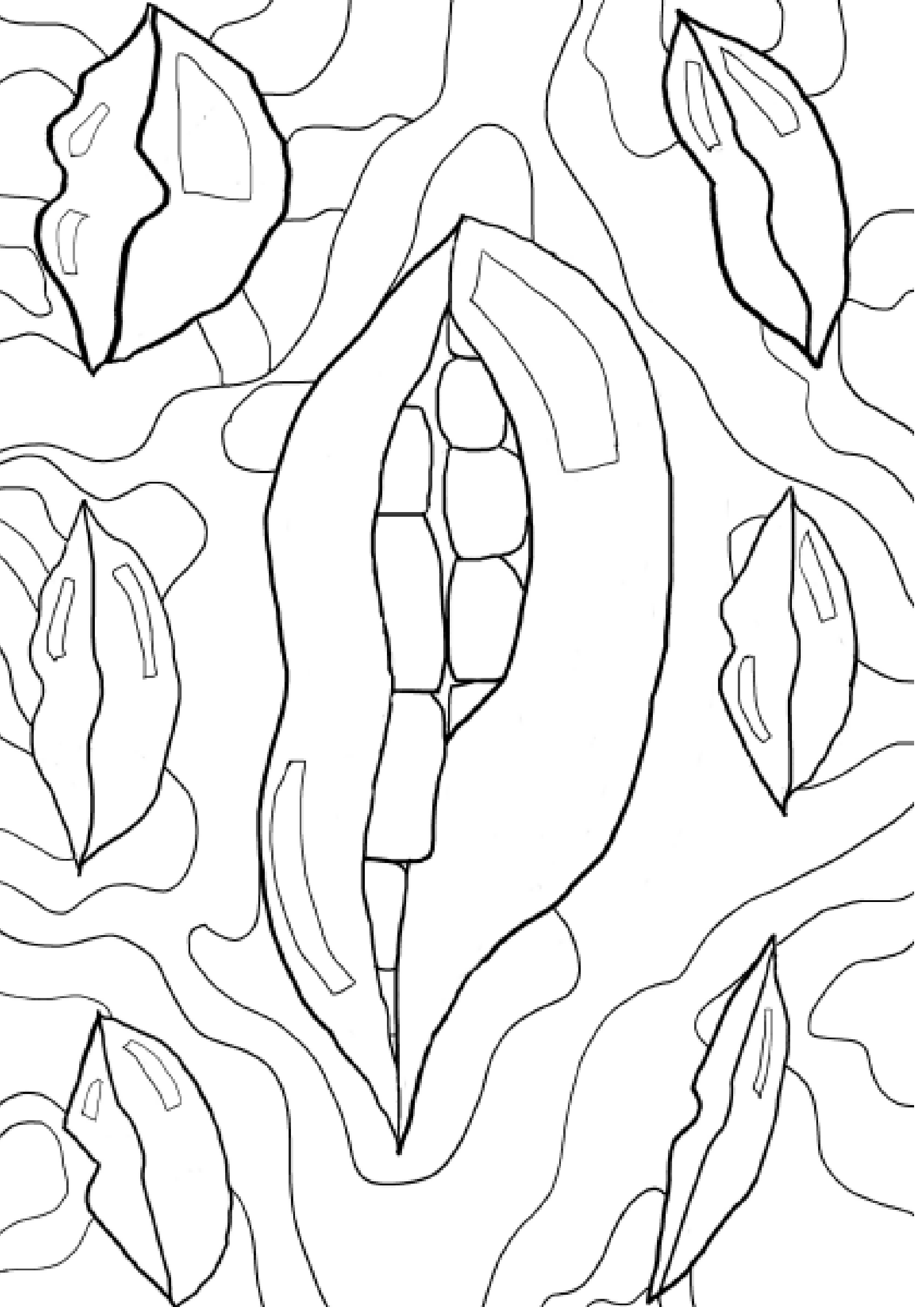
“Take off your clothes. I’m going  
to tie you up.”





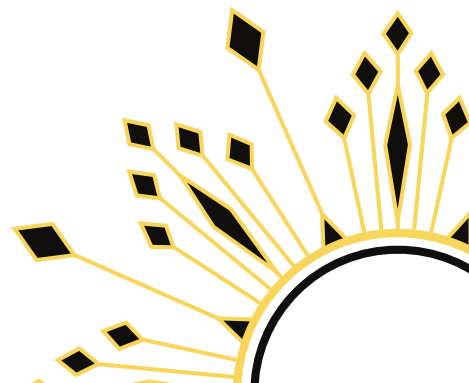
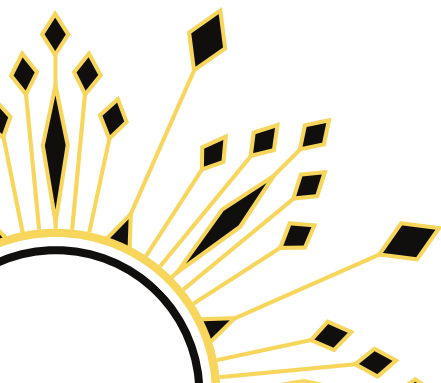
Lick your lips so they are really well moisturised and soft. Pout your lips a little bit and try to have them come out much further than they usually do so when you wrap them around that beautiful cock all that will make contact will be your fleshy lips and not your hard teeth.





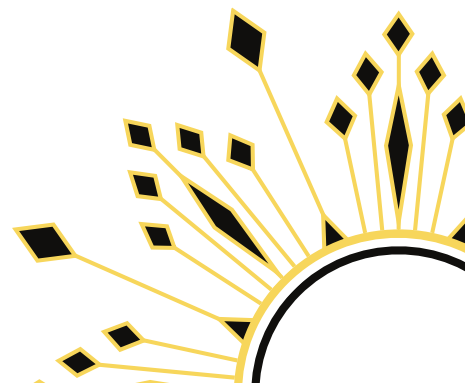


What startled me was the sound of my soul moaning. It was a moan that carried with it the mourning of 38 days of no physical touch.



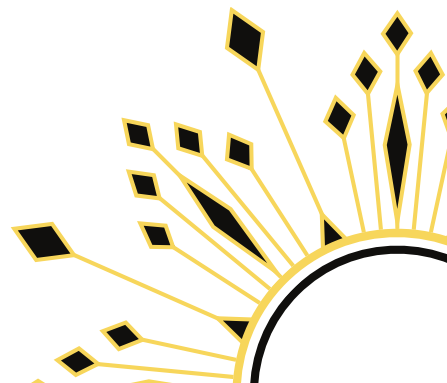
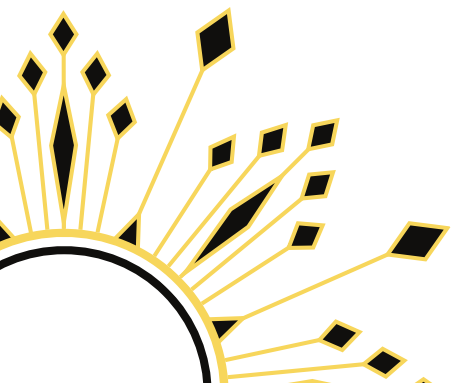


