

PENTHOUSE®

MAR / APR 2022



THE
SMOKIN' HOT
ISSUE

with
STORMI MAYA
+
LAURENANN

HIGH ROLLERS
THE GROWING
CELEBRITY
CANNABIZ

STOLEN VALOR
THE PRICE
OF BOGUS
MILITARY
HEROES

**THE FUTURE
IS NOW**
INTERACTIVE
HOLOGRAMS
ARE HERE

PENTHOUSE.COM
MAR/APR 2022



\$13.99 U.S.
\$14.99 CAN



HAVE
PENTHOUSE
LETTERS
COME TO
YOU!





Subscribe to Penthouse Letters and have the magazine of sexual marvels delivered directly to your door! Each issue is packed with explicit pictorials featuring the world's most beautiful women and Penthouse's infamous erotic letters—we can't think of a sexier combination!  

Visit penthouse.com or call 800-289-7368.

PENTHOUSE



/penthouse



@Penthouse



@Penthouse

PENTHOUSE

PUBLISHER

Penthouse World Media, LLC

PRINT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR

Victor Gonzalez

ART DIRECTOR

Rex Manning

EDITOR

Corrine Barraclough

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Amie Wee, Barbara Pizio, Ian Miles Cheong,
Paul Dalgarno

PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT

Moose, Drew Rosenfeld, Sam Phillips,
Geraldo Acuña, Jay Mourad, Deb Kavis,

FEATURED ARTISTS

Hey Weeirdo, Cheunchin Bunnag,
Jason Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Gerald de Behr, Troy Freeyee, Harriet Beth,
Douglas Sawyer, Erika Rose, Jo-Va

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

Willett Associates - Philip & John Willett

CUSTOMER SERVICE

Palm Coast Data
P.O. Box 37007
Boone, IA 50037
penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com
800-289-7368

Editorial and Advertising Office
28328 Witherspoon Parkway
Valencia, CA 91355
editor@penthouse.com

Entertainment/Licensing Office
28328 Witherspoon Parkway
Valencia, CA 91355
310-280-1900
licensing@penthouse.com

PENTHOUSE GLOBAL MEDIA INC.

Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

Copyright Penthouse World Publishing LLC, all rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form, or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise—or stored in any retrieval system without the written permission of the copyright holder and the publishers. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome and must be submitted via email; no typewritten traditional mail submissions will be accepted. Names and addresses must be included with all correspondence. Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost editorial or photo submissions. All unsolicited submissions remain the property of Penthouse.

FROM THE EDITOR

WITH winter soon becoming a distant memory, *Penthouse* is here to add some sizzle to your spring with a smokin' hot issue filled with gorgeous girls!

Sultry Cinnamon Babe frontwoman Stormi Maya is our March Pet of the Month, and her sexy pictorial, starting on page 98, celebrates what makes her a mesmerizing performer. Turn to page 112 to see April's Pet of the Month, sassy blonde beauty LaurenAnn, who's equal parts gorgeous and graceful. This issue's Cyber Cutie (page 14) focuses on charismatic camgirl Arianna Aries, and our Social Premier features Sin City stunner and Instagram sensation Masha Diduk (page 40).

And if you can manage to tear your eyes away from our incredible pictorials, there's plenty of fascinating articles to hold your interest.

Warrior Wire columnist Jasper Craven investigates the scourge of stolen valor on page 94 and exposes the how the lies of bogus heroes diminish the impact of war on our true military fighters.

Contributing writer Amie Wee shines a spotlight on celebrity potpreneurs (page 68), who are throwing their famous names and hard-earned cash behind the budding cannabis industry.

On page 33, tech expert Ian Miles Cheong reminds us the internet of the MySpace era was a very different place and explains how today's social media sites own a great debt to the original oversharing platform.

Get ready to shake off those winter doldrums and dive into our best issue yet!

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM



PENTHOUSE

CONTENTS

MARCH/APRIL 2022

14 / CYBER CUTIE

Arianna Aries

32 / MAN OF THE MOMENT

Kylian Mbappé

34 / GAMING

NFTs and the metaverse

40 / SOCIAL PREMIER

Masha Diduk

56 / IN FOCUS

Photographer Harriet Beth

68 / FEATURE

The celebrity cannabiz

94 / WARRIOR WIRE

By Jasper Craven

74 / ARTHOUSE

Illustrator Cheunchin Bunnag

98 / MARCH PET OF THE MONTH

Stormi Maya, shot by Gerald de Behr

112 / APRIL PET OF THE MONTH

LaurenAnn, shot by Gerald de Behr

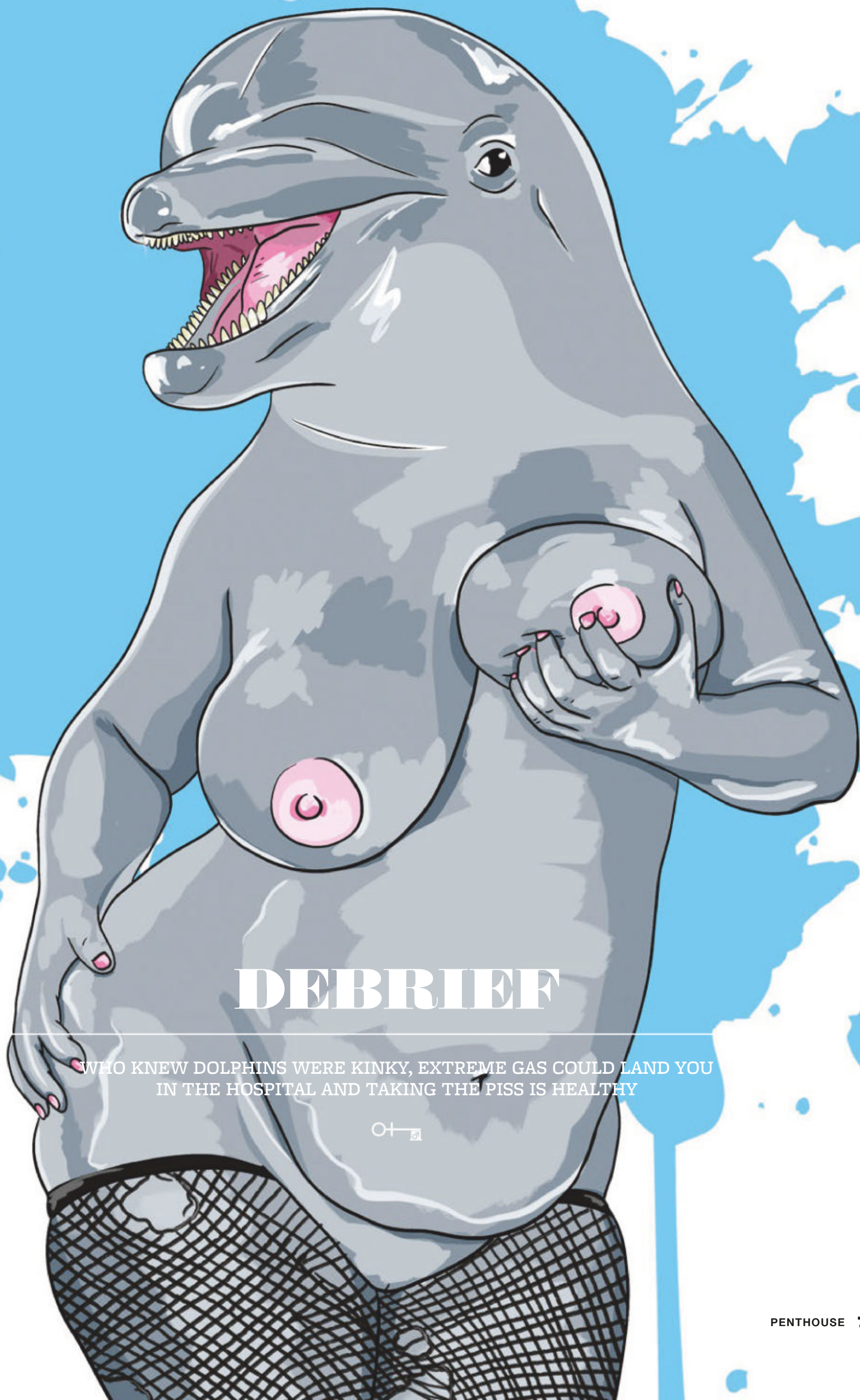
126 / EROTIC FICTION

The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment



 **MANYVIDS**

FT. Alix Lovell



DEBRIEF

WHO KNEW DOLPHINS WERE KINKY, EXTREME GAS COULD LAND YOU
IN THE HOSPITAL AND TAKING THE PISS IS HEALTHY





WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

FOLLOW ME ON ONLY FINS

IT'S no secret dolphins are among the horniest of sea creatures, but a new study has found the marine mammals share more in common with humans when it comes to sex than everyone previously thought.

Research conducted by evolutionary biologists Dara Orbach and Patricia Brennan at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts found female bottlenose

dolphins experience sexual pleasure through a clitoris, like humans.

The findings suggest not only do female dolphins possess a prominent and extremely sensitive clitoris, their anatomy positions it in a better spot than that of a human, making sexual stimulation unavoidable.

"Since the entire pelvis of dolphins is so different to humans, it was surprising to see how similar the shapes

were," says Brennan.

It makes sense, considering previous research has shown female dolphins have sex all year round, even when they're not ovulating, that they frequently have lesbian dolphin sex and masturbate each other, and that they've even been known to use live eels as sex toys, suggesting that the amorous animals have sex for fun and not just for reproduction's sake.

The more you know.



CREDIT: HEY WEIRDO / INSERT CREDIT: DARA ORBACH

Urine Trouble Now



WHEN you gotta go, you gotta go. But Sophia Urista, frontwoman for the rock group Brass Against, found herself in hot water after relieving herself on a fan's face during a live show!

A video that went viral shows the singer bringing a new meaning to the term “livestream.” She called a fan onstage during a live performance at the Rockville metal festival in Florida, then dropped her pants and emptied her bladder all over the stranger's bald head and face for a solid 10 seconds.

Before the incident, Urista exclaimed to the crowd, “I gotta pee. And I can't make it to the bathroom. So we might as well make a show out of it.”

After being waterboarded with the singer's bodily fluids, the man was seen spewing some of the liquid in the direction of the audience.

What seems like pretty standard rock 'n' roll behavior was slammed as “disgusting” and “pure trash” by horrified internet commentators and fans. On a post that promoted the band's upcoming European tour, one person wrote, “Will you be pissing across Europe?”

The singer issued a public apology on Twitter following the backlash. Or rather, backslash.



Putting the Mafia on the Map

A CONVICTED murderer who was on the run for more than two decades was caught after being spotted on Google Street View.

Mob boss Gioacchino Gammino, now 61, became one of Italy's most wanted fugitives after escaping from a prison in Rome in 2002. Though he was on the lam, he was sentenced to life in prison the very next year for a long ago slaying.

The mobster had been using a fake name and working as a chef before setting up a fruit and vegetable shop in Galapagar, Spain, where he was spotted by authorities on Google Street View. A scar on Gammino's face helped police confirm the henchman's identity.

Upon being arrested again, a shocked Gammino said to the police, “How did you find me? I haven't even called my family for 10 years!”

I'M KIND OF A BIG DILL



THE Portland Pickles baseball team has found themselves in a right pickle after their salty mascot shared an unintentional dick pic(kle) on Twitter.

Furry mascot Dillon took over the team's Twitter page for a day and shared a suggestively cropped, low-angle photo that made it look like the big green guy was exposing himself.

Following mass social media hysteria, the team jumped in to explain that the erect green object in the center of the shot was actually

Dillon's pickle-shaped thumb.

“It's come to our attention that this photo can be misinterpreted as a disturbing image,” the next tweet read. “Dillon would like to go on record and say that he was trying to give his fans a thumbs-up.”

It was too late, though. The pervy pickle post went viral and jarred fans, with one person tweeting, “Can safely say that I did not expect to see mascot anatomy on my timeline tonight.”

There's a first time for everything.

PENTHOUSE
CAMS

penthousecams.com

JOHNNY KNOXVILLE SAYS HIS WILLY STILL WORKS

IT'S been 20 years since *Jackass* first hit our screens and churned our stomachs as we watched Johnny Knoxville and his crew of misfit skateboarders put their bodies through death-defying and downright dangerous displays of comedy for our entertainment. And somehow, despite the MTV madman having had his groin repeatedly smacked, crushed, kicked, shot at and almost skewered by an angry bull, and once even breaking his penis during a stunt, Knoxville claims his willy is still in "great working order."

In 2007, Knoxville tore his urethra after a BMX backflip stunt went horribly wrong during his tribute to daredevil Evel Knievel. The injury caused him to need a catheter for more than three years. Despite this, Knoxville says he's still going strong down there.

He says, "I broke my gym dog a number of years ago. The doctor said a couple of centimeters down, and it would have been out of commission."

"But I've had two children since then, so it's in great working order. That's too much information."

The news comes ahead of the release of his franchise's fourth film, *Jackass Forever*, which will be the first time the gang has been together since 2010's *Jackass 3D*.

Knoxville revealed he suffered a "concussion, a broken wrist, and a broken rib," while shooting the flick.

But as the *Jackass* theme song goes, "If you're gonna be dumb, you gotta be tough."



Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Tattoos: The Ultimate Tribute



A COUPLE of Motörhead's roadies have paid tribute to Lemmy Kilmister by getting tattoos infused with his cremains.

In 2015, the Motörhead creator and frontman passed away at age 70, just two days after being told he had cancer. His dying wish was that his ashes be split among golden bullets engraved with his name and given to his closest friends. Judas Priest's Rob Halford and MTV host Riki Rachtman were among the special few gifted mini bullet urns of the singer's ashes.

But it was Motörhead's former road crew, tour manager Eddie Rocha and production assistant Emma Cederblad, who took their dedication to a rock-star level. They paid the ultimate tribute by getting permanent remembrances of Lemmy tattooed on their skin with ink blended from his ashes. Rocha went for a portrait of the late star, while Cederblad opted for a spade tattoo tribute.

Gone by not forgotten, the legend will be further immortalized in an upcoming biopic directed by filmmaker Greg Olliver.



Queen of Farts Runs Out of Gas

A TIKTOKER who made more than \$100,000 from selling her bottled farts has announced her retirement after being hospitalized for trying to fart one too many times.

Stephanie Matto, who first made a name for herself after appearing on reality TV's *90-Day Fiancé*, went viral on TikTok for her unusual business, which at its peak saw the fartfluencer squeezing out 97 jars of gas in two days to satiate her fans.

The 31-year-old from Connecticut says in order to cope with demand, she resorted to chugging multiple protein shakes a day, which not only saw her fart more, but gave her gas a more intense, lingering stench. While the excessive protein shakes improved her bottom line, the stink-generating star was forced to throw in the towel on her fart-sharing business after being sent to the hospital with heart

attack-like symptoms.

"I remember within one day I had about three protein shakes and a huge bowl of black bean soup," she says. "I could tell something was not right that evening when I was lying in bed and I could feel a pressure in my stomach moving upward."

"It was quite hard to breathe, and every time I tried to breathe in, I'd feel a pinching sensation around my heart."

Fortunately, Matto wasn't having a heart attack, but doctors made it clear that her fart career was down the toilet.

"I was advised to change my diet and to take a gas suppressant medication, which has effectively ended my business."

Talk about an unnecessary strain on the medical system.

Since retiring from the physical fart biz, the fartrepreneur has adapted by selling "digital fart jar" non-fungible tokens for 0.05 ETH a pop, which at the time of her business launch equaled around \$200.



UDDERLY GENIUS

WE'RE all susceptible to the dreary winter blues—even cows.

Inspired by a study that showed happy cows produce more milk, a farmer in Turkey is trying to make his cows happier while

they're indoors during the winter months. So he's acquired virtual reality goggles that show scenes of green grass and sunny skies.

Izzet Kocak fitted two of his cows with the headsets

in an attempt to make every day summer for them. He's so chuffed with their increased milk production he plans to buy more headsets for his 180 strong herd.

"They are watching a green

pasture, and it gives them an emotional boost. They are less stressed," he says.

Previously, Kocak played the animals classical music to promote milk production.

Welcome to the Mootrix.



Worst Blind Date in History

THE coronavirus pandemic has made dating more difficult and awkward than it was before, but a woman in China has taken it to the next level after a snap lockdown during a blind date meant she was stuck quarantining at her date's house—indefinitely.

The woman, who wanted to be identified by the media as Wang, wrote on social media that she had traveled to the Chinese city of Zhengzhou from Guangzhou after being set up on a blind date by her parents.

"I'm getting quite old, so my parents arranged more than 10 blind dates for me," she wrote.

Unfortunately for Wang, she was halfway through dinner at the man's house when the area was abruptly put into lockdown, leaving her with no option but to hole up with the stranger.

After spending at least four days together, Wang said she wasn't interested in shacking up with the potential suitor, as she preferred a more talkative mate.

