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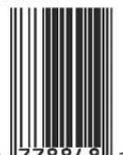
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 **DJARUM**
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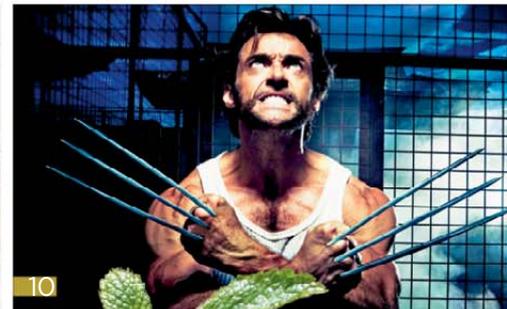
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Do Not Disturb

Kerri and I met at a legal seminar in Atlanta. We were assigned rooms next to each other, sat at the same table during the conference, and ended up having lunch together. It was my first time away from my husband, and I was glad to have someone to talk to. That first evening, we opted for an early dinner and drinks, and made plans to meet at the hotel pool for a swim.

I thought Kerri looked great in a business suit, but she looked even better in a bikini, with her sun-kissed skin and an hourglass figure I'd give almost anything to have.

After our swim, I accepted Kerri's invitation to share a bottle of wine in her room. As the evening progressed, I told Kerri how much I missed my husband and that I didn't think I was cut out for business travel. Kerri said she lived with her boyfriend and they both traveled and had great road-trip stories to tell each other when they

came home. She also said they had great sex after having been away from each other. She said sometimes they even had phone sex.

I totally understood and told her I didn't just miss my husband's company, but that I was also horny as hell and wished I'd brought my vibrator. But with the stepped-up security and extensive baggage searches at airports, I'd thought it better to leave it at home to avoid any embarrassment.

Kerri smiled and said she might be able to help me out. She reached into her carry-on and pulled out a vibrator similar to the one I have at home. "So, what do you think?" Kerri asked.

I'd had just enough wine to not feel embarrassed by her suggestion, and just enough to want to do something I'd never done before.

My body buzzed with anticipation as Kerri crawled between my legs and leisurely licked her way toward my pussy.

"You're serious, right?" I asked as I reached for the vibrator and wondered if the room had suddenly gotten ten degrees hotter.

"Why not?" Kerri said, smiling innocently. "You can borrow it, take it back to your room.... Or you can stay here—with me."

I didn't have to convince myself. I'd been attracted to Kerri from the moment I saw her. I pulled off my swimsuit, and Kerri did the same.

I lay back on the bed and I took in Kerri's gorgeous figure as she bent over to get the vibrator. My entire body buzzed with anticipation as Kerri crawled between my legs and leisurely licked her way up my inner thighs toward my pussy. I was sopping wet before she was even halfway to her destination.

When her tongue finally touched my center, I moaned and pulled her closer. She took my clit into her mouth and sucked gently, while running her hand up and down my thigh. It felt so good, I pushed my hips up, wishing she'd cover all of me with her wonderful mouth. As she sucked, I cupped my breasts and rubbed my nipples between my fingers.

My husband, whom I love dearly, can make me come like no other. But it didn't happen overnight. I had to talk him through it a few times to get what I wanted. But once he got it right, nothing could ever feel that good ... or so I thought. Kerri seemed to know just what I needed—and just how to keep me on the brink. Before long I was writhing around on the bed, arching up in unimaginable pleasure. Then she'd ease up before taking me right to the edge again, making me beg her to let me come.

When I didn't think I could stand it a moment longer, she turned on the vibrator and lightly buzzed it against my clit before thrusting it deep into my core. The orgasm that ripped through me felt like an explosion. I cried out in ecstasy as my body shook with tremors, and I flooded Kerri's vibrator and hand with my release.

For the remainder of our time

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10005.



3
A.M.

SHOOT it any way you like

together, we were holed up in Kerri's room. We blew off part of the seminar, ordered room service, and stayed in Kerri's bed, sharing her vibrator and finding new ways to get each other off. And now, thanks to Kerri, I can't wait for my next business trip!—*F.D., Minnesota*

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

The night my husband and I made up our minds to move forward with our plan, I wore a slinky black dress with slits way up the sides that showed off my long legs—and no underwear for easier access. Doug looked so good in his leather pants that it was hard to keep my hands off him. But there wasn't enough time for us to fool around. We planned on getting laid—but not by each other.

When we got to the party, Doug went to get me a drink. I took the time to check out the couples and saw a man making his way toward me.

"You look absolutely fantastic in that dress," he said.

His name was Caleb. I thanked him for the compliment and introduced him to Doug when he returned with our drinks. When Caleb's wife, Alison, came back from the bathroom, they invited us to share a table. My husband and I looked at each other, eyes smiling with mischief, and followed them. Blonde, curvaceous Alison turned out to be a MILF, and Caleb was a suave, dark-haired man in an expensive tailored suit. They were definitely a class above us, but we had nothing to lose by going for it.

We chatted for a bit, then Caleb asked me to dance. He caressed my ass as I ran my fingers through his hair, and after a moment's hesitation we were kissing, his tongue tentatively probing my mouth, then delving deeper. I glanced over his shoulder and saw that Doug and Alison were locked in an embrace, kissing just as deeply as Caleb and I.

"Do you want to go to the playroom?" I asked.

Squeezing me, he nodded. Then I went over and told Doug and Alison we were ready, and we all headed over to the adjacent hotel.

The playroom was already in full swing, with couples fucking and sucking with abandon. I found a spot on one of the mattresses next to another couple and pulled Caleb to me.



"I want to taste you," I said.

A groan caught in his throat as he kissed me again and unbuckled his pants. I released his hard cock and guided it to my mouth. My tongue swirled around the head and down the shaft in a steady rhythm, slowly at first, then faster until I heard him moan again. I took him deeper into my mouth until my nose rested on his stomach. I did this a few more times, and when the pleasure became too much for him, he flipped me over and pulled up my dress, exposing my already wet pussy.

I glanced over at my husband, who was watching us while eating Alison's pussy. He winked and I winked back—our go-ahead signal.

I told Caleb to fuck me and cried out when he plunged inside, pressing my hips up to meet his thrusts. Our bodies rocked together, his cock pushing deeper each time until he hit the sweet spot. My back arched as the erotic sounds of the other players intensified and swirled around us, taking me even closer to the brink.

My eyes closed and I screamed,

"Oh God!" as I bucked like a wild horse. I was coming like never before, blissfully reeling from the intensity. My husband was fucking Alison right beside me and reached out to caress my breast. I looked at Alison, then leaned over to lick her nipple, making her arch up toward Doug.

As Caleb continued to fuck me and Doug was doing Alison, my hand made contact with hers and we locked fingers. In that moment, the four of us were connected, reaching that pinnacle of satisfaction simultaneously. At the same time, Doug and Caleb pulled out, coming hard all over our breasts, driving Alison to cry out in ecstasy and me to shudder with unspeakable pleasure.

We collapsed together in a heap, breathing heavily for a few minutes. Alison and I smiled at each other and shared a kiss, and the cute couple next to us looked impressed.

"Wow," said the woman.

"Yeah. That was hot," her mate said.

In the car on the way home, Doug and I couldn't stop smiling and fist-bumped each other for a job well done. I couldn't wait to get home and screw him!—*R.P., Massachusetts*

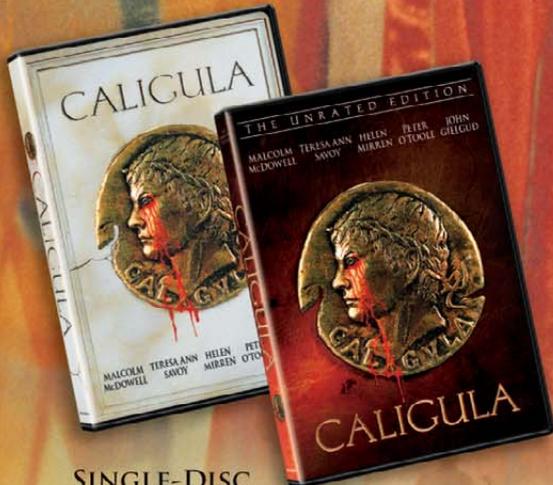
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I cried out when Caleb plunged into me.... My husband was fucking Alison right beside me.

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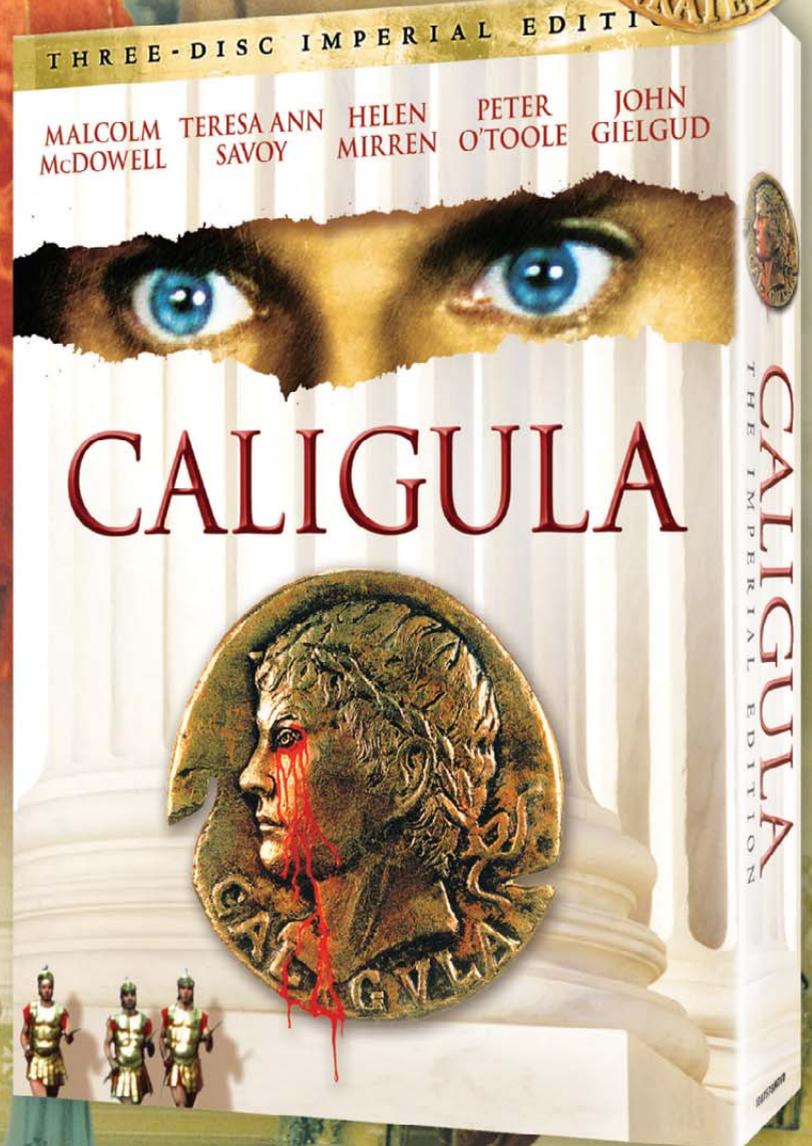
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Resistance Is Futile

Hollywood will never tire of reviving franchises, so get used to it. That said, we're happily giving in to this month's blockbuster *Star Trek* reboot—and if its producers have their way, a generation of iconic characters will be unseated.

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Live Long and Prosper

This month brings the 11th installment of the venerable *Star Trek* franchise, whose captain's log now spans four decades.

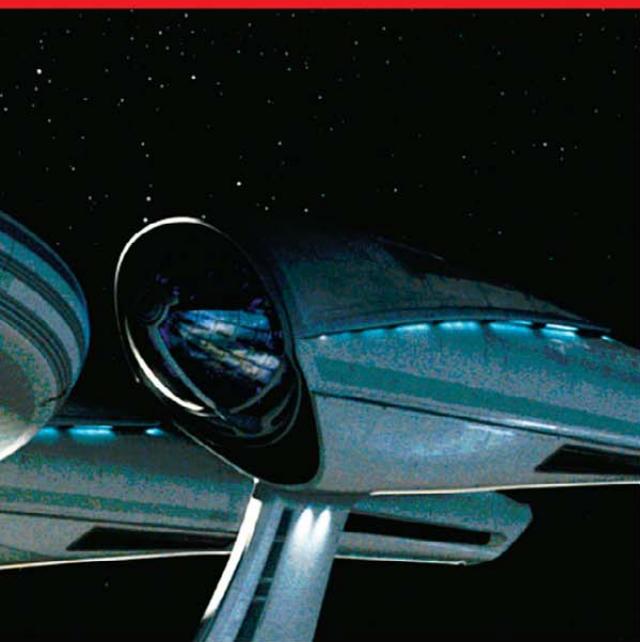
Star Trek
Chris Pine, Zachary Quinto, Simon Pegg, John Cho, Zoe Saldana

By now, we should just resign ourselves to a steady diet of rebooted franchises—from Bond to Batman to Spider-Man to gawdawful *Friday the 13th*. But truth be told, this prequel-ized rethink of the 43-year-old show does have our ears pricked (no, they weren't pointy to begin with). TV's J. J. Abrams (*Lost*, *Alias*) is behind it, and his personal investment in Gene Roddenberry's characters is said to be scarily deep. Now, for the big concept: Kirk and the gang are young men, just heading off to Starfleet Academy. Chris Pine, as our strapping captain, may produce shrugs—but *Heroes*' Quinto as Spock, *Shaun of the Dead*'s Pegg as Scotty, *Harold and Kumar*'s Cho as Sulu, and *Vantage Point*'s Saldana as Uhura sound spot-on. Expect a galaxy of sequels.



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PREVIEWS



Around the Bridge

The *Penthouse* guide to the major hands on deck of the original *USS Enterprise*.



Captain James T. Kirk

Signature phrase:

"Space: the final frontier."

Identifying traits:

Impulsiveness, a need to knock boots with alien babes.

The new Kirk must:

Gaze into the lens and speak, very intently.



Mr. Spock

Signature phrase:

"That's highly illogical."

Identifying traits:

A brilliant Vulcan mind, a shiny bowl haircut, and those ears.

The new Spock must:

Mind-meld with an unwilling participant and/or cock his eyebrow.



Dr. Leonard "Bones" McCoy

Signature phrase:

"I'm a doctor, Jim!"

Identifying traits:

Cantankerousness, a desire to avoid work.

The new McCoy must:

Plead with Kirk or Spock to do the right thing already, damnit.



Chief Engineer Montgomery Scott

Signature phrase:

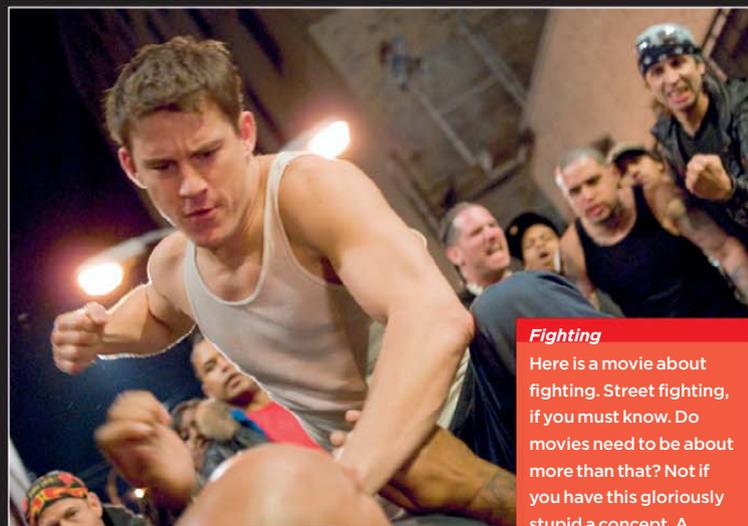
"I'm givin' 'er all she's got, Captain!"

Identifying traits:

Master of the transporter, whininess.

The new Scotty must:

Bitch about how impossible a task is—then do it.

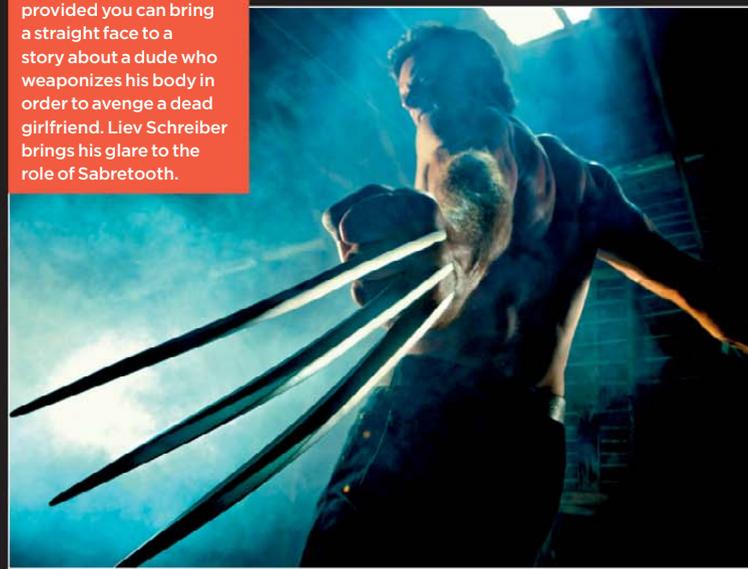


Fighting

Here is a movie about fighting. Street fighting, if you must know. Do movies need to be about more than that? Not if you have this gloriously stupid a concept. A younger brawler (Channing Tatum) is mentored in fisticuffs by an older one (Terrence Howard). The director is *A Guide to Recognizing Your Saints*' Dito Montiel.

X-Men Origins: Wolverine

Has it been long enough for us to forget Hugh Jackman's flouncing around at the Oscars? Fox sure hopes so. This prequel promises all sorts of coolness—provided you can bring a straight face to a story about a dude who weaponizes his body in order to avenge a dead girlfriend. Liev Schreiber brings his glare to the role of Sabretooth.



REVIEW

Big Man Japan

This downright odd comedy, shot in mockumentary format, tells the story of a Japanese everyman (Hitoshi Matsumoto) who works at the Defense Department. So why is a documentary crew following him around? Our answer arrives when he receives a call, zips



over to a Tokyo power station, plugs in, and grows as tall as a building. Outfitted in purple underpants and a Kid 'N Play hairdo, he protects Japan against a gallery of freaky monsters. Yet the public despises him. Matsumoto gets more comic mileage out of this premise than anyone could reasonably expect.

DVDs



Keep on Trekkin'

Trek-related releases will be riding the movie reboot's wake.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

Star Trek: Original Motion Picture Collection

The Plot: The big-screen version of the sixties sci-fi TV show in which an international crew plus token alien explores space: the final frontier ... six times. The first film is a bit of a snore, but the second, *The Wrath of Khan*, is a true guilty pleasure, and by far the high point of this set. Ricardo Montalban's Khan is one of the best cheesy villains ever, and the late actor chews up and spits out more scenery than good-guy lead William Shatner—no small feat. (We mean that as a compliment.) All the movies have been digitally restored and remastered, and this is the first time that *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* and *The Undiscovered Country* are available in their original versions.

Buy or Rent? Paramount is, wisely, also releasing the *Motion Picture Trilogy of The Wrath of Khan, The Search for Spock, and The Voyage Home*. Buy that and rent the bonus disc (see below).

Added Value: The six-disc set comes with the Captains' Summit, a round-table discussion with Shatner, Patrick Stewart, Jonathan Frakes, and Leonard Nimoy, and hosted by Whoopi Goldberg. (What about Kate Mulgrew, guys?) Both sets have new bonus features and BD Live content.



REVIEWS



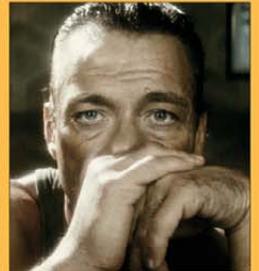
Sin City

The Plot: Gritty tales of corrupt cops, young women of questionable morals, a city in crisis. The stories come from Frank Miller's comic books, and Robert Rodriguez captures the action in glorious black and white with stunning splashes of red. If you can come up with a better way to finish waiting out the sequel, we'd love to hear about it.

Buy or Rent? Buy. You can't go wrong with tough guys and scantily clad hot chicks.

Added Value? Hell, yeah.

Eight freakin' hours' worth, including an interactive game in which you play Marv (Mickey Rourke's character), an interactive visual commentary, and a bunch of behind-the-scenes featurettes.



JCVD

This French action film starring Jean-Claude Van Damme is sort of the kind of movie he's known for, but intentionally funny. VD plays himself as a beleaguered actor, a national hero unable to find work. When he's held hostage in a Brussels post office while fans wait outside, cheering him on, he's forced to out-smart his captors and try to add a little depth to his action-hero image. The end result is hilarious.

—Rachel Kramer Bussel



Hellraiser Puzzle Box

The Plot: Crazy demon thingies cart folks off to hell if they solve a mysterious puzzle box, until one young woman tries to negotiate a better deal for herself. The cult hit, the feature-film directorial debut from horror master Clive Barker, has spawned several sequels of varying quality, including *Pinhead in space*.

Buy or Rent? Buy, if you like the box, which is fucking cool. You won't even see it if you rent.

Added Value: These are reissues of the 20th-anniversary editions, so there's not much new. You do get standard-def versions of *Hellraiser* and *Hellraiser 2*, for when you're not in front of your Blu-ray player.

Paramount is also releasing *Star Trek: Season One* on Blu-ray—with a \$130 list price! They're including bonus features from earlier editions (all three seasons, a full-series package, and the first season on HD-DVD), and there's the new Starfleet Access, with six picture-in-picture and pop-up trivia tracks. We assume at least some of that is also from the previous releases, so we're still a bit underwhelmed.

Galaxy Quest, a well-crafted and well-acted satire, is an affectionate ode to science-fiction fandom in all its geeky glory. It's greatly enhanced by a familiarity with *Star Trek*, fan conventions, and the white-hot devotion of their costume-wearing attendees.

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Shape Shifter

Multiplatinum hip-hop icon Lil Wayne goes rock on *Rebirth*.

LIL WAYNE

Rebirth

(Cash Money/Universal)

The first recorded evidence of Lil Wayne “rocking out” came three years ago in the video for a track called “Leather So Soft.” Wayne was well on his way to becoming the multimillion-selling, record-label-defying, auto-tune-abusing, syrup-sipping, shirt-averse icon he is today, yet there he was, defiantly not rapping, but noodling away on a guitar, dreadlocks flopping like electric eels.

Collaborations with Fall Out Boy and an appearance at the Country Music Awards soon followed, and now, just one year after his multi-platinum *Tha Carter III* album cemented his place as the king of hip-hop, Wayne has decided to flip his genre script completely with *Rebirth*, which he describes as a rock record. But don't let the fuzzed-out ax solos fool you: This is still Wayne's world, a hypnotically goofy place that gets by on oddball charisma, even when the tunes disappoint. The first single, “Prom Queen,” has Weezy gargling angst-y verses about a high school tease over what may as well be a beginner mashing buttons on *Guitar Hero*, while “Amazing Love” sounds like a horny robot fronting Van Halen (note: not necessarily a bad thing!). The highlight is the creepy/pretty “Hot Revolver”: “Do you have the time to listen to me whine,” Wayne slurs, quoting Green Day and blowing our minds yet again. Equal parts head-banging and head-scratching, *Rebirth* nevertheless could establish Lil Wayne as the biggest rock star—heck, biggest *star*—we've got.

Border Crossing

 Rockers and rappers have been swapping terrain for decades. Here are four choice examples.

Song/Year: “Rapture,” 1981

Artist: Blondie

Exit/Entry Stamp: Rock to hip-hop

Liner Notes: Platinum-haired new-wave siren Debbie Harry's endearingly goofy homage to early hip-hop, with shout-outs to Fab Five Freddy and Grandmaster Flash, became the first rapping single to hit No. 1 on the U.S. *Billboard* chart.

Song/Year: “Rock Box,” 1984

Artist: Run DMC

Exit/Entry Stamp: Hip-hop to rock

Liner Notes: Built around Eddie Martinez's epic electric-guitar riff and spiraling solos, this hip-hop track completely rocks—two years before Run DMC teamed up with Aerosmith for ...

Song: “Walk This Way,” 1986

Artists: Run DMC and Aerosmith

Exit/Entry Stamp: Rock to hip-hop ... and back

Liner Notes: This smash-hit collaboration between the veteran rockers and the seminal rappers gets credit (or blame, depending on your point of view) for launching the rap-rock era of the nineties. It may have helped give the world Limp Bizkit, but we won't hold that against it. The song still kicks.

Song/Year: “Body Count,” 1991

Artist: Ice-T

Exit/Entry Stamp: Hip-hop to rock

Liner Notes: This song—with an introduction pointing out that such African-American artists as Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, and Little Richard kick-started rock—from Ice-T's otherwise all-hip-hop album *OG: Original Gangster*, rips unapologetically into heavy metal. It also spawned Ice-T's heavy-metal side project of the same name.

Fellow travelers (a partial list):

- Hardcore-punks-turned-rappers Beastie Boys
- Cypress Hill
- Kid Rock
- Beck
- Rage Against the Machine
- Faith No More
- Red Hot Chili Peppers
- Jay-Z
- The Roots

—John Bolster

REVIEWS



DOVES

Kingdom of Rust

(Astralwerks) ★★

Resolutely somber, ambitiously epic, undeniably English: Manchester's Doves have been tilling the same doomy Brit-pop soil for years now and, judging by *Kingdom of Rust*, the band's dour fourth album, they don't see a need to switch things up ... or, ya know, crack a smile. Jimi Goodwin still bellows every lyric like it's his last, while his bandmates churn up a bass-heavy acoustic stew that calls to mind the charms of the North Atlantic on an especially rainy day. Only "Spellbound" provides relief.



METRIC

Fantasies

(Metric Music) ★★★★★

Metric is the brainy outcast of Toronto's messy, incestuous indie scene. The band, fronted by the frosty Emily Haines, traffics in angular, political post-pop—songs that demand debate even as they push you onto the dance floor. *Fantasies*, their fourth album, is easily their best, rich with hooks and suffused with

the "radical compassion" Haines sings about on the throbbing "Front Row." Opener "Help, I'm Alive" is a gorgeous meditation on the terrors of everyday life, while the ecstatic "Sick Muse" and the slinky "Gimme Sympathy" seek happiness in life's simpler pleasures: love and the Rolling Stones, respectively.



BOB MOULD

Life and Times

(Anti-) ★★★

Bob Mould, the formerly angry frontman of eighties hardcore godfathers Hüsker Dü, delivers another unexpected gem—just one year after his surprisingly vital *District Line*. Mould can still crank his amplifier up to 11, as he does on the chippy "Argos." But as befits a man nearing 50, it's the moments of melodic melancholy that win the day, particularly on "City Lights (Days Go By)" and the rueful "I'm Sorry Baby, but You Can't Stand in My Light Any More." Old punks don't get mad, they get wistful.

YEAH YEAH YEAHS

It's Blitz

(Interscope) ★★★★★

Five years ago, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs—with the beer-spitting, leotard-splitting, eye-catching singer Karen O leading the way—were writhing at the forefront of rock's New York-led renaissance. But then 2006's *Show Your Bones* underwhelmed, Ms. O quit drinking onstage (horror!), and the trio's momentum slowed. The synthy, sexy *It's Blitz* jolts it back to life with a sparkling collection of instantly infectious, fantastically exciting new-wave tunes. It's nothing short of a reinvention for the band, and a wildly successful one. The first single, "Zero," seethes and flirts like some bastard offspring of Blondie and Nine Inch Nails; "Soft Shock" is an effortlessly alluring keyboard kiss-off; and "Heads Will Roll," on which Karen O chirps, "Off with your head! / Dance 'til you're dead!" is guaranteed to sweep you up in its party—booze or no booze.