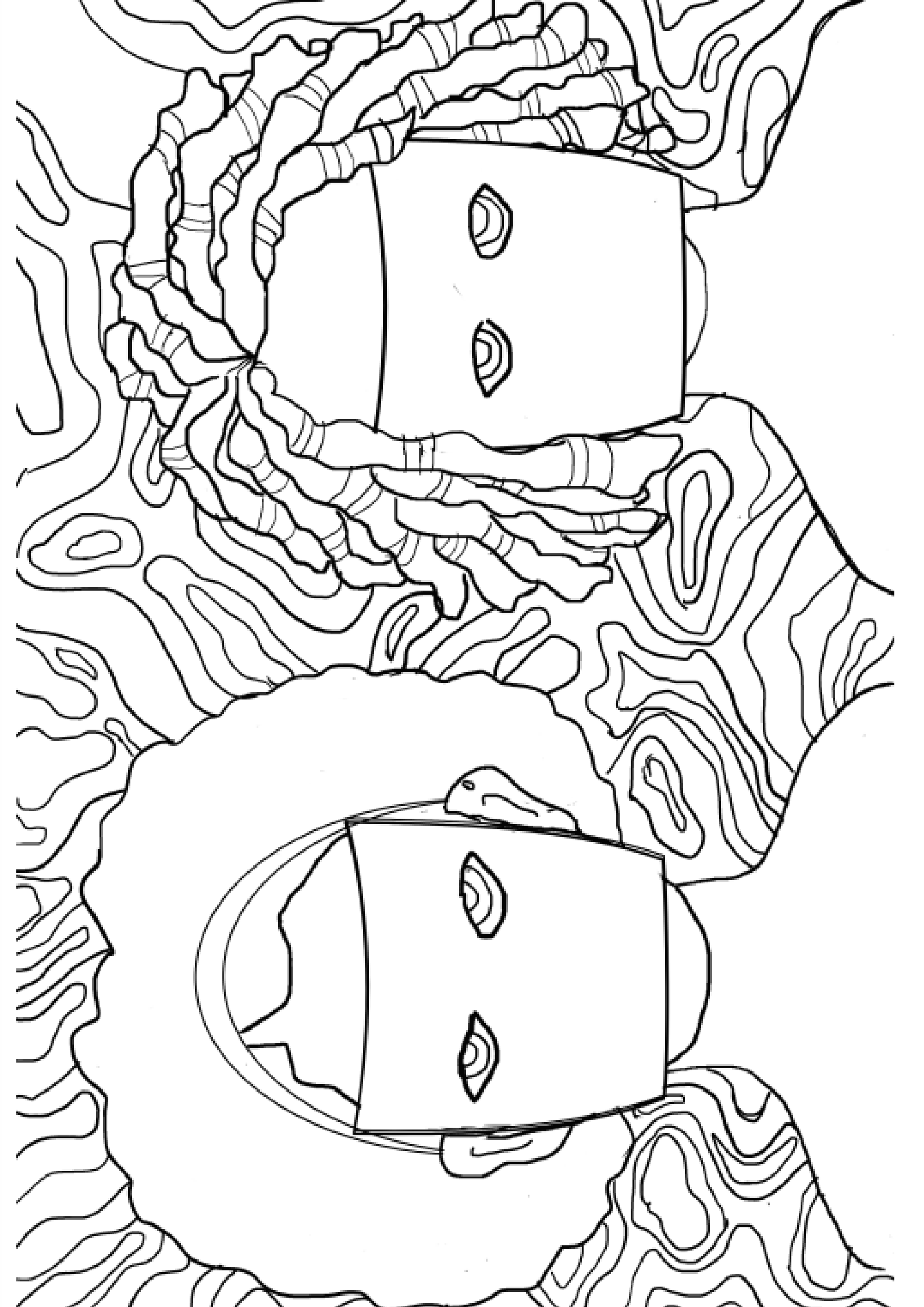
You are lovingly invited to:  
A gathering of Lovers &  
Friends; Food, Wine &  
Good company; Cocktails  
& Storytelling, Laughter,  
with a side of live music.





I will lay out the guest list  
for you. Introduce you to  
more of my lover friends  
and tell you why they get  
invited.







She smells good and tastes  
delicious—my fingers are  
enjoying this. I insert each of  
them, turn after turn, very  
slowly, in her sweet wetness.

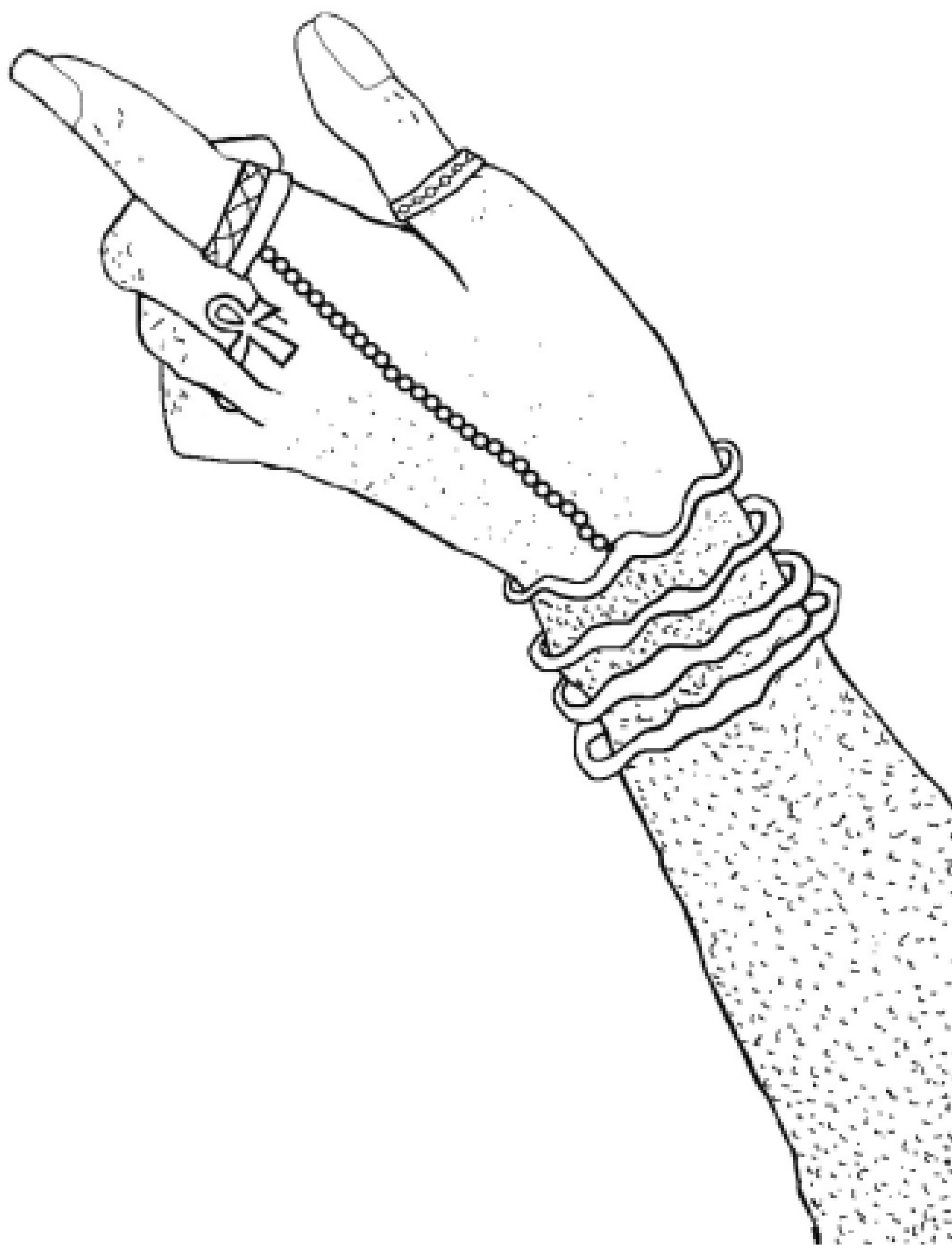




Kiss the tips of my fingers, Kiss  
my stomach...

