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PHOTOGRAPH BY (REGGIE WATTS) NOAH KALINA

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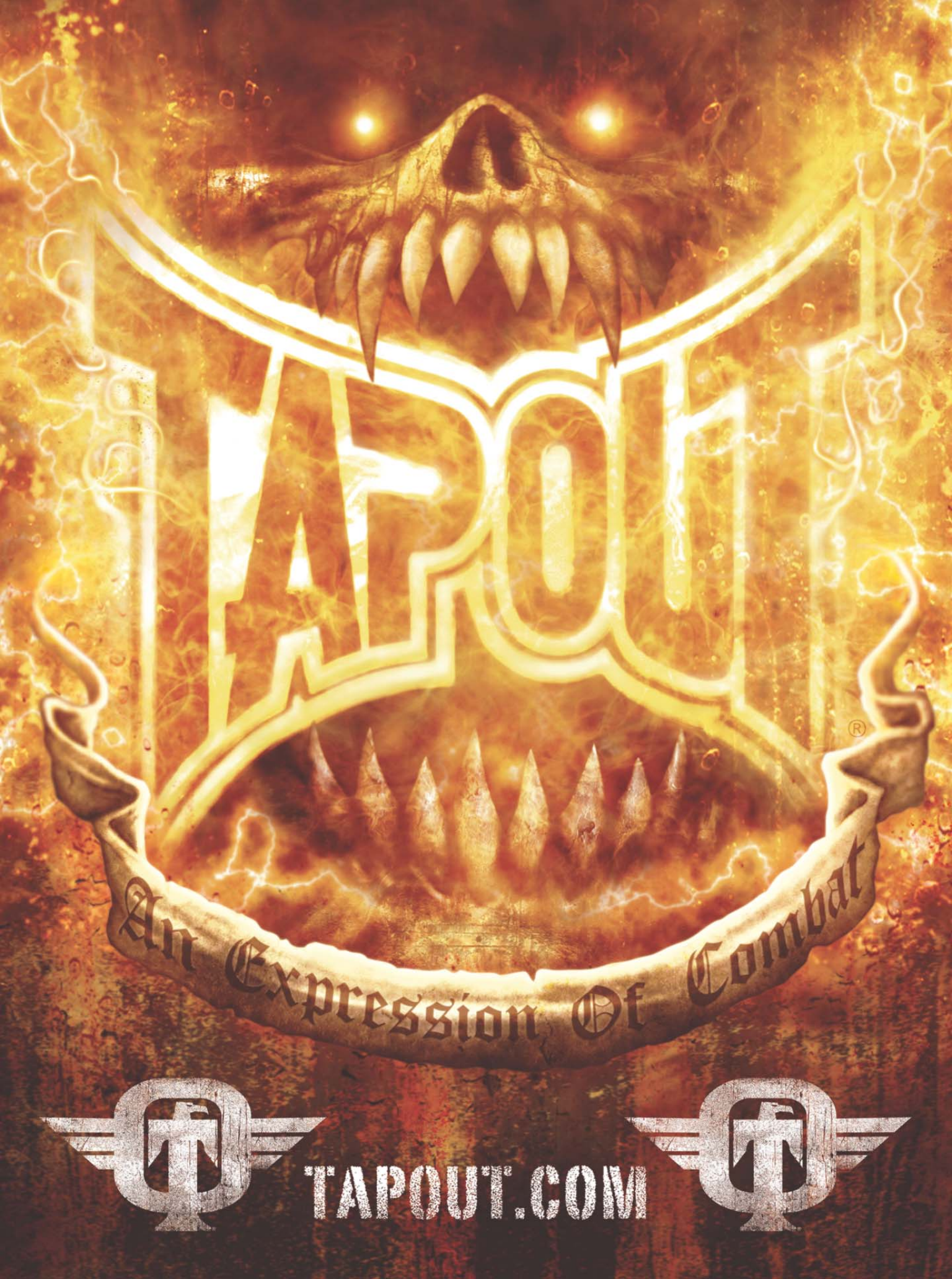
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An Expression Of Combat

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Men at Work

I was feeling pretty good yesterday, driving down route 611. The temperature was fast approaching 90 and it was already humid. My V-neck top was damp and clung to my body. I had on my favorite designer panties, which are much sexier and more practical than a thong. Thongs leave too little to the imagination. Bikini panties are enough to arouse and sustain someone's interest, but the crotch area can still easily be moved aside for easy access.

My pussy was wet and my panties were getting soaked just thinking about what I planned to do. My denim skirt was the right length and wouldn't be an obstacle if I met the right guy. I knew I looked hot enough to get what I needed—a good fuck.

By the time I'd pulled into the parking lot, it was nearly 11 A.M. I was teetering on the brink. It wouldn't take much to make me come. I grabbed a cart, entered the store, and puzzled over which aisle to cruise. After a brief deliberation, I chose the lumber aisle. I love the smell of wood, and men who work with their hands.

I sighted a likely target and walked slowly toward him. He spotted me, too. I was so wet I imagined everyone could hear squishing sounds as I placed one foot in front of the other. I stopped right beside him, just close enough to rub shoulders, and looked at the two-by-fours, which I had absolutely no use for.

I turned to him, and he asked if he could help me. I smiled, licked my lips, and said, "Perhaps, but not here." Leaving the cart behind, I headed for the restroom and entered the stall at the far end—the big one that accommodates wheelchairs.

Seconds later, I heard footsteps approaching. As soon as he filled the doorway to the stall, I pulled him inside, closed the door, and backed him up against it. As we started kissing, I untied his work apron. I wanted to do him first because I knew I'd come as soon as he touched me.

When I unzipped his pants and

Then he pushed his cock into me and I came again immediately, loving the feel of his erection filling me up.

freed his hard-on, he moaned before I even got him into my mouth! I slid down to my knees and slowly engulfed him, swirling my tongue around the crown before taking in his entire length. I was sucking him off like he had the last dick in existence. He started fucking my face and groaning as if he wanted to shoot his load down my throat. But I put a stop to that notion by backing away and telling him to suck me off.

When I sat on the toilet lid, he knelt between my legs and started licking and sucking me right through my panties. The wet heat from his mouth had me frantically humping his face. At some point he pulled the panties aside and really let me have it. I climaxed in a series of little orgasms. As long as he kept his mouth and tongue on me, I came.

Finally, he stopped and let me catch my breath. He looked wild-eyed, and I knew I was in for a good hard fuck. He looked around, and when his eyes fell on the baby-changing table, I knew what he had in mind. He made me face the table and told me to get a grip. I was so horny I did as he said, but I couldn't keep still. I rubbed my tits against the hard surface and shifted from side to side while he donned the condom I'd slipped out of my pocket.

Then he pulled down my panties and pushed his cock into me. I came again immediately, loving the feel of his erection filling me up. He started thrusting then, driving his dick into me like a well-oiled tool. I felt the pressure starting to build again, and didn't care if he was ready or not. After slamming my pussy twice more against his thrusts, I came, grinding myself against him. He was coming, too, and I felt him stroke deep into me several more times before he fell against me.

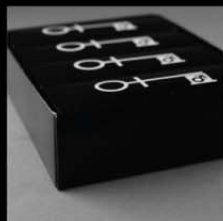
Neither of us was able to move right away, but when I was ready, I pushed him off me, straightened my clothes, and left him in the stall. I headed straight for my car, not bothering to look back—I never fuck the same guy twice. One day, maybe, but for now, it doesn't get any better than this!—*M.P., Pennsylvania*

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



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■ BFFS AND MORE

Linda and I had just returned from the most awesome party ever. We'd thrown a surprise birthday celebration for one of our coworkers at a private club, complete with strippers—two hot-looking men and two even hotter-looking women. After each stripper had given the birthday girl a lap dance, anyone else who wanted a lap dance got one, even me. The stripper I'd chosen was a redhead who reminded me a little of Linda. Her movements were so erotic that I wished I could do more with her. I'd never had a lap dance from another woman, and I couldn't believe how good it felt and how wet I'd gotten.

Back at my apartment, Linda and I changed out of our clothes and sat on the sofa eating ice cream and reliving some of the party's highlights. I told Linda how much one of the strippers reminded me of her and how much fun the lap dance was. When she asked me if I'd do it again and I told her I would if I had the chance, she put on some music and told me I was about to get a gift.

I didn't think Linda was serious, but when she pulled off her nightie and straddled my hips, I was really hoping we were about to cross the line from BFFs to fuck buddies. Then she took some of the ice cream and spread it over her nipples. Her tits weren't as big as the stripper's, but she had big nipples that looked amazing with Rocky Road on them. As Linda raised her arms over her head and started a slow undulating dance, her hips moved in a circular motion, grinding her pelvis against mine. Her chocolate-tipped nipples moved temptingly in front of my lips, and I couldn't help but cup her breasts and lick off as much of the dripping sweetness as I could.

"I think my boyfriend would pay any amount of money to see this," I said between licks.

"Mine, too," she moaned.

Then I pulled Linda toward me for a deep kiss. As our tongues took turns exploring each other's mouth, Linda grabbed my T-shirt and pulled it up over my tits.

"Now it's my turn to have tits à la mode," she said with a wicked grin. Linda scooped up some of the Rocky Road with her fingers and spread it around my nipples. The sudden cold



felt decadent on my breasts, and when Linda sucked my nipple into her mouth and dragged her tongue around the tip, I felt a rush of moisture pool between my legs. The sensations I was feeling were enough to make me cry out with pleasure and wish I had another set of lips at my other breast at the same time. Then Linda stuck her ice cream-coated fingers in my mouth for me to suck on, and I moaned as she dry-humped me.

The pleasure and pressure grew, and I couldn't ever recall needing to come so bad in my life. I wriggled out of my panties and lay back on the sofa, with Linda still on top of me. Linda again dipped into the Rocky Road and spread a trail from my belly button right down to my cunt. She followed it up by dragging her tongue along the same path until she reached my pussy. I raised my knees to give her better access to my throbbing core.

"Make me come, Linda," I pleaded, as I shamelessly pushed my hips toward her face.

Linda diligently lapped, sucked, and fingered me to several orgasms, and it was incredible. She couldn't seem to get enough of my pussy and kept eating me out until I became too sensitive and begged her to stop. Then we changed places and I finally got to have my way with her. I gave her the Rocky Road treatment and teased her to no end. I'd never eaten another woman's pussy before, and I loved the way Linda tasted long after I'd lapped up all the ice cream from her cunt.

After Linda had had more orgasms than I could count, we finished up in the bedroom in a sixty-nine that involved not only more Rocky Road, but lots of whipped cream, too. As for telling our boyfriends? We might clue them in to our arrangement at some point, but we're content to keep things between us for now.—Name and address withheld

More letters on page 132

I lay back on the sofa and Linda lapped, sucked, and fingered me to several orgasms.

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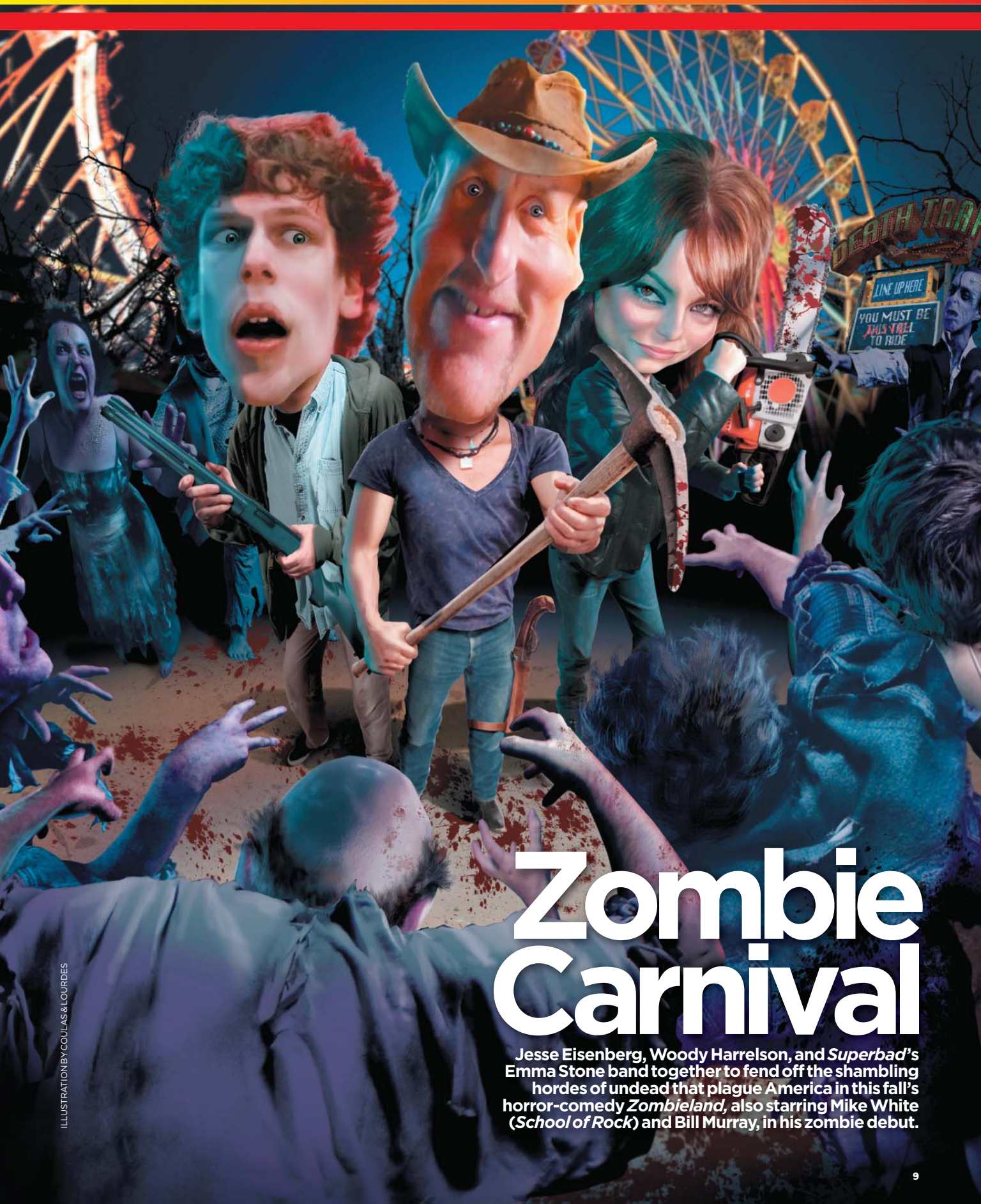
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Zombie Carnival

Jesse Eisenberg, Woody Harrelson, and *Superbad*'s Emma Stone band together to fend off the shambling hordes of undead that plague America in this fall's horror-comedy *Zombieland*, also starring Mike White (*School of Rock*) and Bill Murray, in his zombie debut.



FLICKS

PREVIEW

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

REVIEWS



The Messenger

This Iraq-war movie wisely keeps its focus narrow and its viewpoint mostly apolitical. Director/writer Oren Moverman explores the relationship between two Casualty Notification Officers (Ben Foster and Woody Harrelson) through a series of set pieces—the somber officers knock on doors, freighted with awful news and the dreadful task of unloading it. While powerful and well acted—Samantha Morton excels as a war widow—*The Messenger* groans under its weighty dynamic of grief scenes that repeat over and over, and its script gets fuzzy when it tries to expand the story beyond the initial setup. —*John Bolster*



Antichrist

Director and screenwriter Lars von Trier does not want to comfort you. On the contrary: He hung Björk in his 2000 musical *Dancer in the Dark*, and has said a film “should be like a stone in your shoe.” His latest is, at various points, a stone in your shoe, a sharp stick in your eye, and a sleeping pill in your drink. It’s pretentious and worth seeing only on a dare. In a mysterious forest, a husband and wife (Willem Dafoe and Charlotte Gainsbourg) submit each other to physical tortures to get over the death of their son. (You won’t unclench your legs for days.) The movie comes out the same day as *Saw VI*—an appropriate coincidence.

Zom-Com

The postapocalyptic *Zombieland* blends slapstick and slaughter, gags and gore.

Zombieland

Make up your minds, zombies! Do you come hurtling out of a nightmare, hauling ass down the road spitting bile and bad intentions? Or do you hope to make us laugh, as in such comedies as *Shaun of the Dead*? Actually, we’re okay with either scenario (at least in the safety of the movie theater). *Zombieland*, written by the dudes behind Spike TV’s *The Joe Schmo Show*, is fine with either approach, too: It’s a movie poised to tickle funny bones as well as tear flesh. Our hero, played by perennial neurotic Jesse Eisenberg (*Adventureland*), is cowering through a plague-ridden America. He joins up with a band of survivors and travels cross-country with them, diseased undead in shambling pursuit. The gore is right out of *28 Days Later*, but with a cast that includes a cowboyed-up Woody Harrelson,



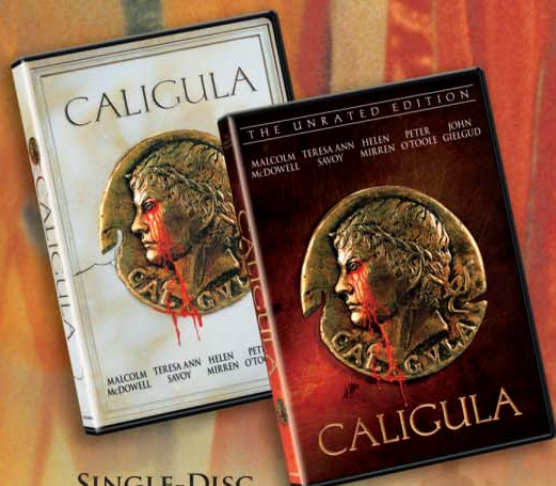
Superbad’s Emma Stone, and Bill Murray in an undead cameo, this zom-com seems certain to smuggle in a healthy dose of witty wordplay. And any Armageddon that includes the angelic Amber Heard (*The Informers*) can’t be all bad.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (ZOMBIELAND) GLEN WILSON

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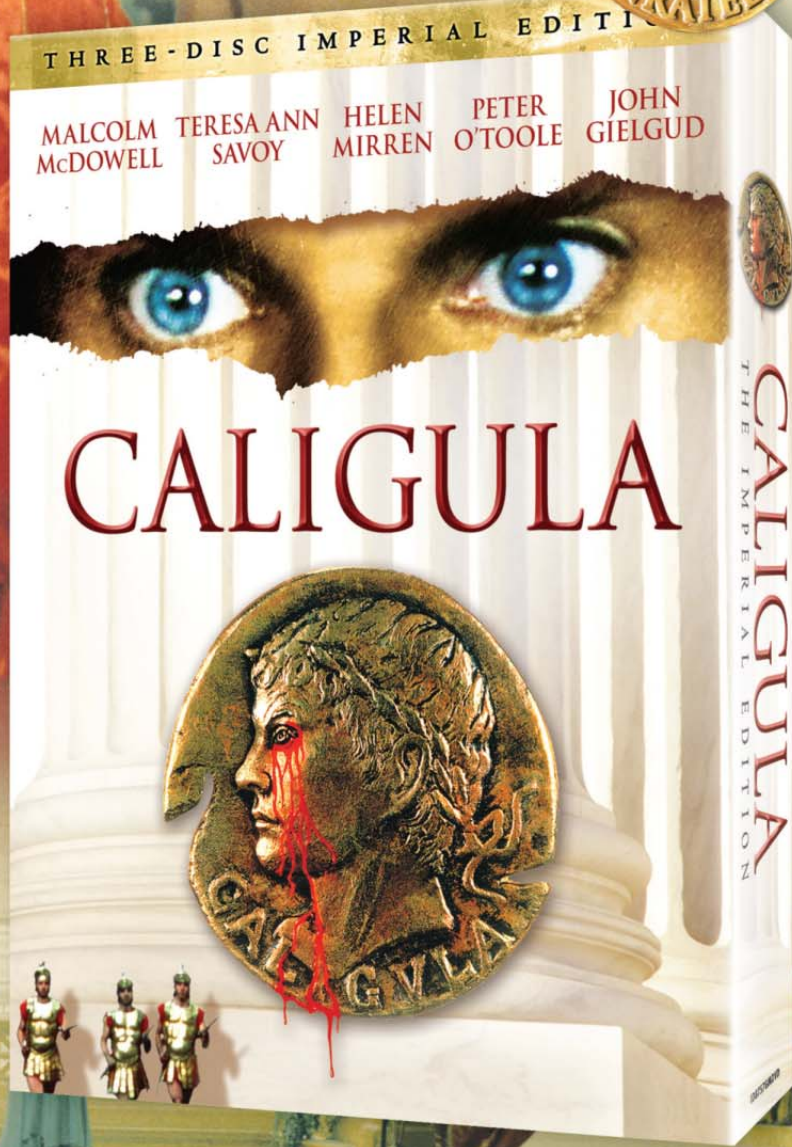
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Nine Lives

Buffalo hardcore band Every Time I Die has survived label changes, personnel turnover, and the trials of the road to deliver the strongest album of their career—the ferocious, swinging *New Junk Aesthetic*.

By John Bolster

Every Time I Die will play 30 gigs in 33 days this fall, ranging from San Francisco to New York, San Diego to Tampa, and almost all points in between. We spoke to frontman Keith Buckley before he packed up the van. He told us about bringing humor to hardcore, how a band from Buffalo can be called “Southern,” and the secrets behind a properly executed jump kick.

When you signed with Epitaph Records last year, you said you were happy for the chance to keep on making music after “existing for ten years in an environment that has chewed up and spit out most bands in a quarter of that time.” How has your band lasted ten years?

We owe our longevity to the energy

of our live shows. They always deliver something new, something intimate and special. You’ve gotta give people something that they want to see, and luckily we’ve tapped into that somehow.

While many hardcore or metal bands can be rigid, even uptight, you guys bring a lot of humor and wit to your music. Was that a conscious choice?

Nah, it’s just the way we write music. You have to keep a sense of humor about things. Some hardcore or metal bands think that if you have a sense of humor it’ll undo the anger in your music. If you’re not angry all the time,

then what you’re yelling on a record has no sincerity to it—I absolutely don’t believe that. Maybe we have a sense of humor about it because we understand it a little better, or from a different perspective; we try to critique it, expose it for what it really is. Whatever the topic might be.

Let’s get serious and talk about the art of the jump kick. Say I’m starting up a band. Can you give me some beginner tips on timing, execution, and style?

Well, it’s kind of like parallel parking a car—you gotta learn the dimensions of your vehicle.

[Laughs] Okay.

You gotta know how much height you’re getting. You have to know your extension: stretching that leg—good extension—is the main priority for

“Good leg extension is the main priority for doing a good jump kick. And for some reason, if you wear a headband, you’re guaranteed to jump higher.”

bonfires. Anytime you have uncles who hunt and drink beer and sit around bonfires, chances are there’s going to be some Allman Brothers getting played.

Your band has had seven bass players in 11 years. They’re not spontaneously exploding, are they?

[Laughs] No, I don’t know what it is. I just don’t think that, up until this point, we’ve been cohesive and mentally solid. But last year, everything finally came together. This bass player [Josh Newton] was just a no-brainer; we knew him, we’d toured with him when he was in his old band [From Autumn to Ashes], and he was the perfect dude.

There’s a bonus track on the new album called “Buffalo 666.” Are you a fan of the movie *Buffalo 66*?

Oh, yeah, definitely.

How ‘bout the Bills?

I’m kind of a fair-weather fan of the Bills, but I don’t really like the sport in general. Though living in Buffalo, it’s such an experience to go to a game—it’s pretty fun to be a part of. But I’m not gonna kill myself if they miss another big field goal.

Or shoot the kicker.

Yeah, exactly.

Buffalo is legendary for its winters. Can you give me your best “it’s so fucking cold” story from Buffalo?

I can give you a “I can’t believe how much it’s fucking snowing” story: We got hit with a blizzard in November about seven or eight years ago. I was at the University of Buffalo,

and they’re like, “All right, all classes are canceled, there’s a *huge* storm coming in, you gotta get home.” It was only a 15-minute drive to my house, but about ten minutes in, I just couldn’t see anymore. So I’m like, “Fuck it,” and I drove my car to the side of the road and walked the rest of the way. Then my roommates and I put on snowboarding gear and went out in the storm, and started pushing cars out of the snow for money and booze. We walked around all night with a bottle of whiskey to keep warm and got paid to push cars out of the snow. It was fuckin’ awesome. 

doing a good jump kick. And finally, for some reason—I don’t know what it is—if you wear a headband, you’re guaranteed to jump higher.

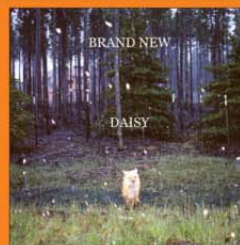
You get more air with a headband?
Absolutely!

Your band is often described as having Southern-rock elements. Would you agree, and if so, how does a band from Buffalo get that tag?

Yeah, I definitely would. It’s an odd phenomenon up here in the Northeast that when you get to, like, Pennsylvania, people start having a Southern accent. I don’t understand how it works—it might be just a by-product of rural life, where you’re out in the woods and have a lot of acres of land. My uncle was that, exactly. He had a lot of land and, growing up, we would always go to his place for

REVIEWS

BY ANDY GREENWALD



BRAND NEW
Daisy

(DGC/Interscope) ★★★
Brand New frontman Jesse Lacey evolved from predictably emo in 2001 (*Your Favorite Weapon*) to brilliantly self-aware in 2005 (*Deja Entendu*). But 2007’s *The Devil and God Are Raging Inside of Me* was a scattered mess. He rebounds with *Daisy*, which captures the sound of one hand punching itself in the face. “I’m never gonna be a perfect man,” he rages on “In a Jar.” Elsewhere he veers into cracked country and screamo, but never seems to find what he needs. The search makes for good listening, though.