"Besides the fact he's as mute as a wooden mannequin, everything else [about him] is pretty good," Wang said. "Despite his food being mediocre, he's still willing to cook, which I think is great."



Making a Splash

A 55-YEAR-OLD male model from Arizona claims the secret to his robust health is drinking his own urine every day.

Troy Casey, a former Versace model-cum-healer, says swilling his own pee keeps him buff.

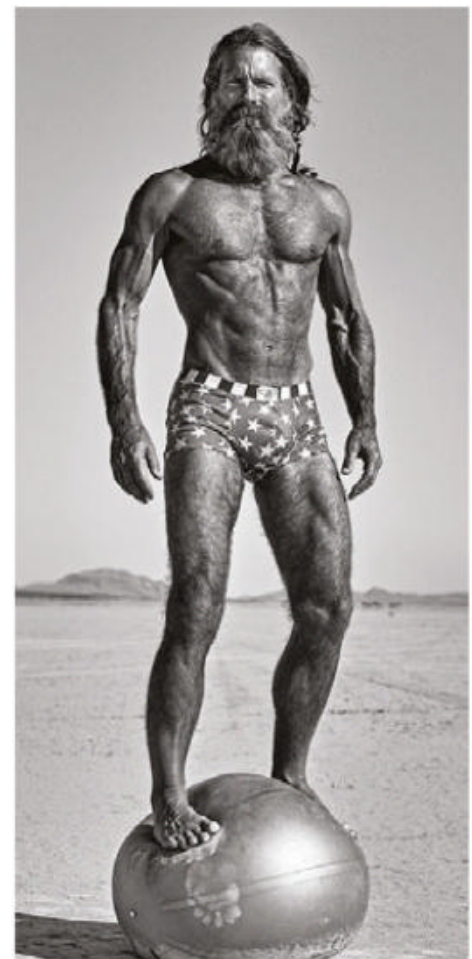
"I drink my own urine every morning. I call it hair of the dog! The feeling is electric," he says.

"Urine therapy is an ancient practice. It just doesn't get talked about a lot. Your own pee is full of amino acids, stem cells and antibodies."

Casey also swears by weeklong urine fasts—during which he consumes nothing but pee—using urine as a moisturizer and fermenting his own urine before giving himself an anal enema with the golden liquid.

"Aged urine enemas are so powerful for your health, and I got my six-pack abs after doing them. It flushed out my gut, and that's when I got really ripped," he claims.

I think we'll stick with CrossFit, thanks.



LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK

A STUDENT from Indonesia has hit the jackpot, becoming a millionaire overnight after selling thousands of his selfies as NFTs.

Every day for five years, computer science student Sultan Gustaf Al Ghozali took a photo of himself. Each photo is virtually the

same, and features the 22-year-old staring expressionless at the camera. The student decided to take advantage of the NFT trend by uploading his selfies to the blockchain as a joke.

"I was thinking it might be funny if one of the collectors collected

my face," he says.

Ghozali priced his photos for a mere 0.0001 ETH (\$3), but the NFTs went viral are now selling for more than \$12,000 a pop. He reportedly sold over 200 selfies in the first day, and since December has surpassed \$1 million in NFT sales.

CYBER CUTIE

EARTH

ANGEL



ARIANNA ARIES





ARIANNA ARIES
XOXO







ARIANNA ARIES

GORGEOUS globe-trotter Arianna Aries lets her wanderlust lead the way, and it's taken the leggy lovely to 23 countries within just five years! The charismatic camgirl still calls her native Ukraine home, but she regularly connects with online fans from all over the world. Her admirers marvel over her sensual dance moves and stunningly good looks, but they also praise her intelligence and sparkling personality.

With both inner and outer beauty, Arianna is as comfortable carrying on a deep conversation as she is putting on a sexy show. She's the first to admit, "People become happier near me."

And one look at her beautiful photos makes it easy to see why!

The blue-eyed brunette tells *Penthouse* she has big dreams, which motivate her to work hard and follow her passions. Read on to learn more about this heavenly earth angel.

Describe your perfect partner.

A smart mind is one of the sexiest qualities a person can possess. But having compassion for others is also important.

What would be your dream date?

Dinner on a rooftop at sunset just seems so romantic to me.


What are your career goals?

I'm studying to be a psychotherapist. It's highly important to take care of your mental health, and I want to help people with that. Seeing how psychotherapy changes people's lives inspires me.

What's your favorite lazy day activity?

I don't do it often. But just once a year, I need a day in front of the TV, eating chips and sipping prosecco.

Do you have a hidden talent or skill?

I enjoy singing, but I don't do it often. I'm very much a yes person, though. I'm always up for learning something new! 

AGE: 27

MEASUREMENTS: 32D-25-37

NATIVE COUNTRY: Ukraine

HEIGHT: 5'7"

TWITTER: @AriannaAriesf4f

WEBSITE: arianna-aries.flirt4free.com















RIGOROUSLY TESTED. PET APPROVED.



Introducing an all-new line of premium cannabis products designed to improve and enhance your daily life... in and out of the bedroom.

Shop the full array of products at
PENTHOUSEWELLNESS.COM

PENTHOUSE and its associated logos are trademarks or registered trademarks in the United States and worldwide, owned by Penthouse World Media, LLC and/or its affiliates, used under license.

GET THE PICTURE

WITH travel opening up around the world again and “nakations” (that is, naked vacations) surging in popularity, there has never been a better time to step out of your comfort zone—and your clothes—and take a trip to somewhere where the sand is soft, the sun is shining and clothing is optional. After all, you never know who you might meet on the shore. ❶

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS SAWYER

MODEL: SARAH LYNN; INSTAGRAM: @SICILIANSPOON





D.B. Cooper, A Flight to Seattle and \$200,000 Cash

NEXT TIME YOU'RE ON A PLANE SEATED IN 18C, THINK OF D.B. COOPER AND HIS GRAND, MAD PLAN

BY BEN POBJIE

AT 2:50 p.m. on Thanksgiving Eve, November 24, 1971, Flight 305 departed Portland International Airport on its way to Seattle—a mere 30-minute flight that would surely pass without incident, except obviously not because here you are reading about it.

In seat 18C sat a middle-aged man carrying a black briefcase. He had purchased his ticket under the name Dan Cooper. Across from him sat flight attendant Florence Schaffner. Shortly after takeoff, the man known as Cooper handed Florence a note. Florence—who had in her career taken a lot of crap from passengers and was in no mood for shenanigans—surmised the note was a flirtatious advance from a creepy dude and put the paper in her handbag without looking at it.

Mr. Cooper, seeing his purpose had been misread, leaned over and whispered to Florence, “Miss, you’d better look at that note. I have a bomb.”

Of course, whispering this to her somewhat defeated the purpose of giving her the note in the first place, and he might as well have just whispered all the relevant information from that point on. Nevertheless, Florence, understandably unnerved, did take the note from her bag and read it. She found it was as Cooper had told her: The note said he had a bomb and directed

her to sit next to him, which she did. Of course, at this stage, the possibility that he was just trying to get a stewardess to touch him was still a live one.

Florence asked to see the bomb. Cooper opened his briefcase and showed her the bomb, which she observed was indeed a bomb—or at least a bundle of red cylinders that looked exactly like what a bomb is supposed to look like. Cooper then asked the flight attendant for a favor: Could she possibly see her way clear to getting him \$200,000, four parachutes and a fuel truck standing by at Seattle’s airport to refuel the plane?

Florence said she’d see what she could do, and went and told the pilots there was a situation.

After contacting the airport, and telling the other passengers their flight would be delayed by a “minor mechanical difficulty”—which the smart passengers would’ve seen right through after watching the weird guy in 18C muttering to the stewardess sitting next to him—the pilots circled Seattle for two hours while down on the ground money and parachutes were gathered.

During the flight, Cooper was extremely pleasant and well-mannered, speaking politely to the flight crew and paying for his drinks—rather than asking them to deduct it from the ransom money.

Finally, the plane landed, and



TOP: THE AIRCRAFT INVOLVED IN THE HIJACKING
ABOVE: A 1972 FBI COMPOSITE DRAWING OF COOPER



“At this stage, the possibility that he was just trying to get a stewardess to touch him was still a live one.”

the rest of the passengers were let off while it was refueled, after which Cooper announced to the crew they were all going to Mexico and the margaritas would be on him. With the money and parachutes safely delivered, the Boeing 727 took off again, heading for Reno, Nev., where it would refuel once more before heading to Mexico City.

However, the plane had not yet reached Reno when Cooper ordered all the crew into the cockpit, tied the money bag around his waist, opened the door and jumped. It was dark and raining, and jumping was an extremely stupid thing to do, and the fact he was never seen again may be related to this.

In 1980, some of the ransom money washed up on the bank of the Columbia River near Vancouver, Wash., which only added to the mystery of what happened to the hijacker. Police thought it unlikely

he had survived the jump, especially considering of the two parachutes he’d taken with him, one was a dummy used for classroom demonstrations and didn’t actually work.

Still, it’s possible he got lucky with the other parachute—though where he’d disappeared to, in the Northwestern wilds, if that were so ... well that was a mystery.

And it’s remained a mystery to this day. Who was this man? It’s unlikely his real name was Dan Cooper. It’s even less likely his real name was D.B. Cooper, the name attached to him due to misreporting at the time. Numerous possible suspects have been suggested, but none has been proven to be the man himself.

It’s nice to think that maybe Mr. Cooper is still out there somewhere, living his best life, kicking back with a bourbon and Coke and reminiscing about his most awesome day ever. **1**



SEX

Putting Your Best Foot Forward

STEPPING INTO THE SURPRISINGLY POPULAR WORLD OF FOOT FETISHES

BY AMIE WEE

WHEN it comes to what makes us tick, we've all got our own kinks and curiosities, and for some of us, that's the sight, sensation or smell of someone else's feet. Whether or not you think feet are something to sniff at, here's everything you need to know about foot fetishes.

What is a foot fetish?

A foot fetish, or podophilia, describes an intense sexual arousal triggered by feet. Like shoes, there is no one size fits all, so the specifics of how a foot fetishist's fascination for feet plays out can vary from toe-vert to toe-vert.

A foot fetish can take many forms

Some foot lovers get frisky by simply admiring a pair of nude or stiletto-clad feet from afar; while others get their kicks from massaging soles, sucking on toes or being on the receiving end of a slippery footjob. Some like their lower limbs aesthetically clean and freshly pedicured, while other foot fans prefer a buffet of bare feet seasoned with sweat or dirt. Then there are the toe-tal pervs walking among us,

who fantasize about worshipping the foot of a fiery femme domme or being walked all over and treated as a human carpet as she roars, "Heel, boy!" They do say variety is the spice of life.

Foot fetishes are surprisingly common

As far as kinks go, the foot fetish is a classic. Even if you're not a devout feetist, chances are you've at least heard of the fetish. In fact, feet are considered to be the most commonly fetishized non-genital body part.

While there's not a huge amount of concrete research out there, social psychologist Justin Lehmiller, who collected data on foot fans for his book *Tell Me What You Want*, found one in seven people have fantasized about feet in a sexual way.

But why feet?

Sexual kinks are highly personal, and one person's "eww" is another person's ticket to Horny Town. While there's no uniform answer to explain such an obsession, Sigmund Freud famously claimed that people liked feet because they resemble

penises. Unpack that, why don't you. We think it's more likely because feet are jam-packed with nerve endings, and most people enjoy having their feet massaged. Plus, for some there's a psychological element of power play that comes with being stepped on, humiliated or physically beneath someone's feet—or sky-high stilettos.

Famous foot fans

Even celebrities have been named as flagrant foot fetishists, with Andy Warhol, Jack Black, Quentin Tarantino, Ludacris, Marilyn Manson, Britney Spears, Dita Von Teese and Elvis Presley having reportedly frothed over feet.

Legend has it "Jailhouse Rock" singer Presley's handlers used to check the bare feet of admirers before allowing them to have sex with him.

Pulp Fiction and *Kill Bill* leading lady Uma Thurman even once toasted Tarantino's alleged foot fetish by drinking champagne out of her own shoe during a 2010 roast of the director.

So, if you've ever felt turned on by toes, you're in good company. **1**

A full-page photograph of Kylian Mbappé, a French professional footballer, wearing a black and grey checkered Paris Saint-Germain training kit. He is smiling and looking slightly to his left. The kit features the PSG crest on the chest and the slogan "ALL SOCCER LIVE LIMITLESS" in red. A Nike swoosh is visible on the sleeve.

M O T M

KYLIAN MBAPPÉ

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

WHEN he's playing soccer, Paris Saint-Germain wunderkind Kylian Mbappé doesn't need any help looking impressive. Known for his dribbling, speed and finishing skills, he's widely considered one of the best players in the world.

Off the field, luxury fashion brand Dior will be giving the Paris-born athlete a helping hand to make a style statement for the next two years.

While being fitted in striking tailor-made suits and parading other formal pieces in a promo video, Kylian and his teammates say they think looking good helps you feel good.

At the ripe old age of 23, Kylian will be lining up alongside Johnny Depp as a face of the French fashion giant.

It's the latest accolade in a rather long list for Kylian, who was just 16 when he made his professional debut in 2015. He then became the second most expensive player, and most expensive teenager, when he moved from Ligue 1 club

Monaco to league rival Paris Saint-Germain in 2017.

At his latest club, he's won a heap of titles and has finished as Ligue 1 top scorer for three consecutive seasons—even if you don't speak French, you get the gist. Oh, and he's also the third-highest goal-scorer in the club's history.

Remember when he set the 2018 FIFA World Cup on fire? He became the youngest French player to score at a World Cup and was only the second teenager, after Brazilian legend Pelé, to score in a World Cup final.

Raised near Paris, Kylian went to a private Catholic school in Bondy, where it's said he was academically gifted but extremely unfocused.

Let's cut him some slack. His idol growing up was Cristiano Ronaldo, so it's fair to guess he had his sights set on the pitch rather than academic success.

He's admitted the development of African sports is important to him because of his parents' African origins. His father, Wilfried, originally from

Cameroon, is his agent and a football coach. His mother, Fayza Lamari, of Algerian Kabyle origin, is a former handball player.

In an interview with *Time*, Kylian spoke about sacrifices he made as a teenager to focus on his game development.

"I did not have the moments of so-called normal people during adolescence, like going out with friends, enjoying good times," he said. But, he added that he's now "living the life he always dreamed of."

It's a life many have dreamed of—at age 23, he already has a net worth of nearly \$100 million!

Kylian has amassed more than 50 million Instagram followers, just four years after making his professional debut. And, of course, followers equal sponsorship cash.

Kylian has had a sponsorship deal with Nike since 2017; his collaboration with the sportswear giant has been phenomenal. He was only 18 when he launched his own personalized soccer cleats for

Nike, the Kylian Mbappé Nike Hypervenom 3.

In 2018, he unveiled the Nike Mercurial Superfly VI shoes, inspired by the R9 Mercurial footwear of his idol Ronaldo.

If you're a gamer, you'll also have seen Kylian featured in EA Sports' FIFA video game series. His trademark goal celebration is posing with his arms crossed and his hands tucked under his armpits, a stance inspired by his younger brother, Ethan, who would celebrate like that when beating Kylian at FIFA.

When Kylian landed the solo cover of *FIFA 21*, he became the youngest to accomplish the feat. He then was featured on the *FIFA 22* cover, making him one of the rare players to achieve the back-to-back honor.

With all of his superstardom, it's refreshing to hear him tell an amusing story about his first meeting at age 14 with Zinedine Zidane. Before getting in the Real Madrid player's car to drive to a training session, Kylian says he nervously asked if he should take his shoes off! **i**

HOW MYSPACE SHAPED A GENERATION

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

BEFORE Facebook—and before Twitter was even a twinkle in Jack Dorsey’s eye—there was MySpace, the first major social media platform to normalize oversharing. The platform allowed millennials to feel comfortable in their opinions in ways previous generations only dreamed about.

Prior to social media microblogging websites, users wanting to share their opinions online only had blogs—and to run a successful blog, you needed to already be famous, or have word of mouth drive traffic to you. It was hard for anyone to become an “influencer.”

