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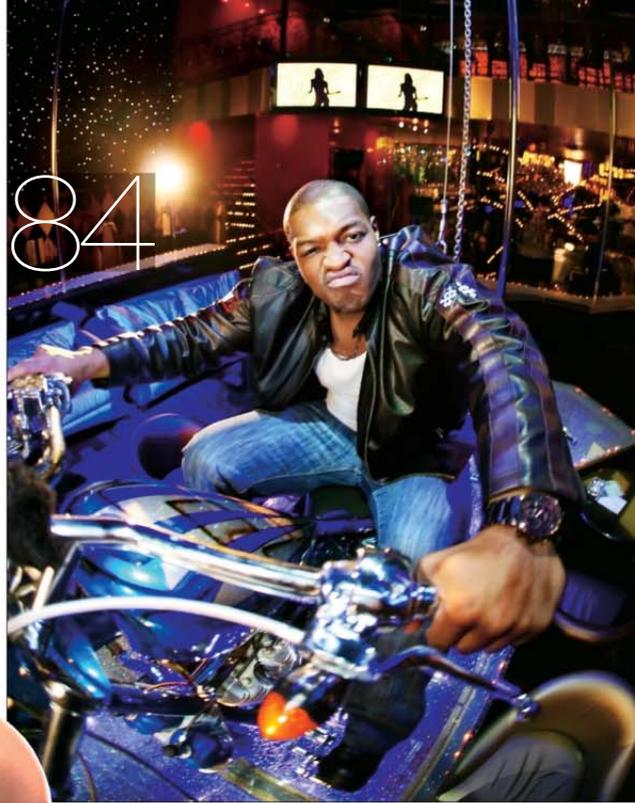
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Model Misbehavior

Our October centerfold, Ryan Keely, filled us in on her most remarkable recent sexual experience, and proves that the Forum letters are from real people.



My friend and I were in Vegas for her birthday at the same time as one of my buddies from the Internet. I dragged her with me so we could all hang out for a minute and homedude turned out to be cute and sexy, which was kind of surprising for an Internet friend! We got a little drunk and a little saucy, and decided to take him back to our hotel room.

Hands were going everywhere in the taxi, and by the time we'd hit the elevator I had already tasted my friend's yummy pussy. When we got to the room, she stripped down to her leopard-print stilettos and fixed drinks while I ordered the innocent civilian to lick my already soaking cunt. When she brought the drinks, I had her sit on my face before we stripped the guy down and shared his cock. As our tongues curled around his long, hard dick and into each other's mouth, we stared up at him. His look of shock and amazement made me realize that this was his first threesome.

I disentangled myself to find condoms and put on my over-the-knee black leather boots. Before I rejoined the party I had to frantically finger my throbbing clit, because the sight of my friend sucking that big, pretty cock was so erotic. I just had to watch them a little before I played, so I let her have first crack at him.

After I handed her a condom, she sheathed him in latex and climbed on top. I loved watching her juicy ass bounce up and down and grind on him. My pussy was dripping wet, and as he flipped her over and drove his cock into her deeper and harder with each stroke, I pulled out my vibrator and fucked myself. After several minutes of watching her squirm against him as he pounded her pussy with his long, hard cock, she gripped his flesh and came with a shudder.

I didn't wait for him to catch his breath before taking off the condom and using my mouth to put on a

fresh one. Then I climbed on top and lowered my juicy cunt onto his cock. After just a few wild strokes I was so close to coming that I couldn't keep it together, so he took control and flipped me over. He fucked me so hard that the sound of our skin slapping together helped push me over the edge, and I came with a guttural shout.

But I wasn't finished and neither was he. I wanted more of that thick, hard cock stretching my tight, pink pussy. He kept going, pounding me deeper and harder, moving me from one position to another, slapping my ass until it was hot and red. We

As our tongues curled around his hard dick and into each other's mouth, we stared up at him.

grabbed at each other, trying to fuck harder and deeper than was physically possible.

Finally, he flipped me onto my back again and began slapping my face. The sound mixed with the noise of our wet skin slamming together each time he drove himself into my cunt. I writhed and screamed and slammed my cunt back against his pistoning cock. I came multiple times as each orgasm bled into the next. My pussy spasmed and throbbed and I sobbed from the incredible pleasure. I gripped his shoulders, pulling him to me as my juices soaked his balls, my thighs, and the sheets.

When I was able, I pushed him off me, satiated, and my friend took over. She took his cock and began reviving it, using her hand, the vibrator, and her mouth. He pulled me to him and fingered my pussy as I watched my friend service him like she was worshiping his cock at an altar. When he was ready to let go, I bent my head down and received the communion of his come on my face and in my mouth. Delicious.

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■ GIFT OF SHARING

Last month I got a promotion to a division in another state. To celebrate, my coworkers took me out for drinks. Some people invited their spouses and partners to join them, including my friend Jeff. His wife, Serena, is really hot. I'd seen her a few times and wished I'd hooked up with her first. The woman always gave me a hard-on. Any time Jeff talked about her, I made sure to tell him how lucky I thought he was to have her. Jeff said he'd told Serena I had a hard-on for her, and I didn't care if she knew it. I'd have given my left nut to fuck her.

We'd been at the bar for a few hours, and I'd begun to wonder if Serena was still coming. I was having a good time, but when Serena finally showed up, I felt like the party was ready to take off. Serena wasn't that tall, but every time I'd seen her, she'd had on a short dress or skirt and mile-high heels. This night was no different. She had on a black silky-looking top, a black leather mini, black stockings, and a pair of black stilettos. She looked like a wet dream I wouldn't mind having every night.

Serena greeted me with a kiss on each cheek, but before she pulled away, she placed a hand around my neck and said something I'll never forget. Standing between Jeff and me, she told me that one of Jeff's fantasies was to see her fuck another man. I wasn't sure I'd heard her correctly, even though her lips were right near my ear, her hot breath on my neck. But that wasn't all she had to say. Serena's fantasy was to fuck two men simultaneously!

I'd had only two drinks, but I felt light-headed and wondered if the whole thing was a joke at my expense. But when I looked over at Jeff, he raised his glass to me and said, "Consider it your send-off, buddy!"

Of course, I was all for it. Serena had been the star of my fantasies for some time, and although my imaginings never included Jeff, I didn't mind sharing. But even as we rode back to Jeff and Serena's house in the taxi, with Serena sitting between us, her hand doing great things to my cock, I still wondered if it would really happen.

I got my answer when we arrived at their place. Serena promptly stepped out of her shoes, leaving a trail of clothing as she led the way to the



bedroom. Jeff and I waited until we reached the bedroom to undress, with me taking the longest, as I couldn't take my eyes off Serena.

I wasted no time and dived right in, kneeling between her legs and burying my tongue deep in her wet snatch. I gave her my best, enjoying every moan that escaped her lips, every shudder that ran through her incredible body, until she became weak-kneed and let me lower her back onto the bed.

Pulling me toward her luscious lips, she kissed me thoroughly, then brought those same lips to my ear and said, "Please fuck me, Jeff."

With one smooth thrust, I entered her tight sheath. The urge to slam away at her was so strong, I had to take a pause and get myself under control. At that moment, I thought nothing could surpass the feel of her hot flesh surrounding my cock. And as I began fucking her slow and deep, I really believed it. I hadn't counted on that feeling being magnified when she

rolled on top and Jeff gently eased his way into her back door while I was still deep in her pussy. It was all I could do to keep from coming and ending the amazing sensation of alternating my strokes with Jeff's. Her velvet vise had me in ecstasy as I experienced my first foray into double-fucking. I would have given anything to have it go on forever, but Serena's escalating moans led to a sudden and almost violent climax, which sent Jeff and me barreling over the edge with massive orgasms of our own.

That night turned out to be the best night of sex I've ever had. I even got to ream Serena's sweet ass while her husband fucked her pussy. It was just one night, but I think about it a lot since I've relocated. Apparently, Jeff and Serena think about it, too, because Serena wants Jeff to put in for a transfer to my division so we can pick up where we left off!—M.K., Texas

More letters on page 132

"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.

As I began fucking her slow and deep, Jeff gently eased his way into her back door.

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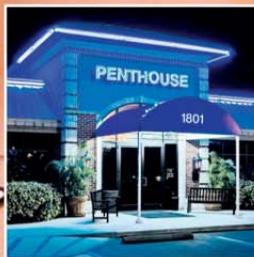
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Ragin' Cajun

Werner Herzog's semi-sequel to the legendary 1992 film *Bad Lieutenant* relocates the action to New Orleans and increases the crazy quotient with Nicolas Cage as the notorious cop and Eva Mendes as an ever-stoned prostitute, filling up the bras and bedsheets nicely.

ILLUSTRATION BY COULAS & LOURDES





The Worst Lieutenant

Werner Herzog's delirious take on the 1992 cult hit *Bad Lieutenant* dials up the crazy to 11—it's easily the oddest movie of 2009.

at another cop movie this season. Our drug-fueled antihero ("bad" is an understatement) occasionally sees iguanas in his office. So do we. (They're not really there.) He has a "lucky crack pipe." He's not above torturing enfeebled nursing-home residents. Herzog couldn't care less about realism, adding layer upon layer of dream logic, criminality, and collusion until you have no idea who the perps are. Add to the mix a break-dancing goon, an adorable puppy, and Cage's most unhinged work—which is saying a lot—and you've got the strangest semi-sequel ever attempted. Having seen it, we say it succeeds—as long as you let little details such as seriousness and believability go. On Cage's arm: the lovely Eva Mendes as an ever-stoned prostitute, filling up the bras and bedsheets nicely.



Bad Lieutenant: Port of Call New Orleans
Nicolas Cage, Eva Mendes, Val Kilmer

Germany's Werner Herzog didn't direct 1992's original *Bad Lieutenant*, a masterpiece of bat-shit crazy. (That would be wild man Abel Ferrara.) But he sees that film's dementedness—and raises. You gotta love Herzog's balls. He doesn't

have Harvey Keitel, so he bluffs with scenery-chewer Cage. He doesn't have New York City's mean streets, so he heads south to a post-Katrina New Orleans. And he's not preoccupied with religious faith, as was Ferrara, so Herzog fashions a lunatic comedy about righteousness. Consider this a guarantee: You won't laugh harder

PREVIEWS



Armored
Laurence Fishburne,
Matt Dillon, Columbus
Short

The best-laid plans of criminal masterminds always seem to unravel at the last second—at least that's how it works in most heist films. *Armored* is no different, but at least it unravels in an unusual way. Our hero (*Stomp the Yard*'s Short) only wants to ease into his new job on the security team of an armored car, yet his corrupt coworkers hope to involve him in their massive theft. He eventually agrees to go along, but conscience strikes mid-job. Look for Dillon and Fishburne to steal the picture with their tasty villainy.



Avatar
Sigourney Weaver, Sam Worthington

James Cameron—remember him? Won a bunch of Oscars, declared himself “king of the world”? He's not exactly hurting for walking-around money, but it has been more than a decade since *Titanic* crushed box-office records. His latest, a massive sci-fi action pic, looks like an Xbox-ready first-person shooter peppered with a little *Aliens*, and a touch of

The Matrix. Hard to say what it's all about, but it definitely involves a bunch of blue-skinned creatures in a *Lord of the Rings*-type struggle on another planet. And it's in 3-D. Except for a cameo by Weaver, there are no huge stars here, just *Terminator Salvation*'s non-breakthrough Worthington and *Star Trek* hottie Zoë Saldana.



Invictus
Matt Damon, Morgan
Freeman

You know it's prestige-movie season when a film about rugby players gets a title like *Invictus*. This one's directed by Clint Eastwood and set in racially tense South Africa, circa 1995. That's after the fall of apartheid, but President Nelson Mandela (Freeman) is still stalemated in his efforts to unite his nation under a common cause. Enter rugby star Francois Pienaar (Damon), who captains the underdog South African squad in the Rugby World Cup. If you know the real-life history, don't spoil it for others; this could be the year's most satisfying sports drama, another *Miracle*.

DVDs

BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

Hit List

Some of our favorite summer blockbusters are coming home.

Terminator Salvation and G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra

These both lived up to the image of the summer blockbuster by being larger-than-life—literally. Unfortunately, both also lived up to the prerelease ill will that is so common to effects-laden blockbusters. The story and characterization fell short in *Terminator*, left in the dust by impressively cool special effects—particularly the giant transport robot that, oddly enough, should have had a much larger role, and the naked Schwarzenegger Terminator, a welcome blast from the past that ultimately misfired by reminding fans just how much better the

earlier films were. We couldn't even figure out what emotionally wrought scene Christian Bale was filming when he so infamously freaked out on that lighting guy.

In *G.I. Joe*, story and characterization were pretty much sacrificed on the altar of creating caricatures, which were, admittedly, occasionally entertaining. The chase scene through



the streets of Paris was looning, with odd breaks for one-liners, but the under-the-polar-ice-cap secret lair was kinda cool. The film disappointed mainly because it so clearly wouldn't have taken much more effort to make a good picture. It featured a decent group of actors who just weren't given enough actual acting to do. We can only hope that the inevitable sequel takes itself a little more seriously.

The Hangover

You might be thinking that there's no reason to buy a comedy DVD, but trust us when we say that this “dude, where's the groom?” flick will hold up to repeated viewings. And if you left the theater before the raunchy photos rolled during the credits, you still don't know what happened. Those pics deserve to be seen in all their glory.

Bonus features include more photos, more Ken Jeong, and theatrical and unrated versions of the film. The Blu-ray also includes BD Live features, Mike Tyson's “In the Air Tonight,” and a “Cursing Mash-Up.”



Star Trek

The high point of summer was this reboot of the campy classic. The actors were pitch-perfect, the action was *almost* too much, and the respect for fans and the work of creator Gene Roddenberry was admirable (and appreciated). Director J. J. Abrams managed to balance the old with the new deftly and artistically, creating a franchise for a new generation.

The standard and Blu-ray editions are packed with bonus features, but the highlight for the true fan will be the deleted scenes of Abrams' version of the Klingons.



***Southern Voice* is hot off the McGraw production line, aiming to please.**

TIM MCGRAW
Southern Voice
Curb
★★★

Tim McGraw's unparalleled streak of platinum success can be credited to his ability to deliver exactly what his audience wants—and in Nashville-radio-friendly doses, to boot. His tenth album doesn't disappoint; it just doesn't impress much. Alternating between nostalgia-fueled odes to Boone's Farm wine ("Good Girls") and "women be *shopping!*"-style comic honky-tonk ("It's a Business Doing Pleasure With You"), *Southern Voice* is hot off the McGraw production line, aiming to please. The only head-scratcher comes on the opening line of "If I Died Today": "Who'd turn off my coffeepot?" Dude, you're married to Faith Hill. I'm sure she'd take care of it!

Keeping the Faith

Tim McGraw's latest will not disappoint his legion of loyal fans.



THE WILLOWZ
Everyone
Dim Mak/Downtown
★★

Jack White giveth and Jack White taketh away. Sure, the White Stripes' emergence gave a lot of long-haired, bluesy also-rans a chance to take their acts out of the garage (Black Keys, Von Bondies, etc.). But White's off-kilter genius also laid bare the same-y blandness of his would-be peers. Case in point: the Willowz' Richie James Follin. *Everyone*, the fifth album by his Anaheim band, is fuzzy and retro in all the right places—and occasionally his sixties dirt-pop revivalism rises above pastiche (“Destruction,” “I Know”)—but for the most part, this sort of predictable imitation just isn't that flattering.

THE CRIBS

Ignore the Ignorant
Warner Bros.
★★★★

It's hard to say no to a legend. Just ask the Cribbs. This wild (and wildly promising) young British trio attracted the attention of former Smiths guitarist Johnny Marr, who promptly (and surprisingly) signed on as a full-fledged member of the band. At times this intergenerational mash-up pays off, as on the anguished harmonies of “We Were Aborted” and the straight Madchester arpeggios of “Last Year's Snow.” But too often, the once-bratty Cribbs sound like a band cowed into maturity by their more experienced, famous new member. There has to be a way to respect one's elders without becoming them.



THE xx

xx
XL
★★★★



The xx's tunes, pitched perfectly between Euro trip-hop and minimalist American R&B, don't just do more with less—they do everything with it. Over spartan backgrounds—sultry bass, a lazy flick of a chord, drumcracks slow as heartbeats—his 'n' hers singers Oliver Sim and Romy Madley Croft murmur and flirt about watching movies on the couch (“VCR”), infidelity (“Infinity”), and the consequences of playing with candle-wax (“Basic Space”); it's sexy, soulful, and, most of all, totally surprising. These four unheralded college-age Brits have made one of the best albums of the year.

CONVERGE

Axe to Fall
Epitaph
★★★★

This fall's most righteous tour is entering its final stages as you read this: Mastodon, Dethklok, High on Fire, and metalcore legends Converge have been kicking ass from coast to coast since October. Converge is touring behind their seventh full-length, *Axe to Fall*, a savage blast of 13 songs in slightly more than 42 minutes that ranges from the intricate, galloping mathcore of opener “Dark Horse” to the full-throttle thrash of “Cutter.” Leavening the mix are more expansive tracks, such as “Worms Will Feed,” “Cruel Bloom,” and “Wretched World,” which take in epic hard rock, Mark Lanegan-esque slow-burn, and hypnotic art-rock, with guest players pitching in. Fist-pumpingly first-rate all the way.—*John Bolster*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE CRIBBS) AUTUMN DEWILDE, (THE XX) OWEN RICHARDS, (CONVERGE) MATT MILLER

REVIEWS

Ratchet & Clank Future: A Crack in Time



SONY (PS3) ★★★

When it comes to blowing shit up, Ratchet's your man. This trigger-happy cat has always been equipped with an impressive arsenal of weapons and gadgets, and he doesn't disappoint here. He has to rescue his robot buddy Clank, who's been abducted by the menacing Dr. Nefarious, but there are other citizens to be saved before Ratchet can make his way to the center of the universe, where Clank is being held. Along the way, you play as Ratchet *and* Clank; you'll manipulate time to solve puzzles, use Ratchet's antigravity boots to walk on the ceiling, and defeat plenty of bosses using his time-honored strafing technique. And while the developers could have provided more ground to explore within the vibrant landscape, they came through with the weapons. Old classics made the cut—the bloated Sonic Eruptor, which belches out poisonous gas, is back—along with a host of newcomers, including the fan-designed Spiral of Death, which propels enemies away, causing damage as they go. *Ratchet* fans should be pleased with this addition to the franchise, though we wish it had been a bit more difficult.

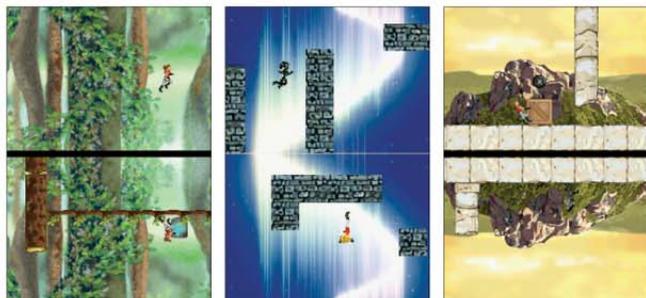
FIGHTING FANTASY

ASPYR (DS) ★★★

Though Dungeons & Dragons reigned in the early eighties, Fighting Fantasy was an equally geeky game. Now that pen-and-paper diversion has been successfully transformed into a role-playing game that allows players to customize characters and defeat orcs, capturing the spirit of the original.

Rocks: A battery of primary and side quests help you boost your attributes. The weapon and item descriptions are amusing, and the ability to make notes on the map is helpful. The leveling-up and equip systems are very intuitive.

Flops: The puzzle-solving gets a little monotonous. You're sure to die often in the beginning as the lack of a real tutorial means it takes some time to learn how to fight effectively. A little more storage would be nice.



REFLECTION

KONAMI (DS) ★★★

In this adventure/puzzle game developed by two USC undergrads, you star as the acrobatic Kirra, who must piece together her shattered world using only the broken mirror shards she discovers on her journey.

Rocks: Many developers fail to take full advantage of the best feature of the DS—the dual screens—but not these guys. Parts of levels that are revealed on one screen are invisible on the other. If you don't use both screens, you won't be able to advance.

Flops: The concept is excellent, and figuring out how to move Kirra forward definitely takes a bit of skill, but the addition of enemies would have made it more fun to play.



WWE SMACKDOWN VS. RAW 2010
THQ (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, PS2, PSP)

Your favorite wrestlers return to bash the hell out of one another in the ring, this time with a little more help from those sexy Divas.

Rocks: You get supercustomizable characters that can be taken online and shared. There's a story mode that focuses on the Divas, which does indeed rock, but we're guessing it's not hot enough for our dirty little minds.

Flops: We're a bit skeptical about the new, in-depth "create-a-storyline" mode; we'd rather just throw a guy down than coach him how to act.

STAR WARS BATTLEFRONT: ELITE SQUADRON
LUCASARTS (PSP, DS)

When *Battlefront: Renegade Squadron* arrived on the PSP in 2007, we geeked out on its character creation options, sweet weapons, and impressive vehicles. The franchise returns to the PSP and makes its debut on the DS. You'll rage against the Empire as a rogue clone trooper spawned from Jedi Master DNA.