THE TEMPER TRAP
Conditions
(Liberation/Glassnote) ★★★

Dougy Mandagi seems to be running away from paradise, by degrees. The Temper Trap singer moved from his native Bali to Melbourne, Australia (where he formed the band), then to his current home in foggy London. Perhaps that’s why Mandagi sounds so gorgeously melancholy on his band’s debut. The best songs here showcase his impossibly sweet tenor; so what if the rest of the album seems cribbed from Coldplay’s soft-rock playbook? Mandagi’s is a voice to remember.



AFI
Crash Love
(DGC/Interscope) ★★★★★

For nearly ten years, AFI was a by-the-book California hardcore band. Then, around the turn of the millennium, singer Davey Havok started wearing nail polish and luxuriating in catchy, over-the-top goth-pop. While the diehards may have been scandalized, a nation of sad-eyed tweens were (relatively) cheered. Album number eight, *Crash Love*, might be the band’s best yet: a consistently strong set of radio-ready misery, with the deliciously dippy “Veronica Sawyer Smokes” relocating the Smiths to Suburbia, U.S.A.

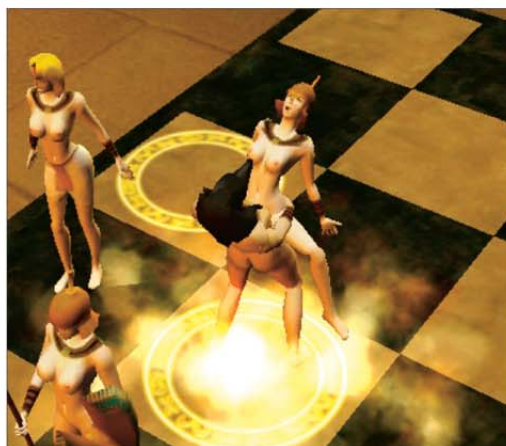
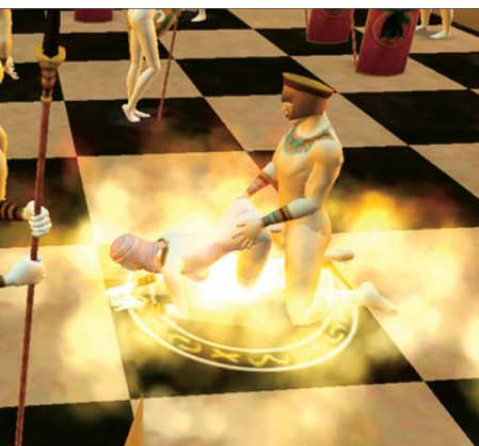


HAR MAR SUPERSTAR
Dark Touches
(Dilettante) ★★

The short, pudgy, and balding Har Mar Superstar is no one’s idea of an over-sexed soul man. Yet that’s exactly the persona he’s cultivated on record, on film (*Starsky & Hutch*), and particularly onstage, where Har Mar jiggles his belly while crooning lyrics that would make R. Kelly blush. *Dark Touches* dabbles in clubby techno (“Tall Boy”) and white-boy rap (“Creative Juices”), while the overall thrust is toward dirty double entendres. But after the umpteenth “let me taste your applesauce,” the jokes, unlike the singer, run a little thin.



Stimulating Simulation



Pornography has been the driving force behind all modern technology—all the tech that matters around the *Penthouse* offices, anyway. It caused the death of Betamax, it resuscitated the Internet after each of its 297 near-death experiences, and, although it seems impossible, more than 100 percent of all text messaging is actually “sexting.” Porn is so powerful an entity that when economies collapse, the people with their tits and dicks out frequently don’t even notice. But pornography has never quite found a way to interface with videogames. Common sense tells us it should work. If you can simulate auto racing and *Donkey Kong*-ing, why not sex? Well, it’s not like game manufacturers haven’t tried. Let’s take a look at some recent attempts to create a virtual sexual solo encounter to see if we can’t figure out where they went wrong.

First, we need to explain our “A.S.S. Rating.” We scored these erotic videogames with a highly specialized rating system that we developed during many, many hours of beer drinking. Games were awarded up to ten points each in three categories:

Aesthetics: How are the game’s graphics? Are you looking at a gor-

geous rendering of the female form (aka a ten-pointer), or watching stacks of squared-off building toys slam against each other in some kind of ritualistic struggle for dominance?

Sexiness: How well does the game simulate sex or sexlike circumstances? As with rating real-life porn, the more raunchy the action, the higher the score. To put it less delicately, a high number indicates that you’re likely to play that game with one hand on your own joystick.

Shame: How ashamed of yourself would you be if you were caught jerking off to the game? Being unashamed about masturbation is a state of nirvana that most of us never reach, and feeling comfortable about being inspired by a videogame to pleasure yourself is even further out of reach. When you’re trying to get off to a videogame, something inside you knows that no good can come of it. For our purposes, the more shame-inducing the game, the higher the score. A ten would be the game that you keep secret even from your porn buddy—you know, your “emergency contact” who’s supposed to clean all the porn out of your apartment in the event of your untimely demise. And don’t act like you don’t know what we’re talking about.

LoveChess: Age of Egypt

A.S.S. Rating: 15

One thing we can all agree on is, chess needs more intercourse. And more Egypt. This game provides both, with two teams of eager and naked chess pieces facing off.

Aesthetics: The animation is so stiff that it feels like educational puppets are interrupting your chess game to clinically demonstrate different sex positions. **3/10**

Sexiness: Taking each chess piece initiates a long, camera-spinning lovemaking sequence, but there’s no context. If the computer’s knight is taking down my rook, why is my enemy lovingly going down on me? That kind of bad writing really takes me out of the story, which is pretty much the antithesis of sexiness in porn. **2/10**

Shame: Playing this will be a secret you take to the grave, under any and all circumstances. If you fell through a time warp and landed on a giant ancient chessboard at the birthplace of Egyptian sex chess, you’d still pretend it was the first time you’d ever seen it. But look out, time traveler. Your opponent’s bishop is about to take you by reverse cowgirling you until you die. Holy shit, I think I just wrote *Timecop 3*. **10/10**



Sexy Beach 3 Plus**A.S.S. Rating: 26**

In this Japanese-made simulation, you're at an island resort with your choice of beautiful women. Take one on enough dates and she'll let you dress her up in hundreds of customizable outfits, then crawl inside her beautiful flower.

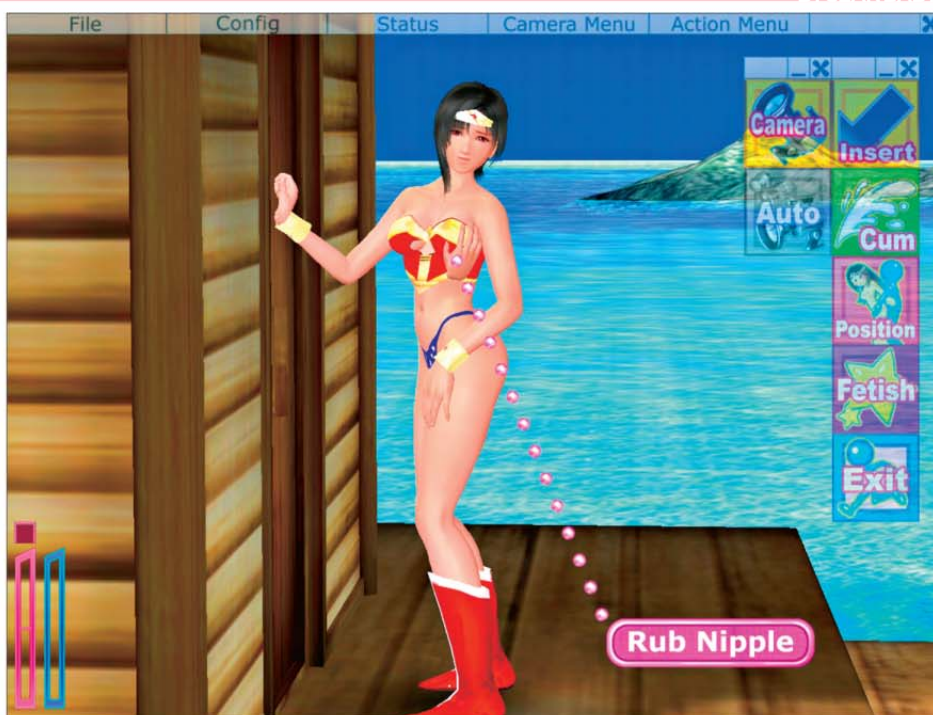
Aesthetics

The 3-D graphics are just cartoony enough to avoid creeping you out, and the girls are impressively hot. But it all falls apart when things get XXX. Penis-graphics errors make you poke through a girl's face, miss holes, and flop in and out of her like a teleporting carrot.

The problems don't end with your crazy dong, though. Your girl turns inhumanly pink and slimy during sex, which we assume is a failed attempt to create the look of flushed, sweaty skin. Getting it on starts to feel very wrong, very fast—as if the next thing someone is going to say about you is, "Book this guy for multiple counts of criminal mischief. I found him on the beach smacking his dick against the hottest Silly Putty sculpture I've ever seen." **9/10**

Sexiness

This game is strictly Japanese, which means insanity. One of the prevalent themes in Japanese adult entertain-



ment is that until they're having sex, women *really* hate the idea of sex. Even after you've gotten a girl to the maximum level of affection with dozens of dates, foreplay consists of her fussing and hating you while you paw clumsily at her boobs. You'll feel like you're in eighth grade all over again! **8/10**

Shame

It's the attention to detail that will get to you. Enjoying videogame porn is one thing, but spending 20 minutes picking out shoes and accessories for the fake girl you're about to pretend to bone ... what if someone knew you were doing *that*? **9/10**

**VirtualFem****A.S.S. Rating: 16**

This game creates an interactive experience with a simulated nymphomaniac. Prerecorded sex videos are jury-rigged to a hilariously deadpan robot voice, and you can talk to the AI "woman," then fuck her. The best part is, this computer girl has an amazing sense of humor!

Aesthetics

The video is badly lit and grainy, plus it's difficult to see through the tears of laughter that come when a Stephen Hawking sound-alike is droning filthy things at you. Below is the very first interaction I had with her. **6/10**

Emily: Hello, Lonely Asshole! Do you want to see my cunt?

Me: Did you just call me Lonely Asshole?

Emily: Here is my cunt!

Me: I don't trust girls this easy. Unless you think I'm a gynecologist. Do you think I'm a gynecologist?

Emily: Gynecologist.... Ah, gyne-



cologist. A specialist in gynecology.

Me: I'm glad you've heard of them.

[Long pause] So ... sex?

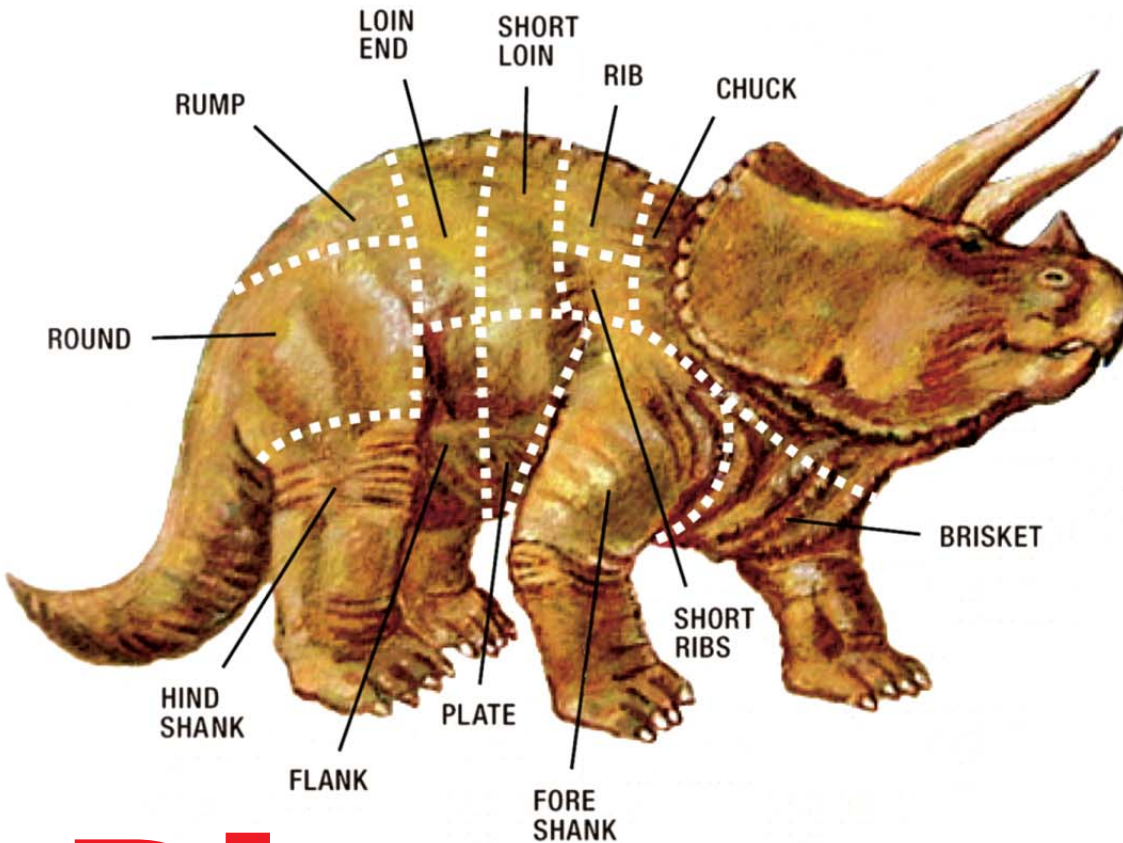
Emily: Do you want to see my cunt?

Sexiness

Your girl's AI is certainly artificial, but it isn't really that intelligent; she gets confused if you give her commands more complicated than "mouth." To cover for this, if she doesn't know how to deal with a word you type, she defines it. When I told her that the dictionary nonsense was driving me insane, she recited, "Ah, driving. Hitting a golf ball off a tee with a driver." Who taught you to talk dirty, computer? A fucking genius, that's who. **10/10**

Shame

Voice-recognition software was not prepared to deal with, and I quote, "Stick that shit in as deep as you can! Fucking ram it in me, Lonely Asshole!" I don't know about you, but getting a robot to talk like that is a victory in my book. No shame! **0/10**



Dinosaur Meat

Chuck Klosterman's new nonfiction collection explores voyeurism, Garth Brooks, authenticity, and the best reason for time travel. You know, the usual.

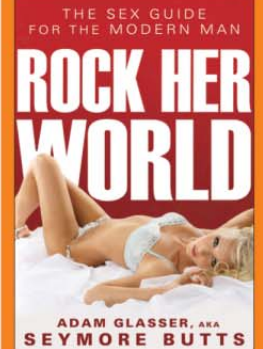
Eating the Dinosaur
By Chuck Klosterman
Scribner

It's safe to say that you'd have to be a die-hard Klosterman fan to follow him down all the blind alleys he explores and through the disparate notions he attempts to connect here. In a piece ostensibly about the critically acclaimed TV show *Mad Men*, for instance, he reprints a two-page press release from Pepsi, in its entirety, then attempts to say something original about the nature of advertising—but ends up not saying much of anything.

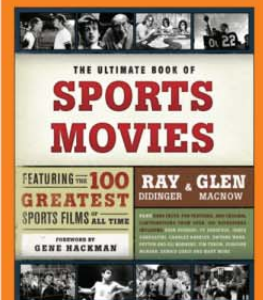
To Klosterman's loyal fans, he is forever shedding light on "confusing truths" that are "lurking unnoticed" in plain sight. To his detractors, he's simply performing unnecessary intellectual calisthenics that serve mostly to complicate simple

concepts. We lean toward the latter camp. In *Dinosaur* Klosterman veers so wildly and so frequently from one divergent idea to the next that it quickly becomes tiresome. There are some provocative statements that may make you pause and assess their accuracy, such as, "When Obama or Sarah Palin or Rachel Maddow or Glenn Beck speak, we take for granted that—at the very least—they are partially (and consciously) lying." Klosterman is on firmer ground when talking sports—offering a well-supported theory that football, that bedrock of conservatism, is actually the most liberal sport we have. But his maddening habit of taking the circuitous route when the straight path will do just fine ultimately undoes him. **C+**

REVIEWS



Who better than a porn (and reality-TV) star who claims to have bedded 600 women to write a book on how to get women off? Glasser's tone is humorous, but when it comes to the nitty-gritty, this book from Gotham has it covered, in straightforward language. He offers tips, shares exercises, and breaks down positions such as the Pancake and the Pile Driver, with illustrations. Glasser understands women's bodies, and men's, and he nails the basics, as well as advanced topics, with aplomb.



Its topic is not exactly fresh, and it uses a loose definition of "sports film"—*Raging Bull*, for example, is a great film about a boxer, but we wouldn't call it a sports movie—yet this Running Press book is still a lot of fun. It's loaded with entertaining sidebars, tidbits, and Q&As with relevant parties, and though we have quibbles with its Top 100 list (these guys are from Philly, which strongly influences their choice for the No. 1 sports flick of all time), we'd say it's a worthy addition to your commode canon.—*John Bolster*

PICTURE YOURSELF AS A PENTHOUSE *Pet*

SPECIAL PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE PENTHOUSE

XXX
SEX GODDESS
12 HOT & WILD
TIPS FROM
THE SEXPERT

BEYOND KINKY
CAN YOU
EVER BE
TOO WILD?

**WINE HER
DINE HER
CHARM HER
PANTS OFF!**

**FIND THE
PERFECT
ONE-NIGHT
STAND**

**SCORE!
GETTING AND
GIVING THE
BEST SEX
EVER**

**RUB HER
THE RIGHT
WAY!**

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Last
Fling**

**WHAT YOU
DON'T KNOW
ABOUT HER**

**SMALL
THINGS
BIGGER
RING**

**69 Ways
To Impress Her
In Bed
On Her
Wedding
Night**

**+THREESOMES:
How Soon Is Too Soon?**

**The
Bachelorette's
Wild Night
Exposed!**



◀ The Shocker
Anita Waxin ▶



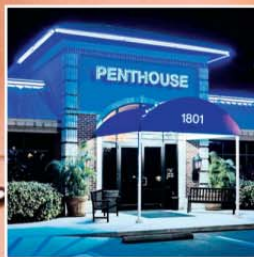
◀ Harry
Banana
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Urban Commuter

What do you get when you take the best attributes of both dirt and sport bikes and mix them with high-tech engineering and style? A kick-ass street bike.



À La Mode

Everybody wants choice. Aprilia's muscular Dorsoduro lets you tune your ride on the fly with the touch of a button.

By Bill Heald

Italian motorcycles have long been known for their sensuous styling, great performance, and an engineering approach that often draws from classic designs of the past. But Aprilia has always been a bit different. Since the company arrived on the scene in the seventies, they have managed to blend style with the latest technology in very original ways. One of their latest offerings is a kind of urban ride known as a Supersmoto—a street bike that blends aspects of both sport and dirt bikes into a light, high-performance machine perfectly suited to urban commuter warfare. This is a genre where Aprilia has had considerable racing success; Supersmoto tracks consist of both tarmac and dirt sections, so the motorcycle has to be versatile. The Dorsoduro has this quality in spades,

and riders can even electronically change the engine's personality to suit conditions and the driver's mood.

Throwing a leg over the saddle can be a chore if you're not Kobe Bryant, since the Dorsoduro's dirt-derived architecture dictates a lofty 34.3-inch seat height. But once you're on board, you'll appreciate the perch. It not only helps you see over cars in traffic, it enables a wonderfully comfortable upright riding position with good legroom. The engine is a joy to wring out, as it is a 749-cc, 90-degree V-twin with the latest in engine-management technology. It is smooth, responsive, loaded with low-end torque, and pumps out more than 90 horsepower.

But as good as the basic package is, the Dorsoduro kicks things up a major notch with three rider-selectable performance modes: Sport, Touring,

and Rain. Touring is basically the "normal" range, and works well in just about any situation because the "fly-by-wire" electronic throttle is so smooth. If you want more response, just close the throttle and, with the engine idling, hit the starter button and change into Sport mode. In this setting, engine response is more abrupt, which might encourage wheelies and squirting through traffic gaps like a crazed fullback. But if the going suddenly gets slippery, Rain mode, which de-tunes response, will get the power to the ground in a tamer manner. Regardless of your mode selection, the six-speed transmission shifts with buttery smoothness.

The chassis is similarly innovative, with a hybrid steel-trellis/aluminum-beam frame and carefully balanced suspension components. The wide, motocross-style handlebar allows great leverage for flicking the bike into corners, and if you encounter nasty bumps while heeled over, the Dorsoduro's excellent stability keeps you on track. It's a tall climb to the saddle, but once you get there, this awesome multimode Aprilia will be well worth the trip. 



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled, 90-degree V-twin
Bore x stroke	92 mm x 56.4 mm
Displacement	749.9 cc
Fuel system	Programmed fuel injection
Ignition	Digital Integrated Engine Management
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	43-mm male slider forks
Rear suspension	Single shock, preload and rebound adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 320-mm disc
Rear brake	Single 240-mm disc
Front tire	120/70-ZR17
Rear tire	180/55-ZR17
Fuel tank	3.2 gallons
Wheelbase	59.3 inches
Seat height	34.3 inches
Curb weight	410.1 pounds
MSRP	\$9,599

As innovative as it is versatile, the Dorsoduro lets you tune engine response at the touch of a button.

ENERGIZING THE PRIUS

The sedan that put the hybrid into the mainstream gets more than a face-lift. Now it has a whole new attitude. But is it tough enough?

By Bill Heald

Few hybrids have been more polarizing than the Toyota Prius. I don't use the word *polarizing* just to reinforce the fact that it spends a good part of its life powered by batteries; I also use the term because it's one of those cars that people either love or hate. Those who love it point to the hybrid power train as a revelation. It takes a small inline-four gasoline engine and combines it with an electric motor to increase fuel efficiency and lower emissions. The result is a car that can seat five, yet gets the kind of mileage typical of motorcycles—a matter of some importance given recent gas prices. It's also loaded with the newest technology, including a unique instrument cluster and an innovative transmission interface.

What's not to love? Well, there's that egglike profile for starters, and the fact that it's the ultimate tree-hugger transport. And let's face it: Most guys prefer big V-8-powered gas-guzzling assault vehicles that help express their manhood. The Prius has also been accused of not being a sports car and, therefore, not a babe magnet (though that depends on the type of babe you're trying to attract). But there's no arguing that the first-generation Prius that arrived in the U.S. in 2000 was quite schoolmarmish, and the second generation that appeared as a 2004 model, while light-years better, was still too frumpy due to its soft suspension and bland performance.


When it came to the third-generation 2010 Prius, Toyota finally realized that, critics aside, they had a very successful car on their hands that was a fuel-economy champ with a loyal following. Their dual objective was to improve upon the things people liked without messing up the car's key attributes, while souping up the Prius to attract a wider spectrum of owners. The result is a stem-to-stern revision of the car that gives the Prius more power, more comfort, better brakes and handling, more room, and, amazingly, even better fuel economy (50 MPG combined EPA).

So how does it drive? The Prius still runs on its gas engine, or the electric motor, or both. But now the gas engine is larger (up from 1.3 liters to 1.8) and, combined with the electric motor, puts out 134 horsepower. There are four drive modes: Normal, Power, Eco, and EV. Power gives quicker throttle response for a sportier feel, Eco biases response toward better fuel economy, and EV allows the Prius to cruise along solely on electric power at low speeds for up to a mile. The nickel metal hydride batteries that power the electric motor (and most accessories) are recharged whenever you coast or apply the brakes, because the motor seamlessly switches into a generator. The gas engine sleeps at stoplights and starts

and stops as needed while you drive, but you usually won't notice these transitions except for the absence of engine noise.

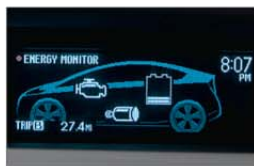
The chassis has been carefully retuned for much sharper handling, and the electric power steering has much better feel and feedback for a more engaging driving experience. Surprisingly, the more angular cutting-edge styling not only looks cool but also delivers better aerodynamics.

The new interior is quite slick, with a multifunctional display for the driver that includes a Touch Tracer image that illuminates when you use the steering wheel-mounted radio, ventilation, and other controls. The air-conditioning system runs off batteries alone and has an optional remote feature, and the optional sunroof on our test mule had solar roof panels that powered interior fans that kept the interior cooler when parked in direct sunlight. Cool, baby.

Sharper, faster, and now more advanced and frugal than ever, the new Prius is the thinking man's babe-magnet (for advanced, eco-minded babes, of course). Real men go green in style. 



More power, bolder lines, and a stealth bomber's worth of cool technology lets you fly past the pump in style.



SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Four-door hatchback
Engine	1,798-cc inline four with 60 KW electric motor
Power	134 horsepower
Torque	105 foot-pounds, engine; 153 foot-pounds, electric motor
Transmission	Continuously variable automatic
Front tires	P195/65R15
Rear tires	P195/65R15
Curb weight	3,042 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	9.2 seconds
Top speed	112 MPH (electronically governed)
Fuel capacity	11.9 gallons
Fuel economy	51 city/48 highway
Price (as tested)	\$30,401



Upgrade Your Life

Times are tough all over, but you can make your world a little better with hot new products.

By Jonathan Ages

■ Zeo Personal Sleep Coach

MyZeo.com • \$400

Getting a good night's rest will help you perform at work, gain muscle after workouts, or simply enjoy more frequent—and blissful—wet dreams. With the Zeo, you can self-diagnose sleep problems. The wireless headband monitors sleep patterns and transmits them to a small computer that looks like an alarm clock which tracks how long you slept, the number of times you awoke, and the quality of your rest. Use the Zeo website to analyze the data even more comprehensively. It will help you figure out if that late-evening workout was a good idea or if it's best to avoid that nightcap. That way you can spend more time dreaming about our Pet of the Month.