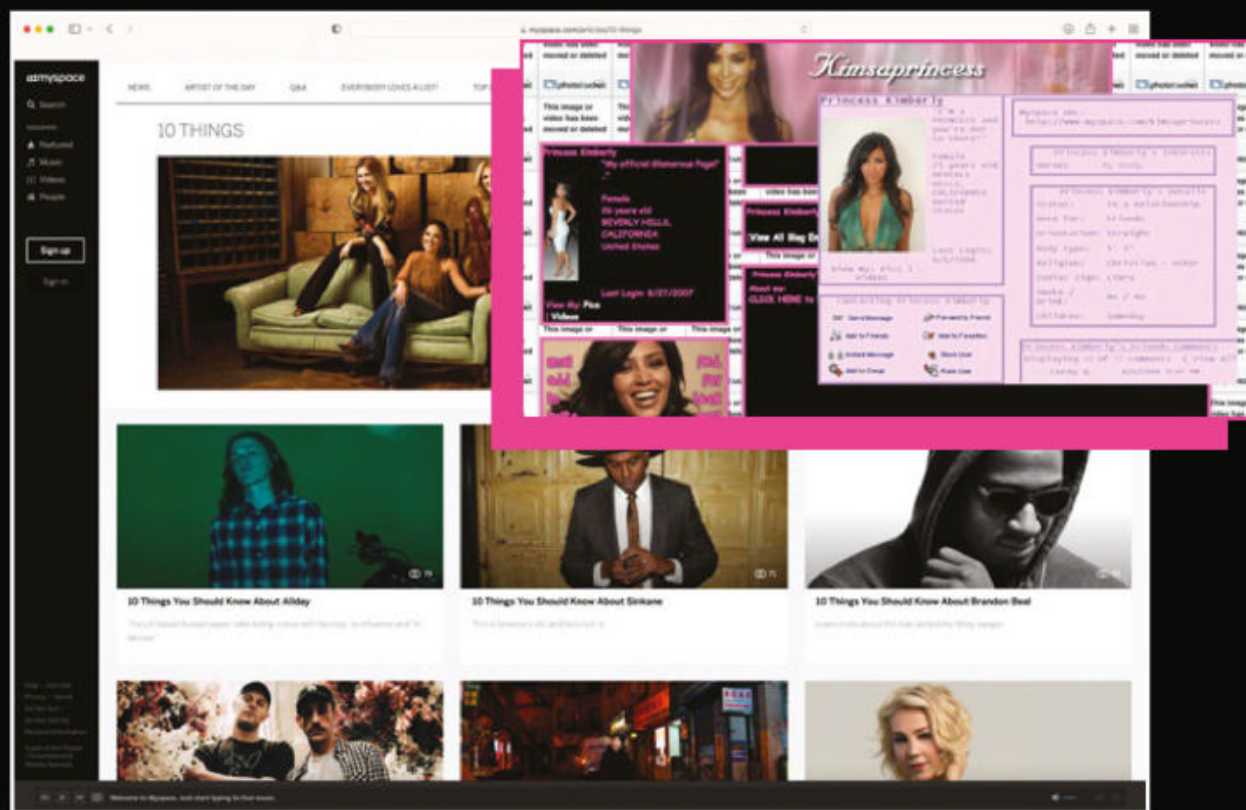
If the internet was an information superhighway, then MySpace was the express lane to fame and popularity. The dawn of the internet was a wild time. There was no Big Tech, and the government kept Microsoft at bay with antitrust legislation. Companies dedicated to building the Web 2.0 were able to make a million innovations in just a few short years—a far cry from the stagnant present.

As a creativity-centric social media platform, MySpace was the first real way for anyone to become famous online. From the comfort of their own home, anyone could become a Scene Queen or a popular musician. Without MySpace, we wouldn’t have Skrillex, Bring Me the Horizon, Lily Allen or Adele. There would be no Jeffree Star.

The platform enabled teenagers across the globe—regardless of race, sexuality or gender identity—to connect with one another through a massive network. Instead of having random, disparate websites, MySpace housed it all under one roof. It was a vision of things to come: Twitter and Instagram later did the same thing, but through more simplified formats.

MySpace’s philosophy extended into its design. Your profile could be as expressive as you wanted it to be—fully customized with music, animated GIFs, HTML code, CSS overlays. It offered the whole works.

Crucially, MySpace celebrated individuality more than any other social media platform then, or since. If people wanted to know



about you, they’d have to click on your profile. Contrast this with Tumblr, where the bulk of content is shared and regurgitated by millions of people in a massive echo chamber propagating the same ideas—and alienating those who think outside the box.

Furthermore, MySpace didn’t have the problem that every social media platform today deals with: the issue of harassment. Sure, you could harass people individually, as an individual. But there was no mob to join, no

“Without the success of MySpace, we wouldn’t have Twitter, Facebook and Instagram.”

flames of outrage to stoke, no callout culture.

There was no incentive, and no way for anyone to target anybody else with widespread harassment. The system didn’t allow for it. Whether by design, or by accident, interactions on MySpace were simple: If you didn’t like what someone was saying, you simply clicked out of their profile. There was no way to quote tweet or share content to put them on blast.

Cancel culture didn’t exist.

MySpace encouraged oversharing; your profile was public, and you could say whatever you liked. No one had to read it—and that was OK. There was no gamification—no incentive to say provocative things or repeat popular ideas. You could be as normal or provocative as you wanted. There was no score to keep track of—no retweets or likes to count.

If you were interesting, people would pay attention. Your engagement was organic. You couldn’t crowdsource your opinions. MySpace was a celebration of individuality.

It encouraged people to explore their identities, even in ways previously considered taboo—such as the experience of growing up gay in a conservative town, atheist in a religious family, or enjoying geeky hobbies like Dungeons & Dragons. MySpace did not normalize or encourage deviancy.

On MySpace, your individuality remained your own—and it didn’t necessarily make you subject to peer pressure or encourage you to be a part of a trend you didn’t feel comfortable with. The option to explore your identity existed, but it wasn’t forced upon you. Contrast this with Tumblr, which normalized deviance, pressurising millions of teenagers into adopting odd lifestyles and political positions.

World leaders weren’t on MySpace—nor did they have their policies and principles dictated by teenagers bullying them into submission as they do on Twitter.

Without the success of MySpace, we wouldn’t have Twitter, Facebook and Instagram, which share a lot of common DNA with MySpace.

Unfortunately, they took some of the good parts and added a bunch of bad to the formula. These websites have stripped out individuality, removed the ability to customize profiles and encouraged groupthink.

MySpace was the opposite. It’s in the name: “my space,” not “our” space—no one’s space but yours, and yours alone. **1**

NFTS IN VIDEO GAMES

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

NFTs, or non-fungible tokens, are the latest trend in the world of art. They can cost as little as 0.1 ETH (\$327) for a less-than-popular creation, to much more than 52 ETH (\$170,000), the entry point for a highly sought-after Bored Ape NFT.

Beyond their artistic and monetary value, which is undoubtedly dictated by market demand and hype, NFTs are being considered for use in video games by executives at Ubisoft, Electronic Arts and Square Enix.

Video games have long featured a sort of prototype of NFTs in the form of skins and other aesthetics in titles like *Fortnite*, *Call of Duty* and *Valorant*, where players can spend hundreds of dollars dressing up their avatars.

However, unlike NFTs, these digital items hold no value—inherent or otherwise—and they can't be traded in most titles. Their availability is more or less unlimited.

While many mock NFTs for being little more than limited edition JPEGs, their value exists on the blockchain, where they can be traded back and forth while earning the original artist royalties for his or her production.

Like it or not, it's the future of art—and it isn't solely determined by hype. The investment of numerous corporations, including Facebook's Meta, in the development of the metaverse, and smarter NFTs that are made up of more than just images, could potentially extend their expiration date.

The future of NFTs isn't in Bored Apes or algorithmically generated profile pictures. Instead, they offer much greater potential in the metaverse, where an NFT could literally be a room environment populated by numerous interactive objects—or even a full-fledged virtual avatar for use in a video game—or even a Pokémon that can gain experience, skills and be fully customizable. An NFT can be anything virtual.

For their implementation in video games, being limited in availability gives them a leg up over the typical microtransaction by offering players a new way to invest their time and money. Instead of buying custom cards in *Hearthstone*, how much cooler would it be if Activision Blizzard turned the game into a full-fledged trading card game? Players, many of whom are already eager

to collect virtual cards that can't even be traded, would certainly embrace the ability to monetize their accounts and trade their virtual possessions to other players and engage in a digital economy.

Given that NFTs are stored on a blockchain and not a centralized server, each of these items cannot be duplicated or counterfeited. Each item is unique and holds value.

And instead of paying for loot crates or season passes, players could equip and trade their aesthetics on a virtual marketplace with NFTs for their characters in games like *Call of Duty* and *Overwatch*—and potentially carry them over to future titles, or display them outside the games themselves on a metaverse client capable of translating their digital possessions.

That said, NFTs are not without their downsides. The technology is ripe for abuse, and as knowledgeable consumers, we cannot trust video game publishers to always do the right thing. Greed trumps all, and the implementation of NFTs could very easily be used to lock away exclusive content and otherwise deprive players, who've already paid a lump sum to buy the game, of gated content.

“Video games have long featured a sort of prototype of NFTs in the form of skins and other aesthetics.”

Imagine the pay-to-win games on mobile phones—which are the best example of greedy microtransactions—becoming more mainstream, and video games stop being about having fun and more about being able to empty your wallet faster than your opponents.

There's also the possibility of scams. Without a unifying currency, or payment standard, many of these NFTs would depend on unreliable tokens pushed by publishers and studios intending to make a quick buck rather than foster a viable economy. An EACoin or a FortniteCoin isn't going to be worth anything outside the games these publishers develop.

It may be years before the industry comes to terms with NFTs and implements them in ways that aren't exploitative. As for now, any implementations for the technology are premature at best and are cash grabs at worst.

Collecting and showing off your collections certainly isn't for everyone. It's for a specific group of people, but it's one that NFTs highly appeal to, and one that the game industry would not do well to neglect. **1**



CREDIT: FORTNITE



Jurassic World: Dominion

FILM

2022: THE SEQUEL TO 2021

BY ROB PEGLEY

A MEME made the rounds at the end of 2021, which said: “Nobody claim 2022 as ‘your year.’ We’re all going to walk in real slow. Be good. Be quiet. Be cautious. Don’t touch anything.”

It seems the film industry is very much on board with that ethos and is entering 2022 with extreme stealth and a “don’t rock the boat” mentality.

In the wake of two years of COVID-19, the whole world is being conservative and playing it safe. There is a sense of fearing the unknown. And maybe we’re all looking for a hero, too.

In 2021, Marvel absolutely dominated the box office, taking five of the top six spots with various franchises. Only *Fast & Furious 9* (yes, nine!) broke on at No. 5, with *No Time to Die*, the best James Bond film in years—and possibly ever—

coming in at No. 7.

Expect more of the same this year, with Marvel to continue pumping out blockbusters: *Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness*, *Thor: Love and Thunder*, *Black Panther: Wakanda Forever*, *Ms. Marvel*, *Moon Knight*, *She-Hulk*, another *Spider-Man* outing, and a *Guardians of the Galaxy Holiday Special*.

Don’t forget DC Comics’ biggest name, either. *The Batman* will be the latest movie installment of the Dark Knight’s adventures—featuring Robert Pattinson as the Caped Crusader, Colin Farrell as The Penguin, and Paul Dano as The Riddler—and will no doubt make for compelling viewing.

If you’re feeling a sense of déjà vu, then mention of *The Matrix*, *Jurassic Park* and *Top Gun* should get your ’80s and ’90s juices well and truly

“Enjoy high-quality familiarity on the big screen as a comfort to the craziness we’re dealing with in the real world at the moment.”

flowing. *The Matrix Resurrections* is perhaps the most interesting sequel, with the themes it covers more relevant than ever. In some areas, timing of restrictions may likely mean the unvaccinated can get to the theater to watch it—and may make up a fair portion of the audience. The red pill or the blue pill?

Top Gun: Maverick has been waiting in the wings for a couple of years due to COVID, much as the Bond film did. You can’t help feeling cheesiness is on the way, but hey, we like cheese and we like *Top Gun*. *Jurassic World: Dominion* will no doubt ramp up CGI effects to newly found heights, as will *Avatar 2*.

Remakes of *Death on the Nile* and *West Side Story* are also worthy of a mention, although not necessarily a viewing, as is the sequel to *Sing* (*Sing 2*) and the prequel to the *Kingsman* franchise (*The King’s Man*).

Forget innovation and quirkiness—although you will be able to find some, if you look hard enough—and enjoy high-quality familiarity on the big screen as a comfort to the craziness we’re dealing with in the real world at the moment.

Everybody stay calm, sneak into 2022 and watch a bunch of stuff at the theater that isn’t going to shock you. And (whisper it) all being well, we can go completely crazy in 2023. **1**

CRUSH

NIKKI

FOLLOW @NIKKIMCLENNAN.X

NOTHING beats light and fluffy homemade pancakes drizzled with sticky syrup on a lazy morning, especially when they're cooked for you by a beautiful blonde and served between the sheets.

Nikki's as confident in the kitchen as she is in front of the camera lens, and says she loves cooking for herself and her friends.

"Although I'm baking up something naughty in this shoot, I'm actually really passionate about healthy eating and generally steer towards the nutritious recipes when cooking at home."

We'd probably eat kale and enjoy it if Nikki dished it up for us. ❶

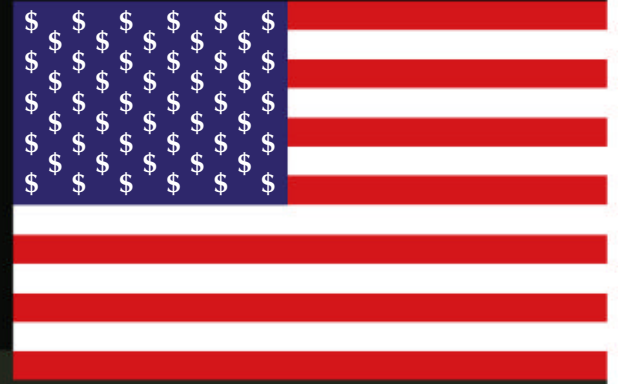
PHOTO BY TROY FREYEE



DOWNLOAD

The Cost of War

FOLLOWING THE SEPT. 11 ATTACKS, A U.S.-LED COALITION LAUNCHED AIR STRIKES ON TALIBAN AND AL QAEDA TARGETS IN AFGHANISTAN ON OCT. 7, 2001. JOE BIDEN PULLED THE PLUG IN 2021, BUT AT WHAT COST?



20
YEARS

At just short of 20 years, this was America's longest war (except the Korean War, which had no official end).

BREAKING DOWN THE NUMBERS

2,448

American service members killed. A further 20,660 U.S. soldiers injured in action.



47,245

Afghan civilians killed

450

U.K. service troops killed



\$

2 TRILLION

Estimated cost of the war to the United States (as of 2020)

WHAT'S IN THE TALIBAN'S NEW ARSENAL?

358,530 ASSAULT RIFLES

126,295 PISTOLS

64,363 MACHINE GUNS

169 ARMORED PERSONNEL CARRIERS

109 HELICOPTERS (33 MI-17, 33 UH-60, 43 MD 530)

72,963 TRUCKS

162,043 RADIOS

16,035 NIGHT-VISION GOGGLES/DEVICES

TikTok Fast Tracks

BY PAUL DALGARNO

IF THE Bible of TikTok and the music industry is ever written, its Genesis chapter will feature singer Lil Nas X, who was only 19 in 2019 when he posted a genre-bending rap-country song to his SoundCloud and social media accounts.

With rumored production costs totaling \$30 for the drum track, “Old Town Road” has since become the most successful single of all time. It sat atop the Billboard Hot 100 for nearly five months and went 15 times platinum, in no small part because it was an early TikTok meme, adopted and reused by millions of creators in their own videos.

It’s not that TikTok—a video-sharing app owned by Chinese-based tech company ByteDance—set out to be a music industry king- and queenmaker but that’s what it has become. TikTok has taken an ever-growing role in minting global hits, launching new

viral becoming trends. Alongside golden oldies, there are plenty of contemporary examples. Doja Cat’s 2020 song “Say So” became a gigantic trend on TikTok and has since racked up nearly 5 million YouTube views. Acts such as Olivia Rodrigo, Megan Thee Stallion and Popp Hunna have also tasted the audience-exploding potential of being featured on the apps hallowed “for you” page.

For obvious reasons, many eyes are now on the correlation between rhythm and algorithm. A study by MRC Data last year found 67 percent of TikTok users are more likely to listen to songs on streaming services after hearing them in 15 to 60 second snippets on the app—a music marketer’s dream, if only trends could be manipulated. Which, more and more, they can.

TikTok has its own division for monitoring music trends on the

“TikTok has taken an ever-growing role in minting global hits, launching new artists, foregrounding world music and plucking obscure performers from the shadowlands of the internet.”

artists, foregrounding world music and plucking obscure performers from the shadowlands of the internet. Just five or so years into the app’s existence, its hit-making properties are still, in many instances, organic and unpredictable.