Rocks: There are intense customization options, and classic playable characters include Luke Skywalker, Darth Vader, and Boba Fett. You have the ability to hop in a ship on land and zoom off to join a space battle. Multiplayer skirmishes can feature up to 16 players.

Flops: The loading times are still too long, and we quickly got tired of the unnecessary cut scenes. The DS version doesn't deliver much visual punch.



PRO EVOLUTION SOCCER
KONAMI (XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, PS2, PC, PSP)

PES has always been one of those challenging simulation titles that offers a technical, realistic experience. This edition is no exception.

Rocks: The defensive moves have been improved among the players and for the goalie. On the whole, players shoot more accurately, and it's possible to dribble in any direction. This means your offense is more effective, but you'll have to step up your defense. You can customize your team—from selecting specific player attributes to picking the next play—and this is the only soccer title with players from the UEFA Cup.

Flops: Though the visual look of the crowd has been improved, they still feel pretty flat.

LEGO ROCK BAND
MTV GAMES/WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE
(XBOX 360, PS3, Wii, DS)

We didn't know there was a market for this, but apparently some people want to assemble their balls-to-the-wall rocker avatar from plastic bricks. This family-friendly game is narrated by the not-at-all-family-friendly Iggy Pop.

Rocks: The game play is on par with other *Rock Band* releases. Players can't fail out and kill the fun for everyone else. Your avatar can look like Iggy himself.

Flops: The band challenges may raise eyebrows among those who just want to prove their metal mettle. The music definitely fits into that family-friendly box, so while you can jam to songs from Blur, Foo Fighters, David Bowie, and Vampire Weekend, you're not going to be screaming any Slayer lyrics.





The porkgasm

Food Fetish

A new book of recipes, photos, and stories about food combinations you'd never dream of making, and probably shouldn't.

This Is Why You're Fat: Where Dreams Become Heart Attacks

By Jessica Amason and Richard Blakelev

This blog-turned-book from HarperStudio is kind of the *Jugs* magazine of food porn: page after page of photos of over-the-top concoctions that qualify as barely edible, at best. From the porkgasm (which boasts bacon strips, pork belly, and five kinds of sausage) to a deep-fried brownie ball to a personal favorite, the McNuggetini (McDonald's Chicken McNuggets, BBQ sauce, chocolate milk shake, and vanilla vodka), these dishes are less likely to make you hungry than to make you wince with twisted glee. It makes a perfect gift for the adventurous meat lover in your life. EKG machine not included.



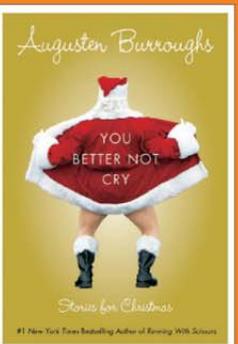
The McNuggetini

REVIEWS

HOW TO BE INAPPROPRIATE

DANIEL NESTER

In this essay collection from Soft Skull Press, Nester tries very hard to show that he is, indeed, living up to the title. He devotes an entire chapter to mooning, including a list of synonyms for the act (such as "inverted fruit cup"), and one to farting. But the real fun lies in his take on things such as ApologetiX, a Christian rock parody band, and a fascinating profile of a professional videogamer. We'll take Nester's pop-culture meanderings over his attempts at frat-boy humor any day.



The *Running With Scissors* author is back with a collection of yuletide tales from St. Martin's Press. Burroughs recounts his early confusion of Santa and Jesus, the time he slept with Santa, and his would-be gingerbread house that turned into "a gingerbread public-housing tenement." He has great comic material, but tends to overdo it. When he tackles more serious episodes, such as spending a few lost nights with bums, he adds welcome poignancy to his humor. **EKG**

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Piercing 101

Piercings can be erotic, enjoyable, and increase sexual satisfaction for you and your partners ... but not if the piercer screws up. If you're interested in pricking your dick, find someone who can do it right.

**By Elayne Angel
Photographs by Sean Hartgrove**



Our Summer '09 issue featured an article, "My Cock Piercing," by Rob Roberge, detailing his experience.

(If you missed it, search for it at PenthouseMagazine.com.) As soon as the issue hit newsstands, we heard from readers looking for information about how piercing could enhance their sex lives. We also heard from our friends at the Association of Professional Piercers, who told us the article had prompted a number of calls and e-mails to them seeking advice and information. They provided us with these tips for safe body modification.



Keep It Clean

When evaluating a prospective studio, use this setup and sanitation checklist:

- Check the posted state or local license(s). Check with the health department or other agencies to determine what kind of permit, if any, is required for piercing.
- Look for a wide selection of body jewelry. A studio carrying only a handful of styles or sizes is unable to meet the needs presented by the wide range of human anatomy.
- Cleanliness throughout! The premises and staff should sparkle. Smoking or drinking alcohol should never take place there.
- If studio policy permits customers to try on piercing jewelry—whether for ear or body—run.
- There should be a public bathroom that is never used for cleaning contaminated piercing equipment.
- Make sure there's a hand-washing sink for the piercer that's stocked with liquid soap and paper towels or an air-dryer, not reusable cloth towels.
- Look for a separate room for performing piercings that has bright lighting and good ventilation. The piercing room should not be used for tattooing, haircutting, or any other services.
- The sterilization room should be set up as a separate enclosure for processing contaminated tools and equipment. The public should not have access to this area.
- The studio should have printed handouts containing detailed aftercare guidelines.—E.A.

Body piercing has an ancient history that spans the globe, and in the past two decades it has exploded as a form of personal expression in our modern society. Millions of people have body piercings, and more than half of all college students have one—but it isn't just a youthful trend of pierced lips and eyebrows. Every day adults get nipple and genital piercings for sexual reasons. Wearing piercings and jewelry in certain locations results in increased physical stimulation for piercees or their partners. Couples sometimes use piercings to revitalize their sensual focus and reignite the flames in their relationships.

There's no doubt that piercings have the potential to be both erotic and enjoyable, but there are risks involved—just like any other time you break the skin. And getting the human body to heal around a foreign object is more complicated than most people realize.

Some hazards exist because “professional” piercers have not had any particular training, and a “licensed” piercer may simply have paid a fee to a city or state agency. There are no standardized competency requirements in the United States, and not all cities regulate piercing; even when they do, enforcement tends to be erratic. Unqualified practitioners can cause unnecessary pain, infection, and other complications.

3 Piercings for Men

■ THE PRINCE ALBERT

Generally, a circular or curved barbell runs from outside the frenulum into the urethra, with the end at the tip of the penis. The piercing does not need to be removed for bodily functions, although urine has a second exit point. Most men find the enhanced sexual pleasure for themselves and their partners worth that inconvenience, however. As one man told us, "Sitting down to pee is the new standing up." A female fan agreed, saying, "A man with a PA never leaves the toilet seat up!"

■ THE FRENUM

The underside of the penis is pierced just below the cockhead at the frenulum (known as the male clit), generally with a barbell or captive bead ring. The piercer should feel around for the "good spot" with, say, a cotton swab to locate the best place for the piercing. The frenum ladder is a series of frenum piercings that runs along the shaft to the base.

■ THE DYDOE

A curved barbell is pierced through the ridge on the top or side of a circumcised penis. Some men feel that a dydoe allows them to regain the sensitivity and sexual pleasure of an intact foreskin. Men who are uncircumcised can pierce the foreskin with one or more holes for captive bead rings or circular barbells.

We know the idea of piercings improving your sex life is incomprehensible to many men, but we did get a few entertaining quotes from people who are very happy with their enhancements:

"A lady I dated had multiple pussy piercings. This downtown condo had at least ten sets of keys in the lock. My little meat tunnel came equipped with meat hooks. The first time we fucked, I thought one-eyed willy wasn't going to make it back from the war. Oral sex was like swimming the Twatlantic Ocean with loose change in my mouth.

"Who am I kidding? It was one of the best lays of my life, and those piercings increased the stimulation on my cock as well as on her clit. Damn, it was good."
—a male dom in New York City

"I love your genital beads. It's like riding down a bumpy road."—one man's "favorite comment" about his implants, from his girlfriend

"It's all good in the hood."
—from a woman with a pierced clitoral hood, obviously



"I used to have three tongue piercings... Getting head from me was like fucking a Cadillac: sexy and full of metal."
—our intern Corinne, aka the most awesome intern ever

A satisfactory piercing must encompass the following elements:

- A skilled piercer who follows proper aseptic procedure using sterile equipment and jewelry
- A hole that ends up in the appropriate location on your body for safety, appearance, and function
- Body jewelry in the right size, style, material, and quality
- An experience that is tolerable (or even pleasant)

How can you find a piercer who really knows what he's doing? Start by seeking out a member of the Association of Professional Piercers, a nonprofit organization dedicated to sharing health and safety information about piercing. Members must meet personal criteria, including certification in blood-borne pathogens training and knowledge of appropriate hygiene and sterilization. They sign a safety agreement vowing to uphold minimum standards for using quality jewelry and behaving professionally. You can find a list of members at SafePiercing.org, as well as information on how to care for a piercing while it's healing, what to do in case problems develop, and more.

Is piercing really worth it? That's obviously an individual matter, but this woman who experienced spectacular enhancements from her vertical clitoral-hood (VCH) piercing surely thinks so: "In the past, I'd had a few multiple orgasms, but the norm was one, and I was done. Well, now I have multiples often, and very strong, too. I never knew it could be this good." The VCH is the most popular female genital piercing, and it passes through just the thin membrane of tissue above the clitoris. It pierces less skin than an average earlobe piercing and heals at least as quickly and as easily. The jewelry rests under the hood, and when the piercing is properly placed, the clitoris receives stimulation from contact with the jewelry during sex. There are other options for women, and many possibilities for men. 

Printed with permission: Elayne Angel, *The Piercing Bible: The Definitive Guide to Safe Body Piercing*, Random House/Crossing Press, May 2009. PiercingBible.com

FIRST-CLASS MUD WRESTLING

Land Rovers are famous for conquering the Serengeti. Now the LR2 tackles the asphalt jungle while staying true to its roots.

By Bill Heald



The past couple of years haven't been too kind to SUV fans. Fuel economy concerns, along with the clumsiness of the Hummer sect, have left those wanting true off-road capability along with acceptable fuel economy (and decent handling) stranded. True, there are a lot of fuel-efficient compact SUVs out there, but most soil themselves at the sight of a mountain trail and don't offer the proper amenities to woo passengers who require luxurious surroundings.

Now Land Rover has swooped out of the woods to rescue those seeking sophistication and muscle in an intelligent-size (and less thirsty) package. The LR2 HSE is an upscale

jack-of-all-trails and a master at meandering through crowded urban environments. It's also loaded with electronic wizardry that can help save your bacon, even if you're somewhat inept behind the wheel.

The LR2's singular personality starts under the hood with a 24-valve, 3.2-liter inline six-cylinder engine that's silky smooth at idle, and since it's armed with both Variable Intakes and Variable Valve Timing, it pumps out a respectable 230 horsepower. The engine is also so compact that Land Rover mounted it transversely in the engine compartment like a V-6. This is impressive for an inline six, because when mounted lengthwise it can intrude on passenger space and/or necessitate a longer hood.

By mounting it crossways, the LR2 stays fairly compact, which helps in maneuverability.

The transmission is a very refined six-speed automatic, and a tour de force of electronic management—especially since it is incorporated into the Terrain Response System. First, there is a Sport mode where gears are held longer in the rev range before shifting, and downshifts occur faster for better acceleration. In Manual mode, you select gears sequentially at your discretion. To get the power to the ground, the LR2 has an intelligent all-wheel-drive system that channels most of the thrust to the front wheels on dry pavement. When things get slippery, torque gets transferred to the rear wheels. But as cool as this

drivetrain is, the real off-road brains is the LR2's patented Terrain Response System. A knob on the center console lets you select from Normal Driving, Grass/Gravel/Snow, Mud and Ruts, or Sand modes. As Land Rover puts it, these modes modify engine, transmission, traction, and chassis systems to optimize mobility.

Of course, there's a slew of other electronic aids onboard, including Dynamic Stability Control, Hill Descent Control, and several braking programs. The idea is to let the LR2 do a lot of the motivational thinking, so you can focus on the boulders and bogs. I made extensive use of the Mud and Ruts setting, and was able to negotiate some nasty craters of goo with minimal hassle.

Like all Land Rovers, the seating position is high, with low windows for great visibility. One of my favorite instrument displays in this high-tech mule is an icon that tells you how the front wheels are oriented, which can be critical when climbing around obstacles. The last thing you want is to force Amber to slog through the muck to spot for you. That's a real spoiler for a hot weekend getaway in the sticks.

With such capability, the LR2 is your personal valet no matter where you are, and the long-travel suspension and stout body structure keep the elegant cabin quiet and stable (to the point that Amber can apply her makeup while you're conquering the wilds). The HSE trim line includes exemplary leather seating and a 320-watt Alpine sound system for world-class auditory accompaniment. 



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Five-door SUV
Engine	3.2-liter aluminum-alloy inline six
Power	230 horsepower
Torque	234 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed automatic with Command Shift
Front tires	235/55R19
Rear tires	235/55R19
Curb weight	4,255 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	8.87 seconds
Top speed	124 mph
Fuel capacity	18.5 gallons
Fuel economy	15 city/22 highway
Price (as tested)	\$41,400

Smaller and more agile than its big brother, the LR2 exploits its rugged DNA while surrounding you with a classy, sophisticated interior.



All Aboard!

Yamaha's Star Division forges art-deco styling into contemporary V-twin muscle to build a true Orient Express.

By Bill Heald

When you're a big, burly V-twin cruiser, you are obligated to be a stylish steed; if not, you'll just get lost in a sea of look-alikes. This is true regardless of brand, and Star Motorcycles knows that when you have a machine that is overwhelmingly defined by its chrome and contours, you'd better make a bold statement if you want to get noticed.

The Star Roadliner has accomplished this feat, and in the proud Yamaha tradition, this larger-than-life steam train is wonderfully functional as well. The Midnight edition (in raven black, of course) is the ultimate expression of this artistic

bike, and as good as it looks, the beauty is certainly not skin-deep. The bold design and excellent detail work (that really does look like the finest in industrial art from the twenties and thirties) house a really powerful, rewarding ride that is surprisingly agile, considering its 750-pound bulk.

The secret to the Roadliner's

success lies deep within the engineering of its huge 1,834-cc, air-cooled V-twin and the chassis that surrounds it. The dark, polished cylinders have acres of meticulously machined cooling fins that give the big mill the aura of a classic steam boiler. The exhaust note perfectly suits the personality of the machine with a low, rumbling growl that has an addictive cadence thanks to a computer-controlled twin-bore fuel-injection system (which also provides silky-smooth throttle response). As if this engine doesn't already have enough grunt, an Exhaust Ultimate Power valve boosts torque further in the 2,500 to 3,500 rpm range for instant response, especially when passing on steep hills. Not only does the Roadliner Midnight look like a sleek locomotive from 70 years ago, it pulls like one, too.

Unlike other big heavyweight cruisers, the Roadliner ditches the traditional steel-tube frame for an unusually stiff aluminum unit. Also departing from typical cruiser design is the weight distribution,



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air-cooled, 48-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	100 mm x 118 mm
Displacement	1,854 cc
Fuel system	Twin-bore electronic fuel injection
Ignition	Transistor Controlled Ignition
Transmission	Five-speed
Front suspension	46-mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 298-mm discs
Rear brake	Single 320-mm disc
Front tire	130/70-18
Rear tire	190/60-17
Fuel tank	4.5 gallon capacity
Wheelbase	67.5 inches
Seat height	27.8 inches
Dry weight	749 pounds
MSRP	\$14,090



because with roughly 50 percent of the weight on the front tire, it's much closer to sport-bike territory. When you top this off with excellent suspension components, you get a really sweet-handling ride that steers much quicker than its vast 67.5-inch wheelbase should allow. Wide, flat bars give you plenty of leverage to change direction quickly, and, as a

result, the bike's size disappears as you whip through traffic. Strong, progressive brakes bring things to a halt in short order (much quicker than an actual locomotive, fortunately). The optional quick-release passenger backrest we sampled makes for a comfortable perch for your favorite riding companion, too, which is great—a stimulating cruising experience like this absolutely must be shared.

If you buy a motorcycle on looks alone, the Roadliner Midnight's awesome retro appearance might just light your candle. But if you want a motorcycle that really does ride as well as it looks, this truly is a mount that merits serious consideration. 

This midnight train is a first-class ride with ground-pounding torque and style that stretches from axle to axle.



Into the Steep

Old-school ski style is back. Fortunately, it comes with technological advancements that would make NASA proud.

By Jonathan Ages



■ **Prime**
RED • \$160; \$200 with REDphones

Formerly worn only by pee-soaked toddlers and 40-year-old virgins, helmets are now as common as the knit hat. Still, most look ridiculous. The Prime, however, looks like it was made for World War I trench warfare, and is perfect for attacking rails and invading half-pipes. Besides its ultralightweight shell, adjustable ventilation, and removable ear pads, it's also armed with music. Just plug the REDphones into the ear pads to enjoy all the tunes your well-protected brain can handle.

■ **Whistler**
Descente • \$535

Just as Speedo revolutionized swim competitions when it introduced the Razor suit, Descente once took alpine ski racing to a whole new level with its "magic suit," the skintight downhill-race outfit that's now an industry standard. Descente has launched a World Cup line of jackets dedicated to recent winter Olympics: Lake Placid, Calgary, Nagano, and Whistler (site of the 2010 downhill). The Whistler's 4Way Stretch Twill Fabric moves with your body, the Heatflex 40 Insulation is warm and lightweight, and the Airdrive Moisture Control keeps you from sweating through your run. It may be the ultimate jacket. If only it made you the ultimate skier...

■ **Prodigy**
Smith • \$100 to \$170

Even if you're sweating your face off, the Prodigy will not fog, thanks to technology that keeps the lens clear in almost all conditions and, according to the company, any barometric pressure. The lens on these medium- to large-size goggles offers wide peripheral vision that is essentially distortion-free, so you won't miss that patch of ice or, more important, the distressed ski bunny in need of your help and phone number.





■ Custom V-Rocker

Burton • \$560

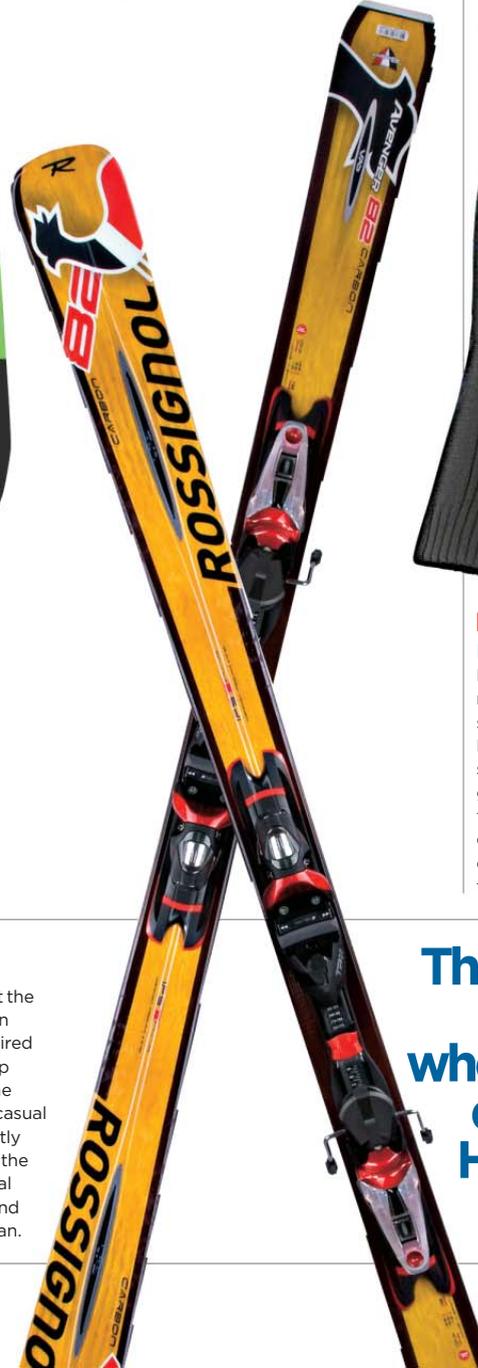
The Burton Custom has been a rider favorite for years, but Burton isn't resting on its well-insulated laurels. The company has tweaked an industry staple to produce the V-Rocker Custom. The Rocker's tip and tail lift completely off the snow, giving it a V shape that Burton claims is more forgiving and decreases the rider's chances of catching an edge. This stick will float on powder and pop in the park. And, thanks to the Pressure Distribution Edges, it'll be stable carving through crud, too.



■ SLX Seamfree Sweater

Helly Hansen • \$125

Put that fleece away—the ski sweater is making a comeback. The SLX is made from soft merino-wool-blend yarn and LIFA—Helly Hansen's Stay Dry Technology that wicks sweat from the body during even the most grueling back-bowl burner. This breathable, form-fitting sweater will keep you more comfortable, warmer, and drier than your old fleece, helping you last from first tracks through après ski. 



