

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1989

*Pet
of the
Year*

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IN JIM BAKKER
HIS HOMOSEXUAL LOVER
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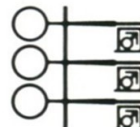
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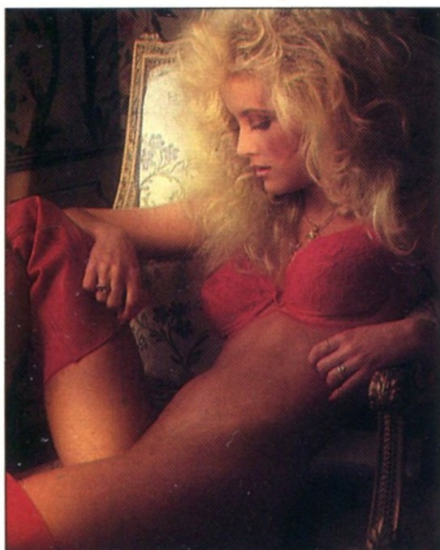
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Our cover features Pet of the Year Ginger Miller, who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T80 camera and Tiffen filters. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 213.

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● I was bursting with desire,
and wanted to feel him inside of me
again without interruption—
the more quickly it happened, the better. ●

PENTHOUSE FORUM

AFTER-HOURS PARTY

It started at a tropical-isle party my husband gave for his clients and friends. The party was held at his advertising agency, located in Amsterdam. His office took up most of the second floor in what had been the drawing room. The Europeans call it the first floor. Geoffrey, my husband, had had all of his office furniture removed and the room decorated for the party by an art director from one of the local TV stations. One end of the room looked like a cove on a Pacific island, giving the illusion of a short sandy beach with the sea stretching into the distance. Palm trees were in each corner of the room and also supported the palm-thatched roof of the bar set up between the floor-to-ceiling windows, which had been covered over in such a way that the lights outside seemed to come from small huts. Hidden speakers spilled Hawaiian music into the room to mix with the recorded sounds of muted surf from the cove end of the room.

It was romantic and smelled of jasmine and other tropical flowers, and the atmosphere seemed to affect everyone. Most of the women donned costumes they thought to be islandlike, and the men wore long or short skirts similar to those worn by men in the South Pacific. Geoffrey had hired a lot of costumes from a theatrical company, and laid them out in the agency cinema so that people coming from formal parties (it was between Christmas and New Year's) could select one and change in the executive bathroom.

Geoffrey had started the



evening wearing a long sarong, but as more and more people arrived and the costumes were picked over, he had surrendered piece after piece of his outfit. By midnight, he was in a very abbreviated loincloth. He had tucked his gold lighter into the pouch of the loincloth, fearing to leave it lying around to be stolen. Tucked as it was under his balls, it only served to make his equipment a little more obvious. I noticed that several of the women had a good look, and he was pretty much in demand as a dance partner, getting more than his share of crotch shoved against the lump in his loincloth. He loved it, of course. He looked good, too. Before the party, we and another couple, good friends of ours, had applied liquid tan to our bodies. In the soft light our skin seemed to ripple as we danced, and Geoffrey, who was doing a good deal of gyrating, moved from one woman to the next, from one group to the next, seeing to it that everyone

was enjoying themselves.

When the party finally broke up, the four of us good friends decided to remove our liquid-tan makeup before dressing and going home. When we were in the executive bathroom, Johnny said, "Okay, May, it's you and me first in the shower, and then we'll let Geoffrey and Diana use it." I glanced at Geoffrey, who was staring at Diana's body, and he looked at me and said, "Okay by me, if it's okay with the girls." I'd already had a chance to see that Johnny had a dong that was large and getting larger as he eyed me from top to toe.

As Johnny and I crowded into the shower stall, it might have been possible not to touch each other, but it would have meant pushing our backsides against the walls. His prick was too big, I guess, to stand up (as I've seen some stand up), so I decided to just let it pulse in my soapy hand. I gave it a couple of strokes before moving on to his balls and then to his legs, chest, and back, to wash the makeup off. His soapy hands running over my skin were giving me goose bumps—I was so excited. We didn't do anything else, just rinsed off and got out to let Geoffrey and Diana in. They both took in Johnny's hard-on, but didn't say anything.

We could hear them laughing inside the shower as Johnny finished drying my back, then turned me around to face him as he sat down on the closed toilet seat. He turned sideways, pulled one of my feet up on the seat beside his ass, and ran his fingers into my crotch. I was

already wet inside as he twiddled my clit and then slid two fingers into me. He took his fingers out almost immediately and pulled me down onto his prick. It wasn't the most comfortable position, but the first strange prick that I'd had inside me since my marriage ten years earlier felt so fantastic, that I didn't mind at all.