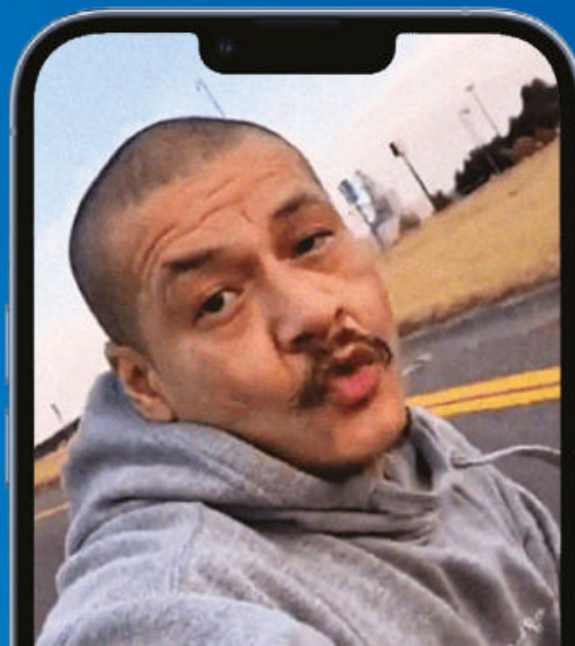
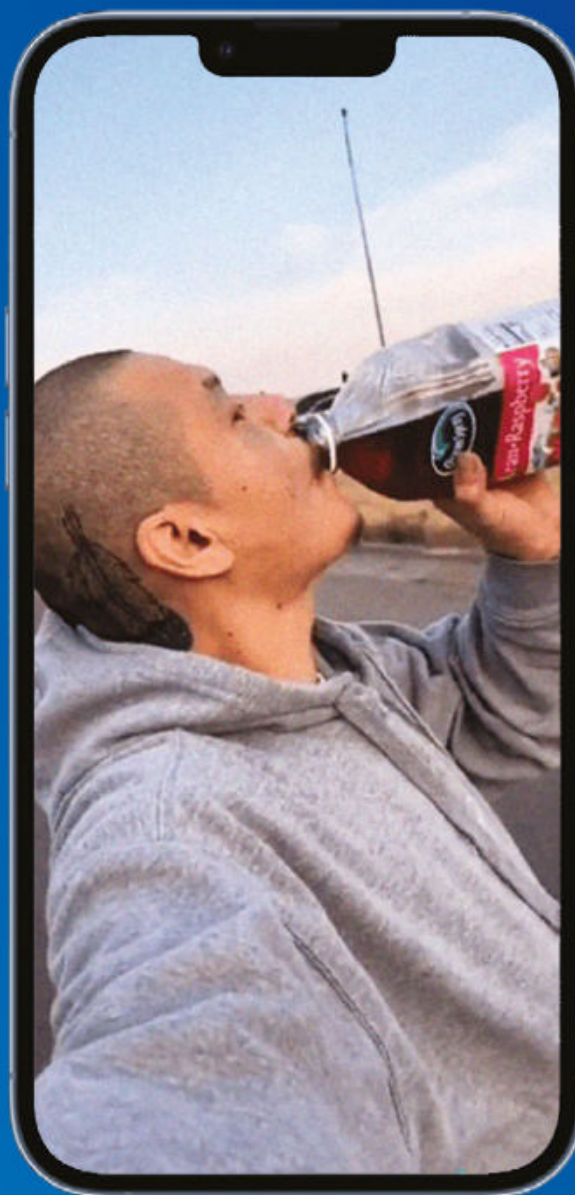
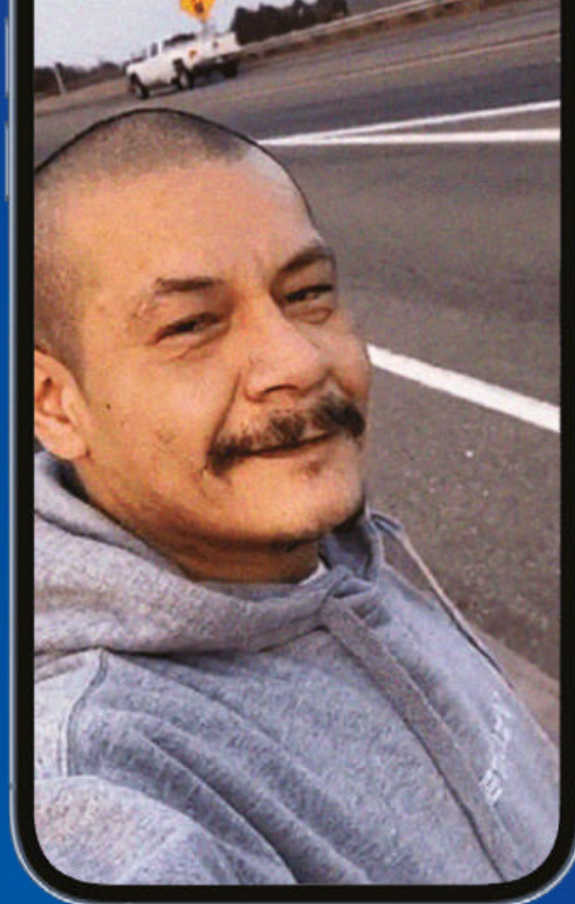
Even the parents of many TikTok users—the lion’s share of whom are under 25—would have been unborn or infants when ’70s rockers Fleetwood Mac recorded “Dreams.” Yet the song reentered the charts in 2020 after the viral—and much copied—TikTok video of laborer Nathan Apodaca (@420doggface208) rolling down a highway on his skateboard, drinking juice and lip-syncing to the 1977 hit.

Most TikTok challenges start with a song and some lip-syncing and/or dancing, with those that go

app and “promo levers” to boost the popularity of certain songs to make them more discoverable. Artists, marketers, record labels and influencers have likewise converged, with money changing hands in the hope that top influencers—or more commonly, a diverse spread of cheaper “micro” influencers—will use a song in a way that will help shoot it into the stratosphere.

Dedicated agencies are now on hand to assist artists and labels with music promotions, and TikTok-focused consultants can even be hired to offer advice on creating music that will thrive on the app.

Just remember, when the charts are dominated by tracks that last between 15 and 60 seconds, it started here. **1**



WHERE THE *MAGAZINE* COMES TO *LIFE*



The
PENTHOUSE 
Club™

BALTIMORE | BATON ROUGE | MOSCOW | NEW ORLEANS | PERTH | TAMPA

penthouseclubs.com

SOCIAL PREMIER

LADY LUCK



MASHA DIDUK

PHOTOGRAPHER

ERIKA ROSE

STYLIST

BIANCA RAHIM @FORPLAY_STYLEHOUSE





SIN CITY stunner Masha Diduk is a social media sensation with more than 400,000 followers on Instagram. The Las Vegas native has been modeling professionally for nearly 15 years, posing for national print campaigns and walking the runway for top designers. Though her work has taken her to countless cities, Masha admits she loves her hometown because it attracts so many “interesting characters.”

Playful but ambitious, the green-eyed beauty confesses, “I know when to have fun, but also when to pull it together and be a boss bad bitch!”

Self-sufficient Masha tells *Penthouse*, “I don’t want to ask anyone for anything. I want to provide for myself and the people I love. I want to be a rich wife—not a rich man’s wife.” ❶

FAST FACTS

- Her favorite sleepwear: “In the summer, just a pair of panties is the way to go.”
- The most daring things she’s done: “I’ve gone skydiving and swimming with sharks. Nothing scares me!”
- Her travel goals: “I’ve yet to visit Australia and Egypt. I also fantasize about moving to Bali.”
- Her celebrity crushes: “James Franco and Jared Leto—MY LAWD those men!”

AGE: 29

HEIGHT: 5’10”

MEASUREMENTS: 32D-25-26

INSTAGRAM: @mashadiduk

TWITTER: @mashababyyy

WEBSITE: hoo.be/masha

Masha Diduk
XOXO





















A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a black wide-brimmed hat with a gold crown. She is wearing a black bikini top and has her right arm raised. She is adorned with large gold fan-shaped earrings, a gold necklace, a silver chain bracelet on her right wrist, and a thick gold chain around her waist. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

PENTHOUSE VAULT

penthousevault.com

A photograph of a woman from the back, with her arms raised and hands clasped behind her head. She is standing in front of a wooden fence. The lighting is warm and golden, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The woman's skin is tanned and has some shadows from the fence on it. There are some small red flowers in the bottom left corner.

TEMPTATION
DELIVERED
STRAIGHT TO
YOUR DOOR



DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION:

Visit penthouse.com

PRINT SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM:

Write to: P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 a.m. to midnight weekdays, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You also can email us at penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com.

CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS:

We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to: P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and ZIP code.

RENEW PRINT SUBSCRIPTION:

We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION BILLING:

If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to: P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037.

BACK ISSUES:

To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., November/December 2021); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover. We have back issues available for the previous 12 months.

ARTICLE REPRINTS:

To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 310-280-1900. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

PENTHOUSE

YES, please send me *PENTHOUSE* for:

☐ 6 issues for \$24.95

☐ 6 issues for foreign residents \$36.95

MY DETAILS:

Title: Mr./Ms. _____
First name Surname

Address: _____
ZIP code: _____

Phone: () _____

Email address: _____

PAYMENT DETAILS:

I enclose my check/money order for \$ _____ payable to Penthouse.

Or charge my credit card:

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Card Number: _____

Exp date: ____ / ____

Cardholder's name: _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Canadian and foreign orders send \$36.95 (includes GST) for 1 year (6 issues). All payments must be in U.S. dollars and check must be drawn on a U.S. bank.



ORDERING IS EASY!

ONLINE: www.penthouse.com

CALL: 800-289-7368 (International 386-447-6361)

MAIL: Penthouse, P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037

For customer service, call between 8 a.m. and midnight (Eastern Standard Time), Monday through Friday, or from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. on weekends. Closed holidays. You must be 18 years of age or older to order. This offer is subject to terms and conditions found at penthouse.com and is available from 2/8 through 05/2.

WILD ON FILM



PHOTOGRAPHER
HARRIET BETH







HARRIET Beth's photography is an ode to wild women, rebels and risk-takers. Her sensual portraits bend the rules, defy norms and capture femininity and eroticism through a raw and fearless lens. Each of her shots make you feel as if you are in the room, witnessing a private and spontaneous moment.

The British photographer and makeup artist tells *Penthouse*, "I love creating a mood, a feeling that you just can't shake. I love capturing women naturally and candidly. I'm not a big fan of overly posed shots, and I always say to the model, 'If you're going to look at the camera, then glance at me like I just caught your attention.' I think these are

always the best photos, the ones that really tell a story and evoke a real sense of emotion."


The London-based creative says, "I want people to feel a real sense of nostalgia when they look at my images. My work is heavily influenced by the '80s and '90s. It is rebellious, exciting, raw and natural. It's feminine but has punch; it's wild and carefree and not always 'inside the box.' I love to make women feel confident and sexy in their skin, and like they are ready to take on the world. I hope to inspire women to be themselves, be confident in who they are and just fucking own it."

And much like her rebellious models, Harriet has forged her own path, too.

"I knew since I was kid that a regular

nine-to-five job was not the path I wanted for my life. I had big dreams. I still do!" she explains.

"Ever since I can remember, all I've wanted to do is create a living from my art and creativity. Photography has fulfilled me in ways that nothing else has. I became so hooked on the feeling and emotion it gave me when

I saw a piece of art, a photograph that I had created. The thrill I get from photography and creating a moment in time is like nothing else. When I look at an image I have taken that I'm super proud of, there is no better feeling in the world. I can't describe it." 

WEBSITE: harrietbeth.com

INSTAGRAM: [@itsharrietbeth](https://www.instagram.com/itsharrietbeth)















PENTHOUSE
GOLD



penthousegold.com



FEATURE

MAKING BANK WITH BUDS

EVEN CELEBRITIES ARE TURNING THEIR HANDS
TO THE BUDDING CANNA-BIZ



01





WHILE the COVID-19 pandemic has seen a lot of businesses go up in smoke, the cannabis industry has hit new highs, emerging as the nation's fastest-growing industry. Since 2020, legal cannabis sales across the U.S. have jumped a whopping 50 percent, topping \$20 billion and adding almost 80,000 jobs to the economy. The pandemic has played a huge role in the spike in cannabis' popularity, with many U.S. states deeming dispensaries "essential businesses" and cannabis delivery companies seeing surges of 25 percent. Ultimately, the boring, never-ending tedium of the stay-at-home coronavirus saga has even seen cocaine sales drop, as more and more people choose to get stoned at home instead.

With weed's popularity and the fact that recreational marijuana is now legal in 19 states, the lucrative promise of selling Mary Jane to the masses is luring lots of investors to the canna-biz, including a growing number of celebrity cannapreneurs. While once upon a time numerous celebrities had wine brands attached to their names, celebrity cannabis strains are now blowing up in popularity.

From actors, comedians and musicians, to sports stars and TV personalities, here are a few of the biggest celebrity cannapreneurs right now.

HIGHEST ROLLER

No conversation about celebrities and cannabis would be complete without mentioning the ultimate high roller himself: rapper and self-dubbed "master of marijuana" Snoop Dogg.

Snoop, 50, is more than a famous cannabis user and activist. The man is a weed icon and one of the most recognizable faces of cannabis culture today. He even once said he took his first toke at the age of eight or nine when an uncle offered him a roach.

Snoop has openly discussed his love of cannabis in past interviews, and in his marijuana-related songs: "Smoke Weed Everyday," "Smoke the Weed" and "This Weed Iz Mine." He even once boasted in an interview that he smokes "81 blunts a day." Toking that much pot hardly seems realistic—until you learn Snoop has a professional roller on his staff to ensure he and his posse always have fresh blunts on hand. Sounds like a cushy job, if you ask us.

In 2015, Snoop launched his own cannabis brand called Leafs by Snoop, making him one of the first celebrities to front a line of cannabis buds, oils and edibles. The Colorado-based company is renowned for its indica and sativa hybrids, which are

personally selected by the big Dogg himself, and many smokers claim they're the best flowers in the canna-biz.

Snoop is also a co-owner of Toronto's Canopy Growth Corporation, the biggest cannabis grow operation in the world and one of the first companies to launch a cannabis brand backed by a celebrity. Canopy Growth has since partnered with more A-listers, including Seth Rogen, Drake, Evan Goldberg and Martha Stewart.

MOST DOPE

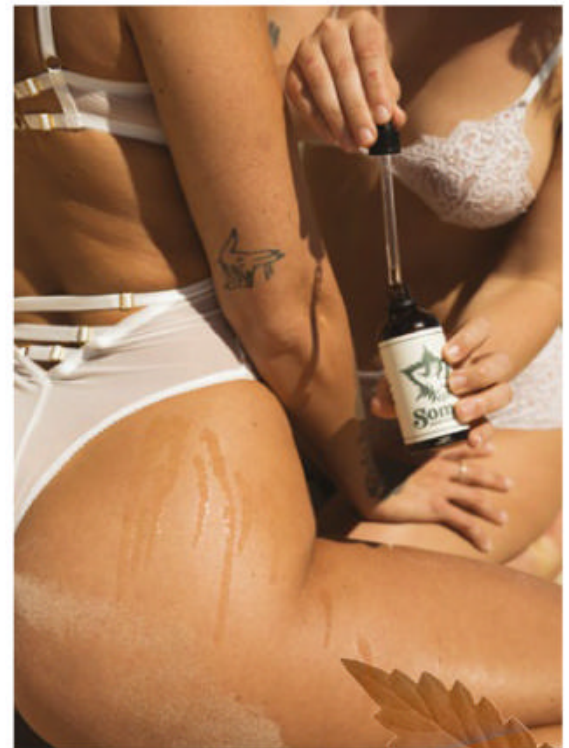
Mike Tyson has never been the kind of guy to do anything by half. The former heavyweight boxing champion fought his way to the top of his game, and now his cannabis empire is smashing the competition.

After years of substance abuse, Tyson turned to marijuana for pain relief and credits it with helping him recover from the many injuries he accumulated during his boxing career. Tyson also says cannabis calms his anger and anxiety.

"In my 30s, cannabis really saved me from myself," he told Vegas Cannabis Magazine in 2019. "The health benefits were so clear. As it continued to save me, I knew that everyone needed this kind of medicine."

Instead of kicking back in retirement, the 55-year-old developed his own company—Tyson Holistic Holdings, Inc.—which has sold cannabis products, including flower strains and edibles, since 2016.