■ Brunton SolarRolls

Brunton.com • \$295 to \$655

SolarRoll is the world's first water-proof, flexible solar panel, so it's great if you plan to summit Anna-purna, wherever that is. What's important to the everyday trekker, though, is that this innovative technology is available in consumer-level products that are actually useful. Amateur photographers can use the five-ounce, seven-inch-long SolarPort Flash to recharge a camera while backpacking. Larger versions will recharge a car battery—something that will be incredibly important after venturing into the uncharted territory of five full hours of stereo-assisted tailgating.

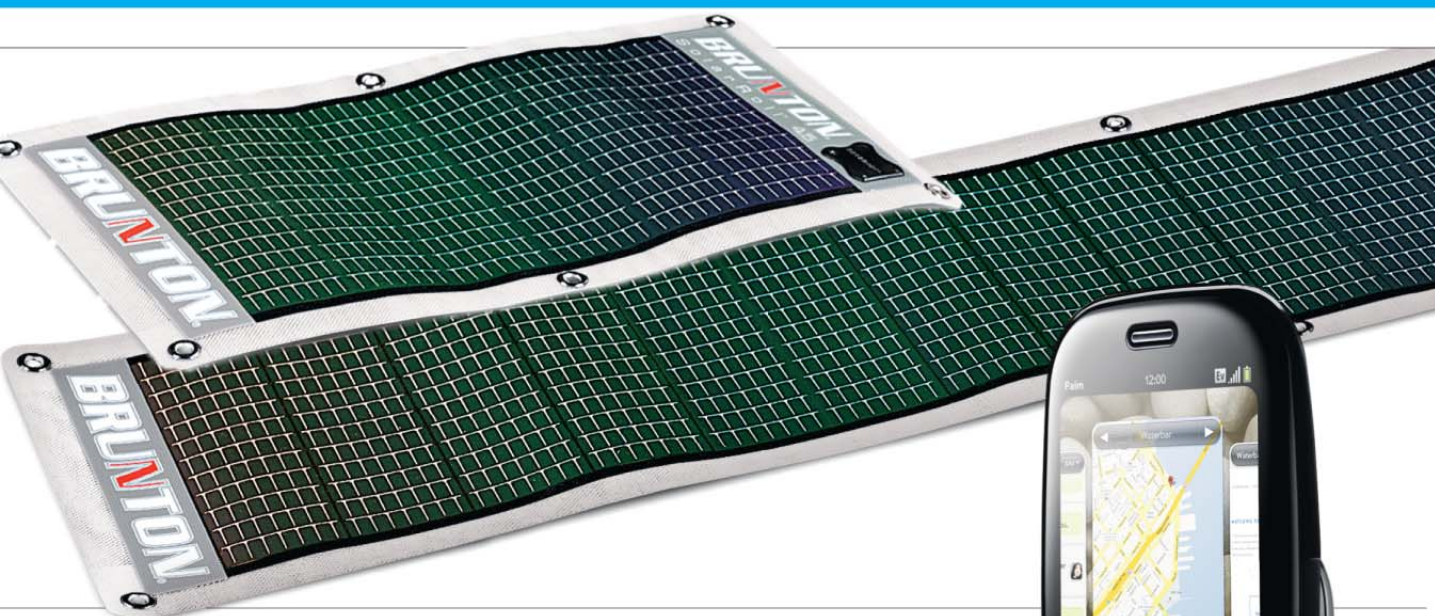


■ Timex Expedition WS4

Timex.com • \$200

The Timex Expedition is the Hummer of wristwatches. The strap-on “dashboard” displays local altitude, weather conditions, compass headings, and, oh, yeah, the time. It's available in six colors, looks indestructible, and will likely withstand anything a mountain, ski hill, or five-story walk-up apartment can throw at it. While the wide screen shows more simultaneous information than most watches in its class, it's a little bulky and heavy for runners. Still, Dick Tracy and Jason Bourne would approve.





BlackBerry and Apple have been dominating the PDA market, but the former champ is making a comeback.

■ Prê

Palm.com • \$200 with two-year Sprint contract after \$100 mail-in rebate

The former PDA champ is making a comeback. The Palm Prê has a tactile keyboard and an iPhone-like 3.1-inch touch screen, but its intuitive design sets it apart. It will search your Outlook, Google, and Facebook accounts, syncing the calendar and contacts. It collates messaging services, has push e-mail (including Gmail), and can run multiple software programs simultaneously. The downside: Palm's app store is on the thin side, the phone would benefit from more than eight gigs of memory, there have been complaints about Palm's use of personal info, and it's only on Sprint. Still, the intelligently designed Prê lives up to the hype.



■ Olympus E-P1

OlympusAmerica.com • \$800

It looks like the camera collecting dust in your old man's basement, but the retro-styled E-P1 is truly unique. It combines the capabilities of a high-quality digital single-lens-reflex camera and the stature and simplicity of a point-and-shoot. It's also an HD camcorder and high-end audio recorder. The kicker is, this palm-size, 12.3-megapixel camera is one of the first Micro Four Thirds with an interchangeable lens. Use the 14-42mm for casual shots or the 17mm lens and viewfinder for professional-quality stills. No old clunker could do that. 

Save The Date

The economy may be slumping, but your sex life doesn't have to suffer a downturn, too. Penthouse Pet Charlie Laine explains how to get your sexual stock to point up.

By Jonathan Ages

■ PUT IT OUT THERE

"Tell her about your money issues. She'll understand—everybody's going through tough times. Just don't whine about it. It looks bad. Anyway, you can't hide this stuff from your woman. A wife is gonna know when her husband isn't making as much money. You get grumpy."

■ A LITTLE PAYBACK

"It's gotta be hard, as a man, to ask a woman to help take care of you. But a relationship is a partnership, so of course you can ask her to split the bill. That's fair game. Heck, I would offer!"

■ CAN'T BUY ME LOVE

"Money shouldn't be the basis of love. Do things together that don't cost much—watch a movie, take a walk on the beach, make dinner. It only matters that you enjoy each other's company. All I need is for a guy to make me laugh. I'm a cheap date."

■ SEX THERAPY

"Work can get particularly stressful with layoffs going on around you, but don't bring that crap home with you. A girl can always make things better—sex, blowjobs—as long as you're sweet to her. Stop at the gas station on the way home and buy her one of those cheap little roses. It's just a little inspiration for her to be extra sweet."

■ GROUND RULES

"You can talk about work or the economy when you first get home, but don't discuss it after dinner. If we're feeling down, it's gonna be harder to have sex. Take flower petals and put them on the bed or light candles or run a bath—those little things help take our minds away from the economy and get us in the mood."

■ EASE HER PAIN

"She doesn't need to feel the hit to your income. A simple—and free!—foot massage will totally melt her heart. Bring lunch to work so you can save a couple of bucks every day. At the end of the month, take that money and buy your girlfriend a nice dinner. It doesn't cost much to win a girl's heart—at least not most girls."

■ BAD INVESTMENT

"It's hard to deal with a girlfriend who keeps spending your money. If she needs to buy a pair of shoes so she can feel better about herself, encourage her to go to one of those discount designer stores. (I don't buy that stuff, though. I was raised in Wisconsin, and our biggest shopping spree was at Walmart.) If she still complains about you not buying her stuff, then obviously she doesn't want you, she just wants your money. Peace out, *beyotch!*"

"It doesn't cost much to win a girl's heart—at least not most girls."



Scrambled Gaydar

It's all well and good when girls see you as an adorable little Mogwai, but our twenty-first-century rogue explains why at a certain point you need to show them the Gremlin.

Illustration by Celia Calle




Over the years, I've come to terms with the fact that I'm not your traditional, shall we say, outwardly straight male, and I think I've learned how to use this to my advantage. While my more brutish friends scare off girls with their beer-pounding and talk of stripper orgies, I choose to limit myself to a glass of wine or two and quiet conversation. A certain type of girl is always charmed by my ability to listen to her and respond in a thoughtful manner, without belching or picking my crotch, but more than once, I've gone in for a kiss and gotten the dreaded recoil. One time I invited a girl I'd brought home to come to bed with me. Despite the fact that it was 3 A.M., she opted for my couch. And the last time I made a move when I thought it was a sure thing, the girl said, "I thought you were gay," and told me she had a boyfriend. I stormed out in anger, but maybe I'm partly to blame?

First off, I want you to go on Craigslist and find the one guy you'd do if you were in the slammer. Invite him on a rendez-dudes. If after a few drinks he invites you back to his place and a voice in your head says anything similar to *hmm maybe*, then we might just have a problem. (And if the drinks were apple martinis, we *definitely* have a problem.)

On the other hand, if you want to strangle the Scoundrel for giving you that advice, good! Now ask yourself why you're such a "scrambler"—a guy who totally messes up a girl's gaydar.

You're probably giving girls too much validation off the bat. Remember: Without a little push and pull, there won't be any in and out. If you act like a yes man, you'll never become her "oh yes oh yes oh yes" man. She'll end up using you as a shoulder to cry on, not a dick to impale herself on. I could continue, but you should get the idea by now. Scale back on comments like "I hear you, sister" and "That's an adorable dress." Instead, limit compliments to things like "You have an awesome tolerance for tequila." When she asks, "Can you believe he said that to me?" respond with, "Well, dude kind of had a point...."

You need to make it clear what team you're on—you don't have to say, "The other night at the whorehouse," but you *should* tell her you think Angelina Jolie is hot (not "lovely" or "divine" or "kind to orphans"). And when she tells you she thinks that about Brad Pitt, call him a douche. Finally, you might want to pick up a manly hobby that will eradicate any doubt—or at least get an Xbox, so she knows what's up as soon as she walks in. Maybe join a fight club. That way, whenever you slip up and start talking about *American Idol*, she'll think to herself, "But he wrestles alligators. He *can't* be" 

Scotch Guard

The centuries-old mix of heather honey, spice, and aged malt whisky remains the same, but Drambuie has gotten a bar-friendly makeover. Call it Drambuie 2.0.

By Meaghan Dorman

If you've got any image of Drambuie, it likely involves the oldest guy in the bar calling for a Drambuie neat before leaving the night to the vodka-and-cranberry crowd. That's because you probably know it as the rotund bottle covered by a healthy layer of dust. But Drambuie is looking to find a home among a bartender's go-to pours. Its redesigned bottle is tall and slim, like those of other whiskeys, and though the modern label and clear glass bottle full of inviting golden liqueur might inspire a double take, the sweet and spicy cocktail experience will make a believer out of you. But what's more important is that Drambuie plays well with booze, citrus, and bitters.

Global brand ambassador Jamie Stephenson recommends forgoing the classic rusty nail and getting creative with the versatile liqueur. "The secret lies in choosing which part of Drambuie you want to emphasize," Stephenson says. "For the most part, Drambuie is very sweet—the heather honey really is at the fore. By using bitters or acidity [citrus] to tone down the sweetness, you allow more of the other sensations to shine. The complexity of the spice mix and the smoothness of the whisky blend can be built upon to create cocktails. You can just as easily make a classic Manhattan-esque drink for the discerning gentleman as a *Sex and the City*-style crowd pleaser."

Another reason to take a new look at Drambuie is its 80-proof punch. The devil-may-care feeling of sipping a cocktail comes a lot more quickly when its modifier doesn't cut the alcohol content. For the home bartender, Drambuie is a coup because it adds whisky, honey sweetness, and notes of clove, nutmeg, and saffron in a single pour.

Drambuie caught on with Scots and went on to global distribution because it's a quality, intricate liqueur, different from anything else. In Scotland it was originally dubbed *an dram buidheach*, which means "a drink that satisfies." Now that it's been updated for the twenty-first century, we recommend giving it a spot in your drinking rotation.



Mixing Drambuie with standbys such as cranberry or ginger ale can make it seem as if you've got some professional shaker skills.

DRAMBUIE FIZZ

Cut one lime into eighths
1.5 ounces Drambuie liqueur
Splash club soda
Crushed or cracked ice

Muddle the lime pieces in the bottom of a glass. Add Drambuie and ice, then stir briefly and top with splash of soda.

THE HIGHLAND FIZZ

(By Charles Hardwick, the Blue Owl, New York City)
1.5 ounces Drambuie liqueur
1.5 ounces Bacardi Gold rum
A dash of fresh lime juice
A dash of Angostura bitters
3 ounces of authentic ginger beer (ginger ale can be substituted for ginger beer)

Combine all ingredients in a tall glass and stir. Garnish with a wedge of fresh lime.

THE FORTY-FIVE

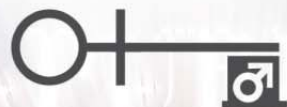
(By Charles Hardwick)
1 ounce Drambuie liqueur
1 ounce Martini & Rossi Rosso vermouth
1 ounce bourbon
A dash of vanilla extract

Combine all ingredients in a cocktail shaker. Add ice and stir quickly with a bar spoon for 10 to 15 seconds. Strain into a chilled martini glass. Garnish with a brandied cherry (optional).

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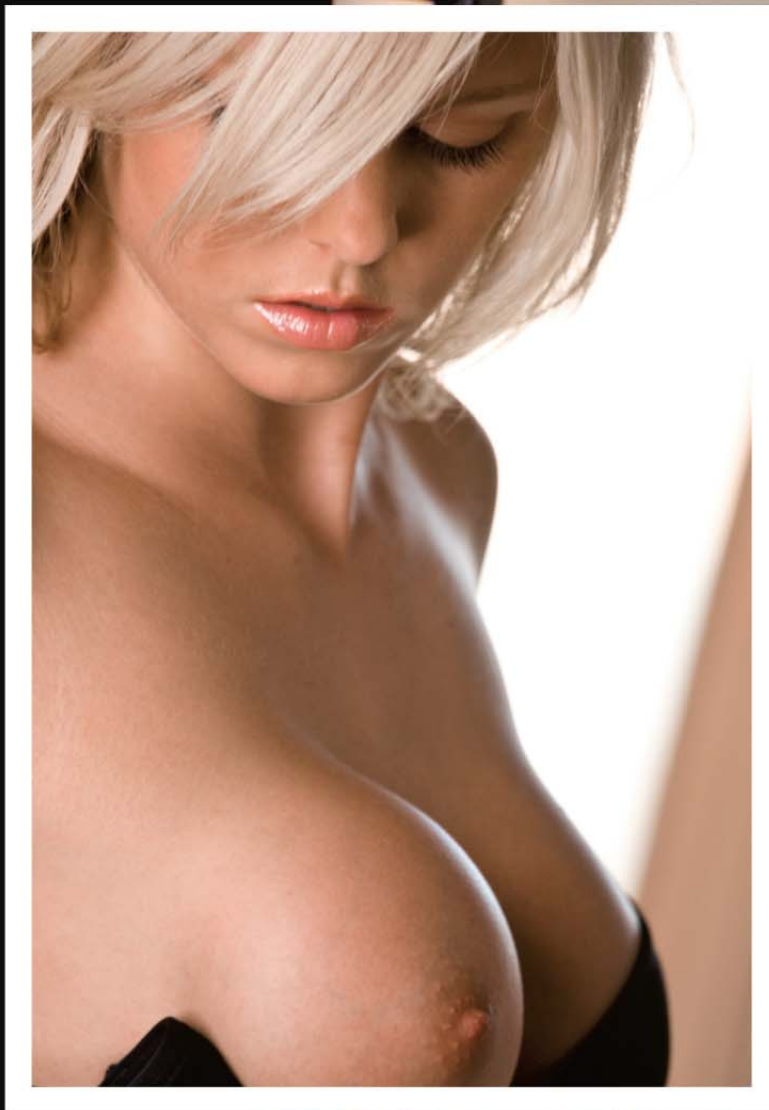
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crossing the line

Lindsay Marie is a stunning 23-year-old from Scottsdale, Arizona, with a 34C-23-34 hard body, but she's so much more than good looks. She describes herself as "a beer girl who loves a good shot of tequila," enjoys indulging her bad-girl side, and likes to play rough.


Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo





"I love when a guy gets
kinda rough and calls me
names ... throws me around
a little ... spanks me. That's
my favorite sex game."



A blonde woman with long hair is posing in a black and white striped bikini top. She is looking over her shoulder towards the camera. The background is a wooden door with ornate metal hardware. The lighting is warm and soft.

"The most outrageous place I've ever had sex was during a photo shoot. It wasn't supposed to be a porn shoot, but we got a little carried away."



"If I could have any job
in the world, I would
really love to be able
to make a living being
hot and sexy.... Wait, I
already do that!"





"I'm taking some classes for a fine-arts degree, though. I love to paint and sculpt, and I hope to have my own studio/gallery some day."

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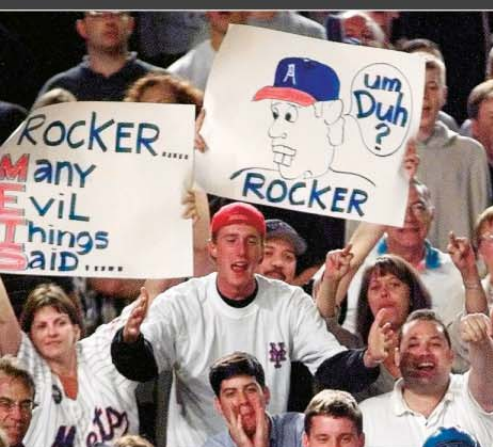




ROCKER AND ME

Ten years after his article on former Atlanta Braves pitcher John Rocker sparked a national controversy, author **Jeff Pearlman** revisits the famous story, and tries to revisit the infamous man.

JOHN ROCKER
FOR
PRESIDENT



The e-mail has yet to arrive.

Every morning, before I do so much as walk the dog, I turn on the ol' MacBook to see if my friend—my beloved, long-lost friend—has responded. We have much to catch up on, after all. In the ten years since we initially bonded, he has gone from top-of-the-world Atlanta Braves closer to *Saturday Night Live* punch line to hapless journeyman to “Speak English” advocate to accused steroid user to ... almost total obscurity. His website, once chock-full of enrapturing news (“John Rocker joins host committee for Georgia Transplant Foundation!”), hasn’t been updated since September 26, 2006. His “Rocker Gear” link comes up blank. A Google News search of his name turns up only scraps.

I know for a fact that John Loy Rocker still exists—people who keep in casual contact with the 35-year-old Georgia resident have told me he isn’t dead. And yet, every e-mail I send goes unanswered; every olive branch I extend comes back snapped in half.

What’s a guy to do?

I long to reach out to John Rocker because, well ... let’s see: Maybe it’s because, in some circles, I’m known as the writer who ended his career—a seemingly terrible burden to carry. Or, perhaps, having been so inextricably linked with him, I’m

genuinely curious. Where is he? What has he become? How is he handling life? But the main reason I want to talk to John Rocker is probably because, after all these years, I feel sorry for the man. Yes, he is a racist, and a homophobe, and an anti-Semite. And, quite frankly, the biggest dumbass I’ve ever met (and I’ve interviewed hot-headed Chicago Cubs outfielder Milton Bradley). But dumbasses shouldn’t suffer for an eternity, should they?

Not even John Rocker.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) MATT CAMPBELL/AFR/GETTY IMAGES, STEVE SCHAEFER/AFR/GETTY IMAGES, SCOTT HALLERAN/ALLSPORT/GETTY, ANDY LYONS/ALLSPORT/GETTY

We first met on October 12, 1999, when the New York Mets were in Atlanta to face the Braves in Game One of the National League Championship Series. Dick Friedman, my boss and *Sports Illustrated's* baseball editor, told me that the magazine was interested in an in-depth profile of Rocker, Atlanta's then-25-year-old closer/crackpot. In the regular season, during which he saved 38 games and produced a 2.49 ERA, Rocker had established himself as one of the game's most reviled figures. He cursed at fans, talked shit to opposing players, snarled and grunted and hissed with the aplomb of an elite WWE heel. In other words, he was fascinating. "I want to know who the real John Rocker is," Dick told me. "Find out what makes him tick."

During the next five days, that's exactly what I set out to do. Though the media throng was thick and burdensome, I followed Rocker from the clubhouse to the field to the bus to the bathroom, tossing out scattered questions whenever possible. Because I had a fast-approaching deadline, I didn't have the chance to dig too deeply. But I did sit down with several team-

mates, and spoke on the phone with Rocker's parents, Jake and Judy, both of whom insisted their son was badly misunderstood. "We once had a dog that John loved," Judy said. "When it died, John cried like a baby. That's the kind of person he is."

And that's the kind of story I submitted—a passable-yet-formulaic "John Rocker isn't as bad as you think" 1,500-word profile. But when the Yankees swept the Braves in the World Series that season, the piece was put on hold. A month later, I was told to fly to Atlanta and spend the day with Rocker. "Freshen it up," Dick told me. "See if you can get anything else out of him."

Uh, yeah.

In our afternoon together, Rocker was—what's the word?—crazy. Within the first half hour, while driving to a charitable appearance for a school for disadvantaged children (which his agent urged him to attend), Rocker spit on a tollbooth, flashed his middle finger at a trailing car, and railed against female Asian drivers. Shortly thereafter, he called a black teammate, first baseman Randall Simon, a "fat monkey," ripped on nearly every imaginable ethnicity, and unleashed an anti-New York diatribe that, a decade later, still generates nearly 1,000 Google hits: "Imagine having to take the [number] 7 train to the ballpark, looking like you're [riding through] Beirut next to some kid with purple hair next to some queer with AIDS right next to some dude who just got out of jail for the fourth time right next to some 20-year-old mom with four kids." All the while, I had my tape recorder running and a notepad in plain sight. Twice, Rocker told me things off the record. (Enough time has passed that I can now reveal the bombshells: Rocker thought Mets manager Bobby Valentine occasionally acted silly, and Rocker liked beer.) In other words, this was no setup.

Because it wasn't my intention to pile on, I never actually used two of the day's most valuable gems. First, as soon as Rocker's girlfriend exited the car, he called his *other* girlfriend ("You know how it is, bro," he gushed). Second, at one point Rocker turned to me and said, with 100 percent sincerity, "You ever been to Disney World?"

"Sure," I replied, "when I was a kid."

"Well," he said, "you know all those dudes who dress as characters—Mickey and Goofy and Donald?"

"Sure. Of course."

"Well, they're all fucking faggots. Gay faggots."

The article, titled "At Full Blast," ran in the December 27, 1999, issue of *Sports Illustrated*. One moment I'll never forget was when I called Joe Sambito, the retired Houston Astros reliever who was working as Rocker's agent, to give him the heads-up.

"Heeeyyy Jeff, great to hear from you," Sambito wailed. "So was John as awesome as I told you he'd be?"

"Well, Joe," I mumbled, "he sorta said a few things."

Lengthy pause.

"Oh, crap," Sambito said. "Oh, crap."

Indeed. In the following days, Rocker was transformed from irritable-yet-insignificant ballplayer to the new face of American Hitlerism. Rudy Giuliani and Hillary Clinton, both running for the vacant New York senatorial seat, issued competing statements of condemnation. Hank Aaron, the legendary Braves slugger, said he was "sickened" by the remarks. Groups such as the AIDS Survival Project picketed outside Turner Field. *ROCKER'S THE FOUL MOUTH OF THE SOUTH* screamed the headline in the *New York Post*. Under pressure from myriad groups, Major League Baseball suspended Rocker for much of 2000 spring training, as well as the first 14 games of the season.

I did not escape the fallout, either. Far from it: While many of my peers repeatedly congratulated me for such a big story, I was miserable. Throughout the league, players and coaches treated me as a leper. Will Clark, the Orioles' loud-mouthed first baseman, chewed me out in front of the entire team. The media-relations

“You know all those dudes who dress as characters at Disney World—Mickey and Goofy and Donald?” asked Rocker.... “Well, they’re all fucking faggots. Gay faggots.”

director for the Los Angeles Dodgers told me not to bother entering their clubhouse. Kerry Wood, the Cubs’ hard-throwing righty, stared me down and said, “No way I’d ever talk to you.” There were whispers and taunts, threats and rants. Here I was, working my dream job, only it had become a nightmare.