BY REBECCA SWANNER

Eat Lead: The Return of Matt Hazard



D3
(XBOX 360, PS3)

★★★★

Finally, after years of anticipation, you get to step back into the shoes of badass videogame action hero Matt Hazard. What, you don't remember him? Don't feel bad. No one else does either, because this is actually his first game—and a very meta experience it is. The story is, Hazard (voiced by Will Arnett) was one of those classic eighties characters who built his career in titles similar to *Contra* and *Halo*. His chance for a big comeback arrives when



the company's new CEO (Neil Patrick Harris) picks him to star in the newest detective title. Once he's in the game, Hazard quickly realizes that his boss is trying to assassinate him. To survive, he's got to defeat loads of enemies from

his previous titles using a range of weapons, from Super Soakers to fire-and-ice magic to standard guns. The clichés are turned on their side by the game's unique twists, literally: Hazard has to blow through a battalion of German World War II soldiers who are easy to kill unless they turn to the side, which makes them so thin that they're essentially invincible. And then there's the Japanese role-playing-game-inspired boss Altos Stratos, who fights in a turn-based style while you can shoot freely without waiting, but who also has healing powers and can deliver nasty meteor strikes. In short, *Eat Lead* is an engaging, occasionally amusing, shooter that makes light of what goes on behind the scenes during the creation of a game, and tries to ensure that you have as much fun playing it as the developers did making it.

REVIEWS



GUITAR HERO: METALLICA

ACTIVISION

(XBOX 360, PS3, PS2, Wii) ★★★★★

Get ready to be a rock god with 28 classic Metallica tracks, along with 21 songs from other groups that the band deemed “relevant.” The selections here—including tunes from Social Distortion, Lynyrd Skynyrd, the Sword, and Slayer—will have you and your crew saying, “We’re not worthy.”

Rocks: Drumming along to Lars Ulrich’s blistering beats with the help of a second bass pedal and playing your own drum tracks over your favorite songs. Nailing Cliff Burton’s bass solo in “Orion” on expert. Checking out the handwritten lyrics sheets and old photos in the gallery. Watching Lars fuck up “The Shortest Straw” over and over—and over—in one of the behind-the-scenes videos.

Flops: Realizing you’re going to have to quit your job if you hope to ever ace Slayer’s “War Ensemble” on expert plus. “The Four Horsemen” and “Damage, Inc.” didn’t make the cut.



WANTED: WEAPONS OF FATE
WARNER BROS.

(XBOX 360, PS3, PC) ★★★★★

Instead of following the plot of the film—and who can blame the developers for that, as it’s pretty much a surefire recipe for failure for a video game?—*Weapons of Fate* picks up just hours after the close of the film. You play two characters: Wesley (James McEvoy) and his dad, who are attempting to take down the French chapter of the Fraternity as Wesley searches for his mother.

Rocks: Surviving as an assassin in this shooter takes real skill, even on the “pussy” rating. Using blind fire to suppress enemies. Your unrealistic ability to “curve the bullet.”

Flops: No Angelina Jolie. Not enough running and gunning; too much ducking for cover. Little to explore. Too many loading screens.



THE GODFATHER II

EA

(XBOX 360, PS3, PC) ★★★

Wanna play at being a made man? In this game, you’ll need to think bigger. You’re Michael Corleone’s assistant; your mission is to take over businesses and turn them into money-making rackets, defend your empire, and create a strong crime family of your own so you can become the don.

Rocks: This third-person action title doesn’t differ much in approach from the disappointing first *Godfather* game, but the combat is more visceral. You can flirt with the topless women that fill your prostitute dens (but can’t go any further with them).

Flops: The map feels ripped off from *Grand Theft Auto IV*. The on-screen display is cluttered. Not enough interaction with the environment or freedom to explore.

PREVIEW



VELVET ASSASSIN

GAMECOCK/SOUTH PEAK INTERACTIVE

(XBOX 360, PC)

Real-life British spy Violette Szabo is reimagined as Violette Summer in a stealth-based World War II shooter with a truly unique storyline.

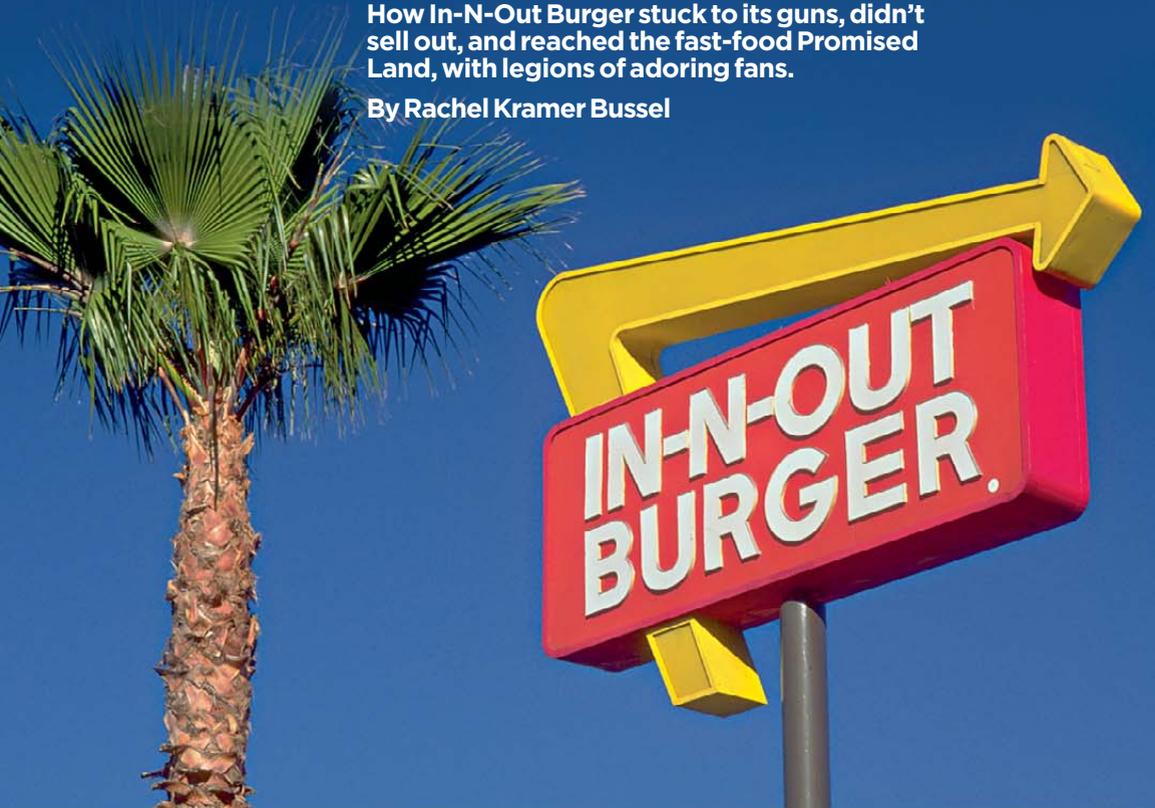
Rocks: Taking down Nazis while dressed in little more than a negligee. Summer is deep within a drug-induced coma, courtesy of the Germans, so the events take place in flashbacks. *Aeon Flux* creator Peter Chung’s mini-comic that accompanies the game.

Flops: Sexing up Summer and adding unrealistic features like morphine shots on the fly and engaging enemies in bullet time cheapens the spy’s story. Don’t care? Carry on then.

Hamburger Heaven

How In-N-Out Burger stuck to its guns, didn't sell out, and reached the fast-food Promised Land, with legions of adoring fans.

By Rachel Kramer Bussel



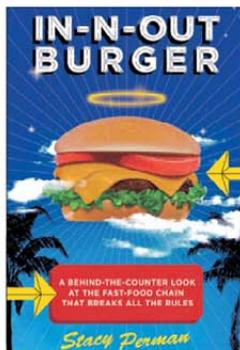
Whether you grew up eating at In-N-Out or, like me, were introduced to their crazy delicious burgers as an adult, you likely have a soft spot in your heart for the iconic franchise.

Stacy Perman delivers a detailed history of Harry and Esther Snyder, the company's founding couple, who grew their little burger shack into first a cult favorite and then a full-blown West Coast institution, complete with celebrity customers who crave its simple, high-quality food.

Perman's account, which is subtitled *A Behind-the-Counter Look at the Fast-Food Chain That Breaks All the Rules*, ranges from Southern California hot rods to the construction of the interstate highway system to soap opera-worthy drama over machinations within the company. We also learn theories about the origins of the no-longer-secret "secret menu" (orders like the Flying Dutchman, for example—two beef patties and two slices of cheese, no bun or condiments—grew out of repeat requests); and read how those Bible citations (e.g.,

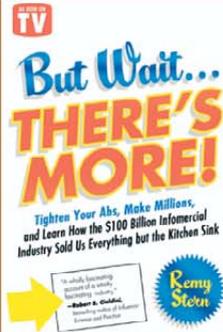
John 3:16) ended up on the burger wrappers and paper cups.

But the book's most compelling passages detail the undying devotion the chain inspires in its fans. After being held as a POW in Kosovo in 1999, a U.S. Army sergeant reported that the first thing he craved when set free was a Double-Double; *Vanity Fair* editor Graydon Carter rents In-N-Out cookout trailers for the magazine's Oscar parties;

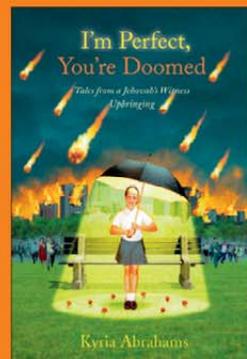


and hundreds of people wait for hours at the chain's restaurant openings. Anecdotes like these make this a feel-good story that's guaranteed to leave even vegetarians hungry for a burger.

REVIEW



If you've ever succumbed to the mind-numbing hypnosis of QVC or a power-juicer infomercial, you're not alone. Far from it, as Remy Stern's lively look at the industry demonstrates: One-third of Americans responded to an infomercial in 2007. Yikes! The characters Stern covers, such as Ron Popeil (of spray-on-hair fame) and Erik Estrada, are as zany as the products they pitch, which, as Stern notes, can sucker even the most savvy consumers into picking up the phone.



What's so funny about Jehovah's Witnesses? Quite a lot, it turns out, in Kyria Abrahams' hysterical memoir about growing up in the sect. As a child, she bought into the doctrine, but later realized that she was missing out—on birthday parties, fun ... and sex. She finally gets the latter, but only after marrying a guy she's just not that into. What could've been clichéd or maudlin is hilarious in her hands. Of dry humping, she writes, "I felt like I was vicariously receiving electroshock therapy."

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BURN, BABY, BURN

Ready to fire up the grill? Great. We're ready to show you how to go beyond the standard burgers, dogs, and fish fillets. You, too, can master the art of grilling wings, ribs, and even—*gasp!*—vegetables.

By Ardie A. Davis • Photographs by Joyce Oudkerk Pool



Grilling is done everywhere, worldwide. It is the classic method of cooking food with fire. Practiced for thousands of years, basic grilling delivers rich, uncomplicated flavor.

Grilling is a hot and fast method of cooking food directly over hot coals or flames using gas, wood, charcoal, or charcoal briquets as fuel.

The fantastic flavors of grilling come from three sources:

■ BEFORE GRILLING

Seasonings and marinades offer zest to foods before they even get to the fire.

■ DURING GRILLING

Many flavors and textures result from the grilling process itself. We're all familiar with the charry "grill marks" on our chicken breasts or burgers that result from the caramelization of the sugars in foods over high heat. In addition, smoky flavors from charcoal or wood chips, sweet and sour seasonings from barbecue sauce, or the woody aromatic taste from a wood plank can be added to food while it is over the flames.

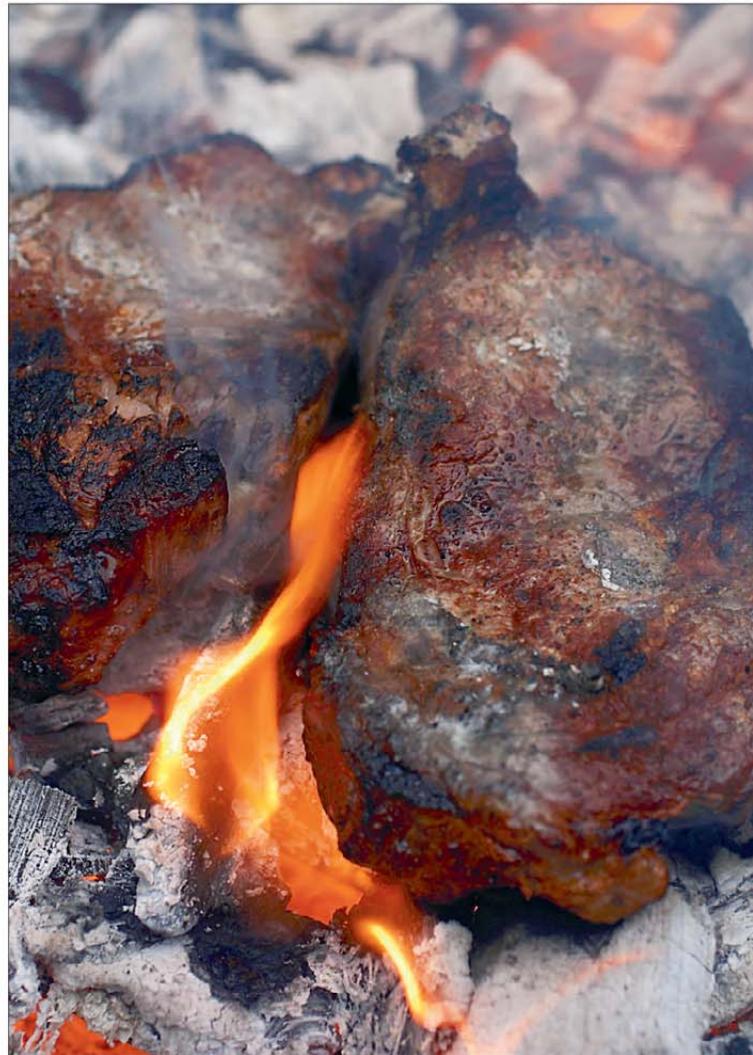
■ AFTER GRILLING

Finishing sauces, butters, or chutneys added after the food is removed from the fire can also greatly enhance its flavor.

Building the Fire

For each recipe, you'll need to start a fire in your grill for either direct grilling (the food in direct contact with the heat) or indirect grilling (the food off to the side of the heat).

Place your charcoal chimney on a nonflammable surface and fill the top of the chimney to the desired level with briquets. Slightly tip the chimney over and stuff one to two sheets of crumpled newspaper in the convex-shaped bottom. Light the paper with a match and place the chimney on your bottom grill grate. In 15 to 20 minutes, your briquets should be glowing, ashed over, and ready to spread over the bottom of the grill.



Dirty Steak

Technique: Grilling directly on coals

Dwight Eisenhower wasn't the first or only cook to grill steaks directly on hot coals, but he was the most famous one to do it.

Ingredients

Four 8-ounce rib eye, sirloin, T-bone, or strip steaks, cut one inch thick, at room temperature
Fine sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
½ cup (one stick) unsalted butter (optional), melted
One lemon (optional), quartered

Method

1. Sprinkle both sides of the steaks liberally with salt and pepper. Set aside.
2. Fill a charcoal chimney with briquets, set it on the bottom grill grate, and light. When the coals are ready, dump them into the bottom of your grill. Cover half of your bottom grate with briquets.
3. When the briquets are white-hot, place each steak directly onto the hot coals using long-handled tongs or a fork. Leave the steaks on the coals for two minutes. Turn them over and grill for another two to three minutes for rare (125 degrees F on a meat thermometer). For medium-rare (135 degrees F) to medium (140 degrees F), leave the steaks on the coals for one to two minutes longer. Remove the steaks from the coals and brush off the ashes. Spread the melted butter over the top and add a squeeze of lemon before serving, if you desire.



Grilled Chicken Wing Drums With Billy's Mumbo Rub and Sauce

Technique: Bone-in grilling with a rub and a sauce. Grilling bone-in chicken pieces sprinkled with a rub and brushed with barbecue sauce is easy if you use the right technique—turn, turn, turn! Otherwise, it's burn, burn, burn!

Ingredients

2 tablespoons freshly ground black pepper
1 teaspoon sea salt
1 teaspoon granulated garlic
1 tablespoon paprika
6 pounds chicken wing drums
½ cup ketchup
½ cup cane syrup or turbinado sugar
1½ tablespoons distilled white vinegar or sweet or dill pickle juice
2 tablespoons hot sauce

Method

1. To make the mumbo rub, combine the pepper, salt, granulated garlic, and paprika in a bowl. Put the drums in a zip-top plastic bag, add the rub, seal the bag, and shake until the drums are coated with seasoning. Refrigerate overnight.
2. To make the mumbo sauce, combine the ketchup, cane syrup, vinegar, and hot sauce in a saucepan. Stir while sauce simmers for five minutes over medium heat. Set aside to pour over the grilled drums or to serve on the side for dipping.
3. Fill a charcoal chimney with briquets, set it on the bottom grill grate, and light. When the coals are ready, dump them into the bottom of your grill and spread evenly. For a gas grill, turn to medium-high.
4. Grill the drums, turning frequently with long-handled tongs, for 15 to 20 minutes, until done. Brush with the mumbo sauce during the last few minutes of grilling or remove the drums to a bowl or platter and cover with the mumbo sauce. Serve immediately.



Rendezvous-Style Baby Back Ribs

Technique: Grilling ribs
When you want to grill ribs, tender baby backs are your choice. For Rendezvous-style baby back ribs, choose the special Rendezvous seasoning (available at HogsFly.com).

Ingredients

Four full slabs of baby back ribs
1 cup Rendezvous or other dry barbecue seasoning, plus more for "dry" ribs
1 cup cider vinegar for "dry" ribs
Bottled barbecue sauce of your choice for "wet" ribs

Method

1. Sprinkle both sides of each slab with the seasoning and set aside.
2. Fill a charcoal chimney with briquets, set it on the bottom grill grate, and light. When the coals are ready, dump them into the bottom of the grill and spread evenly. For a gas grill, turn to medium.
3. Grill the whole slabs, turning every 5 minutes, until done, about 45 minutes. The ribs are done when the meat pulls away from the ends of the bones. Just before serving "dry" ribs, sprinkle or spray the cooked ribs with the vinegar and add more dry seasoning. To make "wet" ribs, brush the cooked ribs with barbecue sauce.



Lime-and-Chile-Grilled Corn on the Cob, Two Ways

Technique: Grilling corn

Grilled corn on the cob is a classic favorite complement to all grilled meats. Choose the sweetest variety of corn you can find.

Ingredients

½ cup (one stick) unsalted butter, melted
½ teaspoon sea salt
1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
1 teaspoon mild or hot chili powder
Lime juice to taste
Six ears fresh corn
Fresh lime wedges for garnish

Method

1. To make the lime-chile butter, combine the melted butter, salt, pepper, chili powder, and lime juice in a 10- by 13-inch disposable aluminum pan or one large enough to hold all the ears of corn.
2. For shucked corn, remove silk and rinse the corn under cold running water. Don't worry if a few silks remain; they will burn off when grilled. For corn grilled in the husk, no preparation is needed.
3. Fill a charcoal chimney with briquets, set it on the bottom grill grate, and light. When the coals are ready, dump them into the grill and spread them evenly over half of the bottom grate. For a gas grill, turn to medium-high with one burner off.
4. Place the aluminum pan with the lime-chile butter on the cooler side of the grill. Place the corn directly over the heat. Turn constantly with long-handled grill tongs; shucks on the unshucked corn will burn and blacken in places. Shucked corn will be completely cooked in about ten minutes; unshucked will take about 15 minutes, maybe a bit longer. Test for readiness by checking to see if the kernels are tender. Remove the corn from the grill, shuck if necessary, then place it in the warm lime-chile butter. Turn the corn in the butter. Serve on a platter or on individual plates with lime wedges.



Grill-Roasted Foil-Pack Vegetables

Technique: Packed grilling

Root vegetables, such as carrots, potatoes, parsnips, onions, and garlic, take well to foil-pack grilling. Experiment with combinations of vegetables, meats, or fruit to develop your own favorites.

Ingredients

Two large carrots, halved lengthwise
Four small, unpeeled red or yellow potatoes, halved
Two small, unpeeled sweet potatoes, cut lengthwise into one-inch-thick strips
1 tablespoon extra-virgin olive oil
1 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
½ teaspoon sea salt

Method

1. Fill a charcoal chimney with briquets, set it on the bottom grill grate, and light. When the coals are ready, dump them into the bottom of the grill and spread evenly. For a gas grill, turn to medium-high.
2. Place the vegetables into a medium-size bowl. Add the olive oil, pepper, and salt and toss well. Set aside.
3. Cut two sheets of heavy-duty aluminum foil into 12- by 24-inch pieces. Fold each piece of foil in half. Arrange the vegetables on one piece of the folded foil. Cover the vegetables with the second sheet of foil. Fold and crimp all four sides of the foil to seal the vegetables inside.
4. Place the vegetable packet over direct heat. Close the lid and adjust the grill temperature to 400 degrees F using a thermometer stuck into one of the vent holes in the grill lid. Cook the packet for one hour or longer, until the potatoes are tender. 



Excerpted from *25 Essentials: Techniques for Grilling*, by Ardie A. Davis. © 2008, used by permission from The Harvard Common Press.

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WHAT WOULD DARWIN DRIVE?

Seventeen years ago, Mitsubishi created a new class of street warrior with the Lancer Evolution, and with steady, incremental change it's softened the handle yet sharpened the sword.

By Bill Heald

Who would have thought that a boxy, mild-mannered, front-drive compact sedan could morph into a supercar that performs at a level only the most exotic machinery could attain just a few years ago? Mitsubishi's Lancer was a bit of a snoozer when it first appeared in the early seventies: just a simple family sedan with economy in mind and little to excite the senses. But in 1992, Mitsubishi engineers decided to build a racing platform for the World Rally Championship, and they took the modest Lancer

and crafted the Lancer Evolution, a pumped-up, all-wheel-drive bad boy that proved a serious dirt-slinger in competition and caught the eye of pavement enthusiasts as well. Tuners had already been souping up compact, inexpensive cars, and here was a creature that could blow the doors off any number of larger, more exotic models right off the lot. Originally available only in small numbers in Japan (mainly to meet the homologation requirements for racing), the Evo found its way into Europe a couple of years later, where its legendary status grew. In time, Mitsubishi decided to bring the machine to markets all over the world.

The basics of the Evo have remained the same since the beginning, meaning the unibody Lancer chassis is fortified with a turbocharged, intercooled I-Four engine matched with a sophisticated all-wheel-drive system. There has been steady refinement in pursuit of more muscular performance and sharper handling, along with the kit you need to keep things upright (like seriously strong brakes and a bevy of traction/stability aids that we'll touch on in a moment). Over the years, each tweaked Evo has celebrated the latest changes with a new Roman numeral, so the breed started with the Evo I and we have now reached the Evo X. The U.S. was left out of the fun until the Evo VIII arrived in 2003, and the latest version is still easily identified with its predecessors, yet light-years better than the car that got the whole ball rolling long ago.

The Evo X comes in two versions: the GSR with a five-speed manual transmission, and the latest MR, equipped with a wild Twin Clutch Sportronic Shift Transmission (TC-SST). While the manual transmission is the gearbox of choice for the

purist, we opted for the MR, as this is no mere automatic slushbox. To be honest, I was skeptical about this new technology. But not only is there an automatic mode along with a manual setting (where you use steering-wheel paddle shifters), the transmission also has Normal, Sport, and Super-Sport modes that adjust the shift response to your needs. The Evo engine has undergone years of careful tuning and the turbocharger's response is now lag-free, with a sweet spread of power that pushes you deep into the firm, supportive Recaro sport seat. The TC-SST is amazingly responsive, and in the manual mode you have incredible control without having to bother with a clutch.

The all-wheel-drive system has Tarmac, Gravel, and Snow modes, along with an Active Center Differential, Active Yaw Control, and front and rear limited-slip-differential technology. The Bilstein shocks and Eibach springs (unique to the MR) keep the light sedan glued to the road like debt on a credit card, and yet the ride is much more compliant than the last iteration of the Evo (which I flogged a few years ago). Plus,



the Brembo ABS brakes are strong enough to launch your bubble gum onto the instrument cluster if you nail the pedal with enough gusto.

Bottom line? The Evo has evolved into one of the most entertaining sports sedans you can buy at any price, and it gets better with every generation. Charles Darwin would dig this wicked whip. **OT**



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door sedan
Engine	Two-liter turbo-charged inline four
Power	291 horsepower
Torque	300 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed Twin Clutch Sportronic Shift Transmission
Front tires	P245/40R18
Rear tires	P245/40R18
Curb weight	3,594 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	5.2 seconds
Top speed	155 mph
Fuel capacity	14.5 gallons
Fuel economy	17 city/22 highway
Price (as tested)	\$41,515





You Never

There are some things that unleash a girlfriend's inner demons. Penthouse Pet Tori Black talks about the most common mistakes men make, so you can avoid relationship purgatory.

By Jonathan Ages

■ TEARS FOR JEERS

"I laugh at guys who cry over sports. You have too much of yourself wrapped up in the game, and that makes you a horrible loser. I expect you to cry over something legitimate—like hearing that your mother is ill—but if you cry just 'cause I broke up with you, then you're a bit of a pussy."

■ BE HER KNIGHT

"My boyfriend has not always defended me. But he does now! One time I told this woman she needed to cover up her baby 'cause it was so cold outside. And my boyfriend told me I was out of line—while we were in front of this woman. He was completely wrong! I stormed off and started driving away. He had to beg me to let him in. If you love me, then defend me. Don't take the other person's side. If I'm wrong, you can tell me later."

■ MASTER OF YOUR DOMAIN

"I once walked in on a boyfriend jerking off. He closed the computer, ran to the kitchen, opened the fridge, and squatted behind the door. I said, 'I don't care that you're watching porn. Just tell me who it was.' He finally showed me ... and it was me! I thought that was so hot! I was like, 'Awesome! Let's fuck right now!' A lot of girls get insecure, though, 'cause they think they're not doing the job. But I get myself off all the time, and if I'm doing it, then I'm sure he's doing it."

■ TRUTHINESS SAVES

"Never lie. It's not a big deal if you go out with your guy friends, so just tell us. Don't lie and say you're at work. 'Cause if we catch you lying, we don't know how far it goes. How do we know that you're not out fucking another chick? So don't lie about anything. Even a small lie could lead us to not trust you anymore."

■ RESPECT YOUR MOM

"I would freak out if my boyfriend were rude to his mother. Don't even talk badly about your mom to me, 'cause if you talk that way about your mom, I can only imagine what you're saying about me behind my back."

■ THE BIGGEST BLUNDER

"I would never be able to respect a man who talks shit about a woman. It doesn't matter who—she could be a hooker—it just reflects badly on him, not on her." 



Taint Love

Who doesn't want more and better blowjobs? We're right there with you, so we looked into whether or not grooming the goods leads to a better BJ.

By Alexander Colby • Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

Hair is a naturally occurring insulator and protective covering. Perhaps millennia ago, a man's body hair was so thick and dense that it guarded his hide from impact and puncture, and made him appear larger to predators, rivals, and conquests. But today we have jeans, leather jackets, and Kevlar vests to protect our flesh and enhance our sex appeal. Body hair is gradually disappearing, slowly going the way of the appendix. And, just like the appendix, which lies dormant in your abdomen unless it bursts and requires emergency surgery, body hair is a potential liability. According to a number of ladies we spoke with, too much hair down there can and will impede you from receiving the optimal oral sex (see their comments in the Girl Talk sidebar). And while our evidence is purely anecdotal, this is too important a theory to ignore. So what does science say?