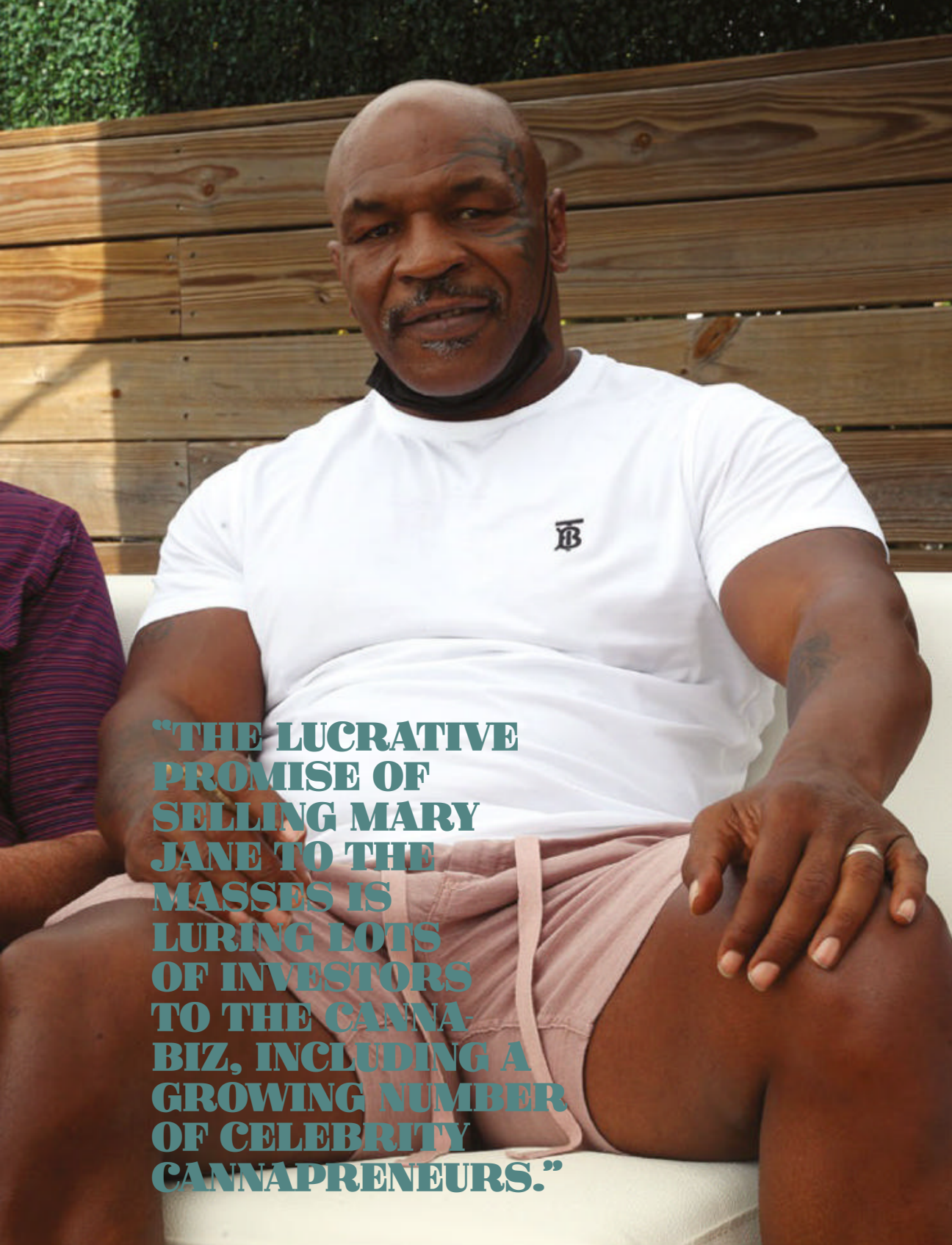
In 2020, the cannabis connoisseur launched Tyson Ranch: a 420-acre cannabis-themed playground for adults in Desert Hot Springs, Calif., which has earmarked 20 acres of land for growing new strains and cannabis research. The resort also features a dispensary, an amphitheater, a cannabis university, an edible-making factory, an extraction facility and a campground.



WHAT IS CBD OIL?

Cannabidiol oil, or CBD oil as it's more commonly known, contains a naturally occurring chemical compound extracted from the leaves, flowers and stalk of the cannabis plant. It has been used to treat everything from depression and anxiety, to chronic pain, epilepsy and arthritis. It's also said to increase concentration and energy levels, regulate mood and help with insomnia. While tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) is the main psychoactive cannabinoid found in cannabis and causes you to experience the sensation of "getting high," CBD has no psychoactive properties and is more likely to make you feel more relaxed.





“THE LUCRATIVE PROMISE OF SELLING MARY JANE TO THE MASSES IS LURING LOTS OF INVESTORS TO THE CANNABIZ, INCLUDING A GROWING NUMBER OF CELEBRITY CANNAPRENEURS.”

Tyson’s empire is said to be generating around \$1 million per month. However, he reportedly smokes \$82,000 of his own supply in the same amount of time.

BEST BUDS

Perhaps the most surprising celebrity potpreneur is America’s foremost goddess of domesticity, Martha Stewart.

I guess you could say it was a joint effort that saw the domestic diva join the many celebrities who have created their own weed-related brands.

The 80-year-old businesswoman says her curiosity for cannabis was kindled by her bud Snoop Dogg while filming their Emmy-nominated cooking show, *Martha & Snoop’s Potluck Dinner Party*, which helped her learn a lot about the natural healing and palliative effects of cannabis.

While she’s no stoner, Stewart has

developed a passion for CBD—also known as cannabidiol, which does not contain marijuana’s psychoactive compound THC—and incorporates it into her daily wellness routine as “a natural way to manage life’s difficulties.”

In 2020, she launched Martha Stewart CBD in partnership with Canopy Growth. Stewart’s offerings include hemp-derived, cannabidiol-rich gummies—inspired by her favorite recipes and ingredients—a line of flavored CBD oils and soft gels, as well as chewy treats for pets. And she’s also cooking up the CBD-based skincare line 86 Elm.

“I’m not a user of cannabis, but then I got very interested in not only cannabis but also in hemp and the derivatives ... I’ll leave the THC offerings to Snoop,” she said in an interview with CNBC. **1**

CELEBRITY ROLL CALL



WILLIE’S RESERVE
Willie Nelson

MARLEY NATURAL
Bob Marley

CHEECH’S PRIVATE STASH
Cheech Marin

TOMMY CHONG’S CANNABIS
Tommy Chong

HOUSEPLANT
Seth Rogen

MONOGRAM
Jay-Z

BELUSHI’S FARM
Jim Belushi

MENDI
Rachael & Megan Rapinoe

**KHALIFA KUSH
ENTERPRISES OIL**
Wiz Khalifa

MIRAYO BY SANTANA
Carlos Santana

DR. GREENTHUMB’S
B-Real

ETHERIDGE BOTANICALS
Melissa Etheridge

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS



penthousevariations.com



ARTHOUSE

ANIME FOR ADULTS

THE COLORFUL AND CARTOONISH EROTIC ART OF
CHEUNCHIN BUNNAG

01





HEUNCHIN Bunnag is a digital pinup illustrator from Bangkok drawing smoking hot pinup and manga girls that

you wish were real.

The Thai artist has been drawn to erotic art since being captivated by a poster of a nude woman on the wall of a barber shop he used to visit as a child. He says he started drawing as a teenager, but his father destroyed his artworks when he found them. This led to Cheunchin following a path other than art, initially choosing to study architecture before dropping out and instead graduating with a bachelor's degree in computer games. He continued to be drawn back to art, dabbling in art direction and 3D art, but he says, "It didn't work out."

Twenty years later, at the age of 35, Cheunchin still wanted to pursue art and made the decision to give drawing one last go before abandoning it for good to open a family restaurant.

He hasn't put down a pen since.

How did you become an artist?

I have loved drawing cartoons since I was a child. My father didn't like it, to the point that he would destroy my art. So, I started studying architecture at university before I dropped out and graduated with a bachelor's degree in computer games instead. I didn't study fine art, but art was always around me. In the 2000s, I did some card game illustrations for a local title here, back before I worked as a 3D artist. Then I became an art director in movies and TV series for years, but it didn't work out. So at 35, I decided that before I abandon my love for art stuff and open a family restaurant, I'll do one final thing: draw stuff for a living. And here I am. It took me 20 years before I could finally start my dream job.

What drew you to creating erotic images in the first instance?

It's a bit of a weird story. There was a barber next to my house when I was a child, and there was an old

tradition for barbers in Thailand to have a poster on the wall featuring a beautiful naked woman right in front of the customer next to the mirror, so you can enjoy yourself while getting a haircut. I was about six years old when I first saw the poster, and I think that's where my attraction to nude art all began.

What's the difference between anime and manga?

From my point of view, anime is simply animated and viewed on TV, whereas manga is typically in graphic novels and includes more movement and speed lines. It's basically the equivalent of Western people differentiating between cartoon and comic.

Would you describe your work as anime or manga?

I'm not sure how to describe it. I get inspiration from both Western comics and Japanese manga. If I had to choose, I would describe my art as manga, since I don't watch much anime.

Where does your inspiration come from?

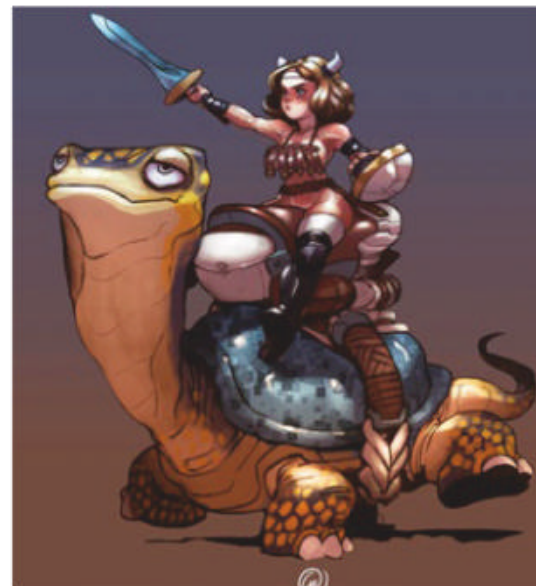
I just love drawing pinups and beautiful things like nature. I love how the muscles in the body work and interact with their surroundings. I enjoy expressing that through my art. I draw from both Western comics and Japanese manga. My characters are a summary of the best things I find in everyone and everything around me.

Who are your favorite artists?

The artist who changed my life and the one I admire the most is Joel Jurion. I'm also inspired by the work of Gil Elvgren, Alberto Vargas, Frank Frazetta, Kazushi Hagiwara, Yoshitaka Amano, Shouta Kikuchi, Frank Cho, Boli and Otto Schmidt.

Why is digital art your chosen medium?

I use digital painting because it's the most flexible to work with and the easiest to reach out to people around the globe.



“

MY FATHER DIDN'T LIKE MY ART, TO THE POINT THAT HE WOULD DESTROY IT.

”

What's the process for creating your pieces?

Nothing complicated. I start by imagining how I want to see the character, how she smiles, and what she might look like.

What type of environment do you enjoy drawing in?

A dim, dark, silent room.

You also sell your artwork as NFTs. What first got you into the NFT space?

I saw my friends do it, so I decided to try it for fun. ❶

TWITTER: @cheunart





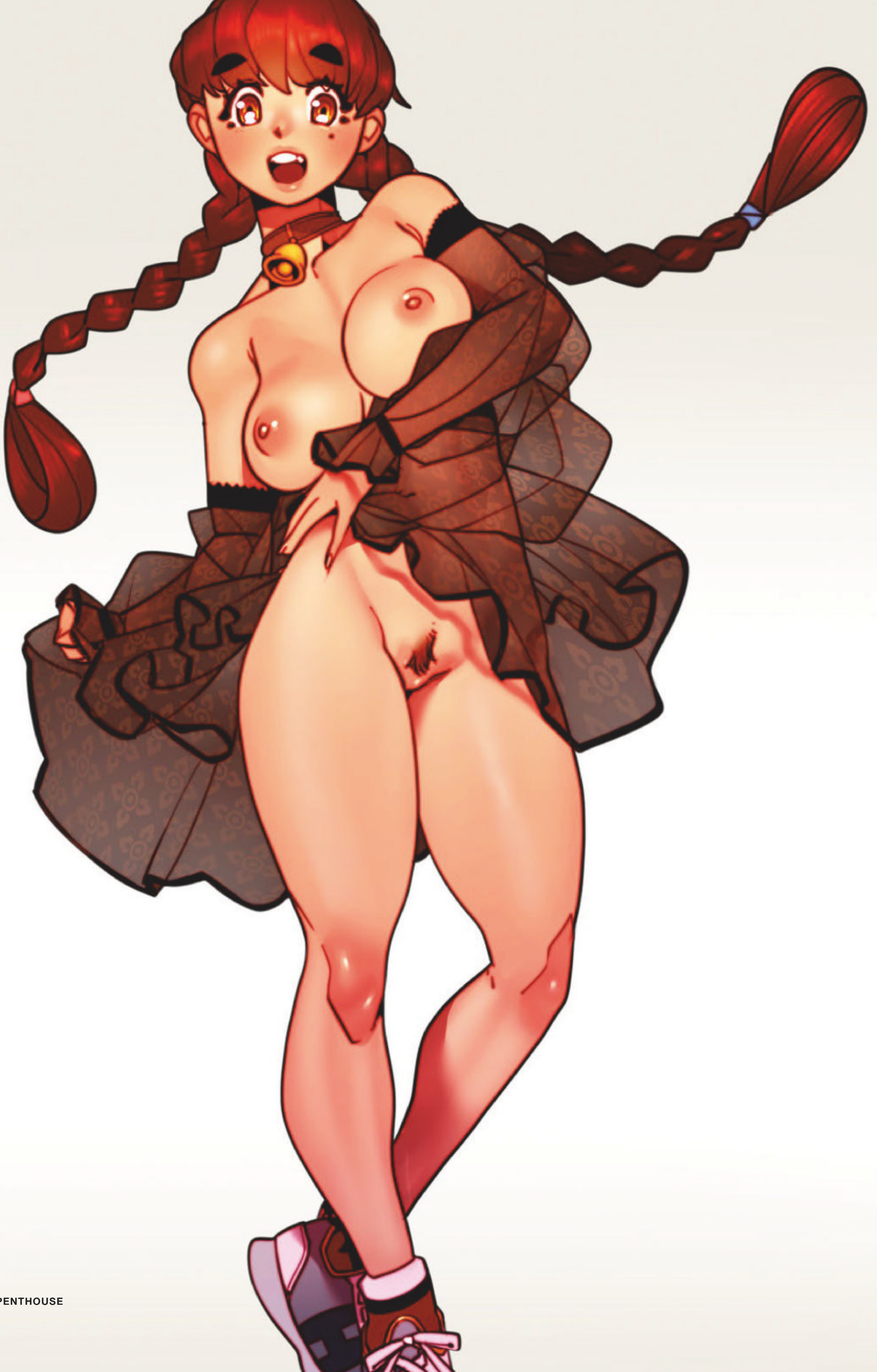












A Distinctive Way to Show Your
Military Pride

Versatile Hoodie Crafted
in Easy-care, Comfort Knit

★
Bold Branch Designs
on Front and Back

★
Available in 5 Men's Sizes
from Medium-XXXL



MARINE
CORPS

Available in
4 Military
Service Branches



ARMY



NAVY®



AIR FORCE™

A TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO SERVE

No matter your service allegiance, now you can show your support in big, bold style, with our *“Military Pride” Men’s Hoodie* — an exclusive design available in four military branches. Crafted in tan easy-care cotton blend knit, it features a large official branch emblem on the back and bold branch name on the front. The letters on the front are individual appliques designed with a unique gradient technique. Detailing continues throughout this apparel exclusive, like a flag patch on the left sleeve, complementary cream sherpa lining in the hood, kangaroo pockets, knit cuffs and hem, a full front zipper, and even chrome-look metal

tippets on the hood drawstrings. And it’s available in 5 sizes, medium to XXXL. Imported.

A REMARKABLE VALUE... AVAILABLE FOR A LIMITED TIME
The *“Military Pride” Men’s Hoodie* can be yours now for \$99.95* (sizes XXL-XXXL, add \$10), payable in 3 convenient installments of just \$33.32 each, and backed by our 30-day, money-back guarantee. To reserve yours, send no money now; just return your Priority Reservation. But don’t delay! This custom hoodie is only available from The Bradford Exchange, and this is a limited-time offer. So order today!

™Officially Licensed Product of the Department of the Air Force (www.airforce.com). Endorsement by the Department of the Air Force is neither intended nor implied. ©Officially Licensed by the Department of the Navy. Officially Licensed Product of the United States Marine Corps. ©Official Licensed Product of the U.S. Army. By federal law, licensing fees paid to the U.S. Army for use of its trademarks provide support to the U.S. Army Morale, Welfare, and Recreation programs. U.S. Army name, trademarks and logos are protected under federal law and used under license by The Bradford Exchange.

Order today at bradfordexchange.com/militarytan

Connect with Us!     

©2022 The Bradford Exchange 01-29616-001-BIBMPOR1
©2019 The Bradford Exchange 01-29616-001-BIBMPO

Where Passion Becomes Art.