■ Avenger 82 Carbon

Rossignol • \$800

Last season Rossignol had us frothing at the mouth over its Classic skis—all-mountain planks with a wide waist and a race-inspired oversize tip and tail—which measured up impressively. Rossignol extended the line with offerings that will please the most casual ski bum. The Avenger 82 Carbon, a slightly more forgiving addition, is designed for the frontside skier who makes the occasional drop into the backside. Hey, get your mind out of the gutter. You know what we mean.

The Avenger 82 Carbon is for the frontside skier who makes the occasional drop into the backside. Hey, get your mind out of the gutter.



Hot for Teacher

Sure, guys dream of getting the Mary Kay Letourneau treatment in K through 12, but it's infantilizing when you have a 401(k). Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to man up to the teach.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel, I'm dating a grade-school teacher, and she keeps calling me "buddy" and "little guy." She stops short of calling me "sport," but it's super-annoying ... especially since she also asks me if I've washed my hands before dinner, or if I've gotten all my work done before we go out. She's a little insecure, so I don't want to hurt her feelings or make her self-conscious. Besides, just when it gets irritating enough that I'm ready to call her on it, we end up having ridiculously hot sex. What should I do?

First, ask yourself if you're encouraging or taking advantage of this behavior: Do you like it when she cuts your steak into bite-size pieces for you? Do you let her spank you during sex? The more you step up and act like a man, the less likely you are to be treated like a boy.

Next, start calling her "babe" a lot; when she reciprocates, tell her, "I'm glad we're past the 'buddy' phase in our relationship." If she's aware of what she's doing, maybe she'll pick up on the hint—and you won't hear "My Buddy and Me" every time you sixty-nine. If that doesn't nip things in the bud, so to speak, wait till she brings up another couple and ask her which terms of endearment she finds most annoying. Then you can tell her which ones you hate, first mentioning one she doesn't use (like "pumpkin" or whatever). Then, and only then, casually bring up "buddy." Say, "Don't get me wrong, it's okay when you say it," but in a tone that makes it clear that (to quote *South Park*) "I'm not your buddy, guy."

In general, you have to get her to loosen up. Maybe there isn't enough separation between her schoolhouse life and her off-hours. Take her to a strip club and do shots, or get her to give you a handjob in the bushes. Then again, maybe that's too eighth-grade field trip. I'll let you figure that one out. ☞

Bang the Girl Next Door

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Herradura



Herradura



Sauza



Viva Tequila!

If tequila is your spirit of choice, a trip down Mexico way would not be complete without a quick side trip to Guadalajara.

By William Spain

That Americans have developed a taste for good tequila is obvious from the explosion in sales—and new brands of premium, 100 percent agave varieties—over the past few years. Be it *plata*, *reposado*, or *añejo*, the pride of Mexico isn't just for margaritas and shooters anymore: We're downing more of the good stuff more slowly, via snifter and highball. But to truly appreciate the level of

artistry and hard work that goes into producing tequila, a trip to see where and how this remarkable spirit is made is a necessity. The vast majority of the world's tequila originates from the south-central province of Jalisco, where it's patiently extracted from agave plants grown in rich, albeit dry, soil in the shadows of volcanoes.

The entry point for tequila country is probably Guadalajara. Mexico's second-largest city boasts

a population of 1.5 million, myriad restaurants and bars, a flourishing arts scene, and a wide variety of accommodation options.

It is also, according to a local legend bolstered by eyewitness evidence at the annual Viva Tequila Festival, the place the prettiest women in the country call home.

While every tequila distiller adds its own unique twists to the process, the initial steps in making tequila are essentially the same. It all starts with the agave, which looks a bit cactus-like with its razor-sharp thorns. The agave takes seven to ten years to be ready, and two plants put in the ground on the same day may reach maturity years apart.

This is where the *jimadores* come in. Highly skilled agriculturalists, the *jimadores* prune and tend the agaves and then decide when each one is ready for harvest. After digging out the plant, they hand-trim the leaves to get down to the *piña*, so named because it looks like a giant, off-white pineapple. Trim too much and they lose some of the sugars needed to make alcohol; trim too little and the leaves add bitterness. No one has ever developed a machine to do this work and no one is ever likely to, considering the varied sizes and shapes of ripe agaves.

From there the plants are shipped to the distilleries, where they are chopped in half, baked for 24 to 72 hours, milled, and dumped into fermentation vats, along with water. A few days later, they go into the stills.

With just a few exceptions, the dis-

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF HERRADURA, BROWN-FORMAN, CAZADORES/BACARDI, SAUZA TEQUILA, THE PATRON SPIRITS COMPANY



Herradura



Chicas de Cazadores with brand ambassador Tanya Oseguera (middle)

The 600 distinct flavors and aromas of tequila make it so complex and varied that no two brands taste even vaguely alike.

these guys leave their fermentation vats open to the air and wait for the little beasts to arrive. Hundreds of varieties of wild yeast have been identified on the property, which is rich with various shrubs and fruit trees to attract them.

Another highlight of Herradura is the ancient milling and distillery section, no longer used, with stone fermentation vats set into the floor and covered with metal gratings in a chamber that looks like something out of the Spanish Inquisition. Finally, there's the jolly old soul in traditional clothing who wanders about the property with a cask of tequila on the back of his burro, handing out samples in little clay cups to visitors.

tilleries are pretty spread out. That makes for long drives on roads that, while vastly improved from just a few years ago, can be pretty scary for first-timers. One option is to get out from behind the wheel, at least for a day, and take the Tequila Express.

For roughly \$60, this train will take you to Amatitán (free food, booze, and bands all the way) to visit the Hacienda San José del Refugio, home of Herradura. San José del Refugio may now be owned by Brown-Forman, a multinational liquor conglomerate, but it remains a real, working, old-school hacienda. Herradura sticks to traditional methods wherever it can, and is one of the few distilleries in the world to still use wild yeast. That's right: Instead of using a proprietary strain, kept alive and reproduced in a laboratory,

A must-see distillery up in the highlands is Cazadores, run by Bacardi. It produces the superpremium Corzo in addition to its eponymous brand, the most popular premium tequila in Mexico. Cazadores has its own little quirk of playing classical music in the fermentation room, presumably to keep the yeast in the right mood to gobble up all that sugar. And while they are usually not in residence, a truly lucky visitor might get a glimpse of the Chicas de Cazadores, six of the sweetest looking señoritas ever to dance in cowboy boots.

Sadly, the distilleries of two of the highest-regarded top-end tequilas in the United States—Don Julio and Patrón—are not open to the general public at this time. The former, while it produces an extremely fine array of elixirs, is easy to miss, as it is a small, industrial-looking setup behind high walls in the center of town. But the Patrón Hacienda is something to see: a magnificent building just a few years old, but built in a classic style with fountains, gorgeous views, and seemingly endless fields of agave.

Should you manage to talk your way inside (and bartenders, restaurateurs, or liquor-store owners occasionally can), ask for a sip of Gran Patrón Burdeos. Aged first in French and American oak casks, it is then finished in barrels from Chateaux Margaux, which produces one of the Bordeaux wines in France. It's probably the most expensive tequila in the world, going for about \$500 a bottle here in the United States.

More welcoming are arch rivals Sauza and Cuervo, which sit just paces from each other in the center of the town of Tequila, and offer tours and tastings. The two brands are best known here for their "mixto," a bland blend that is somewhere around 50 percent agave. But Cuervo's La Rojeña, probably the oldest distillery in North America and a fascinating repository of the drink's history, is apt to at least offer up some Tradicional, a 100 percent agave reposado, or, for the fortunate few, Reserva de la Familia. And Sauza has its own top-quality lines, starting with Hornitos and working up to Tres Generaciones. And they make a mean cucumber margarita down there to boot, if you're inclined to stick to mixed drinks.

Not that there's anything wrong with that. ☺



 [this year's models]

2010

Pet of the Year

PLAYOFF

Once again, it's time for the year in review. Join us as we take a minute or ten to savor the sultry attributes of the comely centerfolds who hope to succeed the luscious Taya Parker.

Taya
Parker,
2009
Pet of
the Year

Teagan Presley

JANUARY 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

24 years old
32D-24-34; 5'1"

Hometown:

Mission Viejo, California.

You're always up for:

Traveling to new places.

You're never up for:

Trying new foods.

**The most daring thing
you've ever done:**

I bungee jumped topless in
50-degree weather.

**Where are you most likely
to be on a Tuesday night:**

At my favorite strip club
in Atlanta. I go there every
day!

“If I ever
get caught
masturbating,
I hope it's by
the pizza-
delivery guy.
I'll bet my
pizza would
never be
delivered late
again!”





Lexi Blade

FEBRUARY 2009

Photograph by
Christopher Love

Vital stats:

21 years old
34-25-34; 5'7"

Hometown:

Napa Valley, California.

Favorite drink:

I have a love/hate
relationship with coffee
and energy drinks.

Favorite sport:

Mud football!

Favorite fantasy:

What's a fantasy? I act out
what I envision.

What gets you excited?

Trying new things, being
spontaneous, shocking
people, thinking outside
the box.

“The most
exciting place
I've ever made
love is on Twin
Peaks in San
Francisco. We
were inside *and*
outside the car,
and the views
were amazing!”

Rebeca Linares

MARCH 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital Stats:

26 years old
34-26-34; 5'3"

Hometown:

San Sebastian, Spain.

Favorite drink:

Beer, because in the morning
you don't feel hungover.

Favorite food:

Paella.

Favorite fantasy:

I'd love to do a guy with a
strap-on.

You're always up for:

Sex. I'd be having just as
much of it even if I weren't
doing it on film.

“When I first came to L.A., I was really nervous. American porn is much more intense than in Spain. Lucky for me, I love cock, so it was an easy transition. But I always go back and critique myself so that every scene I do is better than the last.”





Veronica Ricci

APRIL 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

21 years old
32D-24-35; 5'8"

Hometown:

Sacramento, California.

Hottest movie sex scene:

Wild Things. I love girl-girl scenes.

Favorite workout:

Sexercise or pole-dancing.

Worst job:

Posing in a bikini in the dead of winter at lowrider car shows.

Your ideal date:

Something thrilling, like going skydiving or taking flying lessons.

“My favorite fantasies are about power plays. I imagine myself as a Russian mail-order bride fulfilling my wifely duties, or as a secretary giving it up to my boss.”

Lexxi Tyler

MAY 2009

Photograph by
Penthouse Studios

Vital stats:

26 years old
34DD-25-34; 5'8"

Hometown:

Beaverton, Oregon.

Favorite sport:

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

What do you do for a living?

I deliver sex appeal and fantasies.

What gets you excited?

My vibrator, big tits.

Ever been in a physical fight?

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

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





Kagney Linn Karter

JUNE 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

22 years old
36D-26-37; 5'4"

Hometown:

St. Joseph, Missouri.

Favorite food:

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

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.

“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.”

Tenaya

SUMMER 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

19 years old
35-25-34; 5'3"

Hometown:

Apple Valley, California.

Favorite sport:

Soccer.

Favorite music:

Country.

What do you like most about yourself?

I don't judge people.

What do you like most in others?

An open mind and honesty.

“The most exciting place I've ever made love is in my shower, and now that I've experienced that, I'm ready to fulfill my favorite fantasy: sex on a plane.... If I could have sex with any one person, past or present, it would be Penélope Cruz.”





Taylor Vixen

SEPTEMBER 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

25 years old
36D-27-36; 5'2"

Hometown:

Dallas.

Favorite thing about your hometown:

It's country! People are friendly.

What gets you excited?

Being dominated.

What gets you in trouble?

Guys.

What do you have that other girls don't?

Perfect boobs! Well, I like them.

“The most remarkable sexual experience ever was when I learned to make myself come. Now I'd say that the sexiest quality in a man is a desire to make me come first.”

Ryan Keely

OCTOBER 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

25 years old
36-26-38; 5'9"

Hometown:

Seattle.

College major:

Getting laid and being
obnoxiously pretentious.

Favorite way to relax:

Read comic books and
masturbate.

**Would you rather lose the
ability to have orgasms or
your right arm?**

Right arm. I could make
some hot amputee porn.

**Whom do you most want to
impress?**

My drinking buddies.

“Most of the dancing I do involves taking my clothes off—either burlesque or feature dancing. However, I think it’s important for my image that I take time out to dance on tables and in crowded elevators.”





Yumi Kai

NOVEMBER 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

25 years old
32-24-34; 5'1"

Hometown:

Davao City, Philippines.

Favorite fantasy:

Hot sex with at least two
guys at the same time.

**Most remarkable sexual
experience:**

Joining the Mile High Club.

Your biggest turn-on:

Seeing a nice hard cock.

**What do you have that
other girls don't?**

I can squirt.

“The best date ends with sex in public. I fucked a guy in the hot tub on a hotel roof in front of security cameras. Then there was the exercise studio with the picture window, the time on the balcony, in the car behind a shopping center ...”

Jayden Cole

DECEMBER 2009

Photograph by
Emma Nixon

Vital stats:

23 years old
36-24-36; 5'10"

Hometown:

Long Beach, California.

Favorite sport:

Extreme sports. I could
watch big-wave surfing
all day.

**What music gets you in the
mood?**

Classic rock, like Led
Zeppelin or Jimi Hendrix.

Hottest movie sex scene:

I like anything with Megan
Fox.

Your biggest turn-on:

When a guy can make me
laugh, I'm all his.

“My favorite way to relax is by taking a hot bath and masturbating, and my favorite workout is sex. My only complaint about my first time is that it was over too soon, and my enthusiasm for good sex hasn't faded at all!”



iWear AV920

Vuzix
\$350

Watching movies on your iPod Touch is cool, but when it comes to screen size, bigger is still better. The ergonomically designed iWear lets you upsize to a virtual 62-inch screen viewed from nine feet away in picture-perfect high-resolution 2-D and 3-D, and the small, built-in lithium battery provides five hours of continuous viewing.



Flip UltraHD

Flip
8GB \$200; 4GB \$150

Flip has dominated the YouTube-friendly video-camera market, and the UltraHD is sure to further the company's supremacy. The UltraHD shoots 720-pixel video—impressive for its class—has a two-inch LCD viewing screen, a nonslip rubber-like covering, and beefed-up memory. The namesake hideaway USB plug is still there for easy computer connectivity. We'd like to see Flip add a memory-card slot, but as far as complaints go, that's minor.

Making Your List

Even if you're not ready for the holidays, you might want to take some time to check out our selection of gift picks for yourself.

*By Deirdre Goldbeck and Jonathan Ages
 Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh*

Z.buds

Zagg
\$70 without mike; \$80 with mike

Though Zagg is better known for its mobile screen protectors, the company also makes entry-level headphones called Z.buds. This 2009 CES Design and Engineering Showcase award winner more accurately reproduces audio than most headphones in its class. The buds are highly versatile, too, with sound-isolating iPhone and volume controls on a tangle-free, fabric cord.



Entertain yourself every which way but loose this holiday season, whether you're on the go or peacefully hanging at home.



HD Eco Flat TV

Philips
\$1,199

Thin is in when it comes to Philips' 6000 and 7000 series of stylish, flat screens. The new line is 45 percent slimmer, so a 42-inch display takes up only a little more space than a 37-inch screen. The speaker grille has been eliminated; the rich sound is powered from the back and throughout the acrylic edge around the set. And if your eco-friendly girlfriend has been after you to go green, talk up the proprietary dimming technology designed to adjust the TV's backlight for better power efficiency. It's a win-win for you.



Zune HD

Microsoft
16GB black \$220; 32GB platinum \$290

Microsoft is ready to compete with the iPod—finally. This sleek and minimalistic-styled device has a multi-touch, 3.3-inch screen with a resolution of 480 by 272—only marginally inferior to the iPod Touch specs. The Zune also has a touchscreen QWERTY keyboard, Wi-Fi capability, and free HD Radio, a service Apple does not yet offer.



HT-CT500

Sony
\$500

A slew of sound bars hit the market this past year, but Sony's HT-CT100 was the critical darling. Building from its success, Sony launched this upscale version. The CT500 is 38 inches wide, packs 400 watts of power, and has the same S-Force surround technology that makes the space-saving system engulf the listener in audio pleasure.



HD 448

Sennheiser
\$130

Step up your audio experience with Sennheiser's latest circumaural headphones. They are lightweight (less than seven ounces) and comfortable, and the neodymium magnets churn out clean, accurate sound throughout the musical spectrum. The headset lacks digital sound-isolation technology, but the foam pads will block out most ambient noise.



VAIO W-Series

Sony
\$500

Sony was slow to plunge into the Netbook pool, launching its version of the ultra-portable computers this past summer. And though the specs are relatively standard for the industry—2.6 pounds, 10.1-inch LED display, three-hour run time, integrated camera and microphone, touch pad, 160GB Serial ATA hard drive—the W-series sports uncharacteristically cool style.



Maybe you work in your home office, or maybe you, like us, just want efficient porn downloads. Either way, these gifts will work for you.



Powermat

\$99; receivers \$30 to \$40

Wireless charging has never been so easy. Powermat simultaneously charges three devices—including iPods, BlackBerrys, mobile phones, and handheld games—and all you do is drop 'em. Just plug in the Powermat and attach the appropriate receiver to your device. The mat also has a USB port and comes with a Powercube to charge a fourth device. Save space, save energy, ditch the wires.



Webcam Pro 9000

Logitech
\$100

The Pro 9000, stocked with a Carl Zeiss lens and a two-megapixel HD sensor, shoots widescreen video at 720p HD quality. It's compatible with most instant-messaging software, and automatically optimizes image quality in dim or backlit environments. Logitech's RightSound technology improves audio quality, too.



Everyman

FREETALK
\$23

The affordable, lightweight FREETALK Everyman headset may be one of the best Skype-approved headphones on the market. It's collapsible, robust, and won't make you sound like HAL—thanks to the USB plug-in. The package includes a 3.5mm headphone jack for phone compatibility, too. It's great for the home office. Not so great to wear in public.



T.55 USB

Stanton
\$299

Still holding on to your vinyl records? The T.55 turntable with USB and RCA outputs comes with software that lets you transfer music from your 33 and 45 rpm records onto your Mac or PC, and edit out those noisy scratches. Also includes start/stop switches for mix or battle setup, a Stanton 500.v3 cartridge, and a manual pitch-control fader.

Expressionist Ultra

Altec Lansing
\$200

This 200-watt powerhouse pumps out a lot of sound for a computer sound system. The 6.5-inch woofer produces throbbing bass, and the speakers each feature three-inch midrange and one-inch high-frequency neodymium drivers. The fingertip control is a notable desk accessory, but the postmodern aesthetic is what turns this system into a stylish statement.



Livio Radio

Livio
\$200

Livio makes it easy to listen to Pandora and more than 11,000 free Internet radio stations at home or at the office. It uses a built-in Wi-Fi antenna to seek out a wireless network; it's the only radio to offer Pandora's

"thumbs up, thumbs down" controls on the front panel and the remote. Livio also works with DSL and cable Internet, has an auxiliary output for your MP3 player, and can be hooked up to your home audio system.

A wristwatch can make or break your look, and these fine-looking timepieces make you look like a million bucks without breaking the bank.



Steel Square Chrono and Tank

Steel Cake
\$175; \$350

Steel Cake's cool-looking timepieces are solid and stylish. They're built of stainless steel and feel like they're indestructible. This two-year-old company was started by a former Diesel watch designer with a family tradition of working with timepieces, and we predict that it will be around for the long haul—especially since its hefty watches are getting photographed on the wrists of such heavyweight trend-setters as Kanye West.

Developing your own style is all about the accessories, from the perfect timepiece to a decent-looking, travel-friendly laptop bag.



Flasher

Anon
\$75

Anon's Flasher will make sure that your eyes will be stylishly protected even if your body parts are exposed to harmful UVA/UVB rays. The subdued style is versatile, so feel free to wear these shades for all your sunbathing or street-walking needs. They fit most face types, too.



Savant

Vestal

\$220

Vestal makes watches for rock stars and music-minded athletes, so the Savant, with its three independent time zones, is the perfect accessory

for the bicoastal hotel trasher. Of course, it's also great for a guy with a real life who just wants rock-star style that's affordably priced.

Photo Jacket

Canada Goose

\$695

This lightweight jacket was designed for action photographers, but even if you're not trying to get that perfect outdoor shot, you'll appreciate the waterproof protection, stow-away hood, and myriad storage pockets. It also features reinforced shoulders, two-way front zip and side zips for easy access, and Velcro wrist tabs to seal out wind and rain. Available in jet black, blue, green, and red.



The Navigator 2.0

Freestyle

\$125

Built to last, Freestyle's Navigator 2.0 features time, date, declination adjustment, 30-lap memory chrono, stop-watch function with two interval timers, three alarms, and a digital compass. The band, made of nonrestrictive permeable material, lets you buckle it wherever it best fits your wrist. And of course it's water-resistant up to 100 feet. With specs like these, the Navigator just might outlast you.