I was going to slide up and down on that magnificent prick some more, but I heard Diana coming out of the shower and slid off completely, leaving my foot up on the seat. "Well," said Diana, "I hope you two are enjoying yourselves." I don't know whether or not she had seen me actually on Johnny, but when I glanced at his prick, I could see that it was glistening with my cunt juices. Johnny saw it, too, and wrapped his hand around his prick and said to Diana, "Just looking at it gives a hurting hard-on, but it felt good to my fingers, too." Diana snorted but didn't say anything, so I guessed that she'd seen his wet prick even if she hadn't seen me sliding up and down on it. As far as I was concerned, it didn't matter. We were all together—it was highly likely that Geoffrey would be thinking of doing the same thing to her. I felt that if something happened, we would all be sharing together. Just at that moment, Geoffrey came roaring out of the shower, yelling that the damned hot water had run out and he'd

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JANUARY

had to complete his rinse in icy water. He insisted that Diana and Johnny come back to our place for some more champagne. They took us up on his offer.

As we left the building, Geoffrey grabbed Diana and hustled her into our Mercedes; Johnny held the door of theirs for me. The talk on the way back to our apartment was about the party, but we both felt the electricity shooting back and forth between us. We'd known Johnny for seven or eight years, and I'm sure that neither he nor I had ever looked at each other in real lust. It was more a matter of curiosity. I couldn't remember thinking of him in that way, and I doubt that he had thought of screwing me in anything other than abstract terms. For all that, we now knew that we were going to make love together. I was bursting with desire and, yes, I think, even love for this great bear of a man, and I wanted to feel him inside me again, but without interruption. I wanted to be fucked by him—and the more quickly it happened the better I would like it.

It didn't take long. Geoffrey convinced them, as soon as we had consumed the first bottle of champagne, that they were in no shape to drive all the way home to the suburbs, 20 miles from our duplex flat. Johnny agreed that he would rather not have to make the drive. Geoffrey said they would have to sleep with us, since we no longer had a guest room. Diana was acting funny, so I didn't know what was going to happen as we all stripped off our clothes and started for the bed. Diana put Johnny on one side of the bed and got in beside him, but Johnny wasn't having any of that. "Push over there, sweetheart, so you can be between Geoffrey and May, who will be here beside me." Diana moved over, but I could feel that she had gone sour for some reason or other.

We all lay there for a few minutes, saying nothing. I laid my hand on Johnny's leg, but didn't reach for his prick. Diana sat up and said, "I'm too crowded, I can't sleep like this. I'll go downstairs and put the sofa cushions on the floor, and then you guys will have more room. I've got a headache, anyway, from that last bottle of champagne." With that, she rose from the bed and left the room. "Now, what the hell's wrong with her?" Geoffrey said.

Johnny answered in the dark, "Don't know. She sounds a bit funny. Maybe if you go down there you can talk her into coming back up, and we might have a party."

Geoffrey said, "Well, shit, I'll give it the old college try." I hadn't thought that he would leave me in bed with Johnny—I still don't think he thought anything would happen while he was out of the room. No matter what he may or may not have thought—and we've never discussed it—I knew what I was going to do, and I did it. As I heard Geoffrey's foot hit the first step on the stairs, I rolled over and took that wonderful big prick, throbbing like a

panting long-distance runner, and put it in my mouth. God, it was wonderful. I can't imagine that a man can understand how I felt, only another woman. That slightly salty taste of the fluid that greases the way for a man's semen was better than all the glasses of champagne I'd had that night.

I didn't suck Johnny long, as wonderful as it was to lie there with his prick sliding in and out of my mouth, because he maneuvered me around and over him so that his mouth could reach my dripping cunt. It was fantastic, but I didn't want him to come like that—at least not the first time. I wanted to feel him flooding me with it. So I changed position again, turning around while I held him down on his back, and moved some more so that I was astride him. I'd kept him in my hand as I moved, and now I raised myself up on my knees. I lowered myself minutely and rubbed the head of his big cock back and forth, from the back of my pussy forward to slide over my clit and then back again. I know I was moaning and shaking, and when I heard him suck his breath in, I guided him to the mouth of my cunt and slowly slid myself down and down and down, until he was buried deep inside me. I lay down on him and kissed him—really kissed him—for the first time in my life. He whispered, "For God's sake, don't move for a while."

It was the sound of his whispering, the feel of his hands going around in soft circles on my butt, the feel of my tits against his hairy chest, the feel of him inside of me—throbbing and throbbing even though we were still, his prick a living thing in itself—I don't know just what it was, but I couldn't stop myself. My pussy twitched and tightened itself on Johnny's wonderful, unbelievable prick. His hands weren't so smooth now—they were pushing me up and pulling me down, and I was moving of my own volition, too, against him, away from him, up, down. Suddenly he scalded my insides with his come. And as the second wave washed through me, I felt as if I was coming apart with an orgasm that left me so weak and shaken that it must have moved the whole house. I started to cry out, but his hand came down on my mouth.

We lay there, shaking and holding each other, not speaking as the waves subsided. I moved slightly, not meaning to, and he fell out of me. I reached for a Kleenex and slid down his body to take his now only semi-rigid tool into my mouth, savoring the taste of our mixed juices, before wiping him off and wiping my own pussy, then collapsing on the bed.