PRIORITY RESERVATION

SEND NO MONEY NOW

The Bradford Exchange

9345 Milwaukee Avenue, Niles, Illinois 60714-1393 U.S.A.

YES. Please reserve the *“Military Pride” Men’s Hoodie* for me, in the service branch selected below, and in the size indicated. **Please Respond Promptly**

- ☐ Marine Corps 01-29616-001 Size _____
☐ Army 01-30464-001 Size _____
☐ Navy. 01-30465-001 Size _____
☐ Air Force. 01-30466-001 Size _____

M (38-40)
L (42-44)
XL (46-48)
XXL (50-52)
XXXL (54-56)

Signature _____

Mrs. Mr. Ms. _____

Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

E-mail _____

*Plus a total of \$14.99 shipping and service (See bradfordexchange.com). Please allow 2-4 weeks after initial payment for shipment. All sales are subject to product availability and order acceptance.

E49301

HIGHLIFE

SPRING IS IN SESSION

LOOK GOOD, SMELL GOOD, FEEL GOOD.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO HAVE YOU

FEELING AS FRESH AS A DAISY.





232

05:32

153

ifit >

3-STEP SESSION

THE VAULT, THE HYDROW AND THE WAVE ROLLER



1/ NordicTrack VAULT

The VAULT is a premium personal home gym—an all-in-one unit with a full-length mirror, immersive HD touchscreen, and storage for a suite of dumbbells, kettlebells and other fitness accessories. Featuring a full-length, 60 x 24-inch mirror and 32-inch HD touchscreen display for immediate visual feedback, it allows you to match the form of the iFit trainer for a better workout. nordictrackfitness.com

2/ The Hydrow

Skip the gym membership and get a full body workout with the award-winning Hydrow. Featuring a 22-inch touchscreen, impressive front-facing speakers and realistic visuals, the Hydrow has been designed to be an immersive experience, with each stroke making you feel like you're out on the water. The Hydrow's 10-roller system seat has been ergonomically designed, guaranteeing you comfort for your workout's duration. hydrow.com

3/ Wave Roller

Designed to assist in pain reduction, tension release and improve flexibility, the Theragun Wave Roller, with its five-speed vibration and Bluetooth connection, takes muscle rolling to the next level. therabody.com

BEND IT LIKE BECKHAM

DAVID BECKHAM REFINED WOODS

DAVID Beckham could have been forgiven for sitting back and taking life easy after the end of his hugely successful soccer career. He made more money than any other player during his days on the pitch, thanks to his pure grit and determination. He was never the best soccer player, after all!

These days a whole new generation knows Beckham—and his fashion designer wife, former Spice Girl Victoria—as more of a style icon. No

matter what he puts his name on, it tends to take off—his David Beckham Fragrances being a prime example.

The latest scent to come from his cologne brand is Refined Woods, which is being touted as one of his most personal fragrances yet. Made for men, its spicy-woody aroma has notes of citrus and clary sage for just the right amount of freshness and depth.

The eau de parfum is said to be inspired by Beckham's desire to

explore different landscapes and cultures. The nostalgic scent borrows familiar notes like cedarwood and vetiver, while throwing in touches of lavender and geranium for real originality. Yes, it's masculine, but there is a modernity to it—much like Beckham himself.

If you're the type who likes to make a scent your own—no matter where you are or what time of year it is—then Refined Woods could be just what you're looking for. ❶





HOT DAMN! HOLOGRAMS

INTERACTIVE 3D HOLOGRAMS ARE NO LONGER THE STUFF OF FICTION—THANKS TO THE INNOVATIVE TECH WIZARDS AT PORTL, THE FUTURE IS NOW. BY JENNIFER PETERS

CHANCES are if you've thought about holograms in the past 40 years, you've thought of *Star Wars*' Princess Leia being projected by R2-D2, asking Obi-Wan Kenobi for help. More recently, a hologram of late rapper Tupac Shakur played Coachella in 2012, introducing a new generation to the sci-fi technology. But in the decade since, holograms have gone from real life to science fiction once more. However, L.A.-based company PORTL is trying to change that.

Founded in 2019, PORTL has created what founder David Nussbaum calls "holoportation" devices, allowing more than intergalactic royalty and legendary rappers to access the *Jetsons*-style technology.

At this year's Consumer Electronics Show (CES), Nussbaum's devices—the Epic, which is PORTL's original full-size device, and the Model M, or Mini—received three CES Innovation Award honors, with each device being cited in the Video Displays category, and the M adding a second honor for Streaming.

The holograms we've all come to know so well, including that 2012 Tupac, were done with Pepper's Ghost, an illusion technique which essentially shoots an image at a tilted piece of glass, and that glass then reflects the image back to create a free-standing 3D image. But it requires darkness to look crisp and clean. Not so with PORTL. Nussbaum's creation lives in the light, with the devices using light to create realistic shadows and depth.

"I can't tell people to turn the lights off every time [they turn on their PORTL]," he says. "I mean, it doesn't make any sense."

Another shortcoming of previous holograms? Interactivity. Sure, you could watch a hologram perform at

Coachella, but you couldn't have a conversation with it. PORTL's devices both include built-in external mics and cameras, so whoever is holoporting in can see and hear the people around them and respond instantaneously.

Instead of the hologram being a piece of art, PORTL's holograms are as close to real people as you can currently get.

That real-life feel is what has made PORTL the hologram of choice for the University of Central Florida's medical school, where the device is used to beam in patients for students to examine and diagnose, allowing them to interact with a broader range of people and ailments than they might otherwise experience so early in their careers.

"For me, it's about connecting people," Nussbaum says. "That's why we started adding audience-facing electronics like microphones and speakers and cameras, so that the person being beamed sees the audience in real time and can feed off of the energy of the [audience] and interact with them."

Currently, that interaction is only available for big spenders who can afford the Epic—an eight-foot-tall PORTL largely used by Fortune 500 companies, medical schools and other organizations looking to serve a big

audience. But by the time you're reading this article, the Model M, or Mini PORTL, will have likely launched, allowing anyone who wants a PORTL to get a version fit for the home. And the ability to bring PORTL to the masses is something that Nussbaum is excited about—and not because of revenue.

"I think this is a travel replacement," he says. "Some of our customers are Fortune 500, Fortune 100 companies, [and they are] saving billions of dollars in travel. But even more importantly, they're saving the Earth because they've seen their carbon footprint shrink to almost nothing because they're just not traveling."

While travel was largely cut back because of the COVID-19 pandemic, Nussbaum believes that once the pandemic ends, more and more people will forgo unnecessary business travel and simply holoport in when they're needed, saving time, effort, money and, yes, the planet.

Not looking to give up your frequent flier miles just yet? You still may want a PORTL M, which has a starting price point of \$2,000.

"What if we could put a face to Alexa?" Nussbaum proposes, name-dropping Amazon's AI device. "What if we could make hologram Zoom, but also make hologram MasterClass?"

"[We could] make hologram gaming, make hologram life. We can take all of our favorite things and add volumetric effects and depth and dimension and just make it all much more real."

The home-sized devices, Nussbaum says, can be used as displays for NFTs



“WHEN TWO PEOPLE ARE COMMUNICATING THROUGH A PORTL, IT’S LIKE THOSE TWO PEOPLE ARE IN A ROOM ALONE TOGETHER. IF YOU CAN’T BE THERE, BEAM THERE.”

(non-fungible tokens, or digital art cryptocurrency) or other art, as a Zoom alternative for more engaging meetings, or as a way to attend concerts from the comfort of your couch. Or, yes, you could use it to have an almost in-person meeting with one of your favorite adult performers.

“You could beam in any person, whether it’s the president of the United States or an adult performer, and I find that very exciting,” Nussbaum says. “Anybody can use the PORTL however they like. And if someone wants to use it [adult performers], I support them.”

With end-to-end encryption, PORTL is also incredibly secure, so whether an individual is using it for personal pleasure, or a government is using it to conduct top-secret meetings, only those they choose to beam to will ever know what they’re doing.

“When two people are communicating through a PORTL, it’s like those two people are in a room alone together,” Nussbaum explains.

“If you can’t be there, beam there,” Nussbaum says. Anyone with a camera and the PORTL app can beam into a PORTL device if they’re invited, and because of the all-in-one design, anyone who buys a PORTL can set it up right out of the box with little effort.

So whether you want to display

your NFTs, safely visit with grandma during a pandemic, hold meetings, attend concerts, or even get up close and personal with your favorite adult star, PORTL can help you do it. Just remember before you beam that PORTL sees all.

“Sorry, world,” Nussbaum says, “but you have to wear pants again.” **1**



PENTHOUSE
GOLD



penthousegold.com

STOLEN VALOR

BOGUS HEROES CRAVE THE GLORY THAT COMES WITH MILITARY SERVICE—BUT THEIR LIES DIMINISH THE VERY REAL IMPACT OF WAR ON TRUE FIGHTERS.
BY JASPER CRAVEN

TO HIS FRIENDS, co-workers and loved ones, Richard Meleski was a war hero. To hear him tell it, his bravery, strength and selflessness were routinely tested over his six years as a member of the Navy's vaunted SEAL Team Six. Perhaps his most harrowing mission came in 1984, when Meleski experienced 18 tortuous hours in Beirut, Lebanon.

The Middle Eastern country was then in the midst of a bloody civil war. Complicating this conflict were proxy fighters from numerous countries, including Hezbollah forces backed by Iran. In September 1984, a suicide car bomber associated with Hezbollah attacked the U.S. Embassy in Beirut, the second such attack in as many years. Twenty-four people were killed.

U.S. forces were deployed to the region with orders to protect American assets and put a lid on the violence. Shortly after Meleski and a string of fellow SEALs touched down, they were captured, tortured and, in the case of one soldier, killed by an unidentified faction of belligerents. As part of his abuse, Meleski's hand was smashed with a hammer.

In one brief moment during his captivity, Meleski saw an opportunity for him and three other SEALs to escape out a window and took it. This maneuver brought freedom, and later, a Silver Star. But Meleski fell hard from the window, incurring a traumatic brain injury so intense he couldn't speak for months.

When he retired from the military in 1986, Meleski had many scrapes and bruises that required attention, including hearing loss, back injuries and PTSD.

In 2010, Meleski sought help from the Department of Veterans Affairs (VA). Due to his status as a former Prisoner of War, he was put in the VA's Priority Group 3, which entitled him to swifter attention than other former troops. Decades on from his service, he continued to tell his war stories to anyone who'd listen. On his Facebook page, he also inveighed against the unpatriotic: "If you haven't risked coming home under the flag, don't you dare disrespect it."

Yet Meleski had himself never undertaken these risks or served in the military at all. For much of the time he claimed to have been a globe-trotting Cold Warrior, he'd actually been serving a prison sentence in New Jersey.

The VA and federal prosecutors sniffed out Meleski's fraud, but it took nearly a decade. Over that period, he received VA health care and benefits checks worth in excess of \$300,000.

During his trial, which concluded in 2021, U.S. District Judge Timothy J. Savage railed against



CREDIT: GUVENDEMIR / SRDJANNIS74



Meleski, 60, as a “man who lived years in a fantasy.” Clearly, he had a warped need for public acclaim. Meleski’s incarceration in Jersey, after all, stemmed from a similarly mind-bending scheme of faux heroism, one where he quietly set homes ablaze, then helped extinguish them as a member of his town’s volunteer fire department.

“I guess I wanted to be someone who I wasn’t,” he acknowledged in court.

After pleading guilty to numerous charges, including faking a military career, Meleski was sentenced to more than three years in prison.

While wild, Meleski’s tale is far from an aberration. For as long as America has waged war, some citizens have been falsely identifying as fighters. But in 2005, Congress increased the consequences of these lies by ratifying the Stolen Valor Act, which makes it “illegal to fraudulently wear medals, embellish rank, or make false claims of service in order to obtain money or some other tangible benefit.”

Yet despite serious criminal and reputational deterrents, stolen valor persists.

These schemes have repeatedly emerged in the political arena, where military service not only confers trust, but protection from attack. And even among those who have actually served, there have been unnecessary embellishments.

One of history’s most egregious cases involved Utah Republican Douglas Stringfellow, who won a 1952 congressional seat by concocting a story strikingly similar to Meleski’s. Specifically, the Army veteran billed himself as a World War II spy, who parachuted into Germany, was captured, tortured and became a paraplegic—none of which was true.

More recently, Sen. Richard Blumenthal, a Connecticut Democrat who said he’d “served in Vietnam,” actually secured numerous deferments and served stateside in the Marine Corps Reserve during the war, and Tom Cotton, a Republican senator from Arkansas, claimed to be an Army Ranger, when he merely attended the Army’s two-month Ranger School. This behavior has also trickled down into local politics, including a bizarre 2020 Texas sheriff’s race where both candidates concocted fake military stories.

These sorts of stories appear mostly motivated out of a selfish thirst for power. Others include elements of greed, but also seem symptomatic of a deep American discontent with day-to-day life.

Some have stolen valor to buy BMWs



MELESKI AND STRINGFELLOW HAD STRIKINGLY SIMILAR STORIES

“THEY JUST WANT THE RECOGNITION. THEY DON’T WANT THE PAIN. THEY DON’T WANT THE NIGHTMARES. THEY JUST WANT TO BE SOMEBODY’S HERO, AND IT DOESN’T WORK THAT WAY.”

or fancy homes. Other run more modest schemes in hopes of securing basic stability. While Meleski clearly enjoyed the respect afforded through his phony veteran status, his assumed valor also gave the forklift driver free health care and a supplemental income.

In a similar case, Kristopher Voyles was indicted last year for falsely claiming to have served. In 2018, Voyles, now 31, ripped off the identity of a real veteran to secure care at a Georgia VA hospital. He later pulled off the same stunt in Tennessee, where he was provided with more than \$20,000 worth of psychiatric care.

In June, Voyles was sentenced to more than two years in federal prison.

While egregious, his case stemmed mostly out of medical necessity.

A less tangible disorder shows up in the cases of those with a warped need to feel heroic. For decades, and particularly in the post-9/11 era, men are overloaded with militaristic and hypermasculine imagery. These messages make many feel subpar and spur them to buy everything from big guns to tactical diaper bags.

This mindset seemed to have infected Shane Ladner, a cop and former veteran, who

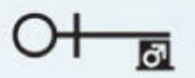
in 2018 lied about being injured in a top-secret military mission in Central America to secure a Purple Heart license plate for his Ford F-150. Even the late marksman Chris Kyle, of *American Sniper* fame, felt the need to falsely bolster his credibility. Despite a legendary military record, Kyle inflated the number of Bronze and Silver Stars he’d received.

These cases offer urgent evidence that the American dream is slipping away, while masculinity is becoming poisoned by militarism. This trend also diminishes the very real and painful impact of war on real fighters.

This was pointed out by Mary Schantag, chairwoman of the P.O.W. Network, who has unmasked hundreds of fake veterans over the years.

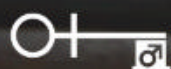
“You get these guys that want that status,” she told the military news site Task & Purpose in 2018. “But they didn’t earn it. They don’t have the nightmares these other guys wake up with because of what they went through. They just want the recognition. They don’t want the pain. They don’t want the nightmares. They just want to be somebody’s hero, and it doesn’t work that way.” **1**

PENTHOUSE.COM



MARCH PET OF THE MONTH

CINNAMON BABE



STORMI MAYA

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR



















STORMI MAYA

WITH her lush curves, expressive eyes and lovely lips, Stormi Maya is simply stunning. Our March Pet of the Month stands at just 5-foot-3, but this petite powerhouse isn't short on talent. The accomplished actress, model and vocalist also fronts the nu metal band Cinnamon Babe, which she calls "the best job in the world!"

This beautiful badass rock star brims with well-deserved confidence that shines through when the camera captures her in action. However, Stormi admits she rarely kicks back to relax because she's always busy following her dreams. But fortunately for us, she's taken the time to pose for *Penthouse*!

How would you describe your personality?

I'm quirky, different, sexy and strong.

If you had a free day to do anything you wanted, what would it be?

I'd go to an amusement park or a big arcade.

What's your favorite way to work out?

Squatting over a bearded man's face!

What's the most exciting place you've ever had sex?

On a wooden raft, floating along in the Philippines.

Describe your ideal date.

I'm attracted to chunky guys with facial hair. But when it comes to dates, I appreciate a man who can carry a conversation.

What qualities do you like most about yourself?

I've very opinionated, and I'm not afraid to stand up for what I believe in.

How many pillows do you sleep with?

Five, but the more the better!

Name something on your bucket list.

I'd love to perform with my band at Coachella!

If you could live anywhere, where would it be?

Detroit Rock City.👊

AGE: 26

MEASUREMENTS: 34DD-24-30

HOMETOWN: The Bronx, N.Y.

INSTAGRAM: @stormimaya

TWITTER: @stormimfmaya

WEBSITE: www.stormihub.com



SEE MORE OF STORMI MAYA AT
PENTHOUSEGOLD.COM



*Stormi
Maya
XOXO*



POSE FOR

PENTHOUSE

MODELS@PENTHOUSE.COM



APRIL PET OF THE MONTH

ZEN MASTER



LAURENANN

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR







Lauren Ann
XOXO





LAURENANN

SEXY and spontaneous, blonde bombshell LaurenAnn is a ray of sunshine, who also knows how to turn up the heat! April's stunning and statuesque Penthouse Pet is a longtime model, who says she wouldn't trade her job for any other in the world. The former competitive cheerleader, gymnast and dancer definitely has a picture-perfect body that makes our hearts beat a little faster.