Spread your hands out to feel  
every other part of me. Feel  
what your kisses do to the rest  
of me.





I could feel his hands in my  
vagina, slowly rubbing on my  
clitoris. I might have let out a  
moan. I closed my eyes and  
focused on how good his  
fingers felt inside of me.





I just realised that it's  
#InternationalMasturbation  
Day and for a moment I was like,  
“Whoa! Is that how come I felt  
like touching myself  
this morning for the first time in  
months?”

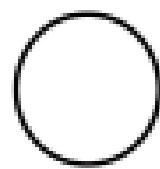
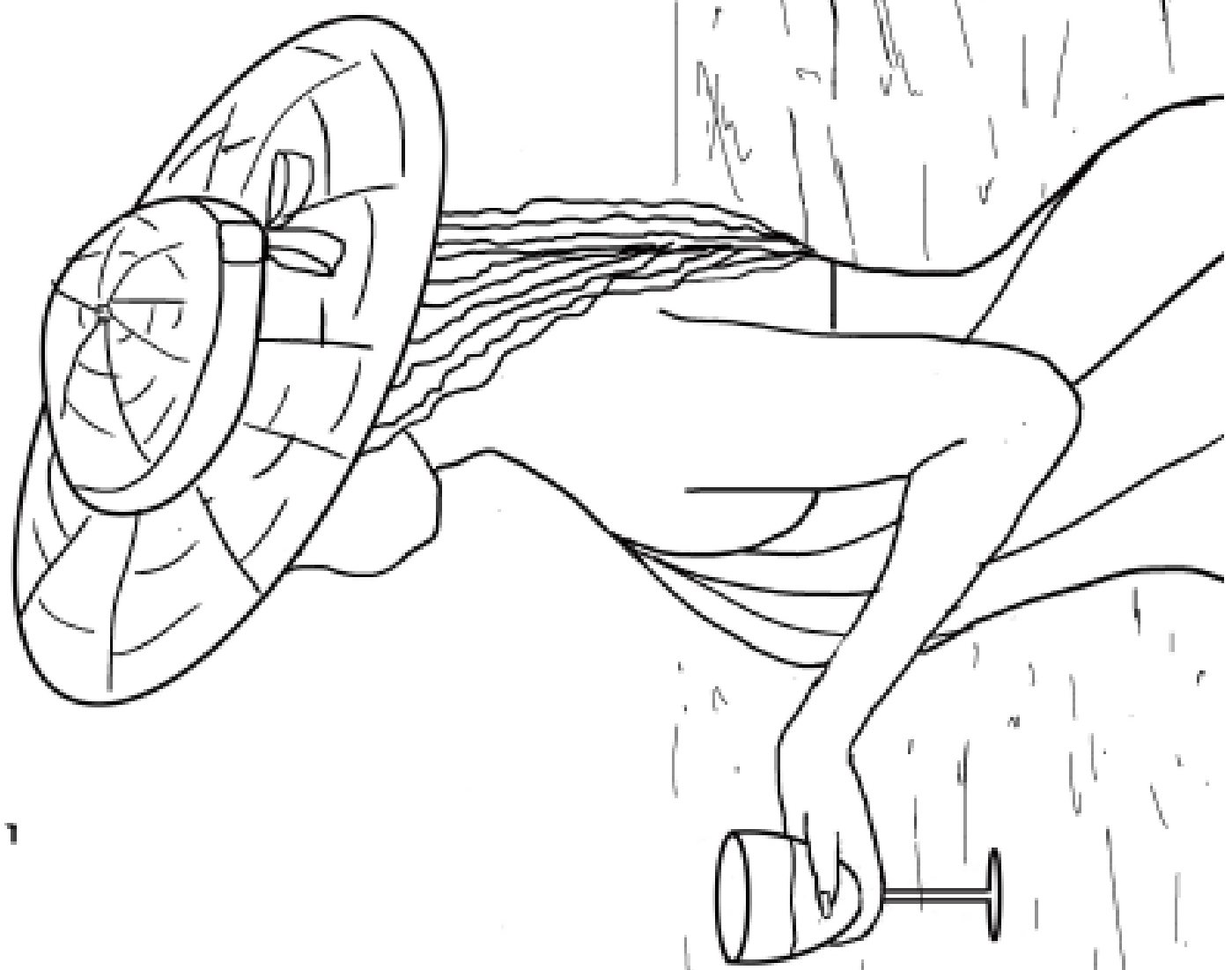






There were women of all sizes,  
shapes and fitness on the beach.  
Some scampered across the sand  
effortless, others lumbered after  
children, and others still languished  
in one attitude, shifting only to take  
sips from drinks within arms reach.

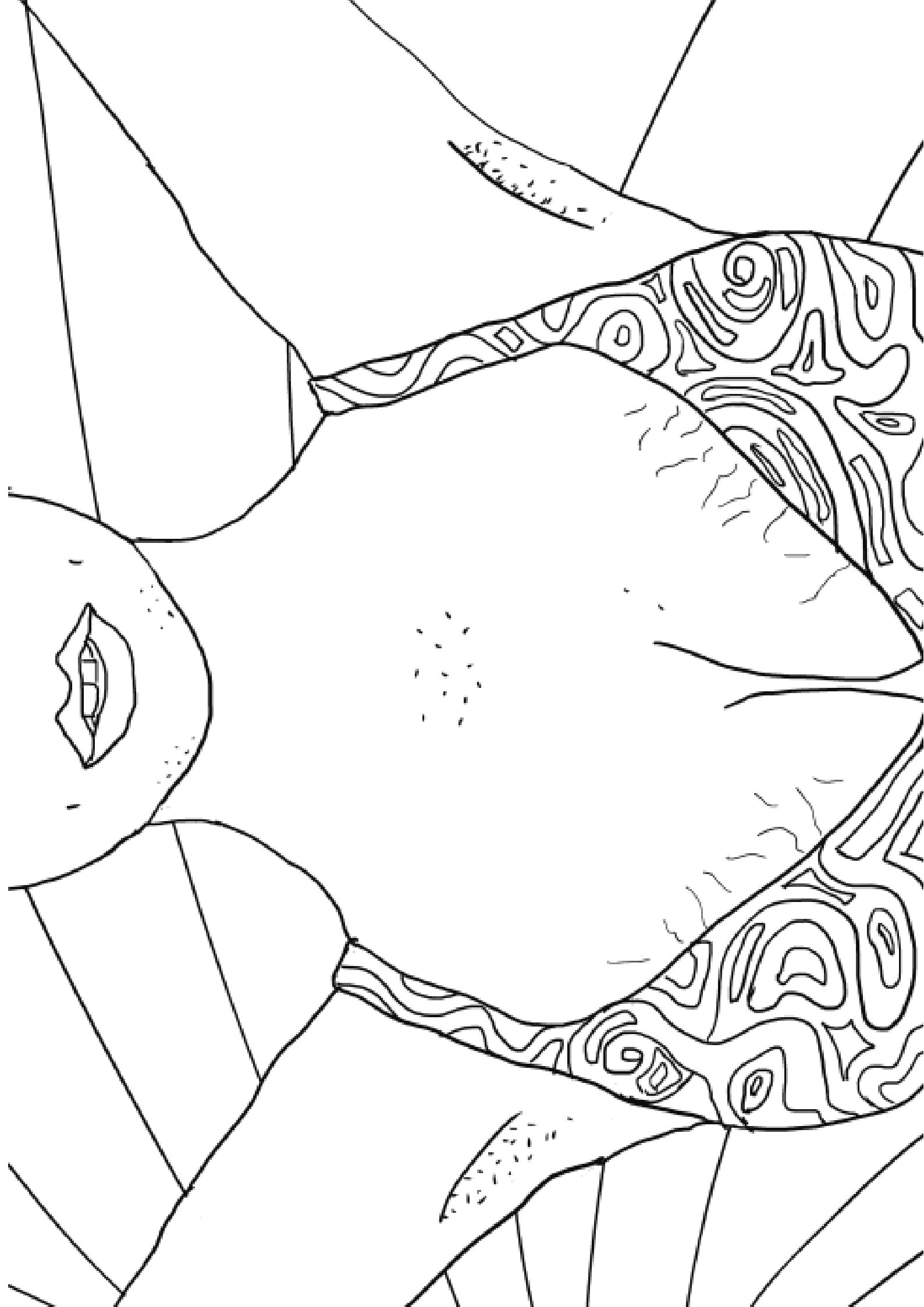




I hate shaving.