I must have been dozing, perhaps only for seconds or a minute or two, when Geoffrey came into the room and lay down beside me. He put his hand on my pussy, stroking my clit. He put his hand on his prick and I found it hard as a rock—and funnily enough, I wanted it as badly as I had wanted the one that had been a stranger to me a few hours earlier. It was,

as I said, a funny feeling. I felt absolutely happy and sexy and ready to satisfy my husband and myself. I was suddenly a bit frightened, though—no, *concerned* would be a better word—when he got on his knees and turned around on the bed, putting his head between my legs, his prick over my face. His tongue explored my clitoris and invaded my pussy. I wondered if he could taste Johnny's come, but I guessed he couldn't, because he said, "God, you're as ready for this as I am," and lowered his head to start licking my clit again.

Johnny's hand grasped my own and squeezed. He may have done it to give me strength or support, or I don't know

him, "Now, damn it, now. I want you to fuck me, now." He wheeled quickly on the bed and thrust into my waiting pussy. Johnny was getting more excited and was moving about on the bed, too. We could hear his hand working faster and faster, sometimes pulling so hard at himself that we could hear his balls slapping between his outstretched legs.

"Don't pull it off, Johnny," Geoffrey said to him, "but I hope that you're getting some of the enjoyment from this that I am. If you are, know that we're pleased for you." Geoffrey continued moving in and out of me, at first slowly. But when I pulled my legs up and arched my back, enabling him to penetrate me more deeply,

ter's room (she was away at school) after cleaning myself up a bit in the bathroom. As I fell asleep, I smiled to myself, thinking of what two of the nicest men in the world—and the two closest to me—had given me, and what I had given them. I'd never behaved like this before in my life, yet I didn't feel the pangs of guilt that I had always thought adultery would bring. Perhaps it didn't qualify as adultery, since Geoffrey was a part of it. He probably figured out that Johnny and I might have done it while he was downstairs. As my thoughts started fading into the pale clouds of sleep, I believe I thought that it didn't matter, as it would probably never happen again.

great. One Friday night I was party hopping with my dormmate Evan. I first saw Denny at a party, surrounded by five husky fraternity brothers. At first I was a little intimidated to go and talk to her, but after a few beers, I mustered up enough courage to ask her to dance. The room was warm, and her hot-pink tank top clung to her breasts, outlining her nipples. Sweat dripped down the front of her neck and trailed between her mountainous tits. The music slowed down and we began to dance closer. It was then that I felt an uncomfortable bulge forming at the brink of my zipper. When it got too warm to dance, we moved apart. That's when she caught a glimpse of my mod-

on all fours and I entered her sopping-wet love canal from behind.

She groaned with satisfaction and I pumped her with all my might. I teased her by pulling my pecker almost all the way out before plunging it back in again. After some more of this, I realized that I was teasing myself, and began to pump faster. Finally, I sent my load straight down her tunnel. We didn't even have time to rest, because suddenly the lights went on in the dean's house. We grabbed our clothes and scurried back to the dorm to continue our extracurricular activities. Senior year at school can certainly be a "draining" experience.—Name and address withheld

purchased a sports car, and the thought of her riding next to me was more than I could resist. It was a real challenge for me to keep my eyes on the road instead of on her silky thighs.

As I am somewhat of a flirt, it wasn't long before our conversation turned to parties, sex, and other mutual items of interest. Each time I would try to shock her, she just came back with an even stronger response. That sexy smile of hers made my balls so tight and my cock so hard that I was afraid I might come in the car. Obviously, Amy really knew how to get to me. I just wondered how long it would take before I, in turn, would be able to get to her.

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what. I realized that I loved him at that instant, but I didn't need him. I loved my husband, too, and I wanted to do everything to and with him. I used my free hand to take him into my mouth and covered the head of his prick with saliva. I made noises that I don't usually make. I wanted Johnny to hear us and understand, through my hand that he held, that he was participating in this. Johnny grunted, and I knew he was masturbating with his other hand, and I was glad. It seemed to bring the three of us closer together.

I could feel Geoffrey starting his big throb in my mouth, and as it had been with Johnny, I wanted to feel it come into my body. I withdrew and whispered to

he increased his speed. A faint light from the window showed him moving in and out of me, and by moving my head, I could just see Johnny beside us, watching and winking away at his magnificent penis. I was truly in my glory as I felt Geoffrey shoot an enormous load of warm come inside me, coming in three or four waves, each feeling better than the last. I lunged against him and managed to come as he finished, taking that one last stroke that I needed. As he withdrew, still holding me in the same position, he put his face to my pussy and licked my clitoris.

We slept the sleep of the innocents, all three of us. I woke up later in the night and went to the single bed in our daugh-

I still don't know if Geoffrey fucked Diana or not when he went downstairs. For that matter, I don't even know how long he was down there. I was, after all, fairly well occupied. I've never asked him, and he's never volunteered any information about what he did or what was bothering her. It certainly hasn't bothered me. And I'll always think of that gala and its aftermath as the party of the century. It was fabulous.—Name and address withheld

OPEN SCHOOL NIGHT

I am a 21-year-old college senior at a New England university. Thanks to my close friend Denny, last semester at school was

est-sized hard-on. Denny asked if I wanted to take a walk outside to cool off, and I graciously accepted.

As we walked out the door, I felt her dainty hands caress my ass. She stuck her tongue in my ear and said, "Let's make love outdoors." It wasn't long before the two of us were rolling around behind the bushes of the dean's house. It was a contest to see who could rip the other's clothes off first. I won, and first prize was ecstasy.

