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Correction from May 2009:
The pictorial of Taya Parker on pages 40-47 should have been credited "Photographs by Emma Nixon."



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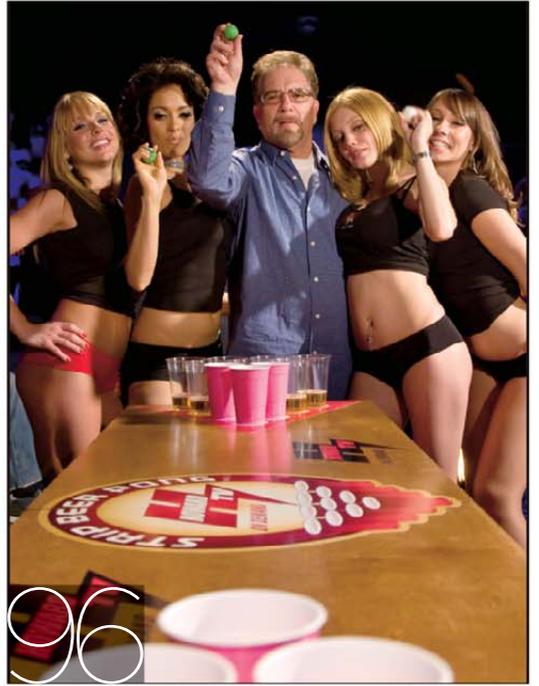
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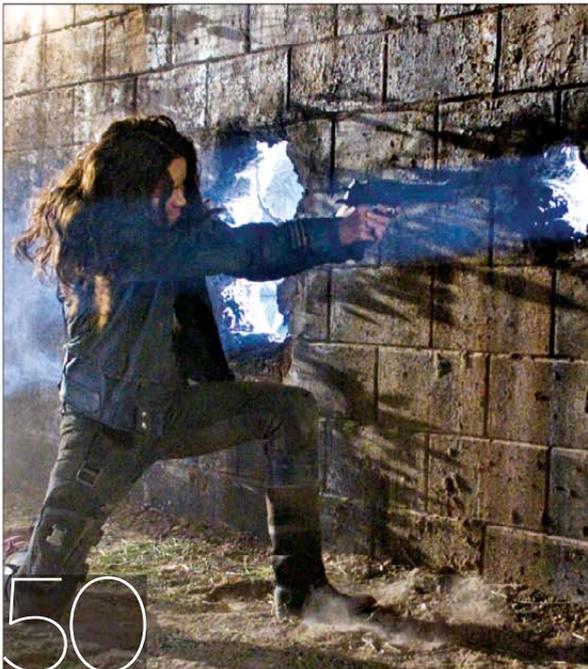
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After getting some brief instructions from Gareth, I went over and introduced myself, then invited Stacy up to my place to help out with some cold drinks for a few of my other neighbors hanging out by the pool. She innocently agreed. When we got to my door, I told her I'd locked myself out and called Gareth to unlock the door with his spare. When Gareth came to unlock the door, his big cock bumped against her hip. She didn't even flinch. Her gaze went right to his crotch and her hand followed, stroking him through his shorts. Seeing Stacy's reaction made me wet, and I quickly ushered everyone inside.

In about a second, Gareth's shorts were on the floor and our new friend was sucking his cock. I couldn't take it any longer and had to join in the fun. I told Stacy that we'd be more comfortable in the bedroom, then led the way.

Once there, Stacy took off her clothes and lay on the bed. I figured she wanted to fuck Gareth—until she held out her hand to me and told me she wanted me to sit on her face. Now, I'd never been with another girl, but I was so excited by watching her suck Gareth's cock I couldn't resist. It was amazing! She knew exactly how to eat my pussy, heading right for my clit and sucking on it while finger-fucking me.

While I was enjoying the benefit of Stacy's experience and skill, Gareth started fucking her. Each time Gareth thrust into her, her tongue dipped into my pussy and she gently rolled my nipples between her fingers. It was all too much! I gripped the headboard and rode her agile tongue as I came hard and creamed all over her face.

Somehow Stacy was now in charge of our little game. She told Gareth to eat her out, which was just perfect for my fantasy. I had one hand on her breast and one hand around her hair as I rocked my pussy around Gareth's dick. When I leaned forward to kiss her neck, Stacy turned her head and our lips met. Hers were soft and tasted like my pussy. We were all getting off and loving it. We moved fluidly from one position to the next, experimenting

"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.

Housewarming

My friend Gareth and I have known each other about a year, and we've experienced some intense, feral lovemaking during this time, but nothing could have prepared me for my latest experience.

It was a sizzling-hot day—almost too hot for anything physical. A lazy day by the pool fit the bill, so I invited Gareth to join me. As soon as he arrived at my door, I pulled him inside. Taking advantage of the air-conditioning, we managed to get busy twice before heading out to the pool. Gareth knows how to get me off with his wildly wicked tongue, licking me and finger-fucking me until I squirt. He always makes sure I reach my peak several times before letting me pleasure him. There's nothing like having four or five orgasms to set the tone for the day.

But the real fireworks began after we went to the pool. The sun's heat on my skin is a natural aphrodisiac, heating me inside and out.

As we lazed in the sun, Gareth brought up the advantages of adding another person to the mix. It wasn't the first time we'd talked about it, and when I looked over at him, his hard cock made me want to straddle him right there in front of my neighbors and ride my way to another climax.

Since Gareth had some experience in this area, I dared him to pick someone—male or female, as that didn't matter to me. I'd never experienced the pleasures of a three-way, so I left the details up to him and was pleasantly surprised when he chose a beautiful, petite female lounging on the other side of the pool. She was new to the development and had long, silky brown hair, which I suddenly imagined pulling on while she sat on Gareth's face and I rode his cock. And she seemed to be staring at Gareth—or at least at his crotch.

She had long hair, which I suddenly imagined pulling on. When I leaned forward, she turned her head and our lips met.



L.T., before hair restoration



L.T., after hair restoration.
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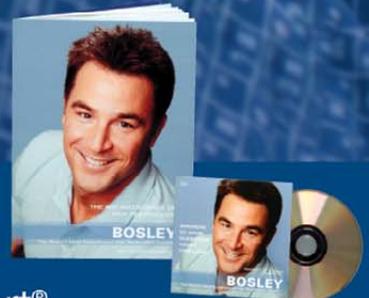
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until all three of us were pleasantly exhausted and satisfied.

Afterward, Stacy confessed she lived right above me and had heard us making love that morning. She told us how beautiful we both were and that she'd wanted us the minute she saw us. Imagine that. We thought we were seducing her, and it turned out we'd just beat her to it!—*M.C., California*

GIRL ON CALL

My boyfriend and I added a new twist to our sex life after reading the Forum letter "Role Play" in last year's October issue.

As "Tiffany" the call girl, I prepped for my part in the living room by putting on a short skirt, thigh-high boots with fuck-me heels, a fishnet top with no bra, and a complete change in attitude. Meanwhile, "John" the john relaxed in the bedroom, watching his favorite porno of the hour and stroking his awesome cock.

After about 30 minutes, he texted, "Looking 4 Tif. Is she available?" I texted back, "Yes, she'll be right over." I gave him five minutes, then knocked on the bedroom door. When he invited me in, we exchanged pleasantries and I smiled, noticing the huge bulge straining against the front of his pants. I asked him what he had in mind, and after he detailed his expectations for the night, I gave him a price and politely advised him that we needed to take care of business first. He reached into his pocket for his wallet and forked over the agreed-upon amount. I promptly stuffed the cash into my boots.

His first request was easy—in my best sultry voice, I had to read several sex-filled letters from the current issue of *Penthouse* while he sat on the edge of the bed and stroked himself. After hearing just two steamy letters, he was dying for a blowjob, and I was dying to give him one.

After placing a pillow on the floor, I told him to lie back and I knelt between his legs. He was already so hard that I had to start things off slowly. Taking him in hand, I swept my tongue across the tip, cleaning off the pre-come that oozed from the slit before popping the bulbous head into my mouth. Hearing his deep sigh and seeing the slight tremors that rippled through his body kept me sucking gently. John probably



thought he had himself under control, but when I opened my throat and slid my mouth all the way down to the root, his reaction was almost violent. Suddenly, his back arched off the bed, and if I hadn't released his cock and firmly squeezed his balls in my hand, it would have been over in seconds and only one of us would have been satisfied.

I let John take a few deep breaths to steady himself and took advantage of the brief lull to rub my pussy. I was slippery wet, and though going down on me hadn't been on his to-do list, I decided to give him a little taste of what he was missing.

I rose to my feet, leaned over him, and dangled my wet fingers under his nose before touching them to his lips. He quickly grabbed my hand, sucked my fingers into his mouth, and groaned as his tongue swirled around each digit. Satisfied he'd licked off every drop of cream, he released my fingers and pulled me onto the bed.

"I hope you don't mind, but I changed my mind," he said. "I still want you to suck me off, but I want you to come, too. I want you to flood my mouth with your pussy juice as I come." Then his strong hands gripped my waist, flipped me around, and settled me over his mouth.

And to that I said, "Well, if that's what you want, honey."

Then he looped his arms around my thighs and speared me with his tongue. God, it felt good—so good that I had to remind myself that I was Tiffany the hooker and that I had a nice hard dick in front of me that needed my attention. Spurred on by John's tongue action, I engulfed his cock in one quick swoop, intent on giving him back the same level of pleasure he was giving me. The harder I sucked his cock, the more attention he lavished on my love button.

Just when I didn't think I could hold out any longer, he shoved his fingers inside me and made contact with my G spot, sending shock waves through my body. As my pussy began to twitch and spasm around his fingers, John pressed his tongue against my clit, and I came in a rush, releasing his cock in my frenzy. True to his word, John's eager mouth was right there, lapping up my juices while he erupted, spewing hot jizz all over my fishnet top and my tits.

And now that we've popped our Forum-letter-writing cherry, there seems to be no limit to our combined imaginations. Our next letter will detail what happens when we reverse our roles and John becomes the stud for hire, while I get to make him do my bidding. I can't wait!—*C.J. & L.K., Texas*

More letters on page 133

As my pussy began to spasm, John pressed his tongue against my clit and I came in a rush.



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Rock'Em Sock'Em Blockbusters

We pit this summer's blockbusters in an epic, box-office box-off, with heavyweights *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* and *Terminator Salvation*, starring knockout beauties Megan Fox and Moon Bloodgood—two of this season's sexiest starlets (see page 50)—squaring off in the main event. The undercard features middleweights *Public Enemies* and *Angels and Demons*, and lightweights (but comedy heavyweights) Adam Sandler and Sacha Baron Cohen. Step right up, fight fans!

ILLUSTRATION BY COULLAS & LOURDES

THE HEAVYWEIGHTS



**TERMINATOR
SALVATION**

VS

**TRANSFORMERS:
REVENGE
OF THE FALLEN**



MAY 21

JUNE 24



In this corner: A beloved franchise known for its great stamina (“I’ll be back”) and massive, metallic biceps. The film’s business is also likely to be boosted by the fact that everybody on the planet listened to Christian Bale’s on-set freakout when it went viral last winter. (A savvy producer would license one of those dance versions for the end-titles.) But can director McG get the moribund story in fighting trim? And will it work sans Schwarzenegger?

Master exploder Michael Bay has large trunks to fill—his own—as he follows up his 2007 summer colossus. There’s also the chance that last year’s writer’s strike put the kibosh on script tweaks. But so long as Bay’s formula hasn’t radically changed (it’s still about giant robots, right?), he should be able to deliver the goods. Special effects will no doubt be top-notch once again, and Bay has a genuine knockout punch in the delectable Megan Fox.

THE WINNER IS

Michael Bay and *Transformers*, by KO.



THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS



**PUBLIC
ENEMIES**

VS

**ANGELS
& DEMONS**

JULY 1

MAY 15



Director Michael Mann, the action genius behind *Heat* and *Miami Vice*, returns to the crime genre, and only a fool would rush in to challenge him. This Depression-era saga is stocked with heavy punchers—including Johnny Depp as bank robber John Dillinger and Christian Bale as ace G-man Melvin Purvis. But sometimes Mann gets a little too arty, and not in a Muhammad Ali, rope-a-dope way. Will he outfox himself?

This sequel to *The Da Vinci Code* can’t be dismissed: A zillion people have read Dan Brown’s novel, and ace cornerman Ron Howard, fresh off *Frost/Nixon*, returns to direct, while sweet scientist Tom Hanks reprises his role as Robert Langdon (complete with ridiculous Belushi-brother haircut). The first film did big business on the coattails of the novel, but was it any good? The general reception was lukewarm, but still, the built-in audience here ensures a puncher’s chance.

THE WINNER IS

We see a guardian angel over *Angels*. *A&D*, by split decision.

THE LIGHTWEIGHTS



FUNNY PEOPLE VS **BRÜNO**

JULY 31

JULY 10

Adam Sandler is a titan in this division—and this project teams him with a dynamite handler, fight fans: bromance-comedy king Judd Apatow, in the director's chair for the first time since *Knocked Up*. The plot follows the trials and tribulations of stand-up comics. While early buzz indicates that this is a humorous movie—Seth Rogen is involved—it's also a modulation into bittersweet laughs. Will that hold up under the summer-movie onslaught?

Clear a lane, people: Sacha Baron Cohen is back, post-*Borat*, with another mockumentary, this one focused on his ultra-gay fashion reporter Brüno from *Da Ali G Show*. Cohen's ring tactics, as always, will be to snare panicky Americans in compromising positions. Early footage, leaked online, suggests many punches landed. Cohen may be the funniest man on the planet when he's got a winning concept, but can he repeat his *Borat* triumph?

THE WINNER IS

Brüno, by TKO, despite Apatow's proven punching power.

BONUS BOUT

LATE-SUMMER WAR PICS

G.I. JOE: THE RISE OF COBRA VS **INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS**

AUGUST 7

AUGUST 21

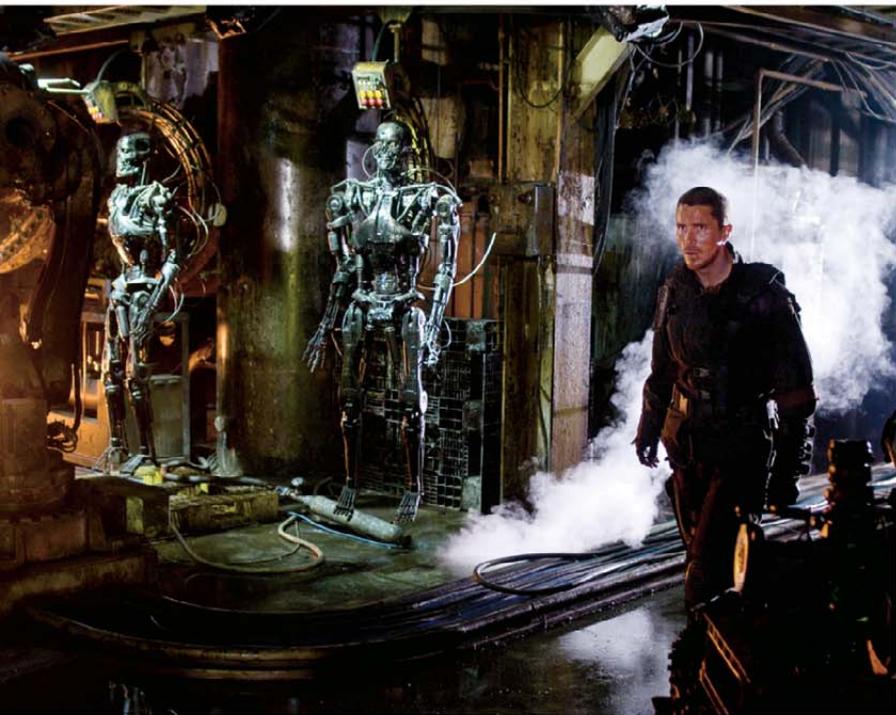


Early buzz on this one is worrying, as the plot and concept were reportedly changed after test audiences panned early screenings. Then again, those action figures are pretty iconic—and they're almost indestructible (unless your older brother has access to M-80s ... but I digress). As an origin story, the flick might satisfy some viewers. Channing Tatum and Dennis Quaid strap on the gear and—hey, look, that's them now, descending into the ring by grappling hook!

That title's no misprint, folks. He can't spell, but Quentin Tarantino is all business when he steps into the ring. And he's back to stomp all contenders with his homage to such World War II movies as *The Great Escape*, *Kelly's Heroes*, and Enzo Castellari's 1978 film of the same (but correctly spelled) name. Tarantino's sprawling cast includes Brad Pitt, Samuel L. Jackson, *The Office*'s B. J. Novak, and *Valkyrie*'s Christian Berkel. Expect lots of blood.

THE WINNER IS

Basterds in a first-round KO. No contest.



The Girlfriend Experience

Zach and Miri made a porno and now, A-list director Steven Soderbergh wants in on the action. Bona fide adult sensation and *Penthouse* pictorial subject Sasha Grey stars as high-priced New York City escort Chelsea, who is also a canny self-promoter and business manager. Expect arty Soderbergh to bring more Godard than girl-grinding to the table, but still, far be it from us to pooh-pooh anyone's effort to work blue for a change.

Drag Me to Hell

These days, Sam Raimi is better known as the dude behind the *Spider-Man* series than as a master of grimy horror. But when the man who created the legendary 1981 bloodbath *Evil Dead* announces his return to the genre (for the first time in 15 years), our heads snap to attention. The story concerns a supernaturally cursed woman (Alison Lohman) and her supportive boyfriend (Justin Long). Buzz out of Austin's South by Southwest was rapturous.

Terminator Salvation

Were you going out of your metallic, mechanized skull waiting for another sequel? (What's it like in there, anyway?) It's been six years since the franchise's momentum was stalled by *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines*, and *Ahnold* retired from acting to play governor of California. Despite the fact that fans weren't exactly clamoring for a fourth installment (even the TV series skips the third movie, picking up after *T2*), here comes the semi-expected reboot, set in a radioactive future where humanity wages war against evil weapons system Skynet. Species-savior John Connor, all grown-up and leading the revolution, is embodied by professional scowler Christian Bale. Meanwhile, foot soldier Kyle Reese (Anton Yelchin) becomes the guy who will be sent back in time for some eighties boot-knocking with John's mom. Confusing? Check out James Cameron's 1984 original, still the best one of these. Then again, who would underestimate McG, the auteur behind *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*? (With that, we offer up our most robotic bit of sarcasm.)



Land of the Lost

It's unclear how many current moviegoers remember the slightly creepy, fully goofy mid-seventies kiddie TV series *Land of the Lost*, but that may not matter for this big-budget Hollywood remake, starring a shouty Will Ferrell and Danny McBride as his confused tour guide. The pair, along with Ferrell's research

assistant, Anna Friel, get sucked into a "space-time vortex" and wind up in an alternate universe, on a planet populated by "monkey people, lizard people, mysterious creatures—and dinosaurs," as Ferrell's character puts it. Guaranteed to be funnier than Sid and Marty Krofft's show, and to have way better special effects. **A-**

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Good Riddance

Green Day says good-bye to the Bush years with another ambitious punk opera.

GREEN DAY

21st Century Breakdown
(Warner Bros.)

It may be hard to see now, through the glare coming off all the Grammys and platinum plaques it yielded, but at the time it was released, Green Day's 2004 album, *American Idiot*, was far from a sure thing. An ambitious rock opera from a nineties trio best known for two-minute punk blasts and snot rockets? It was a roll of the dice, to say the least. But the genre-exploding *AI* perfectly captured a mood in the country during the Bush years, and it allowed Green Day to successfully, and surprisingly, reinvent itself as the biggest band in the country. So how do you follow up a definitive, career-changing statement? Five years later, the answer, judging by early listens to *21st Century Breakdown*, is that this time you go to 11.

Breakdown is another multi-act performance piece addressed to (and sung in the voice of) a washed-out generation strung-out on war and videogames—even more ambitious than *AI*, and considering that this is among the most anticipated releases of 2009, far riskier. The title track explodes with seventies stadium-pop energy and lyrics that reference 9/11. The fist-raising first single, "Know Your Enemy," hooks your attention immediately, and the surprisingly lovely "Before the Lobotomy" features Billie Joe Armstrong's very-unpunk falsetto. It's an unapologetically huge, sprawling album for these suddenly lean times. If it triumphs, it'll be a messy triumph—which is probably the only way the wisecracking troublemakers in Green Day would have it.

Three Unexpectedly Great Concept Albums

Before *American Idiot*, Green Day was probably the last band you'd expect to produce a successful rock opera. Here are three other out-of-left-field concept albums that hit the mark.

HÜSKER DÜ

Zen Arcade (SST, 1984)

A rock opera from a relatively obscure, hardcore three-piece out of Minneapolis? Hell and yes. *Zen Arcade* incorporated folk, psychedelia, pop, and pretty piano melodies into Hüsker Dü's blistering assault, telling the *Quadrophenia*-like story of an adolescent runaway. It changed the game in the eighties alternative-rock and hardcore scenes.

THE STREETS

A Grand Don't Come for Free (Vice/679, 2004)

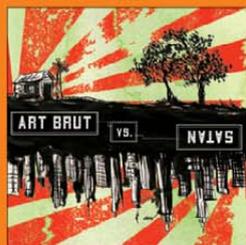
We could have gone with Mike Skinner's head-turning debut, *Original Pirate Material*, in this spot, because it really seemed to come out of nowhere. But *A Grand* expanded and improved upon all the elements that made the debut so charming: a hilariously bare-bones "plot" running through the album, Skinner's poetry of the mundane, and his uncanny ability to portray muddleheaded aimlessness.

MASTODON

Leviathan (Relapse, 2004)

It's not surprising that a metal band would create a concept album, but a metal band putting out an album based on *Moby Dick* sounds like a recipe for unintentional, *Spiñal Tap*-level self-parody. But *Leviathan* works—and then some: It's full of "extreme-sports musicianship," in the words of critic Will Hermes, and established Mastodon as a new force in metal.—John Bolster

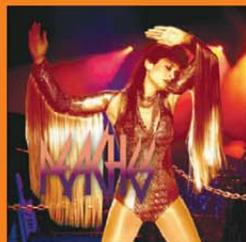
REVIEWS



ART BRUT

Art Brut vs. Satan
(Downtown) ★★★

Eddie Argos has a lot on his mind, from girls to comic books, public transportation, sweaty palms, and ... girls. This is great news for fans of his snotty band, Art Brut: As long as Argos has a thought, he's got a song. "How've I only just discovered the Replacements?" he sings, while his appropriately sloppy mates bang and bash away. *Art Brut vs. Satan*, the band's third album, is like a noisy night spent at the pub: shouting and quipping, pitchers of nostalgia, and nothing but a headache and a smile to show for it afterward.



PEACHES

I Feel Cream
(XL) ★★

Merrill Nisker may be 40, but that doesn't mean she's retired her horny electroclash alter ego, Peaches. Nine years after her trademark, transgressive party-starter, "Fuck the Pain Away," blew up, she returns with her fourth album of filthy Eurofunk. On "Serpentine," she spits lewd come-ons like she's tying cherry stems with her tongue. Two tracks later, Nisker demands you lick her "crow's-feet." Remember, kids: Even aural (or ocular) sex requires proper protection!



Oberst (second from right) and his Mystic Valley sidemen—and their seventies cop-show shades

CONOR OBERST

Outer South
(Merge) ★★★

Freed from the "next" labels—Dylan, Big Thing, K. D. Lang look-alike—that have burdened his prolific, earnest career, Conor Oberst finally seems to be living in the now. Last year the 29-year-old dropped his Bright Eyes moniker (and all the emo expectations that came with it), hotfooted to Mexico, and recorded a fast and loose eponymous

album with some skilled sidemen named the Mystic Valley Band. *Outer South*, recorded in El Paso with the same group, just might be the best thing Oberst has ever done: a warm, lived-in set of songs that amble from gentle folk ("Ten Women") to Fleetwood Mac-worthy light pop ("Bloodline"). It's instantly familiar and surprisingly great.

PHOENIX

Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix
(Loyaute/Glassnote) ★★★

The elegant Frenchmen of Phoenix came off like the Strokes in berets on 2005's underrated *It's Never Been Like That*, but their humbly (and hilariously) titled fourth album sounds like nothing else: It's a gloriously sun-kissed collection of masterful electropop. Hook-filled opener "Lisztomania" somehow makes an ode to the nineteenth-century composer sound as effortless as a summer afternoon, and the delicately swooning "Rome" seems handcrafted for a bittersweet, romantic art-house film that singer Thomas Mars's wife, Sofia Coppola, hasn't directed yet. An early contender for album of the *année*? We say *oui*.