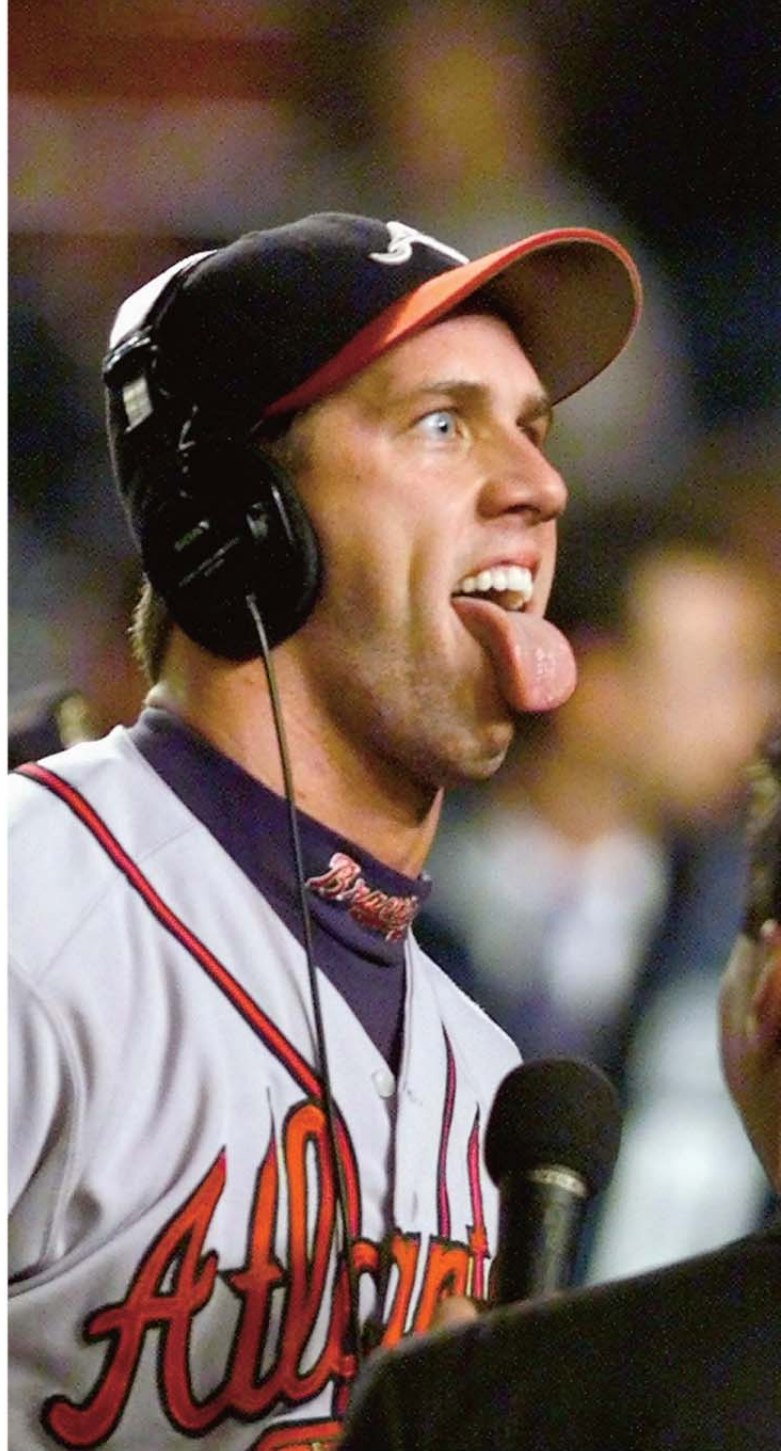
In early June, *Sports Illustrated* needed someone to cover the Yankees-Braves series in Atlanta. I volunteered, knowing that, in order to move on, I’d eventually have to face Rocker in person. It did not go well. I was walking through the bowels of the stadium, heading toward the Braves clubhouse, when I heard a familiar voice growl, “You don’t know how long I’ve been waiting for this.” I looked up and saw the six-foot-four, 225-pound pitcher charging my way. For what felt like an hour, he jabbed his finger into my chest, screaming, “You don’t know what I can do to you! You don’t know what I can do!” When he was finally ushered away by a security guard, I removed my eyeglasses, which were coated with John Rocker spittle. Ah, if only eBay had been around back then.

For Rocker, this was the beginning of the end. He pitched moderately okay in 2000, but midway through the following season—his psyche ruined, his velocity decreasing due to a bum left shoulder—he was traded to Cleveland for two forgettable pitchers. That year was the last time we ever saw each other. I was working on a profile of the Texas Rangers at the same time the Indians came to Arlington for a three-game series. When Rocker spotted me in the Cleveland clubhouse, he whipped out one of those yellow disposable cameras and trailed me around the room, snapping pictures and screaming, “What’s wrong? What’s wrong?” I was perplexed, but not nearly as much as his teammates, who stared at Rocker as if he had another arm growing out of his forehead.


By the end of May 2003, Rocker was out of the majors. He tried making a comeback two years later with the Long Island Ducks of the independent Atlantic League, but after 23 games and a 6.50 ERA, Rocker called it a career. At age 31, he was finished.

Through it all, I became, unofficially, the Rocker Guy. I couldn’t go a week without someone asking me to tell the story. I would be introduced at parties as “the dude who got Rocker.” One day, I opened my mail to find a letter from Judy Rocker, John’s mom. In it, she compared me to Jesus Christ—“two Jews forced to make difficult choices.” She lambasted me for ruining her boy’s life, and asked me to keep the note between us—before typing on the bottom of the page, “CC: Frank Childs.” (To this day, I do not know who Frank Childs is, only that he gives me liberty to share the letter.) In the immediate aftermath of the *Sports Illustrated* article, Rocker admitted to being quoted accurately, but through the years his story has changed. He was misled. I took things out of context (by “fat monkey,” he merely meant ... something else). I was a Jew with an agenda.

Yet, for some reason, I never got especially angry. Since the



story ran, my life has steadily improved. I met my wife and had two wonderful kids. I left the magazine for a career in books, and have written a pair of best-sellers. Rocker, meanwhile, has had his struggles. His line of “Speak English” T-shirts—hyped in an awkward Fox News appearance—quickly fizzled out, and earlier this year he allegedly called an Atlanta deejay a “Jew faggot” in a highly publicized altercation. In a truly tragic moment, in 2007, his father, Jake, died in an automobile accident. Against my wife’s advice (“Are you crazy?”), I wrote John a note, expressing my genuine sadness. Sure, we would never get along. And sure, he hated my guts. And sure, the article didn’t go as planned. But John Rocker is a human being. For better or worse, we are forever linked—the journalist and the athlete, joined at the hip.

Now if only he’d write me back. 

Jeff Pearlman is the author of the best-sellers *Boys Will Be Boys* and *The Bad Guys Won!* His latest book, *The Rocket That Fell to Earth*, is in stores now.

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The Barbaric Ballet

Bullfighting may be on its way out, but it's not going quietly, as our man in Madrid reports.

By Jonah Keri

The beast, 1,000 pounds or more, trains its eyes on the swatch of color 20 yards away, panting heavily, head cocked, massive chest heaving. A stream of brownish crimson flows from a wound at the back of its neck, down its sides, dripping to the ground. The beast is frustrated, confused, and furious. It charges—and misses. Charges again—and misses. It's shaking its head side-to-side now, frothing at the mouth, in great pain.

The man calls to the beast from 20 yards away: "Hey! Hey! Hey!" He prances toward it, urging the enormous animal closer. He performs a ritual dance, thrusting his hips at the onrushing bull, drawing it in—and right by. In—and right by.

The man is full of bravado now. He drops to his knees to lure the animal back. The audience gasps. The beast lunges forward, and past again. Man and beast are now standing no more than two feet apart. Under normal circumstances, the horned creature would hold a gigantic and deadly advantage. Now, the situation is reversed.

The crowd, buzzing with excitement, smells blood. They call out to the man to end it: "*¡Mátale!*"

I'm sitting in the grandstand 15 rows up, directly above the spectacle. I'm clutching my seat. My stomach is turning. I call out to the man. "Kill him!"



The art of bullfighting (don't dare call it a sport—aficionados describe it as a beautiful play, on a higher plane than mere "sport") is believed to have started some 2,000 years ago, as representations of man vs. bull showdowns have been discovered in ancient Roman cities located in what are today parts of Spain. It's possible that the "Christians-to-the-lions" custom during the Roman Empire also included bulls.

The modern version of bullfighting took shape many centuries later, as holidays, religious festivals, and royal weddings were paired with fights in the early eighteenth century. Bullfighting in Spain today retains that same celebratory vibe. Madrid's San Isidro festival lasts the month of May, and features daily partying in the streets and a big bullfight event every night. You can find bullfights elsewhere in the world—in Mexico, parts of Central and South America, Portugal, and France—but Spain, particularly Madrid and the southern region of Andalusia, remains the epicenter, armed with most of the best *toreros* (bullfighters), the biggest crowds, and the richest traditions.

Tradition is the operative word for an art with both gladiatorial and agrarian roots. Today, as they did hundreds of years ago, aspiring *toreros* learn their craft in a country setting. They live on a ranch, estate, or large farm, and feed and care for bulls. They help pick the bulls that might someday have the right stuff—the courage and determination to charge in a straight line again and again—to get their day in the ring.

Beyond having an eye for *toros*, top *toreros* must possess a rare combination of talent, charisma, bravery, and *machismo*. The most famous and highly paid *torero* in the world is "El Juli," Julián López Escobar. Estimates vary widely, but it's believed that López takes in at least \$75,000 per appearance.

López made his bullfighting debut at the precocious age of 14, when his performance in Texcoco, Mexico, earned him a standing ovation and two ears—the severed ears of dead bulls being trophies awarded for an extraordinary effort. A year later, he became the youngest professional *torero* of all time. By age 17, he'd

become the highest-paid *torero* ever. His looks, fame, wealth, and immense skill cemented López as a matinee idol in Spain, on par with the biggest movie stars and pro athletes in the United States. López hits charging bulls with his own *banderillas* (darts), a feat usually reserved for a separate, highly trained *banderillo*. Where a typical bullfight consists of three *toreros* fighting two bulls each, López will occasionally fight all six bulls in one performance.

It's one thing to risk your life for tens of thousands of dollars per fight, but quite another to do it for a fraction of that, as Antonio Judas did for six years of his young manhood. Judas grew up in one of the most tumultuous times in Spain's history, under Francisco Franco's fascist rule in the 1940s and '50s. He first came into contact with a bull when he was 11, but wasn't immersed in *toros* culture until his teens, when he met a rich patron who took him in on a huge estate in Andalusia. There, Judas tended cattle on the ranch and practiced against live bulls. Judas's debut in the ring came at age 17, in Seville. He spent the next few years traveling from Seville to Madrid to Barcelona to small towns all across Spain—a true journeyman, with a journeyman's pay. Promoters would cover the cost of his accommodations, travel, and food. He'd get a small honorarium to go for a pack of cigarettes, a few beers, and trips to the barber, but that was it. For the price of bare essentials and a little walking-around money, he squared off against hundreds of riled-up, 1,000-pound bulls.

"People didn't have much money then," he says with a shrug. "It was something to do."

For the next 90 minutes, Judas embarks on a roller-coaster conversation in his thickly accented Spanglish, talking of life under Franco, his admiration for John F. Kennedy, and his move to Toronto, where he opened a flamenco bar that Cassius Clay used to visit. The 72-year-old Judas bounds up and starts singing and dancing with the verve of a 22-year-old.

What all of us sitting at the table are dying to know, though, is what goes through your mind when a bull charges at you.

"It's me or the bull," Judas says flatly.

Did you feel any remorse when you made your first kill?

"It's me or the bull."

How do you keep your fear in check?

For the price of bare essentials and a little walking-around money, Judas (below) squared off against hundreds of riled-up, 1,000-pound bulls.



Judas had a simple mantra in the *corrida*: "It's me or the bull."



Torero fatalities are rare, but gorings are not, as José Tomás learned in 2007, when he felt the horns in three consecutive fights. He went on to kill the bull in each case, but had to be hospitalized all three times as well.

"It's me ... or the bull."
Well, then.

We exit the Las Ventas metro stop in Madrid and climb the stairs to the street above. Against a bright blue afternoon sky, the Plaza de Toros de Las Ventas rises up in grandeur. It's a tall, Moorish-style brick building with blue tile accents embedded throughout and turrets up top.

We've come for the second bullfight weekend of the season, in mid-March. Sunday events are largely held for tourists, we learn, and in a grand building like Las Ventas, wide swaths of empty seats are the norm this time of year. During San Isidro, in May, Las Ventas is packed for the most important bullfighting event in the world, and everyone in town is ginned up, literally and figuratively.

Spanish bullfights play out in three parts. In the *tercio de varas* ("the third of lancing"), we see the *torero* sizing up the bull. A lot of posturing occurs, with the *torero* edging toward the bull, then ducking behind a brick wall to protect himself when the bull charges. Though the practice seems odd and frankly a bit cowardly, it makes sense—when the bull's at full strength at the start of the performance, it's far too dangerous to tangle with for long.

Next—still in stage one—a *picador* enters the arena on horseback armed with a *vara*, a spiked lance. Until 1930, the horses were unprotected, leaving

the bull free to disembowel the horse when he charged; horses are now protected by a covering that resembles a thick mattress. The *picador* pierces the bull on the back of the neck as the beast glances off the horse's flank. The object of this exercise is to weaken the bull's neck muscles so that later on, it will carry its head and horns lower, making it safer for the *torero*.

The crowd is rapt when the bull starts charging more frequently in stage two, the *tercio de banderillas* ("the third of flags"). In this segment, three *banderilleros* join the *torero* in the ring. Each one draws the bull toward him, dodges, then plants two *banderillas* (metal darts) into the bull's back.

In stage three, the *tercio de muerte* ("the third of death"), the *torero* is in the ring alone, armed with a red cape and the sword he keeps behind it. He calls to the bull, luring him in again (*Ole!*) and again (*Ole!*). He struts toward him, saying something in a low voice. I can't make out his words, but he almost seems to be comforting the bull, complimenting him for his bravery and telling him it will all be over soon. Whatever one might think of bullfighting in general, it's hard not to be impressed and inspired by the courage and grace of the *torero*. The stark, dramatic character of the setting—ring, dirt, man, beast—is also compelling.

Still, I am repulsed as much as compelled by those final few moments. There is blood dribbling down the bull's back, it's suffering, and everyone knows what's coming next.

I'm not alone in my distaste, even

in Madrid. "It's a tradition, but that doesn't justify the cruelty or brutality of the sport," said Manuel Gamez, a graduate student in psychology at the Autonomous University of Madrid. In 2007, a consortium of some 30 arts and sports personalities supported a motion before the Spanish parliament in Madrid calling for a ban on the centuries-old tradition. That was a first. A 2006 Gallup poll found that 72 percent of Spaniards have "no interest" in bullfighting, and that those over the age of 55 show the most support for it.


On the other hand, a bullfighting aficionado develops an appreciation for the spectacle, the skill of the *torero*, and the nobility of a bull that fought to the last.

"A person with increasing knowledge and sensory education may derive infinite enjoyment from wine," Hemingway wrote in his classic book on bullfighting, *Death in the Afternoon*, "as a man's enjoyment of the bullfight might grow to become one of his greatest minor passions."

It's this sort of refinement that gave rise to a bullfighting controversy in Spain in early 2009. Two *toreros* who were previous winners of the Spanish Culture Ministry's Fine Arts honor returned their medals in protest of the honor going to Francisco Rivera Ordóñez. Though he's an accomplished *torero*, Rivera is best known for having once married a daughter of Spain's most titled aristocrat, for dating a former Miss Spain, and for gracing the covers of gossip magazines. The earlier winners, José Tomás and Paco Camino, argued that the Ministry favored glitz over substance in honoring Rivera, and had "degraded the notion of bullfighting as art."

But could it be that the Culture Ministry spotlighted a glamorous, pop-star figure as a hedge against the increasing marginalization of bullfighting? Aficionados argue that such a plan would backfire, and drain more purity out of the pastime, while others claim the controversy, and the rivalries it sharpened, would be good for bullfighting.

Some went so far as to suggest that Rivera and Tomás have an old-fashioned, you've-offended-my-honor duel—or at a minimum, square off in a bullfighting competition.

We know which option the bull would choose. 



PHOTOGRAPH (TOP) BY AP PHOTO/EEF, PACO CAMPOS

MIX MASTER

Reggie Watts blends music and mischief in his one-of-a-kind stand-up.

By John Bolster

With his gifts as a mimic, nonsense-talker, singer, and human beat-boxer, Reggie Watts could be a deluxe crowd-pleaser if he wanted to be. He can enthrall an audience by building a song with nothing more than a loop pedal and his own vocal talents, or make them giddy with an absurd, improvised monologue.

But Reggie Watts doesn't always aim to please the crowd. Sometimes he likes to confuse them, or befuddle them—throw them off balance. His interests are too wide-ranging and he's too mischievous to create a straightforward dynamic with his audience. He prefers a more disorienting relationship. But make no mistake: Watts has the tools to be a megastar, and he routinely creates magic on-stage with his on-the-spot beatbox creations and ludicrous ramblings. We got him on the phone to tell us how he does it, how it started, and how to handle a Scottish heckler.

Your act is not easy to describe for someone who hasn't seen it. For starters, can you tell our readers what a "loop pedal" is?

A loop pedal is kind of like a fancy tape recorder. You record something by pressing *record* but when you press *stop*, it keeps repeating the thing it just recorded, over and over again. And you can subsequently add on top of that.

How many tracks can you add?

Well, it depends on a couple of things. The main one I use is a standard loop pedal. Once you record and you loop, you can add as much as you want, but the machine only has so much memory, so it elegantly fades out the earlier tracks that you put down, to allocate new memory. It's kind of like looking at a map with a flashlight in the dark—

as you progress, the other stuff fades away and the new stuff takes its place. I have another loop pedal that has four tracks and 64 gigabytes of memory. So I could record an hour-long loop if I wanted to. But I just lay down a loop, then move to the next track, and so on—and you can control the volume levels of each one. That's a different style of looping, a more advanced version.

How did you start using this machine?

It was a gradual process. I started using it as a scratch pad—putting down tracks to show the guys in my band—then I thought, *Maybe I could entertain people for a few minutes in between songs*, and then eventually I thought, *Wow, I could probably do a whole show using just this one device*. It was a slow evolution.

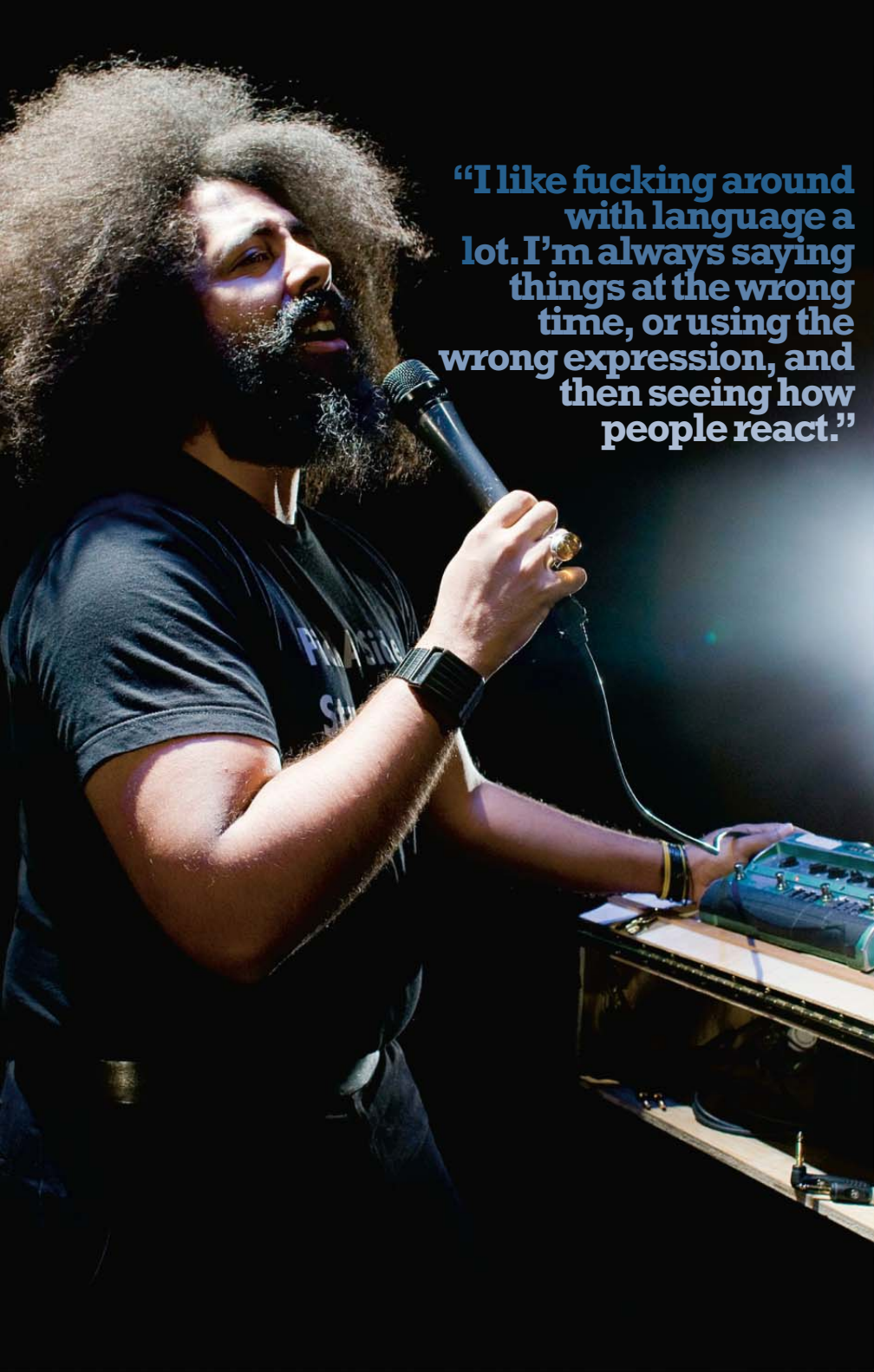
Your act is so unconventional that there's almost no room for one, but have you ever had a heckler?

Oh, yeah. One of the first times I got

heckled badly, or potentially badly, was in Scotland, the first year I performed at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival. My show was totally improvised—and I had to fill an hour. And I had 28 shows to do. It was completely like, "Okay, good luck!" So I'm onstage and some Scottish guy says, "Go back in your hole!" Initially, I thought, *Oh, that's so mean*. But then I turned to the audience and I said, "I'm so sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that's a colleague of mine. He's a fellow time traveler, and he's just wishing me well. It's an expression we use: 'Go back in your hole,' as in, 'We hope you find the right portal to get back to your own time period.'"

[Laughs] Did that shut him up?

He didn't say anything for the rest of the show. But I'm not really one of those guys that's gonna take someone on. There are guys that are so good at that—ripping the shit out of somebody. Usually I ignore it, or sometimes I'll continue saying things as if I didn't hear it, but then I start talking about that person, only in the same pacing that I was talking about other stuff. So most of the time they don't get that they're being talked about. That's fun; some people in the audience get it and other people are like, "What's going on?"



“I like fucking around with language a lot. I’m always saying things at the wrong time, or using the wrong expression, and then seeing how people react.”

You’ve talked about Victor Borge. There are obvious differences between you and him, but there are also similarities—music mixed with comedy, sight gags, silly contexts. Was he a big influence on you?

I’d say that he was definitely an influence on me. I remember him from when I was a kid; I remember him on *The Electric Company* and on variety shows. But really he provides more of an example for me. A lot of people think of music-comedy as a new thing.

But that’s just not true. His existence is an example of the history of music and comedy [being combined]. It’s probably been around since court jesters, and before that.

What were you like as a kid? Were you always into performing?

Yeah, I was. I was always a class

clown. When I moved to the United States at age four, I was speaking Spanish primarily. Because I couldn’t communicate perfectly I would do silly things and people would laugh. In elementary school, I think it was in fourth grade, I convinced my principal to let me do a school play. I just suddenly wanted to do that, and the way that I sold it was, I said it was an anti-drug play.

[Laughs] You were a fourth-grade drug czar.

I wasn’t anti-drugs; I didn’t really care about drugs either way. I just wanted to make a show. So they made a special assembly, and I filled up ziplock bags full of flour for cocaine, and oregano for weed. I played an undercover cop and there was some drug deal or something—it was really horrible. But they let me do it and the whole school came out and saw it, 300 kids.


How much of your current act is improvised?

I’d say about 90 percent.

How do you replenish the well of resources you call on for that?

Well, a lot of it’s just being in a good mood—getting onstage and being excited about performing. But also a lot comes from my natural interests. I love technology, and I love people, and I love design. I like knowing why things are the way they are and why people will say a particular thing. I’m always interested in my surroundings and noticing the little things that people may pass by a hundred times without stopping to see what they’re about. And it’s fucking around, too—I like fucking around with language a lot. I’m always joking around with language, and saying things at the wrong time, or using the wrong expression, and then seeing how people react. So all of that kind of comes into play onstage.

Your act really impacts an audience that doesn’t know you, but how do you wow a crowd that does know you?

Well, I have to work the other way in, so to speak—come in at the other end. But generally the strategy is the same. I try to figure out different ways to come onstage, different ways to address the audience. And people are still just as confused, because I can use their expectations against them. They’ll still get some of what they expect, but sometimes it really comes in handy, being able to subvert people’s expectations. 

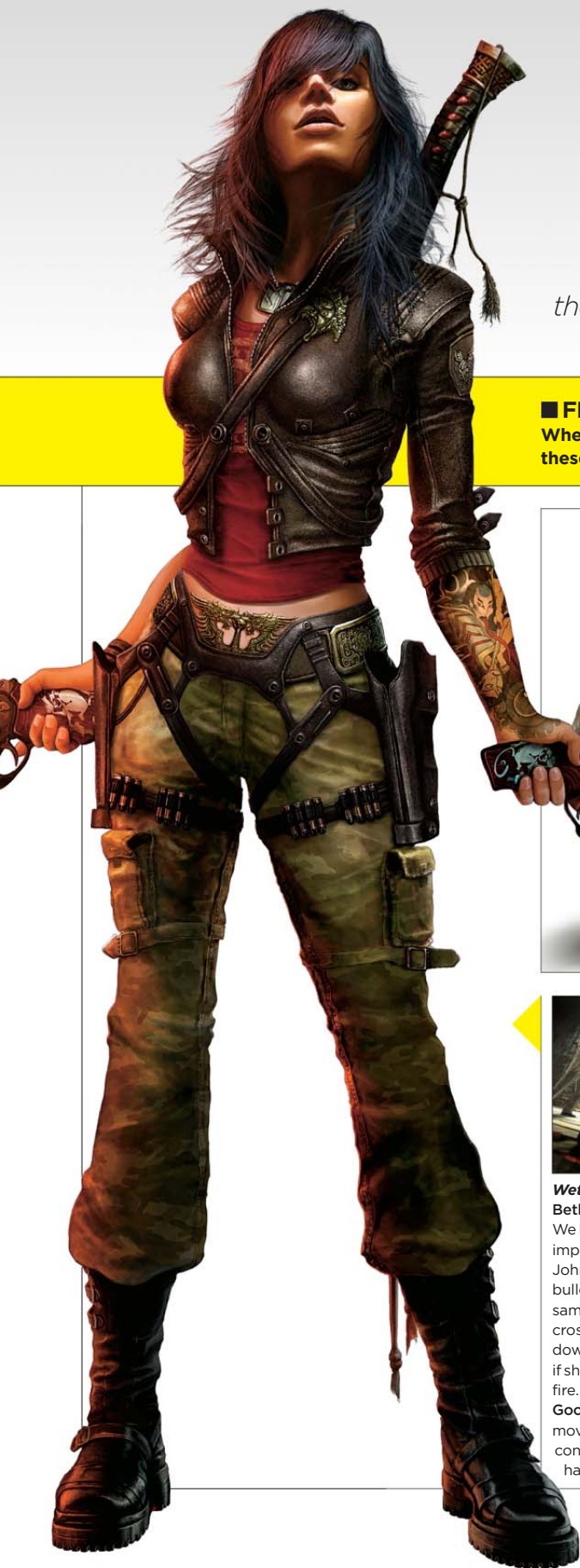
Can't Catch 'Em All

We hate to say it, but the pre-holiday madness is about to drop on you like an Acme anvil. The upside is, lots and lots of new videogames. Who has time to try them out? That's where we come in. We found the best titles around, just so you can get your game on.