Denny knelt down and took my cock into her mouth. She sucked and nibbled up and down the length of my shaft. My knees started quivering and I pulled my manhood out of her mouth. She got down

DEPOSIT BOX

I am the branch manager for a Southern California bank, and I needed to hire an additional loan manager. After running an ad and receiving the usual number of résumés, I noticed one from a young lady whose experience seemed to meet our needs. I set up a meeting with Amy to discuss her qualifications. She arrived on time, and sat down. Amy weighs about 115 pounds and has reddish-blond hair. Although not large-breasted, hers were pointed and proud. Our conversation went well, and she accepted the job. I was attracted to Amy from the moment we met, and I decided to ask her to join me on a business development. I had just

A few months went by, and I finally got up the nerve to ask her out. After a couple of drinks, Amy turned to me and said, "I know I'm turning you on, and I know you want to fuck me." Unfortunately, this was not my night, and I ended up driving home with a real case of blue balls. Lying in bed, I started to think about her. I slowly stroked myself until I shot my come all over my chest. I kept thinking about what it would be like to slide my tongue up and down her wet, hot twat while her warm mouth sucked and licked my cock.

A few more weeks went by and my desire for Amy grew more intense as my verbal dares continued. Then, when a group of people from the bank were going

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Even before I reached her soaked panties, I could feel and smell the heat of her crotch. By the time I slipped one of my fingers into her, her juices were running. My cock was so hard, I thought it would explode too soon. But I held out for the gusto. There we were, half-naked, only 100 yards from the street, playing with each other. Amy continued to jerk

Amy and I have been together ever since. Marriage? You can "bank" on it!—
Name and address withheld

When I got to the librarian's desk, I was confronted with one of the most attractive women I had ever seen. She was not your

Her ass was practically staring me in the face, and my nine inches of manhood, which was hard enough to break concrete at this point, was begging me to allow it to penetrate her body. Caren noticed my condition, but didn't comment on it. Since she couldn't reach the book, she asked me to get it. As I reached for it, she wrapped her hands around my



waist and proceeded to pull the full length of my cock out of my pants. I was stunned by her forwardness and my incredible good luck.

Caren held my ball bat firmly in her hands. She bent down and began to smother it in kisses. My cock became red with her lipstick, but I didn't have long to observe it, because she soon engulfed it in her mouth. She pushed my dick all the way in until her lips met my balls, and was sucking me off so hard that I thought I would explode. Her constant motion soon proved too much for me, and I had never come so long—or so good—in my life. I'm happy to report that the show was far from over.

In my passion, I had ripped off her blouse and exposed her perfectly formed 36ers. Her nipples were as red as my cock, hanging there just begging to be touched. I hadn't noticed, but somehow we were both nude. Caren had thrown me down and was preparing to ride me like crazy. We began fucking with mad passion.

Caren's incessant pelvic thrusts would make any man come almost instantly, but I had a few tricks of my own. After what seemed like hours of pumping and grinding, we both began to shake in anticipation of our impending orgasms. I came first.

If religious experiences truly exist, then I had one that day. Her cunt was not long

in following, and we both shrieked in pleasure as she came.

We sat there in disbelief over what had just happened. Caren got dressed, stroked and kissed me, and gave me her phone number before walking out. As I sat there totally nude, I looked at the book I had originally come for. I wondered if after my experience I would be able to write my paper on human sexuality with more authority. Caren and I have been seeing each other ever since, and needless to say, I always turn in my library books on time.—*Name and address withheld*

ISLAND GIRL

My name is Gary, and until recently I didn't have much of a sex life. Oh sure, I had a girlfriend, but I never had a good sex life. Fortunately, that all changed when I recently took a trip to a Caribbean island. My girlfriend was dead set against it, since she wasn't invited. I told her that I needed some time to myself, and that I was going with my sister and some close friends. Although we argued, she saw she wasn't going to change my mind.

The flight to the island was pretty uneventful, and I was relieved when we landed. I unpacked and scouted around the island. After what seemed like hours of walking, I came across this deserted stretch of beach. I was kind of hesitant about walking any farther due to the No

Trespassing signs, but something persuaded me to continue on, and I was glad I did!

I noticed an open beach umbrella with an incredible pair of legs sticking out from under it. I went over, planning to introduce myself as a tourist who had gotten lost. When I finally reached the umbrella my eyes nearly popped out of their sockets. Under the umbrella was the luscious body of a nude woman. I was speechless when I saw her, yet she wasn't even taken aback when she looked up and saw me. Her only remark was, "Is there something that you particularly like, or is this the way you always act when you see a woman?"

She offered me a seat next to her in the sand. It must not have been more than five minutes before she informed me that the beach was an all-nude beach, and that if I wished to remain there I would have to remove all my clothes. I was kind of hesitant about stripping nude because by now I had a raging hard-on. I decided to go for it since we were all alone on the beach. I watched her face as I removed my clothes. Her expression didn't change much until I pulled off my swim trunks and exposed my eight-inch rock-hard dick. A big smile erupted on her beautiful face. I decided to play it cool, and lay back in the warm sand.