Dealing with facts alone, a hairy crotch will generate and retain more body heat and odor than a shorn one. Sweat, dirt, and such emissions as urea and seminal fluids cling to the follicles of hair with a kung-fu grip and quickly build up a funk. Also, a dense forest is a great place for the common fungi that cause jock itch (same critter as athlete's foot) to flourish. In short, a hairy set of tackle tends to stink more than a neatly groomed one. We'll take the ladies' word for it that it's not a fun place to put one's face.

Then there's the aesthetics to consider: Don't kid yourself—every dude's junk is weird-looking, including yours. There's not much you can do about it, but the easiest and perhaps most effective way to improve on what you've got is to habitually groom your gear. Plus, the flagpole looks taller when the base isn't hidden by shrubbery.

Now it's time to get to the nitty-gritties: Think about the first time you went down on a girl who didn't trim or shave her bush. Remember how you had to part the folds to escape a mouthful of hair, or pick wayward strands from your mouth? It diminished the experience for you, didn't it? And meant she didn't receive your best effort? That's a two-way street, pal. How can you expect *her* best effort if she's busy pulling pubes out of her pearly whites?

Our last three words on the subject should be compelling enough: *more surface contact.* 

Girl Talk

This is a small sample from our completely random and unscientific poll. Not one woman we spoke with was pro-bush for guys.

"I prefer a man who grooms, hands down. I don't need ornately sculpted pubic hair, but the effort that a man displays in his upkeep intimates how focused he'll be in pleasing me. Plus, who wants a long scraggly hair in their mouth? Not I."—*Brandi, San Francisco*

"I'm a firm believer in appropriately distributing attention to his bits. It's just the right thing to do. Grooming makes it easier to be more zealous."—*Kat, Brooklyn*

"I'm not big on oral if there is any hygiene issue at all. Grooming is imperative, especially for dark-haired guys."—*Rachel, Manhattan*

"I still provide oral sex to men who are not groomed (but still clean!), especially if they have provided oral sex to me. But I'm not nearly as eager, ferocious, or involved as I am when presented with clean-shaven testicles."—*Jessica, San Luis Obispo, California*

Need a little help getting started? Just check out these quick tips.

The common beard trimmer is the pubic region's best friend. Set the guard level to a medium height and drag it slowly and carefully through your bird's nest to bring that tufty madness down to a uniform level. Congratulations, your dick looks an inch bigger.

Dealing with the Jewels is a bit trickier, but that's where the real reward lies. The first-timer's common mistake is to shave without trimming the hair first. Not only will this make the job take twice as long, but you're sure to end up with nicks and cuts. Use that beard trimmer down there, too, and be sure to keep the razor guard on.

When you're ready to bust out the razor, skip shaving cream, which will obscure your view. Get in a hot shower, as the running water will wash away the hair that has been removed and allow you to see your progress, as well as soften those coarse hairs. **Don't use a fresh razor.** You won't even realize it when you cut yourself, and you'll be surprised by how much you bleed between your legs. Reassign a face razor after a couple of shaves on coarse whiskers to take the edge down a little, and, as always, shave with the grain.

Take your time for the first month. Touch them up every few days. After a few weeks, your skin will be accustomed to having sharp things near it.





Three-way Leeway?

She wants another guy. You, of course, don't. These words of wisdom from our twenty-first-century rogue can help you make the most of her request.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,

I've been dating someone for several months, and a couple of weeks ago we had the dreaded "are we exclusive" conversation. When I told her I wasn't sure I was ready for never fooling around with other girls, her response was—and, yes, I remember every word—"There is a loophole. Some people have threesomes so they can have their cake and eat it, too." Being a pretty normal guy, I reacted enthusiastically, till she said she wanted our first three-way to be with a guy at her gym. Now she thinks I'm crazy when I say she pulled a bait-and-switch, and when she grudgingly agreed to include a woman first, she said she won't do anything girl-girl since I won't do anything with another guy. Is there any hope for this relationship? At this point I'm thinking I should just get in the two-girl action before I dump her.

You found a girl who's into threesomes, and this is a problem why? It's like you just hit the jackpot and you're bitching because you have to pay taxes. Rule of thumb: Never look a gift ho in the mouth. Instead of throwing the babes out with the bathwater, agree to the chick-chick-dick action first. Then when it's over, start sobbing like an SOB. Tell her you didn't realize how hard it would be to share her, even with your smoking-hot coworker, and make it clear that you "need some time" before you make good on your end of the deal. (Girls love it when you speak their language, sometimes known as vagibberish). She'll be so touched that, in time, she may even let you hook up with her best friend (make sure to ask for that on your birthday). Ideally, you'll realize you have a keeper on your hands, and though letting your girl's personal trainer bench and drench *you* will still be off-limits, you'll find some middle ground. If she still insists on letting the guy use her quim as his gym, chances are it's something—or someone—she's just plain bent on doing, and you're going to have to let her go. Your fault for getting her that gym membership. 

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Derby Do-Right

The Kentucky Derby is the only major sporting event with its own official cocktail: the mint julep.

By Abigail Aronofsky
Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

One of the greatest things about America is the way that the celebration of certain sporting events eclipses the actual sporting event. The prime example is the Super Bowl, of course, which seldom amounts to an exciting game (well, this year's surprising nail-biter notwithstanding ... oh, and last year's huge upset). Super Bowl Sunday is still the ultimate excuse for having friends over for commercial-watching and seven-layer dip.

The Kentucky Derby, on May 2, is another example of the celebration trumping the event. Chances are slim that you or anyone you know actually follows horse racing. By no means should this get in the way of throwing a rowdy Derby party. Derby Day is the perfect occasion to celebrate Kentucky's many great bourbons.

In order to impress your guests, commit these basic facts to memory: The Kentucky Derby, aka the Run for the Roses, is the first leg in the annual Triple Crown of Thoroughbred Racing. It's been held at Churchill Downs in Louisville since 1875. The horses are three-year-olds; the race is one and a quarter miles; the jockeys are small but extremely tough. The Derby is followed by the Preakness Stakes and the Belmont Stakes. The last horse to sweep the Triple Crown was Affirmed, in 1978. The Derby purse is \$2 million and a luxurious horse blanket of red roses, not to mention a whole lot of hay and future pimp status for the winning stud (horse, not jockey).

Now, decide how crazy you want to get. If you're ambitious, serve burgoo (a somewhat questionably named stew of meat and vegetables), ask your female guests to wear extravagant hats, and distribute copies of the *Daily Racing Form*. But the only thing you really need is a decent Kentucky bourbon and a TV. Maker's Mark is always a good bet, though the official brand of the Derby is Early Times Kentucky Whisky. Since there's mixing and chilling involved, consider making a couple of batches the day before (or prep just the mint syrup in advance). And don't forget to pay attention to "the most exciting two minutes in sports." 



MINT JULEP

Ingredients (makes one batch):

- One bunch fresh mint (about 60 to 80 leaves)
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 quart bourbon

Remove and discard stems of mint leaves. Wash leaves and pat dry, then set aside in a large bowl.

In a medium saucepan, combine sugar and water over low heat. Stir occasionally until the sugar has dissolved; do not let the mixture boil. Pour over mint leaves and steep for 15 minutes.

Pour the bourbon into a larger container. Add 1/2 cup

HEADLESS JOCKEY

If you're too lazy to mix up mint syrup, try this simple alternative cocktail with the badass name, courtesy of the Four Seasons restaurant in New York City.

- 2 ounces bourbon
- 1 dash bitters
- Ginger ale
- Pour bourbon into an ice-filled rocks glass. Add bitters, top with ginger ale, and stir gently.

of the mint syrup and stir well. Pour mixture back into the bourbon bottle, cap, and refrigerate for 24 hours. (Save the rest of the mint mixture for another batch.)

If you're mixing drinks by the glass, combine 2 1/2 ounces bourbon with 2 teaspoons of mint syrup.

When you're ready to serve, fill metal julep cups or Collins glasses 2/3 with shaved ice.

Top with julep mixture. Garnish with mint sprig.

Tip for easy garnishing

Cut plastic straws so the ends are two inches above the rim of the cup; shove straws into the shaved ice, then top with the julep mix. Remove the straw and stick a sprig of mint in the hole. Put the straw back in someplace else, sip, and enjoy!

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THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

Reality Show Moments



America's Next Top Model



Supergroup

A quick look at the clips, scandals, and sultry stars that make us proud to be prime-time voyeurs.

By Kara Wahlgren

THE WILDEST CHALLENGES

■ SUCK IT UP

On MTV's *That's Amore!*, Italian stallion Domenico Nesci recovered from Tila Tequila's *Shot at Love* rejection by judging how well his bachelorettes sucked the cream out of cannolis ... but they were allowed to spit it into a glass. We'd rather see 'em swallow, of course, but still, nice one, dude.

■ TALK DIRTY TO ME

Life on the road can get lonely, so Bret Michaels of Poison fame asked the season-one *Rock of Love* contestants to show off their phone-sex prowess. Apparently not one to trust his own erections, Bret hooked his meat up to a monitor to measure the blood flow.

■ FIERCE, FOR ONCE

America's Next Top Model was actually worth watching when the cycle-two finalists did a nude girl-on-girl photo shoot for an Italian ad. Unfortunately, the action stayed network-TV-friendly.

■ SUPER WIVES

Proof that the perks of rock stardom outlast the career itself: On *Supergroup*, metalheads Evan Seinfeld and Sebastian Bach guided their wives, Tera Patrick and Maria Bach, through a sultry photo shoot. Sebastian insightfully ruminated, "I was *dee*-recting while I was *e*-recting."

■ DO-OVER

After completing a photo-shoot challenge, season-one *Rock of Love* go-getters Brandi and Heather staged a steamy, private retake—and plastered the Polaroids on Bret's bedroom door.

■ GLASS HOUSES

Pussycat Dolls Present: The Search for the Next Doll got off to a good start: In the first challenge, contenders stripped down to their skivvies and danced in glass go-go cages. Asia won the cage match and the grand prize, but she passed up the gig and signed with Murder Inc instead.

■ SOLD OUT

Lauren Cleri banked \$200,000 on *Moment of Truth* by confessing that she'd cheated on her hubby and wished she'd married her ex. But she lost the hard-earned dough when asked if she thought she was a good person; she said yes, but the lie detector—and viewers—disagreed. Karma's a bitch.

THE CRAZIEST CATFIGHTS

■ NIPSLIP

As a general rule, we love to see the fists fly. Bonus points go to *Flavor of Love*'s New York and Pumkin, who ignored the wardrobe malfunction that interrupted their reunion-show brawl.

■ MILKIT

When the etiquette-challenged housemates of *Bad Girls Club*'s second season started dumping gallons of milk on one another, we had to wonder: Why is a dairy-soaked catfight so damn hot? Maybe because it's the closest we'll come to seeing *bukkake* on basic cable.

■ FOOD FIGHT

I Love Money was catfight nirvana—and Pumkin, Toastee, Megan, and Brandi didn't let us down when they drenched one another with several different beverages before capping off their argument with a poolside shoving match.

■ TKO

Rock of Love's Heather Chadwell was long overdue for a smack down, and who better to deliver it than the niece of a world-champion boxer? Unfortunately, Bret Michaels and Riki Rachtman stepped in before season two's Daisy de la Hoya could do any real damage.

■ THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND

At a reunion-show taping, *Charm School* headmistress Sharon Osbourne got her claws out—literally—when reality-show veteran Megan Hauserman insulted dear old Ozzy.

■ SIBLING RIVALRY

When Kim bought a Bentley on *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, little sis Khloe caused a scene at the dealership; Kim retaliated by pummeling Khloe with her purse. It's a weak entry as catfights go, but we're holding out hope that they'll play dirtier next time.

**TAYA PARKER WAS NOT
ONLY THE SEXIEST
RIDER ON ROCK OF LOVE
BUS, BUT SHE'S OUR
2009 PET OF THE YEAR.**



GIRL # 1



GIRL # 4

Rock of Love's season-one phone-sex challenge (above, left, and below)

Bret Michaels' peter meter



Rock of Love's season-two Heather and Daisy altercation

Bad Girl's Club's contestants aren't crying over this spilled milk.



THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40



The Real World: Las Vegas



My Bare Lady



Big Brother 9

WETHOTTV

■ THREE'S COMPANY

Real World: Miami's Mike and Melissa brought a waitress home for a sneaky shower-stall threesome ... that was interrupted when a spying Flora accidentally broke the bathroom window.

■ TRISHELLE MAKES THREE

Real World: Las Vegas's bayou babe won our hearts by initiating a threesome with party-girl Brynn and man-whore Steven.

■ IN A FLASH

On *Shot at Love's* second season, Kristy lured Tila Tequila into a group makeout session in the hot tub—by flashing her perfect tits. Too bad she broke Miss Tequila's heart in the finale.

■ ON A ROLL

Paradise Hotel's Kristin owned up to sleeping with 40-plus guys, and apparently added another notch during a sultry swim with castmate Alex.

■ OUCH

Paradise Hotel 2 contestant Ryan let the other guests sneak in and watch his shower tryst with Stephanie, but later denied they were "friends with benefits"—on the grounds that he can't stand her. *Zing!*

■ WAX ON, WAX OFF

Considering its porn-star cast, *My Bare Lady* was surprisingly tame. Even the car-wash challenge was less hot than a Carl's Jr. commercial. Still, put Sunny Leone in a bikini and we're sold.

■ KEEPING IT CLEAN

The full nitty-gritty of Chanelle and Ziggy's hook-up on *Big Brother UK* may never be known: After they moved into the only blind spot in the shower, producers cut to a shot of the garden. WTF, mates?

CAUGHT ON CAMERA

■ LAP IT UP

Watching Carmen Electra get a lap dance on *'Til Death Do Us Part* was like a small-screen version of Cialis. Luckily, our memories have outlasted her marriage to Dave Navarro.

■ WE'RE GOING STREAKING!

The Real World has had its share of attention-whore antics. We wish they were all as sexy as season-four housemate Jacinda Barrett running naked through the streets of London.

■ STOP, HEY, WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

Bondage video vixen Sarah Kozler dragged Joe Millionaire into the woods to escape the cameras, but producers helpfully close-captioned the alleged audio. Our favorite subtitle? "Slurp."

■ GOING DOWN FOR THE COUNT

Big Brother 9's Natalie and Matt steamed up the live feeds with what looked to us like night-vision blowjobs. Ever the gentleman, Matt later reported to his housemates that Nat's a swallower.

■ KISSING UP

On the second season of *Bad Girls Club*, Cordelia and Andrea brought their boss into a private room for a three-way makeout session—not a bad way to score brownie points, if you ask us.

■ THE THOUGHT THAT COUNTS

On *My Fair Brady*, Adrienne Curry posed for a sizzling girl-on-girl photo shoot to surprise hubby Peter ... er, Christopher Knight. He freaked out and threatened a separation. Hey, Adrienne, we'll take the photos *and* the sloppy seconds.

BEHIND-THE-SCENES SCANDALS

■ CHEMISTRY OVERLOAD

After Drew Lachey and Cheryl Burke dominated season one of *Dancing With the Stars*, tabloids reported that they'd been practicing the horizontal mambo off-camera. Naturally, their reps denied it.

■ FOUL PLAY

After she was filmed having sex with a castmate on Chile's *La Granja*, former Miss Universe Alicia Machado's relationship with Yankees right fielder Bobby Abreu quickly collapsed.

■ IDOL HANDS

Paula Abdul and Corey Clark's rumored fling during *American Idol's* second season, which they both still deny, made for good sexy-teacher fantasies.

■ PUBLICITY 101

The friendship between *The Hills'* Lauren Conrad and Heidi Montag hit the skids after Montag's hanger-on, Spencer Pratt, circulated a rumor about an L.C. sex tape. To our dismay, no such tape ever surfaced.



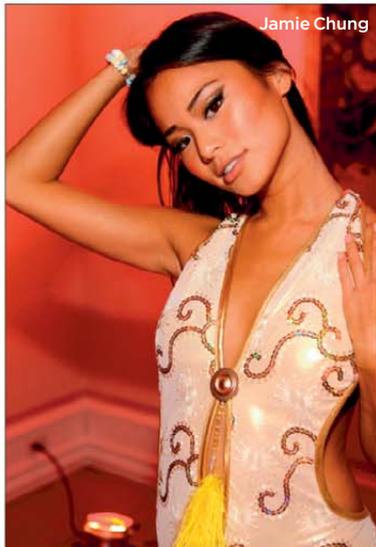
Sunny Leone



Kat Von D



Ryan Starr



Jamie Chung



Big Brother UK



Erica Ellyson

■ **TECH BUST**

Country singer Sara Evans dropped out of the third season of *Dancing With the Stars* to deal with her impending divorce after allegedly finding porn on her hubby's computer, along with pics of him in various states of arousal. He denies having any such photos, save for ones that he says were shot by Evans. Note to self: Empty cache.

■ **NOT SO INNOCENT**

Survivor contestant Jenna Lewis was furious when her wedding-night sex tape was leaked online ... until it was revealed that she collected a hefty share of the profits.

■ **AMERICAN HISTORY X**

Antonella Barba earned her 15 minutes of fame during *American Idol*'s sixth season, when photos surfaced of her splashing around half-naked at the National WWII Memorial. Producers let her slide for the racy pics—possibly remembering the online beat-down they got when they kicked off previous candidates for similar “crimes”—but the audience gave her the boot.

■ **AGONY OF DEFEAT**

In an exile round of *Real World/Road Rules Challenge: Fresh Meat*, Wes trounced his girlfriend Johanna—which resulted in her elimination. Not surprisingly, they broke up after the show.

■ **ALL'S FAIR**

Racing with her ex-husband, *Amazing Race 2* contestant Tara lost steam due to an asthma attack a few yards from the finish line—allowing her new boyfriend, Alex, and his partner to claim the million-dollar prize. We need to get sex tips from *that* guy.

■ **JUST PLAIN STEAMY**

Our favorite reality TV vixens may not have gotten down and dirty on their shows, but we can—and do—still dream about them.

■ **TIE:** Really, girls, we love you all the same. There are no favorites in this 'House. Which is why we can't choose between **TAYA PARKER** (*Rock of Love Bus*)—not only the sexiest rider on the bus, but our 2009 Pet of the Year—and **ERICA ELLYSON** (*Momma's Boys*), who won Momma's heart, but got the boot from her son.

■ **AUBREY O'DAY** (*Making the Band*)

We never gave a shit about Danity Kane, but we somehow cared even less after Diddy booted our favorite babe from the band.

■ **KAT VOND** (*Miami Ink/LA Ink*)

Why do all *our* tattoo artists seem to be bloated, bearded men?

■ **RYAN STARR** (*American Idol*)

We'd love to see more of her, but she seems to have ditched her post-*AI* recording contract in favor of total fucking obscurity.

■ **JAMIE CHUNG** (*Real Word: San Diego*)

Despite her lack of hair-pulling drama or threesomes (give this girl a halo!), she remains the hottest housemate thus far. **아**

On the Road With *Rock of Love's* BIG JOHN

For three seasons, Big John has been Bret Michaels' right-hand man on VH1's *Rock of Love*. He's had to break up catfights, console drunks, and try to enforce rules against being too "slutty and whorey." Good luck with that. Interview by Taya Parker

By Christine Colby

Taya Parker has been a star in our book for a while, but after riding the *Rock of Love* Bus, she's garnered a whole new fan base. "I had a 14-year-old boy write me," she says, "and my first thing back was, 'Please check with your parents and make sure it's okay that you're writing me.' I'm sure they're fine with the fact that I'm a VH1 chick, but maybe they don't know about the other stuff." Big John Murray is also a fan.

IN THE BEGINNING

Big John began his rock 'n' roll career with a drunken misstep: After being offered a ride back to his hotel on the tour bus following a Ratt concert in Cleveland, he accidentally got on the crew bus and rode all the way to Detroit before noticing. "We really got along, and I jumped in and helped and kind of took over the security," John says. "They offered me a position."

"Who knew making drunken mistakes would change the course of your life? Do you ever wish you hadn't gotten on the wrong bus?" Taya asks.

"No, I don't," he says. "I not only got a career out of this, but I've made some very enduring friendships—the girls from the show and the many bands I've worked for." John met Poison when Ratt opened for them in 1999, and went to work for singer Bret Michaels a few years later.

ASS MAN

"I met some diehard Poison fans from Boston, Jen and Mary, and we

became true, lifelong friends. Every time they're around they take pictures of my butt, and I'm like, 'What are you doing?' They said they were going to start a website called BigJohnsButt.com. Lo and behold they did!"

[Editor's note: Actually, it's Myspace.com/BigJohnsButtDotCom.]

"See?" Taya complains. "I'm the resident naked girl here, and there aren't fans of *my* butt! You have definitely made it in the world if you have a fan club for your butt."

ROCK OF WILLPOWER

Being in close quarters with the *Rock of Love* girls seems like it would have huge fringe benefits, but John claims to be immune: "There were a couple of times I walked in and they were topless or whatever, but I've seen it all. I've been in the business quite a long time. I'm not out there to try to be sexual; I'm out there to look out for Bret's best interests and mingle with the girls to see who's real and who's not. After the Mud Bowl, Farrah and Ashley and a couple other girls took their bras off, and I hosed them down with a fire hose. It doesn't affect me.

"There have been some weird things that people have offered on the road to try to meet Bret," John says. "In St. Louis, a lady offered me her 18-year-old daughter for a chance to

After the Mud Bowl, Farrah and Ashley took their bras off, and I hosed them down with a fire hose.



have something signed by Bret. I was like, you've gotta be out of your mind. This is your daughter!"

He isn't impenetrable, though. He did get together with one of the *Rock of Love* contestants from season two, Cori. "I dated Cori for a while, once she was eliminated from the show," John says. "There were never any hard feelings, and Bret was right there behind me. Unfortunately it didn't work out, and we parted ways."

A SHOT IN THE DARK

On this season's premiere episode, one contestant served another a test-tube shot of booze from her "cooter," as Taya puts it. John admits, "That was the most disgusting thing that I have ever seen. After all my years on the road, there is just a line.... I mean, Bret and I were completely in shock."

"That must have been one of those moments where Bret was like, 'Okay, maybe I quit. If this is setting the bar for the entire season, I give up,'" Taya says with a laugh.

TO BE REAL

"The problem we had was, after two seasons, the girls had seen what worked and what didn't work," says

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (RIGHT) KRISOFFER/AMICO/COURTESY OF RANGHART.COM, (TOP) COURTESY OF VH1



John. “One of the things that stands out about Taya, Beverly, and Mindy is they weren’t trying to be anyone else, they were themselves.”

“Thank you for saying that,” Taya says. “I could tell that was weighing on Bret’s mind a lot when he was dealing with me. It was like, ‘You seem too perfect—maybe you’re just a really great actress.’ There were times when I literally wanted to shake him and say, ‘Maybe I’m exactly who I appear to be, and you’re going to miss out because you’re assuming those things!’”

SEE YOU IN THE MOVIES

“I obviously want to continue touring with Bret,” John tells us, “but I also want to expand my visibility. One of my dreams is to do horror movies, something like the remake of *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, those kind of genre movies. And, because I was in the Marines for so long, I would love to do a military movie. Ironically, the main character in the videogame *Gears of War* looks *identical* to me—me with a camouflage bandanna and some dirt on my face. My manager found out they’re in the process of writing the movie, and when the auditions happen, I’m hoping that I can get in there and have them see me, because it literally looks just like me.”

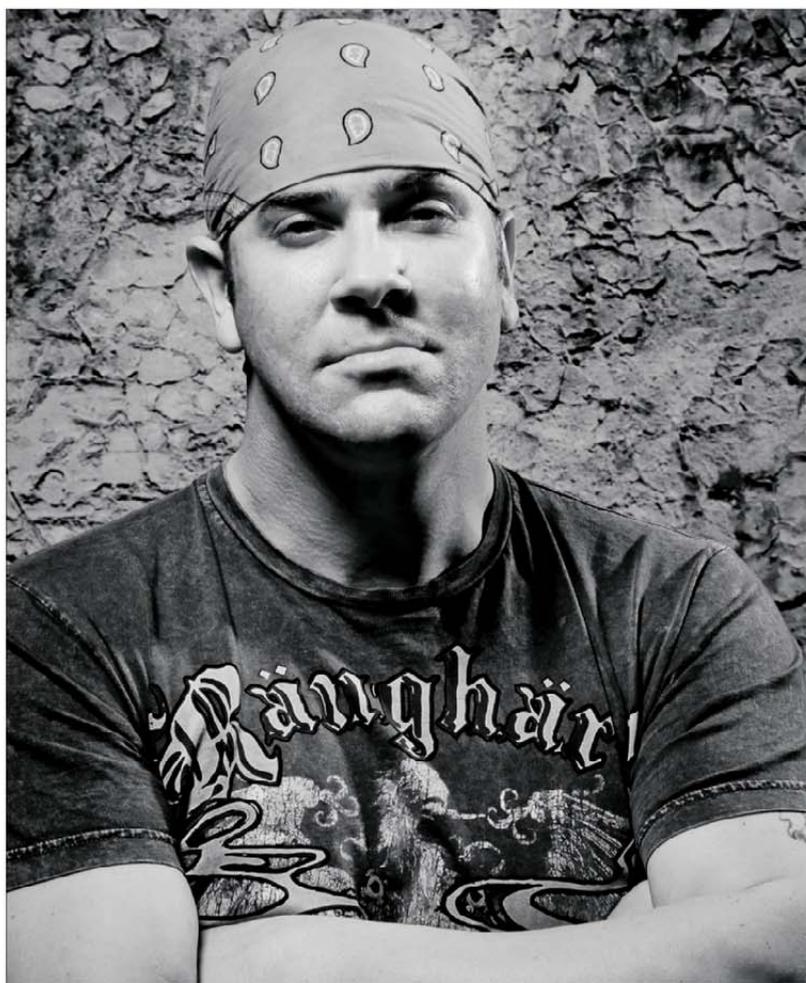
“Also, John has a very cool line of clothes that he wore on the show—Ränghärt clothing,” Taya says.

“I’ve been fortunate enough to be involved with Christian Audigier. It’s really taken off,” he says. “It’s a partnership. I wear the clothes; I’m the face of the product. Go to BigJohnRocks.com, and there is a link to Ränghärt clothing. I think everyone will love it. It’s a little bit of a high-end deal; we put a little more work into it.”

CELEBREALITY

“There are too many people in the entertainment world who are unapproachable, just because they’re in a movie or on TV,” says John. “I will never think of myself as better than anyone else; I’m just luckier.” Despite his newfound recognition, he doesn’t feel like a celebrity. “It’s surreal. People come up to me, like, ‘Will you sign this? Can we get a picture with you?’” he says. “I walk into a restaurant and people go, ‘Oh my God! I’m like, ‘Who’s here?’” Big John’s here, that’s who.

Turn the page for more Taya Parker. What rock star wouldn’t want to take her along on his bus? 





“I think everybody assumed that the *Penthouse* girl was going to be this stereotypical Skankasaurus rex. When I didn't live up to that, it made people think, Oh, she thinks she's better than everybody. I'm still kind of fighting that right now. Look, I have fun like everybody else. I like to party like everybody else.”







Thankfully, we got to see Taya's assets on the first episode, during Bret's backstage-pass photo shoot. "I was wanting an ass fan club, and nothing happened! I was trying to give Big John's ass a run for its money, but it didn't work out for me. Nobody wanted to start an ass fan club for me."





“There is a different dynamic to me that you didn’t see on the show. I’m very goofy, I’m a dork, I love to have fun, I’m silly. I think you’ve seen this serious, got-it-together kind of person, which I am, but there is definitely a fun side to me that’s getting put on the back burner because of all the drama.”