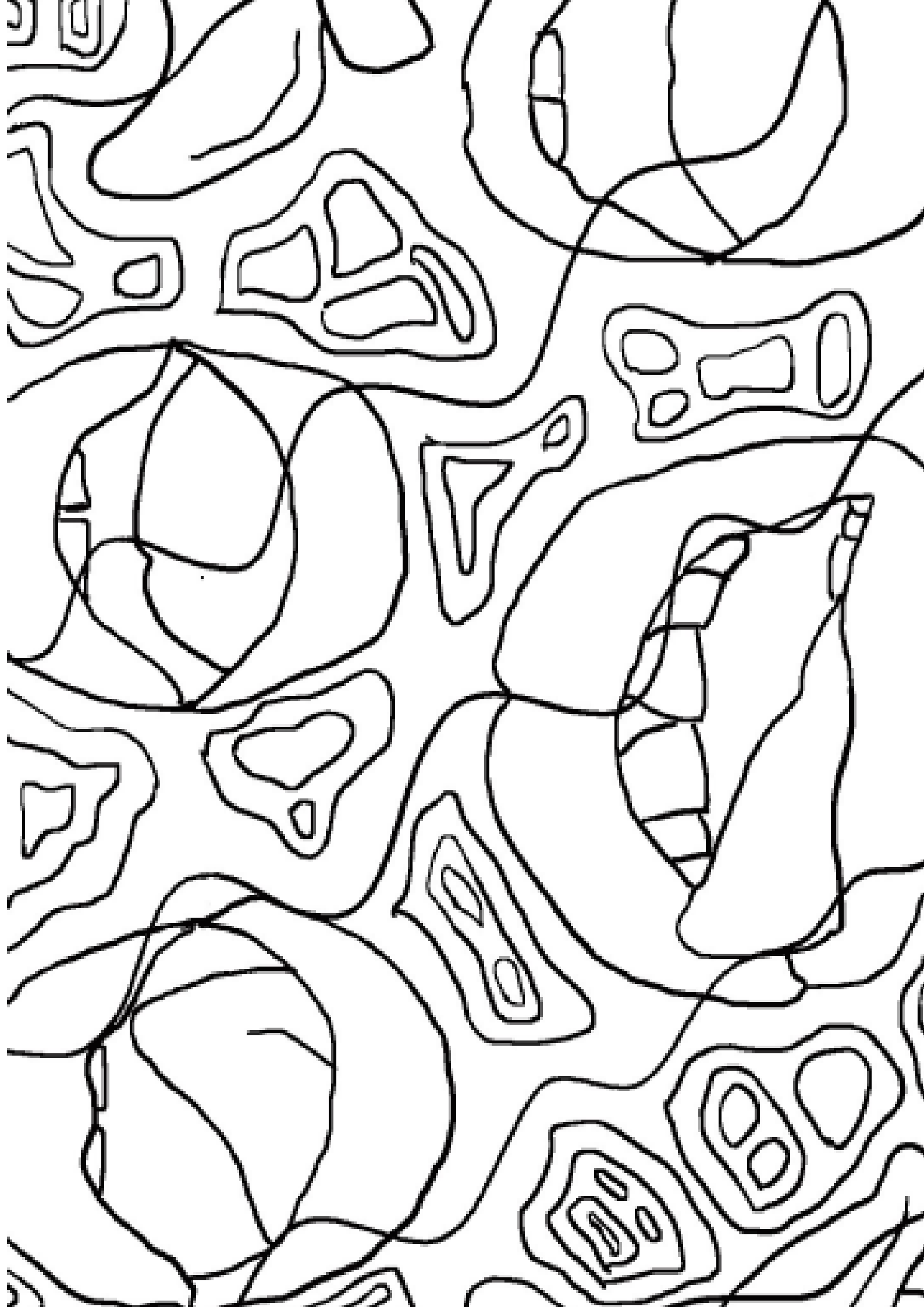
*Absolutely, 100% do not like it.*





Ophelia looked up into my face at that moment and kissed me. I pulled her in tighter and got our tongues in a fierce and hot duel.





There's only one way to describe her. She's an enchantress. She's a goddess. And she's petulant. And coy. And the sight of her makes me weak in the knees and slick between the thighs. How could such a woman be defined by one word? I lied to you.