A few minutes later she said that it would be a shame to let me sunburn, and she offered to apply suntan lotion to my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 203

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

body. It all seemed innocent enough in the beginning when I felt the warm oil being smeared over my chest, but then it took a turn to the wild side when I felt the oil being poured over my already enlarged dick. Before I could say anything I felt her hands running up and down my rod. I was powerless to try to stop her. The next thing I knew, this beautiful woman had mounted me and was sliding up and down on my full eight inches.

She was an expert at every movement she used. Here we were, two naked glistening bodies under the hot Caribbean sun, enjoying each other's company. Her skin had a deep exotic tan, and I knew I was in paradise. She was pumping away at a furious pace and was reaching orgasm. I'm surprised that no one called the police, because her moans seemed to echo up and down the beach. At that instant, I felt what would be my best orgasm ever building deep inside me. I couldn't hold back, and I exploded with intensity inside my island girl.

Time flew by, and suddenly I realized the sun was setting. This tropical delight finally collapsed on top of me, and we held each other until dark. I spent the rest of my vacation with her, and every year since then I take a vacation to that very

same island, telling my girlfriend that I need some time to myself.—*Name and address withheld*

FIRST GIRL

I am a fit and attractive 35-year-old woman with a very healthy heterosexual libido, so the incident that I'm about to describe surprised me.

I often get my bikini line done by an electrologist. This involves some really fine, up-close work in my vaginal area. Since I wear very skimpy, high-cut bathing suits, it takes many visits to get the look I want. I was shy at my first appointment. When I explained what I wanted, my electrologist (I'll call her Elaine) put me at ease by lifting her skirt to show me her bikini line. She has what she refers to as a Mohawk. We decided that I needed the same look.

I started seeing Elaine regularly. I'd arrive at her comfortable office, strip down to my skimpy panties, and lie down on the table. For 45 minutes, Elaine would work very close to my snatch with a magnifying glass to aim the probe at the tiny follicles. She would balance her hand on my body. Depending on the angle she was working at, that often meant that her hands were pressing directly on my clitoris. Also, because she was removing hair between my thighs as well as in the front, part of our sessions were always spent with her head between my wide-

open thighs.

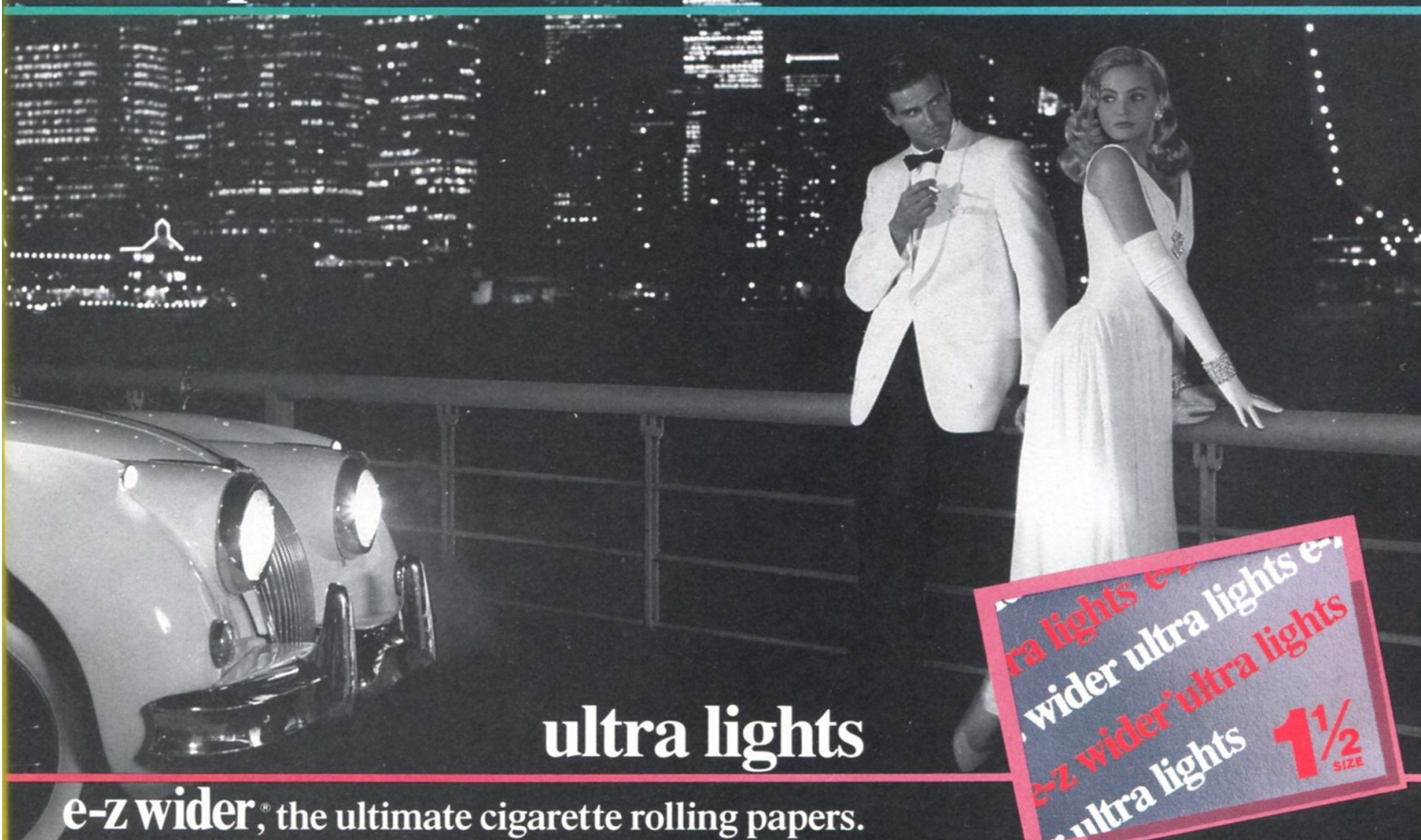
After about three or four sessions of this, I started to look forward to the next one. When I'm aroused my clitoris and labia become very swollen and visible and protrude slightly beyond my mound. About midway through a session I would become quite hot, though Elaine showed no reaction to what was happening. I was sure she must know—even on days when I wore panties she couldn't see through, she had to be able to smell my musky odor.