"You definitely lose your inhibitions...
By, like, the third day of shooting, after the
Mud Bowl, there were three of us in
the shower together. With one bathroom
for five or six girls to share, if you
didn't join in, you didn't get a shower!"



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gametime



The Italian Job: After playing for AC Milan on loan during the MLS off-season, Beckham expressed a desire to remain with the legendary club—despite having three years left on his contract with the Los Angeles Galaxy.

Kicking it around

their thoughts on MLS, Year 14, starting with the David Beckham saga.



JUAN PABLO ÁNGEL is a Colombian striker for the New York Red Bulls. He set a franchise record with 19 goals in 2007, when he was a finalist for the league MVP award. Ángel had 35 goals in 49 appearances for New York entering this season, and he recently signed a multiyear contract extension with the club.

What's your take on the David Beckham situation, and how can the league make the best of it?

That's a hard question. But at the end of the day, I think MLS is well-established right now and regardless of who's playing in the league, it's in a strong financial and sporting position. If he leaves, I don't think it will affect the league as much as people think it will.

How will the expansion team in Seattle fare?

I hope they will do well. They have good management behind the team. From what I've been told, it's a big soccer town, which will help.

Who's the best young player in MLS?

I'd say Chivas USA's Sacha Kljestan, and our midfielder Dane Richards. Dane has something that is difficult to get—speed. It gives you a big advantage.

Who's the best defender in MLS?

Kansas City's **Jimmy Conrad**.

What's the toughest away venue in the league?

Toronto FC's BMO Field.

How does the level of play in MLS compare to the Championship (second level) in England?

I think it's different. I don't like to compare this league with any other league in the world. MLS is harder than people think. It's getting better every year. I don't think it's fair to compare this league with one that's been around for however many years [since 1892]. You have to give the league time.



GREG LALAS is site director for Goal.com, the world's largest online soccer community, and host of the MLS online show *Extra Time*. He is still chasing the dream on the soccer fields of New York City.

What's your take on the Beckham situation, and how can the league make the best of it?

He has a reputation for being a good, upstanding guy, but I think he handled this badly. He went behind the Galaxy's back in his initial dealings with AC Milan. That was totally lowbrow and, frankly, bullshit. As for the league, Beckham was the face of MLS for the past two years. He sold tickets, sold jerseys, got that sponsorship for the Galaxy. If he's gone, all that's gone.

How will the new team in Seattle fare?

Better than some other recent expansion teams, but the playoffs may be out of reach. And I can't wait to see if Freddie Ljungberg dyes his hair Sounder blue. Oh, wait, he doesn't have any more hair.

Who's the best young player in MLS?

Yura Movsisyan of Real Salt Lake. He reminds me of Arsenal's Robin Van Persie.

Who's the best striker?

Juan Pablo Ángel. He's a clinical finisher, and he makes his teammates better. But I also have to give a thumbs-up to Dallas's Kenny Cooper, who had a breakout year in 2008.

Who's the best defender?

Bakary Soumare, from Chicago. He's big, strong, intelligent, and only 23. Too bad he decided to play internationally for Mali rather than the U.S.

Who will be the impact newcomer of 2009?

Hopefully, Thierry Henry. That's just a wild guess that he could decide to come here when his contract at Barcelona is up. But more realistically, I'll go with Sebastien Le Toux, a striker for Seattle.

You had a cup of coffee in MLS. Were you ever heckled by fans or trash-talked by an opponent?

It was more like half a shot of weak espresso, but, yeah, I got heckled, mainly by fans who yelled, "Hey, Lalas, you're not as good as your brother!" Not too witty. Also, for some reason, a lot of people asked me why I didn't have red hair like Alexi*. Who am I, Gregor Mendel? I don't know why I don't have red hair.

*Lalas's brother Alexi is a National Soccer Hall of Famer and started every game for the U.S. at the 1994 World Cup. He played in MLS for seven years.



TAYLOR TWELLMAN is a striker for the New England Revolution. He led MLS in scoring with 17 goals in 2005, and was named MVP of the league that year. He entered 2009 in fifth place on the all-time goals list with 99, and he's made 29 appearances for the U.S. national team.

What's your take on the Beckham situation, and

how can the league make the best of it?

The Beckham situation is tricky. In a nutshell, if he was going to leave after this season anyway [he had an out clause in his contract], then MLS would've been right to sell him. If he's in it for the long haul, then I think MLS would be right to keep him in L.A.

How will Seattle do in its first season?

They will do well; they have a solid core of Americans and a great coach in Sigi Schmid. Wouldn't be surprised if they make the playoffs.

Who's the best young player in MLS?

Chivas USA's Sacha Kljestan or the Houston Dynamo's Stuart Holden. And pretty much any rookie that Houston coach Dominic Kinnear brings in ends up being good.



Who's the best defender in MLS?

In all honesty, they are all big, strong knuckleheads who kick the living shit out of me.

Who will be the impact newcomer of 2009?

San Jose's Bobby Convey is a good choice.

What's the best heckle you've heard in an MLS stadium?

There have been so many, from "Dawson's Creek" to "World Cup 2006."[†] I love the heckling because it provides those atmospheres that we need [to grow soccer] in this country.

What player is the best trash talker?

D.C. United's **Ben Olsen** is awesome, but my teammate Jay Heaps takes the cake on this one. He never shuts up.

I made a bet that the U.S. would win the World Cup before England did again. I was a couple drinks in when I made this wager, I'll admit, but tell me, was it foolish or prescient?

Winning a World Cup takes a lot of luck along with skill, so right now, even though England is ahead of us as a soccer nation, we have as good a shot as them at winning the tournament.

[†] *Twellman bears a passing resemblance to actor James Van Der Beek, and he narrowly missed making the 2006 U.S. World Cup team.*



SF runs the highly entertaining soccer blog *TheOffsideRules.com*

What's your take on the Beckham situation, and how can the league make the best of it?

I'm a little disappointed in the way he handled it. Once he got to Italy, it became clear that he would rather be in the land of Prada than in the drive-through lane at

In-N-Out Burger, regardless of what he said to the contrary. As for the league, they've benefited just from having him here, however brief it turns out to be. If he goes, they need to get a fat transfer fee for him. Maybe they can get a couple of nice Fiats for some of the league's underpaid players, too.

How will Seattle do in its first season?

I think they'll fare better than San Jose did last year [8-13-9], but not as good as Chicago did in '98, when they won the league title as an expansion team.

Who's the best young player in the league?

Sacha Kljestan of Chivas USA, without a doubt. The board of Glasgow Celtic will soon be crying into their Scottish ale over their decision to lowball a transfer fee for him.

Who's the best striker in MLS?

[To the tune of "Guantanamera"]
Juan Pablo Ángel,
There's only Juan Pablo Ángel
Juan Pablo Ángel,
There's only Juan Pablo Ángel

Who's the best defender?

No offense to James "Jimmy" Conrad, a player I love in a way that probably defines the term "bromance," but I think a guy to watch this year is his understudy in Kansas City, Michael Harrington.

Who will be the impact newcomer of 2009?

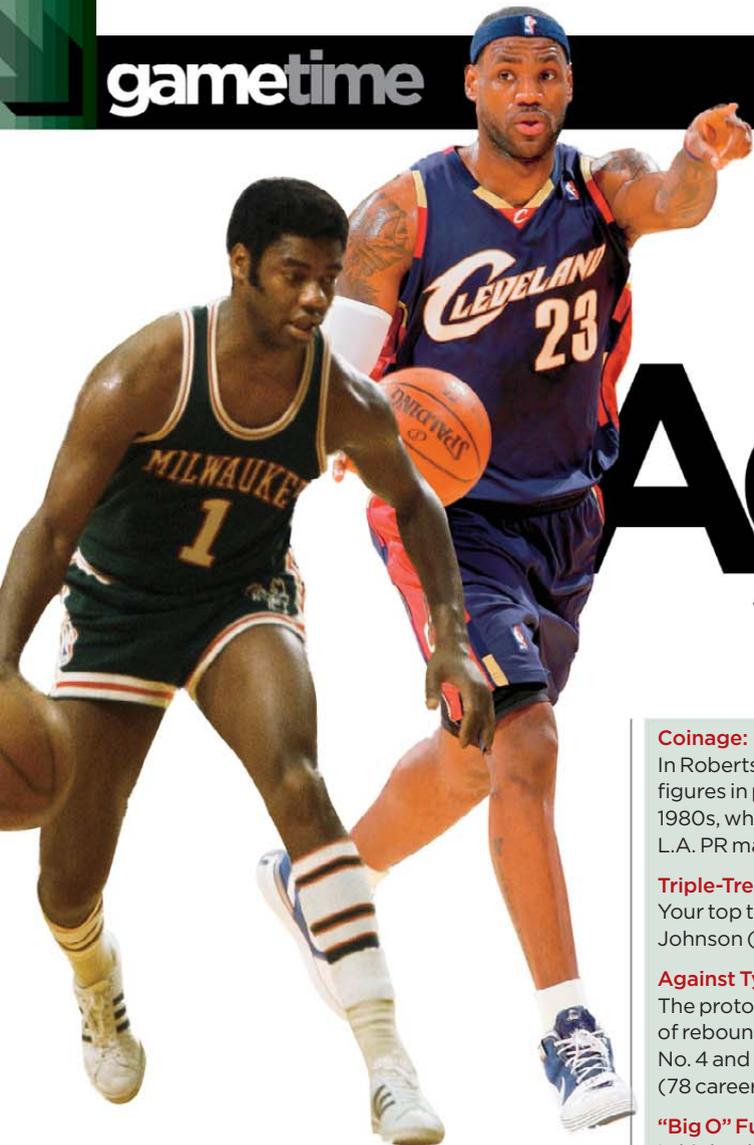
Seattle's Freddie Ljungberg is an obvious pick. A little less high-profile, though, is San Jose forward Cam Weaver. In 2006, he scored 18 goals in 27 appearances for Seattle in the A-League [second division].

Will the U.S. win the World Cup before England wins another one?

That's a tough one. The U.S. keeps getting better, but as the 2006 World Cup opener versus the Czech Republic showed, they can get more than a little shook up in front of a big foreign crowd. But England, they really are a mystery: all the talent in the world, yet they can't seem to make all of the parts fit together. They didn't even qualify for Euro 2008. It truly boggles the mind.



PHOTOGRAPH BY (CLOCKWISE FROM THE TOP LEFT) MELISSA MAJCHRZAK/MLS VIA GETTY IMAGES, JUAN MIRANDA/MLS VIA GETTY IMAGES, VICTOR DECOLONGON/GETTY IMAGES, TONY QUINN/MLSAA, GREG BARTRAM/MLS VIA GETTY IMAGES



Triple Agents

A look at basketball's gold standard of all-around individual performance, **the triple-double.**

When the Cavaliers visited the Knicks earlier this season, New York broadcaster and basketball Hall of Famer Walt "Clyde" Frazier said that Cleveland's LeBron James "will average a triple-double for a season, one of these years." It's only a matter of time, Clyde suggested, and when James finished the night with 52 points, 11 assists, and 10 rebounds for his 21st career triple-double (that's double figures in three categories, for those of you light on the basketball lingo), that time seemed closer at hand than ever before.

No less an authority than Oscar "the Big O" Robertson has also said he thinks James will pull it off one of these years. If he does, James will equal Robertson's astounding accomplishment from the 1961-62 season, when he averaged 30.8 points, 12.5 rebounds, and 11.4 assists a game for the Cincinnati Royals. No one had averaged a triple-double for a season before, and no one has done it in the 47 years since.

When we went to press, James was averaging 28.5 points, 7.5 rebounds, and 7 assists per game. He probably won't get there this season, but his numbers, his youth (he's only 24), and his unique, even unprecedented, versatility create the sense of inevitability that he'll equal Robertson's feat. As he zeroes in on the milestone, here's a crib sheet on the triple-double for you to win hoop fiends and influence basketball groupies with:

Coinage:

In Robertson's day, people just said, "Hey, great game Oscar, you got double figures in points, rebounds, and assists." Not very catchy. It was not until the 1980s, when Magic Johnson's triple impact for the Lakers inspired him, that L.A. PR man Bruce Jolesch coined the phrase "triple-double."

Triple-Treble:

Your top three in career triple-doubles: Oscar Robertson (181), Magic Johnson (138), Jason Kidd (101).

Against Type:

The prototypical triple-double player is a guard big enough to get his share of rebounds and deft enough to rack up the assists. Yet, checking in at No. 4 and No. 5 on the all-time list are behemoth center Wilt Chamberlain (78 career triple-doubles) and six-foot-nine forward Larry Bird (59).

"Big O" Fun Fact No. 1:

In his landmark '61-62 season, Robertson became the only guard in NBA history to lead his team in rebounding.

Badass Refusal:

Bird left a 1985 game against the Utah Jazz at the end of the third period with 30 points, 12 rebounds, 10 assists, and 9 steals. He was one steal short of a quadruple-double (there have been only four of these in NBA history). The Celtics were up by 22 points, but coach K.C. Jones offered to put Bird back in to complete the unique feat. "Why go for it," said Bird, "if we're up by 30?"

Bogus Attempt:

In 2003, Cleveland's Ricky Davis was one rebound short of his first career triple-double with the clock winding down in a game against Utah. He put up a "shot" on his own team's basket, intentionally missing it, and then grabbed the "rebound," thinking he'd get credit for it. He didn't. He did get leveled by Utah's DeShawn Stevenson and fined by the Cavs.

"Big O" Fun Fact No. 2:

During the first five years of his career, Robertson averaged a cumulative triple-double of 30.3 points, 10.6 assists, and 10.4 rebounds a game.

Oldest:

Karl Malone, Utah, 2003, age 40, 10 points, 11 rebounds, 10 assists versus Portland.

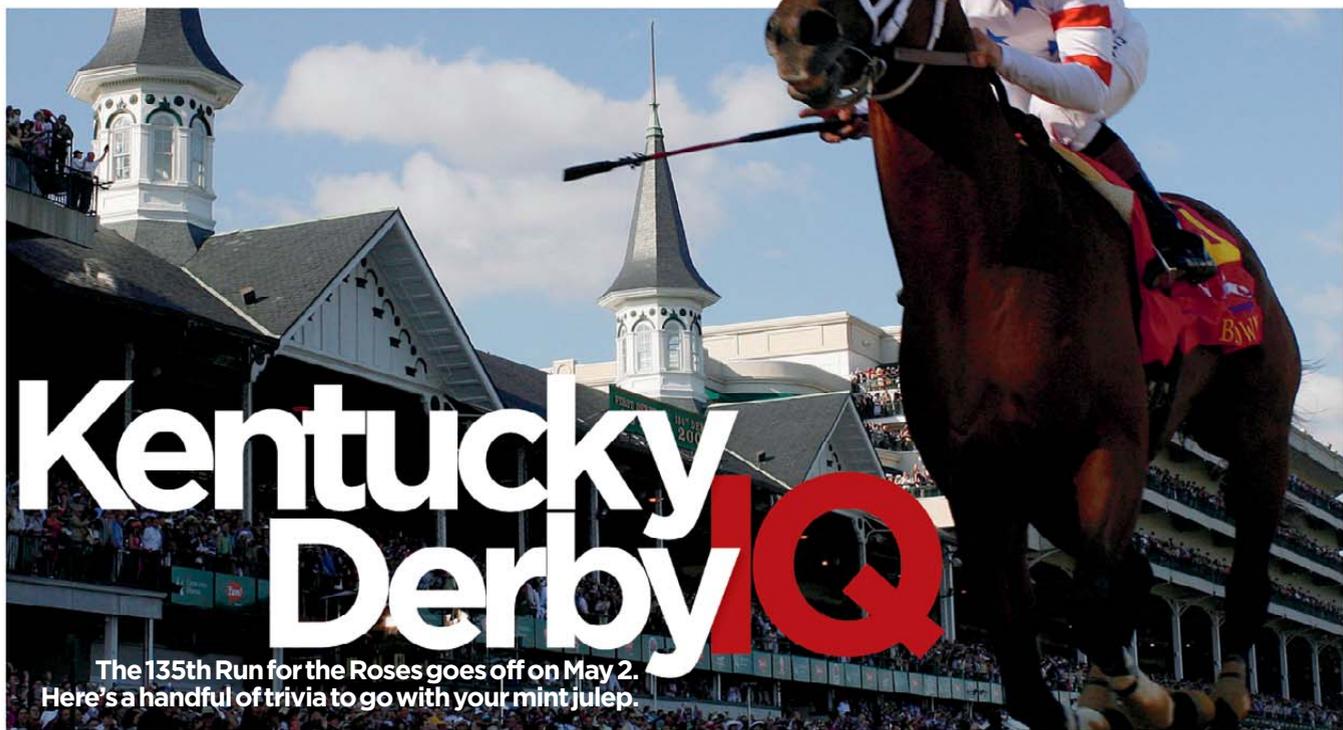
Youngest:

LeBron James, Cleveland, 2005, age 20, 27 points, 11 rebounds, 10 assists versus San Antonio.

"Big O" Fun Fact No. 3:

In each of the two seasons before Robertson arrived, the Royals won 19 games. In his second season, they won 43 and made the playoffs for the first time in four years.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) FOCUS ON SPORT/GETTY IMAGES; ROCKY WIDNER/NBAE VIA GETTY IMAGES; MARK ABRAHAM/EPA/CORBIS; BETTMANN/CORBIS



The 135th Run for the Roses goes off on May 2. Here's a handful of trivia to go with your mint julep.

1. Which state is the birthplace of the most Derby-winning horses?

- A. California
- B. Kentucky
- C. New York
- D. Tennessee

2. How old was Willie Shoemaker when he won the Derby in 1986?

- A. 72
- B. 49
- C. 61
- D. 54

3. Only 11 horses have won the Triple Crown, of which the Derby is the first jewel. Name the last one, and the year

the horse did it.

4. What jockey has the most Derby wins?

- A. Kent Desormeaux
- B. Bill Hartack
- C. Angel Cordero Jr.
- D. Eddie Arcaro

5. Who wrote the following? "We hung around the press box long enough to watch a mass interview with the winning owner, a dapper little man named Lehmann who said he had just flown into Louisville

that morning from Nepal, where he'd 'bagged a record tiger.' The sportswriters murmured their admiration and a waiter filled Lehmann's glass with Chivas Regal. He had just won \$127,000 with a horse that cost him \$6,500 two years ago. His occupation, he said, was 'retired contractor.' And then he added, with a big grin, 'I just retired.'"

- A. William Faulkner
- B. Kurt Vonnegut
- C. Hunter Thompson
- D. Tom Wolfe

ANSWERS: 1. B. 2. D. 3. He was the oldest jockey ever to win the race. 4. Affirmed, 1978. 5. Trick question! It's a tie between B and D with five. C, in a 1970 magazine article.

The Gordie Howe Hat Trick

Debunking an NHL misnomer

Basketball's triple-double may be a media-generated stat, but at least it has a basis in reality (unless Ricky Davis is involved). The so-called Gordie Howe hat trick—which refers to a player who scores a goal, makes an assist, and gets into a fight in one game—sounds like a perfect fit, but this one falls firmly into "When the legend becomes fact, print the legend" territory. Howe, who played 30 seasons of pro hockey (he retired at 51), produced all of two "Gordie Howe hat tricks" in his entire career, according to hockey pundits Paul Patskou and Jeff Marek. Howe wasn't the first to pull off this particular trifecta, either: That honor fell to Harry Cameron, who scored, assisted, and brawled in a game for Toronto in 1917.

So why has the term stuck? Well, Howe is universally acknowledged as one of the top five greatest players of all time, and he was as hard-nosed as he was effective—he could

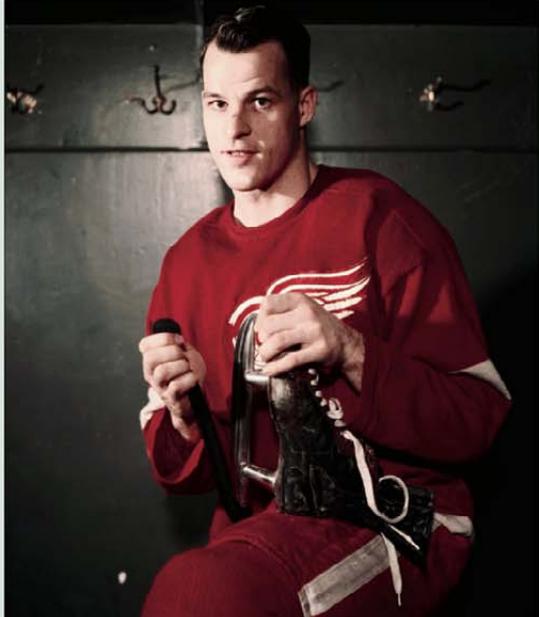
hit and score with equal proficiency. He also didn't shy away from feeding the legend: A couple years back, when a reporter asked him how many Gordie Howe hat tricks he had, Howe replied, "Quite a few. I had a temper."

He did, but his desire to win usually kept it in check: Howe rarely topped 100 minutes in penalties in a season and was only involved in 22 fights in his 1,767-game career.

In 2007, *The Hockey News* published a list of what it said were the leaders in Gordie Howe hat tricks since 1996. It looks like this:

Brendan Shanahan	9
Keith Tkachuk	5
Jarome Iginla	5
Brenden Morrow	5
Sean Avery	4

The Brendan Shanahan hat trick? It may be more appropriate, but it'll never stick. **OH**



Plum. Smuggg.

Thomas Lennon, aka short-shorts-wearing Lieutenant Jim Dangle, has already sneaked in a career's worth of gems as an actor, writer, and sketch comic. But as his booming spring suggests, he's just getting started.

By John Bolster • Photographs by Seth Olenick

There's a decent chance that you recognize Thomas Lennon, either from his role as Lieutenant Jim Dangle—he of the short-shorts and ambiguous sexuality—on *Reno 911!*, or from his Snickers bars commercials, or maybe even from the mid-nineties MTV sketch show *The State*, a solid cult favorite. But there's a better-than-even chance that you only know the tip of the iceberg of Lennon's wide-ranging accomplishments. Did you know that, for starters, he's cowritten eight films, including the blockbuster *Night at the Museum* and its upcoming sequel *Night at the Museum 2: Battle of the Smithsonian*, which comes out on May 22 and stars Ben Stiller, Robin Williams, Owen Wilson, and Jonah Hill? Lennon also cowrote *Balls of Fury*, the Vin Diesel kiddie flick *The Pacifier*, and the overlooked *Let's Go to Prison* (which *The New York Times* called “a sly, very funny comedy”). As an actor, he's turned up in *Memento*, *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days*, and *Hancock*, among many other films.

That's all impressive enough—and surprising for its under-the-radar factor—but this spring, Lennon is truly making his mark: In addition to *Museum 2*, he starred in *I Love You, Man* in March, opposite Jason Segel and Paul Rudd; will appear in this month's *17 Again* with Leslie Mann and tween idol Zac Efron; and is in the midst of his sixth season of *Reno*. It's Tom's world, gentle readers—we're just living in it. Lennon carved out some time between writing, appearing in Funny or Die clips, shooting *Reno*, doing stand-up and sketch comedy, and acting in films—*whew!*—to talk to us about all of the above.



ler

In the interest of full disclosure, let's just let our readers know that my brother Tom worked with you in the past, and has appeared on *Reno 911!* But that doesn't mean I'm not going to ask the tough questions.

I've actually worked with your brother *many* times. Several times on *Reno 911!*, and all the way back to *Viva Variety*, when he played Johnny Bluejeans's "sexy" brother. And, yes, he is one sexy mofo. I hope it runs in the family.

I think it stopped with him. I've got a clubfoot and am completely hairless. And I didn't even know my own brother appeared on *Viva Variety*. When are we going to see that show on DVD?

Oh, man, I would give anything for that to come out. That show is so forgotten, but *Viva Variety* ran longer than *The State*. *Viva Variety* ran for 39 episodes; *The State* only ran for 26 or so. And the first *Viva Variety* episode had Ben Stiller and the Mighty Mighty Bosstones. They Might Be Giants were on once, too. There were some really cool comedians and bands on that show.

It was also a unique premise for a show.

It was a really *weird* premise. To us, it seemed like, "Oh, my God, what a perfect thing to spoof. Isn't everybody waiting for a spoof of a Belgian variety show?" And it turns out the answer was no—no, they weren't. We were the only four people waiting for that. I think that's why it was never more popular. It was just too weird for people, you know?

But apparently people were waiting for a spoof of *Cops*, because the sixth season of *Reno 911!* just launched. When you started back in 2003, did you think you'd still be doing it in '09?

If I knew we'd be doing the show for this many years, I would have chosen different pants. Something with a little breathing room for my nuts. I think the longevity of the show is 100 percent due to the fact that we improvise most of it. If we had to write full scripts, and get every joke approved, we would have been canceled years ago.

Since it's largely improvised, how many takes do you typically shoot before you call it a scene?

We usually only do one or two takes. Sometimes three. After that, if it's not funny, we move on and don't use the scene. But sometimes we'll shoot *long* takes. If you check our DVDs' bonus materials, you can see that we sometimes shoot half-hour takes. Those are my favorite scenes to do.

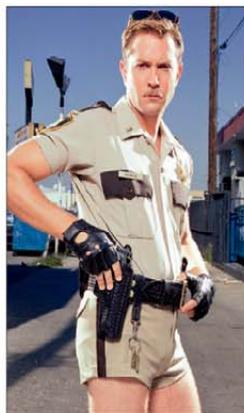
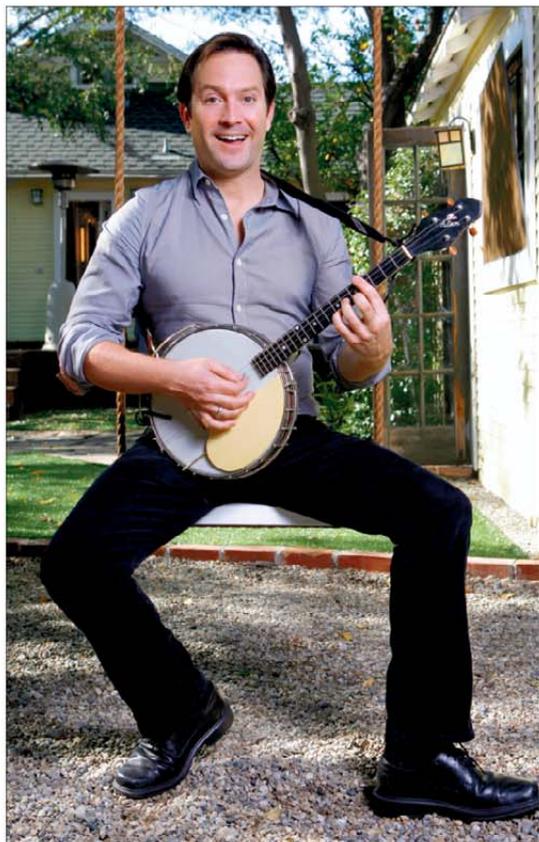
What advice do you give to newcomer guest stars?

The best thing when you're improvising is not to have a plan. If you have a plan, it will feel fake, and it won't be as funny as what you find if you let the scene unfold naturally.

Can you tell us about any new characters or storylines for this season?

This year we've added two of the funniest guys around as full-time deputies: Ian Roberts, from the Upright Citizen's Brigade, and Joe Lo Truglio from *The State*. They're both amazing, and top-notch





“Dangle’s hair, mustache, and shorts are heavily inspired by Viggo Mortensen’s character in *G.I. Jane*. And those are the real shorts Navy SEALs wear.”

improvisers. I think season six is our funniest by far. It’s also got some amazing guest stars. Jonah Hill did an episode, Craig Robinson, Rainn Wilson ... the show’s really finally hitting its stride this year.