DVDs

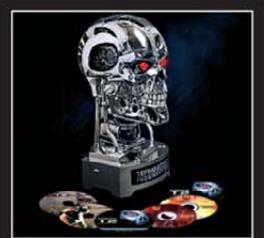


S. Darko

The Plot: In this “DVD original” sequel to the cult hit *Donnie Darko*, Donnie’s little sister starts getting her own apocalypse warnings.

Buy or Rent? If you’re a *Darko* newbie, rent this and *Donnie* and watch them both (in order!) before you commit to spending your cold, hard cash. They’re not for everyone, and a lot of serious *Donnie* fans are pissed off about a sequel that’s not from the original’s director/writer, Richard Kelly.

Added Value? Eh. A couple of behind-the-scenes features. —B.R.T.



High-def Update

Terminator 2: Judgment Day Skynet Edition

T2 returns to Blu-ray in an impressive-looking package, with a crapload (eight hours) of bonus features and the most advanced sound, video, and interactivity capabilities available. (The previous Blu-ray had just the theatrical cut and a commentary track.)

The Limited Edition *T2* Complete Collector’s Set includes the Extreme Edition and the Ultimate Edition, and comes in a 14-inch T-800 Endoskull bust with sound effects and light-up eyes.

The Arnold Schwarzenegger DVD Collection includes *T2*, *Total Recall*, *The Running Man*, and *Red Heat*, but we’ll pass, thanks. If we’re buying *Total Recall* again, it’s gotta be in high-def. —B.R.T.

Get Your Geek On

Fanboys is much funnier than its long, strange trip would lead you to believe.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

Fanboys

The Plot: Back in 1998, a group of friends road-trips from Ohio to George Lucas’s Bay Area Skywalker Ranch to steal an early print of *The Phantom Menace*. *Fanboys* was originally slated for release in 2007 but was held by the studio, recut to meet Harvey Weinstein’s edict that references to one character’s terminal illness be removed, then cut again with the cancer plotline restored, apparently in response to fans’ complaints. Additional footage was also shot in late 2007 by a second director. The movie finally hit theaters this past February in limited release, and now it’s heading to DVD. But don’t let that deter you. It’s much funnier than its checkered past would lead you to believe. (Well,

unless you’re offended by homophobic jokes.) If you have buddies who are really into *Star Wars* or *Star Trek* (or are part of any sci-fi fandom, really), gather them for a viewing. If they don’t recognize themselves, they have absolutely no sense of humor. The cast is full of TV vets and some brilliant cameos, and the luscious Kirsten Bell (*Veronica Mars* and *Heroes*) is every geek’s dream girl brought to life. She is, indeed, a cross between Sarah Michelle Gellar and Janeane Garofalo.

Buy or Rent? Rent. It’s worth watching, but only the most rabid fanboys will feel the need to own it.

Added Value? Commentary, deleted scenes, a handful of making-of featurettes, and webisodes.



Friday Night Lights

Season 3

The Plot: This high school football-team drama finds the coach torn between his loyal QB and pressure to replace him with a gifted freshman, bad-boy Tim Riggins rekindling his romance with prim Lyla Garrity, and two major characters departing.

Buy or Rent? Buy. After a rocky sophomore year, these 13 episodes return to what *FNL* does best: small-town conflicts, characters with heart, and lots of football to break up the soap-opera moments. The strongest episodes (such as “Hello, Goodbye”) deal with ballsy running back Brian “Smash” Williams, who’s training for college tryouts despite a busted knee.

Added Value? Not too much. Commentaries and deleted scenes, including a “lost storyline” from the season finale. —*Nicole Green*



True Blood

Season 1

The Plot: It’s two years after vampires have “come out” into society. Anna Paquin’s blonde Cajun cutie, Sookie Stackhouse, is caught in a love triangle between a vampire and a shape-shifter in steamy, swampy Louisiana.

Buy or Rent? Buy. There is so much dirty sex in this series, especially between vampires and thrill-seeking “fangbangers,” it’s worth rewatching. Look for Paquin nudity when Sookie gets down and goes under the fang.

Added Value? The five-disc set includes audio commentary and a documentary. —*Christine Colby*



Top Gear

Season 10

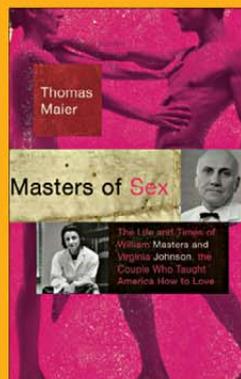
The Plot: This British automotive show is the most popular car show in the world. More than 500 million people have watched it, and it airs in more than 100 countries. If you’ve only seen the American cut, you’re missing the best parts. Strong words, we know, given that you’ve seen the show race cars against a downhill bobsled team and a jet, but the celebrity drivers and news reports are hilarious.

Buy or Rent? Oh, just buy it. Someone has to make it worth their while to get



the full version to the States. Or rent it and check out all the highlights for free at TopGear.com.

Added Value? None. —*B.R.T.*

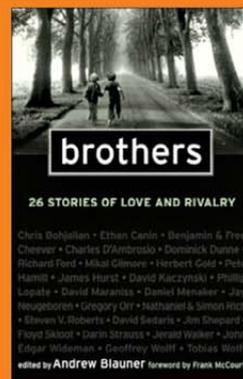


Masters of Sex: The Life and Times of William Masters and Virginia Johnson, the Couple Who Taught America How to Love

By Thomas Maier (Basic Books)

It’s not an exaggeration to say that Masters and Johnson, a pair of researchers who started out at Washington University in St. Louis, are responsible for much of our modern thinking about sex. Maier’s history provides an in-depth look at the twin paths of their professional research and personal relationship (they were married from 1971 to 1992), while dishing about the duo’s work as sex therapists for Hollywood stars, such as the incredibly sexy Barbara Eden of *I Dream of Jeannie* fame, and Senator Jacob Javits.

There are plenty of fireworks here, from the pair’s controversial prescriptions of sex surrogates to the revelation that Masters developed his “squeeze method” of delaying ejaculation from observing the action in whorehouses. An excellent writer and a top-notch reporter, Maier excels at providing intriguing details without veering into titillation, and the reader comes away with a great appreciation for the pioneering forthrightness of Masters and Johnson—especially considering it’s a field of study that still makes some uneasy.



Brothers: 26 Stories of Love and Rivalry
Edited by Andrew Blauner (Jossey-Bass)

Literary agent Blauner has gathered dozens of accomplished writers, including Richard Ford, David Sedaris, and Don- inick Dunne, to reflect on what their brothers mean to them. Many of the essays explore how the brotherly relationship changed from childhood to adulthood—for better and for worse. One of the most intense pieces is by David Kaczynski—brother of Unabomber Ted Kaczynski—who describes his realization that his brother was the FBI’s most wanted. Kaczynski writes, “Suddenly, I felt trapped inside the narrative of our lives, my identity forever defined by the fate of being Ted Kaczynski’s brother.”

The tones vary from angry to joyful, nostalgic to insightful, and painful to humorous. Sedaris offers an ode to his profanity-loving brother, who tells their patient father, “Bitch, I’m here to tell you that it’s going to be all right. We’ll get through this shit, mother-fucker, just you wait.” Daniel Menaker, former executive editor in chief at Random House, recalls his long-dead brother spilling secrets about using bacon grease for lube, bonding over sex talk, and creating homemade weapons. Whether or not you have a brother, you’ll enjoy the entertaining, affecting tales collected here.

Leisure Suit Larry: Box Office Bust



CODEMASTERS (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Poor Larry Laffer. Once upon a time he was a dork just trying to get laid. Now he's running a major Hollywood movie studio. Hey, wait a minute. That's not so bad. Who better to bring back those legendary casting-couch days? But, alas, you won't be playing the not-lucky-in-love legend, who was pushing 40 back in his eighties heyday. That wouldn't be so bad either, if the game weren't supremely disappointing.

You play Larry Lovage, the nephew from *Magnum Cum Laude*. Lovage has been hired by his high-rolling uncle because the mogul suspects an employee is selling off all his good ideas. It's your job to ferret out the mole. The adventure-style action is within the walls of Laffer Studios. The raunchy humor is back, spilling from the mouths of Hugh Jackstick (Tom Arnold), Ginger Vitis (Carmen Electra), and Big Al (Artie Lange), but—and this is a big but—the nudity that was so prevalent in *MCL* has disappeared. No full-on nudity, no partial nudity, nothing. Nada. Zip. Somewhere along the way, as the title was transferred from Sierra to Activision to Codemasters, the game was cleaned up. (For what it's worth, this is the second installment that was not worked on by the character's creator, Al Lowe.)

As you truck around the studio completing missions, you'll stumble across minigames that poke fun at pop-culture monuments (like Michael Jackson's *Thriller*). Just don't expect to get into bed with your crush, Nikki Cox (Shannon Elizabeth).



REVIEWS



PATAPON 2 SONY (PSP)

Since their ship crashed en route to Earthend, the Patapons must start over. As a mighty god in this rhythm-based game, you get to help them. **Rocks:** The silhouetted 2-D art style that Sony also used in *LocoRoco* differentiates it—in a good way—from more realistic-looking titles. You have to bang your drums (via the face buttons) in a particular rhythm and sequence to get the Patapons to move, fight, and defend, but it doesn't feel like a chore. There's a wide variety of classes to which you can upgrade your fighters. **Flops:** You have to continue to bang your drums in a particular rhythm and sequence, so the levels start to feel similar after a few hours.



INDIANA JONES AND THE STAFF OF KINGS LUCAS ARTS (Wii, PS2, PSP)

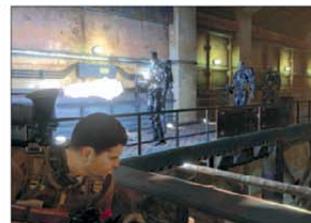
After letting us run through the three classic Indy films as a LEGO figure, we were ready for a "real" Indiana Jones game. We got it. Dr. Jones discovers the fate of the lost continent of Atlantis, and he's just how you remember him: a wise-cracking archaeologist with a love of artifacts and a face that looks a lot like Harrison Ford's. **Rocks:** You wield the Wii remote like a whip! Beating up Nazis and money-laundering goons in locales from Istanbul to San Francisco. Indy's unique brand of humor. You're not looking for crystal skulls. **Flops:** The enemies? Not the brightest.

PREVIEWS



X-MEN ORIGINS: WOLVERINE ACTIVISION (XBOX 360, PS3, PS2, PSP, Wii, DS, PC)

This snarly mutant, one of the sickest X-Men, hasn't had his own title since the GameCube was in style. Maybe that was a good thing. **Rocks:** You get to play as Wolverine and brutalize enemies with your adamantium claws. Your regenerative abilities keep you from dying, but not from getting captured. **Flops:** Though the finishing moves are fun, the combo attacks are more like button-mashing than giving your enemies a one-two punch. Too much in common with titles (such as *God of War*) that do a better job with this type of game. Would a sexy little rendezvous with Jean Grey have been so hard to add?



TERMINATOR SALVATION WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

This third-person shooter takes place two years before this summer's cinematic installment. John Connor is deep in the minutia of trying to fight the powerful Skynet robots. **Rocks:** The odds are not in your favor, so you've got to bring out the big guns. There is a 30-foot Terminator that's wicked-ass scary and a spider-like one that's just plain creepy. The seductive Rose McGowan voices one of the characters (though she's not in the film). **Flops:** Los Angeles gets destroyed again. Those Terminators always return. An Easter egg featuring Christian Bale's on-set "fuck"-filled rant is (we're guessing) not included.

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GONE FISHING!

By William Spain

Considering how many Americans have been thrown out of work since September, a lot of people are going to have time to go fishing this summer. If you are among the hordes with too much time on your hands, grab that severance—or unemployment—check and get thee to Cabela's!



GOODS



Old Town Vapor 10XT Kayak

The Vapor may not have all the features of a true angling kayak, but it has enough—at half the price. This single-layer polyethylene craft is plenty stable, with adequate cushioning on the adjustable, quick-drying seat, along with thigh pads and foot braces. The paddle holder is molded in, as is a slot for a GPS. The stern well has a hinged cover to keep things dry. It measures a manageable ten feet by just under two feet and weighs only 48 pounds, but it can hold up to 325. (\$500)



Penn Captiva Spinning Reel

This solid piece of equipment is somewhat of a throwback to the old days when things were made with an eye toward durability and precision. Good for both fresh- and saltwater fishing, the Penn Captiva Spinning Reel's tough casing, reinforced graphite frame, and balanced rotor will last for years, while eight stainless-steel ball bearings and one roller bearing mean smooth gearing and performance. An anti-reverse system is always on for fast hooksets. You'll be hard-pressed to find a better, more versatile reel at this price. (\$60 to \$80)



MotorGuide VariMAX Hand-Control Bow-Mount Trolling Motor

The digitally regulated power flow means more battery life—as much as three to five times longer—but it's competitively priced with similar offerings. Lots of speed variety and push/pull directional controls help with tight maneuvers around buoys, rocks, or floating mob victims. Keep track of speed, battery life, and direction on an LED monitor that can be read in sunlight or the dark of night. The aluminum shaft resists rust, and it comes with a bow mount. Available in both 12- and 24-volt models. (\$500 to \$700)



Aqua-Vu Explorer 5

Aqua-Vu's fish-shaped camera beams out light at the right angle to cut down flashback for evening use; a dozen spectral response lights and a dimmer control make it adaptable to a variety of conditions. The Aqua-Vu gives roughly twice the visibility of traditional infrared lights while displaying a crisp image on its monitor. On-screen displays also register water temperature, and the 12-volt battery can run for eight hours on a single charge. And if the fish are being elusive, you can always make a run by the nude beach. (\$300)



With Cabela's Prodigy Spinning Rod and Weight Balance System, you won't end up crying in your beer over the one that got away.

Cabela Guardian Series Tournament 3500 Inflatable Personal Flotation Device

It's not cheap, but this is one life jacket that won't be sitting in the bottom of the boat getting soggy. Why? Because you'll actually wear it. It is so small and lightweight, you won't feel like you have it on. The neoprene collar and back yoke's padded mesh adjust for a great fit, and the bladders inflate to a buoyancy level twice that of standard foam vests. Best of all, this sucker inflates automatically when you hit the water, so if you fall asleep—or pass out drunk—it'll save your ass. (\$150)

Cabela Prodigy Spinning Rod and Weight Balance System

This lightweight, ergonomic model features split grips made of comfy, high-density EVA foam for better sensitivity. The Prodigy was built on a 54-million-modulus graphite blank, and features guides that are reinforced with high-grade aluminum oxide to resist abrasion, corrosion, and friction. The separate weight-balance feature allows an angler to fine-tune the balance with four weights that can be used together or separately. It's a pity they don't make sex toys, too. (rod \$100; weights \$12)



FREEWHEELIN'



DAYTONA AFTER DARK

A legendary race moves under the Friday night lights, while a gang of hot new rides heats up Bike Week.

By Bill Heald

YAMAHA YZF-R1

The R1 has been Yamaha's Supersport flagship for many years now, and has been praised as one of the lightest, most flickable liter bikes on the road. Now it will also be known as one of the most user-friendly rides; by borrowing crossplane crankshaft technology from the M1 MotoGP bike (a design that allows an uneven firing order for smoother power delivery), the new R1 gets the horsepower to the road with more control than ever before. A new system called D-Mode works with the Yamaha Chip Controlled Throttle to fine-tune engine response to suit conditions and provides more polished sport riding. In A mode, the electronics add more acceleration emphasis in the low- to midrange portion of the rev range and feels more aggressive when you give it a handful of throttle. The B mode makes overall power delivery less abrupt,

giving the throttle a more sensitive feel, which makes riding such a powerful motorcycle in a sudden thunderstorm a thankfully nondramatic event. Finally, there's a Standard mode, a blend of the other settings that works best for all-around riding (as you might expect).

An all-new frame strikes that magical blend of chassis rigidity for crisp handling with just a bit of flex to help the fully adjustable suspension keep the machine stable in bumpy corners. The riding position is really sporty, but easy on your wrists, and there's a very cool first for this bike: adjustable footpegs. This innovation gives you a 15-mm vertical and 3-mm front-to-back adjustment range so you can tailor the pegs to your build. With the multi-mode throttle, highly tweakable suspension, and adjustable ergonomics, the R1 is not just potent—it's now a better fit than ever before.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, inline four
Bore x stroke	78 mm x 52.2 mm
Displacement	998 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Transistor controlled ignition
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	43-mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	190/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.8 gallons
Wheelbase	55.7 inches
Seat height	38.8 inches
Wet weight	454 pounds
MSRP	\$12,490



■ VICTORY HAMMER

You've got to love a big, muscular cruiser with a name that implies Thor himself should be riding it. Victory's Hammer definitely lives up to its name, too, especially now that it's graced with the latest generation of the company's enormous 1,731-cc (that's 106 cubic inches) Freedom V-twin engine. Everything on this stylish cruiser is big, bold, and boisterous, yet in typical Victory fashion, it's a functional ride with some very interesting features and a competent, well-engineered chassis.

Oh, did I mention this is a big motorcycle? The V-twin's massive 101-mm pistons always let you know they're there with strong (but not annoying) power pulses that are especially evident when you crack open the throttle at low revs. While this engine is found in a variety of Victory motorcycles, it's carefully tuned for the Hammer and includes Stage 2 performance cams. With the obvious comparison to another American V-twin manufacturer, it's cool that Victory's big mill really does have a sound and feel all its own, and the six-speed transmission shifts smoothly, unlike some other big cruisers out there. A clean, efficient belt drive rounds out the drivetrain, and in the back there's an almost carlike 250-series rear tire that puts a whole lot of rubber on the street and looks awesome, too.

Seeing how this is a bike designed to fit the God of Thunder, there is

a long reach to the wide, wide bars (stylishly rendered as a large V for Victory). The front footpegs are way out there as well, so it's a stretch for the short of inseam but still manageable. There's modest cornering clearance, but the Hammer is a very stable ride and the brakes are strong and easy to modulate. A final excellent feature? The seat cowl that covers the passenger seat for a solo-saddle look snaps off to make room for your partner, and snaps on top of the headlight like a small café fairing.

With a booming V-twin and an enormous rear Dunlop to deliver the torque, the Hammer pounds the competition into submission.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-/oil-cooled, 50-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	101 mm x 108 mm
Displacement	1,731 cc
Fuel system	Electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	43-mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Single shock
Front brakes	Dual 300-mm floating discs
Rear brake	Single 300-mm floating disc
Front tire	130/70 R18
Rear tire	250/40 R18
Fuel tank	4.5 gallons
Wheelbase	65.7 inches
Seat height	26.5 inches
Dry weight	669 pounds
MSRP	\$17,499





■ HARLEY-DAVIDSON XR1200

The All-American Motor Company's new hot-rod Sportster may be new to these shores, but the bike started burning up the European market a year ago. All is forgiven, though, now that the machine so many dirt-track enthusiasts begged Harley to build has arrived—and the XR1200 is arguably the finest representative of the Sportster family ever to storm out of a corner. Inspired by Harley's famous XR-750 dirt-track racing bike, which has dominated the sport for three decades, this newest Sporty is loaded with serious performance enhancements and copies the racer's unique style, right down to the cool upswept straight shot exhaust system. The Evolution 1,200 V-twin engine sports a huge oil cooler and a very trick air intake to feed the Downdraft Sequential Port Fuel Injection, along with high compression pistons and performance cams. The five-speed transmission shifts with a precision

Harleys couldn't touch a few years ago, and the ratios are well-calibrated for aggressive riding. In typical Sportster fashion, the big motor shakes a bit at idle, but smooths out under load and has tons of torque throughout the rev range. The power delivery is a great fit for this bike, too, because the XR has a sport-oriented riding position with fairly high pegs to increase cornering clearance that guarantees back-road happiness. The bars give excellent leverage for quick steering, and brilliant Showa inverted front forks deliver good bump compliance and road feel. The all-new frame serves as a stout platform for this great kit, and ensures this unique Sportster can be ridden harder with more control than any other bike in the Harley lineup. One thing I could do without is the classic Sportster spring-loaded sidestand, which is diabolical to deploy and irritating at best. But this is a trivial matter, because this is a fun bike to root around on, especially when the road gets serpentine.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, 45-degree Evolution V-twin
Bore x stroke	88.9 mm x 96.82 mm
Displacement	1,202 cc
Fuel system	Downdraft Sequential Port Fuel Injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five-speed
Front suspension	43-mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Dual shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 292-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 260-mm floating disc
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	3.5 gallons
Wheelbase	59.8 inches
Seat height	30.5 inches
Dry weight	562 pounds
MSRP	\$10,799 black; \$11,079 color

DAYTONA RACE PHOTOGRAPH (BELOW) BY RILES AND NELSON PHOTO

Bring on the Night

America's most famous motorcycle race, the Daytona 200, has undergone a lot of dramatic changes throughout its storied history; the biggest was in 1961, when the event moved from the beach to Daytona International Speedway. Now that the Daytona Motorsports Group runs AMA Pro Road Racing, they've made further alterations. In terms of the big race, the class of bikes is similar to last year's Formula Xtreme class with some intriguing

additions (like a 1,125-cc Buell V-twin being allowed in with all the 600 Fours).

This has proven a bit controversial, but the biggest change was switching the race from Saturday afternoon to Friday night, underneath the track's massive lighting units, aided by portable Musco units to help illuminate the infield. Obviously, it wasn't as bright as daytime, but the cooler temperatures helped rider

■ TRIUMPH SPEEDMASTER

Few manufacturers produce a line of motorcycles that embraces the present and celebrates the past the way Triumph has managed to do since it rose from the ashes in the nineties. And as much as I like the newest pack of sport bikes the company has created, there's one particular retro machine that really caught my eye and lured me as only a British Twin can do. The Speedmaster is a retro cruiser that packs a lot of unique character into a form that looks a bit like a Bonneville or Thunderbird yet goes its own way. The bike's old-looks/modern-technology mix is best displayed by the carburetors, for they are not carburetors at all. Oh, sure, they have the housings that look like twin carbs, but inside you'll find multipoint sequential electronic fuel injection with Secondary Air Injection. Throttle response is satisfyingly immediate with great midrange grunt and a very soulful, expressive exhaust note that is pure Triumph. Like its ancestors that go back many decades, this 865-cc air-cooled vertical-twin engine has a feel that is

totally unique, but unlike past units (which could become a bit buzzy at higher revs), the Speedmaster stays fairly mellow in the vibes department. The riding position may seem a little strange at first, with flat, "drag" style bars (with unusually fat, satisfying grips) and pegs mounted further forward than you might expect to reinforce Triumph's "cruiser" designation. Once you get used to it, the Speedmaster's ergonomics work fine, though, and the optional solo seat is quite comfortable for long hauls. The bike feels solid, with good, predictable handling, and can be hustled through bends with confidence. A cool little tachometer sits atop the fuel tank, while the speedometer features a genuine mechanical odometer and trip meter instead of the electronic units you see nowadays. Retro rules, man.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, parallel twin
Bore x stroke	90 mm x 68 mm
Displacement	865 cc
Fuel system	Multipoint sequential fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five-speed
Front suspension	41-mm forks
Rear suspension	Twin shocks, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 285-mm disc
Front tire	110/80 18
Rear tire	170/80 15
Fuel tank	5.1 gallons
Wheelbase	65.2 inches
Seat height	28.3 inches
Dry weight	504 pounds
MSRP	\$8,699 single color; \$8,899 two-toned



endurance over the long race, along with tire life (allowing for different rubber compounds compared with the heat of the day).

When all was said and done (including one red-flag restart), Ben Bostrom took his Yamaha R6 to the top of the podium, followed by his Graves Yamaha teammate Josh Herrin and M4 Suzuki's Jason DiSalvo. As for night racing, Bostrom said he had no problems: "I'm kind of a night owl anyway. I like it. It felt good."