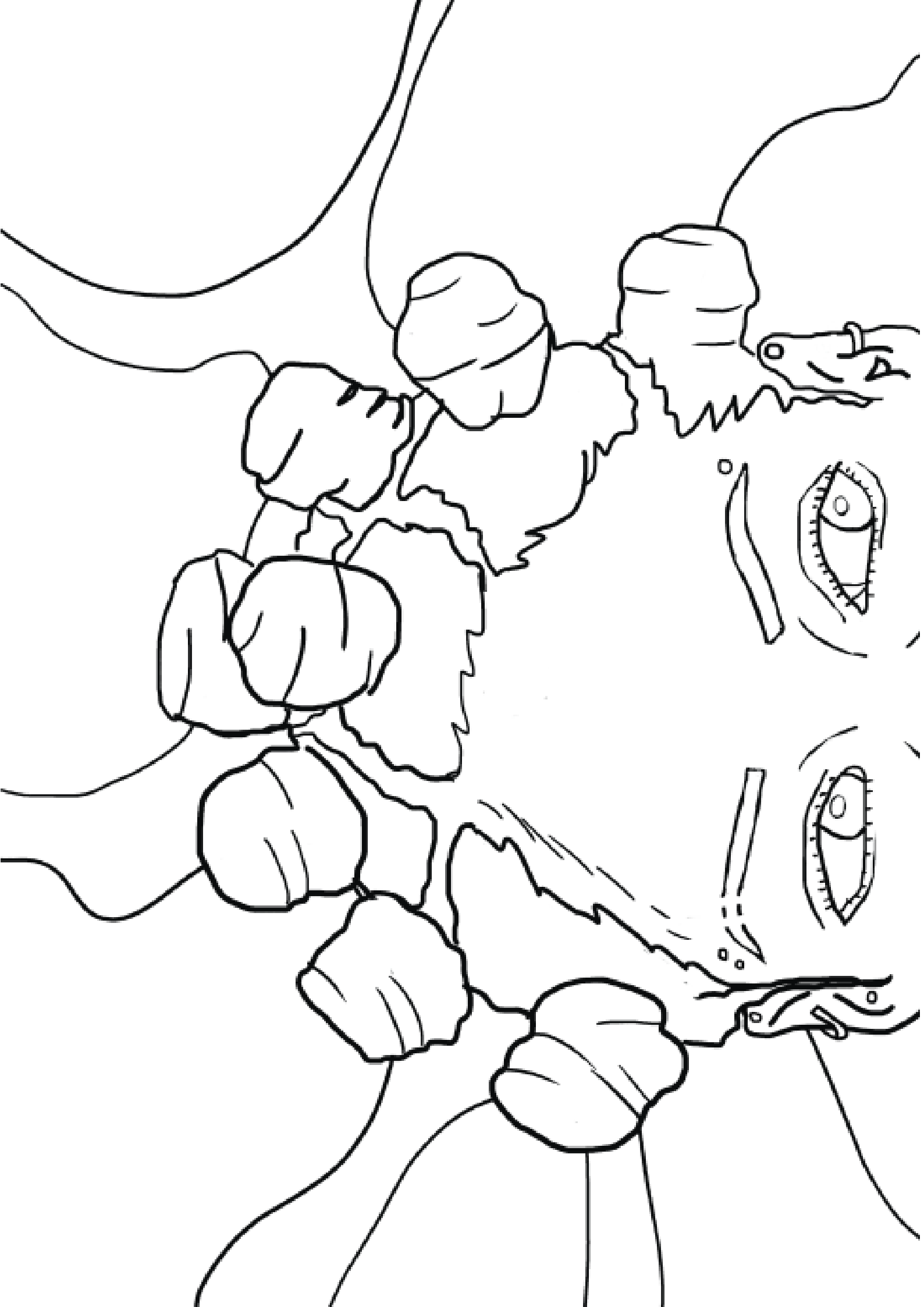






Smile and say hello.  
And maintain eye contact.  
Sometimes the universe is on your  
side and it's that simple.





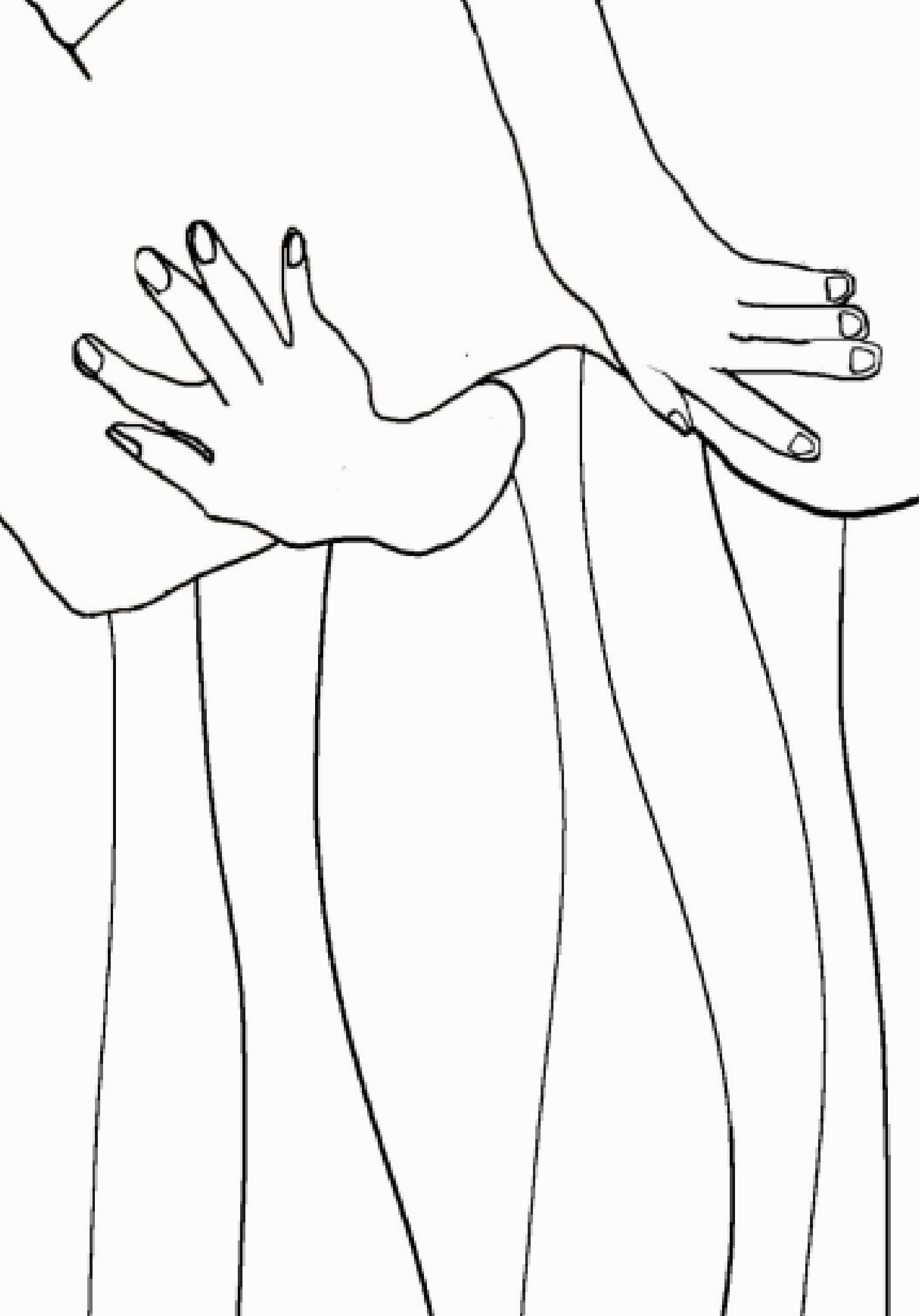
She was...different. Tall, with a great, toned physique, double piercing on both ears, jet black hair