I began to have fantasies about all that could develop during my visits. It occurred to me that Elaine might be enjoying this as much as I was. I remembered her standing up and walking over to me on my first visit so that I could see her Mohawk up-close. I wondered if she was trying to send me a signal then. I decided to pay closer attention at my next visit.

When that day came, I wore a pair of see-through panties, and made sure that I was freshly showered and scented. The visit went along as usual, with us chatting and me getting hotter and hotter. Finally Elaine changed position and rested her hand on my clit. This time I was sure she was doing it on purpose; it must have been obvious that I was creaming my panties. I mean, my swollen, red, steamy clit was just two inches from her face. As my breathing started to get heavier, I spread my legs a little wider. Elaine's fin-

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Silver Sparkles



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203

gers continued to knead my clit and I knew that she was on the same track as me. Trying to decide how to break the ice, I asked her if it would be easier for her if I took my panties off. She looked up at me with desire, and in a husky voice said, "Yes, I'd love it."

I quickly slipped out of my panties and lay down again. Elaine's fingers teased my clit and labia, swirling around in the dewy wetness. Moaning, I reached for her hand, and as I did so, her tongue found my clit and I exploded in orgasm. Elaine slid her finger in my cunt and continued to lick and suck me. I sat up on the table and touched her breasts. She took her shirt off, and I was faced with the prettiest tits I ever saw. I rubbed her nipples, fascinated by the soft skin of another woman, and she tentatively kissed me on the mouth.

I told Elaine that it was her turn to lie down on the table, and when she did, I kissed my way down to her glistening pussy. She was so wet with love that I got even more excited and dove my tongue into her waiting hole. I never tasted another woman's come or even touched a woman down there—it was wonderful. Elaine suggested we get into a sixty-nine, and I did so eagerly!

I never came so much in my life. We were both getting off so much that we didn't hear the timer go off, signaling the end of my appointment. We stopped and got dressed. Elaine asked me if I'd like to make a longer appointment next time at the same rate. I told her I never pass up a bargain. I can hardly wait.—*Name and address withheld*

ROOM SERVICE

Let me tell you about last night. I was working the front desk of a prominent hotel in the Binghamton, New York, area. It was my normal 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. shift, and I expected a rather boring night. Much to my surprise, I was in for a change.

Around 1:30 A.M., after I had completed the last of my auditing, I was struck by this vivacious blonde entering the lobby. She approached the front desk with a walk that would attract even the most satisfied male. She asked me if I had any rooms left for a weary traveler. I could not let this angel leave without giving it my best shot, so I told her that although we were truly full, the back office was empty and that I had spent many a night catching some z's back there. I knew it was a stupid line, but it was worth a try. When she accepted, I knew I was in for the night of my life.


I quickly ran down to the laundry room to get a roll-away and summoned her into the back office. I returned to the desk and got out my faithful "If you need help, dial 100" sign. Now I was ready. I tried to be as smooth as possible, but just look-

ing at this goddess was too much. I practically asked her to jump my bones. I now wonder if she had it all planned.

I slowly began to disrobe as she sat on the edge of my desk, looking at me with eyes that just seemed to read my mind. She knew what I wanted and was ready to give it to me. As I removed my pants, she devoured my semi-hard love muscle. She licked and teased my eager cock, and when she finally began her sucking it was pure heaven! While she was sucking and stroking my now totally erect piston of pleasure, I was rapidly taking her clothes off. Her breasts were as perfect as any you have ever seen, and her nipples stood up at attention. Which is what they soon got. I lasted only about two minutes with her mouth on my shaft before I was ready to blow. She noticed this and quickly pulled away. I was dejected, but she assured me that she'd soon get my rocks off!

Removing her pants, I found that she wasn't wearing any panties. It's probably a good thing, seeing as they would have been drenched, anyway. The wetness was running down her leg, but not for long. I was sure not to let any of that love juice get away. She eagerly opened her legs and let my tongue inside. I quickly darted it in and out, and she began to shudder and moan with ecstasy. All the while she fondled my aching cock with one hand and her wanton breasts with the other. "More! More!" she wailed as she climaxed. Pulling my head from her, she whispered, "Now it's your turn."