Ben Bostrom



■ HONDA CBR600RR

The CBR, a perennially favorite middleweight sport bike, has always been one of those amazing motorcycles that is perfectly suited to the street, yet can blast around like a crazed demon on the racetrack. (Some owners have even thrown soft luggage on them and gone touring.) This new version is no exception, except that it may be a tad more tractable around town without sacrificing performance in the least. Chalk this up to an increase in midrange power (very important when dealing with traffic), thanks to crossover balance tubes in the exhaust plumbing and an exhaust pressure valve in the muffler. Changes to the intake ports help overall horsepower, and the bodywork has been redone to give the bike an even sportier, more aggressive appearance.

So far, so good. But the dramatic (revolutionary, really) change to the CBR is an optional braking system, which Honda calls Combined ABS. In the past, when the word “combined” was used with ABS it meant that the front and back brakes were linked together, so either the rear brake pedal or front brake lever would activate both brakes, and antilock

technology was incorporated to prevent wheel lockup. This new system is entirely different and considerably more sophisticated. In a nutshell, when you hit the brakes, a computer system applies the brakes as efficiently as possible given the conditions and pressure the rider applies, and allows you to use the rear brake without activating the front units unless the electronics sense an impending skid. If this happens, the front discs engage as well. This gives the rider more control even during racing, and unlike other ABS systems, there’s no “pulsing” at the lever or pedal when the antilock circuits are cycling. The bottom line is, these are the best brakes I’ve ever used on a motorcycle, and what they add in terms of safety (especially in the rain) can’t be overstated. **아**

Fresh, aggressive styling always adorns a cool new ride, but look underneath the skin and you’ll find wild multimode engines and incredibly sophisticated braking systems.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled, inline four
Bore x stroke	67 mm x 42.5 mm
Displacement	599 cc
Fuel system	Dual Stage Fuel Injection
Ignition	Digital transistorized
Transmission	Six-speed
Front suspension	41-mm male slider forks, fully adjustable
Rear suspension	Single shock, fully adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310-mm discs (optional Honda Combined ABS)
Rear brake	Single 220-mm disc (optional Honda Combined ABS)
Front tire	120/70 ZR17
Rear tire	180/55 ZR17
Fuel tank	4.8 gallons
Wheelbase	53.9 inches
Seat height	32.3 inches
Dry weight	410 pounds; 432 w/ABS
MSRP	\$9,799; \$10,799 w/ABS



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Back Off, Buddy

Every night your girlfriend goes out, her friends are there, too—whether you like it or not. Penthouse Pet **Shawna Leneé** explains how you can get along with your woman's entourage.

By Jonathan Ages

■ BROS BEFORE HO'S

"I've had a boyfriend or two that my friends didn't like. In the end, my friends have always been right. They're outside the window looking in, and they know what kind of person you are and what kind of person you need. Never end a friendship over some girl! And be warned, if her friends don't like you, she's a lot more likely to break up with you. They've planted a seed in her head. It's hard for her *not* to be influenced by that—even if you spit out those three magical words: I love you."

■ ESCAPE CLAUSE

"It's a bad move to separate your girlfriend from her friends because she needs someone she can talk to besides you. If you get in a fight and you need your space, you're screwed if she's got nowhere to go."

■ FAMILY FEUD

"Friends are like family. When two people get together, they want their friends to get along. If you have some minor issues with her friends, then you've just got to push aside the problems. You're not in the relationship for your girlfriend's friends; you're in it for the girlfriend. Still, there's a point when, if you and your buddies can't stand her friends, you have to call it quits. Otherwise there's gonna be way too much tension."

■ THANKS, JEEVES

"If her friends are annoying divas, and one of them asks you to carry her bag, don't do it. Who cares if she gets pissed off? She's not your girlfriend. But if it's something minor, like holding her purse for a moment, then it's better just to do it so you can get along. Sometimes you've gotta act like a pussy—deal with it."

■ PARTY TILL YOU PUKE

"Amusement parks work great, if you want to repair your standing with her friends. And if you still can't get along at an amusement park, then it's never gonna happen. Oh, and your fun factor is zero."

■ THIRD WHEEL

"So many girls have jealous friends. Invite the friend out, and hook her up on double dates. She won't view it as pity. My friends hook me up with guys all the time. Even if it doesn't work out, at least I'm out having fun and I have someone to talk to when they're busy making out." 



PENTHOUSE
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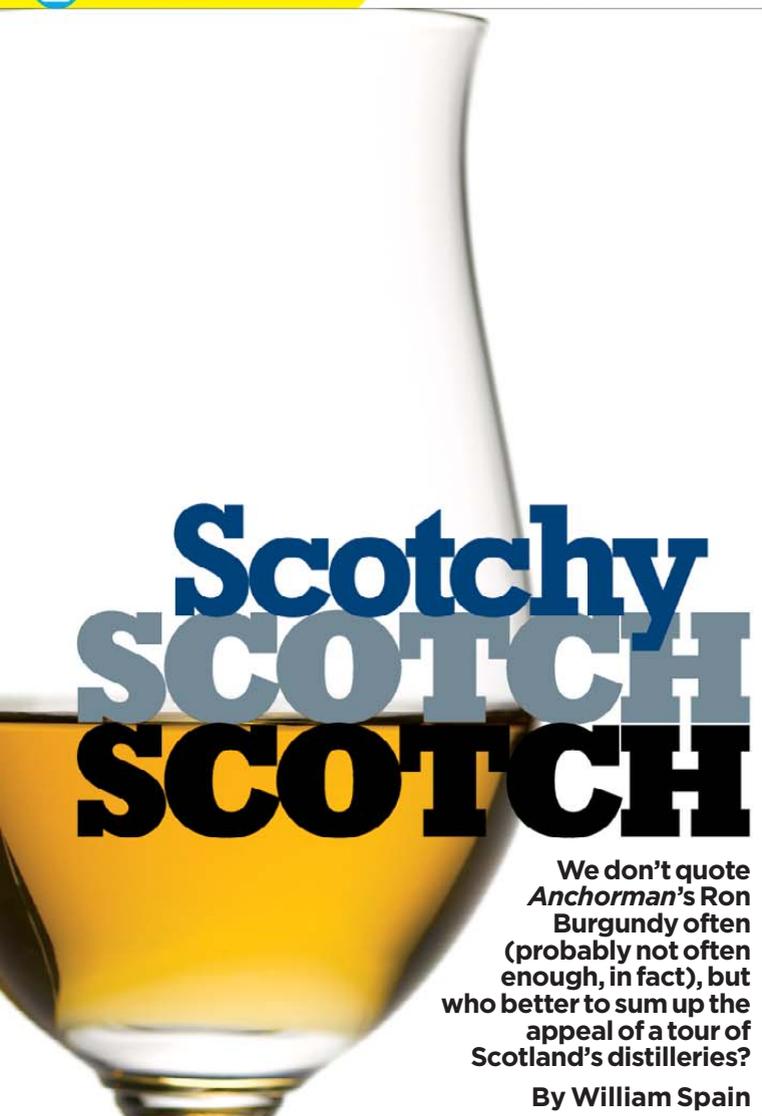
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We don't quote *Anchorman's* Ron Burgundy often (probably not often enough, in fact), but who better to sum up the appeal of a tour of Scotland's distilleries?

By William Spain



A defective latch sent a bag flying off the back of the bus and onto a Scottish motorway, where it was promptly run over by a car. The laptop inside was smashed beyond repair, the screen broken and the electronic guts splattered about. But a rare bottle of 35-year-old Linn House Scotch presented by Chivas Brothers distillers the evening before—and packed just inches from the computer—survived without a scratch. The driver, in his rich Scots burr, commented, “That is why they call it ‘cask strength.’”

The “bag incident” was among the quirkiest highlights of a whisky-soaked, weeklong ramble through the lovely Scottish countryside, along with an apocalyptic canoe trip down a rain-swollen River Spey that spilled a dozen American journalists and their local handlers into near-freezing water. (They were later reinvigorated by repeated applications of Speyburn ten-year-old.)

Our tour began in Aberfeldy, a town that’s smack-dab in the middle of the country and home to Dewar’s World of Whisky, a distillery and visitor center that is second to none in terms of size, depth, and sophistication. There’s no better place to learn the process of making Scotch—and the difference between single malts and blends. Simply put, the former must all come from the same distillery, though not necessarily the same batch, while

the latter can contain liquid from dozens of locations. In both cases, however, the age stamp (i.e., 12-year-old) represents the youngest Scotch in the mix; some of it may be a good deal older.

The Dewar’s-branded blends, the distillery’s best known, run the gamut from workaday White Label to 18-year-old primo to Signature (at up to \$300 a pop), which is based around a 27-year-old. The company also produces a pair of top-notch single malts—Aberfeldy 12- and 21-year-olds. Taste them all.

Scotch whisky boasts an enormous range of tastes, depending on the percentage of malted barley that goes into the mix and how it’s roasted, the water source, proximity to the ocean, and, most important, the wood: Scotch is aged in barrels that have previously held American bourbon or sour mash, or Spanish sherry. At places like Ardmore, which makes an eponymous single malt and the blended Teacher’s, U.S. visitors may do a double take when they see oak casks stamped Maker’s Mark or Jim Beam.

Wood is something of an obsession at one don’t-miss distillery: the Macallan. From their perch high above the Spey on a magnificent estate, the good folks there can talk oak for hours, and one employee is dedicated to hand-making or selecting each and every cask. The wide range of colors, flavors, and aromas that mark the Macallan line are results that speak for themselves.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOERAY/JOE-RAY.COM. (TOP LEFT) JEFFREY COOLIDGE/GETTY IMAGES



There's no better way than a distillery tour to learn about making Scotch and the difference between single malts and blends.

There are no slouches at Royal Lochnagar, either, one of the smaller operations of the multinational liquor behemoth Diageo. The "royal" dates back to a visit by Queen Victoria and family to the distillery, which sits in the shadow of Balmoral Castle, one of the British royal family's favored summering spots. Prince Charles has been known to drop by for a dram, proving that his taste in booze—if not in women—is still relatively refined.

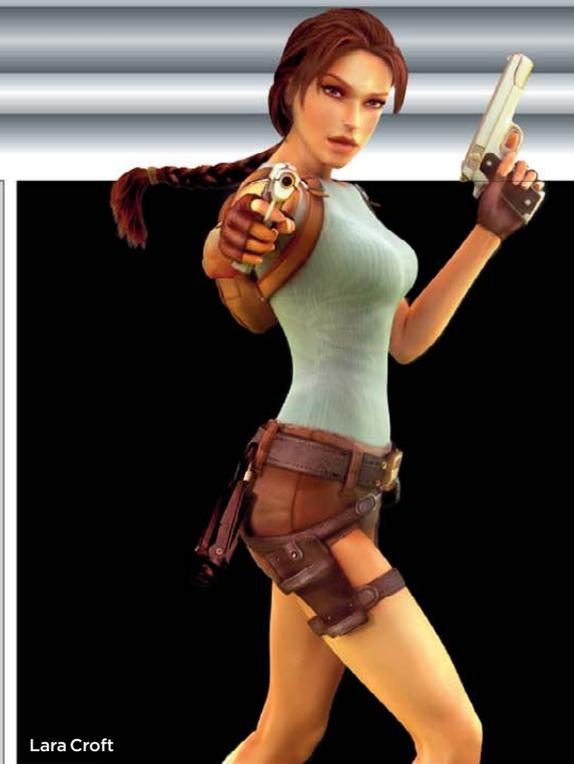
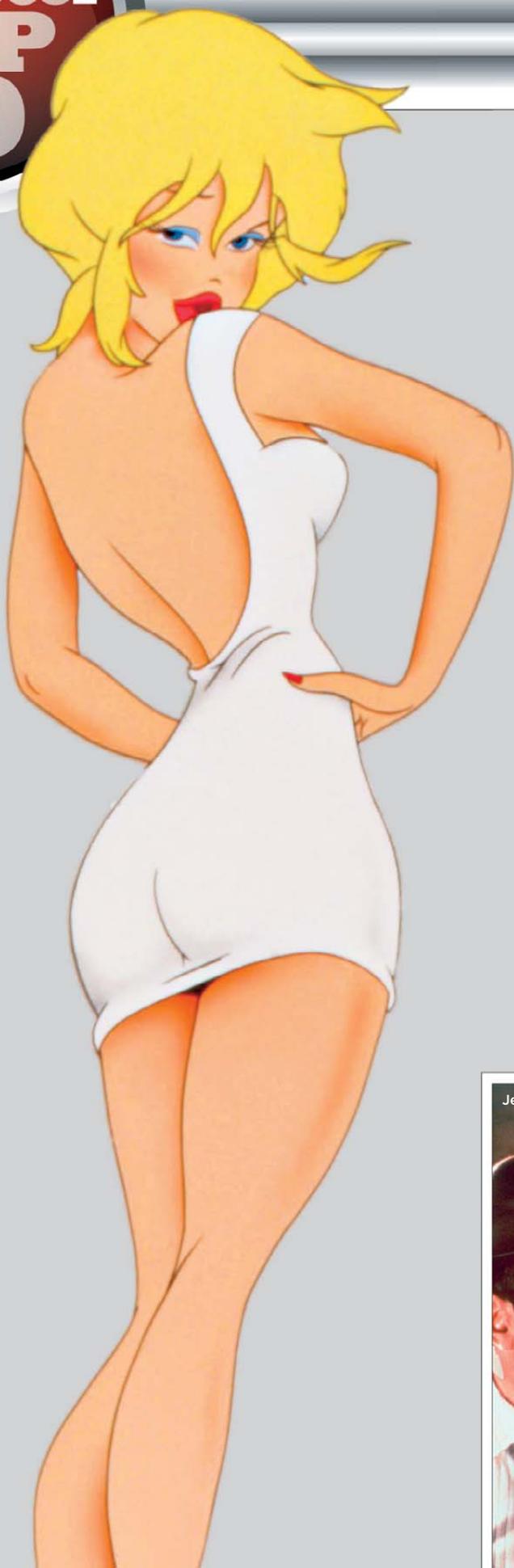
The natural settings of most Scottish distilleries range from quaint to picturesque, but if you're looking for spectacular, try Glenmorangie. The scenery in the Highlands north of Inverness on a peninsula above the Dornoch Firth, an arm of the North Sea,

is almost as breathtaking as the local amber fluid. The distillery has just reopened for tours following construction, and visitors may get a chance to chat with Dr. Bill Lumsden, a biochemist by training who later turned his skills to making some of the world's best whisky. His latest creation is Signet, a single malt made with 20 percent chocolate-malted barley, giving it a rich, complex taste and color that he calls "voluptuous." For a treat, book a room at Glenmorangie House, justifiably famous for its sweeping views down to the sea, its phenomenal cuisine featuring the best local seafood, meat, and produce, and its cabinet of rare Scotches.

Accommodations in Scotland vary from small bed and breakfasts to roadside inns to spectacular castle hotels. The prices may give some Americans serious sticker shock, but the economic downturn gives you more buying power. The food is generally good, though the menus can be somewhat limited compared to the United States. The salmon is always a good bet, as is the beef and venison; the lamb—which you'll see scampering about the meadows in a display of mouth-watering cuteness—is excellent.

The weather can be unpredictable, with rain often in the forecast. The best time to go in terms of weather is the summer, but the prices skyrocket. The more budget-conscious might find late spring or early fall a better bet. ☞

**THE
PENTHOUSE
TOP
40**



Lara Croft



Sweet Chastity



Jessica Rabbit

Vixens of Fiction

As this magazine proves monthly, flesh-and-blood women can be as hot as hell. But we've also known some drool-worthy animated ladies.

By Rebecca Swanner

1. WICKED WANDA AND SWEET CHASTITY

That's right, we're starting off with our own creations. Sue us for self-interest if you must, but we think you'll find that even the most impartial judge would rule that both these smokin' sirens are worthy of inclusion on this list.

2. JESSICA RABBIT

Who Framed Roger Rabbit's curvy, redheaded singer—who was based on actress/pinup model Veronica Lake—assured us she wasn't bad; she was just drawn that way. Personally, we thought she was drawn pretty damn well. Still, all men can learn a lesson from her reason for marrying a rabbit: "He makes me laugh."

3. CATWOMAN

Back in the nineties, Michelle Pfeiffer purred her way into our hearts in her vinyl Catwoman getup, but the slinky antihero who loves her whip was just as impossible to ignore when embodied by the luscious Julie Newmar and Lee Meriwether, the growly Eartha Kitt, the way-too-sexy-for-such-a-bad-movie Halle Berry, and in her original curvy comic-book incarnation.

4. LARA CROFT

Even back when *Tomb Raider* first hit our computer screens and Lara had triangle-shaped boobs—and before Angelina Jolie so completely embodied her in two live-action films—this dual-pistol-wielding archaeologist elevated our, um, spirits.

5. WONDER WOMAN

She's got tantalizing curves and a low-cut, supersexy leotard—not to mention impressive fighting skills and an invisible plane—so we're thinking this amazing Amazonian doesn't even need her Lasso of Truth. What man wouldn't willingly submit to her?

6. THE BARONESS

...or to G.I. Joe's Cobra intelligence expert? We're guessing that seeing British bombshell Sienna Miller in that tight dominatrix-style outfit will be the high point of *G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra*. (For more on Miller, see "Hollywood Heat Wave" on page 50.)

7. STRIPPERELLA

Pamela Anderson took her cartoon character status seriously as Stan Lee's voluptuous, crime-fighting, leather-wearing superhero stripper, even if she did have to face off against foes like Queen Clitoris.

8. EMMA FROST

This *X-Men* villain-turned-hero from Boston made our jaw drop when envisioned by artist Greg Horn. Who doesn't love a hot babe with gorgeous long hair who runs around in a skimpy costume?

9. RAYNE

Don't be fooled by the cute red bob, corseted top, leather pants, and stiletto boots. *BloodRayne*'s heroine showed us exactly why we should never mess with a half-human/half-vampire who's out for revenge. Not that we don't still love her.

10. JOANNA DARK

Perfect Dark's mercenary has always been a formidable protagonist, but she got infinitely hotter after her makeover for *Perfect Dark Zero*, which included a revealing new jumpsuit.

11. STORM

Another X-Man? Um, yeah. This white-haired, weather-controlling superhero is more than beautiful; she's positively electric.

12. DEATH

This member of *Sandman*'s Endless—with her ghostly pale skin, an eye rimmed to resemble the Egyptian Eye of Horus, and a silver ankh necklace—will guide you to the underworld. If this is what's in store when we kick the bucket, we anticipate going peacefully.

13. AEON FLUX

This secret agent may be insanely skinny and overly muscular, but we still get off on the barely there getup and limitless flexibility.

14. FOXXY LOVE

In the *Big Brother*-inspired satire *Drawn Together*, this bisexual, tailed musician parades around in a bikini-like superhero outfit. Just what the live show needs for next season.

15. RED HOT RIDING HOOD

Tex Avery knew what he was doing when he directed this short film that features a sexed-up adult Red Riding Hood singing the seductive "Daddy" in a Sunset Strip nightclub.

16. HOLLI WOULD

In *Cool World*, created by Ralph Bakshi (*Fritz the Cat*), this buxom blonde is like a sexy female Pinocchio. After she seduces human cartoonist Jack Deebs, she stops at nothing to become a real woman.

THE PENTHOUSE TOP 40

■ 17. THE WOMEN OF THE LOST GIRLS

Alice from *Wonderland*, Wendy from *Peter Pan*, and Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz* experience their sexual awakenings in graphic ways in this limited-edition story by Alan Moore.

■ 18. VAMPIRELLA

This bloodsucker who protects Earth from malicious vampires isn't affected by sunlight, garlic, or anything else we usually carry on a date. Good thing we'd welcome a little nibble from her.

■ 19. TAARNA

Heavy Metal's warrior is beautiful, yes, but it's her relentless pursuit to hunt down the villains who destroyed her city—even after she's survived capture and torture—that makes her truly sexy.

■ 20. HANA ANDRAIN

One gorgeous woman in a videogame is standard, but *Fear Effect 2: Retro Helix* boasts two magnificent mercenaries who just happen to be lovers. Score!

■ 21. GLORIA

This *Devil May Cry 4* villain with the shockingly blue eyes and bright white hair may look like new eye candy, but—spoiler alert!—she's revealed to be the delicious devil hunter Trish.

■ 22. BRENDA STARR

The original celebrity journalist, with all those romantic flings, should have landed herself on the front page. The fiery-haired, adventurous reporter is lucky there's no funny-page version of TMZ.

■ 23. THE DANGER GIRLS

Like Charlie's Angels, the buxom secret agents of *Danger Girl* frequently use their espionage missions as an excuse to wear the tightest clothes possible.

■ 24. ELEKTRA

Ninjas usually dress in black, but this *katana*-wielding beauty has a penchant for red, and for killing men, so you won't find us protesting her crimson choice.

■ 25. THE WITCHES OF TAROT: WITCH OF THE BLACK ROSE

Witches with huge breasts who run around naked and hook up with one another? Please, sir, may we have another installment?

■ 26. ALICIA

The game *Bullet Witch* was mediocre, but the goth witch Alicia, with her long black hair, piercing eyes, and leather outfit, made it worth playing for a little while.

■ 27. MAJOR MOTOKO KUSANAGI

From her oversize breasts to her long legs, this deeply intelligent beauty in *Ghost in the Shell* has the best cybernetic body we've seen. She's also very well-armed.

■ 28. THE WOMEN OF SOUL CALIBUR

Ivy's titanic tits may overshadow the rest of the ladies, but the insane Tira, the maiden Valeria, and the evil Shura are equally sexy.

■ 29. FAYE VALENTINE

Hot pants have gone out of style, sadly, but this curvy bounty hunter in *Cowboy Bebop* sports bright yellow ones most of the time, and oozes sex—and sarcasm. That ain't no crime.

■ 30. DAPHNE BLAKE

Scooby Doo's sexy meddling kid cared more about fashion than solving crimes—and often ended up as the damsel in distress—but her boyfriend, Fred Jones, never seemed to mind.

■ 31. ADA WONG

In *Resident Evil*, this double agent investigates the Umbrella Corporation, which was responsible for the zombie outbreaks. She did so in a tight, red miniskirt in the nineties, but we love the ankle-length sheath with the slit up to there that she sported in *RE4*.

■ 32. CHUN LI

The first playable female character in the one-on-one brawling game *Street Fighter* is a powerful "spring beauty" with enormous boobs and killer fighting moves who wears a blue *qipao*. She brings new meaning to the phrase Make love, not war.

■ 33. CASSIE HACK

This brutal gothic beauty in *Hack/Slash* has a Suicide Girls profile and may be realized by Megan Fox in a live-action film.

■ 34. EDEA

Final Fantasy VIII's evil sorceress in the cleavage-baring black dress later became a powerful member of the team.

■ 35. KAILEENA

Every prince needs a woman to rescue, and in *Prince of Persia*, our hero must save this fair beauty. Now if only the wind would shift that dress just a little....

■ 36. NARIKO

The young, redheaded warrior of *Heavenly Sword* must protect what is left of her city with the help of her mighty sword. What were you expecting us to say, semiautomatic?

■ 37. PRINCESS ZELDA

Link has a thing for Zelda, but we never gave her a second glance until the graphics in *Super Smash Bros. Brawl* showed us just how lust-worthy she is, elf ears and all. And now that we've worked our way to fond memories of days gone by...

■ 38. TINKER BELL

...the family-friendly but sexy, feisty, and very petite blonde fairy makes us want to believe...

■ 39. CRYSTA

...as much as *Fern Gully*'s fairy in an equally tiny dress makes us want to save the world from big, bad developers and polluters.