cropped just low enough to match her femininity but also just enough to give a hint of a masculine side and the smoothest dark chocolate skin I'd ever seen.





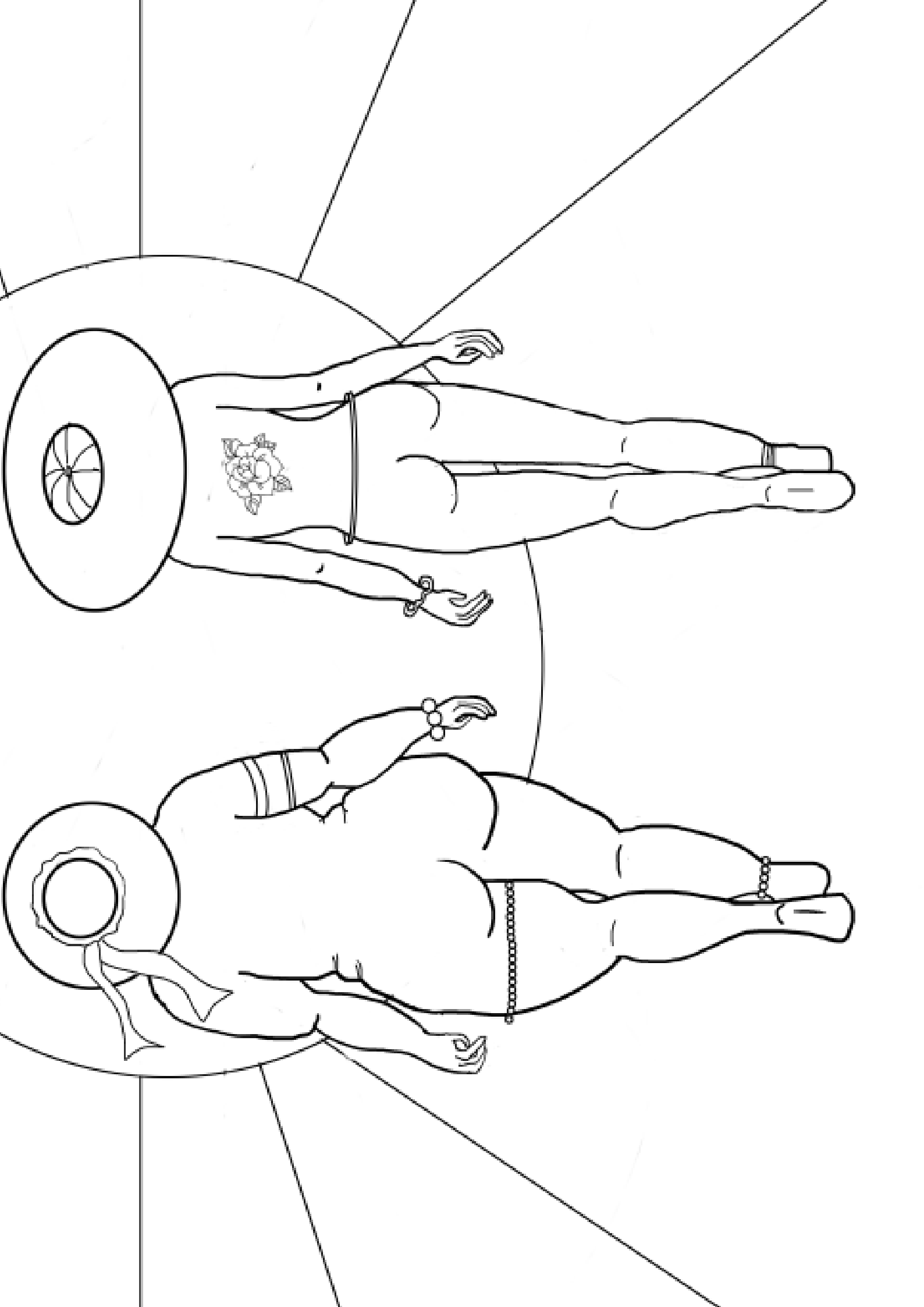
Ours was such an adventure  
that was filled with teasing,  
satisfaction and too good to be  
true.