By Rebecca Swanner

■ FINGER ON THE TRIGGER, BABY

When you need to blow off some steam by blowing shit up, try one of these shooters.



Left 4 Dead 2

Valve/EA/Steam (Xbox 360, PC)

A new team of four survivors fights an encroaching zombie apocalypse, taking on an even gorier onslaught across a number of Southern states. Lucky for you, there's a slew of melee weapons to use against the undead if you run out of ammunition.

Good to know: The paths you're required to take through each level are more difficult and the zombies are harder to kill, so make sure you have your first-person-shooter skills down before you jump into an online battle.



Wet

Bethesda (Xbox 360, PS3)

We know a lot of people were not terribly impressed by *Stranglehold*, but we loved John Woo's overuse of acrobatic moves and bullet time. *Wet* will treat you to more of the same. You step into the boots of the double-crossed/out-for-blood beauty Rubi, who cuts down her enemies with her sword, her gun, or, if she's feeling really nasty, by setting them on fire. All's fair in love and war, right?

Good to know: This killer has many nimble moves and they're mapped to intuitive controls. You won't be left fumbling if you have to run up a wall to escape enemy fire.



Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

This heralded franchise dragged us back to the trenches of World War II last year; after the welcome taste of modern combat in *COD: MW*, our spirits sank a little. But now, developers Infinity Ward return (they're responsible for the great ones—*COD*, *COD2*, *COD: MW*), and we pick up where *Modern Warfare* left off. You'll follow Sergeant MacTavish through Russia, strange castles, underwater worlds, and the slums of Brazil to take down a nationalist organization.

Good to know: You'll be able to engage in an intense two-player co-op Special Ops mode, test your agility skills by ice-climbing in the Russian mountains, and use heartbeat monitors to detect your enemy's fear.



James Cameron's Avatar: The Game
Ubisoft (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii, PC)

James Cameron has always been open to what tech developments mean to filmmaking, so it's no surprise that he's embraced the 3-D format. Ubisoft's team has been working with him on effects for his upcoming film, and simultaneously developing its 3-D game. We can't give away too much about the plot, but we can say you'll be able to play as either one of the Na'vi, the freakishly tall natives of Pandora, or as a military avatar traipsing through the deadly world and trying to claim the land for his own. **Good to know:** Beyond the customizable characters lies a vast land to explore and some ridiculously cool flying machines, both living and mechanical.



Alpha Protocol
Sega (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

On the surface, this resembles a third-person shooter. There are lots of bullets flying, after all. But you can change the way your rogue CIA character plays by switching up his weapons, gadgets, and skills, so you get to decide whether or not you want to brawl; your alternative is to use your espionage skills to win.

Good to know: You'll run into some seriously sexy women whom you can pair up with. Yes, pair up like that.



Grand Theft Auto: The Ballad of Gay Tony
Rockstar Games (Xbox 360)

GTA returns, sort of. This is a new episode continuing the storyline of GTA IV that we assume is intended to tide you over till the Rockstar team is ready to release GTA V. Here, you play the bodyguard of the nightlife king Tony Prince; you've got to protect him from the gangsters who want him dead. There's more classic GTA action, with new weapons, vehicles, storyline, and multiplayer modes. We're psyched about the return of the tank and explosive weapons.

Good to know: You get plenty of flamboyant action, but, sorry, no naked Lady Godiva.



Rogue Warrior
Bethesda (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

Dick Marcinko is a badass former Navy SEAL who developed two counterterrorism units (and received 15 medals). This brutal third-person shooter, which is based on Marcinko's fictional stories, focuses on the visceral elements of war: using your trusty knife to slay your enemies up close, blowing up bridges, and taking down Russians with nasty melee maneuvers.

Good to know: Mickey Rourke voices the fictional version of Marcinko, which just seems totally perfect.

■ ADVENTURE ISLAND

If you want more than target practice, these titles offer guns, swords, magic spells, and deep storylines.



Brütal Legend

EA (Xbox 360, PS3)

Conventional wisdom tells us that roadies usually get the short end of the stick. They're stuck carrying the gear, they get the crappy seats on the bus, and, most important, they end up boning the not-hot groupies. None of them have it as tough as poor Eddie Riggs, though, the best roadie for the worst band. After an onstage accident, Riggs ends up inside a heavy-metal fantasy world that looks like a cross between hell and Boris Vallejo's paintings. Riggs is forced to fight his way out (with the help of a backup army of headbangers) against freakish creatures that could only have spawned from heavy-metal imagery.

Good to know: Voice-overs never make a game, but creator Tim Schafer (*Psychonauts*) brought in Jack Black to play Riggs and filled out the cast with Motörhead's Lemmy Kilmister, Judas Priest's Rob Halford, Ozzy Osbourne, and Tim Curry. It certainly ups the entertainment factor.



holiday videogame preview

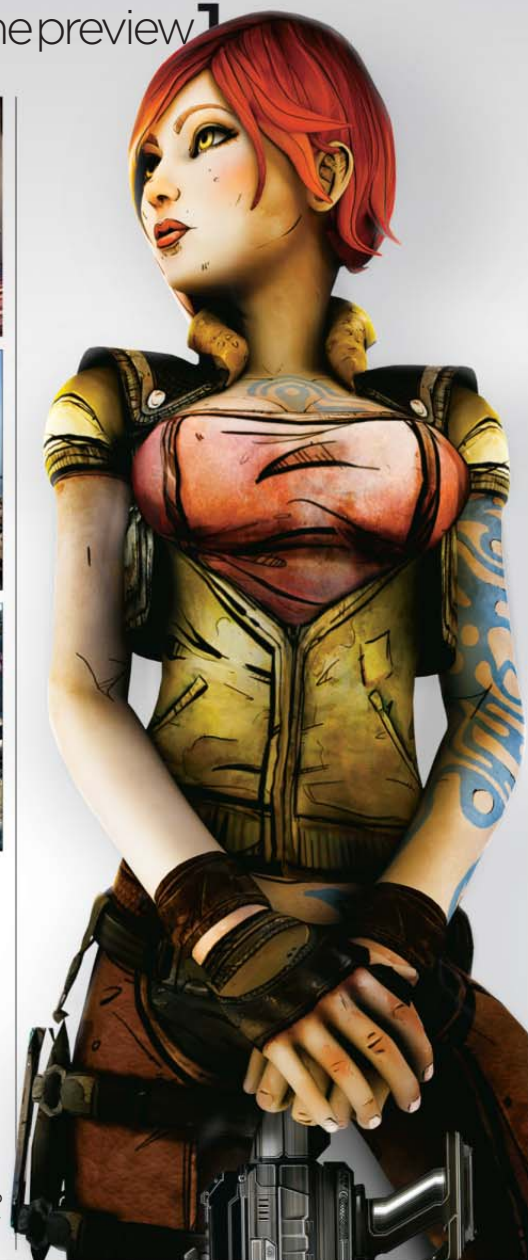


Borderlands

2K (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

It's a postapocalyptic *Mad Max*-style world. Refugees fight in factions against other tribes and aliens using more than five million weapons. Yes, you read that right, and no, it's not a misprint. This shooter-meets-role-playing game features 160 quests and more weapons than any other game on the market. On top of that, there are 500,000 item and armor options, thanks to the random generating system, which also changes the terrain.

Good to know: You can hop into a friend's game and play along with his team, then jump back into yours, keeping the elements of your character and everything you've earned.



The Legend of Zelda: Spirit Tracks

Nintendo (DS)

It's looking like it'll be years before we see another new *Zelda* title for the Wii, but in the meantime, you can use your stylus to go dungeon-crawling and puzzle-solving. This new adventure is set 100 years after *The Phantom Hourglass*, and this time, you can play online with up to three other gamers.

Good to know: There's a new wind-propeller tool that requires you to blow into the DS, adding another level of interaction with the game. Shooting pigs from the train as you ride around the world is fun. Unfortunately, they don't turn into crispy bacon.



Saw: The Videogame

Konami (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

Saw returns to theaters and consoles again this year, just in time to make you lose your lunch all over your Halloween costume. The game bridges the gap between the first two films and opens with Detective Tapp wearing a jaw-splitter device. Once you remove it, you'll be following Jigsaw's trail down one disturbing rabbit hole after another until you solve the puzzle—or don't.

Good to know: There are plenty of moments when you'll want to look away but can't, yet the game's real heart is its challenging and entertaining puzzles.



Assassin's Creed II

Ubisoft (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

Last time Desmond stepped into the Animus machine, he traveled back into the memory of an assassin living in the time of the Third Crusade. This time, he'll jump into the past of a Venetian man intent on avenging the murder of his family. Your hidden arm blades have been improved (one has a firing mechanic), and you're now able to swim. However, the bad guys are also improved. They'll seek you out when you hide and take smarter approaches to melee battles.

Good to know: Leonardo da Vinci is your best bud and will outfit you with contraptions.



Uncharted 2: Among Thieves

Sony (PS3)

Nathan Drake's back to solve another history mystery—this time the disappearance of most of Marco Polo's fleet—and he looks damn cool doing it. There's lots of leaping from collapsing buildings and hanging from helicopters in Nepal, Turkey, Borneo, Tibet....

Good to know: You'll still have to eat through your ammo to put down some enemies, but at least they don't just stand there shirtless, making you feel like a bad shot. You'll see how good you really are in the competitive and co-op multiplayer modes.



Fairytale Fights

Playlogic (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

If you crave sick, gruesome humor, you'll enjoy this. You run through this drop-in/drop-out co-op title as one of four characters—Red Riding Hood, Jack (of the beanstalk), the Naked King, and Snow White—killing chubby kids, beating up beavers, slicing and dicing cute, fluffy bunnies, and generally being a nuisance to anyone and everyone in your way using an arsenal of lollipops, knives, axes, and whatever else you can find.

Good to know: If slipping around in blood isn't gross enough, look for the brains and bones that pop out of dismembered enemies.



Dragon Age: Origins

EA (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

The talented team that brought you *Mass Effect* delivers this deep role-playing game—a spiritual successor to *Baldur's Gate*—which boasts extensive customization that reaches into battle strategies and more, and shapes your journey across distant fantasy lands. There are only three character classes but plenty of origin stories, each of which drastically affects the storyline and replay-ability.

Good to know: Whether you're playing as a male or female, you can screw the women in your camp. You can even have a threesome with ladies of the night at an in-town brothel.



New Super Mario Bros. Nintendo (Wii)

Everything you loved about the original *Super Mario Bros.* returns in this new adventure—and more. Three characters at a time more, to be exact. You'll run and jump, spin in midair, and squash goombas with the help (and sometimes hindrance) of characters who battle to score the most points in each level.

Good to know: Mario's suits have always rocked. This time you can fly with a propeller suit and freeze enemies with a penguin suit, both of which almost make up for the lack of an online multiplayer mode.



■ IN IT TO WIN IT

These sports titles deliver adrenaline-fueled action via feisty brawlers, arcade-style racers, and nimble feet.



FIFA 10

EA (Xbox 360, PS3, PC, Wii, DS, PSP, iPhone)

Soccer isn't big business here (no thanks to you, David Beckham), but this series is an excellent diversion. They've fixed the positional priority and made it easier to get the ball under control, so you won't throw your hands up in frustration. Instead, enjoy the new 360-degree dribbling.

Good to know: Manager mode features up to 50 major components; you can really get into the nitty-gritty of the game, if that's your thing. If not, skip it and jump into the action.



Blur

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, PC)

This arcade-style racing game should decrease frustration for those of us, um, those of you who can't keep the car on the road during hairpin turns. Race everywhere from the Los Angeles "river" to the streets of London in unlikely cars, including Hummers and VW Beetles.

Good to know: The game features power-ups as well as projectile electromagnetic pulses that you launch at enemies. Sure, that's really similar to *Mario Kart*, but is that such a bad thing?



Forza Motorsport 3

Microsoft (Xbox 360)

This simulation-based racing game puts you in the driver's seat of more than 400 cars. You're able to rewind five seconds to get back on track, and speed through the Circuit de la Sarthe, where you're likely to roll your precious Ferrari.

Good to know: With more than 100 tracks, an improved multiplayer track editor, and 200-plus single-player events, you might not even need the downloadable content.... Just kidding.



Tony Hawk: Ride

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, Wii)

After *skate*, and *Skate 2* challenged the concept of what a skateboarding videogame could be by switching up the controls, then adding the Wii Balance Board, Tony Hawk's series goes a step further by letting players control their on-screen character with a skateboard-shaped peripheral.

Good to know: Wii owners have gotten the chance over the past few years to use unique peripherals in nonmusic games, but this opens that up to anyone with a next-generation console.



Tekken 6

(Xbox 360, PS3, PSP) and

SoulCalibur: Broken Destiny

(PSP)

We can't really pick a winner when comparing a console game to a handheld, but we can delve into the changes to both. It's time to take the other guy's (or girl's) eye out with these rough-and-tumble brawlers from Namco Bandai. Fight! Fight! Fight!

NEW CHARACTERS

Tekken 6: At least eight new fighters, ranging from robots and cyborgs to fat Americans and Spanish matadors.

SoulCalibur: Broken Destiny: Two new characters join the roster of 20-plus fighters, including *God of War*'s Kratos and the dapper Don Pierre, who fights with two nasty daggers.

MOVES

Tekken 6: If you succeed in delivering certain combos, your opponent will bounce back up in a way that lets you continue to destroy him. In our test drive, button mashing worked surprisingly well, which worked out well for us.

SoulCalibur: Broken Destiny: Moves that have been retained for this portable game include soul crush, critical finish, and equipment destruction.

STAGES

Tekken 6: Stages for the console version have been carried over from the arcade title *Tekken 6: Bloodline Rebellion* and can be destroyed to reveal new fighting arenas.

SoulCalibur: Broken Destiny: Lighting effects have been improved so the arenas appear to be going from day to night.

HEADBUSTING BEAUTIES

Tekken 6: New character Alisa Boskonovitch is easy on the eyes, although she's got a cold cyborg heart and a bomb for a head.

SoulCalibur: Broken Destiny: Such lovelies as the super-busty Ivy, feisty Amy, petite Talim, and Sophitia (in a barely there Grecian getup) return.



■ CONTROL THE DANCE FLOOR

Until the launch of *Rock Band* and *Guitar Hero*, music-based games were pretty ho-hum. Except for *Donkey Kong Jungle Beat*, of course.

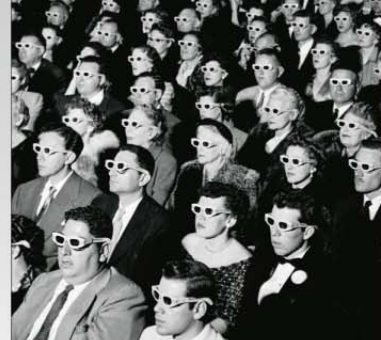


DJ Hero

Activision (Xbox 360, PS3, PS2, Wii)

This isn't the first turntable title we've seen, but it is the most impressive. By following different "highways," you'll be able to scratch, switch, and freestyle your way through popular club hits and some of your favorite old-school hip-hop tracks, just like those celebrity deejays.

Good to know: The turntable itself is nothing to sneeze at. It comes with stream buttons, an effects dial, a Euphoria button (for when the highways burn blue), and a cross fader, and is available in traditional black or the flashier gold.



Breaking the Fourth Wall

It looks like 3-D technology is here to stay. Film companies have been investing in 3-D films—this year alone audiences were treated to *Coraline*, *My Bloody Valentine*, and *The Final Destination*—and soon you'll be able to enjoy the same technology at home. Of course, whether or not you don a pair of glasses to watch a movie with your girl is your prerogative, but at least you have the option. And you may really appreciate it if adult films make the leap, too. Today's stereoscopic technology makes the films look better, and Philips is even releasing a television with four times the resolution of any HDTV; it uses autostereoscopic technology, so you don't need the glasses. It's likely to cost around \$25,000, though.

Hyundai

The company's not yet releasing a 3-D TV for the American consumer market, but they are offering three 3-D-ready monitors at up to 42 inches. The 46-inch TV the company is selling in Japan comes with a nasty price tag of nearly \$5,000.

Mitsubishi 73-inch 1080p 120Hz Home Theater DLP HDTV (\$2,499)

In 2007, this electronics company launched a Diamond series that featured 3-D-ready technology. They've expanded the capability across their home-theater lines that feature 60-inch, 65-inch, and 73-inch screens.

Samsung 72-inch Widescreen DLP HDTV (\$2,199)

This skinny Energy Star-rated TV uses digital projection to give you a supercrisp picture that makes your show look good, whether it's broadcast in standard definition, HDTV, or 3-D.

Go on With Your Bad Self

PlayStation Portable Go (\$249)

This fall, Sony is releasing the PSPgo, a pocket-size device that's 35 percent smaller than the PSP 3000. The new version does not have a UMD drive, but games released after October 1 will be downloadable from the PlayStation store via the PSP itself or a PS3 or PC. And while the LCD screen is just as bright, albeit a bit smaller, the biggest change is that the controls are accessible by sliding up the screen, just as with certain cellphones, or by accessing the internal Bluetooth and connecting a PS3 controller.



HAPPIEST PLACE ON EARTH?



When Chinese entrepreneurs built a sex theme park last spring, Chongqing, China, became the Sin City of the East—for a brief, shining moment. Alas, the park was demolished before it ever opened to the public. As the *Daily Mail* reported, photos of the nearly completed Chinese Love Land circulated online in May, prompting an inspection by officials. Following their inspection, the officials released a statement calling the park “vulgar” and an “evil influence on society,” demanding it be torn down immediately. The vice president of the company responsible for building the park blamed its closure on a failure to get the proper government permission beforehand.

But there’s always the original Loveland, on Jeju Island, South Korea, targeted primarily toward newlyweds in arranged marriages from the main-

land. Loveland, which opened in 2004, boasts 140 erotic works of art, an exhibit hall overflowing with assorted sex toys, and a visitors’ center that offers an explicit dose of sex ed.

A mitten-wearing phallus and a vagina with a floppy hat greet visitors when they enter the park, giving a small taste of what’s to come. The restroom doors feature urinating clip-art figures and penis- and boob-shaped door handles (to designate gender), and phallic arrows direct visitors through the park.

A pond at the center of the park features two pairs of upside-down entangled legs. Surrounding the pond are dozens of sculptures of people in the throes of passion—and a few more whimsical additions, including a pair of dogs doing it, well, doggie-style. Every stage of arousal is depicted, from a fully clothed couple leaning over for a simple peck to marble

couples engaged in everything from oral to anal. Foreplay has a special place here, too, with a giant hand pleasuring a large stone vagina.

Still not enticed? A series of sculptures of couples going at it in a variety of positions lines one walkway, each labeled with the name of a different nation, presumably the country that inspired each act. (Consider it an important lesson in foreign relations.) Or check out our favorite work of art, the giant woman masturbating, her thrown-back head and curled toes holding her massive gold-painted body high over another walkway. And don’t miss the bouncing car with tinted windows and the sounds of orgasm emanating from within. But the caper to any visit should be a trip to the gift shop, where you can buy the accessories that will help you make the most of the “inspiration” your trip provides.—Jennifer Peters

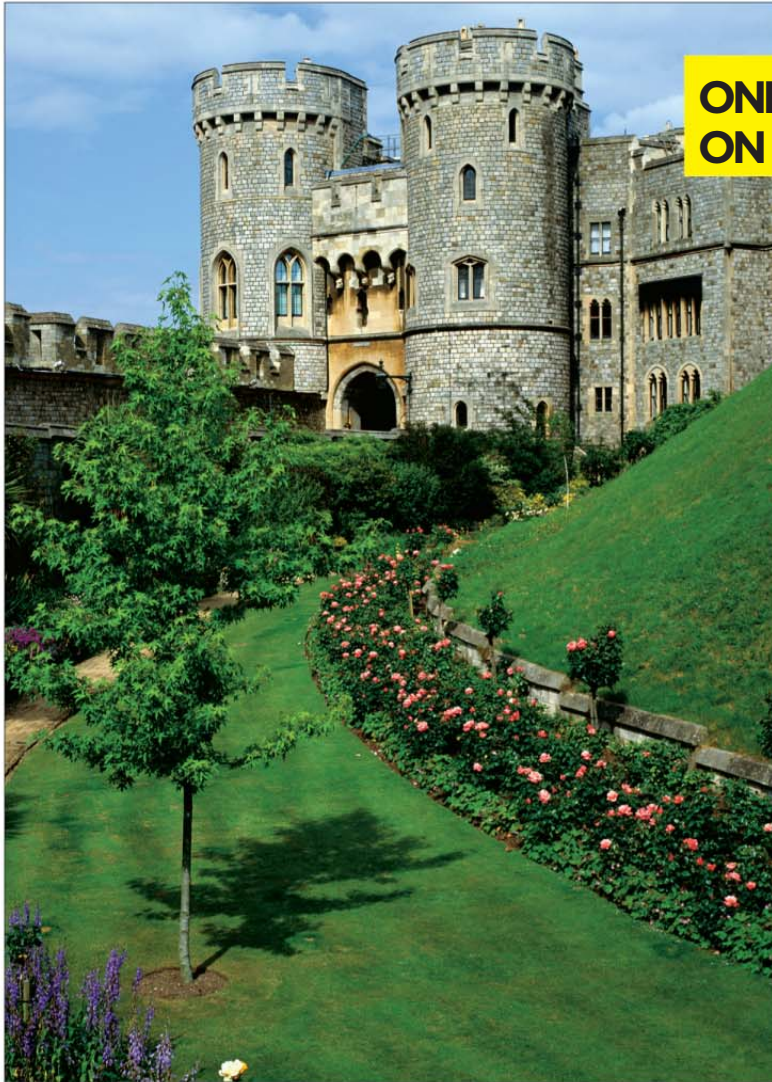
PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) LIU XIANGLONG/EPA/CORBIS; TRAVELINK/GETTY IMAGES; DAVE BARUFF/CORBIS; (CHAT) ICONOTEC/ALAMY; (SWORD) INGRAM PUBLISHING/ALAMY

ONE MORE THING TO BLAME ON THE SAGGING ECONOMY

The term *dogging* (when people, sometimes strangers, hook up in a public place to have sex, or to watch others having sex) might not ring any bells here in the States, but across the pond it's quite common. Now police in the U.K. report a rapid rise in the incidences of public sex, which they say coincides with the downward spiral of the economy. One explanation for all the outdoor hanky-panky, according to sex experts, is that for Britain's 2.4 million unemployed, outdoor hookups have become a pleasant diversion.

Of course, for some, it's not just a way to pass the time, and when they're in the mood, no place is off-limits. Earlier this year, an inebriated couple was arrested

for dogging on the queen's lawn outside Windsor Castle. No word on whether or not Her Majesty got an eyeful (although she was in residence at the time), but a number of guards and tourists were on hand to witness the randy lovers, who, by the way, continued screwing to the vocal encouragement and flashing cameras of their audience. They were still at it when police showed up to arrest them. Luckily, after a sobering night in jail, they were let off with just a warning about outraging public decency.—*Deirdre Goldbeck*



ANOTHER SEX-SHOP BANDIT

David William Hadeen was arrested after he allegedly went into Sacramento's L'Amour Shoppe (part of a chain whose motto is "We can make you sweat, and keep you wet!") dressed in an American flag sequined hat (!!), a green shirt, jeans, and a red cape, according to *The Sacramento Bee*. He was carrying a two- to three-foot wooden sword, which he waved at a shop clerk after allegedly walking out with a \$200 device meant to enhance one's penis. One commenter reported, "There [were] about 12 cops and a helicopter circling the area." When stopped by the police, Hadeen had done little to make himself inconspicuous. He was still wearing the cape and hat, and the "apparatus" appeared to have been opened. No report states specifically which toy it was, though one has to wonder about the urgency of his mission, not to mention his superhero "disguise." Word to the wise: Getting a Dirk Diggler cock isn't worth \$35,000 in bail money.—*Rachel Kramer Bussell*



HIDE-AND-SEEK SEXWEAR



Lingerie designer Lucia Lorio is introducing a new technological twist to the age-old mating game. Her latest line

of "Find Me If You Can" lingerie is composed of a sheer lace bodice, skimpy bikini bottom, faux-pearl collar—and a GPS device. The device, which is nestled in a see-through part of the bodice, allows any user with a password to easily track down the wearer. Of course, you first have to convince your girl to give you the password and leave on her lingerie (and the power on the GPS). Sets start at \$800, but can cost up to \$1,100 for a more advanced GPS device.—*J.P.*

My Best Part-Time Job

A grad student's X-rated adventures in babysitting.
As told to Ronnie Koenig



I knew when I went off to graduate school in New York City that I'd need a part-time job. While most of my friends worked in the library or spent hours at night and on weekends waiting tables, I chose something a bit more unconventional: I'm in charge of an eight-year-old boy. I pick Jack up from school, make him a snack, help him with his homework, whatever he needs. I like to think of myself as a big brother, but my friends are always teasing me that I'm a nanny (or a "manny").