GlobalCommuter

Eagle Creek

\$135

Having to remove your laptop from its case for TSA officials at security can be a nuisance both to you and the people waiting in line behind you. But this briefcase-style, "checkpoint friendly" bag with a butterfly opening allows an unobstructed view of your laptop, and should speed up

the screening process. Your fellow passengers will thank you. It holds a 17-inch laptop, converts to a backpack or slides onto a wheeled bag, and comes in black, brown, and sage.



Art Imitates Life on Top

Penthouse Pets inspired Clara Darling's hot erotic novel Life on Top, so who better to play the erotic models and their kinky friends when it's turned into a Cinemax series?

By Jennifer Peters



Life on Top, based on Darling's book from St. Martin's Griffin and airing on Cinemax through the end of the year, stars 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven and Runner-Up Krista Ayne, along with Mia Presley and Mary LeGault. Mary plays a recent college graduate, Sophie, who moves to New York to stay with her sister, Bella, played by Heather. Bella's been hiding her life as an erotic model for the *Penthouse*-like magazine *Life on Top* from her uptight little sis. The sibs and their best friends (Krista and Mia) take viewers on a tantalizing tour of sex in the city, getting it on in a slew of sexy locales, with 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Justine Joli making a special guest appearance. Along the way, Sophie comes into her own as a sexually charged woman, despite her misgivings about her sister's uninhibited lifestyle. As Mary says, "Sophie isn't as erotic as the other girls. You see Sophie become more sexual and more erotic in the bedroom, but I don't see her posing for *Life on Top* anytime soon—even though I would be down. That would be fun!"

Despite Heather's numerous nude photo shoots, even she expanded her repertoire while working on the show: "The scenes with Gunner Wright, my boyfriend in the series—or at least the main one—are really sexually charged, and they're also the first sex scenes I've ever done with a man."

Heather also gave us a quick recap of just why you might want to check out the show, saying, "The girls are just so beautiful and sexy, but it's also a really great script and book. If you want to get into the characters, you're going to be able to. They're more than eye candy. It's nice to have sexuality, but even better to have intelligence with sexuality."

And trust us, you won't get into trouble for your viewing habits. Your girlfriend will get sucked in by the intriguing and ultimately romantic storyline, leaving you free to fantasize.



"I related to my own character, Sophie, but to tell you the truth, I can't wait to take my clothes off to do some pinup shots, so I related to Bella's character as well."—Mary, at right above





“I don’t live in New York, but otherwise, I saw a lot of similarities between myself and my character. Traveling, having all that success, definitely being sexually free, having lots of erotic experiences because of the work that I do ... it was basically like playing myself. Bella’s a little bitchier than I am, but the similarities are striking, including the fact that we both have red hair. My character *is* me.”

—Heather



“There’s a point when Heather’s character and I are sitting down in makeup chairs getting ready for something in the movie, and we start chatting. She’s describing sex with someone, and she’s mimicking me. Her character is telling my character a story I told Heather once about screwing a guy whose penis was smaller than average, but he was sooo great. I love that my real life inspired parts of the book, and now Heather told a version of my real-life story while we filmed the show.”

—Justine

“While shooting some of the erotic scenes I have with Mia Presley’s character, I kind of forgot we were filming. We’ve definitely made out on our own time, so when we were filming our sex scenes, the veil between reality and alternate reality was very thin. There are some extremely sexy scenes between us, and they all look very real.” —Heather



Even we have had only a glimpse of what’s in store for Cinemax viewers, but we’re guessing the abundant sex scenes will capture the same adventurous spirit and sensuality of this steamy shower shoot that Krista did a couple of years ago.





The Future of Porn?

It's only a matter of weeks until director James Cameron's (above) 3-D sci-fi epic *Avatar* arrives in theaters, with visuals promising to change how we watch movies, thanks to a new "virtual camera." When we say movies, we mean every kind of movie.

The virtual camera looks like a steering wheel mounted on a tripod and adorned with a couple of joysticks—like a totem pole for a

gamer. But it allows a director to move within a computer-generated 3-D environment, around actors, steering a path through the scene. For a virtual-camera shoot, performances are recorded using motion-capture technology before being transformed into virtual characters in a computerized environment. Those performances play in the 3-D world, looping without the need for craft services.

IN YOUR FACE

Look out, James Cameron, you've got competition. Producer Stephen Shiu Jr. of One Dollar Productions in Hong Kong has the world's first 3-D erotica film in the works. *3D Sex and Zen* will consist of about 30 percent love scenes, with close-ups. With special glasses, the viewer will feel as if he is sitting on the bed, just a few inches away. Shiu is casting porn actresses from Japan and Taiwan in the film, but admits he's having difficulty filling the lead male role. "It's a lot more difficult to find an actor than an actress for this kind of movie," he says. Assuming he finds an actor proud enough of his schlong to show it off in 3-D, the film will be out in December.—Christine Colby

Any director using the new camera can take shot after shot—moving in, over, under, and around the looping performances.

Actor, martial-artist stuntman, and motion-capture performer Reuben Langdon says the process of working with the virtual camera is unlike any working experience he's had. "You have to become a mix of an actor, a stuntman, a dancer—creating an entirely new kind of performer," Langdon says. "You have to don the light-ball suit [a jumpsuit covered in white balls] and know how to move your body to fit the virtual character you're playing. Finally, you stand back and watch the director and the crew experiment and reshape all of it into the scene."

That last bit sets the mind reeling when you consider what this new technology could bring to the pornography business. All a director would have to do is shoot an average couple going at it while wearing motion-capture suits; then that artist could substitute anyone (or anything) for said lovers before rendering their humping in a myriad of creative (or potentially sickening) ways.

For instance, your local porno-shootist could wedge your grandparents into those ball-jingling jumpsuits, strike a computer key, and substitute an image of King Leonidas banging away at Jayne Mansfield, or Elmo popping his cherry with Megan Fox.

The virtual-camera world won't put traditional porno actors out of business, but it may mean filmmakers can put anyone you can imagine into it.—John Scott Lewinski



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) MARK FELLMAN, KIM KYUNG-HOON/REUTERS/CORBIS, ULANA SWITUCHA/ALAMY



Every Man's Inspiration

Seventy-five-year-old "Shigeo Tokuda" gets more pussy than you. Why? He's a working Japanese porn star who's become something of an icon in such movies as *Forbidden Elderly Care* and *Maniac Training of Lolitas*.

Although he's starred in more than 350 movies, earned international fame and acclaim, and become his own brand, his wife and children have no idea about his alter ego. Yet Tokuda's become a legend to older folks in Japan. According to CNN, Gaichi Kono, an adult director who's worked with Tokuda, says the actor "encourages older people to think, *I can do this because that old man can do this.*"

"People of my age generally have shame, so they are very hesitant to show their private parts," Tokuda told *Time*. "But I am proud of

myself doing something they cannot."

Ruby Productions is even considering selling the videos to retirement homes. Right now, they're available only in Japan, but they should be coming soon to the States. A future Father's Day gift? Perhaps. Tokuda has no plans to stop shtupping, claiming his work wards off boredom.—*Rachel Kramer Busse*

THE NAME GAME

Morecock, Fartwell & Hoare: A Collection of Unfortunate but True Names

By Russell Ash
St. Martin's Press

An excavation of 900 years' worth of British birth, marriage, and death records, censuses, and more resulted in this hilarious catalog of unbelievable but real monikers. It's easy to see why some of these names fell out of fashion, but we're sure glad they were preserved for future laughter. Here are our favorites.—*C.C.*

Green Is Good

The first (and so far only) sex-toy recycling program certified by the Institute for Green Business, RecycleMySexToy.com, began last December and has been helping erotic environmentalists reduce their carbon footprints. The program recycles approximately 90 percent of the items received. Just send in your clean, used toys, and they take care of the rest.

Once you've taken care of the dead weight, it's time to invest in new playthings. Glass, metal, and wood toys are the greenest choices, since production is fairly non-toxic; the materials are completely recyclable; and glass and metal toys are nonporous, so they are easy to keep clean

and safe for years of use.

Another option is 100 percent silicone. The medical-grade rubber holds up to constant use, and its nonporous surface means it can be disinfected by boiling in water and enjoyed for years to come, spending its life in your toy chest instead of a landfill.

For the ultimate in old-school environmental correctness, try the Earth Angel vibrator, manufactured by Caden Enterprises in Dublin, Ireland. It's constructed entirely from recycled plastics, from the toy to the packaging, and instead of batteries or an electric-powered motor, it's manually powered. You crank a key on the bottom of the toy for a few minutes to charge

it, then the vibrator can run for up to an hour at any of its three speeds.

Not interested in toys? A brothel in Berlin has decided to go green by offering discounts to patrons who arrive on foot or on a bicycle, or who have

proof that they used public transportation. Those johns who are environmentally aware will see \$4.50 shaved off the usual \$55 fee for 30 minutes, proof that going green really is good for everyone.—*Jennifer Peters*



1. Phalliss Bloomer
2. Penis Hardon
3. Jane Fuxlonger
4. Pleasure Butter
5. Phoebe Manhole
6. Wee Girlie Potter
7. Focks Stain
8. Dick Thickbroom
9. Semen Brain
10. Eliza Boobies
11. Willy Titcock
12. Ursula Anus
13. Dick Assman
14. Fanny Tight
15. Harry Pussey
16. Cunt Berger
17. Labia Hood
18. Rose Cockhead
19. Elizabeth Lovescock
20. Barbara Penthouse

Buzzing B's

The Boston Bruins have returned to the NHL's elite ranks, and All-Star center Marc Savard sees even bigger and better things ahead.

By John Bolster



As the 2009-10 NHL season tucks in its landing gear, we dial up 32-year-old Bruins center Marc Savard—whose 88 points helped power Boston to the top record in the Eastern Conference last season—to talk about the prospect of playing in Fenway Park (which his team will do on January 1, against the Philadelphia Flyers), the teams to beat this season, and the greatest hockey movie of all time.

Are you stoked to play at Fenway this season?

Oh, yeah, I'm excited, for sure. Especially after watching so many baseball games there. To play hockey at Fenway is going to be special.

Suppose there's a blizzard that day—do you guys play through it?

I don't know how they'll handle the

weather thing. But we've got a 1 P.M. game; I think that's why they did it, to give us time to work around any weather that comes in.

The Bruins have improved their playoff performance in each of the past two

years. Is this the year they break through to the Stanley Cup Finals?

We hope! We've built a good team, and we have a lot of the same faces back, with a couple of good additions, and we'll have to see from there. But we've got as good a chance as any.

What do you think about the Western Conference? Obviously Detroit's going to be tough—but will the young Blackhawks fall back to earth this year?

No, I think they're going to be good. They made a big move in the offseason, getting Marian Hossa—I

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) JIM MCISAAC/GETTY IMAGES, ELSA/GETTY IMAGES

played with Hoss in Atlanta—and I think they're going to be great again. They have a lot of young talent.

What's up with San Jose and their playoff jinx? They tear it up in the regular season and then go out in the early rounds every year.

[Laughs] Yeah, I think they're looking for that answer, too, but they're still a great team, and it's just a matter of time before they get over that hump.

What does it mean to have Milan Lucic on your line? He's such a big, physical guy, he's got hockey skills, and he's only 21—seems like a player with a high ceiling in the NHL.

He's a great guy to play with. He creates a lot of room for me, that's for sure, and we work well together. I took him under my wing ever since he's been here, as a kid, and we have a good relationship. That helps.

You've been very durable with the Bruins, missing only eight games in three seasons. Do you have a strict offseason regimen to take care of your body?

Yeah, I do. I work hard. I'm not a guy who hits a lot of weights, but I do a lot of cross-training and running and stuff like that. I'm not ripped, but I keep myself in good shape, and I think that's why I'm able to go a whole season.

You've been called the most underrated player in the league. Do you agree?

I guess so. I don't get a lot of accolades, but it's something I don't worry about. I just go out and do my thing every night. If that helps my team win, then I'm happy.

How do the fans in Atlanta, where you played for a few seasons, compare to the fans in Calgary or Boston—the more traditional hockey towns you've played in?

They know what's going on here in Boston. They're pretty hard on their team because they understand the game a lot more, whereas in Atlanta the game flies under the radar a little bit. Atlanta was a great city to play in, and I enjoyed my time there, but Calgary and Boston have a little bit more knowledge of the game. That makes it a little tougher as a player [laughs].

Is it true that you're a scratch golfer, despite taking up the game when you were 20?

Yeah. I played my first year right-handed, and was shooting 100. Then one of my buddies said, "You play hockey left-handed, why don't you try left?" So I switched and went out and shot around 85. Ever since then, I just got better, and now I'm a scratch golfer. I still haven't ever had a lesson. I'd like to, maybe when I'm done with the game [of hockey], and try for the Canadian Tour.

What is your favorite hockey movie of all time?

I gotta go with *Slap Shot*.

Best line?

That one where the guy gets hit in the corner—well, first he tells the guy, "I'm shit-faced, and if somebody hits me, I'm gonna piss all over myself." And he gets ran in the corner and pisses himself.

It's well documented that hockey players are no slouches with the ladies. What's the secret?

[Laughs] I don't know. I wish I had it. That's a good question.

Lastly, Jack Edwards, NESN's Bruins announcer: Is this guy the ultimate homer or what?

[Laughs] No, he's good. He likes his Bruins, and we appreciate that, so ... I hope that doesn't change. But he's a great guy off the ice, and we enjoy having him on the air.

Penthouse Picks

We polled the resident hockey experts at Penthouse World Headquarters for their predictions for the current NHL season.

MIKE*, production:
Stanley Cup Finalists: San Jose Sharks vs. Washington Capitals
"San Jose picked up Dany Heatley. Heatley and Joe Thornton will tear up the Western Conference."

Champion: San Jose
"Again, I like Heatley's game. And younger guys like Joe Pavelski [59 points in 80 games last year] and Devin Setoguchi [65 points in 81 games] fill out their roster nicely."

Hart Trophy [MVP]: Alexander Ovechkin, Washington Capitals
"He should get this just for his enthusiasm. Great ambassador for hockey."

Calder Trophy [top rookie]: John Tavares, New York Islanders
"He's an Islander—he'll get plenty of playing time to prove himself!"

Vezena Trophy [top goaltender]: Miikka Kiprusoff, Calgary Flames
"He's due to win this again, after taking it home in 2006, and the Flames will go deep into the playoffs this year."

HockeyFights.com Leader in Fighting Majors: "Really don't keep track of these.... Whoever is the goon for Anaheim—they play a nasty game."

ANTHONY*, accounting:
Stanley Cup Finalists: San Jose Sharks vs. Washington Capitals
Champion: Washington
"Ovechkin's will to win lifts the Capitals to the next level."

Hart Trophy [MVP]: Alexander Ovechkin, Washington Capitals
"This year it's all about Ovie."
Calder Trophy [top rookie]: John Tavares, New York Islanders
"Obvious choice—even if I wasn't an Islanders fan."

Vezena Trophy [top goaltender]: Tim Thomas, Boston Bruins
"Back-to-back Vezenas for Tank, who is now a star after years of toiling in the minors and Europe."

HockeyFights.com Leader in Fighting Majors: Zenon Konopka, Tampa Bay Lightning
"If he doesn't lead the league in fighting majors, he's a strong candidate for best-name honors."

JONATHAN*, editorial:
Stanley Cup Finalists: Chicago Blackhawks vs. Boston Bruins
Champion: Chicago
"The front-office shake-up and addition of Marian Hossa put this team over the top."

Hart Trophy [MVP]: Joe Thornton
"Thornton + Heatley on the same line = highest-scoring line in the league."

Calder Trophy [top rookie]: Matt Gilroy, New York Rangers
"He won the Hobey Baker Award and an NCAA title last year. More hardware is coming his way this year."

Vezena Trophy [top goaltender]: Martin Brodeur, New Jersey Devils
"Marty gets one for the thumb."
HockeyFights.com Leader in Fighting Majors: George Parros, Anaheim Ducks
"The Princeton-educated goon. Go figure."

*Islanders fans. Judge picks accordingly—and know that they can't help it.

*Actual Canuck; born in Ottawa. This lends 23 percent more credibility to his predictions.





Hang Time

Kyle Berard's raucous pro-skateboarding career has lasted a decade—an eternity in skate years.

*By Jonathan Ages
Photographs by Howard Tarpey*

Before he was of legal drinking age, skateboarder Kyle Berard had medaled in a slew of majors, including the X Games and Vans Triple Crown championships, and was ranked second in the world in Street. Now, with ten years of pro skating under his belt, Berard is an elder statesman, known for his silky-smooth skating style and consistency. The vet recently shared some pearls of wisdom from his vast experience on tour, including how to sleep on a roof, what to do with downtime at the emergency room, and what *not* to think about while jumping down a flight of stairs on your board.

You briefly studied mixed martial arts. Were you not getting enough bruises riding in the park?

[Laughs] I did it for a year, but I recently quit. It was fun and it was something different. But then they started whipping my ass.



“He was like, ‘My finger’s gone!’ We were looking for his finger in the pool, but it was actually in his hand, hanging by a thread.”

Skateboarding can whip your ass, too. What’s the gnarliest injury you’ve seen?

I’ve seen so much! A few months ago we were skating in a backyard pool and a board shot out. The tail gets really sharp if you’ve been riding on concrete for a while. “Razor tail” is what they call it. It pretty much cut [this guy’s] finger off. He was like, “My finger’s gone!” We were looking for his finger in the pool, but it was actually in his hand, hanging by a thread. At the hospital the doctor didn’t take him in right away, so we nailed a case of beer in the hospital parking lot.

Has the TV exposure from the Dew Tour and X Games fueled the partying and groupie culture?

Fuck, yes! Last time I went to a Dew Tour, though, the crowd consisted of

eight- to ten-year-old girls screaming for Ryan Sheckler. I love going on shitty skate tours with my idiot friends. It’s been a great learning and partying experience at the same time.

You learned from drinking?

I blacked out after rolling around the red-light district in Amsterdam once. And I guess the hotel room was super-hot ‘cause there were, like, eight of us in there. I woke up to a seagull landing next to my head. I was on the roof of the fucking hotel! If I’d rolled two feet in one direction I would have died. So I learned ... I don’t know ...

make sure you have a room with air-conditioning?

How hard is it to make a living as a skateboarder? Is it a good idea to have a side gig, like the skate shop you run with your dad?

I just think it’s a good insurance policy. There’s a window of, like, five to ten years when you can be a professional skateboarder. The store is something that keeps my head on straight.

I read that a kid once stole shoes from your shop.

I wasn’t there when he stole the shoes. But I was there when the other kid brought the shoes back. I was like, “What’s that?” He said, “That dumb motherfucker stole from you guys, man. I just whipped his ass and took his shoes off. Here you go.” I was like, “This is awesome, man! You want a job?”

You have said skating is a way to avoid responsibilities. Is it strange that skating is your job?

Yeah, it’s weird sometimes. But you can’t think about it. You gotta focus. If you have to jump down 15 stairs and you’re thinking about your credit card, you’re going to eat shit. 

The Bachelor Party Litmus Test

When the double-sided dildo makes an appearance, your reaction will tell you if you're truly ready to get hitched.

By Drew Magary

Illustration by Mark Poutenis

I had my bachelor party when I was 25 years old. We flew to Vegas. We played blackjack. We had dinner at a restaurant none of us could really afford. We sat poolside and watched a couple of Greek tourists take a blonde hooker into their cabana for a midday double-blowjob. We drank, and then we drank some more.

For the party capper, my friends hired two strippers to perform in our hotel suite. And by strippers, I mean “strippers who moonlight as hookers.” One of them was attractive. The other was pushing 40, with bad fake tits and a cesarean scar. This always happens with chartered strippers—you get one dud.

The girls stripped me down to my boxers, made me get on all fours on the bed, and whipped me with my own belt. It fucking hurt. Then they strapped a dildo to my head and sat on it. My friends were unsure as to whether or not they should clap, or laugh, or simply sit awkwardly still. They ended up engaging in a mix of all three.

Now, I like strippers. And hookers. And even the occasional head-dildo. But I can safely say that that experience was the least sexual of my life. And that’s saying a lot, given how prolifically unsexual my life has been. I remember sitting there, on the bed, involuntarily unicorning this lady, and thinking to myself, “Yep, I’m ready to be married. I am definitely not enjoying this.”

That’s the part of bachelor parties no one tells you about. The part when you decide for certain that you don’t really want to be single anymore. The part

when you realize you’ve had just about enough of sitting in a small hotel room at 4 A.M., stuffed full of alcohol and drugs, while a couple of desperate chicks try to earn bonus cash for meth and a 500-pound bodyguard named Big Ray sits in the corner with a loaded Glock in the back of his waistband.

We’re supposed to *always* enjoy looking at strippers and being out with the guys and away from our respective girlfriends/fiancées/spouses/parole officers. But every guy has had that moment in a typical guy scenario, like a bachelor party, when he realizes he’s not having as much fun as he thinks he should be. If you’re me, this always results in an internal argument during which you challenge your own manhood: *Come on, you pussy! There are strippers here!* My bachelor party served as the time in my life when I finally decided it was all right to never have that argument with myself again.