LaurenAnn tells *Penthouse* she never needs to prepare to strip down for a modeling session because "being in front of the camera is my home. It's where I'm most confident and fully authentically me."

It's truly LaurenAnn's world, and we're just living in it.

What's your favorite way to relax?

Smoking a joint and taking a bath. Is there any other way?

What was your most exciting sexual encounter?

OMG! Picture this shiz: under the stars on a beautiful beach in Kona, Hawaii, while tripping shrooms. It doesn't get better than that!

What are your biggest turn-ons?

Neck kisses, foreplay, toe-sucking, massages and a little choking every now and again. But there's a fine line. Never cross the line.

What gets you in trouble?

My empathy and sensitivity. I have a big heart and feel people very deeply. It took me a long time to learn how to separate other people's feelings and emotions from my own.

What's your ideal vacation spot?

Anywhere with a body of water and a great view of the stars.

Where do you see yourself in five years?

Traveling and living life to the fullest, and hopefully, changing the world one person and place at a time.

What's the best thing to do on a first date?

First dates can be horrifying, so it has to be something active. Take me on an adventure! 🍷

AGE: 28

HEIGHT: 5'7" **MEASUREMENTS:** 34B-24-35

HOMETOWN: Kernersville, N.C.

INSTAGRAM & TWITTER: @Laurenannsworld

WEBSITE: www.Laurenannsmith.com











PENTHOUSE LETTERS



penthouseletters.com

A woman with long dark hair is lying on her side on a white mesh hammock. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The hammock is strung between wooden posts. In the background, there is a brick wall with several rectangular openings that let in bright light, creating a pattern of light and shadow. The overall tone is warm and intimate.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

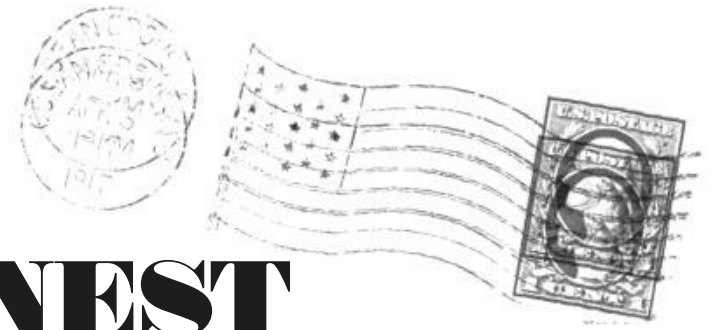
SHOWCASING THE BEST (AND WORST) OF READER FANTASIES



SEND MAIL TO:
PENTHOUSE
28328 WITHERSPOON PARKWAY, VALENCIA, CA 91355

E-MAIL US:
LETTERS@PENTHOUSE.COM





FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

HIRED HUNK

THEY say the older you get, the more you see patterns in life. I was just past my mid-20s, hardly a wise old man. But I was also definitely no longer a kid. I'd lived some. But things had started to repeat. I recognized types of people. One personality was sometimes very much like another, so that a new acquaintance would remind me vividly of someone I'd already met. It gave me a kind of blueprint as to what kind of behavior I might expect.

This wasn't always a bad thing, though it did give me clues as to the sorts of people I should avoid. On happy occasions, like when I met Lori, it was like a beacon in the darkness, lighting the way toward something wonderful.

Lori put me in mind of a woman I had known several years ago. Her name had been Sienna, and I'd pretty much fallen for her right away. She was a gorgeous thing, and when she responded to my half-hearted come-ons, I was pleasantly surprised.

It wasn't that I was a loser, but Sienna seemed out of my league—too beautiful, too hot. She had to have her choice of guys, so why pay attention to me?

As it turned out, Sienna was a complicated woman. She had her own agenda, and if I wanted a piece of her—and I sure as fuck did—then I would have to play her game.

I asked her out, and we went to a Thai place for dinner. She was super flirty and actually played footsie with me under the table. I was starting to seriously think we were going to end up in bed.

Just before the check came, she leaned toward me with a sultry smile and said, "I want this to happen between you and me."

It was like something in a dream. I'd opened my mouth to say something witty, but before I could speak she went on, "But

there's a condition."

I tossed money onto the plastic check tray and countered, "Condition?"

"If you're not up for it," she said, "then I'm afraid you and I can't happen."

I'd been ready to dash out of the restaurant with her. Now I sat frozen.

"What is the condition?" I asked, a little stiffly.

She was still smiling as she said, "My husband wants to watch us."

I think I was as shocked that she'd never mentioned him as I was that she was married at her age. Didn't people get married when they were in their 30s, or even 40s, if they did at all?

Those nonsense thoughts rambled in my head as I avoided considering what she'd actually said. But she forced me to address the matter.

"Well, what do you think?"

It was one of those crux moments in life. I was facing an entirely new experience. I could shy away from it, or I could embrace it. I gazed at the woman sitting opposite me and felt such a strong surge of desire. A man watching us fuck? Her husband, no less? I wondered if I could perform under those circumstances.

But that's when I realized my cock was already halfway hard, and that decided the matter.

Sienna and Richard, her husband, lived in a house—like a couple of married grownups. Again I was feeling outclassed, but my lust kept propelling me forward.

Introductions were made in the expansive living room. Richard was cordial, if not exactly friendly. I wondered what, exactly, this situation was. Had this been his idea or hers? Was Richard one of those guys who liked being humiliated by his wife?

I was nervous and mentally rambling again, but then it was time to go to the bedroom, which was just as fancy as the rest of the house. Richard brought

a cocktail with him. He sipped at it, standing, as Sienna towed me toward the bed.

Without any preliminaries I found myself in her arms, her mouth gluing itself to mine. It took a few seconds for me to kiss her back. Her lips were soft. Then they parted, and I felt her tongue moving nimbly against mine.

I realized I was tonguing another man's wife right in front of him. But I knew I'd better get used to that if we were going to go any further.

I pushed Richard out of my head. Sienna pressed her body against mine, and I jammed my swelling crotch against hers.

Richard wanted to watch? *Fine.*

Watch this!

We peeled off our clothes. Her tits were heaving with her excited breaths. We scrambled onto the bed, our naked bodies intertwining. Our hands went exploring. Every inch of her skin was smooth, her tits full, nipples engorged, her pussy slick. She played with my balls, while she humped my thigh.

Finally, I was on my back, dazed with desire. She climbed onto me, putting my cockhead against her wet cleft, then she lowered herself onto my erect shaft. The grip of her cunt was lovely, and pleasure raced through me.

She rode me with an obvious rising joy. As I thrust up into her, she slammed down on me. When she let loose a cry, I felt a jolt of triumph.

I flipped her onto her back, got on top of her and fucked her hard and wild. I was speeding toward my own climax, getting ready to erupt.

Suddenly, I felt Richard's eyes on me. I'd actually halfway forgotten about him. Now, I glanced back at him. He sipped his drink and quietly stared at us in an unnerving manner. If I hadn't already been past the point of no return, I might've called the whole thing off.



But I was seconds away from shooting and pulling out would only mean jizzing all over his wife's belly. So I gave her my last frenzied strokes and jetted like crazy inside her.

I never went back there, but the experience stayed with me. It had almost been perfect. In retrospect, having someone watch seemed very exciting. But it had to be the right person, someone who genuinely wanted me to fuck his wife.

Well, does something like that happen twice in a lifetime? Maybe. But you have to look for the patterns.

So, there was Lori, another absolutely beautiful woman taking explicit interest in me. Maybe it was something in her manner, some subtle vibe she gave off. Maybe I just recognized some quirk I'd seen in Sienna long ago.

I had met Lori a week earlier and had asked her out, and before long, we were enjoying a light meal at a restaurant. All the while I had this weird prescience about where the topic of conversation was going to ultimately end up.

She'd been giving me sultry looks all through dinner, and I'd been flirting right back. But this time, I wanted to stay a step ahead of the situation.

"So," I said, "you're married, right?"

She was taken aback and replied, "How'd you know?" She waved her left hand. "Harry and I don't wear rings."

That answered my question.

"Tell me about Harry," I said smoothly.

Again, my directness flustered her a little, but Lori started talking about her husband, who sounded like a genuinely nice guy.

"I can't believe I told you all that," Lori finally said. "I had a different conversation in mind."

"Maybe a proposition?"

"Do you read minds?" she asked with a laugh.

I laughed, too. But I still wanted her to make the offer, if that was really where this was headed. I could be wrong about everything, after all.

But I wasn't. Lori said she wanted to have sex with me—but only if Harry could watch us. Bingo!

"I'd like to meet him first," I told her.

She picked up her phone and arranged it. Harry turned out to be a good-looking man with an easy-going manner. He shook my hand warmly and seemed quite pleased with how up-front I was. I told him I wouldn't touch his wife if it wasn't 100 percent OK with him. He not only had to be able to tolerate our encounter; he had to truly want it.

He nodded thoughtfully and said, "It would be the thrill of a lifetime for me. And for Lori. We've tried this before, but never with the right guy."

"Well, I think I'm your man."

They weren't as well-to-do as Sienna and Richard had been, but their apartment was nicely kept. Lori kissed me on the cheek. I turned and looked into her eyes. Her loveliness and allure washed over

"As her husband jerked himself, Lori sucked my cock. Her head bobbed up and down."

me. I let myself give in to the natural excitement she aroused in me.

I put my lips to hers. She kissed me back, then with a mounting passion. Our lips parted, and our tongues met. We were still in the front room. Harry watched from the opposite sofa. When Lori tugged me to my feet and led me to the bedroom, her hubby followed at a polite distance.

In the bedroom, I was keenly aware of Harry's presence, but I wasn't wary—just a little cautious. This thing could still go south, I knew. But I was totally turned on by Lori, who'd put her arms around me and pressed her body to mine. My hard cock bulged in my pants, and she rubbed against it.

Lori unbuttoned my shirt, and I peeled off her top. Her breasts were gorgeous, straining against her black bra. She removed the bra, and I cupped those succulent tits, her nipples stiffening

against my palms, as hard as pebbles.

She shed her skirt and panties, and I shrugged off my shirt and kicked off my pants. She caught hold of my stiffening cock and used it to tug me up onto the bed.

Pleasure was zinging through me, and yet a corner of my consciousness remained alert to Harry. Still dressed, he leaned against the wall and eyed us with his mouth hanging open.

Lori ground against me. She lifted a leg and jammed her pussy against my muscled thigh. I felt her sexy slipperiness and smelled her excitement. My cock oozed pre-come, and she scooped it up and put her finger in her mouth. I heard Harry let out an appreciative groan.

We were groping each other wildly. Her hands roamed over my chest and then she reached around to knead my ass. I played with her tits some more, then slid a hand between her silky-smooth thighs to trace the wetness of her furrow. She shivered, burying her face in my neck.

I grazed her pussy again and again until I finally slipped two fingers into her. I probed deeper, and her lush interior heat was tantalizing. Pulling back out, I easily zeroed in on her swollen clit. I teased her bud, feeling her squirm. She hummed against my throat as her hips bucked.

I decided I had to have a taste of her. I eased her onto her back and scurried halfway down the bed. It occurred to me that I felt no self-consciousness about being naked in front of Harry. If anything, it added to the general excitement. That exposure, that true baring-it-all. I wasn't turned on by him being a guy, but it was definitely fun knowing he was watching me as I shouldered apart his wife's legs and set my mouth to her dripping pussy.

Her flavor was sweet and tangy, like I imagined nectar was supposed to taste in fairy tales. I licked her cleft, then parted her lips with my tongue. I shivered as I felt that silkiness on my tongue tip.

Again, I went at her clit, licking it and batting it. Lori's hips went wild once more, bouncing her ass right off the bed. I kept my mouth faithfully on her,

tonguing her frantically until she let out an orgasmic howl.

Her juice glossed my lips and wet my chin. I sat up, gasping happily. The room seemed to spin a little until I caught my breath.

Still leaning against his patch of wall, Harry was rubbing the flagrant outline of his hard cock through his pants. I was glad he was joining the festivities.

Lori had a hungry look on her face. She wasted no time shoving me onto my back and getting down between my legs. She started off sucking my balls, giving a delicate but urgent suction to each. My cream simmered, and my cock twitched like a divining rod going crazy.

When I began thrashing about, clawing at the bedcovers on either side of me, she finally showed mercy and dropped her mouth onto my throbbing cockhead.

Lovely heat and wetness enveloped me. Her tongue swirled around my knob, giving me the best kind of shivers. The tight circle of her lips slid down my shaft effortlessly, and I moaned softly.

Beyond the swells of her heart-shaped ass, I saw Harry unzipping and pulling out his cock. I grinned. I knew he wouldn't hop on the bed with us. That wasn't his thing. He literally just wanted to watch. But I was glad he was really going for it.

As her husband jerked himself, Lori sucked my cock. Her head bobbed up and down, the motions smooth. Her tongue continued to dance along my shaft, and she increased her suction power until her mouth felt like a fist around me.

She played with my spit-wet balls while she sucked, and that almost sent me over the top. I had the distinct feeling she wouldn't have minded me blowing my load in her mouth, but I really wanted to fuck her.

Moreover, Harry had to want that, as well. He truly was a part of this thing, and that only made it more exciting for me. I was on display. I was performing! And this time, the watcher wasn't glowering at me.

Lori pulled her mouth off me, as if sensing I was nearing the brink. Her wet lips spread in a grin as she

clambered up onto me before I could make a move off my back. She wanted to ride me? Fine. Great. I answered her grin with one of my own as she lowered herself onto my dick.

My pole parted her pussy lips, then she was sliding down my staff. Again, the enclosing heat was fantastic. That carnal connectivity—cock to cunt—was like a live wire hooking us up. I felt her quivering excitement as if it were being transmitted straight into the center of my brain.

She planted her feet flat on the bed, braced her palms on my chest and started bouncing up and down on me. She moved with the same easy rhythm as when she'd been sucking me. As her gorgeous body flexed, I reached up to grope her firm tits, tweaking each

“I shot spurt after spurt as Lori quaked and Harry unloaded his own thick wad.”

swollen nipple in turn. She released soft, sighing sounds of pleasure.

Lori set the tempo, but I met her downward plunges with upward thrusts of my own. She came down harder and faster on me, and I stayed with her, feeling the energy build. It appeared to hum all through her—an undeniable sexual electricity. I wouldn't have been surprised to see it shooting from her fingertips.

She soon went into a frenzy, riding me so wildly it was a wonder she stayed on top of me. Suddenly, she went stiff, her back arching, and she released a shattered cry.

I caught her when she started to fall limply to the side. She blinked lazily as I set her onto her back. I was poised over her, my cock at the ready. A new wave of anticipation appeared to overcome her. She spread her legs and beckoned me, but I didn't need any encouragement.

I caught a flashing glimpse of Harry. He had stripped off his clothing and was pumping his hard cock in his fist with gleeful abandon. His eyes were ablaze as I mounted his wife—eager to deliver the ultimate finale and aching to shoot my pent-up load into another man's woman.

Lori sighed as I slid my rod inside her. Her claspings pussy accepted and embraced me, and I stroked in and out of her at about the same slow starting speed she'd used on me. I wanted to build her up to another climax, if I could.

She writhed underneath me, her motions gentle at first. But a low growl climbed her throat as I went deep into her, driving to her core. She grunted with my every thrust. Her hips bucked, meeting my strokes. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around my waist, and I fucked her harder and faster. My flesh was tingling with pleasure, and my balls were buzzing.

As my own arousal escalated, I plowed her vigorously. But she was grinning the whole time, her face glowing with delight. I was right at the brink of an incredible orgasm.

Somehow I spared Harry a look. His face was as awash in bliss as his wife's. A first spurt shot from his cock as his hand continued to move in a blur.

At the same instant, Lori's pussy tightened around me, and she cried out. My own exclamation burst from my lips at full volume. Ecstasy took me, and the first jet of my come turned me inside out. I shot spurt after spurt as Lori quaked beneath me and Harry unloaded his own thick wad. The moment seemed to go on forever.

It didn't, of course. Eventually Lori and I untangled ourselves, and then all three of us began talking about the encounter and how incredibly satisfying it had been for us. I knew then that we would be doing this again.

—N. Webster

If you're a sexual adventurer, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make your sizzling experience live on forever. Mail your dirty story to Penthouse, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



PENTHOUSE FORUM

A CHEATING BABE TASTES FORBIDDEN FRUIT

THE SON ALSO RISES

WHEN I dated a man more than twice my age, I thought it would be fun to befriend his son, who's only a year older than I am. Greg and I got along famously. Then one day my live-in love announced at the very last minute he would have to take an extended business trip. Knowing I'd prefer not to stay in our large home alone, he asked Greg to keep me company.