It’s been six years, but Jim Dangle’s shorts still crack me up. What was the inspiration for those? Dangle’s hair, mustache, and shorts are heavily inspired by Viggo Mortensen’s character in *G.I. Jane*. Seriously, check out the plum smugglers he’s wearing in that movie. And to top it off, those are the real shorts Navy SEALs wear. Dangle’s voice is just a very bad impression of Al Gore.

Was it me, or did the shorts get shorter in the film *Reno 911!: Miami*?

If you’re making them at home, the proper inseam for a pair of Dangle shorts is 11 inches. And yes, the blue ones were a little shorter and a little stretchier in the movie. A low-angle picture came up on my computer of me from behind in those shorts, and I actually thought, *Who is that sexy lady?* ... I felt pretty bad a second later when I realized it was me.

You guys shoot at an actual police station; have you spoken to many real-life cops about the show?

Most cops agree that *Reno 911!* is the most accurate police show on television. I’m not kidding. I think our show feels more like what their day-to-day life is like. We don’t really solve that many crimes, and we spend part of our day trying to find out who’s been sticking his wiener in the peanut butter jar.

You’ve got a massive spring going on with *I Love You, Man*; *Reno*; *17 Again*; and your screenplay for *Night at the Museum 2*. You’re blowing up—how does it feel?

It’s certainly a very busy time right now, which is good, as I have no other real “fall-back” skills. I’m proud of every one of these projects. I think people will be surprised by how funny Zac Efron is in *17 Again*. He’s a natural, and a very solid improviser, too. *Night at the Museum 2* is massive. They built an entire Smithsonian museum in Vancouver, on a scale of 1:1. It was pretty mind-blowing to stand on that set. And *I Love You, Man* was finally my chance to make out with Paul Rudd.

Speaking of *17 Again*, how did you end up wearing elf ears in that one?

I have a joke about this in my stand-up, but it’s actually how I feel: I’ve been thinking about what kind of type I am, acting-wise, because if you know your type, you’ll get cast in more films. And I perceive myself as a Daniel Craig-type, a James Bond kind of guy. But in this movie, I spend a lot of time in elf ears, and I wear glow-in-the-dark footie pajamas, too. So apparently, the entertainment industry does *not* see me as a Daniel Craig-James Bond-type. They see me as the dude with the elf ears and the glow-in-the-dark footie pajamas.

Since this is *Penthouse*, I have to ask you about *Formosa*, a script about old-school porn you’ve written that’s currently on the shelf.

God, I hope that show goes forward at some point. It’s a period piece set in Hollywood in 1936 about two failed silent-movie producers who start making stag films. It’s more of a comedic drama, and a little bit of a thriller. It’s a great script, and has some wonderful opportunities for us to make some silent black-and-white “jiggle” films.

I also heard a rumor about a possible film project from the State. True?

There is an entirely not-that-untrue rumor that the State is working on a project. Whether it will be a movie or a TV movie, I’m not really sure. I do know that we have done four live shows in the past year, which, for us, is a lot. And they were really fun. I also know that the DVD for the entire series is coming out next year.

Lastly, you’re from Oak Park, Illinois, outside Chicago. So: Cubs, White Sox, or couldn’t care less? Cubs! Cubs! Cubbies! Cubs-Cubs-Cubs!

Is *this* the year?

How can they *not* go all the way this year?! Cubbies! *Whooooo!* Cubs rule. 

Motion Sickness

The participants in this fearsome auto "race," which spans 9,000 miles, 18 countries, and five weeks, are urged not to prepare or plan. Breakdowns are expected. Disaster desired.

By John Rico • Photographs by Eric Samuelson

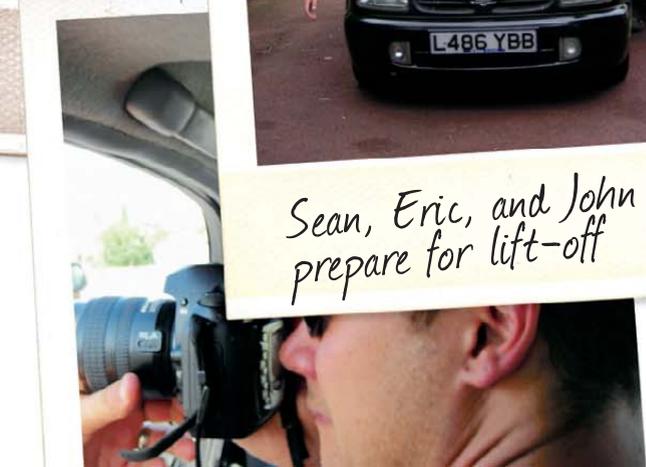
Part One: An Absurd Quest



*Sean, Eric, and John
prepare for lift-off*



Rally start—London's Hyde Park





■ Day One: ENGLAND

With 300 rally vehicles racing behind us, we sped through the streets of London in our 1993 Nissan Micra as we searched out the M2 motorway that would take us out of England, into France, and somewhere far beyond in the future distance: Mongolia. I drove with Sean next to me in the passenger seat, playing a croaky guitar as he laughed maniacally, with Eric sitting in the rear, crammed in next to our beverage cooler and sleeping bags and rucksacks. All of our moods were buoyed by the precipitous onset of adventure as we reveled in the rare reunion of old college friends.

Sean, at 33, had been a high-powered public relations consultant who, although he never loved the job, had appreciated the paycheck, and had previously refused to participate—that is, until he had his first genuine encounter with corporate downsizing. That was the day he called to say that, yes, he would join me in spending a month in perpetual motion, crammed into an aging hatchback while driving to Mongolia. And Eric, whom I had been friends with since junior high, desperately feared the imminent imposition of middle age. A road trip across a third of the earth seemed just the sort of thing that could force a reoriented perspective regarding one's own involvement with the aging process.

And myself? I had simply become enamored of the idea of a ridiculous quest, one that had become impregnated with curious ramification and undefined meaning. The absurdity of it stood in symbolic protest to everything organized and familiar in daily life. It was Mongolia because it was a ridiculous destination. And it wasn't simply a drive to Mongolia; it was a drive to Mongolia that we had to perform in five weeks if we wanted to make it in time for the rally's official closing ceremony in Ulaanbaatar. Furthermore,

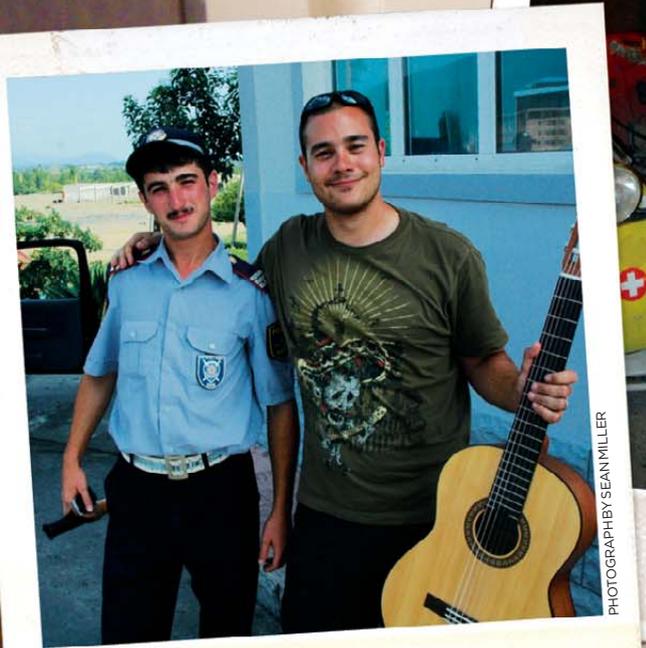
it was a drive to Mongolia over some of the worst terrain on the planet, in a vehicle almost unfit for sanguine city driving, all the while crossing through some of the most oppressive and inhospitable regimes the world had to offer. And to top it all off, it was a drive *across* Mongolia, which had no roads whatsoever.

When the rally organizers told us not to prepare, to purposefully seek out disaster, when they reminded us that half the teams wouldn't make it, the rally began to feel more liberating. Ostensibly, this was all for charity—to help impoverished children in a faraway country we had never visited by donating our car upon arrival, along with the cash donations of family and friends who had voted with munificent generosity against the idea of us succeeding. But the truth was, this had nothing to do with charity and everything to do with freedom.

And as the mile markers outside our windshield dissolved into a hyphenated blur, we joined onto the motorway and built our momentum, and I felt the solvent bleed of everything monotonous and routine fall into the slipstream. I released a timid, forlorn smile at future disasters not yet realized.

■ Day Three: TURKEY

Our plan was premeditated on the strategy of offensive speed: We would drive, without stopping, through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey—almost exactly the distance from New York City to Los Angeles. This way, we'd have time to rest for a day or see a site as we continued across the Caucasus, the Caspian Sea, and the former Soviet satellite states before taking a hardy left turn and heading north into Russia, toward the Mongolian border. This was considered a passable plan of operation because, as Sean noted, we are Americans, and that meant we had something to prove to the other teams, which consisted almost entirely of Europeans. Hell, the road trip was practically an American invention. Americans guzzled gas, ate asphalt, and shit miles. If we couldn't get ahead of these Europeans, it'd be downright embarrassing. And now—save for petrol and defecation stops—our vehicle had been in continuous motion for three days, shedding a burning-building velocity onto the highway behind us.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN MILLER

Sean makes a friend in Azerbaijan



PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN MILLER

A Dutch team's car problems



For three days we rotated out of the driver's position to the back, where our knees folded into our chests as we caught intermittent fragments of sleep. For three days we consumed a steady diet of gas-station cuisine—counterfeit Pringles, Coca-Cola, and frosted cereal that we consumed by the handful—menus of malignant, empty nourishment.

■ Day Five: GEORGIA

Sleep deprivation is a funny thing, because if you can carry it past exhaustion, you find a hidden reservoir, that second wind which burns like incense-flavored caffeine. The problem with the second wind, of course, is that when it's finished, it crumbles like an imploding building. You crash hard. But if you soldier onward, straining the eyeballs to stay open as the capillaries inside burst, offering the retina a little crimson splash of flavoring, then you find the third wind, which tingles rapturously.

And it was straddling our third wind that we made it to the Georgia border, after maneuvering a five-mile logjam of trucks in which drivers had been stranded for days in the pouring rain as thousands of vehicles attempted simultaneous convergence on a small customs outpost. As the bottleneck intensified, each inch of forward movement became a struggle—all cars gunned their engines forward to fill a single space, our jarring windshield wipers barely able to keep up with the deluge long enough to allow us to see which space we were filling. Unafraid to wreck our vehicle, Sean blindly stole forward to a repeated secession of honking horns and middle fingers, as chain-smoking Russian thugs in sweatpants and leather jackets moved among the cars, scanning the interior of vehicles for malfeasant motive.

Second in line for entry to Georgia with another Mongol Rally team composed of two exhausted Spanish men trembling with fatigue, we made small talk about the correlation between sleep deprivation and psychotic tendency. And as the Georgian customs agents inspected our vehicles for contraband, the Spanish team informed us of pressing yet troubling geopolitical events that had existed outside our bubbles of conversations regarding cartoon copulation: The Russians were about to invade.

Fearing international military conflict, we sped toward Azerbaijan, weaving around the many cows that wandered aimlessly across the road. We passed the ruinous, abandoned infrastructure of former Soviet rule: colossal military bases and factories and mansions, once grand and opulent, now in a state of decay.

Our bodies, exhausted and delirious, were shocked back to life with intermittent surges of adrenaline that acted as a defibrillator as we avoided perpetual death at the hands of the Georgian drivers who had no concept of traffic lines or stop signs, and

would swerve into the spot where our car already existed. We cruised down narrow mountain roads, through impoverished villages where oxen pulled carts, and cows munched hungrily on the piles of trash that lined the wanton road, as we focused on the Azerbaijan border with a scurrilous intensity.

And it was at the border that we were informed that, despite the 30-day visas we had obtained in advance, we were being given only three days in the country before we were subject to imprisonment. This was turning into a goddamn barrel run.

■ Day Seven: AZERBAIJAN

Fearing Azerbaijani justice, just as we had feared Russian military strikes, we pushed on, riding a razor's edge of collapse until we arrived at the docks of Baku, the port-side capital. Ticket price for ferried passage across the Caspian Sea to Turkmenistan varied depending on the bribe, and we paid handsomely. As night stole upon the city, we drove across the garbage-strewn dock and too many homeless, limping dogs, into the rusted belly of a lumbering Soviet-era transport ship. Turkmenistan was a 12-hour journey by boat, and for us, this meant 12 hours of sleep.

We stood at the doorway to our stateroom and grimaced. The sheets of the rankled wooden bunks were stained in amber smears and hair. The peeling wallpaper revealed an oxidized corroded metal. The floors were streaked in saprogenic grime, and flies ran track around the ceiling's dull light fixtures, which were filled with dead bugs that acted as a filter, forcing the light into a sly shade that sifted eerily about the dank, pathetic little room.

Eric stepped in and, after a brief pause, sat cautiously on one of the beds, his hands neatly folded in his lap, afraid to make contact with the linen. Sean opened the small door to the wash closet and gagged. Our toilet, its bowl filled with a gelatinous pile of shit, was loose on its moorings. A small stream of brown stew bubbled across the floor from underneath.

"Dirty squirrels," Eric said with no enthusiasm whatsoever, using our team name as a feeble gesture of camaraderie.

"Dirty squirrels," I replied.

"Dirty squirrels," Sean murmured.

It was early in the morning when I awoke in the darkness, feeling sick under the ship's exploded pathogen count and invisible microbial infestation, the contents of my bowels liquefied. I stood and started toward our toilet, but was knocked back by the rocking of the boat. A moment later, I exited the bathroom gagging, and collapsed onto one of the beds. I looked out the small porthole with the single frayed, fluttering curtain across a tumultuous and dark sea. Lightning flashed from far-off, constipated storm clouds, making silhouettes of the distant oil rigs. Eric tossed and turned as he moaned in his sleep. Next to him, Sean flailed and violently threw back his sleeping bag.

Our toilet was filled with a gelatinous pile of shit.

Our guide moved briskly, requesting money for fees and bribes.

“Bed bugs,” Sean replied angrily. “We’ve got goddamn bed bugs.”

At least we were making progress to Turkmenistan. At least our time onboard the ferry would be brief. At least we had that, I thought to myself. And then, just as quickly as the thought had entered my head, the ship stalled in the water, its engine died, and a loud clanging of metal against metal reverberated throughout the ship. Not yet anywhere near Turkmenistan, the anchor had just been dropped.

■ Day Nine: CASPIANSEA

Three days later, we were still moored just off the coast of Azerbaijan. Our requests to the captain to tell us when we would be leaving for Turkmenistan had been met with indifferent shrugs—we’d leave when we did. And so we settled into life onboard the Soviet freighter, which constituted Risk games with a Dutch Mongol Rally team in the ship’s dining hall as “Cheeseburger in Paradise” played on our radio. We slowly got drunk off shots of vodka and consumed the last of our miserly rations: a few sardines, some Saltine crackers, and cheese that had the consistency of cotton candy. At the table opposite us, a group of boisterous Turkmen with gold teeth and exposed beer bellies chain-smoked cigarettes as they played backgammon and reveled in their increasing intoxication. In the hallway, a few Muslims prayed toward Mecca.

“I’m ready to spend the rest of my life here,” I said suddenly, looking up from the board game. “Honestly. I’m ready to commit.”

One of the members of the Dutch team laughed and explained that the previous year a Mongol Rally team had been stuck on the boat for more than a week, with only a single Snickers bar between them. I laughed, saying that was no big thing. Then, holding back tears, I took a bite of cheese.

■ Day 11: TURKMENISTAN

Thirst comes first. Then the migraines and the dizziness—the migraine is because your brain is carpet-burning against the top of your skull. Millions of irreplaceable brain cells blinking out every minute while your eyes dry up, threatening permanent blindness.

Then comes the back pain and the joint stiffness. This is caused by a water shortage in the spinal column as the disks that cushion the vertebrae rub without lubrication. And that sharp pain in the abdomen? That’s what’s known as fecal impacting: your shit

solidifying into a rock and hanging heavy in the gut.

Hallucination, lack of coordination, and kidney failure are still left to come. I was going to die of dehydration sitting in a Turkmenistan customs office.

For 12 hours we sat with ten other Mongol Rally teams in the tiny foyer, collapsed on dirty linoleum as we smacked our thirsty lips and ignored our stomachs, which churned in protest over the absence of digestible food. For 12 hours we watched in befuddlement as our guide and state-required chaperone moved briskly among the Plexiglas windows, attempting stamps and signatures, occasionally approaching us with requests for money to pay various fees and bribes. The customs officials sat behind the windows, feet up on desks as they leisurely watched the state-run television, barely able to glance at our guide, who waited patiently at their windows. For 12 hours we endured cursory doctor’s exams and vehicle inspections as our character was inspected for nefarious intent. And for 12 hours, we were always just one stamp away from admission into Turkmenistan, which was ruled by an intensely totalitarian and xenophobic regime widely considered “the North Korea of Central Asia.”

What this stamp was, what it signified, which bureaucrat offered it, and why we could not obtain it were questions that went unanswered by our guide.

“Things work differently here,” he explained sheepishly as he handed over some additional forms for us to sign.

“Water?” I croaked. “Do you have some water?”

He ignored my question as he turned back to take another stab at the bureaucrat behind window number seven.

Outside the windows of the car, the desert of Turkmenistan, which at this time of the summer soared to temperatures of 120 degrees, offered a steadfast visage of taupe-auburn dunes and jagged rocks. Somewhere, just a few miles off to our south, was the border between Iran and Afghanistan. The heat was stifling, a low-grade industrial furnace blasting through our open windows. And with the decibels of the suction, it was too loud to speak, so we suffered in silence. It was only 11 A.M. and already my damp T-shirt clung to my body like Saran Wrap; sibling rivulets of sweat traced either side of my face in parallel trails of excretion. Sean wiped his brow as he pulled off his shirt, tossed it into the backseat, and yelled to Eric to find his pants.

The gravel highway, with steep stretch marks and gaping potholes, existed as a single lane with two shoulders. Vehicles in each direction were locked in a continuous game of chicken as

they barreled toward one another at full speed, each swerving to the side at the last second. The losers of these every-other-minute contests were played on the side of the road as a series of burned-up, crumpled husks of cars. Sometimes, when there was a fresh victim, the evidence came in the form of a decapitated body and a quarter-mile streak of bloody asphalt. In perfect half-hour increments, we were stopped at militarized checkpoints manned by crooked, smiling liars.

"The hotel rooms are often wired for surveillance, there's a midnight curfew, it's illegal to smoke outside, and your car has to be clean at all times," Eric informed us from the passenger seat as he read highlights from our *Lonely Planet* travel guide. "It's also against the law to be gay," he added as an afterthought.

"Hey," I said with a laugh as I jerked on the wheel and narrowly avoided a head-on collision with an oncoming semi. "Could be worse. We could all be back at work. This is for charity, right?"

Sean and Eric offered weak, nonreassuring laughter.

We drove the emptied city streets of Ashgabat, the capital of the country, as we followed our chaperone to our state-run hotel. Ashgabat seemed entirely constructed of mammoth bronze statues, incandescent minarets, marble high-rises, and gold domes, and everywhere on the sides of buildings was the smug, smiling visage of the President for Life, the great Turkmanbashi. And all of it sparkled like Las Vegas.

But among the white, shimmering high-rises were neither businesses nor people. Buses ran empty, making each of their stops as they picked up phantom passengers. The wide avenues were desolate and hollow. The city was a tomb, the creation of a feverish dictator with too much oil money who had succumbed to delusions of national grandeur, obsessed with the idea that one day Turkmenistan would be important, and when it was, the empty buildings would be waiting to be filled. It was a contradiction of enormity to the decrepit clay brick villages that had lined the countryside.

Our chaperone pulled into the parking lot of one of the hundreds of extravagant, state-run hotels, all of them empty and waiting for tourists and businessmen who never arrived. We shuffled with bleary eyes and heavy legs to our room, where we collapsed on the bed, sharing in conjoined mumbles about how tomorrow, before we started our first of several days of tourism, we'd get some food. Tomorrow, we'd act like proper tourists. Take some goddamn photographs, maybe.

Before sleep overcame me, I looked at the mirror and wondered about Eric's statements of secret surveillance. I stood and flipped the mirror my middle finger—just in case.

We'd had only three hours of sleep before we were met in the lobby by the local travel agent, a sweaty vaudevillian salesman who had coordinated the efforts of our chaperone. He told us we had to pay in advance before we spent our next few days enjoying the city, and began enumerating a laundry list of charges we had already accumulated in the time it had taken us to drive from the port to the capital. Our bill, for a single day, had already come to \$1,200.

Sean exploded in outrage, "Now listen here, goddamnit! That wasn't the price we agreed to over e-mail!"

Our travel agent smiled and explained it had something to do with the difficulty in securing hotel reservations—despite the fact that we were the only guests at our hotel and that hundreds of other empty hotels were littered

throughout the city.

After much arguing and yelling, we conferred in a sweaty, agitated huddle in the corner of the lobby, just next to the fern. What could we do?

There was nothing we could do.

We should just not pay, right?

We're in Turkmenistan; it's a totalitarian regime, brother. We can't even get out of the city and past the checkpoints without our guide.

These guys are some motherfuckers, aren't they?

They most certainly are motherfuckers.

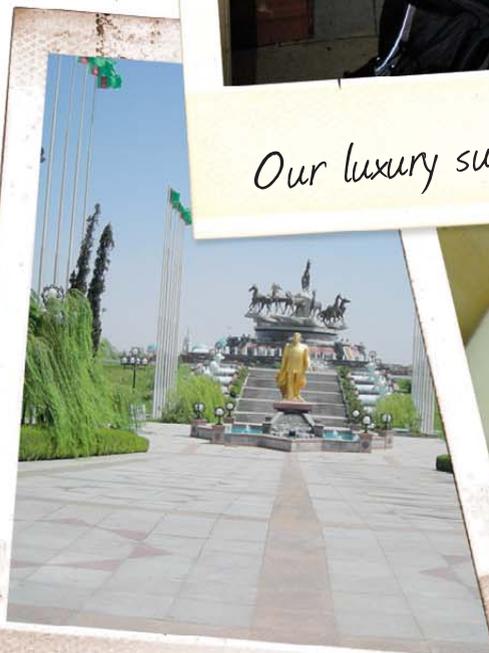
We broke the huddle with the decision to leave the country immediately before we accumulated more payments we couldn't afford. Every moment we wasted was costing us. A breath was \$5; a small step was \$3. We told the agent to get the guide ready to lead us out of the country and handed over most of the cash we had on us. Now, in addition to heading back to our life of perpetual motion, we were effectively broke. **아니**

Next month: Things really get fucked up.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN MILLER

Our luxury suite on the boat



Glorious Turkmenistan!

John's quick nap

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absolutely fabulous

Lexxi Tyler has no regrets about choosing a career in porn. "College just wasn't for me," she says. "I like to joke that my major was fabulousity. I decided to quit and enroll in the school of life. It's been very rewarding so far."

Photographs by Penthouse Studios





"I can be high maintenance, but I'm spontaneous and a party girl. You'd better bring your A game when you hang out with me. You never know what's going to happen."

“I’m very vocal about what I want and like in bed. I think guys really appreciate that. I’m up for anything once, and maybe even twice. That’s how I know anal is not my cup of tea.”







A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is sitting on a bed with a leopard-print bedspread. She is wearing a light blue, strapless bikini top and matching high-heeled sandals. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera. The room has a blue wall, a wooden headboard, and a bedside table with a lamp and a vase of flowers.

“I’ve had a pretty amazing sex life, but I’m a hopeless romantic. The most exciting place I’ve made love is in a penthouse suite with floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking the city.”

“Ryan Reynolds is so cute, and the all-American-boy type. He and Scarlett Johansson are the cutest couple. I would love to do them both!”



Lexxi Tyler
Pet of the Month
May 2009

Vital stats:

25 years old
39-25-34; 5'8"

Hometown:

Beaverton, Oregon

Favorite food:

Mexican and Italian.

Favorite drink:

Vodka tonic with lime.

Favorite music:

Hip-hop and rock.

Favorite sport:

Hockey. I love to watch the players slam each other up against the glass.

On any given Tuesday night, you're ...

Make no plans, break no plans. I could be in Cabo, could be Beverly Hills.

Do you want to be famous?

I'm pretty sure I already am. I have amazing fans, and I get recognized in public a lot.

The biggest risk you've ever taken?

Plastic surgery. The results can be scary.

What gets you excited?

My vibrator, big tits.

Ever been in a physical fight?

Yes, but it's never fun. You run the risk of breaking a nail or getting your extensions ripped out.