■ 40. MALEFICENT

But *Sleeping Beauty*'s self-proclaimed Mistress of All Evil may be our favorite villainess. She's model-thin in her human form, nasty as all get out in her gigantic dragon form, and has a supremely dark sense of humor. Now that's a mistress worth serving. **OT**

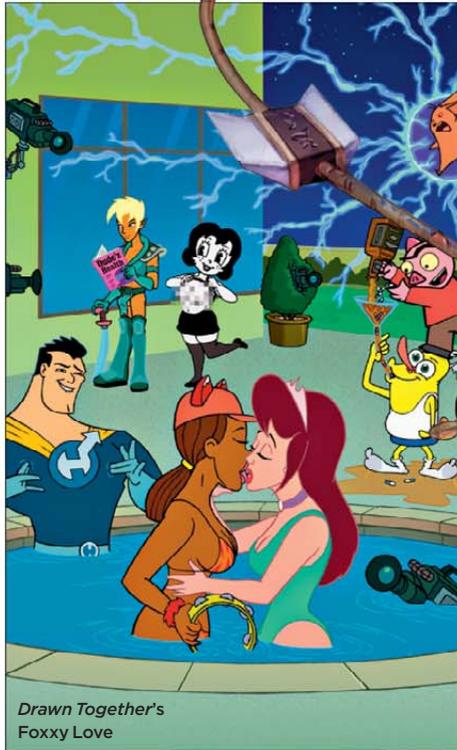
Cowboy Bebop's
Faye Valentine



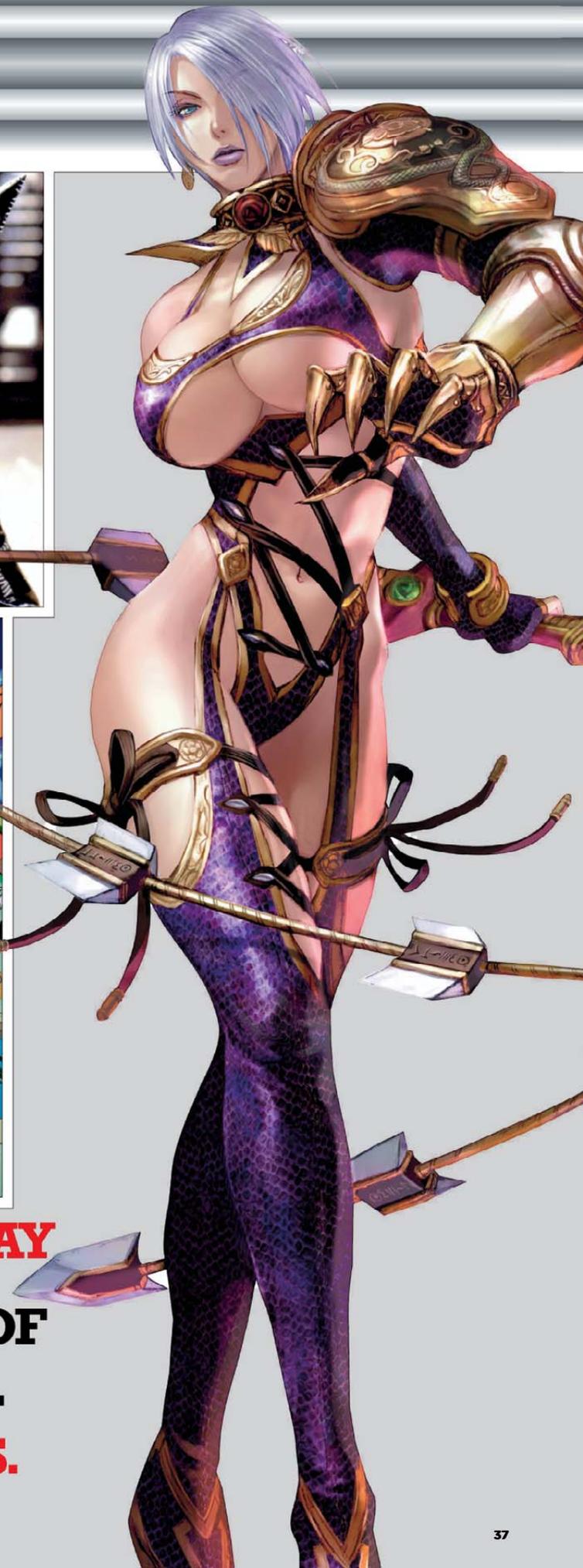
Michelle Pfeiffer sizzled as Catwoman.



Lynda Carter's iconic Wonder Woman pose



Drawn Together's Foxy Love



IVY'S TITANIC TITS MAY OVERSHADOW THE REST OF THE LADIES OF *SOUL CALIBUR*, BUT THE GAME IS FULL OF HIGH-CALIBER RACKS.

keys to our heart





In our March issue we delivered a behind-the-scenes report on our Key Girl of the Year contest at the Hedonism II resort in Jamaica, then featured an in-depth introduction to Sasha, our 2009 Key Girl of the Year, in our April issue. This month we celebrate two of our other favorite contestants: 22-year-old Tristen, from our St. Louis club, who won Best Wet T-shirt; and Tiarra, a 26-year-old Belize-born brunette who dances at the New Orleans Penthouse Club and won Best Dance Routine.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

keygirlcontest

"I love dancing at the Penthouse Club, and I always hoped it would lead to a photo shoot for the magazine. I can't wait to show this off at the club, and at this bar I go to on \$5 bottomless cup night."





"The first time I had sex, I was like, 'Oh my God!' It was amazing! And I've had so many incredible experiences since then. I was probably a bit too wild in my teens, but I don't regret it. That all shaped who I am now."





keygirlcontest

“The best thing about being a dancer is, I make up the rules. I don’t do anything I don’t want to do. I also have an excuse for indulging in my favorite shopping trips—for bras and panties. Not many people can call their lingerie ‘work clothes.’”







“My favorite workout is swinging around the pole onstage or giving a striptease upstairs in the Penthouse suite. But if you’re talking about watching sports, I’m all about the UFC. I love the tight booty shorts they wear!”



WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO
PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF TRISTEN AND TIARRA
AT PENTHOUSE.COM/KEYGIRLS.

Twenty-two

The Magic Number

Celebrating the age when everything changes, and men finally get the upper hand in the dating game.

*By Drew Magary
Illustration by Matt Vincent*

I'd like to address the college class of 2009. Yes, I know that this is the June issue of *Penthouse*, but it goes on sale in May, when you graduate. They just call it the June issue so that you'll feel like you're masturbating to pussy from the future. And futurepussy is some hot pussy, indeed.

As you are no doubt aware, you're graduating into a decidedly shitty climate. Not only are there no more jobs out there, there aren't even any bullshit, no-pay jobs you can take while you're trying to get a real one, like intern at Arby's, or amateur porn fluffer. You're fucked. Truly, deeply, stroke-victim fucked.

But you're also fucked in a good way. It's true, you idealistic little bastards! Look, you college grads are now 22 years old. And 22 is the fucking *magic* age for any heterosexual American male. It's the age when you finally start to gain the upper hand on women.

Allow me to explain. I never got laid in college. When I graduated high school, I was under the impression that my college career would be chock-full of drunken sexual misadventures. That was what the movies promised me. Fuck, even Mitch from *Real Genius* got laid in college, and he looked like Rachel Maddow.

But it never happened for me. I spent most of college getting stoned, watching *The Simpsons*, and waiting for my roommate to go shower so I could bang my pillow. Now, there are any number of reasons why I couldn't get laid in college, almost all involving massive flaws in both my looks and personality. But one of the biggest reasons was the environment itself.

Before the age of 22, there's very little pressure on women to actively go out and find a man. Before 22, most girls are still in school, safely cloistered from the real world. There's no need to worry about marriage, having kids, or growing old. There's time for girls to be selective, and holy shit are they ever selective. As a result, before the age of 22, men are by far the more desperate of the two sexes. Women are the prize to be won.

All that changes when you get out of college. Once a girl is out of that safe, nurturing school environment, the pressures of the real world come down on her like a fucking hammer. And the minute one of her close friends gets married, the sexual advantage shifts decisively. No longer are guys a mild nuisance she can afford to ignore. There's real, legitimate pressure now to find a man who can support her and help her raise a family. That female-exclusive fear of becoming an old maid who lives out her days painting watercolors of her fucking cats comes to the fore.

After 22, *men* are the prize to be won. The baton passes. The desperation men have for sex is eclipsed by the desperation women have for security. Women can't just afford to sit back and have the game come to them anymore. They have to get off their asses. They also can't be so picky anymore. They have to give consideration to guys they never would have looked at in high school.

Get us while you can, ladies! Get us now before you lose life's cruel game of musical chairs and die alone! Mwahahaha!

And to keep men interested, they have to tickle some pickle.

And that is awesome.

Finally, a little karmic payback after years of sexual frustration. It's only fair. You ladies made us suffer for fucking *years*. How's it feel to be in our shoes, eh? *Not so easy, is it?* Get us while you can, ladies! We have halfway-decent job prospects and no record of arson or sexually assaulting department-store mannequins! We're keepers! Get us now before you lose life's cruel game of musical chairs and die alone! It'll happen if you don't give us a chance! *Mwahahaha!*

This switch paid dividends in my personal history. No, I never got laid during my college years. But then my early twenties hit, and I ended up doing okay. I still looked the same. I still acted the same. I still had nose hairs that just ever so slightly protruded from the rim of my nostrils. Only the environment changed, but that was more than enough.

Consider the difference between a movie like *Superbad* and a fucking terrible girl movie like *He's Just Not That Into You*. Both feature protagonists who are desperate to connect with the opposite sex. In *Superbad*, they're male, whereas in *He's Just Not That Into You*, they're female. Why does the desperation switch over from men in the former to women in the latter? Age. Nothing more. No way Ginnifer Goodwin's character is that needy if she's in *Superbad*. Jonah Hill's character would have given a claims adjuster a handjob to hook up with someone like her.

This is why most men are loath to commit to marriage, even if they're in a seemingly happy relationship. Women will say, "Hey, he loves me. So what the fuck is the holdup?" The holdup is that we waited 22 fucking years for women to be this accessible. Forgive us if we'd like to capitalize on it a bit longer. Give us at least until age 44 to settle down. That's only fair.

So get ready, you frisky graduates. Maybe college wasn't quite the nonstop champagne orgy you had envisioned. But fear not. All the pressure society puts on women to get married and start spitting out babies is about to pay handsomely for you and your penis. *Hooray, unfair societal double standards!* You're about to enter the best years of your lives. With extra futurepussy! ☺



Hollywood Heat Wave

By Jeff Koyen



ZOE SALDANA

Star Trek, May 8
Much as Christmas decorations appear earlier each year, so creeps forward the summer film season. Forgetting for a moment the traditional, repressed homoeroticism between Kirk and Spock, the hottest on-screen action is likely to come courtesy of Zoe Saldana as the young Lieutenant Uhura—according to one trailer, Kirk and Uhura get it on. Even *Trek* loyalists will set their phasers on stun for this dancer turned actress whose childhood was split between Queens, New York, and the Dominican Republic.

A

nother summer, another slate of big-budget films. The major and independent studios will release several dozen titles between May Day and Labor Day weekend, though only a lucky few will be blockbusters. But for once, Will Smith isn't big-footing the July 4 weekend. There's no Leonardo DiCaprio. Even Russell Crowe is sitting this summer out. That's good news for the ladies, who traditionally take a backseat this time of year. Don't worry, though, it's not just romantic comedies and chick flicks. Megan Fox versus giant fucking robots, anyone?

These 20 sexy starlets will rock our box office this summer.



SASHA GREY

The Girlfriend Experience, May 22

The porn actress and Pet of the Month (July 2007) stars in Steven Soderbergh's examination of a high-end call girl's lifestyle. And why not? All good actors learn to face humiliation both on-screen and off-, and being humiliated in front of a camera is Grey's specialty. That, of course, and three-ways. But don't expect much flesh in this outing. Grey was cast for her "attitude."

od ve



ALISON LOHMAN

Drag Me to Hell, May 29

Don't feel guilty if you had a crush on Nicolas Cage's 14-year-old daughter in *Matchstick Men*—Lohman was 24 at the time. While you wait for Sam Raimi's demon thriller—which will introduce Lohman to a new audience of horror fans—download *Where the Truth Lies*. Atom Egoyan's underrated murder mystery includes a drug-fueled, R-rated lesbian hook-up between Lohman and a hot blonde singer played by Canadian actress Kristin Adams.



RACHEL WEISZ

The Brothers Bloom, May 29

Much like Kate Winslet, Rachel Weisz rarely misses a chance to go topless. Whether it's teasing Liv Tyler in *Stealing Beauty* or nailing Jude Law in *Enemies at the Gates*, Weisz is a propaganda machine for the unlikely appeal of British bods. Test-screensers report an exposed backside early in this swindle comedy from *Brick* director Rian Johnson, wherein Weisz plays foil to the titular brothers, Adrien Brody and Mark Ruffalo.



MOON BLOODGOOD

Terminator Salvation, May 21

When a girl is saddled with an awful hippie name, she usually becomes a homely outcast who's chronically covered with cat hair. Behold the exception. This 33-year-old Korean-Dutch-Irish-American actress (and former Lakers cheerleader) kicked ass in the little-seen *Street Fighter: The Legend of Chun-Li*. This summer, she'll do it again as the sexiest sunbeam in the murky, testosterone-filled *Terminator* fourquel.

Where to see more:

At WonderCon, director McG asked a crowd of tongue-wagging fans, "Do you want to see Moon's boobs in the picture?" (No points for the correct answer.) Even if *T:S* ends up with a PG-13 rating, Bloodgood's goods are still briefly available in 2008's *What Just Happened*, Robert De Niro's annual contribution to the world of awful comedies.

Why we love her:

She played—straight-faced—a suede-clad woman named Starfire in *Pathfinder*. And we have to give her props for not changing her name.



OLIVIA WILDE

The Year One, June 19
It was easy to dismiss 2006's *Turistas* as a *Hostel* knockoff. But you would've missed the supersexy Wilde slithering through the jungle in a bikini. Then again, fans had already seen their fair share when Wilde got wild on *The O.C.* with Mischa Barton, among others. For this Jack Black biblical-era comedy—directed by Harold "Egon" Ramis and costarring Michael Cera—Wilde plays Inanna, the princess of Sodom (hoorah!). She's also Jack Black's love interest (eww!).

ANNA FRIEL

Land of the Lost, June 5
Before she even reached Hollywood—and starred in ABC's *Pushing Daisies*—this British-born thesp had already made waves with a scandalous lesbian scene on a popular U.K. soap opera, *Brookside*, and a revealing ménage à trois with Jonathan Rhys Meyers and Jeremy Northam in *The Tribe*. Next up, the Golden Globe-nominated looker from Lancashire takes on dinosaurs and sleestaks in the big-budget CGI-fest *Land of the Lost*. Her costars are Will Ferrell and Danny McBride, guaranteeing Friel will be the hottest animal in the land.



HEATHER GRAHAM

The Hangover, June 12
Sigourney Weaver is Ripley; Linda Hamilton is Sarah Connor. For adoring fans who can't forget her awesome seventies-style bush, Heather Graham will forever be Rollergirl, the mobile sexpot who rode Marky Mark's gigantic schlong in *Boogie Nights*. Though pushing 40, this doll-eyed Wisconsin-born lovely is sexier than ever. But expect more laughs than lust in this buddy film that's part *Very Bad Things* and part *Dude, Where's My Car?*

EVAN RACHEL WOOD

Whatever Works, June 19
At just 21, this vixen may become Woody Allen's next "It" girl. She plays Melodie, a ditzy Southern girl involved with a cranky older man (Larry David). As *The Wrestler* proved, she has the moves to take pivotal scenes to the mat. If Penélope Cruz can get an Oscar for *Vicky Cristina Barcelona*, then Wood should be on track for a Nobel Prize.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY (OLIVIA WILDE) MARK SULLIVAN/WIREIMAGE, (HEATHER GRAHAM) FRANK MASI, (ANNA FRIEL) MICHAEL TRAY/FILMMAGIC, (EVAN RACHEL WOOD) SONY PICTURES CLASSICS/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (MEGAN FOX) ARMANDO GALLO/RETNA LTD.

MEGAN FOX

Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen, June 24

Our favorite lip-smacking hottie keeps the fire alive with two summer-bookending high-profile projects. First, she shows (yet again) that she's way cooler than Shia LaBeouf in the summer's most anticipated sequel involving giant fucking robots. Expect more wisecracks and tight shorts from her, impish grins and bad haircuts from him. And—giant fucking robots!

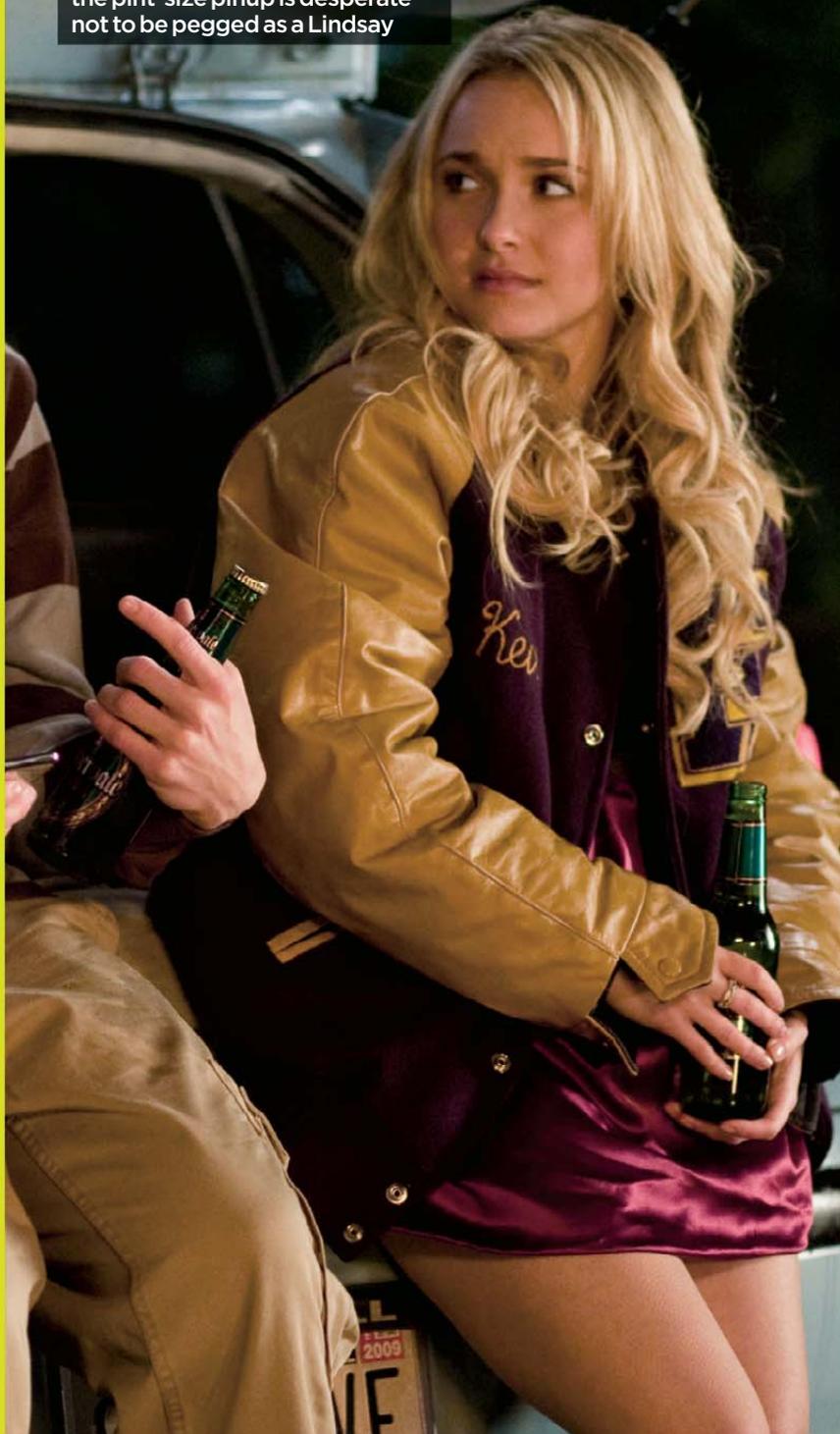
In September, Fox has the title role in *Jennifer's Body*, written by *Juno* scribe (and former stripper) Diablo Cody. Fox plays a small-town cheerleader who turns psychopathic killer after becoming possessed by demons thanks to a satanic rock band. Expect cloying, irony-thick dialogue punctuated by Megan's pom-poms.

Where to see more: Last year, a lucky paparazzo snagged topless shots of Fox emerging from a chilly Canadian lake while shooting a scene for *Jennifer's Body*. Flesh-colored pasties concealed her nipples but her panties were nearly see-through. (Yes, landing strip.) **Why we love her:** She'll attempt to prove herself a real actor in *Ironclad*, a period piece about defending the Magna Carta during a thirteenth-century castle siege.

HAYDEN PANETTIERE

I Love You, Beth Cooper, July 10
She's been acting since the age of seven, but it wasn't until *Heroes* that this fresh-faced, 19-year-old New York native got a real taste of fame. And boy, did it disagree with her—earlier this year, Panettiere said the press makes her life “miserable.” To her credit, the pint-size pinup is desperate not to be pegged as a Lindsay

Lohan-style party girl, which may explain her teenage-tame leading role this summer. Though the *Cheerleader* drops her towel in the trailer, don't expect any heroic honeypot shots.



MARION COTILLARD

Public Enemies, July 1
Quel sacrilège! The July 4 weekend belongs to the French! In Michael Mann's eagerly anticipated John Dillinger biopic, this doe-eyed Parisian stands by her bank-robbing man, played by Francophile Johnny Depp. Unless you've got a thing for

French singers having nervous breakdowns, your heart didn't flutter from Cotillard's Oscar-winning performance as self-destructive singer Edith Piaf in *La Vie en Rose*. This time, she's emotionally stable, speaks English, and looks fine as a fashionable flapper.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAYDEN PANETTIERE
JOE LEIDERER; (MARION COTILLARD)
JEFF KRAVITZ/FILMMAGIC



ZOOEY DESCHANEL

(500) Days of Summer, July 17

If you like quirky, cute girls, Deschanel is your dreamboat. Not only is this sexy-smart actress an accomplished singer-songwriter, she's also one of those rare women who looks effortlessly hot in a vintage dress. In this mid-summer romantic comedy, Deschanel plays the titular Summer, who's wooed by Joseph Gordon-Levitt (the kid from *3rd Rock From the Sun*, all grown-up). For once, we don't need nudity to fall for a girl. We'd gladly hang with Zooey before *and* after the sex.



KATHERINE HEIGL

The Ugly Truth, July 24

The worst romantic comedy of 2008 was *27 Dresses*. This year's will be *The Ugly Truth*. What do these films have in common? They star the hot chick who was way out of Seth Rogen's league in *Knocked Up*. There's no denying Heigl is attractive; she's tall, thin, and blonde, and has great boobs and a sharp, smirky manner. Let's just hope she transitions into serious acting that requires lots of love scenes. And soon, too—those breasts can't stay on top forever.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ZOOEY DESCHANEL) JEFF VESPA/WIREIMAGE, (KATHERINE HEIGL) JASON LAVERIS/FILMMAGIC, (EMMA WATSON) ELLIS PARRINDER/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD.

EMMA WATSON

Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince, July 17

Like her *Harry Potter* costar Daniel Radcliffe—who has aggressively pursued serious theater roles in-between films—Watson is following in the footsteps of well-respected thespians. Strep? Hepburn? No—Hilton and Spears. On the night of her 18th birthday party, the girl known as Hermione flashed a lucky British shutterbug. Fortunately for creepy *Harry Potter* fans everywhere, Watson's undies weren't exactly hurricane shades. But, fair's fair. If *Harry Potter* can swing his junk onstage—as a horse-fucker no less—what's wrong with the young witch showing off the world's most powerful weapon?

Where to see more: Google: "emma watson upskirt"

Upcoming appearances: Two more *Harry Potter* flicks. Then rehab and *Page Six*, if she's not careful. Also, she's reportedly playing the female lead in the upcoming *Napoleon and Betsy*.

Why we love her: She's now worth roughly \$20 million.



SIENNA MILLER

G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra, August 7

Her PG-13 almost-love-scene in *Layer Cake* proved the hated rule that less is more; in 2004, no other woman was sexier on-screen. It's a shame, then, that in the years following, Miller

acted like a suspect on *Cops* by repeatedly overexposing herself in public. (Another nip-slip? Ho hum.) It's an even greater shame that this live-action G.I. Joe film will suck—even though Miller's brunette Baroness looks smokin' hot in skintight black leather.