Every day at 2:30, I stand on the street in front of Jack's school with the crowd of other nannies—mostly ethnic women in their twenties and thirties. For the most part, these women are not all that hot, but there are a few exceptions. Sierra was in her early twenties with these ridiculous curves that she showed off by wearing half-shirts and tight jeans.

One day I suggested a playdate with my kid and the boy she watched. When the kids were absorbed in a DVD, I grabbed her and threw her up against the refrigerator and we started making out. She was really nervous that the kids were going to walk in on us, so I pulled her into the laundry closet. I pulled down her jeans so fast that I think she got denim burn! My dick practically burst out of my zipper. I shoved it into her and started fucking her really hard as she bit down on her hand, trying to stop herself from moaning too loudly. It took me less than a minute to come inside her. Back in the living room, the kids were still glued to the TV.

We went on like this for months. Another time we brought the kids to a birthday party and went back to her boss's house and did it in their bed.


Around this time I met Kelly, who was in one of my classes. She was tall and skinny with blonde hair, and hot in a preppy kind of way. She was really intrigued by the whole male-nanny thing, and I knew that if she saw me with Jack it would seal the deal. One day I invited her to the park and the three of us played kickball together. That night she came over to my apartment and practically threw herself at me. Her favorite thing was having me come on her pussy. I would be on top fucking her and she would tell me to pull out and come all over it. Then she'd let me watch as she masturbated, rubbing my come into her clit and shaking with orgasms.

The Sierra thing ended when she went back to Jamaica, and Kelly and I weren't exclusive, so it definitely didn't stop me from looking around. Some of the moms were really good-looking, horny bitches. I saw them whispering about me and I knew they all wanted to fuck me. I take care of myself and I'm a good 15 to 20 years younger than some of them, so I could see why it was a challenge.

There was one woman who approached me about babysitting her daughter. She was divorced, in her late thirties, with long brown hair, a banging body, and really nice fake tits. When I showed up at her place, her daughter wasn't even there. She had me change a few lightbulbs, check a radiator. She kept making little jokes

Her favorite thing was having me come on her pussy. I'd watch as she rubbed it into her clit, shaking with orgasms.

about how sexy my ass was, and I knew where it was going. She handed me the amount of money we had agreed on and I gave her a long hug to thank her. She moved her hand to the front of my pants, which made me hard. She told me to sit down and pushed me into a chair in the living room. Then she got between my legs, unzipped my pants, and pulled out my dick. Before I knew it, she was blowing me and playing with my balls. She really knew what she was doing, so I just sat back and relaxed. When she started jerking me off into her mouth, I knew I was going to come, and I watched as it shot all over her lips. She licked it all up with a smile. I was about to leave, until she told me it was my turn. She lay down on the couch and I got between her legs. Her pussy was completely shaven and when I started to lick her she began moaning like crazy. I put a couple of fingers inside her and one in her ass as I flicked my tongue across her clit and she came really hard against my face.

My buddies can call me a manny all they want—it's the best part-time job I've ever had!

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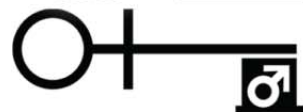
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hhouse Blues

Of course, desperate times call for desperate measures, but if this is the only job available, maybe it's time to give up the car and plasma TV.

By Sean M. Miller • Illustrations by Jon Proctor

Naked and sprawled facedown on a bench of faded and cracked white tile was the embodiment of George “the Animal” Steele. A shag carpet of body hair covered the 400-pound behemoth, who was so overweight that half his body spilled over the edge of where he lay and hung suspended in the air like an enormous, sagging, silicone dewdrop. Propping himself up by an elbow like a hideously distorted 1940s pinup girl, he looked up at me with a come-hither gaze and asked with a sly smirk, “Are you ready for me?”

The answer, of course, was: Not in a million fucking years.

But like any responsible, buy-now-and-pay-later-at-21.9-percent-interest American who's up to his eyeballs in debt and who had just days before lost his nearly six-figure salary when he was displaced, or, more accurately, fired from his job as a public

relations consultant, I was so desperate to hold on to my house and car and plasma-screen television, and so stunned that I was now working as a scrub boy at a predominantly gay bathhouse, that all I could do was stare blankly at the guy until he broke down and asked if I was okay.

“Yeah, I’m perfect,” I belted out, realizing that my poor first customer must have thought that he was going to be serviced by a mentally challenged man. “You just lie back, relax, and let the stress melt away.”

After the perplexed expression left his face, he eased his head to the tile, and I began replicating the five-minute tutorial I’d received moments ago from the guy who worked the early shift. “The guys in here love a show, and they’ll sense if you’re afraid,” my mentor had noted, waving and smiling at the dozen nude men lounging in the whirlpool, showering, or leaning against tiled pillars in the middle of the room. “Start off with hot water. Then soap ‘em down with the loofah sponge. Run it slowly over their ass crack—a couple of times if you don’t mind. That really gets ‘em off. Rinse ‘em down—slow. Soapy massage. Lean into ‘em, touch ‘em, get your body into it and onto ‘em. Rinse ‘em again. Fifteen minutes top left. Fifteen minutes top right. Fifteen minutes, you get the picture. I gotta get going. Oh, yeah, make sure to bend with your knees, it’s murder on your back. Oh, you’re gay, right?”

"No, I'm straight and married," I said in as blasé a way as I could.

He burst into laughter, and when I didn't join in, we shared an uncomfortable silence.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay?" he asked with a deep tone of concern, placing his hand on my shoulder. Although I confidently nodded, I wanted to violently shake my head.

After "George" had excitedly volunteered to be my first guinea pig, I began my illustrious new career by slowly pouring a pitcher of piping-hot water over every fibrously smothered crack and crevice of his body, all the while trying to convince myself that my new career wasn't born out of a love of money. It was a joke between my wife and me that we'd be able to deliriously laugh about for years to come, or so I told myself as I lathered my nervously shaking hands with soap.

Or perhaps it was penance for a lifetime of random misdeeds and impure thoughts, I mused as I firmly pressed the heels of my palms into his shoulders and began to massage the nape of his neck with my thumbs, working my way south along his spine toward a field of rust-colored and black broken blood vessels etched into the subcutaneous layer of his buttocks. As my hands slipped into a roll of fat on his lower back and uncovered a cluster of bumpy, fiery-red heat-rash blisters ready to burst from the combination of the sweltering temperature and the massage, I tried to stop myself from vomiting while persuading myself that this was an opportunity to overcome that deep-seated trace of homophobia that lingers in modern progressive men such as myself.

Then a strange thing happened. As I dug into a stress knot in his lower back, he moaned loudly and melted into a sweaty, hairy pile of primordial ooze—and I began to believe all the bullshit I was telling myself. I would meet the indelible needs that these guys, that all people, have for human touch.

■ THREE WEEKS LATER

With at least four dozen customers under my belt, my butterflies had settled and any phobia I had of touching other men had completely diminished. Traipsing into the bathhouse at the beginning of my shift, I already had a few customers lined up and had grown accustomed to the men's leering eyes, so I didn't pay close attention to who was milling around. Mondo, who blessed me with Buddhist chants whenever he saw me, was in the corner practicing kung fu, his penis swinging wildly as he kicked and stabbed at the steam-filled air. Bill the Undertaker and Billy the Chocolatier were gabbing in the corner like a couple of elderly church ladies. And Grabby McGrabass, who was supposedly straight and happily married with daughters, was leaning out of the hot tub, flagging me down for a rubdown. Just another day in paradise.

Thirty minutes later, as I worked on Grabby, who was sporting a raging erection muffled by the wet towel that I had placed over his groin, a familiar voice from behind my back startled me.

"Got time a little later for an old man?"

"Sure thing," I said while uncomfortably twisting



and contorting my body to avoid having Grabby grope my nether regions while I worked on him.

"I've got an opening in ... John?!"

"Sean!" my wife's uncle, a man who resembles an overgrown leprechaun, exclaimed with a snorting laugh. "What are you doing here?"

Stammering for words, I managed to respond, "Corporate downsizing. Man's gotta make a living."

"Sure, sure," he replied with a smile.

After a prolonged awkward pause, I asked him how long he'd been coming to the bathhouse, curious about what had brought him there. If I had to guess, I would've said that 60 to 70 percent of my customers were openly gay or bisexual. Another 10 percent, including Grabby, were obviously gay but



“Start off with hot water. Then soap ‘em down with the loofah. Run it slowly over their ass crack—that really gets ‘em off.”

Grabby and joked that Christmas, which annually brought together my wife’s entire extended family, should be far more interesting this year.

“Ahhh, this feels so good,” he said with a deep sigh, his arms stretching toward me, hands coming to life in a pinching motion, as though a primal tic in him had been roused. “Sean, let me ask you something. One straight guy to another. How does it feel to have all these naked, dirty, homosexual men looking at your beautiful body?”

■ DAY 21—WEEK 7

Armando the Giant, an impressively well-built Latino with a tool that, even limp, dangled at least nine inches, had been pestering me to give him a complimentary scrubdown since I’d started.

“How can I know if you’re good, if you’re worth it?” he asked me with more than a hint of feminine guile.

“I’ll tell you the same thing that I’ve said since day one,” I said with a hearty laugh. “Giving free scrubdowns is a hobby, not a job. But you ought to know that today’s your last chance. I’m retiring my loofah sponge. I got a marketing job with the phone company.”

“Nooo!” he hissed, his face curling into a pout. “You’re gonna miss us!”

The truth was, he was right. Thanks to the physically laborious nature of being a scrub boy, I’d lost 15 pounds. I’d also regained much of the confidence I’d once had before I’d been fired—raging hard-ons and deep sighs of relief were far more sincere than any of the half-hearted pats on the back or “meeting-expectation” check marks on performance evaluations I’d received from my ex-boss. Besides, even if the new job meant that I didn’t have to be salaciously leered at and hit on, I couldn’t muster any authentic enthusiasm at the prospect of spending 40 hours a week in a cubicle without even so much as a window to let in natural light, or pretending I cared about why one piece of direct mail failed miserably with a 0.4 percent response rate while another kept the company’s return-to-expense projections on track by encouraging 0.7 percent of customers to call in.

But, the fact of the matter was, if I could whore myself as a scrub boy, I could surely take it in the ass from Corporate America—especially when they would kiss me sweetly afterward with medical, dental, and a 401(k). ☪

hadn’t admitted it to anyone, least of all themselves. Then there was a contingent of older gents following in the footsteps of their forebears, men who had sought out heat and conversation in *hammams* or *banyas* or whatever their ancestors called a bathhouse. The remainder, like me before I took the job as a scrub boy, were there for the \$35-an-hour massages—basically, because we were cheap.

“I’ve been coming here since I was a teenager, whenever the aches and pains get to me,” he replied.

Pain was surely a great unifier. Whether it stemmed from sitting at a desk all day, backbreaking manual labor, nagging sports injuries, arthritis, or ongoing medical treatments, we were all there, regardless of our sexual preferences, at least in part, for the healing properties of the bathhouse.

“Well, tell that beautiful wife of yours that Aunt Kathy and Uncle John said hello.”

With my face burning red, I turned back to

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[pet of the month] 

doctor feelgood

When Yumi Kai says she wants to help people, the pint-size coed doesn't mean just as a pharmacist after she gets her degree. As she told us, "The best thing about being a model is helping horny people release all their built-up tension." That's right, she did this just for you.

Photographs by Emma Nixon



“As a webcam model for Cams.com, I can see those horny people on their webcams while they relieve that tension. Seeing exactly how much I’ve turned someone on is extremely gratifying!”





"I love a man who lets me dominate him. I want him to be my little puppy dog, to do whatever I tell him, and to let me tie him up and spank him. But I wouldn't say I like to be in control. I just always want to get my way."





"The best date ends with sex in public. I once got caught masturbating by a pizza delivery guy, and it was like a porno come to life. I fucked a guy in the hot tub on a hotel roof in front of security cameras. Then there was the exercise studio with the picture window, the time on the balcony, in the car behind a shopping center ..."



♀ YUMI KAI
NOVEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP



ITH





04 YUMIKAI
NOVEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



YUMI KAI
NOVEMBER 2009 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Vital stats:
25 years old
32C-24-34; 5'1"

Hometown:
Davao City, Philippines.

Favorite vacation spot:
Hawaii. It's so much fun, and reminds me of home.

Favorite sports to watch:
Basketball, boxing, and the UFC.

Favorite sports to play:
Pool and Wii golf.

Favorite fantasy:
Hot sex with at least two guys at the same time.

Most remarkable sexual experience:
Joining the Mile High Club.

What gets you excited?
Riding a motorcycle really fast.

Your biggest turn-on:
Seeing a nice hard cock.

What do you have that other girls don't?
I can squirt.

yumi kai

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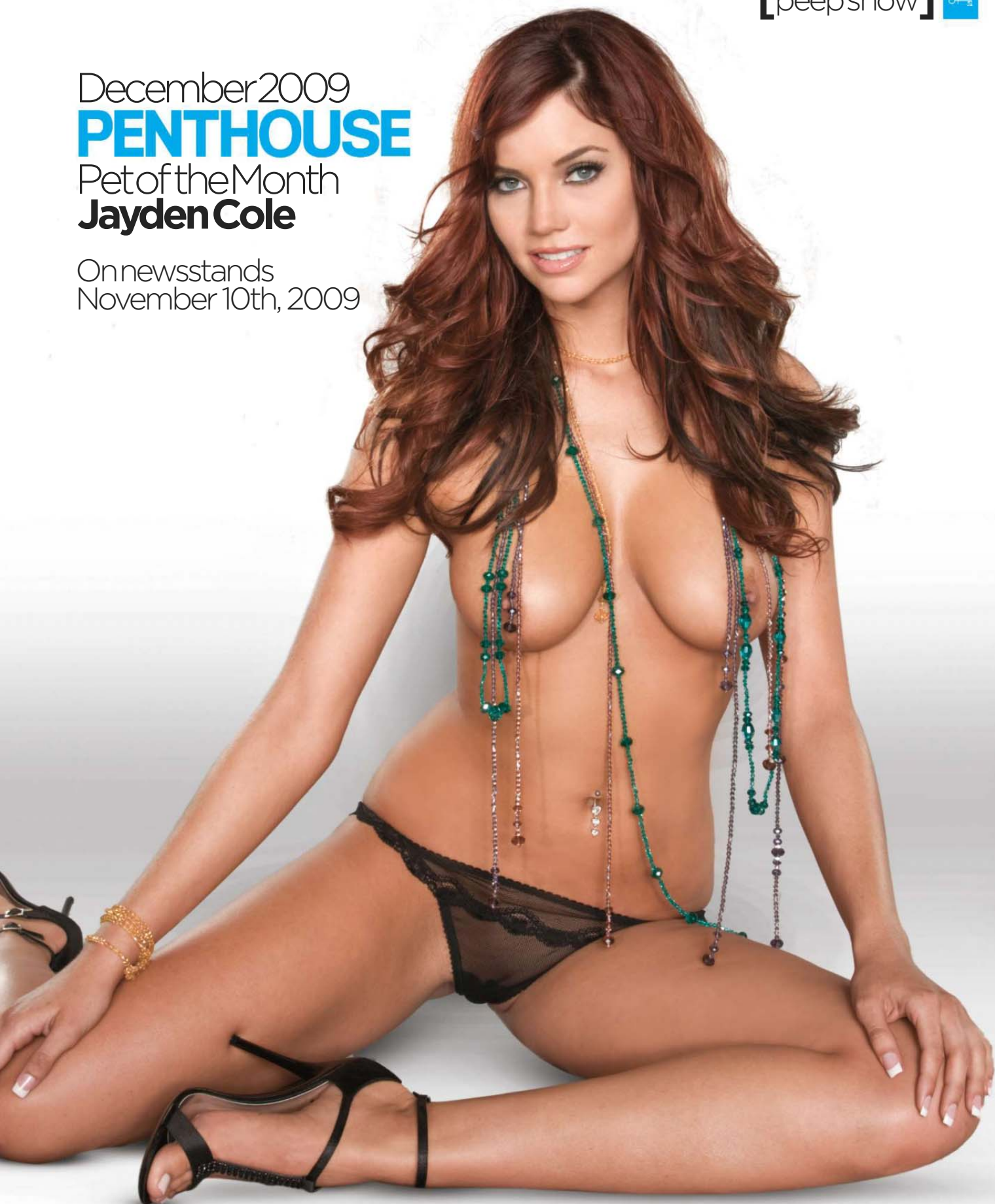
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December 2009
PENTHOUSE

Pet of the Month
Jayden Cole

On newsstands
November 10th, 2009



Let's the Elec

A noiseless, energy-efficient vehicle with no complicated moving parts? That's un-American! We'll stick with gas, thank you very much.

By Brian O'Connor

Gary Henriksen has no idea who he's talking to. He's on the phone with me, dropping science like Einstein, explaining how passivation film in a lithium-ion battery protects the electrodes. Obviously, Henriksen, who manages the Battery Technology Department at the Argonne National Lab in Illinois, is unaware that I am a lithium-ion ignoramus, and my knowledge of AC or DC goes no further than a discussion of Bon Scott versus Brian Johnson.

But I can't blame Henriksen for his ignorance of my ignorance. He works, after all, at a government-funded lab teeming with true believers in the future of the electric car. In other words, he hobnobs among enablers for a technology with an abundance of shortcomings—and a decidedly unpatriotic hue.

For the record, I love a high-powered electric vehicle—on the golf course. But for the open road,

I say gas me up, and with ample reason. First of all, electric vehicles, or EVs, possess limited range, and nothing is more un-American than limited range. Like the song says, "Don't fence me in." A song, it just so happens, that is based on a poem written by an engineer in the Department of Highways in Helena, Montana. True story. "Let me ride through the wide open country that I love." Have we forgotten how the Federal Highway System fueled this country's postwar prosperity and world supremacy? Why we now aspire to be Liechtenstein—as the EV proponents would have us be—eludes me.

Another strikingly un-American trait of the EV is the noise it makes—or rather, fails to make. An EV is silent: no roar, no rumble. Where's the fun in that? It's totally testosterone-free, like a huge vibrator gliding on four wheels, threatening both our male potency and our sensibility as a nation founded on vociferous, *loud* protest.

Then there's this: The engine has no belts, plugs, transmission, or pistons—EV repairs are limited to windshield wipers, brakes, and a few motor bearings. This—if real Americans let down their

PHOTOGRAPH BY TRANSTOCK/CORBIS

car

trick Car





guard enough to allow it to come to pass—would eliminate the simple yet ennoblingly masculine act of popping the hood. How many life lessons did you absorb as your dad handed you the Quaker State?

Despite all of these acutely worrying possibilities, the Detroit auto industry, along with a handful of deep-pocketed start-up companies, is moving ahead with plans to develop EVs. As evidenced by this past January's North American International Auto Show—which was swarming with ruddy-faced execs in JCPenney suits, wagging their voltaic wares and slathering green gook on everyone within arm's reach—it's now all about the winds of change: carbon-footprint this, renewable-energy that, get a grip on smart grid, down with oil. *Down with oil?* It was quite alarming, I tell you. Do they think we're in Iraq for the kebab?

At the heart of this hysteria is an unprecedented rush, a bowlegged sprint among carmakers to be the first to market with an EV. Among the Big Three, GM leads the pack, in Pentecostal verve, at least, having pulled all-nighters for two years to produce Detroit's most hyped entity since Eminem. Although their Chevy Volt is neither pure EV nor standard hybrid (it qualifies as an extended-range EV, or a plug-in hybrid), its energy source has stirred great curiosity. It's the same lithium-ion battery that powers your cellphone, only there's 400 pounds more of it. When this battery loses 70 percent of its juice (its range is 40 miles), a backup gas engine awakens to offer assistance, but not to power the wheels, as in a standard hybrid—instead, it recharges the battery.

Range limitation is not this outsize battery's only drawback. "It's an expensive component," says Greg Ciesel, the Volt program director, who estimates the cost of their lithium-ion battery to be near \$10,000. "We're seeking ways to produce it affordably on a mass scale." Ciesel also says that when the four-seat Volt debuts in late 2010, drivers can expect to go from zero to 60 in nine seconds and top out at more than 100 miles per hour. Okay, so it's not all NPR and chardonnay with this thing, but still, without the accompanying engine roar, isn't the Volt kind of a neutered beast?

It may be, but Ford's anticipated entry into the EV field, a Focus-size lithium ion-powered EV, is downright mythical at this point. It's supposedly due in 2011, and touted to have a range of 100 miles per charge, but until a national electric-grid infrastructure exists, which will annex public space for EV charging stations in mall parking lots and McDonald's, you won't find Ford going gaga about green cars. The company's director of communications, Jennifer Moore, echoed this attitude when she said simply, "It's going to take time." Yeah, we're not holding our breath, okay, Ford? You'd think the \$15 billion this company hemorrhaged last year would be better spent building a new oil refinery in South Dakota. But no, they're looking for a swollen wall socket to plug their EVs into.

You know who's a little closer to a marketable EV? The Japanese—no shocker there. They're always several clicks ahead when it comes to emerging technology, something I'm reminded of

whenever some drunkard croaks a Coldplay tune into a karaoke machine. But what gives them the edge here is their belief that the key to winning the EV race exists in battery refinements—that is to say, designing modules with higher density and lower weight. In the United States, private funding of battery development has ballooned from \$4.3 million in 2002 to more than \$200 million last year. But the Japanese are way ahead in this research, for a simple reason: While Detroit gargled oil in the early 1990s, Japanese automakers immersed themselves in car-battery research, subsidized by the Japanese government. As a result, Toyota, Honda, and Nissan own their battery technology, unlike the American companies, which use third parties to produce their batteries. Nissan was one of the first to dabble with lithium—the lightest and most energetic of materials on the periodic chart—



Nissan

EVs possess limited range, and nothing is more un-American than limited range. Like the song says, "Don't fence me in."



Tesla



Apera

and its research will bear fruit in late 2010 when it starts mass-producing a yet-to-be-named five-passenger EV with a range of 100 miles per charge.

"It's designed to address what we call 'range anxiety,'" says Mark Perry, Nissan's director of product planning. "People are always asking about the EV and the 'what if?' scenario: 'What if I don't have enough juice to get home?' But 72 percent of the population drives fewer than 40 miles per day, and 98 percent drive fewer than 100 miles a day, so we've got the market covered."

What if you don't have enough juice to get home? Hey, shoulda thought of that before you bought a glorified golf cart to use on the great open road. And what if, Mr. Perry, I want to take a family trip to the Grand Canyon, or Mount Rushmore, or that Corn Palace thing in South Dakota? Why do you hate America, Mr. Perry?

He didn't answer these questions—mainly because I didn't actually ask them—but he did say, ominously, "Others may be claiming things based on a bench test, but we're already on the assembly line."

Chilling words indeed, but as a small consolation, Nissan's Japanese rival, Toyota, is not only years away from introducing an EV with a lithium-ion battery (2012, Toyota says) but also—surprisingly for a company that was the first to betray the gasoline engine and introduce a hybrid—it doesn't see electric-only as the ultimate goal. "Toyota sees the EV as one of many platforms," says Jana Hartline, Toyota's environmental communications manager. "Electric is not the answer; it's just not."

Hallelujah, Ms. Hartline! And God bless you.

By betting a trunkload of venture capital that electric *is* the answer, Northern California's Tesla Motors hopes to reduce your carbon footprint *and* boost your sex life. Fat chance, I say. The Roadster—a



Apera



Chevy Volt



Chevy Volt



Tesla




Apera

sleek, all-electric carbon-fiber sports car that can supposedly hit 120-plus miles per hour, with a range of 220 miles per charge (we'll believe it when we see it)—aims to shatter any lingering perception that an EV is better suited for gated communities than the two-lane blacktop. Its 950-pound lithium-celled battery persuades even a petrol partisan like me to concede one point: An electric motor provides superior acceleration—zero to 60 in less than four seconds. Just ask George Clooney, Matt Damon, or David Letterman, each of whom is currently driving one of the 200 Roadsters already on the road. Sounds great, right? But there's its \$109,000 sticker price to—*bam!*—send it right back behind the diamond-encrusted bars of the gated community.

Tesla claims to have a solution: the planned 2011 rollout of its Model S, a four-door sedan EV with a base price of—get in line, proles—\$57,400 (less if you deduct the \$7,500 federal tax credit on EVs that began in January). It plans on producing 20,000 of these annually, to reduce the economy of scale on its lithium-ion battery, so coveted by Chrysler that the company purchased it from Tesla for its own Roadster-like knockoff, the Dodge Circuit EV, expected in the not-too-distant future.

Chrysler may have some unknowns, but here is, to paraphrase Donald Rumsfeld, a very clear and present "known known": Companies are entering the EV game from every corner. BMW expects to introduce 500 Mini Cooper hybrids late this year. Available in October is the Apera 2E from California, a three-wheel, pod-looking thing designed as a commuter option. A Chinese company, BYD, claims its EV gets 250 miles per charge, but no one's seen it.

Frankly, I don't want to. I want to turn the clock back to an earlier time. A simpler time. The year 1993, to be exact, when gas cost 99 cents a gallon and SUVs the size of Sherman tanks roared over our highways. And I see a loophole: While every car company waits to see if EVs can go mass-market, scant attention has been paid to where the lithium batteries will go when they die. Currently, according to Argonne Lab's Henriksen, there is no recycling research under way to recover used lithium. "We're looking at targets for plug-in hybrid batteries at 5,000 deep discharge cycles," he says, calling me from his office as I'm rumbling into New York City in my Hummer, "with a 60 percent swing."