This goes against the idea of what a bachelor party is supposed to be. In theory, it’s a chance for you to sow your wild oats, one last opportunity to experience a commitment-free existence before consigning yourself to the lifelong detention that is marriage. But that isn’t how it usually turns out. Instead, a bachelor party often serves to demonstrate that you don’t really need to sow your wild oats at all. It’s the final sign that you’re actually doing the right thing by walking down the aisle.

This is a good feeling to have, as far as I’m concerned. Strange as it may sound, I think it’s possible for prospective grooms to enjoy their bachelor parties way too fucking much. If you’re still *that* jazzed about staying out all night and ogling new pussy, then why are you getting married to begin with? What’s the fucking point?

This doesn’t even take into account the handful of guys who are actually willing to bang or be blown by a hooker at their bachelor parties. I’ve known men who have done this. Ethics aside, I can’t think of a clearer sign that you should *not get fucking married* than the act of banging a disease-ridden stranger mere weeks before you commit your body and soul eternally to a single human being. If that’s still something you truly feel the need to do, I strongly suggest you ditch the bride and keep on doing it. More power to you, my hooker-adoring brutha.

The bachelor party should be your last hurrah because you *want* it that way. Not because it’s all you have left to cling to. I’ve been to multiple bachelor parties now. Without fail, the least enjoyable portion of the weekend, particularly for whomever was getting married, was the “bring strippers to your hotel room” part. The drinking and gambling? That’s fucking great. I could do that again tomorrow. But paying \$200 a head to stand beside eight other guys with hard-ons while the hired women try to upsell you on a handjob? Not so much. It’s something you do because every guy in the group feels socially obligated to do it. But I’ve always left those supposed main events wishing I had spent my money more wisely, like by blowing it at the roulette table.

Then again, maybe that *was* money wisely spent. Maybe before you get hitched, that’s what you need to go through to know you’re not missing anything. Because the truth is, you probably aren’t. OT





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redhot

Jayden Cole may be heating up the adult-entertainment industry, but she's not the stereotypical fiery redhead: "I love living in Long Beach, California, because I'm right near the ocean and everyone is so laid-back. I like to vacation in Australia, for the same reasons." Works for us. We'd go down under with Jayden in a New York minute.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



"I work as an adult model, and I love it. I get to work with good people, and everyone in the industry is so tight-knit. If I could have any job in the world, though, I would be a professional equestrian."





“My favorite way to relax is by taking a hot bath and masturbating, and my favorite workout is sex. My only complaint about my first time is that it was over too soon, and my enthusiasm for good sex hasn’t faded at all!”





“My favorite fantasy is to have sex in a public place where we could get caught at any moment, but it’s not only a fantasy. I did once have incredibly hot sex in the shower of a public pool.”



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DECEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE BIG RIP

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OF THE MONTH
JAYDEN COLE
DECEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



✦ JAYDEN COLE
DECEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:
23 years old
36-24-36; 5'10"

Hometown:
Long Beach, California.

Favorite food:
Sushi.

Favorite drink:
Sake.

Favorite sport:
Extreme sports. I could watch big-wave surfing all day.

Favorite TV shows:
Family Guy and *Weeds*.

Favorite movies:
Blow, Stanley Kubrick movies, Quentin Tarantino movies, and Tim Burton's stuff.

What's the hottest movie sex scene?
I like anything with Megan Fox.

Your biggest turn-on:
When a guy can make me laugh, I'm all his.

Jayden Cole

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"I love reggae and metal, but the music that really gets me in the mood is classic rock, like Led Zeppelin or Jimi Hendrix. I really admire musicians' talent."



January 2010
PENTHOUSE

Pet of the Month
Jessica Rabbitt

Pet of the Year issue
on newsstands
December 15th, 2009



I Last Stand

This Turkish martial-arts master just may be the most lethal man in the world.

*By Claire Berlinski
Photographs by Lionel Deluy*

The scars on Sifu Emin Boztepe's knuckles are from teeth. Once, one of the martial-arts master's hands became infected after he performed impromptu dental surgery on a biker with "hygiene issues." His left arm has two hole-shaped marks from the bullets he took in a restaurant in Kassel, Germany, defending a friend from pimps who wanted to force the friend's suntan-studio employees to work on the street. Boztepe sent

Pimp One flying into the jukebox, but Pimp Two ran away and came back with a shotgun. Boztepe dodged the fire with an explosive side step—only his arm was hit. Pimp One, still prostrate on the jukebox, ate the spray.

The 46-year-old Turkish actor and founder of EBMAS—the Emin Boztepe Martial Arts System—has sharp Levantine features and a nitroglycerine energy. There's always the sense, and not so far off in the distance, either, that he could somehow explode—he's wired tight. "He's the kind of person

who comes into the room and he owns the whole room," says one of the U.S. law-enforcement officials he trained. "That can't be taught."

The official, who for security reasons cannot be named, is one of many martial-arts experts who have concluded that Boztepe's the best candidate they've seen for the title of Most Lethal Man in the World. "I have 20 years' experience in the martial arts, as well as real-life self-defense experience in my field—12 years in law enforcement," he says. "I've seen a lot, but he's just on another planet. He's the best martial artist I've ever seen. He did a law-enforcement seminar for us where he got on his back on the ground and just using his legs—hands behind his head—he grappled, and *no one* could get a hold on him, *no one* could get their hands on him. Just incredible to me. Anything that has to do with combat, he's got a better grasp than anyone else I've ever seen. I've used his techniques countless times in my field—you know, when people have tried to take my gun from me—and they've never let me down."

Obviously, the action in Boztepe's movies isn't a stunt (he's made several Turkish films and a TV series. His latest movie, *Olive Branch*, was filmed this past spring). "He's a top-rate, A-plus martial artist," says karate champion and *Way of the Dragon* star Bob Wall. "I've rolled with the toughest, greatest martial artists on earth, all of the great ones—and he's one of them."

Man thing





Boztepe's aggressive character was annealed in a cauldron of violent racial harassment. When he was three years old, his family left their placid stone-walled village in Turkey and immigrated to Kassel. "Germany in the 1960s," he recalls, "wasn't exactly known for the slogan 'Welcome, Turks.'" Boztepe began studying martial arts as a teenager, to defend himself. He quickly discovered an unusual athletic talent and a taste for dishing out what thugs and skinheads had coming to them. He reckons he's since won more than 300 street fights, most bare-knuckle, but more than a few involving opponents with knives or guns. (When asked what he means by "won," he replies, "hospitalization," then changes the subject.)

He's parlayed these abilities into a film career, the creation of one of the world's fastest-growing martial arts organizations, and gigs training elite police and military units around the world, including the FBI and the U.S. Marine Corps.

In the 1990s, Special Agent Doug Kane was the team leader on the FBI Hostage Rescue Team based in Quantico, Virginia. Kane met Sifu Emin ("sifu" is a Chinese martial arts term meaning "master" or "teacher") at a seminar in Germany and asked him to come to the U.S. to provide weaponless defense training for the feds' Hostage Rescue and SWAT teams. "The thing that's so impressive about him," Kane says, "is not only his ability to move like a cat, but that the techniques he teaches are realistic—you can do them with 65 pounds of gear, including a weapon slung over your neck, while wearing body armor on your chest. I've been involved in hundreds of tactical operations, and these kinds of scenarios are what you realistically get into." The techniques include taking out an assailant with low kicks from the knee down, coming from the side with a crippling shot to the leg, quick footwork, side stepping. As Pimp Two learned in Germany, Boztepe's side stepping can be faster than a speeding bullet.

Boztepe's balance, Kane adds, is almost preternatural. "I

He's won more than 300 street fights. When asked what he means by "won," he replies, "hospitalization," then changes the subject.

remember a drill where he was standing on a balance beam and people were coming up to knock him off. He was *blindfolded*—and no one knocked him off. He could withstand these different frontal assaults. The lesson was, 'Look, you have to be able to sense an attack. If you're preoccupied with a bunch of guys who might have weapons, and you're focusing on someone you've just disarmed, and someone jumps out of the closet—you've got to sense that before they get in striking distance. You might not be able to move far if you're covering a suspect with your weapon.'

Then there is Boztepe's speed. He's been clocked, he says, throwing 11.3 chain punches in a second. Turkish martial artist Egemen Baranok, a Wing Tzun Second Technician—one of the highest levels—says, "I've put in more than 12,000 training hours. I've done Muay Thai, capoeira, Jeet Kune Do, jujitsu. I've never seen anyone with his kind of mechanical ease, control over the opponent, accuracy, and speed. I've seen this guy taking down cage fighters in Europe, playing with them. I've seen this guy take down martial artists and fighters who are taller and heavier than he is as if it's nothing."

Boztepe has studied tae kwon do, karate, Muay Thai, wrestling, and boxing. But Wing Tzun and escrima now command his allegiance. Wing Tzun was devised, legend has it, during

the Qing Dynasty by a beautiful Buddhist nun. It emphasizes economy of motion and direct-line attacks, and it is, in Boztepe's opinion, the martial art most solidly grounded in physics and anatomy, rather than tradition: In a real fight, there's no time for mimicking cranes. Boztepe says, "I only believe in using techniques that work as fast as possible." He's modified and modernized the style, adding, for example, anti-grappling techniques. He and escrima grandmaster Rene Latosa founded EBMAS in 2001; there are now schools in some 50 countries.

Not all of his students are combat-hardened pros. Boztepe can be a surprisingly gentle teacher with beginners. "Relax, you're too tense," he tells a 120-pound woman at one of his seminars in Turkey. "You have a little baby bird between your hands. Okay? Keep it alive. Don't choke the little baby bird to death."

But he uses the students who think they're the real badasses for display. "You. Kung Fu Panda. Okay, you hit me," he says to a stocky Russian in his hybrid English. The Panda, whose real name is Pawel, is a judo practitioner who has crossed the Black Sea to attend the seminar. He doesn't even succeed in getting his arm in the air before Boztepe shows just how he would dust him: left-right-left-right—*bam-bam-bam-bam*—a screamer to the liver—*whack!*—an elbow strike to the jaw, a knuckle in the throat, a slap to the groin, a thumb in the eyeball. His arms are moving as fast as snakes, or eels, and in the same liquid way—without any visible tension, or indeed effort, at all. He's doing it by feel and reflex, all while looking over his shoulder at the audience, smiling and chatting. His hands keep whacking and slapping as if they are controlled by a separate brain.

Boztepe then demonstrates the effect of a one-inch punch backed up by just a bit of that sinew. His elbow juts out from his chest and *whoomph*—the Panda goes flying backward, cartwheeling his arms like a character in a Saturday-morning cartoon who has just opened a special-delivery package from Acme Explosives. "*Da, da,*" the Panda mutters, steadying himself. He fixes a gaze of devotion on Boztepe, who pats him reassuringly on the back and moves on to another student: "You! King Kong!"

Fighters, Boztepe advises, have no need to eschew the pleasures of the flesh. For many years he dated Jacqueline Bisset, who was 18 years older and who told the *London Sunday Times*, "I would have liked to meet Emin earlier in my life, but you're not going to refuse to be with someone you love because of their age." Boztepe says, "I'm an *active* person, and I'd say it's never hurt my training." In fact, he claims he's known among the ladies for his endurance. "They call me Superman," he says. A boast like that—from most men—would be laughable, but in his case it seems entirely plausible. 



DEFEND YOURSELF IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT: TEN TIPS FROM A MASTER



■ **Train—a lot.** Martial arts philosophy won't help you in a real fight. Training will. No matter how good your techniques and instructors, they will only be useful if you practice regularly, mindfully, and realistically. While you train, think and feel "life or death situation." And train with a live partner; a punching bag is nothing like someone who fights back.

■ If you find yourself in a situation that might become violent, *don't* stand with your fists clenched. That's asking for a fight. *Do* make a lot of noise. Yell to attract witnesses. You'll need them to testify that you didn't start it.

■ Your magnetic zone is an imaginary circle you should draw around you. It's as big as your opponent's striking range. The instant he enters the zone, attack.

■ Look to your adversary's head and shoulders to see what the rest of his body is going to do, and use your peripheral vision to be aware of other threats. As soon as you sense a slight movement—such as the lowering of a shoulder—go in. Explosively.

■ Footwork is key. If you're standing at the right place at the right time, you can always win a fight. To keep stable, step with the foot closest to the direction you're going, rather than crossing your feet.

■ If your opponent chokes you from the front, punch him in the face. As long as he's holding

you, he can't punch back or defend himself.

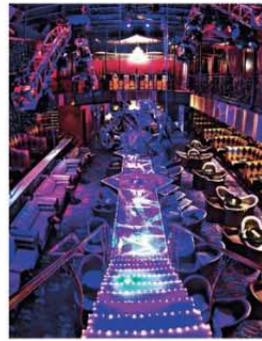
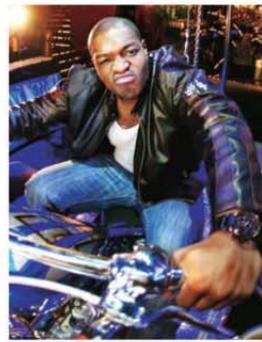
■ Keep your weight on your rear leg so you can defend against kicks with the front leg without shifting weight and losing time. This also keeps your front leg from being swept. Keep your kicks low. Forget about throwing a high kick to your adversary's head. Fancy high kicks take too long and leave you off-balance and exposed.

■ You can't protect your body by turning it away. Face your opponent. If half of your body is turned, half of your weapons are further from their target.

■ Learn to coordinate your limbs independently so you can punch and kick as many targets as possible in the shortest time. Explosive, simultaneous strikes and kicks will maximize damage and cause sensory overload for your adversary.

■ Maintain contact to feel and anticipate your opponent's intentions. Touch gives information to the brain faster than vision. Reflexes are controlled in the spine, not in the brain. If you maintain physical contact with your opponent—for instance, knee-to-knee or forearm-to-forearm—you can anticipate attacks, as well as their direction, speed, and strength. This allows you to bypass the thought process and reduces time-wasting decision-making.

 [in the club]



DETROIT RAP CITY

P-Live released his debut record earlier this year, but he already knows how to party right. He shot the video for his hit "Fresh 2 Def" at the Penthouse Club in his hometown of Detroit.

By Rebecca Swanner

person. We did a tour in Winnipeg, Canada, and they rocked out and the audience gave me so much support. That was my first tour, and to have people shout back and know the words to my stuff was amazing.

Was your song "Good 2 U" inspired by anything going on in your life?

Definitely [*laughs*]. Not to toot my own horn, but I'm pretty favored by women. I've gotten an earful of what a guy is supposed to be like and what he's not supposed to be like. And when I was getting out and dating before I got married, I saw a lot of things a woman should do as well. It's a two-way street.

You shot your video for "Fresh 2 Def" at the Penthouse Club in Detroit. What's the song about?

The producer hit me with a real up-tempo track, and I said, "This sounds like runway music." I started thinking of all the flashy stuff I'd seen on Rodeo Drive and thinking *Fresh 2 Def*. Image is everything in this business.

Why did you choose the Penthouse Club? Had you been there before?

Oh, yeah. The lighting was amazing. When I first went there, I thought the stage was awesome. The martini glass, the way the bikes drop down, and knowing Alan [*the owner*], I was like, *Why not bring the idea to him?*

What kind of girls do you go for?

I'm a fan of beautiful women. I don't have a specific type, as long as when she opens her mouth she doesn't say anything stupid. I love intelligence and I love class. Sometimes that goes further than looks.

Any good club advice?

Be nice. Be yourself. I think guys go wrong if they try to formulate game or think of a catchy line. Just say hi. Start off with the basics. Be a gentleman. And don't be desperate. ☺

Isaiah Perkins, better known as P-Live, has had a deep connection to music his entire life. He was raised by his single mother and his grandmother on the east side of Detroit, and while his uncle was playing bass in a local band and his mother, sisters, and grandmother were belting it out in choir, he was laying down rhymes atop fresh beats. After he creamed the competition at the Roc-A-Fella Records' Rock the Mic Battle in 2004, he continued to dominate freestyle battles, then signed with Protekted Records, a local indie label. This summer he released his well-received debut, *Coming to You Live*, with the help of producers who have worked with Obie Trice and Lloyd Banks. And while P-Live's roots are undoubtedly in Detroit, his appeal is universal. As he puts it, "I have a Detroit mind-set, a New York flow, and a West Coast vibe. I tried to touch as many varieties of music and people as I could."

P-Live is already at work on his next album, as well as writing songs for other artists. This summer the rising star shared the stage with some well-known rappers, including Rick Ross and Soulja Boy, as part of Summer Jam; he appeared on the MTV Music Awards; and he's spent the past few months on tour with other major headliners.

How did you get started as a rapper?

My uncles listened to Run-DMC and stuff like that. When I got to middle school, I started hearing Tupac, Biggie Smalls, Nas. I liked the beats more than anything. From there, I started writing raps and freestyling.

How did you decide to make music your career?

I was receiving offers from a lot of labels, and I got into a lot of events and met a lot of people and, at some point, I realized I must be doing something really good. I started having conversations with people like Russell Simmons. He was the one who told me, you gotta create a buzz for yourself. Ever since that conversation, that's what I've been doing.

How has Detroit's hip-hop community changed in the past few years?

The battle scene has definitely picked up. Now everyone is trying to be "that artist." Everyone wants to be "that guy" from Detroit. The competition is real strong here.

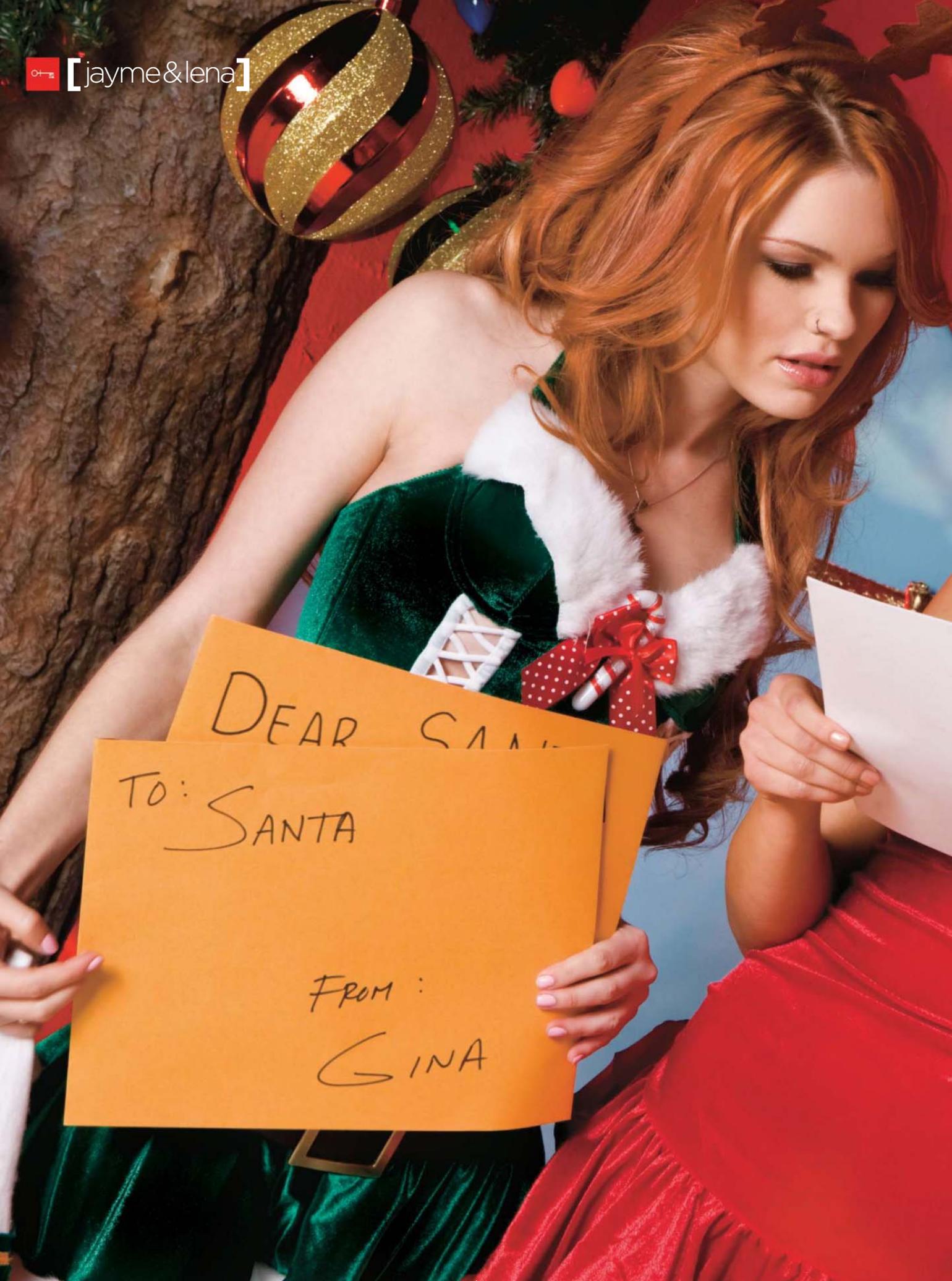


How do you take charge in a battle?