LIGONG

Shanghai, September 4

Apart from art-film-lovers who recognize Li Gong as the prostitute Juxian in *Farewell My Concubine*, China's most famous actress has remained largely unknown in the States—despite high-profile (if thankless) roles in *Miami Vice*, *Memoirs of a Geisha*, and *Hannibal Rising*. This Labor Day weekend, Li will once again wow American moviegoers alongside John Cusack in this WWII mystery-thriller. If Li's not enough, Rinko Kikuchi—aka the deaf, naked Japanese girl in *Babel*—costars.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LI GONG) WEINSTEIN COMPANY/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, (SIENNA MILLER) FRED PROUSER/REUTERS/CORBIS

DIANE KRUGER

IngLOURIOUS

Basterds, August 21

There's a reason this German stunner was cast as Helen in the trainwreck known as *Troy*: It's easy to imagine two nations going to war over her. But it's not just ancient Greek men who fawn over the 32-year-old model and former ballet dancer. She's one of those women who women love, too—partly for her keen style, but also because she doesn't act like an idiot in public. (Unlike, say, Sienna Miller, who can't seem to keep her dick in her pants.) Expect Kruger's fame quotient to rocket sky-high after her turn as Bridget von Hammersmark, a movie star who spies for the Allies in Quentin Tarantino's ensemble war movie. Bonus points if she cracks open any Nazi skulls. **Where to see more:** Thankfully, Kruger

remained fully clothed in both *National Treasure* movies—leaving viewers safe from imagining Nicolas Cage soiling her lady-strudel. To catch glimpses of her goodness, download *Joyeux Noël* or *The Piano Player*.

Why we love her: Her boyfriend is Joshua Jackson—Pacey from *Dawson's Creek*. We could totally take him.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (DIANE KRUGER) FRANCOIS DUHMAL, (ALEXIS BLEDEL) BRUCE GIFFORD/FILMAGIC, (RACHELLE LEFEVRE) DEE CERCOINE/EVERETT COLLECTION



ALEXIS BLEDEL

The Post Grad Survival Guide, August 14

Fans took note when the wholesome *Gilmore Girls* star simmered as the conniving streetwalker Becky in Frank Miller and Robert Rodriguez's *Sin City*. Yet they didn't abandon TV's favorite wisecracking daughter. This summer, Bledel returns to PG-13 form as Ryden Malby, a recent graduate forced to move in with her zany family. Costar Carol Burnett will be funnier, but Bledel will be much, much hotter.



RACHELLE LEFEVRE

The Pool Boys, August 14

Thanks to her role as Victoria, the evil vampire in last year's *Twilight*, girls hate this red-hot redhead. Dudes know better. This summer, Lefevre is less vamp and more tramp as the madam who helps a fresh-faced pool boy run a brothel out of a Beverly Hills mansion. Sure, it's another *Risky Business*, but it's from the makers of *American Pie*. Think prostitutes, not pastries.

Carolina- COOP

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, has been transformed into a land of plenty—and an emerging bachelor-party destination.

By Ken Baron

Illustrations by Celia Calle

O rder a beer at the Liberty Tap Room in Myrtle Beach and you immediately face a dilemma: The waitress fixes you with a serious look and asks, “Would you like 16 or 20 ounces?”

This is the sort of happy predicament you’ll find yourself in all weekend long in the South Carolina coastline’s land of plenty, where small is large, large is jumbo, and everything—from golf to bars to restaurants to women—comes in glorious excess. It’s a place where you won’t be able to tell your girlfriend back home half of what happens, and the other half you simply won’t remember. Indeed, to visit Myrtle Beach in May or October is to feel as if you’ve entered a strange world where every male you see is a frat-house duffer looking for a lost golf ball and a seafood-stuffed buffet, and every woman is a waitress or a stripper. That all changes in the summer, when families show up in droves for the beach life, but in spring and fall, this coastal tourist town is the perfect destination for a bachelor-party weekend.

Let’s break it down. The primary—but by no means only—attraction in Myrtle Beach is golf. This town is the links capital of the known world. In a dead heat for second place among the city’s diversions are its eclectic collection of restaurants (fine and down-home) and clubs (strip- and night-)—both of which have enjoyed a renaissance of late. Next up are the accommodations, of which there are excellent options, for every budget.

We’ll strip-mine all of the above for the most useful nuggets and pack in some local tips and general rules of thumb for an optimum bachelor-party experience in Myrtle Beach. We’ll keep it simple, just like a good bachelor-party weekend should be—hey, if you get too complicated, you run the risk of failing on Job No. 1 of the weekend: keeping the groom-to-be happy.

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WELCOME TO THE LAND OF PLENTY, WHERE SMALL IS LARGE, LARGE IS JUMBO, AND EVERYTHING—FROM GOLF TO BARS TO RESTAURANTS TO WOMEN—COMES IN GLORIOUS EXCESS.

SWING THOUGHTS

As we've said, Myrtle Beach is a golf mecca. The area boasts ten layouts in *Golf Digest's* "Top 100 Public Courses in America" list, and more than 30 courses with rankings of 4.5 or higher (out of 5). There are some 100 courses all told, and the place is a magnet for guys from colder climes, who come down on golf-binge buddy trips. Courses are loosely grouped into four tiers. There are a dozen or so top (or Tier 4) courses, including the Dunes Golf and Beach Club, Caledonia, Tidewater, King's North, the layouts at Barefoot Resort, and the recently renovated Pine Lakes Country Club. Most packages tend to include one or two Tier 4 courses, along with a Tier 3 course, which is still very well regarded, but tends to get less play. Tier 1 and 2 courses, while not world-class, will satisfy dudes just happy to be out on the fairway, whooping it up for the weekend.

Generally, golfers can get four rounds (including



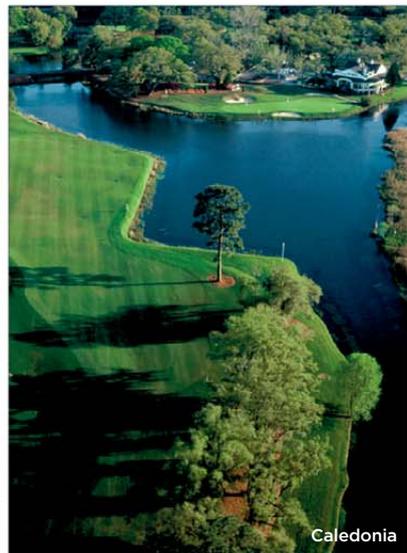
Pine Lakes Country Club



Barefoot Resort Fazio



King's North



Caledonia



The Dunes Golf and Beach Club



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SLEAR SHOTZ/BRANDON ADVERTISING

one or two Tier 4 courses), hotel, and breakfast each morning for roughly \$700 a head.

Tip: When you head out each night, try your best to remember that you have a tee time in the morning. That can be easier said than done. Just ask the amiable Dennis Nichol, head pro at the Dunes Golf and Beach Club. "Over-served" no-shows are common, he says, and then there was the time his very first group of the day showed up at 6:30 A.M., staggering to the tee. "One guy could hardly walk," says Nichol. "You could smell the alcohol on him. He teed up his ball and whiffed once, then twice, and then dribbled it ten feet. He turned around, went to his car, and passed out. I think he slept there the rest of the day." Hey, we understand you're not playing Augusta, but if you came down for some golf, better to be on the fairway than in the parking lot.

Don't Miss: Pine Lakes Country Club. This classic 1927 design is the granddaddy of all Myrtle Beach courses.



Tidewater

LUSCIOUS LOINS

To be fair to this Southern town, which is filled with welcoming, hard-working family folk, if you weren't looking for the strip clubs, you wouldn't know they were there. Of course, if you are, they seem to be everywhere. Big places, with dozens of girls dancing at once—the Penthouse Club, Masters, and Crazy Horse, to name a few—abound, but there are also spots for a cozier, down-home feel, such as Tiffany's Cabaret on Route 501. Here, a back-room dance feels like the late-inning goings-on of a sizzling date. A quick word about the well-known onstage (or on-pole?) talent in Myrtle Beach: These gloriously beautiful, sunlit creatures are like exotic migratory birds. They glide into town when the town is hopping, and glide out again—to Florida and elsewhere—when it's not. But never fear: When they're gone, the local girls take over. And what the locals may lack in plumage, they make up for in, well, a desire to please.

Tip: Be a gentleman, don't get too wasted, relax, and have a great time.

Don't Miss: Duh: The Penthouse Club. Try a 30-minute session in the hot tub with a few Penthouse dancers. You and your pals will feel like kings.

UPSCALE, DOWN-HOME

If you visited Myrtle Beach a few years ago and think you know what to expect, you're in for a surprise. The town was once rightfully nicknamed the Redneck Riviera, and back then a good meal meant chicken wings at Hooters. But that was then. Now, Myrtle Beach has donned a coat of upscale civility, with eateries striving to match the best places along the Pacific Rim or in New York City.

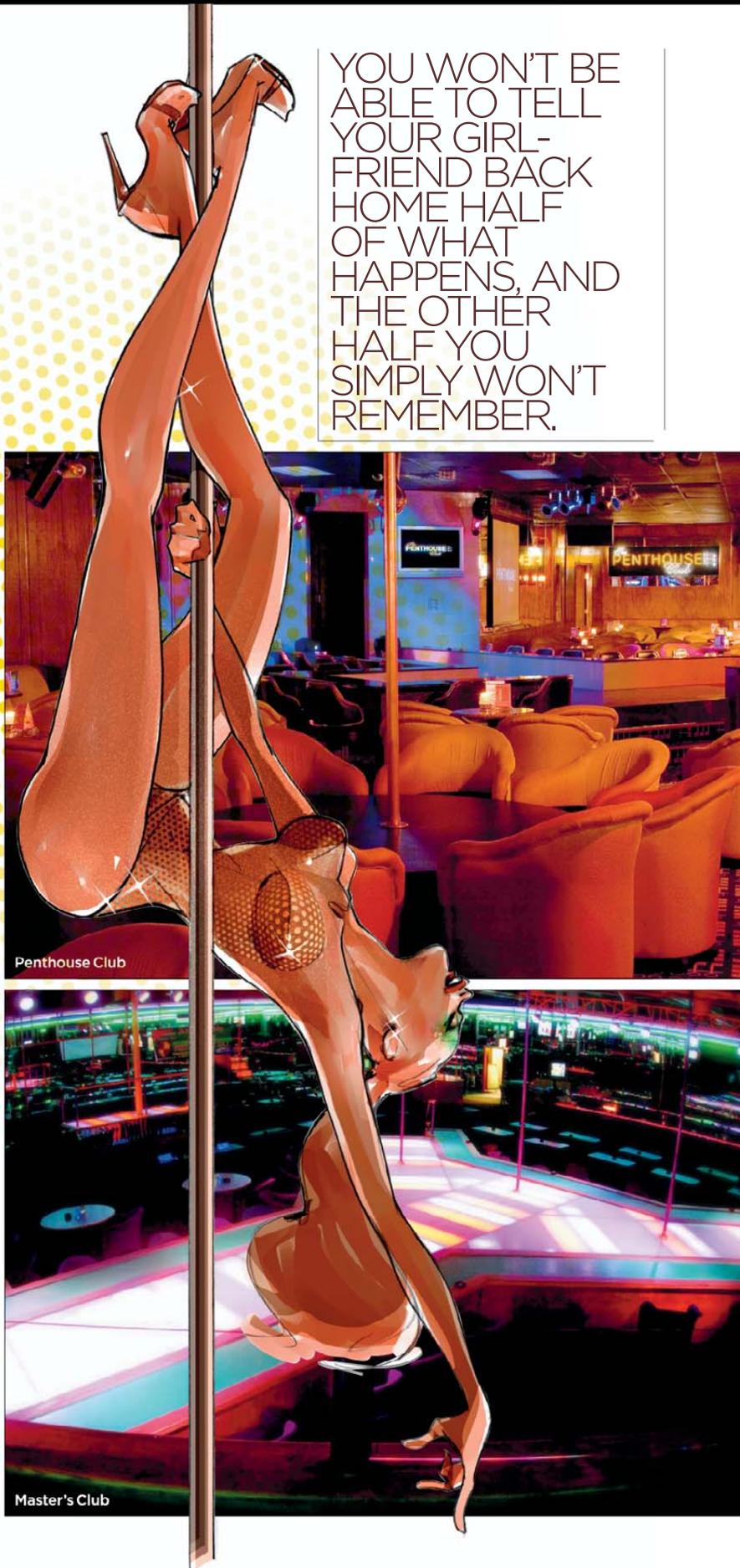
Sushi and Japanese soybeans? You bet: Try Soho, which is renowned for its Asian fusion cuisine. Want a steak place with French dressing to rival Brooklyn's famed Peter Luger's? Go to New York Prime, a first-rate steak house serving up USDA Prime beef, seared Pittsburgh-style. The place is filthy rich with ambience and beautiful women. As our waiter Mike put it, "Big-money guys come here. And the girls follow the players. You can see seven or eight beautiful women sitting with two guys." Another excellent upscale option is Greg Norman's Australian Grille, which bills itself as "the Upper Crust of Down Under Dining."

Fine dining is all well and good, but you'll definitely want to mix in some of the earthier old standbys. Chief among these are Bennett's Calabash Seafood; Crabby Mike's (if it swims in the ocean, it's fried up and sitting at the buffet); Dick's Last Resort, where the waitstaff will have its way with the groom-to-be (outfitting him in a two-foot-tall dunce cap); and even Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville will get the job done perfectly on some nights. And hey, why not hit Hooters? Here, waitresses will surround the groom and collectively—and loudly—boo his decision to get hitched.

Tip: Upscale: Medium-rare; cabernet or Bordeaux. Down-home: Deep-fried; cold beer!

Don't Miss: New York Prime. With its oak-paneled walls, Rat Pack-era jazz, and sophisticated clientele, this is arguably the coolest spot in town.

YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR GIRLFRIEND BACK HOME HALF OF WHAT HAPPENS, AND THE OTHER HALF YOU SIMPLY WON'T REMEMBER.



Penthouse Club

Master's Club



Tip: Share a room. It'll cut your costs in half (or further, if one of you volunteers to take the floor), and you're only using the room for sleeping (or passing out) anyway.

Don't Miss: As we've said, your room is mostly just a place to crash, so it's not a priority, and there are plenty of good options. So we'll turn this space over to the Spanish Galleon nightclub at the Ocean Drive Resort in North Myrtle Beach. If clubbing is on the menu for your weekend, this joint is open to non-resort guests, and it jumps with house, techno, and hip-hop—all under the watchful eyes, and writhing bodies, of hot dancers in cages.

19TH HOLE

Before we send you on your way, we offer three final thoughts to ensure success and lasting memories for any Myrtle Beach bachelor-party getaway: First, rent a limo. The more you drink, the more you'll be glad you have someone sober at the wheel taking you from club to club. (If you do drive, don't worry about getting lost. As a veteran of many a Myrtle Beach buddy trip says, "The place is set up so that drunks and seniors can negotiate it with ease.")

Second, consider a visit to a casino. That's right, a casino. In South Carolina. Or more accurately, just off the coast of this great state. Sun Cruz Casino, a 200-plus-foot ship that turns into a casino once it hits international waters, offers slots and table games with bets from \$5 to \$1,000. But a word of caution: The five-hour round trip is not for the faint of stomach—instead of gambling you may end up sitting by the rail, a slightly paler shade of green than the felt on the gaming tables.

Finally, be sure to get a package rate on your rooms and golf. Only the very rich or the very stupid pay full fees in Myrtle Beach. Contact the good folks at Myrtle Beach Golf Holiday; they'll steer you to a package that fits any budget.

What they can't do is make sure you get to the first tee on time. That's what your buddies are for. ☺

GETTING HORIZONTAL

Luxury hotels, such as the four-diamond Marina Inn, and fancy apartments have also sprouted up as part of the town's recent renaissance. That said, a midrange spot, such as the Breakers Resort (downtown), is more than fine for a marauding bachelor-party crew—and not just because the place has its own giant pirate ship built into and around the swimming pool. (*Ahoy! Pass the rum!*) The Breakers also has a healthy supply of hot tubs, which, for the single guys on the trip, can contribute mightily to the bachelor-party experience.

Though it's not centrally located, the Legends Resort does brisk business with its Scottish villas (town houses) for groups, and its three golf courses are within walking distance. After your round, you'll want to hit the resort's Scottish pub, also within walking distance.



Crazy Horse Club



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horsin' around

Kagney Linn Karter may be one of the most pragmatic porn stars we've ever come across. She knows just what it takes to make it in the industry: "These days, being good-looking just doesn't cut it. You have to have personality and pizzazz, too." We're guessing the bubbly blonde will have no trouble rising to the top, as she's got all that, and so much more.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



"If I had to pick another career, I think being part of those fun acrobatic shows in Las Vegas with trapeze artists would be one hell of a job. I'd be up for any job where I get to fly through the air."





“I was a dancer for three years, and learning new tricks is one of my favorite hobbies. I have a spinning dancer pole in my apartment that I like to work out on.”



petofthemoth



"I act in Penthouse Studios features as well. I recently did a photo shoot for the cover of *The Scarlet Manor*, which has a happy-go-lucky—or shall I say 'get lucky'—scene with Evan Stone and me."



“My biggest sexual turn-on is a very slow start. I can’t stand it when my lover rushes. I let my guys know what I want with my eyes and my body language, and I always return the favor when they slow down and take the time to please me.”



Kagney Linn Karter
Pet of the Month
June 2009

Vital stats:

21 years old
36-26-37; 5'4"

Hometown:

St. Joseph, Missouri.

Your favorite thing about your hometown?

The fact that I left. ☺

What do you do for a living?

Adult film all the way, baby!

Do you attend college?

No college for me ... unless they have a porn academy.

Favorite food:

I love a good barbecue! I'll always be a Midwestern girl at heart.

Favorite kind of music:

Hip-hop and old-school rock 'n' roll.

What music gets you in the mood?

R&B makes me want to slow grind.

Favorite vacation spot:

Hawaii. It just never gets old to me.

You're always up for?

A great time, duh!

You're never up for?

Breakfast! I need to get up earlier.

What do you like most about yourself?

My face, and my voluptuous, curvy figure.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?

I wish my legs were longer. I would love to be a bit taller.

Kagney Linn Karter

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JUNE 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP







04 th KAGNEY LINN KARTER
JUNE 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



✦ KAGNEY LINN KARTER
JUNE 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Mot Mong

Part Two:
We Want Things to Go
Wrong, Don't We?



Kazakhstan confusion



Sean's new Kazakh friend



NO-MAN'S-LAND

Halfway through the world's most absurd car race, our heroes find themselves in no-man's-land.

By John Rico • Photographs by Sean Miller

T

wo weeks earlier, 300 cars sped out of London in what the author and his friends, Sean and Eric, hoped would be a liberating adventure—shedding their boring, middle-class lives in a dash for freedom. Now they're beginning to realize that freedom is just another word for everything to lose.

■ Day 18: NO-MAN'S-LAND

Our Micra slowly pulled forward in first gear into the half-mile no-man's-land—officially between nations. Our passports were stamped out of Uzbekistan, but we were not yet admitted into Kazakhstan. Ahead of us, blocking the gated entrance to the Kazakh customs station, was an animated and agitated mob, several stalled semis, and a donkey cart full of watermelons.

"What the fuck is this?!" I shouted, leaning heavily on the horn.

"Oh, shit!" Sean yelled from the passenger seat as he grabbed his camera and started snapping pictures through the windshield. Ahead of us, Kazakh customs agents were dragging a woman through a field as the mob pelted them with stones. A customs agent raised his rifle as if to fire, his distracted aim seeming to include us in his line of sight.

"Fuck!" I screamed as I threw the Micra in reverse and gunned the accelerator. Gravel sprayed out the back wheel well as I swerved behind a semi, putting some mass between us and the imminent carnage.

We sat breathless as we heard angry yelling and endangering commotion on the other side of the semi. We had found ourselves in the middle of a goddamn border skirmish—and us without a country to provide aid or legal protection. There were no consular offices or American embassies in no-man's-land.

We waited patiently until we detected a lull in the fracas on the other side of the semi. We cautiously pulled forward through the obstinate crowd until we reached the international border of Kazakhstan, where the police were congregating as they gathered their numbers and prepped nightsticks and riot gear. As they began to march past our vehicle, the mob began to sprint back toward Uzbekistan. We quickly exited the car, flashed our passports, and ducked under the vehicle guard.

Inside the customs station, we waited patiently for seven

different officers—each of whom took us into back rooms demanding American dollars to lubricate the wheels of bureaucracy. "No," we responded firmly. And because we said no, the offices closed for an hour-long lunch break while they yelled at us not to sit on the floor or lean against walls.

Three hours later, entrance stamps obtained, we moved back to the international border where we had left our car. In no-man's-land, the Kazakh police were still at it—mercilessly beating one of their captives with clubs, his skull cracked open and blood pouring in thick rivulets down his face.

"Can we just get to our car?" Sean asked one of the standing guards, who slapped the nightstick into his hand, eyeing the success of his comrades with perverted appreciation.

The guard said nothing and we all shrugged and climbed under the barricade and into our vehicle. We started the engine, pulled forward five feet, and the man we had just spoken to approached the window. He explained in broken English that if we wanted to enter Kazakhstan we had to go inside and get our passports stamped.

"We just came from inside!" I yelled from the driver's seat. I fumbled with my passport and flipped to the page where I had just received my stamp. "Three hours! See that?! That took me three hours! There's no fucking way I'm standing in line again!"

Ten minutes later, we were back inside, waiting at the end of the queue. As I fought back tears of frustration, Sean regaled me with visions of a crystal lake deep inside Kazakhstan, a lake with beautiful forests and fine camping. And when we were sleeping out in God's nature, we'd all look back and think this was funny.

And Eric, normally our calm center, began to laugh hysterically.

■ Day 20: KAZAKHSTAN

Kazakhstan passed slowly—a flat, never-ending prairie of abscessed color—our vehicle reduced to driving 40 miles per hour over a distance roughly the size of half the United States. The highways were getting increasingly worse the deeper we traveled into the heart of darkness, and gave us all the feeling that we were traveling upriver as if to find Colonel Kurtz. The asphalt rippled and flexed in concrete waves molded by the sun, the sharp edges scraping the undercarriage of our car in large, gyrating shrieks.

We drove through the nuclear testing sites of the former Soviet empire, past villages that stunk of burning feces.

"What day is it?" Eric asked from behind the wheel as dusk exploded across the plains.

No one responded because no one knew. Weeks had passed, certainly—weeks of endless driving—but beyond that we didn't know. The passage of time, which had been reduced to a laborious crawl, had taken on amorphous dimensions.

"Where's the lake, Sean?" Eric asked as our car sped through the night. "Where's the pristine forest and God's nature?!"

Sean said nothing. He didn't know where the lake was.

Then, spying a small alcove of trees just ahead, Eric swerved off the motorway and killed the ignition. He turned to us and said, "We have to sleep. I mean, at some point we have to sleep, right?"

We nodded. We did have to sleep.

In socks and bare feet, we climbed out of the car, grabbed our sleeping bags, and peered into the darkness for a suitable place to lie down among the broken bottles and trash. Eric used his toe to slide shards of glass to the side.

Above us, the stars were so fierce that we could see the dust of the cosmos. And as shooting stars burned the edge of the world, we drifted off to sleep.

I sat up with a start, my heart trembling in rapid-fire hiccups. I had just closed my eyes and already it was dawn. I had been woken by the sound of a racing car and ...

I turned toward the road just in time to see the unmarked vehicle come skidding to a halt a few feet from my head. Three men with raised guns jumped out and started screaming at me. They flashed badges as they ripped my sleeping bag off and started stomping on it with muddy boots.

"Guys, get up," I said weakly. Eric and Sean stirred quietly, unmoved.

"Guys, get up!" I shouted. Eric and Sean sat up, the policemen in their faces and screaming for us to produce the marijuana and cocaine and other drugs that we didn't have in our possession. I reminded myself that we were supposed to *want* things to go wrong.

■ Day 23: RUSSIA

The Lithuanian man with the ragged beret and the rotten teeth devoured his food as he told us through open-mouth bites that we'd never survive in Mongolia. We were in Novosibirsk, Russia, the last outpost of civilization from here until the world's edge. We had stopped to stock up on groceries and fill our spare fuel cans. And now, at our last formal meal before we sped toward the Mongolian border, the Lithuanian had bad news.

"I was a guide in Mongolia for 20 years," he explained. "And you'll never make it. Not in that car. The roads will ... how you say ... destroy. The roads will destroy you."

We all frowned at the idea of failure after coming so far.

"Also, don't camp near the border," the Lithuanian explained as he took another large bite. "There are robbers. And the robbers?" His ragged smile revealed a gold tooth. "The robbers rob and kill."

We nodded in understanding.

No sleeping near the border.

The robbers rob and kill.

We were 40 miles from the border when we set up camp off a dirt road a half-mile from the highway. It was a lush, green valley next to a stream—all of it concealed by an alcove of pine trees and imposing mountains. We were effectively hidden within southern Siberia. Tomorrow we would not be woken up by gunmen, but by the sun rising over tranquil forests and chirping birds.