I have no idea what this means, but that 60 percent swing sounds like a chink in the EV armor to me. My eyeballs roll to the back of my head as I motor through the traffic, my V-8 unleashing its deafening roar, my tailpipe spewing nitrogen oxide and carbon dioxide, as I both savor my lifestyle and contemplate a way to preserve it. 

Chevy Volt



PHILLY CHEESE- CAKE

A bevy of beautiful, busty brunettes invaded the City of Brotherly Love for the opening of the newest Penthouse Club, "where the magazine comes to life."

*By Cheryl Gomez and Lainie Speiser
Photographs by Richard Anderson*

The Philadelphia Penthouse Club premiered with a VIP party on Friday, August 7, followed by a grand-opening celebration for the public on Saturday, August 8. In attendance were 2009 Pet of the Year Taya Parker and Penthouse Pets Taylor Vixen—whose sizzling centerfold steams up our 40th Anniversary Issue—Krista Ayne, and Cali Taylor. The Pets also made an appearance on *The Danny Bonaduce Show* (Danny was our host for the grand opening); five lucky listeners got lap dances from Taylor and former St. Louis Penthouse Club dancer Cali.

Back at the Philly Penthouse Club, headliner Taya—who won Bret Michaels' heart on *Rock of Love Bus*—earned the devotion of the entire crowd with a feature routine. She was a big hit with the Pets as well; they were right in front of the stage cheering her on. During Taya's "bathtub" sequence, she threw a sponge into the crowd and asked a patron to wash her back. Cali managed to snag the highly prized invite and squealed, "It's my pleasure!" before treating the crowd to a Pet-on-Pet scrubdown.

Taya also roped Danny into playing along with her. During Taya's January '09 Pet of the Year tour, she visited Danny's radio show and demonstrated a lap-dance trick or two. After their flirtatious exchange, the rumors were flying: Did Danny hit on Taya? Did Taya hit on Danny? Did Danny really say on the air that Taya slipped him her number? Was this more than



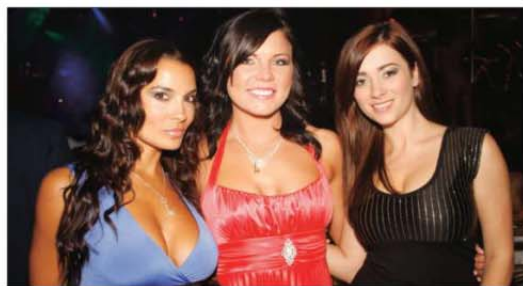
Philadelphia Key Girl Rickie



a publicity-stunt feud? At the Philly club opening, the pair publicly buried the hatchet. Danny walked onstage at Friday's VIP premiere with Krista, Taylor, and Cali, then introduced Taya. When she came out, he grandly said, "Are we good? Is all forgiven?" Taya smiled demurely and said, "Yes, of course, Danny," then hauled off and slapped him with all her five-foot, 100-pound might. The crowd went crazy, so the scene was repeated for Saturday's audience, and Danny once again took it like a man. He also gifted the club with a framed portrait of his "nude" appearance in *Penthouse* (his package was covered by a guitar) from his interview in the March 2008 issue, for the ladies' room. "I had to give a little something to the ladies," the physique-proud Danny joked to the Pets on his show.



Philly Key Girl Elizabeth



The Pets were on hand to meet patrons on the red carpet, then autographed head shots and magazines in the front lobby so the lucky guests had truly memorable souvenirs. The club's Key Girls entertained the crowd all night on both the side stages and the main stage. As always, they were also on hand throughout the club, chatting with patrons, beautifying the already gorgeous premises, and, of course, providing those ever-popular lap dances.

The elegant tone of the Penthouse Club in Philadelphia starts with the vintage theater-style entrance, and is carried throughout the high-energy lounge with wood furniture, plush chairs and couches, and lights *everywhere*; the VIP area and private rooms are sensually lush, with full-length curtains for privacy. The club menu boasts luscious steak and seafood options, a range of appetizers from wings to shrimp cocktail, and a number of reasonably priced and delicious sandwiches. There's also a boutique featuring *Penthouse* toys that will further enhance your sex life after you leave, not to mention keep you coming back for more.

For info on events at all our clubs, visit PenthouseClubs.com.



Two custom-built *Penthouse* motorcycles and a large martini glass grace the main stage, and the Key Girls are experts at working the props into their special shows.





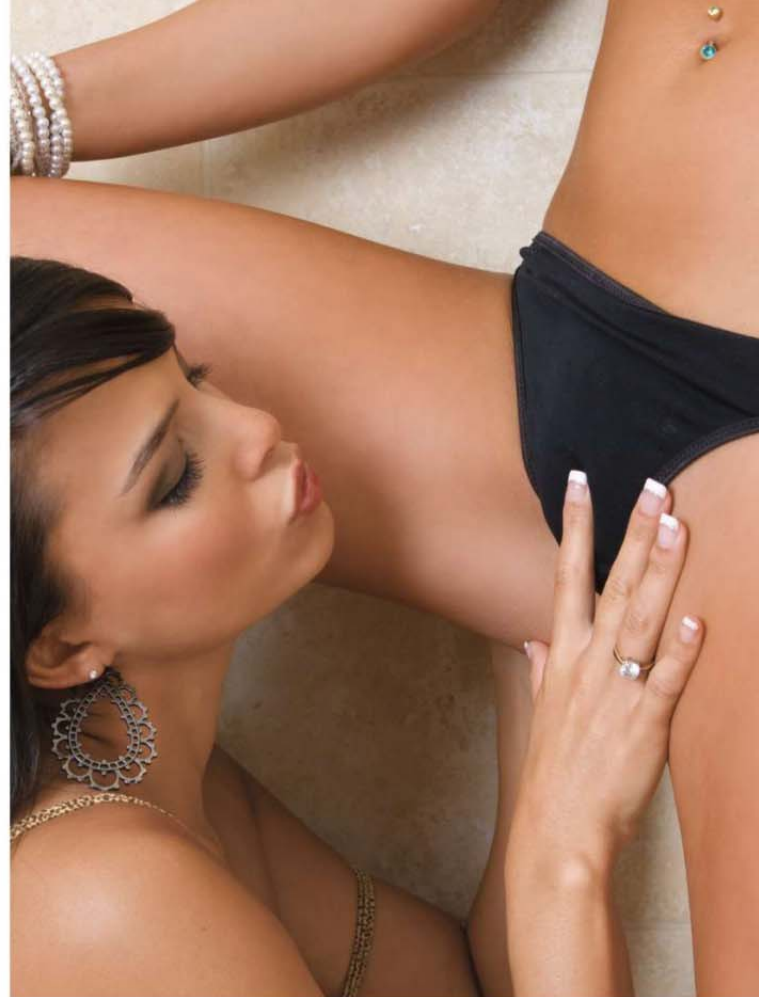


wet and wild

As soon as Sasha and Natalia check in to their luxurious hotel suite, they fall in love with the oversize shower. As they argue about who goes first, Sasha reaches out a tentative hand toward Natalia's breast. To her delight, Natalia responds in kind. In no time, the two new lovers are sharing much more than the shower. This vacation is already surpassing their wildest expectations.

Photographs by Beck Images



















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Guilty Pleasure

Hotel stays can do strange things to people. Or is it that people do strange things in hotels? As evidence, we offer the tale of a sequestered juror who needs to do something to ease her frustration. You be the judge.

By Elizabeth Coldwell • Illustrations by Frank Stockton

They have given me one of the best suites in the hotel. The bed is large enough for three people to sleep together in comfort, the bathroom contains a whirlpool tub and a complimentary selection of expensive lotions and potions, and the huge, triple-glazed window looks out across the panoramic spread of the city, 19 stories below. It is a suite designed for lovers and, in other circumstances, I would be thinking of the spectacular sex that Don and I could have on that bed, in that bath, or up against that window. But Don isn't here with me, and I can't wait to leave.

I have spent the past seven hours locked in a windowless room with my fellow members of the jury, as we tried to reach a verdict in what the media has been calling "the Trial of the Century." You know the story—the papers and prime-time news broadcasts have been discussing nothing else for weeks now. Soap star Lily Charteris is accused of killing her boy-toy lover with a champagne bottle during a blazing row after he told her he was leaving her for another, younger woman. For weeks, we've sat and listened to the evidence; tried not to be swayed by the woman's celebrity or the charismatic personality of the lawyer defending her. We all said we were determined that justice should be served—but even with the best of intentions, we just found ourselves arguing points of detail and going over the same

ground again and again, until we were finally told that we would have to continue our deliberations in the morning. We've been checked into the hotel, and had our cellphones confiscated so we can have no contact with the outside world, no conversations that might prejudice our decisions or give away some juicy detail of the case. I'm pretty sure a couple of the other jurors have already done deals with the tabloid press to sell their stories once the verdict has been delivered, but that's not why I'm missing my mobile. I don't want to speak to anyone about anything relating to the blood-spattered crime scene and Lily Charteris's

erratic flight from her home in her lover's car. I just want to hear Don's voice as he talks me through the mundane details of his day, then steer the conversation to juicier matters.

When I can't be with my husband, nothing turns me on like talking dirty to him over the phone. I love that deep, sexy voice of his telling me to undress for him, demanding that I describe everything I'm feeling as I slide my fingers into my panties to discover how hot and juicy I'm getting. Once he rang me when he was away on business—I was driving to pick up the groceries, and he was lying on his hotel bed, naked and still wet from the shower. He got me so excited, I nearly crashed the car as he told me how he was stroking his cock and wishing I were there to suck it for him.

I need to stop thinking about our calls, because it's just making things worse, leaving me with an itch that I'm growing increasingly desperate to scratch. What I'm going to have to do is make my own entertainment. I'll fill the tub and dump in plenty of that honey- and vanilla-scented bubble bath that is sitting on the marbled bath surround. I'll raid the minibar,





pour myself a generous drink, and then, when I'm all nice and relaxed, I'll take out my old faithful vibrator, which is lurking in the bottom of my valise, and I'll bring myself to a much-needed orgasm or two.

It's amazing how planning a little "me time" never fails to perk me up. I'm even humming some stupid little tune as I turn on the taps and pour half the bottle of bubble bath into the tub. Once I'm undressed, I pull out my vibrator and one of the little sachets of lube I always carry, and toss them onto the bed for later. All I need to do now is make a sortie into the minibar. It yields a couple of miniatures of London gin and a can of tonic water, but there's no ice. And you can't have a decent G & T without ice. Technically, we're not supposed to leave our rooms, but with no means of calling down to the front desk for assistance, what else can I do? I throw on the white terry-cloth dressing gown that is hanging up in the wardrobe, relishing the softness of the thick, fluffy material against my skin, and pad into the hall, barefoot, to look for the ice machine.

I find it in a little cubbyhole of a room, just round the corner from the elevator. It's alongside a vending machine, and standing in front of that, debating which of the two dozen available candy bars to spend his loose change on, is one of my fellow jury members, Craig. He turns and smiles when he hears me coming. Now, Craig has a sleepy, sexy smile, and with his floppy, caramel-colored hair and surfer-boy build, he's one of the cutest guys I've met in a while. If I were ten years younger and single, I'd have been seriously flirting with him these past few weeks. As it is, we've often sat together at lunch, and I've gotten to know a little about him. He's a session musician, hoping to get his big break while he lays down backing tracks for more famous singers, and the stories he shares with me about the gigs he's played and the people he's met are far more glamorous than anything I can tell him about my life as a housewife. Sometimes, when we talk, it feels like he's holding eye contact a fraction longer than someone who's just being friendly, but that's probably just my imagination.

The candy bar he's chosen is pushed out by the machine and lands with a solid thud in the tray at the bottom. Craig sticks in a manicured hand and fishes it out. "I know it's no good for my waistline, but—" He says with a grin, as though he has to worry

I CAN'T HELP BEING A LITTLE INSECURE AS I BARE MYSELF TO HIM. BUT HIS GAZE IS EATING ME UP, LETTING ME KNOW JUST HOW DESIRABLE HE FINDS ME.

about what he eats. There's not a stray ounce of fat on him; I should know. I've studied that body of his enough times. "You've got to do something to pass the time."

"Don't worry about it," I reply, as I fill the bucket I've brought from my room with ice. "I'm turning to drink."

"That sounds like a great idea," he says. He looks me up and down slowly, and I'm pretty sure he's realized I'm naked under the robe. "It'd be nice if I could join you."

We've been told that we're not supposed to mix with the other jurors before tomorrow, but I've already broken the rules by coming out here to the hall. And as Craig and I are both of a mind regarding the verdict anyway, there's little danger of one of us influencing the other to change our opinion. At least, that's what I tell myself as I blurt out, "Why don't you? To be honest, I could use some company."

Within moments we're back at my room, and I'm fumbling with the card key.

"Nice room," Craig says, looking around. "And that view is superb. All I can see out of my window is the parking lot."

He turns out to be a vodka man, and I'm unscrewing a bottle and pouring it into a glass for him when he suddenly says, "Hey, I'm not interrupting anything here, am I?"

The bathroom door is open, and at first I assume he can see the tub, full of foamy water. And then I realize he's staring at the bed—more specifically, at the hot pink vibrator that is still lying where I threw it.

My cheeks are flushed, and I know I've been busted. "What can I say?" I ask, trying to make a joke out of the situation. "Sometimes I just get horny."

"Particularly when hubby and his big, hard cock aren't around to satisfy you, huh?" Hearing Craig use the word *cock* makes my pussy clench with a sudden, fierce spasm. As I stand rooted to the spot, he picks the toy

up, twists the base so it buzzes briefly into life, then switches it off again.

"You know," he says, "I've always wanted to watch a woman use one of these things on herself." I think I know what's coming next, but I just fiddle with my glass as he continues, "And I'd love it if that woman was you."

I should stop the conversation here and ask him to leave the room. After all, I'm a respectable, married woman, not some kind of slut who'll act out any old nasty fantasy if a man asks her to. And yet, there's something about being in this anonymous hotel room, away from everyone and everything I know, which makes me feel that, if only for tonight, I could be that slut.

The tension in the room is almost unbearable as Craig takes a swig of his vodka and I wait for him to raise the stakes. "Go on," he says finally. "Take that robe off for me."

I set down my glass and walk over to the bed. Craig's eyes never leave me as my hands fumble with the belt of the robe. I untie it and shrug the garment off, standing before him naked. It's been a very long time since anyone but Don has seen me this way, and I can't help being a little insecure as I bare myself to him. I'm sure my body is more mature than those of the girls Craig is used to being with, a little heavier, a little more rounded. But his gaze is eating me up, letting me know just how desirable he finds me.

"Here," Craig hands me the vibrator, letting his hand brush gently against the curve of my ass. I don't bother with the lube; I'm already so wet that I know the toy is just going to slip inside me.

"How do you want me?" I ask.

"It's up to you," he says. "You're running the show."

I settle myself into the chair by the bed and hook one leg over the arm, spreading myself wide. It's a position that gives him a perfect view of my neatly waxed sex, its petals already peeling apart to show him the pink secrets inside. As I switch on the vibrator, I can't help but notice that Craig's pants seem noticeably tighter around the crotch. It seems like my wanton display is having an effect already.

As Craig watches, I run the toy





along the insides of my thighs, warming myself up for what's to come. Usually, I like to run some kind of fantasy in my head to help build my excitement, but what's happening here makes all that unnecessary. I caress my breasts, losing myself in my own pleasure. Then, as my need becomes more urgent, I slide the vibrator gently up and down my slit, feeling the sensations all the way to my core. The buzzing of the toy and the soft hum of the air-conditioning

are the only sounds in the room, and I close my eyes, almost forgetting I have an audience as I press the tip of the cool plastic just a little way into my hole.

"Hey, that's enough," I hear Craig say. "I don't want you coming."

I'm just about to remind him that I'm supposed to be the one in charge here, when he adds, "Well, not without my cock inside you."

This is a line I didn't expect to cross. Playing with myself in front of another man doesn't count as cheating—at least, that's how I've rationalized what I've done so far—but letting him fuck me? And as he unzips his pants and brings out his cock—long, smooth, and hard—I can't deny that I want him. The nice wife I usually am would object, but not the slut I've become for the night. This is nothing more than a guilty pleasure, I tell myself, as I let Craig haul me from the chair and push me so I'm bending over the bed, with him behind me. It's just a one-time thing that doesn't change the way I feel about the husband I love.

Craig doesn't even bother to undress, he's so desperate to have me, and as I turn my head, I catch a glimpse of the two of us reflected in the vanity mirror. There's something so dirty about the sight of him, his cock jutting from his zipper as he lines it up with the entrance to my cunt. He pushes his way inside me, and I groan, gripping handfuls of the bedcovers. Toys may have their uses, but they can't compare to the feel of a hot, solid cock filling you up.

He grabs me by the hips and begins to pump, pulling me back onto him with every thrust. He doesn't know my body the way Don does, doesn't know just where to touch me or the way I like to be fucked, but his hard, young body and his enthusiasm make up for all of that. We're both moaning and yelling, making so much noise that for a moment I worry they'll be able to hear us in the next room—and then I stop worrying about everything as Craig presses the vibrator to my clit and my orgasm rushes unstoppably through me.

Craig holds me in his arms, my flushed and sweating body pressing against his T-shirt-clad chest, and he tells me how wonderful I am, and how lucky my husband is to have me.

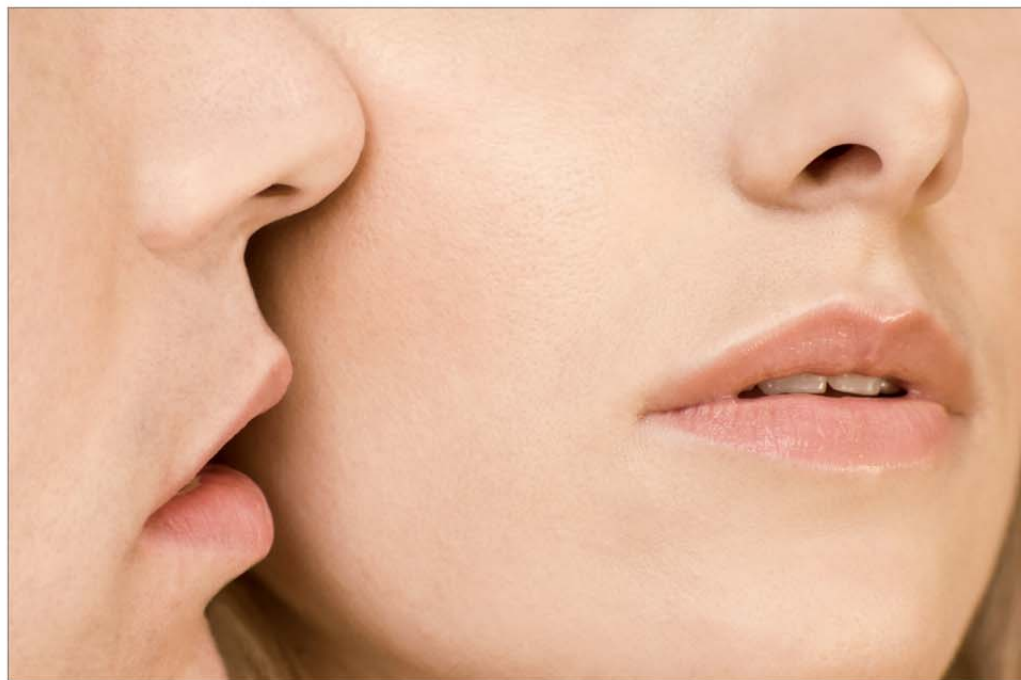
Tomorrow, he says, this trial will be over and we'll both go back to our own lives, but he'll never forget what happened tonight and how good it was. And as he leaves to go back to his own room, I know I don't have to feel guilty about anything. ☪

"Guilty Pleasure" by Elizabeth Coldwell, from *Do Not Disturb: Hotel Sex Stories*, edited by Rachel Kramer Bussel. Published by Cleis Press, 2009.



Hot Talk

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.



■ IS THERE LIFE AFTER SEX?

I have been married for more than 15 years. My wife and I never had children, and our sex life is virtually nonexistent. A few times in the past couple of years when we did attempt intercourse, I was not able to orgasm—I'm not sure why. We have a very loving and caring relationship, we cuddle and do things together, and otherwise get along great. Is it possible to be happily married and not have sex? She seems to miss it a lot less than I do, so I try not to impose myself on her and just take care of myself instead.

There are countless sexless marriages—many of which are happy and fulfilling. Women tend to miss closeness and intimacy more than sex itself, so if you are affectionate and attentive it may be enough for your wife. Still, even though she may not have spontaneous sexual desire, you may be able to awaken her libido through lots of foreplay, kissing, caresses, and massages. Female sexuality tends to be responsive to sensuous stimulation. But it seems like you actually feel guilty about initiating sex with your wife—which may be affecting your ability to orgasm. I advise that both of you see a physician to rule out medical and hormonal issues that may affect your sexuality, and make regular attempts to rebuild your sexual intimacy. After all, no matter how good your marriage is, a satisfying sex life would make it better!

■ KISS OFF!

I just started dating a new girl and I am totally into her. I don't want to screw this one up before I have sex with her, but I have a few important questions. First, I have this sexual secret—when do you think I should reveal it? And what is the best way to do it? Second, she doesn't like to kiss. She says she doesn't like the wetness on her lips and the texture of tongues. Is that an indication that she is really not into me? Or does it mean she had a negative sexual experience with kissing? Perhaps she was molested as a child or even worked in the sex industry? It makes me wonder if she is or was a prostitute, because they don't like to kiss.

Let's start with that secret. Whether and how soon you should reveal it to her obviously depends on what it is. If the secret concerns your sexual health, you should probably reveal it. If you have an STD, you should absolutely reveal it before things

progress past kissing and petting. On the other hand, if your secret deals with some psychological issue, such as some sexual experience or preference, I would wait. For example, if you get off on having your toes sucked, wait until she develops some attachment to you before breaking it to her. There are a lot of ways to let her in on it—from the simple "There is something I need to tell you" if the secret deals with a medical issue or serious matter to playing Truth or Dare if it has to do with your sexual preference.

To answer your second question, there are numerous reasons why someone may be averse to kissing. She may have had a bad experience, or perhaps she is a germaphobe. She may be concerned about her breath (or yours), or she may have some sensory issues (like folks who are sensitive to various fabrics). Finally, there is a chance she doesn't want to smooch you because she's not into you. In that case, wait to see if rocking her world in the bedroom will generate some sparks and be the catalyst for better chemistry. Intimacy may also lead her to develop an attachment and sufficient trust to overcome whatever deep-seated issues she may have.

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■ MOVE ON OR MOVE OUT?

I recently caught my girlfriend cheating on me with our neighbor, in our bed. When I walked in on them, I had a slew of mixed emotions: shock, revulsion, anger, sadness, fear of losing her, and—strangely enough—some sort of sick sexual arousal. When they saw me, my neighbor's face got beet red and he promptly got dressed and bolted out. My girlfriend, on the other hand, looked at me in a bold, defiant, and sexual way. We started arguing and ended up having amazing make-up sex, with her blowing me until I came. Several months later, I am still struggling with mixed emotions—part of me wants to forgive her and move on, and another part of me loathes her for what she did. What should I do? She says that since I had sex with her right after I caught her, I accepted what she did and should forgive her.


Forgiveness is like Rollerblading—it is much harder than it looks. Your heart may genuinely grant her absolution for her transgression, but will your mind forget her writhing in sexual ecstasy? Will you be able to trust her explanations when she returns a few hours later than usual from her job? Will your anger at her betrayal slowly poison whatever desire you have left for her, with resentment seeping into every aspect of your interactions? From the way you describe her reaction to your feelings, I perceive little guilt or remorse. And your having sex with her afterwards is no affirmation of your intention to forgive her. In fact, research shows that the most common male reaction upon discovery of their woman's infidelity is to have sex with her. So your wanting to reclaim the body someone was stealing from you is quite common. Decide whether you want to be with her because you care deeply for her and because she adds happiness and value to your life. That should be the basis of your decision. Furthermore, before you embark on the long route of forgiveness, warn her that she has to earn back your trust. Do not set yourself up to get hurt again.



■ RAIDER OF THE LOST CLIT

I had a very weird sexual encounter a couple of months ago and it's been bothering me ever since. I hooked up with this really hot girl during spring break in Daytona and the sex was pretty good except for one thing: I could not find her clitoris. I know it's supposed to be where her inner lips come together on top of her pussy. Usually, it's like a little ball or protrusion. But I honestly don't think this girl had a clitoris! I still went down on her and she seemed to enjoy it when I ate her vaginal hole. And she had an orgasm when I pounded her doggie-style, or maybe she faked it. So could it be that she didn't have a clitoris, or that it was located somewhere else?

Have you been watching the classic porn movie *Deep Throat*, where Linda Lovelace's "deep" clitoris gives her orgasms whenever she gives a blow-job? If so, trust me—it's fiction! Seriously, though, there are rare cases when the skin covering the clitoris is fused, thus not offering much access to the love button, and in some cases, hormonal or medical issues cause the clitoris to atrophy. But the chances of your lover having one of those conditions is very unlikely—unless she

was the victim of clitoridectomy (the religious practice of clitoral circumcision). Clitorises vary widely in size, and most likely hers was so small that you simply missed it. From your description it appears that she had a G-spot orgasm when you did her from behind, as chances of her clitoris being located inside her vagina are nil (although some believe that vaginal orgasms can be triggered by indirect internal stimulation of the clitoral network). Stop looking for clitorises in unlikely places and focus on her responses to your touch. If you are uncertain about whether a woman likes a certain type of stimulation, just ask her whether it feels good and where she prefers to be touched. 

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



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brown-


Twenty-five-year-old Natasha Nielsen is enjoying the relaxed atmosphere of her Connecticut hometown while studying communications and psychology. We'll lie on the couch for analysis with this 34C-25-34 beauty any time.