On our first night together, Greg uncorked a bottle of wine from the cellar and suggested we take a dip in the hot tub. It seemed like the perfect way to unwind after a stressful week, and I gladly accepted the invitation. So we stripped down and jumped in.

As always, the conversation flowed swimmingly, and before long, the bottle of wine was empty.

"I'll go grab another," Greg said.

He moved to lift his body out of the hot tub, revealing his bare, sculpted backside. Something stirred inside me as a deep, insistent pulse picked up between my legs.

Before I knew what I was doing, I reached out to touch him, skimming my hand over his dewy cheeks. My hand tingled as the hard curve of his muscle rippled against my fingers.

Greg looked over his shoulder, and his eyes connected with mine.

"I could also stay here," he murmured. "Enjoying the night air and good company."

He turned to face me, giving me an unimpeded view of his naked form. Greg's body was chiseled and smooth like a fine marble sculpture. Broad, imposing shoulders sloped downward, guiding my eyes toward well-defined pecs and a tapered waist.

A light smattering of hair appeared just below his belly button, urging my eyes to fall even lower. Greg was

already sporting a semi-hard dick, and it thickened before my eyes, gradually rising as if to point at me and say, "I choose you."

The truth is I wanted him, too. I reached out again, skating my fingertips along his velvety shaft. His dick grew as hard as steel under my touch. I swear I felt it twitch beneath my fingers and tap against my palm as if silently begging for more.

"My pussy pulsed around his dick, milking every last ounce of satisfaction out of him."

I fisted my fingers around his girth and slid them from base to tip, then I directed his flared cockhead to my lips. His silken skin felt warm, and a gentle, but persistent pulse pounded against my hand. It seemed almost as if a tiny flick of my tongue could send him over the edge. But deep down, I suspected he had the staying power of any other young stud his age.

My tongue darted out of my mouth and swiped over the tip of his dick. I did it again and swept up a tiny bead of pre-come. Its salty, sour flavor exploded on my tongue, sending my taste buds into a frenzy. I don't know what it is about a man's natural lubricant that drives me wild, but when I manage to coax it out, I feel like a powerful fucking goddess.

Thirsty for more, I pumped my fist feverishly over his length and swirled my tongue all around the head of his

dick. I swallowed him down entirely, but I was so overeager his dickhead tapped against the back of my throat. Still, I forged onward even as my eyes teared. I didn't fucking care. It was all part of the experience of bringing a man to his knees.

I hummed with pleasure, allowing the vibrations to move from my mouth to his dick, and Greg sucked in a sharp breath.

"Oh fuck, Sharon," he said through gritted teeth.

Greg rested his hands on the top of my head. He clutched my hair, pulling on it and making my scalp sting.

"Oh yes," he groaned. "Oh, you dirty whore."

Now Greg was really speaking my language. Dirty talk drives me wild. My mouth positively watered for him. I was on a mission to make him fall to pieces, and I wouldn't stop until I'd achieved my goal.

While my mouth was busy massaging every inch of Greg's shaft, my hand snuck between his thighs to play with his balls. His nuts were already tight, practically begging for a big release, and I wanted to be the one to give it to him.

Exploring Greg's body with my mouth and hands was a heady experience. Over and over again, I trailed my tongue along the thick ridge that bisects the underside of his rod. I hummed a little tune while I worked, firing up both of us, and I realized I was matching the rhythm of a song we listened to hours earlier.

My free hand rested on his rock-solid thigh. His muscles flexed beneath my touch—the first signs of the tension that would precede an explosive orgasm.

It was only a matter of time. An intoxicating feeling of intense

satisfaction washed over me, bathing me in its radiant glow. He was so close to coming that I could taste it.

Greg's grasp on my hair grew even tighter. He held on to my locks like a cowboy would grip his horse's reins, using his leverage to guide us toward satisfaction. But before we galloped to the finish line, his hips slowed and his hold on my hair relaxed. I kept sucking, but he stopped me and said, "That's enough. There's more I want to do with you tonight."

I eased his rigid rod from my mouth and confessed, "I'm all yours."

He took hold of my hand and pulled me up so we both stood in the hot tub. Moonlight reflected off of the rivulets of water dripping down my body, making the moisture sparkle like diamonds under its cool, blue glow.

"I want all of you," he confessed. "I want to fuck you so hard you'll still be walking funny when my father comes home."

He placed his hands on either side of my torso. His fingers nearly spanned the full width of my trim waist. It felt so good to be in his large, capable hands.

Greg spun me, stopping me when I faced away from him and could see nothing but the dark night sky and the quiet woods behind the house. His hand slid up my back and pushed me down, bending me over the edge of the tub.

He bent to whisper in my ear, "Until my dad comes back, you're all mine."

Then his unsheathed dick pressed against my pussy hole before sliding inside me in one smooth motion.

"Oh yes," I groaned.

My body offered Greg the warmest welcome. All it took was a few quick thrusts to make my walls ripple and twitch around his shaft.

"That's right," he muttered. "Take it all, you dirty slut."

Something about Greg's gravelly voice really fanned the flames of my desire. I wanted to hear him narrate every last sordid detail of our hookup.

I arched my back and rocked my

hips, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"Tell me you like it," I demanded.

"Tell me you love my cunt."

The moment the words left my mouth, my pussy clenched around Greg's dick, gripping him tighter than I'd ever held any man before.

"Oh fuck," he moaned. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Say it, Greg," I goaded him. "Tell me you love my warm, wet cunt."

"I love it," he said breathlessly. "I fucking love your warm, wet cunt."

Greg slapped my ass cheek, his hand landing on my bottom with a loud crack.

I never thought I was one for spanking, but I was surprised to find

"I surrendered completely, trusting that he would drive us both to the brink in no time."

I liked it very much. The tiny sting of pain was nothing in comparison to the intense pleasure that followed. My pussy pulsed around his dick, milking every last ounce of satisfaction out of him.

"That's right. You love it, you naughty bitch," he hissed hotly.

A loud sucking sound caught my attention. Next, I felt the spit-slickened pad of his thumb pressing against my rear entrance, and I knew I was in for a good time. Ass play has always been a favorite pastime of mine. It seemed Greg knew just how to get my motor running.

He circled the puckered hole, his thumb spreading his saliva over it. Even before he entered me, I was practically panting. Then he sank his thumb inside me, and I really lost my fucking mind.

Greg stroked the fingers on his free

hand down the center of my back, sending a shiver up my spine.

I love a man who knows how to fuck, I thought to myself.

While Greg's thumb was still firmly planted inside my asshole, his other fingers rested atop the curve of my cheeks. He tightened his hold, treating my ass like a handle that allowed him to direct my body in the most satisfying way.

It turned me on letting my almost-stepson use me that way. I was his to fuck however he pleased, and that was an impossibly dirty thought that drove me wild. I don't know what had gotten into me that night, but our sizzling encounter was one I'd never forget.

Greg continued to screw me and had me so hot I thought I might melt. There was no doubt that I was close to coming. Every movement in my pussy seemed to reverberate in my ass, which spasmed repeatedly around his invading thumb.

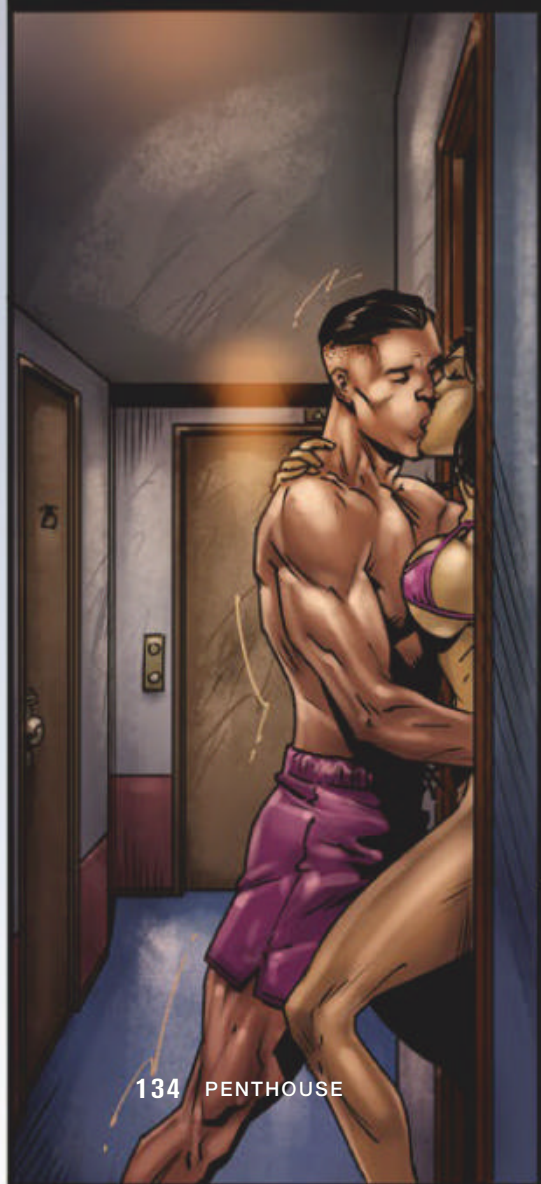
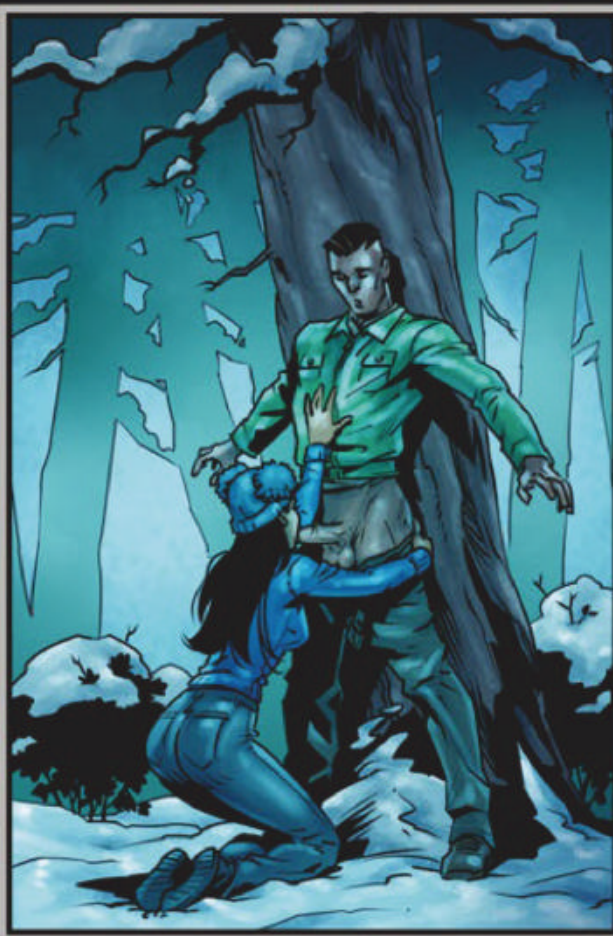
I rocked back against him, but he fucked me hard and fast, striking a tempo so quick that I couldn't keep up with him. Instead, I tilted my head back and surrendered completely, trusting that he would drive us both to the brink in no time.

Within seconds, an orgasm claimed me, dragging me down beneath a tsunami of pleasure.

Greg wasn't far behind. He broadcasted his bliss, groaning so loud his voice seemed to echo through the treetops. As his climax rocked him, he pulled out and squirted spurt after spurt of come all over my back. When he finished, he eased his thumb from my asshole, sank into the warm water and pulled me onto his lap, where we stayed until we were both ready for round two.

—S.C., Malibu, Calif.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen at anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've taken the leap, tell us about it! Mail your story to Penthouse, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS
SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

GONE OVERBOARD

Last year, I was counting down the days to my college graduation and hoping to make my final spring break as a student one for the books. Heather—my girlfriend—was also raring for a sexy adventure, so we hightailed it to Florida with the rest of our friends.

The two of us felt our trip was going to be epic. And it kinda was—until it wasn't.

Let me tell you about Heather. We'd met in a human sexuality class. She's tall and thin with long dark hair and incredible knockers that fill out a sweater just right. While our professor droned on about sexual politics, I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

Somehow I screwed up the nerve to ask her out. We had a late dinner at a small place off campus and walked the long way back to the dorms through the woods, which gleamed with newly fallen snow. Enough flakes had come down to make the grounds look like something out of a movie, but not enough to make walking treacherous.

As we strolled beneath tree branches that were heavy with clumps of snow, Heather pushed me up against a nearby trunk. I was about to ask her what she was doing when she answered my unspoken question by kneeling before me, tearing open my jeans and sucking my cock between her pillowy lips.

I groaned as Heather's tongue slithered around my rapidly stiffening shaft. She swallowed my rod to the hilt, delivering the perfect amount of suction. Her actions weren't hurried, but she efficiently got me off before anyone stumbled upon us.

Practically panting from my climax, I looked down at Heather still kneeling before me in her adorable double pom-pom hat. She swiped her tongue over her bottom lip, catching a stray drop of my cream, and smiled at me coquettishly before saying, "Let's get back to my place, so we can screw."

That was music to my ears.

Anyhow, a few weeks later we found ourselves in the Sunshine State, soaking up the rays during the day and sucking down plenty of booze at night. The resort was everything we'd hoped for and more. Think a nonstop party with an unending supply of cocktails.

On our last day—well before we started drinking—Heather told me she wanted to fuck on our suite's balcony that night. The thought made me nervous because we were only on the second floor and the small platform overlooked the crowded pool area, which meant we would definitely have an audience. The whole blowjob in the woods was exciting because there was a possibility we'd get caught, but deep down I thought it was unlikely. In this instance, we'd be putting on a show on purpose. Did I have it in me? I wasn't sure, but I would do just about anything to keep my hottie Heather happy.

Hours—and countless cups of booze—later, the party was still hopping around the pool, but we took our leave to get up to a different sort of action.

Heather was wearing her red bikini, which was so teeny it barely covered her nipples and crotch. She'd been tossing back shots at the swim-up bar, and the suit was still wet and clinging enticingly to her bangin' body. She was also as horny as hell. As she smooched me during the super-short elevator ride, she also grabbed a handful of my junk through my trunks, rendering me rock-hard in no time flat.

Lust, tequila and anticipation had my head swimming. Suddenly, I wanted nothing more than to bend her over the balcony's railing and ride her until my dick burst.

French-kissing like mad, we made it into our room and through the balcony's sliding glass door. Heather draped her upper half over the low railing, shaking her incredible ass at me. I pulled at the ties on her swimsuit bottom, and the little scrap of fabric fell to the cement.

I unleashed my boner, which pointed at her gleaming pussy like a dowsing rod, and slammed into her. Grabbing her hips, I fucked her like a crazy. The colorful lights strung around the pool below swirled in my vision. I was close to coming when I lost my grasp on her slick body—and half-naked Heather tumbled over the railing!

My dick instantly deflated as I lurched forward in a panic—and saw her land in the deep end of the pool with a giant splash. Seconds later, she bounced up from the water's depths, uninjured but mortified. Everyone was laughing as my red-faced girl scrambled to snag a stranger's towel, and I knew our friends would never let us hear the end of it.

—T.W., Chicago, Ill.

FLASHBACK

THE 15th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 1984
MISS AMERICA
VANESSA WILLIAMS



Certification: The records, if any, relating to any content in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1–75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records, Penthouse World Media, LLC, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. March/April 2022, Volume 40, Number 2. Copyright © 2021 by Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly General Media Communications, Inc.). All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published six times per year in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI), 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355. Distributed in the U.S., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 37007, Boone, IA 50037, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. All information and materials submitted to Penthouse or Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI) will not be treated as confidential or proprietary. Penthouse and Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI) expressly do not agree to any obligation of confidentiality, non-use, nondisclosure, or any other restrictions with respect to any information and/or materials submitted to Penthouse or Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI). Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—\$24.95 for six issues; Canada, \$36.95 for six issues (includes GST). Single copies: \$13.99 in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquiries to Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355. Advertising offices: Penthouse, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355. Tel. 310-280-1900. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, Penthouse Comix, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse World Publishing LLC (formerly GMCI).

PRINTED IN CANADA

Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaría de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaría de educación pública. 1279882.



PENTHOUSE TV



CONTACT YOUR LOCAL CABLE PROVIDER

PENTHOUSE®



MAR / APR 2022

THE
SMOKIN' HOT
ISSUE

with
LAURENANN
+
STORMI MAYA

HIGH ROLLERS
THE GROWING
CELEBRITY
CANNABIZ

STOLEN VALOR
THE PRICE
OF BOGUS
MILITARY
HEROES

**THE FUTURE
IS NOW**
INTERACTIVE
HOLOGRAMS
ARE HERE

PENTHOUSE.COM
MAR/APR 2022

\$13.99 U.S.
\$14.99 CAN



0 74666 02242 3

04