For the first time in our journey, we decided to have ourselves a proper camp, with a tent and folding chairs. It was a meager

reward after the many drainage ditches and roadside gravel pits we had been sleeping in throughout the trip. We furthered the extravagance with bread and sausage and boxed Russian wine as we offered self-congratulatory statements of appreciation to one another for our collective tenacity and good luck. Behind us, the sun dipped beneath the mountains, spraying the sky in an auburn ripple. As Sean and Eric laughed about Turkmenistan and all the past frustrations, I heard the low-grade rumble of an engine pulling off the dirt road and heading toward our camp. The Jeep came to a lurching stop behind our car.

We all stood as a drunk Russian in camouflage slammed the driver's side door and considered us for a moment before stumbling forward on wobbly feet, barking at us in Russian. We apologized profusely for our monolingual handicap by shrugging and smiling sheepishly. The Russian man paused as he regarded our stunted communication with amusement and disgust. Then he grabbed the last of our plastic cutlery, crushed it into pieces, and began to laugh wildly, causing each of us to take a step backward. With each step we moved back, the Russian moved forward, collapsing our diameter of safety with boisterous yelling and flailing. He grabbed Eric's leg and pantomimed sawing it off, then he stood up and began stabbing himself in the throat with a single bony finger before turning the finger to us in an accentuated point.

"You want to stab us in the throat?" Sean asked on the back of a nervous cackle as we all shared conciliatory, apprehensive stares.

"Vodka," Eric said. "Give him some vodka."

"Vodka? You want vodka?" Sean asked as he moved to our picnic basket to grab the flask.

I faked urination at the camp's edge and watched over my shoulder as Sean plied our newly acquired comrade with vodka. With the Russian distracted, I moved to his Jeep and used my penlight to peer inside, scanning the interior for weapons.

"Dollars!" the Russian barked. He slammed another shot and rocked back and forth on his heels and pounded his fist into the ground. "Dollars!"

"We need to get rid of this guy," Eric said firmly, his patience running thin.

"Time for you to leave, buddy," Sean said, his voice changing from one of humor to agitation. "*Dasvedanya.*"

The Russian stood, angry, as Eric and Sean put their arms around him and walked him back to his Jeep. He stood for a moment longer, evaluating us as if deciding our fate, before he climbed into his Jeep, started the engine, and drove slowly, in first gear, back to the dirt road.

"We've got to get out of here," I said sullenly.

"Yeah," Eric agreed.

"But we already got a good spot," Sean whined, contemplating the idea of another night on the road. It was dark now, and our chances of finding another camping spot in a country bereft of streetlights were not good.

"Sean, you saw the way he was looking at us!" I said. "That guy's crazy! And what was up with all that finger-in-the-throat shit? What if he comes back while we're sleeping?"

"Or with friends?" Eric added.

"Or with weapons?" I asked. "Do you remember what the Lithuanian said?"

Yeah, fuck. The Lithuanian.

The robbers rob and kill!

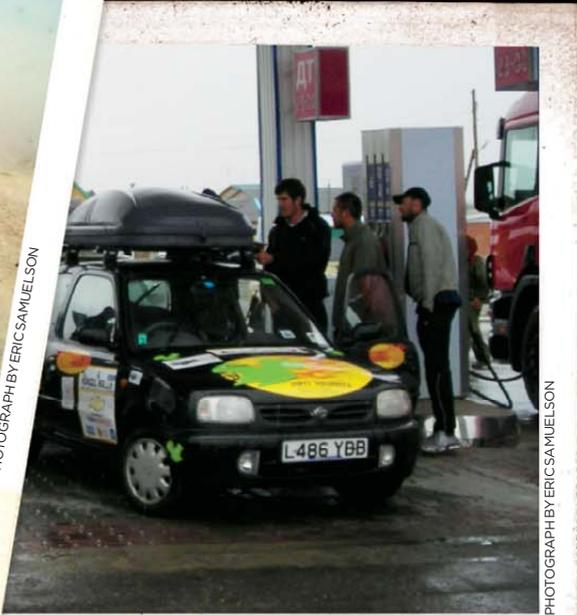
We all worked quickly at an ever-escalating tempo, collectively seized with a feeling that his return was imminent and that we were racing the clock against impending death. We took down our tent and packed our food in a flurry of footsteps, weak headlamps, and jagged breaths as we quietly joked about getting raped and murdered at the hands of a drunken Russian soldier.

Twenty minutes later, the car was almost fully loaded when we



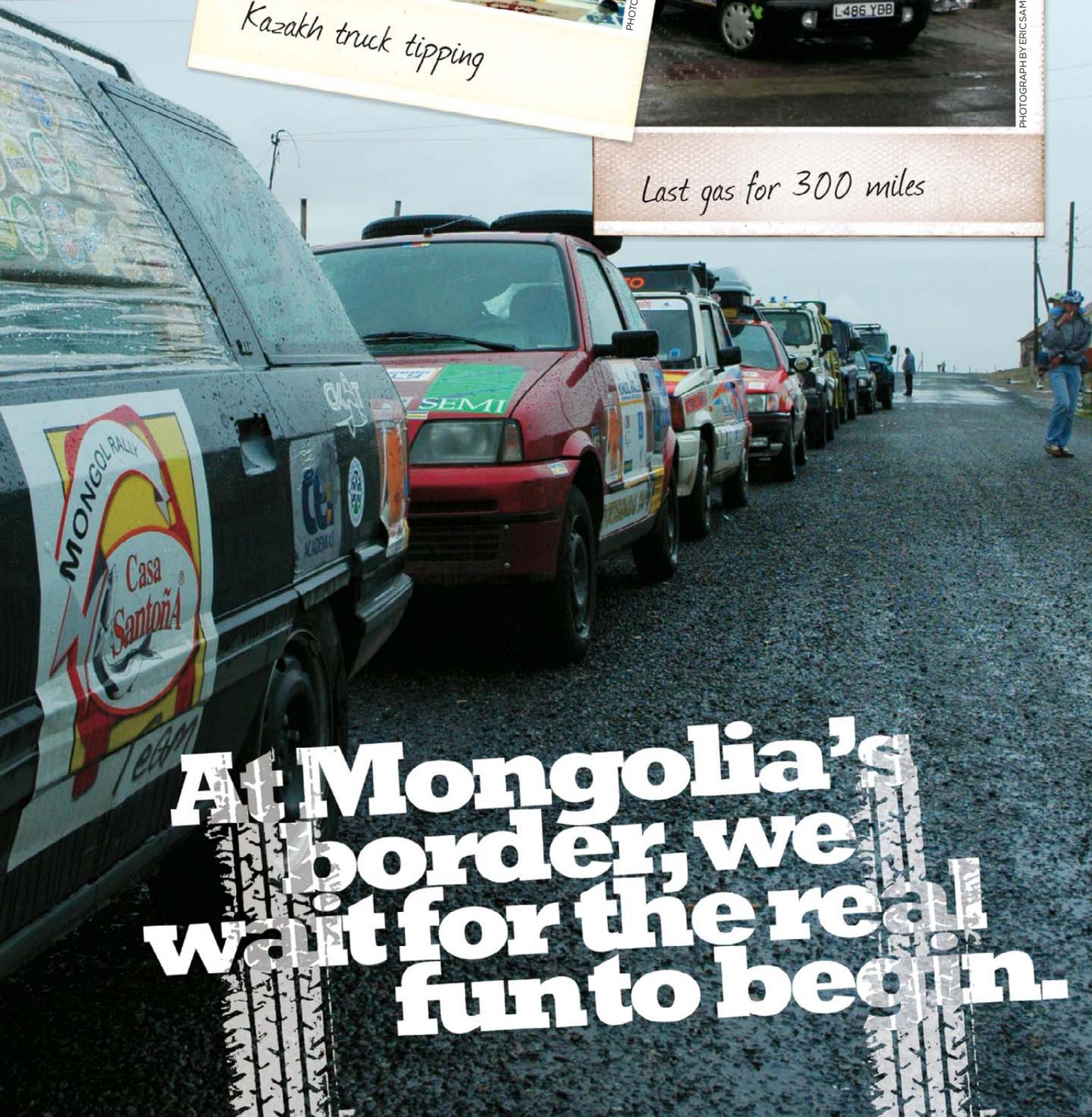
PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SAMUELSON

Kazakh truck tipping



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SAMUELSON

Last gas for 300 miles



**At Mongolia's
border, we
wait for the real
fun to begin.**

heard the distant roar of the Jeep. Gasps broke and our faces froze; our hearts pounded as throbbing drumbeats in our temples. But what really made my guts turn icy was the sprinting pace of his vehicle, which had the headlights off as it sped through the field toward us.

I felt nauseated and light-headed as my mind clouded over with fear. I struggled to think of a plan and then, calling on my infantry training, I remembered what all good soldiers are supposed to do when faced with imminent enemy contact: Find cover and concealment.

"Run to the tree line!" I yelled as I broke into a sprint. My vision became choppy and clouded with shadows of the forest as I stumbled through the darkness, my hands out in front of me as my feet crashed through the branches.

I collapsed behind a muddy embankment as my eyes strained in the gloom and my rib cage heaved. I was able to make out Sean's form behind a tree and crawled over to him. We both watched as the figures rifled through our car.

"How many of them are there?" I asked in a violent whisper.

"Three!" Sean hissed. "What do we do?" His voice was panicked and trembling.

"I don't know," I replied, my own voice broken and weak.

And then a tremble of realization rippled through my body: I had left my money and passport in the car.

"Do we go?" Sean asked again.

"I don't know," I said.

We stayed there for another couple of minutes. Then, summoning his courage, Sean stood and said, "I'm going."

I silently cursed Sean for his bravery and began to follow.

We stomped through the forest as a flashlight beam arced through the foliage and came to rest upon us.

"Hey, guy! What's up?" Sean asked, trying his best to appear casual and friendly.

We entered the clearing with our vehicle to find Eric standing next to the drunken Russian and one of his friends.

"They wanted more vodka," Eric explained, also trying his best to appear casual and friendly, the pocketknife still gripped in his hand.

The drunk Russian pointed to Sean and me and began thrusting his hips while he licked his lips. As we all sat around the car and began pouring more vodka, we asserted that we most certainly had *not* been in the woods fucking.

The Russians again asked for dollars as they plied us with displays of violent pantomime. At the appointed moment, we implemented our exit strategy, and when the Russians turned around to piss, all they saw were the taillights of the Micra driving away through the field.

Our weak headlights offered feeble illumination of the highway as we sped toward Mongolia. We postured and argued and talked, still attempting to understand what had just happened. We continued on the highway until we considered the space between us and our Russian interlopers to be sufficiently distant. We pulled off an exit ramp and drove for a slight distance down a crumbling asphalt road, which disintegrated into a dirt rut just inside an adjoining forest.

We pulled out our sleeping bags and collapsed on a small patch of gravel as Sean reminded us of the differences between our current condition and those we had briefly possessed before interruption at the hands of the Russians: "Back there, we had a nice little stream. And grass. Grass was nice. And a tent. We had a goddamn tent."

As he complained, laid out in the open in a sleeping bag with a broken zipper, the rain began to fall. We took solace in the fact that everything up until this point had been the easy part, that everything up until this point had been perfunctory, a



Eric digs that Mongolian shit!

simple matter of ambition with a pinch of mild discipline. The real fun would start tomorrow when we entered Mongolia, where rugged SUVs would struggle across some of the most grueling terrain on the planet.

■ Day 27: MONGOLIA

I stood high on the spur of the ridge, the wind whipping my face as I looked out onto the long, sloping span of the desert valley. I cupped the plastic key chain compass, the arrow bouncing before settling on the north. I double-checked the response with the position of the sun, which was starting its western descent.

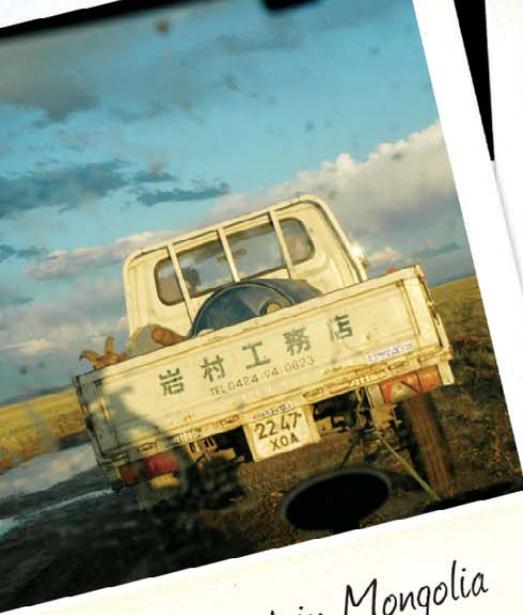
Finally, Mongolia.

Mongolia, where the hawks soared above herds of wild horses grazing on the emerald tundra that carpeted misty vales between steep mountains. Mongolia, where the country's primary thoroughfare to the capital, the A0304, existed as little more than a pockmarked smear of rocks and washboard speed bumps that caused our car to jostle furiously at ten miles per hour and threatened total dismemberment at 15. Mongolia, where the A0304—which really wasn't a road, though it pretended to be one, and which had no signs whatsoever—would suddenly and without warning diverge into ten parallel ruts that had been carved indiscernibly by man, animal, or weather. These were ruts that sometimes would link back together and sometimes would suddenly evaporate, leaving you stranded at the peak of a mesa wondering where the hell the road had gone.

"That way," I explained, pointing to the rear side of our mountain. I marched back to the Micra, which was now fully off-road. Above us, a hawk eyed us with potential as it floated in lazy circles and bellowed.

"Are you sure?" Sean asked, climbing out from under the car, wiping his dirty hands on his pants, having just used the last of our spare tires. There was a measure of pleading in his voice: He needed me to be sure. Sean, like Eric and me, was getting tired of cold Ramen noodles, of which we were almost out. If we could make it to Hovd—what constituted civilization in these parts, but in actuality wasn't much more than a threadbare mining colony with intermittent electricity—there was at least the possibility of finding a warm meal of sheep mutton and rice.

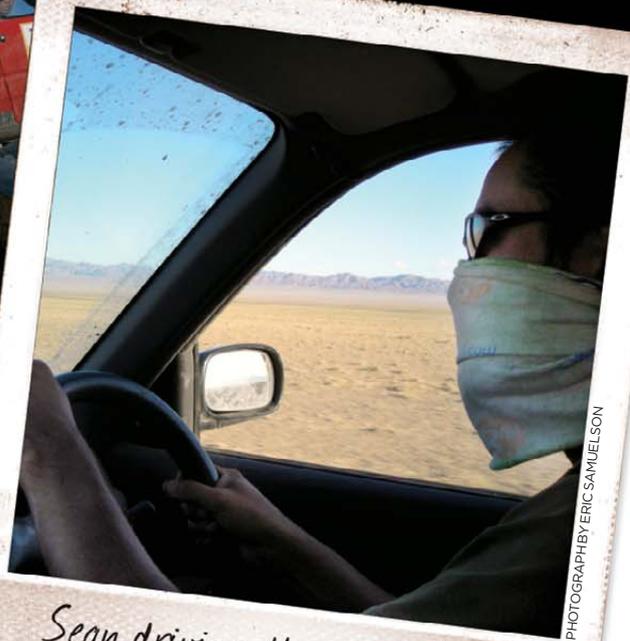
"No, I'm not fucking sure," I snapped. "I'm not sure at all."



Getting towed in Mongolia



One dead car



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SAMUELSON

Sean driving through the Gobi Desert

■ Day 32: MONGOLIA

Nearly a week later, we were driving across the burning Gobi desert, wearing sunglasses with our faces covered in bandannas. We sat in shell-shocked silence as the dust whipped through the windows, covering our interior in a khaki chalk. We had spent the last nine days attempting to traverse 900 miles, enduring 12-hour days in the car, getting lost in the Gobi desert, being stranded by a stalled car engine, and attempting to ford rivers, which only resulted in success half the time.

But now, the routes to Ulaanbaatar were starting to collapse, and we were seeing other Mongol Rally teams on the road every hour, in cars shredded and destroyed with snapped axles and cracked frames, their engines smoking from the overhead sun, which broiled in a furious tantrum.

And as we passed these failed teams, we celebrated our survival. But it was a hesitant and cautious victory, because our own car hadn't been spared the fury of the Gobi, and was also in its final death throes: Our battery was bubbling acid, our steering wheel was bent, our hardpan bar had snapped in half and was dragging, our rear bumper was hanging on by a thread of plastic, and our shocks and struts had been ground to nothing, which caused our vehicle to rock wildly with each subtle movement.

But now, we were within a day of Ulaanbaatar, the capital of Mongolia. And because we were close, Sean floored it. The needle on the speedometer rose steadily as the last bits of life were pinched from our vehicle, which sputtered and screamed in protest.

■ Day 34: MONGOLIA

The freshly paved asphalt highway started just an hour outside the capital, where the sprawl of yurts and dilapidated buildings congregated into a languid barrio that would eventually evolve into the capital. The road was barred by the protective lip of a steep gravel embankment on all sides, preventing any vehicle from actually using it. The motorway was virginal and untouchable, a thing to be admired from a distance. To actually drive on it would be to ruin it, so it was considered a national treasure and off-limits, guarded by a handful of steamrollers that moved lazily in the rain, stroking and petting the precious national achievement.

Above the road, on a steep embankment behind a fence that demarcated the start of the slums, our grime-covered Micra slid down through the thick mud, its engine screaming as the wheels spun clouds of sludge out the back. Sean drove, struggling with the steering wheel, as Eric and I pushed, digging into the filth with

our heels to keep the car from sliding further into and through the rotten wooden fence. Then the wheels caught, Sean floored the accelerator, and our Micra jumped the ledge and landed on the unspoiled charcoal asphalt. Eric and I yelled in celebration as I smeared mud as war paint on either side of my face.

Sean laughed and said, "That's not mud, Rico. That was a latrine. That's shit, man." But I didn't care because, suddenly, we were on the motorway. And we were the *only* car on the motorway. The motorway that we had earned through blood, sweat, and tears. The motorway that we would drive until the end of the earth.

We floored the accelerator and slalomed past the giant road-construction vehicles, their drivers yelling at us as they angrily waved their arms: *The road isn't ready! It isn't for use!* We flipped them the finger.

And an hour later, we were in Ulaanbaatar.

The finish line was in the city center, a small penumbra of modern retail and commercial enterprise ringed by a threadbare suburb of slums and shantytowns. We parked next to the three other cars that had arrived that day and exited slowly beneath a crumbling banner. We had arrived with a day to spare.

A child wearing a Mongol Rally T-shirt, which constituted the entirety of our finish-line applause, approached and handed us the paperwork to surrender the car to charity.

"That's it?!" Sean shouted. "We crossed 9,000 miles and Mongolia in 34 days and that's it?! Where's the marching band?! Where's the goddamn fireworks?!"

The Mongolian child offered us a sheepish smile and shrugged. He told us that 75 teams had arrived before us. We scrunched our faces as we mentally performed the math that, when we accounted for the assumed 50 percent failure rate, allowed us to realize that we'd likely arrived in the middle of the pack, and almost at the bottom of the teams that would make it in time for the closing ceremonies.

We exploded in a collective anger at the news. We had spent a month almost perpetually driving and we hadn't showered for a week and we were only number 76?

"Still," Eric said solemnly, "it's better than our day jobs."

Who could disagree? And that, we realized, was the best prize of all. 



sweettarts

If opposites attract, Pets Shawna Leneé and Audrey Bitoni are a perfect set. Shawna is blonde, busty, and beautiful, while Audrey is brunette, buxom, and, um, beautiful. Okay, so they're not opposites, but we didn't really need a good reason to pair them up. We were sure the results would be spectacularly sexy. We're also sure you'll agree that it was a damn fine idea.

Photographs by J. Hundhausen



shawna&audrey















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Shirts & Skin

Beer pong isn't about to replace baseball as the great American pastime, but Howard Stern's staff is doing its best to make it the most appealing drinking game ever.

By Jennifer Peters

Howard TV On Demand may have found the perfect formula for making beer pong, a college-party staple, the great American drinking game. Your eyes do not deceive you. As you can see from the photos here, Howard TV has come up with the best-ever development in drinking games—stripping! What's better than combining hot women and their bare boobs with beer and balls?

Strip beer pong works like a standard game of beer pong, with a welcome twist: three pink “strip cups.” If a player sinks a ball in those, the opposing team’s stripper has to shimmy out of an article of clothing. Hit all three and the stripper bares almost all (full nudity is above the waist only). One team emerges victorious at the end of the sexy single-elimination tournament.

But, first things first: You might think that putting this tourney together would be as easy as buying beer and plastic cups, and hiring some strippers. The fine folks at Howard TV, however, especially producers Lee Gerowitz and Mike Gange, take their topless team sports seriously. Seven ladies from Rick’s Cabaret were brought in, while a male dancer was partnered with Tracey Millman, the office manager for Stern’s radio show. While executive producer Doug Z. Goodstein checked out the set, Becky made sure the Ping-Pong balls were of the highest quality, Sky tested the tables to make sure they were sturdy enough for a rousing game—or pre-game workout—and segment producer Jason Kaplan warmed up with a spanking from his partner, Rosy.

Once things got started, the competition was fierce, and Shuli, a comedian and reporter for Howard 100 News, quickly realized he had the best announcing gig in sports. Everyone has been in fine form, and the erotic dancers are happy to strip when their opponents earn it, but they’re still in it to win it. Ronnie “the Limo Driver” Mund tried to take the prize, literally, by attempting to abscond with the trophy, but once it was his turn to play, even he gave it his all.

To catch the players in action—and out of their clothes—tune in to Howard TV this month (see HowardTV.com for info). We think this topless tourney will result in new extracurricular endeavors for even the teetotalers out there (assuming there are any).

THE TEAMS

Rosy & Jason Kaplan, Stern Show segment producer
Sky & Scott “the Engineer” Salem, Stern Show engineer
Becky & Will Murray, Stern Show segment producer
Avalon & Ronnie “the Limo Driver” Mund, Stern’s driver, security
Randi & Ralph Cirella, Stern’s personal stylist
Mark & Tracey Millman, Stern Show office manager
Darien & Steve Brandano, host of “The Intern Show”
Beverly & J. D. Harmeyer, Stern Show media producer



(1) Rosy and Jason’s spanking warm-up. (2) Darien and Rosy demonstrate good sportsmanship by playing well together. (3) Rosy and Beverly show Shuli why he’s got the best announcing gig in sports. (4) Becky takes her penalty like a pro. (5) Will and Becky’s nonverbal trash talking. (6) Becky gets serious when she lines up her shot. (7) Becky’s ball-buster equipment test. (8) Sky checks the sturdiness of the tables and (9) shows her stuff. (10) Becky, Rosy, Avalon, and Sky cheer on Ronnie “the Limo Driver.” (11) Rosy, Beverly, Sky, Avalon, and Randi pose with the impressively phallic trophy. (12) Beverly keeps her eye on the ball. (13) Becky and Will redefine teamwork and chemistry. (14) Sky works up a thirst.

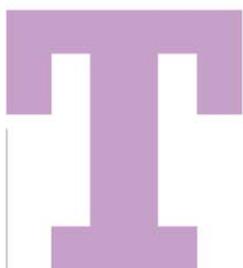
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS GAGLIARDI HOWARD TV ON DEMAND/HOWARDTV.COM



URGENT

Cindy's stuck flying coach on the red-eye with nothing but a laptop and a healthy libido to keep her company. What's a girl to do to pass the time?

By Rachel Kramer Bussel • Illustrations by Monica Laita



The fact that I have to travel a lot for my job as a fashion photographer has always been a sore spot with my boyfriend, Brandon. He works the day shift at a French restaurant, and in many ways is more of a homebody than I am. I like a fast-paced lifestyle, which is why I moved to New York in the first place. Even though he thrives on the energy at the restaurant, he's happy to veg out in front of the TV or just explore the city. Still, we fell hard for each other and weren't going to split up simply because sometimes I have to hop on a plane. The chemistry between us was strong right from the beginning, and hasn't let up, so we've learned how to deal with my traveling with frequent phone calls and hours of hot sex when I return. We balance our nights out with ones cuddled in front of our fireplace, watching movies, or having sex on our luxurious shag carpet.