"I don't know about Belinda, Abby,"  
Wes kneaded my bottom. "I don't  
have all the answers. I just know that  
I can't stop myself feeling this way."

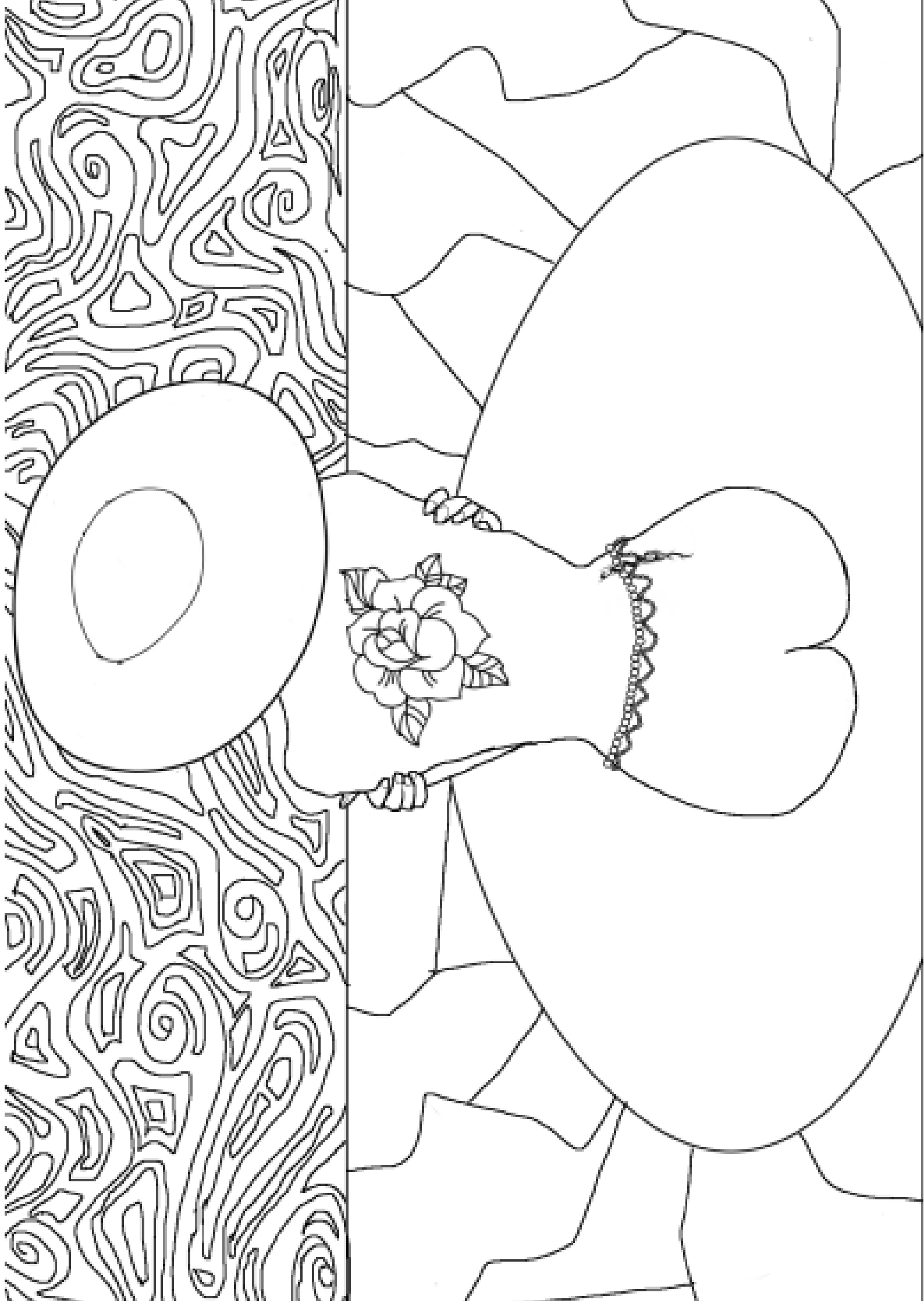




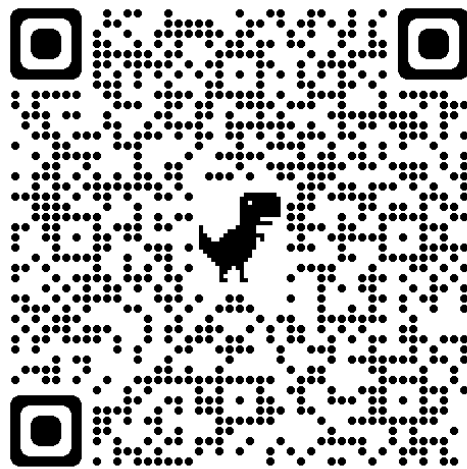


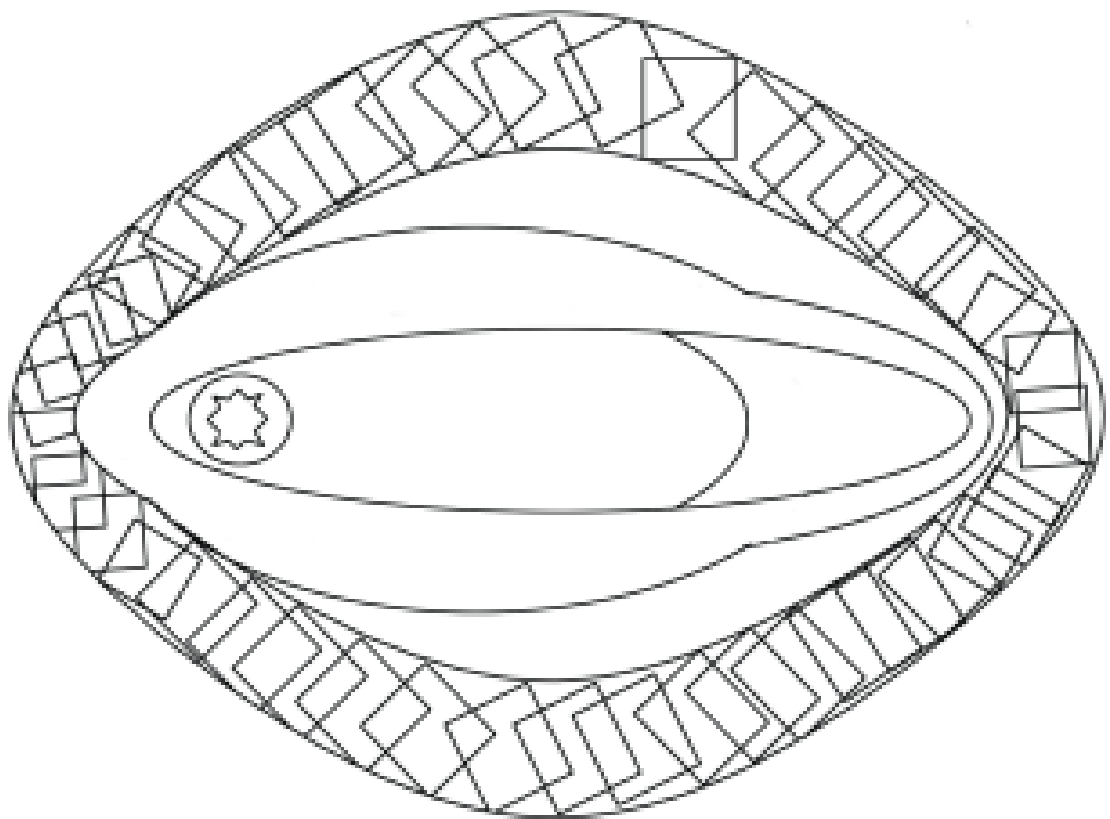
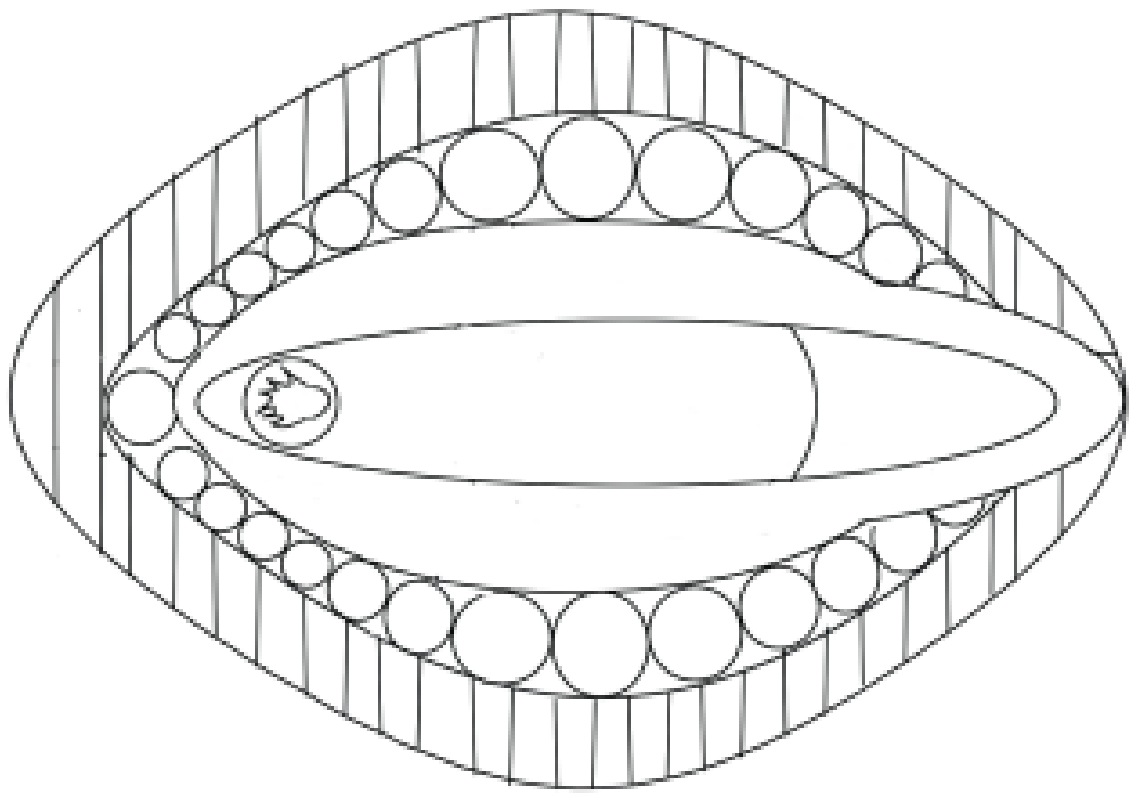
I gave freedom to my  
imagination, to wild ideas,  
an unfiltered quest for  
love that was beginning  
to look free and  
spontaneous.