Lexxi Tyler

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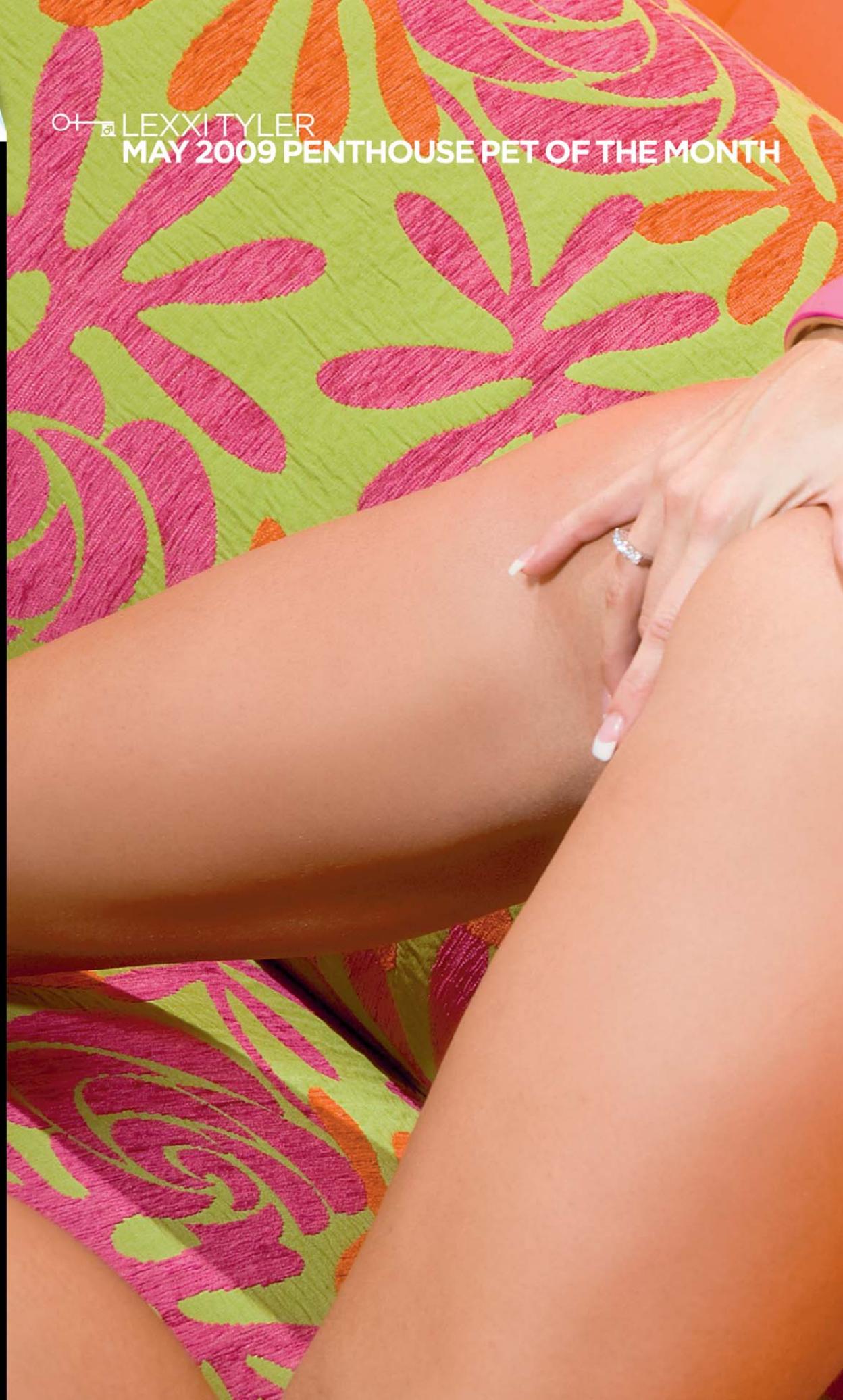
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MAY 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



☪ LEXXI TYLER
MAY 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



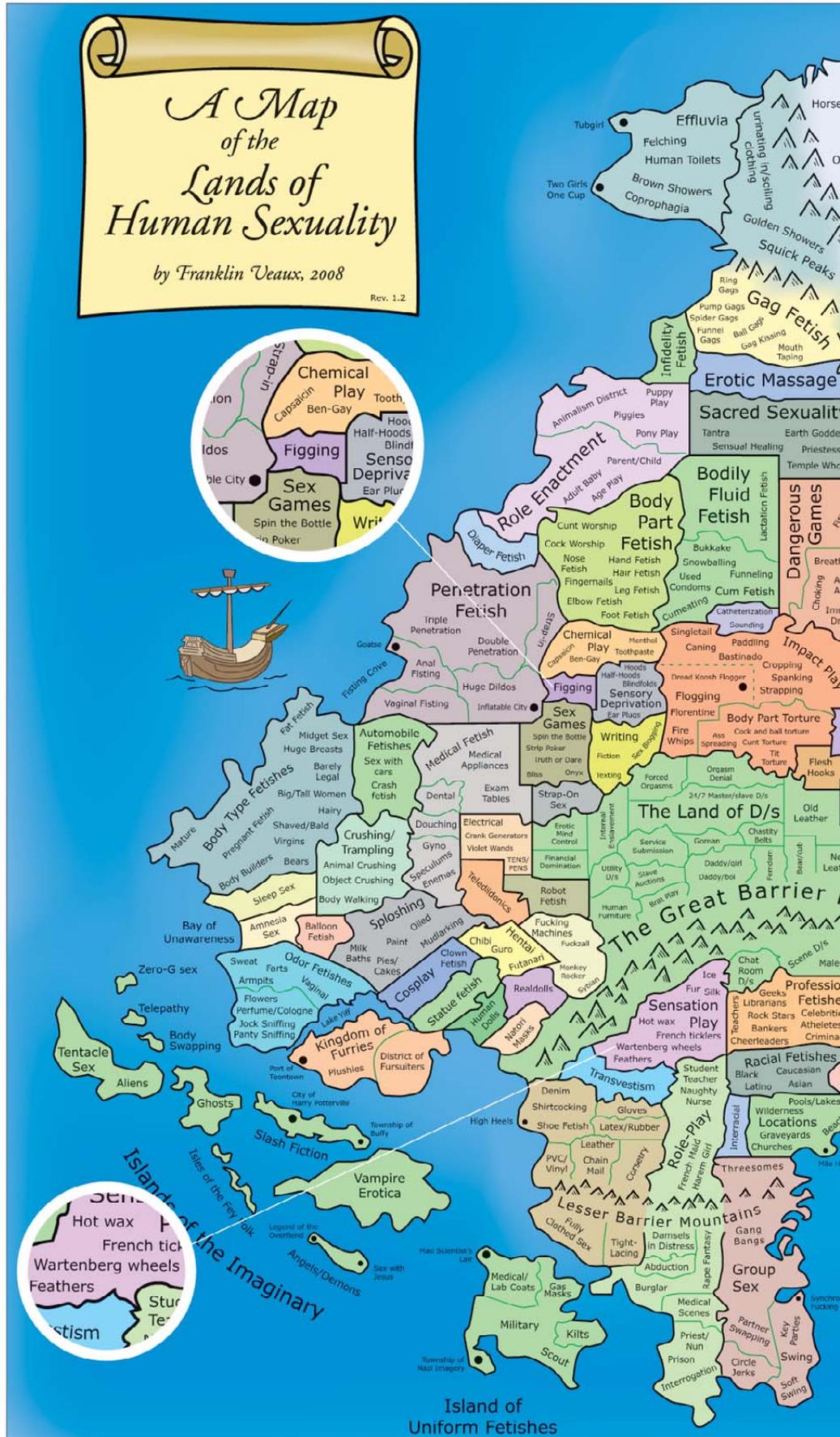
CHART NEW LANDS

Find sex acts you'd like to try ... not to mention find out about those you really want to avoid.

We found this sex map lurking beneath the surface of the website of the graphic design and consulting firm Obsidian. Company owner Franklin Veaux attempted to include on this immense, colorful landscape everything that's within the realm of possibility in human sexuality. His map reaches from the Land of Mundania (located just off the Vanilla Sea), which features those acts you did before porn and experience showed you just how many possibilities there were out there—Dry Humping, Phone Sex, the Missionary Outpost—all the way to the Impassable Reaches where the countries of Necrophilia, Incest, and Bestiality lie ... and from which we recommend you stay the hell away.

But between the bland and the totally outrageous is a wide world you might want to explore. Perhaps a visit to Sensation Play or Penetration Fetishes, or, if you're feeling really nerdy, the City of Harry Potterville. How wild you get is up to you, but we think the map could be a great way to open up a conversation about sharing fantasies with your girlfriend. Head over to SymToys.com/SexMap, insert pins into the areas you want to visit, then send your map her way.

To save you the time of Googling the more obscure terms that inspired place names, we've defined some of them at right.





Amitié amoureuse. This literally translates from the French to “in-love friendship.” It could refer to harboring romantic feelings for a friend that aren’t strong enough to act on, but we like to think of it as a stop on the way to “friends with benefits.”

Wartenberg wheel. This small, stainless-steel device with a wheel of sharp spikes on one end was originally developed to test nerve reactions in medical exams, but it’s used in sadomasochistic play to produce an intense prickling sensation.

Teledildonics. Technology has advanced to the point where some sex toys can be controlled via the Internet or a Bluetooth connection. Perfect for when your partner is on a long-distance business trip and can’t access the *Penthouse* channel on their hotel TV.

TENS Unit/PES. Whole lines of sex toys have been modeled after these machines that provoke muscle contractions via electronic stimulation. They are potentially dangerous, literally shocking, and not for beginners.

Forced orgasm. The practice within BDSM play in which, for instance, the dominant partner forces his or her submissive to continue masturbating after a first orgasm until a second, third, fourth, etc., release is achieved.

Figging. You or your partner insert a pepper or fresh ginger in the shape of a finger or butt plug into your anus. It causes a burning sensation that we’re

told some people find pleasurable. You can also put a small slice atop your lady’s clitoris.

Hotwifing. This is a surprisingly popular recurring theme in porn, not to mention our “Forum” letters. It refers to the activities a couple engages in when a husband is turned on by watching his wife fuck other men.

Shibari. Japanese rope bondage in which the appearance of the rope and adherence to specific patterns is of great importance.

Milking. Thankfully, this has nothing to do with breast-feeding. It means stimulating the prostate until its fluid is released through the urethra.

Violet Wands. These devices deliver electricity to the body, but don’t require electrodes or other accessories.

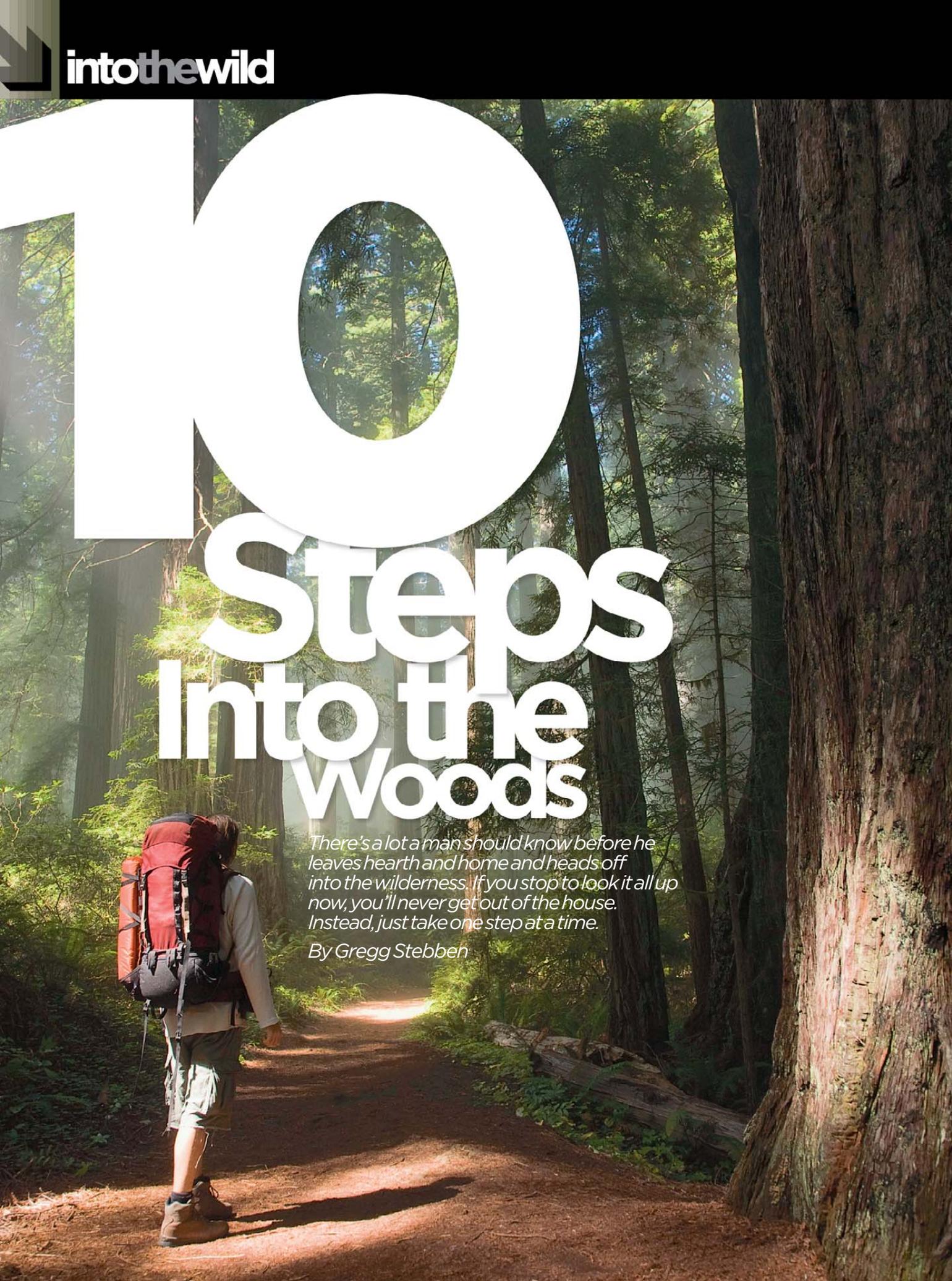
Sybian. This fucking machine features a dildo that moves in a small circular motion and a saddle-like seat that vibrates. It stimulates a woman’s G spot and clit as she rides it.

Synchronized fucking. Screwing at the same time and in the same location as other couples. There is at least one Japanese porno out there that features 250 couples having sex in the same place.

Natori mask. Guys with doll fetishes and a willing sex partner have their lover wear a doll-like face mask.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CSA PLASTOCK/GETTY IMAGES



intothewild

10 Steps Into the Woods

There's a lot a man should know before he leaves hearth and home and heads off into the wilderness. If you stop to look it all up now, you'll never get out of the house. Instead, just take one step at a time.

By Gregg Stebben

1. FIND A PATH

And stay on it. If you're in a wilderness area used extensively for recreation, do everything possible to stay on the paths that have been made by others. The less off-path hiking you do, the better the wilderness will be for everybody coming along behind you.

Stay off it. If you're in real wilderness—the pristine, untouched kind—your path through the woods must be as invisible after you've passed as it was before you arrived.

Mark it well. If you're inexperienced, mark a path. Al Gore, just after his election, took a walk in the woods and promptly got lost. For hours. It took the Secret Service to steer him along the right path. Don't count on their help, though, unless you've got Tipper in the tent. Instead, watch where you're going—really watch—and stop frequently to acquaint yourself with your surroundings.

Remember, on your way into the woods, you'll be seeing everything that's behind you when you're on your way back out again. If you can follow that sentence, you can follow a track through the trees. Boy Scouts are taught to break stems on path-side plants and make small knife-cuts along the way.

If you get lost in the woods—or anywhere out-of-doors, for that matter—find an animal path, a deer trail, a cattle lane, or any obvious cut made by animals. Follow this to water. Then follow the water downstream. You'll eventually come to civilization. If you follow the water upstream, you'll get farther away from settlements.

2. WALK THE WALK

First off, recognize the main thing about hiking: your feet. Are they healthy? Toenails trimmed? No fungus? Next, you have to dress your feet for outdoor use. Two things to keep in mind: Keep 'em light and keep 'em dry.

Let's say you're a regular guy going out for some regular hiking or camping or backpacking. Don't get fancy. Buy a pair of medium-weight trail boots. They're as easy to find as a pair of athletic shoes. The main thing: comfort. If they feel good, give them a once-over to make sure they're made well. Buy them. Hit the trail.

3. DRESS FOR THE OCCASION

This is a walk in the woods, lads, not a stroll on the boardwalk. If you're heading up and not down, remember that for every 1,000 feet in elevation you climb, the temperature will drop three to five degrees.

Always keep a hat, sunglasses, and sunscreen handy.

If it's a warm-weather walk, bring a T-shirt, shorts, hat with brim, long-sleeve turtleneck, sweatshirt with hood, ski cap or other hat for cold and nighttime use, lightweight pants, lightweight

long-sleeved shirt, rain poncho, bandanna.

If you're hiking through the cold, steely marches of Minnesota, wear your clothes in three layers—depending on how long you're going and how much you can carry. Why three layers instead of one garment that keeps you warm and keeps you dry? Maximum flexibility.

One thing that can be a lifesaver is the hat you wear. Up to half your body heat escapes through your head—bald or not bald. Believe it or not, no matter what part of your body is cold, covering your head will help take the chill off.

What not to wear. You don't want to wear cotton—with the exception of cotton T-shirts. Cotton is no friend to the backpacker. When it gets wet, it doesn't keep you warm anymore; plus, it gets heavy and it takes a long time to dry. Wool, on the other hand, takes a long time to dry and gets heavy, but at least it will keep you warm while the drying process is in progress.

THE THREE LAYERS

1. Wear polypropylene or an equivalent lightweight polyester knit, (like Capilene or Thermax) against your skin, as if it were long underwear. These are light and warm, and they wick moisture away from your skin.

2. A pile or fleece polyester jacket or pullover. This is the stuff you see inside casual jackets that looks like high-pile terry cloth. This is

strictly for warmth, although it also helps wick moisture away.

3. The last layer protects you from the rain. Make sure the garment you choose is made of Gore-Tex or an equivalent. These fabrics have pores big enough to breathe and let your sweat out, but smaller than water so the rain can't come in.

4. CARRY YOUR OWN FREIGHT

Camping is the one form of travel where your carry-ons *really* count. Once upon a time, a chap could wrap up all his rations in a hankie, tie it to a stick, and down the road he went. Now, we have internal backpacks. Progress.

Internal packs have padded struts built right into them. These supports are generally better molded to the body. They fit better on your back and shoulders, too, especially compared to the aluminum external-frame backpacks, which require your back and shoulders to adjust to them.

External-frame packs have an upside, too. First, there's the lower cost. You also get more pockets: There are both main compartments and little ones on the exterior. It may seem like a minor point now, but when you're out in the woods and you need toilet paper bad, you might feel differently.

Rule of thumb: External backpacks are better for storage; internals are better for carrying.

5. HOME IS WHERE YOU PITCH IT

Most men start their tenting career under a blankie thrown up between two kitchen chairs. Then we get testosterone and move out.

This is where tents come in, and this is also where we turn a corner on how we can look at the whole sleep-and-eat-outside experience. New-model tents are to camping what federal low-security prisons are to the corrections business. They're practically luxurious; plus, they seem to float off the ground. They're almost freestanding—with a delicate filigree of ropes and pegs added almost as an afterthought—and they take about three minutes to set up and take down.

Where to Pitch the Tent

The ideal location is a slight incline, someplace far from the site of any potential flooding. If you camp on perfectly flat ground, you'll be vulnerable to water in the event of rain. Pitch the tent so your head is higher than your feet, and avoid sleeping across a slope or you will spend all night trying to keep yourself from rolling into the wall.

TENT TIPS

Don't cook in your tent unless you want to die. Tents aren't fireproof, and even if the fire didn't get you, lack of oxygen might. **If you use a candle lantern** in your tent, make sure you set it on a solid, flat surface in a place where you won't kick it. Better yet, figure out a way to hang it so it is impossible to knock down or against the wall of the tent. **Take a ground cloth**—it'll keep water out if you have any holes in the floor of your tent. The other great thing about a ground cloth: It keeps the bottom of your tent clean. Let's face it, you can throw a ground cloth away when it gets so dirty you just can't stand it. Tents, on the other hand, cost a heck of a lot more money.

Pack your poles and stakes separately from your tent to avoid puncturing it. Always carry a few extra poles. **Always take a piece of ripstop nylon and a repair kit with you.** **Seal the seams** of your tent with a waterproofing agent the first time you set it up and the first time you use it after a long hiatus. If your tent is going to leak, the seams are one of the main places it will do so. **Clean your tent immediately** after you get home. Once you put it back in the garage, you'll never do it and it will smell like a gym locker when you go to use it next. As part of the cleaning, open all the flaps and allow it to air out.

6. WEAR A BEDROOM SUITE

Think of a sleeping bag as a big, ugly suit. You can make yourself happy if you just get one that fits. Sleeping bags keep the air warm around your body. You bring in the heat; the bag keeps it there for you. Mummy bags are smaller and snugger, so there is less air to heat, less air to keep heated. You stay warmer. The hood of a mummy bag prevents heat loss because your head is actually inside the bag and only your face is exposed if you draw the opening of the hood tight. Still, the roomier ambience of a rectangular bag has some virtue—and you can ditch the virtue, too, if you can squeeze another person inside with you.

7. PLUMBING

You know, nothing dresses up a john like a big bouquet of red oaks and poison ivy. **Find a spot at least 200 feet from your site,** and from any body of water—lake, stream, creek, river, ocean. If you're smart, you'll make it at least 200 feet downwind from your campsite and the trail, too. **Dig a small hole,** no larger than necessary—maybe eight inches across. **Eight inches is the magic depth.** At that level there are lots of little microorganisms that will actually thank you for the treat. Do your duty. Use septic-safe toilet paper sparingly. Bury your work. **Traveling in packs?** If there is a big group of you, dig a trench latrine. Same rule about the depth, just dig it wide. After each use, sprinkle enough dirt over the waste to keep away the flies. **Don't feed the animals.** Don't bury anything else in the latrine, like dishwater or leftover food, since animals may be attracted to the smell of your food. The contamination can cause death. **Dishwater and food scraps.** Make a separate kitchen latrine. Follow the same rules as above. Use biodegradable soap to wash dishes. Use as little water as possible.

8. KAMP KITCHEN

Making a cooking fire is not an instinctive business for a man. Especially under difficult circumstances, building a good, useful fire is a lot like courtship: You have to coax it along, bit by bit, for if you try to get too much heat too quickly, you'll only snuff it out. Always build your fire on rock or dirt. **Clear the area** at least three feet in all directions of all flammable material. **Start with the smallest pieces of fuel**—tinder and kindling—and work up to larger and larger pieces of fuel until you have your logs burning. Here's the sequence: a yank of thread, a few leaves, a match, a handful of twigs, some small branches, a few small logs—about as big around as your wrist—then a couple of larger logs. Take it slow, and stack your fire in a loose pyramid. These principles apply to all types of fires. **Make sure your fire gets plenty of oxygen.** The amount of air, not the amount of fuel, controls the heat of a fire.

The "hunter's fire." This is a good, general-purpose fire, useful for both cooking and heating. Start by digging a shallow fire pit with two close rows of rocks or green logs on two sides parallel to one another and parallel to the wind, while the other two sides remain open. Build your fire in the pit between the rocks, which provide a place to set your pots and pans over the fire so your food can cook without sitting directly in the fire. With two sides open that face and oppose the wind, air is allowed to come in one side of the pit and leave through the other, thus fanning the fire and keeping it hot, and also providing a lot of heat at the side where the warmed air comes out. If you want to control the fire, you can use a windbreak of rocks at one end as a damper. **Fuel.** The wood you burn will determine whether you have a good fire for cooking or for staying warm. The rule of thumb: The drier and harder the wood, the hotter the fire. Give your fire some time before you start cooking. The coals are hotter than the flames, so when it comes to cooking and heating, the coals are far more important. **A happy-camper clean-up tip.** Rub soap over the outside of your pot before you start cooking. When you are done, the soap will rinse right off and so will the black from the fire.

9. TOOLS OF THE TRAIL

If your foray into nature is a day trip, this will be an awesome exercise in overpacking. But if your trip has a four-day/three-night, single-occupancy feel to it, this is your checklist.

1. First-aid and survival kit, which includes:

For day hikes, take matches, compass, whistle,

THREE MORE WATER TIPS:

1. When on the trail, don't ever drink the last of your water—you don't know when you'll get more.
2. These days, take no chances: Purify all water unless you're in a state or federal park and you are told specifically that the water is safe to drink.
3. When it is really cold, stuff your water down into your pack, wrapped in clothes, to keep it from freezing.

moleskin, toilet paper, some kind of antigermspray or cream, sunscreen, aspirin, insect repellent, Band-Aids, a first-aid booklet, and a quarter for a phone call or a cellphone.



backpacking shop. It's light and doesn't take up much room. Lightweight alternative: a small plastic trowel.

The right socks. That means two layers. A wicking sock first, which is usually made of polypropylene. These socks draw moisture off your feet and into the heavier socks you are wearing over them. Make your second pair of socks wool or polypropylene, depending on the weather. Avoid cotton socks, which will just make your feet cold when they get wet—and they will get wet, even if you're no place near water.

Flashlight. Bring extra batteries.

Pocketknife.

Rope.

Poncho. The standard GI poncho is a piece of genius with a hole in it. It's great because it gives a full range of motion with your arms while being long enough in back to cover both you and the top portion of your pack.

"Tube tent." This is a piece of lightweight plastic. Emergency? Tie a rope between two trees, drape the plastic over the rope, and you're home. Takes about two minutes to unpack and put up. Throw it on the ground, and you have a great ground cloth. Cheap, too.

10. LIVING OFF THE LAND

Specifically, that thin margin of land adjoining a highway. I've received an alarming amount of correspondence on the subject of roadkill, most of which bore an if-you're-going-to-hit-it, you-might-as-well-eat-it sensibility. These recipes are too disgusting to belabor, but in the interests of thoroughness, I'm providing two to tide you over until the meat wagon comes.

Note: Freshness is everything here. If you need a tool to get your dinner off the road, you may as well face the fact that you're dealing with food well past its prime.

Skin 'em. All roadkill must be skinned and cleaned. The mere presence of tire tracks does not render a carcass pot-ready. For most small animals, make incisions around the neck, down the belly, and around the haunches. Then peel back the skin. Eviscerate the animal. Remove the head and tail.

Parboil 'em. All crushed critters need to be soaked in water long enough to bleach the blood out of the meat. Then the carcass must be parboiled—the meat is plunged into boiling water long enough to begin the cooking process. You should add salt—more than you think you need—and pepper, and whatever other stuff amuses you: red peppers, celery, onions, whatever's handy. 

For casual camping, bring all of the above, plus tweezers, needle for blisters, razor blade, Tums, Alka-Seltzer, Pepto-Bismol, Ace bandage, a compress, scissors, gauze and tape, a triangular bandage.

For backpacking, you need to anticipate every problem, then find a set of very small solutions. Usually, you can find all of the things above, only in miniature. (Okay, except the Ace bandage.) Also, make sure you take some fishing line, hooks, safety pins, and a mirror.

Stove. If you don't want to build a fire—or if fires aren't permitted in your neck of the woods—tote a small stove. The gas canisters are cheap and they produce a lot of heat pronto. That's good news when you're cold and want nothing more than a hot cup of coffee.

Water bottle. Buy a big one to keep filled with water in your pack, and a smaller one to keep at hand.

Sunglasses and hat. Make sure the glasses are UV-safe. The best hats don't make your head itch after a while, so that rules out anything lined with polyester.

Shovel. Go for the avalanche shovel at your local

RABBIT

Cut the rabbit into pieces. Trim along the ribs and back, and remove the rear legs.

Put all the pieces in a pot and parboil until the meat is tender.

Fry the pieces in a skillet with plenty of pepper. You can roll the pieces in flour first, if you have some handy.

POSSUM

Soak the skinned animal overnight.

Parboil the intact carcass—minus the charming head and that very attractive ropelike tail—until tender. Add plenty of salt and pepper.

Bake the thing until it's done. You can add yams or turnips, if you wish. In fact, the possum would no doubt have liked it that way.



From *The Man's Manual*, by Gregg Stebben. Copyright 2008. Used with the permission of Skyhorse Publishing.



lounging around

Zafira and Cindy had spent hours getting every inch of their supple skin buffed and polished. They planned to make time at the resort for nothing but relaxing by the pool ... and for each other. When they saw the hot tub by their room, they realized their private party could go night *and* day.

Photographs by Beck Images



















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Baker's DOZEN, Dude

Light a joint, pull a tube, spark a bowl—and open the door to your feminine side, without repercussion. These 13 activities totally aren't gay if you do them while stoned.

By Drew Magary

Illustration by Ike Ledbetter

I'm a heterosexual person, which has always been fine by me. As a heterosexual man in America, you get to do all sorts of awesome shit. You can talk with other guys about tits. You can legally marry a woman in any state you please (and, if you live in Texas, shoot at them). You can attend Slayer concerts. You can steal this magazine. All in all, it's a pretty sweet deal.

But sometimes I get tired of this whole heterosexuality business. Sometimes, I'd really just like to sit at home and watch a Hugh Grant film. *But I can't do that.*

You see, being a heterosexual man in America means that, 24 hours a day, you must put up a thick front of overpostured hypermasculinity. That means you have to append any statement or action you make that could be perceived as gay with a strong reaffirmation of your own heterosexuality. Like, "Hey, those are some lovely roses. But it's not like I suck cock or anything. *I can leg press 700 pounds.*" Failure to do so means having to endure merciless catcalls from your heterosexual peers; "Oh, my God! You actually *like* this Scissors Sisters song? *What a fag!* Hey, everyone, Drew's a fag!"

And that's no good.

We heterosexual men need a safe haven to indulge our feminine side without triggering hysterical gay-panic taunts and mental trauma. As with most problems in this country, the solution lies in amateur pharmacology.

Now, I've gotten drunk a whole shitload of times in my life, and alcohol only serves to amplify the hetero steakhead in all of us. Weed, on the other hand, does the exact opposite. I've always found that pot helps strip away that clichéd veneer of macho-ness and helps me just mellow the fuck out and be the real me.

Turns out the real me really enjoys making some fucking cupcakes. Who knew?