When I have to go out of town, though, he practically sulks. Or at least he did until we devised a high-tech, ultramodern, yet perfectly dirty, way of dealing with my absence. I had heard on the news that several airlines were now offering in-flight instant-message and Internet services. What better way to keep in touch with my man than by sharing every one of my X-rated thoughts while on a plane filled with strangers?

Usually I try to fly first class, where I indulge in champagne and ice cream sundaes and generally pretend I'm on vacation, rather than heading off to work. But since I'd had to book a last-minute flight, I'd been stuck with the only seat left—a middle seat in coach. *Oh, well, how bad could it be?* I thought.

If you've ever asked yourself that question, you know the answer: very, very bad. I wound up stuck between a drooling older man and a fidgety teenager of indeterminate gender. Though I'd

never cheat on Brandon, I'd at least have wished for some eye candy, a hunky man—or, hell, even a curvy, cleavage-baring woman—to keep the edges of my vision occupied. So I turned to what at first seemed like a last resort: I logged on to my computer. The teenager was listening to some loud music and the old man was nodding off, often with his head collapsing onto my shoulder. As I waited for my laptop to load, I knew that at least I could get lost in the endless offerings of the Internet, which I often do even when I'm supposed to be retouching photos or replying to e-mail. It offers endless distractions and keeps up with my ADD brain better than even a juicy novel.

The prospect of going online was enough to make me forget about the cramped legroom—did I mention I'm five-eleven?—and lack of food service on a cross-country flight. I went on and immediately checked my e-mail, then logged on to IM, hoping that even though this was a red-eye, one of my friends would be up. Well, one of them was—a very close, personal, sexy friend. There was Brandon, or rather, Randyboy69, as he so often was when he wasn't at work. We're an equal-opportunity online-addiction household.

"Hey sexy," I typed, shifting a little in my narrow seat as I pictured him wearing just a pair of gray cotton briefs as he watched the latest episode of *Entourage*, probably with a beer, or perhaps a joint, in hand.

"You stuck at the airport?" he wrote back.

"No. I'm stuck in the hell that is coach. I'm high. In the sky, that is," I typed.

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? I'm in the air. On my flight. They have wireless now, at least, while it lasts."

"Fancy schmancy."

"Not so much. But you can help me pass the time. Take out your cock. Show it to me."

I didn't mean literally, even though he could have, via Skype. That vision might be a bit much to share with my seatmates, plus I wasn't sure I could handle the prospect of Brandon's powerful dick right in my face. But I wanted to picture it in all its hard, pounding deliciousness, while he pictured me in my

MESSAGE

seat, getting nice and wet, just for him. If I'd been in my car, I'd have been tempted to ditch my shoot, turn around, drive home, and jump his bones.

"You're crazy, do you know that? And I'm not gonna show you my cock till you take your panties off. Get rid of them and shove them in the seat pocket in front of you. I dare you."

That was unfair. He knew I could never resist a dare, or an order, or even a mere naughty suggestion. That's just the effect he has on me, which means that since we've been together, I've wound up fucking him in all sorts of public places, and we've gotten caught twice—that I know about. I've had to slink out of men's bathroom stalls with my hair mussed after vigorous blowjobs, have had my cover nearly blown in the middle of an Alaska winter after a quickie in his parents' kitchen (the coast had seemed clear), and many more adventures I'd have been way too shy, or at least wary, to take part in before him.

But Brandon brings out the dirty girl inside me, the girl my straight-A, choir- and track-team-member former self could never have imagined. Even now, I retain so much of my good-girl polish, at least on the outside. Before Brandon, I dated guys who would never think of wanting a lady on the streets and a whore in the bedroom. "Whore" probably wasn't even in their vocabulary, whereas Brandon loved to taunt me with it, whispering it in my ear as I teetered on that perilous, wondrous brink of orgasm, knowing that the prospect of being a woman of the night would send me crashing over the edge.

"Where are your panties, young lady?" was blinking on my screen—in red. Next thing I knew, he'd be going to all caps.

"Just a sec," I typed, feeling a rush of wetness soak said item of clothing.

My panties were already skimpy to begin with; I like to travel wearing my sexiest undies to remind me that, while I may not have my man with me, I have something to look forward to when I go home. In fact, most of my plain-Jane, boring cotton panties have gone by the wayside in favor of silk, satin, lace, and mesh in a rainbow of colors. Brandon has made his mark all over my body, and in my dresser drawers.

I pondered how best to go about this. Removing my bra in the locker room in college without showing my tits was easier than this maneuver would be. I placed the laptop on the tray in front of me, then undid my seat belt, trying to be as silent as possible so as not to attract attention. I reached into the waistband of my skirt and pushed the edge of my panties down one hip, then did the same with the other.

I had to get them down far enough so I could wiggle them the rest of the way with my legs. My face was hot, and my cheeks surely blushing, as he continued to type away, the screen refreshing as I squirmed. "I wish I could see you slithering out of those panties, wish I could see between your legs to what they were covering. Even though I just tasted you this morning, baby, I miss you already. It's just not the same without you, but I'm trying."

WE'VE RUINED COUNTLESS OUTFITS. I NEVER MIND IF I HAVE TO REPLACE A BRA OR PAIR OF PANTIES IF WHAT I GAIN IN RETURN IS AN EXPLOSIVE ORGASM.

"Tell me what you're doing. I have my panties halfway down my thighs," I typed back in a flash, grateful that all those years of temping had gifted me with the ability to type 100 words per minute, or one-handed, if need be. I wiggled against the seat, shifting one leg and hip, then the other, as I felt my panties move slowly down my legs.

"I've got my dick poking out of the waistband of my briefs. I can see the head straining. I wish you were here to lick it. Oh, God. I'm getting out the lube now, the one you got us last time, at that store ... the one that made you scream when I rubbed it all over you." I'd found the lube at a sex store in Austin on my last trip there, and it had come in at just under three ounces, which allowed me to carry it on the plane.

We'd had so much fun with it, we'd quickly gone through that tiny bottle, and had to order a supersize one online. The image he was painting of his cock had me breathing hard. I bit my lip, wishing I had something to put in my mouth. He was setting off every hot button of my oral fixation.

I pushed my panties farther down, keeping my eyes glued to the screen, as if what I were doing wasn't completely deliberate. Maybe I could say I had an itch and was scratching it, if anyone noticed. I turned to my left, horrified suddenly when I realized my potential audience didn't just include the people on either side of me, but those in the rest of my row as well. Any one of them could see me slipping my hot pink panties down my legs, over my feet, and into the pouch filled with flight safety instructions and the airline's magazine. It would be a gift to some lucky flight attendant or, if they did a lackluster job of cleaning, a future passenger. But I didn't care about that; I cared about obeying Brandon's order.

"Well, Cindy? Are you done yet? I don't have all day. I mean, I'm almost ready to come all over you, and I don't want to ruin your pretty underwear."

That was a lie, because over the course of our relationship, we've ruined countless outfits, not to mention furniture. His come has splattered tabletops, stoves, kitchen tiles, bathtubs, and couches, not to mention every inch of my body. I've left wet spots in plenty of places that hotels would be horrified to know about (we do clean up after ourselves, as best we can, but it's an imperfect science). I never mind if I have to replace a bra or pair of panties if what I gain in return is an explosive orgasm. That seems like a fair trade to me.

"Almost," I managed to type back. The excruciating frustration of not being able to hear his voice, not being able to even whisper his name, let alone run my fingers along my hardened nipples or stroke myself between my legs, was unbearable but also arousing. The furtiveness was part of



the turn-on, a complete contrast to his freedom to do whatever he wanted. For a brief moment I wondered if he was going to take a photo of his cock and send it to me, which would leave me no choice but to hastily shut down my laptop and hope I didn't get reported to the airline authorities.

But Brandon didn't do that. He relied on describing his delicious dick to me in explosive detail. He told me exactly where his hand was, how hard he was stroking himself. His cockhead looked "red and ready to burst." He could feel the come bubbling up. He wanted to taste my panties. Oh, wait—he was going through our laundry and fishing out a dirty pair to approximate what he couldn't have. I was trying to read his text while inching my panties lower and lower. Finally they were poised at my skirt's edge. I felt them trapping my legs as I widened them just so. Sometimes I hold my panties around my legs when I masturbate, legs up in the air, elastic keeping me in place like some erotic exercise band. I like the way they feel pressing against my

skin, the resistance they form as my muscles flex, sending me on my way to climax. Now I looked down below me, as if I were searching for a missing pen, whisked them off and into my hand, and shoved them way down deep in the pocket in front of me, nestled against a barf bag and a magazine.

My heart was pounding, and I'm sure my juices were leaking onto my skirt. I didn't care anymore if they were visible. "I did it!" I typed, and I got the praise I'd been hoping for.

"Very good. I like it when you listen to me, Cindy. I like it when you do whatever I ask you to. That means when you get home you're going to get a very special reward. A gold star, if you will." I knew what that meant. That was our code word for the glittery, gold butt plug he'd bought me when I got that rave review from the *Times*. I'm not one of those insatiable anal babes who needs it up the ass all the time. Getting fucked there is reserved for special occasions, ones that involve sensual bubble baths, oysters hand-fed to me, and me spending a long time across his lap getting spanked and fingered and filled. He prepares my ass so lovingly for the invasion it's about to take, I practically melt around the plug. I never know when it will occur. It's another area where I cede control to Brandon, knowing that he knows just how to please me.

As I was drifting off into an anal-sex daydream, the captain announced that we were going to have to put away all electronic devices. I hadn't come yet, but I was in that preorgasmic state that is sometimes better than orgasm, where it feels like anything and everything could fill my cunt and I'd still crave more; where my pussy is almost in pain with need. It's what I like to think of as the female equivalent of blue balls. It was so delicious that I almost forgot about Brandon for a second. I looked at the screen to see that he'd told me he'd poured some lube into his palm and was moving his hand up and down, fast as can be.

He's let me watch him often enough that I knew exactly what he was doing now. Sometimes he ties me up, wrists bound with red rope behind my back, once in a while a ball gag shoved in my mouth, so I can't touch myself—or him—and I just observe as he slowly, teasingly, jerks himself off, until by the end his hand and cock are one body part, moving in perfect sync until he spatters me with his come.

I didn't type anything back, just brought the screen closer to me as he stopped typing and I knew he was coming. "Love you, will call soon," I typed as I closed my computer and slipped it back into its case. I shut my eyes and settled a blanket over my lap, hoping nobody had seen me.

I learned two things on that trip: Coach isn't so bad after all, if you know how to handle it, and there's more than one way to join the Mile High Club—you don't even have to be in the air to do it. I'm looking forward to my next trip, and I'm sure Brandon is, too. ☪

"Urgent Message," by Rachel Kramer Bussel, from *The Mile High Club: Plane Sex Stories*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2009.



sasha



going green

Twenty-one-year-old Sasha has an exotic name to go with her sultry good looks, but she tells us she's really just a good gal from Brighton, England. Lucky for us, she's not *that* prim and proper.

Photographs by Beck Images



sasha



"I love modeling because I love to travel. But whenever I go away, I miss Brighton. It's got a lively, busy, and friendly atmosphere. And I really want to visit Monte Carlo, to see how the rich live."





sasha



“This was my favorite modeling job. I like to impress my fella, and not many girls can say their photos were in *American Penthouse!*”





sasha



"I can be quite shy. I wait for the guy to make a move. But I'm always up for sex, whether we're in a car park, a field, even a restaurant."





sasha

"I have the most amazing sex with my boyfriend all the time. He pushes all the right buttons. And we watch a lot of porn!"

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM. SEE MORE OF SASHA AT PENTHOUSE.COM/GOINGGREEN.



The Joy of Cooking

If you can take the heat, kitchen work can really spice up your life.

As told to Ronnie Koenig

Working as a line cook in a busy kitchen is the hardest job I've ever had. It's also the job that has gotten me laid most frequently. The hours are long, the people you work with are insane (mostly in a good way), and you have to constantly be on your toes, juggling the orders coming in on a busy Saturday night while dodging hot frying pans and whatever else flies by.

It takes a certain personality type to work in this kind of environment. You can't be a wilting flower, that's for sure. The place I've worked for the past six years is a seafood joint in Florida that's frequented by tourists and a handful of regular locals.

My first night on the job, Andy, the head chef, showed me the ropes. [Editor's note: All names have been changed.] Andy is the kind of guy who, at first glance, seems like a slob. He's in his late fifties, with gray hair and a gut, and curses a blue streak at work. He's also the most charming motherfucker I've ever met, and a certifiable pussy magnet. Andy told me that the waitresses love hooking up with the kitchen staff—and he meant us, not the lowly dishwashers. Chicks love a man who plays with knives and fire.

At the end of my first shift, Andy convinced two of the waitresses to stay behind after closing and drink with us at the bar. The girls wear these short khaki shorts with tight white tank tops, and all of them are gorgeous. Chloe and Helen are both blonde, but Chloe has these black streaks in her hair and I could tell she was a wild one. The four of us started drinking, and then Chloe and Helen started whispering to each other and laughing. They said it was my time to get "initiated" in the walk-in.

While Helen and Andy continued to talk, Chloe took me by the hand and led me back to the walk-in fridge. It was cold inside, but that didn't stop her from pulling off her tank top and bra. Her nipples were really hard—two pink points on these huge, natural breasts. We started making out and then, without me even having to ask, she reached down and pulled out my cock (which was also rock hard), got down on her knees, and started sucking. It only took a few minutes for me to come.

Being a gentleman, I took Chloe back into the kitchen, sat her perfect ass on a countertop, and started eating her out. She came really loudly, and I worried that Helen and Andy would hear. But when we went back into the restaurant, they were engaged in their own activities: Andy had Helen bent over the bar, her shorts around her ankles, and he was banging away.

I think it was at that moment that I knew I had found the perfect job. In fact, there is always some kind of sexual activity going on at our restaurant. Maybe it's the high-stress environment, but this group of people definitely likes to relieve stress with a good fuck.

There was one exception—a hostess, Marina, who came off as



Marina was totally naked, Helen had her bottoms off, and they were kissing and fingering each other. Helen gestured for me to come in.

a real ice queen. She was all business. This confounded me and Andy, as she was apparently single. Marina was tall with long, dark hair and reminded me of the Bond girl in *Casino Royale*. She was definitely the hottest woman working there.

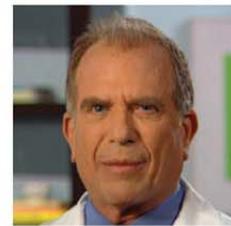
Then one night after closing, I heard sounds coming from the back office. I walked over and cracked the door open and saw Marina and Helen sitting on the desk. Marina was totally naked, Helen had her bottoms off, and they were kissing and fingering each other. I watched for a few seconds, before Helen looked over and saw me. She gestured for me to come in, so I closed the door behind me. Marina reached over and brushed her hand across the front of my crotch. Then she got on all fours and spread herself open to me. I knew there was only one thing to do.

While Helen and Marina continued to kiss and play with each other's tits, I got behind the hostess and slid my dick inside. She was warm and wet, and I had to do everything in my power to stop myself from coming instantly. Eventually, Helen got behind Marina. I pulled my cock out so she could lick Marina's pussy, getting it even wetter for me. While watching Helen in action, though, I started to jerk off. Seconds later I shot my come all over the back of Marina's pussy and onto Helen's face.

When I told Andy the story the next day, he congratulated me. Next weekend we have a group of girls coming in for a bachelorette party. I can't wait to see what happens then. **OTW**

Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?



Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.

I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

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www.ExtenzeMe.com

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. Extenze is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

VON VICTOR'S BRAZILIAN GIRLS

Somehow the master of "Brazilian porn art" knows what our dreams are made of. How did he get inside our head?

By Rebecca Swanner

Von Victor draws damn hot women—bent over, bound up, or just tantalizing you with their Ecstasy Churros. Ecstasy what? Victor—who's inspired by vintage ads, comic books, punk rock, and his own bad temper—is on a mission to create captivating anti-establishment works of art in his native Brazil.

Let's cut right to it: Why is your main subject sexualized images of women?

At the beginning of puberty, drawing superheroes started to feel less interesting, so female heroines started to gain space. Since then, I've never quit reproducing women on paper. I'm obsessed by female power, especially the way it is shown by a simple look. Some women have some sort of sparkle of lust in their eyes, a power often unknown to themselves.

Do you use models or do you draw from your imagination?

When I started, I used to get some interesting pictures from the Internet, but soon I realized that they were limiting my drawings. I started to take photos of everything, and the more I improve as a photographer, the better the final paintings and drawings get.

How do the models react when they see the final product?

Initially they're shocked, in a positive way. Most of them know my work beforehand. In the beginning they are worried about self-acceptance, their bodies, or if they're sexy enough. But with some psychology talk and laughter, I always end up taking their clothes off. Love it!

Have you ever had sex with any of your models?

Not as often as I would like to! Past experiences have shown me that that



kind of situation can be very harmful. Once I get involved, I'm not sure if I'm able to be impartial.

What sort of women are you attracted to in your personal life?

I'm keen on bad girls. As a teenager I was fascinated by Japanese women. Sometimes a small detail or gesture turns me on.

Do you think women's minds are as dirty as men's?

I believe every woman hides a will for some debauchery. What leads them to it is what sets them apart from men. For instance, men cheat because of weakness, women for vengeance; men

talk too much about sex, women act in silence ... I could go on. Pornography itself doesn't turn women on, but the idea behind it does.

Are the fetishes you draw your own?

Not everything I put on paper are my fetishes, but I see them as great tools to express an idea. I love powerful graphic elements, and ejaculations, masks, and pissing are extremely disturbing yet simple things that give huge power to the composition. I don't want to simply reproduce the sex act; I want to show different shades of our contradictory and messed-up natures.

Have you created any pieces just for amusement? "Ecstasy Churros," for instance?

I believe all my creations have some space for amusement—sometimes a personal joke, in other cases a more obvious message, such as the "Gospel Asses" series. "Ecstasy Churros" is part of a larger series in which I tried to mix mod style, local culture elements, and a bit of naughty attitude.

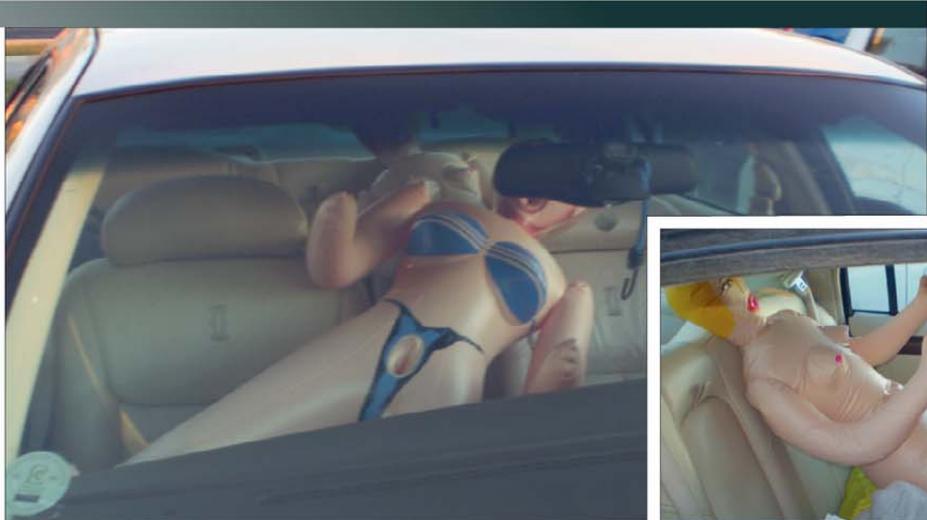
How has your community reacted to your work?

I think today people aren't as shocked as they used to be, but it's still impossible to think about exposing my material outside the underground circuit. I did several expositions in 2008, but only at adult fairs and fetish parties. Brazilian people love sex and have their perversions, but sex is put behind the curtains here, whether due to religious family values or insecurity.

How do Brazilian women compare to American women?

Some friends of mine in the U.S.A. tell me how hard it is to get kissed by American women, so sex is surely more difficult. In Brazil, we kiss a lot and casual sex is part of our routine.

Check out more Brazilian porn art at VonVictor.com.br/.



Rubber Love

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP TWO) THE SMOKING GUN, (RIGHT) WOLF/ZEFA/CORBIS

Men have the same predilections worldwide, if two recent incidents are any indication. In January, a 23-year-old Australian man was charged with breaking into an adult store and having his way with a number of blow-up dolls. According to the store owner, the rubber fan visited several times and favors a model named "Jungle Jane." "He has been taking the dolls out back, blowing them up, using them, and leaving them in the alley," he said. Unfortunately for the horny Aussie, he left his DNA and fingerprints on the inflatable ladies.

Weeks later in Florida, George J. Bartusek Jr. was charged with disturbing the peace after enjoying a ménage à trois with disposable dames in his Lincoln Town Car. After attracting a crowd in the supermarket parking lot, Bartusek was asked to leave by



a store manager. He refused and, according to the police report, "it was determined that Bartusek's actions were corrupting the public's morals and outraged the sense of public decency." He was also wearing shorts designed with a three-inch opening in the crotch area. No word on whether any of this stud's plastic pals were named Jane.—Christine Colby



Bedside Manners

Nothing's more frustrating than being in the heat of the moment, reaching for a condom, and coming up empty-handed. Unless you live in a pharmacy and have a supply of rubbers in the next room, you're pretty much screwed—and not in the way you'd hoped. Such mood-killing mishaps can be prevented, however, with the CBox. The personal condom dispenser holds 36 little foil packages, so you'll always be prepared, and its

sleek design means it will look right at home in even the swankest bedroom. Plus, safe sex is a huge turn-on. Showing your girl you care about your—and her—sexual health is sure to have her showing her appreciation.
—Jennifer Peters





DOUBLE DIPPING

These versatile love beads can create both vaginal and anal delight.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Over the past couple of years I've noticed that there is a growing interest in multipurpose adult toys. Perhaps that's a sign that today's lovers are getting more inventive and original in their love play. Multi-use versatility is particularly popular when it comes to toys that can be used for both vaginal and anal play—but don't forget that only toys that have a "stopper" can be used anally. Other toys can be easily sucked in and lost inside the anal cavity. (That means no gerbils!)

Body Beads by the Penthouse Mode Collection have that versatility—they consist of five soft, ridged beads on a flexible stalk that has a large, convenient "stopper" ring for easy pull and safe play. These beads have a solid, no-string design that is both durable and easy to clean. They create friction for tingling vaginal and anal delight, so you can insert them slowly, twirl them, and bend the stalk to stimulate all the erotic areas of either opening. When used vaginally,

angle them up toward the front wall of the vagina when pulling them out to stimulate the G spot. For anal use, make sure to lube them up and put them in and pull them out slowly one at a time. If you or your partner is an anal beginner, get the starter-size graduated beads. Be sure to clean the beads thoroughly before switching from anal to vaginal use and vice versa. Penthouse Body Beads are phthalate- and latex-free, waterproof, and available in pink or blue. (How many guys are willing to take the pink beads in their butt?) In any event, get yours at PenthouseStore.com.

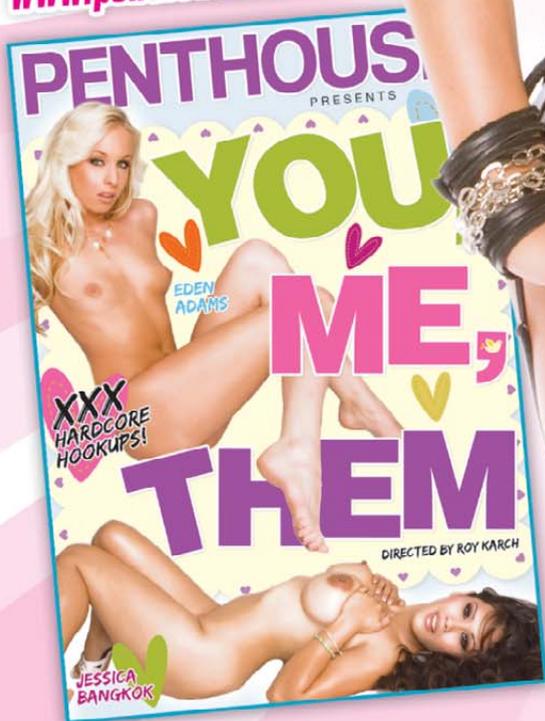
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Ask Dr. Z

WIFE WATCHING

My wife and I love kinky sex. We make love in every imaginable position, and we enjoy talking dirty, too. One night she said she'd love to have two of me at the same time. Ever since she said that, I always get hot thinking about it. I want to watch her have sex with another guy, then join in on the fun. How would we go about instigating something like this? It seems weird going up to a guy in a bar and saying, "Do you want to fuck my wife?"