Pushing me back onto the desk, she climbed on top of me. Slowly she began to mount my swollen member. The feeling was unbelievable! As she bounced up and down, she began to moan louder and louder. I was afraid that she would wake the guest in room 101. As we neared the climax of this—my first orgasm—she began to caress my aching balls. I could take no more. Thrusting upward, I let her have it all. It was as if a dam had burst. I never thought I would stop coming. As we slowed our pace, I noticed the pool of juices that had formed from our passion. I pulled out of her, and she greedily licked any remaining fluid from my now shrinking shaft.

It was now time for her to get her much-needed rest, and with good reason. Dawn was near, and I knew I had to get her out of there before the morning clerk arrived. I woke her and told her that she would have to be on her way, but she assured me that any time she passed through Binghamton she would be sure to stay at our motel. I hope it's soon.—*Name and address withheld* 

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send \$3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, 200 N. 12th St., Newark, NJ 07104.

DICE

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LIVING AND DYING IN L.A.

It's weird. It's a bunch of fucking vegetables. All the scum comes out at night here. Dopers, hookers, junkies—it's sick. We have a different kind of sicko, you know. I mean, out in New York, you have your bums sleeping in the street or your little muggers sticking a knife up your ass. But here, they're even sicker. They're all over. In New York you say, "Let's not go to that neighborhood." In L.A. it's like that all over. You have every fucking weirdo. It looks like this whole town has never heard of shampoo! Everybody walks around with their hair like they put a fucking pack of firecrackers in it before they went out of the house. It's a horror show out here. Nobody has a brain. And people always say, "New Yorkers have an attitude." That may be true, but out here they're just mean, nasty fuckers.

CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'

I hang out in Venice sometimes. I like to go down there with Trini Benini. We actually once saw a guy—I mean, this is disgusting—walk down the street with a dead carcass of a big fucking dog or something hanging over his back. There was blood dripping all over him, and this guy is walking through Venice. It ruined my whole fucking day. Then I saw this other guy walking down Venice carrying a cross about 40 feet long. He must've thought he was Jesus. This is scary shit.

PENTHOUSE

The "Forum" section is very powerful. I'm thinking of doing a bit on "Forum." I'd say, "Hi, my name is Cindy. My husband Bob is a traveling salesman. One night when Bob was out of town, I was just sitting around the house pouring an industrial-size can of creamed corn all over my breasts when the doorbell rang. There was Moby, Bob's black friend. I invited Moby in for a little drink, and before you know it, we smoked a few joints, and Moby took out his big, massive, burning tool and lodged it in my gap." But then I'd be standing there saying, "What the fuck is a big, massive tool? This sounds like something you load on a truck with three friends. You knock buildings down with this thing, you don't put it inside a person." But don't get me wrong. I read *Penthouse*, I dig it. I keep one in my bath—I mean, I keep one in my reading room.

DICE

There's never going to be a comic like me. I'm one of a kind, I'll be remembered because I'm the best. That's just the way it is. I'm fast becoming public enemy No. 1. You know what I'm saying?

NO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUCK YOU'RE SAYING!

Exactly, that's what I'm saying. 



ANELIESE

“I want to be the kind of woman who creates a sensation, who turns
life into one great romance.”

ROMANTIC INTERLUDE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TINA ROSSI

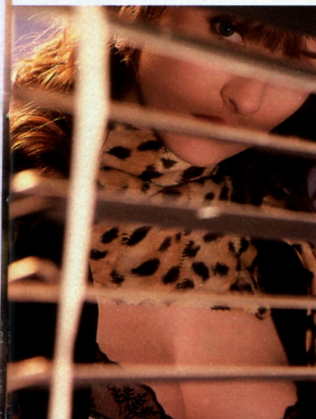
"I've often wondered what it would be like to live one day of my life as somebody else," muses January Pet of the Month Aneliese Nesbitt. If that were possible, she says she'd choose to become Lillie Langtry, the legendary British actress whose beauty and talent were once celebrated throughout the empire. "She created a sensation, turning life into one huge romance," Aneliese explains.





Although she's spent her entire life in London, Aneliese claims she's never really grown accustomed to the city's cold, wet climate. "I'm like a delicate hothouse flower," she says. "I need lots of light and

warmth to bloom and thrive." Holidays in Hawaii provide a welcome respite, but when she's too busy for a vacation, an evening of fresh seafood, pink champagne, and classic Motown helps chase the chills away.





Twenty-three-year-old Aneliese has some very definite ideas about the kind of man who'll keep her cozy during those long nights in front of the fire. "He must be between the ages of 30 and 40, and have a terrific sense of humor. But most importantly, he must be in peak physical condition. Couch potatoes need not apply!"





A badly tuned piano frustrates Anellese almost as much as a badly toned body. An avid student of both piano and ballet, she says if she had more time she'd "go waterskiing every day." Spare time, however, has become an increasingly rare commodity for 36-22-36 Anellese as she cuts an impressive swath through the international modeling scene. "But I don't mind," she says, "because my work is exciting and rewarding."