Creativity, sharp punch lines, and the ability to not fold under pressure. I just tune the other guy out. A lot of the guys get caught up in what the other guy said to them and the crowd, and it throws them off. Don't listen to that guy; sit there and figure out how you're going to take that guy apart. And then, when they say go, do it.

You've performed with a lot of well-known hip-hop guys. Who have you most enjoyed sharing the stage with?

The tour with Mobb Deep was interesting. It was my first time ever seeing Mobb Deep up close and in



DEAR SANTA

TO: SANTA

FROM:
GINA



season's eatings

Jayne and Lena are thrilled with their holiday jobs as elves in Santa's workshop. They get an employee discount, the outfits are sexy as hell (with just a little adjustment), and once Santa leaves, they have the place to themselves. Finally, they can entertain each other with the hottest toys this mall has ever seen.

Photographs by Misha













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Hot Games for Mind-Blowing SEX

*Erotic fantasies you and
your partner can try at home.*

By Lainie Speiser

The best thing about being in a successful monogamous relationship is that everything is permitted. That's right. Everything is acceptable, and you can go truly wild!

The trust and friendship that grows from romance over time allows two people to confess and explore their deepest and darkest sexual fantasies. Maybe when you were a kid, you had a sweet, busty, brunette kindergarten teacher who had a penchant for wearing cowboy boots. Would it be out of the question, then, to buy your dark-haired wife a pair of Tony Lamas? Of course not! It's sexy, thoughtful, and just plain hot.

When you have sex with only one person, you develop a playful, familiar banter between the two of you. Say you're watching *Dream of Jeannie*

reruns on Nick at Nite and then, reenacting them later, your lady gets on her knees and says, "Yes, Master. Your wish is my command." You both laugh and continue, completely turned on and ready to have great sex.

That's what roleplay is: The sexual playfulness of two adults taking something that may start as a running joke one step further, then another, and another. There's no need to feel as if you're stuck with the same person every day; none of us is the same person every day—we change with our moods, and so can your sex. Guys: Some days you feel confidence coursing through your veins, and you want to take that assertive energy somewhere. So why not be the commanding, scolding, and masculine headmaster to your girl's kittenish, teasingly naughty schoolgirl? Or, ladies: When you feel like getting dressed up in your sexiest clothes—with high heels, fishnets, and a lacy G-string underneath—wouldn't it be fun to meet your man at a bar

neither of you has ever been to, pretend to not know each other, and have a dirty, sleazy flirtation that ends with your man bending you over the sink in the bar's bathroom? Or why not tell him it's going to cost him \$100 for oral and \$250 for the works? Sometimes a lady *wants* to be treated like a whore; imagine how much fun it would be to pretend to be one.

■ BEING IMAGINATIVE DOESN'T COST A THING

A lot of people assume roleplay means having to go to a costume shop to pick out a gladiator costume, or going to a uniform shop to find nurses' scrubs. That alone could make the whole thing seem silly, not to mention a royal pain in the ass and a needless expense. Roleplay, above all, is about your imagination and the situations you can create—proving, once again, that the brain is indeed the sexiest organ. You don't have to comb your closet looking for your old Catholic-school uniform and pray that



it still fits. It's about communication more than anything else.

Sometimes, while I'm in bed with a lover, we'll suddenly start talking to each other while having sex or just touching. "What's your favorite fantasy?" I've been asked, while my mouth has been too busy to answer back—and I know that's a cue to use my hand instead, and tell a tale. It's really sexy to do this while you're both comfortably lying together, touching and talking in whispers, because talking low can make everything sound extra dirty and devilish. Maybe I'll start by saying, "I'm 15 years old, and you're the hot divorced guy who lives next door. I enjoy spending my free time teasing you by sunning myself in the backyard in my skimpy bathing suit while you're digging weeds and working up a sweat watching me rub sunscreen all over myself."

Sometimes I'll tell the tale all by myself, but other times my lover will collaborate with me. He will continue by saying, "Yes, you're a horny teenager who can't get enough, and you've been teasing me by showing off your hot body and giving me those sexy looks. You invite me over when your parents are away, and I fuck you in your bedroom over and over. You're such a horny, dirty little girl." Then I continue where he leaves off: "I'm a little scared of you because you're such a big, manly, older guy, and you've got a huge cock, but I'm so horny and hot for you I can't help myself. I brace myself when you take me on my twin bed." And so on and so forth. Then the talking subsides and we have hard, thrusting sex for a while, until I suddenly say, "I really wish you were my neighbor ..." BAM! It's explosive orgasms for both of us. When you're role-playing, bringing a little real emotion into the fantasy can do delicious things for both the brain and the body!

The Pickup

As you know, plenty of moderate-to-expensive hotels have bars inside that you can patronize without being a guest. Make a date with your partner to meet at the bar, preferably at a time when it won't be crowded so you can be sure there will be an empty chair next to you.

I'd suggest meeting either before or after happy hour, which is usually between 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. Decide which of you wants to approach the other, because it can work either way. Maybe whoever gets there first gets hit on.

Get her into your rhythm and tell her, "I'm fucking your face and your mouth, Miss Tennenbaum. I'm putting those big red lips to good use. Do you like having your boss's cock for lunch?"

Call-Girl Banter

You see her sitting there nursing a cocktail; she has been alone for a while, and you've been watching her. She's lovely in a sexy but understated dress and heels, her hair done up, her makeup and nails perfect—but there's something off about her. It's as if she's waiting for someone, but waiting for no one in particular—and that's where you fit in: She is waiting for someone to *buy* her company, and you're just the guy to do it, because you're confident, you're horny, and you've got the cash and a sense of adventure.

Slide onto the stool next to her, and order yourself a drink, adding, "And get another of whatever the pretty lady is having." She turns to you with a smile and says, "Why, thank you, kind stranger." You get your drinks, you clink glasses, take your respective sips, and you tell her your name is John. She responds that her name is Lola. "I was just wondering, Lola, why a beautiful woman such as yourself would be sitting in a hotel bar all alone?" you ask her.

She tosses her hair, laughs, and says, "But, John, I'm not alone right now, am I? I was waiting for a handsome stranger looking for some fun, and now I'm wondering if I've found him." She plays footsie with you as she says this, and it instantly arouses you.

Making the Move

You've been flirting for a bit, making a lot of double entendres, looking into each other's eyes, and playing with your swizzle sticks. You get it, and Lola gets it, too. It's time to make the move: "So, what would it take for a beautiful woman like you to come up to my room and spend a little private time with a stranger from out of town?"

Lola gives you a sexy smirk and says, "Well, that all depends on what the sexy stranger wants and for how long." She puts her hand on your thigh as she

says this, and rubs, going higher and higher, as you sit dangerously close to one another. You lean over and say into her hair, "I want everything, and I want it all night long, baby." Lola nods and says, "That will be \$400 for the best night of your life." You agree, pay the tab, and take her upstairs. If you elect not to get a room, you drive her home, or she follows you in her own car.

The Action

When you get to the hotel room or your home, get business out of the way first. "John, so we can relax and enjoy our night, why don't we settle up first," Lola says, putting her arms around your shoulders and rubbing the back of your neck. It feels so good, and you can't wait to get your hands on this sexy whore. You can't wait to see what she's got under that dress. You take out your wallet and pay right away. She puts the money in her elegant purse, sets the purse down on the coffee table, and resumes, rubbing herself against you.

"Are you ready for me now, John?" she asks. You have your hands on her ass, and you rub its beautiful, voluptuous roundness and ask if you can kiss her. She answers by kissing you, darting her tongue into your mouth, and you respond by pulling up her dress and feeling her soft silk panties and garter belt.

Lola is sexy and worth every penny. You thrust your hand down the front of her panties and finger her moist pussy. "You're a wet, sexy whore," you tell Lola. "Do you get wet like this for all your clients?" She, in turn, rubs the crotch of your trousers, outlining your bulge. "Only the really hot, manly ones like you. I hit the jackpot tonight, baby, and you've hit the jackpot, too, because I'm the best there is."

You release her, sit on the couch, and tell her, "Show me." She slowly strips down to her bra, panties, garter belt, and high heels and goes over to you on the couch, straddles you, and murmurs that she is bought and paid for for the entire evening—and it's anything you want, anything at all.



■ THE SECRETARY AND THE BOSS

They don't call them secretaries anymore—or not much, anyway. People are now “administrative assistants,” and there's even a designated “administrative professionals” day. For this scenario, though, let's recall a time gone by, when secretaries would do anything their bosses needed of them—and like it. In my opinion, every day should be secretaries' day in the bedroom.

What man hasn't fantasized about having a sexy secretary just a four-digit phone extension away, ready to jump into action for him? Feeling like a powerful man who is in the position of scolding a woman when she makes a mistake without having to apologize is very sexy, isn't it? Your secretary needs you for guidance; she looks up to you, admires you. Your secretary is a young, single woman trying to make her way in the world, and sometimes you have to be a little firm with her.

What the Secretary Should Wear

I find dressing as a traditional fifties or sixties secretary to be a lot of fun. It's very easy to get into character wearing a twinset with sexy underwear, a garter belt, and some silk hose with the seam running up the back.

The shoes are extremely important; they have to be high heels, either pumps or stilettos. Yes, these are the kind of shoes that might cause her pain, so she should practice walking around the house in them before using them for play. Luckily, she won't really be walking much! Black shiny high heels, spike heels, or stilettos—now *those* are for playing. It's a part of the fantasy she can't skimp on, so by all means encourage her to go shoe shopping if she doesn't have these. I would go to an adult lingerie store, which will have plenty to choose from, and their saleswomen will be very helpful in assisting her.

What the Boss Should Wear

Obviously, a good suit is the proper attire, and I have to assume that most men have at least one in their closet. Alternately, some nice separates—a sport coat and slacks—with a tie would work. Wear dress shoes, shiny black ones if possible. You should look neat and almost severe.

Use product in your hair and comb it back, or part it on the side. You want to look like a real businessman, someone who walks down the street and commands respect. The suit makes the man, and in this case

nothing could be more important. In fact, I would almost go to the extreme and wear suspenders under your jacket, if you have them.

The whole look should be almost villainous, a little cold and quite authoritative. If you don't have a suit, you can buy a decently priced one for \$300 at most big department stores, and a nice pair of shoes for \$100. As far as the kink factor goes, I wouldn't wear any underwear, as there's something deliciously perverse about a handsome man in a suit pulling out his cock with the greatest of ease. He might look conservative, but the boss is a pervert, and he wants easy access to his dick, for himself and for his secretary.

The Office

To set the scene, you can use your office at home—and when I say “office,” I mean the room where your computer is, wherever you pay your bills and whatnot. All you really need is a desk and a chair. Of course, we have all fantasized about having sex in the office. I definitely have. And if it's possible and you know you won't get into any trouble, or if you have keys and a building pass for weekends and after-hours, I say go for it. But playing at home is just as fun, not to mention less stressful and more convenient.

The Pickup

You are a little irritated with your secretary for taking an extra-long lunch hour, and you need to discipline her, or at least make her work for that hour of your time she just threw away. A blowjob is the perfect punishment.

Call her into your office and tell her what the penalty is: wet, deep-throat action. Have her come behind your desk and kneel in front of you. Don't thrust your cock into her mouth all at once, because she will gag and accidentally give you some teeth. Put it in slowly, and hold it there. Go in a little further, and a little further, and tell her to take it all in, to take every inch of you. Then pull it out slowly, but not all the way out. Keep repeating this until her muscles relax and she gets used to it, and then go a little faster, and faster still.

Get her into your rhythm until you are literally fucking her face, and tell her, “I'm fucking your face and your mouth, Miss Tennenbaum. I'm putting those big red lips to good use. Do you like having your boss's cock for lunch? Do you love your boss's cock?” If you want to hear a reply, slowly pull it out and have her look up at you; if she



doesn't reply, squeeze her face and command her to. She will say, “Yes, I really love my boss's cock. I'm so hungry for your cock all the time. I love my boss.” You stroke her hair tenderly, then put your hard-on back in her mouth and continue until you decide it's time for Miss Tennenbaum to do something else for you.

Following the Boss's Orders

Expose your secretary, make her feel like your little plaything, your doll, your property. You pay her; she is yours, and you can do whatever you want with her. Go back to your desk, sit down, and ask her to stand in front of the desk.

Ask her to slowly unbutton her blouse and take it off for you, and place it neatly on the chair. Admire her lovely, lacy bra; really leer at her as if it's your right. Then ask her to slowly take off her skirt and neatly place it on the chair. She is wearing a matching lace G-string, and a garter belt holds up her stockings. You approve, and you'll show it, but first she must slowly turn around so you can get a good look at her fine ass in that G-string.

“Very nice, Miss Tennenbaum. Very nice. I like your choice in unmen-

tionables. Now bend over for a moment, and touch your toes.” As she touches the tips of her shiny black high-heeled shoes, you admire her ass even more. You're getting very excited again. You tell her to stand up and come over to you. “Walk slowly,” you instruct her. She does, and you turn your chair around to face her. You reach up to stroke her all over, with both hands: her belly, her waist, her hips, her breasts, her legs, her ass.... She shudders with pleasure all over, loving the feeling of being your object of desire. She's getting wetter, she wants you to go further, she wants her boss to do her, and fast.

THE MAID AND THE EMPLOYER

There isn't a man or woman alive who doesn't enjoy a sexy French maid's outfit. It's so popular, I daresay it trumps even the schoolgirl getup in the object-of-lust category. A woman loves wearing it, and a man loves molesting the woman who's wearing it. This is no innocent child; this is a woman, a sexy, curvaceous woman who wears a racy, short black dress that flares out at the bottom, and when she bends down to scrub the floors, you can see her panties. She's got a cute little apron and a sweet little hat, but that doesn't mean she's a pushover; she's the most powerful



servant there is because her sexuality is so strong and admittedly obvious. The great thing about the French maid fantasy is that when the boss's wife is away and these two play, she can turn the tables and tell this man exactly what to do. The maid/employer fantasy is versatile, and partners can easily switch their roles from dominant to submissive.

What the Employer Should Wear

A lot of well-to-do men these days don't walk around wearing three-piece suits. Some of them wear jeans and sneakers. You have to decide who you want to be and how much authority you want to project. If you're a rock star coming back from a recording session only to find your luscious worker tidying up, then, yes, wear jeans and a T-shirt, or even

leather pants. If you're an investment banker and you're on your way to an important meeting, then a suit would be appropriate. The employer might be coming home early from a Saturday afternoon round of golf at the country club, wearing sport clothes. The scenarios are endless.

The Pickup

You come home in the middle of the workday to pick up some papers from the home office. Nobody is home except your beautiful maid, who is in the living room dusting with the TV on, half-watching soap operas. She is wearing her short little maid dress, fishnets, and a garter belt with high,

sexy black heels. Her hair is up and away from her face in the front and cascading down the back, from under her frilly little maid's cap. She doesn't see you as she stoops over the coffee table, lazily dusting while watching soap operas.

You watch her, half in admiration of her fine figure and beauty, and half in annoyance because she is not paying proper attention to the task at hand. You sneak up behind her and grab her by the hips. "Is this TV show of more interest to you than your job?" you say. She jumps to attention but cannot get out of your grasp.

"What are you doing home? Is something wrong?" she asks, trying to wriggle her cute body away from you. You put your hands under her little dress and start caressing her ass. "I had to pick up some papers. You've got a beautiful ass, you know—it's a very lazy ass, but a beautiful one. I've been watching you ever since my wife hired you, and I've wanted to get my hands on this beautiful round ass of yours."

"Thank you. I'm glad you find my ass so appealing." She shudders at the touch of your wandering hands, which are now going between her legs and tickling her lightly. "Now, how about we both start getting our hands dirty?"

She lifts up her uniform and shows you what she is wearing underneath: a sexy garter belt and little lace panties. How you decide to proceed is completely up to you.

Alternative Scenarios

While your wife is away on business, the maid stops over to do a quick dusting and accidentally stumbles upon you pleasuring yourself in the basement. She tries to sneak away, but you catch sight of her and turn her drop-in into a full-service appointment.

Or, try my personal favorite: While your maid is on her hands and knees scrubbing your floors, enjoy the view of her fine ass and body moving back and forth while she's making your house nice and clean—then sneak up on her from behind and make her totally filthy. As always, it's up to you and your imagination and what turns both of you on. You don't have to have a real bucket of suds and a sponge, but why not? Realism helps create a good, exciting fantasy, and you'll end up with a clean kitchen floor to boot. ☞

From Hot Games for Mind-Blowing Sex: Erotic Fantasies You and Your Partner Can Try at Home, by Lainie Speiser © 2009 by Fair Winds Press.



HotTalk

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



Blowjob Blowback

Is it risky to have unprotected oral sex? You betcha!

MEMBERS ONLY

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With more than 30 million members, our affiliate website AdultFriendFinder.com provides almost unlimited social-networking opportunities with sexually adventurous folks. Millions of beautiful women, couples, and swingers from around the globe can be found in the chat rooms, broadcasting live cams, and posting homemade videos—as well as enjoying exclusive access to Dr. Z's sex advice. We think this recent question posed by an Adult FriendFinder member will interest our readers as well.

I am a big fan of oral sex, particularly fellatio—what guy is not? Can I pick up a venereal disease by getting a blowjob? The thought had never crossed my mind until the last girl I was with insisted on putting a condom on before blowing me. It was a definite turn-off, but it did make me wonder.

Make no mistake: Oral sex can be dangerous. You can potentially pick up most STDs—such as gonorrhea, herpes, hepatitis B, syphilis, chlamydia, chancroid, HPV virus (which is implicated in oral cancers), and HIV—through cunnilingus and fellatio (and, of course, lots of nasty bacteria through analingus).

The giver of oral sex is at greater risk than the receiver, particularly if he or she has had any mouth sores

or recent dental work (or has just flossed—so avoid flossing before going down), although potential transmission is bi-directional.

But, as you say, condom use during oral sex is unpopular—only an estimated ten percent or less bother putting on the glove before going down; and the use of the dental dam is even smaller. And even those who know that STDs can be transmitted via oral sex usually do not use protection.

Not surprisingly, people's main objection is that licking latex is not particularly exciting for either party. And it's not particularly cool, either. "Hold on, honey, let me get that dental dam ready" is not exactly a turn-on. And then there's the reduced pleasure and the forethought and planning required. But there are some ways to make safe oral sex more fun.

First of all, it's important to use the right kind of condom. Avoid the ones

coated with spermicidal nonoxynol-9 substances—not only do they taste bitter, but they will give her a numb tongue after a while. Choose an unlubricated latex condom (which can also be cut into a latex barrier if a dental dam is not available).

You can use a female condom, such as Femidom, instead of a dental dam when going down on her, as it has an external sheath that covers the vulva. The female condom can be inserted into the anus and used during analingus instead of or along with a dental dam—a good idea unless you want to end up with a bad case of diarrhea.

Avoid using such food products as whipped cream, chocolate sauce, and other oil-based products on condoms because they break down latex, thus defeating its purpose. But if she likes a hint of flavor, there are plenty of flavored condoms available.

To make it more exciting for both of you, encourage her to put the condom on you with her mouth. If she is reluctant, tell her that by using condoms she avoids the dilemma of whether to spit or swallow and can avoid dealing with the taste issue altogether.

Bottom line: It's better to be cautious and safe than cool and sorry.

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■ **MR. SOFTEE**

My penis is getting me really bummed out. No matter what I do and what drug I take, I just cannot achieve a firm hard-on. Am I getting old? (I just turned 45.) How can I whip my dick into shape?

Many men feel your pain. Indeed, 10 to 15 percent of men your age experience some degree of erectile dysfunction (ED). Although age alone doesn't cause ED, it is definitely a factor. Hormone levels change drastically at around 40 years of age, and declining testosterone can be responsible for diminishing erections. Another big cause of erectile issues is vascular or heart problems. An erection is all about blood flow, so if your vessels are blocked you won't get enough blood to fully engorge your penis. In fact, ED is often an early warning sign—men with ED are 80 percent more likely to suffer a heart attack or stroke. Diabetes is another big culprit, as it can damage the blood vessels. Other medical conditions, such as a pituitary disorder or liver damage, can also affect erectile functioning.

Get a complete medical checkup to see if any of these conditions underlie your penile problems, and make sure that any medications prescribed to correct your medical condition don't further aggravate your ED. About 25 percent of ED cases are caused by drugs such as antidepressants and medications for hair loss.

Stress can also be an erection downer, as the cortisol released by our bodies during stress lowers testosterone. Changing your lifestyle, such as cutting down on drinking and smoking, will also do wonders for your weenie. Hitting the gym is one of the best ways to improve your erectile function, as working out boosts your testosterone level, improves your vascular and cardiac health, and reduces stress—not to mention the exposure you get to lots of fit eye candy, which is in itself a great penile motivator.