With that in mind, here are 13 activities, in no particular order, that totally aren't gay so long as you, Mr. Macho Man, are blazed out of your goddamn mind.

1. Baking. If you make a tray of brownies while your buddies are over and you aren't stoned, that's kind of fucked up. But do it after you've all had seven bong hits, and you are a goddamn hero, my friend. Because, man, those brownies smell *soooo fucking good*. How long until they're ready? *Five minutes?* Christ, that's forever from now. Do they have walnuts? Oh, man. Walnuts are the tits.

2. Swinging on a playground swing.

You ever do this? My God, you are fucking *flying*, my friend. I swear you can touch the sun. Now I know why that weird 40-year-old guy is always hanging out at the playground. He's not a pederast. He just smoked a J and wants to soar!

3. Going on walks. Fun fact: Zero percent of all heterosexual men go on walks alone. No guy walks for the sake of walking. There needs to be a purpose. A destination. That is to say: a titty bar. When you're stoned, it's about the journey, man.

4. Enjoying cheesy eighties music without being ironic. "Whoa. When did 'Rio' become the greatest fucking song ever? It's like I'm hearing it for the first time!"

5. Talking about politics. I fucking hate people who talk about politics, and so do you. But that all changes when you get stoned. Because any political point you make while stoned is nothing short of *revolutionary*. "Man, this whole fucking energy crisis could be solved if we just all agreed to make cars that run on fucking almonds." Indeed.

6. Skipping. You scoff, but try skipping 50 yards baked without busting a smile. It's biologically impossible, like trying to open your eyes while sneezing, or not punching Jimmy Fallon when he's within striking distance.

7. Playing a bongo or circle drum.

Bonus stoner points to you if you're playing buck naked, à la Matthew McConaughey, and using your penis as a mallet.

8. Telling other people you love them.

This might happen when you're drunk, but if it happens when you're stoned, you can't overemphasize it enough. It's urgent: "No, man, you don't get it. *I fucking love you.*"

9. Eating cotton candy. Ditto for giant novelty lollipops, foot-long corndogs, and, surprisingly, fondue. Cherries jubilee? Still gay no matter how baked you are—it's a flaming dessert (literally), and a fire hazard to the stoned.

10. Listening to jam-band music. Jam-band music usually makes me want to stab people with a switchblade. But one time I got stoned and some asshole put on a Grateful Dead CD, and I could almost kind of sort of understand the whole appeal. It's just a loose, free-flowing thing, you know? They're just going where the music takes them, and *Jesus, does this song even have a chorus?!*

11. Trying on shoes. Try on a pair of New Balances while higher than God. You'll swear you can dunk on a 90-foot rim.

12. Asking for hugs. Hey, I despise the Dave Matthews Band as much as you do (see No. 10). But remember their video with the guy hugging random people on the street? That was Judah Friedlander, and there probably wasn't a more heterosexual, or apparently stoned, man than him in the city that day.

13. Declaring to others that you are "craving chocolate right now." Unless you're a 38-year-old woman enrolled in a Winning Points program at Weight Watchers, chocoholism is not to be discussed sober among your peers. ☪

Tightly

To Elian, a hotel stay means breakfast in bed, mini bottles of booze, porn... and no responsibility. Convincing his girlfriend of that? Not so easy.

By Alison Tyler • Illustrations by Louisa Bertman

Elian Mitchell used hotels. He used them the way some meticulous people use up every last bit of toothpaste in a tube of Colgate, pressing the metal flat and then rolling up the end to make sure not a smear goes to waste.

Elian used the minibar, reveling in the tiny bottles of liquor. He often wondered why drinks made from miniature bottles tasted better, more luxurious, than ones poured from a full-size container.

He used the endless hot-water supply, showering up to three times in a single day, filling the rooms with billows of white steam, not paying attention to where he left the towels afterward. Because without a doubt, one of Elian's favorite things about staying in a hotel was using the maid service. This pleasure ran deeper than his little fetish for girls with feather dusters—no matter how obsolete he understood that image might have been. You see, the best part about hotel life to Elian was not worrying.

Did he leave those fluffy, white terry-cloth towels draped over the back of the armchair?

Maybe.

Or were they in a heap beneath the sink?

Perhaps.

If he emptied the minibar, someone was available at the push of a square red button to bring him

exactly what he needed. If he abused every last towel, he could call down and request more.

At home, he was expected to refold the towels and place them back on the rack when he was through. This was called common courtesy by his brand-new girlfriend, and he understood Sophie's point. She didn't want to have to pick up after him any more than he wanted to pick up after her.

But on the road, one of the perks was that lack of consideration.

Sophie, however, could not seem to get the hang of hotel life. She *tsked* softly to herself when she found a smudge in the corner of the large mirror. Elian had been hoping to fuck Sophie in front of the mirror, to strip her out of her traveling clothes and make love to her right on the floor. He would have, too, if Sophie hadn't been so damn busy—busy *tsking*.

Elian had heard from a college friend that all couples ought to take a vacation together before deciding whether they were destined for success. So far, Sophie hadn't wowed him with her traveling abilities, but he had learned a few things about her. He learned that she was the type to unpack every last item in her suitcase before settling down, the type to stroke the remote with an antiseptic wipe she'd brought from home. The type who apparently couldn't relax even when relaxation was the only item on their agenda.

By the time she was finished with her evening routine, she said she was too tired to move. Elian jacked off quietly in the bed at her side, imagining Sophie stripped down on all fours in the center of the rumpled covers and what he would do to her.



ed

"They don't even make the bed right," Sophie muttered before she rolled over. "I like my sheets tightly tucked."

In the morning, Elian hoped to woo Sophie to what he considered the sweet debauchery of hotel living. He wanted to laze in bed for hours, to call room service for eggs Benedict and mimosas, to get French-bread crumbs in the bed. Crumbs he wouldn't have to worry about, because some nameless, faceless maid would magically produce fresh white sheets by the time they returned from sightseeing.

If Sophie could only see how fun eating toast in bed was, maybe she'd agree to munch on buttered scones every so often in his bed at home.

But by the time Elian awoke, Sophie was dressed and waiting for him. Not only did she seem anxious for him to get dressed, but for him to physically move, so that she could remake the bed. He didn't understand at first what she was asking, but slowly the concept seeped into his pre-caffeinated brain: To Elian's dismay, Sophie was actually going to clean their room before the maid arrived.

"I don't want her to think we're slob," Sophie said, neatly folding even the few washcloths that she'd used.

"That's her job," Elian said softly as he pulled on a pair of jeans.

"To think we're slob?"

"To clean up," Elian replied through clenched teeth. He couldn't even look at his girlfriend. Had he actually wanted to fuck her last night? Now, when she got close, he thought he smelled that antiseptic wipe she used on everything. Was there ever a moment when Sophie wasn't clean smelling, freshly washed, minty tasting?

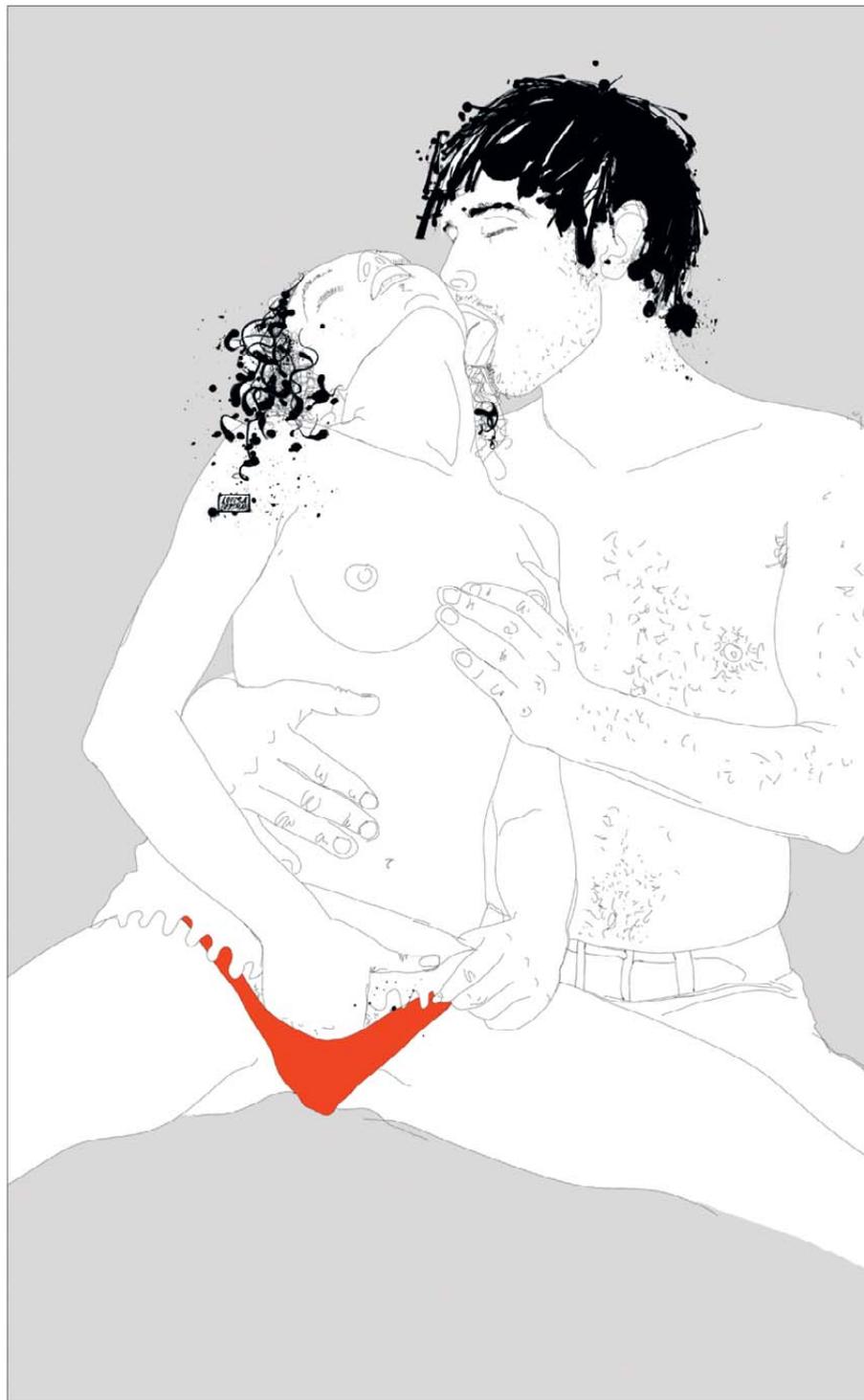
"Let's just go," Elian said, hand on the door, watching while Sophie made the bed. He was enjoying their hotel stay less and less, although he did have to admire how well Sophie was able to create those neat hospital corners with the sheets. She refused to be rushed, and when she was finished, the room looked as pristine as it had upon check-in. Even cleaner, Elian thought to himself, because Sophie had gotten on her hands and knees to pick up a few specks of lint in one corner.

He felt the beginning of a headache shoot through his temples as he watched her write a note to the maid, then place the folded square with a \$5 bill on the dresser.

If she was going to do such a thorough job, at least she could wear the cute little maid outfit he'd bought her for Valentine's Day. But she'd told him the outfit—as well as the fantasy—was demeaning, and she had brought the flouncy uniform back to the store.

When they returned from sightseeing, Elian discovered that the maid had left a note of her own: "Thank you very much for the tip. You don't need to make the bed since I change the sheets every day."—Bella

He showed the note to Sophie, who announced in her haughtiest tone that she didn't care. She'd make



This wasn't a girl who would have said no to a French maid outfit. If he were to buy her vinyl, or leather, or schoolgirl plaid, she would slide into any fantasy confection with no hesitation.

the bed anyway. And she did. Every day. Tightly tucking the sheets, going on her knees to pick up any stray bits of fluff, creating a home away from home. A home Elian wasn't sure he liked.

On their final day, an unexpected downpour proved that weathermen are not omniscient. "We don't have to sightsee every single moment," Elian said. He could feel himself getting excited. The rain meant they could stay in, order room service, watch a little porn on the TV. "Part of the vacation is meant to be spent just relaxing," Elian continued.

Sophie was having none of that. She had the same way of speaking as his second-grade teacher. "None of that," she'd say, with a way of pursing her lips in disapproval that made Elian feel dirty.

"Just move, so I can make the bed," she insisted, and rather than argue, Elian perched on the armchair and watched. Hospital corners. Sheets so taut you could bounce a quarter off the center. Tightly tucked, just the way Sophie liked them.

"I'm not going," Elian said. If Sophie was going to act like a schoolmarm, then Elian was going to respond by being a brat. He couldn't help himself. He wished he had a slingshot.

Once she had the room spotless once more, Sophie took her camera and the rain slicker she'd brought just in case (of course), and left Elian alone. Oh, thank fucking God. Alone. For the first time in five days, he was by himself. Immediately, and with the glee of a kid playing hooky, he stripped off the counterpane and jumped on the bed. He bounced for a few minutes before rolling off the mattress like a puppy and rearranging all the furniture in the room. He was gleeful, beside himself with the pleasure that he always felt when staying at hotels. Finally, he remembered exactly why he liked to travel. He pulled open the minibar and made himself a Bloody Mary, then watched a good hour and a half of porn before falling asleep.

Elian was in a heavy, dreamy daze when a knock on the door woke him. He decided that Sophie must have forgotten her key—although if he'd been all the way awake, he would have realized how unlike Sophie that would have been. Yawning, he stumbled to the latch, wearing only his gray sweats and sporting a sleep-hardened erection. In the hallway stood the maid, pert and perfectly adorable, with short, curly hair and clear, blue eyes. She took one look at Elian and said, "You're not the one making the fucking bed, are you?"

Elian smiled. This wasn't a girl who would have said no to a French maid outfit. He'd only just met her, but he was sure. If he were to buy her vinyl, or leather, or schoolgirl plaid, she would slide into any fantasy confection with no more hesitation than it took to shoot him a wicked grin. The same wicked one she was giving him now.

Elian took a step back and invited her in. Something in his attitude must have let her know what he wanted, and she obliged, leaving her cart in the hall. There was no discussion about what he wanted from her, no need to press the red square button to get what he was after. Bella came easily into his arms, a lithe, athletic body that he lifted in

an automatic embrace. He kissed her mouth, then her freckled cheeks, then nibbled on her earlobes. He moved her with him into the bathroom and they took a shower together, getting warm and wet and soapy, laughing as they dried each other off.

Oh, she was so different from Sophie. Sophie, who wouldn't get her hair wet because the water would make her chestnut waves turn frizzy. Sophie, who folded each towel neatly after patting herself dry. Elian watched as Bella dropped the towels in a soggy heap on the floor, and he wanted to go on his knees right then on the slippery white tiles and propose. Instead, the two were halfway to the bed before he grabbed her and threw her down on the plush, crimson carpeting that Sophie had picked lint off of on her hands and knees. He moved Bella, still damp, on top of him into a sixty-nine.

She might not have been aces with a vacuum, but the girl knew how to use her tongue, sliding the tip along his cock in a dreamy way while dragging her nails against his skin. Elian followed her lead, tickling her inner thighs while keeping his mouth busy on her cunt. He breathed in deep, focusing on the way she tasted: clean from the shower, of course, but musky beneath—earthy and real and delicious. Her fragrance was rich and heady and entirely unlike the antiseptic flavor of Sophie's well-douched vagina. Sophie never really liked sixty-nining. She would suck Elian *occasionally* when requested, but she pushed him away when he tried to go down on her.

How odd that Sophie preferred going down on her hands and knees and picking microscopic specks off the carpet to going down on him.

He lapped at Bella with no thought of what she was doing to his cock. He was lost within the walls of her pussy, drinking each drop of her sweetness. When he felt he was on the verge of coming, he pushed thoughts of his own pleasure away, moving so that he was out of her reach, lying flat on the floor between her legs and concentrating totally on giving her pleasure. She wrapped her slim, strong thighs around him and let him work, whispering what she wanted, how she liked it.

"Harder," she groaned, when she needed more pressure, "faster, *ohhh*, please, faster," and he made those spiraling little circles as quickly as he could until she pressed her hips forward and drenched his lips with the juices of her climax. The taste was sublime, like the first drop of whiskey from a tiny minibar bottle.

By the time Sophie arrived back at the hotel, Bella and Elian were on their second beer. Sophie didn't know what to make of the scene, so Elian told her. "You're doing Bella's job. Cleaning. Folding. Making the bed. So I invited her to do yours ... kick back, relax, make love."

Only moments later, Sophie left with her very neatly folded clothes in her suitcase. Bella and Elian had another beer, then climbed back beneath the tightly tucked sheets. 

"Tightly Tucked" by Alison Tyler, from *Do Not Disturb: Hotel Sex Stories*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2009.



down on the farm

Don't let her honey blonde hair and soft, creamy skin fool ya. Sophia Lynn is just as happy putting in an honest day's work on the farm as she is getting dolled up for a night of dancing. This classic pictorial should keep you pretty busy, too.

Photographs by Hank Londoner





“That stuff you hear about country girls being prim and proper is true. Well, mostly. I love being in a man’s arms when he tells me all the nasty things we can do together.”



"I like a man who's not afraid to get his hands dirty. That's how to tell what he's like in bed. If his hands are strong, you can be sure he knows how to use them."







"It takes a lot to keep up with me once my motor's running. I'll match you shot for shot, and I may even let you beat me at eight ball. But once we're in bed, you can drive all night long."





"I like to be in charge sometimes. I took my boyfriend out back by our local saloon, hiked up my skirt, bent over a rail, and told him to fuck me. Then we went back in and danced till sunrise."

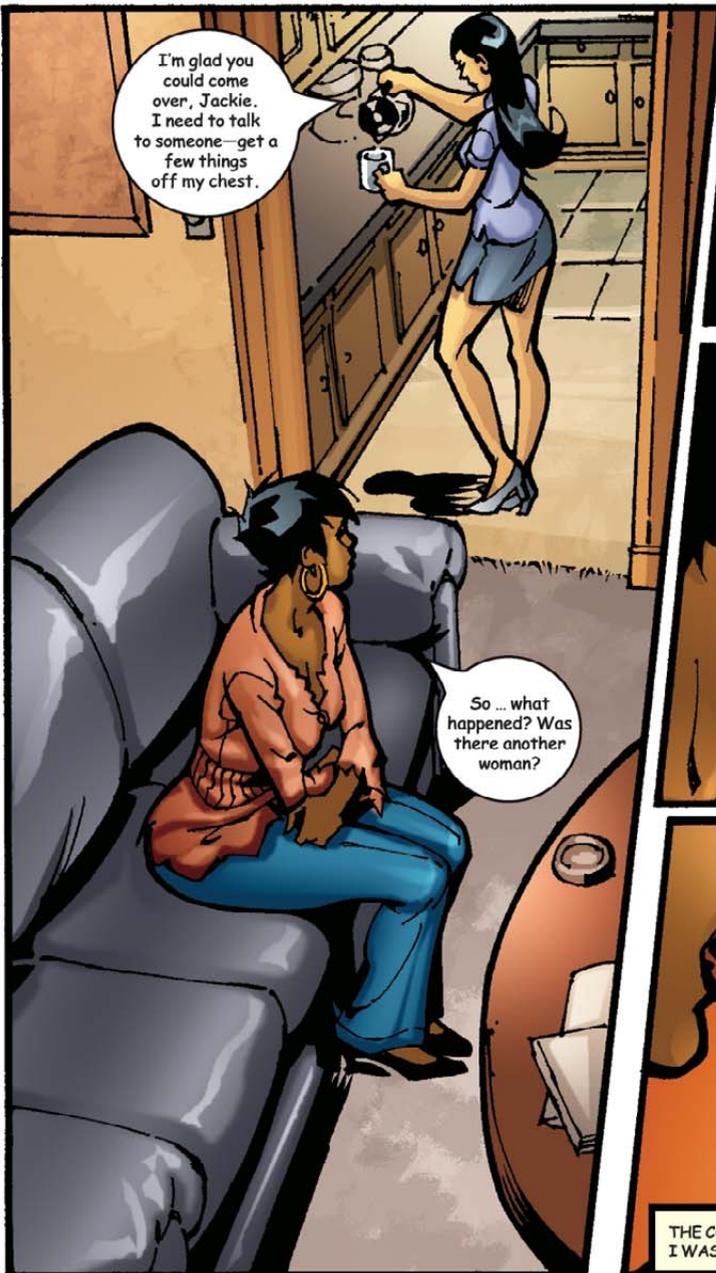


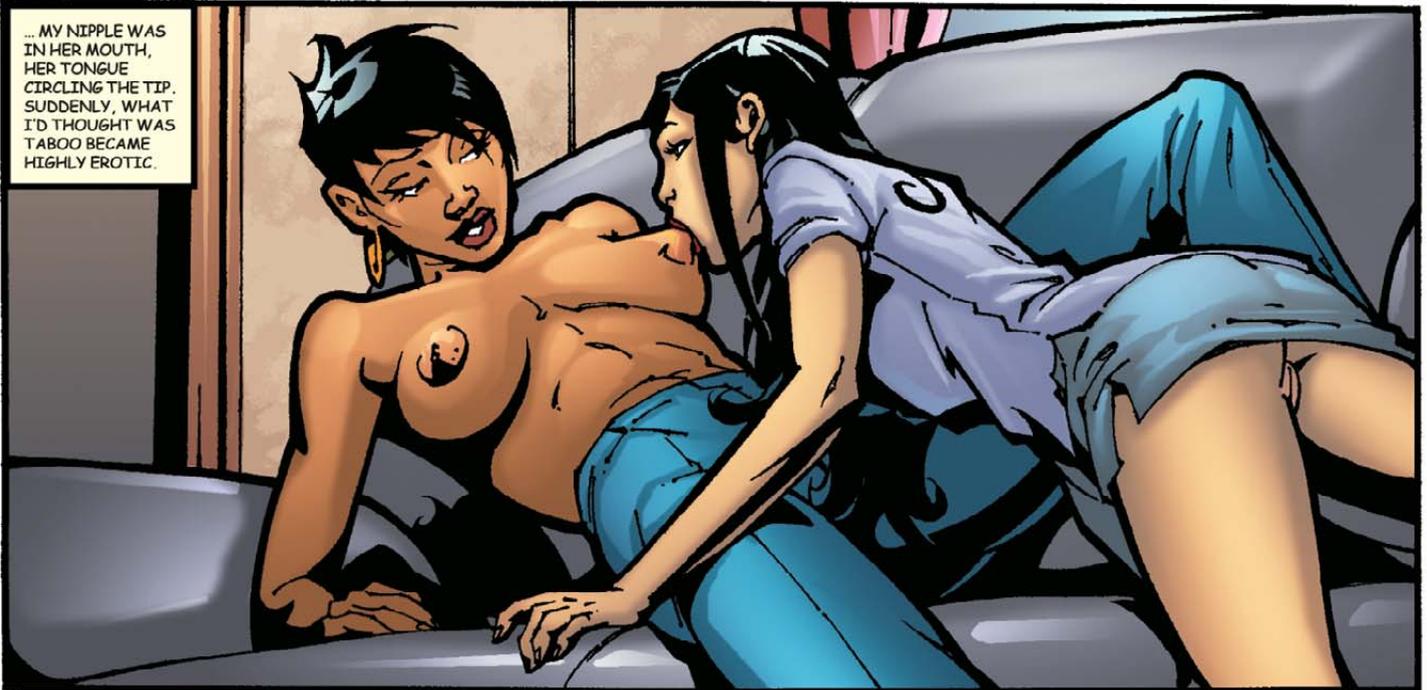
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THE OTHER WOMAN

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

KATE AND I HAVE BEEN BEST FRIENDS SINCE FOREVER. I ALWAYS THOUGHT HER MARRIAGE WAS ROCK-SOLID, BUT SHE JUST TOLD ME SHE'S GETTING DIVORCED. JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.







I COULD ONLY MOAN AS HER FINGERS SLID INSIDE AND SHE BEGAN FINGER-FUCKING ME.



MOVING CLOSER, SHE GENTLY BLEW WARM AIR OVER MY TWAT UNTIL I BEGGED HER TO EAT ME OUT.



SHE SLID HER TONGUE INTO ME, PUSHING IT IN AND OUT, GIVING ME A DEEP TONGUE-FUCKING. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE MY BODY STIFFENED AS I CAME WITH A PROFUSION OF FLUID, WHICH KATE EAGERLY LAPPED UP.



WHEN SHE FINISHED, SHE KISSED ME, HER LIPS GLAZED WITH MY OWN LOVE JUICE.

I WAS SPENT, BUT NOT TOO TIRED TO RETURN THE FAVOR.



IT WAS MY FIRST TIME ...



... BUT I FOLLOWED MY INSTINCTS.



I SUCKED AND LICKED EVERY INCH OF HER PUSSY UNTIL SHE CRIED OUT AND COVERED MY FACE WITH HER JUICES.



I COULD HAVE KEPT AT IT FOR HOURS, BUT KATE PULLED ME UP AND KISSED ME LONG AND DEEP.



NOW I SHARE KATE'S BED EVERY NIGHT. HER DIVORCE IS MY GAIN!

THE END

A new lube gives slippery, warm sensation with a tasty twist.

By Victoria Zdok, Ph.D.

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QUALITY TIME

I thought my wife and I had a great sex life until she mentioned that she wishes "we spent longer making love." That comment really confused me, and when I tried to get her to clarify what she meant, she just brushed me off. Since I can't read her mind, I need your help. I am not a premature ejaculator and can usually last anywhere from 10 to 15 minutes in the sack. We usually kiss for a few minutes, then I go down on her for a while till she gets nice and wet. She reciprocates by giving me a blowjob, although never to completion. Then I penetrate her and we have intercourse for at least ten minutes, changing positions until I come, usually doing her doggie-style. The whole thing usually lasts about 30 minutes. How long is sex supposed to last? What can I do to make it last longer?

Great sex lasts as long as the people engaged in it want it to last. The one thing you failed to tell me is how many times *she* comes during your "about 30-minute" sexercise? If it is less than a few times, or never includes multiple orgasms, she may think she's missing out but doesn't want to make you feel bad (or inadequate) by telling you this directly. You should try to meet her desires by stretching out whatever activities you already engage in, particularly focusing on the foreplay. Kiss her and caress her all over until she moans with pleasure, suck her nipples and rub her clitoris until she is dripping with wetness, bring her to climax again and again by going down on her until your tongue hurts and your jaw is sore. Do this until she encourages you to move on, verbally or through actions, such as grabbing your penis and shoving it into her. Penetrate her for a few minutes, slowly and sensuously, then withdraw for a little while, focusing on her clit again. When you have finally climaxed, if she is all starry-eyed and cuddly sweet, you will know you have met—or exceeded—her expectations. After that, you're not likely to receive any more "make it last longer" complaints!

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/DRZ, E-MAIL ME AT VICTORIA@PENTHOUSE.COM, OR SEND SNAIL MAIL TO DR. VICTORIA ZDROK, PENTHOUSE, 20 BROAD STREET, 14TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005.

Ask Dr. Z

**ANAL COMPULSION**

I've been dating this really hot and very wild chick who really wants me to have anal sex with her. While the thought of it is a real turn-on, I am not sure how I feel about actually doing it. I am an ass man, and she has a tight little butt just begging for action. But I've always been a bit of a clean freak, and when I fingered her the other night, some poop got under my nail and I had to wash my hands several times to get the smell to go away. How do I go in my girl's backdoor without coming out all covered in brown? And can this practice make me sick?