Asking a random guy at a random bar about joining you and your wife in the bedroom is a bad idea. The quickest way to find a man to be with your wife is to go to a swing club that allows single men. Once you chat up a decent prospect, run him by your wife, then get him a drink and ask him if he would like to join you in one of the private rooms or come home with you. Make sure you are very direct and inviting, as many men are apprehensive about fucking other men's wives in front of them. Put on your biggest, friendliest smile and say affirmatively, "I would love to see you fuck my wife." Once he wholeheartedly agrees, clarify the rules: "I would like to watch for a while, then join in." Make sure you specify exactly how far you are willing to go, because many men who go to "everything goes" swing clubs are bisexual.

If you feel awkward about going to a swing club, or happen to be shy, the easiest way to find threesome candidates is by joining AdultFriendFinder.com, which has an impressive array of eager participants. But be warned, until it's actually happening, you don't really know if watching your wife get fucked is the turn-on you've been fantasizing about. Sometimes, it's best to let fantasies remain fantasies.

GETTING TO ME! IF YOU HAVE A QUESTION, A STORY, A SEX TOY FOR ME, OR JUST A (NICE) COMMENT, PLEASE VISIT PENTHOUSEMAGAZINE.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.



TESTING TERROR

I slept with a hooker on a trip abroad, and, in the heat of moment, did not use protection. Now I am terrified about the possibility of having contracted HIV, but I'm afraid to get tested for fear that my employer, family, or friends will somehow find out about a positive test outcome. Are there any early symptoms I should be looking for? What is the best way to get tested confidentially?

I am not going to lecture you about the dangers of unprotected sex ... with hookers. But I would seriously advise you against looking for any "early symptoms," lest you want to turn yourself into a bigger neurotic mess than you already are. Instead, you should get tested right away, and re-tested in about six months. Since you're concerned about confidentiality, look for a center that provides anonymous testing. You will be identified by a code number and will not need to provide your name, address, telephone number, or any

other identifying information. You will be given a receipt after having your blood drawn, which you will bring back in person one week later to get a result. With anonymous testing, nobody can get results of your test from a clinic, not even at your request, so chances of anybody finding out are minuscule. Meanwhile, relax—your chances of getting HIV from a one-time unprotected encounter with a woman are actually very low. Of course, you could have picked up other vile things you should get tested for, too. (But if you had anal sex with a she-male, then all bets are off.) Next time you have risky sex, wear a condom—then your risk of getting HIV from a woman drops to one in 50 million. **OT-1**

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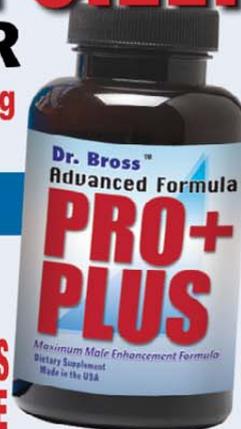


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party girls

When Dakota and Rebecca receive an invite to a swanky garden party in the Hamptons, they dress to impress. After a couple of hours of rubbing elbows, however, the girls grow bored, and a mischievous idea pops into Dakota's head. She whispers softly to Rebecca, "Why not make some entertainment of our own?"

Photographs by Misha







Tipsy on champagne and fired up by the possibility of getting caught, they sneak off to a secluded area of the lush gardens. As their exploration shifts from playful to passionate, their sweet cries of ecstasy float through the gardens and catch the attention of a few party guests, who wander over to investigate.











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The Itch

Penthouse

Brunette Jolean plays a MILF-y bundle of sexual tension in this tale of raging hormones and the sapphic sisters who set out to satisfy them. *The Itch* covers all the bases for an all-girl feature, using a "Dear Diary" format to glide nicely from Jolean's solo masturbation opener to a girl-on-girl smoker with Angie Savage. The pair builds on an obvious attraction and handles each other's body like old lovers; Angie is particularly skilled at finger-banging, making us long for the day when full-hand-insertion

scenes are allowed in this country. A later scene with Ahryan Astyn and Karlie Montana really gives Ahryan room to strut her stuff, and what stuff it is. She exhibits a rare quality in the generally gay-for-play world of adult entertainment by looking like she's actually fucking her partner instead of just playing a lesbian.

From top to bottom: Karlie Montana; Karlie Montana, Ahryan Astyn, and Jolean; Angie Savage



By Johnny Bronx



THE SEX PARTY
Penthouse

Take five women, add a selection of sex toys, mix well, and what do you have? Five women adding a little spice to their love lives and, by default, to yours. To her credit, director Kelly Holland uses a respectably subtle touch in working the sex toys into the plot, making their presence known but leaving the use of dildos, vibes, and other playthings to the discretion of the actresses. That said, Tori Black pulls off the best scene here, her interaction with her partner and her Hitachi Magic Wand taking it into the red on the old wank-o-meter. Whip-thin Marie Luv contributes a great interracial scene with Alan Stafford in a bathroom full of candles, while Ryder Skye and Brianna Beach get nasty with a rascally Rabbit vibrator in the sole lesbian encounter. (Speaking of encounters, a smart guy like you will read the subtext of this flick and work a few sex toys into your own repertoire. But you knew that, didn't you?)

Above, from left: Jessica Lynn; Tori Black, Felony Foreplay, and Tommy Gunn

COUGAR CRUISIN'
Penthouse Letters

If you think that nothing says loving like a sexy cougar's muffin, then you're in luck. That's what you get here, and more. The "more" is the 100 percent vaginal bonus of every sex scene being a threesome in which a sexy older woman hooks up with a man *and* a young girl. The setups are simple—a married couple picks up a sexy, stranded motorist; a marriage counselor takes a young couple under her, uh, wing—and leave plenty of room for the action to soar. In the former scenario, Kristina Rose samples the bouquet of finely aged Devon Lee, and it isn't long before she's tasting some thick, hard cock as well. Devon is a fine piece of work with a round ass and respectable rack, and watching her impart some sexual wisdom on her new friend is trouser-tightening indeed. Likewise, the latter scene, wherein Felony Foreplay shows favored "X-Rated" fuck monkey Tori Black the ins and outs of sucking cock. The idea of coupling older women with younger ones is inspired, breathing exciting new life into this popular genre. 

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EAVESDROPPING

My college roommate Connie was a serial monogamist, always going from one guy to the next. One semester she went through five boyfriends, dumping each one after a few weeks because they failed to hold her interest. No one could figure out what her deal was. Then one day I came home from class and heard Connie on the phone with a friend, talking about her lackluster love life. When I heard Connie say, "You know what the problem is?" I knew I had to find out what she was going to say. Ducking into the bathroom, I hid behind the shower curtain and listened intently.

"It's Janine," she said. I jumped. Me? What about me made her break up with all those guys? "I like her, okay? I find my roommate attractive. Ugh!" she practically screamed.

She finds me attractive? I wondered if she was telling the truth. I hoped she was. Since the day we'd moved in together more than a year earlier, I'd been drawn to her. She was so laid-back, so calm. And she was hot, too. She had a trim waist and nice wide hips. Her hair was always perfect, every strand in place, and her makeup was flawless. Even her clothes, the ripped jeans and tiny T-shirts she always wore, looked sexy. And she wasn't even trying!

"Every time a guy kisses me, I think of her," she whined. "I imagine her soft lips kissing me, her hands on my body...." The moan that broke free from her after that was sexy, sensual, and I started thinking about the things she'd just described. In my mind, I kissed her soft lips and trailed my hands over her equally soft body. God, she was driving me crazy! I wished she'd just get off the phone already so I could go in there and—

I'd been so caught up in my dirty little daydream that I didn't hear her hang up the phone, but I definitely heard her when she started walking toward my hiding place. *I'll just pretend I was going to the bathroom this whole time*, I thought, *and she'll never know I was eavesdropping*. But that thought came too late. Before I had a chance to do anything, Connie was standing in front of me.

She was wearing short-shorts and a tiny T-shirt, and just looking at her dressed like that after hearing all the things she'd said made me incredibly hot. I was so turned on that, even though I knew I should tell her about overhearing her, I decided to act first and talk later. Leaning in, I framed her



face with my hands, pulled her close, and planted a long, lingering kiss on her pretty pink lips. She didn't react right away, but when she did, it was definitely worth the wait. Her tongue snaked between my lips, and her hands started running up and down my body, eventually sneaking up my skirt and landing on my ass.

When we broke for air, neither of us bothered speaking; instead we started to rip off each other's clothes. It was easy to get Connie's clothes off, but it took a bit longer for her to get my layers off. When she had me down to my bra and skirt (my panties had been the first thing to go), she gave up and chose to work around the remaining garments. Dropping to her knees, she stuck her head under my skirt and I felt her tongue dancing on my mound. For a split second it tickled, but then it felt heavenly, and I

moaned in delight as she kept licking my lips and circling my clit with her tongue. She instinctively knew exactly what I would like, and each stroke of her tongue, each pucker of her lips, brought me closer to release.

When I came, I clamped her head between my thighs, keeping her in place. When I finally relaxed and she leaned back to look at me, I could see my juices shining on her face. Then she stood up, grabbed my hand, and dragged me to the bedroom.

Connie pushed me down on her bed and climbed on top of me, kissing me for a moment before sliding up my body until her pussy was in front of my face. I slipped a finger into her extremely wet cunt, briefly fingering her before she shifted, inching closer to my mouth. When her slit was right by my lips, I leaned forward and kissed her wet pussy.

I tried to eat her with as much skill as she'd eaten me. Every time I licked her pussy or sucked her clit, Connie moaned with contentment, enjoying my tongue work as much as I was enjoying giving it to her. I couldn't seem to get enough of her, and I kept trying to get more and more of her

Her tongue snaked between my lips, and her hands started running up and down my body.

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slick mound into my mouth. I pulled gently on her pussy lips and twirled my tongue around her erect clit, doing everything I could to make sure she was enjoying it as much as I was—and I was pretty fucking turned on!

After about ten minutes, I slipped a finger into her pussy while I continued to eat her and wiggled it around, reaching for her G spot. When she let out a soft sigh, I added a second finger and curled them, stroking the sweet spot inside her pussy. She began convulsing, her hips writhing about, causing my mouth to keep slipping from its intended target. Then she was coming, and her juices flowed over my fingers. I eagerly drank her down, falling in love with her sweet flavor and never wanting to pull away.

A few moments later, though, that's exactly what I had to do. It wasn't for long, however, as Connie flipped us over and started in on me again. We continued taking turns bringing each other to climax all night.

The next morning, things went back to normal between us—for the most part. Connie still dated a new

guy every few weeks, but it didn't matter if any of her boyfriends stuck around anymore, because we were too busy fucking like bunnies to care. We went on like that until graduation a couple of years later, and we've since lost touch, but she definitely made my college years some of the best of my life!—*J.S., New Jersey*

FUCK LIKE A ROCK STAR

I met him in the hotel lobby, and I have to admit, the elevator ride to the seventh floor was a bit awkward. But it was exciting, too, with months of anticipation about to come to an end. Once in the room, I wasted no time. The lights were on, but I didn't care. I figured we might as well get down to business. I grabbed his belt and playfully tugged him toward the

beds. There were two, and we stood between them, kissing passionately while we disrobed one another.

"You're so beautiful," he said.

We were naked, standing chest to chest, and my nipples became hard as they brushed against him. He cupped my breasts in his hands, gently kneading them. Then he took one nipple into his mouth and nibbled and sucked on it until it was achingly erect before moving on to the next one.

My legs began to feel wobbly, so I sat on the bed and attempted to pull him down with me. Instead, he fell to his knees, eager to taste me, and he did. He brushed his cheek over my hair, spreading my lips, then eased his tongue into my slit. His kisses were gentle, and he was in no rush. I tried to be patient, but all I could think about was getting his cock inside me. He kissed me for a long time, his tongue flicking and stabbing at my clit. The sound of his mouth smacking on my pussy was so sexy, and I got incredibly wet. I asked him if I tasted good.

"Mmm," he moaned.

"I want to taste myself," I told him.

I couldn't get enough of her, and I kept trying to get more of her slick mound into my mouth.

That got his attention, and he looked at me as if he wasn't sure what I meant, so I crushed my mouth against his in a powerful kiss, then slowly licked his lips. After that, he understood exactly what I meant. He reached between my thighs and slid a finger into my pussy. Then he pulled his finger out and brought it to my lips.

"That's hot," he said, and from the look in his eyes, I knew he meant it. I reached for my purse, or rather the rubber inside it. In seconds, that was taken care of and I was straddling him. I loved the way he watched me as I thrashed about, my hair whipping around while he stayed calm and focused. He studied me like I was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

Then I positioned myself so I was no longer straddling him, but our bodies were parallel, pressed firmly together from knees to navel. Then I started another ride, with a new rhythm. From my new position I could rub my clit along his shaft while working the head in and out of my cunt.

"No one has ever done that before," he whispered. "I like your style."

"Oh, God," was all I could muster.

Pretty soon I was ready to come, but I knew he wasn't, so I stopped moving. I didn't want to finish yet; I wanted to please my lover. And I knew just how to do it. I placed small kisses all over his dick. Then I lightly licked his shaft from the balls all the way to the tip. When I took the head into my mouth and he moaned, I put the entire length in my mouth and started sucking it in and out. Meanwhile, I had his nuts in one hand and I wrapped the other around the base of his cock, jacking him off while I sucked. Then I slipped my finger in his ass.

"Ooh," he moaned. "I like that!"

"I knew you would," I told him with a smug look on my face.

I finger-fucked his ass as I sucked his cock, and the action drove him wild. His back arched and his toes curled and I felt energy radiate from his core. Then I climbed back onto his lap and started bouncing on his cock. I thrust against him, harder and harder, slamming our bodies together. The excitement built inside me until I exploded. My orgasm was incredible, and it was so intensely pleasurable that I erupted into laughter.

Gasping and barely able to breathe, I continued fucking. But what once was a beautiful rhythm had turned into a series of spastic convulsions.

"You came?" he asked.

"Yes," I sighed as I jumped off his



cock, my pussy too sensitive to handle being touched anymore. Then he was ready to come, and I started jacking him off. Just the touch of my hand drove him crazy, and he spilled his warm, milky come into my hand.

We lay side by side, catching our breath, and then he told me, over and over while searching for his clothes, that he wished he had more time. I didn't, but I kept that to myself. Then

he dressed quickly and headed for the door. As he reached for the knob, he hesitated and turned toward me. "I'd really love to stay for an encore," he said. "But I'll be in Kentucky again on the next tour. I hope I see you then."

"Be safe," I replied.

Then he was gone, and there was no turning back. I drifted off into a blissful sleep, the kind of sleep that comes only after great sex.

I woke up late the next morning in a beautiful hotel room, with a vaulted ceiling and a view to die for. I could see the entire city in the distance. Then my phone beeped to alert me to a new text message. "Last night was awesome" was all it read. *I know*, I thought, and smiled. I couldn't wait until the next tour.—B.R., Kentucky

I loved the way he watched me as I thrashed about, my hair whipping around while he stayed calm and focused.

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MY EROTIC SOUNDTRACK

My next-door neighbors do everything at high volume. Their fights are loud, their television is loud, their dog is loud ... and their lovemaking is loud.

Last week I was at home alone, reading a book, when I heard noise coming from their bedroom, which shares a wall with my living room. I tried to ignore it, because I really wanted to finish my book, but the moaning and grunting kept getting louder. It sounded like people when they're about to fuck, and I couldn't help but stop to listen.

I heard the couple crash to the bed, followed a minute or so later by the sound of their headboard banging against the wall. Again I tried to ignore the noise and concentrate on my book, but when I turned my attention back to the page, I found myself at the beginning of a steamy love scene. Sucking in a deep breath, I tried to read, but it certainly wasn't helping to have a soundtrack. The more I tried to focus on the book, the more turned on I became. I wasn't sure if it was the book, the neighbors, or the combination of stimuli that was doing it, but I felt my pussy growing moist.

Without really being aware of what I was doing, I slipped a hand into my pajama pants and started rubbing my pussy. It felt really good, so I kept going, putting slight pressure on my clit. In a moment the book was forgotten and all I could concentrate on were the noises from next door and the tingling between my legs.

It wasn't easy trying to pleasure myself with my pants in the way, so I pushed them down past my hips to give myself more room. As soon as my cunt was uncovered, I got to work bringing myself off. The finger already inside my pussy thrust faster and harder, and I used my other hand to lift my shirt and massage my big tits.

The noises next door weren't easing, and when the headboard started pounding against the wall again, I knew they'd be going at it for quite a while. That had been the last thing I'd wanted only minutes earlier, but now it was exactly what I needed. I couldn't imagine trying to get off without the accompanying soundtrack, and I was so worked up that if it stopped, I'd be left unsatisfied. Luckily, it seemed I had nothing to worry about.

I fit a second finger into my pussy, and it slid in easily. Then I started tweaking my nipples, trying to really get myself going. As I thrust in and out of my cunt, I tried to match the



rhythm of the couple fucking next door. They seemed to know what they were doing, and they always seemed to have intense orgasms (their shouts of pleasure were always incredibly loud), so I wanted nothing more than to emulate them at that moment.

When they started fucking even harder, their headboard banging against the wall so forcefully that I feared it would break through, I slid in a third finger. My pussy was absolutely stuffed, and I could barely wiggle my fingers, but what little movements I could make were sending waves of pleasure throughout my body. Then I

As I thrust in and out of my cunt, I tried to match the rhythm of the couple fucking next door.

heard the neighbors start to moan as if they were about to climax.

I picked up the speed and thrust my fingers in and out as fast as I could while simultaneously rubbing my clit and kneading my breasts. Then the woman next door let out a long, high-pitched shriek as she came. A stream of curses followed as she enjoyed the pleasure her husband gave her, and then it was his turn. When he came, I heard only a series of staccato grunts, followed by one long, low moan.

The headboard continued to clang against the wall, so I kept playing with my pussy. Then, as the man next door groaned again, I finally came. My climax was more explosive than it'd been in a long time, and I cried out. It was over a minute later, and the sounds next door had stopped completely, just in time for me to take a nice postorgasm nap.

I don't think I'll ever get used to all the noise they make, but every now and then, their sound effects come in handy!—*Y.S., California*

MIXING BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

I've always had a thing for redheads, and when I saw Alice across the conference table, I knew instantly that I had to have her. Every time she looked at me, I felt like her eyes were burning through my blazer, trying to get to the lacy lingerie underneath.

At lunch, I planned to casually approach her and start a conversation, something about the meeting or the merger, but she beat me to it. She strode up to me with such purpose that I was sure she was going to comment on the fact that I'd barely paid attention in the meeting, or call me out because I'd been late that morning. But what she said instead was much more interesting: "Care to accompany me to the ladies' room?"

I had no idea why she would ask such a thing, but I couldn't bring myself to question her or say no. I just nodded my head and followed her out the door, my lunch forgotten. She kept up her fast pace all the way to the bathroom at the other end of the hallway, passing the restroom right outside the cafeteria. Still, I didn't bother to ask what was going on.

As soon as we were inside the small bathroom, with the door closed behind us, she spun around and asked me if I liked girls. "I saw you staring at me all morning," she added, "so don't try to tell me you're not interested."

I assured her I was very interested,

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and the words had barely left my lips before she was pushing me against the door, her lips fusing to mine. I'd thought she was a take-charge woman in the boardroom, but she was twice as aggressive when it came to sex. Her tongue pushed into my mouth, tangling with my own, before I'd even thought of parting my lips. And her hands were everywhere—one minute on my hips, the next on my tits, then on my ass. I couldn't keep up! But when a hand slipped under my skirt, I was definitely back on track. Her fingers were pulling at my cotton panties, and I lost myself in the excitement. Then I felt her fingers on my skin, parting my pussy lips and pushing into my cunt, and I had to bite my lip to keep from screaming with pleasure. Her fingers were moving expertly inside me, banging me at the perfect speed and hitting me at just the right angle. It was almost like I was playing with myself, but better—much, much better.

Alice was still kissing me while her hands went to work on my body, the one at my pussy working extra hard to bring me off. My panties were still on, but that didn't stop her. After pulling her fingers from my cunt, she started rubbing her hand all over my pussy, brushing against my lips and my clit. Then she started sliding the tip of one finger back and forth between my lips, getting close to my clit before sliding it in the other direction. This went on for several minutes, and the constant teasing soon had me on edge. I was starting to get anxious, looking forward to my release.

It seemed Alice knew exactly what I was feeling, though, and she pulled back from our kiss and smiled wickedly, shaking her head and telling me that I'd have to wait a little bit longer before I got what I wanted. I groaned in protest, but she tweaked my nipple with one hand while her other pressed firmly on my clit. If she didn't let me come soon, I'd go crazy!

Fortunately, she heard the pleading in my groan and decided not to tease me any longer. She slipped a finger back inside my pussy and thrust it in and out as far as my panties would allow. A second finger was added a moment later, and her fingers pumped erratically, no longer following the pattern she'd set earlier. I felt like I was really getting fucked.

If I hadn't been so overwhelmed by the feelings she was creating in me, I might have been more worried about the fact that I wasn't doing anything



to get her off, but I was too distracted to care about anyone but myself. It didn't seem like Alice was too worried about her own pleasure anyway, even as she was doing everything she could to make me come.

Then, after another minute or two of Alice's thrusting fingers, I was moaning loudly into our kiss as I went over the edge. My climax was intense, more intense than I'd expected from a 15-minute hookup in the bathroom, and it felt like I'd never stop coming. All too soon, though, it was over and I was straightening my panties while Alice licked her fingers clean of my juices and washed her hands.

Five minutes later, I was back to staring at her across the table in the conference room. Only this time, I knew she was looking back, and I couldn't stop the smile that spread across my face as I thought about our lunchtime treat. Our next break couldn't come soon enough for me!—*L.B., Alabama*

Her fingers were moving expertly inside me, banging me at the perfect speed and hitting me at just the right angle.

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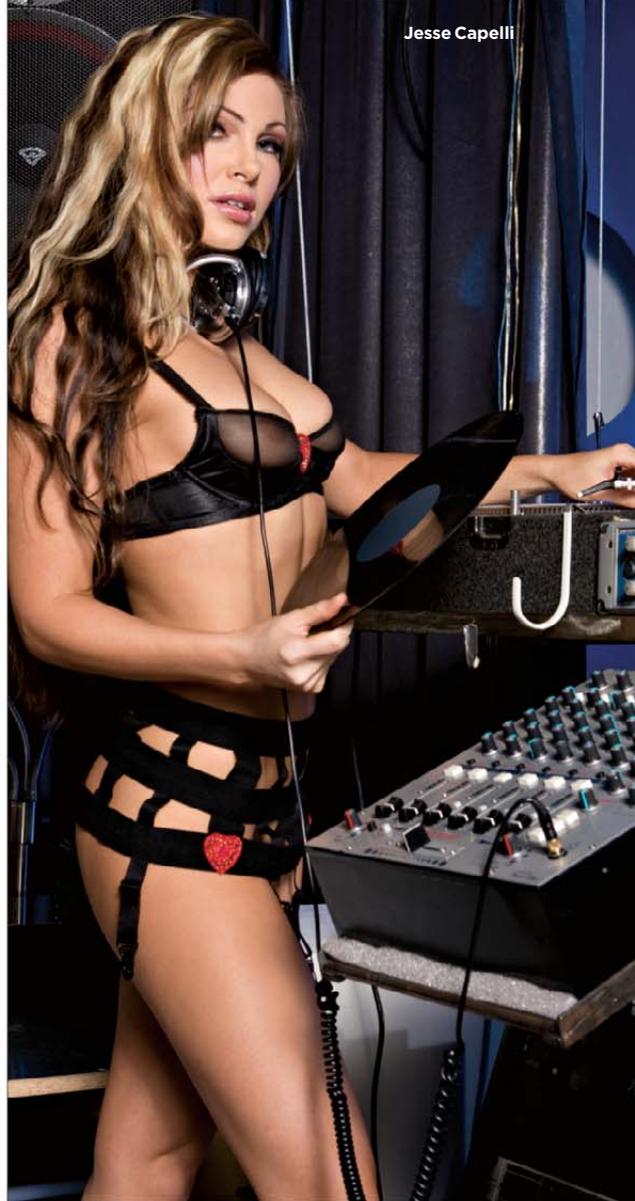
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