Finally, consider this paradox: Getting your mind to focus less on your cock and more on her pleasure is bound to improve your erection. A watched pot never boils, and a watched penis never hardens. Make it all about her—kiss and caress her, give her massages, and give her great head; before you know it, you will be stiff and screwing. The less pressure you put on your penis, the more likely it is to perform for you.



■ **BY THE NUMBERS?**

Every girl I go out with seems to wait at least three dates before letting me into her pants. Is there an unspoken rule that women secretly agreed upon about dating guys? Is there a way to get her to violate this rule? And what should I do to appear less desperate to get her to put out—shag that homely but ready-and-willing broad at the neighborhood bar?

Yes, most women abide by a hookup time line inculcated in us by a society that deems us "loose," not to mention desperate, if we jump your bones on the first date. But many of you guys actually write these "rules" by dividing women into two groups—either Madonnas or whores, as some shrinks put it. (Of course, most women want you to think of them as Madonnas.) Moreover, men are natural-born hunters—and we are the prey—so it would be rather unbecoming for the fish to swallow the hook without the bait. You are supposed to supply bait in the form of a few dates with sweet words and desserts, and this pursuit is termed "courtship."

Don't fret about it; such is the law of nature. Most vertebrate males of every species have to put in some work before they get laid. The exact number of dates before we succumb to your seduction varies depending on geographical region

and other factors, although most women try to avoid having sex on the first two dates—longer if the man is relationship material.

There are exceptions, of course. If she is really horny or really liberated, if you are really hot or really loaded, or if she has just broken up with her ex and is looking for revenge or rebound loving or a one-night stand, you can get in without the wait. The rest of the time, you can expedite things a bit by learning the art of skillful seduction—although learning to delay gratification may be easier than becoming a world-class Casanova. Taking her to Tiffany's is likely to move up her time line—in the animal world it is termed a "copulatory gift," and the size of the gift determines whether the male praying mantis gets laid or gets his head ripped off.

With respect to letting out some steam to appear less horny, you can certainly shag that neighborhood slut; but remember, you can spoil your appetite by eating junk food before the feast. Whether you should go that route depends on how hungry you are—and how homely she is. ☪

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star quality

Twenty-four-year-old Lela Star has enough sex appeal packed into her five-foot frame to make a grown man weak in the knees. Still, she knows it only gets her so far: "People do favors for you if you're good-looking, but only if you're good-looking and nice. You could be the most gorgeous girl ever, but if you're a bitch, people will only see that ugliness." There's no chance of that with this sultry adult actress.

Photographs by Nicholas Sage



"I love that my hometown, Miami, is so diverse! There's every race and culture, and it's all welcome. The people, architecture, and vibe of the city are extremely unique. Plus, there are the hottest, most exotic women you will ever see in one place."



“No-strings-attached sex is great. I’ve had sex with strangers, and it can be a lot of fun. But I have to not be in a relationship.”







“My favorite sex fantasy used to be the whole man-dominating-me sort of thing. But as I’ve gotten older, it’s more about me being the dominant one!”





“I’m not a very sporty girl. I’m kind of a princess. I do take yoga and horseback-riding classes, and in California I live on the beach, so I surf ... or attempt to surf. It’s pretty funny actually, but at least I try. I have a bright-pink Hello Kitty board.”

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Nasty Little Habit

No matter how much you want to break a habit, sometimes you just can't do it all by yourself. You might need a helping hand from someone who understands undercover maneuvers.

By Donna George Storey • Illustrations by Charlene Chua

Today's the day I'll break my nasty little habit once and for all.

That's what I tell myself as I shuffle onto the London-bound plane with the other Premiere Executives. I'm the only woman in the bunch, which isn't unusual. Before I decided to change my ways, the closeness of so many anonymous male bodies was the first thing to get me in the mood for later misbehavior. I'd imagine them gathered around me as I pleased myself, cocks in hand, ready to shoot their loads all over me until every inch of my flesh glistened like a freshly glazed doughnut.

Today, however, I resolutely wipe such thoughts from my mind as I hurry through the business-class cabin—no upgrade this time, alas—and silently repeat my vow.

I will not masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

I murmur it, under my breath, as I slip my suitcase into the overhead bin.

I will not masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

Pulling my book from my shoulder bag, I settle into seat 33B. I specifically requested a center seat rather than my usual window. Breaking bad habits always requires a certain amount of discomfort, and it will be that much harder to jam my hand down my pants with a vigilant stranger on either side.

I pick up the plastic-wrapped blanket from my chair and push it under the seat in front of me, out of temptation's way. It'll make for a chilly night, but I can hardly masturbate if I have no blanket, can I?

"Excuse me."

It's a male voice, obviously the occupant of 33A. I rise and step into the aisle to let him pass. He gives me a pleasant "thank you," but I continue to ignore him, except to notice that he's tall and sturdy, which means he'll probably hog the armrest.

My new rowmate makes all the requisite motions of buckling his seat belt, while I try my best to focus on my book. I can feel him glancing over at me, though, and it's all I can do not to roll my eyes. One vow I've had no trouble keeping is to reject overtures from chatty neighbors on long flights, especially men. I do enough coddling of male egos in my work. I've recently been promoted to VP of marketing, North America, for a power-tool company, and my coworkers and customers are virtually all men. At times I need a break from the cordless-screwdriver crowd.

My neighbor clears his throat softly, but with obvious intent.

He's certainly persistent. In spite of myself, I glance over, not at his face, but at his hands resting in his lap.

I do a double take. He's holding the very same book I have: the new paperback edition of *The View From Castle Rock*. A guy reading Alice Munro?

"It looks like we have something in common," he says.

I smile. "I didn't know men were allowed to read fiction by highbrow female Canadian authors."

"Oh, I'm not reading it. I just bought it for the pictures."

For the first time I really look at him: dark hair, warm brown eyes, and a smile to melt a glacier. He's not bad. Not bad at all.

"How'd you get turned on to Alice?" I'm actually curious to know the answer.

"I like her stories in *The New Yorker* and thought I'd check out her latest book. It's very good."

I narrow my eyes. "What other authors do you like?"

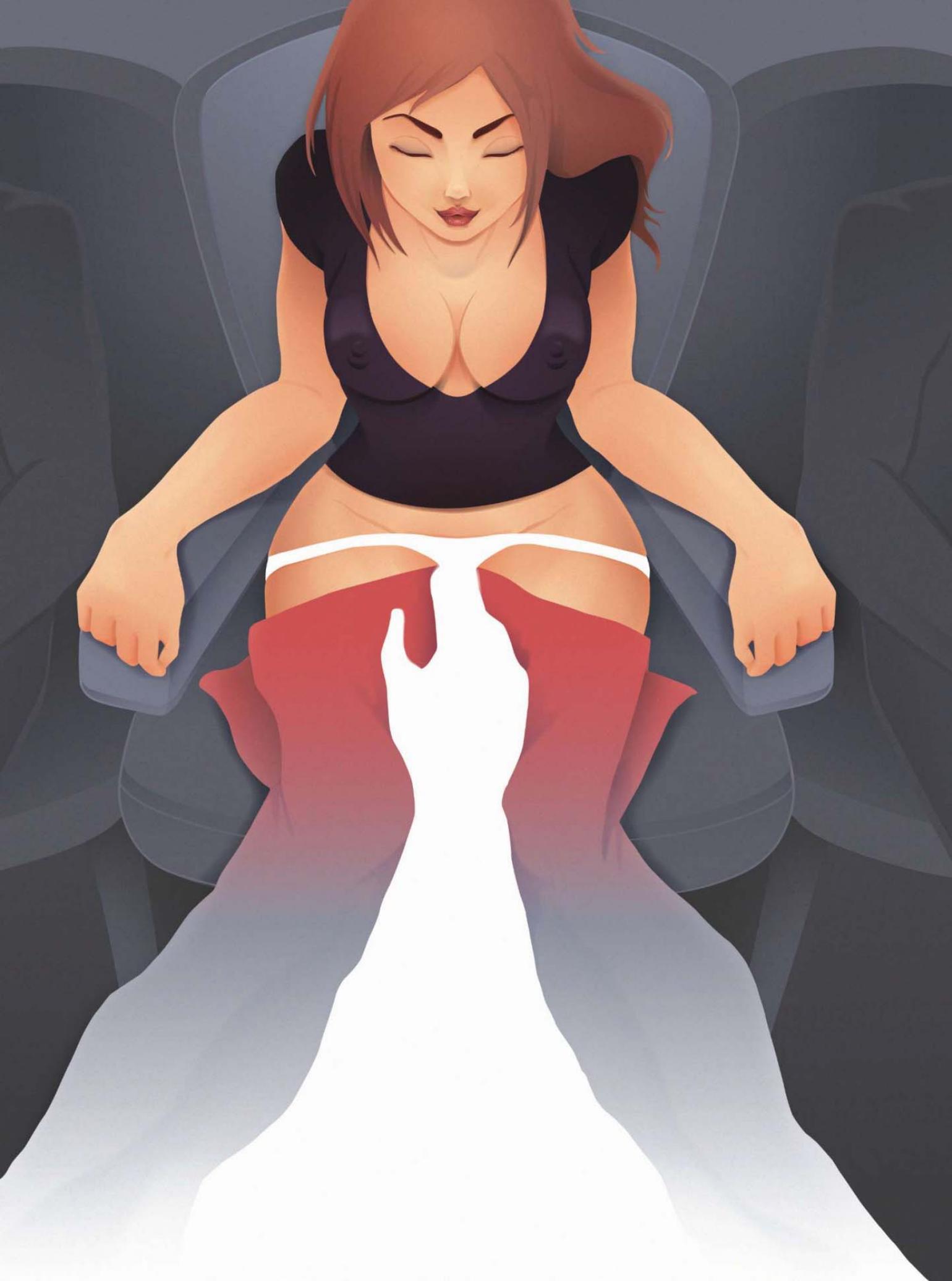
"Let's see, John Irving. T. C. Boyle. Vonnegut. Sometimes I venture into Don DeLillo."

"That's good. Those are all Y-chromosome writers. I was thinking you might be a dyke undergoing testosterone therapy in preparation for the Operation."

He lifts his eyebrows. "I guess I'll take that as a compliment."

We laugh.

By the time they bring around dinner we're still talking. Paul tells me he's a project manager for an open-source database company and travels a lot, like me. We have other things in common, too: crazy bosses, sisters who just had surprisingly cute kids. He runs 5K races and so do I. Strangest of all, we both just discovered a slow-food bistro in Noe Valley that serves





“priest’s collar” pasta. Paul confesses that his Catholic childhood adds a certain kinky enjoyment to the dish. I agree and tell him about my great-aunt, Sister Loyola.

“Maybe we’re twins separated at birth?” I haven’t had anything to drink, but by movie time, I’m feeling tipsy.

“Don’t take this the wrong way,” Paul replies, “but I hope we’re not.”

His eyes flicker. Okay, so he wants to drill me with his power tool like all the rest. I have enjoyed the flirting, but sense it’s best to cool things down before he makes any further moves. Letting guys pick me up on airplanes is a habit I gave up for good several years back.

“Well, Paul, it’s been fun, but I’d better get some sleep now or I’ll never get over jet lag.”

“Of course, I should get some sleep, too.” He reaches under the seat in front of him. “Hey, I seem to have an extra blanket—would you like one?”

My stomach tightens.

I will not masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

Still, it would look strange to refuse his offer, so I take the blanket and tuck it under my arms, leaving my hands exposed and out of mischief. To Paul’s “sweet dreams,” I smile politely and turn my head toward the neighbor on my right, a silver-haired gentleman who’s already snoring under his sleep mask.

I close my eyes. The dreams that await me are definitely not sweet.

So, what’ll it be? Masturbate now and get it over with, or futilely resist the inevitable for another half an hour and then do it?

I squeeze my eyes tighter. I made a vow. I’m too old for this. I’m a responsible executive. Playing with myself in public is a nasty habit and I have to stop.

Come on, you know that cute guy got you so worked up, you won’t get a wink of sleep if you don’t diddle yourself.

I curl my hands into chaste fists. I have to think of something—anything—besides sex. What about Alice Munro? A great writer, so controlled in her prose. *She’d* never masturbate on an airplane. Then again, her stories are always full of sexual yearning. I flash on a scene in her latest work about a young man who’s troubled by the urge to stroke the velvety skin of his sister-in-law’s birthmark. It was slightly perverse, but the idea has made me a little warm and tingly inside.

Now I’m very warm and tingly.

In desperation, I turn back toward Paul, hoping some pleasant conversation might rescue me from my own troubling urges. Unfortunately, he’s already asleep, his chest rising and falling rhythmically, his lips slightly parted. I study his face, the thick eyelashes and kissable mouth. His hand is even more appealing—he is indeed hogging the armrest—with long, sturdy fingers and a tracery of veins on the back that reminds me of a hard cock. My left arm prickles from the warmth of his body. We’re close enough that we could be in bed together, dozing after a satisfying fuck.

I sigh and turn away. I fly often enough for business that it should be a bore, but airplane travel still arouses me in some primal way. The moment I arrive at an airport and get that first whiff of jet fuel on the breeze, my blood starts to race with the promise of adventure and escape. That pulse still throbs now, *down there*, between my legs.

My fingers twitch. The throbbing quickens, fueled by the drone of the jet’s engines.

All right, there’s no use fighting it. *I am* going to masturbate under the blanket on this flight.

away unseen until I achieve the desired result. After that comes the extra bonus: sweet, untroubled sleep straight till breakfast.

I don’t need to search far for my fantasy today. My lewd mind steals Paul’s large, tanned hand and copies it threefold: one for each breast, the third to rest over my mons like some avant-garde artist’s vision of a fleshly bikini. On cue, the hands cupping my breasts begin to pleasure me, expertly tweaking and palming my nipples, which really do stiffen and rise under my shirt. Down below, the middle finger of Paul’s extra hand slithers into my cleft to tease my clit with a soft, circling motion.

Meanwhile, I work my cunt muscles—squeeze, release, squeeze, release—until I’m almost squirming in my seat. Before long, it’s time to ease my hand under the elastic of my yoga pants and finish up the job.

As a final precaution, I take a quick peek at the old guy, who’s snoring softly. Stealthily, I roll my head to check on my second companion.

Only to find myself staring straight into Paul’s lovely—and wide-awake—brown eyes.

I freeze.

He smiles, with just a hint of mischief, and bends close to whisper,

I’m too befuddled by that rocketing orgasm to think clearly, and before I know it, Paul’s back. “And now I have to thank you.”

With careful nonchalance, I slide my hands under the blanket. Over the years, my nasty little habit has evolved into a system to bring myself off with a minimal chance of exposure. I close my eyes and fantasize like hell while I squeeze my secret muscles, sometimes lingeringly slow, sometimes as quick as hummingbird wings until I get myself so hot it takes just a minute or two of direct stimulation to come. Then I lift my hands slightly and clasp my right wrist with my left hand, forming a tent that lets my pussy finger wiggle

“I’d like to help, if I can.”

I wince, as if someone’s poured a glass of ice water between my legs. Of course, the only proper reply is a huffy “Whatever do you mean, sir?” But as he continues to gaze at me with that knowing look, the chill in my secret place melts back into a pulsing warmth. Paul’s obviously guessed what I’m up to. And since I so brazenly borrowed his fantasy hands for my pleasure, why not see what the real one can do for me?

I nod, just once, but Paul needs no further encouragement. With admirable smoothness, he raises the armrest between us and slides his hand under my blanket. Flashing me one last bad-boy grin, he closes his eyes to assume a mask of innocent slumber. Except, under the blanket,



his hand is massaging my leg in a most indecent way.

Instinctively, my knees ease open. His fingers wander higher, to the crease of my thigh, which he strokes lightly through my pants.

I grit my teeth. The hot, tickling sensation radiates through my vulva and my cunt muscles contract deliciously.

The fingers shift to the right, circling my mons with a steady pressure. I rock my hips discreetly up into his hand. It's so forbidden and exciting, I probably could come this way, but suddenly I crave his touch on my naked flesh. I ease down my waistband and Paul takes his cue to burrow inside. His middle finger immediately finds my clit, which probably isn't too difficult, given how

hard and swollen it gets when I'm this turned on.

He begins to strum.

Each stroke of his finger sends sparks sizzling through my pussy. My cheeks burn and I'm trying so hard not to moan, my ribs ache. I squeeze Paul's wrist to steady myself but—devilishly—he only quickens the pace. There's no turning back now, because I'm a slave to that jiggling finger. I'm a horny slut who wants it so bad, she'll let a stranger finger her twat on an airplane, yes, she'll let him rub her wet, swollen pussy until she comes, which

is just what I'm doing right now, yes, I'm coming all over Paul's hand. I grit my teeth to hold back the scream rising from my belly, ricocheting through my body, as my ass jerks rhythmically into the cushion.

When I open my eyes, Paul's watching me, a faint smile playing at his lips.

I smile back. "Thanks."

"My pleasure."

He squeezes my hand sweetly before he retreats to his own blanket, and I'm considering ways I can return the favor when suddenly he stands. "Excuse me, I'll be right back."

I blink in confusion. Where's he going? To take a leak at a time like this? But I'm too befuddled by that rocketing orgasm to think clearly, and before I know it, Paul's back beside me, giving my hand another squeeze. "And now I have to thank you."

"For what? I didn't get a chance to do anything."

"Believe me, you did. I think we're both going to sleep well now."

That's when I finally get it. Paul and I might not know each other well, but he's clearly on intimate terms with my nasty little habit.

We now have something else in common.

Breakfast could have been strained, but we're too busy talking for any awkward moments. Paul seems genuinely sorry I'm flying on to Frankfurt, and when they announce our descent into Heathrow, he pulls out a business card and writes a number on the back. "This is my personal cell number. I'll be back in San Francisco on the 12th and I hope you'll consider giving me a call."

I slip the card in my purse with a noncommittal smile, but after he's gone I quickly take it out again and hold it up to my nose to see if I can catch the lingering scent of his hand on the paper.

Yes, it's my rule not to sleep with men I meet on airplanes, but I might make an exception for Paul. After all, he helped me keep my vow not to masturbate under the blanket—and every manager knows that delegating a task is not the same as doing it yourself. Besides, thanks to him, I've learned another valuable lesson.

Sometimes breaking a nasty habit can be very nice indeed. ☺

"Nasty Little Habit," by Donna George Storey, from *The Mile High Club: Plane Sex Stories*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2009.



Drill Baby Drill

Penthouse Features

Mavericky MILF Sarah Palin has yet to live up to her full potential as America's conservative sweetheart, but she's stimulated the economy by becoming a one-woman porn genre. This latest Palin parody might just be my favorite porno of the year. Button-cute Rachel Roxxx, playing "Crystal Nailin," scores with obligatory hockey stud Tommy Gunn, and Jenna Presley plays the family's nanny, whose unplanned pregnancy starts the story moving. A character based on John McCain enjoys a sexy, funny

S&M session with Asian dominatrix Jessica Bangkok, currently one of my favorite on-screen fuckbunnies. The best scene features India Summer as "Tara Nailin" finally seeing some pipe laid and, yes, getting drilled—literally, with a dildo stuck on the end of a power tool (don't try this at home). This has sex appeal that just won't quit.

Top: Austin Kincaid and Nick Manning. Right: India Summer



By Johnny Bronx



**SIDELINE SLUTS:
CHEERLEADER CONFESSIONS**
Penthouse Letters

Let there be no mistake: Penthouse Pet Audrey Bitoni knows how to suck a cock. She also knows how to fuck one, how to jerk one, and how to milk one till it empties its hot, viscous secretions all over her smooth, plump little mound. Which is a good thing, since she's the cover girl for these scenes based on cheerleader-themed submissions to our sister publication, *Penthouse Letters*. The cast here is a good-looking one, going above and beyond the pleated skirts—and big pom-poms—that provide the kinky appeal. I give three cheers to Madison Scott, a perky, top-heavy blonde who takes one for the team in a coupling with Dane Cross; and Penthouse Pet Kagney Linn Karter makes the grade, too, with her explosively enthusiastic scene and dirty talk. Penthouse Pet Veronica Ricci and Nicole Ray give up a better-than-average lesbian scene where the only thing missing is saddle shoes. The cheerleader fetish works on many levels, and all of them are on target in this high-spirited fuck flick.



TITS TO DIE FOR
Penthouse Variations

Okay. We may not all agree on Sarah Palin or the stroke value of adult women dressed like cheerleaders, but there's one thing all guys can agree on: We. Like. Boobs. And we like 'em big. So you'll love this DVD, in which buxom babes have their full, fat tits sucked, fucked, and worshipped before they get poked, porked, pronged, and prodded by some of the biggest dicks in porn. Penthouse Pet Audrey Bitoni throws a bouncy fuck to her partner, her knockers doin' the mammary mambo as she rides her partner reverse-cowgirl. Darkly sexy Victoria Valentina slaps study Nick Manning with her funbags while squatting on his shaft. Guys who dig blondes won't be left hangin', though, what with the appearance of boobylicious Rhylee Richards and the stacked and stunning Phoenix Marie, who hands in the best scene as a stripper giving Tommy Gunn the business. 