The first thing to realize is that feces are stored in the large intestine, not in the rectum and the anal canal, which are mere passageways. If your girl scrupulously washes herself, there shouldn't be much fecal matter in her rectum. Encourage her to take a pre-sex shower with you and help her get her anus squeaky clean

by lathering your fingers with a bit of soap and inserting them gently into her rectum. (There is also a wide selection of anal douches available.) But, despite her best efforts, there is always a possibility that some trace of feces will remain. Using gloves and condoms is the best solution, although even gloves may not protect you from that lingering smell. If you are that squeamish, anal sex is probably not for you! In terms of picking up diseases, sure, that can happen during anal, so wash your hands thoroughly after touching her poop—but you should have learned that in kindergarten. ☹️



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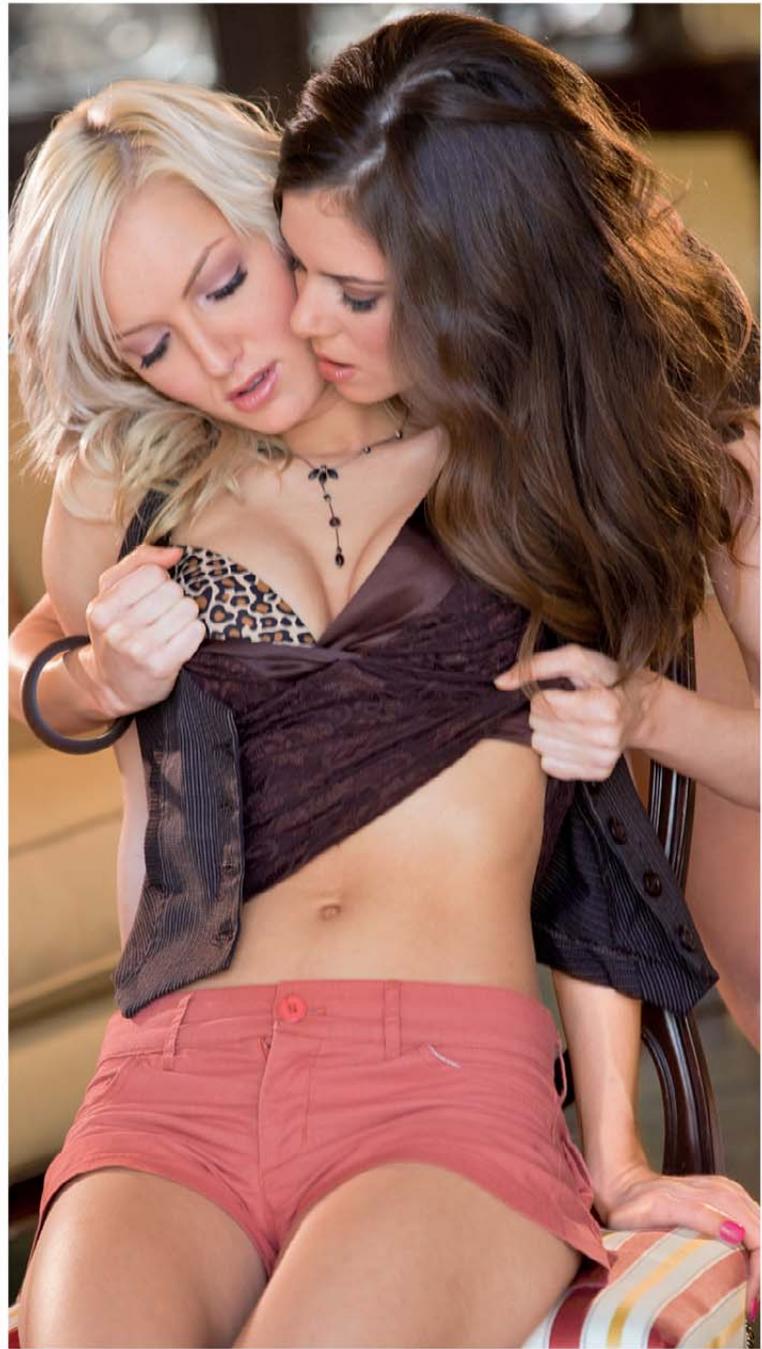
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spring fling

When Isobel and Taylor booked their spring-break getaway, they planned to share a luxurious beachside condo with three of their closest girlfriends. But when the other three are delayed at the airport back home, Isobel and Taylor end up spending their first afternoon alone—and in desperate need of immediate satisfaction.

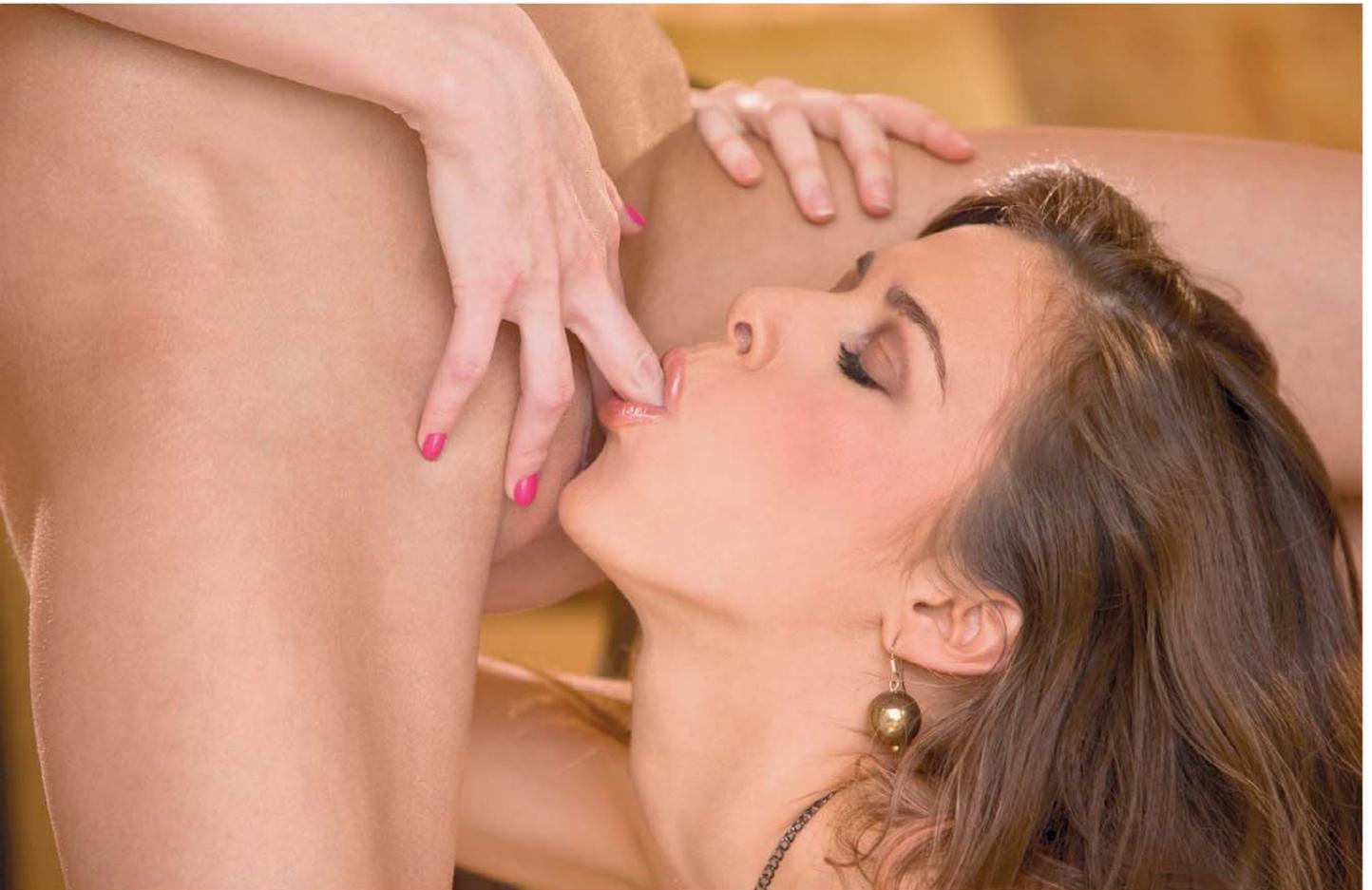
Photographs by Josh Ryan





After a long day of travel, Isobel and Taylor are hot and bothered ... and not in a good way. Fortunately, a couple of margaritas quickly loosen their tongues—onto each other. They're both curious about sex with another girl, and this is the perfect opportunity.





Soft kisses quickly
escalate into passionate
caresses as they explore
each other's curves.
As each drinks in the
scent and taste of the
other's delicate flavor,
the college beauties find
themselves in a delicious
new world of desires.





Their inhibitions melt away, and their moans of ecstasy grow louder and louder as they're driven wild with lust. Isobel throws back her head as a powerful orgasm overtakes her, and realizes their passionate aural performance has earned them an audience.





A group of frat boys has gathered outside, enjoying the sight of two gorgeous coeds pleasing each other. The enthusiastic audience doesn't shock the girls. Instead, it fuels the flames of their passion. This spring fling will be a true erotic awakening.



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PIN-UP

Penthouse Forum

A *Penthouse* centerfold that springs to life is a long-held fantasy for most men, and *Pin-Up* takes that premise and runs with it. Let me just say that Tori Black is sexy as fuck, with a stunning face and a totally bitchin' lean body, great legs, and the best tits I've seen today. The buildup between her and Charles Dera is nice and slow, until Dera really starts poking her; if you're a doggie-style fan, you'll love the way she fucks him back, working her hips all around till he busts on her ass. Another long-held guy fantasy is two chicks banging each other, and Lexi Belle and Marie McCray take care of that one in the closer. They get wet

and wild on the hood of a way-cool pink Caddy, and watching Belle get stuffed with a big pink dildo will just about put you away. But when you come back you can watch a great scene with Pet Shawna Leneé and Chris Cannon, who just happens to be reading Shawna's issue of *Penthouse* when she comes walking down the street. This is a fun disc with plenty of fine fucking, and Tori Black gives it that extra bounce that makes for a purchase and not a rental.

Above and right: Tori Black



By Johnny Bronx



WATCH ME
Penthouse Variations

If you've never indulged in the thrill of voyeurism, you can find out just what you've been missing in these five scenes of public sex. Ruby Knox brings her A game to what I'll call the hottest scene here. She's exactly what fans of petite women cream over: a small frame, martini-glass tits, and an ass that would fit your hand like a glove. She really drives it home during her scene, too, and looks great working it on her back. (Director Stuart Canterbury gets a tip of the hat for having her peer out the window at her Peeping Tom husband while she's getting banged.) Ahryan Astyn adds a bit of spice to this flick, too, having sex in an otherwise staid restaurant setting. Whether she's making a meal of her partner or being dined upon herself—or bouncing her butt on her partner's dick in full view of everyone—you should be satiated by the end. That is, until you're ready for seconds.

Above: Ahryan Astyn and Charles Dera
Above right: Prinzess Sahara and RayVeness

TRADERZ
Penthouse

The goings-on at a late-eighties swing club are played out here, with a couple of cool dramatic twists thrown in for good measure. Phoenix Marie and Jayden Jaymes both turn in hot scenes as Reagan-era swingers; Marie takes everything Nick Manning can throw at her (and on her, for that matter), riding his stick reverse cowgirl and showing off her sweet, round ass while taking it on her back. Jaymes is a big-titted brunette whose clit piercing obviously adds to her pleasure when she's performing (and I think it'll add to yours, too). For my money, the most interesting scene features RayVeness with Prinzess Sahara, a Penthouse Pet of 2004 vintage who's only just now making the leap onto the small screen—and what's been a long time coming has certainly been worth the wait. Prinzess has some very arousing orgasms, pulling RayVeness close with a handful of hair as she grinds her pussy in her face. The story here is pretty slick, too, so you won't have to fast-forward to get to the good stuff, even though I'll understand if you do. 

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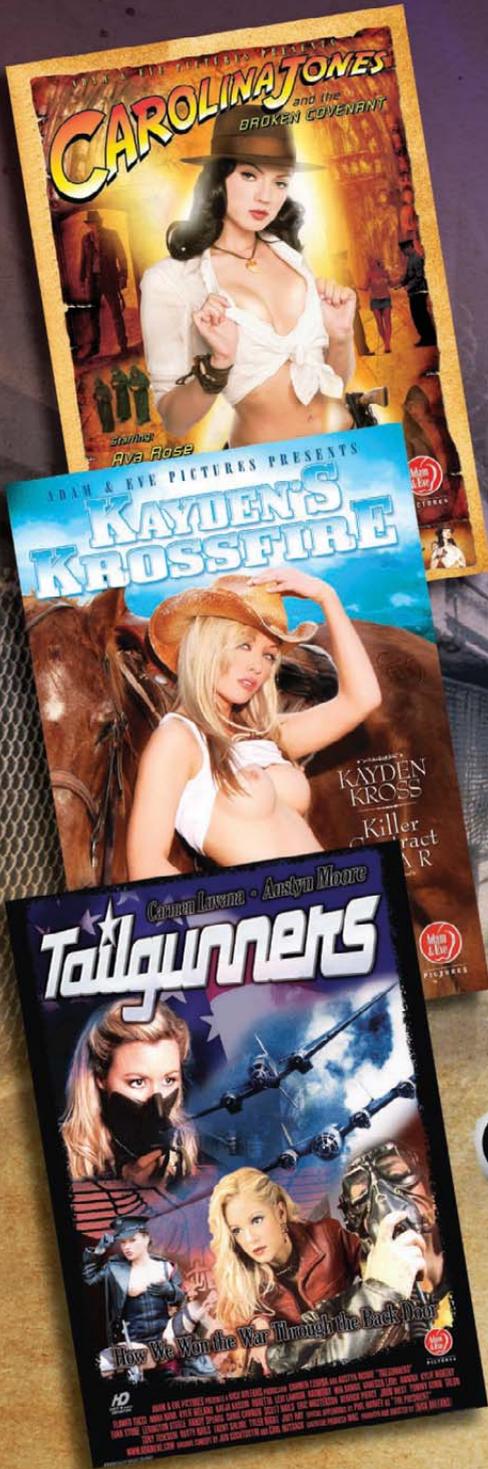
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HOLE IN ONE

Since I had a few hours to kill before returning to the office, I decided to stop off at the local golf course for a practice session. Behind the chipping green there's a row of nicely kept, upscale houses, and about ten minutes into my practice, a gorgeous, well-built blonde walked onto her patio wearing a white workout bra and red spandex pants. She began to tinker around her yard, moving the garden hose, picking a few weeds from the flowerpots. What caught my attention, though, was how she kept bending over, then squatting down, as if on purpose.

The distraction finally caused me to hit my ball a bit too hard, and it ended up flying into her yard. I blushed at my clumsiness, but she smiled seductively. "Don't worry about it," she said. "It happens all the time."

Then she asked if I'd like some ice water. Gladly accepting her offer, I was shocked when she told me to follow her into her kitchen.

Once inside, she filled glasses for us both. I struggled to keep my eyes on hers, worried that I'd offend her if she caught me staring at her magnificent melons. Suddenly, after a little small talk, she pressed her glass of ice water against her tits, saying she couldn't

stand the heat anymore. Immediately her nipples hardened, as did my seven-inch cock, and before my jaw finished dropping in disbelief, she pulled off her bra and let it fall to the floor. Watching my shock quickly turn into wicked desire, she hooked both thumbs into her workout pants and, in a matter of seconds, they, too, were on the kitchen floor.

She didn't say a word; she didn't have to. The devious look in her eyes, the aroused nipples, and the increasingly delightful smell of her sex said it all. She thrust her tongue into my mouth as I held her by her waist, then by her ass cheeks, pulling her to my rock-hard dick. We kissed each other greedily, and somehow managed to find our way to her dining-room table.

She clearly understood what I wanted when I pushed her back across the massive oak table. Dropping to my knees, I began probing her wet pussy with my

tongue and fingers. Her soft moaning, the biting down on her bottom lip, and her sopping-wet pussy were all the encouragement I needed.

Standing up, I asked her to roll over on the table with her beautiful, round ass toward me. She immediately obliged. I spread her legs and labia and began to knead her clit between my forefinger and thumb while teasing her pussy hole with my middle finger. She started pumping her ass and pussy against my hand, and I didn't need more of an invitation to slide my rock-hard cock into her sex tunnel.

Her frantically bucking hips caused me to erupt and spill a huge, creamy load in no time at all. But she wasn't quite done, so I gladly teased her dripping pussy with my tongue a second time. Then, while I was lapping up our mingled juices and swirling them around with my tongue, she grabbed the back of my head to pull me close as she came with enough passion and force for both of us.

As we cleaned up and began to dress, she asked if I'd be practicing my game again any time soon. Winking at her, I replied that there were a few more things I wanted to work on, as soon as possible.—E.Q., Texas

She clearly understood what I wanted when I pushed her back across the massive oak table.



Bryan was more interested in the latter.

It took a lot of chitchat before Bryan finally hinted at the reason for the double-booked date: They were hoping for a threesome. But I wasn't really paying attention to him. Instead, I was watching Jessica, who acted both nervous and excited. From what I remembered, she seemed straight, so I couldn't picture this being her idea. Bryan, on the other hand, was pretty wild, so it was definitely something I could imagine him thinking up. When Jessica caught me staring at her, she blushed and turned away. That was it; I was going for it.

Bryan rambled on about how both of them were attracted to me and that they knew I was adventurous. But I had already made my decision, so I interrupted him by saying, "I'm in," walking over to Jessica, grabbing her, and kissing her hard on the mouth.

Everything moved pretty fast from there. They led me to the bedroom, Jessica holding my hand, and stripped me naked before taking off each other's clothes. Then we were all on the bed, a tangle of limbs, each of us trying to pay equal attention to the others. Eventually I was making out with Jessica while Bryan fingered my pussy, readying me for his bigger-than-average cock. A moment later he was slipping into me from behind, his pelvis pressing against my ass as he penetrated me. He started fucking me hard right away, ferociously pumping my hot pussy, growling every time I thrust back against him.

Meanwhile, I wanted to share the pleasure I was receiving with Jessica, so I pulled her to me and let my hands wander over her body until they reached her ass. Then I started teasing her asshole with my finger, tracing the tight circle. She jerked at first, surprised, but then gave in, melting against me and mewling like a kitten as my digit dove between her butt cheeks. It didn't take long before both of us were coming, practically in sync, and Bryan started pounding even harder into me, not wanting to be left out when we climaxed.

The three of us spent the rest of the night screwing in every position. I even got to watch while Bryan fucked Jessica's ass for the first time—which she decided to allow after seeing how hard I came when he fucked mine. That date had to be the strangest I've ever been on, but it was also the most exciting, and I won't hesitate to say yes the next time he calls!—*Name and address withheld*

NIGHTCAP

When Bryan asked me out, I was surprised. I hadn't seen him in months, and last I'd heard, he was dating this girl I'd gone to college with, Jessica. In fact, she was the one who'd introduced us. At first I was going to say no, but something told me I should go out with him, and boy, am I glad I did.

We went out for pizza, and afterward we took a walk around town. We talked about work and people we knew, and after a while we ended up in front of his house. It seemed like too much of a coincidence that our aimless wandering had led us to his front door, and I had a feeling that he had something else planned.

After pretending to be surprised by our location, Bryan invited me inside for coffee. I hadn't gotten any action in a while, so if pretending I wanted a cup of coffee would get me laid, I was happy to play his game.

We were sitting in the kitchen and

chatting when Bryan's doorbell rang. Since it was already nearing 10 P.M., it seemed like another coincidence that wasn't all that coincidental, and when he came back from the door with Jessica, I was sure something was up.

I said hello, and Jessica lifted her head just long enough to return the greeting. I studied the pair, wanting to know if they were still an item, but neither one was giving me many clues. So I sat back and let them determine the direction of the evening. A guy didn't invite two girls over on the same night unless he wanted to get into trouble—or get in bed with them—and I had a feeling

A guy didn't invite two girls over on the same night unless he wanted to get into trouble—or get in bed with them.

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MEET ME IN THE BATHROOM

It started on the first day of class in my sophomore year, when she walked into the classroom, her blonde hair flowing in her wake. Her body was perfect and her clothes showed it off. She radiated style, grace, and sex. I was crushing hard.

We'd been in a class together freshman year, too, but fate had never brought us together. That was soon to change. She took the seat nearest mine and smiled ever so discreetly, slyly stealing a glance at me as she sat down.

After 20 minutes of the professor lulling us into boredom, we began talking, laughing, and flirting. Then there were slight touches, intentional on her part, as her hand grazed my thigh. This continued for a few weeks, the coy playfulness increasing, the soft caresses growing. It was only a matter of time. Then it happened: The first mention of a boyfriend. My heart sank as I realized our flirting had only been seductive, mischievous fun for her.

Fortunately, I was wrong. Halfway through another droning lecture on the destituteness of city life, she rose casually from her chair. I thought nothing of it; surely she was heading to the bathroom. However, as she left, a piece of white paper fell into my lap. Intrigued, I unraveled the crumpled sheet and my eyes opened wide. The message, scrawled in blue ink, read, "Join me in the girls' bathroom."

I tried to keep my composure and act cool, even though my heart was racing and my blood pressure was soaring. I stood as casually as I could and excused myself as I passed by sleeping, nattering, or merely bored students on my way. I walked calmly to the door, but as soon as it clicked shut, I made a mad dash for the bathrooms, taking the stairs two at a time. Never in my 20 years had I experienced anything this sexually thrilling.

As I reached the ladies' room, I stopped and tried again to slow my racing heart and raging hormones. I entered slowly, locking the door behind me. As I turned, I saw no one, and my confidence shattered. I thought I'd been set up. Fortunately, I was wrong again. I heard her whisper, "I knew you would come."

I ventured in further and finally saw her, sitting with her legs spread wide, her black satin panties around her ankles and resting on her small ivory socks. Her pink pussy was bare.



Instantly my cock stiffened into a full-on erection as she beckoned me with one hand while slowly unbuttoning her cotton shirt with the other. I took my time approaching her, the class a distant memory, and marveled as her top fell open, exposing a black bra hugging her heaving breasts.

I said nothing, but seeing the alluring face of such a naughty girl turned me on even more. I lifted my

shirt over my head and moved in close, feeling her warm breath on my muscular torso. My hands slipped around her back and unhooked her bra. It fell to the floor and her boobs hung free, gorgeous and glorious. I took them in my hands to caress them, fully appreciating the soft, supple mounds. Meanwhile, I focused my mouth on her light brown nipples, licking, kissing, and sucking till they were rock-hard points.

Then she slipped her hands into my hair and guided my head between her thighs. I knew she was desperate, her soft murmurs of pleasure increasing, but I made her wait. My breath touched her sensitive

The message, scrawled in blue ink, read, "Join me in the girls' bathroom."

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triangle, and those vulnerable lips quivered. I opened her petals until her clit revealed itself, and gave it a light lick before moving back to the milky-white skin of her legs. She begged me to put her out of her misery and pleasure her, so I finally relented. I'd more than made up for all the weeks she'd teased me in class.

Nevertheless, I knew that fucking her in the ladies' bathroom was out of the question. Besides, this moment was about the sultry passion that existed between us, and I was sure it would continue this way. I slipped a sole finger inside her, enjoying the feel of her warm, wet softness. I added a second, and both fingers headed for her G spot. There, deep within her, they stroked rhythmically, bringing her bliss. My tongue couldn't resist, and soon I was tasting her sweet nectar.

Whimpers of joy fell from her lips. She was in paradise. Then I wet a finger on my other hand and snaked it under her naked body. Once I was in position, I began to circle her asshole, tickling her while maintaining the rhythm on her clit and dripping pussy. She tried to stifle her moans of pleasure, but she couldn't. When she came, a stream of clear liquid squirted from her and she gushed uncontrollably, screaming her delight at my expert manipulation.

I cleaned myself up, wiping away the warm stickiness of her tasty juices, then helped her do the same. Silently, we headed back to class, entering separately to avoid suspicion. But judging by the strange looks and snickers we received the rest of the year, our secret tryst was anything but. —Name and address withheld

SHARING AFFECTION

My wife and I are 32 and have spent a lot of time over the past year or so with an old friend of hers, Sam. He's about our age, black, and a serious bodybuilder who's also smart and nerdy. My wife, Juanita, is a Chicana and I'm white, so we make an interesting multicultural mix when we go out. Juanita enjoys and craves physical connection and affection from friends (not just sexually), and I'm very secure in our relationship; I'm happy to see her with friends, even when they get a little physical.

We'd kidded around about threesomes with Sam in the past, but they were just jokes. Then one night, we were watching TV together, with my wife sitting on the couch between

us, lying back against me, her legs in Sam's lap. Juanita complained of a sore back and muscles, so the two of us started rubbing her neck, shoulders, and calves. She was enjoying the massage, so I suggested we move onto the floor, where she could stretch out. She lay on a blanket I had spread out, and Sam and I knelt on either side of her, still watching the James Bond flick while rubbing her back.

I was surprised when my wife pulled off her shirt to allow us better access—she wasn't wearing a bra and is normally pretty self-conscious about nudity in front of others—but there she was, lying topless in front of Sam. We continued rubbing her back, our attention now mostly on her,

and I was surprised even more when Juanita picked up her chest a bit and Sam's hand moved around to cup her breast.

I leaned down and asked quietly if she was sure she wanted this, if it was something she felt okay with. She just kissed me and said yes, but that she wasn't sure how far she wanted to go with it.

After she said that, though, she reached out to grasp Sam's bulge through his jeans, her other hand reaching out to mine. I stood up and turned down the lights as Sam pulled down his jeans. Then I kissed my wife before Sam leaned down and kissed her, too. It was incredibly erotic to watch them kiss, his skin so dark against hers.

Her hand slipped inside his boxers a second later and emerged grasping his hard shaft, her small hand wrapped around his pulsing flesh. I dropped my shorts and knelt next to her, and her other hand reached out

Sam lasted a lot longer than I would have, but finally he moaned that he was about to blow.



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for my cock. Then she sat up between us and sucked one cock, then the other. Seeing her face from my vantage point as she swallowed his hard dick was incredible. I've always loved watching her suck my cock, and I'd fantasized about watching her with another man's flesh in her mouth.

I pulled her pants and underwear down and knelt between her legs, licking her pussy. It was unbelievably wet and sensitive, and she came quickly, shuddering against my mouth, her own mouth filled with Sam's love gun.

I slid my aching cock into her. She came over and over as I fucked her while Sam's cock continued to slide in and out between her wet lips. I came then, perhaps too soon, but I was so aroused that I knew my erection wasn't going anywhere.

She moved so Sam could reach her pussy, straddling his leg while she kept sucking him. He fingered her cunt and she came over and over, bucking against him. She later told me that her secret thrill was that his fingers were coated with my come.

Sam lasted a lot longer than I would have, but finally he started moaning that he was about to blow. The first

shot of jizz coated her breasts, and then she sucked his trembling head between her lips, filling her mouth with the rest of his come. When she'd milked him of every last drop, she used her fingers to scoop his come from her tits and licked them clean.

Sam lay back as Juanita and I kissed. I could taste him in her mouth, and my cock swelled at the hot, musky flavor on her lips and tongue. Then Juanita leaned down to kiss Sam as I positioned myself between her legs and fucked her again as she lay against Sam, cushioned by his chest, kissing him first, then me.

We both came like that, and then the three of us lay together, exhausted and satisfied, with huge grins on our faces. It was a great night and the start to a whole new level of friendship for me, Juanita, and Sam.—*K.M., Indiana* 

I positioned myself between her legs and fucked her again as she lay against Sam, cushioned by his chest.

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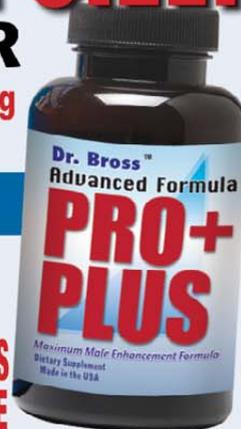


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