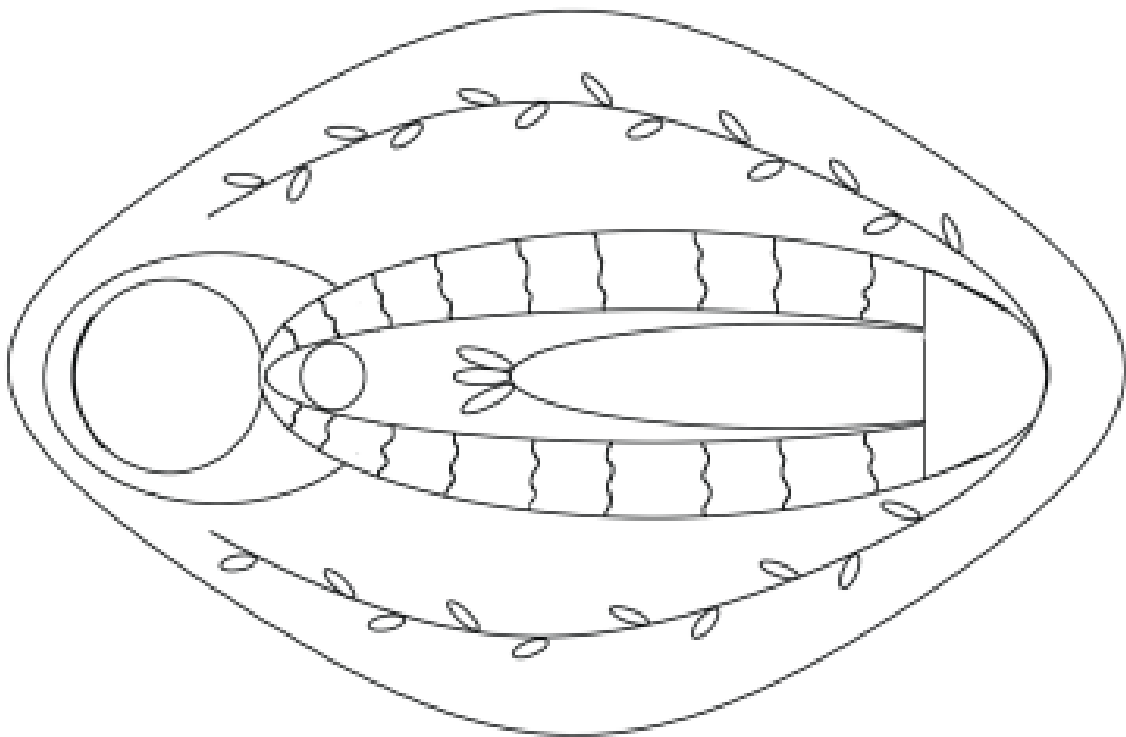
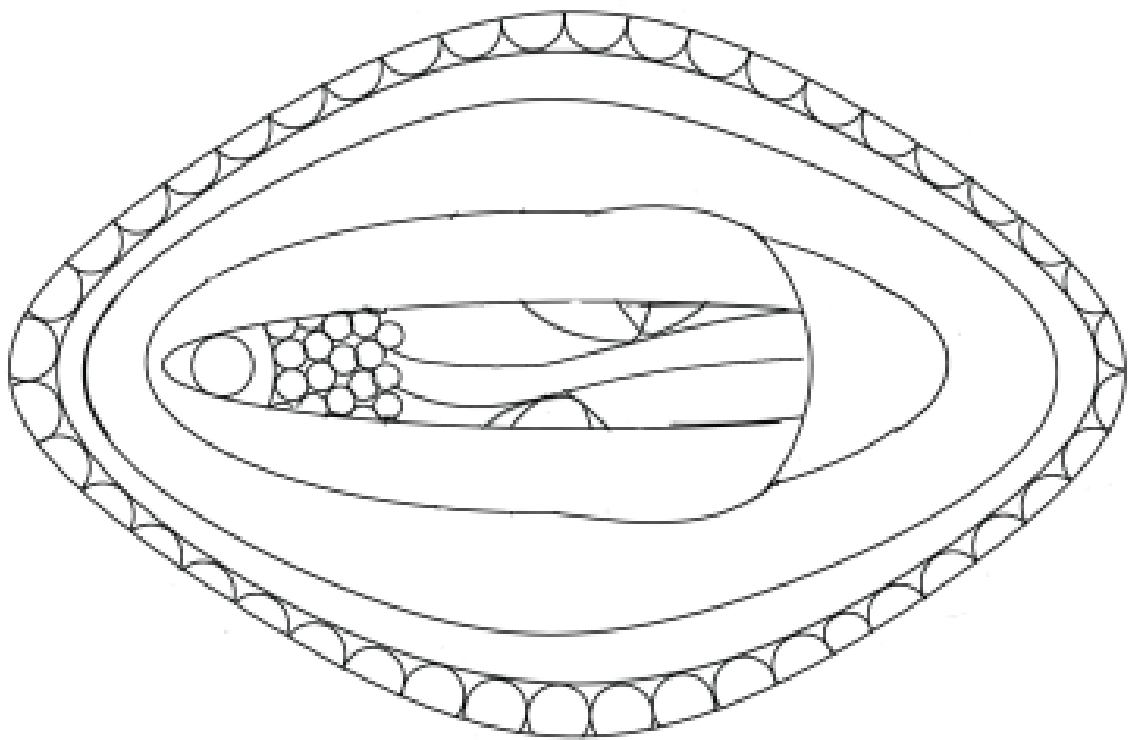
By using the word “vagina” when we really mean “vulva” in talking about sex and pleasure, we decenter ourselves and our pleasure and erase the parts of our genitalia that gives us the most pleasure.





What does a “normal” vulva look like? Frankly, there’s really no such thing as a “normal” looking vulva. Vaginas and vulvas are as unique as faces or fingerprints; they all have the same parts, but everyone’s looks a little different.





I was gifted my first bag of toys  
(yay lucky me!) and I was  
fortunate enough to live in a space  
where I could relearn how to  
navigate my body in the privacy of  
my home.

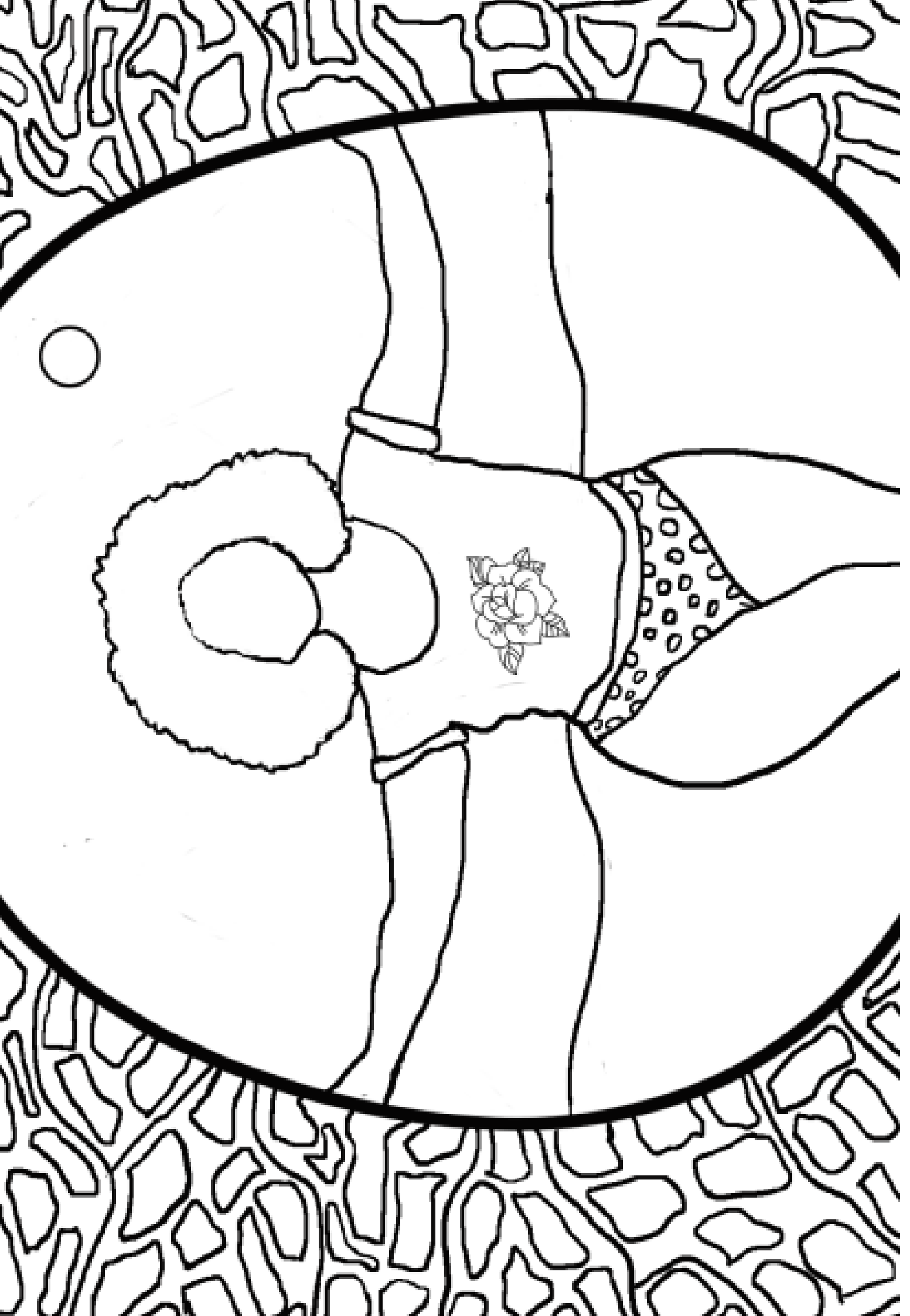






I am not saying abstinence is easy, it is not but refraining from sex is how I choose to express my sexuality. I am curious, do you practice abstinence because of your faith? Is it a challenge?





I always knew I liked girls. It's just been a fact of my being my whole life. It's like breathing, it's just something you do. And it's never been a problem finding girls.