Above left: Audrey Bitoni and Rocco Reed.
Above right: Phoenix Marie and Tommy Gunn

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the seven sisters

It's been five years since these sorority sisters lived under one roof, but they fall back into their old habits almost as soon as they're together. Seven has never been a luckier number than it is right now, when it means everyone is getting lucky.

Photographs by Beck Images

















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■ SHOPPING AROUND

My name is Marcia and I'm a 30-year-old personal shopper. One of my clients, Guy, is an attractive 30-something hotshot lawyer. He comes in only once every couple of months, usually when he's ripped or stained a suit beyond repair. Last week he said he needed to replace not one but two of his designer suits, and I was curious what he'd done to ruin both of them. He told me that he'd been on vacation and the airline lost his luggage, so his suits were gone.

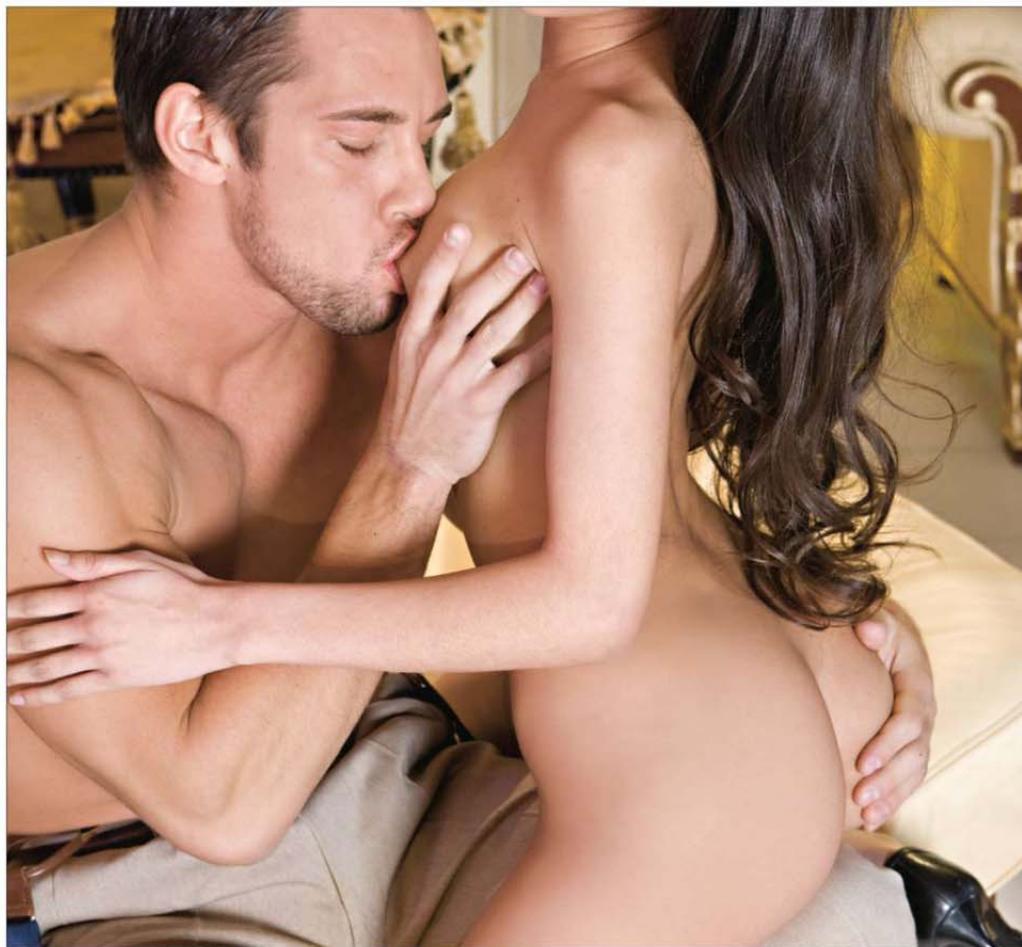
I always look forward to seeing Guy since he's an easy customer to work with and he always tips well. Plus, he's hot. All the women who work with me go gaga when he's around. They've all worked with him, too, since he tried out every personal shopper we have before choosing me and making all the others jealous. I loved it!

That day, though, something seemed different about him. He was still his usual attractive, easygoing self, but he seemed... horny. All his jokes were laced with innuendo and he seemed much more flirtatious than normal. Not that I'm complaining. I loved the attention.

When he'd taken the final suit from the selection I'd picked out, he asked me to come to the dressing room and help him with something. When I asked what he needed help with, he said, "I'm feeling rather horny today, Marcia. Can you help me with that?"

I was in shock and started to laugh nervously, not sure if he was just pulling my leg. Then he leaned over and kissed me hard, erasing any doubt about his intentions. I responded immediately, kissing him back, and he started to undress me. I was naked in no time, and then it was my turn to undress him. Even though I'd spent two years shopping for him, picking out everything from his suits and ties to underwear and bathing suits, I'd only seen him without a shirt a handful of times, and I'd certainly never seen him without pants. I was surprised to find that he had tight, six-pack abs and was quite toned all over, with lean, long legs and a chest that I wanted to wrap my arms around.

When his pants came off, the surprises continued. Guy had a nice firm ass, even better than what you could see when he was dressed. And his penis—well, he definitely wasn't lacking in that department. He was at least seven inches long and quite thick. I practically swooned at the sight. I wanted to suck it, but when I



tried to sink to the floor, Guy stopped me.

"There'll be time for that later," he said. "Right now, we need to get you ready for a fucking."

Then he reached between my thighs and started to finger-fuck my pussy. He murmured his surprise at finding me already fairly wet, but that didn't stop him from getting me even wetter.

"All the better to fuck you, my dear," he said, as if reading my mind.

He had very talented fingers, too, and between fingering my clit and hitting my G spot, I couldn't keep from coming almost instantly. My juices gushed out of me and coated his palm, and before I had a chance to even think about what would happen next, he pulled his hand away from

His lips trailed down my neck as he fucked me. Then he moved his head down to suckle a nipple, and I went crazy.

my pussy and got down on the floor, pulling me down with him.

He pushed me onto my back and spread my legs wide. Then he positioned himself between my thighs, aimed his cock at my gaping pussy, and thrust into me. I'd imagined fucking Guy ever since I met him, but none of my fantasies compared to the real thing. He was an expert lover, thrusting at just the right speed and angle and touching me in all the right places. I bucked against him, too, unable to get enough of him.

His lips trailed down my jaw and along my neck as he fucked me. Then he moved his head down to suckle a nipple, and I went crazy. I was moaning loudly now, not caring if anyone heard me. I was fucking Guy!

Soon enough I felt his dick pulsing inside me, then he pulled his head up from my chest and let out a low groan. That was it for him, and a moment later he was coming. As the first shot went through me, I exploded, coming for the second time.

He didn't stop thrusting until we were both finished. Then he collapsed on the floor next to me, pulling me into

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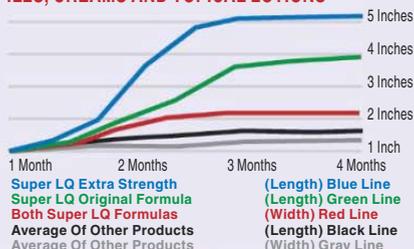
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his arms and spooning me for a while. Afterward, we got up and went right back to work, deciding which suits he should buy and what he needed to go with them. It was almost as if nothing had changed.

Now Guy comes in every week, asking for assistance with buying all sorts of things, from single handkerchiefs to socks and unneeded ties. I've even been responsible for ruining a few of his suits, but I can't help it. He's so hot that I can't wait to get him undressed and just rip his clothes right off. At least he has a personal shopper to help him when that happens!—*M.G., New York*

■ SHE'S SO ANAL

I have a pretty comfortable relationship with Jodie, my brother's girlfriend. We can talk about anything, even sex, but I was really surprised when she told me she'd never been ass-fucked. She's 22 and very hot, and I was sure that somebody would've nailed that tight butt of hers by now—either my brother or someone else. But when she said she was still an anal virgin, I felt it was my duty to do something about it.

It all started one afternoon when she stopped by to see my brother. He wasn't home, but I invited Jodie in for a drink. We were sitting in the living room bullshitting when she saw the pile of porn in the corner, haphazardly covered by an old sheet. She got nosy and went over to check it out.

As she looked through the stacks

of magazines and movies, she made comments about different pictures. Then she came to a photo of a chick taking it up the ass. The spread featured a girl with a plump ass getting fucked by a guy, his come dribbling out of her stretched hole.

"Oh!" she exclaimed and jumped at the sight. "How could anyone do that?"

"Have you ever tried it?" I asked. She shook her head. "Well, you shouldn't knock it till you try it," I said.

Jodie looked at me, her eyes wide with shock... and excitement. She didn't admit it right away, but I could tell she was into the idea. I teased her a bit, telling her I'd bet 20 bucks she would enjoy getting ass-fucked, and without giving it even a moment's thought, she took the bet.

A minute later we were in my bedroom, with Jodie stripped naked and lying on her back on the bed. I started to play with her tits and her pussy, getting her excited. When I was sure she was ready for more, I grabbed some lube and put a generous amount on my shaft. Then I lifted her legs high in the air and onto my shoulders so I could put some lube on her gorgeous ass. I started working a lubed finger into her tight hole.

She stiffened at first, but the more I rubbed, the more relaxed she

became. Soon I had two fingers inside her, then three, preparing her for penetration.

Jodie was moaning already, and I knew she could handle it, so I aimed my cock at her opening and started to rub my dick around her asshole. I told her to relax, then started to push in. She took a sharp, gasping breath, but begged me not to stop. When I was halfway in her, I paused to give her a moment to adjust to the sensation. She wiggled around a bit, then told me to keep going.

I raised her legs higher onto my shoulders and started pushing the rest of the way in. She moaned as I eased my dick into her virgin ass, insisting I fuck her hard. My dick became a flesh hammer, surging back and forth in her ass. She was gasping uncontrollably, enjoying herself even more than I'd thought she would.

Since it was her first time, I tried to be gentle, but as I rocked in and out of her, I knew I wouldn't last. I fucked her a bit harder, and we both went wild, our breath coming out in gasps as our bodies slapped together. Then I came, firing my jism into her awesome ass. Jodie came, too, shaking spasmodically in climax.

I pulled out of her a moment later and dropped her legs, watching as my semen dribbled out of her twitching hole.

"Wow, that was so worth 20 bucks," Jodie gasped, a contented smile on her face, and I had to agree.—*Name and address withheld*

She moaned as I eased my dick into her virgin ass, insisting I fuck her hard.



on the Vespa didn't hurt either. When we hit a bump, her hand pressed even harder against me, and I moaned in pleasure.

Then her hand was wiggling its way into the crotch of my bikini. It started with just one finger gently probing my pussy, trailing along my engorged lips and moist slit, and then there was a second finger, a third, and then her whole hand was pressed against my bare mound. "Mmm," I moaned. It felt wonderful! Then she slipped a finger between my wet folds and started to ease it inside me. I could no longer feel the wind in my hair, and I couldn't smell the salt water telling me we were getting closer to the beach. All I saw was the road, and all I felt was Sophia's hand on my pussy. She was doing wonderful things with that hand, too. There were fingers tickling me all over my slit while one finger thrust into me, bringing me closer and closer to my climax.

I was moaning loudly at that point, but my begging for more was lost to the wind as we sped further down the road toward our destination. It didn't matter, though, because Sophia seemed to know exactly what I wanted, what I needed, without hearing a single one of my pleas. She stopped tickling my pussy lips and pushed a second and third finger inside me instead. Her fingers filled me nicely, and when she started to thrust them in and out of my slit, it felt like I was being fucked by a small, but still wonderful, cock. She thrust rapidly right from the start, and soon I felt my body start to tingle all over, signaling my approaching orgasm.

Sophia sensed I was on the edge, too, and she put all of her energy into bringing me off as quickly as possible. She added a fourth finger and thrust with more force than I thought possible, considering we were still on the Vespa. Her other hand slid under my T-shirt and caressed my stomach and under my breasts.

I came. It was an intense climax, and my body shook violently as Sophia continued to work my pussy, milking the moment for all it was worth. Somehow I managed to keep the Vespa on the road throughout the experience, but when the waves of my climax tapered off, I pulled onto the shoulder, gasping for breath.

The first thing I did when I moved back to the States was buy a Vespa, hoping to recreate that thrilling ride with someone else someday soon.—*C.B., Vermont*

■ TAKEN FOR A RIDE

Living in Italy last year was a dream come true, and the only things I loved more than the wine and food were the women. I'd thought I'd be hooking up with all sorts of Italian men, and I did get my fair share, but the women were even more aggressive, and far sexier than their male counterparts.

I was on a date one day with a girl, Sophia, whom I'd met at a club the night before, when I discovered just how wonderful Italian women could be. We met for lunch and decided to spend the day at the beach, which was maybe a 30-minute drive on my Vespa. We hopped on my bike, strapped on our helmets, and took off.

Riding my Vespa always got me aroused. There was something about being in control, speeding through the countryside, my skirt flying up in the breeze, that really did it for me. I especially loved having a passenger, our bodies pressed close together and her arms wrapped tight around me, her hands so close to my hot pussy.

As I drove with Sophia toward the beach, all those wonderful feelings took over and I felt myself getting more excited by the minute. I hoped we'd be able to find a secluded spot in the sand where we could fool around, because I didn't think I could spend the entire day with her without getting some action—I'd go crazy! It took only a few more minutes on

the Vespa before Sophia apparently decided she felt the same way.

While I was busy fantasizing about sex on an Italian beach, Sophia took action. Visions of our sand-covered bodies moving together were taking over when I felt a new sensation. It took a moment to figure out what it was, but when I realized it was Sophia's hand slipping into the waist of my shorts, I was so shocked that I lost control and the Vespa swerved wildly across the road. *Is this really happening?* I wondered. When her fingers started rubbing my pussy through my bikini bottom, however, I didn't have to wonder anymore. It was for real.

Focusing on the road again, I tried to ignore what Sophia was doing, but it was impossible. She was rubbing my mound with her entire palm, the material of my bikini rubbing against me and adding to the pleasurable sensations. The heel of her hand was pressed right against my clit, and every movement she made sent shivers of delight through me. The added vibrations from being

She fucked me with more force than I thought was possible, considering we were still on the Vespa.

■ THE BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

I'm writing to share a special birthday celebration I had recently. My girlfriend, Janna, and I were planning a big night, but little did I know just how hot a celebration it would be.

It was a cold, wintry night and Janna arrived at seven o'clock, looking as radiant as ever. She appeared with flowers and cake and wearing a long mink coat and jeweled heels. As I took off her coat, I was surprised to find that she was wearing nothing underneath but a red thong and a red velvet bow for a bra. I wanted to take her right there on the spot. Instead, I embraced her, telling her how sexy and desirable she looked, and we went to the living room.

I kept my rock-hard cock and aching balls under control as we got comfortable in front of the fireplace. It didn't take long, though, till I had my cutie sitting on my face. I immediately started kissing her pussy lips and licking her with long, tender strokes, making her dance on my face in the firelight. I pushed her thong aside and really went to town, delighting

in the taste of her sweet juices on my tongue. I didn't stop eating her until she was ready to explode, and I made sure she had the most intense orgasm of her life.

After she came, she returned the favor, sucking my throbbing hard-on as perfectly as she always does, slowly tasting my swollen cock and my balls. I didn't know how long I could hold out without blowing my wad. Janna has the most talented mouth of any girl I've ever been with, and the way her tongue was flitting over my dick had me on the edge of my seat.

When the oral delights got to be too much, we headed for the bedroom, where things heated up even more. I put on some music before Janna got there, and she came in

dancing to the rhythmic beat and stripping off what little clothing she had on. I lay down on the bed to watch her, and after her quick striptease, she was straddling my naked body and taking my dick for a ride.

Her pussy was swollen and dripping with anticipation, and I couldn't wait to dive in. I thought I was dreaming as she slowly lowered herself onto me, but the feel of her pussy tightly wrapped around my rod broke me out of my trance and I took control. I held her hips and stroked her clit to the steady rhythm of my thrusting cock.

Soon she was riding me hard, and the sweet sound of her flesh slapping against mine with each of her thrusts was driving me wild. I tried to pump into her to help her out, but she was flying and I couldn't keep up, no matter how hard I tried. Then she came with a force greater than ever before. As her pussy tightened around my shaft, I shot like a fountain, squirting my jizz deep into her pussy. That was one birthday celebration I'll never forget.—R.W., Massachusetts

Janna came in dancing to the beat. After her quick striptease, she was straddling my naked body and taking my dick for a ride.

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I'm 22 years old, but I didn't get my first vibrator until last week. Even though I like sex, vibrators had always been kind of intimidating. All my girlfriends had them in college, and they seemed really happy with them, but I couldn't bring myself to join the vibrator-owners' club back then. It wasn't until my friend Ann gave me one that I decided to give it a try.

"Liz, you have to try this," she said, handing me a plastic box with a hot-pink vibrator inside. "It's seriously the best thing I've bought in my life. Even better than that vibrating mascara wand I got in London."

I tried to tell her no, I didn't need a vibrator and I didn't really want one, but she refused to accept that and told me to at least take the toy home, in case I changed my mind. I didn't think that would happen, but I stuffed the gift in my bag to appease her.

That night, when I was emptying out my bag, the vibrator fell onto the bed with all my other junk. In the privacy of my bedroom, it looked far less intimidating, and when I took the time to inspect it, I found a sticker that claimed it was the same vibrator a character from my favorite TV show used. *Hmm*, I thought, *maybe I should try it. I don't want to waste Ann's gift, after all.*

My search for my missing phone ended and I swept everything off my

bed and lay down on my back. I could check my messages later, but at the moment I only wanted to daydream about the gorgeous hardbody from that morning and all the things that could happen the next time we saw each other. I opened the package and took out the vibrator, hiked up my skirt, pulled down my panties, and started to fantasize.

The guy from the gym—I couldn't remember his name—was naked in my mind. His six-pack abs rippled, his muscles gleamed, and, just like I couldn't take my eyes off him, he couldn't stop staring at me. I was wearing my sexiest G-string panties and a demi-cup bra that showed off my full breasts. I was even wearing a pair of sky-high heels, which looked out of place in the gym locker room I pictured us in. The hunk's dick was rock-hard, pointing the way to my pussy, and I started walking toward him, wanting him inside me as soon as possible.

When I imagined our bodies meeting and our lips touching, I

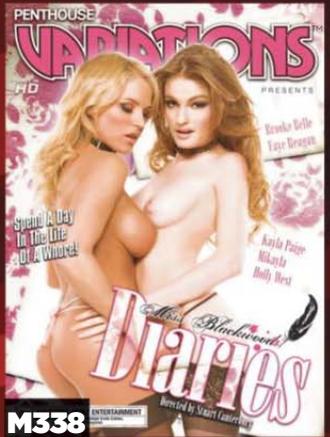
I turned the vibrator on low and pushed it against my pussy, feeling my clit turn into a hard little pebble.



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turned the vibrator on low and pushed it up against my pussy. The vibrating shaft massaged my lips and turned my clit into a hard little pebble. I was getting turned on faster than I ever had on my own.

As my dream hunk began to rub his hands on my body, I eased the vibrator, now slick with my arousal, into my pussy. There was a clit-stimulating attachment on it, and as the shaft settled inside me, the buzzing silicone finger teased my clit relentlessly. The hot gym rat lifted me up and pushed me against a row of lockers so he could get his dick in me, and as visions of his erect cock sliding between my lips danced through my mind, I upped the vibrations of my toy's shaft. I chose to keep the finger attachment on low, though. I didn't want to risk coming too soon.

I started sliding up and down the guy's thick dick, my back sliding against the cool metal of the lockers, and I began thrusting the vibrator in and out of my cunt in time to my dream guy's movements. It felt incredible, and I inched the control further up, until the vibrator was really buzzing wildly, and shoved it deep inside my pussy. It continued twirling inside me, pushing against my pussy walls and making me squirm with excitement. The little finger was still busy on my clit, too, and even though I hadn't increased the speed on the

vibe's attachment, I was so aroused that even the lowest setting was driving me wild.

In my fantasy, the well-hung hunk was really pounding into me, our hips colliding at an increasing pace, with loud slaps that echoed throughout the locker room. His hand was between our bodies, rubbing my clit frantically, and I loved the way he made me feel. I cranked up the vibrator one last time, to full speed, and even turned the clit-massager up a notch. I was too close to wait any longer. I needed to come.

With the vibrator buzzing away at my pussy, giving me its all, I came, and hard. Fantasy Liz came, too, as did my sweaty sex partner. He shot deep inside me, but didn't stop fucking me for even a second until I was completely spent and ready to drift off to sleep.

Before I fell asleep that night—with my brand-new vibrator resting close by, just in case—I sent Ann a text. "OMG!" I wrote. "Wow! Best gift ever!" And I meant it.—*L.J., Ohio*

As visions of an erect cock sliding between my lips danced through my mind, I upped the vibrations.

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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, increase your size." 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 increase his size. 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

"a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible..."

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

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 Can Increase Your Size!*



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Silvia Gets the Gasface

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