Photographs by Emmett Lloyd



eyed girl



A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long, wavy blonde hair. She is sitting on a white, ornate table, leaning back with her legs spread wide. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a bright, minimalist room with a white lamp on a wooden side table to the left and a white chair to the right. The lighting is soft and natural, highlighting her skin.

“Being pretty has its perks. Duh, of course it does! The downside is, people sometimes don’t take me seriously. But I always find a way to turn that to my advantage.”



"I stay in shape with swimming, kickboxing, and yoga. I feel great after yoga. I get a real good sweat going, and I feel nice and flexible."



A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long, wavy blonde hair. She is leaning forward, resting her arms on the back of a white upholstered chair with wooden legs. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing white high-heeled sandals with cork soles. The background is a bright, airy room with white furniture, including a table and another chair, and a vase of white flowers. The lighting is soft and natural, creating a clean, minimalist aesthetic.

“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love was in the disco duck at Burning Man. Yes, it’s out in the hot, dusty desert, but trust me, it was amazing!”



"I had a threesome when I was in Miami earlier this year. Well, actually, a foursome if I count myself. I can never remember which is the right way to say it."





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Naughty Cheerleaders

Penthouse Variations

Everyone wants to fuck a cheerleader—and *Naughty Cheerleaders* has something for everyone. For starters, Penthouse Pet Melissa Jacobs has a smoking-hot lesbian scene with Alyssa Reece. The small-titted Reece is the perfect foil for Jacobs as the pair explore each other's bodies, lapping and licking and biting their way to orgasm. The sight of Reece tonguing Jacobs doggie-style is even better than the cheerleader fantasies I worked up in high school. This being a

Variations disc, there's gotta be some kink, which is where the vinyl-clad dominatrix cheerleader (Jessica Lynn) comes in, sucking and fucking a lucky jock who's chained to a bed. If you ever lusted after the rah-rah's in school but never got your chance—or if you were banging them blind and want to relive your glory days—this one will bring it on.

Top: Melissa Jacobs and Alyssa Reece;
right: Jessica Lynn and Tony DeSergio.



By Johnny Bronx




SHE-DEVILED Penthouse Features

There are plenty of laughs—and lots of hot sex—in writer/director Marcus London's excellent take on *Bedeviled*. Dane Cross plays slackerly, dorkish Edward, who's visited by the devil (India Summer). Granted five wishes in exchange for his soul, Edward asks for the things most guys would—with typically ironic results. The "fame" Edward desires turns him into porn star Tommy Gunn. In Gunn's body, he winds up on a film set for a scene with Codi Carmichael, a small and curvy blonde with great tits. His desire for power turns him into a mob boss (Nick Manning), who bangs Penthouse Pet Rebeca Linares. The exotic brunette throws down the best scene, thanks to her fine cocksucking skills; he returns the favor before fucking her hard and long (the shots of her bouncing on his stick should send you over the edge). I won't spoil the ending, but suffice it to say that the devil gets her due, and then some, in the great closing scene.

Above left: Rebeca Linares and Nick Manning;
above right: Jenna Presley and Kris Slater.



SECRET DIARY OF A SECRETARY Penthouse Forum

Office sex is one of the more popular sexual fantasies, and these five tales of on-the-job fucking will show you why. Jenna Presley is every office monkey's fantasy—the ball-busting boss in short skirts and stockings who comes through with a lunchtime quickie. Presley talks dirty as hell when her mouth's not full of dick, and fucks her partners like she's never gonna see a cock again. Buttoned-down blonde Alanah Rae gave me a raise with her scene, too. The big-titted blonde with a surprisingly innocent face pulls two studs in a boardroom. Her DP scenes show her curves nicely; fans of thick gals will eat her up. Penthouse Pet Kagny Linn Karter, who provides the narration, seals the deal with big boss man Randy Spears. She plays the role of sexy secretary well—although her bright red dress isn't especially corporate. She might not take dictation, but she excels at bending over a desk and taking a dick from behind. This is one of her best appearances yet, and she gives a pants-tightening show a happy ending. 

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ME & MRS. JONES

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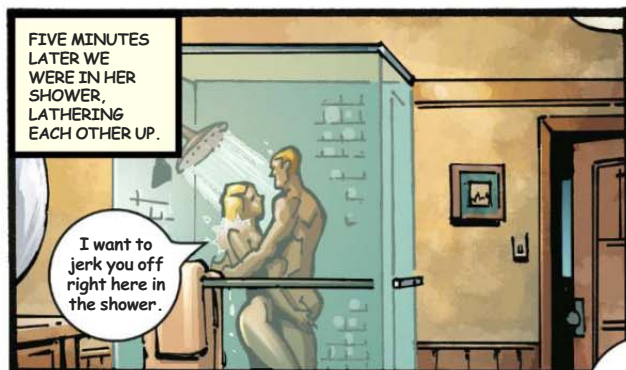
PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE





SHE DEFTLY YANKED DOWN MY PANTS, DROPPED TO HER KNEES, AND TOOK ME INTO HER MOUTH. IN NO TIME I WAS A GONER. I FELL BACK ON THE BED.







on-the-job training

Last month we gave you a voyeur's view of Asa demonstrating the hands-on personal attention she could provide Renee. She planned to seal the deal with a few more well-timed orgasms while helping Renee get ready for a night out, but Renee proves her willingness to give as good as she gets as soon as she's into her favorite lacy lingerie.

Photographs by Ellen Stagg
from Stagg Street







Sometimes the lady of the house wants to take to her knees and service the help, and Asa quickly assures her new boss that she aims to please ... in any way Renee wants. Asa is so aroused that she nearly explodes in an earth-shaking climax as soon as Renee pulls aside her skimpy panties.



After Renee brings Asa to her peak a second and third time, Asa flips her mistress over to show her just how much she appreciates her oral skills. She teases Renee until she's begging for more, but each time Renee cries out for release, Asa slows her tongue and pulls away her probing fingers.







She guides Renee from position to position, finally getting her employer off again with her mouth, then her hand, working in a few perfectly placed slaps to Renee's ass. Then Asa sucks Renee's fragrant juices from her fingers before climbing on the back of the couch and pulling the beautiful brunette's head to her pussy.



They fall into a sixty-nine, and their moans of exquisite pleasure escalate as they lap up each other's sweet desire. Their afternoon at the pool was the perfect beginning to a long night of experimentation, and while Renee plans to enjoy it to the fullest, she also can't wait till her boyfriend comes back from his business trip so she can turn this duet into a trio.





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■ THE MASKED MAN

When my husband and I went to a friend's masquerade party, things ended up getting really crazy. I had dressed as a flamenco dancer and Tom had gone as Zorro. When we got separated from each other, I had no worries. I looked forward to dancing with my girlfriends and trying to guess who the other masked men were, and I did just that.

I was having a great time chatting with everyone and just enjoying the party when Zorro came up and pulled me onto the dance floor. Knowing it was Tom, I didn't hesitate to go with him, and soon we were swaying on the floor in each other's arms.

We danced for a while until Tom dragged me toward the back of the house. I knew the stairway to the second floor—and the all-important bedrooms—was back there, and I started to get excited. It's not totally unheard of for my husband and me to disappear during parties to have a little fun on our own, and almost everyone knew that if they couldn't find us for more than a few minutes during a celebration, that's exactly what we were doing.

Anyway, I let my husband pull me up the stairs and into one of the spare bedrooms, giggling like a schoolgirl the whole time. I loved how, even after 15 years of marriage, we still behaved like newlyweds half the time. Inside the bedroom, Tom started to strip me out of my flamenco costume, lifting my top over my head and dropping it at our feet before pushing my skirt down past my hips and letting it fall as well. Then I stepped out of the pool of red cotton at my feet and moved to the bed, lying down and posing for my masked man. He quickly undressed, kicking off his boots, pulling down his pants and unbuttoning and throwing aside his shirt. But he kept the hat, mask, and cape on.

I laughed as I saw his naked flesh under the cape, but my chuckles stopped when he climbed on the bed and started to kiss me. Still, it was strange being naked while my husband was in costume, and I tried several times to untie his cape and mask or push off his hat, but he stopped me every time. *Oh, well*, I thought, *he's just really into this role-playing thing right now*. Then I gave in and lost myself in his sensual kisses and caresses.

Our hands were trailing all over each other, and I loved how Tom was taking things slow for once, instead



of rushing like he usually did when we snuck away at parties. I relished the way his lips lingered on my skin before he moved on to kiss another patch of bare flesh, and the way he fingered my cunt, slowly and gently, avoiding my clit, made me swoon.

Then there was the actual fucking. Usually Tom humps me like a dog in heat, but this time he started off slow and built up his pace over time. In fact, he took so much time getting to the fast and furious fucking that we probably screwed for more than 20 minutes before either one of us came. But when we did, my God, it was amazing! I screamed my head off, my climax too explosive to keep quiet. And instead of silencing me, Tom let me make all the noise I wanted, though he was quiet except for a few loud grunts with his own climax.

We kept fucking, our bodies moving together fluidly, until we were both exhausted. Then we kissed and caressed each other for a few minutes before finally getting dressed and heading back to the party. My Zorro

snuck out of the room a moment before I did, and he must have moved fast, because when I got downstairs, I couldn't find him anywhere.

A few minutes later, however, Tom was back. He'd taken off his cape, and he asked me where I'd been all night. I thought he was kidding, but there was no joking in his voice. He was actually asking me where I'd been.

"With you, honey," I said, looking at him curiously.

He returned my look of confusion, telling me that was impossible; he hadn't seen me since we'd split up a couple of hours earlier. I didn't believe him, but I didn't say anything, instead asking where his cape was.

"Someone spilled punch on it about an hour ago, so I had to take it off. It's out in the car," he replied.

An hour ago? But he'd been wearing it while we were in bed not five minutes before. This was impossible. And that's when I saw him—the other Zorro. He was walking out the back door and I caught him out of the corner of my eye. For a split second I wondered who he was, but then I started laughing. Tom couldn't figure out what was so funny, and I refused to tell him, so he just slung his arm around me and led me outside. He'd had enough partying and was ready to go home. Before we left, I thanked our hosts for a great time and told them that I thought it was their

It was strange being naked while my husband was in costume, but soon I lost myself in his sensual kisses.

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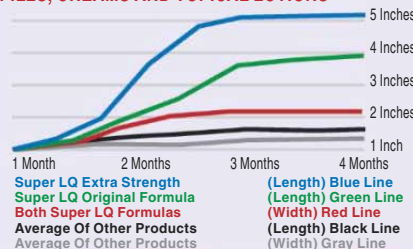
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IN YOUR AREA!

best party yet. Tom agreed, but for very different reasons, I'm sure.

I still haven't told my husband what happened that night while we were separated, but I plan to show him this magazine when my letter runs so he can finally learn the truth. I have a feeling he's going to take out that Zorro costume a lot more once he finds out what a turn-on it really is!—*Name and address withheld*

■ WATER SPORTS

Before Bobby and I started dating, I wasn't very adventurous as far as sex was concerned. Aside from occasionally doing it doggie-style or maybe sucking my boyfriend's cock, I pretty much stuck to the basic missionary position. And the only places I'd had sex were the bedroom, the living room, and the backseat of a car. Then Bobby came into my life.

We were out at the beach one afternoon with a bunch of friends when Bobby started getting frisky.

"Hey, babe, whaddya say to a quickie?" he asked.

I gave him a look that could melt steel. "You're kidding, right? You want me to fuck you on the beach, where people can see?"

"Aw, c'mon, babe, it'll be fun," he said. "We'll do it in the water and no one will ever know."

I had every intention of saying no, but when I opened my mouth, the only word that came out was, "Okay."

I found myself being pulled into the waves, with barely enough time to kick off my sandals before we were waist-deep in the ocean. The water felt good, like it had when we'd gone swimming not too long ago, but this time, the waves felt sensual instead of playful. As the water lapped at my skin, I started to imagine Bobby's tongue lapping parts of my body and suddenly I was lost in a daydream about sex with my hunky boyfriend.

He broke me out of my daze when he started kissing me. Already turned on by my fantasy, I responded eagerly, my tongue slipping between his lips to tangle with his. We were getting hot and heavy in the middle of the ocean, but no one seemed to notice or care, and suddenly all my anxiety about being with Bobby in public vanished.

Wrapping my arms and legs around him, I jumped onto him and let him take the lead, doing whatever he wanted to me. He started by slipping his hand inside my bikini bottom and sticking a finger in my cunt. I thought the saltwater would bother



me, but it didn't, and I got lost in the feel of his hand on my mound. I felt so deliciously naughty, letting him touch me while anyone could catch us, and it excited me so much that I came from just his one finger wiggling inside me.

Then I was ready for the next step, and Bobby was more than happy to oblige. After pushing his swim trunks down just enough so that his cock sprang free, he shifted the crotch of my bikini aside and lifted me up so he could slide my pussy down onto his dick, which I could tell was as hard as steel as it pressed against my leg.

I moaned as I felt my walls stretch to accommodate him, and then I settled into place, his cock buried deep inside me. It took me another minute to figure out how to move,

since I'd never fucked anyone in the ocean before, but when I started pumping myself up and down on his shaft, I found it pretty easy. The water supported us both and made my movements more fluid.

I was having a blast fucking him, my body bobbing up and down in the water as I slid along his dick, and I couldn't believe I'd waited so long to try something that was so incredibly arousing.

When Bobby started moaning and thrusting up into me, I knew he was getting close to his own orgasm, and since I'd already come once, I wanted him to come first. Wrapping my arms tighter around his neck, I started riding him as hard as I could, bouncing as fast as possible on his dick while we swayed along with the motion of the water.

It took only a few seconds before he was coming, and when he exploded inside me, I felt myself let go, too, his climax setting off my own. I continued moving with him for another minute or so, until both of us had finished coming. Then we broke

As the water lapped at my skin, I started to imagine Bobby's tongue lapping parts of my body.

apart to rearrange our bathing suits before wading back to shore.

Just like Bobby had said, no one knew what we'd been doing. Even our friends figured we'd only kissed a bit and were just having some fun in the waves. And they were right, but we were having a lot more fun than anyone thought!—*R.K., Florida*

■ EXIT TO EXIT

When he pulled the car off to the side of the road, I got excited. We'd been waiting all night for the perfect opportunity to be alone together, and we'd finally found it. Climbing into the back seat after him, I lifted my skirt and showed him I wasn't wearing panties. His smile grew and he quickly raised his ass off the seat and pushed his jeans down. He'd gone commando, too, and his rock-hard dick immediately sprung free. I quickly straddled him, guiding his cock into my already-wet pussy and settling my ass on his thighs. The whole day had been filled with foreplay, and there was no need for more. All I wanted to do now was fuck him.

Easing myself up and down his length, I rode him slowly. His hands clamped onto my ass, kneading my cheeks as he helped me bounce faster and faster. Even though the car was cramped and I couldn't thrust as wildly as either of us would've liked, we seemed to find our rhythm pretty quickly, and things heated up at warp speed. Then he started to thrust up into me, his hips slapping against my ass as we fucked wildly. We were both shouting loudly as we screwed, and I was glad the road was deserted.

The windows steamed up and I could only imagine how much our little car was rocking. But it didn't matter what kind of commotion we made, as long as we sated our desire for each other. It took only a couple of minutes, then he shot his load deep into me and I cried out, "Fuck!" I screamed over and over as he poured his come into me. Then I came, and it was his turn to moan as my pussy gripped his dick like a vise, not letting go until I'd spilled all my juices.

Soon we were back in the front seat, driving home again. I knew we'd be pulling over again shortly, though. My skirt was still up around my waist and I kept catching him stealing glances at my pussy as I played with it, spreading our combined juices over my hot mound. It's okay, though. We had nowhere else we needed to be.—*Name and address withheld*



■ THE BOYS ARE AWAY ...

My girlfriend Leanne always comes over to my house when her boyfriend goes out of town. She hates staying in her apartment by herself, so if she knows she'll be alone, she packs a bag and heads to my place until Bryan returns. It sounds innocent enough, but really there's more to it than that. You see, whenever Leanne comes over, we eventually hook up. I'm bisexual, but Leanne only likes men—except for me. She's never been with any other woman and she says she doesn't want to be with anyone else, either, which is fine with me.

Last Friday, Bryan had to fly to Vegas for a friend's bachelor party, so Leanne came to my house after dropping Bryan off at the airport. We had dinner and decided to watch a romantic comedy—something that didn't require too much thought—and sat on the couch together. Well, the movie turned out to be more romantic than comedy, and about 20 minutes in, we were cuddled together in the middle of the sofa, our arms wrapped around each other. Then we were kissing. I don't know who made the first move, but it didn't matter. Her

lips were soft, but the force behind her kiss was powerful. My head swam with all kinds of sexy thoughts as her lips crushed mine and our tongues tangled together. The kiss was full of fiery passion, and I felt myself melting into her touch.

We shifted a moment later, lying down on the couch with Leanne on top, her hands under my body while mine were free to roam over her slender back and firm butt. We were both wearing loose-fitting shorts and T-shirts, and when I slid a hand into her shorts, I found that she wasn't wearing anything underneath. I moaned loudly when I touched her bare skin. It was definitely going to be a good night.

Our kiss ended when I started lightly fingering Leanne's pussy. She was already damp, and started panting as my fingers played at her opening. She tried to return the favor, but it was impossible for her to move the way she wanted while I had my hands down her shorts, so I continued to drive Leanne wild.

I slipped a fingertip into her pussy, letting it go in only to the first knuckle. She could feel my finger at her entrance and started writhing and wiggling, trying to take more of the digit into her body. I refused to let her have her way, though, and pulled my finger away, leaving her groaning.

She kept whining about how I'd left her unsatisfied, so I slipped my finger back inside, this time pushing in until it was buried up to the second knuckle. Leanne started moaning again, happy

She could feel my finger at her pussy and started wiggling, trying to take more of it into her body.

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that she was getting what she wanted from me. But it still wasn't enough, and she bucked her hips several times, trying unsuccessfully to force the rest of my finger into her pussy.

The harder she tried to get me inside her, the more I resisted, pulling out as her pussy fought to suck me inside. Eventually she won, though, and I pushed my finger deep into her, burying the entire digit in her warm, wet folds. She loved that, and she couldn't stop moaning and writhing.

Eventually that wasn't enough, and I added a second finger. I began thrusting my fingers in and out of her. It was exactly what Leanne wanted, and her moans started getting even louder. Every few thrusts, I'd curl my fingers up and reach for her G spot, stroking that spongy area the same way I liked my own stroked. It was driving her crazy, and I felt her juices flowing freely as she got more excited. I could tell she was on the verge of an explosive orgasm, and I wanted to be able to give her what she needed. I was getting pretty hot, too, but I put my own pleasure on hold a little longer so I could help Leanne get off.

I put everything I had into finger-banging her, and it seemed to be working. Her moans were getting louder, her body was writhing above mine more uncontrollably, and her pussy was flooding with liquid proof of her arousal. All I had to do now was push her over the edge. With my free hand, I started kneading her ass, working from the outside of one cheek and getting closer to her tight little asshole. Then I started running a finger up and down between her cheeks before ending at her puckered hole. I traced circles around her crimped opening, teasing her, but when I finally pushed my fingertip past her tight sphincter, she let out a yelp and came.

My fingers didn't stop moving—in her pussy or her ass—until she was completely spent and lying limp against me. Then I pulled my hands away from her body and started to rub her back, calming her after her explosive climax.

The rest of the weekend continued in pretty much the same fashion, with Leanne and I taking turns making each other come. It was our usual girls' weekend, and by the time Bryan came home, she was ready for a break from our passionate lovemaking. Of course, we're both already looking forward to his next trip out of town!—*B.Z., California*



■ GETTING EDUCATED

I'm 19 and my lover is 43. She teaches at my old high school, but nothing ever happened while I was a student. In fact, I kind of hated Ms. Mall then. It wasn't until I ran into her one day after I'd started college that I thought of her as anything other than a bitchy old woman.

I was working at the video-rental place near my college, which was in the next county from where I'd gone to high school. When I saw Ms. Mall, I was surprised. She lived around the corner from me, and there was a video store down the street. It made no sense for her to drive nearly an hour to rent a movie here. She looked surprised, too, and I assumed it was because she wasn't expecting to run into a former student. When I took her video, though, I understood why she was shopping so far from home.

"I never pegged you as a porn fan," I said, trying to make her even more uncomfortable.

It took her a minute to respond, but then she delivered a cool, "There's a

lot you don't know about me."

Looking her over, I realized that outside of school she was kind of hot. Her comment sounded almost flirtatious, so I took a chance: "Planning to watch alone, or do you have a date to watch this cinematic gem with you?"

"Well," she said, drawing out the word. "I was going to watch it alone, but if you want to join me, I suppose I could wait until your shift ends."

Holy crap, I thought, she's propositioning me! I told her my shift ended at 5, and she said she'd shop in town while she waited. At 5 P.M. on the dot, she was back, and I was more than ready for a home-school session.

We drove to our neighborhood, and I parked in my own driveway before running around the corner to her place. As soon as I rang the bell, the door flew open and she ushered me inside. Then she led me into the living room and had me sit on the couch with her. The DVD menu was already flashing on her TV.

For a while we both watched a bit uncomfortably, sitting on opposite ends of the couch, our cheeks flaming with embarrassment. After about 15 minutes, though, we started to inch closer together on the sofa. Another few minutes in, I casually slung my arm around her shoulders, the classic boob-grabbing move, and when she didn't shy away, I inched my hand down to lightly squeeze her tit.

I groaned as her pussy engulfed my dick, its warm, wet walls bringing me unexpected pleasure.

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That was all it took to unleash Ms. Mall's wild side. She was on top of me, her chest pressed against mine, her hips grinding away in my lap. It caught me off guard, so I stumbled through the first few moments like a kid who'd never been with a woman before, but soon enough I had her where I wanted her. For such a conservative-looking older woman, she sure knew how to move her body just right. And when she started to take off her clothes, well, her body was hot!

As soon as she was undressed, I flipped us around so she was lying on her back while I knelt between her spread legs. Then I unbuttoned the fly of my jeans, whipped my dick out, and moved in on her. The sight of her naked body, all the grinding on my groin she'd done, and the sex sounds coming from the porn stars on-screen had combined to make me horny as hell. I was afraid that if I didn't get my rock-hard dick inside her soon, I was going to explode in my pants.


It seemed Ms. Mall felt the same way, thank God. As soon as I had my cock out of my pants, she reached for it, pulling me to her dripping-wet sex. I groaned as her pussy engulfed my dick, its warm, wet walls wrapping tightly around my shaft and bringing me pleasure I'd never expected. Then, when I was halfway inside her, she relaxed so I could push in to the hilt. I started fucking her pretty quickly after that, really working up a sweat as

I banged into her over and over again.

Ms. Mall was sweating, too, and screaming loudly with each thrust. She was a real wild one, bucking under me and trying to meet me thrust for thrust. Her long nails scratched my back and shoulders as she clung to me, trying to fuck me harder, and I gave her exactly what she wanted, banging her with abandon.

After a few minutes of hard fucking, I shot a huge load deep in her pussy, and while I was still pumping jizz into her, she came, too. Her body convulsed beneath mine and she started sighing and cursing, really going crazy as she climaxed.

The movie was still on, and the actors were nowhere near finished with their drawn-out coupling. We weren't done either. As soon as we'd had a minute to collect ourselves, Ms. Mall was ready for some more action.

Now our porn-and-sex dates are a regular thing. She's proved to be a great teacher, too, though I think it has more to do with the subject. Sex is more enjoyable than high-school math, after all.—*R.E., Indiana* 

I started fucking her quickly, really working up a sweat as I banged into her over and over.

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

Before I knew it I was working with their

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

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

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

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Oh! Christina!

An appreciation of the bodacious Christina Hendricks, aka *Mad Men*'s Joan Holloway.



Dear Christina,

Our world has gone mad, so to speak, and we have only you to blame. Your *Mad Men* character, Joan Holloway, has us wrapped around her elegant finger. With every sashay of those hips, we want more and more to call Joan into our office for a closed-door meeting. *Mad Men*, indeed.

Of course we're by no means alone. We've often wondered if the waves of desire that pulse in your direction every time you grace the screen might disrupt the cable signal, or throw off the satellite dish. Describing the impact of your voluptuous presence at the 2008 Emmys, one writer said you "nearly caused a riot every time you walked across the room," and people were gaping at you the way they'd gape at "a UFO if it had just randomly landed on the stage."

We heard that you were married recently, but, like most of your viewing public, we're choosing to ignore that particular inconvenient truth. Whoever the lucky guy is, may we suggest that he start playing the lottery? Actually, scrap that: His lucky number already came in.

Did you know that there's a Facebook group in honor of your character on *Mad Men*? It's called "I'd like to engage in wanton and unchaste activities with Joan Holloway." One commenter says, "I'd chat her up at the water cooler any day," while a female fan says she'd love to "roam those hillsides."

See? You have this effect on *everyone*. Your pouty lips, your luscious fair skin, your Helen of Troy face—all of these play a part. But the quality that puts you over the top starts with a "va" and ends with a "voom," with a "va" in between: Look at all those curves, and us with no brakes! You prove what men have known forever and women (or maybe it was women's *magazines*) somehow lost sight of: There's nothing wrong with curves. On the contrary, men love them.

You and *Mad Men* have put AMC on the television map; the show pocketed six Emmys last year. But you've been on our radar for a while now: We even checked out the less-than-stellar indie flicks you've appeared in—*La Cucina* and *South of Pico*—and found them forgettable in every aspect but one, and we don't need to say what that was.

In fact, we are avidly rooting for you to make the jump from small screen to big on a permanent basis—the better for us to appreciate your physical geography. Your signature red hair has already started a Hollywood trend—see Scarlett Johansson in the upcoming *Iron Man 2*—and we have little doubt that your hourglass figure could do the same. So sashay over to our office if you get a chance. We can discuss your next career move—privately, of course.

Yours truly,
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