"These pictures are very special, because I feel as though the camera is capturing a truly wonderful stage in my life."

Meanwhile, Aneliese sees new worlds to conquer on the horizon. "I hope to become a successful novelist someday," she says, noting that her night table is piled high with works by Wilde, Austen, and

Hardy. "I don't know if the world is ready for my point of view," she laughs, but there can be no doubt that Aneliese, like Lillie Langtry, is certain to become a legend in her own time.





MISS ANELIESE NESBITT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





ANNA, JANE, AND DIANE

All the housewives in Beverly Hills were raving about Jane and Diane, the hottest personal-fitness instructors on the West Coast. Finally, Anna decided to find out what all the fuss was about. She phoned for an appointment. "Meet us by the pool," they told her. "We're firm believers in the benefits of hydrotherapy."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DAVID







Anna wondered what to expect. "We begin each workout with a thorough warm-up," said Jane. "To relax the muscles," added Diane.



For the next 40 minutes, the tag-team trainers put their charge through her paces. "Faster, Anna, faster!" they coached.





Next came the cool-down. "You can never be too rich . . . or too healthy," Anna sighed as she booked her next session.

01





*●In college, I
was voted Most Likely to
Become a Pinup Girl.
What foresight! ●*

OVERDRIVE

Although she's thousands of miles away from the Motor City, California-grown LeAndra Forrester is happily indulging in her favorite obsession—cars. "I love them!" says the 20-year-old blonde. "They have character and charm, just like people. Some are old-time classics and some are more middle-of-the-road. Others are sporty and fast, but I go for those that are sexy and wild! My boyfriend rebuilds old cars. He has that special touch—but not just with fixing autos. I owe my success in modeling to him," explains this sultry half-Cherokee charmer. "He really boosted my self-confidence. I always wanted to model, but it seemed I would put other people's needs before my own. I had the drive, but sometimes I would lose faith in myself. Yet by carefully mapping out my goals, I was able to reach my destination!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS





Back in college, LeAndra was a provocative dresser. "Upon graduation, I was voted Most Likely to Become a Pinup Girl. What foresight! I can't wait for my class reunion now!"

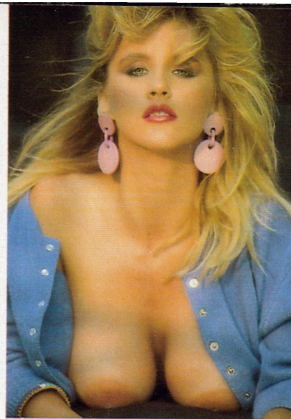






"Some days when I ride down the street, guys will turn around and stare at me. But now that I'm in *Penthouse*, when they stare they'll be saying, 'Hey—haven't I seen that woman somewhere before?'"

"I started my career modeling bikinis. It was then that I discovered how many women are shy about their bodies. But not me," says the 38-22-34 LeAndra. "I've got two big reasons to be proud of my appearance!"









What else does the future hold for this ambitious young lady? "I'd like to be an actress," she says. "But one thing's guaranteed. I'm never taking a backseat to anyone again!"

OT



Kathy Keeton

GINGER





The daughter of an Air Force pilot, 36-23-35 Ginger spent the earlier part of her life in San Antonio, Texas. "My parents taught me to think for myself. Maybe that's why I've chosen to manage my own modeling career."





Called The Broad Squad Headquarters and located at 7300 Sunset Boulevard between Franklin and LaBrea in Los Angeles, the store features "all sorts of outrageous, sexy outfits." Ginger herself creates customized denim and leather jackets.



The store opened in November, and Ginger oversaw the proceedings with her usual aplomb. "We did a lot of the interior work ourselves, and I handled the contracting, teaching myself to negotiate deals on labor and fixtures."







In her spare time, Ginger sculpts, paints, and pens country-and-western songs. "Freedom of expression is something that I, like *Penthouse*, cherish deeply. And that is why I'm so proud to represent the publication as Pet of the Year!" ○—■




Pet of the Year

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"I've worked hard and wished hard, I even tried not thinking about it, so I wouldn't jinx myself!" But good things seem to come in waves for beautiful 22-year-old Ginger Miller, our newly

crowned Pet of the Year. "My career really took off after my first appearance in *Penthouse*," she says. "Now, to receive an honor such as this—it's absolutely mind-blowing!"

(Below) Leaning on her Magnastar automobile from Laredo Motor Corporation of North America, Ginger poses in her Flemington fur coat and Oleg Cassini gown. Photograph by Jeffrey Zwart.





Ginger reports that her affiliation with *Penthouse* has helped her gain "enormous respect and credibility" within the modeling community. "The response has been nothing short of astounding," she says proudly. "One thing just led to another. I've appeared on national television. I've done calendars, catalogs, rock videos, and 15 different posters!"





A genuinely brainy beauty with a keen business sense, Ginger recently added entrepreneurship to her accomplishments. "A girlfriend and I used to design cos-

tumes and bathing suits, then sell them to friends who were models, dancers, and musicians. We became so popular, we decided to open our own store."





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